

was like passing through some city of the dead. The deserted streets were blocked with débris from the mutilated, desolate, uninhabited and uninhabitable houses. Here a wall was cracked open from top to bottom; here cracked and seamed and blistered all over like a plate exposed to too great heat; here the whole front of a house had fallen out, and there a tower had come crashing down to the ground. Not a roof but had lost tiles and chimneys at least. Balustrades and balconies had given way on all sides. Windows were set awry. Shutters and doors hung flapping on broken hinges like helpless signals of distress. Great stones were twisted completely around as if they had spun like tops in their places, and plaster lay ash-like over everything, leaving great unsightly scar-like spots to mark from where it fell. It seemed an almost incredible transformation of the place. One felt as if the years had suddenly slipped back into the by-gone ages, and as if one were part and parcel oneself of some as yet unhistoried Herculaneum or Pompeii.

Thousands and thousands of people fled Northward that morning from all along the Riviera,

many of them leaving bag and baggage behind them, for it is marvellous how quickly even one's dearest possessions lose all value the moment life is in peril. It is now six weeks since that terrible twenty-third of February, eighteen hundred and eighty-seven. Even the most timid and most unnerved have regained their courage and their lost spirits. Those whose houses were spared returned long since even into the upper storeys. The shops are reopened, and masons and bricklayers and carpenters are everywhere at work, repairing where repair is possible, and cheerily rebuilding where they must. The sentinels who forbade entrance at doors of condemned houses, and the soldiers who stood guard over streets unsafe for public traffic, have withdrawn their prohibitions and disappeared. Mentone will soon again wear its bright and smiling face of old. Yet while we live, none of us who were in the line of the earthquake, can ever forget that dim grey Ash Wednesday morning when we awoke so suddenly out of our Carnival dreams to find ourselves in sackcloth and ashes indeed, and with the *Miserere* stifled upon our lips.

The Independent.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1887.

TWEEDLEDEE AND TWEEDLEDUM.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

"DON'T you see, Aunt Priscilla? Don't you see?"

Aunt Priscilla pursed up her thin old lips and bent more closely to her knitting, her soft white curls drooping over her face, as if to soften the severity of an expression too new to her gentle features to sit comfortably upon them.

"What I do see," she replied at last, slowly, and with that distinctness with which all distasteful words are uttered, however kindlier phrases may be slurred over in the saying—"what I do see, John, and plainly enough, is that there is a great difference between Tweedledee and Tweedledum."

Mr. Maxwell paused in his heavy, middle-aged walk up and down the drawing-room, and confronted the old lady with a look of extreme surprise.

"Dear me, Aunt Priscilla, how old you are getting, to be sure!" he said, looking

concernedly at her forehead, with a sudden suspicion that all was not quite right behind; and contentedly abandoning her remark as a hopeless riddle, he walked back to his wife, and threw himself in a corner of the sofa near which she sat. "I never admired Durant, for all he's my brother-in-law," he went on, jingling the small silver in his pockets with that ugly habit common to so many men that it should almost be included among the classified attributes of the human male. "And I must say I think the way he is pitching—yes, absolutely pitching, that poor little white-faced Jennie of his at the young fellow's head is outrageous. It's odious. It's despicable. It's unworthy of any father, or any girl. It makes me sick to see it. He's had young Parsons there to dinner twice in the last three weeks, hasn't he, Maria?"

"Three times, dear," corrected Mrs. Maxwell. "I know it was three times, because each night that Mr. Parsons dined with us he spoke of being there only

the night before; and the reason he gives in his note for not coming to-morrow is that he has just accepted an invitation for that day at the Durants'. So that makes three times that he will have dined there in as many weeks, you see."

"Upon my word, Maria, so it does. Three times. Durant is even more pushing and forward than I thought. And that's not the way to catch Parsons either. He is one of these knowing gold fish that won't rise to a bait when there's a hook behind it. It's monstrous marked of Durant to chase him up so. I don't see how a man can lower himself to such an extent even to secure so good a match for his daughter as this young fellow. Do you know, they say he'll be worth a couple of million when his grandfather dies?"

"Well, however that is, I am very sure Alfred will never be caught by Jenny Durant," answered Mrs. Maxwell, with a shake of the head more convincing than words. "She's far too pasty looking."

"*Alfred, my love?*" said Mr. Maxwell, taking her up quickly with a pleased laugh. "So it has come to Alfred already, has it?"

"Mr. Parsons, I meant, dear. I should have said Mr. Parsons, of course. You must excuse me."

"No, no, Maria, I am not blaming you, child. Call the young fellow what you please. I daresay it seems more home-like to him to have you calling him by his Christian name. Of course he likes it. What young man would not? But do you know, Durant spoke of him so the other day. 'Alfred was here last night,' he said. Alfred, indeed! Did you ever hear such an unwarrantable assumption of familiarity? If poor young Parsons is to be 'Alfred' to every man in the place that has got a marriageable daughter, he might as well have his cards printed at once without his surname. I spoke to Durant about it. I thought it my duty. I told him it wasn't the proper thing at all—not at all. He'll have Jennie calling him Alfred, too, next all over the town, giving herself out as the most intimate friend the boy has."

"Bah!" said Mrs. Maxwell, with a scornful sniff. "She may give herself out for what she pleases, but I'm positive as can be, John, that he likes our Sallie best."

Mr. Maxwell turned quickly and looked at his wife with eager eyes.

"You don't say so, Maria! Trust a woman in a discovery of that sort. I have been watching him pretty closely too, but lor! a man's eyes never see so far as his

wife's. Well, well! So you really think he's in love with Sal?"

Mrs. Maxwell lifted her eyebrows in gentle depreciation of so hasty a conclusion.

"N—n—no. I don't go quite so far as that yet, John. I don't say he is actually in love with Sallie. Still they have certainly gotten on pretty well together. It was only yesterday afternoon when we were out walking that I saw Sallie bowing to some one nearly a block away. I didn't see how on earth she could distinguish any one so far off, and I asked who it was. 'Why Alfred, of course, mamma,' she said, 'who else should it be with a figure like that?' It wasn't Alfred, after all, as it turned out when we came near, still it showed where the girl's thoughts were; and our Sallie is not one to think twice of a man who hasn't given her occasion to do so. 'Alfred, of course, mamma,' she said, as if there were no other young man whom it might be. She has met him once or twice on the Avenue before, so naturally she may have been rather on the lookout for him there again."

Mr. Maxwell stroked his chin meditatively.

"So she meets him on the Avenue now and then, does she? Well there's nothing to object to in that. I don't know as two young people could meet in a more sensible place; it's much healthier than a ballroom. Sal looks well too in that out-door suit of hers. It's stylish, and that dark green cloth shows her off finely. I'll wager there's not a better-looking girl on the Avenue of an afternoon. I don't wonder young Parsons likes to be seen with her. I can't blame him if he does. By the way, Maria, I don't care if you do get Sal that new hat you were speaking of. It's a high price, I must say, for such a flimsy article as a hat, a really preposterous price; but if the girl shows up so well in it—Besides she should be encouraged in walking out more. She's too much indoors. It's a good thing for a girl to be in the open air as much as possible."

A pause followed, during which Mrs. Maxwell's mind flew off to her own bonnets and out-door garb, speculating upon the advisability of petitioning for a new outfit for herself. Was it not imperative that she too should be encouraged in walking out? She was getting far too stout, and mainly from inaction. Mr. Maxwell, meanwhile, shifted his keys to the pocket that contained the most silver, and where, consequently, they produced more responsive results. Aunt Priscilla went on doggedly with her knitting. The gentle-

man was the first to speak again.

"How often has she met young Parsons out walking, did you say, Maria? Twice?"

"Yes, John, twice. She had on her green suit each time. But it will look better certainly with the new hat."

"Why didn't she bring him in with her when they got back? She ought at least to have done that. Of course I don't want her making up to the lad in any way. I'm the last person to counsel that. Still there are certain politenesses—certain observances—It looks almost inhospitable to bid a young fellow an abrupt good-by on a doorstep, as if his company were only good enough for the street."

"Oh, of course, John. Most inhospitable that would be. You may trust Sallie not to be so rude. But, you see, he didn't walk home with her either time. He didn't join her at all, in fact. He couldn't. He was with Jennie Durant both times when Sallie met him."

"With Jennie?" repeated Mr. Maxwell, explosively, pulling both hands out of his pockets with a jerk. "Now that's Durant all over. It's just like him to send that poor little wretched creature out every day when she had better be in bed, on purpose that she may meet Al Parsons somewhere. I have no patience with such goings-on. I noticed the other day Durant's saying that out-door exercise had been doing wonders for the girl lately. It's really infamous. The street is no proper place for a young girl in any case. Let her go up to the riding school if she wants exercise. She'll get enough there in an hour to last her for a week, I'll be bound. Parsons doesn't ride, I suppose, or Durant would have had the poor child on a nag before now, prancing along to the park every afternoon at the risk of breaking her neck. There's no safety whatever for a woman on those ridiculous side-saddles."

"Why yes, John, I believe Alfred does ride. He must; for I heard him complaining only the other day that he couldn't get a decent mount at the livery stables, and wishing he had brought his hunter with him."

"Ha!" ejaculated Mr. Maxwell, nodding his head slowly, with his eyes fastened vacantly on a distant point where a break in the wall-paper unconsciously caught and riveted his gaze. "Perhaps I had better offer him my mare some day when I don't want her. He might as well exercise her as the groom."

Another pause followed, broken again by Mr. Maxwell.

"Sal doesn't ride, does she? It's a thousand shames she hasn't learned. A woman never looks so well as on a horse. Every girl should be a thorough horsewoman from her childhood. Of course Parsons won't care to ride alone, and I can't go with him on one of the carriage horses. One might as well ride a granite rock as one of the carriage horses. Not but what they're splendid animals in harness. I tell you what, Maria; it's a poor compliment to offer Al my saddle-horse and start him off dismally on a solitary ride; but you might invite him for a drive with you in the Victoria, if you liked. He would be sure to enjoy a drive in such company. I don't suppose you would care to go alone with him. That might look too particular. But there's room for three in the Victoria, isn't there? and Sal wouldn't object to going along, I dare say."

"Well, yes, there's room," rejoined Mrs. Maxwell, a little doubtfully. "There's room for three, of course, in an emergency, and especially for Alfred Parsons who is so slender. But I really shouldn't like to ask any stout young man to sit on that awkward second seat. We should have him landed on the pavement the very first corner we turned."

"That may be, my dear. But Parsons is quite thin enough to be safe. Besides, if you go up to the Park you'll have a straight road before you all the way, and no occasion to turn a corner. Invite him by all means, though I am afraid Durant will have a fit if he sees Sal and him driving off together. That's the worst of living directly opposite your own family. There's nobody like your own family for spying out everything that goes on."

"But George is never home of an afternoon, John. He won't see. He won't know."

"Won't he though! I'll be bound when he hasn't sent Jennie out to hunt up young Parsons, he has her sitting in the window watching if by any chance the boy should be passing by—his hotel is down this way, you know—or counting the times he runs up our steps. That the very meanest trick I know of, watching your neighbors on the sly in that way. It's not respectable either for a girl to sit at a window facing a public street. But I'll wager anything Jennie is there now. I'll just see if she isn't."

So saying, Mr. Maxwell rose, and stepping across the floor on tiptoe, as if dreading lest his steps should be overheard in the house opposite; he went to one of the front windows, where he stood peering out cautiously through the curtains.

"I told you so, Maria!" he exclaimed, wheeling round triumphantly. "I told you so! There she is, sure enough, standing up in the bow window bold as brass. It's outrageous, Durant shouldn't allow it—outrageous!"

Mrs. Maxwell threw down her work and hurried to her husband's side, dropping scissors, thimble and spool at various points in her progress across the room, and parting the curtains a tiny crack she looked eagerly through.

"No John, that's not Jennie," she said reluctantly, after a moment's consideration; "Jennie is further back in the room, sitting by the table, working. How stupid of you to make such a mistake. You are getting blind, I think, John. That's our Sallie in the bow window."

Mr. Maxwell made a hasty and damaging plunge with his head into the lace curtain.

"No, is it? You don't say so! Let's see."

Mrs. Maxwell gave a suppressed cry of alarm.

"For Heaven's sake, John, mind the curtain! You'll tear it. And they'll see you, too. Here, I'll hold it for you. So now look through. Can't you see now?"

Mr. Maxwell stooped forward with one eye shut tight and the other pressed hard against the loophole of inspection as if it were the tube of a telescope.

"Yes," he said with a chuckle; "it's Sal, plain as day. She looks like a picture set in a frame, doesn't she? There are not many girls would look so well standing in a window with the full light shining on them. If Al Parsons were to go by now he would, maybe, this once call at Jennie's house instead of here, eh Maria, eh? But what's Jennie doing back there? She seems to be talking with some one. I can't see. Look, will you."

He partially made way for his wife, who with willing obedience quickly bent her head to the curtain.

"She is winding a skein of worsted. Don't press me so, John. Do stand further aside while I look. I'll let you back in a moment. Some one is holding the skein for her. I can just make out the hands and arms. Why it's a man, to be sure. Dear me, it can never be Alfred, can it?"

"My dear Maria, do let me have a look at him. I can tell quicker than you can."

"No, you can't. Do leave me alone, John. How can either of us tell so long as we don't see anything but the hands? Isn't it downright mean of Jennie to get him off in that way to herself and leave

Sallie to shift as she can? It's disgraceful for one girl to act like that toward another. Poor Sallie! oh there. The man's moving forward. Why I do declare John, it's George Durant himself!"

Mr. Maxwell unceremoniously thrust aside his wife and took her place.

"Why, so it is!" he said, with a short laugh. "That's good. Hullo, Maria, here's Parsons himself coming down the street this moment. I wonder if Sal sees him? I fancied she did, but she's turned back all of a sudden into the room. What's that for? Oh ho, oh ho! She's saying good-by. She is making short work of it, too. Clever girl! There she is on the doorstep already. She doesn't look in any hurry now. Acts as if she had the day before her. How slowly she comes down those steps! She's dawdling along pretending to button her gloves. Why, she's dropped her fan and doesn't know it. Hullo! Ha! ha! ha! Al has picked it up and is hurrying on after her with it. Now Maria, do you suppose Sal could have dropped that fan on purpose?"

"Goose! Do you suppose for a minute that she would have dropped it without a purpose? Now of course Alfred will have to cross the street with her at least, to ring the bell for her."

Mr. Maxwell rubbed his hands in undisguised satisfaction.

"That Sal of ours knows what she's about, if ever a girl did. Didn't she manage that well? I say, Maria, hadn't I better just catch up my hat and make as if I were going out and so meet them by accident and ask Al in? Maybe Sal will not think of it at the moment. She may be flurried and forget it till he's gone. Girls are so thoughtless sometimes; they would let their luck slip through their very fingers but for us fathers to help them shut their hands on it. I think I'll go at once and get there before they ring."

And with a series of chuckles Mr. Maxwell hastened out of the room, while his wife came leisurely back from the window toward Aunt Priscilla, dragging the spool after her by a long unwinding, thread. Aunt Priscilla looked up sharply from her knitting.

"Yes, there's a great difference certainly between Tweedledee and Tweedledum," said the old lady, stiffly; "I wonder you don't see it."

Mrs. Maxwell stared in broadest astonishment.

"What do you mean, Aunt Priscilla? I don't understand you in the least. You are talking nonsense again, I am afraid."

"Tweedledee is I, and Tweedledum is

somebody else," exclaimed Aunt Priscilla, grimly. "And what is unpardonably wrong when Tweedledum does it, is altogether right when Tweedledee does it. For myself I cannot understand why two precisely similar actions should be judged from two entirely different standpoints, according to whether they are done by Tweedldee or Tweedledum. Very likely this sounds like nonsense to you, my dear, but that is because Tweedledum says it. It would be sense fast enough if said by Tweedledee. And that's just what makes

all the difference between Tweedledee and Tweedledum. I wonder you don't see it, Maria."

Poor Mrs. Maxwell stood an instant uneasily in front of her old aunt, like one summarily bidden before an unanswerable judgment bar. She had no answer ready, and could find none, and so turned away, contenting herself with thinking how very, very queer Aunt Priscilla was growing to be, an opinion in which she knew that her husband, if consulted, would not fail to coincide.

The Independent.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1887.

AN ENIGMA.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

To have not, is to long for with desire.
To have, is but to lose.
To lose, is to remember and expire.
How may one rightly choose?
Between a want, a loss, a lifelong pain,
What, saving death, hath any soul of gain?

MENTONE, FRANCE.

The Independent.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1887.

HOW IT REALLY WAS.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

SCENE 1st.—MR. AND MRS. CHANCELLOR.

Mrs. Chancellor (biting the end of her pen). You don't mean we must invite those odious people, my dear? It will utterly spoil our dinner to have them here.

Mr. Chancellor (poking the fire disconsolately). I know it. I don't want them any more than you do. Harris is an ass, and his wife is an exact match to him.

Mrs. Chancellor. She dresses like a parrot and chatters like a magpie.

Mr. Chancellor. It will be like opening an aviary on our guests.

Mrs. Chancellor. And he's worse yet. He's worse even than his pantaloons would lead one to expect.

Mr. Chancellor. My dear he would be in evening dress. At least we should be spared the check trousers.

Mrs. Chancellor. But there will be the watch-chain always, and Heaven knows what for shirt-studs, And their past-participles! Oh really, Henry, I can't ask them—not with their past-participles!

Mr. Chancellor. There's no "can't" in the world can stand up against a "must." We've got to ask them, Maria, participles and all; and I wish to goodness it was only the participles.

Mrs. Chancellor (rebelliously). Why?

Mr. Chancellor. Because I must keep