

## HER WANT OF LUGGAGE.

BY EVA MONTEITH.

  
HENEVER I find a woman who can travel without a thousand and one packages, baskets, shawls and bundles, and be willing to carry something herself without leaving them all for me, I'll fall at her feet instant and never get up until she sets the wedding day. Do you girls think a fellow's all hands, or do you intend to tie these to my back and around my shoulders? O, women are a nuisance, anyhow!

It was just like good-natured John Reed to grumble and scold, and do twice as much as was asked, and as nobody ever minded him more than to say, "Now, Jack, you don't mean that," he went on his way, full of quirks and oddities, and yet with a heart soft as a gentle woman's.

He had three romping, laughing school-girls under his charge, and so completely had they loaded him down with luggage that he had grumbled and fussed ever since they had started, much to the amusement of the young ladies who were used to his ways.

At the last moment a gentleman called Mr. Reed as he and asked if he would be so kind as to take charge of his sister, who was en route for the city to take a position as teacher in a large school there. In response to the introduction, "Miss Carlton, Mr. Reed," she only bowed, and then turned for a last good-bye to her brother. Jack looked about him in dismay, frightened at the idea of an addition to his load, but could see nothing but a gray shawl snugly strapped, which she carried easily. Her traveling costume was neat and perfectly fitting, and there was an air of tidiness and composure about her that just pleased John's taste exactly.

He was listening intently to what Miss Carlton said, but when she ceased turned to Effie's side with some jesting remark about an entirely foreign subject, and when the girls had a chance to tease him about "this lady who had no luggage for him to carry," he only answered in his solemnly ludicrous style, "Time will show, time will show."

After a time the day grew hot and the way dusty, and tired and worn out, the girls lost their liveliness and were content to lie back among the cushions and sleepily let the time glide away. Poor Jack, left to himself, sought Miss Carlton, expecting to see another "faded flower," as he emphatically declared each of his charges to be. On the contrary, she was wide awake, fresh as when they left home, no trace of weariness or fatigue on the bright face that was lifted from the book when he came to her. She was one of those women that dust seems to have no affinity for. "A tidy, neat body," as the old folks call them, "who always look as if just out of a bandbox." She quietly cleared away her things from the adjoining seat and they were soon chatting away as though they had been friends for years, instead of the chance acquaintances of a few hours. Her voice was sweet and clear, and her language was refined and cultivated, and her manners were so free from all affectation, that John felt a composure and a relief from embarrassment in her presence that he rarely enjoyed when with other women. The truth was he was in love; and the girls, fully awake now that there was something to interest them, were not long in understanding the case, and now prepared to tease most heartily the "dear old fellow," who was as bashful as a schoolboy.

But at dusk the city was reached, and after seeing his party safe at the academy John went home to his boarding house, so abstracted that he was unconscious of the greetings of old friends. When alone there shone before him those clear hazel eyes, into whose depths he had looked that day for the first time, but that would ever be remembered. A fair face framed in nut-brown hair, with a smooth brow, and faintly tinted cheeks, made a picture for his memory that he sought to recall clearer and more vividly hour by hour. "A woman who could take care of herself" had always been a boasted prodigy that he had challenged his girl friends to find, and now that he had known this quiet, demure teacher, he was still dissatisfied. Seeing that she was self-reliant, he was anxious to teach her to lean upon him, and knowing her ability to take her place among the world's workers, he longed to shelter her in his own home and toil for her, that she might not labor. He shrank from the thought of her being alone, and, with a great gush of love and sympathy, remembering his own solitary life, yearned to enfold her with a tender affection that should know no weariness.

But as the weeks lengthened into months, and the months rolled away, the distance seemed to lengthen between them, and the girls who watched with intense interest the wooing, used to laugh and tell him he did not know how to "court a lady."

"Just ask her, John, if she'll have you. That's the way. O! you need not pretend that you don't intend to some day. Why, you might as well pretend ignorance of your own existence. You'd give the world if she said yes, and yet you are not brave enough to try."

Miss Carlton received his attentions as she might those of a brother, quietly and yet with no affected reserve. She was always glad to meet him, but her manner was always polite to all,

and her urbanity uniform, and without seeming to avoid him, she never gave him an opportunity for anything nearer and more confidential than she did other young men. John was sorely puzzled to understand her. His knowledge of women, either society belles or school girls, was totally different to the ways of this little woman who was either wholly unconscious of his love, or a flirt skilled in all of the arts of coquetry, and using her experience with a master hand to keep him close enough to charm him, and yet far enough to chill any declaration of love.

One day the girls burst into his office with a shout, "Some news, Jack, for you. You might as well give up now. You'll never get her. No use crying, either. You will have to accept one of us now, and so you might as well be binding up your wounded affections. We brought you a sprig of willow; that's what forlorn maidens and lovers wear."

"Now, girls, it's unfair to get a fellow excited this way. Who is this mysterious 'she,' and what shall I wear the willow for? A handful of candy to the one that tells the plainest, most easily understood story. Proceed, Effie; Grace and May are busy stealing my lead-pencils."

"Now, Jack, you know we mean Miss Carlton. She's the only woman you ever loved, and I don't wonder you like her. She's the only teacher that we girls can bear, and we all just worship her. Why yesterday, when we were watching for you, Grace got to talking about you; she's always at that. I believe she wants you herself, but she won't get you. You always did belong to me, didn't you, Jack? Bob your head—yes—well, then she told Miss Carlton how you despised women who could not look out for themselves, and how you scolded us for having always such a lot of baggage. And then we all told her about that day she came in with us, and what you had said about courting the first woman you saw who carried no extra luggage. And I said, 'Well, whoever gets Jack Reed will have an easy time, for he's rich; and Grace snapped me up with, 'Yes, and somebody'll take him for that, too.' Miss Carlton's cheeks flushed—ain't she pretty when she blushes, Jack?—and she said, taking her locket from the ribbon, 'Here is a dear, good man, girls, and oh! the prettiest face you ever saw; if he wasn't her beau I'd have him. And then she pushed that little old-fashioned pearl ring farther back on her finger, and sighed. And when May asked her if it was her brother she said, 'Oh, no! but he is very dear.'"

Jack's tawny mustache concealed the firmly shut lips, but the wrinkles came in his forehead, and he looked sad for a moment, but the girls kept him chattering until satisfied with promises of an unlimited stock of candy the next time he came, they swept out, taking all the sunshine with them, and leaving the old law office, he thought, mustier and darker than ever.

So his day dream had had its rude awakening, his air castle was shattered and in ruins, and his idol the beloved of another. He had at first regretted the idle talk of the girls, but it had at least saved him from paining both the lady and himself by the proffer of an affection that must have been rejected. But so completely had he given his whole heart to her that it did not swerve from her though now he knew how useless it was to hope.

He had no thought of going to her to try to win from her a response to his pleadings. She knew who to tell that it might reach his ears as delicately as possible, and having read his love by his actions, now wanted him to know how fruitless were his desires. And yet why had she manifested pleasure in his company, for though she was shy and timid yet she had seemed to enjoy his society, and had always received him with at least apparent gratification. His little gifts of flowers and books or music had been accepted cordially, and, of no intrinsic value, had been carefully kept, and he had dared to hope it might be for his sake. But that was all over now. He would gradually make his visits less frequent and in time he would fade from her memory and then—well, there were the girls; they at least would always be glad to see him.

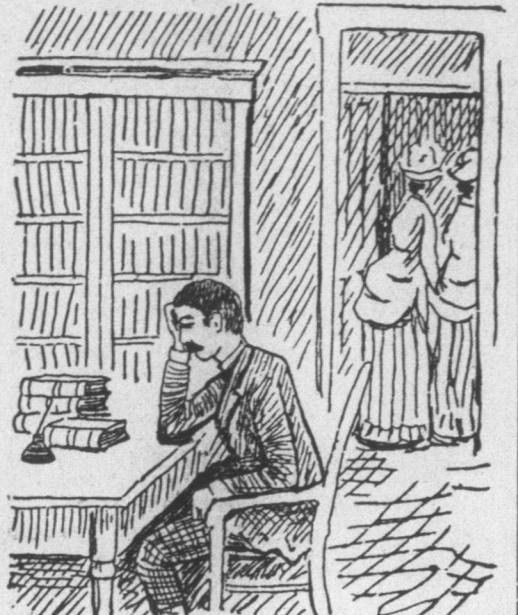
The winter and the spring passed slowly by, for they all missed Jack at the academy as the long evenings



dragged by. He came occasionally, always the same old kind fellow, and yet they felt a change they could not describe. He was more quiet and still, and yet at times when Miss Carlton he seemed to forget his troubles and for awhile was the same romping, scolding "old brother," as the girls generally called him. But of late his visits were less frequent and he rarely met the little teacher, as she, too, seemed to avoid him, but when she was in the parlor, she took but little part in the conversation. The school term wore to its close, and the girls, chattering and wild as a lot of magpies, surrounded John and pleaded with him to go home with them and have a "good time," and wondered why he glanced hastily at Miss Carlton and

answered, "I'll go up home with you, Effie, but I cannot stay. I am going West in a month, but I'd like to tell your father and mother good-bye." The slight form bent low over the box and the shapely head, with its coronet of brown braids, was a little turned, but there was no sound of surprise. But the trio burst forth with amazement and grief, and protested that if "Jack went they would go, too."

On the train and off for home again. No scolding from John this time, though he had enough to carry to break down a pack-horse. He gathered



ered up everything in his reach and stretched out his hand for the gray shawl, neatly strapped, as he remembered it a year before, and though the owner attempted a protest, he made no reply, but took it with the rest. May and Effie declared him a petrified bear, but Grace persisted in taking his part, assuring them that he was broken-hearted when he thought of not being able to marry all of them, and called on Miss Carlton for proof.

"Miss Bessie, isn't that the reason? He is so selfish that the thought of anybody else getting one of us makes him miserable." But before she could say one word Jack blurted out, with his gaze on the face before him: "That's the very reason."

"Well, Jack," retorted Effie, "if you could have us all what would you do about our 'traps.' You made fuss enough last year, and now you want four women to look after."

"But I don't. I only want one of you, and her 'traps' won't worry me, I promise you." And he significantly lifted the gray shawl, and, laying it across his knee, seemed to be intent on smoothing the wrinkles and creases from its folds.

The girls looked at each other and then at Miss Carlton, and last but longest at Jack. He was an enigma. The tables seemed turned, and he alone of the party was composed, the girls being all curious, and their companion nervous and restless.

But the conversation drifted off to other channels, and soon they were deep in a discussion of the merits of their respective photographs. Jack quietly took one of each; but looked in Miss Carlton's face and said:

"May I?"

She laughingly replied: "I hardly know. It is the only one I have, and it is promised; but I will have some more soon. I promised it to my uncle in exchange for his, which I wear in my locket. By the by, girls, would you believe he could have changed so much in three years? I should hardly have known him when I came to the school to see me had I not been expecting him. He was so deeply in love with all of you that I suppose I shall have to call you all aunts. I made him promise when he gave me my locket and my ring that I would give him a good picture; but, never satisfied with any that have been taken of me, I have never done so. But there is a good artist, brother tells me, at home."

Jack leaned across the way and said, with fun and earnestness strangely blended, "May I carry your 'traps' the rest of my life?" The girls tried to look unconscious, but it was useless. It was too ludicrous, and peal after peal of hearty laughter rang out on the air, and made a spiteful old maid, sitting a few seats away, say crossly, "A lot of school-girls, who don't know how to behave, making fun of their betters." But after awhile Jack changed places with Effie, and when they were all worn and tired out, with the authority and right that seemed but natural, he quietly unstrapped the gray shawl and wrapped it about the little woman, who leaned close to him and let him fix her head comfortably near his shoulder. She seemed to have lost her old, independent ways, and let Jack wait upon her as if he had never declared "he despised a woman who could not take care of herself." So much easier is it to preach than practice.

The girls were delighted, and showed their joy by first hugging Jack and then Miss Carlton, winding up with a modest petition to the former happy personage for more "chocolate cream," which was so abundantly answered that they were in a state of bliss for hours. They gave Jack up readily, only pleading for the uncle, who had been a skeleton at the feast for so long, generally called him. But of late his visits were less frequent and he rarely met the little teacher, as she, too, seemed to avoid him, but when she was in the parlor, she took but little part in the conversation. The school term wore to its close, and the girls, chattering and wild as a lot of magpies, surrounded John and pleaded with him to go home with them and have a "good time," and wondered why he glanced hastily at Miss Carlton and

## WHO WROTE SHAKSPEARE?

Ignatius Donnelly's Claim at a Baconian Authorship Carefully Reviewed.

Many Facts Sustaining His Theories Called to the Public Attention.

[New York special.] The New York *World* prints a very elaborate exposition of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's attempt to dethrone Shakespeare, and award the honor of the so-called Shakespeare plays to Lord Bacon. The article is written by Professor Thomas Davidson, a well-known scholar, philosopher and critic, whose opinion as to Mr. Donnelly's work can not fail to carry great weight.

Mr. Davidson has recently paid Mr. Donnelly a visit at his home at Hastings, Minn., examined the manuscript of his forthcoming work, the "Great Cryptogram," had the main features of the cipher explained to him, and obtained permission to report. Before examining Mr. Donnelly's work Mr. Davidson was an entire skeptic in regard to the Bacon theory; but he now admits that he is very much shaken in his belief that the plays were written by Shakespeare, and declares that if they had come down to us without any author's name attached, they would have been unhesitatingly attributed to Bacon. He says he reached this conviction altogether apart from the cipher. The article gives a brief summary of the results reached in Mr. Donnelly's book, which is to be published about the 1st of December. The book is divided into two parts—an argument and a demonstration. The former collects, arranges, and sums up all the arguments that have been put forward in the last thirty years in favor of the Baconian theory, and adds a large number to them. The author first endeavors to show that the education and character of William Shakespeare were such that it is even ridiculous to imagine that he could have written plays which are distilled from all the wisdom and learning of the world. He shows that his education must have been extremely meager, while that of the author of the plays was broad and deep. He emphasizes the fact that we have no record of any study on the part of Shakespeare.

His account of Shakespeare's character will certainly be a surprise to most readers. He shows him to have been steeped in almost every kind of vice, to have been a fornicator, an adulterer, a usurer and oppressor of the poor, a drunkard, a systematic liar, and forger of pedigrees, dying in the prime of life from the results of a three days' drunken spree. He next shows that we have no record that Shakespeare ever owned a library of even a book, and that not a single scrap of manuscript of his ever came down to us, not even a letter to any of the numerous men with whom he is known to have been acquainted; nay, more, that there is extant no letter addressed to him, except one asking for a loan of money. There is nothing to show that Shakespeare was not very illiterate.

Mr. Donnelly next proves very clearly that while the author of the plays was an accomplished lawyer, there is nothing to show that Shakespeare ever opened a law book, or was inside a lawyer's office, except on usurious business.

Having demonstrated to his own satisfaction that the author of the plays was not Shakespeare, Mr. Donnelly next proceeds to prove that he was Bacon. After adding evidence to show that Bacon was a poet, and the author of the plays, and a profound and learned philosopher, he treats of the geography of the plays, and here he brings out some most tell-tale facts. While neither Stratford (where Shakespeare was born) nor Avon is ever once mentioned in the plays, St. Albans, the home of Bacon, is mentioned twenty-three times. He next shows that the politics and the religion of the writer of the plays are identical with Bacon's politics and religion, and that what Bacon declared to be his great life purpose is fully exemplified in the plays.

A chapter is devoted to Bacon's reasons for concealment, and here come out some startling facts. It appears not only that Bacon wrote works which he never publicly acknowledged, but that he is addressed by one of his friends as the greatest wit in England, though not known as such by his own name. Among the reasons for concealment, Mr. Donnelly puts the political tendency of some of the plays, which was to encourage treason.

The first part of the work closes with a long list of parallels between Bacon's acknowledged works and the Shakespearean plays, identical expressions, metaphors, opinions, quotations, studies, errors, use of unusual words, character, style, etc. The parallels will occupy over seventy closely printed pages. The result of the whole argument according to Mr. Davidson, is to leave upon the mind a strong impression that, if Bacon was not the sole author of the plays, he had at least a principal hand in them, supplying the scholarship, the art, and the philosophy.

After the argument making the authorship of Bacon probable comes the demonstration, that is, the cipher narrative, which has already aroused so much interest in the public. Mr. Davidson's article tells how Mr. Donnelly came to look for a cipher, and the laborious process by which he finally found it (as he believes). The story is full of interest.

As to the cipher itself, Mr. Davidson does not claim to be in a position to entirely satisfy the public, not having received from Mr. Donnelly the ultimate formula of it. He does, however, express his strong conviction that Mr. Donnelly is neither a fraud nor a "crank." To clear away any feeling of this sort on the part of the public, he gives a brief account of Mr. Donnelly's career, and a description of his simple home life in Minnesota. It seems that Mr. Donnelly is a quiet, genial, country-loving, studious man, devoted to thought, and fond of a good joke. The picture drawn of his life on the Mississippi bluff is charming. It being certain that Mr. Donnelly is not a fraud, and not like his character and intelligence being taken into account, to be self-deceived, Mr. Davidson hardly sees how the conclusion that the cipher is a reality can be avoided. He, however, suspends his own judgment until Mr. Donnelly has said his last word. About the cipher itself, much new information is given. Its basis, numbers, and its modifiers are disclosed, and it is shown whence they are derived. Information is also given as to how the calculations are made, and assurance is made excepting possible clerical errors they are correct.

It should be woman's office to move in the midst of practical affairs and to gild them all, the very homeliest, were it even the scouring of pots and kettles, with an atmosphere of loveliness and joy.—Hawthorne.

through by Mr. Donnelly may be obtained from the statement that the slips of paper on which he has made his calculations (he writes a find hand and on both sides of the slip) when tied up in a bundle, can with difficulty be lifted from the floor by a strong man using one hand. Four essential points Mr. Davidson declares that Mr. Donnelly still reserves to himself: First, the rule determining the succession of the basis numbers; second, the rule determining the us of the various modifiers; third, the rule determining the column or page on which the count in each case is made; fourth, the rule determining the starting point of the count in each case after the page is settled. These, he admits, are the most important points to know, since without them it is utterly impossible to pronounce any independent judgment on the cipher. He quotes, however, from a letter in which Mr. Donnelly affirms in the most positive and unequivocal way that everything is conducted according to fixed and invariable rules of microscopic accuracy. Mr. Donnelly has evidently made the issue a very definite one. If such rules exist the cipher is a reality and the author of the plays settled. And a great deal more is true, for the cipher narrative contains a whole history of Shakespeare and his relation to the plays and of the time in which he lived.

The whole thing reads like a novel written in vigorous Elizabethan English. Here is a passage from it describing Elizabeth's treatment of Hayward, author of the "Life of Henry IV." "Her grace was in a fearful passion, and, rising up, struck your poor friend with the steel end of her heavy crutch. The poor wretch took to his heels, but the ill-tempered old dame followed him, striking him again and again on the head and the sides of his body. His health was not good; his limbs were weakened with a fever he had had. His joints gave way under him and he fell to the earth. She doth bestride him, and, bending down, beats him till the stick breaks."

There is here certainly no lack of vigor or definiteness. The article is illustrated with numerous cuts and fac-similes.

### A NOTED BALL-PAYER.

Richardson, One of the Famous "Big Four" of the Detroit Club.

Hardy Richardson, as he is known to the frequenters of the game, is one of the men that have helped to make the Detroit Club what it is, and enables it to stand where it does in the race for the pennant of 1887. Richardson was one of the "Big Four" who were purchased from the Buffaloes, and since that time the "Big Four" has become



the "Big Five," Thompson—Detroit's right fielder—having been admitted to the ejection. Richardson is one of the veterans of the League, having played with them for eight seasons, and he stands eighth with an average of 301 for the eight seasons. His batting average for 1886 was 351, he standing fourth in the League. In his play at second base he was second, with an average of 940, and in the field his average was 899.

### JESSE POMEROY'S LATEST ATTEMPT.

The Notorious Boy Murderer's Cunning Attempt to Set Himself Free.

[Boston dispatch.]

Jesse Pomeroy, the boy murderer, made another well-planned and desperate attempt to escape from the Charlestown State Prison a few nights ago by sawing through the bars of his cell. It was purely by accident that the young murderer's plan was discovered. It was so cautiously matured that he would have otherwise succeeded. On Pomeroy's person were found two fine saws of the best chilled steel and a quantity of gelatine which he had used to hide his work. Last Friday night Keeper Winslow went his rounds as usual, and while waiting to be relieved by the next watch leaned accidentally against the grating of the window which opens from the corridor opposite Pomeroy's cell into the prison yard. To Winslow's amazement, the great inch and a half bars yielded. He pressed his hand against them, and two of the bars fell to the pavement below. The entire watch was aroused, and they instinctively began the search of the prison with Pomeroy's cell. By testing the bars in the little window of the young murderer's cell, it was found that enough of them had been sawed through to admit the passage of a man's body