

the proper gratification of natural longings! The heavens smile on the victorious wooer, graciously recognizing the perfecting of creation in the union of the masculine and the feminine."

I approached the stern of the ship. I perceived Mrs. McKenzie leaning upon the rail, and closely approximate to her the irascible captain. I accosted her and asked a half-hour's interview. She turned. She disclosed, she showed no embarrassment in disclosing, both her hands imprisoned and constrained by the captain's. She did not attempt to withdraw them. She said, "You're too late once more."

"What!" shouted the captain, angrily, dropping her hands. "Do you mean to say, I—"

"No, I don't," she interrupted. "Nothing of the kind. No one would

have any chance against you, for no one has such a delightful temper. It's irresistible."

He laughed uproariously, and by a swift manœuvre recaptured her hands, clearly intending yet more inclusive endearments, which Mrs. McKenzie seemed not resolutely inclined to avoid.

I withdrew in silence. My disapproval might be inferred, but I would not reproach.

"Woman," I reflected, "is an insoluble element; there is no more to be said."

So reflecting, I rejoined Professor Simpson, who began,

"The hypothesis to which I referred is as follows—"

I have ever been at a loss to express my admiration for Professor Simpson's creative insight and sagacious acumen.

After

BY S. E. KISER

ONE who was rich picked out a spot
 High on a noble hill, and there
 He built himself a costly tomb,
 That all the people might know where
 He rested when his work was done.
 The marble glistened in the sun;
 The white shaft towered in the air.

A toiler where the crowds were great
 Had love of men big in his heart;
 He sang to make the sighing glad,
 And preached for peace with all his art.
 His song died on his lips one day.
 They laid the ill-clad form away,
 From all the costly tombs apart.

Broad paths are beaten to a spot
 Watched now with loving, jealous care;
 And rich and poor and great and small
 Fare far to stand uncovered there.
 High on the hill, seen from below,
 A rich tomb stands, but few men go
 To see what name the shaft may bear.



A Survival of Chivalry

BY HENRY S. WATSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

TWICE before I had been roused from a waking nap by the blare of bugles, and had turned out to see the passing of a battalion of French provincial troops. Soldiers anywhere are well worth a little sleep, even the last forty winks of a summer morning, and these troops that marched through the high street of Poissy had a happy way of passing from the shadows beneath my balcony out upon the bridge beyond, where the slant of the early sun struck yellow diamonds from the burnished metals of war. But this morning the rattle of music heralded a file of a dozen men clad in white duck suits, half of them wearing red hats and sashes, half of them wearing blue, while four of them blew upon bugles with the vim and spirit a Frenchman puts into a martial tune. The eight without bugles carried lances of the true mediæval pattern, with this not unimportant difference, that the points and the butts were padded after the manner of a fencing-foil, with pads of the size of a boxing-glove.

It was the time of the fête, and the road in the appointed quarter was lined with dozens of booths, where all the delights of the American side-show were offered for a season to the people of the town and of the country round about. Any one who knows provincial life in France knows how the fête passes from

place to place at this season after the manner of a circus; but it is only where a sheet of water is handy that one can see this shred of mediæval splendor, the *joute à la lance*.

Others besides myself had been roused to view the passing tilters—in France it is never too early to be amused—and showers of coppers, with a good sprinkling of silver pieces, fell at the feet of the modern knights. “Sturdy beggars!” you will say. Not at all. To the Gallic mind the so-called ethics of amateur sport are undreamed-of; and the fact that the prizes of the water tourney are in money should not lead one to conclude that the contest had any taint of what we choose to regard as professionalism. There are three prizes for the all-comers event, and one for home talent. The competing lancemen all pay an entrance fee of three or four francs to the town authorities, for the fêtes have a strictly municipal character; and as there are many extra expenses in connection with the *joute à la lance*, the competitors march through the town soliciting contributions from the shopkeepers and other citizens who profit by the popularity of the fête. The receipts are handed over to an official, and if they exceed the net expenses of the occasion, the excess is credited to the general profits of the fête. If they fall short