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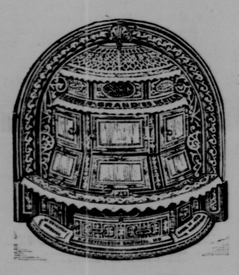

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Harper's Magazine

IN 1895.

THE SIMPLETONS, a new novel by Thomas Hardy, will begin in the December Number, 1894, and continued to November, 1895. Whoever may be one's favorite among English novelists, it will be conceded by all critics that Thomas Hardy stands foremost as a master artist of fiction, and The Simpletons may be expected to arouse enthusiasm not inferior in degree to that which has marked Trilby—the most successful story of the year. Another leading feature will be the Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, by the Sieu Louis De Conte, Her Page and Secretary, under which guise the most popular of living American magazine writers will present the story of the Maid of Orleans. In the January Number will appear a profusely illustrated paper on Charleston and the Carolinas, the first of a series of Southern Papers.

Northern Africa is attracting more attention than at any other time since it was the seat of empires. The next volume of *Harper's Magazine* will contain four illustrated articles on this region, and three of them will depict the present life there. Julian Ralph will prepare for the *Magazine* a series of eight stories, depicting typical phases of Chinese Life and Manners. Besides the long stories, there will begin in the January Number the first chapters of A Three-Part Novelette, by Richard Harding Davis—the longest work yet attempted by this writer. Complete short stories by popular writers will continue to be a feature of the *Magazine*.

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A MODERN UTOPIA.

I slept, and I dreamed of a city
On the banks of the Lillapompa,
Where the cable cars run all through the night,
And the cats give their concerts by day.

Where the keyholes are made with a funnel
For men who come home from the club,
Where the cable ne'er breaks in the tunnel,
And the restaurants all furnish good grub.

Where the hoopskirt is never in fashion,
Or the theater hat at the play,
Where credit is had for the asking
And never a tailor to pay.

Where editors always grow wealthy,
And coal men as poor as mice!
Where justice is had in the law courts
And everything's proper and nice.

Where the city is run for the people,
And no alderman boodlers at all,
Where the book agent's never persistent
And the peddler's lost all of his gall.

But I started and woke from my dreaming.
It vanished in vapor away.
In its stead was a crocodile basking
On the banks of the Lillapompa.

—F. D. Lynn in Arkansaw Traveler.

AN EPISODE OF 1862.

NEW ORLEANS, June 15, 1862.

Clotilde Perthuis, Bayonne, France:

MY DEAR CLO—They are come—the Yankees, you know. Oh, would that they had never come!

In my last letter I told you, you remember, how mother frightened us when she talked about the Federals. What a frightful description she gave of the northern soldiers—immense giants, who wore bear and tiger skins all the year round; coarse, shaggy blond hair and large, blue, savage eyes—"northern barbarians," she called them. It is true one of our neighbors laughed when he heard of it. He said that the Yankee soldiers in appearance did not differ much from the southern, only they could not fight so well, because they were too sluggish.

However, we were not pacified by our neighbor's assurance, even when he said that the Yankees would "never capture New Orleans anyway." He "should like to see them make the attempt. He was "afraid they wouldn't try to come into New Orleans," he said. He also said something about having a lot of blue beans ready for them if they ever came up the river. I don't know what he meant by that. I never heard of blue beans, but I supposed at the time that it was some big vegetable which only those huge barbarians could swallow.

We were told one day that these terrible people were in a lot of vessels at Ship island, which is only about 50 miles from here. Mother and I were frightened for several days. The newspapers, however, said that the enemy could never pass the batteries. I don't know what batteries are, but it seems that the Yankees passed them, led by an admiral called Farragut, whom I imagined an awful ogre. It was April 25 when they came up the river. I shall never forget that night. From my window I could see fires all along the shore of the river, which was full of burning vessels, while the levee was lined with madmen.

Then on the following Sunday soldiers came in, headed by a general named Butler, whom I have seen since, and who has a comical eye.

Well, when mother heard that the enemy was in town, she told us to make ready for them. She felt almost certain that these "brutal savages" would kill us; "but, Laurine," she said, "I have heard that wild beasts sometimes spare their prey when they have enough of other food, so let us pile the table with everything edible that you can find."

So I went through the cupboard for bread and meat, and I rummaged in the cellar for bottles of wine. Then, full of resignation, I awaited the moment when I expected to hear people running about the street crying for help.

Finally in the direction of the front room I heard steps accompanied by the clinking of swords. Much to my surprise, there were no unusual noises. Presently there was a light, genteel knock at my door. I was so terribly frightened that I couldn't say "Come in." Don't think, however, that the door was forced open. The knock was repeated, and not until I had given my faint permission was the door opened.

I expected to see enter at least a dozen tree high fellows with four cornered heads, wearing bearskins and long, savage beards, and with sacks over their shoulders, in which they carried their booty. I also supposed that they were equipped with long knives and pistols, just as mother in her prophetic visions described them. Imagine my surprise when, instead of all this, two spruce young officers entered—one, a short, slender blond, the other a dapper little gentleman, with black hair and a dark mustache. Both were wholly pleasant mannered and respectful. They were attired almost the same as the other officers I have seen walking about the street since the beginning of the war. There wasn't the slightest trace of four cornered heads. Indeed I thought the brunette quite handsome. They at once excused themselves for whatever inconvenience they might cause. I stammered out something about their not incommoding any one, and that I was prepared to serve them with anything they wished. The blond took this as an allusion to the provisions and to the wine upon the table. I noticed that he could scarce keep from laughing. I know that this confused me dreadfully, and I also knew, Clo, that my cheeks were burning red when he saw that I had four enormous hams upon the table, which I supposed were scarce a mouthful for my guests. However, the blond put me at ease.

In a few well chosen, respectful phrases he expressed his thanks and only begged to be shown a room where he and his companions could rest, for, he said, they were very tired, not having slept in a bed for months, and during the last few days they were not permitted to sleep at all. Poor fellows! I almost pitied them. Not slept in a bed for months!

"It must be very uncomfortable to sleep on a sofa or upon a cot, isn't it?" I asked.

"Oh, we sleep anywhere. Upon the ground, under high heaven, and sometimes upon the snow," he replied.

"Think of that, Clo! I have never seen snow, but I am told that it is very, very cold, and as for sleeping upon the ground in the raw night air, why, that would kill our negro servants. After all, there must be something savage about these Yankees to be able to endure such a thing as that."

"Please to follow me," I said, and I conducted them to our best room, which contains two beds. As all the servants, without exception, had fled the house, I began to arrange the sheets and pillows.

"No, no. We must not permit that. We shall do all this ourselves," they politely remonstrated. As I perceived they required rest immediately, I left them at once.

Hardly had I reached my room when I heard, in the direction of the officers' quarters, frightful screams of "Help! Robbers! Murder!" The voice was familiar, but in my excitement and terror I didn't recognize it. "Robbers! Help! Murder!" Imagine my feelings. Suddenly some one tumbled into my room. It was mother, but, heavens, in what a state—her dress all crumpled, her hood sprawling all over her face, her hair wildly disheveled! In her mad flight she lost a shoe. She was as red as a peony.

Her screams for help were continuous. It was some time before she was sufficiently calm to tell me that she had hidden herself in the room where the two officers were lodged—in one of the beds—and had covered herself with spreads and pillows. You may easily surmise the result when the lieutenant — the blond—weary and worn, threw himself upon the bed. Really mamma's shrieks were pardonable.

I succeeded after a time in quieting her, and in a measure was successful in assuring her that the officers were not here for plunder and murder She promised not to hide herself again when I told her that I would tell the officers that she, mamma, was rheumatic, and that she had crawled under the many covers for the purpose of taking a sweating bath.

Our friends the enemy had hardly fallen asleep when an orderly appeared, who said that he wished to speak with them.

"That is impossible now," I said. "They are asleep. Wait awhile or come again later."

"Where are they?" he asked.

I conducted him to the apartment. Without a moment's hesitation he awoke them. I feared that the officers would upbraid him for doing this, but they didn't. In a few minutes they followed the orderly to the general's headquarters. What singular creatures these soldiers are! They obey without a murmur. I know that I should make a very insubordinate private were I a man. If I were told to do anything, I should always want to know why it should be done before obeying. Within the half hour the officers returned.

They showed neither ill humor nor sleeplessness. They didn't even return to their apartment. They at once briefly informed mother and myself that the corps proposed giving a ball in the evening, and that we were invited. Both of them begged of me to put them down for the first two numbers. Of course I agreed, because I hadn't danced since the last Mardi Gras. While we were discussing the matter mother was constantly tugging at my dress and bringing up all manner of impediments.

"Why, Laurine, you haven't a thing to wear."

"I have worn my white gown but twice. It will answer very well, I think."

"But that is out of fashion now," mother objected.

"Permit me to suggest," said the brunette, "that you fasten a few ribbons, made up of the national colors, upon your dress. You will then wear a most becoming style."

"But my feet are sore, Laurine," demurred mother.

"Oh, you need not dance, mother dear."

The officers were too polite to laugh at this rejoinder, and due respect for those present precluded mother from expressing her unfavorable opinion of me. She freed her mind, however, as soon as we reached her apartment.

"You wretched girl! So this is the way you wish to rush headlong to your ruin!"

I thought she feared, as she always fears, that were I to attend the ball I should catch cold. I therefore sought to pacify her by promising to dance a few numbers only. This remark was very unfortunate.

"You have surely lost your reason," she said. "Do you suppose, you silly goose, that these dreadful northerners have organized this affair in order to dance? Why, it is merely a pretext on the part of these savages to allure all the girls to one place and then to carry them off."

But, mother, officers cannot marry while the war is raging."

This seemed to exasperate her. She called me a "hopeless little fool" and said that "such people don't abduct girls to make wives of them."

"Well, mother, if they don't want to marry us, they won't run away with us"

"Well, you'll see," she said.

She didn't prevent me from going, however. It was dark when I had finished my toilet. Acting upon the suggestion of the officer, I placed a red, white and blue sash about my waist, allowing the ends to droop, and in my hair I fastened a blue colored comb, upon either side of which I placed a red and white rose, thus completing a second combination of the national hues.

The officers escorted us to the ballroom. I felt not a little pleasure at the thought of the fine impression I should create with my sash, hair and my handsome escorts. Confidentially, Clo, I didn't like to renounce the belief that the other northerners had four cornered heads, and I made up my mind to be pleased with the round heads only.

Imagine my surprise—yes, I'll own it, my chagrin—when I saw that every one of my girl friends was adorned in red, white and blue ribbons. Not to please the Yankees. Oh, no! The Confederate flag, you know—but no, you don't know—is made up of the red, white and blue colors. I was so disappointed, for I soon discovered that my escorts were only third in rank as compared with some of the other officers present. All of them, however, were amiable, and it was so hard to believe that they were capable of shedding so much blood. There was one whom I fancied particularly. He was a wonderfully handsome man—tall and slender—a captain. His nicely trimmed black mustache harmonized beautifully with his white and red complexion.

You should have seen him dance, Clo! Yet the most fascinating thing about him was his large, dark, wistful eyes, in which there was an indescribably haunting expression. They animated, they conquered, they killed, they inspired me. Within an hour he had turned the head of every girl in the ballroom, not excepting myself. Oh, his eyes were simply irresistible, Clo! Suddenly he approached me and solicited the next dance. Just think how unfortunate I was in having promised it to some one else!

"Perhaps you may favor me with the next number?" urged the handsome captain as he took a seat beside me. I don't remember what I said, but I must have assented to his request, for presently he murmured teasingly, "I am afraid, Miss Favre"—who told him my name, I wonder?—"that you will forget me when the next number comes on."

Had I not been perfectly self possessed I know that I should have answered something ramblingly foolish. As it was, I replied in quite an easy manner that I should not forget him.

"Ah, but you will be unable to recognize me!"

A silly, light headed girl would have replied something like this: "Not recognize you? Why, I should know you at first sight anywhere, among thousands." But I wasn't to be caught that way. No indeed! Just as though we were talking about the most insignificant thing in the world, I leisurely took a rose from my bosom and handed it to him, saying: "Place this in your buttonhole, please. I will be able to recognize you now, I reckon."

I saw him press the rose to his lips stealthily. Then he went away and took a seat opposite me at the other end of the table. He didn't dance with any one. He appeared to be deeply buried in thought. Meantime two polkas and a schottische were danced. The time seemed to drag unconsciously. The soldiers danced and danced. They hadn't closed an eye for three days, and yet they danced as if possessed.

Now as to the quadrille: The orchestra played the introductory march, and every officer hurried to his partner. My heart beat violently as I perceived handsome Captain Ray—that was his name—coming toward me. He bowed very low and extended his hand. I felt it kindling as it touched mine. I laughed. I chatted. In short, I was intoxicated with delight. As we hurried to the center I heard people back of us whisper, "What a handsome couple!" Clo, I never was so happy. As we clasped hands it seemed that our blood commingled. While we were waiting for the band to intonate the quadrille we heard the clatter of horses' hoofs in the street and from afar repeated cannon shots.

Suddenly several orderlies bolted into the room. One of them approached my partner and whispered something in his ear. The captain turned to me, saying: "Miss Favre, General Lovell's men are making trouble. I am called away." He looked yearningly at the band and then at me for a moment. I knew that he regretted the interruption as deeply as I did. Before he buckled on his sword he carefully refastened my rose in his buttonhole. As he reached the exit he turned around and appeared to be looking for some one. Our glances met. He hurried off, together with the other officers.

We, the ladies, remained in the ballroom. We were told not to go out. It was the longest hour I ever spent in a ballroom. We stood at the window, listening and commenting upon the shots we heard. We didn't dare to go home, not that we were afraid to disobey orders, but because we feared that a battle might ensue in the streets at any moment.

Finally the firing ceased. A little later we saw a number of soldiers carrying their comrades upon stretchers, coming toward the ballroom.

Some one said, "It was only a little skirmish, but they killed Captain Ray."

I knew nothing more for several days.

Clo, there is something in our hearts at times which passes speech.—Chicago News.

JAPAN'S QUEER ROBBERS.

They Are Polite, Pious and Require Their Victims to Be Moral.

Mr. Lafcadio Hearn in the paper, "From My Japanese Diary," in Atlantic, tells of a robbery in the house of his neighbor, the dyer:

He told me a queer story about robbers. Dyers are peculiarly liable to be visited by robbers, partly by reason of the value of the silks intrusted to them and also because the business is known to be lucrative. One evening the family were robbed. The master was out of the city. His old mother, his wife and a female servant were the only persons in the house at the time. Three men, having their faces masked and carrying long swords, entered the door. One asked the servant whether any of the apprentices were still in the building, and she, hoping to frighten the invaders away, answered that the young men were all still at work.

But the robbers were not disturbed by this assurance. One posted himself at the entrance; the other two strode into the sleeping apartment. The women started up in alarm, and the wife asked, "Why do you want to kill us?" He who seemed to be the leader answered: "We do not wish to kill you; we want money only. But if we do not get it then it will be this," striking his sword into the matting.

The old mother said: "Be so kind as not to frighten my daughter-in-law, and I will give you whatever money is in the house. But you ought to know that there cannot be much, as my son has gone to Kioto." She handed them the money drawer and her own purse. There were just 27 yen and 84 sen. The head robber counted it and said quite gently: "We do not want to frighten you. We know you are a very devout believer in Buddhism, and we think you would not tell a lie. Is this all?" "Yes, it is all," she answered. "I am, as you say, a believer in the teaching of Buddha, and if you come to rob me now I believe it is only because I myself, in some former life, once robbed you. This is my punishment for that fault, and so, instead of wishing to deceive you, I feel grateful at this opportunity to atone for the wrong I did to you in my previous state of existence."

The robber laughed and said: "You are a good old woman, and we believe you. If you were all poor, we would not rob you at all. Now we only want a couple of kimono and this," laying his hand on a very fine silk overdress. The old woman replied: "All my son's kimono I can give you, but I beg you will not take that, for it does not belong to my son and was confided to us only for dyeing. What is ours I can give, but I cannot give what belongs to another." "That is quite right," approved the robber, "and we shall not take it."

After receiving a few robes the robbers said good night very politely, but ordered the women not to look after them. The old servant was still near the door. As the chief robber passed her he said: "You told us a lie. So take this," and struck her senseless. None of the robbers was ever caught.

To Find the Horsepower.

A rule for finding horsepower of a pulley is to multiply the circumference of the pulley in feet by the revolutions per minute, and the product thus obtained by the width of the belt in inches, and divide the result by 600. The quotient will be the horsepower which the pulley is capable of transmitting.

This rule is founded on the fact that good, ordinary, single leather belting, with a tension of 55 pounds per inch wide will require 50 square feet of belt surface passing over the pulley per minute for one horsepower. Fifty square feet per minute are equal to a belt one inch wide running 600 feet per minute.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Detecting Steel Flaws by Telephone.

A French inventor has devised a method of detecting and localizing flaws in steel by means of the telephone. It consists of a pneumatic tapper, moved by hand over the surface to be tested, and a telephone in circuit with it. One man manipulates the tapper, while an assistant in another room holds the telephone receiver to his ear and listens to the sound of the taps. A flaw in the steel produces a peculiar sound that is at once recognized by the listener, who signals the operator and has the spot marked.

Lucien Bonaparte.

Lucien Bonaparte was driven out of France by his brother Napoleon on account of his leaning toward liberty. After Napoleon had been sent to Elba there was a reconciliation, and Lucien did everything in his power to aid his brother. After Waterloo he was expelled from France, lived in Italy and devoted his whole time to antiquarian and archaeological researches. He became an author in this line, and his works are highly esteemed.—Exchange.

THE NEW MAN.

When the New Woman Succeeds, Will She Be Contented and Happy?

So far the new man does not appear to have come. He is foreshadowed, outlined, indicated in resolutions passed at conferences of advanced ladies, and his silhouette flits through the pages of an occasional magazine article emanating from the new school, but he is not yet here in the flesh. He remains an ideal, an abstraction. Let us consider him for a moment quite seriously. There is no doubt but that the relative positions of the sexes in these historical times have changed a good deal. That is too big a question to go into here, but if any one doubts the fact let him consider broadly how far the eastern and the western civilizations have drifted apart in their views of marriage.

But do the ladies who are clamoring for the new man realize all that their act implies? I can hardly think so, because the renewal of the British constitution would be a flea bite to what they propose, as a little reflection will show.

First of all, however, let us be agreed upon our terms. The demand is that there should be but one standard of morality for both sexes. Of course this is vague. There might be a leveling down as well as a leveling up of morality, or there might be a compromise between the two sexes, a meeting half way. If there was any hesitation in judging of this matter, it would hardly be for the advanced ladies to complain, seeing that one section of them are inviting manufacturers and others to send in designs for a new "dual garment"—or vulgarly trousers for everyday female wear—while another section, treated of by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," claims the right, as I understand, to retaliate in kind for infidelity. However, not to be ungenerous, let us assume the prevalent demand to be that men should conform to the existing female standard of morality.

Morality, it is clear, ought to be something more than a verbal profession. It ought to spring from inner sentiment and to be closely allied to modesty. Given modesty of thought and modesty of demeanor among members of the male sex, there would follow, as a matter of course, the new morality, which in turn would yield us a race of bashful and blushing men, coy in love, lacking in initiative, who would let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on their damask cheek rather than declare their sentiments. Nor would the change end here. We can hardly doubt but that the new man, actuated by his new feelings, would be at some pains to disguise the contour of his figure. If he adhered to the "dual garment," he would probably puff it and frill it into fantastic shapes and scrupulously avoid the slightest exposure of ankle. So with the bust. The athlete would blushingly fling aside his conventional garb as too indelicate.

Side by side with these developments there could hardly fail to be a complete change of the inner man effected. Proposals for marriage would have to come indifferently from either side. Indeed many new men would probably never get over a sort of maidenly repulsion to the opposite sex, and there would be little attraction to them in the prospect of mating with a creature as emotional and retiring as themselves. Virtue itself would become a drug in the market. It would cease to be prized because temptation would cease to assail it.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Harrodsburg of Old and Today.

Before the Declaration of Independence was, Harrodsburg was, and there was a time when if King George of England had dropped into the town unexpectedly every head would have bowed and the Harrodsburg brass band would have played "God Save the King," but that time has passed, and so has King George. Now if a king should come there the band would play "Comrades," and everybody would trot up and shake hands with his nibs and ask him to take something.

So much for the Declaration of Independence and its glorious results.

It was in 1774 that James Harrod, with a party of Indians, came out to the wilds of this section and established here the first town in Kentucky. They called it Harrodstown at first, then Oldtown, and finally decided that a burg was what they wanted, so called it Harrodsburg, and thus it has remained to this day.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Diphtheria Antidote.

Of the men to whom is due the honor of discovering the new cure for diphtheria, Loeffler first accurately identified the diphtheria bacillus ten years ago. He was trained in Dr. Koch's school of bacteriology in Berlin. Behring's investigations into the nature of immunity resulted in the discovery of the antitoxine principle in the serum and the means of destroying the bacilli by sterilizing the medium in which they live. Roux, who experimented independently in the line of Behring's discovery, devised the practical means of obtaining the inoculated serum easily and in quantities, and first demonstrated that it would cure the disease in human beings.—Chicago Tribune.

Conclusive.

George (seriously)—Do you think your father would object to my marrying you?

Ada—I don't know. If he's anything like me, he would.—Pick Me Up.