

## Peaches.

BY CONSTANCE FENNIMORE WOOLSON.

Wilt taste a peach? My basket holds a store  
Of luscious peaches. Ah! she weaves a spell,  
This lovely sorceress of fruit; what more  
Can man ask from the earth? There is no cost  
Too great for peaches. I have felt surprise  
Through all my life that fair Eve should have  
lost  
That mythic Asian land of Paradise  
For a poor plebeian apple! Now a peach,  
Pulpy, pink-veined, hanging within her reach,  
Might well have tempted her.

## THE FISHERWOMAN OF HONFLEUR.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH COMMUNE.

### CHAPTER II.

Antoine, having, as already mentioned, remained at home for some months after his marriage, at length sailed once more on the long fishing cruise to the North Sea, which usually occupied a period of six months.

At this period the terrible war between France and Prussia was raging furiously. Paris was already threatened with siege, and the Germans were everywhere victorious. But of all the communities in France, the fisher-folk least troubled themselves with political affairs. Not that they were unpatriotic, for they heartily wished success to the cause and arms of France; but the French fishermen enjoy immunity from the military conscription—to which all other classes of the people, save the clergy, are more or less subject—on consideration of their being bound to enroll themselves in the national navy whenever their services are required.

So long as Antoine remained at home, Lucien had held himself aloof from Madeleine, who believed that, now she was married, he would cease to annoy her. She did not, therefore, think it worth while to cause uneasiness to her husband by acquainting him with the young man's previous ill conduct towards her. But no sooner had Antoine gone to sea, than Lucien recommenced his insulting importunities. He endeavoured to gain her favour by means of costly presents; but his presents were scornfully rejected, and he was plainly assured that if he did not forthwith cease his annoyances, she would take such measures to put an end to them as would give him cause for regret for the remainder of his life.

Thus compelled to desist from his persecutions and to relinquish his base designs, Lucien became more determined than ever upon revenge; and though he could conceive of no scheme at present by means of which he could carry his craving for vengeance into effect, he resolved to wait for his opportunity. "Everything comes to him who has the patience to wait," he muttered to himself as he returned, raging with disappointment, to Paris.

But then came the siege, and for months he was imprisoned within the ramparts of the city, and Madeleine hoped and believed that she had rid herself of him forever. At length the siege was raised. The Prussians marched in triumph into Paris, and the war came to an end. The Imperial power was overthrown; a Republic was proclaimed; and the vile mob and *canaille* of Paris sought to establish the power of the Commune, and succeeded for a while in maintaining a second Reign of Terror, during which pillage and murder were rife, and destruction was wrought upon many of the public buildings that the Prussian guns had spared. But though the headquarters of the Commune were in Paris, it had its supporters in other places, and especially in the towns situated on the banks of the Seine, between Paris and *Revre de Grace*. In all these places its emissaries were acting in seeking to persuade the poor, debased, and ignorant among the population to join its ranks.

And now Lucien Pierrot was again seen in Honfleur. He had at length worn out the patience of his father, whose eyes had become opened to his son's delinquencies, and, for the time being, the young man was paternally discarded. It was said that, out of spite, to annoy his father and gratify his own evil propensities, Lucien had leagued himself with the Commune, and had become one of the most active among its minor leaders. At all events, he was constantly to be found busily disseminating its atrocious doctrines; but persons who professed to be better informed in the matter than others, declared that Lucien Pierrot was in reality a paid government spy.

It was at this period that Antoine again came home from sea. He had been absent longer than usual, but had made a profitable voyage to various ports in his own lugger. Moreover, shortly before her husband's return, Madeleine had given birth to a son, which delighted the heart of the worthy young sailor. Little did he or the people of his native village trouble themselves about the Commune; probably few among them knew the meaning of the word; and so long as they were healthy and prosperous, it concerned them little whether France was an Empire or a Republic.

On the first day of his return, Antoine was seated, in the evening, opposite his happy young wife—now so proud of her maternity—in their snug little cottage, with the infant sleeping quietly in his cradle between them. Antoine had related the events of his voyage, and Madeleine was acquainting her husband with all that occurred in the village during his absence when suddenly rising from her chair, she approached a *buffet*, and took from a drawer a letter bearing the Paris post mark, which she presented to her husband. "In my joy at seeing thee again at home, my Antoine," she said, smiling, "I had well nigh forgotten this letter, which I received a fortnight ago."

Antoine took the letter from his wife's hand. It was rather a strange and suspicious-looking document—so at least thought the young fisherman. It was weighty, and bore a huge red seal, which was unbroken.

"Thou hast not opened it, my Madeleine, said Antoine, who had rarely before in the course of his life had a letter addressed to him, and who looked upon it with something like alarm in the expression of his countenance.

"Nay, my husband. It is directed to thee," said Madeleine. "I had no right to open it without thy permission."

"But thou knowest I cannot read," said

Antoine. This was true; the young fisher-lads had to work from so early an age that few of them could read or write. The girls were, as before remarked, better educated.

"If thou wilt, I will read it for thee," Madeleine replied.

The portentous seal was broken, and when the letter was unfolded, a piece of folded parchment fell from it on to the table.

Madeleine proceeded to read the letter aloud. It was nothing very alarming after all. It was written by an *avocat* in Paris, who informed Antoine, that through the decease of one Marie Lupin, at the advanced age of eighty-nine, he had inherited the sum of fifteen thousand francs, bequeathed by will to her grand-nephew Antoine Duroc, by the aforesaid Marie Lupin; and that it was desirable that he, Antoine Duroc, should come to Paris at an early day to receive the money, which was in the hands of the *avocat*.

"Fifteen thousand francs! It is quite a fortune, my husband," cried Madeleine, laying the letter aside, and opening and reading the inclosure, which was merely a copy of the will. "Our little Antoine will some day be a rich man," she added, glancing lovingly at the sleeping infant.

"Marie Lupin!" exclaimed Antoine. "It must be my old aunt Marie, whom I have never seen in my life! It is strange she should leave me anything. Only think, my Madeleine, fifteen thousand francs!"

"But must thou go to Paris, Antoine, and thou but just returned to me?"

"'Twill occupy but a few days, ma petite," replied Antoine, who had never visited Paris, and though loath to leave his young wife even for a day, was pleased with the idea of seeing the great city.

"But just now, Antoine, when 'tis said there is such dreadful trouble in Paris?"

"It will not concern me, Madeleine. I shall return to thee as soon as I have received the legacy."

Madeleine was much troubled; but it appeared necessary that her husband should do as the *avocat* requested, and she thought it would be wrong on her part to object to Antoine's undertaking the journey.

Two or three days afterwards, the cargo having been discharged from the lugger and sold by auction in the fish market, and the vessel having been left in charge of the mate, Antoine set forth for Paris by railroad, his wife, up to the moment of his departure, entreating him to take great care of himself, and to hasten back to her as soon as possible.

By this time the Commune had nearly run its destructive course. The newly established Republic government, with M. Thiers at its head, had been terribly frightened at the excesses of the Communists, and had resorted to dreadfully severe measures for their suppression. To be suspected was to be denounced and condemned; the government spies were active, and it was said that many innocent persons were punished along with the guilty. Lucien Pierrot, who had been on a visit to Honfleur, chanced to return to Paris on the same day on which Antoine took his seat in a railway carriage for the first time in his life—Lucien traveling by the same train. Unobserved by either, he had witnessed the parting between Madeleine and her husband, and wondered greatly what was the object of the young fisherman's visit to the capital.

To Antoine, Lucien was a perfect stranger; but Lucien would have recognized the features of the young fisherman even if he had not witnessed the parting scene between the husband and wife. Burning with a desire for revenge, he resolved to keep watch over the young man on his arrival in Paris, and if any opportunity for wreaking vengeance upon him should present itself, to take advantage thereof.

The train duly arrived in Paris; and the two young men passed out of the depot, Lucien following close behind Antoine. He observed the young fisherman apparently asking directions, as a stranger, from several persons whom he met; and saw him, after he had wandered about for some time, looking around him with the wondering air of a provincial who has visited a great capital for the first time. Finally he tracked him to the bureau of an *avocat* in the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine. Wondering more than ever what could have brought the young fisherman thither, Lucien remained on the watch till Antoine, in the course of half an hour, reappeared, accompanied by a clerk, who conducted him to a small hotel near by, to which he had been recommended by the *avocat*.

It was already late in the day; and believing that the object of his animosity was safely housed for the night, Lucien left the spot and went about his own affairs; but at an early hour next morning he stood opposite the hotel, and waited for the unsuspecting Antoine. Nor had he long to wait, for presently the young fisherman sallied forth, and proceeded direct to the bureau, which he shortly afterwards left, apparently well satisfied with the result of his second interview with the lawyer.

Anxious as was Antoine to return home to his wife and child, he would have been something more than mortal if he could have resisted the temptation to look around him in the great capital which he had now visited for the first time. He decided to spend the day in roaming about the city and looking at the grand shops, which displayed treasures such as he had never imagined to exist in the world, and in purchasing some trifling presents for Madeleine and his little Antoine, ere setting forth on his return to Honfleur early the next morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Charity Sermons.

Dean Swift's brief but celebrated charity sermon, delivered in Dublin, on the text, "He who giveth unto the poor lendeth unto the Lord," has been read by every one, for the entire discourse is contained in a single line—"If you like the security, down with the dust." We have heard of another sermon, preached not long since in behalf of an eleemosynary institution, which concluded in this style:—"Such is the importance and excellence of this institution that no man can possibly be prevented from bestowing liberally, according to his ability. Whoever, therefore, shrinks from his duty on this occasion must be inevitably concluded to be in debt!" It brought the legal tenders.—*Harper's Monthly.*

## The Early History of Kissing.

As an act expressive of endearment, kissing would appear to be the most natural. "Tis certain," says Steele, "Nature was its author, and that it began with the first courtship." Although, however, the universal symbol of affection throughout the civilized world, yet, in days gone by, it was entirely unknown to many races, such as the aborigines of Australia, the New Zealanders, and the Tahitians. Sir John Lubbock, in his "Prehistoric Times," speaking of the various ways by which the feelings are expressed in different countries, has shown that by the Esquimaux kissing was formerly unknown, and remarks that the hill tribes of Chittagong do not say "kiss me," but "smell me." Indeed, the circumstance that certain rude tribes have no knowledge of what may be regarded as one of the very earliest forms of primitive culture, may be considered as a proof of primeval barbarism. The fact, too, is all the more remarkable because from the earliest ages in the world's history—from its very infancy—the act of kissing has been handed down as the natural expression of affection. And so one would have imagined that the slightest intercourse of cultured races with uncivilized communities would at once have taught them almost intuitively to embrace so simple an exponent of feeling. Without, however, further discussing this subject, which is rather one for the student of anthropology, there can be no doubt that the custom of kissing is of all acts the most universal.

As a mode of salutation we may trace the custom of kissing to a very remote period, numerous instances occurring in the sacred writings. Thus we read how men saluted the sun, the moon, and stars by kissing the hand, a superstition of which Job says he was never guilty—the same honour having been tendered to Baal. But, apart from such references as these, abundant evidence of the universality of this practice in past and modern times is to be found in the writings of most countries. The Greeks, we know, were in the habit of kissing the lips, hands, knees, or feet, in salutations, according as they considered the person worthy of more or less respect. In Homer we see Priam kissing the hands and embracing the knees of Achilles while he supplicates for the body of Hector. The custom also prevailed in ancient Rome, and Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," referring to it, remarks how "the great respect paid to the tribunes, consuls, or dictators obliged individuals to live with them in a more distant and respectful manner; and, instead of embracing them as formerly, they considered themselves as fortunate if allowed to kiss their hands. Under the Emperors, kissing hands became an essential duty, even for the great themselves." The Carthaginians, as a mark of love and sign of friendship, were in the habit of kissing their right hands each together, and then would kiss one another. Indeed, under a variety of forms the act of kissing has entered largely in most countries into the ceremonies of salutation; and, at the present day, many of the kissing customs kept up, apart from their social usage, are interesting in so far as they have been handed down by our forefathers from the distant past.

### The Fruit Crop.

The following is an abstract of the fruit crops report for August, issued by Mr. Blue of the department of the Ontario Bureau of Industries:

The counties along Lake Erie comprise the best fruit-growing section of Ontario, but the reports show that the crop this year is far below an average. Although it is the bearing year for apples there will be less than a third of an average crop, and the quality is inferior. Peaches will be less than a third of a crop, in the lakeshore townships of Essex and Kent, and in Elgin and Norfolk they are confined to very narrow limits along the shore of the lake. Plums are plentiful in Welland, Haldimand and portions of Essex, and grapes are an excellent crop in all the counties. Cherries have been very deficient, both in quantity and quality. Pears will be an average crop. Apple, pear and plum trees looked very sickly in Kent throughout June and part of July, but they are making a new growth now, and are likely to recover. Orchard fruits, especially apples, are almost a complete failure in the Lake Huron counties. Pears and cherries are in some cases excepted, but peaches and plums are almost nil. Small fruits are a fair crop. The apple crop in the Georgian Bay region will not be nearly so large as was expected when the trees were in bloom. A large quantity of the young fruit has fallen off, and several of the correspondents mention a blight on apple trees which has never been known before—the leaves curling up and the general appearance of the tree becoming unhealthy. Plums are almost a total failure. Grapes are plentiful, and there is a moderate crop of pears. The dry season, however, will, in almost all cases, cause fruit to be smaller in size than usual. In the West Midland counties apples are almost a total failure, owing to a blight which killed the fruit just as it was beginning to set. The plum crop will be far below an average. A few correspondents mention that the "black knot" is proving very destructive to the plum trees. Other orchard fruits will be very light; but small fruits, generally speaking, are a fair crop. In the Lake Ontario counties the crop will be far below the average. Even in apples, which is the only fruit giving promise of anything like a fair yield, growers state that there will not be half a crop, and the quality will be inferior. The apple-worm has made its appearance in almost every section, and this with the dry weather has caused more than half of the young fruit to fall from the trees. Pears are a middling crop. Plums are almost a total failure. Small fruits are tolerably abundant. From about half the townships in the St. Lawrence and Ottawa counties the reports of the apple crop are favourable, but in many sections it will be under an average. Frost and high winds have injured the fruit to a considerable extent. Plums, cherries, and small fruit are a failure. Similar reports are received from the East Midland counties. Apples will be less than half a crop.

An old citizen, returning to his home from a banquet, meets another old citizen coming from the opposite direction. "Ish thish the avenue?" asked No. 1. "How should I know? I was at the banquet myself."

## A MONTANA MAN'S STORY.

A Tourist's Adventure in a Geysers Crater and his Escape Therefrom.

A party of four persons returned yesterday from a trip to the Yellowstone National Park. Joe V. Longdon, C. E. Kantner, J. E. Montgomery, and Walter Watson are the names of the persons, and they profess they have had, with one exception, a most delightful time. They were examining the crater of a geyser about two and a half miles from the Fire Hole River. Notwithstanding it is forbidden to carry specimens away from the park, or despoil in any way the formations, these gentlemen were desirous of securing some mementoes of their trip and seeing in the crater some beautiful formations, Watson volunteered to attempt a descent and secure a piece of the beautiful colored work on the interior for each member of the party. He carefully descended a distance of probably 12 feet, taking care that each time his hold was secure. He reached the formations, secured what he desired, and attempted to ascend. Reaching overhead, he grasped a projection, and, putting his entire weight upon it, it gave way, and he was precipitated into the seemingly yawning abyss. His companions, who were watching his movements, shrieked as they saw him fall. They immediately procured a light and lowered it into the crater for as great a distance as they could with the means at their command. Nothing could be seen; but by dropping pebbles and bits of wood they discovered that at a depth of about 50 feet the crater was filled with water. In their consternation they had not heard the body strike the water. They gave him up as lost, and with sad hearts left the scene. Going to the river they made camp, intending to start for Bozeman at daybreak. Next morning they made preparations to start, but were delayed by Mr. Longdon becoming suddenly sick. They then concluded to remain where they were until he should be in a condition to travel. About noon another party from the geyser basin came in sight, and seeing the camp of the gentleman at once approached.

Imagine the joy and surprise of Longdon, Kantner, and Montgomery when they saw among the new-comers their friend Watson, alive and well. They could not believe it was he until he had taken the hand of each and assured them that it was none other than he, and gave them the promised specimens from the crater of the geyser. How he escaped is best told in his own words:

"When the projection upon which I had my weight gave way, I felt that I was indeed lost. I was not wholly conscious after I commenced falling. When I struck the water, feet first, I experienced a feeling of relief. I seemed to sink thousands of feet, but of course sank but a short distance. I grasped around wildly, but nothing but the water could be felt. I was rising to the surface and knew it, and a feeling suddenly came over me that I was to be saved. How, I knew not, but still I was certain that I was not to be left in the crater. On coming to the surface I reached out and a friendly rock gave me support. I heard the shouts of my friends, but could see nothing and was unable to call out in reply. After what seemed to me ages the shouts ceased, and I realized that my friends had given me up for lost. It was just after noon when we reached the crater: I suppose it was nearly 5 o'clock when I heard what sounded like distant thunder. The noise grew more and more distinct, and the water surrounding me began to be troubled. I then realized that I was in the crater of an active geyser, and that in a short time the entire space would be filled with water. I attempted to raise myself, but could find no support for my hands which would bear my weight. The walls of the crater were rough, and while in the water I could easily keep my head out by clinging to them. Suddenly I discovered that the water was rising. This gave me the hope that I might be able to keep afloat until the surface was reached. The water continued to rise more rapidly, and I at last found myself at the point from which I had fallen. Although well-nigh exhausted, I exerted my remaining strength in climbing to the surface. This reached, I managed to crawl some distance away from the mouth of the crater, where I lost consciousness. When I recovered I was being cared for by strangers—the men who conducted me to my comrades."

Upon being questioned further Watson said that as near as he could judge the crater at the point he struck the water was about 25 feet in diameter. The water was warm, but not uncomfortably so until a few moments before he left when it began to be decidedly hot and boil more furiously. He was found by the party who rescued him about 7 o'clock in the evening.—*Butte (Montana) Inter-Mountain.*

### How Singers Should Live.

Women singers, especially in this country, are addicted to three habits which are about equally prejudicial to them as singers. These three habits may be described as the habit of taking irregular and insufficient food, the habit of tight lacing, and the habit of eating candy. I know half a dozen bright American girls, who have really excellent prospects as singers, whose voices are already beginning to betray the fact that their owners live on "lunches" and "candy" rather than three square meals a day. It is very certain that there never will be any tone to a voice that comes from an insufficiently and irregularly nourished body. On the subject of tight lacing a book might be written with ease. Many a girl who now finds great difficulty in taking a high note might do so with comfort if she would only give herself room to breathe. In brief, it may be truly said that no teaching however able, no industry however great, in the pupil can amount to anything unless the would-be singer is content to live a good, clean, honest, healthful life, trusting to good common-sense rules of living, and plenty of fresh air rather than to common quacks and nostrums. If vocal teachers, before commencing their lessons, would take the trouble to find out how the pupil lives, and would refuse to give any instruction until the pupil was ready and willing to conform to the simplest rules of hygiene, a great many troubles, especially throat troubles, would be avoided, and the act of singing, instead of being a painful, miserable, or torturing

effort, would be easy and as pleasurable to the singer as to the listener. The rules of life, which the student should observe, are just as important for the singer, private or public; if anything they are more so, for the strain is greater. One thing is certain, the reliability of a singer depends absolutely on the method and manner of life.

## TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Shadow of the Sword—A New Route to the Golden Horn.

Australia's views in respect to Salonica are well known, as also Russia's in regard to the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, and there are signs that the statesmen in both these countries are beginning to think that the moment of action is near at hand. Their opportunity would be, of course, a rupture between England and Turkey, an event they have probably been hoping to see grow out of the strained relations to which our energetic action in Egypt has given rise. There is no doubt that Russia is nervously anxious about Austria, afraid that the latter, not content with the footing of the *Ægean* Sea that would be obtained with the possession of Salonica, will attempt to forestall her in the contemplated raid upon Constantinople. Coming events always cast their shadows before, and there is no want of purpose, however it may be concealed, in all this strengthening of the army of the Caucasus of which we have lately heard. Only yesterday the report reached Constantinople of very significant proceedings on the part of our Muscovite friends at the mouth of the Sakharia. This is a river of considerable size, which, rising in the central part of Asia Minor, sweeps round in a north-westerly direction for half its course, and then, taking a northerly direction, empties itself into the Black Sea.

It is hard to realize how very near one is to the Black Sea when at Ismid, and how very easy it would be to establish a complete water communication between that sea and the Marmora by making use of this said Sakharia river. The town of Ada-Bazaar is but twelve miles, as the crow flies, due east of Ism.

Two places lie the Lake Sabanjen, with its outlet to the eastern arm of the Marmora on the one side, and a small stream at the other, which could easily be made to join with the Sakharia by cutting a small canal. Ada-Bazaar, which stands on the banks of the river, is only twelve miles from its mouth, and there is no difficulty in reaching it from the Black Sea in boats of light draught. The end of a long spur intervenes between it and the lake, at the foot of which rises the small Sabanjen river. This, however, presents no obstacle to the junction of the two streams, as the small canal necessary for the purpose would be commenced about four miles above the town. So struck were our naval authorities during the Russo-Turkish war with the capabilities of the Sakharia, that, facing the probability of some such eventuality arising as that a portion of our fleet sent to watch the operations of the Russians in the Black Sea should be suddenly cut off from the rest by a sudden advance of the Muscovite army to the shores of the Bosphorus, a regular study was made of the river and its valley, with a view of ascertaining the cheapest and most expeditious method of opening up another communication between the *Euxine* and the Marmora. Engineer officers attached to our Intelligence Department made a thorough survey of the intervening country, and obtained much valuable knowledge of the navigable properties of the lake and river. The plan they recommended was to lay down a shoal to connect Ismid in the first instance with some point on the Sakharia, and then in case of necessity to carry it right along the banks to the Black Sea.

What is "saucer for the goose is saucer for the gander," and our "happy thoughts" at that time have evidently furnished some brilliant ideas for the Russians when studying anew the question of how their invading armies are to reach Constantinople. If the Sakharia could be utilized by the British for the purpose of establishing a route in the one direction, why should they not turn it to account for a similar object in the opposite? Seizing the mouth of the river, and fortifying themselves with earthworks and torpedo boats against any desultory attack on the part of the Turkish fleet, they could easily organize the means of transporting their expeditionary force to Ismid. Flat-bottomed boats and rafts would serve, the craft being prepared in pieces and put together after landing. Once at Ismid, which is only 50 miles from Scutari, the railway could be used for reaching the Bosphorus. The proceeding referred to above is the presence during the last few days of a Russian war steamer at the mouth of the Sakharia. According to the reports which have reached the Ottoman Admiralty landing parties from this craft have surveyed in the vicinity, measuring angles, &c., whilst others in boats have been sounding on the bar and its approaches on either side.

## French Penal Colony.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about the French convict settlement of Noumea, capital of New Caledonia, is the extreme docility of the convicts. Large gangs of them pass from one part of the town to another in charge of a single gendarme, and frequently numbers may be met working in the streets, with apparently not a soul to look after them. Many are employed in private houses as servants, returning at 9 p. m. to their prison. As a consequence of this docility they seem to be kindly treated and have a good deal of time to themselves, which they employ in various ways, such as carving on shells, etc. These shells they sell to passers-by in the streets when they think they are undiscovered by the gendarmes; for, strictly speaking, they are not supposed to communicate with outsiders, but the gendarmes are not hard with them. There are now 10,000 convicts in Noumea, and several thousand more are reported to be on the way or about to start. Moreover, they are not political prisoners with a decent regard for private rights, but without exception sentenced criminals.

Albert Schwill is an Indianapolis man who had nineteen fights because somebody said: "Give him to the gods."