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The Acme Magazine

A HOME MAGAZINE PUBLISHED IN TRENTON FOR TRENTONIANS.

VOL. I.

November, 1906

No. 1.

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ROSE STAHL.

Has gained for herself the widest and best recognition in the theatrical profession. She is now a Broadway stellar attraction of the first magnitude. This is because Rose Stahl has a charming personality, captivating everyone whom she meets in public or private life, and because she is not afraid of the hardest kind of work. As one of the successful women of the day, Trenton, her home town, feels honored in having so fair a representative.

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VOL. I.

November, 1906.

No. 1.

OLD MANSIONS OF TRENTON.



Photo by John H. Blackwood.

I—THE HERMITAGE.

BY FRANCIS BAZLEY LEE.

HALF-HIDDEN among the century old trees, lying in the valley of a little stream over which West State Street makes a long, swinging curve, is "The Hermitage," among the most famous of all New Jersey's historical homes. What "Morven" is to Princeton, "Liberty Hall" to Elizabeth, the Cooper houses to Camden, or the wrecks of the Bonaparte mansions to Bordentown, so is "The Hermitage" to Trenton, the link of stone, brick and mortar, with its associations, that binds us to almost forgotten days.

With the exception of the "Barracks," no Trenton structure is more intimately connected with the Revolution than is "The Hermitage" In the

oldest part of the building lived General Philemon Dickinson, a noted patriot and there he came throughout the war to seek in his country home a respite from arduous military service, performed in every part of the State.

But the connection of "The Hermitage" with the battle of Trenton is of the most direct interest. It will be recalled that when General Washington planned the battle he selected Generals Ewing and Cadwalader to command bodies of troops which were to cross the Delaware between Yardley and Bristol and cut off the retreat of fugitives from the Anglo-Hessian troops under Col. Rall. It will be remembered that such a crossing was not made and that General Philemon Dickinson was stationed at Yardley with a body of



Major Harry C. Valentine.

men while his own home "The Hermitage" was despoiled by the Hessian hirelings.

While Col. Rall was in Trenton he had outposts surrounding the village. One of these was "The Hermitage" where some 50 yagers, in their green uniforms with crimson lapels, were under the command of the Hessian lieutenant, Frederick Wil-

liam Von Grothausen. There were pickets in the house, around the greenhouse, in a hut in the rear of the mansion, and in the vegetable garden, and so important was the post, that a daily report was made to Col. Rall of the condition of the river front, and of the movements of Generals Dickinson's and Ewing's men on the Pennsylvania side of the stream.

For the better part of a month General Dickinson could look across the river and see Hessians and British

holding high carnival in his home. What could not be eaten or stolen, was burned or destroyed, after the manner of the day and small wonder is it that when upon the 26th of December, 1776, at eight o'clock in the morning, General Sullivan's brigade came rushing down the winding river road, there was instant attempt at retaliation.

In the melee all but one of the Hessians escaped, some running toward the outpost on Pennington avenue, and others toward Trenton, with the Americans in hot pursuit. The rest of the story is well known, but, by night, tradition has it, General Dickinson was safe in "The Hermitage," vowing vengeance upon those who had stalled their horses in his house and broken into his wine cellar.

It was upon the 30th day of July, 1776, according to the Hunterdon County records, that Brigade Major Robert Hoops, or Hoopes, as the name is sometimes spelled, sold to Major-General Dickinson, a tract of land containing 210 acres. This embraced "The Hermitage" property which extended from the Delaware river to the Scotch road. Major Hoops married Martha, daughter of Abraham Cottman, a lawyer, the owner of the "Doudsdale" plantation, situated on the Pennington road near Calhoun street.

When General Dickinson bought the "Hermitage" estate, the Declaration of Independence had been promulgated less than a month. It required no little faith in the future success of the struggle that General Dickinson should plan his home in the very storm-center of organized rebellion to the British crown.



Modern homes built by Major Valentine, the present owner, on the old Dickinson plantation.

But General Dickinson was a man of force and action. Throughout the Revolution he was commanding officer of the State Militia, rendering notable service during June, 1778, in harassing General Clinton, on the British march from the Delaware to the field of

Monmouth. General Dickinson became a Brigadier-General shortly before attaining the age of 40, was a member of the Provincial Congress of New Jersey, and a member of the Committee that drafted the patriotic Constitution of 1776. In 1777 he became Major-General and was a United States Senator from New Jersey, 1790-1793. He died at "The Hermitage" in 1809 at the age of 70.

The family of General Dickinson occupied "The Hermitage," which during the early years of the last century was the scene of many notable events. Men of national reputation in civil and military life were guest of this family whose fortunes have been so closely allied with the history of Maryland and New Jersey. The Dickinson ownership

of "The Hermitage," came to a close on the first day of April, 1850, when Philemon Dickinson II, and his wife Margaret sold the estate to the late Edward J. C. Atterbury, a member of an old New York family. As it was during the Dickinson regime, "The Hermitage" when owned by the Atterbury's was an assemblage place for people of province. After the death of Mr. Atterbury, which occurred in 1887, his daughters controlled the property until

the 10th of May, 1904, when by deed, the estate passed from the executors of Mr. Atterbury into the possession of Major Harry C. Valentine. Thus, in a period of nearly a century and a half but four names—Hoops, Dickinson, Atterbury and Valentine, appear in the list of owners of "The Hermitage"—a record which few mansions, equally historic, can show in any one of the thirteen original states.



Once upon a time "Colonel Tom" Holmes was called upon to appear at an after dinner talk-fest. He developed a new type of humor, appealing so strongly to the public, that he is now in demand as a popular speaker, and is "talkin' most every night," telling merry tales. Even his minutes as Clerk of the Board of Health are so punctured with references to cafe parfait, asparagus vinaigrette and pate de fois gras that the sending out of notices to cut down weeds in back yards are retarded. Notice the turned down glass, the pained expression on "Tom's" face shows that the carbonated water has "just given out."



FRANCIS B. LEE. — Lawyer, Historian, Chronologist.

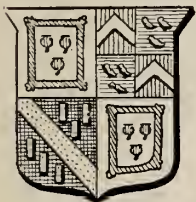
For so young a man Mr. Lee has done a remarkable amount of historical work. He has made exhaustive research of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods of New Jersey and has added invaluable material to the archives of the State. One of the many publications from his pen is "New Jersey as a Colony and as a State," a historical work in four volumes. Mr. Lee is now engaged on a new genealogical record of Mercer County.

Some Trentonians and their Coats of Arms.

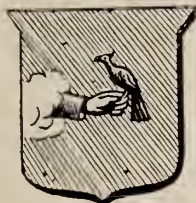
Evidences of aristocratic descent in the old families
of the capital city.

HERE and there, throughout Trenton, are silent, cherished evidences of the antiquity of some of the family names that have helped to make the city famous. Such mementoes are nothing more than an incised piece of battered silver, a time-stained sampler, a half-worn signet ring or a crudely painted design on the front leaf of a Bible. But in whatever form the evidences may be found, they tell the story of race and creed, and of how hundreds of Trentonians are descended from the Hollanders and Huguenots of New York, the Cavaliers of Virginia, the Puritans of Massachusetts and the Quakers of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

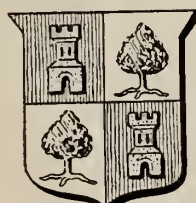
These reminders of the past are representations of coats-of-arms granted to some direct ancestor of a local family, who having borne them by right, for some distinguished service to his country, transmitted them to his American posterity. For this reason, in spite of trials and tribulations, incident to colonization and settlement, when the old merged into the new, and in spite of the levelling tendencies of the Revolution, the various objects perpetuating the symbolism of ancient days, have been preserved.



LIVINGSTON



SCUYLER



VAN VORHEES

There are many families in Trenton, old settled town that it is, and the meeting place of the colonial civilization of the North, the Middle and the South, who are entitled to bear arms. From among them a choice has been made of these heirlooms of

royal creation, indicative not only of the prominence of the families selected, but, as suggested, of the fact that Trentonians trace lines of descent from families whose names appear in the records of every one of the thirteen colonies.

In the city of Trenton no family name is more frequently spoken than that of Cadwallader. Thomas Cadwallader was first Burgess or mayor of Trenton under the charter of 1746 and was the chief contributor to the city's first public library. His descendants made Trenton's great public park a possibility. This family was of Welsh origin.



STOCKTON



CADWALADER



STACY

The first public enterprise north of Burlington, when the Quakers settled in the valley of the Delaware, was Mahlon Stacy's mill, established about 225 years ago, in Trenton at the mouth of the Assanpink creek. Around Mahlon Stacy and his mill cluster all authentic history and tradition of the English occupancy of "ye falles of ye De La Ware."

As closely associated with the history of the nation as with that of Trenton is the name of Stockton. Owners of great plantations in Burlington and in Princeton, the Mercer County branch of the family furnished among a score of men with national reputations, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a commodore of the United States navy and a United States Senator from New Jersey.

From Scotland came the Livingstons, Earls of Linlithgow and Calendar. Exiled from Scotland to Holland, the an-

cestor established a line whose manorial estates on the Hudson rivaled in importance those of the Van Rensselaers, which latter family is locally represented upon collateral branches.

While the great seal of New Jersey was prepared from September, 1776, to May, 1777, the Livingston Arms borne by Revolutionary Governor William Livingston were used as the Great Seal of the newly created State.

Of Dutch stock are the Schuylers,

who were land owners in New York as well as in Belleville and in Burlington. Their names were closely associated with the French and Indian War and the Revolution.

Another Hollander was Steven Certe Van Voor Hies, the name being usually written Voorhees or Voorhies, who settled in Long Island and was the ancestor of one of the most widely scattered Dutch families in America.

(Continued in the December Number.)



CONGRATULATIONS.



HON. FREDERICK W. GNICHTEL.

As Mayor of the city of Trenton, Frederick W. Gnichtel has given proof of his capacity to lead public thought and action in the development of the municipality. He did much in this direction as a member of Common Council and for this reason he has been in the public eye. His Honor is an expert court stenographer and member of the bar and with his manifold duties as public official and practitioner, is consequently a very busy man.



UNCLE REUBEN AND HIS FAMILY SEEING TRENTON.

AUNT SARAH ANN, (catching sight of the gilded fireman in front of the city hall) — "Oh Reuben! Look at thet gold statute. Thet must be wuth a hull heap o' money."

UNCLE REUBEN, (who is rich in experience) — "Shucks Sarah Ann! They can't fool your Uncle Rube! Thet's made o' the same stuff's thet gold brick I bought in Noo York, last summer. D'y'e see, it's turnin th' same color as thet brick did, too."

WHAT AND WHO.

What is it that went to sleep,
 Years and years ago,
 Just as soon as things woke up,
 And the town began to grow?
 Went to sleep and stayed asleep,
 And no attention paid
 To anybody or anything?
 'Tis the Trenton Board of Trade.

Who is it that always sees,
 A chance to rave and rant,
 When Common Council's holding forth,
 And he wants to lead but can't?
 Who's always looking for a chance
 To fire a campaign gun,
 No matter whether it kicks or not?
 'Tis Captain Walsh's son.

Who is it that feels his oats,
 Every day 'n the week,
 And keeps the wheels of th' machine
 Greased so that they don't squeak?
 Who thinks that he's a soldier brave?
 Who'd rather fight than work?
 And isn't much at either one?
 'Tis our natty City Clerk.



AN ENEMY TO THE CZAR

THE STIRRING EXPERIENCE OF A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN

By A. HERBERT BOWERS



Karkiloff.

THE study of "Personals" in our metropolitan dailies has long been a hobby of mine. It pleases me to reconstruct in fancy the various dramas suggested by their meager wordings. Sometimes, indeed, I have by their means been enabled to follow an intrigue, or simple love affair, from its inception to an end—tragic or otherwise.

Harmless in itself, this hobby, or passion—which you will—has in one case, at least, been productive of good; and, in telling the story, disguised as it will be by fictitious names, I violate no confidence, I invite no animus.

It was some eight months ago that I developed an unusual interest in a series of advertisements emanating from "Vera." They suggested a mysterious disappearance.

"Wanted—Information as to the whereabouts of John Silcote Bosanquet. Liberal reward. Apply to V. G., 111 West——St., New York."

By thunder, I have it! I exulted. John Bosanquet was the name of that young Englishman whom I had met more than once



Bosanquet.

in my casual wanderings, and who, when I had last seen him, was, to all appearances, under arrest!

My interest in the matter now grew vivid and personal. It took me less than no time to synchronize approximately the date of his arrest and that of the initial appearance of the "Personals" requesting John Silcote Bosanquet to communicate with "Vera." I was on the track of a mystery, and would follow it up.

An hour later, I was the recipient on behalf of a beautiful girl of many tearful protestations of gratitude, which I felt to be entirely unearned. Her promise that I should learn the sequel was to me much more than an equivalent for the information that chance and a hobby for reading "Personals" had enabled me to furnish her—a promise born of faith in the missing lover.

For the girl's sake, I devoutly hoped that this faith might be justified, but the hope grew dim as the weeks evanesced without a prospect of that promise being redeemed.

Imagine, then, my surprise to receive one evening a gentleman's card engraved: "John Silcote Bosanquet" to find myself, a moment later, shaking hands effusively with my one-time acquaintance! He was paler than he had been, and, I fancied, thinner. There were, too, unmistakable signs of suffering on his handsome face. But, he irradiated happiness. I knew beyond a doubt that his sufferings were of the past.

"I come to redeem Miss Grant's promise," he began.

"Not if the subject is painful," I protested.

"The experience has been painful," he submitted, "but its narration is not. Besides, as you will see later, I owe you more than that."

I bowed, and set out the concomitants proper to the telling and enjoyment of a story.

"It was your information," he said, "which enabled Miss Grant to convince the authorities that a possible miscarriage of justice had occurred, and set in

motion the forces that eventually provoked it."

"I am very glad," I said with truth.

"I was out of work, at the end of my resources, and without prospects," began the young man; "Miss Grant's belief in me was my sole comfort; her affection my only asset. Even this last had become, just for the moment, a source of embarrassment. I was due to visit her on the morrow; I had no clean linen; and the redemption of my laundry was out of the question. I decided to spend my ultimate nickel on a letter to my sweetheart, Vera Grant, from whom I had zealously concealed my true condition. Written in the Post Office the next day, it was simply a tissue of affection's lies, assuring her of my well-being, and accounting for my failure to keep the evening's engagement by a pressure of business.

The letter mailed, I directed my footsteps through the busy crowd towards a distant exit.

Coming towards me down the far corridor, into which I had by this time turned, was a tall man, a swarthy man, black of whiskers, loud of necktie.

He scrutinized me closely, and dropped his great pocketbook. I picked it up. It was fat and prosperous looking; but held not one whit of temptation for me. With a glow of conscious rectitude, I hastened after its owner, and offered it to him. I say offered because, so far from taking it, he looked at me with an expression of puzzled amazement, and made of his whole person a gesture of negation. Then he hurried on.

For some moments I stood, staring stupidly at the stranger's gift. I no longer doubted that its dropping had been intentional. Who was this stranger? Why should he design to give me anything? Why employ so roundabout a method of presentation? Was I dreaming? These were some of the questions that chased one another across my brain.

A peremptory tap on the shoulder brought me to earth. I started and looked up. A bulky man, florid of complexion, with close-cropped hair and

moustache, was standing beside me. There was no taking him for anything other than a plain-clothes officer.

"Give me that, and come along!" he commanded.

"But——" protested.

"Shut up, and be quiet!" he threatened.

"At this time the corridor was not so deserted as it had been; and, I noticed, one or two people were regarding us curiously. Wherefore, blessed or cursed, as you will, with all an Englishman's aversion to unpleasant publicity, I obeyed without further protest.

"That's right!" my captor grimly approved.

"Outside the building, to my intense relief, a private hack awaited us. I hung my head and hurried to it; but—as I then thought, luck was against me. You happened to be passing, and, I could not doubt, recognized both myself and my most equivocal position.

"In truth, of the mingled sensations which that day assailed me, shame was by far the strongest; so that, during the drive that followed, I huddled into the corner of the hack, and paid no attention whatever to the course it took. Nor did I recover one atom of my self-respect before, in a semi-dazed condition, I was conducted into a room in which I found my friend of the red necktie; similarly situated. Here my wits began to return. It was a large room, I noticed, whose walls were lined with bookshelves. Its two flat-top desks were strewn with documents suggestive of lawyers; and at that farthest from the door sat two men. One, clean-shaven, stern-featured, gray, was evidently American; of the other, blond, heavily moustached and rolling a cigarette, I was not so sure. A

foreigner, however, I judged him to be.

"I am perfectly satisfied," the first was saying, "that the offense is extraditable. All that now remains is the identification of the prisoners."

"There should be no difficulty about that, I imagine," replied the other, with the faintest possible accent.

"As a preliminary to this last, the judge—I presume he was a judge—instructed the officers to relate the circumstances attending our capture, which being done, the foreigner remarked:

"My information, you doubtless observe, was exact."

"The judge nodded.

"There was a package, or a pocketbook, perhaps?" queried the other.

"Here, Sir!" responded the officer in charge of myself.

"It proved to be full of money, and, in addition contained a paper at which the foreigner peered curiously.

"A new cypher!" I heard him mutter vexedly.

"In the meantime, the judge selected from the papers in front of him a voluminous document; and, after glancing at them, queried in louder

tones than those which he had previously employed:

"Alexis Karkiloff?"

"My fellow-prisoner, with his warders, immediately stepped forward, shrugging his shoulders, and making a grimace expressive as might be of the futility of resistance. Then he spoke a few words in a language which I judged to be Russian.

"He acknowledges his identity," explained the foreigner at the table.

"The judge, thereupon, made a gesture of dismissal. Karkiloff stepped to one side.

"Vassilis Gravinski?" called his honor,



Vera Grant.

glancing from another set of papers to my unhappy self.

"I remained impassive. He motioned me forward.

"Be so good, General, as to ask him," said his Honor to his colleague at the table, "if he denies that this is his name."

"Instead of replying, the foreigner pointed to a certain spot on the document under consideration. I indignantly burst out:

"I certainly do!"

"The judge, for the moment ignoring my denial, scanned the writing before him. Presently, he looked up and nodded to him whom he had called General in a significant manner. The latter had meanwhile been smiling at me in an exasperatingly tolerant and self-satisfied manner.

"You say that Vassilis Gravinski is not your name?" the judge now questioned.

"I do!"

"What is your name?"

"John Silcote Bosanquet! I am English."

"So?" incredulously. "We will proceed with the identification."

"He commenced reading—

"Vassilis Gravinski, a native of Poland...born in...hum! Educated in England...speaks that language like a native!...hum...yes! Height, sixty-nine and one-half inches....! Weight, one hundred sixty-two pounds.....! Complexion, clear....! Hair, dark-brown, wavy....! Eyes, blue....!"

"Between each of the specifications, he had darted at me a searching glance. They, one and all, fitted me to a dot; but hitherto I had experienced no whit of uneasiness. When, however, he continued—

"A jagged scar on the left side of the head!" I felt a cold shiver of apprehension passing over me. Such a scar there was; the result of a boyish stone-throwing episode.

"He motioned to the officer, who, lifting my hair, revealed the damning evidence.

"I was speechless. Even the foreigner's irritant smile failed to rouse me

from the sense of unreality that weighed me down.

"Marks!" continued the judge, "The initials V. G. tattooed in blue on the inner surface of the left forearm!"

"Again he motioned to the officer. Obedient, the latter removed my coat and turned back the left shirt sleeve.

"The fatal letters stood revealed. In an access of sentimentality, I had one day thus marked myself with my sweetheart's initials.

"A sweat poured off my brow—the cold sweat of fear.

"Once again the foreigner smiled. The toils were closing fast upon me. I commenced an incoherent protest, which from the first I knew to be useless. There was purpose in the judge's eye; the lines of his mouth were fixed; he made up his mind. He motioned me to silence.

"I think," he observed, "that there will be no miscarriage of justice if I order the commitment of both prisoners until such time as we may hear from the Secretary of State."

"And, Sir," urged the foreigner in subdued tones, "you will doubtless see the propriety of preventing their having communication with the outside world. Once their arrest becomes known, all our efforts for the capture of their confederates would be rendered useless."

"Quite so! Quite so!"

"That was all. Still dazed, I was reconducted to the hack, and thence to prison. How long I remained, closely guarded, in my cell I am unable to state. To all my entreaties, passionate, abject, to be allowed to communicate with persons of known respectability, the warders turned unresponsive ear. Bribery was out of the question. I soon lapsed into a state bordering on insanity, and made no effort whatever to keep track of the ghastly hours.

"Towards daybreak, perhaps, seven... eight... nine... ten days after my incarceration, the turnkey entered the cell. With him was one of the foreign police officers whom I have had occasion to mention.

"Get up!" commanded the former, as I lay blinking on my bunk. Perforce, I

EVNEY



The Prince Greeted Me With Unruffled Ease And Charming Courtesy.

obeyed, and, before I realized what was being done, found myself handcuffed to the representative of the law from over the seas.

"So, I was, as I had begun to suspect, a desperate criminal! The muzzle of a huge revolver, which my companion kept in hand and fully exposed to view during the ensuing drive emphasized the fact.

"The drive terminated at the wharf of the 'Compagnie General Transatlantique,' where against the gray of approaching dawn, loomed darkly mysterious the immense bulk of an ocean liner.

"We were evidently not unexpected. As soon as the hack came to a standstill, two men walked rapidly down the vessel's gangway and approached its window. A curt question, as curt a response, the transference of a paper from my guard to one of his questioners, served to convert me into a passenger aboard the steamship, 'La Touraine,' en route to St. Petersburg.

"This, at that time, of course, I merely surmised; but the surmise was correct.

"As may be imagined, I was not happy; but, how I did luxuriate in the blessed cleanliness of the second class cabin into which I was locked by my goaler after an admonitory growl; which was, by the way, all Russian to me.

"As the days went on, too, despite my desperate condition, my spirits gradually rose. The food supplied me was good and, in quantity, generous; I passionately love the sea; and, though at first inclined to resent what he deemed my feigned ignorance of the Russian tongue, my Cerberus proved not unduly harsh.

"'Why,' I asked him one morning in French, for the hundredth time, as we were, taking on deck, too early for the passengers to be out, the daily exercise prescribed for me—'Why am I being taken to Russia? What are the charges to be preferred against me?'

"To this question, I anticipated no answer other than a shrug of the shoulders and that accession of unfriendliness which had always attended my previous efforts in the conversational line. As far as the shrug was concerned, I was not

disappointed; but, to my surprise, he turned towards me and said in tones almost cordial:

"'My friend, I do not know why you persist in addressing me in the French tongue and refusing to meet my many advances in our own.'

"Here I nearly spoiled all by protesting my inability to understand a word of Russian. He shut up like a clam. I inwardly cursed myself for a sublimated specimen of idiocy. But after a frowning pause, he resumed with his expressive shrug:

"'After all, it's none of my business; and, though you are—what you are—I cannot help entertaining for you a personal liking. You were extradited for that unpunished crime of yours, murder; but you are wanted in Russia for—again a shrug—you know what.'

"'Tell me,' I pleaded.

"'For conspiracy to murder his Imperial Majesty, the Czar, together with all his ministers.'

"I gasped.

"'I—I to murder—the Czar!'

"'Exactly! To your hand was assigned the death of the Little Father.'

"A shuddering exclamation escaped me, an exclamation of horror—horror at the desperation of my personal plight. My companion, mistaking, glanced hurriedly around. We were absolutely alone. He laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"'See, my friend,' he said, 'I was certain that my instincts were right. You are not the wretch you would seem to be. Circumstances have led you astray. I will give you a chance. While I hold my arm rigid—so—give a sudden upward and outward jerk. The chain will snap. Then run and jump overboard. I will make no effort to prevent you. Indeed, I will make it appear that you felled me with the iron. You will die a man's death! Here's my hand on it!'

"I grasped it; thinking only of the kindly intention which prompted the words, and being, for the moment, more than half inclined to take his advice. He looked into my eyes. I shook my head.

"'I am not Vassilis Gravinski,' I said, 'I will face the music.'

"He did not believe me, of course. He dropped my hand. He thought me a coward, as well as a criminal.

"'I should advise you,' he said coldly, 'to recall your mother tongue when questioned by his Serene Highness, Prince M. He has many ingenious methods of bending to his will refractory prisoners.'

"Afterwards, he scarcely spoke to me before we reached St. Petersburg. Then he voiced a fear that had doubtless journeyed with him since that memorable night.

"'You will not betray me?' he asked.

"I smiled into his eyes.

"'I am not Vassilis Gravinski,' I said.

"The words were but an exact repetition of those that had caused him to despise me; yet, he seemed satisfied. With the old shrug that I had missed of late, he said:

"'Well! Good luck, my friend!'

"I was sorry to see him go when, his mission accomplished, he handed me over to the St. Petersburg gaolers. It seemed, in truth, as if I were letting go of the one strand of human sympathy that, worn thin though it was, still held me above the sea of adversity into which sudden shipwreck had cast me helpless.

"Left in my cell, the sense of isolation became almost unbearable; but, luckily I was not destined to endure it long. We had arrived at the Russian capital one evening after dark; and, the following morning, I was haled before, I presume, His Highness, Prince M.

"There was no mistaking the character of the man with whom I had to deal. Busily writing, he ignored my entry; and I thus had leisure to study him. Small and wiry, his hair and moustache were white as snow; with features aquiline and aristocratic, his lips were thin and firmly closed; born to exalted position, a lifetime of autocratic power had left its stamp upon him, he was distinctly a man not to be thwarted.

"He looked up suddenly. Straight from his work, his eyes held mine. He snapped at me a question; to which,

failing to understand, I, of course, made no answer.

"Again came the question, no louder than before; but, with it leapt such a flame from his eyes that I involuntarily broke into my one stand-by, French:

"'I do not understand, Monsieur,' I said.

"Had the remark never been made, he could not have heeded it less. He repeated his question.

"Always impatient of badgering, I threw prudence to the winds.

"'You are wasting time,' I said.

"That he understood, I was well assured; for despite his habit of self-control, his eyes glinted, and he commenced to tap impatiently on the table with the resilient point of a steel paper-knife. Nor did he repeat his question.

"After a moment's hesitation, however, he barked at me several others in rapid succession; watching me the while as a cat watches the mouse, that, fully in its power, it has for the moment loosed in order to prolong the sport of killing. Finally, finding his efforts abortive, he desisted from his questioning as abruptly as he had begun it; and, having dwelt on me some moments with a musing regard, addressed in the blandest tones a few words to the official in charge of my escort. This last, after the very stiffest of military salutes, signified me that the audience was over.

"I was marched out; but not to my cell. Instead, I found myself in a large room, in which were all manner of strange and forbidding appliances. With one of these I was destined to make most intimate acquaintance. It was, in fact, a variation of the triangle to which in the good old days England's military and naval offenders were oftentimes strapped for the better administration of the 'cat-o-nine-tails.' At a word from the escort's commander, I was seized, stripped to the dons, and on my exposed shoulders, fell a blow of the terrible knout. On coming to I found myself in my cell bunk where I remained unmolested for some days, when guards entering my cell conducted me to a splendid mansion. My guard,

hitherto silent, said: 'Monsieur will find all conveniences. He will, Monsieur Le Prince trusts,—refresh himself. This—pointing to the button of an electric bell—will summon any needed assistance.'

'He bowed and retired. The action was significant. I tried the door. It opened. None was in sight. I was alone, unguarded, free! Shall I confess it? I wept like a child.

'The paroxysm, however, was of short duration. I began to look around me. The apartment was large and handsomely furnished. Mirrors were everywhere. In one of them I caught a reflection of myself, a ragged scarecrow, pallid, unkempt. The sight recalled me. I was here to renovate. Decidedly I needed it.

'Everything, I found, from a suit of clothes to the minutest requirement of an elaborate toilet, had been provided. Through an open door, gleamed the white marbles and silver furnishings of a superb bathroom. When I emerged thence, an hour later, the mirror no longer reflected an object of repulsion. A gentleman, in a gentleman's garb, looked at me thereout with satisfied eyes.

'What next? I touched the bell.

'Monsieur will doubtless take breakfast!' asserted he who appeared in answer to my summons, and I did not demur.

'Picture, if you can, the contrast between my late prison fare and that exquisite meal with its dainty service! imagine how I lingered at the snowy table, with its silver epergnes, its costly appurtenances, and fresh-cut flowers!

'It was with a sigh of regret that I at length arose; and, almost immediately, my companion of the drive stood in the doorway.

'Monsieur Le Prince craves the honor of an audience,' he said. 'The carriage waits.'

'Now, I am not vindictive; and, on the way back, my feelings towards His Serene Highness underwent a considerable change. Feeling that my troubles were over, I could not but be grateful to him for the betterment of my physical being; not to mention the delicacy of his method in bringing it about. After all,

I thought, he must have supposed me contumacious and insolent, as well as criminal, and, according to his lights, deserving of the utmost severity.

'But, I confess, now that the tables were so completely turned, I did look forward to the coming interview with considerable zest. Apology, I fancied, would sit ill upon the Prince's shoulders.

'Never was I more completely deceived. Alone when I entered, he arose from his seat, and greeted me with unaffected ease and charming courtesy.

'I am truly glad, Mr. Bosanquet,' he said in perfect English, 'to have this opportunity of proving to you that I am not quite a monster of cruelty; that, if I erred, I erred with good excuse.'

'Here he tapped a bell that stood on his table.

'The door opened to admit, in charge of two warders, a manacled prisoner. He turned towards me. I stared in dumb amazement. I beheld the very wretch that had looked at me from out the mirror not two hours ago. No less astounded, he stared at me.

'Good God!' he gasped.

'Here,' continued His Highness, 'is my—is our excuse for the injustice that has been done you. I could not do otherwise than believe you to be Vassilis Gravinski, than believe that you understood every word addressed to you in Russian. I looked upon you as a noxious criminal, a reptile to be crushed, to be tortured into submission. You—so it seemed to me—would not speak. Speak I determined you should. But, when you claimed your birthright as an Englishman, your words rang true; and, despite the evidence of my senses, I determined to give you the benefit of the doubt until, at all events, further proof of your identity were forthcoming. Two days later, I received by cable news of the capture of Vassilis Gravinski.'

'He signed to the warders to retire with the prisoner.

'I much regret,' this last observed in courteous tones, before he turned away, 'that your resemblance to my unfortunate self should have been the means of placing you in so scurvy a plight.'

"I could but admire the perfect sang-froid of one over whom loomed so darkly the shadow of death, whose haggard features bore testimony to present suffering and ill usage, and who, yet, felt constrained to voice his regrets for another's sufferings, even though due in a measure to himself. I could not bring myself, however, to speak to a murderer and would-be regicide. I acknowledged his speech with the very faintest inclination of the head. After his withdrawal, the Prince resumed:

"Thus, sir, it is now mine to hope that you make generous allowance for my disastrous error, and will see fit to accept in amity this hand which I am glad to offer you."

"In a moment, his personal share in my indignities was forgotten, and, with hand clasped in his I so assured him.

"That is good!" he affirmed. "Let us be seated! One can talk more easily."

"By this time, I had succumbed entirely to that charm of manner which is possessed to so eminent a degree by the grandees of Russia.

"I have to thank you—," I began.

"Don't mention it, I pray you," he interrupted. "There are matters of greater moment to be discussed."

"You will, doubtless, have wondered," he went on, "why, having learned so long

ago of the true Gravinski's arrest, I failed to bring about with greater promptitude your own release. There were several reasons, my good friend! Chief of these was a desire to be assured that we were making no repetition of the previous blunder. I had, moreover, in the meantime, laid your case before His Imperial Highness, the Czar, whose commands I awaited before venturing to act. These last and Gravinski arrived this morning; so that it is now both my duty and my pleasure to carry out the august commands that have been laid upon me."

"To begin with, my Imperial Master directs that I express to you his deepest personal concern for the pain and humiliation that have been mistakenly put upon you. He further directs that, as some slight compensation for the loss and inconvenience occasioned by enforced absence from your personal concerns—here I could scarcely suppress a grin—you be paid from his privy purse the sum of fifty thousand roubles."

"I did not speak. I could not. Fifty thousand roubles! I was seeing visions.

"And," the Prince concluded, with a humorous twinkle, "I am sure that His Imperial Highness is in hopes—as also am I—that you will not make of the affair an international episode."





GLIMPSES OF RUSSIA

FROM ST. PETERSBURG TO MOSCOW

By S. R. STODDARD



BUILD me a railroad," said Nicholas II, Czar of all the Russias, "from my ancient capital town even to our own city of Petersburg."

And straightway there was hurrying in all departments. The aid of foreign countries was invoked, plans were submitted, showing

the country through which the road was to pass, and the towns from which it might draw sustenance, and, after the manner of roads anxious to get custom from various quarters, it ran in devious ways to touch important points.

And when the Czar was shown the plan, he said, "Yes, it is a most beautiful map of my country, but what is this black line twisting like a snake across it?"

"Sire! That is the railroad which is to be," they said, "and it runs thus and so that it may touch important points, and also that it may avoid the hills and morasses that lie between."

The Czar said, "Where is my ancient capital?"

The minister placed his finger on the site of Moscow.

"And where is our St. Petersburg?" This also was pointed out.

And the Czar said, "Bring me a ruler—one that is straight," he continued, "for a ruler should not be crooked."

Then the minister and all that were in waiting smiled out loud, for they perceived that this was a Royal Joke.

Then the Czar placed the ruler that was brought to him upon the map with one end at Moscow and the other at St. Petersburg, and with a pencil and his own royal hand he drew a black line straight from one point to the other and said,

"Build it there."

And the railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow is said to be the longest iron tangent in the world.

It is a pretty fiction about a straight line, but the curves are so gradual that it comes near enough the truth for all ordinary purposes. It is crooked all the same. Yet marshes have been filled and notches cut through low hills, practically as the Czar ordered, a tangent four hundred and three miles in length, extending between the two great cities of Russia.

The out-going station is substantial, but not particularly imposing. The rules for the shipment of passengers appeared sensible as exemplified in our case. Regard for the safety of travelers as well

as their comfort seemed a special part of the plan. It is understood that in Russia, the responsibility of officials is considerable, for failure in duties or in case of accident, the officials are actually punished—a thing which may surprise Americans, and seem entirely uncalled for by railroad officials generally.

We went by special train of sleepers. Our loyal Americans discovered many things American, but to me it appeared a combination of American and English. The run was not excessively rapid, but we made fully as good time as the average night trains in the United States make, taking fourteen hours in the passage between the two cities. The coaches which we understood to be first-class, were not nearly so elegant in finishing or furnishing as our Pullmans, but much more comfortable. They were shorter than the American car and divided into compartments, each of which contained four comfortable berths running cross-wise of the car with a corridor along one side from which they were entered. The upper berths were put up out of the way during the day and let down for the night. Each compartment had a window affording light and ventilation, under which was a small table to be used for writing or to hold luncheon or for any other purpose desired, with portable steps to be pulled out and used in mounting to the upper berths. Each compartment was heated with steam and contained a thermometer by which the occupants could tell without outside advice, whether they were freezing or baking, and regulate the heat accordingly.

There was also a second thermometer arranged with bulb inside and the stem and reading plate outside, so that when the door was fastened for the night, the trainmen could tell the temperature of

the room, and regulate it to suit the average comfort of the occupants without asking a lot of officious fool questions with a view to possible tips in the morning.

The road-bed was well ballasted and well-kept and the watch stations at intervals along the way as neat as play-houses kept for show alone. The station where we stopped for breakfast was clean, the service, if somewhat noisy, as nearly perfect as could be asked. The waiters were in dress suits and served us in white gloves! Think of it you who have imagined Russia as inhabited solely by furry, fuzzy, woozy people, who never wash their hands or faces or comb their hair.

Breakfast consisted of coffee with rolls and butter as is the custom generally. Russian tea is served as an extra—a clear tea with a lump of sugar and a slice of lemon. Hotel breakfasts ordinarily, furnish eggs in addition. The Russian luncheon is the same as the breakfast, with the addition of soup and a dish of birds, perhaps. Dinner is the formal meal of all eastern countries, served in courses, consisting ordinarily of soup, fish, fowl and a roast, followed by puddings, ices, fruits, nuts and coffee.



Our Special.

Tea is always extra and served to order.

The universal wood of the country which the well-to-do Russian burns, is the white birch. The locomotive that drew us to Moscow was a wood-burner. We saw



The Czar's Railroad.

immense barges loaded with this same white birch in the rivers and canals of St. Petersburg. It grows rapidly and is cultivated as one might cultivate the land for cereals. It is also a tree of ornament, and some of the watch stations along the road were literally palisaded by growing birches, uniform in size and standing in straight lines as though laid out as the Czar laid out his railroad. The country between the two cities was comparatively level resembling the rolling prairies of the west.

For some distance outside St. Petersburg, the land is flat and marshy. As we pulled out, heavy fog was rising above it.

"Malaria," ejaculated the doctor of our party. "The infamous Russian government has much to answer for."

Where the swamp ended the land seemed chiefly devoted to the cultivation of cabbages. Later it became more solid, and broad fields of grain stretched right and left as far as eye could reach. It appeared to me mostly rye or wheat or barley. The farm buildings were in clusters, at times forming considerable villages rather than like the scattered farms of New England and the West. Men and women cultivated the fields in large

gangs, sometimes as many as thirty or more in a line. The men wore heavy boots, baggy trousers and red shirts or blouses. The women had on most startling combinations of yellow, green, magenta and blue, while some of the younger peasant girls looked like animated rainbows—butterflies in color although anything but the light and airy

insects in motion—which might naturally be expected where butterflies wear men's boots reaching to the knees. If the question is asked how I happened to notice these particulars, I will state that no woman in the world, so far as I have seen, lift their dresses so high in a storm or mud as the Russian working women, and the remarkable part of it is that they seem to dress more for protection against mud and snow than with a view to appearances. Here are three little maids on a farm I visited. They are content to labor near to the earth as their fathers labored before them—and they look it.

The farm houses were generally of logs freed from bark, sometimes squared, and the doors and doorways painted. In every hamlet could be seen, centrally located, the white church in the universal form of the cross, and usually with a green painted dome.

That Russia is not altogether an Eden was indicated by a number of mendicants who presented themselves, soliciting alms at stations where we stopped. Except that they run so largely to hair, they were no more objectionable in appearance than the ordinary hobo who habitually steals his way on our western railway trains. And these Russian beg-

gars show the utmost deference, bowing and scraping and crossing themselves repeatedly and giving most grateful thanks for any coin that is tossed to them.

Moscow has left on me an impression of great splendor and dirt, a riot of color picturesquely combined. A Tartar beauty to the eye, Tartar emetic on the system, the general effect, one of exceeding interest. What part of this feeling was due to the fact that Thomas Cook & Sons sent us to an alleged high-class hotel—Hotel Berlin, which, in the splendidly-colored circular, appears as a hollow square and in memory as a hollow sham—and how much to other untraceable impressions remains an unanswered question.

The older portions of Moscow are richly Tartar in form and color; the new parts splendidly modern. The great fire of 1842, which was encouraged by the natives to discourage the French, might have continued in some quarters to the town's advantage so far as appearance goes.

Moscow was founded somewhere about the middle of the twelfth century and was the capital city until the seat of government was removed to St. Petersburg in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The most interesting part is the Kremlin where, enclosed in high stone walls with five entrance gates, are the royal palaces, the great cathedral where the emperors



Russian Peasant Girls.

are crowned, the cathedral of St. Michael where all the Russian sovereigns down to Peter the Great were buried, and the Church of the Annunciation, paved with jasper, cornelian and agate, where the czars are baptized. Here also is the treasury, containing the rich coronation robes and crowns of all the czars—a storehouse of jewels and things of gold and silver, once used, are to be used no more forever; and the tower of Ivan with its wonderful chime of great bells, and at its base, the one great bell that was never hung, itself as large as an ordinary house, weighing 222 tons, and its metal alone estimated at a value of \$1,750,000. Church and cathedral glitter with gold and silver and precious stones of incalculable value—a show place where the public come to gaze and admire, and where the great may worship in becoming form—a splendid shell with little life; resplendent with the glories that are principally things of the past.

Here came Napoleon to hold, temporarily, the riches which he could not carry away, and realize the nature of an enemy who would not be conquered though they were destroyed, and where he began that disastrous backward march in which the splendid French army fell down before a mightier than a human foe, the resting place of many a soldier known only when melting snows revealed the stricken form.



A Farm Wagon.



Ivan's Tower.

Moscow is Oriental in its architecture, particularly in its many buildings devoted to religious purposes. Its churches are generally white-walled, with domes of gold and green and red and ultramarine, surmounted by crosses, from the arms of which hang wires or cords by which lanterns are hoisted on special occasions. It has many bells, rich and deep in tone, sometimes of structure just a little thing giving sounds like low notes on light wires and in every shade of tone, but which, while not always strictly in concord, are rich and harmonious as a

whole. The music of the bells is a feature of many hours of the day and night in Moscow.

Of the gates that enter the Kremlin, the one called "Holy" is looked upon with great interest by visitors. It is told that Napoleon entered the Kremlin from the opposite side, and when he came and looked out of this gate, he was smitten with great fear and turned back disheartened. Whoever passes through doffs his hat reverently. If he neglects to do so there are those on guard who will remind him of the oversight. It is

told of a smart American—one of the kind who misrepresent America abroad—who did not propose to take his hat off for any such nonsense. He was politely reminded of the omission by the attendant at the gate, but still persisted. Did the guard immediately make a great noise and arrest him with much Russian bluster and hale him before some mighty magistrate, as would have been done to a violator of municipal rules in free America? Not so, he simply smashed the offending tile by a deft swinging blow with a convenient club and allowed the ex-wearer to proceed in such reverential mood as he might then possess.

The plan of the city is like a great, irregular spider's web. From the Kremlin run radiating streets and about it circle boulevards where splendid wealth and abject poverty exist side by side. Through this web, close under the walls of the citadel, flows the river Moskva.

The Russian is particularly soft spoken and courteous in all shades of society—at least until you get down to the drosky driver, who does not count, as he is a creation by himself, like the Bedouin of Palestine and the donkey-boy of Cairo.

The much-maligned Russian police are not extra officious in the performance of their duties. I had letters to the American minister at St. Petersburg, but delayed presenting them. I also postponed asking for a permit to photograph—which I was told would be necessary—until too late to have it made out before departing for Moscow. As, however, it seemed necessary for me to make certain photographs, whether I had a permit or no, I was given certain suggestions as to what would be best to do in case any officer felt called upon to make himself specially obnoxious—the advice being based upon the assumption that the Rus-

sian police, like the police of some other countries, are human and open to explanations of a substantial character—



The Great Bell of Moscow.

but I had no opportunity to put this theory in practice. Once, within the walls of the Kremlin, I was somewhat open in making a picture of St. Savior's, thinking at the time I was outside the prohibited grounds. The Kremlin is not only sacred ground, but a fortress as well; so when I saw an officer approaching and eyeing my camera suspiciously, I felt that retribution was coming. But his air was apologetic when he pointed to the camera and then to me and then made as if to scribble on an imaginary piece of paper, which I understood as



The Nicholas Gate.

asking if I had the necessary permit. I shook my head and shrugged my shoulders deprecatingly. I could make no defense. Did this minion of an iniquitous despôtism howl and jump on me and run me off to a dungeon?

Not at all. He seemed really sorry



The Holy Gate.

when he explained, still in pantomime with much pointing and nodding of head, that I was not permitted to photograph just there, but that I might do so freely outside the walls. And he went with me showing me the gate, and giving me to understand with many a bow and friendly smile, that anywhere out there is would be all right. Fancy what a New York policeman would have done under like circumstances.

Later, when I received my permit in due form and had it explained to me, it appeared that the only prohibition was the taking of fortifications (which all nations prohibit), the taking of sacred places (which was a becoming concession to religious faith), and that no tripod

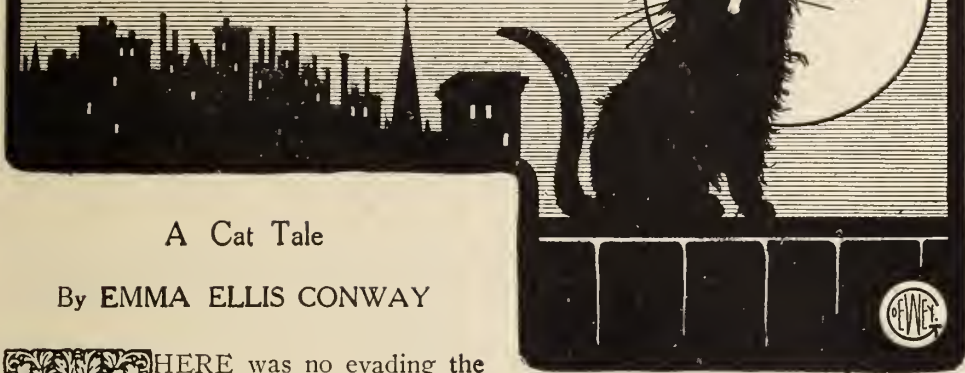
or platform might be erected in the public streets to unnecessarily obstruct traffic.

We had a most intelligent guide, a professor, as I understood, in one of the schools of Moscow, who added to his income at certain times, by acting as guide and interpreter, a calling which there seemed to be considered as quite a distinguished and honorable one. He was of English descent and, as a doubtful subject, had been obliged to leave Russia during the Crimean war, but returned after peace was established. By nature and training he was broad and liberal minded and could judge fairly. In his mind the middle-class Russians were as refined and intelligent as any people of the same class of any country, while among the upper classes would be found the most cultivated—and particularly among the high-class women—the best educated people of any nation. To be sure there was ignorance in the lower classes which were hardly yet free from the yoke of serfdom under which they had existed so long, but the czar and the mighty power he represented were doing all things possible to educate and elevate the masses, and while crimes were punished quickly and with an unyielding hand, it was not more severe

than was meted out by other civilized nations for like offences, while the rights of all were assured by laws that were eminently just, and which could be invoked by the most humble.

Moscow is the greatest manufacturing town of Russia, noted for its gold and silver ornaments, its china and glass-ware, its rich cloths and silks and fine woollens. It has splendid bazaars through which run glass-covered arcades like streets through a town, and with individual stores where are displayed every conceivable kind of fancy goods, jewelry and bric-a-brac. A thousand different firms, it is said, are doing business in the principal one of these great beehives.

NAILS



A Cat Tale

By EMMA ELLIS CONWAY



HERE was no evading the issue, that Nails was a tough proposition. As a matter of fact, his hereditary environments had never been very conducive of genteel behavior.

Having been born an alley cat, and brought up in a hardware store, in the suburban town of Washout, his lines may be said to have fallen into some pretty hard places.

But Nails was a born adventurer, and, incidentally, a pioneer pugilist of deepest dye, and he savagely looked the part.

Previous to his advent at McCarty's the annals of his past history had been a blank; but so far as surface indication could be trusted, he had evidently descended from a direct line of fighters.

He had peremptorily introduced himself one day at McCarty's, at the same time rudely interrupting a ribald flow of gossip among the loafers, by tumbling into their midst, emitting a fierce round of hisses and growls, and disappearing behind the nail kegs.

There was a simultaneous scattering of men and kegs, and numerous oaths and ejaculations of surprise.

In the street could be heard the yelps of some half dozen disappointed town curs, intermingled with the shouts of about as many ragged street gamins.

"Hi dere kids—'ere 'e is! Butt in dere,

Tacks, and hike de culperit oaut," shouted a tow-headed youngster, as gamins and dogs rushed pell-mell into McCarty's store, in quest of their coveted booty. "'Ere Tacks—sic 'im, Tacks! dere 'e goes ferninst de nail keg—ye've treed 'im noaw!" And with every faculty attuned to vigor, men, boys, and dogs set boisterously to work, to unearth the intruder.

"Be th' love iv mar-rcy! an phwat is th' loikes of ve's o-op to an-ny how?" inquired Mrs. McCarty, as she came wonderingly forward, with her arms akimbo, attracted from her abode in the rear, by the unusual commotion in front.

"An' ees it ra-ats, ye byes is afther?"

"Rats, nothin'! wors'n rats—cats!" promptly explained the foremost urchin, who had unconsciously struck the keynote to Mrs. McCarty's pet hobby. "Ca-ats—cats!" she fairly shrieked, "by all th' po-owers that be! Hoike outen this yesilves, ye bloomin' ijots—th' who-ole kit an' bilin' iv ye's—bay gone, Oi soy! Ees th' who'oie pile of ye spalpeens afther wan po-ore lettle inoffinsive definceless cat?"

"Have ye lo-ost a-all ye're gumshum, not to say dacency, McCarty," she continued, turning indignantly toward her husband, "to let sich div-*vle-me-care*

riff-raff as this, tak' th' pla-ace? Hoike thim out, th' la-astin' wan iv thim, Oi say!"

McCarty had long since learned, through a much enduring domesticity, that obedience was far the better part of discussion, and so the place was soon clear of the unwelcome visitors; and after a thorough search, among the nail kegs, Mrs. McCarty had discovered a very dilapidated, and disreputable looking young yellow cat, crouching aggressively in a remote corner, with his green eyes gleaming like headlights upon a dark night.

Seeing, as he thought, another one of his tormenters—up went his back, and his tail immediately assumed the shape and proportions of a young Christmas tree, while he sent forth another continuous performance of the vindictive hisses and yowls, that had so disconcerted the loafers.

"Ye po-ore little kitty cat! an' ees it an intarnal convo-olshun ye're havin' an' no-o wo-onder? Faith, an' th' loikes iv a do-og na-amed Tacks'll niver have th' plisure iv chewin' ye o-op! Ye kin tell 'em—if an-ny wan sh'd ax ye—that yoore na-ame is Nails, and ye're a cor-rker fr-from Cor-rk to dafind ye her-re afther—albeit ye shure look intoirely able to dafind yersilf at prisint—but co-ome a-along ho-oney—an' div-vle a bit shall ye bay hur-rt nor-r sca-arcely no-tayced!"

Mrs. McCarty's tongue reminded one of the Niagara pouring itself into a teacup, so intense was its volubility, when inspired by the elixir of enthusiasm; but her kindness of heart emanated from that of most vigorously championing the cause of the down-trodden wherever found.

Nails, hearing himself kindly spoken to, vibrated, with a reluctance begotten of experience, between conflicting hope and despair for awhile, and, though still vigilant of eye, and tense of muscle, he condescended to indulge in a "lettle bith of so-omethin' to ate," still later on, when relations had been established upon a proper basis.

And thus Nails was installed, as a permanent fixture at McCarty's.

"An' phwat ye wa-ant wid th' crachure ar-round, is mor'ner Oi kin see; he's o-ogly as th' dickens, an' not wort a cint, an' ort to bay kilt—begorry!"

McCarty was not in the habit of expressing himself so freely upon subjects that he knew to be in direct opposition to his wife's opinion, but his powers of resistance proved inadequate at times, and he occasionally spoke unwarily.

"It's been me obsarva-ation, McCarty, that payple in glass houses sh'd niver throw stones! If ye wa-as co-ondemned on yoore wort, an' yoore looks, ye'd bay hung befor-re noight!"

Mrs. McCarty had long since given herself the habit of not mincing matters with her husband; and when she hurled her quotations for his moral improvement at him, and stood by her guns with that stern magisterial air, that she was wont to assume, when in a gladiatorial contest, so to speak, with her unworthy companion, he invariably dodged.

And thus, magnanimously championed Nails, remained an habitue among the nail kegs. And, be it said to his credit, he had one, though only one, redeeming trait of character; he was the prize rat catcher of the town. Killing rats, was right in line with Nails' special predilection; he was naturally averse to people and things, and it delighted him to the limit to put to ignominious flight all well groomed cats, that had the appearance of being "born to the purple."

Since he had grown in strength and experience, the dogs of the neighborhood had fought shy of McCarty's.

Tacks had encountered him once too often, to that canine's everlasting discomfiture, since he now had only a dog's-eye view of the world at large through one peeper.

If there were any dogs in Washout that Nails had not "licked," they were such as he had never seen; however, he had encountered numerous and hair-breadth escapades, which McCarty declared were legion.

Once, when risking his life and limb to catch a mouse, he had smashed his record by tumbling into a keg of varnish instead, and for six weeks he slunk among the nail kegs, bristling like a ver-

itable porcupine. Afterward, when he had shed his ignominious coat of varnish, he mistook a cloth, thrown lightly over a barrel of kerosene, for a nice place on which to take a nap, and the ducking he received would easily have finished any other feline.

"An' a moighty foine toime 'twould bay t' tetch a ma-atch to 'im," McCarty had ventured, not forgetting to dodge.

"But a sthills bether toime to shut yooure mout—an' there ye ar-re, McCarty! Troth, but thot's ye to a dhot! Kick-in' payple afther they're daown a-already! Shure an' ye *would* don yoore gla-ad rags thin!" responded Mrs. McCarty with matchless presence of mind.

"An' thot's yesilf to anither dhot—talkin' loike an expriss thrain, thot do-ont aven tak' th' toime to sthoph at th sta-ations! Go awn no-ow! Go awn, Missus McCarty! yoore speerits ar-re

about nor-rmal this marrning Oi see,—bad 'cess to 'em!" (McCarty rarely ever held out so long in argument.)

"Which not ho-oldin' yoore tongue, an' strooglin' fr' th' la-ast worrud—but widout a-va-ail—is not a lo-st ar-rt wid yersilf, McCarty. Yoore not figgerin' on thdroppin' out iv th' ra-anks as yet Oi see," unhesitatingly scored Mrs. McCarty, exemplifying, as usual, her ability to effectively silence McCarty, on all points that intruded themselves for discussion.

In point of fact, Dennis McCarty rarely ever adopted declamatory measures in differing from his wife, who stood almost six feet of brawn and muscle in her stocking feet, while he was small of stature, with a disconsolate little droop to his figure; and albeit the cat subject was not often mentioned between them, he occasionally, unthoughtedly let fall hints of his unspeakable antipathy to Nails, and Mrs. McCarty had on such occasions, responded with such choice venom, that he had learned that the only way to hold his own, (he never even dreamed of over-reaching her) was to employ methods of rare and sinister diplomacy.

For years he had been devising ways and means by which he could rid the store of Nails.

"Th' miscreant's bin kilt a noomber iv toimes already,—he's too ma-ane to doie!"

"Oi'l tell ye a little sacrit, Tim, an' if ye give me away to me ould leddy, may Hivin forgive ye, forr Oi niver will!"

McCarty was smoking his pipe and



indulging in a bit of friendly gossip with his neighbor, Tim Brogan.

"It's no wan but mesilf thot'll kape it better, McCarthy; Tim Brogan is niver th' mon to bethra-ay a fr-riend." And Tim nodded and winked assuringly.

"Faith an' it's loike this"—continued McCarty,—“Pat Cronin has a coob bear, thot he cla-aims can lick the nether garment offen anny thing in the baste loine, in the town or anny wha-ares ilse, be jabers! He's thride a-all th' do-ogs an' got 'em bate a blo-ock—so he sez.

"Last noight, sez Oi: 'Oi've a cat at my pla-ace thot'll make yoore coob wisht he'd niver bin borrun,' sez Oi—an' Oi ha-ave, an' ye know it, Tim! 'Good! sez he, 'fech awn th' cat an' give 'im th' chants, wich is sa-ayin' a good dale'—sez he. So we've bin advooortizin' th' contist, on th' sub-rosy—ye moined, to tak' pla-ace to-morry noight, in the hall overr Tom and Jerry's pla-ace, an' blissed be th' day, or noight eayther as to thot, whin th' coob licks thot Nails cat of Rosy McCarty's.

Shure and 'twould bay no gr-rate loss if he knocked 'im ploom out, on th' firrust round an' wid honors!" And the two old cronies nudged each other, and joined in a hearty laugh at the intimation of the bear's triumphant victory.

"Shure, Moike!" said Tim, as he rose to go, now yoore torokin' beesness, an' Oi'll bay awn ha-nds airly, to see th' spo-ort begin, an' luck to ye—an' th' coob!" And Tim Brogan went on his way, still chuckling gleefully to himself.

"An' ees it th' loikes of McCarty—th' dirthy blaggard, that dra-ams he can mislade an innocint cat, an' decave an honest woman loike mesilf!" Soliloquized Mrs. McCarty from her involuntary place of concealment in the next room.

Hearing "me ould leddy" in discussion while passing had sharpened her ears, and she had paused long enough to hear McCarty's plot to match Nails against Pat Cronin's pet cub.

"Th' div-vle an' Tom Walker! An' would he ma-atch thot cat aga-ainst a bear? Howly shmoke! But Rosy McCarty'll umpire thot ga-ame an' widout no foolin' eayther. Faaith an' confu-

sion—a bear! Glory be! an' Oi doa't know how big th' brute is, but Oi'm bettin' th' odds aga-ainst 'im, tin to wan in fa-avor iv th' cat, awn ginerall principals! 'Blissed be th' day when th' coob licks thot cat,' indade!" snorted Mrs. McCarty, waxing warm in her indignation, as she thought of McCarty's last remark to Pat Cronin—"jist ye watch my smoke—thin ye'll raymimber me, Misther McCarty! an' sorra bay thot day, an' more's th' pity!"

It was a noisy and expectant crowd that gathered at eight o'clock the next night to witness a fight between a cat and a bear. To this end, and according to agreement, McCarty was on hand with Nails, having decoyed him into a box, over which he had nailed some slats; and presently Pat Cronin dropped in with his bear and the fun began.

Nails, on being released in one corner of the room, glanced furtively about, and took note of his surroundings. Finding himself confronted by a formidable looking black object, about six times his own size, a kind of rage seized him, and he instantly flew into the aggressive attitude, heretofore described, steadily faced his antagonist, who uttered a few low growls, and sounded a long and menacing ultimatum of war. With a rebellion of spirit so habitual with him, Nails did not wait for a signal to begin operations, but annihilating distance by one mighty bound, he pounced upon the small edition of Mr. Bruin, with the fury of a tiger.

For the space of a few seconds, there was a rotary movement of two dark objects, accompanied by a roundelay of prolonged and furious growls; and if the spectators were expecting to see fur fly, they were in no wise disappointed.

If Pat Cronin's bear had ever flattered himself that he was a pugilist, or even akin to one, he was having the wind most vigorously taken out of his sails now.

He was so stunned by the fierce and unexpected onslaught, that he had no time to collect himself for defence, and soon began putting up a series of piti-

ful howls, that clearly meant that he had gotten enough.

His master was very judiciously going to his rescue, when the door was quickly flung open, and McCarty's wife stepped forth like a grenadier, and stood silently marshalling her forces for a moment, presenting a tableau not down on the official programme for the evening's entertainment.

But there were times, and this was one of them, when Rosy McCarty's silence could be said to express volumes.

Notwithstanding the atmosphere of the place had rapidly descended to the point of frigidity, the bewildered crowd were distinctly conscious of invisible electrical currents radiating from the point where she stood, mentally taking stock, so to speak, of the situation.

But remaining silent for any great period of duration, was not one of Mrs. McCarty's accomplishments, and her power of speech soon asserted itself.

"Schapegra-aces! Schapegra-aces!" she burst forth in a high tragedy tone—"th' la-ast div-vle iv ye! An' ees it throoble ye're a-all ahuntin'?" Then turning to McCarty, who, under the shadow of impending danger had slouched back in a teeth-chattering sort of way, she grasped him by the coat collar with a Spartan like vigor, and as she raised him slightly off his feet, and shook him, very much as Nails would a rat, she poured out a fusillade of wrath upon his unresisting anatomy.

"Dinnis McCar-rtty," she fairly hissed—"thot cat ha-as somethin' ye *never* had—an' more's the pity—Gr-r-it! an' no

toime'll iver di'im th' glo-ory iv it, this soide of th' cra-ack iv doom!

"Och! but ye'll pa'ale before it a manny iv anither toime aga-ain alr-ready, d'ye moind that sa-ame me hearty?"

"McCarty," she went on, in good set tones, that gained momentum as they waxed warmer, "ye was coot out f'r a mo-onkey, but ye was bor-run a pl-lum fool an' thot's no-o loie! But if ye *iver* raypate anither ca-aper loike th' prisint wan, may th' Hivinly Saints pr-resarve ye—an' no-ow kin ye bay good?"

And having thus summarily divested herself of her feelings, Mrs. McCarty made her triumphant exit, closely followed by her notorious protege.

"It's no use, byes!" said McCarty, dejectedly shaking his head, after he had, in a measure pulled himself together, "Oi'll gi-ive it oop—thot Rosy McCarty—she thot ees me own woife—she shure jar-rs upoon me sinsibilities, with her-r ineggaustable fu-und iv rejinder!

"She *wel* no-ot converse—faith an' she'd *boorst*, if she co-ould no-ot har-rangue!"

Seeing the comprehensive little smiles that involuntarily went the rounds, upon the faces of his companions, McCarty continued: "Thot co-ondemned woman, would r-rush in wha-are anny wan, but a lu-unatic wou-uld hessitate to enter—but, if she, an' thot Nails cat, iver rap-pate anither ca-aper th' countaypar-rt of *this wan*—Oi'l bay gee-whizzled t' gol dinged if Oi don't sue them both f'r br-reech iv promises to kape the peaces, an' may th' div-vle tak' th' two iv thim!"

THANKSGIVING

By BERTA K. BROWN

Nothing that now is, is lasting,
Save love that endures to the end;
So, no matter what evil forecasting,
One thing is not lost—a true friend.

Then with joy I wait for the reaping,
At longest the time is not long;
The sowing may sometimes be weeping,
But the harvest a Thanksgiving song.

ONLY A BABY'S CHAIR

By ELEANOR MAY ROGERS



COARSE and common humanity crowded the rooms, the doors, and the pavement surrounding a down-town auction house.

Pushing and shoving, grunting and groaning, frowning and sneering, the people selfishly sought vantage ground where they might the better observe the goods on sale; or, where they might the better have opportunity to bid on some objects of special interest to them individually.

The auctioneer had been in the business during all of the years of a long life. He was upwards of sixty years of age, but burly and strong, albeit gray and somewhat wrinkled. It would seem to be a very safe thing to wager that there could be no heart nor sign of sentiment nor kindness of feeling, back of that face of his, which was cunning and hard, grasping and worldly. He was looking over his crowd, studying them and making ready to direct his witticisms or arguments towards those who might be the most susceptible, accord-

ing to the judgment which had been developed by ripe experience in auctioneering.

In the motley crowd there was a sad-looking woman. Her cheeks were pale; and the redness of her eyes indicated weeping overmuch. She wore a calico gown; old and faded. Any man of the world who might respectfully gaze for more than a minute into the face and eyes which were almost wholly concealed by her sun bonnet, would read in those eyes and in that profile, tenderness and delicacy; refinement and culture.

Maybe she was a mother; maybe she is a mother. But, although she is now in middle life, one can readily see that she once had a home; a home in girlhood, with a mother who cared for and nurtured her with tenderness and great loving kindness. In her sad face there was that which made one think of her as in childhood, rather than as one in suffering womanhood.

She stood alongside of a small lot of old worn-out furniture. It had once belonged to her; but it was now to be sold for debt. The auctioneer looked at her several times; looked at her very hard, as he disposed of the goods. The old bureau went to one buyer. The easy rocker went to another. The bedstead was sold to another. Piece by piece her cheap but only possessions were sold; and she sighed as she witnessed their everlasting disappearance. Every stick had a history of some kind; every article was in some way endeared to her.

Finally the auctioneer lifted up a child's high chair. It was old; and it was rickety. It was scarce worth offering for sale. As the auctioneer held it up, everybody laughed; everybody but the auctioneer. He had glanced at the woman as each piece had been sold, and he had witnessed something of her emotions every time. As he lifted up this little chair, he glanced at her; and

he saw tears glistening on cheeks as white as the cheeks of the dead.

Nobody noticed his glance. Therefore, nobody knew why he coughed, and tried to gulp down a lump in his throat. Nobody knew why that always hard and harsh voice grew soft and gentle. He saw those tears, and they made him think of a little high chair at his own home; a chair that had been filled with dimpled legs and arms; a little chair that had rosy cheeks in it, and bright eyes; a little chair whence came all the crowing and laughter that had made his home a home indeed.

The crowd didn't know it. But, the little chair at the home of the auctioneer was empty now. The two little hands that went out to meet "Papa," with a baby laugh that was sweetest music that ever was heard by him, were gone. No wonder his voice softened. He knew the meaning of the piteous looks of the pale-faced woman; knew that to her that little high chair was more precious than if it had been made of finest gold from Ophir, and studded with diamonds and precious gems from every land; for it was glittering in her heart with jewels of memory; memory of home, husband and baby; angel baby.

Thinking of his own home, he could see as she saw, in memory, the dimpled little cherub which once had sat enthroned there; could see the little fist grasping the rattle-box and pounding the arms of the chair full of those nicks; could see the restless little feet and legs that rubbed all of the paint off of the seat and foot-rest; could hear the laughing and cooing in care-free glee; and now his empty chair at home made him understand how she loved that empty chair in the old auction house, and why those tears were flowing silently under the shadows of the old sun-bonnet.

Because there was an aching void in his own heart; he knew how the heart of that friendless sad woman was aching. Before he knew or realized it, he was thinking out loud to the crowd:

"The days come, and the days go; but there is no happiness in them. Baby's gone. There is no one to dress in the

morning; and no one to put in the high chair. The table is deserted as a cemetery. Then, there is nobody to put to bed at night; nobody to say: "Now I lay me." Baby's gone. I've an empty home, because I've empty arms and an empty heart. Baby's gone. What am I bid for this baby's chair?"

"Ten cents," said one. "Fifteen cents," said another. And the bidding went up to thirty cents, and there it stopped.

"Sold to that little lady right there for fifty cents," said the auctioneer, as he gave from his own pocket a half dollar to the clerk; and immediately handed the chair to the pale-faced woman.



She clasped it in her arms, and the crowd stood back respectfully, for now they all saw the tears streaming down her cheeks. Turning towards the auctioneer, she tried to utter her thanks, but was interrupted by the bluff old fellow, who had recovered himself, and was again the auctioneer:

"Not a word, madam; not a word. I know all about it. This is an auction store, not a tear factory. Good-bye. Now, ladies and gentlemen, how much am I offered for this —?"

And he went on selling the goods in hand, as though nothing had happened

out of the ordinary. But, that afternoon, the wife of the auctioneer found the pale-faced woman, and took her home. Soon after she became the housekeeper of a large mansion. The wife of the auctioneer and she were great friends ever afterward; because, that one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, bound them together. Each one of them had an empty high chair; and their hearts were linked together. All the world might not know; but they knew the meaning of the words:

"Baby's gone!"

A MODERN PUSH-MA-TA-HA.

By A. A. POWE



THE first act of Push-ma-ta-ha upon his return to the reservation from the Chillico Indian Training School, where, for four weary years he had been acquiring the rudiments of an enforced civilization, was to discard his natty cadet uniform of gray, and with a clean sheet begirt about his loins, he betook himself to the Post trader's store, and there pledged his next quarterly annuity to pay for a blanket of many colors, a Mexican saddle with many trimmings, an improved Winchester rifle and belt full of cartridges. With these he returned to the lodge of his father, where he proceeded to forget the useless knowledge that had been forced upon him the while letting his glossy locks, which had been shorn at the school, grow long once more.

In an earlier day before the Indian Police, acting on an order emanating from the office of the Agent at Pawhus-ka, had spirited him away to the Government Training School at Chillico, Push-ma-ta-ha had given promise of becoming a leader and a great man in his tribe, for besides being a direct de-

scendant of a long line of chiefs, he had at the tender age of sixteen acquired a reputation for sagacity and acquisitiveness, which had won for him the plaudits of the men and the admiration of the women of the tribe, and at the same time, the distrust of the Agent at Pawhus-ka, who is held to account for the misdeeds of his wards. Even at the age of fifteen he was a tall and powerful buck, and the two eagle feathers which dangled at the end of his glossy braids denoted that he had earned the right to sit in the councils of the tribe. and no Carnegie medal for valor will ever be so proudly worn as was this insignia of the plains which opened to him the doors of the most exclusive Wild Horse tepees. No buck was so active at the annual Green Corn buske, and twice had he been selected to lead the Sun Dance, a duty which he performed with as great eclat, as the leader of a German at a millionaire's reception in Washington. At the ball games he was the swiftest runner and the most dexterous thrower with the brackets, and arrayed in a single breech clout, with white horse tail streaming straight out behind as he tore across the field after the ball he cut a figure which would

make a foot ball dash by a Harvard half-back look like child's play. But aside from these social accomplishments he possessed others of more practical use. There was no man on the reservation, white or red, who could rope and brand a maverick with greater ease, and the skill with which he could alter the brand on a steer, so that it baffled the most experienced cowboy on the plains, was not only marvelous, but exceedingly profitable.

His proficiency in this line got him into difficulties with the Potawatomies whose complaints to the Agent of the reservation forced him to take strenuous measures with Push.

"School will take the kinks out of him," declared the Agent to his clerk. "Make out the order and write a letter to the Superintendent at Chillico, telling him what sort of a proposition we are sending him."

Within a week there was a transformation scene in the appearance of our financier such as a green room never witnessed. Instead of his glossy braids, his head was nearly as bald as a new-born babe's, made so by the school barber; in the place of the bright blanket which he had worn with the grace of a gondolier at a World's Fair, he wore a cadet uniform of gray, while hard uncomfortable shoes tortured his feet, which had only known the soft beaded moccasin before. His own mother would not have recognized her offspring. The metamorphosis was more complete than any he had ever wrought with knife and branding iron on steer or pony.

We will not undertake to follow Push through his four years of thralldom. At first he rebelled a few times, and escaping the guards returned to his home and hid out, but the police always found him and returned him to the School where he was given extra hateful tasks by way

of punishment which soon cured him, and he finally buckled down and became a model student, winning thereby the golden opinions of the teachers, and what was more to him, many liberties he would otherwise have forfeited. At last the glad day came when the door opened to the prairies, and four years older and a hundred years wiser he hearkened to "The call of the wild." He could now both speak and write English, but he had no intention of making use of that knowledge. He knew there were penalties for violating laws and determined not to be caught in the violation. He knew the uses of the plow, the ax and the hoe, but he had not the slightest idea of putting his hard-earned experience into practice. All he wished was to forget.

In his father's house there was plenty, and his father's wives, his own mother among them, gave him open-handed welcome, and there he sat down to wait, while his hair grew long.

By the time of the next Sun Dance he was, to all appearances, fully recovered from the effects of his four years' infliction of civilization and once more he led the dance, and again his white horse tail was seen

across the ball field, all the yelling pack at his heels; the eagle feathers were replaced, and his advice was sought and listened to, by the old men, while the women waited upon and idolized him.

The Agent, when told of the purchase of the Winchester and belt of cartridges, had prophesied that he would kill some one soon, and for awhile felt uneasy every time business took him outside of the Post. The members of the tribe who had been beneficiaries of his bounty before, secretly hoped he would make such another visitation to the Pot country. The cowboys put a closer watch on their herds, and inspected brands at least once a week, but as is the way



with true genius, none of these things happened.

Residing in a cow-skin tepee in a remote corner of the reservation, was Lone Wolf and his daughter Red Wing. Red Wing was a famous maker of moccasins, and Lone Wolf had grown rich selling her handiwork to the cattlemen and visitors at the Post. These moccasins were wonderfully wrought, and usually brought fifty dollars in gold for a pair. Red Wing was neither young nor beautiful, but she was a veritable gold mine, and her hand had been much sought after, but Lone Wolf's price of one thousand dollars, or fifty ponies, was prohibitive, and she remained under the parental roof. Here one day came Push-ma-ta-ha in quest of a pair of the famous moccasins for his own lordly feet. Red Wing had just finished a pair which were a perfect fit. The price was fifty dollars. Push had no gold and offered his pony and then, though he had only one, he offered two ponies. But still Lone Wolf was obdurate. Three days were passed and yet no trade was made, at least, with Lone Wolf, but on the morning of the fourth day his guest was gone, and with him the moccasins, and—Red Wing. When Lone Wolf realized the full extent of his loss, he was wild with rage. His daughter, worth fifty ponies, had been stolen. He took the trail in hot haste to overtake the despoiler of his tepee, but Push-ma-ta-ha knew all the tricks of the prairies, and easily eluded the pursuer. Hiding his bride in an abandoned dug-out on Hominy Creek, he there awaited the coming of his father-in-law. All the tribe was agog with excitement when the facts were related by Lone Wolf. Such a thing had never before happened in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The braves looked grave, for they had valuable daughters of their own. The women talked about it in awed whispers, and shuddered at the thought of the punishment that would be measured out to Red Wing when she was taken back to her father's lodge, and one and all wondered what Push-ma-ta-ha would do. What he did do when Lone Wolf finally located them and demanded his

daughter or her value, was to inform the old man 'that under the white man's laws, to which he could appeal, Red Wing could do as she pleased since she was of lawful age, being past forty summers, that she had been held an unwilling prisoner by him for years, that she was very well satisfied now, and that if he kicked up a row he, Push-ma-ta-ha, would go to the Post and tell the Agent about the white man who had been shot and killed almost at Lone Wolf's door recently. This last threat brought the old man to terms at once, which was simply to relinquish all claim to Red Wing for all time to come.

It was a long shot, that guess at the murder of a white man near his new father-in-law's tepee, but a blood stained saddle he had discovered hidden in a briar patch, and a cayuse with a strange brand tethered near the tepee had seemed sufficient to him for a deduction, and the easy submission of the old reprobate had shown he was right.

Lone Wolf realized at once that he was no match for his brilliant son-in-law, and after signing, with his mark, a bill of sale for his daughter, and receipt for one thousand dollars, he gave his children his blessing.

As Red Wing was satisfied, and the dug-out was situated in a rich valley with an abundance of water not more than half a mile distant, Push-ma-ta-ha stayed on where they were. He started a farm by getting a cow-man to break out and fence a few acres. Red Wing worked at her moccasins, which he sold and pocketed the proceeds, just as her father had done, scarcely realizing that she had but swapped masters; but watching a fat squaw sew beads on a shoe while you are hungry is likely to pall on most any one, and after a while Push-ma-ta-ha hungered for the flesh-pots of Egypt.

He had grown lean, and leaving Red Wing to get along as best she might in the dug-out, Push-ma-ta-ha hit the trail with a well-defined object in view, which in two days' time took him to the lodge of Crazy Snake, a noted Creek brave, famous no less for his plenteous table than for his uncompromising hatred for

the white men who were forcing his people to take homestead allotments of one hundred and sixty acres each, instead of every man having all he could fence and a half mile beyond. True, Crazy Snake had never fenced above fifteen acres, but he felt as though he was being cheated by being limited to a bare 160 acres for each of his numerous family. The sofka served by the Mrs. Crazy Snake was sour just to his liking, and the company being congenial and having nothing else to do, Push tarried here until he grew sleek and fat again. He was loath to depart, but when one of the women purposely allowed him to see the bottom of the Sofka gourd, the hint was too broad to be disregarded. When he left he was accompanied by Ta-la-la, Crazy Snake's fourteenth daughter, and said to be the most expert maker of sofka and tomfuller on Deep Fork. Just what was the consideration paid for Ta-la-la none ever knew, but it was reported at the next buske that Crazy Snake had given him the pick of all his daughters on the sole condition of his leaving. Be that as it may, Push led his second bride to his dug-out, where, he



Miss Elizabeth King.

reasoned with the best moccasin maker and the best sofka brewer in the tribe, he was indeed a favorite of fortune. Push-ma-ta-ha now settled down to enjoy life. Through the good offices of a walnut-log shark, who denuded his land of its valuable timber, he got a log cabin erected, and to an intruder he gave a lease of fine land for a nominal rental of Sofka corn, so, that now with every contingency provided for, and two industrious squaws to attend his wants, he felt that he could afford to take things easy. He lost interest in the buske and ball games, and was only seen away from home at infrequent intervals, but it was observed that

his private brand, a curious combination of a lazy s and half circle bar, became more and more frequent, and his bunch of ponies steadily increased in numbers, until within a very few years he became one of the rich men of the tribe. Within another year a third addition had been erected to his now pretentious lodge, and a third Mrs. Push-ma-ta-ha installed therein, and to her was assigned the task of cultivating the six acre field of corn and potatoes. Peach and locust trees had been planted round about the place, and these had grown until the cabins were almost hidden from view. In the meantime Red Wing had given birth to a son, and often he would bring out the

board to which the babe was strapped, and standing it up against a tree where the light was good, he would spend hours smoking and contemplating the wonderful infant blinking in the sun.

By this time Push-ma-ta-ha had come to be looked upon as a great man. Here he was at an age when most men were scarcely beginning to think of doing something, a man of substance, the head of a family, with three of the most valuable and obedient wives in the tribe,

he, the envy of the envied—a captain of industry—a Napoleon of finance. No guest was ever shown the bottom of the Sofka gourd at his lodge, and his hospitality was as large and as free as the prairies that reached away on every side from his lodge.

But the rich have their crosses as well as the poor, and Push-ma-ta-ha proved no exception to the rule. There was yet one thing lacking to make him completely happy and give his lodge the air of settled respectability so necessary to make it perfect. As yet he had no grave yard started. There were no covered mounds before his door, no connecting link between the past and the

future, and over this omission he brooded long and dismally. Once when his wife, Ta-la-la, became very ill, though he would miss her Sofka, his hopes were raised high as the clouds, and he marked out the place for her grave to be dug, but, to his intense disgust, after all his plans had been made for a great feast. Ta-la-la only did not die, but presented him with another daughter. Great was his disappointment, and to assuage it he went on a visit to his Creek father-in-law, Crazy Snake, and there, to his delight, he found that one of his mothers-in-law was sick past recovery, indeed, already the women were chanting the death song. The quick-witted Push-ma-ta-ha saw his opportunity to fulfill his heart's desire, and calling Crazy Snake aside he struck a hasty bargain for his mother-in-law. He did not haggle over the price, there was not time, but he took the precaution to bargain that she should not die until she was safely under his roof. Crazy Snake, too, was a man of action, and no sooner was the bargain closed than preparations for a hasty journey were made. Within an hour the sick woman, lying on a pallet of straw in an old wagon, attended by all her household, was being hurried towards the home of her son-in-law, which, to his infinite relief, and that of Crazy Snake also, was reached in time for her to peacefully breathe her last in her daughter's presence. The grave was dug, a big feast was spread, and while Push-ma-ta-ha as chief mourner poured ashes on his head, the women of his household sent up a cry that reached to the skies. It was a soul-satisfying occasion; never before had there been such fine obsequies on the shores of Hominy, and Push-ma-ta-ha was swelled with pride and importance. "If," he reflected, "they had such a time at the burial of a mother-in-law, who had cost him but three ponies, what an event his own death would be." Besides the ponies which Crazy Snake had been quick to claim as soon as his spouse had fulfilled his part of the bargain by drawing her last breath, five steers had been slaughtered for the guests who had come from far and near, and when the

week of mourning and feasting was done the bottom of the Sofka gourd was visible, the salt gourd was empty, the potatoes were all gone, and Push-ma-ta-ha faced a crisis not unlike that of a cornered bear in a wheat pit. He was face to face with bankruptcy, his family was now large as the reputation he had made, and both must be maintained. In this emergency Push smoked in long contemplation of the newly made grave already neatly covered with boards, and as a result of his cogitations, he determined as the easiest and quickest way out of the predicament into which his extravagance had brought him, to marry a fourth wife. Chitto Harjo, a noted man of the tribe, had been dead nearly a month. Chitto had been a man of substance. He had been converted at an early day by the missionaries, and had since then been an exhorter among his people. He had never taken but one wife, and she was childless. In emulation of the ways of the white men Chitto had built a large house and his farm of over one hundred acres was the best on Wild Horse Creek. He had left his widow well provided with this world's goods in corn, cattle and much money. To the widow Push-ma-ta-ha turned his thoughts, and then, braiding his hair and donning a new blanket, he went to the widow's home. That she was much older than he, and was intolerably ugly, made no difference to Push-ma-ta-ha, he was not particular in such matters. The widow looked with favor upon the suit of the young gallant, who dazzled her old eyes with his graces, besides it had always been a source of discontent to her that her former spouse had steadfastly refused to take any other wife, and she had never had any one under her to jaw and order about. She knew all about the three wives on Hominy. The courtship was brief, and within a few days she was a widow no more. The famine in Hominy Lodge was averted and a new order instituted there. This latest addition, by right of age, assumed immediate control and enjoyed to the fullest the delightful experience of bossing a big lot of women and children, and all the rest

were content that it should be so, while as for Push, this latest coup gave him added prestige both at home and abroad. His cup was now full to running over, and for several years he smoked his pipe in peace and plenty. By the death of an aged relation whom he had befriended in the nick of time, and also of a child or two in his own now numerous family, the row of graves in front of his lodge had grown to respectable size. He was now a member of the National Council and the holder of various positions of trust, honor and graft. By this time numerous white men were paying him tribute, herds of cattle were being pastured in his name—thus escaping the paying of the tribal tax of a dollar a head, Push received a fourth of that sum for the protecting use of his influence and name, hundreds of tons of hay and thousands of feet of walnut logs escaped the tax collector by the same method. It was graft in its purest, simplest form, and to his way of thinking it was right, so long as he was not caught.

Push-ma-ta-ha was in a fair way to become a very great man when, this time without any reason, he brought home another wife and in so doing drove the first nail into the coffin of his ambition. It was Mary, the daughter of Moty Tiger, this time who was installed in a new cabin built alongside the rest. Moty Tiger's daughter was a coy young thing, of a little over two hundred weight, who had been to school and who was fond of showing off her accomplishments in influential English. She was shrewd beyond her years and weight, and knowing more of the ways of the white men than her mates, she had secured a marriage license of the clerk at the Post, and had insisted upon being married formally by a minister, and Push-ma-ta-ha had let her have her own way. Later he found her useful as an interpreter in his dealings with white men to whom he did not care to talk in person.

About this time, by right of having married into the neighborhood, Push-ma-ta-ha was elected a trustee of the Wild Horse school district, the school building of which was on the estate he

had come into possession of with the widow Harjo, and it was just about this same time that the investigation made by the Indian Rights' Association of Philadelphia was being aired in the press. Interest in the Indian affairs of the Department was at fever heat, and among those to catch the infection was Miss Elizabeth King, a Boston woman and reformer of thirty-five or thereabouts. Miss King, weary of slumming about the streets of Boston, decided to sacrifice the remaining years of her youth in the cause of the down-trodden Red man and promptly placed her services at the command of a grateful government. Teachers were wanted in the Indian Schools and she was sent with a letter of recommendation and introduction to the agent at Paw-hus-ka. Looking over the list of available schools, the Agent, by some strange fatality, hit upon the one on Wild Horse, to which Push-ma-ta-ha had been recently elected a trustee. Miss King was eager to begin at once, so messengers were sent to summon the pupils and trustees to gather at the school house on a certain day, and hither came Push-ma-ta-ha and met his finish. If he had not accepted that empty honor; if Miss King had not been girlishly romantic; if—but what is the use of retrospection?

Miss King's ideas of the Indians had been formed upon a reading of stories of daring and valor, and a more intimate study of Remington's pictures, and great had been the downfall of her illusions when she had seen the squat, dirty children gathering at the school house to which she had been escorted by an Agency clerk, and she was all unprepared for the picture of magnificence which greeted her vision when Push-ma-ta-ha, arrayed in a brand new blanket, beaded leggings and moccasins, with shining braids tipped with two new eagle feathers entered the doorway. "Oh—isn't he magnificent," she exclaimed, clapping her hands in girlish rapture. "Who is he? I wish I could speak his language, I should so love to talk to him."

"He is one of you trustees and you can talk to him all you wish as he speaks English almost as well as you or I when

he wants to, but he is the most notorious thief on the reservation, Miss King, and while you are talking to him, you had better keep your eyes on any valuables you may have around."

Miss King decided that the Agency clerk was prejudiced, and as he departed directly, she engaged Push-ma-ta-ha in a heart to heart talk. It is wonderful what an effect a pair of blue eyes and a soft voice can have upon the savage breast of man in any walk of life. When this maiden from Boston looked up into his eyes with such simple trust and evident admiration, and in soft tones begged his assistance to make this, her life work, a success, Push-ma-ta-ha felt something tugging at his heart strings—he did not know what—but supposed it must be hunger and excusing himself, he left in search of a mess of sofka, but not until he had given a promise to return and help her "get things started just right, you know." The next day it was the same, and the next. Whenever the school ma'am appealed to him to know if she was on the right track, he experienced that same feeling of goneness which no amount of sofka seemed to satisfy. He hung around the school house like a hungry cur about the table eagerly catching such scraps as were thrown him. He watched this new divinity from the seclusion of a plum thicket as she passed on her way to school. Push-ma-ta-ha was in love; for the first in his life he felt the meaning of woman's smile and heard the dulcet sweetness in the tone that has led men to their destruction from the day of dawn until now. It was a new experience, and Push-ma-ta-ha was *so* bewildered that he forgot to go home to his lodge in Hominy, but stayed on and on, faithfully discharging his duties as trustee. As for Miss King, she was quick to discern the state of mind of this untutored child of the forest, and she wrote glowing letters to envious young lady friends in Boston of her "Indian Prince." She knew nothing about the household on Hominy. She was told that the big house where she boarded and the farm about it belonged to her Prince, and one day she became Mrs. Push-ma-ta-ha, number 6, and went

with him to live, not in the lodge on Hominy, to be sure, but in the big stone house on the Wild Horse ranch. It is hard to know what influenced her most to take this step, probably her age, a dash of romance, and perhaps a desire to devote all her life to the cause. As for Push-ma-ta-ha, he would have jumped into a fire at her command. The school had closed for the term, the honeymoon was on the wane and the wedding of the school teacher to Push-ma-ta-ha was already an old story at the Post when one day Mrs. Push-ma-ta-ha received a letter from a party of Boston friends who were touring the West, expressing a desire to make her a visit. It was a welcome break in the monotony that was already growing oppressive, and she at once sent off an urgent invitation to them to come. She planned to give her friends a royal reception and Push-ma-ta-ha was requested to arrange an Indian feast for their entertainment. Then it was he bethought him of the good sofka made by his spouse Ta-la-la and he made a hurried visit to the lodge on Hominy where he was made welcome after his long absence, which he did not find it necessary to explain. No uncomfortable questions were asked, only the daughter of Moty Tiger threw out a hint now and then that made him uneasy. Mary Tiger Push-ma-ta-ha belonged to the new woman class, and in New York or Chicago she would have been a shining light and a leader, but in her limited sphere she could only make things uncomfortable as she might for the few about her. Push-ma-ta-ha had come to realize something of this, too, and he watched her furtively while he waited for Ta-la-la to prepare a big brewing of sofka and for the unsuspecting Red Wing to finish a very little pair of moccasins which he intended for his latest bride. That Moty Tiger's daughter suspected something he knew, and he was anxious to get away lest she should read his secret. Finally with the sofka, a bag of Tom Fuller, yards of sun-dried pumpkin and the precious moccasins, Push-ma-ta-ha departed, and long after he hit the trail he felt the accusing suspicious gaze of Mary Tiger as it follow-

ed him from the lodge and he was uncomfortable. He realized now what a hazardous and foolish thing it had been for him to go to Hominy for the dainties he had with him. It had seemed the natural thing to do then, besides he was hungry for a mess of 'Ta-la-la's pottage. Now that he was filled it looked different, and he pushed on his team as if to drive away from this undefined danger. Arriving at the Wild Horse mansion his welcome soon banished his fears, and he forgot the frowns of one wife in the smiles of another. At last the great day of the feast arrived and with it came the guests driven over from the nearest railroad station twenty miles distant. The festal board was spread, a barbecued venison, a pair of wild turkeys, a pot of sour steaming sofka, bowls of tomfuller—it was a feast fit for a king, and seated at the head of the table, arrayed as an Indian Prince, sat Push-ma-ta-ha, while at the other end, in the garb of an Indian Princess, was

Mrs. Push, who made merry with admiring friends. The sofka was tasted and pushed aside, the tomfuller and fried pumpkin were partaken of sparingly, the venison was helped and all was proceeding merrily, when noiselessly the door was opened and there entered an old weazened woman followed by four fat ones not so old, and a hoard of children. Looking up, to his dismay Push-ma-ta-ha saw that his entire family had come unbidden to the feast. For the second time in his life he felt the cold chills of fear creep up his spinal column—the other time was years ago when the Indian Police had caught him, an untamed youth, to take him to Chillico. He gazed helplessly into the accusing faces now close to his side, and waited miserably for the shock—it came.

The guests who had paused at the interruption, gazed curiously at the intruders, supposing them to be a part of the show, but not so their hostess; she noted at once that something was wrong and was filled with dread.

"Who are these people," she asked, addressing her husband. "Why don't you order them out? What do they want?"

But he was speechless, and it was the daughter of Moty Tiger who answered her:

"What we want," she exclaimed shrilly. "We want our man—you try steal an' she," here she pointed to the old woman, "Want her house and farm you take, an' these," and here she waved one fat arm over the swarm of children at her heels, "Want their pap."

"Who are you?" the now thoroughly frightened woman faltered.

"Me him wife, an' her, an' her, and her, an' her," and she pointed to each successively, "an' we came for him."

You not think so? Read this then," and coming near she held up to her horrified gaze a paper which she recognized as a marriage certificate, antedating her own by several years and made to Push-ma-ta-ha and Mary Tiger. She read and for the first time in her life she swooned, and fell into the arms of her friends whom she accompanied back to the North, while the re-united family finished up the feast and finding their present quarters much to their liking, they remained; and the daughter of Moty Tiger holding the whip hand over her repentent spouse, his authority and greatness ended, he went no more a-courting, and Red Wing made no more moccasins for him to give away or sell. Push-ma-ta-ha cut off his braids and sat down to wait for old age—a discredited and broken brave.



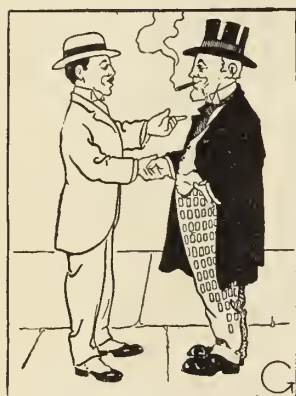
"A discredited and broken brave."



THANKSGIVING

OR HOW SETH WILKINS BOUGHT THE ROAST

By A. H. BOWERS



SETH WILKINS was a proper man, a man of lamilee;
 And as his neighbors all averred, respectabilitie
 Had always been his strongest point; for never was he
 known
 To overstep the bounds of that decorum all his own.

So, when Thanksgiving eve came round, Seth Wilkins did
 prepare
 To give his wife and children all the regulation fare.
 With ten good hard earned dollars he forth sallied to procure
 The toothsome bird, with such things as to thankfulness inure.

But Seth had hardly gone a block before he met a chum,
 Who said: "Well met, pal! What's your lay? Turkeys! Of
 course! By gum,
 I might a knowed it! Man alive, I'm after turkeys, too!
 But let us take a social glass! Tain't often I'm with you!"

And, so, with good intent they strolled down the busy way,
 And spoke of all they planned to do upon Thanksgiving day;
 Until, alluringly displayed, Seth soon a sign descried:
 "Grand Turkey Raffle! Ten a Throw! Two Hundred Birds
 Inside!"

They down'd a glass; then said his chum: "Seth, let us try a
 throw!"

And, wishful for cheap turkey meat, cried Wilkins: "It's a go!"
 Dame fortune smiled propitious on the newly sportive twain;
 For both threw high, and Wilkins' pal was winner of the main.

They had another drink, and then, poor Seth with envious eye
 Gaz'd on his friend's retreating form, with turkey jauntily
 Tuck'd 'neath his arm. Seth sighed, alas! and ere he turned to go
 Essayed a second chance; likewise, he took or drink or so.





He lost; and, straightway, on him grew a fierce desire to win.
He threw and drank, and drank and threw, until his roll grew thin.

He changed his last one dollar bill; but not for him the prize!
Nor goose, nor turkey large or small! nor, eke, of any size!

With swift compunction came the thought of wife and children
who

At home awaited his return with turkey—trimmins, too.
He searched his pockets o'er and o'er, but all that he could find
Was eighty cents. He felt that fate to him had been unkind.

“D’ye want to buy a turkey, pal?” asked one who’d captured
three.

“How much,” Quoth Seth, whilst fingering his small change
dubiously.

“A drink ’ll do, and take your choice! I don’t need mor’n one!
And he’s at home! I only played this raffle just for fun!”

“And here’s a goose,” another laughed, “agoin’ at the price!”
Poor Seth, o’erjoyed at fortune’s turn, accepted in a trice.
A moment later saw him arm’d with plenty on the street;
Triumphant, if a little bit unsteady on his feet.

Now all went well until the goose, unwilling to be cooped,
With sudden effort made escape from arm too loosely crooked.
Seth, part surprised and part bemused, grabbed at his fleeing
meal,
And, thus, the turkey managed, too, to ’scape a like ordeal.



The turkey gobbled up the street; the goose went hissing down;
Seth hesitated and was lost, like others of renown.
The children, shoppers, loungers all, join’d in hilarious chase;
Their owner realized his was a very serious case.

At home his tale was scouted, whilst excuses met with fliers.
His “Missus” was indignant; and his children all in tears.
A sudden knock brought respite, and the door was oped to show
Two gleeful urchins; one with turkey, one with goose in tow.





RANI THE SOULLESS

By MARGARET STABLER



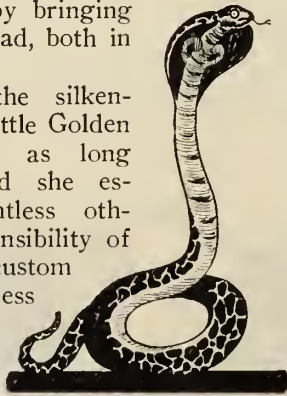
RANI YAMANAI had no soul. She would have told you as frankly and cheerfully as she would have told you she had no shoes; and the one would have trammled her no less than the other, this wild young creature of the forest. The animals knew her stealthy velvet tread as well as she knew theirs; the birds answered her call when she chirped or twittered to them, and argued in a common tongue when she marauded their preserves of the first ripe *pan* or the last sweet *mahua*. She knew the hour for every jungle blossom, the nesting time of the *maina*, the flight of the *shik-hara*, and the four wild winds of heaven were no wilder nor freer than she.

The women of Rani's house had all been honorably disposed of long before they were her age. They had been betrothed and married by their tenth year, and had become the mothers of sons or endured the rites of Suttee with their deceased husbands—either with equal indifference, as fulfilling their duty in both cases. But Rani, the fairest of the house, was not married, was not betrothed; consequently she had no hope of salvation, and was thereby bringing disgrace upon her father's head, both in this world and in the next.

Yet, all unconsciously, the silken-haired Rani was living in a little Golden Age of her own where, as long as she remained unmarried she escaped, together with countless other evils, the awful responsibility of an immortal soul. To the custom of child marriage is doubtless due the perpetuation of the Hindoo race; for where is the woman grown to years

of discretion who would voluntarily exchange her glorious butterfly state of unaccountability for the bondage of a soul? Moreover, the Hindoo woman, once married becomes the slave and chattel of her husband, and is forever and ever married. Manu, the Law-giver, tells them that a faithful wife, who, after the death of her husband continues constant to him, gains in this world the highest renown and in the next a place near her husband. Thus, whatever else may be the reward of her faithfulness, it certainly is not emancipation. For, according to the popular belief, there is no other heaven for a woman than the mansion of her husband, where she enjoys the bliss of being near him. Consequently, the only hope of independence of her husband held out to the Hindoo woman is in hell.

And now Amanti was proposed to Rani for a husband. But the willful daughter wrapped her *pasodi* about her ears and refused to hear a word of argument; and the old father was forced to admit, with shame and contrition, that he was a weakling in the contest with the fierce defiance of a girl who had been born in the jungle and into whose veins had entered the tiger's blood. But, when Rani felt the old man's trembling hands upon her head and his tears falling upon her silken locks, there seemed something of the serpent's blood mingled with the tiger's, for she lost her rebellious mood, twined herself about him, and coaxed the strength back into his feeble hands and the hope into



his heart by fair promises and cajoleries. When the tiger-mood returned, however, she was off again to the jungle, as wild and free and as willful as ever, until the old father sent and begged her to come home.

Amanti, the last suitor, was short and swart, and known to be of no account, but of this Rani was not supposed to reck, for the Code of Manu says explicitly:

"Though destitute of virtue, or seeking pleasure elsewhere, or devoid of good qualities, a husband must be at all times worshipped as a god by a faithful wife."

And Amanti was as good as many, and better than some of the suitors presented at her father's house; but while the Hindoo female mind is not trained to methods of exact reasoning, something, perhaps the cunning of the tiger, kept the fair Rani at bay. And this state of affairs might have endured indefinitely, if the English had never penetrated into the Punjab, and if young Johnstone had never gone into the army.

A tropic jungle has many advantages over a prim English lawn or hawthorn-hedged garden. The spreading banyan tree, with its stately colonnades of hanging roots, stands like an open portal to invite you to explore the mysteries that lie beyond; the towering *pipal* spreads its mass of feathery foliage to screen you from the torrid suns; and the tamarind fans you with its plumy crest. The flowering creepers, that catch from tree to tree, wave and beckon to you with their long green arms; their gorgeous blossoms almost open their red lips and smile at you to lure you farther and farther into their depths, until you sink down, a willing victim, to their heavy scents and brilliant colorings. The feathery *babul* lends itself knowingly as a screen for curious eyes, and the loveliest face is lovelier laughing through the shadow of its branches. At least this was the first half-formed impression that flashed into the young Briton's mind upon their first chance encounter. And Rani's eyes grew brighter and the vis-

ion grew more lovely, as she descried from her hiding-place among the glowing blossoms the pink-cheeked young officer. With the first quick glance at the tall European, poor Amanti's cause was irretrievably lost.

Here, now, was the solution of it all! This was the sort of man Manu must have had in his mind when he said, "*a husband must be at all times worshipped as a god by a faithful wife.*" This tall, fair-skinned creature was certainly a god; and Rani, with a charming lack of diffidence, resolved that she would be his wife and worship him at all times as a god. Likewise a certain young English girl with blue eyes, had, only a few months before, promised this fair-skinned creature to be the first, and had taken it upon herself to do the second of Rani's resolves. But she had only the setting of a prim hawthorn-hedged garden; while the air of the jungle, the beckoning vine-wreaths, the mocking mouths of the flowers, and—oh, well, Blue-Eyes was a long way off, and she had promised to wait!

The invitation of the banyan's open portal was frequently obeyed, the shade of the towering *pipal* made an ideal trysting-place, and the form of the Hindoo stood out against its glowing background like a young Greek goddess done in bronze.

With the coming of the god the tiger-moods grew less and less frequent, and the serpent moods took their place. The sturdy Briton forgot his mother-country, its prim English lawns and the blue-eyed girl who had promised to wait; forgot his God, the honor of his post, and all the life that lay before him, while the smiling Hindoo beguiled him with words and wiled him with caresses till the soul of him was not his own.

Then the seasons turned, and the swinging vine-wreaths bowed their heads in the dust; but, when the suns came again and called them back to life, they saw the same lovers keeping the same trysts.

But the old sickening horror crept back upon the girl, the horror that had overshadowed all her life, the same rebellious protest that she had cherished

ever since she had been old enough to know the meaning of the lives of those she saw about her. She could never, never, never be a widow! She would never suffer to have her silken locks shorn away, to wear old brown garments, to be called an "inauspicious thing," and to be looked upon as the off-scouring of the earth. If she could be assured she would never be a widow, she would snap her fingers in the face of any other calamity that might come to her; but she could not, would not bear that insupportable curse of Hindoo widowhood. Neither, with all the earth about her teeming with life and promise, and all her young blood bounding with the sheer animal joy of living, could she bring her mind to consider the horrible rites of Suttee. Yet, something must be done! for, with the coming of the stranger, had come the awakening of a feeling the like of which her dark little mind had never dreamed; a longing and a yearning and a sense of incompleteness she could not understand; until, at last, after days of dejection and weeping, the suspicion broke upon her that it must be the lack of a soul. She did not know that the more enlightened had another name for this tender longing; for the women of her house certainly did not love their husbands, although they might worship them as gods. They had been their father's property and had now become the possessions of their husbands, to be classed as "marital property" along with the "cows, mares, goats and camels." Rani realized now, however, that she could escape no longer. She must have a soul at any cost! All her life seemed suddenly empty and colorless, while the possibility of life with a soul glowed with such a glorious wholeness that the mere contemplation of it overwhelmed her. The woods and the birds lost their charm of companionship; she felt immeasurably older than the girl who had laughed through the vines at the stranger a few months before; and from the innermost depths of her being rang the cry for this inexplicable thing—it must be a soul! But, to acquire it, she must marry; and, if she should marry,

who could know but that she might some day be a widow? She shuddered at the mere mention of the word; for, among all her relatives and friends who had lost their husbands, there was not one whose life was not a hideous nightmare, and her nature rose in fierce revolt at the possibility of sharing their fate. As Johnstone could give her no guarantee of longevity, he was powerless to assuage her fears; but the cry of his heart was "Rani!" and her perturbation was beyond his fathoming.

Round and round in this labyrinth of fear and longing her excited thoughts circled, growing more bewildered at every turn. But hers was not a nature to sit down and cry for a light! With one bold stroke she would cut her way out, and be thenceforward free to live out her life in the enjoyment of the coveted soul! At last, a plan was complete in her little Hindoo mind, a marvel of directness! This wild longing and intolerable feeling of incompleteness were not to be endured another day! With a defiance amounting almost to ferocity, she decided she would never put herself in a position to become a widow! She would cheat Yama, the King of Death, and possess herself of this fair-skinned creature's pink and white soul, whatever the penalty might be! She would even suffer the degradation of the whole number, the eight million, four hundred thousand incarnations before she could be reabsorbed into the Spirit!

Now for courage and a little patience—the tiger and the serpent! The soul would be hers! This relentless longing stilled! Young Johnstone's regiment was ordered back to the hills. In a few days he would be among new people and new scenes; and, with love's quick suspicion, the girl guessed there might be new Ranis, while she—but here the tigress within her arose and crouched for a final spring.

The jungle grass was very high, and no one dared penetrate as far as she into its depth. Step by step she had planned it all. The confident young Briton followed the little flying figure through the banyan's stately portal, in

and out of the clustering undergrowth, through a wild riot of tangled vines and grasses, heedless of the trackless waste behind him, and all unconscious of the fate awaiting him. The chase was long

the malignant *haml* poison through every bursting vein that even the fast-failing ing stupor could not soothe. The swaying wreaths grew dim; the smiling face above him became the face of a mocking

and merry; till, at last, laughing and breathless, the wily Hindoo sank down beneath the green masses of a *pipol* tree. Her smiling lips were redder than the glowing blossoms overhead, redder than human lips are ever tinted. But the Briton did not know the brilliant little *haml berry*; and, if the dye was deadly, how could he tell?

The swinging vine-wreaths swayed above him; the silken locks waved about him; the burning eyes bent over him, as, with her scarlet lips she kissed him, and again and again she kissed him, sending

fiend, till it, too, began to sway, and, finally, grew dim. Then, as the Hindoo saw the pink and white cheeks grow purple, the eyes roll up and cease to know her, she bent low over him, took his head into her arms and caught the last expiring sigh that told his soul was freed, and received it into her own warm body. Then covering the lifeless form with glowing blossoms, she looked down into the face of her dead love with a triumphant smile—confident in the belief that Rani Yamanaï had a soul.



DUTCHY

By CORINNE D. GOODMAN



"T'S your turn, Mr. —?"

"Hayes is my name! Tom Hayes!"

The speaker was one of a party of four; the chance acquaintances of a railroad journey, whose tedium we had sought to beguile by means of the exchange of alleged personal experiences.

"I must certainly own up to having run up against it pretty good and hard," he remarked after a thoughtful pause, "but I'm afraid that I'm a failure so far as story-telling goes!"

"Fire ahead!" we urged.

"I was born on a farm in Southern Illinois," he complied, "where I had a good home, and should have been content to stay. But, like a great many other young fellows, I wanted to see the world; and, finally when my old dad put some fancied slight upon me, I packed my duds and, without even bidding the folks good-bye, went to Chicago.

"It didn't take me many weeks to find my level there. Not over long in education and experience, I was distinctly short in the matter of money; so, in less than no time, I was up against it.

"The weather, even, contributed to my many discomforts. It was winter—an uncommonly cold one, even for Chicago—and I was without an overcoat or a sufficiency of other warm clothing. I had, in fact, parted with my belongings one by one, in order to keep body and soul together.

"In this fix, and with only a few cents in my pocket, I found myself one day opposite the bulletin board outside a labor bureau. A hundred men, it announced, were wanted to work down South on railroad construction. Free pass, good pay, etc., etc.

"The idea of getting away from Chicago's biting winds and bitter weather appealed strongly to me; and, within a few minutes, I had concluded the formalities necessary to enrollment as a section hand. Three days later, I was plying a pick and shovel with the best of them.

"Take us all in all, we were a queer lot. With the exception of the boss, a German, commonly known as 'Dutchy,' and myself, the gang was composed of dagoes of the worst class.

"As luck would have it, I quarreled with 'Dutchy' at the very outset being quick with my fists, as well as quick tempered, and gave him

a pounding for which he afterwards bore me undisguised malice.

"The boss was a good fellow enough, but uncommunicative. Thus, with the dagoes out of the question and with 'Dutchy' sulky, my social possibilities were strictly limited. Luckily, however, relief arrived in the shape of a genial widow and her only daughter, who blew into camp and quickly reorganized our feeding arrangements. These hitherto had been of a primitive nature; so, all of us, I think, on that score alone, were duly grateful.

"But to me personally, their arrival meant a good deal more. There was now somebody to talk to in my idle



Dutchy.

moments! The girl, too, was of a beauty unusual anywhere, and, under the circumstances, an object to be worshipped.

"At all events, so thought I; and at least one other shared my opinion. This other was the 'Boss,' who, if not quite so constant a devotee at its shrine as myself, put in an appearance at the 'kitchen' much too frequently to suit my wishes. Indeed, it was seldom that he failed to upset whatever plans I made to gain a corner, even for an hour, on the fair Polly's society.

"'Look here, Hayes!' he said to me one day. 'If you're acting on the square, well and good! If not, get out! I mean to marry the girl, if I can get her.'

"This was straight talk, and I liked him all the better for it. 'Let the best man win!' I said.

"A few days later he had trouble with the dagoes. How it originated, I never knew; and, like all happenings of the kind, it was over in an instant. One moment, all was going smoothly; the next, the dagoes were crowding round him and gesticulating like madmen. That much I could see from where I was working, some distance away; and, scenting danger, I ran as hard as my legs would carry me towards the scene of the commotion. But, prompt though I was, I was too late. Before I had covered half the distance, I saw the boss throw up his arms and fall to the ground, though I could not be positive as to his assailant.

"I knew at once, upon reaching his side, that he was in a very bad way; for, in the few moments that had elapsed, his face had turned an ashen gray, and his lips were blue. Blood, too, was gushing from a wound in the region of his heart.

To stoop down and raise his insensi-

ble form was the work of a moment. In another, I had torn a bandanna from my neck, made it into a pad, and pressed it tightly over his hurt; feeling, however, that in the absence of a doctor, my efforts were worse than useless. A few minutes later, it became plainly evident that his breathing had ceased.

In the meantime the dagoes had been regarding me with no very friendly air; and when I laid the dead 'Boss' on the ground and rose to my feet, their looks conveyed an actual menace. They commenced to jabber excitedly; and, though I did not understand a single word of their lingo, I realized fully that, as a witness to the crime, my own life was placed in the deadliest peril.

"What might have been the outcome it is impossible to say; but, just as I was calculating the chances of making a successful break in the direction of the camp, a locomotive with a caboose came slowly down the completed roadbed.

"To say that I felt relieved, is putting it more than mildly. The dagoes jabbered faster than ever.

"At length, after what seemed an age, the locomotive was brought to a standstill; and five

men who alighted from the caboose walked briskly towards us.

"Even at a distance, it must have been apparent that something had gone amiss; and, as soon as the newcomers had reached the scene of the killing, one, who seemed to be in authority, sternly asked: 'What is the meaning of this?'

"The question was addressed to me as, I supposed, the only American present.

"'Murder!' I answered gravely.

"'Yes! Yes! He killa de Boss!' shouted the dagoes, like a stage chorus. They pointed, too, at the blood with which I



Polly.

was covered as a proof of the charge.

"It was in vain that I made indignant denial. Appearances were dead against me. Even the blood-stained knife, which was lying against the bank on which I had laid the boss' body, proved on inspection to be of American make.

"To cut a long story short, I was held and tried on a charge of murder. Appearances, and the evidence appeared terribly conclusive, and as the latter progressed, I abandoned all hopes of proving my innocence. Dago after dago swore that I had struck the fatal blow. One giant of a cut-throat mien, in particular, supplied an apparently adequate motive by testifying that the dead man and I had been rivals for the affections of attractive Polly Bullen. The girl herself was put on the stand; and, by an unwilling admission that the dago spoke the truth, helped to fasten the guilt upon me.

"It availed nothing, as everyone felt, that the young attorney, who had volunteered to look after my interests, made an eloquent plea on behalf of the accused; of no avail was it that he urged the inherent probability of a conspiracy amongst the Italians and the convincing sincerity of his client's story. An adverse verdict seemed assured. However, just as the judge had commenced to address the jury, a commotion arose on the outskirts of the crowd.

"A man who has this moment entered, insists on giving evidence,' a police sergeant announced.

"Whereupn, in fact, the newcomer spoke for himself.

"Ja, Judge, I spik!"

The voice was 'Dutchy's. Never had human tones sounded so sweet to my ears. I nodded to my attorney. He sprang to his feet.

"Your Honor,' he said, 'I ask permission to introduce this man's evidence on behalf of the accused.'

"The proceeding is unusual; but, in view of the fact that life or death hinges on the verdict, I would suggest that the prosecution waive the point,' his honor said.

"We have no desire to arrive at oth-

er than a just conclusion. There is no objection on the part of the prosecution to this man's evidence,' replied the attorney, who was conducting the State's case.

"Dutchy,' accordingly, having been duly sworn, was taken in hand by the defence. But, inasmuch as his knowledge of the English language was extremely limited, the questions, as a rule, had to be repeated in a simplified form in order to reach his comprehension. These, if my memory serves me aright, were somewhat as follows:

"You were one of the men working under Mr. Harris on December ninth last?"

"Ja!"

"Do you remember what happened on that day?"

"Ja!"

"What was it?"

"Der boss had one knife into him stooked.'

"You were near when this was done?"

"Shoost so close like I vas to you!"

"You saw, then, who stuck the knife into the Boss?"

"Ja!"

"Would you know him again?"

"Ja!"

"Look at the prisoner."

"Dutchy turned stolidly towards me.

"Is this the man who did it?"

"Nein!"

"Are you sure?"

"Ja!"

"Where was the prisoner at that time?"

"Aboot dri hoondret yardts away he was.'

"What did he do when the boss was struck?"

"He run like der teufel undt the boss uplift.'

"He ran and lifted up the boss?"

"Ja!"

"Afterwards?"

"He make mit his neck-scarf the bloot to stop.'

"He tried to stop the bleeding?"

"Ja!"

"In doing this, did he get blood on his clothes?"

"Ja!"

"That is all, your Honor."

"Here the prosecution took him in hand.

"You have sworn that the prisoner at the bar did not inflict the wound that caused the boss' death?"

"Ja!"

"You knew, then, all this time that he was innocent?"

"Ja!"

"If that is so, why did you wait until the very last moment to give your evidence?"

"I him not lofe."

"You do not like him?"

"Nein!"

"Why do you not like him?"

"Also, mit his fists he me beat."

"He beat you?"

"Ja!"

"And for that reason you were willing to see him hanged?"

"Ja!"

"Having delayed so long, why are you here now?"

"Also, die madchen him lofes."

"What young lady loves him?"

"Die fraulein Pollee!"

"Miss Polly Bullen?"

"Ja!"

"She asked you, I suppose, to give this evidence?"

"Nein!"

"You are here, then, simply because the young lady loves him?"

"Nein!"

"Have you forgiven him the beating?"

"Nein! Nein!"

"Here a pause ensued. Dutchy's hitherto impassive face betrayed palpable evidence of an inward struggle; and, I take it, the prosecuting counsel divining that he would speak unquestioned, forebore to do so. At all events, he blurted out:

"I haf coom here to safe dot man's life becoss I meinself die madchen lofe. She will not my frau become, undt she ees weeping always eef he will die. I no lofe to see her weep."

"To cut a long story short. I was acquitted on Dutchy's evidence, which, of course, besides bearing all the earmarks of truth, tallied exactly with that offered by the defense. The big dago, who had been so vindictive against me, Dutchy also identified as the perpetrator of the crime; and, in due course, that worthy was brought to trial, condemned to death, and finally hanged.

"At the conclusion of the trial, in spite of his avowed dislike and the fact that his delay in coming forward with his vital evidence had almost resulted in my going to the gallows, I stepped impulsively forward, seized Dutchy by the hand and shook it warmly.

"He accepted this mark of my gratitude with the stolid indifference that had characterized him throughout the trial; but, when Polly threw her arms around his neck and kissed him squarely on the mouth, he gasped: 'Du lieber Gott!'

"As he turned to go, too, a tear welled from each eye and trickled slowly down each brick-colored cheek.

"Polly is now my wife, and will be happy to welcome you, gentlemen, any time you come our way."

To this invitation we made suitable acknowledgment.

"A most interesting story," remarked one of the party, a Chicago drummer. "And what makes it the more so to me is the fact that I remember perfectly reading the account of the trial in the daily papers."

"Indeed!" remarked Mr. Hayes.

"Curiously enough," remarked the fourth member of the party, a St. Louis confrere, "I met your friend, 'Dutchy,' in Gainesville, about a year ago. A tall, sandy fellow with a big corporation, if I'm not mistaken."

"Possibly!"

"Possibly?"

"Well! to be frank, I've not quite made up my mind as to those minor details. I was too busy concocting the story proper."

The drummers opined it was time for refreshments.

At The Bend

By FRANK H. SWEET



SELS PESSNER moved haltingly along the face of the cliff, crouching almost to the rock to obtain the slight concealment afforded by a few stunted bushes that struggled up from the outside crevices, until he arrived at a sharp bend, where he rose cautiously to his feet and gave a quick glance down into the valley and back over the way he had come.

It was a wild, rocky way, ending in this long climb up the face of the mountain, but his glance flashed over it in a swift, comprehensive scrutiny. All was desolation, solitude, save at the base of the very slope up which he was struggling, where a compact group of men were following his trail, as surely and unrelentingly as bloodhounds. Even as his glance flashed down at them there came the returning flash of sunlight on a leveled rifle barrel into his eyes, and he ducked and slipped around the bend. As he did so a bullet flattened against the rock behind where his head had been.

"Steve Finter," he thought grimly. "No other man can shoot like this. He must have seen my head bob up. But it don't make any difference now. They're hot on my trail, and seeing me can't make them come any faster. This morning they were four hours away, now they're less than one. If I can only get up to my cabin I won't mind. I can pick off Steve from there, and maybe some of the others before they close in. I—I hope Luisita ain't to home."

Around the bend the narrow path broadened and flattened into a small plateau or valley which cut back into the mountain like a wedge. Across this plunged a little stream, on the banks of which were two or three miner's cabins.



Beyond, the mountain again rose sheer, and well up on the face of this was Sels Pessner's cabin. Here he and Steve Finter had worked together, in seeming harmony, until one day Steve had slipped down to the mining camp below and accused his partner of having robbed and attempted to murder him, and of being a horse thief and contemplating other bold robberies in the neighborhood in the near future, and had so ingratiated himself with the sheriff as to be sworn in as a deputy to help in the capture.

The first intimation Sels had had of the accusation was seeing the sheriff's posse approaching the cabin, and almost at the same moment receiving a bullet in his shoulder. Other bullets had followed, but in some way he had escaped. Since then it had been running and dodging, with the sheriff and his men often in sight, but never allowing him to approach near enough for parley. Two days before, he had eluded them and hurried to the mining camp, slipping in at night and conferring with some of his friends. The next day they had done a little quiet investigating for him, while he remained concealed in one of their homes. That night, in spite of their warnings and expostulations, he had started back toward home, his face stern and his eyes full of angry determination.

But when he saw the posse and threw up his hands in token of surrender, with a paper held conspicuously in one hand, instead of being allowed near enough to speak, as he expected, a bullet from Steve's rifle found lodgment in his ankle, almost bringing him to the ground. Other bullets followed, and only that he was quick with his own rifle and intimidated them until he could dodge among the rocks, they would have ended the chase there.

After that he skulked and dodged and climbed for hours, using a piece of broken limb in place of the ankle that was almost useless, suffering agony at every step, and with only the hope of reaching his cabin and making the last stand as retaliatory as possible. At the bend the bullet flattened against the rock showed that his former partner was still vigilant, and that whatever fight there was to be would be on sight, to the death. There would be no conference.

As he crossed into the small valley he tried to keep within the screen of foliage as much as he could. Luisita lived in the cabin nearest, with her Mexican father. She would know and grieve, of course; but he would spare her as long as possible.

However, as he was pushing his way

through the undergrowth nearly opposite the cabin, he came upon her suddenly, carrying her rifle. At sight of him her face flushed, then paled.

"Senor Sels," she cried; "Oh, why are you here? They are down in the valley. I saw them not an hour ago from the cliff. They will kill you. Hurry! hurry! you should not have tried to see me now."

"I did not," striving to make his voice steady; "I tried to avoid you, Luisita. I wanted to spare you all I could. But this is the only way to my cabin, and —"

"You are hurt," sharply, at the agony in his face.

"Just a trifle. But listen, Luisita. Whatever the charges against me, I know that you believe me innocent. I shall not question that. But yesterday I was in the town and obtained proof positive of Steve's guilt—enough to hang him. Only I cannot get word with the sheriff. I have given up thought of it now. They are hot on my trail, and will be here

in twenty minutes. All I can do is try to reach my cabin."

"That will not save you," she expostulated.

"No," grimly, "I know it won't. But it will help me to even up the score a little."



"At the bend the bullet flattened against the rock showed that his former partner was still vigilant."

The girl threw out her hands imperiously.

"It shall not be that way," she cried, her eyes flashing. "You shall be saved and Senor Steve punished. And yet I do not understand. Why should he—"

"For plenty of reasons, Luisita. You promised to marry me after refusing him; and then, only two hours before he left, we found a vein of silver—how rich I do not dare to conjecture; but it made Steve try to kill me, and failing, to run away. He came back with the sheriff and his posse. What story he told I can only guess; but you can understand what it would mean to him if I could be disposed of before telling anything. I—where are you going, Luisita?"

"To the bend round the cliff," over her shoulder. "It is the only way into the valley, and I shall hold the men until you can get away." She was already rods away, plunging through the bushes with the one thought of being at the bend in advance of the sheriff's posse.

They were edging cautiously across a narrow shelf only a few rods below when she reached there and threw her rifle into position. It was too good a chance to be lost.

"Hands up!" she ordered sternly.

"I said hands up," Luisita repeated slowly. "I am not making words, and most of you know how I can shoot. Senor Sels is escaping from you now, and I shall keep you here until he is safe. Stop!" as a rifle barrel rose a little, "or I shall shoot. You may kill me, but I can send half of you from that ledge before you do it—and I will. Now, up! quick!"

All the hands rose except Steve's. With a bitter curse he threw his rifle into quick position; but before he could fire it slipped from his nerveless fingers

and he sank upon the shelf, only saving himself from falling over the precipice by a desperate effort.

"That is one," called the girl coldly. "He is not killed, only disabled by a ball through the hip. The rest of you may not be so fortunate. I am ready to kill all of you before you do harm to my promised husband."

"But look here, Luisita," expostulated the sheriff angrily. "Don't you understand the consequences of thwarting the law in this manner?"

"You are not upholding the law," contemptuously. "You are merely helping a criminal. If Senor Sels were here—"

"He is here," said a quiet voice at her side, and another rifle barrel joined hers in menacing the whitening faces on the ledge below. "Now Sheriff," the voice suddenly ringing out clear and stern, "you will take your men and hurry back to town. And I would advise you to take Steve Finter along. The truth is known there now, as you will find, and it may be that you and your men will have to explain a few things. But it would have been worse had you killed me. Hereafter when you seek a man, hear his story as well as that of his accuser. I have proofs of my innocence and Steve's guilt with me, and have been watching for a chance to give them to you. But you have prevented. Now I shall rely on our rifles. If one of you so much as makes a movement with his rifle in this direction we will kill him. Now go!"

They stood there side by side, watching them down the mountain, then Sels lowered his rifle.

"I—I think you'll have to help me to the cabin, dear," he said weakly. "I'm a little used up." Then he reeled and fell unconscious into her arms. But the danger was over.



A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE

By PERCY T. CARNES



LOU! Hey Louiza! where are you?"

"Here, in the sewing-room. For mercy's sake, John, what is it? Why all this bluster?"

"Lou, hurrah!" and the excited "man of the house" rushed into the sewing-room, literally lifted his wife from her chair, held her high in his strong arms and waltzed around the house in a gleeful manner, so unusual to one so sedate that the little woman feared for his sanity.

The cause of all this flurry was simply this:

John Temple had been to the post-office. No, there was nothing unusual about his going to the post-office; he went three times daily, with the regularity of a day-laborer going to his meals. But to the one letter in his box is due the blustering manner in which he rushed into his house, and the fright occasioned his wife.

"John Temple! Are you drunk or crazy? Turn me loose this minute, and explain yourself," and the tone of his wife's voice brought the hilarious husband to his wonted sedateness.

After depositing the little woman in her easy chair and implanting a kiss on her tremulous lips, he said:

"Louiza, my dear, pardon me. I didn't mean to frighten you. Really, I didn't. Such an unusual demonstration of joy is so at variance with my habitual *multigrubiness*, I don't wonder you were frightened."

"Please, John, don't use such outlandish words. Dispiritedness is much more genteel and fully as expressive."

"Very well, my love; dispiritedness it shall be. But dispirited *I* shall be no more. Louiza, listen: *It has come!*"

"What has come, John? Do sit down and explain!"

"What has come? Fame and wealth!"

"John Temple, are you drunk?"

"Louiza Temple, you know me too well to be guilty of asking such a question. You know that I never drink a drop of anything stronger than bottled magnetic. No, my dear, I am not drunk; I am duly sober and in my right mind. The absolute certainty of immediate wealth and glory may have intoxicated me, but the intoxication is harmless."

"John, have you really successfully placed 'The Flag of Truce?'"

"No."

"Has the editor of 'Literary Forum' really accepted 'The Downfall of His Highness,' and remitted for the same at fifty cents a word?"

"Not yet!"

"Then 'The Muleteer' must have won that five-thousand-dollar prize in Apricott's short-story contest?"

"'The Muleteer' has been offered to six other publishers since its return from Apricott's; it is too travel-worn to be serviceable!"

"Then what?"

"Guess."

"I can't."

"Well, I am asked to go on the Lyceum platform!"

"You?"

"Me!"

"What for? To run the curtains?"

"Lou, don't make sport of me. I am asked to enter the lecture field."

"But, John, you are not an orator; you never made a speech in your life."

"Never delivered an oration, you mean."

"Well, smarty, what are you going to do about it?"

"Do about what? Making a speech?"

"No; delivering an oration?"

"Seriously, Lou; what do you think about my going into the lecture field?"

"I think it preposterously absurd for you to entertain such an idea. You would be more at home in the corn field!"

"Perhaps I would. Nevertheless, I have been asked to deliver the opening lecture at the Jonesboro Lyceum, and I shall do it. It will be a splendid opportunity to exercise my dormant oratorical powers and introduce myself to a large and appreciative circle of the truly literary—of whom I am one!"

The not altogether pleasant colloquy ended by John Temple striding noisily from the house. At heart, he knew that his wife had the better of the argument, but the knowledge only served as an irritant.

For four years he had served as principal of the village school. During those four years, he had purchased, and partially paid for, their little home. But when solicited by the trustees to accept the position for another school year, he declined the honor.

"I thank you, gentlemen, for the proffered honor," he had said courteously; "but I am tired of close confinement. I have other plans for the future."

His ambition was to become an author. He would write short stories and scientific articles for high-class magazines. There would be fame and money in it. After his little home was paid for, he would write a book, or perhaps a number of books. Others had amassed fortunes by writing stories, why not he?

Feverishly, indeed, did he apply himself to the task of writing his first story. It was to be entered in a short-story contest in *Apricott's Family Magazine*. A prize of five thousand dollars was to be awarded to the author of the best story.

When John Temple read his four-thousand - word, five - thousand - dollar story to his wife, that wise little body pronounced it "good"—"but"—

"O, well; there is a possibility that I may not win the prize; but I am morally sure *Apricott's* will accept 'The Muleteer' and pay for it at their regular rate of ten cents a word. That will be four

hundred dollars—nearly as much as I would receive for a year's teaching; and I have written this story in a little less than four weeks."

When not too deeply absorbed in plotting and writing other stories—and frequently, indeed, while working out new stories—he found himself idly planning what he would do with the five thousand dollars.

Before the *Apricott* contest closed, or rather, before the prize was awarded and 'The Muleteer' was returned to its author, he had four other stories ready for the literary market. These stories, ranging in length from one thousand to five thousand words, were carefully typewritten by the one stenographer of the village—at so much per page—and duly mailed to as many publishers.

But the returns were not gratifying. The printed slips enclosed with the returned manuscripts were not such as one could use in lifting a mortgage or buying a farm. Indeed, they indicated a heartlessness on the part of editors and publishers that was positively inhuman. Drafts or private checks would have been far more satisfying!

Substantially they were all alike:

Dear Sir:—We herewith return the manuscript you so kindly submitted for our examination. We regret that it is unavailable for our purpose. Yours truly,
Publishers.

"I *will* sell them," vehemently declared the author, after repeated futile attempts to place them with publishers of high-class magazines.

And he did. A three-thousand-word story was successfully placed with the publishers of a country weekly in a neighboring town, and published as a serial. It ran six weeks and increased the paid-up subscription list nearly one hundred. The author received a generous local write-up of nearly a column, and a year's subscription to the paper. Two other stories were sold to other near-by papers on the same terms and conditions.

His latest effort, entitled "Grandma's Spectacles," lay snugly ensconced in his desk, unoffered to the publishers of magazines or local papers. Clearly, John

Wight Temple, author, was discouraged. Publishers of high-class magazines did not properly appreciate literary genius, and publishers of local papers were not financially able to compensate properly for such productions as he had to offer.

He had about determined to abandon literary work and accept a sewing-machine agency when the Jonesboro letter came. It ran as follows:

"Jonesboro, June 23, 18—.

Dear Sir:—A few of the leading citizens of this city have organized themselves into a Lyceum Board. Our object is to afford the people of Jonesboro and vicinity a literary treat every summer. The course will be made as comprehensive as means will allow. Only talent of high order will be billed.

Your stories, published in local papers, have been widely read and favorably received. While it is not known that you are an orator, it is assumed by the Lyceum that you are.

As Secretary of the board, I have been instructed to ask you if you will deliver the opening address in the course for sixty per cent of the receipts on the sale of tickets? No season tickets will be issued this year. This is an experiment with us, and we do not want to assume any great financial risk.

You will, of course, select your own subject; but we beg the privilege of asking that you orate not longer than two hours and work in as much humor as you can.

Can you accept the appointment? If so, at your earliest convenience, kindly send me your subject, indicate the character of your lecture and send any press clippings you may have that would be useful in advertising your lecture.

We wish to announce you for Tuesday, August 12th. Yours very truly,

BYRON C. EVANS, Sec'y."

Mrs. Temple found her recalcitrant husband seated on a box in the woodshed, gloomily cogitating on the perverseness of *female* human nature, and its readiness to throw cold water on man's lofty plans.

"John, dear," she began in a conciliatory tone; "I am sorry I spoke as I did. Won't you please forgive me?"

After a moment's painful silence: "John, may I see the letter?"

He slowly drew the letter from his pocket and handed it to her, without looking up or uttering a word.

She seated herself beside him, placed one arm about his shoulders and read the letter.

"John, I am sure you can do it. You have several weeks in which to prepare your lecture. If you succeed, as I know you will, your future is assured. You will soon have engagements all over the country through some regular Lyceum or Chautauqua bureau!"

Thus it came about that John Wight Temple was announced to deliver the initial lecture in the Jonesboro Independent Lyceum course.

He very carefully wrote his introduction, then painstakingly revised it. It was then laid away in his desk for ten days. Again it was brought out and revised. At last, the lecturer was satisfied with it.

The next thing in order was to memorize it. Owing to its numerous revisions, this required some time.

Then came practice. The orator would stand before a large mirror which had been removed from the front hall to an upstairs room, made a bow to his imaginary audience, smile serenely and begin:

"Mr. President, honorable and honored colleagues, ladies and gentlemen: I feel greatly honored," et cetera.



"He was conscious of, an ever increasing pride."

He was conscious of an ever increasing pride of exultation at each private rehearsal. Finally, Mrs. Temple was invited to the "hall of oratory" and asked to hear and criticise.

"John, the prelude is positively grand. You will gain attention and admiration from the very first. I have nothing to do for the next two hours; suppose you go right on and let me hear the address proper and the peroration."

"Well, fact is, Lou, I haven't really thought much about the address proper!"

"John, my dear fellow, isn't it high time you were thinking about it? You have only three weeks now; and they will expect you to talk at least an hour and a half."

"Lou, I couldn't possibly write out and memorize a long address in three weeks. If I get this introduction off just right, I will be all right. The ice will be broken and I will have smooth sailing. I shall speak from notes."

Two or three days later, Prof. Temple received a large package of printed matter from Jonesboro. The package contained placards and hand bills—with his picture and others—announcing the entertainments. It also contained several late copies of the "Jonesboro Herald,"—"a weekly newspaper, devoted to the interests of the reading public. All home print. Price, one dollar per year in advance."

The first page was given to the interests of the Jonesboro Independent Lyceum. Prof. Temple hastened home and thrust a copy of the paper before his wife's eyes. "Read, Lou!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

She read:

"PROF. JOHN WIGHT TEMPLE.

"Prof. John Wight Temple, the famous author-humorist, will give his many admirers in this city an evening at the Jonesboro Academy, Tuesday, August 12. Admission 25c and 15c. Tickets now on sale at the drug store. Buy your ticket and secure your seat now, before they are all taken.

"Prof. Temple is the author of several stories which have been published in this paper and neighboring exchanges.

This will be his first appearance on the lyceum platform in America, and his hundreds of admirers will be glad to take advantage of this opportunity to make the personal acquaintance of the man himself. Subject: "The Comic and Serious Sides of Grandmothers." To all who can laugh through their tears, we say, come."

"O, John, isn't it grand?"

"Read on," said the orator, proudly.

Mrs. Temple read: "Following are a few press comments:

"John Wight Temple's stories are full of clever satire, rich humor, philosophy and good, sound common sense."—Mountain Advertiser.

"His vagrant pen probes deep into the seething caldron of life, bringing forth now and again gems of thought that scintillate with rare humor and brilliancy."—Crossville American.

(O, John!)"

"Readers of Mr. Temple's stories know that they wreath the face in heartfelt smiles, and now and then prod to ebullient laughter."—Cookeville Times.

"John, dear, you are famous!" and a pair of plump arms were thrown 'round the author-humorist's neck, and a pair of rosy lips met his in a delicious kiss.

"Prospectively, yes. But a year's subscription to two or three weekly papers doesn't lift mortgages or pay grocery bills.

"No; but dear, your future prospect is bright with promise."

Tuesday, August 12, dawned bright and balmy. Prof. and Mrs. Temple had everything in readiness for an early start to Jonesboro. The distance from Clear Fork was only sixteen miles, and for reasons purely personal to the orator of the evening, they did not care to arrive in Jonesboro before late afternoon. But they had decided to drive leisurely to Mill Creek, and there rest and lunch. It was such a quiet retreat.

That evening at 8 o'clock, Prof. Dodson, principal of Jonesboro Academy, and president of Jonesboro Independent Lyceum Board, in a few well-chosen words, introduced the lecturer.

The applause was prolonged and deafening. Indeed, it was embarrassing to

the lecturer. He fumbled with his watch chain, turned crimson, then pale, and secretly longed for a lodge in some vast wilderness, "far from the madding throng."

But retreat was impossible. His wife's reassuring smile brought his to a sudden realization of his mission in Jonesboro. He advanced to the front of the stage, looked down into the smiling eyes of his wife, who occupied a front seat, and began:

"Mr. President, honorable and honored colleagues, ladies and gentlemen: I feel greatly honored at being chosen to deliver the initial lecture," et cetera.

While it was delivered in a rapid monotone, the prologue was favorably received, as manifested by the hearty applause.

"I will first introduce the maternal grandmother, because she—she—the maternal grandmother's comic and serious side—"

Here the speaker thrust his hands into his trousers' pockets, looked appealingly at his wife, darted to the water pitcher, gulped down a glass of cold water and resumed:

"The maternal and comic side of the serious grandmother—"

(Hissing and laughter.)

"I mean the grandmother's side of the maternal serious comic—"

"You mean this is a serious grandmother's comic opera, don't you?" called a voice from the rear.

"I will first introduce a maternal grandmother—"

"Serious or comic?" from the audience.

Just at this critical moment, when the orator's prediction that the audience would mob him was in danger of being fulfilled, Mrs. Temple, realizing the necessity of immediate action, came to the rescue. She hastily drew forth from her hand-bag a pair of large, brass-rimmed spectacles and a red bandanna, deftly adjusted the spectacles on her pudgy nose and the bandanna around her head and arose.

"I will first introduce a comic and maternal grandmother—"

By this time, Mrs. Temple was at her

husband's side. "Sit down, John," she commanded in a stage whisper.

John, bewildered, sat down.

Mrs. Temple advanced to the front of the stage, leisurely unrolled a manuscript and in a decidedly nasal drawl, said:

"Yes, I am a maternal grandmother, both comic and serious. With your permission and without the author's consent, I will read you a story entitled 'Grandmother's Spectacles.' This story, written by the famous author-humorist, John Wight Temple, has never been offered to any publication; but it is for sale to the highest bidder."

The storm of applause which greeted this announcement was more hilarious and prolonged, if possible, than the first demonstration.

Mrs. Temple smiled, adjusted her glasses and began. She read in a clear, musical tone of voice. The deliberation with which she read and the clearness of her articulation proved highly gratifying to the audience.

The story, as read and illustrated by the hastily made-up "maternal grandmother," moved the audience to tears and mirthfulness in quick succession. Besides containing many amusing incidents in a grandmother's life, the story taught a moral that we trust led many young people to be more considerate of their dear old grandmothers.

The story ended and Mrs. Temple descended to her seat. Profound silence reigned for a full minute, succeeded by an encore, hearty and prolonged.

Slowly removing the glasses and kerchief from her head, Mrs. Temple deliberately ascended the steps to the stage.

"I cheerfully respond to your encore this once," she said, as she faced the sea of up-turned faces; "after which, so far as I know, you may disperse."

In a rich contralto voice, a voice at once full of love and sympathy, she sang "Grandmother's Dream of Paradise." At its conclusion, the audience, moved to tears, quietly dispersed.

Prof. John Wight Temple, dazed by the sudden and successful termination his wife had given the evening's entertainment, and abased by his own com-

plete failure, sat, with downcast eyes and throbbing temple, unable to move.

Now that the entertainment was ended, Mrs. Temple, womanlike, retired to an obscure corner and sat weeping.

"It is all right, Prof. Temple," the treasurer said, simply and kindly, as he poured ninety-eight dollars and sixty cents into the lecturer's hat. "This is sixty per cent of the receipts. We are well pleased with the entertainment and hope to have the pleasure of reading or hearing read many more of your stories."

"John, it is getting late; let us be going." Mrs. Temple had dried her eyes and stood by her husband's chair.

"Excuse me."

Both looked up and saw standing before them an elderly man, whose paternal smile was sympathetic and reassuring. He was becomingly attired in a light tweed suit, and might have been mistaken for a country doctor.

"I wish to thank you both for the pleasant entertainment of the evening."

"Just a moment, please," said the stranger, hastily, perceiving that he was considered insincere. "I assure you that I am sincere in my expression of appreciation.

"Prof. Temple, will you permit me, a stranger, to speak plainly to you?"

"Certainly; but I know without being told that I am a failure!"

"As a lecturer, yes. You haven't the gift of oratory. But as a writer, sir, you may succeed."

"No; I have failed in that line also."

"Perhaps you have been unsuccessful in your attempts to place manuscripts; but that does not necessarily imply that you *can't* produce readable stories. You can.

"Do not give up your profession as a teacher. It is a high calling, honorable and remunerative. But devote leisure hours to writing. It will be helpful to you as a teacher. Do not allow failures to place manuscripts to discourage you. Many well-known writers have their effusions "turned down" as "unavailable." Pray accept this gratuitous advice in a spirit of kindness.

"And now, I desire to bid for your excellent story, 'Grandmother's Spectacles.' I will gladly allow you our regular rates for it."

"Who are you?" asked the author, in a suspicious tone.

"Pardon me for my neglect to introduce myself," said the stranger, apologetically, as he drew from his case a card and handed it to the author. "I am spending my vacation with relatives."

The author looked at the card in amazement. It read:

James Boyd Graham,

Literary Editor,

Apricott's Family Magazine,

NOVEMBER

By MARY R. ELLIS

The chilling wind a mournful requiem blows,
 Fit music for the sunless, bleak November days;
 No life is seen save only drifting, aimless crows
 That drop and perch upon the dead, bare limb,
 And view the landscape round with solemn gaze,
 Then with a harsh, discordant note, are on the
 wing,
 While in the north the long, dark line of purple
 haze
 Betokens coming snow.

A MOVING TALE OF THANKSGIVING

AN EXCITING PROGRAM FOR A HOLIDAY

By ONE CONCERNED



MY COUSIN, Jane Andrews, was just beginning to meet with success as a writer, and I, Elizabeth Jordan, was making some progress as an artist, when we conceived the brilliant idea of taking shares in a business enterprise in a distant city. It was to yield an income that would enable us to drop all anxiety for things material and give full scope to the genius that burned within us. The end of the first year found our gentlemanly financial agent independently rich and off to the continent for his health, while Jane wrote early and late, more for money than for love, and I produced with pencil and brush anything whatever that was not indecent and would help pay the rent. For we were not of the stuff to turn our backs on the scene of our defeat. We rented a comfortable old-fashioned house, furnished it simply, and without more ado proceeded to live within our depleted means.

Among the few rare souls who knew of our difficulties and were ready to reach us a hand, if we showed the slightest symptom of losing our grip, we ranked Cornelia Sewall first. The day before Thanksgiving, when we had been settled a month, she called on us and, as is her wont, plunged at once into her subject.

"You're going to take my mother to room and board. You've twice the room you need."

Jane and I did not look happy as we knew we ought.

"You think I'm crazy to have Mother break up house-keeping, but she'll store her goods and we can go back next summer if we like. She shan't stay alone and when this old school ma'am sets her foot down even mother minds."

Cornelia had calmly walked into our front room and was indicating what pieces of our own furniture might remain and where she would put her couch.

"For, of course," she said, "I will be home Fridays and holidays."

Before Cornelia we were dumb. She named a sum we dared not refuse with her keen gray eyes fixed upon us. It was her way of helping us out of a tight place and we knew it. The bargain was made. She staid half an hour and quite dispelled the gloom that hovered over us when she first suggested the plan. Enthusiasm is catching.

"You're sure you don't object to having her move in Thanksgiving Day?" By this time we would have objected to nothing Cornelia proposed.

"She won't mind being alone? We are invited out, you know."

"That's all right, so are we."

When the door closed behind Cornelia Jane exclaimed:

"Isn't she an old darling?"

Whereupon I seized Jane and waltzed her around the room. We were a graceful pair, she with much length of limb and a nose that has been called Roman, I with a girth of waist too great for my height and a tendency to grow more and more into the likeness of my own pug nose.

"Stop and be sensible a minute," laughed Jane, and pinioning me against the wall with her long arms, she instructed me in the way I should go when we were no longer free and independent old maids, but had a share in Cornelia's mother.

"My dear Madam," said I, "have no fear. I will be a daughter to her. I will walk softly all my days."

"You may walk softly into the parlor and carry your easel up stairs. I will gather up my scattered thoughts at once."

She pointed to a litter of manuscripts on the parlor table.

In the afternoon we were standing at the door of the front room, looking ruefully at the cleanliness and the emptiness and utter lack of any soul, when the bell rang and Cornelia came in greatly agitated.

"Girls, I'm called out of town on important business. I can't get back until Saturday night. Think of that for a Thanksgiving holiday. I've left a woman packing for mother; the carriage is engaged to bring her over at nine to-morrow morning. She insists upon having her own bed. The expressman will bring that and set it up. She won't need to bring any other furniture. Your chairs and tables are all right. I'm awfully disappointed not to be here to settle and arrange things.

"Don't you worry, Cornelia, we'll take care of your mother."

"Well, good-by, my train leaves in twenty minutes."

Thanksgiving morning was bleak and cold, a fine snow filled the air. We did not have to leave the house until twelve so we took our time to the usual work and made some appetizing dishes in case Cornelia's mother chose to stay indoors such a stormy Thanksgiving Day.

Promptly at nine, somehow people always did things promptly for Cornelia, a carriage stopped at our place and we opened the door to welcome Mrs. Sewall.

"Here I am and a happy Thanksgiving to you," she chirped.

"Welcome home," Jane said and we both kissed her and felt a daughterly affection springing up for the spry little white haired lady we were unwrapping from enough shawls and capes and furs for an Arctic expedition. The driver meantime had carried up the steps the band boxes, an old-fashioned traveling bag, six baskets, the largest holding a bushel, and all packed far beyond their normal capacities, a bundle or two tied up in gay colored cloth, and half a dozen house plants.

"You've done well to get your things all over in the carriage," I said.

"These are just a few I picked up the last minute," she answered, "my things will be along soon."

She glanced out the window.

"Here they come."

We opened the door and looked up and down the street. Only a huge moving van was in sight. I pulled Jane back from the cold and was just closing the door when to our amazement the van backed up to our front steps and a gentleman blandly asked:

"Where shall my men put these things, Madam?"

"Mrs. Sewall," cried Jane, "you can't get all those things in one room."

"O, yes;" she said cheerfully, "Cornelia told me there was plenty of room for as many things as I need."

Our hearts sank, but what could we do? For one-half hour men tramped in under heavy loads and tramped out only to bring more. If a Salem Antique Shop had unloaded at our door the result would have been less surprising, for added to bonnets at least a hundred years old, and pictures of relatives long dead, and frame mottoes worked in worsted, and plaster casts of Mary and her little lamb, there were three trunks, six goods boxes, six or eight chairs and a kitchen table.

It was evidently a case of "Parting makes the heart grow fonder," and if anything had been stored or discarded we were at a loss to name it. When we had seen a barrel of potatoes, a five gallon can of kerosene oil, a box of coal, and a whole garden outfit deposited in our front room, we withdrew to the most distant part of the house, our own bedroom upstairs, and dismay was written on our brows in big bold letters.

"We can't turn her away in the storm. What have we done?"

Jane's voice was almost a sob, and she so masterful with that classic nose and a way she had of taking everything calmly. When Jane spoke like that matters were bad—they must be bad indeed.

"Even if we could ask her to go she's given up her house, I heard her say so," was my consoling remark.

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth," cried Jane, "I

wish our financial problems had remained unsolved, money can't pay for an invasion like this. We waited, sitting very uncomfortably on the extreme edge of our bed, until we heard the heavy wagon rumble off. Then we stood up and looked at each other as if to say:

"Farewell, joy, this is the end of all our earthly dreams,"

But humor is a saving grace. The ludicrousness of the situation took hold of us. Jane dropped into a low rocking chair and laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. For my part, I rolled on the bed and held my aching sides.

Then we dried our eyes and went down stairs and pried Mrs. Sewall out of the debris in the front room and made her comfortable in our own cozy sitting room.

"Don't you do another stroke of work this Thanksgiving Day," we said and at noon we left her to keep our engagement. She had decided not to go out to dinner, as Cornelia was away, so we left a charming little dinner all but ready for her. The last words we heard her say, after she thanked us, were:

"What was Cornelia thinking of to say there was room for all I need."

"Man wants but little here below," I chanted, "or woman either." We laughed all the way to the station, we laughed as we sat in the car, we laughed

when we reached our destination, and in the very midst of our Thanksgiving dinner, I caught Jane's eye and we barely saved ourselves from disgrace. We had no idea how to get out of the scrape we were in but that made it the funnier.

When we reached home at ten o'clock that night the climax awaited us. Cornelia's mother, with energy only equalled by that of her own daughter, had risen in rebellion, re-entered her little house, summoned another moving van, and departed with her belongings just as the early twilight fell. She left a note explaining all and regretting the trouble we had been subjected to.

Then for the first time we dared to give full vent to our feelings. We went into our vacated room and lighted the gas, and Jane held on to the mantelpiece while I hung over the back of the strongest chair and had a policeman been passing at that hour I know not where we might have been landed.

"I'm thankful—Cornelia—don't have to know all—until Saturday," I managed to gasp.

"And I'm thankful that we two idiots can just live by ourselves," said Jane.

"The poor little lady is thankful too, I am sure, to be where she has 'room for all she needs.' O, Jane, me own true love, we won't soon forget the moving events of this Thanksgiving Day."

MORNING AND EVENING

By CALLIE BONNEY MARBLE

The sun in the east said, " 'Tis morning—
Awake, O heart, and sing! |
For, crowned with love and joy and light,
Another day I bring."

And the sun in the west said, " 'Tis evening—
Sleep now, O heart, and rest!
For the day brought care and strife and tears—
Night with its dreams is best."

Dr. Kirtley's Philosophy.

¶ The lie that screens you to-morrow.

¶ No one can yield the to the smaller vices.

¶ There is a radical going and character

¶ One must not only something.

¶ Corruption on the inside means eruption on the outside.

¶ The deadly blow of hate is a deathblow to the hater.

¶ Better push your work than be pushed by it.

¶ To direct your activities toward good is to correct your proclivities toward evil.

¶ A friend may find fault in you while an enemy finds fault with you.

¶ It is better to fall below a high mark than to exactly hit a low mark.

¶ The gospel is not a curiosity for sinners but a cure for sin.

¶ An instinct for righteousness becomes an insight into the right.

¶ Extremes meet when a boy has brains enough to fill his father's shoes.

¶ Imitation of another is limitation of oneself.

¶ When policy is put above principle the life grovels rather than grows.

¶ Truth girds us with power while error gripes us with poison.

¶ The true purpose of discussion is not to rout an opponent but to reach the truth.

¶ Dissipation always spells disappointment and despair.

¶ Delight in duty softens its severities.

¶ When the energies are aimlessly diffused, the path of life is hopelessly confused.

¶ Whether at home or in Rome, do not as Rome does, but as right requires.

¶ The one who is given to nagging should be compelled to hasten through life with the speed of a race-horse.

¶ Moody feelings indicate many failings.

¶ To stimulate another's talent is better than to strive with your own.

¶ Whole-heartedness in worship makes a holy heart in the worshiper.

¶ When we defy God and deify gold we are facing the only "Yellow Peril."



you to-day will scorch

larger virtue who yields

relation between church
growing.

be good but good for

Off the Main Road

"WE" DID IT

The old man had recently taken the son into partnership and was somewhat annoyed at the youngster's rather overbearing manner in his new position.



"Look here, young man," said he one day, "let's have a little less of the 'I' and a little more of the 'we' in

this business. Remember, you're a junior partner."

A few days later his son appeared, looking just a trifle anxious.

"I say, dad," he remarked, "we've been an' done it now."

"Done what?" asked his parent.

"Well—er—we've been an' married the typewriter."

QUITE SATISFIED

An old farmer couldn't really believe that people who were miles apart were able to converse over a telephone wire.

One day his wife went to a distant friend who had a telephone in her house. During the afternoon the farmer sought a shelter from a thunder storm in the house of a neighbor who



also possessed a telephone, and who persuaded the farmer to call up his wife as a little surprise.

Following instructions, the farmer put the receiver to his ear, and, after the usual preliminaries, he shouted:

"Hullo, Jane!"

Just then a flash of lightning struck the wire, and he fell to the floor, under the force of the shock.

Rising to his feet, and shaking his head wisely, he said:

"It's wonderful; that was was Jane, right enough."

WHY THEY GOT NO MAIL

An official of the postoffice department at Washington tells of a new postoffice that was established in a small town in the south.

The proprietor of a grocery store was installed as postmaster. It was not very long before complaints were filed with the department that no mail was being forwarded from the new office, so an inspector was detailed to investigate the matter.

When he called upon the postmaster and asked why no mail had been sent out the former pointed to a large mailbag hanging up in a corner and said:

"The mail's in that bag; I ain't sent it out yet because the bag ain't nowheres nigh full."



FABRICS AND COLORS IN FAVOR



ONDERFULLY appropriate to the season are the textures and designs of the fabrics now piled upon shop counters for Miladi's discussion and approval, and destined to build many a smart costume.

Autumn, the season of regal colorings, seems to have been particularly taken into account in preparing the sumptuous colorings of the thick and lustrous finished cloths and velvets to be used for either out-door or house wear. Materials for evening and semi-dress wear are marshalled at no other period in the year in such numbers. These include the sheerest of muslins, both flowered and white, as well as chiffons and China silks and plain and fancy nets. Heavy bro-



Theatre Toilette.

One of the prettiest types of evening dresses is here shown made of French gray coleen poplin. The full skirt is finished with wide tucks and velvet ribbon bands while the bodice shows a high girdle effect gained by the artistic use of chantilly lace dyed to match the poplin. Long lace streamers held in place by cabuchons of the gray velvet ribbon adorn the back of the gown and illustrate by their presence a very high style note.

caedes together with plain Lyon's, and taffeta weaves of domestic manufacture, are present in all their variations; in fact, no one fabric seems misseasoned.

This wide variety might at first thought suggest difficulty in choosing, but on the other hand it really simplifies matters, for every texture and design seems to have an individual destiny to fulfill. So strongly are their uses indicated in this respect that no clerks now-a-days consider it smart or a good trade trick to foist upon a customer material entirely inappropriate to the use she intends for it, just to make a sale. If Madam be undecided, the clerk has been aided by an up-to-date department buyer, whose eye is constantly upon the fancy of the fashionables and whose finger is ever present upon the pulse of the demand for seasonable fabrics.

Take, for instance, the mohairs of spring and summer season. No fabric has been more desired, especially now that it is woven in such soft suppleness and has come forth from its shroud of plain colorings. Pretty, narrow stripes and shepard checks in dark blues and greens, and the loveliest of pastel shadings tempted the Spring buyers.

Imagine a pale pink and a pale blue mohair! How odd! said all the wise-aces. The knowing ones "made no reply," but showed some of the most alluring weaves of these same colors in the mohair and brilliantine textures of English weaving and designing with the result that farseeing dressmakers supplied their best customers with gowns that have been the envy of associates all summer. We are not observing a parallel condition in mohairs and poplins for autumn dress needs.

Everyone admires the attractiveness of the rich colorings of the Scotch plaids sent us every season from the bonny land of porridge and bag-pipes. To be sure these designs have often wandered far from their original clan color ancestors, but never to their detraction. These wool fabrics are so heavy that their practicability has been rather limited to the



Smart Parisienne Model.

One of the smartest of fall frocks intended for wear before the "wintry winds do blow" is made of London smoke shelma cloth. The most noticeable style point about this frock is the side pleated circular skirt, giving an unusually good line to the figure. The bodice shows a fine combination of cloth, velvet and satin, all of one tone and lightened by a white lace yoke. The sleeves are of satin, but the girdle is of soft panne velvet, separated from the satin topped bodice by cleverly arranged bands of cloth, velvet tipped where the two cut steel buttons appear to fasten them to the girdle.

medium of outdoor clothes, coats, heavy skating costumes, walking togs, and the like. We women have sighed over their warm tones, reproduced for us in silks only, missing in the transmission the bloom of the yarn cloth that softens the colorings of a plaided design just right, but the sighs have been to good purpose for the prettiest and most winsome of all the early Fall materials are those self same plaids in wonderful varying of tones and designs, illustrating and making doubly attractive the mohairs and poplins that vie now with these wools for supremacy as favorite materials for our Fall trotteur costumes, tailored suits and dark-toned separate waists.

The wool plaids are woven much lighter in weight than formerly, and show their handsome colorings to finer advantage by means of huge squares of

black satin lines, that seem to silhouette the color of the designs over which they are mounted.

For those who prefer plain colored materials they are the beautiful chiffon broadcloths of exquisite bloom and of various weights that seem to say, "what better can you need for a gown, when I present such a fine figure?" Their colorings are exquisite, the light evening shades showing their values to best advantage. Indeed, a corn colored broadcloth of this chiffon weave is as handsome a gown as one could desire for dressy needs, if combined with heavy Arabian, Point Venise or Irish Crochet laces, modelled after any one of the popular princess, empire or directoire models.

For less formal wear, and particularly adaptable for semi-dress or afternoon frocks, come weaves splendidly firm yet light in weight, such as shelma cloth, voile and poplins, as well as serge and



The New Lace Coats.

Lace coats have passed through the and fall of popular fancy, to find at a permanent place for the fashionable haunts. We've had all sorts of their styles, all of which were but none more practical and comfortable than the coat illustrated. Society has been model, wearing it over colored dresses, or using it as a dress according to smart white cloth gown.

cheviots all in plain, fancy or regular colorings.

Beautiful combinations of velvet, satin and cloth, are possible when using any of the foregoing materials. Full tucked or plaited skirts as fancy dictates, when panne or chiffon velvet to match combined with bits of satin, of the coloring, are exceptionally modish for the bodice modeling, adding the necessary high light to a dull finish cloth that is considered very high style and all without changing the color harmony. Sleeves of satin or velvet are seen upon some of these new cloth frocks, these of elbow length only.

When one comes to the discussion of the velvet frocks, one is considering the highest type of fashionable outdoor frock for winter. The variety of designs and colorings of this royal material is wide, while the weaves for this particular season have been brought to the very acme



Modified Empire Effect.

roadcloth of lightest weight is modeling of this dressy frock. skirt is trimmed with inter-parallelled by handsome em- s, done in colors. The cream lace tones beautifully with the int of the broadcloth and has sleeves richly emphasized by tly embroidered velvet. A hat trimmed with yellow completes a smart toilette theatre.

of perfection. Velvets require very little foreign trimming beyond heavy chenille embroideries, usually done to tone with the color of the frock, fur bands and fine laces and braids and tassels.

The English velveteens rival the silk velvets in beauty. They come in most delightful fancy checks and plaids and stripes as well as in all the rich new shades. Paquin has used quantities of these fancy velvets and velveteens for his most beautiful models. For be it known that the smart coutouriers prefer the velveteens to silk velvet because of its fine draping qualities and charming high lights.

Evening frock materials are wonderfully pretty. All of the pompadour silks are considered desirable, as well as those with conventional designs upon them. Satins are creating a furor of appreciation as they are shown in all of the neutral tones considered so smart this year and have been catered to in the matter of trimmings, such as the matching of their colors with velvet ribbons, heavy dyed thread and silk laces, and passementeries. Chenille and silken fringes with tasseled ornaments to match are also used for these satin gowns, leaving the nets with their old-fashioned darned lace to trim the soft and lustrous sedo and orkeda silks, both of which are new weaves and considered as desirable for winter evening things as the louisines were a season ago.

Coleen poplin is another fabric devoted to the needs of an evening gown and a tall supple figure. The new shades of grey and champagne are very beautiful brought out in this soft semi-weight poplin. A favorite model for its fashioning will be the empire style showing long streamers of sashlike folds of silk lace or velvet depending from the center of the high back waistline, with the edges of the trailing skirt handsomely trimmed with velvet ribbons or lace to match, or fluffed with tulline flounces embroidered with rosebud or other flower garlands.

Do not forget, however, that frocks of these sheer and semi-sheer materials must be cleverly handled to produce good effects.

LOW COST HOMES

WM. A. RADFORD
EDITOR

We are fortunate in having Mr. William A. Radford consent to answer all questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to building plans and building material. On account of his wide experience as editor, author and manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 194 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.



FULL two story house with a good attic and a splendid cellar is shown in this elevation and floor plan. The house is twenty-four feet wide by thirty-six feet long exclusive of porches. With an ordinary plain finish, where carpenter work and building materials may be bought at reasonable figures this house should be built for about \$2,000, exclusive of furnace, gas fixtures and mantel.

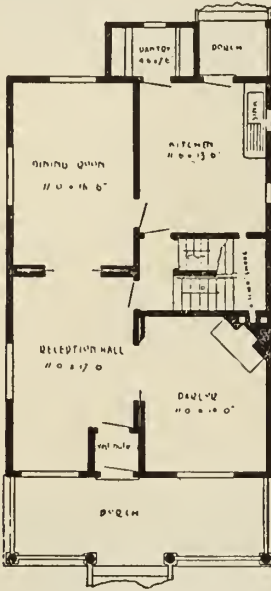
The cellar has a good stone wall and it is deep enough to give all the head room necessary. The windows are large enough to admit plenty of light and air. Cellars seldom receive as much attention when building as they should. The cellar wall is one of the most important features of the house, and yet we so often see walls thrown together with

badly shaped stone and very poor sandy mortar. You can dig the mortar out from between the stone of some walls with a stick, and a green one at that. After each heavy rain, water from the saturated ground percolates through such a wall and the cellar remains damp during the greater part of the year. When the wall extends above grade masons usually take a little more pains with it, especially in pointing the outside, but the stone work that is covered up very often is poor enough. It is worth all the extra cost of carrying the wall well up above the ground just to get a better quality of work and to secure a better foundation for the house, but there is a great deal more to a cellar than this.

In order to keep the frost out of the cellar in the winter it has been custom-



ary to put nearly the whole cellar underground, but a good, thick wall, well made, will turn frost pretty well, especially when the sills are well embedded in soft plaster in such a way as to make



an airtight joint between the stone work and the upper structure. When a cellar is used for storage for fruits or vegetables this is a very important part of the job. A cellar that will keep such things from spoiling must be cool in summer and comparatively warm in winter. It must not be too damp and it must not be too dry.

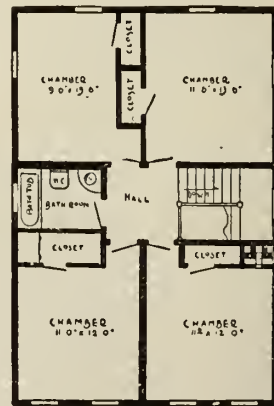
A cellar needs ventilation at all times, but the ventilation should be regulated. It is not necessary to let the air in through numerous cracks and crevices in a promiscuous manner, but the walls should be right and the windows made to fit. Then opposite windows may be left a little open according to the weather. The footing for the posts in the cellar of this house are twenty-four inches square and ten inches deep, and all mortar for stone work is required to be of cement.

This cellar bottom is made by leveling the earth and spreading a layer of coarse sand three inches thick. Then a course of hard burned brick is hammered down and the joints are filled with hard white sand. This is an old-fashioned cellar floor, but it has proved

satisfactory for a hundred years. When the cellar is used for the storage of fruits and vegetables it is better than any other cellar bottom.

A great many builders spoil a good cellar to save the expense of a center partition, so that when the furnace is installed the whole cellar is made too warm from the heat of the pipes. It is necessary that a person should decide when selecting a plan about the means of heating. The cellar may be built in parts just as cheaply as in any other way if the arrangement is properly made in the beginning, but it is hard to make these changes after the house is built.

There is but one chimney in this house, but it is built with three flues, one for the furnace, one for the kitchen range and the other for the parlor grate. The parlor grate flue runs down as well as up. The lower part is made into an ash pit closed tight with an iron door so that the ashes drop to the bottom of the flue and may be taken out once or twice a year. This is an easy way of keeping the grate in order that every house-keeper appreciates. Of course it must be made right. There must be no draft through it to scatter the ashes out over the room, but it is just as easy to make it right as it is to make it wrong. Too



many grates are closed up the year round because they are dirty. The soot from the chimney gets down into the room and the draft from underneath scatters the ashes about, but this sort of thing is caused by mismanagement. A grate properly constructed and rightly managed is cleaner than a stove.

GOLDEN DREAM MARCH.

W. M. TRELOAR Op.28

p *f* *f* *f* *ff*

Copyright by the Treloar Music Co., Kansas City, Mo.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The first measure of the upper staff is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic, and the second measure is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The music features chords and melodic lines with slurs.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat. The first measure of the upper staff is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic, and the second measure is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The music continues with chords and melodic lines.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat. This system introduces triplets, indicated by a '3' over the notes. Pedal markings ('Ped.') and asterisks (*) are used throughout the system to indicate specific performance techniques.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat. This system continues the use of triplets and includes additional pedal markings ('Ped.') and asterisks (*) for performance instructions.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat. This system features more triplets and includes pedal markings ('Ped.') and asterisks (*) for performance instructions.

The sixth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat. This system concludes the piece with triplets and includes pedal markings ('Ped.') and asterisks (*) for performance instructions.

Golden Dream March.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with a series of eighth-note chords, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with chords, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. A fermata is placed over the final measure of the system.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with eighth-note chords, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lower staff continues the bass line with chords, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. A fermata is placed over the final measure of the system.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with eighth-note chords, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lower staff continues the bass line with chords, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. A fermata is placed over the final measure of the system.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with eighth-note chords, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lower staff continues the bass line with chords, marked with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. A fermata is placed over the final measure of the system.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with eighth-note chords, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lower staff continues the bass line with chords, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. A fermata is placed over the final measure of the system.

The sixth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with eighth-note chords, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lower staff continues the bass line with chords, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. A fermata is placed over the final measure of the system.

Golden Dream March.



A SMILE OR TWO FOR YOU

Charles—And do you really love me?



Agones—Love you? Well, I should say so. Only yesterday papa asked me if I wouldn't rather have one of those cute Japanese spaniels, and I refused.

Jones keeps awful straight, doesn't he.

Yes. His wife rules him.

Mrs. Henpeck—I wonder why there are no marriages in heaven?

Mr. Henpeck—Because it's heav— (but he didn't stop to finish).

Soloist — (indignantly) — Say! You were talking all through me song.

Friend—That's all right. It wasn't anything that would interest you.

Lucy—You certainly have a fine sense of humor.

Bessie—How's that?

Lucy—I saw you smiling at yourself in the mirror.

If you want a reputation to live up to, marry a widow and hear about her first husband.

Tired Teddy — Say Weary, are you in favor of government ownership?

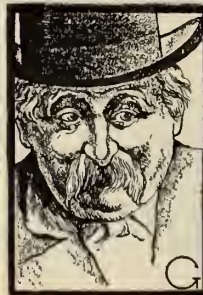
Weary Willie—Nit. The only institutions owned by the government that's come in my experience is jails, and the way they're run don't suit me.



What are you so gloomy about?

Oh! I'm so horribly in debt.

Why, you're in luck. I can't get anybody to trust me.



The Miss—Should a girl permit her intended to kiss her before they are married?

The Mrs.—Well, if she likes kisses she had better.

A WORD ABOUT THE ACME.

The Acme was launched in the full belief that it would be well received, but we were NOT prepared for the VERY HEARTY reception accorded it by the public.

The demand for the November number was greater than our facilities could supply. The edition was exhausted the first day it was placed on sale; the second edition was sold before the month was half gone—and the orders actually received for the December number insures a respectable circulation without counting upon the sales by subscription and newsboys. All this we greatly appreciate and shall strive to earn your further patronage.

✂

In the November number of the Acme, we noticed all the defects that you saw—and perhaps more, too. We have corrected a few of these in the December number, as you may have observed. We have made improve-

ments. For instance we have—we think you will agree with us—produced a cover that equals any of the great magazines of the country. We will not talk of the other improvements until you have had opportunity to look them over.

One thing taught us by the first number was that it is impossible for us to produce and sell a first-class magazine, like The Acme, for a nickel. We know our readers must have the best, so to lower the tone or cheapen the paper and workmanship would not do. Therefore we must increase the price to ten cents a copy—one dollar a year by subscription—commencing with the January number. Yearly subscriptions at the present price, fifty cents, will be received until January first.

We are going to improve The Acme each month and we'd like you to help us do it, both by suggesting what it should contain and by subscribing.



Flc—

UNCLE REUBEN AND HIS FAMILY SEEING TRENTON.

UNCLE REUBEN, (*in front of the State Capitol*), "Gee! Sara Ann, look at thet fine house." (*To Spader, who happens along at that moment.*) "Say! young feller, can yew tell me whose home thet be?"

SPADER, the PEANUT MERCHANT, "Yes sah! Tha's th' home o' Republican Graft, sah!"

UNCLE REUBEN, "Yew don't say! Gosh a' mighty! Sara Ann, Mr. Graft must be rich."



HUGH H. HAMILL

Is best known to Trentonians by reason of his large financial interests and banking connections. But when business hours are over he enjoys the companionship of a handsome collection of books. One of the most genial of men, Mr. Hamill has a wide acquaintance throughout the county, particularly among the Lawrenceville School Alumni, for it was at Old Lawrenceville, that his father was principal for so many years.

The Acme Magazine

Vol. I.

December, 1906.

No. 2.

OLD MANSIONS OF TRENTON.



Photo by John H. Blackwood.

2 — WOODLAWN.

BY FRANCIS BAZLEY LEE.

ONCE UPON a time, as all stories of olden days are supposed to commence; what is now Warren, then King street, lost itself in the marsh land that skirted the

Assaupink creek, then the boundary between the old counties of Hunterdon and Burlington. Standing on the Queen (Broad) street bridge, the traveler on his way from Philadelphia to New York, could discern amid the trees that grew on the hillside between himself and the river, a most stately mansion, approached by a winding drive. This was "Bloomsbury Court," which for many years after Chief Justice William Trent purchased the tract has been known as "Bloomsbury the Beautiful."

Great changes have come since the

death of Trent which occurred in 1724. A town of possibly two hundred inhabitants has become a great city of ninety thousand people, even "Bloomsbury Court" has been altered to "Woodlawn." But with all the mutations, there is so much of the spirit of the past in this, the beautiful and hospitable home of Edward Ansley Stokes, that when one leaves the street, one passes directly into an "atmosphere" that is purely colonial.

There is first the garden, with old box bushes and a famous ash tree planted in 1735. Under its branches drove the coaches of the gentry when they came to "Woodlawn" by the Bordentown road and over the lane that led down what is now Market street. The corner of the present Union street and



The Ancient Hall at Woodlawn.

Market street was the gate keeper's lodge.

Entrance to the house is gained through a wide colonial doorway which according to Mr. Stokes was built in 1720 and is a part of the original building.

To the left of the doorways are the parlors, with their great chimneys, occupying almost a quarter of the entire apartment. To the right is a broad oaken staircase leading to the second story and the sleeping apartments. The brilliant paintings on the wall are highly attractive, six of them having once graced the Bordentown mansion of Joseph Bonaparte, having been brought over from Spain, after Joseph had been driven from the Spanish throne. The hand painted paper on the walls is still intact having been imported from Alsace-Lorraine over fifty years ago.

Of those who have lived in the house there were William Trent's son Captain William Trent; Robert Lettis Hooper, and in the year 1776 the mansion was occupied by Dr. William Bryant, an avowed Tory.

To the Hessians "Bloomsbury Farm" was known as "the Doctor's House." On the night preceding the battle of Trenton, a small Hessian guard was quartered at the house, while upon the Pennsylvania shore frowned American batteries.

On the day of the second battle Colonel Hitchcock and a Continental brigade of Cadwalader's division were posted on the farm between the Assanpink bridge and the river and threw up temporary earth works, beating back an advancing party of Hessians.

It was in the early 1800's that "Bloomsbury Court" was in its glory. The mansion had come into the possession of Colonel John Cox, owner of Batsto iron works, who, during the Revolution was an Assistant Quartermaster General. His wife was Esther Bowes, daughter of Sir Francis Bowes, their daughters, all noted for wit and beauty, being the Misses Catharine, Rachael, Sarah, Mary, Esther and Elizabeth.

There were rare entertainments in those days. Washington, Rochambeau and Lafayette had graced the mansion with their presence, while among the guests of note had been Jean de Ferson the Swede, who disguised as a coachman drove Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette away from Paris when their throne tottered and fell.

In 1835 Daniel W. Cox, disposed of his family's interest in "Woodlawn" to Philemon Dickenson and Sydney, his wife. In the autumn of 1838, James M. Redman purchased "Woodlawn," Mr. Redman building the wooden addition to the house. It was in 1839 that James M. Redman conveyed the property to John C. Redman who reconveyed to the grantor in 1844. James C. Redman in 1852 sold "Woodlawn" to the late Mayor Joseph Wood, of Trenton. Mayor Wood after nine short months of ownership, selling the house to Jeremiah Stull. The executors of Mr. Stull resold "Woodlawn" to Mayor Wood in February, 1859, and from his executors, in August, 1861, the famous home was purchased by Edward H. Stokes, father of Edward Ansley Stokes, the present owner who is also a grandson of Mayor Wood. Mr. Stokes has made many valuable improvements upon the property since he came into possession, but the original portion of the mansion has not been changed. The house, aside from its historical worth, is considered one of the most valuable properties in the city.

THE POLITICAL GUNNING SEASON IS OPEN.



Abe Swan—"Just wouldn't I like to gobble that gobbler."

THANK YOU, FRIENDS.

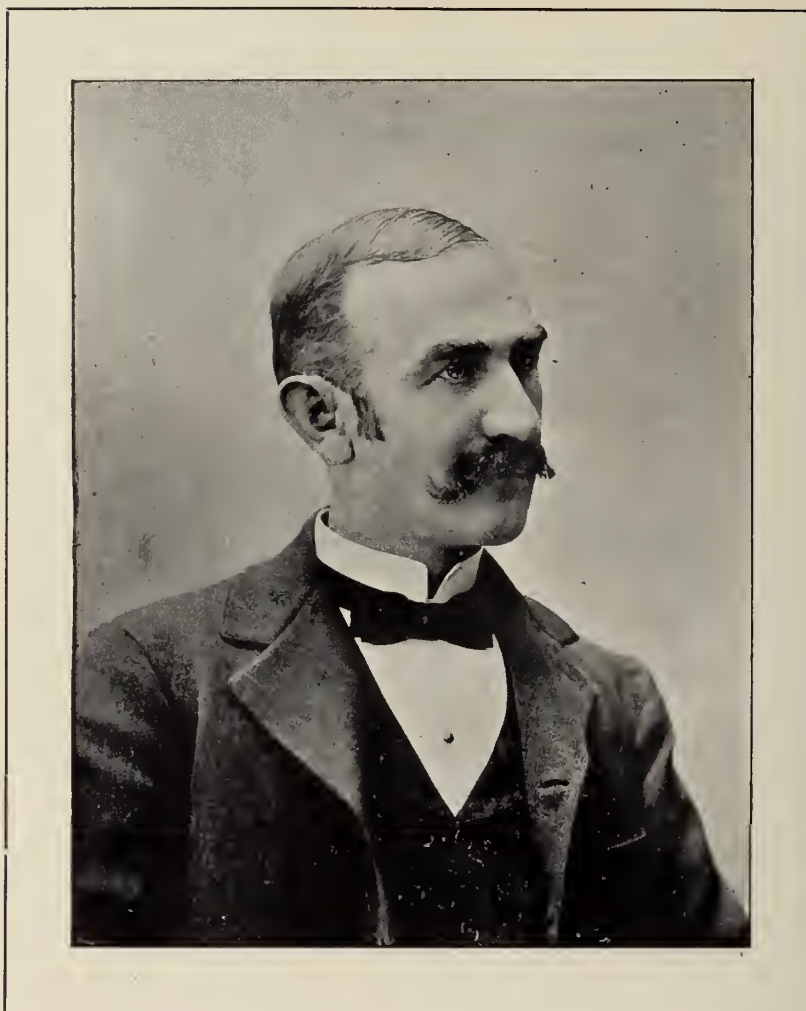
It's too bad that we haven't the space to reprint all the nice things our friends of the daily newspapers have said about *The Acme*.

The *Evening Times* did us the honor to make a news item of the fact that the first edition was exhausted the first day it was placed on sale. The *Times* also reviewed *The Acme* and spoke favorably of its future. The *Sunday Advertiser* congratulated us on our first number and reproduced our cartoons

and caricatures. The *True American*, after reviewing *The Acme*, expressed its surprise at the production of so good a magazine in Trenton and advised its readers to subscribe. The *State Gazette* classed *The Acme* with the foremost magazines of the land.

Such a reception by newspaper men so thoroughly trained as those conducting the Trenton newspapers is highly complimentary and very encouraging.

A MAN OF ACTION.



Since ex-Senator E. C. Hutchinson has had charge of the State roads, he has had many busy hours.

Fortunately, as one of the local captains of industry, he has surrounded himself with capable lieutenants, and is therefore quite free to devote himself to his duties as a State Road Commissioner.

Throughout the year, amid snows of winter, or in the heat of summer, the ex-Senator may be seen in all parts of New Jersey, rushing from point to point in his big red automobile, which has the same effect upon delinquent road committees of Boards of Chosen Freeholders, as had the royal ensign flying from the main mast of a British man-of-war upon the buccancers of the Spanish Main.

The Road Commissioner has but one object in view—that is to compel subordinate officials to obey the law. He blames when necessary—and praises when he is justified—and there are a great many people in New Jersey who do not hesitate to commend to the utmost, the honest pride that the ex-Senator takes in giving to New Jersey the reputation of having one of the best systems of public roads in the Federal Union.

MARIE LANNING.



One of Trenton's fair daughters who has won a reputation on the professional stage. Miss Lanning has sung leading roles in such famous operas as "The Little Tycoon," "Princess Bonnie" and "Rosalie." She has also been connected with Richard Stahl, and the Osborn Opera Company, and was one of the cast in the famous all star company composed of Lillian Russell, Jefferson De Angelus and Della Fox.

At the performance given by the Rosalie Opera Company in Philadelphia, last winter, for the benefit of the San Francisco sufferers, Miss Lanning was one of the octette of flower girls, who were instrumental in raising such a large sum of money from the sale of flowers.

Miss Lanning is now rehearsing for a new opera, to be produced soon under New York management.

Winter and Wild Weather.

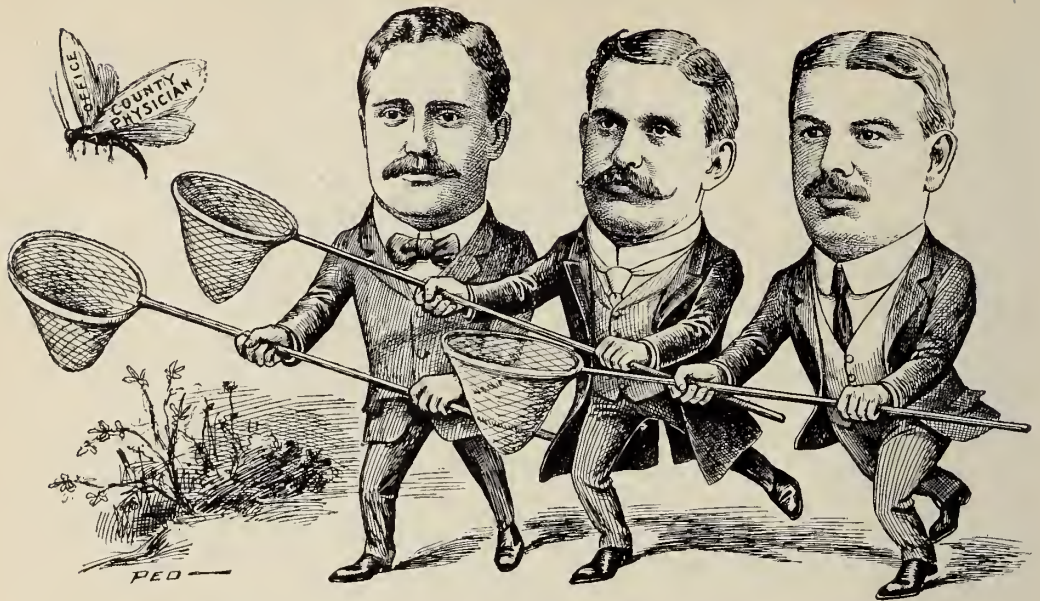
"Winter!" and it's snowing;
The outward air is chill,
But it's Summer and it's sunshine
Within our warm hearts still.

Brown leaves drenched and frozen,
Storm-beaten, strew the ground;
Love's warm blooms are fresh and fragrant
The changing seasons round.

"Winter and wild weather"—
Let weaklings blench who will;
While there's Summer just beyond it
Let Winter work its will.

C. S. T.

A Trio of Trenton Doctors after a Political Specimen.



Which one will get it?

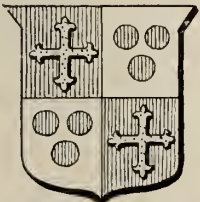


The Barber Asphalt Company and the "Bogie Man."

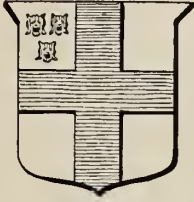
Some Trentonians and their Coats of Arms.

Evidences of aristocratic descent in the old families
of the capital city.

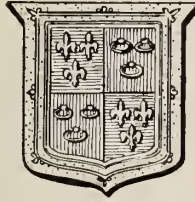
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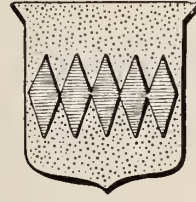
VAN DUYN



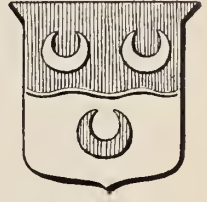
CONOVER



MONTGOMERY



PENNINGTON



OLIPHANT



SCHENCK

THE Van Duyn's are of Dutch-French origin. The Huguenot De Dines emigrated to Holland and following the example of so many of their persecuted com-

patriots, emigrated to Long Island. No less prominent in this same Long Island emigration were the Schencks, descendants of the famous General Peter Schenck Von Nydeck of the ancient family of Toutenberg.

Intimately connected with the history of New York, Long Island and East Jersey is the name of Conover, a modernized form of Couwenhoven. The ancestor Wolfert Geritsen came from the vicinity of Utrecht, Holland, and from him are descended over one hundred Trentonians.

In the representation of the Montgomery arms there appears a portion of the arms of the Seton family. This portion is not accepted by all the Montgomeries and calls to mind the fact that about 300 years ago Hugh, fifth Earl of Eglington, last of the title, feeling no affection for his natural heir, Sir Neil Montgomerie, obtained a new

grant for his earldom making a kinsman Sir Alexander Seton, heir to his estates and titles. A descendant of Sir Neil, Hugh Montgomerie never agreed to the spoilation and upon coming to East Jersey in the latter part of the seventeenth century, asserted his claim to the title which was long after recognized by the King-at Arms of Scotland. The Montgomery estate, near Allentown, New Jersey, is known as Eglington.

Another family conspicuous in Trenton is that of Pennington, of Pennington, county Lancaster, England. This name is characteristic of the Congregational emigration that left New Haven, Connecticut, founded Newark and spread itself throughout the valleys of the Passaic, Raritan and Upper Delaware. The Lords Muncaster of Castle Cumberland are of this stock.

The name of Oliphant of late years has been closely associated with many phases of the city's growth. The family traces its lines to Scotland through an old West Jersey establishment from which sprung the branch in southwestern Pennsylvania, from which the Trenton Oliphants are immediately descended.

(To be continued.)

Men who have helped to make Trenton a modern city.



1.—EDMUND C. HILL.

Few men have done so much for Trenton as Edmund C. Hill, whose stamp is on a large part of the geography of the city. Cadwalader Park and the river drive owe their origin to him, and he was one of the three men who got the sewer law passed and the sewer system started. His recent suggestion for the improvement of the banks of the Assanpink Creek into a parkway has met with general approval and detail plans for the project will soon be presented to Common Council. As President of the Board of Trade he was instrumental in settling the great pottery strike of 1893. Mr. Hill has held but one political office, member of Common Council from the first ward. His majority was larger than the total vote for his opponent, 700 of the 1000 votes cast being for him.

PRINCE MURAT AND THE WHITE HORSE TAVERN.

BY E. P. WILLIAMS.

A SHORT DISTANCE beyond the city limits of Trenton, on the old Bordentown turn-pike, stands the ancient hostelry known as the White Horse Tavern. It is a familiar land mark to Trentonians and in recent years has been a popular resort for bicyclists and automobilists.

But how many of those who stop at the old road house know that it was once the resort of a member of the imperial house of Bonaparte? That a nephew of the great Napoleon once frequented this old tavern almost every day? Such however is an historical fact. Prince Napoleon Francois Lucian Charles Murat spent much of his time at the White Horse Tavern while a resident of Bordentown, during the exile of the Bonapartes.

His father, Joachim Murat, Napoleon's dashing cavalry leader, born a farmer's son, was educated for the priesthood, but entered the army and became the friend of Napoleon, whose youngest sister he married and subsequently became King of Naples.

Prince Lucian inherited much of the dash and recklessness of his father and when he accompanied his uncle, Joseph Bonapart, King of Spain, in his exile to this country, he was regarded as one of the wildest of wild blades. He first settled in the village of Columbus, but soon thereafter moved to a farm near the estate of Bonaparte and subsequently took up his residence in Bordentown. The house he occupied is still standing on Park Street and until recently presented practically the same appearance

it did when occupied by its distinguished tenant.

The prince was extremely popular with the inhabitants of the village, though he appears to have generally preferred the society and rougher manners of the bar room to the cultivated deportment of the drawing-room. Much of his time was spent at the White Horse Tavern and in boating and gunning. He would play ten pins

for drinks with any one who chanced along and was always ready for a game of cards no matter with whom. He would borrow a shilling from a negro or toss a half-eagle to the boy who held his horse, with equal indifference.

One night he and a party of companions

were playing billiards in the American House, Bordentown, when a violent storm arose. They continued the game until long in the night and then wondered how they should get home without a drenching. At last Murat took off his clothes, tied them in a bundle and started on a dead run down the street. The others followed his example and the night being dark they reached their several homes without detection. But the story leaked out and was soon heard in every house. To this day the old people who boast of their former acquaintance with the Prince Lucian, love to tell the tale.

Of all the village belles not one was more beautiful, accomplished or vivacious than Caroline, the daughter of Thomas Fraser, a Scotch officer in the British army, who having served in America during the Revolution, mar-



The White Horse Tavern.

ried a young Virginia maid and settled at Bordentown. One day a close carriage dashed down the road, past the White Horse Tavern, to Trenton. Its occupants were the Prince Murat and



Prince Lucian Murat.

Caroline Georgina Fraser. When the carriage returned some time later the number of its occupants had been reduced by an exchange of vows and the blessing of the church.

But the blessing of the Prince's uncle did not follow. The ex-king had not only opposed the match but declared that whoever married his nephew would have to support him, and so it proved. The young man soon disposed of his wife's scanty fortune and of her sister's.

But Madam Murat proved equal to the emergency and their quiet home on Park Street was turned into a boarding school for young ladies.

From all parts of the country came the maidens to learn music and manners of the beautiful wife of Prince Murat. The sisters, Jane and Eliza Frazer, assisted in the class room and the prince presided at the dinner table, treating the fair students with grace and easy courtesy. His bearing then, as indeed, whenever he chose that it should so appear, was that of a polished gentleman.

In 1839 and again in 1844 Louis Phillippe allowed Murat to visit France and after the revolution of 1848 he removed thither with his family. Friends in the village made up a purse to pay their traveling expenses and the two little boys were dressed in garments made from a coachman's livery with the brass buttons still attached.

After the coup d'état Murat was appointed a senator and made a prince of the empire by his cousin Napoleon III. When the French republic was restored he crossed to England where he died in April 1878. Madam Murat died in the same year, surviving the prince but a few months.

Their first four children, born in Bordentown, were Caroline, afterwards Baroness de Chassiron; Anna, Duchess de Mouchy; Achille, who married the Princess Dadiani de Mingreli and Joachim Napoleon, who died a few months ago at his chateau in Chambly, France.

A SONG FROM THE SEA.

FRANCIS BAZLEY LEE.

(At Cape Henry, Virginia, stands an abandoned lighthouse. Carved upon one of its window frames is this inscription: "On this 30th day of July in our Lord's year 1800 came I unto my happiness."—L. P. B.)

Sing soft of the sea and its shifting sand,

Fair days of the long ago,
The lighthouse tower, and the carven oak

And the tide, in its ebb and flow.

The gleam has gone, and the window frame

Moulds black in the salty breath,
And the woman and man who are both forgot

Have gazed on the face of Death.

Yet out of the waste of ancient time,

Comes the sound of a glad refrain,
"Lo Love shall last, 'till the earth and sky

And the waves be rent in twain!"

Such love was theirs in the vanished years.

May God in his mercy bless
Two souls by the great Eternal Sea,
Who have kept their happiness!



A CUMULATIVE CHRISTMAS

By F. G. MARTIN



R. CALDWELL, I am hungry!"

The exclamation seemed to slip from the prim lips of the dignified little old lady sitting by the cheerful evening fire, like an effervescent spurt from a long-sealed and tightly-corked bottle, and from the gasp that followed she was none the less startled than was her complacent companion sitting opposite.

Mr. Caldwell, the lavish-provider, the hearty-eater, the self-satisfied, looked up from his paper with both astonishment and annoyance in his face, and glanced involuntarily towards the pantry. But the outpouring once begun, there was to be no sudden stoppage, and the gurgling overflow went on:

"Oh, it is not the dinner! I have had plenty to eat; it is not that kind of hunger. I am hungry for Christmas, for an old-time Christmas like we used to have when the children were little! I am hungry for some children!"

This was a pretty long speech for Mrs. Caldwell and almost took her breath away, while the vehemence of it left Mr. Caldwell quite breathless indeed. Then the oil began to pour out on the troubled waters.

"I am not forgetting, Mr. Caldwell, that you always give me a handsome present every year and spend more

money on your family than any other man in the country—"

At this juncture a slight relaxation passed over the rigid countenance of the breathless one.

"But you know, Mr. Caldwell, that we will have no real Christmas this year. Laura and her children are abroad, and Jimmie, you know, wants to spend the holidays with his schoolmate in New Orleans, and Christmas will be no different from any other day, and if you would only let me take the two hundred dollars that you always spend on me at Christmas, and let me have some children here—"

"Let you indeed! Have all the children you want," he snorted; but a twinge of curiosity made him add "but where in the name of common sense are you going to get them?"

With such an easy victory Mrs. Caldwell was not to be ruffled by a few random explosives and, with a comfortable settling in her chair, the placid voice went on:

"Now, you know how often sister Lizzie and brother Henry have said they wished they could spend a Christmas in the city and they'd be only too glad to go and leave the children with us for one Christmas, and they could take what they'd spend on the children and the dinner and things and it wouldn't cost them

any extra—so there are three girls and a boy to begin with.”

Mrs. Caldwell had already planned it all over many times in her mind so she did not need to pause now to study.

“And there’s cousin Dave’s two motherless boys, they won’t have any too much Christmas, I reckon—and your sister Sallie’s boy off at a boardin’ school and no home to go to—he’d just love to come. And you know that little orphan boy John Hayden’s taken to raise—well, John’ll be wanting to go to the city and’ll be glad enough to have somebody to leave the boy with.”

“Well, is it to be all boys?” interrupted Mr. Caldwell. “You know I’m not specially fond of boys, and girls would be much quieter and less liable to break up the furniture and muddy up the carpets. You remember Dave broke the rocker on grandpa’s rocking chair when he was a boy and Dave’s boys are just like him.”

“Oh,” interposed Mrs. Caldwell, anxious to turn the tide from the favorite reef on which all projected entertainments stranded, “you remember how you used to like Lida James—Lida Moore that was?”

Yes, Mr. Caldwell remembered “Lida Moore that was—” a little more and she would have been Lida Caldwell.

“Well, Lida’s a widow now, you know, and she’s living in the city, clerking in at Swerdfiger’s, and her two little girls are just as much like Lida used to be as anything—they’ve got her dimples, and her same easy, quiet ways—and she does work so hard now, and it would be so nice to have them all out here to spend Christmas.”

Mr. Caldwell made no comment and Mrs. Caldwell went on:

“And then there’s Ann Spencer’s niece and nephew—Ann don’t believe in Christmas, you know, and never has any for them, but I guess she’ll let us give them one. So that’ll make an even dozen—six boys and six girls—and Lida.”

“Well, where on earth, I’d like to know, are you going to put all these thirteen people—thirteen people! Good-

ness gracious, Mrs. Caldwell, you surely would not invite thirteen guests?”

“Oh, we can make it fourteen, we can make it twenty,” enthusiastically exclaimed Mrs. Caldwell.

“Make it twenty indeed,” snarled Mr. Caldwell, “that’s not saying we can provide for that many.”

“But, indeed, we could, and we can ask Mr. Wadsworth over at The Willows—he lives all by himself and would enjoy seeing the children.”

“Oh, enjoy seeing the children would he? Maybe he would enjoy seeing Mrs. Caldwell; but do you think I am going to have an old lover of yours nosing around here at Christmas time?”

“He happened to be the first one I thought of and I only suggested him, Mr. Caldwell, to make up the fourteen.”

“Yes, he is first in your thoughts right often, I dare say.”

But for twenty years Mrs. Caldwell had considered jealousy one of the prime virtues in a husband and the placidity of her purposeful spirit was not to be disturbed. And with a happy turn she said:

“You have always wanted to have your lawyer out here; maybe his folks are away or maybe he hasn’t got any folks. You might ask him.”

This seemed to touch just the right spring, for the deep urbanity on the countenance of Mr. Caldwell was the reflection of an inward satisfaction at the thought of playing the host to the distinguished Mr. Curtis at a time when such lavish hospitality would be in evidence. But again the thought of the disposal of the guests disturbed his tranquility and he irritably exclaimed:

“But you can’t do it, you know you can’t; you’ve no place to put them.”

This, too, had long ago been figured out and the answer was forthcoming.

“Now, wait a minute; there’s the ‘big room’ up in the attic with the three double beds that’ll hold the boys easy, and there’s nothing up there for them to hurt, either; and Lida and her two girls can have the sitting room there—you know we always do sit here in the dining room; and that big lounge in there

opens out into the best double bed you ever slept on, and the youngest girl can sleep on the sofa and I can put a looking glass on that writing desk and turn it into a dresser. Then Lizzie's three girls and Ruby Spencer can have Laura's old room and two of them can sleep in the trundle bed that's under the big one. And of course Mr. Curtis can have Jimmie's room and I'll get out all his fine cushions and spread and things that the girls have given him and fix it up just fine."

Some features of this proposed affair bringing an agreeable train of thought, Mr. Caldwell at once became absorbed and forget to urge further objections, and when no objections were forthcoming it was a well settled fact that Mrs. Caldwell had won the day. There was little sleep for her that night; her mind was in as gay and happy a whirl as when, at eighteen, she had lain awake planning a party. It was only three weeks till Christmas and each turn of her mind brought new possibilities into view till she was fairly bewildered with the complexity of the scheme she

was evolving. But before morning she had a pretty definite plan mapped out, and her first move was to make some seemingly purposeless calls. But, while she discussed the new school teacher with Ann Spencer and the weather with cousin Dave, and while sister Lizzie poured into her ears a tale of domestic woe, the experienced and observant eye of Mrs. Caldwell was taking the dimensions of the children in the various households and when, a few days later, she went into the city, she had her memoranda all carefully itemized with measurements and quantities.

Going first to the store where Mrs. James was employed she took only enough of the saleswoman's time to ask her to lunch with her at noon in the big restaurant on the fourth floor, adding that she had a great secret to tell her. At 12 o'clock, when Mrs. James reached the table agreed upon, the waitress was already arranging a tempting array of dishes and Mrs. Caldwell began apologetically; "Lida, I knew so well what you used to like I didn't wait for you to order, as we have so little time and I'm going to do the talking and you the eating, and I can take all afternoon to finish my lunch, if necessary."

Then she began to unfold her plan of celebrating the holidays and of how Lida was to come out and they were to fill the stockings together and of how many things she was going to buy now that she was in St. Louis, and how she wished Lida could get off to shop with her, and what an exquisitely happy time they were all going to have.

"And do you know," she concluded, "even Mr. Caldwell is all excited

over it, only he won't let on!"

Mrs. Caldwell had expected to do all her purchasing in one afternoon but she soon saw she must make another day of it and then she would have the evening to talk it all over again with Lida, and that was the best part of it all, for Lida was a sympathetic and an enthusiastic listener.

Mrs. Caldwell had bought forty-eight pairs of stockings of various sizes—four pairs apiece for them would be enough, she said—several dozen handkerchiefs, with ribbons for the girls and ties for the boys. With great care she



There Were Dolls for the Girls.

had selected six beautiful undressed dolls and purchased bright colored materials to array them in, then six work-boxes all filled with thin-blades, scissors and thread were added, and to offset this lavish expenditure for the girls, she invested in balls, knives and skates for the boys. Then came the candies, nuts and fruit and, counting up, she found she had only spent seventy-two dollars—and the stores were closing.

The evening was spent in Lida's small, meagerly furnished rooms and, after the children were put to bed, the two women passed delightful hours inspecting the purchases and talking over their plans. Mrs. Caldwell gathered some useful suggestions from her city friend as to the prevailing styles and remembered them to good advantage the next day when she selected the material for a dress and a ready-made cloak for each little girl and a suit and overcoat for each boy. Then, passing a bargain counter where remnants of bright ribbons were going for a song, she purchased enough to trim six hats, having already seen some children's felt flats at another sale, to which she hurried back and made selections. Going to the waiting room now and getting out her pencil, she figured that, having spent four dollars apiece for the boys' suits and five dollars each for their overcoats, with fifteen dollars for the materials for the girls' dresses and five dollars each for their cloaks, she had spent ninety-nine dollars the ribbons and hats bringing the day's expenditures up to one hundred and five dollars; so with the seventy-two dollars spent the day before she had just twenty-three dollars left for incidentals. When she got back home two dollars of this were laid aside for "Uncle" John Broady, who was to get the Christmas tree, and three dollars for Sarah Talbott, who was to trim the six hats, and two dollars and a half for Mollie Jones, who had already been engaged to embroider an initial in a couple of dozen handkerchiefs, and fifteen dollars for the widow Porter, who was glad of the opportunity to make the dresses; then, having apportioned out the work and paid for it in advance so

that her helpers might have their Christmas money, Mrs. Caldwell began, with the aid of Jane, the cook, to set her house in order, and to prepare for the lavish baking and roasting that were to come.

Four days before Christmas found the cakes, the pies, the yeast bread, all stored in the pantry, the fat turkeys were scarce able to waddle in the coop and the cranberry jelly was all aquiver with excitement. Barrels of apples and sweet potatoes were near to bursting in the cellar, and the smell of mince and drying sage pervaded the realms of the kitchen. Jam pots and pickle jars had been opened and their contents inspected, and all was now in readiness for the guests.

With anxious eyes Mrs. Caldwell scanned the skies from which she hoped abundant contribution to her Christmas entertainment, but on Monday morning all was clear and bright and Christmas came on Thursday; she was beginning to fear that part of her program would have to be given up. But just before sundown that day great gray boulders of clouds rolled up from the northwest and lay like bales of cotton stacked above the horizon and before the dawn the wind had torn the gray wrappings off and the white cloud-cotton filled the air.

Holly wreaths gleamed from the windows now and mistletoe hung from the chandeliers. The huge pine Christmas tree was safely sheltered in the barn, and its glittering trappings and tinsel ornaments, with the gaily colored candles, were all waiting.

Wednesday morning the snow was still falling and a jingling sleigh was heard coming merrily down the road.

"Here's Lizzie and Henry and the children," shouted Mr. Caldwell at the front door, "and Lizzie won't get out; they're on their way to the station;" and four woolly bundles, with bright turbaned heads, rolled out in the snow and bounded up the steps, while the sleigh slid noiselessly off and the children stood in the door and waved their mittened hands.

"Oh, Aunt Sarah, we must take off our rubbers and coats before we come

in," said careful Mary, "and mamma says I'm to help you receive—won't that be just lovely?"

"And when are the others coming?" inquired the ten-year old Robert.

"Why, the sleigh is to wait for the 10 o'clock train from St. Louis and John will bring back Mrs. James and her two little girls."

"Aw, I ain't talkin' about girls; when will the boys be here?" he demanded.

"Oh, soon enough," replied Mr. Caldwell, in a gruff but kindly voice. "I'm going now to your cousin Dave's for his two youngsters and John Hayden has promised to bring his urchin over on the horse and—Sarah, how are the little Spencers to get here?"

"Why, I thought you were going to bring them," replied Mrs. Caldwell.

"I can't carry them all in the buggy," he said.

"Well, take the two-seated then—"

"Oh, oh, Uncle James, take your sleigh, it's got three seats, and let me go along," interrupted Robert.

"Maybe that wouldn't be a bad idea," said Mr. Caldwell, beginning to imbibe the Christmas spirit and secretly longing for a lark. So the two roan mares were hitched to the sleigh and soon Robert and his uncle were gliding away over the smooth roads. When they reached Mrs. Spencer's Ruby and Howard were ready

and, after their satchels were stored under the front seat and Robert had given up his place beside his uncle to Ruby, who was a favorite of Mr. Caldwell's, they drove gaily on, the children chatting and keeping time to the ceaseless accompaniment of the sleigh-bells.

A mile or so more brought them to David Saunders' place where two expectant faces had been pressed against

the pane for an hour or more, eagerly watching for the conveyance which was to take them to Aunt Sarah's. The two boys and their bulky baggage were soon piled in, cousin Dave was invited over to eat Christmas dinner, and the merry party started for home. The four boys were bubbling over with plots and plans and each began at once to unfold his scheme of enjoyment.

"I've got a sled under the seat there," whispered little Dave.

"And we're going to make a snow man," exclaimed Robert, "and the pond behind the barn is all frozen over and if we only had skates—"

"Oh, there comes another sleigh," shouted Ruby, who kept looking back to see what the boys were doing; "and there's two little girls and a lady and a boy in it.

"Yes, they are some more of our party," said Mr. Caldwell, "and we'll all get there together."

Greetings were shouted back and soon the big white house was in view, the front door opened and Aunt Sarah, in a gray silk, and Mary, in a bright red dress; stood ready to welcome them; two

bright spots were seen fluttering excitedly at a window before the arriving party could make out the beaming faces of Margy and Nell, and what a tramping of feet and mingling of laughter, and greetings and excited exclamations, as they all stamped up on the porch; Mrs. Caldwell gave each one a kiss and bade them a hearty welcome. Arthur Craig, Mr. Caldwell's nephew, had come on the same



Mr. Curtis Makes a Resolve.

train with Mrs. James and it was he Ruby had seen in the sleigh. Mr. Hayden, on a big black horse, soon rode up and left Sammy Burns.

Then, after a few tousled heads were brushed, they found a steaming dinner waiting for them in the big dining room. Waffles and fried chicken and custard were not things any of them had every day, and if there was such a jolly good dinner to-day, they thought, what would it be like to-morrow—and they congratulated themselves that the festivities had begun so early.

In the afternoon the boys went to make their snow man and the girls were given a bag of popcorn and a popper apiece and left to amuse themselves at the big old-fashioned fireplace in the kitchen while Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. James went upstairs to the room where the presents were stored and kept under lock and key.

"Now, Lida, we'll just sort them and see how to portion them out. for it won't be a bit of fun to fill the stockings now," said Mrs. Caldwell; "but," she added, "there's such an awful lot to do that we'll have to get those children to bed early."

The things were all laid out in piles, hooks and strings were found, a few colored tarlatan bags not yet done were finished and then the two women went down where the children had all congregated and were having a noisy, happy time munching popcorn and cracking nuts on the broad hearth. It was scarcely dark when they were given a supper of bread and milk and were put to bed and then the preparations began in earnest. "Uncle" John dragged in the big Christmas tree and helped to make it firm to the platform prepared for it in the dining room, the dining table was reduced to its lowest terms, and then the women began to drape the festoons of tinsel fringe and place the gilt stars and globes, and the candles were hooked on the boughs at regular intervals. The balls, skates, dolls and work-boxes were tied on and then began the stocking filling. In the toe of each stocking was put a big orange, then followed nuts and

a bag of candy. The handkerchiefs, wrapped in bright tissue, came next and then a big red apple and the girls' ribbons and the boys' ties in fancy boxes, came next, and lastly, a small box of candy with a holly sprig on top. The stockings were then all hung on the tree.

And just as they were finishing, with tired arms and flushed faces, the sound of wheels was heard and Mrs. Caldwell left Lida to arrange the dresses, cloaks, suits, on two clothes trees brought in for the purpose, while she went to the door. On account of a dinner engagement Mr. Curtis had to come out on a late train and Mr. Caldwell had driven over to meet him. The two men were cold and red-faced from the chill air.

"Just come right in to the fire; we're so glad you could come, Mr. Curtis," cordially exclaimed Mrs. Caldwell, as she shook his hand.

"Oh, I haven't had anything like this for twenty-five years—and you know I was brought up on a farm, and it was so good of you to ask me," enthusiastically replied Mr. Curtis.

"I just told Mr. Caldwell maybe your folks was away and you'd like a quiet time for a change—"

"Quiet time indeed," interrupted Mr. Caldwell, "you just wait till you hear those youngsters in the morning."

"Well, it will certainly be delightful," said Mr. Curtis, "and, Mrs. Caldwell, I haven't any folks—no little folks of my own and my sister's family are away, and I should have been quite lonely indeed."

Leading the way to the dining room, Mrs. Caldwell threw the door open and stood to note the effect on the men. The glittering, gaily bedecked tree, with its burden of presents, was in full view and the great fireplace, with its blazing logs, threw out a mellow light that touched everything with an enchanted glow, and sweet-faced, happy, blue-eyed Lida, gazing dreamily into the fire, seemed to Mr. Curtis part of the Christmas picture and it all went straight to his heart.

While Mr. Caldwell presented Mr.

Curtis, Mrs. Caldwell hastened to make a pot of tea and soon the four sat down to a dainty supper which had been waiting for them. Then, leaving instructions with Jane to have the fires made before five, they hurried off to their rooms to snatch some sleep before the excitement of the morning.

So soundly wrapt in dreams was the household that no one stirred as "Uncle" John, noiseless from long practice, slipped into the rooms and stirred the coals and heaped on fresh wood, and then, standing on the hearth in Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell's room, he exclaimed:

"Hi, Marse Jeems, Christmas gif!"

And then the whole house awoke at once and there was a jumping into dressing gowns and slippers, while the children had to wrestle unaided with shoes and numerous buttons. But the four grown people had barely time to run down, light the candles and hide themselves in the big glass-doored pantry, till there was a wild confusion of sounds and a scampering of feet on the stairs and a rush for the dining room door; but, so beautiful was the tree with its twinkling lights and glistening trimmings that they were all breathless for a moment and the little girls' hands were clasped in ecstasy and the boys expressed their satisfaction by thrusting their hands deep into their trousers pockets; and they stood silent, gazing in rapt admiration, till little Dave broke the spell with:

"Gee, ain't it bully!"

There was a laugh from the closet, then the hiding place was discovered and Mrs. Caldwell had to come out and distribute the stockings and other presents, and the clothing. The girls at once ran into the hall, where there was a mirror, to try on their hats and cloaks, and the boys shouted with delight at each new pocket they found in their coats.

There were a dress and big box of candy and fruits for Jane and a similar box for "Uncle" John, with warm gloves and socks and comforter.

But the greatest surprise of all was to come. Mr. Caldwell had kept his secret well. It was he who had gone for the mails, and notwithstanding Mrs. Caldwell's anxiety at not hearing from

Laura and Jimmie, he had secreted their letters and presents in the barn, together with his own contributions—a set of furs for his wife, a gold-headed cane for Mr. Curtis and a beautiful umbrella for Lida. "And I bought 'em all the day Sarah was in town," he chuckled, "and if she hadn't had her eyes glued to a bargain counter she would have caught me looking at those furs."

And everybody was happy and the boys could scarcely wait till breakfast was over to try their skates.

Then came the preparations for the dinner, and such a dinner it was! Mr. Caldwell at one end of the table carving a big turkey and Mr. Curtis at the other end trying to dissect as scientifically another bird of the same size, while Mrs. Caldwell and Lida piled the children's plates with good things. Dinner was half over when Mr. Caldwell laid down his fork and exclaimed:

"Bless my soul, Dave promised to come over to-day and I'd forgotten all about it."

"Well, why didn't you tell me and I would have waited dinner," said Mrs. Caldwell.

"Oh, I suppose he's got to reading and forgot about it," replied Mr. Caldwell.

But Mrs. James, glancing out the window, said:

"There's some one driving in now."

"It's Dave," said Mr. Caldwell, "and he's got Ann Spencer with him and I'll bet forty dollars they're married."

And, forgetting in his excitement that he was host, he jumped up from the table and ran to the door to meet them.

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" he cried, "you're the people that don't believe in celebrating Christmas? You needn't tell me," he blustered as Mr. Saunders tried to introduce his bride, "I know it already; come right in, we're waiting dinner on you;" and before they could take off their wraps Mrs. Caldwell had spread a small table and Lida had sprinkled it with holly and mistletoe while the other guests waited in excited expectancy for the bride and groom to enter. Then the dinner went merrily on and it was the cheer and the chatter and the homeful spirit of it all, together with the happy

light on the face of the groom, that caused Mr. Curtis to make a Christmas resolve and a New Year's plan. At the taffy-pulling next day he was as delighted as any of the children and on the sleighing party on Saturday he managed to sit beside Mrs. James and hold little Alice, and when the time came for the house party to break up they were all sure there had never been so happy a time before.

But not until long afterwards did Mrs. Caldwell realize how many institutions had been founded by her Christmas entertainment. It was acknowledged by cousin Dave that if he hadn't been left in solitude on Christmas day he never would have gotten up courage to propose to Ann Spencer; and the tastefully trimmed hats taught Sarah Talbott her aptitude for the work, and soon the village boasted a millinery store; and when Arthur Craig took his embroidered handker-

chief back to school he set the style and every other boy wanted one, so Mollie Jones was kept busy with her needle.

But the greatest good of all, thought the little Jameses, had come to them. After that one first gala week in their lives Christmas never really seemed to end. Mamma kept getting the most delicious boxes of candy from somewhere and flowers—Oh, such flowers as they had never seen before except in the florists' windows; and one Sunday there was a drive in the park and then more drives, and very soon mamma told them they were all to go and live in a beautiful house and she would not have to work any more. And thus Mr. Curtis' Christmas resolve was carried out.

And the Christmas gathering at the Caldwell house became an annual affair and from that institution there dated so much happiness that Mrs. Caldwell's heart was never hungry again!



THE MOVEMENT FOR WORLD PEACE

By JOHN L. COWAN



IT is an unwelcome thought that the National Congress now spends more time discussing ways and means of preparation for war than it spends in the consideration of any of the great social and industrial questions that so urgently confront the American people. With expenditures for the army and navy and for coast defenses increasing annually, it is hard for us to feel that we as a nation are contributing our share towards the realization of the world's ideal of universal peace. Nevertheless, the peace idea is permeating all classes of the people to-day to a greater extent than ever before. The Spanish-American war, the Boer war, the Philippine insurrection, Younghusband's bloody expedition to Lhasa, and the great conflict that has so recently closed in the Orient have all contributed to this result, bringing the civilized world to a realization of the wastefulness, destructiveness and utter uselessness of war. Never before in modern times were human beings so wantonly slaughtered as at Port Arthur, Shako, Liao Yang and Mukden. No wonder that humanity sickens at contemplating the spectacle, and that men ask themselves if it is indeed necessary that such things should be.

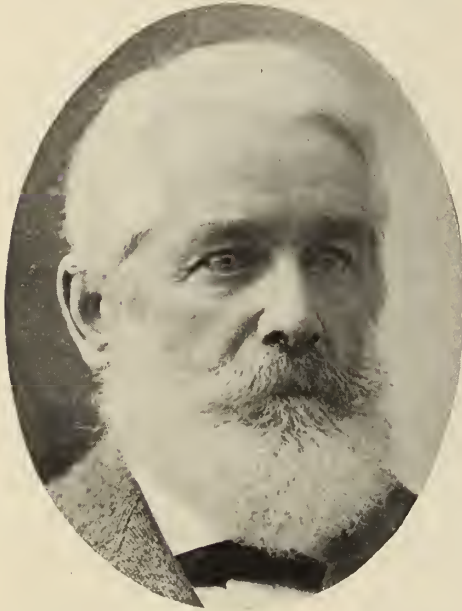
Every impetus towards the era of universal peace has come as a direct consequence of war. May we not, therefore, hope that the wars of the past decade may prove but another link in the endless chain of hardship, deprivation and suffering that is slowly lifting the human race upward? The peace movement had its beginning as a reaction from the cost and carnage of the Napoleonic wars. The New York Peace Society—the first in the world—was organized in August, 1815, just two months after the battle of Waterloo. Four months later the Ohio Peace Society, the second in the world, was formed; and a week or two later

the Massachusetts Peace Society, out of which grew the present American Peace Society, held its first session. The first Peace Organization in Europe was the English Peace Society, formed in London, June 14, 1816, on the first anniversary of Waterloo. It will, therefore, be seen that in the inauguration of the peace movement America led the world by almost a year's time.

Forty years of international peace followed the battle of Waterloo, and throughout this period the peace idea grew with a rapidity that caused many to hope that the last great war between nations had been fought. Beginning in 1848 annual peace congresses were held, largely owing to the influence of an American—Elihu Burritt, the "learned blacksmith." He was the most energetic and conspicuous worker in the series of international congresses held successively at Brussels, Paris, Frankfort and London. This series was interrupted by the Crimean war in 1852; the American Civil war, 1861-1865; the war between Austria and Prussia, 1866; and the Franco-Prussian war in 1870; but the congresses have now been held every year for the past fifteen years. Burritt's efforts were along clean-cut and definite lines. While most of the delegates bewailed the horrors of war, and lamented its burdens and its cost, he proposed the remedy. His plan was constructive and practical—the settlement of disputes between nations by means of a "permanent international tribunal." These words sound very familiar now, but Burritt so far as known, was the first man in the world to advance and put in practical form the proposition for such a tribunal; and the delegates from this country supported him so loyally and so ably in the advocacy of this idea that it became known as the "American plan." It is, therefore, plain that the idea of the Hague Tribunal was not original with the Czar of Russia. It was the plea of

the American peace delegates thirty years before Nicholas II was born.

Few persons have any idea of the ex-

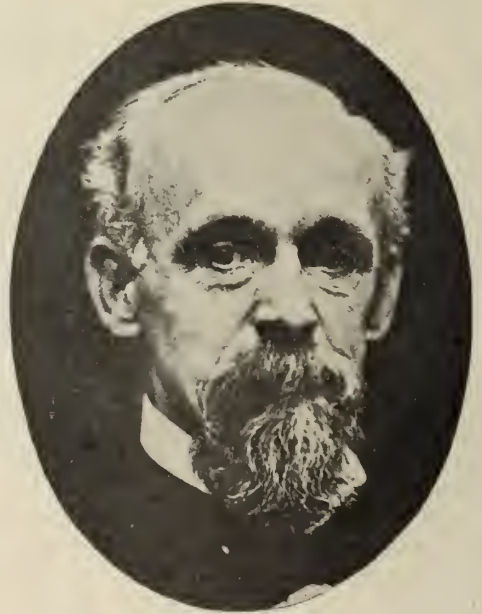


The late Edward Atkinson, Boston, Mass., one of the best known peace advocates.

tent to which the advocates of international peace are organized. In Germany there are seventy-five active peace societies, in Denmark seventy-three, in Great Britain fourteen, and in France more than two hundred organizations are affiliated with the peace movement. Norway and Sweden are thoroughly organized, and it is not claiming too much to say that these organizations have done much to keep the revolution that so recently took place there from being stained with blood. Every country in Europe, save Russia and Turkey, is represented in the Interparliamentary Union; and has within its boundaries from one to several score of active peace organizations. Even in turbulent South America the peace propaganda has made headway, Chili, Bolivia, Uruguay, Argentina and Brazil having active and influential organizations.

On October 31, 1888, thirty members of the French Chamber of Deputies and ten members of the British Parliament met in a small hotel in Paris and formed

an organization that they called the Interparliamentary Union. It was ridiculed from one end of Europe to the other and was held up to public derision as an organization of "dove fanciers." In less than ten years this despised organization included delegates from every country in Europe that had a constitutional form of government. Russia and Turkey are not entitled to participate in its deliberations, but the Czar sent an official representative to the meeting at Buda Pesth in 1896. His report to the Czar caused that sovereign to issue his invitation in 1898, which resulted in the establishment of The Hague Court of Arbitration. As the name implies, the Interparliamentary Union is composed entirely of members of legislative bodies of countries having a constitutional form of government. At its meeting in Vienna in 1903 more than 600 delegates were present, and almost as many attended its sessions in St. Louis in 1904. The United States entered the Union in 1903, and is now represented by a delegation of more than one hun-



Dr. John A. Brashear of Allegheny, Pa., a well known peace advocate.

dred members of the Senate and House of Representatives. It is probably the most influential international organiza-

tion of any kind in the world. It is credited with having prevented the famous "Fashoda incident" from developing into a war between France and England; with bringing about the negotiation and ratification of the arbitration treaty between those two countries; and with having done more for the cause of arbitration than any other single influence.

Next to the Interparliamentary Union in influence and importance is the International Peace Congress, composed of representatives of the various independent peace societies of all parts of the world. The first congress was held in London in 1843. In 1904, it met in Boston, and last September its session was held in the city of Lucerne, Switzerland.

However, as it was in America that the peace movement began and that it received its first great impetus towards practical results, it is but natural that we feel the greatest interest in strictly American organizations. There are now in this country twenty-one active peace organizations, composed not of dreamers

ship lists the greatest names of the pulpit, the bar, in education, in statesmanship, in finance and in business; the men



Prof. Samuel Black McCormick, Vice-President Pittsburg peace society.

who do the world's work, who have their hands on the throttle of the great industrial machine, who pay the taxes that are swallowed up in war or in unending preparations for war.

The great friend and ally of these peace organizations is the public press. It is upon the newspapers and magazines, and more particularly upon the religious press, that reliance must be placed for the upbuilding of an enlightened and Christian public sentiment that will compel politicians and statesmen to seek and find a peaceful solution of all difficulties. The demand is not for "Peace at any price," but for "Peace with justice." There never yet was a war in which one side was not in the wrong—and might never yet determined the right.

War is a survival of a stage in the evolution of society that has long since been passed. Just as we find in many animals organs, or the rudiments of organs, that are no longer useful, so do we find in society customs and superstitions that no longer have any excuse for their continued existence. War is one of these—as



Rabbi J. Leonard Levy, President Pittsburg peace society.

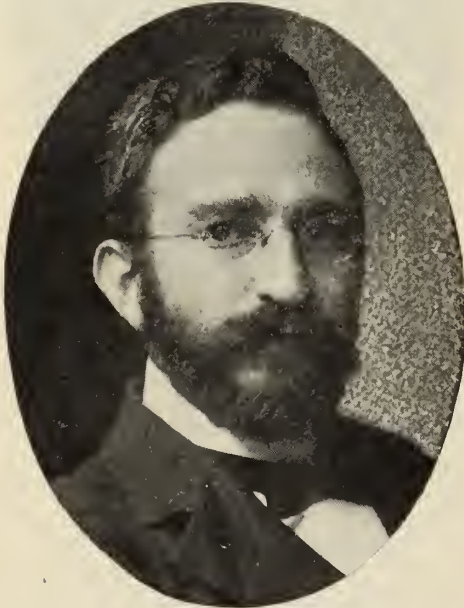
and fanatics, but of the leaders of thought and action in their respective localities. They include in their member-

unreasonable as the belief in ghosts or witchcraft. Disputes between nations could and ought to be settled in the same way as disputes between individuals. Our Courts of law are an outgrowth of organized society, to do away with brutal contests between man and man. It ought not to be difficult to carry the organization a little farther. An international tribunal to settle contests between nations would be no more than an extension of existing institutions.

To bring this to pass the peace advocates seek to arouse the interest and en-

mon interests, common hopes and common ideals should inspire co-operation, not conflict.

The question of peace or war is pre-eminently a question for women. It is they that have the most at stake. While husbands, sons and fathers are off in the wars, they must stay at home and work and weep. It is they that feel the pinch of want and poverty, and suffer long seasons of doubt and uncertainty that are worse even than the realization of their fears. It is an industrial question—for the expense of war, of the army and navy and the tremendous military establish-



Henry Berkowitz, D. D., of Philadelphia, a prominent peace advocate.



Samuel P. Butler, Secretary Cincinnati peace society.

list the sympathy of the people—the plain people, whose sons are slaughtered, who pay the taxes, who bear the brunt of war and supply the wherewith for the support of armies and navies and the building of forts and arsenals. They seek to spread the spirit of internationalism—a realization of the fact that racial distinctions are more or less superficial, and international boundary lines wholly arbitrary; that men are all children of the same Father; that humanity is all tending towards the same goal, and that com-

ments of the twentieth century falls upon all classes, and adds to the cost of living of every individual, whether he labors on the farm, in the shop, down in the mine, behind a counter, or in the pulpit. It is a moral question, for the battlefield never can decide the issue between right and wrong. But more than all it is a religious question, for every believer in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, whatever his creed or dogmas, must feel in his heart that war is fratricide.

FROM AN OLD SCRAP BOOK

By HUGO ERICHSEN



IT is curious how chance impelled me to attend an auction sale on that memorable morning and wafted an English collection of poetry, that was made in the first third of the past century, into my hands. Idly passing the house, I was attracted—perhaps drawn in would be more pertinent—by the ancient red rag that stands for ruin not only in the sense of anarchy. I seldom get away from these sales without paying tribute, but remember occasions when articles of vertu got away from me by an indecision that was deeply deplored long after. Well do I remember the time when I might have bought an elegant moose-head for \$13.00 by a mere nod of the head, but didn't, or that other occasion on which I might have acquired a set of polished Buffalo horns for \$1.50 but abstained because I could not make up my mind whether I really wanted them or not. Thus opportunities that never recur slip by and only regret remains.

But in the matter of the poetry I scored. It seemed almost like sacrilege to acquire a collection of printed verse that reflected the sentiment of a man—or was it a woman—who had long departed this life and was, mayhap forgotten. A musty odor of a bygone age seemed to arise from the yellowed pages as I slowly turned them one by one. Like the period, to which it pertained, the sentiment of the poetry was rather exaggerated, not to say melodramatic. A stirring ballad, modestly signed by the author in initials (H. G. B.) conveys as true a delineation of the days when knighthood was in flower as any portly volume ever writ by man and is vastly more interesting. Entitled "The Scarf of Gold and Blue," it rings true to the spirit of chivalry:

"God speed thee, Eustace D'Argencourt—be brave as thou art true,
And wear the scarf I've woven for thee—this scarf of gold and blue!"
He bent his knee, he kissed her hand, and fervently he swore,—
That till his sword had lost its might, till life's last pulse was o'er
That scarf should never leave his arm, in tournament or fight;
That scarf should be his scarf by day, his dream of joy by night.
Then bounded he upon his steed, and with one parting glance,
Forth rode Sir Eustace D'Argencourt—the bravest knight in France!

Scarce had he ridden one short week—one short week and a day—
When he saw twelve Spanish knights approach, all bent to cross his way;
And his squire said to his master bold, "I pray thee turn thy steed,
For little hope is left us now, save in our coursers speed."
"How!—think'st thou, crave-hearted squire," Sir D'Argencourt replied,
"That from the lance of mortal foe I e'er have turned aside!
Twelve Spaniards are there in the field and we are only two,
But wear I not my lady's scarf—her scarf of gold and blue!"

Then up rode Don Pedrillo, and tauntingly spake he,—
"I envy thee thy fortune, knight, whate'er thy name may be,
For if thou'rt slain by my right hand, a happy death thou'lt die."
Sir Eustace placed his lance in rest, but deigned him no reply;
As thunder rides the lightning's wings, so rode he his good steed,
And soon beneath his charger's feet he saw Pedrillo bleed.
Then up came Garcia Perez—Don Carlos by his side—
"O! dearly shalt thou rue Sir Knight, thy self-deceiving pride!"

Sir Eustace stroked his gallant barb, and with a sudden bound
 Hurl'd Garcia Perez from his seat, sore mangled on the ground!
 Then turning to Don Carlos, like a lion in his wrath,
 He stretched him with one desperate blow all stiff across the path.
 Nine Spaniards still remained behind but motionless they stood
 And looked with silent wonder on that young knight's hardihood!
 "Come one—come all!" Sir Eustace cried, "I neither yield nor fly,
 But for the Lady Isabel or you or I must die."

Then the Count Alcaras recognized Sir Eustace D'Argencourt,
 His favored rival in the love of Isabel D'Etours;
 And on he urged his dastard friends, and as a cloud they came—
 "Base traitors!" shouted D'Argencourt, how can you fight, for shame?
 Such odds were never seen before—nine armed men 'gainst one!
 God guard thee, Lady Isabel—my race of life is run!"
 Yet fiercely did Sir Eustace fight, and fast flowed Spanish gore;
 Till the Count Alcaras came behind—he dared not come before—
 And stabbed the brave knight in the back—a false, dishonest blow!
 Sir Eustace turned him round, and fixed one long gaze on his foe,
 Then feeble fell his gallant arm, and clouds swam round his head
 And the Spaniards raised a joyful shout, for they thought Sir Eustace
 dead,

They bound his arms behind his back, they tied him to a tree!
 And beside him stuck his broken lance, in graceless mockery;
 "And now, Sir Knight," Alcaras cried, "I'll wear this gew-gaw, too,—
 Methinks I guess who wore this scarf—this scarf of gold and blue.
 Away! my friends, there's little breath in proud Sir D'Argencourt;
 Away! my friends, I'll win her yet—fair Isabel D'Etours!"
 Bright shines the sun upon the waves—the waves of blue Garonne
 But brighter shine those diamond eyes in the lists at Roussilon;
 And trumpets bray, and banners stream, and chargers gallop round,
 And noble hearts beat quick for praise, with many an aching bound!—
 But who is she who wins all looks—for whom all ride the ring—
 To gain a smile of whose dark eye were glory for a king?
 Ha! did you mark that sudden blush—that deadly paleness then—
 See you the knight on whom is fixed so eagerly her ken?
 "It is the Count Alcaras," for his Spanish crest she knew,
 "But why wears he that plighted scarf—that scarf of gold and blue?"
 "I took it lady," boastingly, the crafty Spaniard said,
 "From one I forced to yield beneath my more victorious blade!
 He gave it me with right good will, his life was all he sought,
 Too cheaply with the coward's death so rich a prize I bought."
 "Now, by St. Louis, braggart base!" fair Isabel replied,
 "I tell thee in thy craven teeth, that loudly thou hast lied!"
 Then bared she straight her snow-white hand, and down she threw her
 glove,

"Oh! is there any knight who here, for honor or for love,
 Will make the Count Alcaras his unhallowed falsehood rue,
 And win me back that well-known scarf—that scarf of gold and blue?"
 A hundred swords leaped forth at once to do her proud behest,
 A hundred lords were at her feet, a hundred spears at rest;
 But she has singled from them all that solitary knight,
 Who wears his coal-black vizor down, nor yet has proved his right.
 The heralds sound the onset and they meet with deadly shock!—



"God speed thee, Eustace D'Argencourt."

The Count has fallen from his horse,—the knight sits as a rock!—
 But when he saw Alcaras down, he staid not on his steed,
 And when he saw Alcaras lance was shivered as a reed,
 Away, without one word, the knight that instant cast his own!—
 And forth he drew his glittering sword, that as a sunbeam shone,
 With one fierce blow he cleft the casque the Spaniard proudly wore
 And with the next struck off the arm on which the scarf he bore!
 Then thrice he kissed that well-worn scarf—that scarf of gold and blue
 And raised his vizor as he knelt to her he found so true;
 O! dearly was that scarf beloved by Sir Eustace D'Argencourt,
 But dearer far the prize he won in Isabel D'Etours.

Even a superficial glance over the poems that crowd each other upon these pages shows that the embalmer of some of those poetic wraiths must have been an admirer of the Titan that once moved the world. The following ode, from the poetical album, to "Napoleon Moribundus" is an evidence of this:

Yes! bury me deep in the infinite sea,
 Let my heart have a limitless grave;
 For my spirit in life was as fierce and free
 As the course of the tempest wave.

As far from the stretch of all earthly control,
 Were the fathomless depths of my mind;
 And the ebbs and flows of my single soul
 Were as tides to the rest of mankind.

Then my briny pall shall engirdle the world,
 As in life did the voice of my fame,
 And each mutinous billow that's sky-ward curled,
 Shall seem to reach my name!

That name shall be storied in records sublime
 In the uttermost corners of earth—
 Now breathed as a curse, now a spell-word sublime,
 In the glorified land of my birth.

My airy form on some lofty mast,
 In fire fraught clouds shall appear,
 And mix with the shriek of the hurricane blasts,
 My voice to the fancy of fear.

Yes! plunge my dark heart in the infinite sea,
 It would burst from a narrower tomb,
 Shall less than an ocean his sepulchre be,
 Whose mandate to millions was doom?

An extract from an early number of Blackwood's which is taken from the volume and which is anonymous, may serve as an example of the love-poetry that was current in England at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The fact that the collection largely consists of verses pertaining to love does not necessarily argue that its originator was a Don Juan, as it was fashionable at that

Byronic period to profess sentiments one did not really entertain. The poem appropriately named "Forget Me Not" is rather extravagant, in its exuberance;

Forget Thee?—then hath beauty lost her charms
 To captivate and tenderness grown cold,
 As the perennial snows of mountains old:
 And hope forsook her throne, and love his arms.
 At morn—thou art mine earliest thought—at night
 Sweet dreams of thee across my soul are driven,
 Almost thou comest between my heart and heaven,
 With thy rich voice and floating eyes of light.
 Forget thee? Hast thou then a doubt of me,
 To whom thou art like sunshine to the Spring
 Forget thee?—Never! Let the April tree
 Forget to bud—Autumn ripe fruits to bring—
 The clouds to fertilize—the birds to sing—
 But never while it beats, this bosom thee!!!

Here and there throughout the anthology, like veins of gold running through quartz, are gleams of humor, beginning with "Bubble and Squeak," which originally appeared in the Athenaeum:

Tho' thy lip no more is beautiful, no longer bright thine eye—
 I'll thank thee for a little piece of that hot apple pie;
 And tho' thy cheek has lost its hue, by years and sorrow chased,
 Yet, dearest! yet—I'll trouble thee for one more bit of paste.
 What tho' thy step is dulled and slow—come take a glass of wine;
 A thousand charms are left thee still—these plums are very fine!
 Thy heart, dear girl, is still unchanged, still warm is my esteem—
 And love and joy shall still be ours—do taste this clouted cream.
 Ah! birds may sing, and maids believe—some butter if you please,
 That flow'rd forever—won't you take some porter with your cheese?
 But trust me, dearest, youth will fade—this Gloster's rather stale,
 But love can feel no change, dear Jane—one other glass of ale!
 Yes! Hope revives, and tho' we've past—the Stilton's very nice.
 Thro' life's drear pathways, thorn bestrown—I'll take a single slice,
 Linked hand in hand, thro' life we'll go—I fear you're rather cold,
 Loving and loved, and lovely still—this port is very old.

That our friend was no lover of the numerous beaux of his generation would appear from the following:

A coxcomb, a fop
 A dainty milk-sop
 All essenced and dizeded
 From bottom to top,
 Who looks just like a doll from a milliner's shop;
 A thing full of prate,
 All pride and conceit;
 All fashion, no weight,
 Who shrugs and takes snuff,
 A minnikin, finnikin,
 Finnikin, minnikin,
 French powder and puff.

An anacreontic in a livelier strain, is as notable for its philosophic reflection as for the enjoyment of existence to which it gives utterance:

Pass the bottle round
 Joy should have no measure—
 Life with love was crowned,
 And wine was made for pleasure!
 Stoics still may deem,
 The smile of bliss deluding,
 But who that never knew its beam,
 Could call that beam intruding;
 Pass the bottle round, etc., etc.

Who would bear the noise
 Of life without its blessing?
 What are all its joys,
 Without those joys possessing?
 Stoics still may say,
 That pleasure comes with sorrow,
 But who that sees the sun to-day?
 Will fear the clouds to-morrow?
 Pass the bottle round, etc., etc.

A number of smaller humorous poems beginning with the following "Conjectures," from Fraser's Magazine, are presented herewith, without comment:

A horse with his nose in a bag,
 Is probably thinking of corn;
 A vestment reduced to a rag,
 Is likely enough T' been worn;
 A sceptic who boggles at doubts,
 May silently swallow a sin;
 And, in politics, they who are "outs,"
 May possibly wish to get in.

A lady, when dressing for church,
 May, perhaps have a thought of this earth;
 A lover, when left in the lurch,
 With maudlin may bother your mirth;
 A lawyer, who frowns for a fee,
 May be moved by some deeper pretence;
 And a man, who is hanging, can be
 In a state of most painful suspense,

An Epigram by Mr. Swete

"To my lord, exclaims Roscius, whilst sipping his glass,
 "No claret did ever your lordship's surpass."—
 "Eh, Garrick! 'tis true; and I speak within bounds,
 When I say 'twas a gift for a couple of hounds!"—
 "Ah! could I, my lord, such a kennel but keep,
 Then my claret I'd quaff, as your lordship—dog—cheap."

On a Mr. Peck

Here lies a Peck, which some men say
 Was first of all a Peck of clay;
 This wrought with skill divine, while fresh
 Became a curious Peck of flesh;—
 Through various forms its maker ran,
 Then adding breath, made Peck a man;
 Full fifty years Peck felt life's bubbles,
 Till death relieved a Peck of troubles;
 Then fell poor Peck, as all things must,
 And here he lies—a Peck of dust.

If in conclusion, I introduce a poem that is deeply expressive of the tender sentiment of home that has always been associated with the Anglo-Saxon. I am sure I will not only be forgiven but earn the sincere gratitude of the reader.

Let others seek for empty joys,
 At ball, or concert, rout, or play;
 Whilst, far from fashion's idle noise,
 Her gilded domes, and trappings gay,
 I while the wintry eve away,—
 'Twixt book and lute, the hours divide;
 And marvel how I e'er could stray
 From thee—my own fire-side.

My own fire-side! those simple words
 Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
 Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
 And fill with tears of joy my eyes;
 What is there my wild heart can prize
 That doth not in thy sphere abide,
 Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
 My own—my own fire-side.

A gentle form is near me now;
 A small, white hand is clasped in mine;
 I gaze upon her placid brow,
 And ask what joys can equal thine!
 A babe whose beauty's half divine
 In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;—
 Where may love seek a fitter shrine,
 Than thou—my own fire-side.

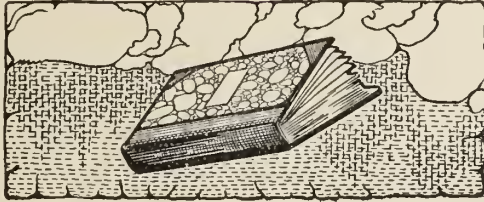
What care I for the sullen roar
 Of winds without, that ravage earth;
 It doth but bid me prize the more
 The shelter of thy hallowed hearth,
 To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth
 Then let the churlish tempest chide
 It cannot check the blameless mirth
 That glads—my own fire-side.

My refuge ever from the storm,
 Of this world's passion, strife and care;
 Though thunder-clouds the sky deform,
 Their fury cannot reach me there.
 There all is cheerful, calm, and fair,
 Wrath, Malice, Envy, Strife, or Pride,
 Have never made their hatred lair,
 By thee—my own fire-side.

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
 Where no harsh feeling dares intrude;
 Where life's vexations lose their sting
 Where even grief is half subdued;
 And Peace, the haleyon, loves to brood.
 Then let the pampered fool deride;
 I'll pay my debt of gratitude
 To thee—my own fire-side.

Shrine of my household deities;
 Fair scene of homes unsullied joys!
 To thee my burthened spirit flies,
 When fortune frowns or care annoys;
 Thine is the bliss that never elays
 The smile whose truth hath oft been tried;
 What then, are this world's tinsel joys
 To thee—my own fire-side.

Oh, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
 That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
 Thus ever guide my wandering feet
 To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
 Whate'er my future years may be;
 Let joy or grief my fate betide;
 Be still an Eden bright to me
 My own—my own fire-side.



DISCOVERY

By ALFRED NELSON

Ten thousand years have faded
 To find the world still young;
 Ten thousand names are written
 In song no tongue hath sung;
 From strand of lost Atlantis,
 To horn of Seventh sea,
 Rides ancient ship with rusty crew
 To port "Discovery."

Thou dark Phoenician helmsman,
 With far-fam'd trader's brain,
 Say, did yon red-beard Viking
 But plough your track again?

And thou of martial bearing,
 And haughty Roman face,
 Say, which of those old-world comrades
 Sail'd ere we knew your race?

There, by the swart Etruscan
 Red Eric stands so bold!—
 Astern the singing spindrift
 His long sea-snake of old!—
 A Genoese at lookout,
 An Englishman a-lee,
 That ship drives on with rusty crew
 To port "Discovery!"



AN ICE-BOAT BRIDE

By WILLIAM S. BIRGE, M. D.



HE ice yachting was magnificent, the club house down on Long Island, facing on Shelter Island bay, was thronged with visitors and members to witness and compete in the races of the day, and the one girl singled out from all others was bright Bessie Carter, the daughter of Captain Carter, of the United States Navy, and a prize ardently desired by half a dozen men, all eligible, to whom she apparently dispensed her favors with an equal hand. If there is one thing more annoying than another it is this same lack of discrimination on the part of a pretty girl. Why cannot they give a fellow a sort of hint and let him know if he is likely to have a chance, or if he is perfectly sure to get the mitten. It would save such a lot of ill-feeling and time. Perhaps the girls think they do show a preference, and that the men are awfully slow not to notice it, but sure it is I never saw the slightest shade of difference in the way Bessie treated me, unless it was a difference in favor of the other fellow. It was with a good deal of persuasion only that I prevailed on her to be my sailing partner in the combination crew race, and even when she consented I felt it was as much because I had the fastest boat in the fleet as because I really wished her to come. Even

then she signed to sail with Dick Hatteras in the heat preceding mine, and which every one expected he would win, precipitating the issue of who should have her in the finals. Dick was just bringing his boat, the Siren, up to the dock to take her in and, as she seated herself, she declared she must have his fur coat. He jumped out to get it, and leaving her sitting there, not a soul within twenty yards, he carelessly omitted to either cast his main sheet clear or to tie the boat up. The bay is notorious for its sudden flaws of wind, very hard and strong, and as I covertly glanced out of the window in the upper story at Bessie's graceful pose in the sternsheets, I saw the bow suddenly veer off from the dock, the sail swing over, cant right down to leeward, fill the sheet jamb hard and fast on the "traveler," and the boat glide away.

"Miss Bessie!" I yelled from the window, "slack off the sheet quick, and put the tiller down. Make haste!"

Great Scott! I might as well have asked her to solve a Sanscrit inscription; she knew enough to steer a boat straight, but there her knowledge ended. She had no more idea of bringing a boat up in the wind than flying. Laughing, she waved her hand to my shout, and seemed to think it fun, while I went down the steps four at a stride, rushed

on the dock, shouting, "Here, one or two of you fellows, come on with me, quick; the Siren is running amuck with Miss Carter." Reaching my own boat, lying with sails up and ready, I sprang in, Tom Pearson followed, and just as we pushed her round, Dick Hatteras came tumbling in with his coat, saying, "Good Heavens! what is the matter?" And in less than three minutes we were in full chase, but nearly a mile astern.

"Take the glass, Tom, and get out on the beam head to report," and, hanging on with eyelids, out he went, to call a minute later, "She's making a fight of it. Holding the Siren up well in the puffs, steering straight as a dart. Pity she doesn't know enough to bring her up. We will catch her all right, although there is not much between the boats in speed, but our advantage is we can sail ours, and the Siren will be run on a dead line, and catch all the puffs. Pray that one does not throw her on her beam ends; at thirty miles an hour it would mean a break of something."

I was at the tiller, favoring the boat with every trick I knew; scores of boats were cruising past with reefs in, but on we went, with a full sail, quartering the wind, and there, about three-quarters of a mile in front, was the slender figure of the girl, bracing herself to do the best she knew—keep the boat stright—until caught. Eight miles away was the headland, which shows the end of the long bay and the way to the Atlantic, and this was what we were racing for. The Siren was headed straight between the headland and the lower point, and Bessie was holding it true as a die, and knew no better than to keep doing so, and three miles beyond that headland was the end of the ice and the broken water, with the ice packed ten feet thick at the edge, and, concaving under it, a perfect death-trap for any one who should get a bad spill over the edge with an inrunning tide such as we had just at that hour.

Tom came in off the beam and said: "It's no use staying there. It will be a near thing if we catch her, and there is trouble ahead. Here, youngster, (to Dick), take the glasses and go out there

and report if we gain or not. I have something else to look after," and as Dick went, Tom was muttering something about "careless young cubs and a horsewhip." I was too full of trouble to be angry. I was past that. All I could think of was that space of long rollers, lifting the ice, crashing it down on the floe, breaking a fresh piece, seeing it sucked under, never to reappear until break-up in the spring, and in the center, Bessie. Whether she cared the toss of a penny for me now mattered not; to save her, even for Dick or any of the half dozen, was my only prayer, and that seemed almost too much to expect, and at times my eyes filled right up, and I scarce knew for a second or two which way I was holding. Then I saw Tom on his knees in the cockpit, splicing odds and ends of rope together, cutting a ten-foot piece of the sheet, apparently not caring if it were likely to be wanted or not. It was for a life-line. He was an old ice-boat sailor around this bay, and knew every chance of it.

On we tore, gaining, gaining, faster and faster, as the breeze freshened visibly as we neared the open, and then as Dick stretched out his arm I saw the long black line which marked the broken ice—black now, then fading away, lifting again like a sun shadow, and then, it seemed in a few seconds, I could see the waves curl up and spread over the edge. "About a mile a minute, now," said Tom, with a strained speech, "and we shall never do it."

We had about two miles to go, and were within two hundred yards of the Siren. There was no hope in the world that we should catch her in time. I made a rash resolve. "Boys," I shouted, through the rush of wind past us; "boys, this is my risk. I know what game I am standing for. Drop off here and let me take her alone. It's our only chance."

"What are you going to do?" said Tom.

"Catch her or go over the edge with her," I replied; "It's our only chance."

"That's all right," said Tom, "I'm with you. Here, Dick, drop off, and be handy to do what you can: wait until we



"Bessie was holding it as true as a die."

are within one hundred yards. Now, no fooling; do as you are told. It's all the explanation left you for your carelessness."

Just then one of those flaws in a heavy wind before spoken of dropped right in the teeth of the blow, the wind snapped from northwest to nearly nor-nor-west, down went our helm to meet it, but Bessie, not knowing the trick, hung fast to the tiller, and the flaw nearly gibed her—that is, went round the front of the mast, and nearly blew the sail right across the boat, stopping the speed of the Siren materially for a half minute, and then with a "zipp" round to the west went the wind, nearly tearing the mast out of the Siren's foot. It was a chance in a million and it served. Tom sprang to his feet, grabbed the lifeline, ran a hitch round one of the holdfasts, and at a gesture Dick seized the tiller and I, taking the loose end of the line, stepped as far astern of the cockpit as I could get, right over the steering skate. "Bring her right alongside, touch if you can, hold her until you see me get Miss Carter into this boat; never mind about me, jam the helm hard a lee and bring her up with a smash. Now—"

Grating along the Siren we ran alongside. With a bound I caught Bessie, threw her into my boat, down went the helm, a sudden jerk threw me backwards off my feet to the ice along which I went skating on my back, just as a noise of cracking ice, a sudden grind of the floes, a rush of icy water over me, a lurch and a plunge. I thought I was gone, but I heard Tom's voice: "It's all right, old boy, not a sixteenth of an inch to spare; hold on until the way goes off her—

that's it," and a pair of strong arms lifted me bodily on board the moving boat, close hauled for home. The Siren was matchwood in the broken water behind us, and my boat had escaped, as she swung round on the broken ice, by the fraction of a second. Bessie was insensible in the cockpit, and wet through with the rush of water when the ice broke, but as I stooped over her she opened her eyes, they met mine, and her arms opening, closed round my neck.

It was a mean advantage to take, especially before two other fellows, but for a matter of ten seconds—or minutes—I do not think that either of us thought of the audience, or cared. Not a word was said, but I reached for the fur coat, rolled her up in it, sat down in the cockpit with her in my lap, while Tom steered the boat home, through the entire fleet which had followed on our tracks, not at first realizing the grim comedy which was being played. Arriving at the club house I carried her in to be cared for by the ladies, and that was all—all, that is, which you cannot guess. Bessie was stiff for a day or two, but saw me that evening, told me that I took a mean advantage of her, and then, cornered, tried to make me believe that she saw I would never have dared to ask her for what had a long time been mine for the asking, and that she had been driven to the desperate expedient of being run away with by an ice-yacht to give me the supreme happiness of rescuing her and declaring myself. And that is the historic version which is going down to posterity. Queer folks, women. All but my wife, Bessie!

A LOVE DREAM

By CALLIE BONNEY MARBLE

TWO souls met in a far-away land—
The beautiful land of a dream—
And plighted their troth in forget-me-nots
That grew by a sunlit stream.

And the two souls met again on the earth,
And vowed for aye to be true,

Then drifted away on the silent stream
To a land o'er the star-flecked blue.

And two souls met in the endless world,
Where love-life forever dwells,
And plighted their troth for eternity
In the fairest of immortelles.

A CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL IN HOLLAND*



At the feast of St. Nicholas, presents and good wishes are exchanged, and cakes are offered at the shrine. Two of these are very seductive—one a delicately-flavored gingerbread, made up in the most fantastic shapes; the other a deliciously-light pastry, fashioned tunnel-wise, the hollow filled in with a kind of soft almond icing. Above all, St. Nicholas loves the little ones. Nothing pleases him more than to act the part of good fairy and convey to them delightful surprises in the most unheard-of and mysterious ways. In Volendam, the children are of the poorest, and, the days of miracles being passed, St. Nicholas has not much to bring them; but the good Dominican nuns, who manage the poor schools, try to make the day as happy as may be with the means at their disposal. On December 5, 1900, the feast was celebrated in a way the little Volendamers will not easily forget.

At the Hotel Spaander was staying, besides ourselves, a French artist, who agreed with us that the Dutch children should have a real good time for once. In this we were supported by our host Spaander and his wife and their family of blooming daughters. In the wooden hotel there is a "coffee-room," long and low, of really vast proportions. (In the summertime, half of it forms the drawing-room). At the farther end of this apartment is a small stage, with wings, etc. For this occasion (thanks to Spaan-

der), the whole of it was covered in spotless white (summer sheets, I suspect), tables were erected, and upon their surface were arranged about a thousand toys and as many oranges and cakes. A white throne was placed for St. Nicholas. The costumes we designed and carried out ourselves. For St. Nicholas (our French friend) there was a long white woolen robe falling over a purple silk underdress, a cape of costly old yellow brocade, and a gorgeous jewelled mitre, to crown the head made venerable by long white hair and beard. The dress of the Black Slave (Nico) was equally correct and effective—a long tight-fitting

garment of green velvet, showing a white robe underneath; an orange silk turban wound round the black locks of a disguising wig and lighting up his cork-black face. So much for the preparations, completed with considerable trouble and a great deal of amusement.

Nico painted a large poster, on which was set forth a notice to all the children of Volendam that at 6:30 a boat would land upon the quay, bearing St. Nicholas and his faithful slave laden with gifts. One may easily imagine the joy and delight of these poor fisher-children, into whose uneventful lives never enters the joy of what English children call a treat. They crowded about the announcement, and read that St. Nicholas would come laden with gifts. Who can say what wild, beautiful hopes filled their hearts? Before five o'clock the youngsters began



They crowded about the announcement.

* From "Holland" by Nico and Beatrix Jungman, London; Adam and Charles Elack.



A venerable figure standing in the boat, crozier in hand.



Most of them believed firmly that it was the real saint descended from heaven.

to assemble. The quay was crowded with them; so was the narrow road leading from the quay to the hotel. The parents also were there, quite as excited and almost as credulous as their children. Indeed, all Volendam turned out to welcome the saint. Rain began; but, although it soaked their poor clothes, it seemed to have no damping effect upon their spirits, all afire as they were with expectation. Meanwhile the saint and his slave rowed out to their boat, and I made my way to the quay to witness the arrival. It was now almost dark; but in the faint light one could still distinguish the fishing-boats which always crowd the harbor, their tall masts and sails dimly defined against the gray sky, and their narrow flags gently flapping in the rain. At one point there was an opening between the boats, a glimmering waterway, where the initiated expected the boat to appear. The time passed slowly. It was seven o'clock; the saint was half an hour late, and everyone was very wet. I found it difficult to imitate the cheerful good humor with which all Volendam waited.

At length a blaze of Bengal light far out on the water revealed the saint—a venerable figure standing in the boat, crosier in hand, evidently blessing the expectant crowd. In a few moments the boat reached the landing-place. With blare of trumpets, and by the light of the torches, a procession was formed. Would that I could describe the faces and figures illumined by the flickering glow! Soon the warm, well-lighted cafe was reached. The saint sat on his throne, and his good slave rapidly distributed presents to the little ones. How glad

one was to see them safely housed from the inclement weather! Alas! they were very wet; but, as not one of the seven hundred coughed during the distribution, it may be concluded that the young Volendamers do not easily take cold. Their surroundings are so damp that they are almost amphibious.

Every face beamed with happiness—the genial St. Nicholas and his hard-worked slave; the Spaander family, all helping vigorously; the three fine tall Volendamers who, in their yellow scarves of office, kept order so gently and gaily; the very youngest child—all the faces were sweet and patient, and aglow with the pleasure either of giving or of receiving.

The crowd of children looked plump and healthy, and, although many garments were much patched, there were no rags—the poorest, looked cared for and comfortable.

Seven hundred of them were made happy with toys and fruit; but there was no scrambling or pushing, nothing but patient, glowing expectation, and then still more glowing satisfaction. All too soon it was over; the last child clattered down the long room with its precious armful. The Black Slave was very weary (he had worked like a proverbial nigger), and we retired to our couches, to dream it all over again.

Afterwards we heard from the school-teachers and the children's parents that most of them believed firmly that it was the real saint descended from heaven who had laid his hands on their heads in benediction as they received their presents from the Black Slave.





By BEN. WINSLOW



THAT news items in the daily press, taken collectively, make history, all are agreed; that they sometimes make romance with a true heart interest, is shown by the following clippings:

(Clipped August 9, 1904).

A FATAL ACCIDENT.

Highland Suburban Car Topples Over.

CROWDED WITH PEOPLE.

MR. S. M. WILSON DIES FROM HIS INJURIES.

Many Others Require Hospital Treatment—
Motorman Arrested—Coroner to Hold
Inquest Wednesday.

Highland Suburban car 325 jumped the track on the curve at 4th and Portland streets, West End, this morning about 7:24 o'clock, and many passengers were injured. One of them, Mr. S. M. Wilson, forty-five years old, who lived at 904 Superior avenue, South Edgmore, died at the Homeopathic Hospital about ten o'clock.

The only other passenger who received injuries, which it is thought, may prove fatal is an unknown white man, about

twenty-three years old. He is under treatment at Douglas Hospital.

Motorman George Burrell, of 134 Baker street, was handling the motor, and his explanation of the affair is that he did not know his car was so near the curve until it had almost reached there. The fog was so dense, he states, that he was able to see but a short distance ahead. Up to a late hour this afternoon the unknown man at Douglas Hospital had not regained consciousness, and the doctors at the hospital have been unable to identify him. The only paper found in his pockets that throws any light on the matter, was the following unaddressed letter:

"Dear Gertrude:—All our little air-castles have tumbled down; the business has gone to smash for want of money to properly equip the road. With ten thousand dollars I could do it, and then everything would be our way. As it is, all but my last dollar is gone and there is no money in sight. I had hoped to have this thing going by Thanksgiving, and felt sure that, with such bright prospects for the future, I could win your father's consent to our marriage. It looks now as if you will have to do as he tells you and marry young Dwight. He is a good chap, and if I cannot have you, I would rather see you married to

him than to anybody else. But if you can hold out another year against your father, perhaps things will come our way.

(Signed), N. R."

The letter was not enclosed in an envelope and there were no other names given. An effort will be made to locate the Mr. Dwight mentioned.

* * * * *

(Clipped August 10, 1904).

IDENTIFIED AS NORMAN RUSSELL.

The unknown man, who was seriously injured by the overturning of a Highland Suburban car at the corner of 4th and Portland streets, yesterday morning, has been identified as Norman C. Russell, of 1326 Somerset avenue, West Brighton. Mr. Henry L. Dwight, of 2143 4th avenue, called at Douglas Hospital late last night and positively identified the still unconscious man. An operation will be performed this afternoon, for the removal of a fragment of the skull which is thought to press upon the brain.

* * * * *

(Clipped November 2, 1904).

MR. RUSSELL RECOVERED.

Mr. Norman C. Russell was discharged from Douglas Hospital to-day, having completely recovered from injuries received in the disastrous street railway accident last August.

* * * * *

(Clipped December 2, 1904).

DEATH RESULT OF ACCIDENT.

Injuries Received in Basket Ball Game Fatal to Henry Dwight.

Henry Louis Dwight, a member of the basket ball team of the Reed Athletic Club, died at his home 2143 4th avenue

Thursday, under circumstances which make his death a peculiarly sad one. He was injured Thanksgiving day while playing a game with his team. The injury was to his head and his death was the result of cerebral meningitis.

* * * * *

(Clipped July 12, 1905).

AWARDED \$15,000 DAMAGES.

The jury in Equity Court No. 1, to-day awarded damages in the sum of \$15,000 in the suit against the Highland Suburban Street Railway Company, brought by Mr. Norman C. Russell. Mr. Russell, it will be remembered, was severely injured by the overturning of one of the defendant's cars at 4th and Portland streets, early last August.

* * * * *

(Clipped from the Society Column, October 29, 1905).

A pretty wedding occurred at St. Ann's Catholic Church, Wednesday evening, at 5 o'clock. The parties united were Miss Gertrude Ellsworth, daughter of Mr. Howard A. Ellsworth, and Mr. Norman C. Russell, the Rev. Father Joseph Ryan performing the ceremony. The bride wore a gown of white point de esprit elaborately hand embroidered in panel effect and a white hat of panne velvet and white plumes. She carried a bouquet of white roses. After the ceremony a large reception was held at the home of the bride's parents. Many handsome presents were received.



THE SIGN OF THE HOOK

A SIWASH TALE

By L. BUSH LIVERMORE



ALL this happened on the seaward heel of Three Tree Spit, where the Siwashes camp on their way down from the North to the hop fields of Puyallup and Yakima. I took the tale from the mouth of Pootstubs, an Aleutian Indian, who is the father of a large family and who tells only the truth. Pootstubs was there. He saw everything as it happened. He thought it wonderful—so wonderful that when he reached Tacoma last summer he hunted me up and told me the tale as it is here set down.

Pootstubs and I were *tillicums*, in Sitka, long ago. When I left him there and came South, he wept. And each year since, when Pootstubs joins the exodus of Indians to Puget Sound during hop-picking season, I meet him—sometimes at the canoe-landing on the Puyallup river, near the old agency settlement, and sometimes along the seawall at Tacoma, where the mosquito craft land in such numbers that it reminds one of Ballast Island, in Seattle, of earlier days, when that was the port of entry and clearance of the fleets of northern canoes. And because I give Pootstubs ripe fruit for his large family of velvet-eyed Aleut papooses; and brilliant colored cloth for his klotch, and *piah chuch* for Pootstubs himself—he is my friend.

Thus it happened that on a day, Pootstubs, and his wife, trailing a retinue of young Pootstubs, crowded into the newspaper office in Tacoma, where I held forth, and enquired gutturally of the city editor, who happened to be near the door, for "Kamik-See Bush." The astonished city editor summoned me, whom he knew could speak the jargon of the native, and then watched with bewildered eyes my sudden and complete transformation from a fairly well-behaved sub-editor into a gesticulating, guttural Siwash,

Pleasant was the greeting of Pootstubs. He gave me the peculiar handshake of the Esquimaux, and called me brother of the dolphin and his brother by blood. Very embarrassing, however, was the deportment of the younger members of his large family, who clasped me around the knees and shouted:

"Kamik-See. Kamik-See. Ai! Ai!"

But regarding the episode of Three Tree Spit. It was wonderful. Touching the matter of its truth—well, Pootstubs told me.

"All my people know I do not lie," said Pootstubs. "Also the Tlingits and the Flatheads and the dogs of the Upper Seas, from whom I take sealskins and walrus-tusks and pelt of foxes in return for iron things I pick up down Sitka way, know I tell the things which are. And Kamik-See—Ai! He remembers me. My brother knows that only Tlingits lie. He knows that I am neither blubber-bred Tlingit nor thieving Flathead, but only Aleut, from the islands which bridge the warm South Behring sea. The Kamik-See may take my wife, my canoe, my dogs, if he finds I depart ever so little from the truth.

"Klaa! The Kamik-See knows this Three-Tree Spit? Yes. Also he knows that my people, and *all* the *injuns* from further South, when they come down from the North to *mamook haps*, land their canoes there and rest for a night. An hundred *tupics* spring up in the time it takes one fish duck to dive and come up again. And very quietly, too; for my people are not noisy. Except for the children and the dogs, who play on the beaches, Three-Tree Spit is very still, even when the smoke from fifty campfires blows lazily back to the hills. Ai! Ai! It's a long paddle without resting from The Straits to Three-Tree Spit; and it's very good to lie on your back and smell the wood smoke and hear the surf

beat and wonder at the stars till you sleep like the cow walrus, full-fed.

"Kamik-See knows I am growing old. Look. The Northland snows have fallen on my head. It is white. Also my arm, once strong as spear-thong, is slender now as the limb of a caribou. Huh-ye! And the journey from Sitka south — For weeks, my brother, the sail hung idle; it was paddle, paddle, paddle. And when, on yestereve, at the flood of the tide, we landed at Three-Tree Spit. I was very, very tired. Ai! Very tired.

"Kamik-See remembers Oddsooks, the Tlingit—him with the red scar on the cheek? No? Oyee! My brother has yet to be the ugliest man. Oddsooks—yah!—he was ugly;—almost so ugly as my wife when she dresses her hair for the Feast up North. This Tlingit dog was bidden to leave Loboff island because and because. Yes, he was a thief.

"See, now, brother. Oddsooks lay in his *tupic* when my canoe grounded on the pebbles, and he grunted like the stuck musk-ox when I hailed him with The Sign.

"We be far from home now, Pootstubs,' grunted Oddsooks, 'and all things of the North are left behind—even the Sign.'

"Kamik-See understands? No? Then Kamik-See must know that Oddsooks lied—aye, he blasphemed. The Sign is never left behind—never. Long years ago, as we sat on the Bird Rocks at Point Loboff, Kamik-See told me of certain things kept secret among his people. He called them 'lodges' did he not? Yes. And he spoke learnedly of 'grips' and 'passwords' and 'signs.' Yes. I remember. Know, then, brother, that Aleuts have these—not the same as yours, but meaning the same. And sometimes into these *ukhlooni* are taken the trans-border people, the Russians, and sometimes the little men from the South Coast—Japan and Korea. When these drift North they meet and hail, after the manner of brothers. They know The Sign and are Aleuts—even as we would be Japanese did we go South and hail. And from over Baffin's Bay and the White Country

further north; from the ice-cliffs of Siberia, and still west of there; from all the places where the ice nips and where men fight with hunger and cold through the awful long nights of the North, men come and hail with The Sign. Oyee! It is very powerful. More I cannot tell. This and no more: that south of what you call the Arctic Circle there are no *ukhlooni*—no 'lodges.'

"And Oddsooks—ugly, scar-faced, grunting dog of an Oddsooks—sneered at The Sign. I was very angry, and made the circle thrice of my *tupic*, for that is taught. Also, it is the Law that whomsoever sees or hears the Sign and does not respond, belongs to Sedna. Things happen to him. Yah! One time Koddook, from around the edge of Intermuk, was found dead with The Sign on his forehead, because he had thrown his spear through the snow-house where *ukhlooni* was being held. And one time—

"Patience, my brother. Old Pootstubs tells a tale like a sledge journey over broken ice, with many bumps to one side and many stops. And it is not wise to hasten over unfamiliar ground. But see, now, Kamik-See. Even before the last bit of *oyo* had been eaten in my *tupic* that night on Three-Tree Spit I heard a cry from the darkness. Kamik-See knows how the little hairs low down on the neck seem to pull very hard when one hears a cry from the night, and when one is blind from the firelight and cannot see beyond the tiny circle lit by the flickering blaze?

"Huh-ye! When I came to the water, I beheld Oddsooks' canoe drifting away. It was empty, yet I heard whispers and paddle-swish.

"Ho! I shouted, and straightway all the dogs in all the *tupics* set up a howl. Then the canoe faded away. It did not move out, my brother. No. It faded away, like the water-fire fades when the shark's cease playing.

"Ho! I shouted again. There was no answer. Then I went to Oddsooks' *tupic* and found him dead with his mouth open by the side of his smouldering fire.

Also the Sign was on his forehead. I speak the truth."

* * * *

This the tale of Pootstubs. Regarding the mysterious nature of his narrative there is perhaps nothing to be offered in explanation. And yet, later, up in Snohomish, Pilchuck Jack, now dead, told me a gossipy tale about a young Lummi buck eloping with a Tlingit's squaw one night on Three-Tree Spit.

"*Kloshe yoka copswallow,*" said Jack, "*Oakoke Tlingit delate mesatche. Lum-*

mi mammook memaloose, hyak klatawah copa kanim." Which being freely translated means that it was a neatly executed maneuver; that the Tlingit objected to his wife's departure and was killed; and that the elopers fled in a canoe. In detail Jack told me that the stroke which effectually silenced the old Tlingit was dealt with a native Siwash canoe-maker's primitive adz; that the blow was a short, scooping stab, which left a gash in the forehead shaped like a fish hook.

Pilchuck Jack, however, had the reputation of being a notorious liar.

A SHORT ORDER CHRISTMAS

By DOROTHY POSEGATE



If you call this Christmas," said Miss Tomassa, "your imagination is better than mine. Here we are set down in a desert, our nearest neighbor six miles away and a roaring torrent between us and the imitation approach to a civilized community, these people call town."

Billy rippled joyously, "Now Aunt Tom," she said, "your descriptive powers are all mixed up. The idea of calling this green and fertile country a desert, especially in the face of all the rain we have been having lately. But anyway we've achieved our object partly, because when we came you didn't have energy enough to get angry about anything. Aunt Tom, you're a dear. The doctor said we were to try roughing it, on a wild deserted strand, and here we are, having faithfully carried out his orders for the past three months."

"And been rained on the blessed time," quoth Miss Tom.

"Surely," said the irrepressible, "for here the gentle drops fall alike on the just and the unjust. But you can't deny, Aunt Tom, that we two have had literally

the time of our young lives, and just to prove to you that in the bright lexicon of youth, nothing is impossible, I'm going out and rustle a Christmas."

"Billy," said Miss Tom, "I think you're capable of most anything, but it takes more than two people to make a Christmas."

"As if I didn't know that," cried Billy, slipping on her cravanette riding suit and rubber boots. "As if I hadn't spent twenty-one Christmases, beautiful, jolly ones, too, in this old hard shell world. And mark my words, Tommie, this twenty-second is going to be the jolliest of all. Just you keep the kitchen fire humping and put some dried apricots and plums to soak. Where did I put that oil skin hat—oh here it is. Now fare thee well, my gentle dame, and if I don't bring back Santa himself, I'll get some sort of a substitute."

Miss Tom watched her out to the barn with a very affectionate smile in her blue eyes.

"They don't make many such girls," she said. "Think of her rusticating out here with her old aunt, instead of enjoying a beautiful winter in town."

But Billy wasn't thinking of any such things. She was humming a little tune and trying to get the bridle bit between Becky's clenched teeth. Becky was a small black mare who had had her own way for six years, and consequently was a self-willed little butterball, with a marked aversion to saddles, bridles, and running gear of all kinds. She considered green fields and pastures new the only things seriously worthy of her attention.

A few well directed but gentle blows from Billy's rubber clad heels, telegraphed the news from Becky's brain to her legs, that she might as well be moving. So at last they were started, to bring back from somewhere in this rain swept Sacramento Valley, a bit of the Christmas that was causing mirth and rejoicing in the cities of the East.

"We're perfectly foolish," said Billy, "We won't get a thing out of this trip but a soaking. But then there is mistletoe down at the river—heaps of it—and after all that's what we want, isn't it Beck?"

Becky shook her head as though disclaiming any responsibility in the matter. She felt in her innermost soul, and her ears showed it, that if she had had any voice in the matter she would have remained decently in a dry stable and taken the good the gods provide without hunting more.

When she pulled her up at last, Becky turned her head inquiringly as though to ask, what mad, imprudent thing her mistress would next attempt. Billy answered with a cry of disappointment, for though the oaks and cottonwoods along the river bank were full of mistletoe, it was all far out of reach, and the lower branches of the trees were not low enough to offer a good climbing foothold.

"Becky, you villain, you might have known, but I won't go back to Aunt Tom without some mistletoe. Oh! for the wings of a dove! Or a giant's stature."

"I'd prefer the wings of a dove," came mysteriously from somewhere, and looking up Billy encountered a pair of brown

eyes though the branches of the nearest oak.

"Heavens!" she gasped, "do trees talk?"

"Not always," said a smiling young man as he swung himself down to a lower branch, "but in this case courtesy demanded. You are looking for mistletoe?"

Two deep, alluring dimples peeped out in Billy's cheeks as she pushed the flopping hat up out of her eyes. "I am looking for Christmas," she said.

"Gee!"—and then as he noted the dimples, the clear soft eyes, and the sweet red mouth, he stammered—"I—I—think you're it."

Billy laughed gaily when he reached the ground. "Do you know," she said, "it is queer, but I thought you were it, though as Aunt Tomassa says, neither one person nor two persons can make a Christmas."

"I can see where two might," he said, "especially in this rain soaked portion of the universe. I've been up in that tree an hour hacking at mistletoe, though I didn't really care whether I got it or not, just trying to pretend that there was something to be joyful about, but now—is it an optical illusion, or do I see the sun?"

"It certainly isn't raining so hard," said Billy, "and over there in the west is a three inch expanse of blue sky. But I'm puzzled, do you come of the tree dwelling Moros?"

"I beg your pardon," he said quickly, removing his hat, "but when you find an angel unawares, you forget the formalities of introduction. I'm Hal Sommers of the Jolly John, and always at your service."

Billy held out her slim brown hand, "The Jolly John's all Greek to me, but I'm Billy Booth of Providence, and Hal is just the sort of name I like."

"But Providence," said Hal, "is such a way from here."

"And the Jolly John"—she laughed.

"Oh that's just over the road a bit. A fine old ranch and I'm proud of it, but my mother and sisters would spend the winter in Frisco, and I'm lonesome."

"You poor fellow," said Billy sympathetically, "Aunt Tom and I came out here for her health and we've got the dearest little house you ever saw, but two don't make a Christmas as I said before. I promised Aunt Tom I'd find somebody—Mr. Sommers—will you—" she smiled very engagingly—will you spend Christmas with us?"

"Will I!—well, you just watch. Cuddy," he called, "You Cuddy," and whistled a long drawn note. In answer a slim calico pony crashed through the underbrush at the left.

"Will I!" said Hal as he mounted, "Now just mention in what direction your shack lies."

"But," said Billy, "don't you know of someone else we could get. All this mistletoe and the coziest manzanita fire, even if the food is only figs and rice. There ought to be somebody."

Hal thought deeply, quite wrinkling his fine forehead. "There ought, there is," he finished eagerly—"the funniest little family you ever saw. The father's in Frisco, the stepmother's an old Irish woman that he married to take care of the kids, nice boys too, but they're mischievous and I guess lead poor Mrs. Uhrhardt a life. I know they haven't any money, and I'll bet they're feeling bluer than I was a while ago."

Billy fairly clapped her hands. "Hal Sommers," she said, "You're a nice, nice man. We'll go right this minute and get the blessed family."

"You wouldn't mind," he asked, "my suggesting our riding over to the Jolly John and getting a wagon, would you? You see Mr. Uhrhardt didn't leave them anything but a sled with a barrel on it to haul water in from our windmill, and I don't believe Cuddy or your little mare would carry double. Besides this morning I killed a wild duck. We can add that to the rice and figs."

Billy was radiant, the sun from very envy peeping out behind the clouds. She pulled the little gold watch from her belt, and clicked her heel into Becky's sides. "It's ten o'clock," she cried, "Christmas most gone and nothing done yet."

The sun had come out for the rest of

the day now, and the softest of white clouds were just kissing the highest Sierras. Above the drip of the soaked tree branches and the creak of their saddles, they could hear the rushing, important Sacramento, carrying its burden from mountain streams and swollen creeks, down to the ocean. They passed a perfect grove of manzanita trees, with their white and pink wax blossoms showing up beautifully against the shiny red bark and green leaves, and down in a fair little hollow, were hundreds of buttercups, like handfuls of sunshine that had been spilled and forgotten.

"Myself—I can't see how mater and the girls can forsake this for Frisco," said Hal. "But girls are funny. They like shops, and streets, and houses jammed close together."

"Do they?" asked Billy. "I don't. But I do love—rain. Dashing, splashing rain, or soft, drizzling rain, just any kind that makes things grow green and beautiful. And I know its dreadful to say, but I like to be out in it and get soaked."

"You're different," said Hal, "I could see that—and—" he grew quite red under his brown skin—"I guess one reason is because—you look better in an oilskin hat than most."

"Good Heavens," cried Billy, "I'm a sight—I know it. This thing flopping in my eyes, my boots full of water, and my suit drenched. I ought to go back."

"If you do, I'll be miserable," he said. "You look beautiful—and besides, that rambling white thing you see over there is the shack. It won't take five minutes to hitch up a team."

Billy smiled again. "Well, then we'll hurry, for there are all those forlorn little Uhrhardts, and Aunt Tom waiting patiently at the window."

It was a spring wagon that Hal selected from among the vehicles outside the barn, and his steeds were two sleek little mules. He brought out the wild duck still in its shining feathers, and a fat home cured boiled ham. "The little Uhrhardts," he said, "have awful appetites."

He threw in the armful of mistletoe, too, and with Billy galloping beside, rattled off to the diminutive house, built

of mud and logs and nondescript lumber, that the little Uhrhardts called home. They found them mournfully surrounding a monster coop, from which a sly red fox had just removed their best white turkey. Mrs. Uhrhardt was wiping her eyes on her apron, and calling down the wrath of all the Celtic gods on the said Reynard's head, when she heard the wheels.

"Swate mither," she whispered, "Children, the sights of ye are—rin in the house quick, there's company comin'. Good day to ye," she called, "God bless ye fur a foine young man, Mистер Sommers—en the young lady, too. It's a misfortune we've just suffered. I always said Tobias was too white en tinder fur this worrld, but I had counted on mesilf helpin' him to lave it. Lift yersilves out and stop fur a cup o' tay now do dears. But ye see here wus the coop and there was the fox, and here was me, and Tobias jist went crazy. We rin around that coop, til me legs—savin' yer prisence—give out, Tobias dropped, en that fox had him like a wink."

"I'm sorry," said Hal, "just dreadfully sorry, but we've come to ask you to our party. This young lady is Miss Booth, and she and I are trying to get up a Christmas party. I think we'll have a really jolly time."

Mrs. Uhrhardt lifted her apron and wiped her eyes again. "Yer that thoughtful," she said. "The children have been talking of their father en Christmas the blissed day. We'll be thankful to ye."

Billy flung her reins to either side and jumped down, "I'll help you get them ready," she said.

The little Uhrhardts were steps, with the space of two years between them, and the youngest was five. Of late they had had very little to eat, and their little German faces were thin in consequence, with slight puckers at the eyes. Their speech, when they spoke, was neither German, nor Irish, nor English—it was merely the tongue of the little Uhrhardts.

When they were safely stowed in the wagon, with Mrs. Uhrhardt sitting like a spirited ramrod, Hal wanted Billy to take the seat beside him, but she refused,

because, though she hesitated to mention it, she had serious doubts of Becky's coming, should she be reduced to a wagon appendage.

Miss Tomassa was at the window, waving the dish towel excitedly, and smiling in a friendly, if somewhat incredulous, manner. With the speed of lightning Billy pulled the little Uhrhardts out of the wagon and tumbled them into the door Miss Tomassa held open for them.

"I'm a miracle, aunt Tom," she laughed, "a doer of deeds. Behold Mrs. Uhrhardt, the little Uhrhardts, and Mr. Santa Claus Sommers."

Mrs. Uhrhardt was volubly happy. She shook hands with Miss Tom like an old, old friend, and the little Uhrhardts each wore a wide enchanted smile. To Hal, fresh from his rough ranch life, and the plain ill-cared for house where he had been living since his family left, the sweet, clean room was a revelation. It had not occurred to him that the Sacramento Valley contained any place so charming. The walls and ceiling were of planed white pine, most harmonious background for the sepia etchings and few water colors that adorned them; the matting of the floor was green and brown, and the quaint mission furniture, although it had originated so close to his home, was the first he had ever seen. But best of all was the wide, deep fire place, that held as the room's very heart the beautiful blue flames of the manzanita backlogs.

Miss Tom was a lover of people. She took them all to her heart immediately, as she would also have to her arms, if she could have accommodated them.

She strewed the bed in the next room with their wraps and hurried Billy out into the kitchen to see to dinner.

Hal, having attended to the horses, watched her go a little wistfully, and was quite prepared to be gloomy, 'til she beckoned him to come too. Then he almost overturned the table in his eager haste.

"You see," she explained to him as she put on a kettle of water, "There's that duck to clean."

"I'll do it," he cried. "I'm a fine hand. It was part of my education, learning to cook. I could get the whole dinner."

"No doubt," laughed Billy, "but I'm not going to let you. The biscuits and duck stuffing must be mine. But you may go down in the cellar and bring up a bag of figs."

In fifteen minutes they were deep in the mystery of the Christmas dinner. Artistic patches of flour adorned their faces, and flour was sprinkled impartially over their hair. They rushed madly from the table to the stove and from the stove to the pantry. They bent with appalling earnestness over a huge green cook book, whose mysterious words invariably refused to convey the same meaning to both their minds, and from three chairs at respectful distances from the scene of action, one chopping raisins, one shelling nuts, one eating figs, the little Uhrhardts looked on, breathlessly excited.

In the next room Mrs. Uhrhardt and Miss Tom arranged the table with embroidered pieces, Manzanita blossoms, mistletoe, and all the best china. Once or twice they ventured to peep into the kitchen, but were summarily ordered out. Finally when everything was done to a turn each of the little Uhrhardts was allowed a sounding whack at the Japanese gong, and the dinner began.

The little Uhrhardts had their napkins tied stiffly under grins that went from ear to ear. Victor told unbelievable tales of his dog Sancho. Edouard said this was like Christmas in the Vaterland. Mrs. Uhrhardt laughed till she cried. She ate and drank, and ate again, punctuating her conversation with, "God bless ye, ladies, an' the Pope could say no more."

When it was all over and they had gone back to the sitting room the sun was just seeking his bed, down the other side of the coast range, but Billy who was wise in the ways of children, knew that there was still something wistful behind the silence of the little Uhrhardts; knew that they had not quite experienced

a Christmas of the Vaterland. So she beckoned Hal into the room with the wraps.

"They miss the presents," she said.

Hal dived into his pockets, "Of course," he answered.

He pulled out a knife, two pencils, a note book, a whistle, a little jade god and three picture postals. "Everything I've got," he said ruefully.

Billy was overhauling her bureau drawer. Three ribbons for neckties she found, a catshead stickpin with gleaming red eyes, some blue bordered handkerchiefs, a Japanese doll, some small tin dishes, one time cotillion favors and three Japanese fairy books.

With the true Santa Claus spirit they wrapped up these few things and hid them around the room. Then Billy magnificently flung open the door, and invited the little Uhrhardts to enter. Dazedly they began to hunt, being medium, hot, and cold, but when the little jade god was found and taken from his tissue paper covering, then into the eyes of all three, came the perfect content of Christmas.

The little Uhrhardts had to be carried to the wagon, so they didn't know that the rest of the ham and the nuts and cake went with them. Nor did they see Hal with his hat under his arm, saying good-night to Billy.

"It's the best Christmas I ever had," he said.

"And I," said Billy.

"And I," echoed Miss Tom.

"And our next one," said Hal, "will be better still."

"Our next one," cried Billy, "Aunt Tom's and mine, will be in a city of the East."

"Not," said Hal, very earnestly, "if the gods are good to me."

The moon was sailing grandly with her attendant stars, and the little mules pawed the ground. Reluctantly Hal gave them the reins, his eyes still turned to the slim figures on the porch, to whose warm, "Come again, all of you," Mrs. Uhrhardt called gladly, "God bless ye, ladies, for our Christmas cheer."

THE AVENGING VASE

By LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN



I AM an old maid—such a very old maid that no one even thinks of me as such. I am called an old lady—“the queer little old lady in the second story front” the boarders say—I hear them—and, knowing as they do, that I prefer solitude to their society and having taken the trouble to form some unique and amusing theories in regard to my pastimes and proclivities, perhaps I do seem somewhat peculiar. But they are mistaken in one thing at least—I haven’t an aversion to children—real children—it is prodigies like Gladys, who needs must entertain you with her accomplishments, that I object to. Natural children I like fully as well as I like cats, but Rameses being a superior cat I think his society more tranquilizing than that of a child, and at eighty one likes tranquility. In fact, I have always liked it and that is why I have lived always by myself and not with the nieces and nephews who are gay society folk and have much hubbub and unrest. And had I lived with them I would not have found Rameses, and but for Rameses the vision had not come, the curse had not ended and the world would never have known the history of the Egyptian vase.

The way it came into my possession was very strange indeed. One morning I saw in the Leader there would be an auction sale of unclaimed express packages in the Bidner building that day at ten o’clock—on “old hoss sale,” as it is vulgarly called—and as I had heard of people getting some very valuable and interesting things at such places I went. There was no very enthusiastic bidding and for seventy-five cents I secured a package twelve or fourteen inches long and of right good bulk, but not heavy. It was addressed to M—— Hall, Philadelphia, the first name being too blurred to read and there was no street address. I afterwards surmised that some one, absent-mindedly ignoring the Board of

Directors, had sent it to Memorial Hall to be put in a curio collection, for there was a numbered label pasted on it.

As I have said, the package was very light and I picked it up and hurried home to open it. I was living then farther down on Spruce street, the residence and business sections being at that time no very great distance apart, and I could walk briskly enough in those days. But a biting wind was sweeping up from the Delaware and to cut off a corner I crossed through Washington Square.

The trees and sky were gray and little patches of grayish, sooty snow lay scattered about and—I stood still—my lorgnette went up—was I losing my senses? was that heap of snow moving? A strange, foolish chill shot through me, but in a moment I was laughing aloud at my apprehension of the supernatural and was stooping down to grasp a fluffy, grayish ball, a tiny, half-blind kitten, too cold to cry and apparently but a few days old. It slipped easily into my muff and no one whispered, as I passed up the stairs that day, “Miss Curtin’s brought home another stray cat!”

But this kitten found no older resident to look with cold, suspicious, disapproving eyes at his intrusion for, realizing that only a most extraordinary cat could retain its respectability in a boarding house, I had always secured more suitable homes for my foundlings. We found a cosy fire awaiting us, though, in my sitting-room and, after making the kitten comfortable on an Angora rug, I hastened to untie my package. When I opened the box I found a beautiful blue vase, with tints ranging from turquoise to deep indigo—a fragile, dainty thing, shaped like a Persian gul-a-pash with a bulb-like bowl and a long slender stem shooting up and opening out at the top like a morning-glory, when, weighted with dew, it bends at one side, disclosing the velvet texture and violet veining of its richly-colored chalice. From the first instant I beheld the vase I realized

that there was something peculiarly beautiful about it. Its changing hues seemed from a glow within itself, rather than from the light without, and its exquisite contour was classic enough for me to place it beside my Parian Venus, where it sat for several days unmoved, but gazed upon by wondering and admiring eyes—mine and the kitten's. He lay on the rug dreamily contemplating it with half-shut eyes and a ponderous, inscrutable expression much too grave for a kitten. It was then I first began to observe that he was no ordinary cat, and it was his seriousness and dignity that suggested the Egyptian, and I named him *Rameses*.

He showed none of the finer traits, however, that have manifested themselves since, and I presume an unthinking person would have considered him then only a stupid, indolent, uninteresting cat. He received scant attention from my callers, but they all admired the vase and took for granted that it had been picked up with my other curios in Italy.

One day a friend brought me a rose—a great red, glowing *Jacqueminot*—and I thought, how beautiful that will look in my new vase; but I was surprised and disappointed; the colors did not harmonize, the effect was extremely inartistic and—what a peculiar, irritating sound gurgled up the stem. It was the air trying to escape, I thought—I had put in water, of course, so I emptied and refilled it and again tried the rose. The effect was no better and that strange, unpleasant hissing grew more resentful still. How queer it seemed! Maybe the vase was porous in the bottom and the air sucked in. Again I emptied and examined it thoroughly. The glaze was perfect and unbroken, but on the bottom I discovered something I had not seen before—four characters which I knew at once to be Egyptian, though at that time I could not decipher them.

Lunch was just then announced and, mechanically putting the rose again in the vase, I went down, thinking that by the time I returned the hissing would have ceased. But it was not so. On my return, so loud and angry had it become, I

could hear it before opening the door, and the strange uneasiness which the sound produced was not lessened any when I found the rose limp and withered and all its bright color faded away. There was something uncanny about it all that I could not explain away, and it was taking such hold on me I determined to put it entirely out of my thoughts and, to accomplish this more easily, I emptied the vase and put it away out of sight.

I had many things to interest me that winter—lectures, reading and the Culture Society—and soon June was here and I was taking my old trips to the park. All that time *Rameses* had remained with me, a perfectly proper and well-mannered cat, but so provokingly indifferent, self-satisfied and abstracted that, for company, he might as well have been a man. And so thinking some outings might do him good and liven him up a bit, I occasionally took him to the park too. There, beneath the trees, with a book and lunch for us both, what more could heart desire? But there was more.

There was growing into my heart such an ungovernable, unquenchable covetousness that I could enjoy nothing, till finally it led me to break the law and commit a misdemeanor—an offense for which a young Greek was once thrown into prison here and, unable to pay his fine or understand the cause of his imprisonment, killed himself. But I was not thrown into prison. Oh, no! My lunch basket, being the receiver of the stolen goods, gave no evidence against me and *Rameses* was as guilty and as pleased as I—in fact, had it not been for his whinnings and eager looks I am sure I never would have done it. But one night, as we returned from the Park, the lunch basket held a magnificent Egyptian lotus, snatched from a pond near Horticultural Hall! A great blue lotus, so perfect in form and color it might have decked the bosom of the Nile.

When I reached home I do not know what it was that suggested the vase to me, but I took it from the drawer where it had lain so long, put water in it and the lotus stood off to note the effect. It was a symphony of exquisite shading. So perfectly did the tints harmonize that



I was horrified to behold a ghostly hand protruding from the vase and beckoning in a menacing manner.

vase and flower seemed melting into one, creating new tones of color as they blended. And, was it fancy, or did I hear the rhythmic splash of water?

For hours I sat drinking in the beauty and richness of those wondrous colors and when I retired that night it was with a feeling of peace, contentment and completeness never felt before. Having been up late, I slept heavily and a violent storm had been raging for some time when I was awakened by the creaking of shutters and flapping of curtains, and arose hastily to close the windows. I shut the bed-room windows first and started into the sitting-room. The door had blown shut and, as I opened it to enter, I seemed sucked in, in an instant, as if into a maelstrom, and then as suddenly stopped. I lost my breath and put out my hands to ward off something coming near me—not invisible, certainly, for the very air seemed pulsing with light, and it was this luminous ether rushing to me. It brought no pain or hurt, but as it came a cold, creeping wave of fear submerged and drowned me. And yet I did not lose my senses, but saw the room before me.

The cat stood on the couch, on tiptoe almost, in an attitude of intense expectancy. His form rigid, his eyes wide and trance-like, he seemed under hypnotic spell; and, turning to find on what his eyes were fixed, new shiverings of terror chilled me as I beheld the vase; for it was as if a vase of ice had melted into mist, expanding to a giant spectre, shimmering and ethereal, with all its outline and proportions perfect—a nebulous wraith, it seemed quivering to dissolve. From out its flower-like top—now a floating cloud wreath—something waved and beckoned. Great Heavens! It was a hand! a ghostly, human hand, with long, white, fluttering fingers, and it was floating towards me—that severed, spirit-hand, clutching at the tremulous, elusive air—quivering nearer and nearer till its icy touch was upon me, it clasped my hand! What new horrors were to come? In the same instant a lightning bolt shot through the room, Rameses gave a bound and one great cry and leap-

ed into that vaporous vase. In that instant, too, I saw past lives and ages pass before me, I read the inscription on the vase and I was no more afraid.

After the lightning flash the air no longer vibrated with that buoyant light in which I, and the objects of the room, had seemed to float; and the perception which noted how still and fixed things had become revealed to me a new sense for all was now in darkness. I turned on the light. Everything had its proper place and proportion—the cat on the floor, the vase on the table—but the lotus was not there and no subsequent searchings ever revealed any trace of it.

To tell what I saw in the vision I do not deem advisable. In my own consciousness alone are the proofs of its verity, so I shall relate only what was authenticated in a purely scientific way and substantiated by the most material of evidence. Rameses lay on the floor with no apparent life, but I left him undisturbed for hours and when he awoke to consciousness, his eyes—heretofore mere slits aslant his sleepy face—were wide, starry and expressive; and from that time dated, too, his lofty, fearless mien, his majestic tread, and that intangible something which commands an indefinable respect from others, as well as from myself. There is a gleam of intelligence in an eye, either brute or human, which tells of things understood, and from that day I have had a companion and a confidant. As I read aloud now, Rameses no longer dozes at my feet, and does not a nod of the head, a widening of the eyes, bespeak the interest of a silent listener? And when I say things to him in an impressive, rhythmic way, I am not pronouncing an incantation over him to prolong his life, as the boarders believe—it is but to quicken his intellect and aid him to unfold. And for twenty years we have lived and studied and remembered together, but well for me and well for the cat that we lived not in the days of the Salem witchcraft!

A few days after the remarkable experience of that night I took the vase to an Egyptologist, Prof. Lawson, of the University. For, notwithstanding the

certainty of my own knowledge, there was an insistent demand in my mind for corroborating testimony. He admired the vase and examined it carefully with the greedy eyes of a collector, saying it was of an unusual design and that Egyptian faience was rare.

"In fact," said he, "if it were not from the unmistakable Egyptian coloring, I would pronounce it Persian and of a comparatively recent period. But the secret of these perfect blues perished with the ancient Egyptians. We know they came from an oxide of copper mixed with the clay, but the process and proportions have never been rediscovered. The marks, however, are of little consequence he continued; "they are fragmentary and could have a dozen interpretations. They are probably the private marks of the potter."

I told him of how I had gotten the vase and of the hissing sound it made, but never a word of the vision or the metamorphosis wrought in Rameses.

Prof. Lawson went to Egypt that year and had been gone about six months when I received a cablegram reading thus:

"What are the hieroglyphics on the vase?"

I replied by post ~~at~~ a month or so later received the following letter:

Cairo, Egypt,
March 12, 18—

My Dear Miss Curtin:—

When I cabled you I had just returned from the site of ancient Thebes where, making excavation in a fallen temple, I found a papyrus so old it almost crumbled into fragments when I unrolled it; but I have succeeded in piecing enough together to make out the following story which, beyond doubt, relates to your vase:

Hakhamani, a powerful prince of Persia, sought an alliance with Egypt, and, for reasons of state, was given the Princess Amunartis in marriage; but her hatred of him was so great that she refused to leave her father's house and return with him to Persia. This angered him so that, finding her one day on the bank of the Nile with her beloved cat, he pushed them both in the river and drowned them.

When the bodies were recovered, the princess's arms were tightly clasped round the cat and they were embalmed together. But Hakhamani's hatred and revenge were not sated. He stole to the tomb, intending to destroy the mummies, and had gotten the outer wrappings removed from them when the priests discovered him and he was compelled to flee. But as he went he snatched the body of the cat, and in so doing, severed one of the hands of the princess which was tightly grasping the cat and escaping with them to a place of safety, he pounded the hand and the mummy of the cat into dust, mixed it with a potter's clay that was near by and commissioned the potter to make him a vase. Before doing so, the potter learned of the sacrilege of Hakhamani and, by aid of the priests, imprinted on the vase, before it was burned, some magical characters which gave to it an occult power, and when a Persian rose was put into it, it gave out a hissing sound like an angry cat and the rose withered away.

Hakhamani, fleeing in terror at the sight of every cat, died a raving maniac, before he could be executed for his crime. And the vase was put in a temple, lost and forgotten. There is a drawing of the vase in the papyrus and a copy of the characters which were on it and your letter verifies what I had already surmised, that they are identical with the inscription on your vase. I am bringing the papyrus with me and of course you will let me have the vase for the University Museum.

Very truly yours,

R. M. LAWSON.

On his return I allowed him to take the vase, and formally bequeathed it to the University in my will. But a few months ago I changed that will and, getting the vase again into my possession I shattered it to fragments.

* * * * *

Centuries upon centuries have passed since Hakhamani died of cat-feria in Egypt. Who knows but in that time he has thrice returned to earth and suffered his punishment?

So I shattered the vase and ended the curse!

ROMANCE OF A WHEAT FIELD

By FRANCES BEACH



THE "Transcontinental Flyer" of the Northern Pacific, was just leaving the station of the thriving little city of Jamestown, North Dakota, and was getting down to the steady pace that would insure its arrival in St. Paul in the early morning. The last long lances of light from the setting sun, cast an additional shimmer of gold over the yellow stubble of the vast wheat fields that clung so closely to the rails, on either side of the way. Here and there upon the wide horizon could be seen threshing outfits, outlined against the sky, their long grey plumes of smoke, touched by the alchemy of the dying sun, floated away like fairy feathers tinted with a thousand dyes.

Color ran riot. The late-blooming asters that had sprung up after the passing of the reapers, added the touch of purple; and the miles slipped away like beads from a strand of gold studded here and there with amethysts; and to the tired eyes of the passengers, the royal colors seemed to circle around, in an endless chain of purple and gold, gold and purple—purple and gold.

A party of young girls, in one of the Pullman coaches, were making themselves as merry as possible, under the depressing conditions of the long journey, and the remembrance of the tearful farewells that had been spoken as they left their homes and friends in the city of Butte, Montana. They were on their way to an Eastern finishing school, and each girl was leaving behind her a very rich father, whose business in life was to manage "Amalgamated Copper"—gold and silver mines, or the more exciting pursuit of getting elected to the Senate of the United States.

The three girls had made the trip to New York many times with their parents, but on this occasion they had gained reluctant consent to their making

the journey alone, without anyone to chaperone them. "Chaperones were a great bother always," said they. "Besides, what's the use?" They knew every mile of the way, and nothing could happen to them that a chaperone could hinder; and then they would be "chaperoned to death" as soon as they reached "Madam V's." So here they were, sate and happy, with the journey half done, and nothing had happened yet.

Of the three girls, Agnes, whose father had political aspirations, was the prettiest, but her golden head was not filled to overflowing with thoughts of higher education; and her only ambition in life seemed to be to wear pretty dresses, have plenty of beaux, and to please her father, whose constant companion she had been, since the death of her mother, many years before she could remember. Julia was very charming, too, but she was of a more intellectual type, and had dreamed sometimes of a college course. Her brown eyes would fill with tears of disappointment when she remembered the social niche she was expected to fill when she should return to the gay Western city, where the "God or Gold" and the "Goddess of Fashion" would rule the destinies of them all. Ruth, the youngest of the trio, was not at all good looking, but was full of fun, and, considering that she was the spoiled daughter of a multi-millionaire, she was quite well mannered.

They were all tired now. The latest of the magazines had been read; the new books had failed to interest; the boxes of candy had all been emptied, and, just at that moment, nothing seemed worth while. Agnes and Julia were sitting together, while Ruth occupied a seat alone, just across the aisle from the others. The sun was down at last, and all the air was full of soft, mysterious gloaming, and the night breeze sprang up and blew in at the open window, very refreshing

after the heat and dust of the September day.

"Say, girls," said Ruth, "aren't you glad we didn't have to have anybody come with us? I think it is just fine to be all by ourselves, and do just as we please, don't you?"

"O, it is all right, so far," said Julia, "and if you behave as well as you have done, I think we'll arrive in safety."

"But I do wish we'd get out of these endless wheat fields!" exclaimed Ruth. "They get on my nerves! I just hate a prairie and I don't believe I'll ever want to even hear of wheat fields again. I'm so tired of this everlasting monotony! Give me the mountains, every time! I'm glad we're going to a school on the Hudson, because there we will have something that looks like a mountain, even if it isn't as high as our own Rockies. Papa said he gave orders that my room must be one that had a view of the Catskills from the windows."

"What time is it, Agnes?" continued the irrepressible Ruth.

"Time little girls were in bed, I think. What is the reason you don't look at your own watch?" said Agnes.

"I'm too lazy, I guess," answered Ruth, with a yawn.

"I don't see why you don't like the prairie and wheat fields," said Julia who was seated next the window, and had been watching the moving pictures with unflagging interest. "You are not much like Ruth of old. She found her fortune in a wheat field. Perhaps you'll be glad enough, sometime, to live on one of these great wheat farms; you might marry a wheat farmer, who knows?"

"Not on your life!" cried Ruth, who loved to drop into slang when her very aristocratic mother was not in the audience. "I'll resign any possible claim to you, Julia. No wheat farm in mine, thank you. I don't even like wheat when I meet it shredded at the breakfast table."

A few minutes later, Julia asked: "Has either of you girls a penknife handy? I've broken my pencil and I want to sharpen it so as to make a memorandum of that generous offer of Ruth's."

"I have one," said Ruth, "here in my pocketbook. Here, catch it!" and suiting the action with the words, she threw it towards Julia.

Alas, for the unreliability of a girl's aim! Ruth had thrown "not wisely, but too well," for the pocketbook had gone sailing right out of the open window and into the despised wheat field. Consternation reigned in that car for the next few minutes. Everybody talked at once. The sympathetic—the "I told you so's," and all the rest, trying to pacify poor Ruth, who by this time was almost too stunned to realize that she was hurrying forward to St. Paul, sans tickets and checks, sans money, sans everything! Everything was gone in that precious little pocketbook!

Of course, the conductor was consoling as he could be. He would send a telegram to her father at the first stop and the money could be waiting for her at St. Paul. There seemed nothing else that could be done, so the three girls went sorrowfully to their berths, each one wishing in her heart that she had consented to have "Papa" come along; and the mighty train thundered on, bearing them to the end of the first stage of their journey.

Things looked brighter next morning, and when the three young travelers had breakfasted, and Ruth had received a consoling dispatch from "Papa," and also received a goodly sum of money which had awaited her order, another ticket was purchased to replace the lost one and they went on their eastward way rejoicing. Youth is ever light-hearted, so the clouds of the night were soon forgotten in the beauties of the new day. The remainder of the long journey was accomplished without further mishap, and the end of the week saw them safely sheltered under the ample protection of Madam V.

But now a new dilemma awaited them. Where were Ruth's trunks? In that mountain baggage who could claim them without those mystic pieces of pasteboard which are an "open sesame" to all baggage-room doors? The conductor of

the N. P. train had been very hopeful that the purse would be found, and the trunk reclaimed. He was at their service, to do anything and everything in his power to aid them in their search; but week after week rolled away, and no news ever came from the lost pocket-book. By dint of much telegraphing, and the help of many influential railroad friends, Ruth at last received her trunks but in the meantime, numberless shopping trips to New York City had to be made to replenish the depleted wardrobe.

When the unpacking of the long-lost trunk was done at last, and the pretty fluffy summer dresses had been displayed and duly admired by her schoolmates, Ruth put them away again with a little sigh of regret, for the snow was already powdering the lawn, and soon she would need nothing so much as her warm fur-trimmed garments in which she had so often braved the rigors of her native climate. But then, "summer will come again," and she turned away, humming the refrain of a new song she had been learning:

"Sigh not, for birds, love, will always come again;

Winter will pass, love, the birds will come again."

The warm sunshine of early spring was waking the plains of North Dakota from their long sleep. Winter was indeed past, and the birds had "come again." The Hon. John Stanley brought his horses to a sudden stop, and got down from his riding plow to rest awhile from his unwonted labor. He was a Harvard man, also a member-elect of Congress; but now turned farmer for the love of novelty. A tract of several hundred acres had come to him by inheritance, and he was now living over again the scenes of his boyhood, when the west was young, and he, a tiny toddler, by his father's side.

The long furrows ran close to, and parallel with the tracks of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and as he looked toward the west he could see where the shining rails seemed to meet at the vanishing point, where his dreams of youth

seemed to mingle and fade away. The tramp of his horses' feet brought him back to the realities, and looking down, he saw at his feet a curious looking object. Stooping down, he picked up the long-lost pocketbook, whose stout leather covers had defied the rigor of a Dakota winter, and which upon opening he found still contained intact, money, tickets and checks; but, better still, there were Ruth's visiting cards with her home address, and now another card: Miss Julia Jarvis, also of Butte, Montana. "Why, good Lord!" exclaimed the Hon. John. "That must be the daughter of Senator Jarvis, who used to tell me that he had a lovely little girl that he'd like to introduce to me; but I never expected to have her card presented to me right in the middle of a Dakota wheat field!" "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and although some little Ruth seems to have been among the gleaners last year, and lost her pocketbook, I shall reap my full reward, perhaps, for finding it. I think I'll take the train for the "Golden West" to-night, and find out what good fortune awaits me at the end of the shining rails. Somebody else can do the plowing this time."

The Hon. John Stanley was received with great pleasure by his friends, old and new, in the gay Western city, and the three girls in their faraway school-room longed for the time to come when they should meet the "owner of the field." And so it happened, that just before the close of the school year, and on the eve of their departure on their homeward journey, the following telegram was received:

"Meet me at the Ryan House in St. Paul, June 10th. The Hon. John will be with me, as he is anxious to meet all of you girls."

(Signed.) "Papa."

One year later there was a grand wedding in the Jarvis home, when Julia became the wife of the Hon. John Stanley. Agnes was one of the beautiful bridesmaids, but Ruth felt that she deserved her place as "Maid of Honor" since she had been the innocent cause of all the happiness that had resulted from this "Romance of a Wheatfield."



Christmas Cheer

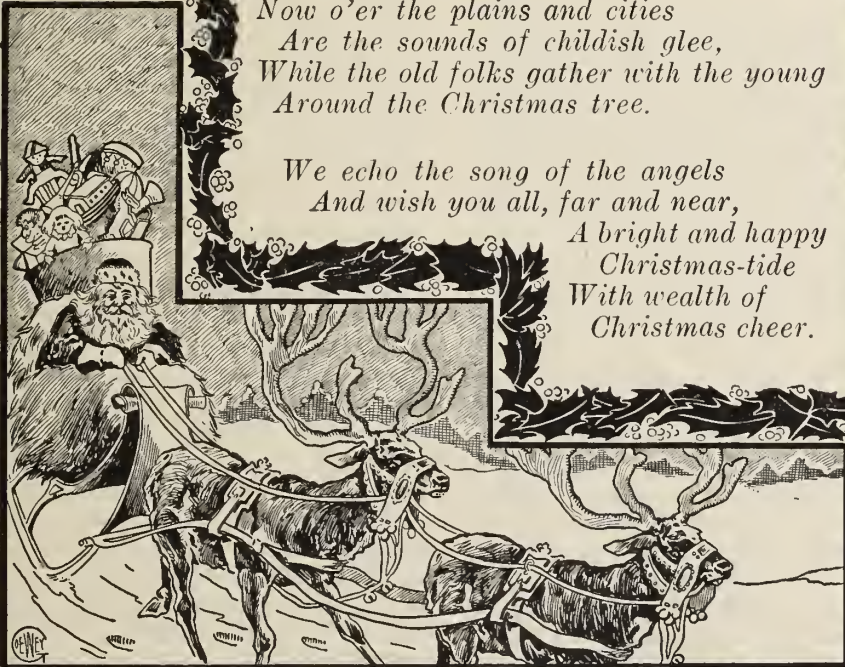
By Alice Phillips Aldrich.

*Over the star-lit city
Came a note of Christmas cheer;
The angels had sung o'er Bethlehem—
God's Christmas Gift was here.*

*O'er the seas and the mountain tops,
Yea, to each remotest sphere,
Rang the glad refrain of that angel song
Bearing God's peace and cheer.*

*Now o'er the plains and cities
Are the sounds of childish glee,
While the old folks gather with the young
Around the Christmas tree.*

*We echo the song of the angels
And wish you all, far and near,
A bright and happy
Christmas-tide
With wealth of
Christmas cheer.*



BETSY'S TRANSFORMATION

A CHRISTMAS STORY

By PERCY T. CARNES



It was late in October. The harvest was past, the summer ended. Already, "the frost was on the pumpkin, and the fodder in the shock." For some time, perhaps three weeks or more, the sky had been perfectly cloudless, with its blue only a little dulled around the edges where it came close to the ground and the dust had settled on it. There was a haziness on the upper slopes that might have been the result of the bonfires of leaves and "bresh" the lads and lassies had been having evenings after supper.

The season had been most propitious for gatherings in the great harvest of winter apples, nuts, persimmons and grapes. Out in the fields were rusty-colored pyramids, each with a pale-gold heap of corn beside it, and the earth between was dotted with orange blobs that promised pumpkin-pie for Thanksgiving.

But despite this picture of peace and plenty, there could be heard threats and murmurings that caused the blood of the law-abiding to run chill and the timid ones to quake with fear.

Direful, blood-curdling threats were openly made, and the populace well knew they would be executed to the extent of the ability of those who made them.

Much has been written of the ways and doing of mountaineers of North Carolina, eastern Tennessee and north-eastern Georgia, yet any person at all familiar with the lives of the inhabitants of that romantic region cannot but feel that the half has not been told.

Loyal to a degree that holds life worth nothing if a friend can be served, an enemy punished or a traitor put to death, the mountaineer is typical of a state of existence the world has long outgrown.

The average man of more sedate temperament and cooler blood leaves the

avenging of his wrongs to courts of law and the judgment of his fellows, but in the mountains each man is a court of law unto himself, and is not satisfied with the slow methods of justice with which more progressive communities are conversant.

It has been a matter of monumental difficulty to impress upon these people that there is wrong in the making of "moonshine" whisky. To them, the product of the corn they grow and of the apples they pick from their own orchards is theirs, whether it is made into "dodgers" and pies, or the liquid of the worm and still. The efforts of the "rev'nooers" to put a stop to illicit distilling of liquors are not looked upon with favor, and conflicts with the officers of the law are frequent.

"The best looking gal in the mountains! By the eternal, *she shan't* be sent up! thundered grizzly old Ike Hanks. And he voiced the sentiment of the determined-looking group of homely men which surrounded him.

Betsy Simmons, "Queen of the Moonshiners," was at that moment languishing in the lonesome pail at Monteagle, the high-up little mountain town which is the county-seat of Johnson, one of the smallest and most isolated of the Georgia counties. What to do with Betsy was the problem puzzling the authorities.

Though only twenty-two, Betsy was as daring and well versed a woman, both in the ways of making whisky and of selling it, as one could find in that wild country, even in a full day's ride. She was as pretty as she was adroit and daring, with bright, sparkling eyes, rosy, well-filled cheeks, wavy, nut-brown hair, and a merry, rippling laughter innocent of guile.

Her education, however, was not limit-

ed to the ways and means of "moonshining." While not a college graduate, Betsy was by no means an illiterate woman. Necessarily, her schooling had been limited to a degree, but when not engaged in helping to make or sell whisky, she remained quietly at home, perusing such books as she was able to procure.

As a seller of contraband whisky, she had no equal. Even the older moonshiners had long looked up to her and in their rude way idolized the plucky girl, who had been bred all her life to think the selling of whisky was an act of the very best sort, and that the "rev'nooers" were a race of people who deserved only death and who were sent out as oppressors of the people. Such is the faith which was literally the back-bone of Betsy's point of view, and that of her moonshiner companions, who make corn whisky and apple brandy in the shaded and well-hidden hollows in the mountains, through which run streams whose waters are always just cool enough to give distillery worms the right touch.

Betsy had year by year become more and more daring and more beautiful. A few months before the opening of this story she became extremely bold in her sales of whisky, going to and from the stills, sometimes with male companions, but more frequently alone. Finally the state authorities decided it was time to stop her, so they sent three deputy marshals for her. The deputies had the good fortune to find her, on foot, and very near the Tennessee line, which she knew perfectly well.

When she saw the three deputies coming, she knew they were not her friends, and made a bold dash for the line. As a sprinter she was a success, and her running was like that of the Grecian girls who competed in the ancient Olympian games. The deputies did not stop to admire, however, but gave chase and dashed across the state line, coming up with and taking hold of the stout and charming Betsy about a hundred yards over in Tennessee.

The girl was nearly out of breath from the run, but had voice enough left

to give a signal, which brought out of the thick bushes nearby five tough-looking moonshiners, any one of whom was ready and willing to die for his goddess any time. She had a good-sized revolver slung about her waist, and very poorly concealed by a checked apron; but her moonshine friends made no concealment whatever of the pistols which they had in hand, and while they fingered these, they parleyed with the detaining deputies, letting them understand that they were willing to pay cash for Betsy's appearance in "co't," and that they were "willing to put up the greenbacks if she could be sot free now an' 'pear at Mont-eagle in ten days."

The deputies thought it wise to temporize, and decided to take the cash, which the moonshiners gallantly put up. Betsy retired with her friends, looking back archly at the officers, her charming eyes sparkling with defiance and the roses in her cheeks deepening until they were like peonies. Her face was framed in a pink sunbonnet of the type which is worn on week days by all the mountain girls.

Betsy did not let her daring and her adventures end with her capture. The very next day her moonshine friends showed up with two hundred dollars. There was a "big meetin'" not far away and it was thought it would be a good time to buy an extra lot of whisky and rush their sales. So it came about that during the next week Betsy sold nine barrels of the stuff, some of it in Johnston county, some in Polk, and some over the line in Tennessee.

She showed up at Mont-eagle at the appointed time, escorted by a party of her moonshiner friends.

The attention of the presiding judge of the superior court was directed toward her, and he became stern and unrelenting when he learned of the extent of her work and the damage she was doing in parts of two states, in her open violation of law. She must have felt in the very air that something was wrong, for when the judge took his seat that afternoon and ordered the girl brought into court, she failed to materialize.

The judge issued a bench warrant for her, and she was found at the home of a moonshiner not far from the little town, and brought back for trial. The judge decided to make an example of the bold young creature by refusing her bond and committing her to jail until she could be taken before the federal authorities at Marietta in December.

A young and rapidly rising attorney was employed by her friends to "tend to Betsy's case." He advised her supporters to quietly disperse to their homes, "lay low" and await developments. That the girl would be released by the federal authorities, he hadn't a doubt, although he realized the extent of her guilt.

He visited the jail daily, plied the charming Betsy with questions relative to her family and home life and devoted several hours every night to preparation for what promised to be the most exciting case of his brief but brilliant career.

It was a clear, frosty morning in late December when the fair young prisoner, escorted by the sheriff and a matron of honor, passed through the cell door, along the dark corridor and into the open court yard, where her attorney was perpared for the vision of womanly loveliness that came suddenly into the sunlight, and only smiled as he looked thereon. But the rough mountaineers stood speechless, gazing upon the neatly-attired and blushing young creature with enraptured eyes and fast-beating hearts. Could this be Betsy? *their* Betsy, "Queen of the Moonshiners?" Yes, it could be none other; and yet, what a transformation!

Her cheeks were a shade paler than when they last saw her, but she was even more beautiful than ever. Her "homespun" dress had been discarded for a trim, tailor-made suit of expensive stuff, her erstwhile loosely flowing hair had been skillfully arranged in a most attractive manner, upon which was perched a stylish and becoming hat. Who was responsible for this pleasing transformation? This unasked question found answer in the fast-coloring face of the Honorable "Pat" Myers, attorney-at-law, as the moonshiners involuntarily directed their grateful, questioning eyes upon him.

"Now, men," cautioned the lawyer, "you are going to Marietta to testify in Miss Simmons' behalf. Her chances for freedom will depend no more on my efforts than on your behavior. I simply ask that you keep sober and orderly, testify truthfully and hold your tongues and temper. Miss Simmons is guilty of the charges against her, but you do as I say and she will return home with us a free woman."

To this counsel the men agreed and the party set out for the little railway station, followed by a motley crowd of men and boys, who went to "see them off."

Betsy Simmons' fame had preceded her to Marietta, her adventures, capture and forth-coming trial having been given wide publicity through the papers. Hence the day set for her trial witnessed the assembling of a multitude of men, women and children in the federal court room.

"Mr. Clerk, call the next case on docket;" thus spake the presiding judge.

"The State of Georgia and the United States vs. Betsy Simmons. Charge: The manufacture and sale of contraband whisky," read the clerk.

"Is the defendant ready for trial?"

"We are ready, your honor," replied attorney Myers.

"Mr. Sheriff, bring the defendant into court."

All eyes were directed toward a door leading into an ante-chamber, through which the sheriff passed. Presently the door swung open again and the sheriff, accompanied by the fair and blushing prisoner, and followed by six rough, determined looking mountaineers, filed solemnly into the court room.

The prisoner took her seat beside her lawyer. The six mountaineers, each with several "concealed," dangerous looking weapons projecting conspicuously and menacingly from his pockets, were sworn by the clerk and told to retire until called.

"Miss Simmons," the judge's voice was modulated by kindness, "you are charged with violating both the state and federal laws in the illicit manufacture

and sale of spiritous liquors. Are you ready for trial?"

"Yes, sir; I am."

"You have employed counsel, I think?"

"My friends have, for me."

"Do you wish additional legal service?"

"No, sir."

"Then we will proceed to trial."

One by one the mountaineers were called into court. To the surprise of all, both court and spectators, each witness testified to the guilt of the prisoner. But, interwoven with the testimony, was a pathetic appeal for the girl's release. Each witness testified to her virtue and many other noble traits of character, and swore that she was the sole support and comfort of her aged and decrepit mother.

The witnesses for the prosecution were questioned but briefly, as the guilt of the defendant had been clearly established by her own witnesses.

Next came the pleadings by the counsels. The prosecuting attorney spoke briefly of the clearly established guilt of the prisoner and appealed feebly for a strict and just punishment. He hoped the court would not be influenced by sentiment, but would "see the imperative necessity of upholding the majesty of the law."

When the counsel for the defense arose to make his plea, there was a shuffling of feet and shifting of positions, caused by the anxiety of every spectator to see as well as hear. The six mountaineers pushed boldly to the front and were given seats in the jury box.

"Your Honor," said the counsel for the defense in clear, distinct tones; "technically speaking, the defendant is guilty of the charge for which she is being tried. Her own witnesses have testified to this fact. We have not attempted to disprove her guilt. She is a creature of environment. Back yonder in the caves of those dark-blue mountains, her father and her father's father made whisky before she was born. For generations back those simple people have engaged in this business, and until comparatively recently, no one has dared molest them, or pointed out to them a better way."

"In a little cabin home, nestling among

the pines and cedars at the base of a mountain, an old, blind woman sits in her loneliness to-day, anxiously awaiting news from her darling child. That dear old woman is the mother of this persecuted child of circumstances, Betsy Simons."

Here the lawyer waxed warmly eloquent and pathetic. He expatiated at great length on the many really lovable qualities of the defendant; the years of schooling in crime the children of the mountains received as a heritage from their fathers; their lack of opportunities for mental and spiritual development, and their innocence of intended transgression of law.

"To-morrow, your honor," the lawyer said in closing his argument; "to-morrow celebrates one of the greatest, if not the greatest events the world has ever known. It celebrates the birth of the Prince of Peace. To-morrow the hearts of many aged and lonely fathers and mothers will be made glad at the return of long absent children; children who have been absent a long time from the homes of their childhood will return to the old roof-tree to celebrate the glad Christmas-tide with loved ones at home. Oh, the unutterable sadness of the thought that one unfortunate creature of circumstances, a being who has already caught a glimpse of the more excellent way and expressed a determination to walk therein, should be ruthlessly torn from her aged mother's embrace and cast into a dark and ill-smelling dungeon! And for what? Committing an offense far less criminal than that has placed men on the judicial bench and sent others to the congress of the United States!"

"A sweet thought full of hope comes from the demonstration that Jesus, the Prince of Peace, came into this world to show us the Father's love. Love will never let what is loved and lovable die if it can have its will. He who loves a flower or a singing bird, is saddened if it dies. When we look up to the great God, and know as we see his face that we are gazing upon the depths of an unutterable love, then there comes to us the unfaltering conviction that all our judg-

ments should be tempered with love and mercy.

"It is not the intention of the law to break hearts and crush lives. You sit in judgment on this case, and I am sure your judgment will be righteous. As the omnipotent Father is not deaf to his children's cry, and will not thrust back the hands extended in supplication, even so you, your honor, will deal gently with this fair young creature, who supplicates for mercy at your throne of grace. Permit her to return to her aged mother and mountain home, and you will have dowered her with eternal peace. May the spirit of the Prince of Peace be upon you."

A hush, deep, prolonged and eloquent pervaded the courtroom. The judge bowed his head as if in silent prayer. After a few moments he raised his head and looked over his desk into the face of the anxious prisoner.

"Miss Simmons, will you please step nearer the bar?"

As the fair young woman arose and tremblingly walked to the judge's desk, the six mountaineers in the jury box involuntarily arose and thrust their hands into their pockets. They were signalled to their seats by Miss Simmons' attor-

ney. The crowd, ignorant of this movement, looked at the judge and prisoner, breathlessly awaiting the verdict.

"Miss Simmons," the very tone of the judge's voice inspired hope; "Are you tired of sinning against the laws of the government and being pursued by officers of the law?"

"Yes, sir," was the tearful response.

"Do you realize that there is a better and more excellent way to live?"

"I do."

"How will you spend to-morrow if released from custody?"

"I shall devote the greater part of the day to preparing a Christmas dinner for my husband and mother."

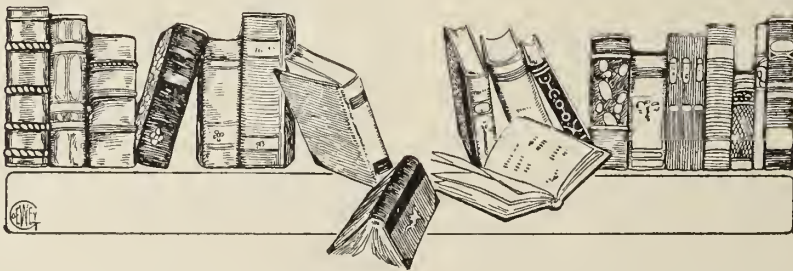
"Your husband?" exclaimed the judge. "You have no husband!"

Betsy blushed and averted her gaze as she murmured, "No; but to-morrow at seven o'clock we will go directly from the train to Parson Tatum's and be married."

"To whom are you to be married?"

"To the honorable Patrick Myers, your honor," the prisoner proudly replied.

"Then go, and may heaven bless you," the judge said fervently, amid the deafening applause of the multitude.



BY FIRE

The Relenting of a Fair Girl's Father and the Cause

By MILFORD W. FOSHAY



LAYTON BOYER, young county superintendent of schools, and Virginia, sat by the window of the cozy farm house enjoying the prairie breeze, when the sound of galloping horse was heard and, a moment later, Mr. Moore threw himself from the saddle and stepped into the room. His eyes flashed at the sight of the visitor.

"Boyer," he said, in a harsh voice, "if you had as much sense as a superintendent ought to have, you would know that you are not welcome here. Virgie is of age and I have nothing to say about what she does; but as for you, I'll kick you off the premises the next time I find you here."

Standing at his full height of six feet, Clayton looked coolly down on the small, angry man in front of him. A low "Please, Clayton," reached his ear, and he turned with a swift, reassuring smile to Virginia, then faced Mr. Moore again. The latter moved a little uneasily, and blurted out:

"Oh, I suppose you think I can't do that! Well, I've got something here that can," and he drew a gun from his pocket.

"You will have no occasion to use it," Boyer said quietly. "I shall leave, but not through fear."

He took Virginia's hand for a moment, at which the father muttered impatiently, then left the house to mount his horse and ride the ten miles to town. He did not look back, but his eyes told Virginia that he would see her again.

On Tuesday of the following week, a tramped called at Mr. Moore's and asked for something to eat. He had been following the little creek that ran less than a quarter of a mile north of the house, but out of sight behind the knolls, mak-

ing his way to the railroad line. Such a caller was rare and Virginia was ready to give him food, when her father interfered and ordered him to leave the place. He obeyed, with a look on his face that made Virginia uneasy; but her father laughed at her fears and would not listen to her protest, saying that if the man were willing to work, he would not need to beg from industrious people.

This occurred about 12 o'clock. A little after one, Mr. Moore spliced two ladders and mounted to a gable window that had become loose and annoyed them with its rattling. He was intently at work when the wind, which had been blowing from the south, turned and came violently from the north with suddenness. By the time the window was repaired a gale was in progress, and he began to descend. When half way down a fierce gust caught him and whirled the ladder to one side, breaking the splice, and he fell heavily to the ground. Attempting to rise, he found that his side was injured, and he was obliged to call for his daughter, with whose help he was able to get into the house and lie down. As soon as he was made comfortable and their attention slightly relaxed, both detected the odor of smoke. Virginia looked out of the window and noticed a puff of smoke followed by a jet of flame on the knoll north of the house. If she could have seen beyond it, she would have observed the tramp of the morning running along the edge of the creek, hastening to the northward.

"The prairie is on fire!" she exclaimed, in a startled voice.

Her father sprang up, but with a groan he sank back in a dead faint. His right shoulder and thigh were severely sprained, useless. In a few seconds Virginia realized that, with the gale which was blowing, she and her father must hasten for their lives. But what could

she do with him? Running to the barn she brought a horse to the door, thinking to be able to lift him on it and then lead it away from the flame. With desperate haste she drew him to the threshold, but the fire by this time had come so near that the horse took fright, and, just as Virginia reached the doorway with her burden, it broke loose and galloped off before the wind. With a cry of despair she turned to the north and saw the fire already at the outbuildings. Utterly dismayed, she stood looking at its destructive work.

Superintendent Boyer, on his way to visit a school northwest of the county seat, hoping to see Virginia for a few minutes, rode out of his way and came in sight of Mr. Moore's house. He saw the fire and urged his horse forward.

As he drew near, he could see the fire leap to the corner of the house in the door of which Virginia stood. She heard the hoof beats, and turned with an exclamation of joy. Drawing in the horse, Clayton threw himself off while it was yet in motion and bounded to her side, keeping the bridle rein in the hollow of his arm.

The few seconds spent in these movements sufficed to bring the flames all about them, and the horse was wrenching violently backward by the time he had lifted Virginia to the saddle.

"Oh, save father!" she pleaded.

It was perilous to attempt, but he could not resist her voice. With one hand holding the rein, he managed to seize Mr. Moore's foot with the other and pull him out through the now blazing grass beyond the circle of fire. His coat was burning, but he smothered it out and was able to lift the light body back of the saddle. This rough treatment roused him from the faint, and he secured a hold with his uninjured hand. As he did so the wind swirled the flames around them and the horse sprang aside, jerking the rein from Boyer's grasp. With his head high in air, the frightened beast fled.

The wrench that freed the rein from Clayton's hand carried him several feet ahead of the fire, and he was taken still

farther by the spring he made to regain his hold; but by the time he saw the horse with its double burden galloping to the south, it had again reached his side and he was obliged to think of his own safety. The creek curved to the south and west and he dashed in that direction, but the tongues of flame shot ahead with fiercer speed than his, and his clothing was soon on fire and his eyes blinded by the heat and smoke. Catching a glimpse of the water, he covered his face with his hat and made a desperate struggle onward. It seemed to him an age before he splashed into the stream, with hands and eyebrows scorched, clothing ablaze and throat smarting with the dreadful heat. A plunge beneath the surface extinguished the flame and cooled his head, so that he was able to wade across and walk out on the other side.

Exhausted, he seated himself on the bank and watched Mr. Moore's buildings burn, while the fire swept on southward to the edge of the creek. This would stop its progress, but where were Virginia and her father? Tortured with the thought that they may have been overtaken by the fire, he almost hated the strength and agility, which, as an athlete, he was usually proud of, for now they had served to save himself only, while the one he loved far better may have perished.

He was roused from these thoughts by the sound of steps, and looking up he saw Virginia and her father at hand, safely seated on his horse. With an exclamation of relief he sprang to their side. Mr. Moore's face showed the agony of severe pain, and Clayton gently lifted him down and placed him carefully on the soft grass.

"Boyer," he said, and his voice was so changed that Clayton scarcely recognized it, "I've lost a few buildings by this fire, but by the same means I have gained a knowledge of my own character that will make a different man of me. I hope, too—" and his voice broke, while in his weakness, an unwonted tear stole from the eyes he again closed— "I hope I have gained a son."

WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN

By DR. J. S. KIRTLEY



It was the most wonderful thing that had ever taken place on earth and there has been nothing like it since. "His name shall be called wonderful,"

wrote a man concerning Him, seven hundred years before, and He, Himself, was far more wonderful than His name.

He had already been ruling the centuries and now He was to change the unfolding future. He had gotten people to expecting Him, talking about Him. A nation had been formed to keep that expectation in an ardent glow and it had been organized into their very life. He had opened and trained the vision of not a few till they could see over the hilltops of the years to the day of his birth. Through that vision they found their vocation, and became faithspeakers for the righteous God and faithtellers of the perfect One who was to come.

That nation was to make preparation to receive him, by keeping the people watching and ready and worthy. Another great nation was preparing for Him by conserving human wisdom, so as to appreciate Him the more and learn the incomparable wisdom He brought from the skies. And still another nation had been develop-

ing human power, only to find how weak men were to do right and that the child is the very embodiment of the power of God.

The nation that was appointed to receive him had been bathed in heaven's light and many luminous and lofty souls showed the qualities that he possessed. That nation had been placed in the best land on earth and he was the power determining it. On his account they were given a home, in the pathway of the nations, where they could feel the pulse-beat of humanity, a home that for variety of scenery and climate and productiveness was not equalled elsewhere on earth. A world wide expectation, acute in some, faint in others, was awaiting him. He was the talk of the nation for centuries before his birth. In his interest the events of history had been controlled. Indeed his name did deserve to be Wonderful, for the age-long



The Nativity.

preparations made for his coming.

How wonderful was He in the recognition which earth and heaven gave to His advent. He had His hand of power upon the unseen, for an angel from out the skies sang the aria that sent a thrill through the heavenly ranks and brought out a chorusing support to His sublime solo. Noble and aspiring souls in distant and unfavored lands felt the advent into human life of an unequalled person who seemed to touch the chords of life till they rang out a response. They felt life reinforced and augmented from the eternal sources of vitality and purity, till they were eager to kneel and worship at His cradle and enrich Him with all the symbols of worth and wealth and worship. The starry heavens sent a shining escort to guide the search of the reverent wise men to the place where the wonderful child was born.

What wonderful arrangements had been made for letting the rest of the world know about Him. There were Jewish people living all over the world who were in an expectant mood and would quickly get the news from those who went up to Jerusalem to the annual feasts. Thus it would be scattered like fire. The cruel captivities and the mournful migrations were proving a disguised blessing to all the world. Proselytes from Romans and Greeks were also scattered among them, ready, with a prepared hospitality, for the news of one who should save the people from their sins. They had sought relief from the debaucheries and darkness and despair of false religions in the purity and sympathy of Israel's faith and hope. Here was a foothold for that wonderful child prepared for Him among the heathen who had been promised Him for an inheritance. Houses of worship had already been built in all the great cities so that the people could assemble and hear of Him and worship Him. Centuries before the exiles from their native land had built synagogues, or gathering places where they could enjoy fellowship with each other, hear the law and the prophets read and expounded, and sing together the songs of Zion. Meeting houses were ready for His message. A beau-

tiful and well-nigh perfect language was spoken among Jews and Greeks and Romans and many of the other races, in addition to their own native tongues. The story could be told quickly and clearly. Three hundred years before, when Alexander conquered Asia and Africa, he left that language among the conquered nations and it was a rare treasure, almost a recompense for captivity. Alexander, who sighed for more world's to conquer, was putting an instrument in the hands of our Christ, which would assist Him in conquering the world for righteousness and truth and love. Highways of travel had been built on His account. In running out her great rock roads from the "Golden Milestone," into all her outlying provinces—the most perfect system of roads ever constructed prior to the modern railroad era—Rome's purpose was to keep her iron hand upon her subjects, but God's purpose was that the swift messenger might have an open way to the world's centers, as they carried news of the new King of men. God had also brought about a lull of peace, over the civilized world, a fit time for the coming of the Prince of Peace. The mood of Rome, the world's mistress, was liberal and pacific just then. She was patronizing all religions and giving freedom of conscience to all people. The tellers of the story could claim their right to speak. It was the "psychological moment" of all history and the influence of that wonderful child had brought it about. Caesar needed money and he ordered a census, preliminary to levying a tax. The census required an enrollment of the Jews in their ancestral homes, and Joseph and Mary went from Nazareth, eighty miles south to register at Bethlehem. The unseen hand of God was guiding the imperial pen that wrote the decree and was bringing about the fulfillment of purposes and promises and prophecies.

The changes He had wrought on the ages, since that advent day, justify the name the prophet gave Him. Whenever men have surrendered themselves to His wishes for them, they have had a longing to be like Him. There has been witnessed a secondary wonder, people reproducing

His qualities and developing a distinct and easily perceived resemblance to Him. In personal character and also in their relationships in human life the marks of the Master appear. They find that people, as such, are nearer and dearer than they used to be. Artificial distinctions are gradually fading out and leaving them all standing



Christ and the rich ruler.

together as brothers. They assume the old debt which Cain repudiated. Christ and not Cain is their Master. In the home a new atmosphere bathes the life. Woman commands a new reverence and childhood a new care. They assume the old debt which Cain repudiated. Christ and Cain is their Master. In the home a new atmosphere bathes the life. Woman commands a new reverence and childhood a new care. Modern art is the unfolding of His thought in the realm of beauty, as He furnishes subject matter, perhaps the ideals, and supplies the finest motives. Painting and poetry and music love to express Him. For all true, creative artists Fra. Angelica speaks in the epitaph which he wrote for his own tomb: "To me be it no glory that I was as a second speller; but that all my gains I laid at thy feet, O Jesus." If we take away from our homes all the paintings and poems and music that we owe directly or indirectly to Him, we shall leave our walls bare, our book shelves empty and silence all our noblest strains of music.

Benevolences in all their forms have sprung up under His influence. It was not an accident that no systematic pro-

vision was ever made for the care of the poor and the orphan and the aged and the sick till men learned of Him. The correction and the culture of all imperfect altruistic sentiments is His achievement.

And the institutions that train men's minds are His inspiration. Moses was the first to start public schools and Christ was Moses' master. As Ramsay says: "The Jews stood, both morally and intellectually, on a far higher level than the Gentile." The highest intellectual culture of to-day is found among those in whom He most completely manifested Himself. Christ is the founder of the college and the university and the common school. It is not an accident that when one becomes a friend of the author of all truth, he longs to know truth and to make it known as well.

We must not have a Christless Christmas. Men and women and children will sing and be glad. They will enjoy the blessed fruits and have the roots of blessedness in the soil of their souls. They will possess his gifts and the giver of the gifts as well. They will receive for themselves and distribute for others. He must have our gratitude and love this Christmas time.

TALES FROM THE BONNET SHOP



MILLINERY modes of the season have been determined by now, and the many styles needed to perfect the constantly changing wardrobe of the metropolitan woman causes modistes' shops to be crowded daily with costumers whose wants seem to multiply as the season advances, instead of increasing as one might at first imagine. Society women find use for ten hats, to the average woman's one. The reason for this alarming disparity is easily explained, however, in the fact that this year's fashions are plainly extravagant.

It's many a year since frocks and their accessories have reached such

heights of elegance and expensiveness, both in material and trimming. The use of real laces for tam o'shanter hats, mounting them over a foundation termed a "bit" of cloth of gold, said "bit" costing possibly from six to ten dollars a yard, to say nothing of a couple of ostrich plumes delicately tinted, and with, possibly, a narrow band of Russian sable twisted about the crown, provides a hat for the financially able, costing forty to one hundred dollars. Such a hat as this is by no means a rarity, and the calm assurance with which many women view such a high-priced example of the milliner's art brings more astonishment to the mind of the uninitiated than does the cost of the hat itself.

The average woman of moderate means needs an every day hat, modeled to harmonize with neat walking or shopping costumes, her church hat, built a trifle more elaborately than the knock-about, and a pretty evening hat, that may be worn becomingly with the theater or dinner frock, or for formal afternoon calls and other such conventional social purposes. At least one of these hats is sure to be a remodeled last year's left-over, which reduces the cost of one of the trio considerably. With this millinery trinity supplying all requirements this same average woman is sure to be pretty well content. As the needs of the fashionable city woman are those which determine the styles adopted by her country sisters, her hat layette of necessity, becomes of vast importance and of greatest interest.

This year's demands have developed a wider range of models than were in vogue last year. Not only does the milliner supply a theater hat proper, but she must now devote a department to the theater head-dress as well. This is made necessary by the avidity with which society women are embracing this latest Parisian head-dress decision.

In size they differ, but as to beauty of design and materials each and all will claim equal favor. A small crown of green leaves, mounted upon satin covered wire to encircle a coil of hair may



Velvet hats are flower trimmed.

Velvet hats of mushroom shape, tip-tilted in the most fascinating manner, are a fad of the season. This shape is becoming to the average woman, while the latitude allowed in its trimming is apparently limitless. No more popular or modish way can be conceived than that illustrated, a wreath of beautifully tinted flowers in yellow and white encircling the crown and finishing with pretty tan silken streamers that tone artistically with the brown of the velvet in the hat.

be very diminutive and remain as good in style as the wreath of blood red roses interlaced with spangled ribbon and having a huge scarlet aigrette placed, like a ship's mast, directly in the front. Or two long curling ostrich plumes of any fancied color may be fastened to satin covered wire by means of a priceless diamond brooch and droop artistically from the high coiffured hair until the tips of the feathers touch their owner's shoulders.

The designs of these head-dresses are legion, while the novelty of many of them recalls the reign of such features when Miladi's hair was dressed to resemble a full rigged ship and the hair dresser in such demand that many a fair one was compelled to sleep in a sitting posture the night through in order



Fur in millinery

Among the novelties in the season's smart hats are those of velvet with crowns of contrasting fur, or fur that tones handsomely with the velvet or velveteen costume worn. Such a hat is shown in the illustration, the curved brim of black velvet trimmed underneath with puffs of taupe colored malinette. The crown is of sealskin, with the sole trimming consisting of an iridescent bird whose tail feathers are taupe colored uncurled ostrich.



The fashionable mushroom.

One charming variety of the mushroom hat is shown here in a soft gray felt. The shape is mounted upon a bandeau of crab-apple pink velvet, and is trimmed with three very full gray ostrich plumes that fall at a becoming angle in back. A twist of the red velvet bands the crown, finishing in front with a velvet frilled button of goodly size. The trimming idea is so simple that anyone might copy it successfully. If made in black and white nothing could be more effective for a smart evening toque.

to prevent dislocation of the many puffs, curls and ornaments.

Some of the modern hats are as curious in construction as were those efforts of the old-time hair dressings, and it is quite an accepted condition to find hats in most of the smart shops to-day with a bit of white thread caught through the hat brim edge, and left tied in a crisp knot, in order that the saleswoman may know just where the front is located. No one appears surprised at this contrivance, but a plain woman of modest taste, when confronted by such a millinery necessity is forced to wonder what women are about to accept such monstrosities so senselessly constructed. Such hats do not, however, dominate the shops.

Pretty little fur crowned velvet hats are being shown, trimmed very simply with a cluster of roses, an ostrich tip or



Uncurled ostrich a fashionable trimming.

A smooth, long-haired beaver hat is illustrated, modelled for wear with wooltex costumes for street wear. The shape is a becoming one to most faces, and is trimmed with a studied carelessness combining folds of liberty satin draped around the crown and a cluster of drooping uncurled ostrich feathers shading from brown to cream white, which nod gracefully over the highly bandeaued back. A big velvet bow is placed under the back brim, with the loops and ends caressing the hair.

wing, or handsomely and modishly adorned with the fashionable vulture or uncurled ostrich clusters. Sealskin is becoming a favorite, as it combines very prettily with black or any color velvet. These hats were designed originally for wear with smart, dressy velvet or velveteen frocks, many women preferring to match such costumes in their millinery.

Mushroom shaped velvet hats trimmed with beautiful velvet and silken flowers are modish and becoming to the average face when bandeaued to tilt at a pretty angle. Tufts of malinette nestling under these brims are fashionable, while silk ribbons matching the flowers and knotted into pretty loops and long flowing streamers, flower weighted, are being introduced with much success.

The foregoing are really for after-

noon wear and semi-formal occasions. For the matinee and the little tea pourings that invariably follow at a fashionable tea-shop, a gray felt hat of mushroom tendencies, trimmed with three beautiful gray plumes was seen during the week with its crown wound with folds of crab-apple pink velvet. A big velvet frilled and covered button was placed directly in front seemingly to hold the feathers in position. The tint of the velvet matched the smart little wool-tex tailor-made suit worn by the girl who owned the hat, and illustrated to a nicety the artistic possibilities of these two modish colors.

White felt hats, either of the plain, smooth French variety or else having shaggy, crisp hair surfaces, are smartly kinked into pert little shapes and trimmed with wings or quills, placed boltly upright, with a sprightly bit of orange or scarlet velvet, or a twinkling buckle of jet or rhinestones, to relieve too direct a contrast. Notwithstanding the whiteness of these hats, they are worn with almost any color costume, and much against one's teaching as to economy and practicability, milliners are actually suggesting these hats for practical every-day wear.

It is possible that the autoing habit is responsible for the vogue of the small hat, but, from whatever reason the fashion springs, the fact remains that the smart, modish New York woman demands the small hat for dress as well as for every day wear. She likes it so built that a veil can be adjusted easily, whether she is wearing the lacy little meshes of the dotted fascinator, or the mantilla-suggesting shroud of the chiffon automobile veil.

Apropos of this comes the news that veils are no longer fashionable. No one need take this announcement seriously, though. Veils will continue to be in demand as long as women wear hats, changing in design alone, and growing prettier every year as makers recognize the opportunities for artistic effects with dots and design so arranged on novel meshes that they add to rather than detract from woman's beauty.

"A KISS AT HOME."

Ballad.

By THEO. H. NORTHRUP.

Moderato.

The piano introduction consists of four measures. The right hand features a melody of eighth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The vocal line for the first two lines of lyrics is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The melody is simple and follows the rhythm of the lyrics.

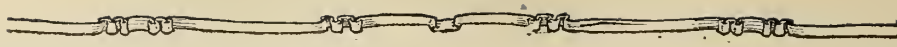
1. Af - ter the day is o - ver, And home - ward your way you go.....
2. Turn from your work at mid - day, And long for the time to pass.....

The piano accompaniment for the first two lines of lyrics consists of four measures. The right hand plays chords and moving lines, while the left hand plays a steady accompaniment of chords.

The vocal line for the last line of lyrics is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The melody is simple and follows the rhythm of the lyrics. The word "rall." is written above the staff.

Think - ing of all your loved ones, Wait ing with lights turned
Know - ing a wel - come waits you, From some sweet, bright - eyed

The piano accompaniment for the last line of lyrics consists of four measures. The right hand plays chords and moving lines, while the left hand plays a steady accompaniment of chords.



low..... Of gen - tle hands to greet you, And of the sweet - est
lass Ah! These are the hap - py vis - ious, That makes the time pass

kiss, From your heart's on - ly treas - ured loved ones, Ah! such a heav'n - ly
slow, For the day's wea - ry work that's end - ed, Joy at the wel - come

rall.

bliss..... To have a home, like this, And loved one's greet - ing - kiss.
home..... And meet your wife's sweet kiss, A heav'ly home is this.

rit.

"A Kiss at Home."





Chorus.

Tempo di Valse.

Loved one's welcome kisses, Kisses from the heart,.....

Make home earth-ly Heaven Treasured with its bliss, Ah!

joy creeps to your heart strings With welcomes like this..... Your

heart filled with the sun shine of the ever dear home welcome-kiss.....

rall. *D.S.*

"A Kiss at Home."



LOW COST HOMES

WM. A. RADFORD
EDITOR

We are fortunate in having Mr. William A. Radford consent to answer all questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to building plans and building material. On account of his wide experience as editor, author and manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 194 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.



THIRTY-ONE by sixty feet, exclusive of the porch, gives ground room enough for a very roomy cottage, especially when the roof space in the gables is transformed into pretty interesting bedrooms. This plan provides a tower—an ideal place for a boy's room. The imagination of any youngster is stimulated by the prospect of decorating his own room with pictures, tennis rackets, canoe paddles, Indian clubs, la crosse sticks, snow shoes, curling stones, ball clubs, Indian snakes, skis, skates and as many other evidences of boyish sports as he can lay his hands on. The encouragement given by father and mother go a long way toward helping out in the artistic arrangement of such boyish decorations. Every boy has some aesthetic ideas along these lines that may be developed to his lasting benefit.

Industrious Americans in middle life usually have the means necessary to provide a comfortable home with accommodation for the boys, and girls too, that are at once more attractive and satisfying than any outside influence.

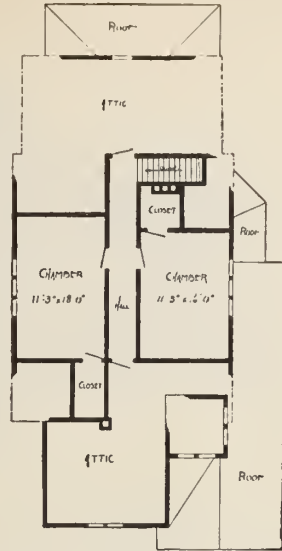
A tower room is attractive especially to a boy because it is something out of the ordinary, and because it is shut away from the main part of the house, where he can make all the noise he wants to without being continually hushed up. Anyone contemplating building this house could not do a wiser thing than plan this little tower room for one of the children. It is not very large, but it is big enough. Give it to the boy, let it be his own exclusively until he outgrows it. Do not pile in some old trash just because it happens to be a handy corner to stow away something that you do not want, but consult the young fellow's taste, think about what he would like and



help him arrange it in a style peculiarly his own. It is well lighted with two double windows, and if he needs more room he will find a perch on the roof. And if he makes the roof part of his playground do not scold him for splitting a shingle now and then. Shingles are cheaper than boys.

This house plan provides for two grates. I wish every house in America contained provision for an open fire. There would be less crime if homes were made more cheerful. The one thing above all others that lends good cheer to every inmate and every visitor is the open fire. It was the only luxury known to prehistoric man. Its welcome light and warmth have been bred into the marrow of the human race. No other institution can possibly take its place. It is part of human nature to enjoy an open fire, and it cannot be, and never will be, eliminated.

A fireplace may be cheap and it may be expensive; so long as the fire is burning the furnishings are not criticised; and it is by no means necessary to neglect the decorations designed to enclose the grate fire. Manufacturers have spent millions of dollars for machinery, especially designed to turn out grates that are scientifically constructed to induce thorough



combustion, and they are not expensive affairs either.

Chimneys are constructed to furnish sufficient draft to prevent the smoke from blackening the ceiling. There usually is, and always should be, a chute to the chimney pit in the cellar to hold ashes. Some builders do not understand the proper construction of this pit. It is easy to make it with a draft that will send the ashes out into the room above, but this is a stupid inexcusable oversight. It is necessary to have an opening in the bottom to remove the ashes once or twice a year, but it is very easy to put in an airtight door to shut this opening. If the air cannot enter at the bottom there can be no draft.

Of course it would be easier and save a great deal of annoyance afterwards to see that a proper door is provided when the chimney is built; but if a person is determined to have comfort in a house they will find some means to carry out the provisions to secure it. The price of comfort is forethought with considerable subsequent determination.

Such houses as this may be built to advantage in any of the smaller cities. When a place gets a population of half a million or so there is no room for cottage houses except in the suburbs, and these places sometimes are not as accessible as they should be.





TOO BUSY



Some years ago when the route of a railroad to Atlantic City was being surveyed and the men were driving stakes through the premises of an old farmer, he addressed the leader of the gang as follows:

"Layin' out another railroad?"

"Surveying for one," was the reply.

"Goin' threw my barn?"

"Don't see how we can avoid it."

"Wall, now, mister," said the worthy farmer, "I calkerlate I've got sumthin' tew say 'bout that. I want you tew understand that I've got sumthin' else tew dew besides runnin' out tew open and shet them doors every time a train wants to go through."

MAY BE A MISTAKE

Of a political transaction that had a suspicious look, Senator Beveridge said one day:

"Though in the thing there is nothing on which we can lay our hand, it certainly appears fishy. It reminds me of a Washington waiter.

"A gentleman, after eating a good dinner, said to this waiter:

"I am sorry I can't give you a tip,

but I find I have only just enough money to pay your bill."

"The waiter seized the bill hurriedly.

"Just let me add it up again, sir," he muttered."

HE WANTED TO KNOW

Mayor McClellan has a butler in his house who wears knee breeches and the rest of a real butler's outfit—on ceremonial occasions.



The Mayor invited some leaders over to his house one evening to have dinner. One of them came early and was admitted by the stately butler.

The leader drew McClellan aside as soon as he had reached him and whispered hoarsely:

"Say, George, why didn't you tell me this was a masquerade party?"

HIS COMPOSITION

"When Mark Twain was a boy at school in Hannibal," said a veteran Missourian, "the school master once set the class to writing a composition on 'The Result of Laziness.'

"Young Clemens, at the end of half an hour, handed in as his composition a blank slate."

A Happy and Prosperous New Year to all Our Readers.

THE ACME salutes the New Year with a new dress, charming, fresh and attractive in its artistic creation. The magazine has fulfilled its promise and the current number surpasses the previous ones in the variety as well as the quantity and quality of its contents. It is the only periodical of its kind: its aim and scope are entirely peculiar to itself.

The magazine has been accorded the most flattering commendations both from the press and the general reading public, and has already attained a high position among the leading periodicals of the day—indeed few magazines have won popular favor in so short a time.

This success has only spurred its publishers to renewed exertions to make it worthy of greater favors still. In entering upon the new year it puts forth no other pledge than that the literary and artistic quality of the current issue will be more than equalled in its future numbers. It has fixed a high standard of excellence for itself, and the constant

endeavor will be to raise above its own standard.

* * * *

In the November number of the Acme three prizes were offered: One of ten dollars for the best short story, another of ten dollars for the best illustrated joke or drawing, suitable for reproduction, and five dollars for the best photograph of a local subject.

Of the stories sent in competition, many were clever but few of strictly local coloring. The winning story, "Martha Livingston's Love," by W. P. Everitt, is published in this number.

Many of the drawings were suggestions for illustrated jokes, which, while good, were not local.

The successful one, a drawing satirizing a local municipal condition, will be published in a future number.

The photographs showed that Trenton has many very clever amateur photographers. The best picture was a local scene by John H. Blackwood, which will be reproduced in the February number.



UNCLE REUBEN AND HIS FAMILY SEEING TRENTON.

UNCLE REUBEN. (to Mike, the Newsboy.)—"Sonny, do ye know whar Riverview Cemetery is?"

MIKE—"Cert."

UNCLE REUBEN—"Well, will ye tell me how to get thar?"

MIKE—"Sure I will! Die."



Drawn by Wm. E. Pedrick.

"He was in the forefront of the Continentals."

See prize story, "Martha Livingston's Love."

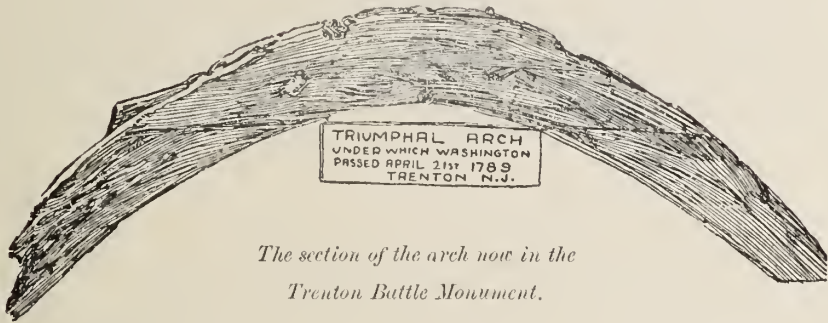
The Acme Magazine

Vol. I.

January, 1907.

No. 3.

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A RELIC OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

The Triumphal Arch under which the First President of the United States passed when on his way to New York to be Inaugurated.

AMONG THE few rare relics preserved in the Trenton Battle Monument is a fragment of the arch under which General George Washington passed, on his way to New York City, to be inaugurated President of the United States.

The rough-looking old boards of which it is composed was part of those that formed the triumphal arch which the citizens of "Trenton Village" erected over the stone bridge crossing the Assumpink Creek, on April 21, 1789.

If they were gifted with speech, they could tell a pretty tale of the doings which they witnessed more than a cen-

tury ago. It was a rare scene that unfolded beneath the evergreen festooned arch, one in which the living actors were gaily dressed Colonial sires, dames bedecked with flowers, and maidens attired in immaculate white. It was, moreover, a scene whose meaning seemed to penetrate into the very deepest affection of Washington for he returned thanks for it in a letter expressing the most profound gratitude. He alludes to the maidens who stood beneath it, scattering flowers under his horse's feet, and singing as they did so, as "the white-robed choir," remembrance of whom, time could never efface from his mind.



Washington's Reception at Trenton, April 21st, 1789.

From an old engraving by T. Kelly.

The matrons who took part in the ceremony were:

Mrs. Susannah Armstrong, Mrs. Henry Borden, Mrs. Susannah Calhoun, Mrs. Elizabeth Chambers, Mrs. Esther Cox, Mrs. Mary Dickinson, Mrs. Elizabeth Ewing, Mrs. Sarah Furman, Mrs. Susannah Gordon, Mrs. Mary Hannah, Mrs. Sarah How, Mrs. Keziah Burr Howell, Mrs. Mary Hunt, Mrs. Esther Lowry, Mrs. Sarah Milnor, Mrs. Ann Richmond, Mrs. Mary Smith, Mrs. Rachael Stevens, Mrs. Annis Stockton, Mrs. Catherine Stockton, Mrs. Jane Tate, Mrs. Grace Woodruff.

Young women representing the thirteen states were Miss Eleanor Armstrong, Miss Elizabeth Borden, Miss Elizabeth Cadwalader, Miss Catherine Calhoun, Miss Esther Cox, Miss Mary Cox, Miss Mary Dickinson, Miss Maria Furman, Miss Mary C. Keen, Miss Mary Lowry, Miss Maria Meredith, Miss Sarah Moore, and Miss Margaret Tate.

Little girls who sang the ode of welcome were Miss Sarah Airy, Miss Jeanniah Broadhurst, Miss Sarah Collins, Miss Sarah How, Mrs. Sarah Burr Howell, Miss Elizabeth Milnor.

The spot on which the arch was erected was historic ground.

But a few years before Washington and his ragged troops fired with a determination that the march of the invader, the redcoats of England who then were overrunning Jersey, must be checked at all hazards, had retreated over the Assumpink Bridge to fall on the British forces at Princeton. The fete about the arch was one of the prettiest incidents of Washington's journey

from Mount Vernon to New York, rivalling even the gorgeous scenes incidental to his reception by the foremost men of Philadelphia at Gray's Ferry.

Washington had left his home on April 16th. Just prior to his departure he had visited his mother at Fredericksburg to bid her goodbye, and then he began the journey at whose goal he was to be elevated to the first office in the land. "About 10 o'clock I bade adieu," reads an entry in his journal, "to Mount Vernon, to private life and to domestic felicity, and with a mind oppressed with many anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York in company with Mr. Thomas and Colonel Humphreys with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations."

Demonstrations in his honor were held at Georgetown, Baltimore, Wil-

of answering its expectations. Washington left the latter city and set out for Trenton on the morning of April 21st. The City Troop was anxious to accompany him, but as the day was rainy, Washington declined its services, stating that he could not allow it to ride in the wet while he was secured from the rain in his carriage.

Toward the afternoon, when he had arrived at the outskirts of Trenton, however, the sun shone out and the day became wonderfully pleasant. A troop of horse, a distinguished party of citizens, a company of infantry and a delegation of ladies met him. A beautiful white horse was provided for him, and, surrounded by thousands of spectators hurrahing and singing, he approached the bridge over the Assumpink. On that bridge was erected the arch of which the ragged old boards now in the Battle Monument were part. The arch was twenty feet wide, it was supported by thirteen symbolic columns entwined with evergreens, and the following inscription, in large gilt letters shone out over the arch: "The Defender of the Mothers will also Protect their Daughters." Above this again, on a square ornamented with evergreens and flowers, were the historic dates, "December 26, 1776, and January 2, 1777." The very top consisted of large sunflowers, intended to express the motto, "To you alone." The dames of Trenton stood beneath the arch, and their daughters, all gowned in white, but adorned with chaplets of flowers, stood in front of them. As Washington approached all joined in singing an ode.

We come, mighty chief, once more,

Welcome to this grateful shore;
Now no mercenary foe

Aims again the fatal blow,
Aims at thee, the fatal blow.

Virgins fair and matrons grave

Those thy conquering arms did save
Build for thee triumphal bower;

Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers,
Strew your hero's way with flowers.

As the last lines were sung, six of the young women, carrying baskets of flowers strewed them before the path of Washington. His emotions overcame him. He stopped his horse and tried

to express his gratitude. Many were moved to tears.

Before leaving Trenton he sent the following letter to the committee of the ladies who had arranged the reception:

"General Washington cannot leave the place without expressing his acknowledgements to the matrons and young ladies who received him in so novel and grateful a manner at the Triumphal Arch in Trenton, for the exquisite sensations he experienced in that affecting moment. The astonishing contrast between his former and actual situation at the same spot—the elegant taste with which it was adorned for the present occasion and the innocent appearance of the white robed choir, which met him with the gratulatory song, have made such impressions on his remembrance as he assures them will never be effaced."

The framework of the arch was made of rough hemlock by Benjamin Yard, grandfather of former Judge Yard. Mrs. James F. Armstrong, one of the matrons in charge of the ceremonies preserved three of the spans of the arch and they passed down into the possession of her daughters, the Misses Susan and Mary Armstrong, who lived until their death at 120 West State Street.

One of the spans of the arch was erected over the State House gate when Lafayette visited Trenton in 1824. The one now in the Battle Monument was preserved for many years in a stable on Quarry Alley, in the rear of the residence of the Misses Armstrong.

In 1876, Mrs. General William S. Stryker was seeking relics of New Jersey to exhibit at the Centennial celebration at Philadelphia and secured this fragment of the arch from the Misses Armstrong. After the close of the Centennial the relic was deposited in Independence Hall, where it remained an object of wide interest to visitors until ten years ago, when General Stryker, representing the heirs of the Misses Armstrong, asked for its return and it was placed in the Monument.



A PROGRESSIVE MERCHANT.



ONE OF the great department stores of New Jersey is that of S. E. Kaufman, in this city, which during the recent Christmastide made a record for holiday sales equalled by no previous year of its history.

The tastes of its founder, which inclined him toward the pursuit of fine art in his early youth, have marked the development of his great enterprise in its successive stages. The arrangement of goods and manner in which they are displayed show the discriminating taste of an artist.

Mr. Kaufman's early mercantile experience in the dry goods establishment of Grumbacher Brothers, beginning in 1876, at the Katzenbach hardware place four years later and as a traveling representative of the old Union Pottery after another four years, gave him a foundation in practical business knowl-

edge that he has used with excellent results. He learned early to go into the details of his work thoroughly. He spent six weeks prior to his work as a pottery salesman in studying the process of manufacture at the works, and is thoroughly versed in pottery manufacture, the ceramic department of his establishment proving this fact. It is not only complete in representative lines of Trenton ware but includes the finest foreign products as well.

The nucleus of the Kaufman department store had its beginning in a small way on the site of the present South Broad Street establishment of Lehman & Company, in 1885, and was devoted to household goods and crockery. Four years later Mr. Kaufman purchased the John Winters Central Garden for the needs of his growing business. The space occupied by that resort is now the main room of the department store, while the saloon has given place to the silverware department, near the entrance of which is the site of the triumphal arch under which General Washington marched on his memorable passage through this city after the close of the Revolutionary War. Five years ago the three-story building at the corner of Lafayette street was added to house and dry goods department, and now a still greater enlargement is being planned.

Mr. Kaufman has a polished and genial manner. He is prominent in fraternal circles and possesses marked public spirit. He is interested in automobilizing and fishing and has found considerable diversion in making pastel drawings.

He is a native Trentonian, was born in the old Fourth ward and educated in the public schools and Trenton Business College.



JOHN J. CLEARY

who is one of the learned editors of The Trenton Sunday Advertiser, is young in years but old in journalistic work, having been constantly "in harness" since he first entered the field of journalism as a boy in 1882.

He has a particular fondness for caricaturing prominent citizens. In the above cartoon The AcME "gives him a taste of his own medicine."

By Force of Circumstance,===A Pipe Dream.

"CURSE the luck!"

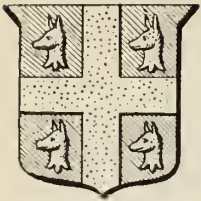
The milkman gave a vicious tug at the pump handle and jumped into his wagon. Giving vent to his spite by whipping his horse unmercifully, he sped down the road, leaving the air blue behind him.

For years he had left home every morning before daybreak with his cans half filled with milk. These he stocked up with water from the old pump and then proceeded to serve his Broad St. customers. For the first time in his career as a purveyor of pure milk from his own dairy, the pump had failed him. Somebody had broken the handle.

It was too late to return home, and he hadn't the nerve to borrow any water from his neighbors, hardened though he was.

In the midst of his reflection, he was accosted by a stranger, who ordered him to stop, at the same time displaying a State Dairy Inspector's badge. With a much better grace than the official had expected, the milkman pulled up his horse and uncovered the cans for inspection. The result was a complete surprise to the man with the badge. He was utterly dumfounded. For the first time in his life all the milk he tested was absolutely pure.

The news spread far and wide. Soon the milkman had not a single rival left. The monopoly made him rich, and everywhere he went he was proudly pointed out as the honest milkman of Trenton.



DICKENSON



BREESE



DRAKE



ELY



HICKS

SOME TRENTONIANS AND THEIR COATS OF ARMS.

(Continued from December Number.)



OF ESPECIAL prominence in this city have been the Dickinsons. Emigrating to Virginia in 1654, Walter, Henry and John Dickinson established the family in

that colony, Maryland and Pennsylvania, and from the Pennsylvania branch the illustrious New Jersey line is descended.

From Sidney Breese, purser in the English navy, and in all probability connected with the Ap-Rhys family of County Salop, England, came the Trenton branch of the family. The date of the emigration of Sidney Breese was about 1730.

From John Drake, an emigrant to Boston in 1630, came the New Jersey Drakes. Like the New Jersey Elys, descendants of Joshua, who came to Trenton about 1685, the family has become widely diffused.

Illustrative of what may be termed a Quaker group of arm-bearing families are the local names of Hicks, Snowden and Wharton. The Hicks family, of which came Elias Hicks, founder of the Hicksite branch of the Society of Friends, were of Long Island source, and probably descended from Sir Ellis Hicks, knighted by the Black Prince. The family thus traces a common origin with the Baronets Hicks-Beach.

(To be continued.)

THE POET OF THE SIERRAS---JOAQUIN MILLER.

BY HELENE WAIDE.

A poet of the mountains, close to God,
A heart attuned by nature's gentle
hand,
A rugged form, a reverent soul—
A bard of freedom's land.

As many an angel robed in spotless
white
In marbled prison waits the sculp-
tor's hand,
So waits the spirit beautiful
In every clime and land.

To him she hath revealed her wondrous
face
That bringeth benediction soon or
late—
In every cliff from Delaware
To Frisco's Golden Gate!

Written at Trenton, Nov. 14-15, 1906—after
hearing a lecture by Joaquin Miller.

MARTHA LIVINGSTON'S LOVE.

By W. P. EVERITT.



MISS LUCRETIA LIVINGSTON sat musing before the fire with an open letter in her hand. The fire-light colored her white hair to a golden hue and the lines in her aristocratic face was softened with a pleasant expression, for the old house, after a silence of many years was going to be awakened.

Martha, Miss Livingston's niece, had written from New York, expressing a desire to visit Trenton. She was going to be married in the fall to Walter Worthington, an army officer stationed at Fort Hamilton, and she told her aunt that she wanted to get away from the gay world for a little while.

She wished, too, to see the old homestead on State Street, where the Livingstons had lived for a century and she wanted Walter to see it. Would her dear aunt Lucretia be good enough to ask them to come to see her?

Miss Livingston aroused herself from reverie and going to an old fashioned desk in a corner of the room, wrote the invitation which was to bring new life into the old house.

When a week later Martha appeared she was not a formidable object. She was even smaller than her aunt and the old lady welcomed her with a kiss on each cheek. "A Livingston through and through, my dear," she whispered.

There were old family stories to be listened to, old portraits and faded daguerreotypes to be examined, and all sorts of curious relics of dead and gone Livingstons. To Martha, the house seemed to be tenanted by generations of ghosts. She saw them sitting in the high backed chairs and she felt them wandering through the gloomy halls and darkened rooms. Time crept by but slowly, until Walter came, and then

the ghosts of the past made way for present joys and the days could not be too long.

The lovers spent hours in Cadwalader Park and wandering along the river bank. They were walking one day past the old burying ground of St. Michaels, and Martha suggested that they go inside and read the inscriptions on the old tomb stones. They went through the open gate and walked among the stones marking the graves of long forgotten Trentonians. Martha sat down upon one of the table-like flat stones, covering a century old grave. Walter seated himself beside her and they talked as they always did, of the life they would lead together and the places they wanted to see.

"Well, it will take a long time to do all this, sweetheart," Walter said. "How long do you think you'll love me, and want to wander about the earth with a soldier husband?"

"Susan Hunt over there had been a fond and faithful wife for sixty years, perhaps I will be that," Martha said. "But I will make you a promise; I will love you as long as the Susan or Nancy whose name is over yonder loved her lord," and Martha pointed to an old stone some distance away. "It may be long or it may be short. But this is a vow, and I am superstitious; I know it will come true."

She walked over to the old stone and kneeled down to read the inscription. Walter watched her; he was not superstitious, and he knew that his love would last forever and he felt, too, that hers would, so why care what the stone might say? The letters had been worn away by the rains of many years and were almost illegible.

"Why, it's Martha," she cried, and in a moment added, with a little note

of awe in her voice. "Martha Livingston." It is my own headstone. "Aged nineteen years and three months," she read. And then rising, continued: "You see, she was neither fond nor faithful."

Martha smiled; it was only a jest, of course, but she shivered slightly. They left the cemetery and walked home through the gathering twilight. She was very quiet and thoughtful and held Walter's hand tightly clasped in hers. When they arrived home Martha asked Miss Livingston, "Aunt Lucretia, who was Martha Livingston, aged nineteen years and three months? We found her to-day in St. Michael's church yard."

"Haven't I told you about her, dear?" Miss Lucretia replied. "She was my grandfather's youngest sister and lived here—not in this house but in the old one, on Warren Street. She was going to be married to a soldier in Washington's army. When the Continentals marched into Trenton on the

morning of the battle, she was so anxious about her lover and her desire to see him was so great, that she mounted to the roof of the house to watch for him. He was in the forefront of the Continentals and she recognized him just as the Hessians fired a volley at the oncoming line. When the smoke cleared for a moment she saw her lover fallen and after the battle went in search of him, only to learn that he had been killed. She did not cry, she did not speak, but the next morning, when they went to her room, they found her sitting there dead."

Miss Lucretia shivered a little when she finished the story and went into the house. Walter was sitting on the steps by Martha, but neither of them spoke for a few moments.

"You see, I was quite right," she said at last, slipping her hands into his; "she could not live without him and so she followed him—they have been together ever since, and she will love him forever—as I will love you."

OLD JACKUM FELLER, NOW.

By MAY BROOME SCUDDER.

Jack wuz his name.

Ez good a dog ez ever turned a hair.

How did he get it?

It growed, like Topsey, "from nowhere;"

'N then it grew to Jackum,

Till finally, somehow,

'Twuz just old Jackum, feller.

Old Jackum, feller, now.

Wot was his pedigree?

'Twuz "nit," mongrel, 'n homely ez cud be;

A red haired, shaggy, stump tail cuss.

'N his ev'ry tho't fur me;

The truest friend I ever hed,

How I wish I hed him now;

He was a trump, was Jackum,

Old Jackum, feller, now.

Ef cows got in the orchard

'N Jackum was upstairs,

Down from the winder he wud drap.

Nor stop to say his prayers;

Fur then he'd make things hum,

'N cum whinin' back to bow

'N be petted ez old Jackum;

Old Jackum, feller, now.

'Lowin' Jack to've bin a man,

I vow, he'd take his stand

'Long with Dewey, Sampson, Schley,

Enny hero in the land;

But bein' jest a dog,

'N heart ez good, somehow

He wuz only jest old Jackum;

Old Jackum, feller, now.

But Jack wuz great in other things

'N did the best he cud

To guard the door, 'n' watch the gate;

He fotched the kindlin wood.

Laws! Ef a tramp kem in,

He'd raise up sech a row,

Ez wuz only raised by Jackum;

Old Jackum, feller, now.

Time's gone on, 'n' with him, Jack;

It's never bin the same

Sence he hez gone, 'n' when I go

To trod thet He'vinly lane,

A whiskin' round St. Peter's legs

'R peepin' thro' a crack,

'Twud do my soul a heap of good,

Ef I cud see old Jack;

Old Jackum, feller, now.



JOHN E. GILL

of the Rider-Moore-Stewart Business College, who is a popular and delightful speaker, is here shown in the act. Professor Gill was recently made President of the Republican Club. He has a handsome and genial personality and a wide knowledge of the economic and political problems of the day, and is never at a loss when called upon to "make a few remarks."

A Matter Of Grave Importance.

A SERVANT timidly opened the door and coughed deferentially: "A message from Mayor Gnichtel."

"I have no time for petty affairs; the messenger need not wait."

The Councilman laid the note on the table and turned again to the task that absorbed him.

"Yes," he mused, "it is a difficult subject; a subject requiring most careful thought. It would never do to make a mistake."

He took up a red-covered volume and wearily turned the pages, then laid it down with a sigh.

"No," he muttered, "no light for me there. There seems to be no precedent. I shall never solve the problem," and, with a curse, he swept the book and the sheets of papers off his desk,

broke two chairs by way of emphasis, and left the room in a temper.

Again the servant entered and silently picked up the *debris*. She sorted the papers and letters, and glancing over them found an invitation to dinner from a Mrs. Hortense Weeds. Each of the remaining sheets contained an address of which the following are samples:

"Dear Mrs. Weeds—"

"Dear Madam—"

"My dear Madam—"

"My dear friend—"

My dear Mrs. Hortense Weeds—"

—!—!—* * * * *



ELIJAH MASON'S SIN.

A Romance of the Battle of Trenton.

By HARRY A. DONNELLY.

YOUNG WOMAN, we've a wounded officer here who should have shelter. He is very weak. Will you find a place for him to rest until we can prepare for his removal?" The words were spoken by a stalwart soldier as he directed Margaret Mason's attention to a pale-faced young man between two comrades standing in the road.

"Nay, daughter, what would father say? The soldier is a Hessian," spoke the girl's mother, who had heard the appeal.

"But he is sorely wounded, mother. Surely, we must give him shelter," replied the girl. Then turning to the soldier, she said:

"Bring the officer in, then hurry for assistance to remove him, for I fear father would frown to find him here."

The spokesman for the injured man directed his comrades to enter the house, and in their arms they carried Lieutenant Hans von Guitermann. They placed him on a long wooden settee in the dining-room, gave a few hasty directions and left.

Elijah Mason's house was in Penn's Manor and from the windows on its east the village of Trenton and the ice-filled Delaware were in view.

It was early in the morning of Christmas Day, 1776. The Battle of Trenton

had been fought and won, and the Hessians whom he had surprised were General Washington's prisoners.

Lieutenant von Guitermann had been wounded at the opening of the engagement. He was young and wild. A spendthrift, exiled from home, who had accepted a commission from the British not because he believed their cause was just, but for the excitement of war, for the change of scenes so many of his class have sought in the belief that old-time habits would disappear and a brighter future beam upon them.

Von Guitermann was wounded in the breast by one of the first bullets fired by Washington's men, but continued his efforts to re-organize his comrades until, seeing defeat was certain, had requested three friends to take him over the river. In one of his pockets were papers bearing information which would be fatal to the cause he fought for should the Revolutionists gain possession of them. A scow was found and in it his companions poled their way between the ice to the Pennsylvania shore, found shelter for von Guitermann, then started out afoot to search for a physician.

Not long had the Hessians plodded through the snow before three horsemen came upon them, and evasive answers brought hot words, and these in turn were followed by shots. Those of

the whiskey-befuddled Hessians were wide of their mark, but the bullets from the guns carried by Elijah Mason and his sons sped with unerring aim. When the smoke had lifted, the Hessians were prostrate. The patriots alighted from their horses and walked toward the three soldiers. The blood of each was reddening the snow. Two of them were dead and the other was dying.

"Not far down the road, in a white farm house, is our comrade, Hans von Guitermann. Care for him. His parents are wealthy. In my pocket is a letter from his father in Europe. I have carried it several weeks. It tells me to let Hans know Christmas night—I'm dying—tell Hans his—" The soldier could say no more, but arose to his feet, drew a package of letters from his coat, clasped his hands to his shattered side and fell upon his face. The third of the Hessians was dead.

Elijah Mason was not a Quaker, but had lived so long among them that their habits and fancies were his. Upon realizing that three deaths had been the result of the conflict began by words he was almost frenzied. What would his God-fearing neighbors say when they heard that three drunken and half frozen men had been killed by himself and boys?

"Cover their bodies with snow, my sons," he said, "until I can think what we shall do." Then, obeying their father's command, the two young men sank the bodies from view in a drift and covered the bloody snow with handfuls that were spotless white. The temporary grave was finished, and after picking up the letters, Elijah Mason and his boys remounted their horses and rode slowly homeward.

The father was the first to enter the house, and on the threshold his daughter stopped him. Her face betrayed her anxiety, for she had hoped that the soldiers who brought the wounded von Guitermann to the house would have removed him before her father's return.

"Father," she said, as she untied his great muffler, "I fear that thou wilt be angry with me for what I have done, but during thy absence a wounded soldier was brought here for shelter, and I prevailed upon mother to take him in. Did I do wrong, father?"

"Where is the stranger?" the old man asked.

"Here, father," answered Margaret, as she led him into the sitting room where Lieutenant von Guitermann lay, a heavy quilt over him and his great brown eyes staring vacantly upward.

The old man looked at the fine features of the sufferer a moment, then sent his oldest boy for a physician. He did not rebuke his daughter for her act of mercy, but went into the kitchen and sat near the fire with his head in his hands. He was thinking of the tragedy down the road.

The next day Elijah Mason heard of the victory at Trenton and became firmly convinced that he was doing wrong in keeping the wounded man in his home, but the bodies under the snow haunted him, and in the belief that his charity would partially expiate his sin he decided that Lieutenant von Guitermann should remain at least until he was stronger.

That day the snow fell again and at night sleet and rain came down until a crust so solid a horse could travel over it was formed.

CHAPTER II.

Snow and ice kept the dead Hessians covered until early in the Spring, when a thaw set in. Then Elijah Mason was troubled sorely as to the disposition of the bodies from which the covering soon would be melted.

He was in no mood for sleep the night the ice broke and formed a blockade where the river turns just below Trenton. He walked to the window when he heard the crunching of the ice and the roaring of the rising waters. In the moonlight he could see the snow drift where the Hessians lay, and as he watched, the water rose higher and higher until it flowed into the river road. Then the white sepulchre disappeared, and the old man knew that the bodies it had contained were being buffeted toward the sea.

The next morning when Elijah Mason and his boys went down the road and saw the rough earth left by the receding waters where the graves

of the soldiers had been, the father breathed more freely, and cautioned the boys to keep the secret of their bloody deed to themselves.

But the disappearance of the bodies did not mark the end of Elijah Mason's sufferings. Lieutenant von Guitermann was recovering, and often when the old man entered the bed room he found his daughter's hands clasped in those of the officer.

Week after week passed and the Lieutenant continued to improve. He was handsome, romantic and affectionate, and long before he could arise he was in love with Margaret Mason, and she with him. The old man saw the way their hearts were drifting and learned to so hate the soldier that he not only refused to talk to him, but decided to carry the message of the dead Hessian undelivered to his grave.

The Lieutenant was without money. If he never received the message sent by his father, he would always believe himself an outcast, and as such could never expect to marry an honest man's daughter. So Elijah Mason argued to himself, as he placed the package of letters in the bottom of a chest of which he alone had the key.

The buds had opened on the trees and the grass in the fields was tall when Lieutenant von Guitermann first left his bed in Elijah Mason's house. The first day he came down stairs he sought his host, but in reply to his thanks was told to get away as soon as possible. The affront these words carried awakened the soldier to the knowledge that during all his weeks of illness he had

been an unwelcome guest to the father of the demure young woman who had so faithfully cared for him.

Von Guitermann had always had money. When his funds became exhausted he had found little trouble in obtaining aid from his father. His first realization that he was practically a pauper was when Elijah Mason told him so. The last interview with his father had been stormy and had resulted in his coming to America. Now he was an outcast, with no way of paying for the attentions which had saved his life. He had no clothing but the uniform he wore when wounded, but rather than remain longer on the charity of Elijah Mason he said farewell to Margaret and her mother and journeyed over the river to Trenton, then by slow degrees onward to Philadelphia, where he obtained employment.

One thought, always uppermost in his mind was of dear little Margaret Mason. He prospered, but longed for another caress from her gentle hands until he at last determined to see her again.

The second entrance of Hans von Guitermann into the Mason farm house was very different from the first. He had money, good clothing and fine health. When Elijah Mason saw him and was offered gold in payment for his unwilling hospitality, another affront followed and von Guitermann became defiant. He left the house and walked to the river bank, where the boat in which he crossed was moored. As he dipped the oars into the water he heard Margaret Mason call him.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE WHITE HEARSE.

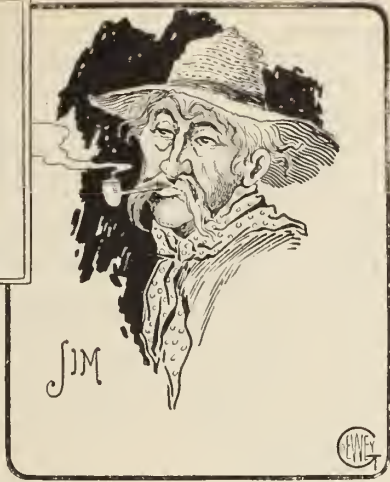
By HARRY A. DONNELLY.

The little white hearse is coming along;
Make way for its passage, push back
the throng.
See the white ponies arching their
necks,
Nodding the pompon each proud head
decks.

There in the casket not far apart,
Lies Mamma's baby—and Mamma's
heart—
The little white hearse is coming along.
Make way for its passage, push back
the throng.

AN EDITOR'S REVENGE

By LEROY KENNEDY



COLONEL BEVIER sat on the porch of the leading hotel of Steelville, Alabama, on a bright May morning, basking in the sunshine, placidly smoking a long, black cigar. The hotel porch was flush with the sidewalk and faced a dilapidated Court House and a bare, dusty unpaved and unfenced public square—unfenced except with cumbersome hitching racks of huge logs with wooden pins set into them, stretched around the sides of the square. The Colonel was a stranger in Steelville and was attracting much attention. Three liverymen had each offered him the services of the best rigs and fastest horses in the county. Two small colored boys had each offered to “shine ’em up.” One leading citizen had neglected to open his store for nearly an hour after the usual time, while he investigated the hotel register and questioned the proprietor in regard to the late arrival. Some of the “leading citizens” sat around in the few split-bottom chairs in groups, others on the steps, while still others “hunkered” down against the sunny side of the wall, chewing tobacco industriously and speculating as to whether the stranger was an iron king come to build furnaces and coke ovens, a railroad magnate projecting the long expected trunk line through Steelville, or, most likely, a capitalist whose business was to put the embryo land boom, with which Steelville was threatened, on the wings of the wind and fan it into a veritable cyclone.

A tall, lean individual, wearing a last year's straw hat, his shoes unlaced, smoking a black Powhattan pipe with a short

stem, hitched his chair a trifle nearer the Colonel and inquired:

“Stranger here, eh?”

“Yes, somewhat,” admitted the Colonel.

“Where mout you be from?”

“Georgia; Atlanta, Georgia,” said the Colonel. “At least that’s the last place I’m from. But can you tell me what time of day that dad-lammed County Court Clerk is in the habit of opening up his office over there?” pointing to a closed door in the corner of the Court House.

“Well, er, yes—that is, I’m the County Court Clerk, and I’ll open up any old time there’s business to be done.”

As they proceeded across the public square the interest of the groups on the hotel porch deepened and comments became audible.

“That settles it, ’Squire; he’s gone over to the Cote House with Jim Beazely. It’s a railroad, shore. He wouldn’t go over thar for nothin’ but to look at the County map.”

“I’ll bet Jim Beazely pints out that the most likely way for that railroad to run is right through his ole po’ farm,” said another.

While the Colonel is closeted with Mr. Jim Beazely we will join the citizens of Steelville on the hotel porch in their speculations as to who the Colonel really is and, after the manner of village folk, delve into his motives for being here. Just when, or where, or how the Colonel acquired his title, no one, probably not

even himself, could tell. For many years he had been what the printing fraternity would call a "typographical tourist." He had worked on nearly every prominent daily paper in a dozen or fifteen states, successively as foreman, typesetter, proof-reader, telegraph editor and in various other capacities. The Colonel, the "poet printer of the South," had long been a convivial good fellow in many different cities and enjoyed a wide acquaintance among the newspaper fraternity, and many were pleased when the Colonel accepted a position on the *Atlanta Constitution* and announced that he had quit "the road" for good and "climbed on the water wagon."

A few nights previous to our introduction to the Colonel on the hotel porch at Steelville, he had been sticking type on the *Constitution* and had set up a piece of country correspondence headed "Steelville, Alabama." In addition to the usual run of personals and social happenings, it contained a glowing account of the growing land boom in the iron belt, and stated that several prominent citizens would substantially encourage a hustling newspaper man who would come and establish a weekly paper. The Colonel's determined separation from the flowing bowl had enabled him to accumulate a few dollars, which he then and there decided to invest in a country paper, and so we find him, dressed in his best suit of black, on the hotel porch at Steelville, waiting the tardy appearance of the Court official who had in charge the remains of the last paper which had struggled and died in Steelville. Mr. Beazely explained to the Colonel that the levy and sale of the printing plant after each ambitious journalist had run his limit was merely to keep the press in the town; that local capital had originally purchased it and that it did not seem right for outside creditors of a temporary owner to come in and take it away from them.

The terms were soon arranged; a small amount of cash, "jest to cover cote costs, you know," was paid in, and the work of getting the office in shape to issue a paper was begun. During the progress of cleaning up the Colonel discovered

that nearly all the large display type and large quads were missing from the cases. Upon inquiry of Mr. Jim Beazely the Colonel was informed that there were two or three cigar boxes full over in the back room of Doc Richards' drug store, where "the boys" had used them the past winter for poker chips, and possibly there was a box or two in the back room of the Sheriff's office, and he would inquire around and see if he could locate any more.

The one printer of the town, who had learned the art preservative in short spasmodic stunts under the various proprietors who had preceded the Colonel, was employed, and the following week the first issue appeared. The Colonel had impressed his strong personality in vigorous, fearless, polished English upon the editorial page. His brand of Democracy was sufficiently clear and virile to please even an unreconstructed rebel, and the *Steelville Weekly Cyclone* was the one topic of approved discussion throughout the county.

A few days later the door of the Colonel's sanctum opened with a rush and into the room breezed a young man with red hair and a suspicion of freckles on his nose. He was self possession personified. He appeared to the Colonel to be one large, awkward bundle of nervous energy, while his splendid eyes shone with perfect health and keen intelligence.

"Oh, is this the editor? Colonel Bevier, I believe you are called? My name is McBane—Donald McBane, sir. I'm from over in the next county—been working on a newspaper over there—but when I saw and read the first issue of your *Cyclone*, I said to myself, 'Donald, my boy, there's the place for you. That man is a newspaper man, and you can learn something of the business working with him,' and here I am, sir. I want to go to work with you."

The Colonel learned that under his former employer he was at once local reporter, ad and subscription solicitor, typesetter, bookkeeper and general *poobah*, and decided he might prove a valuable addition to the *Cyclone* force, and so on the following day he was sent out to

gather the all-important subscribers into the fold. In the afternoon he came to the office to report. In his arms he carried a bouquet of choice flowers half as large as a haystack.

"Well, what success?" asked the Colonel cheerily.

"Only got one cash subscriber, but several on credit—these folks object to paying in advance—say the last fellow collected the year's subscription in advance and only run the paper two or three months. They want to wait and see if you can hold out a year before they risk any money. But say, Colonel, ain't that a beaut of a bouquet? Loveliest piece of calico you ever laid eyes on gave me that. One of the old families, too—treated me so cordially I was compelled to stay to dinner."

The Colonel finally found an opening to inject a question:

"How long do you calculate we can run a newspaper on bouquets and credit subscriptions?"

"Colonel, I guess I did stay too long at one place, but I think I can improve on this day's work. Lovely piece of calico, though, Colonel. You could hardly expect a fellow to do any better under the circumstances."

As summer advanced the land boom grew apace, and incidentally the *Cyclone* prospered and gained influence. Its pages fairly brimmed over with ads of land sales and lot auctions in the most impossible locations. The two hotels and the boarding houses of Steelville were crowded with investors and speculators. The whole country appeared to have

gone land mad. Additions to Steelville were surveyed in the woods miles from town, an alleyway cleared through the forest and named Pennsylvania avenue, or something equally high-sounding, and at the auction sales men climbed over each other in their eagerness to buy the 25-foot lots at prices which a few days before would have bought the entire tract. Even Jim Beazely's "ole po' farm" was subdivided into a town site and that gentleman was now considering whether

Steelville was big enough for a man of his financial standing and business acumen.

During this reign of general prosperity the Colonel had taken advantage of conditions to issue an illustrated trade edition of the *Cyclone*, which had proven quite successful financially, and was regarded as a brilliant stroke of enterprise and a great advertisement for the country. One of the most prominent features of the edition was the large number of portraits of prominent men of the town and county,

fulsome write-ups accompanied by sketches of their achievements, business ability and public spirited enterprise. Only one person of those whose pictures appeared in the distinguished portrait gallery was dissatisfied—John Bartlett, cashier of the Bank of Steelville. Mr. Bartlett declared that the portrait of himself was vile, slanderous—that it made him look like a horse thief or common criminal—and he declined to pay the charge of \$10, which had been made "simply to cover cost of engraving," etc.



Col. Bezier, Editor.

When Donald McBane reported this one unpleasant feature of the big edition the Colonel merely tossed the half-tone cut of Mr. Bartlett into a drawer, said something about a sanctimonious, side-whiskered hypocrite, and crossed out the account.

It was at this time that the election for State and county officers was dividing the attention of the people with the land-boom. It had for some time been apparent to the Colonel that a very corrupt political ring controlled the affairs of the county, and the Colonel also knew that if he opposed them and failed to utterly rout them at the polls his career as a journalist in Steelville would run a short course. Believing it his duty to expose corruption in public office, he began a vigorous campaign against the ring, whose power and influence extended to and ended he knew not where. He was not much surprised, therefore, when he was informed by two of his leading advertisers that they would be compelled to withdraw their patronage unless he discontinued his attacks upon certain county officials and advocated the re-election of the existing officeholders. A young lawyer came to the Colonel and informed him that a client of his had recently purchased the outstanding notes and mortgages on the *Cyclone* plant, and suggested that it might not be convenient for the Colonel to take up these notes immediately upon their becoming due, but that if he could see his way clear to change his policy in regard to the re-election of the old office-holders the little matter of the notes could be readily adjusted.

The master mind behind this plan to coerce the policy of the paper, the Colonel believed, was the cashier of the Bank of Steelville, of whom he had formed an instinctive distrust upon his first introduction to that gentleman, which distrust had been intensified by his refusal to pay for his portrait in the trade issue of the *Cyclone*.

Mr. John Bartlett, cashier of the Bank of Steelville, was one of the foremost men of the community—a pillar of the church, a social and political leader, and a tower of strength financially. He was of imposing appearance—tall, dignified,

and wore flowing side-whiskers and a holier-than-thou expression on his cold, dark face.

The Colonel had used the surplus cash accumulated on the strength of the land boom to buy needed material for his printing plant, depending on a promised renewal of the purchase notes, and the threat to foreclose was a very serious matter. Yet he never wavered in his fight against "the gang" which was fattening at the public crib. His editorials each week became warmer and more pointed. They were reaching further and further toward the high places in the ring, and throughout the county the ring and its methods of looting the public treasury had become the main topic of discussion, but the town was dumbfounded when the Colonel, in his latest issue, stated that Judge Kelly, of the County Court, one of the most highly respected men of the community and a representative of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of the State, was either criminally associated with the ring or was being used as a tool by them.

It was this stage of the fight which greatly disturbed Donald McBane. He was in a fever of excitement and uncertainty between two allegiances: his infatuation for his work and the Colonel, and his love for Miss Kelly, the Judge's daughter, the "lovely piece of calico" who had loaded him with flowers at their first meeting. He pleaded with the Colonel that there must be some mistake, that a man of Judge Kelly's character was not capable of such disreputable transactions. Besides, the Judge was of the old school which believed in settling questions of honor at the point of a pistol, and it might be personally dangerous to the Colonel, Donald argued, for him to make these charges. Even under the threat of both financial and physical destruction, the Colonel never wavered.

He had anticipated and was prepared for the meeting with the peppery Judge Kelly, and when that gentleman came into the *Cyclone* office, and in his most dignified and noticeably courteous manner requested a private interview with the Colonel, Donald's heart sank to the region of his boots. While Judge Kelly

and the Colonel were closeted together Donald walked nervously around the outer office waiting for the explosion, expecting any moment to hear hot words and a pistol shot. For an hour he was on nettles, but not a sound came from within. So anxious he became that he was trying to devise some excuse for entering the private office, when the door opened and Judge Kelly, outwardly calm as ever but with a white, set face, came out, bowed to Donald and passed into the street. The Colonel sat quite still, looking out the window.

A musing, happy smile, illuminated his splendid face. Turning around he motioned Donald to him and explained:

"Judge Kelly has been convinced that his old political associates have become corrupt and are looting the county treasury, and that they have abused his confidence in inducing him to aid the securing of corrupt contracts and giving away to allies of the ring of valuable franchises which should have been a source of revenue to the people. He has therefore consented to withdraw his name from the regular Democratic ticket and will head the ticket of the citizens' Reform League."

Donald did a Sioux war dance and ended by trying to hug the Colonel, who took up a blotter, dried the ink on a document lying on his desk, added it to a bundle of like papers and carefully locked them in a drawer.

The campaign waxed warmer, and it now looked as if the Citizens' Reform ticket, with Judge Kelly at its head, would sweep the county by a large majority. That gentleman had thrown off his habitual Southern lethargy and, astride his old roan horse, was making a close canvass, speaking in every school house and having long, confidential talks with groups of voters who gathered wherever he might be stopping for the

night. The Judge had a very convincing argument. He was showing the people how they had been robbed in the past and how they might expect to be robbed in the future if they retained the old clique in office. His easy-going methods as county judge, and his child-like confidence in all mankind, had made these steals possible, but that he had ever profited one cent through them none believed, while his bold stand against the grafters on the regular ticket had aroused the people to an enthusiastic pitch. His election was assured.

It was at this time that the expected happened. The Sheriff stepped in with a foreclosure order and locked the doors of the *Cyclone* office.

Donald, astride a strong horse, was hurrying across country in search of Judge Kelly to come to the rescue, meanwhile spreading the news of this latest attempt of the ring to throttle opposition.

Judge Kelly hurried to Steelville and paid off the indebtedness and costs in time for another paper to be issued and distributed over the country before election day. It was glaring with big head lines and brim full of vigorous language detailing the desperation of the ringsters and their contemptible methods in trying to retain control of the county. This last stroke finished the ring. The Citizens' Reform ticket was triumphantly elected.

Simultaneously with the appearance of a new name at the masthead of the *Cyclone* reading thus: "Bevier and McBane, editors and proprietors," came the news of the engagement of Mr. Donald McBane and Miss Florence Kelly. The *Cyclone* force, in addition to being prosperous, was quite happy.

The approach of winter marked the wane of the Steelville land boom. It died slowly, with feeble attempts, by



Judge Kelly,
of the County Court

those who were likely to be left with too much speculative land on hand, to keep it alive. Among those who were suspected of being overloaded was the cashier of the Bank of Steelville. It was known that he had been interested in some large transactions, and was supposed to have made a bunch of money while the trading was lively, but had been buying heavily recently, apparently in an effort to revive the market.

Mr. Bartlett transacted the business of the bank with his usual cold, calm dignity, but Colonel Bevier detected a worn, worried look beneath his serene exterior, and congratulated himself that he had removed the modest account of the *Cyclone* to the Farmers and Merchants' Bank during the heat of the campaign and fight against the paper. In view of these suspicions he was not surprised when, a few mornings later, as he came out of the breakfast room at the hotel, he heard a group of men discussing the bank's affairs and fully predicting a run on the bank's funds as soon as the doors should open.

Long before the bank's doors opened an excited crowd of depositors and idlers were surging back and forth in front of the building, many with bank books and checks in their hands. The run was on.

"I hope she can stand the strain," thought the Colonel, as he watched the excited crowd. "Many will suffer if the bank is forced to the wall."

As the hour for opening approached cooler heads among them formed the people into a long line, and soon the doors were opened by old Uncle Randall, black-faced and white-haired, bowing deferentially.

Mr. Bartlett, his cold face framed by a small window in the wire netting composing his cage, took each check with his usual nod of recognition to the customer, examined it carefully, turned to a bookkeeper in the rear and waited for each account to be verified, after which he methodically counted out the currency—invariably currency—recounted it and shoved it through the window. Mr. Bartlett was paying as slowly as he dared yet showing no sign of fear on account of the run.

Before opening the doors that morning the cashier had assured the president and several of the directors that the bank could stand the run, and expressing his confidence that it would not be serious and would not last to the breaking point.

As the day wore on and the bank continued to pay off deposits in full without objection a reaction seemed to be gradually taking place in the feelings of the people. A long line of sealed canvas bags, each marked "\$500—silver," conspicuously displayed on shelves each side of the vault door behind the cashier, had much to do with this gradual return of confidence.

Jim Beazely, no longer County Clerk Jim Beazely, but James Beazely, capitalist, came out of the bank and laughed at the troubled line of depositors for trying to take their money out of the soundest bank in Alabama.

"Why, sir, they've got enough paper money in thar to burn up a wet mule, and as fer silver, sir, you can see fer yourself. Go in thar and look at the slathers of bags full of silver dollars adorning of that back shelf. Why, Bartlett ain't to be ketched nappin', let me tell you. He had a lot of that stuff shipped in by express jest especially fer this here occasion. He knowed hit was a-comin'."

This unusually long speech for Jim Beazely had been delivered ostensibly to 'Squire White, but in a loud voice that all might hear. Confidence was beginning to return, and Beazely materially aided matters. A few fell out of line and went into the bank to look around, most of whom came back talking confidence. Some who had drawn their money slipped back into the bank and with a few words of apology to Mr. Bartlett, re-deposited. But enough hard-headed, determined ones hung on to make the line look very formidable up to the closing hour, when it took the combined efforts of the Sheriff and his deputies to clear the bank and close the doors. Directors and officers of the bank were mixing with the people in the street industriously trying to restore confidence, but it was evident that the run would be resumed the following day.

A meeting of the board of directors

was called for the early evening, at which ways and means were to be devised for stemming the tide. The meeting was delayed, waiting for Cashier Bartlett to return from dinner. The directors were getting restless. A messenger was dispatched to Mr. Bartlett's home, who reported that he had been unable to see him, as that gentleman had been taken suddenly ill. A moment later Judge Kelly was called to the door and returned accompanied by Donald McBane. The Judge asked him to repeat his message to the assembled directors.

"Colonel Bevier desired me to come to the bank and inform Judge Kelly that Cashier Bartlett left his home in a buggy more than an hour ago, and was driving 'cross country."

For a full two minutes every member of the board sat perfectly dumb, looking from one to the other in amazement. Then the president suggested that the vault be examined. A hurried search revealed only a small amount of currency, and a count was being made of the bags containing silver dollars when one of the younger members of the board, with an oath, whipped out a pocket knife and cut open one of the bags. Instead of silver dollars iron washers of the same size and thickness, with a hole in the middle, roled upon the table. Cashier Bartlett's plan to create confidence and prevent a run on the bank had failed. He had converted the bank's silver into currency, and the currency was missing.

Soon the telegraph wires were being crowded in an effort to head off Mr. Bartlett. The Sheriff was called into consultation and authorized to offer a reward of \$1,000 for the capture of the fleeing cashier.

Meanwhile, Colonel Bevier was not

idle. He had summoned his printers to the office, and was searching systematically through boxes and drawers filled with discarded cuts of all conceivable objects. At last he found what he sought. It was the old half-tone portrait of Cashier Bartlett used in the boom edition of the *Cyclone*, and for which that gentleman had refused to pay. Soon the *Cyclone's* one job press was running furiously turning out flaming

handbills announcing \$1,000 reward for the arrest of John Bartlett. Following his portrait was a personal description written by the Colonel and signed by the Sheriff. A half dozen young men were pressed into service, addressing envelopes, and the morning mail was the largest which had ever left Steelville. The South and West was covered with a storm of white hand bills.

There were two busy places in Steelville that night, the bank and the *Cyclone* office. At both men worked feverishly far into the night. When morning came it was known that the bank would not open for business. It had been stripped. Later a notice was posted to the effect that the bank had gone into the hands of a receiver.

On the public square, in front of the bank, the scenes were heartrending. Sad-eyed women moaned

and wrung their hands helplessly. Groups of men talked in low tones, but stood in gloomy silence when a stranger came near. Some of the more determined went home and put fresh loads in the old cap and ball six-shooter. Farmers rode in from the country with squirrel rifles across their saddle bows. It boded evil for Mr. Bartlett should he be located before the passions of the people had time to cool.



John Bartlett.

Several days passed and it was feared Mr. Bartlett had made good his escape, when the Steelville Sheriff received a telegram from the Sheriff of a border county in Texas, and brought it to the Colonel. It read.

"Nipped your man as he was starting across the Rio Grande for Mexico. Had \$60,000 in grip. Recognized him from picture on your hand bill. Come and get him."

"Aha, and that vile picture makes you look like a common horse thief, does it, Mr. Bartlett?" mused the Colonel.

* * * * *

Money and the best legal talent had secured postponements and mistrials, but the final trial of the State of Alabama vs. John Bartlett was on in the Circuit Court at Steelville. There was deep interest in the case. Crowds thronged the Court House and public square.

In the court room at the prisoner's side sat a sad, brown-eyed woman, on whom grief had laid a heavy hand. Two bright children, a boy and a girl, were near. The court room was literally packed with a restless mass of people, for word had leaked out that the jury had agreed and would shortly come in with a verdict. A door opens and the jury filed in. The crowd became hushed, but not still enough for all to hear the foreman of the jury answer: "Guilty," and then the sentence of ten years. An audible murmur arose, which was sternly hushed by the judge.

Colonel Brevier was pushing his way toward a door, to leave the court room, when he heard the convulsive sob of a heart-broken woman. He looked back. The prisoner was standing erect, pale, cold and haughty. The slight, brown-eyed woman had hid her face upon his


breast and was sobbing softly. The two children clung to her skirts and looked distrustfully at the gaping crowd. The setting sun cast a long, slanting, copper-colored ray through a window and rested upon the head of the sobbing woman like a benediction. All this the Colonel saw through misty eyes, and pushed his way to the door. The sweetness had gone out of his revenge. He was musing.

"A man cannot commit a crime so black but that he is still a hero to some woman; no scoundrel so degraded but that some sweet, true woman is dragged to the depths by his fall."

The Colonel went slowly up the stairs and into the *Cyclone* office, where he told Donald of the verdict, and his next words almost took that young man off his feet:

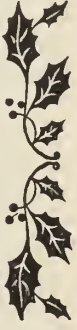
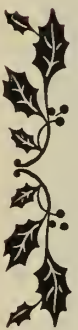
"Donald, my boy, do you want to be editor-in-chief and sole proprietor of the *Cyclone*? Well, it's this way: I've got a longing for the road again; it just can't be controlled. I am sick for a sight of the old haunts in town—the push and hurry of a big morning paper—the glare of the midnight lights. It comes upon me like a fever—I must go back to the old life, my boy. We've done fairly well for the first year of a country paper and have a small working capital in the Farmers and Merchants'. I'll take a hundred of that for immediate necessities and leave the balance for you to maintain the dignity of the *Cyclone* and pull her through possible tight places. Good bye; keep the old nag up to a high standard, and shoot it to the grafters double leaded whenever they show signs of life."

Before Donald could get his breath and the power of speech, the Colonel was gone.

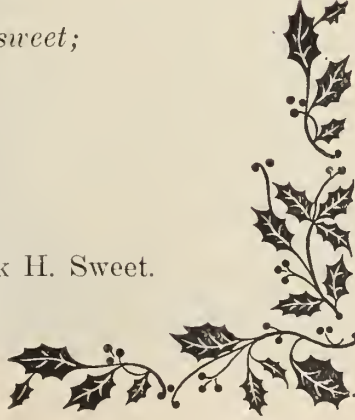
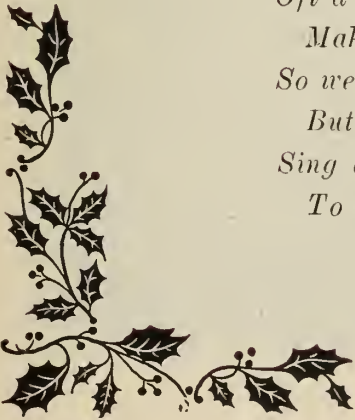


The New Year

*HAIL! the happy New Year—
Smiling, full of grace,
With a look of wonder
On his baby face;
Empty-handed comes he—
Merry little king,
Yet his gay attendants
Gifts, unbounded, bring.*



*Snow for winter frolics,
Springtime smiles and showers,
Yielding, for their harvest,
Summer fruits and flowers;
Golden stores of autumn—
Can they be more dear
Than the sprig of holly
Showing Christmas cheer?*



*Joyous days await us;
Griefs, too, we shall meet;
Oft a taste of bitter
Makes the sweet more sweet;
So we will not falter
But, with voices clear,
Sing a song of welcome
To the glad New Year!*

Frank H. Sweet.

THE CRUISE OF THE GOLD SHIPS

By JOHN L. COWAN



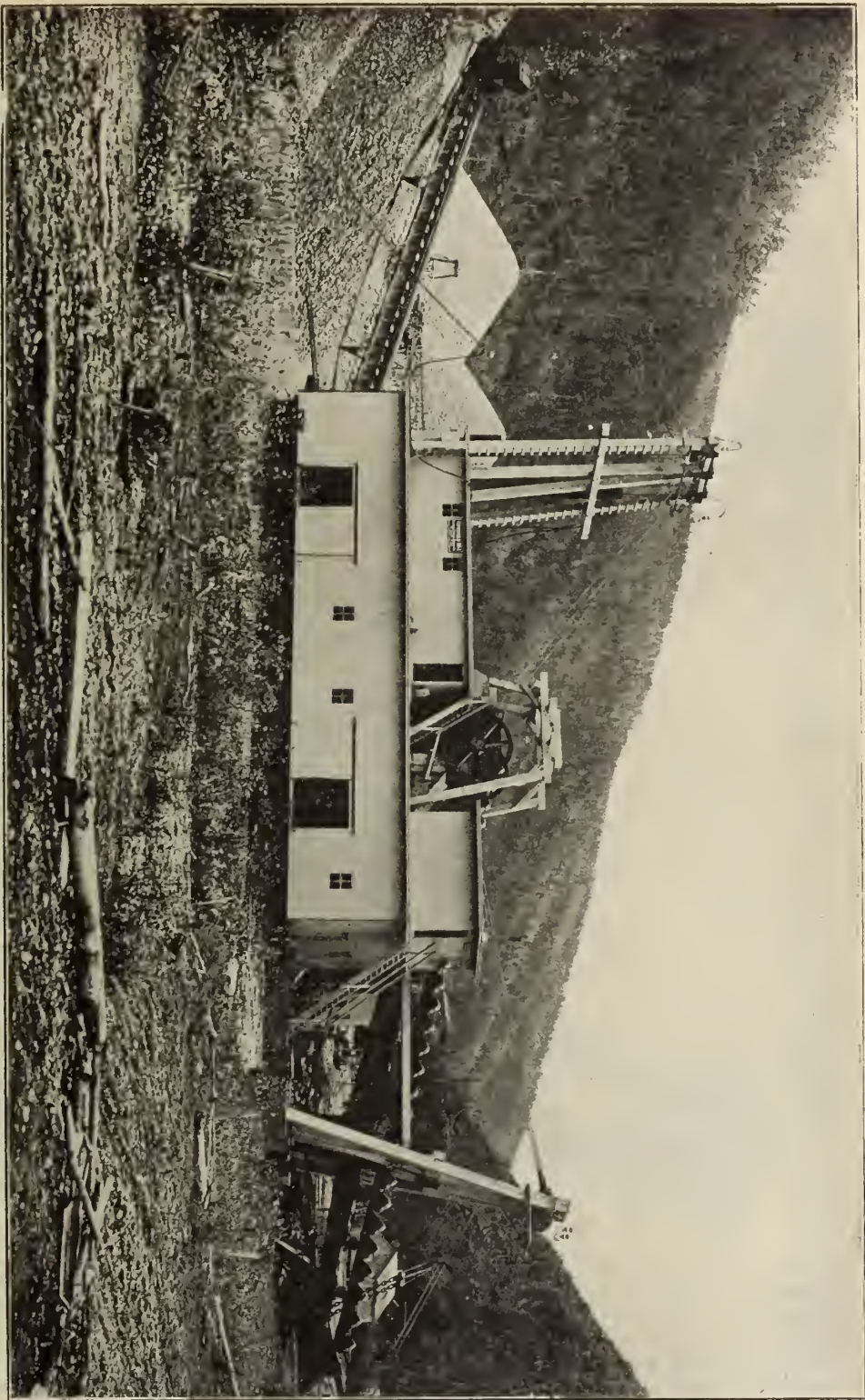
SURELY no stranger ships ever sailed the salt seas than those that now cruise back and forth over the arid plains, the mountain parks and the broad valleys of the West, carrying their lakes with them, and devastating orange groves and olive orchards, waving grain fields and deserts of sage and sand. The cargoes they collect are richer than were ever borne by Spanish galleons from the New World to the Old; and their destructive career is not inaptly comparable to that of the black, piratic craft of the buccaneers of by gone years. Stranger than any flights of fancy emanating from the busy brains of novelists and romancers are these creations of modern mining engineers—the Gold Ships of the Plains.

Dredging for gold is by no means a new idea, although some of the most recent developments of the industry are so novel as to be almost startling. The idea first developed into practical importance in New Zealand—that land of experiment in politics, in government and in industry. There dredging for gold has been successfully carried on for more than twenty years. The beds of many of the sluggish rivers of that country are composed of auriferous sands and sediments. Up and down these rivers the first gold dredges plied, bringing up the sands from the bottom and washing out the precious particles mingled therein. In this, however, there was nothing startling, or calculated to make any particular appeal to the imagination. It was little more than an adaptation of the sand dredges, such as may be seen on any inland river or shallow harbor, with the addition of some of the machinery and appliances used by hydraulic miners.

However, there were known to be thousands of square miles of alluvial flats, sand banks and bars, old beaches left high and dry by receding waters,

swamps and abandoned placer diggings, all containing considerable quantities of gold, but unavailable for dredging operations because there was not sufficient water to float the dredges. The devising of methods of working these is the American contribution to the gold dredging industry—a contribution so important that authorities look for a revolutionary increase in the world's annual gold output from this source. It was stated by Professor J. S. Newberry twenty years ago that nine-tenths of all the gold then in use in the world had been derived from placer mines. For the last fifteen years these figures might almost be reversed. Not far from nine-tenths of all the new gold produced in that time has come from quartz mines. Placer mining will never be restored to its former overshadowing importance, but the gold dredges may ultimately produce almost as much gold annually as the quartz mines.

One observer has described a gold dredge as a combination of hoisting derrick, steamboat and warship. Some of them have the height and bulk of a Mississippi river packet, with room enough for the big guns, the sailors and the marines of a battleship. To transport one of these huge, amphibious monsters, one hundred feet or more in length, and weighing many hundreds of tons, across plains and over mountains would be a task impossible of accomplishment. Unless they are to operate in the bed of a river, it is necessary to build them in the place where they are to work. Machinery, iron work, lumber and tools are conveyed by rail, on wagons, or on the backs of patient burros to the place desired. Then, wherever that place may be, whether far out on the plains, in the heart of the desert, or in some deep valley, girt in by snow covered mountains, with no navigable sea, lake or river within a distance of hundreds of miles, temporary dock yards are built for the construction of these ships that sail on land. Hammer and saw wake the echoes in



A gold dredge in Alaska.

regions that never before heard these sounds of industrial life; and, after months of labor, the gold ship is completed, the machinery placed in position, and the dredge made ready for launching. But one thing is lacking. That is water.

Perhaps there is an irrigating ditch, or a lake, or a river, or an artesian well, or a mountain stream at no great distance, from which water in sufficient quantities can be pumped. If not, a ditch is dug, a flume constructed, or a well drilled in order to give the stranded monster a drink. Out in Wyoming at the present time vast sums of money are being expended digging ditches and building flumes to carry water for a distance of forty miles, across the Bear river divide, to a fleet of gold dredges that will soon be ready for work. As soon as water is supplied the great machine begins to dig. Soon it has excavated a deep hole into which it slides, still excavating a little deeper ahead until it reaches bed-rock—which may be sixty feet below the surface. In most localities, before the excavating has proceeded very far, the underground waters seep in and help float the vessel. Then it begins its remarkable journey, carrying its lake with it. The little lake never overflows. Only enough water is pumped in to keep it at the desired level, and the same water is used again and again in the washing of the sands.

The work of excavating is performed by an endless chain of steel buckets, or scoops. Each of these has a sharp cutting steel edge that bites into the bottom and sides of the miniature lake and brings a full load of sand and gravel to the surface. The buckets dump the material into a hopper that discharges it upon a revolving screen. This rolls the large stones and boulders down into a chute that empties them upon the heap of tailings in the rear. Every minute more than a thousand gallons of water are pumped upon the screen, winnowing the sand and gravel in much the same manner as did the pans, cradles and sluices of the old time placer miners, only infinitely more quickly and efficiently. The finer material sifts through the

top screen to perforated screens of finer mesh beneath, and the finest of all to riffled tables. These are covered with sheet copper, and the copper is coated with mercury, with which the fine particles of gold amalgamate. Coconut mattings are used to catch the larger grains of gold, then being washed in a tank and the sediment put through an amalgamator. After all the gold has been extracted the sand is elevated to the top and thrown out on the dump along with the stones and boulders, filling up the lake behind the dredge as rapidly as it is excavated in front. In this way the lake is prevented from growing larger, and is moved forward along with the strange craft that floats on its bosom.

While some of the dredges thus float like any other boat, the method of progression of others may be described as walking, more accurately than as either floating or sailing. They are provided with two giant steel legs, called "spuds," which reach to the bottom of the artificial lake. On one of the spuds the dredge rests as a pivot, while it is anchored to the shore in such a way that it may be swung from side to side. When the vessel is to be moved forward, the other spud is lowered to the bottom, and the dredge is drawn forward to rest on it. It, therefore, walks like any living biped, and balances itself on one long leg like a stork. There are dredges in operation in the western states that do as much work as could be performed by three thousand men and a score of horses. Many of them cost from \$75,000 to \$100,000 each. Some are lighted and operated by electricity, and work night and day. The cost of handling the sand and rock is less than five cents a ton, so that if there is only one cent's worth of gold to the cubic foot of material it can be worked with a tempting margin of profit. If one were to take the twentieth part of a tiny gold dollar, reduce it to a fine powder, and then mix it through a ton of earth, he would doubtless think he had placed the particles of gold beyond all possibility of recovery. Or if one were to take a single ounce of gold dust and scatter it through



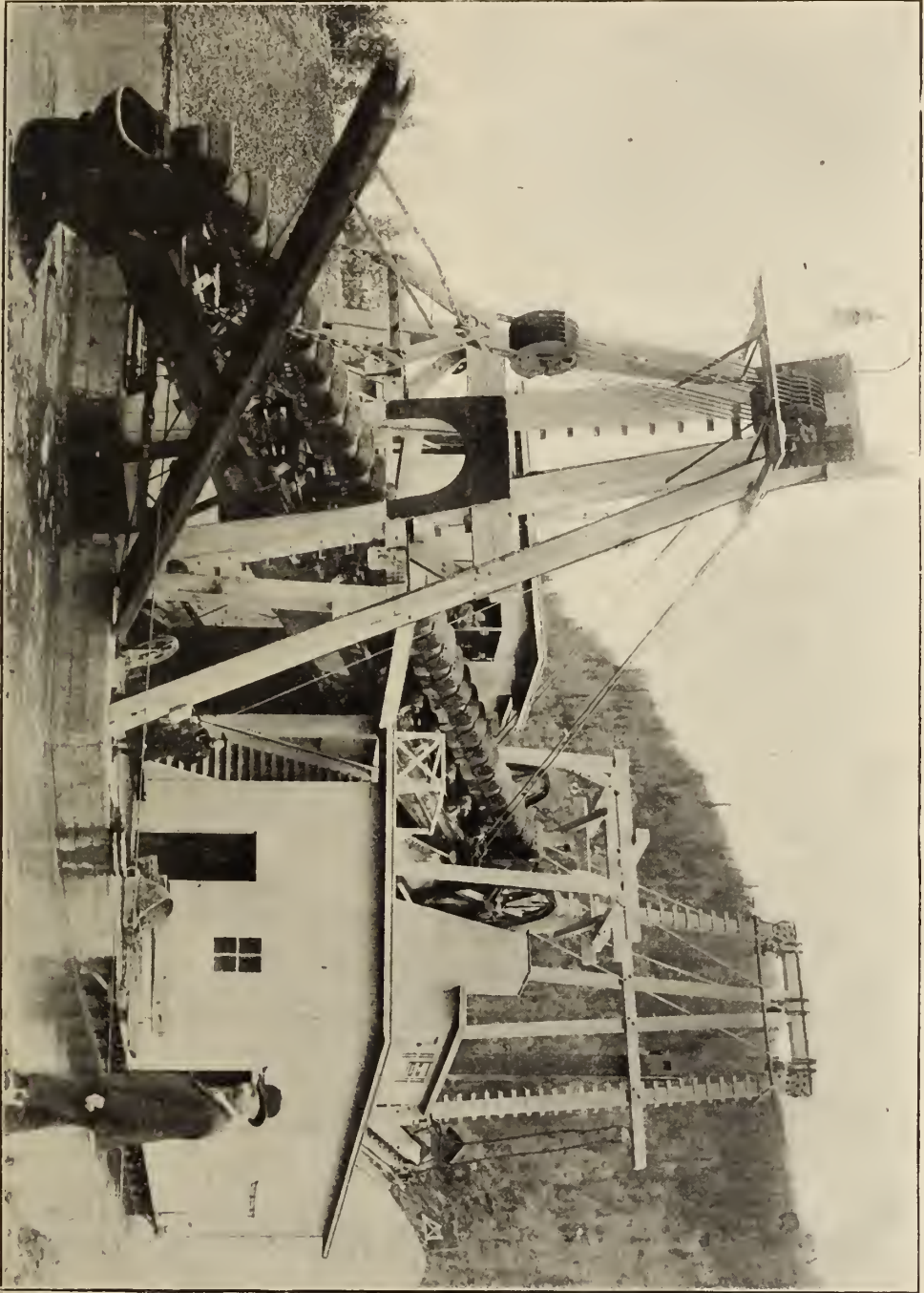
Dredging for gold in California.

twenty car loads of sand and gravel, each car load containing forty thousand pounds, he would probably fancy that no human power could again collect those golden grains. Yet that is precisely the kind of work performed by the gold dredges. It is not only possible, but also profitable that hundreds of these vessels are at work in various portions of the world. This is the latest and most wonderful development of the basic industry of gold mining. It is a striking example of the value of little things; an illustration of the conquest of mind over matter, of the marvels performed by machinery.

Gold is one of the most widely distributed of metals. The fact seems to be almost forgotten that in 1812 a considerable number of men earned sixty cents a day washing gold on the banks of the Delaware river, where the city of Chester now stands. It is probably true that the gold in the soil under Philadelphia is worth more than the total valuation of the city. Now it is not meant by this to intimate that the sands of the Delaware river will ever again be washed for gold, but simply to suggest the probability, amounting almost to a certainty, that gold dredging operations will some day be conducted in regions now never thought as possible gold producers. Unsuccessful gold mines have repeatedly been opened in the Allegheny and Blue Ridge mountains. There is gold in almost every mile of the Appalachian chain. North of the state of North Carolina the amount found has always fallen just a little short of being sufficient to justify operations. Farther south is the oldest producing gold field in the United States. From New York to Georgia are tens of thousands of square miles of alluvial deposits containing gold in considerable quantities. To what extent these will be worked by the gold dredges, it is, of course, impossible to foretell. On the Chestatee river, in Georgia, an experimental dredge has given so good an account of itself that the Appalachian fleet of gold ships is sure to grow to considerable proportions.

Wherever placer mining is or has been practiced, the gold dredge is almost cer-

tain to follow. Every western state in which gold mining is followed is known to contain large areas of land in which dredging operations can be conducted with hardly a chance of failure. Places in which hydraulic mining is impossible on account of the scanty water supply or other local conditions, old placer camps that have long since been washed over by eager miners with their pans and cradles and sluices, and great areas of auriferous sands that contained too little gold to justify working by the wasteful methods of the past, are now the scene of unprecedented activity. What has happened at Oroville, California, and at Bannack, Montana, is certain to happen in scores of other western mining fields that were pronounced "worked out" more than a generation ago. The Forty-niners washed the sands on the banks of the Feather river as long as they were able to make a living, and then departed for fairer fields. After them came the Chinese—an eager army of at least ten thousand of them swarming over the old diggings that the white miners had pronounced worked out. By and by the sands ceased to yield enough of the yellow metal to satisfy even the modest demands of the patient Celestials, and they, too, went their way. Then came the hydraulic miners, turning tremendous jets of water against the yielding banks of sand, and eating the very heart out of the valley. When these left Oroville, it seemed that surely its life as a mining camp was ended forever, and the remaining residents of the valley of Feather river turned their attention to less spectacular pursuits. The fields were leveled, dams were built, irrigating ditches were dug, groves of orange and olive trees were planted, and the days of the gold mines faded into dim memories, clouded over by myths and traditions. Through the lifetime of a generation agriculture and fruit growing flourished to the exclusion of all other pursuits, and the camps of the early Argonauts became the scenes of fertile farms and productive orchards. Then came the gold dredges. The first successful vessel of this description in America was put in operation near Oroville in 1896. It demonstrated that



Gold dredge on the Seaward Peninsula.

the sands that had already thrice been pronounced "worked out" still contained more millions than had ever been taken from them. Every year more and larger vessels have been added to the fleet cruising in the neighborhood, until there are now thirty gold ships in commission in the Oroville district. It is estimated that the 7,500 acres of territory there that has been thoroughly prospected will yield not less than \$60,000,000. For fruit growing purposes the land is valued at \$1,000 an acre. The gold dredge extracts \$8,000 in gleaming gold from the same small patch of territory. Each dredge works from half an acre to an acre of land in a month. In the United States there are not less than 150 such dredges in operation, with probably 50 more being constructed. This means that last year not less than 1,000 acres of land was rendered forever unfit for agricultural pursuits. Each year the amount permanently devastated will increase. True, some of it is desert and waste land, swamps, sea beaches and sand bars that would probably never be of any economic use to mankind apart from the precious metals it contains. On the other hand, some is included in the most valuable and productive agricultural lands on the continent, and future generations may bitterly lament the short sighted policy that permitted their irretrievable ruin. An expert engineer sent to California by the National Government to investigate the destruction of valuable agricultural lands recommends the passing of laws requiring the gold dredging companies to install on each boat sand pumps to pump the fertile soil that lies on and near the surface of the ground upon the top of the dumps, so as to leave it available for agriculture. This would leave the fertility of the land unimpaired after the gold had been extracted. It is even regarded as possible that the orchards of the Oroville district could be transplanted to another place, and replanted in the same fields after the gold ships have passed.

Strikingly similar to the history of the Oroville mining territory is that of the Grasshopper Creek district of Montana. The rich gold-bearing bars and banks of the creek and its tributaries were long ago worked by the pans, cradles and sluices of the pioneer miners, and Bannack—the first capital of the territory—became one of the great gold camps of the West. After the pioneers came the Chinese, and they were succeeded in time by hydraulic methods, and then Bannack was deserted, it seemed, forever. In 1895 its star again began to rise, when an experimental dredge was built in the creek bed. It proved a failure, but it indicated the way by which success might be attained, and Bannack is again one of the great placer gold fields of America.

Nearly all of the gold producing states of western America contain immense areas of land carrying considerable values in gold. These will be the scenes of operation for great fleets of the gold ships in coming years. The proven placer fields of North America extend from the Seward Peninsula of Alaska the whole way to the Isthmus of Panama. The Frazier, Mackenzie and Yukon rivers and their tributaries flow through alluvial flats for a distance of two thousand miles—nearly every mile of which is regarded as promising dredging territory. In Oregon, Washington, Utah, Wyoming, South Dakota, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada the gold ships have already been launched. Mexico, Central America, South America, Africa, Madagascar, Borneo, British India, the Malay Peninsula, Siberia, China and almost all known gold-producing countries contain river flats, sea beaches, swamps or sand bars that can be profitably worked by gold dredges, but by no other means. This latest form of gold mining, therefore, is yet only in its green and callow youth. In the years of the immediate future it will contribute untold millions to the rising tide of gold.

The most fascinating thing about a woman is the delightful state of expectancy she keeps us in as to what to do next.

WORDS WRITTEN IN WAX

By GORDON GREY



HE fading light of an Indian summer day fell in level rays upon a graceful, tailor-made girl, leaning against a Fairfield fence-corner, and the evening breezes gently stirred the fluffy tendrils of hair beneath the tilted brim of her stylish hat.

Beside her, gazing earnestly into her mischievous eyes, stood a young man—erect, clear-cut, clean-shaven—attired in a neat business suit. Decision was depicted in every line of his handsome face and figure, declaring that he knew his own mind—even though he feared to speak it. And because he dared not bare his inmost soul he was an enigma to the girl, as many men have been to other women—and men too. One of the only four things that vexed the understanding of Agur the Prophet was the way of a man with a maid.

"Well," the young woman said at length, straightening herself and her gloves, as the conversation drifted as far as ever into generalities, "I must hurry home to supper, or mother'll think I'm lost. I suppose I shan't see you to-morrow evening?"

"No, Nettie—an aunt of mine is returning here, and I have to meet her at the station."

"Oh, all right, Rod. Good evening; I'll see you in the office in the morning!" and with what seemed to him a somewhat petulant nod Nettie Lane swung around the corner of the village street and disappeared.

Rodney Royce, at twenty-five, had risen to the position of chief correspondence clerk in the offices where Annette Lane daily manipulated the keys of a type-writer, and of all the girls, not only in that establishment, but in the entire village and surrounding country, she was to him the sweetest and best. And he had always dwelt there, although his aunt, Miss Dorothy Rodney had been absent for many years. Her departure,

when he was a child of five or six, he had always understood to have been both mysterious and romantic. Her return, no less abrupt, appeared to lack any element of mystery, although its occasion, the inheritance of a neat fortune from a remote relative, might be considered romantic. It seemed so to Rodney Royce, who could not dismiss a hope that some such stroke of luck might enable him to confess his love for Nettie Lane.

The afternoon following their chat at the street corner was balmy again with the breath of Indian summer. For fifteen minutes the monotonous sound of old Watson Weld's raucous voice, dictating letters into a phonograph, had been heard proceeding from his inner private office. The hour was advanced, the postman's last round unaccountably late, and the head of the American Lignoid Company sat, with suit-case packed, awaiting an important business letter. Of course, he might call up his correspondent on the long-distance, but there were politic reasons for refraining from an undue display of haste.

The droning sound ceased at length, and was succeeded by the fitful creaking of a swivel chair, indicating to the office staff by a sort of wireless telegraphy that their chief was in a state of mind. There was an exchange of meaning looks among the clerks in the outer office. Young Watson Weld—with a conspicuous lack of filial reverence made an audible comment which caused a general titter to run around, so very clever was the young scamp's imitation of the paternal voice and manner.

Rodney Royce glanced at the clock and tapped impatiently upon his desk with the ear tube of his phonograph, sighing for the wax-coated recording cylinder detained in the inner office. With a sudden air of resolution he arose and entered the private office, returning with a flushed and disconcerted face that plainly spoke of rude rebuff.

But, if his employer's reception had

been ungracious on this occasion, the sympathetic manner of Nettie Lane was not. Her habitual treatment of Royce, in marked contrast to that which she accorded the younger Weld, had become a matter of comment in the office, where the other young women could not conceal their astonishment at the coolness with which she had met the advances of a college-bred heir to millions. Young Weld had frankly avowed to Royce his opinion that Nettie was the most "stunning" girl he had met since leaving college, though it would hardly be true to say that he believed himself to be a jealous rival of one whom he secretly considered to be in every way his inferior.

But it is not strange that he had a watchful eye and ear for the swift, significant communication that passed between Rodney and Nettie, the girl offering to do the man's work if the obstinacy of the "Old Man" should detain him beyond the customary hour. She knew that Royce wished to leave the office early that afternoon on his aunt's account, and his uneasiness and impatience to be gone were plainly evident to others. Ordinarily, young Weld would have been indifferent to the correspondence clerk's movements, but in this particular instance the quick ear of jealousy had caught a word that aroused another and scarcely less virulent phase of the green-eyed malady; young Watson heard Royce make mention of his aunt.

Now, the image of Royce's aunt had become a growing menace to young Weld's peace of mind since the day of his graduation—in fact, since class-day—when, much to his astonishment, Miss Rodney had appeared with his father as a guest at his elaborate "spread" and was presented as "a very old friend."

His displeasure at the presence of "the skeleton at the feast," as he privately denominated the slender lady in gun metal silk and rich old lace, might have proved but temporary, but his antipathy to "that scheming old cat" as he came to call her later after his return home, crystalized into a confirmed hostility when he became convinced that, if matters went on as they had been going, he would eventually have Miss Rodney for a step-

mother. This prospect was so distasteful as to put a still finer point upon the acute interest with which he regarded both aunt and nephew.

While listening to the whispered confidences of Royce to Miss Lane, wondering vaguely what pressing reason called the clerk away to his aunt, and once more summing up mentally his objections to the Rodney connection in all its aspects, he saw the outer door open and the letter carrier thrust a bunch of mail matter into the office boy's hands. From his post of observation, between the outer and inner offices and near the partially opened sash communicating between them, he could see and hear nearly everything that took place in both.

He watched his father run rapidly through the parcel of mail, roughly sorting it as he went; he saw him slip a dainty missive into his pocket, and continue his search for the expected business letter; he heard the grunt of satisfied expectancy which told of its discovery, and he studied the parental countenance in varying moods during its perusal. A petulant push at an electric button seemed to punctuate its close.

He could not hear the bell actuated by that button, but, through another glazed sash, opposite the one beside him, he could watch the approach of the manager of the works, whom it summoned, and let his eye travel along the dwindling perspective of belting, shafting and pulleys that framed a vista of one of the departments of the Lignoid works.

"See here, Jordan," was the senior Weld's abrupt greeting to the newcomer, "Nillson of the Newaygo Furniture Co. says our price for that two tons of table trimmings, Lignoid B 22, is three cents a pound too high! Did you verify the estimates I gave you?"

"Yes, sir, to the last cent. That there trimming stuff can't be made a fraction of a cent cheaper and show any profit for us. And Nillson can't get none any cheaper, neither."

"All right. Of course we won't turn out goods at a loss when the other fellow can't buy any cheaper substitute. I was in hopes of landing that order before I leave town, but it will have to go

over now till I get back—I'll try to keep him on the string."

"What will you tell him?"

"Oh, the usual thing. Decline his proposal with thanks and hope for continued pleasant relations. That will bring him to time."

And, while the manager returned to his remote domain, the burly manufacturer swung his swivel-chair with another nervous creak, and again settled himself before the mouth-piece of his phonograph.

Young Weld had listened intently to every word of this brief colloquy, and his eyes lighted up with a peculiar gleam at his father's share in the conversation. He heard the preliminary buzz of the instrument as the recorder was set in motion, and then the distinctly enunciated address of the proposed letter—"Lars Nilsson, Esq., Manager Newaygo Furniture Company, Newaygo, Wis., Dear Sir:" Scarcely had the word "Sir" been followed by the inevitable "Ahem!" which heralded the beginning of the body of the letter, when the young man reached a resolution and acted upon it without a second's delay. Putting his head to the sash opening he called sharply "Dad!"

As he had expected, his father paused and, with a grunt of enquiry shut off the phonograph. Young Weld pointed eagerly to the window giving upon the workshop, slipped from his stool and entered the private office, closing the door behind him.

"What's the matter?" demanded the elder Weld, "What do you want?"

"Just look at the way that farthest shaft wabbles!" exclaimed the son, keeping his father's attention fixed upon the workshop window, "It carries the belt of the big moulding machine, and it looks as if it would fly off at any minute."

Mr. Weld whirled his chair completely around, arose, and peered intently in the direction indicated. His eyesight was not of the best and, while he was forced to wear glasses in reading and writing, he had that very common horror of spectacles which prompts so many near-sighted persons to dispense with them in public. He could scarcely distinguish

the pulley of the moulding machine in the distance.

"Better see Jordan about it, father!" prompted his son.

With another impatient grunt the old man left the room and the young one, hurriedly taking his place at the phonograph, finished the dictation of a short letter to the address already recorded upon the wax-covered cylinder. Then he began another letter, by dictating into the instrument a quite different address.

Three minutes afterwards, when he was again upon his high stool, his father informed him in an angry tone that Jordan said there was nothing the matter with the shaft of the moulding machine.

Then the elder Weld, after a brief dictation into the phonograph, called Rodney Royce to take out the cylinder and transcribe it, seized his suit-case and hastily took his departure. No sooner had he gone than Royce, slipping the cylinder upon his own phonograph, and signing to Nettie Lane to take his place, also hurried from the office. Young Weld watched all these proceedings with the eye of approval.

* * * * *

A week had passed, the head of the Lignoid Company had returned from his trip and was again at his desk, and the scratching of pens and tapping of typewriters filled the outer office with its accustomed hum.

A timid knock on the outer door was answered rather slowly by the office boy, accustomed to see callers throw it open unceremoniously and enter unbidden. Every eye was attracted to the unwonted spectacle when the visitor was seen to be a quiet but stylishly attired lady who, with a low-toned message, handed the boy a visiting card, and the optical battery thus constituted pursued its target with inquisitorial shafts until it disappeared behind the Old Man's ground-glass door. The inquisitive eyes and receptive ears accordingly missed the very unusual scene that was about to be enacted.

"Why, Dorothy!—Miss Rodney! This is an unexpected pleasure! Take this seat," exclaimed old Watson Weld.

"Thank you," replied his visitor frostily, as she seated herself. "I don't doubt

it is unexpected, but I do doubt if it can be a pleasure, under the circumstances!"

"My dear Miss Rodney!" he ejaculated, a look of amazement spreading over his expansive countenance. "What do you mean? I can't tell you how surprised I am."

"Umph! You know well enough what I mean, but of course you are surprised. You never supposed for a moment that any woman with the least feeling of delicacy or a remnant of self-respect would ever speak to you again—but you will find that I am an exceptional woman—in that respect, at least."

Watson Weld gazed straight at Miss Rodney for a full five seconds, his face running a chromatic scale from red to white and back again, with staccato notes of purple and green. At length he said:

"I am at a loss to understand what you mean—you really will have to be more explicit."

"Very well, then!" snapped Dorothy Rodney, "To be explicit, what vestige of an excuse have you to offer for the gratuitous and insulting assumption you make in your letter?"

"Letter!" he exclaimed, with an air of growing perplexity, "What letter?"

A characteristically feminine retort was on the end of Miss Rodney's tongue, when she suddenly recollected that she had determined to make this a strictly business interview and conduct it on masculine models. She therefore answered with suppressed indignation but an almost painfully affected air of precision.

"The letter written upon a Lignoid Company's letter-head, dated October 9, 1903, addressed to me and signed by you."

"Miss Rodney," said her elderly admirer, after a second's pause as if steadying himself in an effort to be equally exact, "I have never written to you on my business letter-heads, neither on October 9th nor any other date. My notes to you, as you know, have been few, but they invariably have been written on my Nearwood stationery, and I will take this opportunity of apologizing for leaving unanswered a note from you which I received at the moment of my departure

on the business trip from which I returned only this morning."

Miss Rodney started. The deliberate, almost cold character of this reply had evidently produced an impression, but in a manner nearly as composed and precise she returned:

"Notwithstanding those facts, I received such a letter, purporting to be written at your dictation, and bearing your signature, or a fac-simile."

Watson Weld touched one of the numerous buttons near his hand and the summons was answered by the office-boy, to whom he said:

"Ask Mr. Royce to step in here with the letter copy file for October 9th. Remember, October 9th."

Not a word was spoken until the letter file had been brought and Weld had nervously thumbed the flimsy tissue sheets until the address he sought was found. Not a word even was exchanged between Miss Rodney and her astonished nephew. An air of constraint and expectancy pervaded the little office.

The silence was broken by Mr. Weld, after he had read one brief letter. With a purple flush and a black frown he thrust it into Rodney's hands and inquired sharply:

"How came that letter on this file?"

Royce looked at the letter, and in turn his expression underwent startling changes of wonder and apprehension.

"I—I don't know, sir," he answered.

"Who else should know?" snarled his employer, relapsing into his ordinary office manner. "Didn't you transcribe it?"

"No, sir."

"Then who did?"

Royce, reflecting rapidly on all the possible consequences of any answer he might make, replied simply:

"I can't say."

"Why can't you say? Didn't you transcribe and typewrite all my phonograph letters on that day—October 9th?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't!" cried the old man, more astonished than ever. "Then who else did?"

"One of the young ladies. I was called out on—er—very urgent business," answered Royce—looking out of the corner

of an eye at his aunt—"and she offered to write out the letters for me."

"Ha!" snorted Weld. "Now we are getting something. Who was it?"

"Miss Lane, sir."

Again push-button and office-boy performed their duties, and Nettie Lane joined the tense and excited group.

"Will you have the kindness to look at this letter, Miss Lane," growled Weld with ominously elaborate courtesy, "and tell me under what circumstances you came to transcribe, sign and mail it?"

Nettie Lane in turn read the letter, and, as the others had done, betrayed amazement and fear as she gazed from her employer to his visitor, whom she had never seen before and did not know by name. Collecting herself, and watching each of those present as she proceeded, she said:

"It is one of several letters that I took from Mr. Royce's phonograph, at his request. He told me to take them on my typewriter, sign them with your stamp and put them in the mail."

"Oh! Just look through these other letters and see if they are the ones you look."

"Yes, sir, they are," replied Miss Lane, complying with his request.

"Now, will you be kind enough to tell me if you mean to say that you took each and every one of those letters from a phonographic record, dictated in my voice?"

The note of triumphant expectation in this question resembled nothing so much as the tone involuntarily assumed by the attorney for the prosecution when he reaches the vital question in the cross-examination of the most important witness for the defence, and the inquisitor's dismay was correspondingly great when the reply was a firm and unhesitating:

"Yes, sir!"

The face of the old man hardened.

"That will do," he said. "I have no further use for your services—neither now nor in the future. You will take this as the customary week's notice!"

Nettie Lane flushed hotly, before turning a passionate white, but involuntarily she looked appealingly at Royce. Before he could speak Weld addressed him:

"Whoever originated this letter, you had no business to delegate your duties to another without consulting me, and I remember very distinctly having refused you permission to leave earlier that afternoon. I have no use for a man who won't obey orders. You may also consider yourself discharged."

Again Rodney Royce essayed to speak, but this time his aunt interrupted. Her seat commanded a view through one of the glazed sashes and, while listening with varied emotions to the examination of the typist and her nephew, her gaze had wandered more than once to a figure at the nearest desk in the outer office. Suddenly the subliminal feminine intuition, which never fails to work on the slightest inkling of the truth, flashed an explanation to her conscious brain, and she exclaimed:

"Mr. Weld, please call in your son—I'm sure he can give us an explanation of this mystery!"

Three pairs of startled eyes were fixed upon her, and the thick, loose lips of the old manufacturer worked like the gills of a fish out of water.

"What can he possibly know—" he began, but paused, rose, and beckoned imperiously to young Watson, who had not let any phase of this Star-Chamber enquiry escape his observation.

"Watson!" said the father sharply. "An unauthorized letter—a false and forged one—has gone out from here addressed to this lady. You are one of the few who have access to this office. What do you know about the matter?"

Young Watson Weld looked very uncomfortable, but after the barest pause he said coolly:

"I know this much about it—I dictated the address!"

"Ah! You dictated the address! And what was in the body of the note?"

"I don't know exactly—I can only guess."

"Now, don't prevaricate, sir! If you didn't dictate the body of that letter, who did?"

"You did."

The elder Weld's face took on an apoplectic purple, and he stammered and

gurgled in a vain attempt to express his feelings.

"Now, don't throw a fit, Dad!" continued his imperturbable son. "Just read that letter over again, in connection with the one immediately before it on the cylinder, addressed to the Newaygo Furniture Company, and you will see that I am telling the strict truth," and he spread out the copies of the two letters, so that all might see.

"You will recall dictating the address of the first letter, and remember that you left the room. I supplied the body, according to your own ideas, as expressed to Mr. Jordan, and then I began another, to Miss Rodney. I am just a little curious myself to see how you finished it out."

And, though it might prove to be his last laugh at his father, he could not restrain himself from uttering it, when he saw how completely his trick would have succeeded, had Miss Rodney acted differently. This is what they read:

Fairfield, Oct. 9, 1903.

Lars Nillson, Esq.,

Mgr. Newaygo Furniture Co.,
Newaygo, Wis.

Dear Sir:

We are in receipt of your favor of 9th inst., and very much regret that we cannot entertain your offer.

Hoping that you may see your way to favor us with future orders, if you cannot reconsider your present proposition, we are

Very truly yours,

THE AMERICAN LIGNOID COMPANY,
Watson Weld, President.

Dict. W. W.—A. L.

Miss Dorothy Rodney,
Green Street, Fairfield.

Dear Madam:

Your favor of even date received and contents noted. Regretting that under the circumstances I feel compelled to decline your proposal, but with thanks for your courtesy in tendering same, and trusting that our friendly relations may continue unimpaired, I remain

Yours very truly,

WATSON WELD.

President American Lignoid Co.
Dict. W. W.—A. L.

* * * * *
Young Watson Weld survived the explosion of rage that followed, and lived to indulge in further furtive laughs over the affair, but they were mirthless ones, and at his own expense.

His punishment was decreed to be close confinement for a term of years in the offices of the Lignoid Company.

When his father's fiery wrath and Miss Rodney's righteous indignation had somewhat cooled, and the courtship begun in the springtime of life and so nearly ruptured forever in its Indian summer was once more resumed, it resulted in a very extended honeymoon abroad.

The interests of the concern, meantime, its energetic head decided, would not suffer under the administration of the new vice-president, Rodney Royce, whose aunt had bought for him the shares necessary to qualify him as an officer of the corporation.

Mrs. Rodney Royce—nee Lane—was not vouchsafed so lengthy a bridal tour, but, as she is very young, bright prospects justify her day-dreams of wide foreign travel in the future.

Little acts of daily kindness do more to lubricate the machinery of life than a whole deluge of benevolence from a dead millionaire who has really left to the world what he could not carry away.

Humor is like a healing plaster to the wounds of life; wit, the surgeon's knife that would paré to the bone if essential, while sarcasm is the caustic which may eradicate an evil but leaves a scar behind.

CHRONICLE OF A CELEBRATED CORNER

By ALDEN W. QUIMBY



NOT every student of American geography—indeed, not every Pennsylvanian,—is aware that the Keystone State is unique among her sisters of the Union in the possession of a curious projection at her southeast corner, which points southward and thus effectually estops the extension of the celebrated “Mason and Dixon Line” to the western border of Delaware. (Strictly speaking, the line was prolonged to the Delaware river—but not as a boundary.) This little wedge, or neck, of territory, which only appears, if at all, upon large-scale maps of the State, embraces about eight hundred acres—or sufficient for a half dozen fair sized farms. Strangely enough its population preferably pays tax to the authorities of Delaware, and its electors vote at the precincts of that gallant little State whose quaint pseudonym is “The Blue Hen’s Chickens.” A member of the Delaware legislature who resided in this strip was playfully alluded to as “the gentleman from Pennsylvania.”

As may be perceived upon the map of the United States, there are numerous points where three States meet; and one where four States, or Territories—Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico—enjoy a common marker; but none other which boasts so peculiar a junction as that of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware. It is therefore a curio among state corners, and its history is correspondingly interesting. One who might readily surmise the reason for a projection at Pennsylvania’s northwest corner—for harbor privileges—might long guess in vain the occasion of the tiny southeastern wedge, and the rounded northern boundary of Delaware.

It was upon an ideal autumn day of rarest azure sky, golden sunshine and deepening tint of blade and leaf, that the writer, amorous of blended landscape and colonial story, traversed from the

north the rapidly narrowing strip between Maryland and Delaware, which is but three-quarters of a mile wide at its base, and about three and a half miles long. To the westward rose the soft blue hills that line the course of Big Elk Creek through “Maryland, My Maryland;” and on the east were the gentle slopes that descend to White Clay—better known as “Whitely Creek”—in Delaware, whercon once stood a village of the Lenni Lenapes. The famous point of the wedge, which is not properly a triangle, since the hypotenuse is in reality the arc of a circle, lies between the forks of Christiana Creek, locally known as “Christine,” which receives the storied Brandywine just before its quiet waters mingle with the stately Delaware.

It was in the year 1632 that Charles I of England, granted to Cecilius Calvert, Lord Baron of Baltimore, “all that part of the peninsula, or Chersonese, lying in the parts of America between the ocean on the east and the bay of Chesapeake on the west, divided from the residue thereof by a right line drawn from the promontory or headland, called Watkin’s point, situated upon the bay aforesaid, and near the river of Wighco on the west, unto the main ocean on the east, and between that boundary on the south, and that part of the bay of Delaware on the north, which lieth under the fortieth parallel of latitude, where New England terminates.”

Lord Baltimore promptly claimed the whole peninsula, from the “right line” to the 40th degree of latitude; and his descendants followed suit. But decrees and grants, like wills, sometimes exhibit ambiguous features. It appears that it was intended to grant only the unsettled, or uncultivated portion, the Dutch and the Swedes having settled upon the western shore of the Delaware. In 1664 the Duke of York conquered the Dutch settlements on both shores of the latter river, these having previously absorbed those of the Swedes, and exercised au-



The point of the Pennsylvania "Wedge"

thority over them until 1682, when he transferred his claims along the western shore of both river and bay to that notable immigrant in the New World, William Penn, who duly annexed this territory to his original grant; and it was known for a century thereafter as the "Territories, or Three Lower Counties on the Delaware." A separate legislature was established for it in 1703, but it continued to recognize the sway of the governor of Pennsylvania, until the period of the Revolution, when it became an independent State.

But alas! the title to this territorial prize became a bone of contention, to be wrestled over for three-quarters of a century. In 1685, the Council of King James II ordered that "for avoiding further differences the tract of land lying between the Bay of Delaware and the eastern sea on the one side and the Chesapeake Bay on the other, be divided into equal parts, by a line from the latitude of Cape Henlopen to the fortieth degree of north latitude, the southern

boundary of Pennsylvania by charter—and that the one-half thereof lying toward the bay of Delaware and the eastern sea, be adjudged to belong to his Majesty, and the other half to the Lord Baltimore, as comprised in his charter."

This would seem a very clear exposition, were it not for the uncertainty attending the site of Cape Henlopen. And there was much misunderstanding, apparently, as to the location of the fortieth parallel of north latitude. For a time the promontory opposite Cape May was entitled "Cape Cornelius," and the "false cape" at Fenwick's Island was called "Cape Henlopen." Certainly there was a transposition of these capes on the ancient charts—a circumstance inexplicable by historians. However, in 1732, an agreement was consummated by the sons of William Penn and the great grandson of Cecilius Calvert, which allayed friction for a while. It is in this agreement that we discover the secret of the unusual boundary lines. It was conceded by both parties that "a semi-circle should be drawn at twelve English

statute miles around New Castle, agreeably to the deed of the Duke of York to William Penn, in 1682; that an east and west line should be drawn, beginning at Cape Henlopen, then admitted to be below Cape Cornelius, and running westward to the exact middle of the peninsula, between the two bays of Chesapeake and Delaware; from thence and the end of the line intersecting it in the latitude of Cape Henlopen, a line should be run northward, so as to form a tangent with the periphery of the semi-circle at New Castle, drawn with the radius of twelve English statute miles, whether such line should take a due north course or not; that after the said northwardly line should touch the New Castle semi-circle, it should be run further northward until it reached the same latitude as fifteen English statute miles due south of the most southern part of Philadelphia; that from the northern point of such line a due west line should be run, at least for the present, across the Susquehanna river, and twenty-five miles beyond it—and to the western limits of Pennsylvania, when occasion should require it; that that part of the due west line not actually run through, though imaginary, should be considered to be the true boundary of Maryland and Pennsylvania, etc.”

Subsequently troubles again arose, and in 1737 the King's Council was petitioned for a new order. But a truce was patched up once more; and in harmony with a definite understanding between the parties, commissioners were appointed to run a temporary line between Maryland and Pennsylvania. The work proceeded in 1739, but was threatened with interruption by sickness in the family of one of the commissioners representing Maryland. His coadjutor declined to bear the responsibility alone, when the Pennsylvania commissioners prosecuted the work until the most western of what was then termed the “Kittochtinny Hills” was reached.

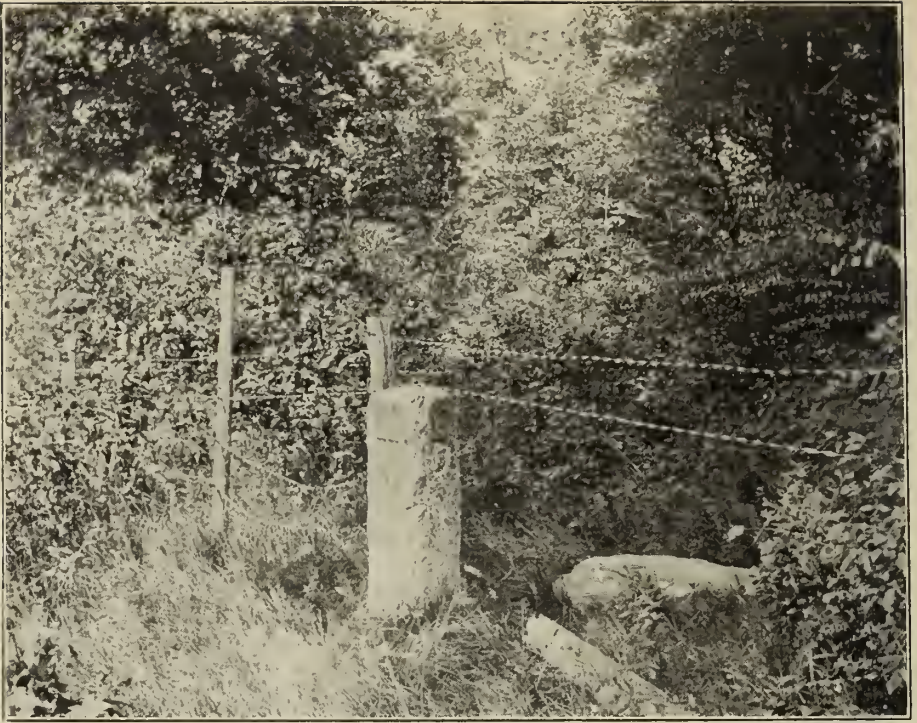
Next the matter got into Chancery, of which Dickens draws so dreary a picture in “Bleak House”; and it was not until 1750 that a final decision was rendered. For five days Lord Baltimore's counsel

argued against the agreement, alleging vagueness, etc., but Lord Chancellor Hardwicke directed that new commissioners should be appointed within three months to carry out the articles of agreement of 1732. He also ordered that the center of the semi-circle should be fixed “as near the center of the town of New Castle as may be,” and that Cape Henlopen be considered to be situated as in the chart—at Fenwick's Island, about fifteen miles south of the present cape of the same name.

Even yet there were lingering difficulties; for Lord Baltimore insisted that the radii of the semi-circle should be measured superficially, without allowing for the inequalities of the ground. Chancery disposed of this singular contention in 1751; but clouds of dispute still hovered over the project until 1760, when a final agreement gave the quietus to opposition.

It is amusing to read that the survey commenced with a stone pillar “east of the mulberry tree on Fenwick's Island,” sculptured with the arms of the contracting parties. The work of the commission proceeded very slowly. What were called “vistas” were cut through the forest, and measurements were made with the common chain held as nearly horizontal as possible, poles stationed along the vista being sighted. At the end of three years little more was accomplished than the establishment of the peninsular line and the measurement of a radius. Thus there was left to be ascertained, “the tangent, from the middle of the peninsular line to the tangent point, the meridian from thence to a point 15 miles south of the most southern part of Philadelphia, with the arc of the circle to the west of it, the 15 miles distance, and the parallel of latitude westward of its termination.”

Two figures destined to become distinguished now appear upon the scene. It chanced that the Penns and Lord Baltimore were in London in 1763. Here they met and engaged Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, “two mathematicians and surveyors,” to determine all the undetermined boundaries of the much disputed American territory. Accordingly these gentlemen departed for Philadel-



Where the States meet, looking north

phia in the late fall, received their instructions and commenced their duties before the close of the year. They ascertained the latitude of the southernmost part of Philadelphia, agreeing upon a point in the north wall of a house occupied by Thomas Plumstead and Joseph Huddle, on the south side of Cedar street, 39 degrees, 56 minutes, 29.1 seconds (afterward corrected by Graham to read 39 degrees, 56 minutes, 37.4 seconds) north, and measured 31 miles westward—doubtless from the Delaware's brink—to the forks of the Brandywine, where they established a marker known to the country folk as the "Stargazers' Stone." From this point a line 15 miles due south was run to a post marked "West;" thence a line to a post "Middle," at the middle point of the peninsular line stipulated from Fenwick's Island to Chesapeake Bay; and thence they ran the tangent line.

In the autumn of 1764 they produced a parallel of latitude westward as far as the Susquehanna; after which they went to the tangent point, and ran a meridian

line northward until it intersected that parallel, at the distance of 5 miles, 1 chain and 50 links. This last point is the eastern extremity of the famous "Mason and Dixon Line," the northeast corner of Maryland. It is situated in a little dell, on the margin of a brooklet, with wooded hills of oak and chestnut for a background. A low stone, engraved on the north and east sides with the letter P, and on the west and south sides with the letter M, thus modestly tells the story of territorial boundaries, and suggests a volume of historical memories.* Most momentous of all, the invisible line to the westward was long the synonym of the division between the free and the slave sections of the Union; and recalls the sorrowful strife, which, among other results, so strangely eventuated in the obliteration of this symbolic division. Many years ago prize-fighters availed themselves of its protection; for when the sheriff interrupted their brutal play, at a

*The original stone having been broken was mended with iron clamps held in place by lead. Tradition affirms that the lead was picked out for Continental bullets.

moment's alarm they could find safety "across the line."

Messrs. Mason and Dixon next described that portion of the semi-circle round New Castle that fell westward of the meridian, or due north line, from the tangent point. This dainty arc, or bow, is about a mile and half long, and its middle width one hundred and sixteen feet. Certainly it is a curio within a curio. It is the only portion of the semi-circle that these now famous surveyors ran.

The great boundary line was now traced due west for more than 230 miles, to an Indian war-path; where an original—or aboriginal—Proprietary, not invariably consulted in the apportionment of American lands, effectually issued an injunction upon further proceedings.

Stones were erected at the end of every mile, for the distance of 132 miles, to near the foot of Sidelong Hill; each five-mile stone bearing the arms of the Penns on its north side, and the tokens of the Baltimores on its south face. These stones, of calcareous rock known as Oolite, were brought from England. When this time-honored line was surveyed, in 1849, it was discovered that some of the stones had been appropriated as steps, or chimney-pieces. The corner stone had been supplanted by a stake.

Beyond Sidelong Hill, piles of stones six or eight feet high at the end of each mile served as markers as far as the summit of the Alleghenies; and the remainder of the survey was indicated by posts surrounded with stones.

Other surveyors completed the southern boundary line of Pennsylvania in 1782-4. As for Messrs. Mason and Dixon, they reported the interference of the Indians, and received an honorable discharge after their four years' service. The total cost to the Penns for surveys from 1760 to 1768 was 34,200 pounds, Pennsylvania currency. The customs of a century and a half ago are illustrated in the note that during the attempt of 1750 to settle the boundary disputes, a hogshead of port wine, eleven gallons of spirits and forty-two gallons of rum were consumed.

The radius of 12 miles from New Castle was found to be two feet, four inches

too short. The error of the tangent point gave Maryland one and three-quarters acres too much territory at the expense of Delaware. A Commission, in 1849, finding the marks along the semi-circle obliterated, placed a stone marked "Tangent" at the tangent point, with the date "1849" on the north side. A post rounded on its west face, and marked "1849," was established at the meridian of the little arc. At the junction of the three States a triangular post of cut granite was set up, with "P" "D" "M" on the respective sides, and the inscription,

"Refixed

By

H. G. S. Key, of Md.

J. P. Eyre of Pa.

G. R. Riddle of Del.

Commissioners

1849."

on the north side.

Some two miles southwest of Newark, Delaware, a signboard on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad indicates the crossing of the Maryland line. In the adjacent woods, south of the track, a wire fence leads to the intersection point, perhaps a hundred yards distant. The quiet of the leafy shade helps the visitor to meditate upon the past, and sip from the fountain of colonial history.

But Time's ruthless hand and the iconoclasm of thoughtless folk are inevitable factors in all human affairs. Vandals have chipped away the initials of the commissioners and the initials of the States, while the "1" of "1849" has disappeared also. In 1900 a new survey was ordered by the States of Pennsylvania and Maryland, the work to be accomplished under the direction of a commission composed of the Superintendent of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Secretary of Internal affairs of Pennsylvania, and the Director of the Geological Survey of Maryland.

However, the minor errors incidental to the operations of ancient times will probably be ignored to all time, and the wisdom of the Commission of 1849 extolled, in making no change in the time honored landmarks,

WHEN CUPID CAME TO CALLAWAY

By MAURICE PRESCOTT



OO-OOT! Schree-eech!
toot-toot-too-oot! Whoo-oo-oo!"

To the uninitiated the noise sounded like the howl of some tortured demon; to the initiated—and the inhabitants of Callaway Hill were all initiated—it was only the half-after-four whistle, announcing that in just ninety minutes, every employee of the Callaway Cotton Mills must be in place and ready for work.

Molly Sue opened her eyes at the first shriek of the great whistle; then she closed them again—she was so sleepy! The August night had been hot and breathless; the tiny baby in her mother's room had cried almost incessantly, and the feeble wails still sounded beyond the thin partition; Annie Bell, the former baby, jealous of the new-comer, and angry at being put to sleep with her two big sisters, had done her share toward keeping the family awake; and Lovinnia May, over in the other bed, had been sobbing for hours with the toothache—or the earache—Molly Sue was too sleepy to remember which! Oh, if they would all be quiet for just a few minutes and let her have one little nap! But the fateful "Whoo-oo!" of the whistle was still sounding, and there was breakfast to be cooked, and the children to be dressed, and the cow to be milked, and the pig to be fed, and a dozen other things,—and because of that wailing baby and the sickly mother, all these tasks must be done by Molly Sue and Florinda.

"Lawsee," grumbled Molly Sue, as she sat up, rubbing her eyes. "How that pore little soul does squall! I reckon hit feels the heat mighty bad," she added with a touch of pity. Then she looked across the bed at Florinda. Florinda's eyes were closed, and she was breathing steadily; but Molly Sue was suspicious.

"Florinda Lowder, you quit playin' possum, an' git up," she commanded.

Florinda began to snore. Thereupon Molly Sue took matters into her own hands. A cuff on the jaw may not be the most humane way of arousing a sleeper, but there can be little doubt as to its efficacy. Florinda awoke instantly, with fire in her eyes and reproaches on her tongue.

Unheeding, Molly Sue proceeded to give orders. "You dress them young uns, an' go milk the cow an' tie her out, an' send Tom to tote the milk over to Crump's. I'll git breakfast and tend to things. Leave Annie Belle alone; she can git up when she wants too, an' she don't need no fixin' nohow," which was quite true, for Annie Bell wore the same blue frock which had been her only garment for two days past, and would probably do duty for as much future service. Having mapped out her campaign, and dressed herself at the same time, Molly Sue departed to the kitchen, and made a vigorous attack upon the rusty stove.

From her manner of beginning the day, some people might have called Molly Sue ill-natured; but when one is the eldest daughter of a poverty-stricken family which has lately received its dozenth member, with an invalid mother and an intemperate father, one may be excused for many shortcomings, more especially when one is only "goin' on fer sixteen." Molly Sue did not reason thus, however; she seldom reasoned, for that matter; she merely "done things."

On this particular Saturday morning, her "doin' things" proceeded so satisfactorily that by half-past five the family had been dressed and fed, and the wage-earners started toward the mill. In this company were included all the children over twelve, and also, the twins, Lovinnia May and Furley, who were only eleven. The law says, of course, that no one under twelve shall work in a mill; but the twins were large for their age, and, besides, the family finances needed their support, so their father had told

the boss they were twelve, adding the mental reservation that they were "mighty clost to hit, anyways."

Molly Sue lingered after the others had departed, for a moment's farewell to her mother and the baby. Then she twisted her well-oiled hair into a sleazy pompadour, pressed a worn pink ribbon into service as a collar, tied her flabby sunbonnet with a coquettish bow, and hurried after the children.

No, not hurried. Molly Sue had reasons of her own for not wishing to join the boisterous group ahead. Nevertheless, a casual observer would have supposed her to be much surprised when Travis Little suddenly appeared at her side. She screamed and started, then walked on with the air of one much annoyed by his presence, though a curious little smile on her lips, and a faint color in her sallow cheeks, encouraged Travis to believe that he was not unwelcome. In truth, she was trying to calm the frantic beating of her heart, and assure herself that she was not excited. For, be it known, Molly Sue Lowder was in love with this same Travis Little. She had known of his existence for some years, and had often seen him, in public places, usually with a girl; for Travis Little was all of nineteen years old, so naturally he was a thoroughly experienced gallant and man of the world. Some people would have said he was not good to look upon; he was long and loose-jointed; his features irregular and lacking in intelligence; his crooked teeth stained with tobacco; at present his clothing was decidedly soiled, besides being well-covered with cotton lint. But these defects did not trouble Molly Sue.

Since that Sunday a month ago, when he had walked home with her from preaching, her heart had been full of tumult. She was mentally reviewing the courtship. He had been attentive to her all that week. The next Sunday there had been no service in the mill church (and of course Molly Sue did not attend the "town churches," across the valley); but in the afternoon Travis had appeared at her home, and they strolled down to Big Spring, where they drank water from poplar-leaf cups. Travis had

thrown a cup of water over her, and then brushed off her dress with his handkerchief—it was a pretty handkerchief, she remembered, with a red border just the color of his necktie.

Then there had been another Sunday when he escorted her home from church; and last Sunday—oh! blissful memory—he had hired a mule and buggy, and together they had gone to "Big Meeting" at Walnut Grove Church. This was Saturday morning—to-night there would be a moving-picture show in a tent near the mill, and to-morrow there was Big Meeting at Palestine Church, where some of Travis' kinspeople attended; need one wonder that in view of these possibilities, Molly Sue's assumed indifference gave way to an almost too eager interest in her companion's remarks?

As they crossed the open space above the mill, Travis said: "I reckon you've heerd thar's to be a show hyar to-night?"

"Yaas, the folks was a-talkin' about it last night," replied Molly Sue, trying to maintain the calm tone of one to whom shows were an everyday affair.

But, as has been said, Travis Little was a man of the world, and her seeming indifference did not daunt him, as it might have done a less experienced suitor; so he persisted boldly, "Jim Hatley, he was in Concord when hit was thar, an' he liked hit fine; so I reckon I'll go to-night." He paused inquiringly. There was no reply. "If so be's you'd keer to go, Miss Molly, I'd be proud to hev the honor of your company."

Thereupon Molly Sue suddenly found her voice, and feeling that such an elegantly-worded invitation demanded a fitting response, said in her most dulcetest tones that she would be most happy to go.

By this time they had reached the mill-door and Travis turned away toward the card-room, raising his cap with easy grace. The group of girls at the door plied Molly Sue with teasing questions, which she answered indifferently; she was not ill-pleased with the attention of her mates, but in her heart was a feeling of superiority, for she knew there was none of them but envied her.

Sam Smith passed by and nodded awk-

wardly. He had been quite devoted to her before Travis began his campaign and she had enjoyed and encouraged his attention. But now—she contrasted him with Mr. Little's cultured elegance, and wondered how she had ever found anything to admire in poor Smith.

"Too-oot! toot-toot! Whoo-oo!" sounded the warning whistle, and the girls trooped noisily into the long rooms. Molly Sue hurried to her machine to tend the flying spindles with unrelenting care, for even under the overwhelming excitement of romance she clung jealously to her laurels as best spinner in the room. It was cruelly close and hot in the mill that day; the air was choked with tiny particles of lint; but she had no thought for material discomforts. She stepped proudly back and forth before her machine, watching the rushing wheels and rods and belts, guiding the flying threads into place. It grew hotter and more breathless as noon approached, but she did not heed; her heart was down in the card-room. The dinner-hour came; she ate her cold lunch almost in silence, then back to work again. She was growing tired; but this was Saturday, and the whirring wheels would stop two hours sooner to-day. Already some of the girls were beginning to clear up the space about their machines.

At last the whistle shrieked the welcome signal that four o'clock had come. There was a rush toward the door. Molly Sue tried to fall behind the general crowd, but half-a-dozen girls insisted on joining her. Travis passed with a group of boys, and called to her, loud enough for Sam Smith to hear, "The show begins at eight, Miss Molly. I'll be 'long 'bout half-after seven."

Molly Sue made no reply, but her cheeks began to burn, and they grew no cooler when the girls attacked her with rapid questions.

"Law, Molly! you goin' to the show with Travis?"

"Mercy on us, Molly Sue'll be goin' with the boss next!"

"Say, 'Moll, d'ye hear Travis got a raise to-day? Reckon he's makin' mighty nigh a dollar a day now."

Molly only giggled consciously by way

of reply, but her heart throbbed with pride.

The next three hours flew by swiftly. There was much to do, but she found time to wash and press the ribbons which adorned her best frock. Supper was late, and she raged inwardly as she waited for the tardy members of the family. Fortunately, Florinda was in a good humor, and a little coaxing persuaded her to finish the work. Then Molly Sue rushed to her room.

She drew the pale-blue lawn frock with its sprawling flowers, from the battered trunk, and held her breath until it was safely on. Everything went wrong; shoe laces broke, a comb was not to be found, pins slipped from her nervous fingers and disappeared; but at last she was ready. She surveyed herself in the cracked mirror; the dress was cheap and ill-fitting; the arms and throat it revealed were skinny and sallow; the beads, the bracelet, the sidecombs, even the Japanese ribbon belt, were all imitation; but Molly Sue was satisfied. So she went forth to the porch where the family were assembled, and with throbbing heart awaited the coming of her lover.

Presently he appeared, arrayed in his Sunday suit, a new cravat of green and scarlet dangling boldly down his shirt-front.

Mr. Lowder, tilting heavily in his chair, looked at the young man coolly, without removing his pipe from his mouth or his feet from the railing against which they were braced.

"Howdy?" he grunted at last.

Molly Sue shivered at the iciness of his tone; what would Travis think? But Travis, as has been said, was a man of much experience with girls, and, as naturally followed, with girls' fathers.

"G'-evenin', sah," he replied blandly, removing his hat with an easy nod that included the whole family.

"Hev a cheer," suggested Mr. Lowder, a trifle more of intolerance in his voice.

"No, thankee, sah; ef Miss Molly's ready, I reckon we better be movin' on; thar's a good crowd goin', an' seats'll be sca'se."

"You goin' t' the show, Molly Sue?"

asked her father, suddenly roused from his indifference.

"Yassir," stammered Molly Sue, trembling with apprehension.

Mr. Lowder's feet came to the floor with a thump. "No, y'aint," he said thickly. "Y'got 'nough t' do hyar 't home, 'thout runnin' off t' shows with Travis Little 'r any other low-down scalam-wag. And as fer you," he turned to the young man, "git out o'hyar, an' don't you never speak to my gal agin."

Molly Sue clasped her hands in horror. Had she known that her father was drinking to-night, she might have planned some way of going without his knowledge; but now—oh, now it was too late! And what would Travis do?

But in that minute Travis had risen to the full height of his manhood. He stood erect, his face hardened into stern lines. Then he spoke, calmly but for an angry tremor in his voice. "Mist' Lowder, what's the matter with me that I shouldn't speak to Miss Molly?"

"Matter? I don't want ye' round, that's the matter!" roared the man.

"Oh," said Travis, coldly. "I knowed you couldn' prove nothin' agin me. An' I'll quit speakin' to Miss Molly when she tells me to, an' not fer you ner nobody else."

"Oh, you—you fool!" spluttered the other. "I'll shoot ye at sight ef I see ye on my place agin, an' I'll frail the life outer Moll ef she says another word to ye! Now git out 'fore I kill ye!"

Travis looked at him a minute, smiling contemptuously, turned suddenly on his heel, and walked quietly down the street, with a new firmness in his gait. Mr. Lowder sprang up unsteadily, staggered down the steps and followed, while Molly Sue sat sobbing in despair.

Scarcely was her father out of sight when Travis appeared around the corner of the house, rather breathless, but collected, as usual. "Ef so be's you're ready, Miss Molly," he remarked, "I reckon we'd better be gittin' on."

Molly Sue gasped uncertainly. Then her mother's weak voice came through the window. "Go on, chile, ef you want to. He won't stop now tell he gits to Hunter's, an' he won't know nothin'

when he gits back frum thar. Go 'long honey."

So Molly Sue dried her tears and departed with her lover. They walked across the valley and up the hill with scarcely a word; quietly they entered the tent, and took their seats on one of the unplanned boards that served for benches. The gay-colored pictures flitted smokily across the canvas before them, but Molly Sue scarcely noticed. The bitter-sweet cup of Life-and-Love had touched her lips, and she was intoxicated with the draught. The show ended, the audience rose to depart; people spoke to Molly Sue, but she answered like one in a dream; she paid no heed to the boys who chaffed her escort as they left the tent.

There were two paths leading homeward,—the shorter, through the narrow, noisy street; the longer, down by the creek, where the moonlight was sleeping on the willow trees. The boy turned unhesitatingly toward the longer road, and Molly Sue followed without protest. As they left the circle of torch-light, he slipped his arm through hers, half-bashfully.

"Your pa's right set sort o' man, ain't he?" was the question with which he broke the silence.

"He shore is," acknowledged Molly Sue.

"You reckon he meant what he said to-night?"

"I'in feerd so," replied the girl. "Y'see, he says things when he's—when he's lak he was to-night, and then afterwards he thinks he's gotter stick to 'em."

"Well," said Travis, defiantly, "I meant what I said, too."

Molly Sue was silent; indeed, what was there to say? He seemed to expect an answer, but at length went on,—“You ain't a-goin' to tell me to quit speakin' to you, air you, Molly?”

"Oh, no," began Molly, quickly,—and then stopped.

"But I'm feerd he'll fuss at you ef he sees us a-speakin', an' ef I come to see you, an—an sich like," he finished lamely.

No answer. Travis slipped his hand along the slender wrist until his hard palm closed about the girl's cold fingers.

"You see, Molly," he began again, "I jis natchelly cayn't stand hit not to speak to you, but I don't want to see you ef hit makes you pa fuss at you. So I been a-thinkin', an' 'pears to me the best way to fix hit is fer you an' me ter git married. I got a raise to-day, an' we kin stay at my dad's, an'—an' I'll be good to you—an' I want you, honey, I want you!"

Molly Sue hesitated, then suddenly the Spirit of Coquetry that dwells in every woman's heart rose and spoke, and she obeyed,—but reluctantly, for concealment of emotion is not a part of Callaway Hill's curriculum. She jerked her hand from his and walked quickly away. But Travis was not to be put off thus; he sprang to her side and caught her arm in a fierce grip.

"Molly," he cried, sharply, "don't you love me?"

The girl's head dropped, and she murmured—"I—I don't know."

"But, Molly," expostulated the boy, "I love you, an—an' you gotter love me, Molly,—you jes' gotter love me,—you hyar me? Hit'll kill me ef you don't. You gointer marry me, hain't you, Molly?"

The Spirit of Coquetry seemed to have lost its power; there was but one word to say, and Molly Sue said it; the word was "Yaas."

"I got hit all planned," announced Travis. "'Tain't no use fer you to go home

an' mebbe git fussed at. You know I got a cousin livin' jes over the line in South Caroliny. Let's us git a hoss an' buggy an' go down thar right now. Hit won't take no more'n a hour or two to go, an' we kin git married to-night—we don't need no license down thar. We kin visit Cousin Joe's to-morrer, an' then come back to Dad's. What d'ye say?"

Molly Sue agreed happily to the plan. They hurried to the livery stable, found a rickety buggy and an aged mule, and drove away into the warm, white night.

They would miss her at home, Molly Sue thought; but Florinda was old enough to take charge now, and the other children could help—oh, they would get along. For herself, there would still be work in the mill; then there would come the time when she must stay at home and care for the throng of little ones which are the portion of every home among the mill hands. Before her stretched a life of toil and suffering, of bitter poverty and hopeless ignorance. She saw it all,—but the gray monotony of the future was tinged with the rosy light of love, into which her soul had risen on the rainbow wings of romance. And Molly Sue was content.

"And on her lover's arm she leant,
And 'round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went.
In that New World which is the Old."

HER CHARM

By JOHN M. REGAN

Her eyes are two violets, glistening with dew,
Her hair is a web of the sun's golden hue,
Her mouth is of pearl in the heart of a rose,
But God save the mark, she's a retrousse nose.

Her forehead is broad and a white satin shade.
Her eyebrows and lashes, bewitchingly laid,
Her lips are a model of Cupid's own bows,
But God save the mark, she's a retrousse nose.

L'ENVOI

She is loved for her eyes and her cheeks and her hair,
For her mouth and its smile, and the clothes she may wear.
But ne'er had these snared me, as one of her beaux—
God thanked for the mark, 'twas her little pug nose.

THE MAJOR'S NEW YEAR

By GRACE SHEETS



THE Major's wife stood by the gate-post holding fast to the little coat of the boy she had set up on top of the broad post; her hair was parted and brought

down on each side of her face, tall and slender, the silver white hair seemed the only mark over fifty years of time had left in her gentle face. She looked up lovingly at her little grandchild, "Mother," he called her.

"Do you hear the Major, is he coming?" she asked. He put his little hand behind his ear, bent his head forward and listened, she laughed at this imitation of the Major, part of the Major's pension came for a slight deafness.

The boy began kicking his heels joyfully against the post.

"Listen!" he cried, "I hear him, mother, listen!" Down the road there came the rattle of wheels and a voice singing. The woman listened a moment and her face darkened, she grasped the boy's coat tighter; as the wagon came nearer, the voice and the words were plainer.

"Hurrah, boys, hurrah! We bring the jubilee!

Hurrah, hurrah! for the flag that set you free.

So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,

While we were marching through Georgia."

The voice ended in a hilarious snout as the wagon turned a corner of the road and came in sight. The Major's wife pulled the boy from the post and for a moment huddled him up against her breast, then she turned and ran into the house.



The Major came on with the mules attached to the light spring wagon galloping wildly, two or three hounds trailed along in the dust behind; he rounded up by the gate, the front wheels narrowly missing the horse block, the mules stopped at the hitching-post and the Major stood up unsteadily.

"Hi, Kate! Come out," he called.

She had put the coffee pot on and was trying to blow the fire to a brisk blaze. She got up when she heard him call and stopped long enough to put a cup of the ground coffee in the pot.

"Stay in here, little man," she said to the child, "You won't be afraid, will you? Call mother when the coffee boils."

She closed the door after her and went out. The Major had collapsed back on the seat and commenced singing.

"In the prison cell I sit, thinking Mother dear of you,

In your bright and happy home so far away;

And the tears will fill my eyes in spite of all that I can do,

*Though I try to cheer my comrades and
be gay."*

He began to cry maudlingly, Kate went up to the wagon.

"Get out, Major, can't you get out? Here I'll help you." The Major stood up again.

"Hi, Kate, how are you, Kate?" he put his hand waveringly over his heart.
*"Fair Katherine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier
terms,*

*Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle
heart?"*

The woman's lip curled a little, then she put her head down for a moment on the wagon-tire. It came back to her how proud she had been when he had first quoted "Harry of England" to her.

She held up her hand, "Come, Major, get down," she said coaxingly, "take my hand, here, get down."

He made an unsteady, ludicrous attempt at a bow.

"You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate, and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs."

She shook her head impatiently and her lips stiffened into a line. She gave an anxious glance over her shoulder at the kitchen window.

"Get down, Major, do you hear me? get down and come into the house," she said sternly.

The Major whimpered at the tone, put his hand in hers and unsteadily got out over the wagon wheel. She kept hold of his hand and half led, half dragged him into the house, glancing anxiously again and again at the kitchen window.

"If only the child does not see him," she kept repeating to herself.

She got him into the front room and he stumbled into a chair. She closed the door carefully and went back into the kitchen. The boy stood on a chair stirring the pot of strong coffee, he looked up brightly as she entered.

"It boiled while you were gone, mother, so I stirred it like you do."

She put her arms tenderly around him.

"Where's the Major?" he asked looking up in her face. "Has he come in,

couldn't I go help him put the mules up? you promised, mother."

She looked out of the window a moment; it was hard to look down at the trustful innocent little face.

"The Major's sick," she said slowly, "You mustn't bother him. Promise you won't go into his room, Francis."

The boy nodded, he had made many of those promises before. He got down off the chair. "Is he sick this way, mother?" He walked unsteadily in imitation of the Major in a zigzag across the floor. She caught him up with a cry.

"No, no, Francis, you mustn't do that, that was wrong. You will not do it again?"

She put him down and poured part of the coffee into a bowl and went into the front room; the Major's head had fallen forward and he leaned over the side of the chair. She held up his head and put the bowl to his lips. He drank the coffee mechanically; when he had finished and she took away her supporting hand, his head fell forward again.

She went out to the barn, fed, and put the mules away for the night. Coming back to the house, she stood for a while on the porch, a tumult fighting in her heart. She had fought the same battle again and again before, but always put it down with a hope for the future; but to-night the battle was not so easily won; always there came before her eyes the figure of the little boy in his staggering zigzag across the kitchen floor, she put her hand across her eyes to hide the sight.

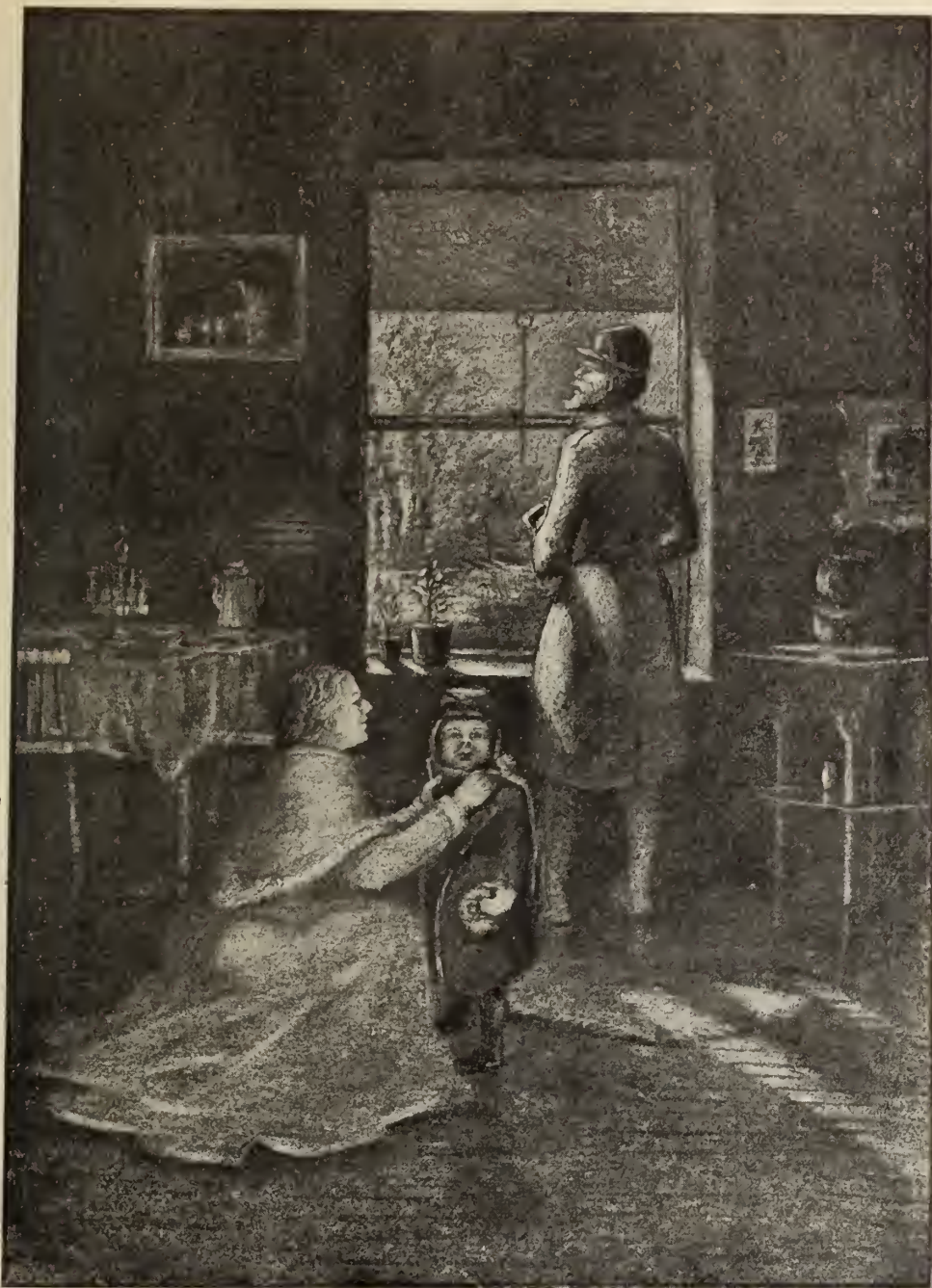
She went into the house and put their supper on the table.

"Won't the Major come to supper?" the boy asked wistfully, when he saw her put but two plates on the table. She shook her head, "Not now, Francis, he isn't hungry."

They ate silently, the woman deep in her thoughts, the boy through some subtle sympathy; he had known many such nights as this before.

She cleared away the dishes and put the boy to bed, then went into the front room. The Major had stumbled away to bed.

She sat down at the little table by the



Her lips trembled and she hesitated a moment before she added: "Your Orderly has been faithful and guarded your tent well this far, shall I send him with you to-night?"

window and putting her head on her arms sat there all night.

In the morning the Major was himself again. He came into the kitchen with his fine old head with its tinge of white held

high, trying to bravely face the weary eyes of the woman. He went over to where she was by the stove and put his arm across her shoulders. She made no response to the caress, but turned and

went out on the porch, the Major with a half sigh, followed her. She stood for a while with her head leaning against the post; it throbbed and ached from her long night's vigil and her eyes felt as heavy and dull as her heart.

"Major," she said finally, there was a world of meaning in the word. The Major hung his head contritely at the tone.

"Yes, I know, Kate,"—after a pause—"Did the boy see?"

She shook her head wearily. "I don't know. What does it matter for one time? think of the times he has seen you. You are an old man, Major, a man who has defended his country and been honored by it; an upright man in everything but this; one that the boy could be proud of in everything but this."

The Major's proud old head lowered.

"It's the rheumatism, you know it, Kate," he said a little pleadingly. "It's from that bullet I got at Shiloh. You've never had the rheumatism, Kate, you don't know how it takes a man off his feet."

He came a little nearer and went on persuasively.

"When it sets in this right leg, it's like the night at Shiloh. It seems like I can feel the bullet tearing its way through. You oughtn't to condemn a man for getting relief from a pain like that."

She turned her head, and in spite of herself, a little amused look crept into her eyes.

"You never seem to feel that bullet so vividly only on pension days, Major. Don't the rheumatism set in only on the days you go to town?"

"Now, Kate," he began expostulatively.

Her face darkened and she turned her head away.

"No, no," she cried, "It's only the habit, the love for drink, that I have fought and prayed against for nearly thirty years; but it's all of no use and now it's at an end."

She turned and held out her hands. "Think what I have given up to try and win this fight, home and friends and everything that I held dear, but you, Major. We made exiles of ourselves and came here to a new country that you

might have a chance to free yourself from the old associates and begin again, but it's of no use."

"Now, Kate—" he began again, but she went on.

"When you used to wish for a son, I was glad our only child was a girl, for fear the boy would inherit the taste of the father, and when our daughter married and went away, I was glad that then there would be no one here but me to see your humiliation. Then when she died and her boy came to us I thought that surely now your love for the child would change you; you, an old man, who knew and acknowledged the evil it had been to you. But your love for the child was like your love for your wife and your daughter, and even your good name, it was weighed in the balance and found wanting in your love for drink."

The Major caught her by the arm. "Kate, Kate," he cried. "Yes," she said bitterly, "it's the truth and it hurts. But it's all at an end now; what I do now must be for the child's sake. If you could see him, Major, when I shut him away from you, sympathizing and feeling sorry for you in his little heart, staggering unsteadily in imitation of you across the floor and asking if you are sick 'like that?'" She put her head on her arm, crying softly. After a while, she raised her head.

"He believes in you, you are everything that is good to him. Could I take him and tell him what you really are? Even now he imitates you in everything in his childish way; and after a while, as he grows older and the love and friendship between you two grows stronger, suppose he should follow you and by example make of his life what you have made of yours? So it's for you to decide, Major, between the child and the liquor. I'm an old woman to give up my home and face the world alone, but if you decide for the drink, I'll take the child and go, and if you follow and find me, I'll hide again. I could not face his mother in Heaven nor the Master if I let my love for my home and my comfort stand between me and my duty to the child."

There were tears on her cheeks, but she held her head up determinedly.

The Major stood with his head bent. "I know what you say is true, Kate, and I know that you mean it. I'm an old man as you say, and it's hard to teach an old dog new tricks; but give me till New Years, Kate; that'll be the test. I give you my word, I'll try."

He turned and went into the room where the child lay sleeping, his little rosy face pressed against the pillow.

The Major stood and looked at him, there was much in the faces alike. When he took him proudly on some of his trips to the county-seat, the men often remarked how much the boy was like his grandfather. He threw out one sturdy little sunbrowned hand across the pillow, the Major stooped and put his lips softly to his forehead. "Could he give him up?" he thought. "Why the child was like a breath of fresh life to him."

That Kate would keep her word he fully believed; he knew her strength of will and character; as he stood there, it came back to him how bravely she had given up the old home for his sake; how loyal and uncomplaining she had been in their early struggle in this new country and he knew how low he might have sunk but for her upholding hand. She had done all this because she believed her first duty was for him, but now another duty claimed her, and he knew she would follow it through whatever hardships it might present.

A wave of tenderness and remorse went over his heart; he went back into the kitchen.

"Kate," he said, she was mixing some biscuit dough and stopped to look up. "I've made up my mind, not only for the boy but for you. Give me till New Years, New Year's Eve will be the test, I get my pension money then." He began laughing a little—"Forgive me, Kate, Kate, I can't help it, I was just thinking what a disappointment there'll be over to the county-seat. It'll be the first New Years' Eve in thirty years that 'The Major' hasn't been on a glorious drunk."

She cut her biscuit dough happily, somehow the words sounded good to her, "It'll be the first New Year's Eve in thirty years that the Major hasn't been on a glorious drunk." She kept repeat-

ing them to herself; the crudity of the words she did not feel.

She waked the boy with a kiss and helped him to dress, then she put the hot biscuits and the rest of the breakfast on the table and called the Major.

"Hi! Major," the boy called as he came to the door, and saluted with his hand to his forehead. The Major saluted in return and took him up in his arms.

"How are you, Corporal? I'm going to make you my Orderly this morning."

"Is it a promotion?" the boy cried delightedly.

"Yes," said the Major, "now you have charge of my tent and the Major, too. You must see that nothing comes into the tent but what belongs there."

The boy saluted again. "What shall I keep out, Major, tell me some of the things to keep out?"

The Major put his hand into his pocket. "This," he said, and pulled out an old army canteen. "Take it, Orderly, it has no right now in the Major's tent. It's been there for nearly forty years, but it's no right there longer. If you guard it faithfully, and don't let the enemy take it until after the New Years, you'll have been a brave soldier and ready for another promotion."

"A brave soldier's one like you, Major, isn't he? one who never gives in to the enemy?"

"Yes," replied the Major and added to himself, "Who never gave in to any enemy but one."

The time slipped along and the day before New Years came. In the afternoon the Major hitched up the mules and came back to the house. Kate watched him wistfully and anxiously, as he came up on the porch, she put her hand lovingly on his arm, he stopped on the step and looked up at her.

"You've made a brave fight this far, Major, fight your last battle and win to-night." Her lips trembled and she hesitated a moment before she added: "Your Orderly has been faithful and guarded your tent well this far; shall I send him with you to-night?"

He knew what it meant for her to say that, how much faith she must have in his effort. If he withstood the tempta-

tion they both knew he was going into, it was safe for the child, but if not—why it might mean injury or death on the wild ride home.

He stood silently a moment then he straightened his shoulders.

"Send my Orderly along, for if I need him, he'll prove a brave soldier."

She turned and went into the house. Her hands trembled and she could hardly see to fasten the child's coat, she felt something hard in the pocket.

"What is this?" she asked.

"It's the canteen, mother, I have to take it if I go; for to-night's New Year's Eve and the Major said if I guarded it carefully and didn't let the enemy take it then I'd be a brave soldier and ready for promotion."

For a moment her heart seemed to stand still—if the Major should know he had it with him—the canteen he had drunk from all these years!

"Couldn't you leave it with mother?" she asked. Her voice sounded dry and harsh.

He straightened his shoulders in imitation of the Major.

"No, a brave soldier always guards his things himself, mother."

"Be a brave soldier then and guard it bravely. God be with you that he help you keep the enemy away."

"Amen," said the Major from the door. "He had heard then and knew," she thought; she kissed them both and went with them to the wagon. After they had gone she came back to the house and sat

down at the little table where she had sat that night three months before. She tried not to think, but prayed hopefully. Late in the night she heard the distant rattle of the wagon and sat silently waiting; it seemed years before she heard the wagon stop and she heard the steps on the porch. The door opened and the Major led the boy into the room. The light blinded him for a moment, coming out of the dark, then he saw her sitting by the table. He ran and threw his arms around her neck, then he pulled the canteen from his pocket.

"See, mother, I guarded it, guarded it bravely." He slipped down off her lap and saluted. "Now, Major, please, may I have my promotion?"

Kate stood up trembling and looked from the straight little soldierly figure standing at "attention" to the other soldier who had fought his hardest battle that day. The Major placed his hand on the boy's head.

"Yes, Lieutenant, you've made a brave fight and safely guarded your tent and saved the Major. The New Year's day is past, Kate, hear the clock is striking twelve, and I've won the battle and conquered the enemy. Once the temptation came to me and I asked him for the canteen. He looked up and asked, 'Are you the enemy?' and I thought of your faith and the boy, and I said, 'Yes.' He folded his little arms across his chest and said, 'Major, I'm sorry, but I must guard it, guard it safely.'"

When we defy God and deify gold we are facing the only "yellow peril."

The one who is given to nagging should be compelled to hasten through life with the speed of a race horse.

Whether at home or in Rome do not as Romes does, but as right requires.

When the energies are aimlessly diffused, the path of life is hopelessly confused.

Dissipation always spells disappointment and despair.

RICHARD MANSFIELD

By BERTHA E. ENDERLE



PROBABLY no actor on the English-speaking stage has had a greater variety of criticism than Richard Mansfield, nor is more indifferent to it; for, like all true workers, he believes that work well done is its own reward. "Love your work, then you will do it well," is his motto.

Born in Heligoland, a possession of Great Britain in the North Sea, in 1857, his nature, like the land of his birth, was unshakeable. His mother, from whom he inherited his great talent for the stage, was Emma Rudersdorff, the celebrated opera singer. To her, and to his teachers as well, the education of the young Richard, presented a problem almost without solution, as they failed to see in the peculiarities of his nature which early asserted themselves, the manifestations of genius.

"Clever but impossible," was the verdict of tutors as, one by one, they resigned their charge. "He will never be educated," was the final decision of his instructors, but in spite of these predictions, Mr. Mansfield has become a man of many accomplishments and much learning.

At the age of ten, he was placed in a school in Germany, where his artistic tastes led to his painting the door of his room a bright

green. Proud of this accomplishment, he signed his name to it and reaped a fitting reward. His education seemed to be obtained largely by absorption, as he traveled in England and on the continent, the greater part of his boyhood. In Italy, he added to his store of learning, some knowledge of painting; some musical technique in Germany; and in England, a love for and understanding of Shakespeare. At Derby, he played Shylock at a class-day exhibition. The Bishop of Litchfield, an interested observer, said of the perform-



Richard Mansfield.



Richard Mansfield as "Napoleon."

ance: "God forbid that I should urge you to become an actor, but if you did, you would be a great one."

In 1869, his mother came to this country, becoming a vocal teacher of some note in Boston; Richard, who was then studying in Switzerland, was sent for. Having considerable knowledge of foreign languages, he obtained a position with Jordan, Marsh and Company, as translator, with a salary of fifteen dollars a week, but disliking commercial life, he soon gave it up for journalism. As dramatic critic, his severity to players earned for him the title, "The merciless." He resigned this position because the

owner of the newspaper desired a favorable opinion of an actor whom Mansfield considered unworthy.

In 1875, he returned to England, where he obtained a scant living as a painter. "For seven years," he said, "I starved. Yes, literally and actually starved. You may not believe it, but it's true." When the days were darkest, a hot potato served a double purpose: first, warming his hands; then, staying his stomach. Such hardships as these have given the real Mansfield a rare knowledge of and sympathy for suffering, for which few give him credit. An illustration of this is given by Gustav Kobbe.

When calling a messenger boy, one rainy day, a ragged urchin with holes in his shoes responded. After looking him over, Mr. Mansfield, without a word, went down on his knees to take the measure of the boy's feet. While he despatched a hotel boy to buy a pair of rubber boots, the great actor entertained the child with stories and fed him with hot soup. Afterward, protected against the weather, the astonished and grateful messenger went on his errand.

Being somewhat of a musician, Mansfield was engaged to play an evening in St. George's hall, but lost the engagement because weakness rendered him unable to sit up straight on the piano stool. Later, he became an actor in England.

In 1882, he made his first appearance on the American Stage in "Les Manteaux Noirs," at the old "Standard Theater" in New York, and also appeared as "Nick Vedder" in "Rip Van Winkle." He came to the stage without a friend and though his acting was "clean-cut and virile," his earliest engagements left him no testimonials of his merits. In 1883, he was engaged for a minor role, in "A Parisian Romance." While waiting for rehearsals, he played in Baltimore, as "Lord Chancellor" in "Iolanthe." While dancing, he sprained his ankle but finished the performance and took the train to New York that night, only reaching his boarding-house to fall in a swoon on the floor. The next



Richard Mansfield and Beatrice Cameron in
"Arms and the Man."

morning at ten, however, he was found at a rehearsal for "A Parisian Romance."

J. H. Stoddard, who was cast for the role of the "Baron Chevrial," declined the part, saying he saw nothing in it. The face of the young Mansfield kindled with delight as he begged permission to act the part. "I see something in it," he said. "Let me take it."

"You may try," said Palmer, and he did. More than that, his success was complete and instantaneous. From an unknown actor, he fairly burst upon New York as a star of unusual power and brilliancy. Had it been in the present day, the newspapers would have devoted pages to the past, present, and future of the actor newly risen to distinction, but to become famous in one night was evidently considered less of an event then than now.

The New York *Tribune*, January 11, 1883, reads as follows: "The acting of Mr. Mansfield in the senile roue and debauched reprobate carried the play last night and made for the actor an in-

stantaneous reputation. Mr. Mansfield had three recalls after the death scene and tumults of acclamation."

The *Herald* gives this account: "Mr. Richard Mansfield as the "Baron Chevrial" obtained an immense success. We cannot commend too highly the skill with which Mr. Mansfield builds this part, the infinity of fine touches, the mastery of the French art of composition."

In 1886, Mansfield produced "Prince Karl," with Beatrice Cameron as leading lady. He was much pleased with her acting, and the pleasure he felt in her society as leading lady, soon deepened into something stronger and he asked her to be his wife. His deep affection for her and for their son, George Gibbs Mansfield, is shown in many ways, most especially perhaps, in the maintenance of a handsome house on Riverside Drive, New York. After the birth of their child, Mrs. Mansfield retired from the stage, only appearing upon the urgent request of her husband and friends, for one night, in "Arms and the Man," during the second *Cyrano* season.



Richard Mansfield in a "Parisian Romance."



Richard Mansfield as "Don Juan."

In 1887, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," was first produced; in 1889, "Richard III"; in 1890, "Beau Brummel," one of his best and most popular plays.

A pretty little story is told of the great actor in connection with this play. In "Richard III," the part of the Prince of Wales was taken by a little girl. During the engagement, she was taken sick, and Mr. Mansfield, with the kindness said by those who know him best to be characteristic of him, paid not only her's but her mother's bills at the hospital and made her daily visits. It was the child's intense desire to see him in "Beau Brum-

mel," and Mansfield promised her she should. But as she continued to grow worse, the child awoke to the hopelessness of her case, and said: "I'm afraid I shall not live to see "Beau Brummel." On his next visit, Mansfield, throwing off his long outer coat, appeared in all the finery of the exquisite and historic hero. To the intense delight of the child, and with his utmost skill, he portrayed the principal parts of the play. This tenderness to children is a part of the man. To him, they are irresistible.

Since that time, the number and variety of his plays have proven Mr. Mansfield to be an accomplished and versatile actor; nor is this all. As an artist of "make-up," he is probably without an equal, and he ranks with the best as a stage producer. Among his most notable plays are: "Cyrano de Bergerac," "The First Violin," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Julius Caesar," "Old Heidelberg," "Ivan the Terrible," and "The Misanthrope."

Mansfield makes no lover; his wonderful abilities as an actor, fall far short in sentimental scenes; many criticise his elocution, but all agree that: "There is one thing always to be said for Mr. Mansfield, whether we think his *Brutus* good or bad, or his *Karl Heins*, interesting or dull, and that is he applies artistic judgment to the manner in which he presents any of his plays."

Mr. Mansfield has his company reduced to a system and each member of it has to work hard to maintain the high standard of excellence which he requires, but the head sets for his subordinates an example of tireless energy and indefatigable labor as he is the first to enter and the last to leave the theater.

Aside from his success as an actor, which came to him early in life, Mansfield has many other accomplishments; he sings, plays the piano and violin, and has composed a small volume of songs entitled, "One Evening, being an Entertainment of Songs Both Grave and Gay"; he is a fine linguist, speaking French, German and Italian; while among the products of his pen are a book and three plays.

"EXTRA 1748 WEST"

By C. E. ESSELSTYNE



HAD followed newspaper reporting for a number of years in various parts of the United States, and often being detailed on railroad "stories," I found them difficult to write, owing to my ignorance of railroad technicalities and the practical work in that line. I had accordingly made up my mind at the first opportunity to engage in "real" railroad-ing and acquire enough actual experience in the business to enable me to write up an ordinary wreck, without mixing the drawheads with the "switch lists," or a hose coupling with a train order, as I had often done, much to the amusement of my railroad friends.

Recently I had been employed on a Nevada daily and through the chief train dispatcher on the Fresh Water division of the P. S., I learned that the road was short of trainmen. Here was my opportunity, and the next time I met Mr. Jay, the chief dispatcher, with whom I had become quite friendly, I asked him to get employment for me on the road. He informed me that if I could pass the physical examination I could probably go to work as a freight brakeman. He advised me to call on S. Behrman, assistant superintendent on his division, for further information.

On my first opportunity I called at the assistant superintendent's office at Flames, the division terminal, was examined, had a metal badge, a switch key, book of rules and a time card given me, was ordered to report to the yard master at Muccawin as a full-fledged railroad brakeman, and given strict charge to forever walk, talk and act as such.

I reported at Muccawin and the yard-master wrote my name on a small card and placed it on a board at the bottom of a long line of similar cards. He then informed me that I was "twenty-six times out, on the slow-board," and that

the call boy would call me when I was needed.

Every day, for twenty-one consecutive days, found me sitting in front of my hotel anxiously awaiting the approach of that call boy. I did not dare leave the hotel, night nor day; fearing he might come for me and I would thus miss a call, which I thought would put me upon the "black list."

For twenty-one days I sat and listened to other occupants of the "slow board" "pull out drawheads," "chain up," "make drops," "switch Buck Spur," "dead-head to Flames," "run by orders," "overlook his mit," etc., etc., until I was nearly wild to make a trip and see what some of those terms meant. I was too much ashamed of my greenness to ask and neither my book of rules nor time card told me anything about them.

At last my opportunity came. A small circus stopped at the town and while I stood watching the parade "Sandy" Jenkins came up and asked me if I wanted to "go out." He explained that he was just called to go east on Extra 1744, but wanted to "lay over and take his girl to the show."

The trip to Lincar was without incident and practically all I had to do was "hold down" the fireman's seat on the engine. Nevertheless, when we arrived in Lincar at about 7 o'clock that evening I was nearly "all in" from the shaking and pounding of old engine 1744. As soon as I had eaten supper I sought my bunk in the caboose, and, as Foxy Grandpa, my conductor, said that we would "have all night in the hay, as there was nuthin' comin'," I prepared for a good night's rest. Foxy Grandpa and Gloomy Gus, the rear brakeman, went out to "see the town."

Just as I was dreaming of making a record run on the general manager's special, I was rudely awakened by the call boy shouting in my ear, "Twelve-

fifty, west." I said I didn't care, and turned over to take a fresh start. He continued shaking me, however, until he had succeeded in thoroughly awakening me, when he placed his mouth close to my ear and said, "Look out for yourself to-night, brother; the 'captain' and the 'hind shack' have both got their tonnage."

I hastily dressed, grabbed my lanterns, and rushed over to the hotel, bolted a sandwich, gulped down a cup of hot coffee, and suddenly remembered that I did not know where my train was. Luckily I remembered the number of our caboose. I found it away at the east end of the yard, attached to a long string of cars which I reasoned must be the train we were to take out. I followed along this string of cars, pondering on the words the call boy had spoken in my ear, and for the life of me I could not make out what he had meant. "Look out for yourself to-night, brother; the 'captain' and the 'hind shack' have both got their tonnage." That it was a warning I was certain; but against what?

After traversing the length of 58 cars, I finally found engine 1748 attached to the west end of the string and asked the fireman what time we were called for. He replied, "Twelve-fifty."

Soon the engineer came along, studying a handful of orders by the flickering light of his torch. "Looks like we ought to make Scrap Hill for the circus train," said he, climbing upon his engine.

A little later I saw a lantern swing in a peculiar way near where the caboose was. The fireman saw it and called out, "High ball." The engineer responded with a "toot, toot," from his whistle, and with many snorts, groans, creaks and some "squealing" brake shoes, our hoodoo trip was commenced.

As soon as the train began to move I climbed upon the engine and immediately went over to the engineer and told him that I was on my maiden trip and asked him to coach me; that I was willing and would do anything he told me to do.

"I see that," said he.

"What," I asked.

"Don't you hear them brakes squealing back there?"

"Is that what it is," said I, and turning back, clambered over the tender and up on to the train. Two or three cars back I found a brake set pretty snugly. After some difficulty I succeeded in releasing it when all "squealing" ceased. The engineer responded with a low "toot, toot," and I picked my way charily over the now fiercely rocking cars back to the engine.

The engineer, whom I will call Mr. Black, proved to be one of the finest fellows who pulled throttles on that division.

We rattled along at a good pace past several stations until finally the semaphore at Wewebaw showed red. As there is a tank at this station, Mr. Black said we would take water there, and accordingly stopped his train a short distance to the eastward of the tank. Under his direction I cut off the engine and he ran down to the tank, replenished his water supply, pulled back and I coupled the engine to the train. The engineer climbed down with his oil can and torch. As soon as I came near him he said, "Wonder what's the matter back there?"

"Say, Mr. Black," said I, "tell me something, will you? When the call boy awakened me in Lincar, he said, 'The captain' and 'hind shack' have both got their tonnage,' what did he mean?"

"I thought so," he exclaimed. "Now, see here; they've got the board on us here; that means orders. You hustle back to the hind end and pull that conductor out and make him come up and get them. We'll be holdin' up that circus train pretty soon an' then there'll be something a-popin' sure. Hike!"

I hiked. When I arrived at the caboose I found no one in sight. I went inside, swung my lamp around and discovered a bunk pulled down and from under the blankets I pulled out Foxy Grandpa, "dead to the world." Leaving him I went back to the cupola, climbed up and there was Gloomy Gus in a like condition. I rolled him off the seat and finally roused him enough to make him understand that there were orders to be gotten, and asked him to see that the conductor came up to get them. I then returned to the engine and reported to Mr.

Black. He raged and swore beautifully.

Soon, however, Gloomy came staggering along, went into the station, got the orders and returning gave the engineer his copies and we pulled out. Mr. Black said we would try to make Nyros for the circus train and that we might make it "by the skin of our teeth." If we did not, he added, there was no place between here and there where we could "get in," and we would then meet them on the main line, "an' then there'd be doin's."

The orders gave the circus train "right of track" over us and said that it would wait at Scrap Hill until such a time, at Nyros until such a time, and Mr. Black figured that by making a fast run for about twenty-six miles we could make Nyros in time to flag the opposing train and get "in" out of the way.

With throttle wide open old 1748 settled down to business and the way she "ate up" that stretch of track was a caution. Glancing back toward the rear of the train, I wondered that some of those bobbing cars did not leave the rails.

Suddenly rounding a curve at the foot of a hill, about five miles from Nyros, a level stretch of country came into view, and there, just leaving Scrap Hill, was the circus train, exactly on time. We had two minutes time in which to make Nyros. Four miles in two minutes, never! Our hope was that the oncoming train had seen us. But this was not likely, as their engineer was on the opposite side, and the long curve between the two trains hid us from his view.

"Smoke her up, tallow pot, old boy, and make them see us," shouted Black to his fireman, and turning to me he said, "Get out your red light, back it up with your white one, and get up there and swing it like fury."

On we thundered. Now we descended a grade and our speed was something terrific. On came the circus train. They passed the first switch light at Nyros, and still they did not slacken speed. On, on they came. Now they passed the east switch light. Still they did not see us.

"No use," shouted Black. "We've got to stop. Here, Brakie, you climb out on the pilot and when I slow down so that

you can run faster than we go, hop off and for God's sake, get ahead and stop that train or you won't have any more job than a jackrabbit."

I climbed along the side of the swaying engine, mistook a steam pipe for the hand rail and severely burned my hands, nearly causing me to loose my hold and fall from the train.

Finally, however, I reached the pilot in safety and the train slowing down I sprang off and ran for dear life down the center of the track, waving my lanterns frantically. When I had gotten probably twenty car lengths ahead those on the circus train saw me, answered my signals and stopped. When the two trains came to a standstill they were less than an eighth of a mile apart.

The circus train then backed up past the switch at Nyros. I went with it and as soon as all was clear opened the switch and signalled my train to come on. When Mr. Black attempted to start he pulled out a drawhead about the middle of the train. It happened to be one of those abominable continuous affairs and the long rod projecting ten or twelve feet from the rear of the car made it impossible to chain up. Mr. Black finally brought in the front section and the disabled car, then we returned and got the balance of the train.

After delaying the circus train about an hour we were able to let it by and then we found that we would have to wait there to clear the limited which was about due.

The limited out of the way and an hour spent in maneuvering to get our train together and the disabled car on the siding again, we found that we had just time to go to Scrap Hill to get out of the way of No. 4, a first-class train.

This we did, and after getting orders and leaving Scrap Hill, we breathed a sigh of relief, for our orders and time card told us we had no opposing trains. We ought to reach the end of our run in less than three hours. But this was not to be.

We were pounding along at a lively clip and everything going smoothly. I had pre-empted the front end of the fire-

man's seat and with my weary legs stretched out in the small space between the boiler and the side of the engine cab, I was more than half asleep. The clanging of the fireman's shovel had just ceased, and I felt his body against mine as he sat behind me on the remaining portion of the seat for a moment's rest. Suddenly a deafening report rent the air, followed by the awful hiss and roar of escaping steam. I sprang completely over the fireman and landed in a heap on the iron deck, in front of the fire box. I crawled through the gangway and down to the lower step on the tender. Hanging there upon the handrails, I looked around. The roar of escaping steam was deafening, and its volume completely obscured the interior of the cab, the tender and the train from my view. What had become of the engineer and fireman, I asked myself. Were they roasting in that seething maelstrom of vapor?

As these questions forced themselves into my confused brain, I climbed up a step or two and put my head into the gangway. The cab was flooded with boiling water and the scalding vapor instantly drove me back to my former position. I called at the top of my voice but could not even hear myself. What to do I did not know.

Imagine my position. A green brakeman clinging to an engine rushing along at a speed of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, the engineer and fireman God knows where; maybe blown off the train, or lying disabled in the cab scalding to death. I thought there was something I could do, but what? I would have given worlds for a little practical knowledge. Another thought struck me just then. With all that water escaping it would not be long ere the flues would be uncovered, and with the fiercely hot fire I knew was in the fire box, was there not danger of an explosion? If I dropped to the ground I would probably escape with a few bruises; if I stayed on the engine I might land in eternity.

After a few minutes debate with myself I decided to stick to my post no matter what happened. Looking ahead I saw that we were ascending a slight

grade and with joy I noticed that our speed was slightly diminishing. Just then I glanced backward and to my intense relief I saw the forms of my companions crouching upon the rear end of the tender, eagerly peering through the clouds of steam. We caught sight of each other simultaneously and each waved our hands and shouted with joy. Although it was impossible to hear, we could each see the movement of the other's lips.

Soon the train came to a stop. We dropped to the ground and went away into the sage brush to a point about 500 feet from the engine to where we could hear one another and consult. The engineer said that we had just passed a siding called Eglon, and were about 11 or 12 miles from Muccawin, the end of our run. He also said that our first duty to the company was to save the engine, and to do that it was necessary to draw the fire and dump the grates, thus getting the fire from under the boiler, otherwise she would "blow up."

This we at once proceeded to do, and while the fireman and I took turns at this scalding job, the engineer climbed to the top of the cab and discovered that a pipe had burst from its connection at the "nigger-head," and by reaching through a ventilator he succeeded in closing a valve which stopped the escaping steam and water, at the expense of a scalded hand. The water had become so low in the boiler, however, that the engine had to be "killed."

While we were thus engaged, Foxy Grandpa came up and taking in the situation, said, "Well, I don't feel much like hiking to Muccawin." I promptly volunteered to go and was brusquely informed that my place was by the train.

After conversing together a few minutes, the engineer and conductor started off down the track toward Muccawin. I watched them until they rounded a curve and passed from my view. Then I turned my attention to the surrounding country. Nothing in sight but sage brush, except about a mile away to the north was a small, lonely looking ranch house. The sight of that little house recalled the



Suddenly a deafening report rent the air, followed by the awful hiss and roar of escaping steam. I sprang completely over the fireman and landed in a heap on the iron deck in front of the fire box. I crawled through the gangway and down to the lower step on the tender.

fact that I was very tired, sleepy and supremely hungry. I could not keep my eyes away from that house, for it spelled comfort for some one, and I was especially uncomfortable just now.

What are those? Surely those new poles near the house are telephone poles. Look; a long line of them extend as far as the eye can reach toward Muccawin. I shouted for joy, sprang to my feet and raced across the mesa to the ranch. Sure enough the wires led to the house; they must have connection with Muccawin.

Arriving at the open door, a glance within showed me the valuable instrument on the wall. It also showed me a little Jap (who no doubt mistook me for a tramp, grimy and dirty as I was) advancing toward me with a threatening air. "I want to use your phone," said I, bolting toward the instrument.

The Jap attempted to stop me, saying, "No use him; man not here." I flung him to one side, rang the bell, grabbed the receiver and yelled "Gimme Muccawin." "You've got it," floated back in the languid voice of the operator. "Give me the P. S. yardmaster," said I. "No phone," answered she of the tired voice, and I heard a click as though she were cutting me off. "Hold on there, my girl," I call-

ed frantically. "If you value the good will of the P. S. Railroad Company, take this message and send it to the yardmaster at once."

I dictated a message telling him of our plight and asking for an engine to bring us in. When I had finished she asked "Who are you." I told her to never mind who I was; that I was only a brakeman, but to hurry that message for we were starving to death.

I then ran out and down the track, overtaking Foxy Grandpa and Mr. Black a short distance around the bend. I told them what I had done. Foxy slapped his thigh and remarked, "Well, I never thought of that."

In a short time a fresh engine arrived, was coupled on and we were soon in Muccawin, our troubles ended for that trip.

I would like to be able to say, in conclusion, that I was called before the superintendent and thanked, at least, for my faithfulness, attention to the company's interests, and the discharge of my duty to the best of my meagre ability. Strict truth, however, compels me to say that I did not even receive a merit mark, and that the circumstance was never mentioned, to my knowledge.

Whole heartedness in worship makes a holy heart in the worshiper.

Unrestrained violence becomes well trained viciousness.

Delight in duty softens its severities.

The true purpose of discussion is not to rout an opponent, but to reach the truth.

One must not only be good, but good for something.

There is a radical relation between church going and character growing.

A germ is better than a gem, for while the latter glows with light, the former grows with life.

It is better to fall below a high mark than to exactly hit a low one.

The occupation of the hand proves the preoccupation of the mind.

REGINA AND THE ROYAL NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE

By HERBERT VANDERHOOF



LAW and order and the fear of God—this is the lesson which the Royal Northwest Mounted Police have taught Western Canada. Regina, the headquarters of this sturdy corps of eight hundred men, is the embodiment of the spirit which has always dominated them—the spirit of prosperity, progress, real civilization.

Back in the seventies a small band of hardy roughriders invaded the region lying between Lake Superior on the east, the Pacific Coast on the west, the border line on the south and the Arctic circle on the north. It was a region reigned over by the Indian, where the six-shooter was the supreme court. Those red-coated riders took British law with them and established it. When settlement came, its house had been put in order to receive it.

Regina owes much to the mounted police, as do other Western Canadian cities. She is a growing city already great, and destined to be greater. Into the valley of the Saskatchewan are pouring settlers from every point of the compass, settlers whom no marauder may disturb in their possessions. The peace and quiet of their homes is an assured thing.

But peace and security, great as they intrinsically are do not make up the full measure of Regina's inducements nor account for the ever-increasing stream of people which the railways daily deposit at her portals. For nowhere in America are hard work and well-directed energy better repaid to-day than in the Province of Saskatchewan, the province of which Regina is the hub.

First, therefore, let me tell you something of the home-city of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and then something of the men themselves. As I have said, the spirit of insistent activity dominates both,

Regina, the capital and commercial center of the province of Saskatchewan, offers great natural and material inducements for the location of manufacturing enterprises. It is surrounded by the oldest and best settled portion of the province, and the area in the neighborhood of the city is most fertile and productive. The district has become famous for the quality and quantity of grain which it raises from year to year. The consumptive demand for all classes of goods is steadily increasing, and the volume of trade shows an enormous growth, especially in comparison with the beginning of the present century. The city has developed in many ways, and the expansion has spread over several branches of commercial activity.

It is toward the sphere of manufactures, however, that Regina's interest is chiefly directed at the present time. There is no doubt that articles manufactured in Western Canada will always have the call among the western consumers, other things being equal. This species of local patriotism is attracting the attention of many firms which are doing business in Saskatchewan, and for this reason several manufacturers are considering the advisability of establishing factories in the province. The problem of a possible location is determined largely by the facilities and inducements which a city or town offers.

In this connection Regina is ambitious; she considers herself the natural commercial center of the province, and she is prepared to maintain that position. She has for many years been a big railway point of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Brandon and Calgary, and recent developments have accentuated her importance from the standpoint of transportation.

Mackenzie & Mann, the owners of the Canadian Northern Railway system,



The Famous Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

have purchased the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake & Saskatchewan Railway, which runs from Regina to Prince Albert, a distance of 250 miles, with the intention of securing a portion of the trade which radiates from the capital. They have surveyed a line from the Manitoba boundary westward to Regina, and will lay the rails as soon as the necessary labor and material can be procured. This will give them a loop around the most important portion of the province, with Regina as a central point in their line. The Grand Trunk Pacific has, through General Manager Morse, announced its intention of building three lines to Regina, thus making the city the center of the southern portion of its system. One of these lines will run to Yorkton to meet the main line; the second will run to Brandon direct, and the third to North Portal, on the American boundary. The Great Northern, or Hill system, which will enter Saskatchewan from North Dakota, is expected to contribute materially to the strength of the city's railway position. The plans of Mr. Hill have not yet been definitely announced, but it is confident-

ly believed that he will build through Regina on his way to Edmonton.

The industries which Regina is most anxious to secure are those which will find their raw material at her doors. These include flour mills, cereal mills of various kinds, vinegar factories, distilleries, flax mills, oil mills, and similar enterprises. The extensive cattle ranges of the province furnish material for the packing establishments and their allied industries, such as soap factories, glue factories, and other concerns which make use of the by-products of the packing plants.

The principle of municipal assistance does not receive enthusiastic support in Regina, but it is realized that some measure of aid might be granted in order to encourage manufacturers to come in at once. It is likely that heavy inducements will be offered to industries which can obtain their raw material in Saskatchewan. But manufacturers of all kinds will be heartily welcomed; they are wanted in preference to any other class of people. Industries now located include a flour mill, a sash and door factory, an abat-



Herefords now browse in the old Buffalo Wallows.

toir, a brewery, several cement and brick plants, mineral water factories, cigar factories, two machine shops, and a large number of smaller enterprises.

The city council has reserved for manufacturing and warehouse sites forty blocks, or 1,600 lots, in the northeastern portion of the city. There are in addition ten blocks, or 400 lots, also reserved by the city along the Q. L. L. & S. Railway, the line recently acquired by the Canadian Northern. The sites already allotted amount to about one-quarter of the total. A spur connects the southerly tier of blocks in this section with the main line of the C. P. R., and other spurs are projected for the remaining blocks, to be ready as the demand warrants. These sites are available at very low prices and a manufacturing concern could secure a free location upon giving certain guarantees as to the amount of capital and labor which would be employed.

The reopening of the Souris coal mines at Estevan improves the situation of Regina with regard to fuel. This coal can be laid down in the city at about \$4 per ton in large lots, and it serves very well for the generating of steam. It is likely, however, that the city's electric light

plant will furnish power for a great number of the industries of the future. Additional apparatus is now being installed for the purpose of supplying electrical energy for manufacturers, and it is anticipated that this can be delivered at a cost of not more than \$60 per horsepower per annum. At such a figure it would be a most profitable motive power, particularly for smaller enterprises.

The possibilities attending the use of industrial alcohol are also attracting a good deal of attention. This material could be produced, it is estimated, at a cost of not more than 20 cents per gallon in Regina, and at that figure it would be a great incentive to the development of manufacturing enterprises. The action of the Dominion Parliament with reference to the removal of the inland revenue tax on this commodity is being awaited with interest.

The field is undoubtedly an inviting one, and manufacturers who desire to extend their markets may profitably consider the advisability of locating in Regina. There is an excellent demand for general merchandise, especially those classes which are suited for the farming population, and the volume of business



A detachment of a division, R. N. W. M. P. in front of barracks.

which radiates from Regina alone would keep a number of large establishments busily employed.

According to government statistics, the yield of wheat in 1905 for the entire province of Saskatchewan was 26,107,286 bushels from 1,130,084 acres, an average of 23.09 per acre. The yield of oats during the same period was estimated at 19,213,055 bushels from 449,936 acres, an average of 42.70 per acre. Barley was figured at 893,396 bushels from 32,946 acres.

Assuredly there are good times awaiting the energetic immigrant who resolves to pitch his tent in this fertile country. Climate and soil are alike factors in his favor, and daring indeed would be the man who would venture to place a limit upon the possibilities of fortune awaiting him in the great Northwest.

And over all lies the shadow of the law which guarantees protection to life and property. Not dead letter law, but a little band of redcoated riders whose valor and integrity have made their names

famous and the Northwest a region to be shunned as a plague spot by evil doers.

One would naturally expect to find in a wide, rough realm like this the hand of the strong man and desperado prevailing over the weaker brother. Also you would not be surprised to find Judge Lynch dispensing justice after the fashion of his Californian prototype in the days of '49. Yet such is not the case.

The Canadian mounted police are the enterprising gentlemen who have made the name of the law a thing to be feared and obeyed in this portion of the dominion. Their history is inextricably bound up with that of the territory they control; it has been so since these determined roughriders first came to the Northwest with authority to establish and enforce the laws of Great Britain in this hitherto wild and savage region. They went at their work with a vim and earnestness which brooked no obstacles.

Both bad red men and bad white men soon awoke to an unpleasant realization of the cold fact that these hard riding, intrepid minions of the law were anything



Typical farm scene near Regina. •

but a joke. They meant business from the beginning, and when the settlers began to flock over the border they found the spirit of law and order brooding over the land. Human life and property were safe—safer, indeed, than in the majority of Uncle Sam's big cities.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Royal Northwest Mounted Police is one of the finest, if not absolutely the finest, semi-military body in the world. There are no weaklings in the force. Little, wiry, of undaunted courage and prodigious endurance, these men are carefully selected, natural born fighters, who hesitate at nothing where their duty is concerned.

The total number of the force at present is set at 800 men. But the effective patrolling force narrows down to about 600, when details for administration, absentees, and officers are taken into consideration.

The following incident may serve as an apt illustration of their general "effectiveness:"

A troop of United States cavalry, escorting a band of bad Indians across the border, was met at the boundary line by a solitary mounted policeman.

"Will you take charge of these Indians?" asked the officer in command of the American party.

"Yes, sir," responded the Canadian.

"Well, where are your men. This is a pretty bad bunch of redskins."

"Oh, that's all right," returned the stalwart Canuck, in an unconcerned manner. "One of the boys has gone to have his horse shod, and the other is having a drink. They'll be along in a few seconds."

The American officer stared, but said nothing. Presently the Canadian's comrades hove into sight, and the three policemen marshaled the sullen red men into column, and away they went, one Canadian taking the lead, another riding at the side of the hostiles, while the third loped easily along in the rear of the procession. It was all in the day's work, and the men thought nothing of it.

IN LITERARY FIELDS

The Masters of English Fiction

Arranged By L. C. BREED

DEFOE.

DANIEL DEFOE

BORN at London, 1661. Died 1731. A celebrated English novelist and political writer. Little is known of his early life. In 1715 he wrote "An Appeal to Honor and Justice." From this time until his death he wrote industriously, "Robinson Crusoe" appearing in 1719. His house at Stoke Newington was pulled down only about ten years ago. His father was a butcher in London.

Prose fiction, in the hands of its greatest masters, has proved itself a vehicle for the expression of the most serious thoughts, the noblest visions, the profoundest philosophic teachings which genius can

Communicate to the world.

Daniel Defoe was the first English writer to perceive the uses of this method of imaginative expression. He is entitled to be regarded as a great man; of limited but intense imagination, of infinite invention, of immense force, who built better than he knew, for much that he has written is immortal, and no defects in his writings can be weighed for a moment against the claim that he must justly be regarded as the Father of English Fiction.

SMOLLETT.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT

BORN in Scotland, 1721. Died in Italy, 1771. A British novelist, historical writer and miscellaneous author. Among his works are: "A Complete History of England," "The History and Adventures of an Atom," "Travels" and translations of "Don Quixote."

The man who wishes to learn something of the origin of English fiction, should also know that Smollett was another first-rate force in the history of its devel-

opment, since this author must be ranked with Fielding; but it is method which unites them, not equality of genius. Smollett is more of the humorist, but only in the sense that his humor is broader, more farcical, and therefore more easily apprehended. The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker, published in 1771, is generally regarded as his best novel.

RICHARDSON.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

BORN in England 1689. Died at London, 1761. An English novelist, called 'the founder of the English domestic novel.' When a boy he was addicted to letter writing and in 1739 he composed a volume of "Familiar Letters." From this came "Pamela or Virtue Rewarded"—(1740). Hethen wrote "Clarissa Harlowe, or the History of a Young Lady."

The writer who gave new impulse and direction to English fiction was Samuel Richardson, who published his "Pamela" in 1740, the so styled novel of sentiment. In spite of a cum-

brous method, of a mind overwhelmed with copy-book maxims, of an acquaintance with life that never went beyond a narrow range of society—this respectable, homely bookseller was an artist, as any one of discrimination will readily discover by a careful study of the latter half of "Clarissa Harlowe."

FIELDING.

HENRY FIELDING

BORN in England, 1707. Died at Lisbon, 1754. Celebrated English playwright and novelist. Among his works are: "Love in Several Masques," "The Wedding Day," "Tom Jones" and "Amelia."

The rise of a new school began with the novels of Henry Fielding who was a man wholly different from Richardson

at every point. He had moved in a large world; he knew life at firsthand; he knew how rough and bitter a thing life could be, and he boldly used in fiction the material he had won in many a hard experience. He was, in the full sense of the term, a great artist. He told his stories directly, not through a cumbrous mass of letters, and he took pains to perfect his plots. He was also a master of style. No better model of pure, strong, nervous English can be found than in Fielding's pages. Nor is he destitute of sentiment; there are pages in "Amelia" which affect us much more deeply than anything in Richardson simply because the sentiment is masculine and restrained.

FEMININE TOILETTES AND MILLINERY



THE general outline of garments, the general color and quality of fabrics, are matters decided for the majority of womenkind quite early in the season.

From the opening day of the season there has been much discussion on the subject of sleeves. By sleeves we mean not only the actual sleeve itself, but the shoulder line at which it is attached. The early fall models from Paris showed built out shoulders, but it was not until after the 16th day of August when many of the great coutouriers gave their models a first airing that the shoulders became pronouncedly long. Every week has given wider vogue to this long shoulder craze. It is not new to us, to be sure, since we had it several seasons ago, but it had been almost entirely dropped out on this side when the French late models arrived.

The long shoulder effect is obtained in several ways, but chiefly by means of the fichu or jumper waist. That is, the waist portion is arranged with a very long shoulder, which falls free over the sleeve. This is an easy and satisfactory method of gaining the effect since it requires no practical fitting but rather skill in draping the fabric. In the short coats this same kimona sleeve long-shoulder effect is very noticeable. In the evening wraps it is accomplished in the cape and loose coat models.

One fancy which bids fair to great popularity is the gold band armlet. This is a most pleasing variation of the glove garter that prevailed during the Summer. It consists of a band of fancy gold trimming anywhere from one to two inches wide, fastened with clasps or a fine buckle. Or a fine gold band shirred over an elastic answering the same purpose. In the latter case only a little fullness appears, just sufficient to give the elastic holding qualities. These gold armlets are in keeping with the vogue of gold at the present moment. We see gold discreetly and charmingly used in millinery and in touches on gowns of any and all

colors but it is not so noticeable on evening wraps as it was in its last appearance some time ago. The gold is invariably dull, and in fancy weaves or combined with spangles—none of the bright plain gold appear.

The headdress vogue has been popular in Paris now for over a season. This is a soft arrangement of velvet or gold bands combined with flowers or feathers. It is almost like a small hat without a crown, the high hairdressing filling in the top. One charming headdress is of dull



Dressy Afternoon Costume.

The very newest expression of the pleated skirt finished at the bottom with the wide tucks open, the hem stitched and piped with velvet, the same as that which trims the little coat, is the feature of this afternoon dressy tailor-made. The blouse of lace and the short circular bolero are built in one and attached to the high velvet trimmed girdle and supported with featherbones. The eton elaborately trimmed with lace, braid and brown velvet, which contrasts well with the tan of the cloth. A touch of brown caracul is seen in the tiny collar and the cuffs of the elbow sleeves.



Elaborate Net Waist.

The white net of this separate waist is so elaborately inset with embroidery insertions and Val lace that the waist seems to be made rather of this than of the net. Both the sleeves and body of the waist are inset with the lace, the narrow Val insertions forming a yoke, in the center of which is set a large Irish crochet medallion. The sleeves are quite novel in that they have no cuffs but are elbow length mutton legs, finished with a shaped frill of the embroidery and Val. Collar is of the embroidery supported with tiny featherbone strips, and the whole waist is worn over a white or colored slip.

rose velvet with a huge finely wrought gold buckle holding two short but very full rose plumes, which are placed rather high and fall over the hair. Flowers are charmingly brought into these headdresses, very often combined with wide gold bands that look as though woven out of fine strands of metal. Not all of the headdresses are charming, to be sure. For the theatre there is the less formal headdress of twisted wired velvet ribbons caught with knots of rosebuds, these are very girlish and extremely becoming.

It is remarkable the amount of ermine that is used this winter, both the genuine article and clever imitations. In the best models the whole garment does not show the tail markings disposed at regu-

lar intervals as of old, but rather the black tips are separated and used in some decorative way as a trimming. One very smart eton coat seen had the white of the ermine used in the body portion and sleeves and right across the back, as though outlining the yoke, was a series of black button forms made of the tail tips. Those little tips were disposed as a fringe at intervals on the slashed front, and a touch of satin and gold in the form of a stole vest added a color note to the whole.

The very short skirt is a feature of the day costume of midwinter. A skirt clearing the ground five inches is frequently seen. The pleated skirt is almost uni-



Hat and Neck Ruff in Black and White.

Black and white is the color scheme of both hat and neck ruff here shown. The ruche is a black chiffon edged with a black and white dotted and striped satin ribbon about two inches in width and finished with long black satin ties. The hat is a dressy model in black velvet with a high tam o' shanter crown of black pailletted net over the white malinette foundation. The black bandeau is trimmed with black velvet ribbon and three white ostrich plumes nodding gracefully forward from the back of the right side.



The Evening Head Dress.

Evening hats, especially those of large size, are dividing favor this winter season with novel head dressing such as that of the picture. A wired band of white velvet about an inch in width encircles the knot of hair which is dressed high on the head and at the left side, three tiny moss roses half blown are posed, with a bow of velvet ribbon in white set over the ear on the right side.

versal for street wear. Wide, regular pleats seem to be preferred to any sort of fancy variation therefrom. Short loose coats or half fitting coats with shawl collars, very simply made, are accepted as correct form for morning and strictly street afternoon wear. Indeed, simplicity is the keynote of the winter styles. It gives a distinctive high bred air to cloth-

ing in general. All of the little fussiness of past seasons is disappearing and a quiet and refined charm taking its place.

FASHION NOTES.

Velvet is the fashionable fabric of the season. Velvets striped in two tones are favorites and a decided novelty for evening wear shows the velvet in the form of tinted blossoms.

Pekin de mousseline de soie, an exquisite material for evening gowns, is in high favor with the great dressmakers. These sheer fabrics are often sumptuously embroidered.

The princess gown retains its prestige. The trimmings and various tuckings ornament the shoulders and bottom of the skirt, the idea being to maintain the pleasing curve of waist and hip.

The lines of dinner and evening gowns are simple, with skirts quite full about the feet. Soft silks and chiffons are enriched with hand embroidery, and perhaps a yoke of cloth of gold or silver.

Fashionable suitings for street wear are the new shadow plaids, broadcloth, serge, henrietta. A new model shows a plaited skirt of nine gores clearing length. All seams are concealed by the plaits stitched to yoke depth. Clustered plaits give a pleasing effect in a seven gored walking skirt.

The Christian spirit seeks not revenge upon an enemy for a wrong done, but recovery of the enemy from wrong doing.

The best preparation for right living is reparation for wrong doing.

Dr. Kirtley's Philosophy.

- ¶ Gratitude transfigures the life, while greed or grudge disfigures it.
- ¶ Our joys must be an integrating rather than a disintegrating force, a discipline rather than a dissipation.
- ¶ Feelings cherished as a luxury usually lead to penury.
- ¶ The essence of Christianity in the heart produces the ethics of Christianity in the life.
- ¶ One's worth shows more in his walk than in his talk.
- ¶ Truth is for expansion throughout the life, while error is for expulsion out of the life.
- ¶ The man who tries to make life's journey in a balloon will have to walk back.
- ¶ To deny the rights of others is to deaden one's sense of right.
- ¶ Untroubled serenity is reached only through unflinching fidelity.
- ¶ The dilemma of the waspish tongue is execration or extraction.
- ¶ Delight in duty softens all of its severities.
- ¶ It is kindlier to keep people soothed than sore.
- ¶ Cold conceit is satanic selfishness.
- ¶ Whatever expresses love expands it and produces wealth rather than waste.
- ¶ Peace in the soul is protection from sin and power for service.
- ¶ Reasoned agnosticism is unreasonable skepticism.
- ¶ The Bible not only reflects life, but corrects it as well.
- ¶ True education draws out the worthy and drives out the worthless.
- ¶ The might of meekness constitutes the majority of manhood.
- ¶ It is better to have strength for trial than to be spared from trial.
- ¶ Success in one's vocation requires an eye to see and an energy to seize the passing opportunity.
- ¶ Duty is both just and generous, never overlooking and never overloading us.
- ¶ The purpose of discussion should be to learn a truth rather than to earn a triumph.
- ¶ Our valor depends on our faith and victory on our faithfulness.
- ¶ We are safe when riches serve us, but ruined when they rule us.
- ¶ Penitence over past failures is better than pride over past successes.
- ¶ Careless waste always brings cruel want.
- ¶ No one can lose God who longs for goodness.
- ¶ Faith is deepened rather than disturbed by reason.
- ¶ Sabbath privileges are to be used rather than abused, to be enjoyed rather than destroyed.

To W. E. B.

MY LOVE FOR YOU.

FLETA JAN BROWN.

Introduction.

Medium or High voice.

espressivo.

The introduction consists of a piano accompaniment in 2/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with a trill on the first measure, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The tempo is marked 'espressivo'.

Moderato.

Pure as a red rose bathed in dew Is — my love for you —

The first vocal line is in a soprano or alto range, with a melodic line that is simple and expressive. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'.

True as the stars in the Heavens blue Is — my love for you —

The second vocal line continues the melody, with a similar melodic structure. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and a bass line. The tempo remains 'Moderato'.

FASTER.

Just as the li - ly is whit - est Just as the sun is bright est

The third vocal line is in a higher register and is marked 'FASTER'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'FASTER'.

So is my love This is my love _____

f

Ah! True as the stars in the Heav-en's blue

molto rit. *fff* *a tempo.* *ritard.*

Ah _____ This is my love _____ My _____

rit. *rit.*

love for you _____

Deep as the roll - ing o cean wave: Is — my love for you —

Loy - al as an - y Sol - dier brave Is — my heart to you —

FASTER.

Why does my heart beat fast - er Thinking of you as my mas - ter It is my love

It is my love — Ah!

a tempo.

Loyal as an - y sol - dier brave Ah! If you

ritard. *a tempo.*

knew This is my love

rit.

This is my love If you but knew Tis my

love for you

a tempo. *rit.* *ppp*

No. 5437.

10 Plates.

LOW COST HOMES

WM. A. RADFORD
EDITOR



GENERALLY speaking, I prefer a hall in the front part of the house. It seems to be the right place to go upstairs, and I like to put a little extra work and expense on an open stairway. Some builders like to close in the stairway as much as possible, but I think most of us like an open stair, nicely designed, made of good wood and showing good workmanship. There must be some woodwork inside of a house besides the floors and door and window casings. We can buy loose furniture and place it to advantage, but nothing looks so well as cabinet work designed and built to fit the house. A well designed stair with treads and risers properly proportioned and a railing to match, supported by a handsome newel post and neat spindles made from good wood that finishes up nicely, certainly is a work of art. Stair work is not so expensive since especial machinery has been pressed into service for its manufacture. Hand work has been eliminated in stair building to such an extent that an elaborate piece of work may

be supplied at a very reasonable cost.

The entrance to the house with a hallway like this is pleasant. It is a sort of key to the character of the house. A coat closet is built under the stair at the farther end of the hall. This is neater and much more convenient than to hang clothing in the open hall. Then the extra coats that hang there sometimes for a week without being worn are kept free from dust. In new buildings in cities these hall closets are becoming very common. We often see large mirrors in the hallway but not a peg to hang a coat or hat on. The halls are too nice to be decorated in this manner and the idea is right. Clothing looks well only when it is in its proper place. I don't expect everyone who has an expensive hat-rack or hall-tree to send it at once to the junk dealer or wood pile, but I do hope to see less of this kind of furniture manufactured in the future.

The size of this house is twenty-nine feet wide by forty-four feet six inches long without measuring the porch. The architect estimates that it may be built for \$2,000 to \$2,300, according to the locality in which it is built.



STATISTICAL SAM.

(5, 287, 363, 429, 768, 872, 964, 223, 713, 402, 622, 547, 9, 823, 425, 000)ⁿ

STATISTICAL SAM got the adjective handle to his name in this way: He belonged to the little coterie of men who called themselves "The Organization Committee of the Fifth Precinct of the Twenty-sixth Ward," and who were called by their political opponent the "kitchen cabinet"—their weekly meetings being held in the kitchens of the members.

The fall campaign was over and some of the members thought the wise thing would be to adjourn till spring; but Sam was differently inclined. You see, he'd been the official figurer of the kitchen cabinet and had made a marvelously good forecast on the fall vote. Wherefore he was a man of some consequence in the cabinet, and of more consequence to himself. When the motion to adjourn, subject to call of the president (which would come with the first political whisper of spring) was made, Sam spoke against it as follows:

"Well, men, I for one have kind of got into the habit of enjoying these meetings. Why not continue them? We don't have to deal with politics; we can discuss other subjects to a good advantage. Defeat the motion, and I will explain."

The motion was defeated, and this is the explanation he gave and which caused him thereafter to be called Statistical Sam:

"I've been doing considerable figuring of late and I've kind o' got in the habit of it. Now that there is no more politics to figure, I find my attention being drawn into other lines of speculative



and statistical thought. Even the homely kitchen articles become of interest when viewed from certain standpoints. The common skillet, statistically viewed, may be made to present a wonderful combination of comparisons.

"For purpose of establishing a measuring unit, or standard skillet, let us say the skillet is one foot in diameter, weighs one pound, and, including handle length, is eighteen inches long. It is a mild estimate to say that each family in the United States possesses a big skillet and a little skillet. There are more than 15,000,000 families in this country, and more than 30,000,000 skillets. Without worrying you by asking you to go through all the figures, I will tell you the following facts:

"If all the skillets of the United States were placed side by side they would reach more than 6,000 miles; if placed handlewise, 9,000 miles.

"If all the skillets were made into one big skillet, Uncle Sam would have to be over six miles high to handle it and cook in it. It would hold one big pancake with an area of more than a square mile or 75,000,000 ordinary size cakes like you get at a restaurant.

Uncle Reuben and Aunt Sarah Ann Visit the Trent Theatre



Uncle Reuben—"It's durned lucky we came early, Sarah Ann. These front seats is always th' first ones that's picked out."

THE ACME MAGAZINE

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510 Masonic Temple, TRENTON, N. J.



COMMODORE STOCKTON.

From a painting on ivory in the possession of Richard Stockton,
Esquire, of Trenton.

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AN ANCIENT LINEAGE.

The Interesting Pedigree of a Distinguished Family.

BY E. P. WILLIAMS.

IN THE town of Malpos, near the river Dee, one hundred and sixty-eight miles north-west of London, stands a church edifice that in monastic ages was the chapel of a religious house of monks of the Cluniac order. In this church are preserved many ancient memorials of the Stockton family.

One of these stones records the fact that Rt. Hon. Sir John Stockton, Knight, was the Lord Mayor of London, in 1470 and 1471. He was the son of Richard Stockton, who was knighted on the field by King Edward IV. In 1470 he was elected to the high honor of masters of the Mercers' Company, the oldest and most exclusive in London.

Sir Edward Stockton was vicar of the Church of Cookham, in Berkshire, and was a leader in one of the early expeditions to the Holy Land.

The memorial of John Stockton, of Kiddington, who died in 1700, says he was an "Esquire," while that of Owen Stockton, who died as early as 1610, tells posterity that he was a "gentlemen."

One of the progenitors of the present Jersey family was John Stockton, who died in 1610. The stone over his bones

is inscribed in Latin. The last paragraph is significant:—

Eugenio patri posuit. Eugenius filius, obilit 2 die Decembris, Anno Domini 1610. (The son, well-born, has erected this to the father, well-born (who), died December 2, A. D. 1610.)

The Stockton ancestors were anciently lords of the manor of Stockton, which they held under barony of Malpos. Stockton Manor is in the town of Malpos, in the County of Cheshire, England. It was originally a forest, enclosed by the original Stocktons, in feudal times; hence the name, consisting of two Saxon words—Stoc, a place, and Tun, an enclosure.

It is known that David de Stockton inherited the Manor of Stockton from his father in 1250. The locative "de" indicated their nobility and prominence. King Henry the Third had honored him in many ways, just as King Edward the Third honored William de Stockton, his son.

In the parish of Malpos beside the Stockton Manor is the Stockton Bank and the Stockton Hall. The parish church is full of memorials and relics. The family was scattered over many countries in subsequent years.

The beginning of the family in America was Richard, who was a son of John Stockton of the Parish of Malpos. Why he came to America is not made clear. He did not come poor. In recording the fact that he settled at Flushing, Long Island, in 1660, a family writer says he "possessed an opulent fortune." Just how much no records disclose, but men with ordinary competency in those days had great advantages, for real money went a good way in real estate and personal goods.

This Richard tarried on Long Island for a short time and went to Burlington. He was attracted there because he had turned Quaker and the Society of Friends in that locality was numerous and influential.

Richard, a son of the Quaker, did not go to Burlington, but started out on his own hook and located at Princeton where he acquired six thousand acres, which is now the site of the Princeton University and the town proper. It was not Princeton then, but Stony Brook. The broad acres and the beautiful landscape had attracted the Oldens, the Clarks, Joseph Worth and John Horner. They were thrifty citizens. Richard Stockton left his father's plantation on Long Island and settled in Princeton because he liked the neighborhood and the neighbors. He acquired his tract from a grant made by William Penn.

His estate was divided among his sons. Their names were Richard, Samuel, Robert, John and Thomas. They all married and reared families in Princeton.

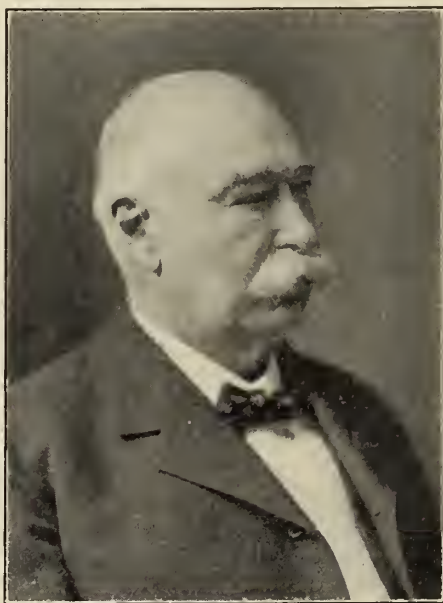
John Stockton, his son, became the

Presiding Judge of the Common Pleas of Somerset, a position of great honor in those days. He was a public-spirited man, giving liberally to the newly-established College of New Jersey and the struggling Presbyterian Church.

John Stockton was of wide reputation. Every prominent man who visited the section in those days esteemed it a privilege to put his feet under "Justice" Stockton's mahogany. Even the Indians came to him for advice, and he was one of the early great men.

His greatest honor in history is the fact that he was the father of "Richard the Signer," the greatest of all the Stocktons that have been from the days of Richard, the second, down the illustrious line.

"Richard the Signer" was born with a golden spoon already for him. His father was rich, as rich men counted in those days, and Richard fell heir to no hard knocks. He was tutored by Rev. Samuel Finley, president of Princeton College, and graduated with the first class



John P. Stockton.

of the College of New Jersey in 1748.

In 1766 he went to England, and the nobility covered him with honors. He was associated with Benjamin Franklin. It was while presenting financial propositions to the English Government that Richard Stockton secured the services of Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon, to be the president of Princeton College when Dr. Finley died.

Richard was full of Yankee grit and was a rare democrat, considering how acceptable he was to the crown. While abroad he attended the Queen's birth-

night ball, but that did not turn his head a bit, for he wrote home:

"Here I saw all your Duchesses of Ancaster, Hamilton, etc., so famous for their beauty. But here, I have done with this subject, for I had rather ramble with you along the rivulet of Morven or Red Hill and see the rural sport than again be at a birthnight ball."

Judging by this mood he was getting ready for the change of role that came so speedily.

In 1773 he became a member of Council, and in 1774 he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court, and then a member of the Continental Congress and signed the Declaration of Independence.

He next became a candidate for Governor of New Jersey, under the new State Constitution, but was defeated by William Livingston. The day after his defeat he was elected Chief Justice by the Legislature which refused him the day before, but he would not accept it.

Richard Stockton continued as a Judge of the Somerset Court, and while riding to court one day chapped his lips by the cold which brought on a cancerous growth which caused his death. His wife was Anne Boudinot, sister of Elias Boudinot. It was for her that he gave the name of "Morven" to the old homestead which is still standing. The name was taken from one of the scenes in Ossian's poems, of which she was fond of reading.

"Richard the Signer," gave to the world, "Richard the Duke," and also Lucius Horatio Stockton. He left three

daughters, who married men of distinction. One of them, Julia, became the wife of Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia.

The first of the line who took to diplomacy was Samuel William Stockton, brother of "Richard the Signer." He graduated from Nassau Hall in 1767. In 1774 he went to Europe as secretary of the American representatives to the Court of Austria and Russia. While abroad he negotiated a treaty with Holland. On his return he was elected secretary of the

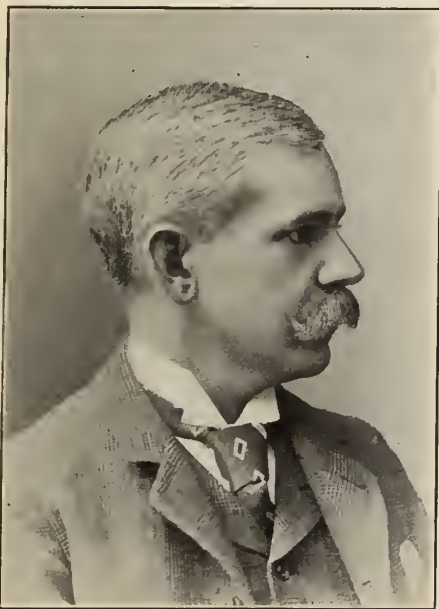
Convention of New Jersey to ratify the Constitution of the United States in 1787. In 1794 he was Secretary of State of New Jersey. He died from being thrown from his carriage in Trenton.

The eldest son of "Richard the Signer" was called "Richard the Duke," because of his courtly bearing. He was a lawyer and was a United States Senator from New Jersey from 1796 to 1799, and a member of the House of Representatives from 1813 to 1815. When the

Marquis Lafayette visited Princeton in 1824 Mr. Stockton was chosen by Council to address him. He acquired the degree of Doctor of Laws from two colleges. He left a large number of children.

Lucius H. Stockton, the second son of "Richard the Signer," settled in Trenton and acquired a large law practice. Thomas Jefferson appointed him Secretary of War, but he never held the position because for local reasons his appointment was not confirmed.

Richard Stockton, the eldest son of



Bayard Stockton.

"Richard the Duke," turned his face westward and settled in Mississippi. He was in the State but a short time when he was made a Justice of the Supreme Court by the Legislature, and subsequently became the Attorney-General of that State. He was killed in a duel with John P. Parsons, of New Orleans.

After his death it was found that he had not fired his pistol, and a letter found in his pocket stated that he intended to do just as he had done. His untimely death was the subject of a long poem by his sister, Mrs. Mary Harrison.

The most distinguished son of "Richard the Duke," was "fighting Bob," known in history as Colonel Robert Field Stockton. He became a student in Princeton College when but 13 years old. He left his studies a few years later and went into the navy. After spending ten years in foreign countries he returned, and became interested in the American colonization cause.

The United States equipped a vessel for him and he established a colony on the western coast of Africa, which subsequently became the Republic of Liberia.

In 1840 he was selected by President Tyler to be the Secretary of the Navy, but he declined the honor. The Navy Department, in 1842, gave him permission to construct a steamship of war, which attracted much attention in European ports. She was armed with twelve forty-two pounders, and two guns of ten tons each, which were called the "Peacemaker" and the "Oregon." One of these guns exploded during an exhibition

trip and killed a number of prominent men. Commodore Stockton was the means of establishing a civil government over California before the Mexican War closed.

In 1849 Commodore Stockton resigned his command in the United States Navy, and was elected to the United States Senate in 1851. To him is due the construction of the Delaware and Raritan Canal and the development of the Camden and Amboy Railroad. Notwithstanding his exciting life in the navy and the fact that he was interested in several duels, he lived to a ripe old age and died in 1866.

Philip Augustus Stockton, the third son of the first Lucius Witham Stockton, was also a naval hero. He served on the old "Constitution" when it was the flagship of Commodore Reed. After eleven years' service he resigned with the title of lieutenant. His son Howard Stockton, became the Consul General for Saxony.



Richard Stockton.

Major Robert Stockton was a quartermaster in the Revolutionary army. Rev. William R. Stockton, who was rector of St. Peter's Church, Phoenixville, Pa., was a chaplain during the War of the Rebellion.

Commodore Stockton left three sons—Richard Stockton, John Potter Stockton and General Robert Field Stockton. The latter was State Comptroller prior to the time of Major Edward J. Anderson. He was Adjutant-General of the State prior to the term of General William S. Stryker. He received the thanks of the Legislature for the way he had discharged the duties of these two offices.

John P. Stockton was made the United States Minister to Rome by President Buchanan in 1857. He was the youngest man ever appointed a minister. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1867, was re-elected in 1869 and served a full term.

His name was several times mentioned in connection with the Democratic nomination for President. He was appointed Attorney-General of New Jersey in 1877, serving twenty years in that capacity, and was retired because of the change in the political complexion of the State administration.

Bayard Stockton, son of Richard, and nephew of Attorney-General John P. Stockton, is one of the best known lawyers of New Jersey. He was Prosecutor of Mercer County for a number of years, and now makes his home at "Morven," the ancient homestead of the Stocktons in Princeton.

Richard Stockton, whose home is at No. 200 West State street, Trenton, is the son of Attorney-General John P. Stockton. He was the youngest United States Consul ever appointed, having served at Rotterdam and subsequently in charge of affairs at the Hague.

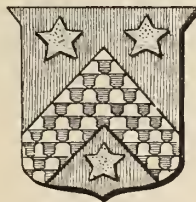
He was born in 1859, and while an infant was taken to Italy, where his father was serving in the capacity of United States Minister. He was subsequently placed in the famous Young's school at Washington, D. C., where he was a companion of Jesse Grant, son of the late President U. S. Grant. His education was completed at Columbia University. President Cleveland appointed him Consul to Rotterdam in 1885. He filled this

post for two years and was then promoted to the diplomatic service and placed in charge of the legation at the Hague. Since his retirement from official life he has been interested in a number of business enterprises, and is at present the representative of a New York Stock Exchange firm. Mr. Stockton is the holder of a medal, awarded to him by special act of Congress, for saving the life of Emory Clapp, from drowning, at Long Branch in 1877. He has also been decorated with the American Cross of Honor, which is equivalent to the Victoria Cross of England, the cross of the Legion of Honor, of France, and the Iron Cross of Germany.

One of his two sons, Richard Stockton, Jr., is a lieutenant and quartermaster in the Third Regiment, National Guard of New Jersey. He was born in Rotterdam, Holland, January 19th, 1888. J. Potter Stockton is the youngest son, and was born in Princeton, N. J., September 29th, 1891.

No story of the Stocktons would be complete without mention of old "Morven," which is one of the celebrated houses of America. It has been the home of the Stocktons for nearly two hundred years, and stands to-day in the most picturesque part of the university town. The mansion is a two-story brick structure, and consists of a main building, with a portico over the entrance, and two wings, and contains in all fifteen rooms. The surrounding grounds possess great beauty.

Many whose names are famous in national history have been entertained within its time-honored walls, and the old college town is proud of this distinguished family seat.



STOCKTON

THE OFFICE BOY'S DISPENSATION.

A Story of Equal Justice and the Unhappy Fruits Thereof.



IT HAPPENED the evening of the San Francisco earthquake. Details of the disaster were few and unsatisfactory. The great as well as the lowly were anxiously awaiting news. His Excellency, the Governor of the State of New Jersey, was as hungry for information as the humblest citizen.

The telephone bell in the office of the True American had been ringing all the evening and Trentonians with friends and interests in the stricken city were making anxious inquiries. Every now and then the telegraph instruments would tick off a bulletin, but the wires were working badly, as they always do when most needed.

All was hustle and bustle. The reporters were chasing here and there about the news room with bits of gossip about Trentonians at the Golden Gate and receiving fresh assignments from this editor or from that one. An "extra" was about ready for the press. The office boy was "on the job," and knowing what dire calamities might follow any dereliction of duty on his part, was curtly dismissing visitors with all the hauteur he believed appropriate to his position and the occasion. At the height of this situation two gentlemen and a boy entered.

"Is Mr. R—— in?" queried one of the trio, a medium-sized man with a sandy moustache, piercing grey eyes and wearing a great beaver overcoat.

"Yes, he's in, but he's too busy to see any one," was the response of the juvenile guardian of the sanctum.

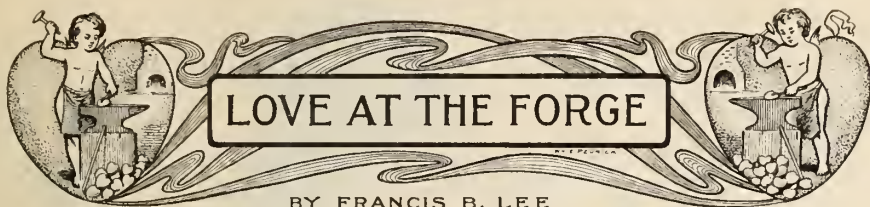
There was a thick silence while the medium-sized man squared himself for the next assault.

"Please may I look over your dispatches from San Francisco?" he ventured at length.

"It's against the rules, see!" thundered the boy. "If yer want ter know all we've got, git an extry—out in a minnit. I'm too busy to tell youse anything."

The medium-sized man with the moustache, the eyes and the overcoat, was subdued. He muttered a few words to his companions and seemed to wait for the youthful autocrat to relent. One of the editors in an adjoining room, attracted by the commotion, at this juncture appeared. A glance sufficed to show him who the man in the overcoat was and at once there were hasty and profuse apologies, with information in abundance. The callers were Governor Stokes, Supreme Court Clerk William Riker and Mr. Riker's son.

But the discovery of whom his victims were, was of no consequence to the office boy. His spirit was unbroken and his superior's breach of discipline was more than he could stand for. He resigned from the True American force the next day.



One winter day, Love stood at the forge—
Red were the flames as they leaped in
air—
I asked of him "Hast thou turned smith
And what art thou doing there?"
Love laughed aloud as he answered me
"I am fashioning human hearts—
No two are alike, as thou can'st see
For I follow when Fancy starts.
I clang, clang, clang,
And I bang, bang, bang,
I do as I will, and I oft do ill
When I'm fashioning human hearts."

Then said I to Love, "Thou'rt a cruel elf,
Thou do'st a most grievous wrong,
For thou seekest only to please thyself,
Tho' master of hammer and tong.
What would'st thou do, if thou fram'st
two hearts
Alike, from thy forge's fire,
Hearts n'er to change, through the long,
long years,
And burning with like desire?"
Love said, "As I clang,
As I bang, bang, bang;
For such a mishap, they'd be cast in the
scrap,
As waste from my forge's fire."



E. FURMAN HOOPER,

President of the Democratic League. Notice his proud mien and buoyant step, and see how pleased the "party" looks to be led by so popular a personage. Both seem to have had inside information—something to the effect that there may be Democratic victories—State and municipal—next fall. It may or may not be true, but who would be so unkind as to begrudge hope to the local party and its leader.

Anyhow, while the League was selecting a president it could not have done better than it did in choosing so popular and able a man as Mr. Hooper.

ELIJAH MASON'S SIN.

A Romance of the Battle of Trenton.

BY HARRY A. DONNELLY.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Lieutenant von Guitermann heard Margaret Mason call him as he was about to dip the oars into the water, he turned about and saw her standing on the river bank.

She had followed to say a last farewell and then decided that she would go to Trenton with him, and later in the day friends would ferry her home again.

Foolish young hearts beat in those days just as they beat now. Love was powerful, and as a result Hans von Guitermann and Margaret Mason were married that night in Trenton, and a few minutes later were on their way to Philadelphia.

The couple prospered and a son was born to them after they had been a year in their new home. Then adversity came. Guitermann's old wound gave him great trouble, and after battling in vain to overcome his illness he became despondent and took to the cup. Lower and lower he sank—the purse became empty and the table almost bare. Then he aroused himself and tried again, but without success. There was nothing at which he could earn a living for Margaret and her boy. Then the wife said to him:

"We will go home, Hans. The old folks will forgive us and you will soon get better. Then we can return again."

Von Guitermann did not like the proposition, but decided to accept it. They came to Trenton and at dusk were ferried over the river. Down the road to the old white farm house they walked, the child

in his father's arms. The homestead had nearly been reached when Von Guitermann said:

"Go on Margaret, with the child, and I will wait a minute. It might anger your father to see me. When he has talked with you I will come in."

The wife assented, and as she entered the gate Von Guitermann vaulted over the fence of the side yard. As Margaret rapped on the door her husband crawled close to the kitchen window. Inside he saw the old folks sitting; saw the mother arise to answer the knock; saw her kiss and caress her daughter; saw the old man frown; heard him disown her and say:

"Go again and stay, until Hans, the Hessian, is dead!"

No sooner were these words spoken than a shot was heard. Elijah Mason's face became as pallid as it was the day he watched his sons burying the Hessian soldiers beneath the snow on the river road. Margaret ran into the yard, and there, beneath the window, found Hans, with uplifted arms, dying.

"It is best, Margaret," he said, "best — for — you — and — baby." A minute more and he was dead in his wife's arms. His little son stood near.

"Sh-h," the baby whispered, as he raised his finger; papa's sleepy—bye."

* * *

Elijah Mason lived but a few months longer, but before he died he untied the strings about the letter given to him by the dying soldier that Christmas morning after the conflict on the river road. Its contents were as follows:

“Carl Roder:

“My dear Friend—Tell Hans for me that I have forgiven him, and with his mother anxiously await his return. Several of the investments he induced me to go into and which I believed worthless have turned out to be very profitable, and I have decided to transfer them to him. As a present from home, you will tell him Christmas night that he is now a very rich

man and to hurry back from over the sea.

“Your sincere friend,

“Ludwig von Guitermann.

“Cassel, September 12th, 1776.”

* * *

Margaret moved to Trenton, and in the picturesque graveyard at Ewingville may yet be seen a crumbled tombstone upon which the name of Hans von Guitermann can no longer be deciphered.

THE END.

THE WASHINGTON STATUE, CADWALADER PARK.

Upon a low green hill he stands,
Majestic in his stately form,
And still, against the silent sky ;
Within his eyes the rapture of
Fulfillment-foreordained, and on
His brow the sacrament of power.

Does he still see the blackness of
That winter's night of long ago,
The darkness of the rolling tide ;
And hear the muffled oar, the grinding
Of the ice against the bow,
The deadly undertow ?

Trenton, November 5, 1906.

Or does he see beyond, where gleaming
Waters beat their cadence out
From shore to shore, a shining vision,
In the sunset light, of days
That are to be, of God's futurity—
Of God's futurity ?

* * * *

A solemn quiet reigns upon
The tide, for day is o'er ; the twilight
Creeps in mist across the low
Green hills, and veils his face, who waits
In peace beyond the river shore,
Who waits the dawn, and—light, once
more !

HELENE WADE.

AN IDEAL COMMANDER.

THE officers and men who have served under General Quincy O'M. Gillmore, since his connection with the New Jersey National Guard, unite in calling him the "ideal commander." His resignation from command of the Second Brigade is unfortunate for the entire military organization of the State.

General Gillmore is one of the most widely known military men in the United States. He comes from a family of soldiers, his father having been the late General Quincy A. Gillmore, U. S. A. He was born at West Point in 1851 and lived there until 1869, when he entered West Point Academy as a cadet. He was graduated in 1873 and was assigned to duty in the West. For seven years he participated in the Indian campaigns in Indian Territory, Texas and New Mexico.

In 1880 he was ordered back to West Point as instructor in cavalry tactics. He remained in this capacity for five and a half years and was then returned to the Eighth United States Cavalry, which was then stationed in South Dakota. When he returned to the Eighth Cavalry he was made regimental quartermaster and served four years in that capacity.

From the West he came East and entered the Electrical and Torpedo School of the United States War Department at Willis Point, New York. While there he was made a captain. Because of disability received in the line of duty he was retired in 1897, just before the Spanish-American war.

In that year he came to New Jersey and Governor Foster M. Voorhees sought his aid in organizing State troops for the war with Spain, acting upon the advice of the late Adjutant General William S. Stryker. General Stryker served during the Civil War on the staff of General Quincy A. Gillmore, the distinguished officer in command of the Union forces during the siege of Charleston, but it was not wholly memories of the father that prompted General Stryker to suggest the name of the son of his former commander, when the Governor was casting about for the best ability obtainable in order to have New Jersey represented in the volunteer army in a manner up to the



General Quincy O'M. Gillmore.

standard set in former wars; he knew the son was the man for the position.

General Gillmore enlisted in the volunteer army and upon recommendation of Governor Voorhees was commissioned Lieut.-Col. of the Fourth N. J. Reg't.

Although he did not succeed to the colonelcy of the regiment until after it left this State, his knowledge of military affairs had much to do with the organization and instruction of the regiment, which later on, under his command, ranked with the best of the nation in point of efficiency and strength.

When the war was ended the United States government selected General Gillmore as instructor of the New Jersey National Guard. Then he was prevailed upon to accept the colonelcy of the Second Regiment and brought that part of the State troops out of chaos into equal standing with older regiments which in the past had been highly favored in the matter of State attention.

General Gillmore's experiences as an officer of the National Guard have not been without thorns. He was branded a "carpet bagger" by a clique whose military ambitions seemed in danger when his name was placed on the roster. The term means a man traveling from one State to another in an effort to find official position, and it in no way applied to Gillmore. He was born at the West Point Military Academy, graduated from it and served on the frontier for many years with distinguished ability. He was a child of the nation—a professional soldier with broken health but possessing all the information of warfare which careful education and hard experience had given him.

Officers wearing more than two bars on their shoulder straps, have called him a "pooh-bah," because of the many positions he has held in the State, but it is safe to say that these positions have cost him more than their emoluments. As a

matter of fact, the only place he has ever had under the State government, which paid him a salary was that of instructor of tactics at the Rahway Reformatory. He did much toward perfecting a system of discipline in that institution and during the brief period of his incumbency received but \$600 a year for his services.

As a commander General Gillmore has been loved by the enlisted men and admired and respected by most of his brother officers. He placed the soldiers under him on their honor, and had occasion arisen to go into battle they would gladly and confidently have followed his lead.

A non-commissioned officer of the Fourth New Jersey Volunteers, who happened to take a "buff" bath along with his commander, one early morning at Sea Girt, afterward told his comrades he had "been in swimming with 'Gilly'; he can dive like a porpoise, and he's got freckles on his back as big as his heart"—and the boys knew that meant marks of mammoth size.

A strong point in General Gillmore's favor as a National Guard officer was that he was not a politician and was ever ready to advance a man on merit, without asking how he voted, or allowing men with a "pull" to sway him.

He is simply a soldier—a man who can sit before his tent and, with a toothpick and a little hard sand to scratch on, teach a young officer more about movements of troops than he could learn in a lifetime poring over books of tactics. He has served not only New Jersey well, but has been instrumental in adding to the regular army, from this State, officers who stand high, and who were tutored by him.

There were a "bunch" of 'em standing at the Windsor cigar counter. "Phil" came in "from back," and started to tell how it was that a clock hanging before the dispensing desk stopped, when the proprietor refused to buy any more of the particular variety of excitement ad-

vertised on the face of the time-piece. Whereupon, to win a bet that verses could not be written on the theme inside of fifteen minutes, the following was submitted by one of the local verse trust, who made the record time of $8\frac{1}{4}$ minutes, and won the blue ribbon :

THE CLOCK AND THE "BRAND."

Within a tavern in this town
 There was a clock that advertised
 A certain "brand"—to buy the same
 The customers were all advised
 By "tick,
 tick,
 tick."

One day the man that ran the place,
 Finding that his sales had dropped,
 Of that same "brand," bought no more goods,
 And then the clock, it simply stopped
 Its "ick,
 tick,
 tick."

What difference did it make at last
 To customers who came each day?
 They simply took the old clock's place,
 And when it came the time to pay
 'Twas "tick,
 tick,
 tick."

—F. B. L.

ACMEAN GREETING.

There's a riddle in these verses;
Help the answer to obtain.
Ev'ry one who fails to guess it merely has to guess again.

As comes a maiden, modest, seemly,
Canie a stranger to the town;
Men beheld and women wondered—
Env'y e'en forgot to frown

Many thought the comely comer
A far visitant must be:
Give her greeting," outspake Trenton,
And, giving, give it cordially."
Zeus, from lofty pose unbending
In the days long since that were,
Ne'er shed smiles on jovial welcome
Exceeding that we handed her.

S. T.



BARKER GUMMERE HAMILL

of the Trenton Trust and Safe Deposit Company, and one of the leaders in Trenton's younger social set, is devoting some of his time to the successful promotion of the amusement interests of the city. With his associates he has given Trenton one of the finest roller-skating rinks in the country. Mr Hamill combines business ability with suavity of manner and unflinching courtesy.

DREAMLAND LOVERS

By SMITH D. FRY



THEY have called me a pretty girl all my life, mother," said Louise Mayo. "Now the friendly call me a handsome woman, and you, mother, are chaffing me with being an old maid, while my brothers are seemingly more and more assured that I am insane or becoming so."

Pretty girl she must have been, handsome she surely was. Her two and twenty years scarcely warranted the title of old maid; and her flashing black eyes gave the instant lie to the charge of insanity, whether sincerely or frivolously made. Louise Mayo belonged by birth and double ancestry to the proud Lee and Randolph families of Virginia, and she was the type of woman not only to be proud of that splendid Virginia lineage, but to make all scions of both families proud of her kinship.

"I have always told you, mother, that I have never seen the face of my dreamland love, although I have always heard his dreamland voice. I know also that he belongs to the people who invaded and humiliated our State and Confederacy; because I have seen him, as a little boy, in the arms of his grandfather who wore the blue uniform of a Yankee Major General. I have seen him growing to manhood, and I have heard him singing before Northern audiences, the Yankee Major General being ever present until within the last few years. His voice has always been clear to me, his face only a shadow, outlined from childhood to manhood.

"I know all of his sectional ballads, all of his operatic selections, and I know that nowhere on earth is there or has there ever been a voice that could sing as he sings it 'When other lips and other hearts their tales of love shall tell.'"

While Louise Mayo was thus talking to her mother about her dreamland lov-

er, in the old colonial mansion on the James River, near Sabot Island, Grant Henderson of Philadelphia, a strong, stalwart young collegian of the Harvard brand, was talking in similar strain to his father and mother in the old colonial homestead where George Washington made his headquarters at the time "The Crisis" was being promulgated, and when the patriots at Valley Forge were going through that "time which tried men's souls."

"It is true, father, that this is only a dreamland voice that has haunted me, but it is a reality to me, however it may be viewed by you. I know well, my dear mother, what your desires have been from childhood, and I will admit that my inclinations have sometimes been that way. But whenever I have been led by your influence in that direction, my dreams have been disturbed and enlivened, and made akin to Paradise, by hearing the voice of the wonderful girl of the South whose figure I have so often seen, whose gowning is as familiar to me as your own, but whose face I am unable to discern in that wonderful dreamland whence she comes to me."

Within a week or two Grant Henderson, for the business firm of which his father was the head, was obliged to make a business trip through various Southern cities as far as New Orleans. In Richmond, after transacting business with a number of firms, he was obliged to remain over night in order to make railroad connections for Raleigh and the Carolinas. The clerk at the Jefferson Hotel told him that there was to be a charity concert near by, given by home talent, and that some wonderful performances could be seen and some marvelous voices be heard. The young man, however, promptly determined that he would remain in his room writing business letters, and he did so until nearly ten o'clock, when from the night air

came a thrilling voice rendering an aria from "Lucia Di Lammermoor." Dropping his pen and rising suddenly as though impelled by an electric shock, he went to the window and leaned therefrom, drinking in every note and saying to himself again and again, "that is my dreamland voice."

He heard the applause and double encore without leaving the window. Then he noted the orchestra sending forth the introductory notes of "Robin Adair," and immediately thereafter came the same voice singing that which he had always admired as the best song that came from the lips of his dreamland love.

Entranced, enthralled, immovable, he there remained until the last notes died away. Then leaving the room hastily without hat or coat, and without waiting for the elevator, he ran down stairs to find the possessor of that voice. Before he could reach the front door of the Jefferson Hotel the clerk grasped him by the arm and handed him a telegram which, upon opening, he found contained a notice from his father that his mother was seriously ill.

Impulsive he was and dutiful also. Within half an hour a train from the South was due, and giving up his dreamland voice, Grant Henderson hastily made preparation to take that train which bore him away to his mother. It was well for him and for his peace of mind thereafter that he did so, for he arrived in Philadelphia in time to see her and be recognized, and hear from her lips the singular and exceptional commendation: "Better son never lived."

Three months elapsed and Grant Henderson was again on a business tour at Winchester, Virginia. There he met a business man who had been a college chum at Cambridge, and by him was invited to visit the Cedar Creek battle-field where his grandfather had rendered distinguished services. Leaving the battle-field they went to Clarke County, Virginia; and, according to the Virginia custom, drove over the mountains and through the valleys in a buggy. While

passing through Millwood they noted on the hillside to the right, a gathering of country folks, and heard many sounds of music and laughter coming from the Beverly Randolph homestead, known through all that vicinity as "The Moorings."

Henderson requested his friend to halt and he did so. Then from the night air came the singular voice that he had so often heard in his dreams singing "Robin Adair." He begged his friend to remain that he might go and find the possessor of that voice, but a jeering laugh was the only rejoinder because of the lateness of the hour and the distance to Berryville. They did stop long enough, however, for Henderson to send back through the night air his greetings. Standing in the buggy at the foot of the hill he sang with marvelous strength and cultured timbre of tone, "When other lips and other hearts their tales of love shall tell;" and then they drove on.

There was consternation at "The Moorings" where Louise Mayo was visiting, when she announced and declared that that was the dreamland voice about which her friends had heard so much. They all rushed to the brow of the hill, only to see the buggy disappearing and Louise Mayo said: "that voice is no revelation to me, I have heard it often before: but will I ever see his face?"

While boating and fishing on the Shenandoah River during that visit, the boat was capsized, and although no lives were lost, from fright and excitement, Louise Mayo immediately lost her voice. Physicians and specialists said that no cure could be found, and that the voice was lost forever, unless some great fright or sudden surprise might bring it back again.

When Nature speaks to man and woman with that marvelous voice which leads them unerringly together, she makes no mistakes. It was inevitable that the possessors of those dreamland voices should meet. They did so.

At Asbury Park during the second summer after that charity concert in



She Found Herself Willingly in the Arms of Grant Henderson.

Richmond, Louise Mayo was visiting friends there as she had been visiting friends in Millwood, and they happened to be friends of Grant Henderson's too. One rainy night when all were driven

in doors, Grant Henderson, being temporarily in Asbury Park, called upon his friends. During the course of the evening he was invited and urged to sing, and did so, his second song being:

"When other lips and other hearts their tales of love shall tell."

"Did you not sing that song in Virginia last year?" inquired Louise Mayo when he had finished.

"I did so," he replied. "How did you know or hear anything about it?"

"I was there with that party on the hill and saw you standing in the buggy and heard the song."

"Then," said Grant Henderson with much sentiment, "I must hear the voice that sang 'Robin Adair.'"

Everyone present knew of Louise Mayo's misfortune and knew that she was the one that had sung "Robin Adair." They were surprised to see her arise and with quiet dignity go to

the piano with the purpose of attempting to sing. She struck a few introductory chords and began with timidity at first. But, with increasing confidence, the voice came back, and when she had concluded and turned to arise she found herself willingly in the arms of Grant Henderson, who held her, and turning to the astonished company, said:

"You must excuse me—I mean you must excuse us—because I have searched for this voice ever since this young woman was born, and I believe she has been looking for me."

Her unresisting silence gave confirmation to his words. And, as all true stories should end, "They lived happily ever afterwards."

THE SEA LIMITS

Consider the sea's listless chime :

Time's self it is, made audible,—

The murmur of the earth's own shell.

Secret continuance sublime

Is the sea's end; our sight may pass

No furlong further—Since time was,

This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's,—it hath

The mournfulness of ancient life,

Enduring always at dull strife,

As the world's heart of rest and wrath,

Its painful pulse is in the sands.

Last utterly, the whole sky stands,

Gray and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,

Listen alone among the woods :

Those voices of twin solitudes

Shall have one sound alike to thee :

Hark when the murmurs of thronged
men

Surge and sink back and surge again,—

Still the one voice of wave and tree—

Gather a shell from the strewn beach,

And listen at its lips; they sigh,

The same desire and mystery,

The echo of the whole sea's speech,

An all mankind is thus at heart

Not anything, but what thou art;

And Earth, Sea, Man and all in each.

—Rossetti.

IMPRESSIONS OF GEO. WASHINGTON*

[Among the comparatively few accounts of impressions of George Washington on the part of those who had the opportunity of close contact with him which have come down to us, that given by Benjamin Henry Latrobe, the architect of the capitol at Washington, who paid a visit to Mt. Vernon, is of great interest, and as every American is eager to learn as much as possible concerning the personality of the "Father of His Country," we give below the famous architect's notes of his visit.—EDITOR'S NOTE.]



HAVING alighted at Mount Vernon, I sent in my letter of introduction, and walked into the portico next to the river. In about ten minutes the President came to me. He was attired in a plain blue coat, his hair dressed and powdered. There was a reserve, but no hauteur in his manner. He shook me by the hand, said he was glad to see a friend of his nephew's, drew a chair, and desired me to sit down. Having inquired after the family I had left, the conversation turned upon Bath, to which they were going. He said he had known the place when there was scarce a house upon it fit to step in, that the accommodations were, he believed, very good at present. He thought the best thing a family, regularly and constantly visiting Bath, could do would be to build a house for their separate accommodation, the expense of which might be two hundred pounds. He has himself a house there which he supposes must be going to ruin. Independent of his public situation, the increased dissipation and frequency of visitors would be an objection to his visiting it again, unless the health of himself or family should render it necessary. At first that was the motive, he said, that induced people to encounter the badness of the roads and the inconvenience of the lodgings, but at present few, he believed, in comparison of the whole number, had health in view. Even those whose object it was, were interrupted in their quiet by the dissipation of the rest. This, he observed, must naturally be the case in every large collection of men whose minds were not occupied by pressing business

or personal interest. In these and many more observations of the same kind there was no moroseness nor anything that appeared as if the rapidly increasing immorality of the citizens particularly impressed him at the time he made them. They seemed the well-expressed remarks of a man who has seen and knows the world.

The conversation then turned upon the rivers of Virginia. He gave me a very minute account of all their directions, their natural advantages, and what he conceived might be done for their improvement by art. He then inquired whether I had seen the Dismal Swamp, and seemed particularly desirous of being informed upon the subject of the canal going forward there. He gave me a detailed account of the old Dismal Swamp Company and of their operations, of the injury they had received by the effects of the war, and still greater, which their inattention to their own concerns had done them. After many attempts on his part to procure a meeting of directors, the number of which the law provided should be six in order to do business, all of which proved fruitless, he gave up all further hopes of anything effectual being done for their interests, and sold out his shares in the proprietary at a price very inadequate to their real value. Since then his attention had been so much drawn to public affairs that he had scarcely made any inquiry into the proceedings either of the Swamp or of the Canal Company. I was much flattered by his attention to my observations, and his taking the pains either to object to my deductions where he thought them ill-founded, or to confirm them by very strong opinions of his own, made while he was in the habit of visiting the Swamp.

*From "The Journal of Latrobe," N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.



View of Monticello.

This conversation lasted above one hour, and, as he had at first told me that he was endeavoring to finish some letters to go by the post upon a variety of business, "which, notwithstanding his distance from the seat of Government, still pressed upon him in his retirement," I got up to take my leave; but he desired me, in a manner very like Dr. Johnson's, to "keep my chair," and then continued to talk to me about the great works going forward in England, and my own object in this country. I found him well acquainted with my mother's family in Pennsylvania. After much conversation upon the coal mines on James River, I told him of the silver mine at Rocketts. He laughed most heartily upon the very mention of the thing. I explained to him the nature of the expectations formed of its productiveness, and satisfied him of the probability that ore did exist there in considerable quantity. He made several minute inquiries concerning it, and then said that "it would give him real uneasiness

should any silver or gold mines be discovered that would tempt considerable capital into the prosecution of that object, and that he heartily wished for his country that it might contain no mines but such as the plow could reach, excepting only coal and iron."

After conversing with me more than two hours, he got up and said that "we should meet again at dinner." I then prowled about the lawn and took some views. Upon my return to the house, I found Mrs. Washington and her granddaughter, Miss Custis, in the hall. I introduced myself to Mrs. Washington as a friend of her nephew, and she immediately entered into conversation upon the prospect from the lawn, and presently gave me an account of her family in a good-humored free manner that was extremely pleasant and flattering. She retains strong remains of considerable beauty, seems to enjoy very good health, and to have a good humor. She has no affectation of superiority in the slightest degree, but acts completely in the

character of the mistress of the house of a respectable and opulent country gentleman. Her granddaughter, Miss Eleanor Custis, the only one of four who is unmarried, has more perfection of form, of expression, of color, of softness, and of firmness of mind than I have ever seen before or conceived consistent with mortality. She is everything that the chisel of Phidias aimed at but could not reach, and the soul beaming through her countenance and glowing in her smile is as superior to her face as mind is to matter.

Young La Fayette with his tutor came down some time before dinner. He is a young man about seventeen, of a mild, pleasant countenance, favorably impressing one at first sight. His figure is rather awkward. His manners are easy, and he has very little of the usual French air about him. He talked much, especially with Miss Custis, and seemed to possess wit and fluency. He spoke English tolerably well, much better, indeed, than his tutor, who has had the same time and opportunities of improvement.

Dinner was served about half after three. It had been postponed about a half hour in hopes of Mr. Lear's arrival from Alexandria. The President came into the portico about half an hour before three, and talked freely upon common topics with the family. At dinner he placed me at the left hand of Mrs. Washington; Miss Custis sat at her right, and himself next to her about the middle of the table. There was very little conversation at dinner. A few jokes passed between the President and young La Fayette, whom he treats more as his child than as a guest. I felt a little embarrassed at the silent, reserved air that prevailed. As I drink no wine, and the President drank only three glasses, the party soon returned to the portico. Mr. Lear, Mr. Dandridge, and Mr. Lear's three boys soon after arrived and helped out the conversation. The President retired in about three-quarters of an hour.

As much as I wished to stay, I thought it a point of delicacy to take up as little

of the time of the President as possible, and I therefore requested Mrs. Washington's permission to order my horses. She expressed a slight wish that I would stay, but I did not think it sufficiently strong in etiquette to detain me, and ordered my horses to the door. I waited a few minutes till the President returned. He asked me whether I had any very pressing business to prevent my lengthening my visit. I told him I had not, but that as I considered it an intrusion upon his more important engagements, I thought I could reach Colchester that evening by daylight. "Sir," said he, "you see I take my own way. If you can be content to take yours at my house, I shall be glad to see you here longer."

Coffee was brought about six o'clock. When it was removed the President, addressing himself to me, inquired after the state of the crops about Richmond. I told him all I had heard. A long conversation upon farming ensued, during which it grew dark, and he then proposed going into the hall. He made me sit down by him and continued the conversation for above an hour. During that time he gave me a very minute account of the Hessian fly and its progress from Long Island, where it first appeared, through New York, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, part of Pennsylvania and Maryland. It has not yet appeared in Virginia, but is daily dreaded. The cultivation of Indian corn next came up. He dwelt upon the advantages attending this most useful crop, and then said that the manner in which the land was exhausted by it, the constant attendance it required during the whole year, and the superior value of the produce of land in other crops would induce him to leave off entirely the cultivation of it, provided he could depend upon any market for a supply elsewhere. As food for the negroes, it was his opinion that it was infinitely preferable to wheat bread in point of nourishment. He had made the experiment upon his own land and had found that though the negroes, while the novelty lasted, seemed to prefer wheat bread as being the food



The Room Where Washington Died.

of their masters, soon grew tired of it. He conceived that should the negroes be fed upon wheat or rye bread, they would, in order to be fit for the same labor, be obliged to have a considerable addition to their allowance of meat. But notwithstanding all this, he thought the balance of advantage to be against the Indian corn.

He then entered into the different merits of a variety of plows which he had tried, and gave the preference to the heavy Rotheram plow from a full experience on its merits. The Berkshire iron plow he held next in estimation. He had found it impossible to get the iron work of his Rotheram plow replaced in a proper manner, otherwise he should never have discontinued its use. I promised to send him one of Mr. Richardson's plows of Tuckahoe, which he accepted with pleasure.

Mrs. Washington and Miss Custis had retired early, and the President left the company about eight o'clock. We soon

after retired to bed. There was no hint of supper.

I rose with the sun and walked in the grounds near the house. The President came to the company in the sitting room about one-half hour past seven, where all the latest newspapers were laid out. He talked with Mr. Lear about the progress of the work at the great falls, and in the City of Washington. Breakfast was served up in the usual Virginia style. Tea, coffee, and cold broiled meat. It was very soon over, and for an hour afterwards he stood upon the steps of the west door talking to the company, who were collected round him. The subject was chiefly the establishment of the University at the federal city. He mentioned the offer he had made of giving to it all the interests he had in the city on condition that it should go on in a given time, and complained that, though magnificent offers had been made by many speculators for the same purpose, there seemed to be no inclination to carry them into reality. He

spoke as if he felt a little hurt upon the subject. About ten o'clock he made a motion to retire, and I requested a servant to bring my horses to the door. He then returned, and as soon as my servant came up with the horses, he went to him and asked him if he had breakfasted. He then shook me by the hand, desired me to call if I came again into the neighborhood, and wished me a good morning.

Washington has something uncommonly majestic and commanding in his walk, his address, his figure, and his countenance. His face is characterized, however, more by intense and powerful thought than by quick and fiery conception. There is a mildness about its expression, and an air of reserve in his manner lowers its tone still more. He is sixty-four, but appears some years younger, and has sufficient apparent vigor to last many years yet. He was frequently entirely silent for many minutes,

during which time an awkwardness seemed to prevail in everyone present. His answers were often short and sometimes approached to moroseness. He did not at any time speak with very remarkable fluency; perhaps the extreme correctness of his language, which almost seemed studied, prevented that effect. He appeared to enjoy a humorous observation, and made several himself. He laughed heartily several times in a very good-humored manner. On the morning of my departure he treated me as if I had lived for years in his house, with ease and attention, but in general I thought there was a slight air of moroseness about him as if something had vexed him.

For Washington, had Horace lived at the present age, he would have written his celebrated ode: it is impossible to have ever read it and not to recollect in the presence of this great man the *virum justum propositique tenacem*, etc.

A YOUNG FIR WOOD

These little firs to-day are things
 To clasp into a giant's cap,
 Or fans to suit his lady's lap.
 From many winters, many springs,
 Shall cherish them in strength and sap.
 Till they be marked upon the map,
 A wood for the wind's wanderings.

All seed is in the sower's hands;
 And what at first was trained to spread
 Its shelter for some single head,—
 Yea, even such fellowship of wands,—
 May hide the sunset, and the shade
 Of its great multitude be laid
 Upon the earth and elder sands.

—Rossetti.

MIDWINTER ROSE PAGEANT

By FRANK G. MARTIN



THE charming little city of Pasadena, nestling within the somber shadows of the Sierra Madre mountains of Southern California, boasts the unique festival of the United States—or the world, for that matter. The Mardi Gras festivities and spring festivals of the cities of the South have their own peculiar charm from which no detraction is made in stating that in one respect Pasadena's annual Tournament of Roses excels them all.

To put upon the streets a long procession each New Year's day of fantastic floats, gorgeously decorated in millions of natural flowers grown in the open ground in midwinter, is the unique achievement of Pasadena. Other cities have elaborately decked processions, but nowhere is such a pageant arrayed in all the glory of virgin flowers fresh from the ground.

The 1906 Tournament at Pasadena far excelled all former ones in magnificence.

Sixty thousand people thronged the streets and byways to look with surprise and admiration upon this beautiful vision, meet to grace the triumphal progress of the queen of the fairies. From all over the land tourists gather to witness this animated epic of the flower kingdom. Thoroughly cosmopolitan is the multitude. The man in jeans and the Mexican peon jostle elbows with the gem-decked millionaire and his richly attired lady—and this is a city of millionaires during the winter, as scores make it their home for four months in the year to escape the rigors of the Eastern winter. Here is a leveling of all caste. The man of millions cannot shout any more lustily than the barefoot urchin in enthusiastic homage to the queen of flowers, to whom all make obeisance on this festal day.

The schools of Pasadena are the most enthusiastic devotees of the Tournament from year to year. For ten days prior to New Year's books are cast aside, the schools are dismissed, and from princi-



Chrysanthemum beds in a city park Los Angeles, November,



An automobile embowered in flowers, Pasadena Tournament of Roses, 1906.

pals and parents down to the tiniest tots there is one grand army of decoration. The several sections of the city are systematically canvassed in quest of flowers and plants, and each school keeps its float, and its plans carefully sequestered, for there is keen rivalry among the schools for the attractive prizes offered. Not until the day before the Tournament is the decorating completed, and not until the float appears on the street does the public, or even the rival schools, know what is coming from the respective participants.

For weeks the general preparations have been in progress. A permanent Tournament of Roses Association is maintained, incorporated and capitalized, and leading men of affairs of the community spend weeks of their time assisting to advertise, solicit entries and promote the Tournament.

The queen of the Tournament is selected from the High School by popular vote, and each school in the city selects two maids of honor to attend the queen. These selections are made far in advance of the Tournament to give ample time to prepare the costumes, upon which hundreds of dollars are spent.

The auspicious day dawns—the sky guiltless of a cloud, the atmosphere

faultlessly free from frigidity. The sun, catching the spirit of the occasion, incarnadines the eastern vestibule of heaven ere showing his beaming countenance over the mountain walls. The birds fling melody from a thousand trees and shrubs. Ten thousand modest blooms dance gaily with the waltzing ocean breeze. Filmy pepper trees, ruddy with rubied rosaries of brilliant berries, flaunt coquettishly their lacy vestments. The solemn palms, sedate as Egyptian priests, throw aside their dignity for the nonce and give a Chautauqua fan salute as advances morning day toward the climacteric hour. All nature is in festive mood. The very air is rose-tinted, rose-perfumed; the very welkin rings with acclaim to the queen of the hour—the rose.

But half his wonted course to the zenith has the sun traversed when a trumpet sounds, loud, clear and resonant, and the expectant mass of humanity—a streamer a mile with long lateral lines clamoring to reach a vantage point—instantly is hushed and stands tiptoe. The procession is a-move. The spectacle is unfolding. Spirited steeds, richly caparisoned, bearing dashing gallants in gay uniforms, herald the approach of the queen of the tourna-

ment in her carriage of state, and her splendid retinue. Out from the forming ground into the main thoroughfare sweeps the train to the stirring "Marsellaise." A rippling cheer breaks forth and rolls on and on as the pageant moves, increasing in volume until it surges and dies away in the distance—a tremendous breaker of enthusiasm followed by another and another, sweeping over this pent-up sea of beauty-thrilled humanity.

From every animated window float the Tournament colors—bannerets of red and white; from every building, prodigally profuse, depend multi-hued decorations of flowers and shrubs and palms. To the quick music of bands the triumphal progress is made. Now comes a lull, then bursts a mighty storm—Chiffarelli has sounded the keynote that swells every heart to overflowing and drives every throat to shouting. The warm blood of the Southland is surging through this crowd, and it leavens the whole lump. The stolid man from Maine is venting

his lungs as vociferously as the impulsive Tennessee "rebel" lets forth his famous "yell." "Dixie" is in the air, and the multitude sways to it as to an hypnotic spell.

Well in the lead is the prize-winning entry of the Tournament in its class—the High School's six-in-hand. A Chinese temple is symbolized, and in its make-up oriental splendor is fittingly represented. The vehicle is embowered in a profusion of pink and white geraniums, marguerites, carnations and calla lilies being used in artistic effects. The beautiful creation is drawn by six white horses gaudily caparisoned in pink harness, decorated in ropes of carnations resembling nets and with large bows of ribbon and strands of smilax prettily interwoven in the running gear. The large temple banners are masses of pink and white roses.

One of the most striking displays is that of the Altadena school—a majestic battleship, complete in every detail, and made throughout with flowers. The



Pasadena High School Float.



Six-in-hand of Hotel Green, Pasadena Tournament of Roses, New Year's Day, 1906.

body of the vessel is decorated in white marguerites, while hanging ivy, trailing the ground, gives the water effect. To the front of the vessel is represented dashing spray in the form of massed calla lilies. Around the gun-shields and on the decks are masses of roses, five thousand separate cuttings being used. Seventy-five thousand individual blooms are employed in decorating this one float alone.

On, on, rolls the rhythmic mass of color, running the gamut from the passionate crimson to the subdued lily white. After the schools come a bewildering array of novelties in six-in-hands, four-in-hands, two-horse and one-horse vehicles, the fire department, tandem ponies, two-

pony vehicles, one-pony vehicles, saddle horses, automobiles, burros, bicycles, and what-nots, bringing up the rear of a procession more than a mile in length.

And over it all is spread the glamour of romance, the soft and witching beauty of an artist's dream. The blooms which array the spectacle in the royal purple and the cloth of gold of nature put to shame all hollow mockeries in the way of artificial flowers. From the inception of the Pasadena Tournament of Roses all but natural blooms for decorations have been excluded. To this fact is due the unique and lasting charm of this mammoth bouquet plucked annually as a superb setting for the crown of the New Year.

THE FLYING PERFECT

We sleep, we dream, we work and strive,
And through the busy days
We glimpse a Vision half unreal,
The mysterious fugitive Ideal,
Elusive, beckoning, in devious ways,
It leads us on.

THE CUP THAT CHEERS

By D. PRESTON PARR



ONCE upon a time I stood by the shore of the Indian Ocean, where a lofty smoke-stack lifted its ugly, black head against the verdure of a terraced hill. Strewn around me were wheels and cogs and shafts, all shackled under the propelling power of a mighty engine, but yielding their strength and cunning to the corrosive blight of rust and decay. The terraces were drying floors, the chimney was a force-draft device to a giant furnace, the wheels and pulleys and shafts and cogs, the engines and mills and fans were but the bones of an industrial plant, that disaster had given over to disuse and ruin. There was a three-story building of imported brick, laid in imported cement. There were gardens down to the water's marge, and on either hand storage sheds stretched away to a garden by a river, where oleanders and bananas grew, in profusion. There were huts for the housing of laborers, and a compound, and a hideous bungalow. The whole represented a cost of fifty thousand pounds sterling, something like a quarter of a million dollars, American money, all sunk in the sand as a monument to that changeless God of Change, that presides over the history of human endeavor.

Strangest of all, this ruin had been wrought, this superb plant had been relegated to the scrap-pile, because chicory was cheaper than coffee, because British taste tripping away from coffee pure, had crossed over to the chicory blend and European taste, true to the democracy of "chacun a son gout" had gone tumbling after. Practically all over the civilized world, except America, chicory with a trifle of coffee in it, is thought to be better than coffee straight. Repeatedly I have been told, by mine host of the British Empire, that what he calls "blended coffee" is best, and coffee without chicory in it is not wanted. No one

now, he says, likes the pure stuff, or will drink it if served. It is idle for me to argue that blended coffee is a mixture of kinds, as Eastern and Western, or as Maracaibo and Java, and that what he purveys is only adulterated coffee. He blandly conveys to me that I am but a Yankee, and as such am not yet up to the best standards of European taste. But, our burly British friends are not strong on coffee, or by any means the best makers of the beverage, for the Austrians beat them in Europe, as do also the Spaniards, and over on this side we can give them odds and then win out ahead.

Italians are good coffee makers, and so are the Dutch, but "coffeeville is in the States," as my friend Carver, puts it, and any old mammy of Virginia, or Louisiana, with nothing but a skillet and a boiler, can turn out coffee to beat the "King's Coffee-maker," and she will wear a red bandana kerchief and smoke a Sally Michael pipe, while ministering the mysteries.

In the light of those luminous lies that used to pass current with us, when tradition was history, the shadows of mystery hang about the origin of coffee drinking. Some authorities say the Arab invented the beverage, and some vote for the Abyssinian. Mocha itself is as much a mystery in its origin, and as a mystery it will pass into the land of lore, where fairies weave the chapters that science dare not criticise.

Royal Edward's servitor, who distills his table beverages, is said to be an Arab. I suppose he is, but the children of the desert have made coffee for me; too, and I still sing the supremacy of Mammy, and vastly prefer her brew. The Arabian method is simple. It consists chiefly in an assortment of pots, to fit the brew, as one-cup pot, a two-cup pot, and so on. I think I never saw an Arab pot big enough for six cups, and I never saw an Arab drink or offer a second

cup, that was not freshly made, after the first cup had been consumed.

When the water has come to a boil, Mahomet puts in the requisite sugar and stirs, till the cut-loaf lumps are dissolved. Then he stirs in the finely pulverized coffee till thoroughly mixed with the water. Three times he lets it come to a boil, and three times he deftly whips it from the fire and taps the bottom against the nearest solid object, till the froth goes down. The fourth time the froth rises the mystery is complete, and the pot should be immediately removed from the fire. Most commonly a two-cup pot is used, and the coffee is divided into the cups waiting, so some of the froth shall float on each. If more coffee is wanted, the process is gone through again. On no account will an Arab drink coffee that has been standing awhile, even if kept hot. It must always be freshly brewed to be perfect.

The black coffee of the French is made on the drip principle, as indeed nearly all European coffee is, only a few now following the Arabian method. Some of these old fashioned makers are French, but for the most part they are Austrian, Italian, Spanish or Portuguese. The Dutch make good coffee, and the Boers in Africa follow after their forefathers in this respect. The Russians make capital coffee on their warships, and I fancy they do in their homes. But Uncle Sam's sons and daughters drink most of all the coffee grown in all the world, and it is only fair to say that the domestic art of making coffee has been most highly developed and most widely popularized in this country.

When it comes to tea and the art of drawing it, we must all yield the palm to the empire upon whose boundaries the sun never sets. With her over-powering interests in Indian and the Straits settlements, with her intimate trade associations and political alliances in China and Japan, Britain has more channels that drain tea into the markets of the world than all other nations combined.

When it comes to brewing the beverage she is easily chief cook, and when you foot up the tea-drinkers it will be

found the Imperial columns carry the largest figures. Russia poses as an opponent of Britain in tea-drawing, drinking and transporting. Germany bids for a prominent place among purveyors and purchasers of tea, but as a worthy competitor no European nation makes a show against the Kingdom of the Isles and the Empire of the Indies. Almost anywhere that British civilization imposes its influence you will find the democratic tea-room a very popular institution.

Everywhere "English is spoke" you can get a fairly good cup of tea, for British domestics know how to draw it, after a century or so of application to the art. One never gets a good cup of tea in this country, outside a few hotels that cater to the English custom and the homes of the fairly well-to-do. As for colored folks and the tea cup, the connection is not strong or lasting. My Mammy says that "kerosene lamps and sewin' machines ain't for niggers no-way," and I think I would add the teapot. You can't be slovenly and careless and make a passable cup of tea, except by accident, and the process is too precise and exacting to suit the "loose and keerless" methods of the "new issue darkey." That horrible poison, "stewed tea," is still imbibed in this country, and the pot that is never washed clean of the "old drawings" is not unknown. In England I think the same conditions exist, but to a less extent in Ireland, and still less in Scotland. In fact, the land o' cakes is the land of the teapot too, and one always expects a good cup of tea in Scotland.

As for iced tea, that is really an American dish, though the Russ sets up independently for a drinker of cold tea, but he ruins it with lemon and sugar, and though claiming to be the final depository of all tea perfection, and the altar whereon the samover forever sets, I am not disposed to yield my preference to a taste which can tolerate tallow candles for a light lunch, and wash them down with a liberal portion of vodka. In fact, I am quite prepared for the inevitable succession of Japan as arbiter of the

teapot, and I transfer my willing allegiance without compulsion.

Speaking of cold tea and Russian taste once, to a Boer lady in Africa, she told me her husband was a Russian, and her mother-in-law always made cold tea by the steeping process rather than the drawing. When breakfast was over the old lady used the lukewarm water left in the urn to draw the tea for the afternoon meal. The result was perfect cold tea. She was much surprised when I told her that was exactly the way my mother made cold tea, and I was pleased to have such expert testimony to a practice to which I had long since given my own approval. I dearly love a cup of good cold tea, by which I mean a well-steeped tea, devoid of all stem-fibre bitterness, cooled by a small bit of ice, to that degree of frigidity that pleases the palate, and yet leaves one a taste not frappe with the beverage. That is my idea of perfect cold tea, and I don't want any sugar or lemon or anything else added to spoil the poetry of the tea, I was quite relieved when I found a great many Chinese and Japanese gentlemen agree with me in this particular taste.

On the African side of the Indian Ocean there are gardens where a seedling pekoe grows that fits my taste to a nicety. It is nourished on beautiful trade-winds, fed on balmy dews, sun-drawn from the sea, and basket-fired, like certain Japan teas. It is not much like the orange pekoes from which it springs, but is as nearly natural in color and taste as we can easily get in these sophisticated days, and I can drink it all day long without waking up my nerves. That is when I can get it, for I have not yet seen it in this country.

There is one little bit of beverage wis-

dom, I might make clear in a word of advice at this point; "don't make your preference in tea a fad, unless you are prepared to pay for it." Prices on tea are mostly fancy. The real, scientific differentiations are generally of minor import, and any tea can be bought in London as cheaply as it can in China.

Pure food ethics are not sustained at any higher level among the beverages than they are among the solids of the table. Cocoa is peculiarly susceptible to adulteration, and the art of stretching its profits at the cost of its purity, has been carried far in Europe as well as in the States.

Coffee is burnished, painted, varnished and mixed with imitation beans as well as real beans from the cornfields, and there is little doubt that restaurants all over the world sell more chicory and malt in imitation of coffee, than they do of the real thing itself. Tea suffers least, perhaps, at the adulterator's hands, and when leaves of other plants are added, the fraud is comparatively easy of detection. The main point and about the worst one on cheap teas, is the dirt and dust left in them. On most of the large tea estates in the East now, lead packets are put up in small sizes, and generally one can buy the best teas, just as they leave the growers' hands. There is no duty on table beverages in the United States now, and our importers on both oceans should be able to put the finest "chops" on the market at popular prices, without saying "by your leave" to London.

Tea experiments in the Carolinas are like to add a home article to our resources in beverages, but the price for perhaps a year or two yet, will not compete with the popular "chops" of China and Ceylon.

THE COQUETTE OF THE RANCH

By HUGO ERICHSEN



KID McKEE pulled away at straps almost viciously, as he harnessed up the mare to go to the station. He was a tall, fine looking young fellow, as straight as a pine, with the rare combination of clear blue eyes and raven hair that betokens the Celt. And, indeed, he was of Irish descent and proud of it. But not so proud but what he would have put the harp of gold in the field of green under the stars and stripes on the day we celebrate. He wore the traditional cowboy costume and looked as though he had been born in it. But what was more to the purpose in that far Western country, he was known as the best horseman on the Little Big Horn and possessed a reputation for fearlessness and marksmanship that extended far beyond the confines of the state. Just then he was clearly in a state of perplexity, for he scratched his head and knitted his brows in a manner that evinced all but a contented frame of mind.

"What's the

matter, Sid?" Tom Ferrers, the ranch foreman, inquired, in passing, "you look as black as a thunder cloud."

"Well, it's enough to make anybody feel sore," the young fellow responded, "to think of my having to hitch up a good horse to that outfit," and he waved his hand contemptuously in the direction of a buggy rather the worse for wear.

"I wouldn't do it for anybody but Miss Jennie," he continued, and then concluded mournfully, "and to think of her

asking me to leave the saddle to pilot that thing."

"O, of course," the foreman assented with a grin, "if Miss Jennie asked ye, ye'd naturally go." And he hastened away before the young cowpuncher got a chance to reply, a circumstance that didn't improve that gentleman's temper. For it was well known that Sid was head over heels in love with Col. Mullen's daughter—the virtual owner of the ranch, although the title was in her father's name. Anybody but Sid would have been guyed unmercifully by the men, for what they con-



sidered presumption, but his dexterity with the "gun" commanded their respect and enforced silence. Moreover, they liked him. Ferrers was the only one who dared to make occasional allusions to the matter.

The horse was panting when Sid reached the station. And the way he had driven the poor beast, it was indeed a miracle the buggy had not been wrecked. Regardless of ruts and holes in the roadways, they had gone up and down grade at a rapid pace. Now and then Sid was nearly jolted off his seat, a circumstance that only served to increase his irascibility. He reached the little depot, as it might have been called by a stretch of the imagination, about half an hour before the train pulled in and, meanwhile amused some of the habitués of the place by a vivid description of the drawbacks and discomforts of riding in an upholstered vehicle, as compared to the manifest superiority and advantages of the saddle.

But the pathetic, though still youthful figure that emerged from the train and alighted with the assistance of the Pullman porter completely melted the heart of the big fellow and made him as tender as a woman.

"Is this Mr. Thomas Bridge?" he asked, as he advanced toward the invalid. The latter attempted to answer, but a coughing fit shook his emaciated form, so he merely nodded and suffered Sid to lead him toward the buggy and to instal him on the upholstered cushions the cowboy so much disdained. The hectic flush on his high cheek bones spelled the name of his disease. Of medium height and light complexion, he wore eye-glasses and had the appearance of one who had delved much in the forgotten lore of bygone ages, but had seen little of the world.

At least this was true of the Western world, for the very first words he uttered gave offense. As soon as his cough had subsided somewhat and ere they started on the wearisome return journey, he said: "I presume you're from Colonel Mullen's ranch, my man?"

Sid frowned. He was not accustomed

to be addressed in that manner. His first impulse was to lay the whip on the horse and jolt the impertinent mortal into the ditch. But then, mindful of the poor fellow's condition, he merely said, "Ye're plumb right, stranger."

And now it was the newcomer's turn to redden to the roots of his hair and to resolve not to address the cowboys in terms he was wont to apply to his Eastern domestics. To the invalid's question about the ranch Sid replied in monosyllables, till the one-sided conversation flagged and finally terminated altogether, each man being occupied with his thoughts. If Bridge has been familiar with McKee's antecedents, he might have been still more impressed with the incongruity of his surroundings, for it was commonly rumored along the Little Big Horn that Sid had run away from college, in his Sophomore year, because he refused to adopt a professional career and had preferred the independence of a cow-puncher to the ease and elegance of a "gentleman." To the delight of "Jimmie," the horse, Sid walked him all the way, as though he were part of a funeral procession, and thus enabled him to recover from his previous exertions.

That night, when Sid, who shared the foreman's room, kept Ferrers awake by restlessly tossing on his mattress and vainly seeking oblivion in sleep, he wondered why it was women-folk always made such a fuss over sick people. Ever since Bridge had arrived, Miss Jennie had no eyes for any one else. Nothing seemed too good for the invalid, who, though a distant relative, in McKee's estimation was not entitled to so much consideration. She all but tried to induce the colonel to vacate his apartments and would have succeeded, if it had not been for the emphatic protest of Mary Stewart, the housekeeper. When it came to the affairs of the household, Mary was supreme and no one dared to dispute her authority, not even Miss Jennie whom, as a child, she had coddled and spoiled.

Under the gentle ministrations of Miss Mullen and the stimulating influ-

ence of the balmy Western air, Bridge rapidly improved. Dr. Hawkins, of the near-by "Silver King" mine, attended him regularly, but shook his head skeptically when allusions were made to the manifest improvement of the invalid and permanent recovery was predicted. However, even he was evidently puzzled by the fact that Bridge gained steadily in strength, and was soon able to move about freely without assistance.

But with a partial restoration of his former vigor, a certain aggressiveness returned that ill became him. To Sid he showed a decided aversion, which the latter treated with contempt, being more amused than annoyed by the ill-natured remarks in which the "tenderfoot" indulged.

Before long Bridge had recovered to such an extent that he was wont to strut, city fashion, up and down the long veranda and boast of his athletic feats "when I was at college, don't you know." Many of his vaporings were overheard and repeated in the men's quarters, where they were provided an unfailing source of merriment. But the cow-punchers took good care not to let the colonel become aware of their comments; if there was one thing sacred on Mullen's ranch, it was the traditional Western hospitality. Sid's animosity to the stran-

ger was soon noted, however, and the delight of the "boys" knew no bounds when they discovered that Bridge afforded them a means of guying McKee indirectly, until the young fellow strode out of the bunk-house in a state of great indignation, and the assemblage gave

vent to a burst of hilarity—when he was safely out of earshot.

strange to say, the principal topic of conversation was the progress Bridge was making in the affections of "a certain young lady," whom he courted with all the wiles of a city-bred Don Juan. Every cowboy felt instinctively that it would not do to mention Miss Jennie's name in connection with the affair, although it was perfectly evident whom they meant. And, stranger still, Sid was in the habit of frequenting their quarters after nightfall, although he knew the turn their talk would take and how painful the subject would probably become to him.

For, to tell the truth, he felt there

was some warrant for their assertions. Since the tenderfoot's arrival, Miss Jennie had treated him with coolness and had given him to understand that she preferred the former's company to his own. Time and again, he was strongly tempted to deal harshly with his rival, and he ground



his teeth in impotent rage as the conviction struck him that it would be cowardly to call a sick man to account for something in which a woman was the sole arbiter. If Miss Jennie preferred a man who had considerable holdings in the West and could afford to support a wife, to a poor cow-puncher whose sole prospects for the future centered in an irreconcilable father—whose business was it?

But, as usual, the unexpected happened and the arch-enemy of the consumptive—pulmonary hemorrhage—put a sudden end to Bridge's improvement and sent a cowboy, at a gallop, to the "Silver King." Sid had volunteered for the ride, and it made the onlookers hold their breath to note the breakneck speed to which he urged his snorting Indian pony.

When he returned, he ushered Dr. Hawkins into the presence of the invalid, who, white as marble and quite exhausted, sat propped up among a lot of pillows, in bed, vainly endeavoring to speak.

When, at length, he was again able to make himself understood, he beckoned to the doctor and conversed with him in a low tone. Then, to Sid's surprise, the doctor strode over to Miss Jennie and talked to her earnestly. Evidently they argued some point, for the physician shook his head vigorously, while the determined look that had settled on Miss Mullen's face, ever since the conversation began, never left it. And finally, when Sid's curiosity at all these mysterious conferences had reached the boiling point, Jennie—smiling as only she knew how to smile—came over to him and said, in a voice loud enough for all to hear: "Mr. McKee, I am going to marry Mr. Bridge. Will you kindly consent to be one of my witnesses?"

If it had not been so pitiable, it would have been amusing. Sid stood before her as though he had turned to stone, and was clearly helpless. The color had left his face and he had utterly lost his usual aggressive appearance.

"You—You," he stammered at last, vainly trying to compose himself. And

finally, with a mighty effort, he managed to ejaculate a feeble: "Yes."

She had watched him narrowly all the time. When he assented, she bowed graciously, smiled sweetly and said: "I knew you'd be willing; if we had not been such old friends, I would not have asked you."

Old friends! Sid felt the beads of cold perspiration gather on his forehead. And he thought she knew he loved her!

The happiness of Bridge, on the other hand, was beautiful to behold, and he took no pains to conceal it. But Miss Mullen's countenance, as usual, was inscrutable. "You must not exercise yourself, dearest," she said calmly, when he made an effort to embrace her. "You'll never get well if you do." And she smoothed his pillow carefully, while he followed every move she made with eyes that plainly evinced adoration.

At the request of the sick man, the wedding was to come off the following day. So a cow-puncher was dispatched to Rincon for a sky-pilot, as the irreverent "boys" called the minister of the gospel. That night, however, there was a change for the worse in the condition of the patient, and when Dr. Hawkins came, with the dawn, he was just in time to see the finale of a courtship that did not end conventionally. Miss Jennie sat at the bedside holding the hand of the stricken man, whose countenance still bore the ineffable look of happiness that had settled on it the day before. No one else was present but the doctor, the colonel having retired early on account of a slight indisposition. The stillness of the room was unbroken, save by the labored breathing of the dying man. And thus he passed away, while the peace of God was in his looks and the woman he loved at his side.

Instead of solemnizing a marriage, the clergyman was persuaded to stay over until the following day to pronounce the last rites of his church over the lifeless form of Thomas Bridge, whom death had invested with a certain dignity he had utterly lacked in life. A rude coffin had been forthcoming from Rincon, its shiny black surface being somewhat re-

lieved by pine-boughs and wild flowers from a neighboring canyon.

To the surprise of the men, Miss Mullen bore her bereavement bravely. They had expected her to be the only sincere mourner of the occasion, and came prepared to witness an exhibition of grief ending in a flood of tears. Instead she did not appear any more concerned than the remainder of the assemblage, and a casual observer would have scarcely picked her out as the chief mourner. She was dressed in black, but that was the only indication of bereavement she manifested. She did not shed tears or show any feeling, even when the reverend gentleman alluded to her loss and dwelt eloquently on the sadness of her lot. Sid, who watched her closely, was perplexed, but the men attributed her stoicism to Western pluck, admired her greatly, and made whispered comments on what they considered "a great case of nerve." Bridge had never been popular among them, as he had treated them in a supercilious manner they resented. Under the circumstances it was not surprising, therefore, that the funeral of the tenderfoot proved as unconventional as his brief courtship had been. Everybody, apparently, felt greatly relieved when the body had been consigned to the express car and the train sped away with it to the East. The cowboys, in fact, made no pretense to sorrow, and discharged their revolvers into the air, on their way home, to relieve their exuberant feelings.

It was greatly expected that Miss Jennie would visit distant relatives for a while after the funeral. But she did nothing of the kind. She startled the little community by appearing the next morning in a dress of the brightest hue and developed a sudden taste for horseback riding. Utterly fearless, she visited the most distant canyons of the valley, although some of them were known to abound with rattlesnakes.

On one of these occasions, quite acci-

dentally, of course, she suddenly came upon Sid.

"O, Mr. McKee," she exclaimed, "how you frightened me!" though she did not look a bit alarmed.

The young ranchman raised his hat, "it was quite unintentional, Miss Mullen," he observed, "I just happened to—"

"O, you needn't explain," she hastened to say, "I believe you—implicitly," and her gay laugh woke the echoes in the canyon.

Somehow he felt chagrined at her merry mood, when he had expected to find her pensive and down-hearted.

"At any rate," he remarked, "I do not want to intrude upon your sorrow." And with that he turned his horse about as if to leave.

"Stop!" she cried, imperatively, her mood undergoing an instant change. "Who told you I indulge in that emotion? And why should I be sorry?"

He was dumbfounded and did not know what to reply.

"The mere fact that I was the affianced of Mr. Bridge does not necessarily indicate that I loved him and meant to be his wife," she went on vehemently, "I knew he was doomed. Dr. Hawkins told me so. And I—I—wanted to see him die happy—"

"And I did," she concluded triumphantly, "he passed away believing he would recover and that I would be his."

Like one in a dream, the young ranchman heard the strange confession, Reining his horse close up to hers and clasping her struggling form in his strong arms, he said, masterfully: "And now I have a right to speak and tell you, Jennie, that I have loved you for years, ever since I have known you."

He intended to kiss her, to which she offered no resistance, but just at the crucial moment her horse made a lunge that separated them. His dismay was so comical, it made her laugh.

"Come and get it," she cried gaily, and led the race down the canyon.

RAG MANDY'S VALENTINE

By EMMA D. NUCKOLS



STORY from Uncle Olmstead Simmons is, as a rule, to be doubted. He was one whom nature had endowed with a glib tongue and a phenomenal habit of coining words as he used them. This was, perhaps, in reparation for having given him legs so bowed that they crossed at the ankles, and feet of abnormal proportions which turned out at an angle of forty-five degrees. He was considered, despite his untruthfulness, the black oracle of the place, and as Aunt Melissey had repeated the story from him, it had been inspired with some dignity; the story that Rag Mandy had a valentine. Tangle, a long wool, thick-hip darkey, now carries it around.

Tangle is a good news carrier, his circulation being well up in the hundreds, for at each of his loafing places, which means, at one time or another, every corner in town, he has an audience of subscribers who pay in "chaw tobaccor," jewsharps, brass jewelry and poor whiskey. They stand eager for any new bit of a sensation in which they always find Tangle's brain fertile.

"She sho' is got dat voluntime an' hit ain' nobody gwine tell huccum she git hit. 'Stracted er no 'stracted, Mandy done cunjah niggahs fo' t'day. She a 'oman an' a witch. Ef she wan' chicken fuh supper all she got to do is roll dem eyes en' de nices' pullet in white fo'k hen-house jes' flap down daid."

Tangle has the reputation of being what is known, in the song as a "nachel bawn reacher," hence he is always ready with some chicken episode to illustrate his discourse.

Though "spilen wid cyorosity" about the valentine not a one of them had the courage to encroach upon Mandy's private affairs or to invade her sacred domains even as far as the "po'ch." Half woman and half witch though she be, she can put to rout half a score of darkies,

as many grown white people, and all the children in town by quietly turning about and facing them.

Every child who has grown up at the Capital in the past forty years recognizes at once the dwarfed little figure, hung with the most ragged of clothes, the tiny arm, knotty and brown as the fagots which she carries in enormous bundles on her head. She has a shriveled little brown face with round flat nostrils and round, starey eyes which look out from beneath a bunch of rags twice the size of her head, serving as head covering and cushion as well. Not infrequently a large bag of rags is across her shoulder and in one hand the long handled iron hook with which she rakes out her prizes. She has no call like the city rag man, neither does she accept charity. A bag of rags offered to her meets with the rebuff: "I ain't no beggah." Day after day she searches the alleys and gardens, and as the result of her untiring wanderings owns a good two-story cabin which makes her the envy of half the colored population.

Mandy is often the means of unceremoniously breaking up a game of marbles by appearing on the block. From a good stronghold, such as a large tree or a closed fence, the children call out: "Rag Mandy, Rag Mandy, Ra-a-g Mandy!" and the boys send bits of earth in their sling shots after her.

She turns slowly around in her wrath, shakes her tiny fist and pours out her rare vocabulary of swear words ending in something about "low bred po' white trash!"

At close range and unprotected these little teasers address her politely as "Aunt Mandy," and make haste to tell her whose children they are. Sometimes the names come too slowly, she darts at them and soon she sees nothing but heel.

With the old childish fear still clinging, but a curiosity newly inspired by the approach of St. Valentine's Day, I

determined to visit Rag Mandy and gaze on that valentine. I knew I must broach the subject carefully and dignify my visit with some unusual pretext.

"Better cross yo' fingahs fo' you goes in Mandy's gate."

"I gwine out to dat red hai'd niggah grab'n fotch you rabbit foot, honey."

"Mandy done conjer white fo'k, too!"

These warnings from three sources did not augment my courage, and with the expectation of being introduced to spooks and hobgoblins, none of whom could, I knew, be more terrifying than Rag Mandy, I drove up to her cabin. The place was as unmistakable as though her name had been printed in large letters on the fence, for her trade-marks were everywhere. On the fence, hanging from the trees, on the porch and stuffed into the windows were rags of every size, but principally of a muddy color.

I had been there just once before when, by means of taking her a cake, I had inveigled her into coming to the carriage for a friend to get a snap shot of her.

The gate being open, I walked up the rickety steps and stationed the coachman near, in case the visit should prove unwelcome. A very gingerly tap brought no response, and in a second I knocked desperately. This time I heard a few creaks and the door opened about two inches wide, enough to disclose Aunt Mandy's face forming a question mark.

I was facing, on the edge of her threshold, Rag Mandy, witch, evil spirit, town terror! The old idea of protecting myself came, and I said quickly, "How do you do? I am the eldest daughter of Dr. ———."

The door opened a little wider. No response from Mandy, who turned and called: "Mother, mother! Lady heah." Then she shuffled out of the room.

"May I come in?" and, without waiting, I walked in.

After a little, in came a larger and lighter edition of Aunt Mandy, solemn as the grave, and with a skin like old wet tan leather. Her mouth was made hideous by the growth of gums over her

few remaining teeth, and the white wool above her face was partially covered by a faded black rag.

Aunt Agnes was not much more hospitable than her daughter, and seemed to be inquiring for the excuse for my visit.

"I wanted to see your white pine bed," I said, "someone told me that you had a very old one."

"Dat ah, settin' over dyah by de chim-bly, a mighty old baid, nigh on to a hundred, I reckon."

I saw four posts, each surmounted by a large ball and the rest of the old piece was made invisible by a huge feather bed and quilts.

"I kin tek de kivvers off," said Aunt Agnes in an accommodating mood.

But I would not trouble her, I just stooped and looked beneath, seeing that ropes in innumerable knots supplied the place of slats and that many articles were stuck under them.

"You have a nice home," I said, making conversation while I heard Mandy coming. She stood in the doorway and peeked around at me.

"Raggin's a mighty po' livin'," she said. And, she might have added, one not conducive to sweet odors, as only the greatest fortitude enabled me to endure the atmosphere. All the perfumes of Arabia would have been wasted there in vain.

"Yas, mam, tain' much; raggin's a mighty po' livin'."

"Hit de will ob de Lawd," chimed in Aunt Agnes, and Mandy with a bored "Um-hum" went back into the darker room. This sudden appearance and disappearance she kept up during the greater part of my stay.

I was anxious to get to my subject, but I saw that a remark on its way was animating Aunt Agnes.

"Wha' you doin', Mandy?"

"Jes' pickin' ma' rags," came her voice from the next room.

"Mandy's the friskies' gal what ever growed in do groun' or out (yo' heah me!) I got sech a stiffenin' in my jints I kyarn scasely shif' 'long." In an injured tone: "I stays heah and pintedly

does all de work whiles she raggin'. Up an' down, an' roun', an' roun', in all dey gyardins down hyah by de Captobul an' de Spring (Supreme) Co't; in an' out-en de hollers. Look like dat gal toside-cated in whiskey."

"U-m-h'm, I gits dat movin' roun' in my haid," says Mandy.

"Tain' dat, Mandy, 'tain' dat; you ain' got the Lawd Gord in yo' heah. Git de ligion o' Gord A'mighty." By this time Aunt Agnes had adopted the exhorting tone. "Press yo' han' on yo' heah. De Lawd gwine suppo't you in dem trials an' tribulations an' all dem firy darts of de debil."

Aunt Mandy in the door, again explaining to me:

"I gits dat movin' round in mah haid an' I bleeched ter jump an' splunge."

After her fervent appeal, which seemed to have something of a threat in it, Aunt Agnes was silent some minutes. This silence was intended presumably, for Mandy to show her conversion.

The daughter only glanced at her mother timidly, while she raked the logs in the old fireplace, and mumbled "um-hum" with every possible inflection and a good deal of eloquence during the rebuke. At the end, she said, looking at me apologetically, "Fo'k done bin bawn en growed up en coupled off en' married sence I bin in de meetin' house. Caze I gits dat movin' round' in mah haid."

Mandy's appreciation of her lack of mental balance was clear enough, but to Aunt Agnes this frivolous young thing of 60 needed to be held with a severe hand, and all her peculiarities were attributed to meanness. "Raggin' ain't fit fuh nuthin'," said the mother witheringly, as she rose and shuffled through the door.

I hoped my opportunity had come at last, and I asked:

"You often find pretty things?" then I added quickly, "you found a valentine." (That was the accepted story.)

Mandy turned and with a little chuckle said:

"Dyah now! How you fin' out 'bout dat voluntime?"

"It was a long time ago?" I asked,

urging her on. She pointed her little bony finger at the door through which her mother had gone, then moved uneasily back and forth in front of the fire.

"Hit want so long yit, an' still, hit want so short, hit torreckly ahfter Mars Palmer gin me my age one day in de sto'. He 'lowed I gwine on 25. Reck'n hit forty years sence he lowed dat."

"May I see it?" timidly I said it.

The strange little woman hobbled away to get it and her mother called out, "In cloze press in tur room."

But Mandy only looked toward the old bed and grinned a fiendish grin which startled me almost out of my seat.

"B'long to dat man wha' jump off'n de bluff," she said aloud. "D'you eber heah tell o' dat man wha' fell ovah de bluff en' break he neck? Sho! didn't you?" She laughed and screwed her face up at me, which said as plainly as words, "This is a lie."

Of course every one knew of the young fellow who had met death so tragically.

"Dat man jump off'n de bluff fuh lub. He hab pain in he heah jes' same es knife slit en' he jump off to ease hit. I ramblin' long dyah on de railroad track en I find dis heah right nigh wha' dey fin' him, on'y hit in de gully en I poke down mah hook en' drag hit out."

Just then Aunt Agnes came through the room, opened the outer door and went down the steps into the street. Mandy's face changed in a moment; she turned to me and said:

"Whiles she heah I feels jes like a snow bank wid de sun shinin' on hit. Ef she know'd Rufe done gin me dis heah voluntime dey ain' no kalkerlatin' what she'd do. She done druv him off, but he gwine come back presen'ly."

After reaching under the old bed she came over to me, carefully loosening the flannel selvage tied around a package she held. She handed me the yellow and spotted envelope that had once been white and I saw a delicate, embossed tracery around the edge. There was no writing on it, and it looked ready to drop to pieces. I took the valentine out and found it, too, was a smoky yellow,

with brown spots marring its glazed surface. In the center were two large apoplectic and faded red hearts pierced through and through by Cupid's dart. A wreath of embossed white roses surrounded the hearts, and a border of the same flowers, with a lacy scallop, decorated the edges. The valentine was double. I looked inside for a verse and found Burns' words:

*My luv is like the red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June,
My luv is like the melodic
That's sweetly played in tunc.*

I read the other verses to her, too. She settled herself on an old three-legged stool, saying sentimentally:

"Dem's lub words." After a pause she added:

"I done lub jes one man, en lub twel I dies.

I turned to her and could almost have cried over the look of tenderness which came into her face. Surely the soul beneath that weazened black face was a white one.

Beautiful devotion to a first and only love, I thought, with a good deal of annoyance, considering that her "first and only" was a no'count, wife-abusing scamp who deserted her, the negroes said, twenty years ago, and who stumped along on one leg.

"I ain' like dese heah little fillies wha' runs roun' now, keepin' comp'ny wid a dozen niggahs, a-dressin' onery en makin' mouf en twissin' dey eyes. I lub and marries jes one man, en ef I sot down in trouble I don' ax none on em no odds. I sticks by him th'oo thick en thin, en wet en dry. Ef he gwine to de jail, I gwine dyah, en ef he gwine to de 'tentiary, I gwine dyah. Cose, ef he gwine to de debil I sho' ain' gwine dyah. Ef des heah little fillies b'long to my ole mass' he gin em Mass'ippi water to drink en put em in he pocket fur change."

The prospect of being sold down South was a great dread of most of the slaves.

"I dun tole Rufe," she went on, "bout

de voluntime wha' Miss Sallie git fum Mass Gawge Cyarter. I tant him en' say any niggah wha' got any sense sen' his gal a voluntime. Rufe set a heap o' sto' by me when we was pickaninies caze I could jump frum de top rail on de gardin fence."

Then she told with pride how he helped her about her work and when they stood side by side in the tobacco fields and her fingers grew sore he stripped the tobacco leaves that belonged to her task.

"One day I come 'long and see Rufe standin' gin a tree lookin' up at Miss Sallie winder en I ax him, 'Wha' you standin' dyah lak yo' 'stracted foh?'"

"He whip up'n say, 'I ain' standin' heah waitin' foh no sassy yaller gal,' Rufe was blacker en' me. I jes laff and run long down de paff.

"De nex' mawnin' dey war a great myration roun' Aunt Sindy's cabin and de little niggahs stampede up and down hollerin' 'Rufe done killed,' 'Rufe done killed.' Mah heaht gin to beat so hard hit come plum up in mah mouf an' I make tracks down hyah to make sho' he wan' daid. Aunt Sindy set dyah molnin' 'bout her son en' say, 'Rufe ain' daid, but he git a drinkin' an' muddled in he haid, den he cum home and stumble in de hot bed by Miss Sallie winder en' break he laig. Look like he min' wanderin', en he say he got somfin' to tell you, Mandy.'"

"Soon es I come in de room Rufe gin to blubber, en he layin' dyah so weak and po'ly, hit make me blubber, too." The tears came to Mandy's eyes. "I come close to de baid and he sez: 'Hit wah all fuh you, Mandy. You set so much sto' by dat voluntime, and heah it is.' Then he drawed it out'n de quilt. Seem lak mah heaht gwine jump clean out o' mah bres'. Sho' es de Lawd I done tant him one day en I ax de Lawd to fergive me. I got 'ligion in mah heaht, but I ain' got hit in de chu'ch. Den he say, 'I slip up in Miss Sallie room whiles dey all eatin' dey suppah. I couldn' fin' it at fust, en I jus got it and slapt it under mah co't en 'lowed somebody gwine

com'n an' I hieard a big noise outside de do', den I know'd Rufe got to jump en I went to de winder and jump."

He look like he got a pain in he heaft and he laig, too, and I up and said: 'Rufe, I ain' gwine fool wid you no mo'. I ain' leave him all day, and in de evenin' we was married and I nuss him twell

he well. Fo' Gord, ef he heah now en ef he drunk I jes look at dat laig, en ef he shiff roun' lazy I look at dat laig, en ef he git in de jail I think 'bout dat laig."

As Mandy finished her story I rose and left as quietly as I could, for I felt that I had been an intruder upon sacred territory.

THE ELOPEMENT OF MARY ELLEN.

By PERCY T. CARNES



HERE was great excitement throughout Chestnut Ridge neighborhood, when the announcement was made that Joel Stokes had sold his farm on the mountain and had bought another in Spring Valley, to which he would soon remove with his family. The news was carried from house to house, and in an incredibly short period of time was the one topic of conversation, even among the dwellers of the remotest cove.

The great majority of the mountain folk honored and respected Joel Stokes, despite his frequent outbursts of temper. Was he not the leading spirit, the wise counsellor, the one dominant factor in all political, religious and educational interests of their little world?

Was there another such woman, the whole length and breadth of the mountain as Mrs. Jane Stokes? One so tender, so motherly, so sympathetic? Never, as far back as their memories ran, had there been sorrow, or sickness, or death in a household that she, like some commissioned angel of mercy, had not been there to soothe and comfort with kind words and gentle ministrations.

Pretty, willful, "spoiled" Mary Ellen, aged nineteen, the only child of the Stokes household, received her meed of praise, even from those who had predicted most direful things for her. Since

childhood, she had been the object of gossiping criticism; her unrestrained gayety had been frowned on by the pious matrons of the staid, ultra-conservative neighborhood, and her popularity with the young men had made her an object of envious jealousy on the part of the maidens of Chestnut Ridge.

But now that she was about to be removed from their midst, all could recall much in her life that was worthy of praise and emulation. Many mentally concurred with the vigorously expressed opinion of Bill Murphy, the postmaster and storekeeper, that "Joel Stokes' boy," as he jocularly called Mary Ellen, would be missed "more'n airy other gal on the Ridge."

The day announced for the departure of the Stokes family dawned clear and balmy. Long before the sun had peeped up over Blue Mountain, which towered above the low-lying hills some miles to the east, men, women and children were hurrying along footpaths and mountain roads towards the Stokes homestead. All must be there to bid the family good-by and see them off. Women left their beds unmade and their dishes unwashed, men and boys left their chores unperformed, and Bill Murphy left the store to run itself; "and ef anybody wants their mail, they can go in and help themselves." With the exception of Granny Staggs, the fortune-

teller, and Noah Willeford, Mary Ellen's suitor, the entire population of Chestnut Ridge was there.

After the many good-byes had been said, Stokes waved his long raw-hide whip above the backs of his patient oxen and gave the command to go. He was followed by his wife and daughter in another wagon. Mary Ellen was an expert horse-woman, and her father knew she could be trusted with the spirited team of horses.

When the slow-moving wagons had passed from the view of the neighbors, who still lingered in clusters about the yard, Mary Ellen called to her father: "Dad, let mother ride with you; the horses is eager to go faster. They need tonin' down some before we start down the mounting, so I'll drive on ahead to the creek and visit with the Fleming girls till you come."

"Now, Mary Ellen," cautioned her father, after Mrs. Stokes had been transferred from one wagon to the other, "you be shore to lock both 'hind wheels before you start down the hill; do you hear?"

"Yes, I'll be keerful," she called back over her shoulder. The thought that somewhere up the road Noah Willeford was awaiting her coming made her impatient to be gone. She gave free rein to the horses, and was soon lost to the view of her father and mother.

As the wagon rounded a curve in the road, a man stepped from his concealment behind a giant chestnut tree, and sprang to the place on the great roll of bedding, so recently vacated by Mrs. Stokes.

"Noah!"

"Yes, it is me, Mary Ellen. I didn't know but maybe yore dad was in this wagon, so I hid till I seed it was just you."

"Noah, air ye sorry to see us leave?"

"Sorry! 'Course I'm sorry. I know yore daddy hates me like pizen, but I hate to see him go. I'm sorrer still to see yore mother go. As fur you, Mary Ellen, I'd ruther lose my eye-teeth an' the best coon-dog I've got than see you leave this mounting!"

Tears came into the girl's eyes as she said, "I'd most ruther die than go!"

Grasping the girl's hand and pressing it to his lips, a most unusual thing among the undemonstrative mountaineers, Willeford exclaimed passionately: "I caint ask you to marry me now, Mary Ellen, but I won't be long in comin' fur you. I caint do without you much longer. You won't furgit me, when yo git down amongst them fine folks in the valley, will you, Mary Ellen?"

"I'll never furgit you, ner fursake you, Noah, so help me God!"

"Amen!" fervently ejaculated Willeford. "Now listen: Yore daddy knows I'm honest an' sober an' industrious; but he ain't got no use fur me because I trade, 'peddle,' he calls it. I can make more money tradin' sugar, coffee, soap an' calico fur butter, eggs an' varmint skins, than I can make farmin' that sassafrack land my daddy left me, that's why I trade. I'll soon have enough money saved up to put us up a good house, then I'm comin' fur you. I'll ax yore dad fur you, fair an' square; if he won't give you to me, I'll take yo any-how!"

"I hate to go agin daddy's will; but I'll go when you come fur me, Noah."

"Here we air, at the creek hill; I must leave you here, Mary Ellen. May I write to you sometimes?"

"Yes, do; I'll write to you, too."

Willeford quickly snatched one kiss from the unsuspecting maiden, leaped to the ground, and quickly locking the wheels of the wagon with the chains provided for that purpose, turned into the dense woods.

The Stokeses, though born and reared in that section of the Cumberland mountains where all the inhabitants are popularly supposed to be poor, ignorant and vicious, were accounted well-to-do. They were not so illiterate as the majority of their neighbors. Joel and Jane Stokes easily took their places among the more prosperous farmers of Spring Valley.

Mary Ellen did not take kindly to her changed environments. Customs obtaining in the valley were so radically different from those of the simple moun-

tain folks! She had no desire to become a part of the self-satisfied, cultured community to which she had been unwillingly transplanted. She was homesick for her beloved mountains and a sight of—him!

One afternoon, she went to the neighboring post-office, as was now her daily custom, and inquired for mail. The genial postmaster handed her a letter, remarking: "That's likely the one you have been expecting; may it make you happy, my child!"

Thanking him, Mary Ellen hurriedly left the store. Her rapid walking soon brought her panting, but expectantly happy, to a quiet retreat.

Seating herself on the projecting root of a grand old beech, whose densely foliaged branches sheltered her from the burning rays of an August sun, she feverishly tore open the precious misive and read:

"Chestnut Ridge, Aug. 2.

"Miss Mary Ellen Stokes,

"Spring Valley.

"My Own Heart's Idol:

"Had I the eloquence of a Demosthenes, the giant intellect of a Webster, and the persuasive powers of one of the prophets of old, whose utterances were inspired by the great Spirit, I would still be unable to express the emotions that every thought of you arouses! My every waking thought is of you; I dream of you by night. Could I but have the blissful assurance that you sometimes think of me, how happy I should be! Like ships on the ocean, we would signal across the waves, the rocks and the islands to each other, and by and by would together glide into the harbor.

"The influence of your pure soul and the memory of your angelic face and beautiful form are, in great part, the secret cause of my hard struggle for worldly success. I would sacrifice every worldly honor and ambition for one kiss from your virgin lips! "Believe me,

"Your loyal lover,

"NOAH WILLEFORD."

"P. S. I am comin' down to Spring Valley pirty soon. Guess yore dad will

rase old Harry, but I caint stay away from you mutch longer. Look our fur me.

"NOAH."

The contents of this letter gave Mary Ellen unbounded pleasure; but she was surprised that Noah should construct an epistle containing such wonderful phraseology. She sat for a long time in dreamy meditation.

Her reverie was at last broken by the loud crashing of a dead twig behind her.

"Daddy!"

"Yes, it's me. I didn't mean to spy on you; but seein' you here I thought I would slip up clost an' say 'boo!' What you readin'?"

"A letter."

"Who from?"

"A friend."

"Don't lie to me, girl! Who's that letter from? Let me see it."

"O, daddy, what did yo come for? I don't want you to see this letter."

"Mary Ellen, hand me that letter; you know better'n to disobey me."

Joel Stokes read the letter through without a word of comment. He folded the sheets, tremblingly put them into the envelope and then into his pocket. His face, now livid with rage, was terrible to look on; but his words were few.

"Mary Ellen, I have always told you that you should never marry that peddler. Go home now an' stay there. If you write to Noah Willeford, I'll—, no I won't kill you; but his hide won't be wuth shucks if he shows up in this valley!"

As her father turned and walked briskly back to his work, Mary Ellen arose and tottered homeward. She felt weak and forlorn and staggered as if from a blow from the callous, toil-hardened hand of her father. She not only felt that her dreams and hopes of halcyon days with her mountain lover were forever blasted; but she feared that he would come to the valley only to be shot down by her unrelenting father. She recalled with a shudder, his oft-repeated threat to shoot any young man who attempted to steal his idolized daughter!

The house in which the Stokes family lived was an old four-roomed log struc-

ture, used originally by overseers of the large plantation of which the Stokes farm had been a part. Mary Ellen's room was separated from her father's and mother's by a wide, open hall-way. Into this room, she was thrust by her father that night, and the door and two small windows were securely fastened. Not only that night, but every night thereafter, was this cautious, cruel action taken by her father, to prevent her flight, or any attempt to get word to Willeford.

One evening, while the family was at supper, some one knocked on the front door.

"Thar, Mary Ellen, go see who it is. Somebody fur yore mother, I guess. I wush folks would send fur the doctor, 'stid o' botherin' Jane so much!" He had grown more crabbed since the day he read Willeford's letter.

Mary Ellen went to the door, in obedience to her father's command.

"Noah! My God, Noah, leave here quick!" whispered the girl hoarsely. "Father will shoot you!"

"No, Mary Ellen; I won't leave without seein' him. Tell him I am here, and that I want to see him. I'll ask him fur you, fair and square, as I said; but you must be ready to fly with me to-morrer night at twelve o'clock. Which is yore room?"

"This one," said the girl, indicating the room across the open hall; "but I am locked in every night!"

"That's all right; you be ready to go; I'll git you out. Now, hurry back to the kitchen an' tell yore daddy I want to see him."

"Well, who is it?" Stokes sternly asked, as the girl stood tremblingly in the door-way.

"A man to see you, daddy."

"Why didn't you fetch him in? Come in, neighbor, come in," called Stokes loudly and cordially.

Mrs. Stokes turned pale, and Mary Ellen sank limply to a chair as Noah Willeford appeared in the doorway.

"Howdy, Mrs. Stokes; howdy, Mr. Stokes?"

"Why, it's that peddlin' Willeford! What in tarnation blazes air you here

fur?" asked Stokes, wrathfully, as he arose from his chair.

"Now Joel, be keerful what you do," pleaded Mrs. Stokes, as she laid a re-training hand on her husband's arm.

"Mr. Stokes," said Willeford in a firm, persuasive tone. "I am herc to ax you, fair an' square, fur Mary Ellen; you kin give her to me or not ject as you please; but tha ain't no need o' fightin' about it. If you still don't want me to have her, ject say so, an' I'll leave."

"Then, young feller, you'll leave! But I want to ast you a question or two fust. Whar did you git this letter?" drawing from his pocket the letter he had taken from Mary Ellen.

"Whar did you git it, sir?" demanded Willeford hotly.

"I tuck it away from Mary Ellen, if you want to know! Who writ it?"

"I did, sir."

"Yes, but who showed you how? You ain't got sense enough to write a letter like this by yore self!"

Willeford flushed under the stinging words, but answered truthfully: "Professor Morgan lent me a book on letter-writin' an' I copied most of the letter out en that book."

"All right; now you kin go. If I see you in this valley agin, I'll shoot you like I would a mad-dog; go!"

Willeford shot a quick, reassuring glance at Mary Ellen, and quickly walked away into the darkness.

All that night Stokes sat in the open hall, with his gun across his knees. He was really disappointed that Mary Ellen's abduction was not attempted. He went about his work in the morning with the feeling that Willeford had gone back to the mountains never to return. His passionate heat gradually wore away during the day; but he was still determined that his daughter should not wed the "peddler."

About eight o'clock that night, Mary Ellen was locked in her room and the old man again resumed his watch. He felt that it would be wise to keep vigil a few nights. But his vigil of the previous night, and the physical exertions

of the day were too much; he soon fell into a deep sleep!

When he awoke, it was to find his gun gone! He rushed to Mary Ellen's door, but it was locked, just as he had left it; the windows, also were secure. But at a corner of the house, he discovered the means of escape. A carpenter's jack-screw and blocks had been used under the projecting end of a log. The log was raised above the one beneath it fifteen or twenty inches. Through the aperture thus formed the girl had passed out to her persistent lover.

"I'll ketch 'em or bust!" raved Stokes, as he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs growing fainter on the hard road. He quickly bridled his swiftest horse, and, without taking time to saddle the animal, mounted and sped swiftly after the fleeing couple.

"Listen!" said Willeford, as he and Mary Ellen rode up the steep bank of the creek. "Yore daddy is follerin' us an' we've a mile to go yet, before we git to 'Squire Turner's! But whip up, an' we'll make it."

As they alighted at Turner's gate, they heard the clatter of hoofs not more than a quarter of a mile distant. Rushing into the house Willeford exclaimed, "For God's sake, 'squire, say the words quick; the old man is nearly here!"

After secreting her husband, two grown sons and the elopers, Mrs. Turner smiled serenely and tried to assume an innocent air. But she shivered slightly as the bulky form of the irate Stokes rolled from the horse and came bounding toward the house.

"Whar air they?" he demanded excitedly, upon seeing no one but Mrs. Turner.

"Whar is who?" adroitly asked the woman. "If it is the 'squire and the boys you're wantin' to see, you ort to holler 'Hello' like a sensible man, 'stead o' tumblin' pell-mell into the house like old looney Crabtree!"

"Well, Madam, I'm sorry ef I frightened you; but ef yore only gal had run

away with a peddler, you would be crazy, too. Whar air they?"

"They're gone," calmly replied the woman.

"Gone!" Stokes crossed the room and walked out into the backyard. He peered into the chicken house, woodshed and every tence corner; then he returned to the house and searched under tables, beds and chairs!

"Mr. Stokes, you'll never find 'em, so you might as well give it up. When young folks sets their heads to git married, they're goin' to git married. You did it yoreself; but I guess its been so long ago, you've done clean forgot about it!"

"Yore daughter is done married to that plucky, nice-lookin' young man; so there! Now, act like a sensible man an' invite 'em back home fur the balance of the night. If you was to carry out yore foolish threat to shoot the man, you would be shootin' yore daughter's husband. It would most kill her, an' you would hang for it! Better act sensible, an' invite 'em home."

Stokes stook gazing into the darkness for some minutes, then dropped heavily into a chair. Burying his face in his large, rough palms, he sobbed like a whipped child. At last he raised beseeching, tear-dimmed eyes to the woman and said huskily, "How can I invite 'em home, when I don't know whar in thunder they're at?"

"I'll try to find 'em," she said very tenderly, "when you're ready to forgive 'em."

Stokes arose and tramped heavily across the room several times. At last, he laughed nervously as he said, "Well, I hate like pizen to lose my gal, but I hain't raily got nuthin' agin Noah; I guess I'm ready."

Mrs. Turner quickly threw back a rug from a corner of the room and raised a trap door. 'Squire Turner cautiously crept up the rickety stairs, followed in turn by his stalwart sons and the blushing bride and groom.

A SOCIAL STUDY

By CARRIE FENNER MOORE



COME and sit by me, Phyllis dear, this will be our last evening together," said Robert Raymond, leaning back in a comfortable rocker on a vine embow-

ered piazza.

"Our last evening," exclaimed Phyllis, "have you sudden news that makes your return to town imperative?"

"Yes, sweet girl, I have received sudden news, but it did not come by post or telegraph," he replied.

"How then?" she asked.

"By intuition."

"From whence?"

"From my heart."

Phyllis laughed, a low musical laugh, and turning, drew a clematis blossom toward her and laid her face against it.

"How long is it, dear, since Jim fished me out of the bottom of that ravine, and brought me to you mud-bespattered and disgusted?" he asked.

"Four weeks," she answered gently.

"When I look into your eyes and hear your voice I feel that those four weeks are the actual span of my existence," he said in a voice expressing some emotion.

"What nonsense," she murmured.

"Yes, that is what it is, Phyllis dear. It is nonsense for a struggling artist to ruin his prospects and high social standing by following the impulse of his heart," he answered her.

"I do not understand you, she replied.

"You know I love you?"

"You have said so."

"Have I not expressed it in a thousand different ways?" he exclaimed reproachfully.

Phyllis remained silent.

"I wish you would come near, dear, I must speak seriously; must make you understand how it is," he pleaded earnestly.

"Yes," she said quietly, as she seated herself in the chair next to him.

"Oh, why are you only a country lass!" he cried, as he saw her pure profile outlined against the sunset sky.

"Is that a crime?" she asked, looking straight at him with her wonderful eyes.

"You have no social standing, no money. Oh, nothing that counts as value in the world I have worked so hard to become a part of," he said, almost fretfully.

"Has it been worth while?" she asked.

"It is the only thing to do, he said, "as far as happiness goes, I have known more right here with you, and going sketching and fishing with your brother Jim, than I ever dreamed of before; but it is fame and position that are the real things, not mere sentiment and content," Robert explained.

"I don't agree with you," she said softly, "I think love and happiness are the only things worth striving for."

"Being a woman that is quite natural," he laughed. "Fancy me, Robert Raymond, burying myself and my talents here in the country, and living out my life in Arcadian simplicity just because I love you. Could you accept such a sacrifice?"

"If you loved me, I mean the real love, it would not be a sacrifice. You would never think of it as such," she answered.

"I love you better than I have ever loved before," he said earnestly, "but you cannot understand, because you know nothing of our world. If I married you I should lose all that I have been striving for during the last twenty years."

"And the sacrifice would be too great?"

"It is not to be thought of," he said, apparently not noticing the little ring of irony in her voice. "But I must go, dear one, I am going very early in the morning. This must be our good-by. I have lingered too long already. I—I must go," and he rose and reached out both hands to her.

She placed her own in them and looked at him seriously.

"Have you thought, Robert, what it might mean to me when you are gone?"

He looked annoyed and then surprised. "I am afraid I haven't, dear girl," he said. "I—why, Phyllis, you are not going to mourn, are you?"

Phyllis laughed. How he loved to hear her laugh.

"Good-by, Mr. Raymond," she said blithely. "Do not feel any uneasiness on my account. We have had a pleasant time together, and in parting I should like to express one wish for you."

"What is that?" he asked, rather bewildered by her quick change of manner.

"It is that the experiences of the coming years will so enlarge your nature that you will think sometimes of others, and that you will come to understand the meaning of what is real in life."

She was gone before he could answer her, and he did not see her again. He tried to congratulate himself that he had gotten off so easily, but as he journeyed back to town, he did not feel the satisfaction he had anticipated.

"Hello, Raymond, When did you get back? Haven't seen you for a perfect age," said Jack Norman, cordially.

"I came back a week ago," answered Robert, "but I have been working pretty hard, and didn't get round to the club. How are you, and how have you passed the summer?"

"Pleasantly enough. I went across the water for rest and that sort of thing, you know," replied his friend, "but what have you been up to, you don't look as though the summer had agreed with you tip-top. Come in and let's have something while we talk it over."

"I went into the country," said Robert as soon as they were seated, "thought I was going to do a lot of work, but some way I didn't accomplish much."

"Girl or mosquitoes?" asked Jack, watching the rings of smoke curl up from his favorite cigar.

"I am not sure," replied Robert, with a short laugh. "Tell me, Jack, what do you consider the real things of life?"

"What's this you are springing on

me, old man, you must go easy when you are starting off on a new line."

"I just wanted to know," replied Robert, meekly, "what seemed to you the real things of life. I mean, the things that make life worth living."

"Well, this cigar, for one thing," said Jack, falling into his friend's humor.

"Yes," assented Robert.

"This club, the freedom and the comforts of it, and the jolly old boys like yourself who hang around."

"Yes, but—" began Robert.

"Oh, of course, social position, pretty girls, and success along your own particular line, that brings in the cash. I fancy that about sums it up," said Jack, conclusively.

"Is there nothing else?" asked Robert seriously.

"Why, man, what more could you want, except perhaps, late in life, the one woman with money to carry you comfortably through?" replied Jack.

"I should have agreed with you a week ago, but now, well, now I am not so sure," said Robert, meditatively.

"Go ahead, old fellow, I know what this means. What is her name? and Jack settled back with the air of a martyr.

"Phyllis Cunningham."

Jack started and gave a low whistle. Robert did not seem to notice, but continued:

"I fell down a ravine in the country one day, and a red-headed boy fished me out and took me home with him. It was just the ideal sort of a place I had been looking for, and, after some persuasion, they took me to board."

"But about the girl," said Jack.

"I am coming to that, she lived there with her mother and brother, by jove, but she is a beauty, never saw such eyes!" exclaimed Robert, growing animated.

"Of course," said Jack calmly.

"It isn't, of course, at all," said Robert "it is tragic. Can't you see that I love her, and that I have had to come away and leave her?"

"But why? I should think Phyllis Cunningham was a good enough name for

any man," said Jack, "Only I thought she was en—"

"The name is good enough," Robert interrupted, "but don't you understand that a man can't bring a country girl into our set?"

Jack started to his feet. "Robert," he said, "either you are a fool or I am on the wrong track. Are you going to Mrs. James Ashton's ball to-night?"

"I suppose I must, but what is the matter, I don't understand you?" asked Robert in surprise.

"I don't understand either," said Jack, "but I'll see you to-night and things may clear up."

"I hope so," said Robert, tersely.

"By the way, have you seen Roger Clifton, he's in great luck."

"How so?" asked Robert.

"He has sold one of his pictures for a fabulous price, and is engaged to the richest and handsomest girl of the season. They will be at the ball to-night. She has just returned from the country where she has been spending a few weeks with some cousins. She lived in Europe until this spring. Roger met her there."

"He was always a luck dog," said Robert enviously.

"Well, good-by, glad to have seen you. Hope we will meet to-night," said Jack, shaking his friend's hand, and as he went out he muttered to himself, "Can there be two Phyllis Cunninghams?"

"So kind in you to remember me," murmured Robert Raymond, as he bowed low over Mrs. Ashton's hand.

"You know you are always very welcome," she replied, cordially, and then he was swept along, as a throng of new arrivals crowded in to pay their respects to the charming hostess.

A few months ago so cordial a welcome from such a wonderful woman as Mrs. James Ashton, would have accorded him great satisfaction, for he would have felt assured of his social success for the winter. But to-night he did not feel the old pride in his surround-

ings. They did not seem so vital to him.

He received many warm greetings as he passed through the rooms, but at last he paused at the door of a conservatory and idly watched the people pass to and fro. Suddenly, one face stood out from all the rest:

"Phyllis," he cried, with quick emotion. She turned and reached out her hand to him.

"How do you do, Mr. Raymond," she said, sweetly, "I am glad to meet you again."

"But Phyllis, Miss Cunningham, what does it all mean?" he exclaimed.

"It means that I am not so unacquainted with your world as you supposed," she said, and once again he heard that low laugh that thrilled and satisfied him.

"Why did you not tell me?" he asked eagerly. "Oh, I am so happy to find you here. I have been so miserable this past week."

"Indeed," she said, archly.

"Yes, dear, I have found that, after all, love is the real thing in the world, and I love—"

"Roger, dear, you know Mr. Raymond, don't you?" she interrupted, as a tall, handsome man approached them.

"Why yes, Rob, old boy, glad to see you. Why haven't you been around to offer congratulations?" said Mr. Clinton, heartily.

"I just heard about the picture to-day," Robert began in confusion.

"Oh, bother the picture. It is the winning of Phyllis that I would be congratulated on," said Roger, and he drew her hand through his arm as only a lover can.

Robert never knew what he said, or how he found his way out of the house, though he remembered afterward having seen Jack Norman in one of the doorways.

The next morning's papers announced that Robert Raymond had gone abroad for an indefinite stay, and that he would devote himself exclusively to Art.

THE SOONERS

By ALBERT A. POWE



FOR five years Edward Bates had struggled faithfully against the blizzards and drouths of Nebraska with the result of getting him deeply in debt, so one day he gave up the fight and sold out, lock, stock and barrel, to an immigrant, and after paying up found that he had left a lot of valuable experience and a few hundred dollars to show for five years of toil and the five thousand dollars he had originally paid for the ranch. Scarce knowing what step to take next, he mounted his race mare, Queen Bess, the one animal he had retained, and started to call on his sweetheart, the daughter of a neighboring rancher some ten miles distant. He had been engaged to marry Margaret Johnson for four years, and each year of that time they had planned anew their wedding day and the house they would build if the next year's wheat crop was good. He was twenty-seven, now and she twenty-four, both old for young people, to be unmarried in the West. She would have married him anyway and helped him bear his burdens as she had his disappointments, but he would not permit the sacrifice on her part. In the meantime, she had taught school and had encouraged him by her unwavering loyalty and cheerfulness. As he rode along he lived over again the four years of their engagement with its troupe of disappointments, and decided that he would release her from her promise to marry him, and go off somewhere and begin all over again, though the mere thought of giving her up gave him the blue devils. Arriving at her home, he quickly sought her out and they had a long heart-to-heart talk over the past and the future.

"I have practically nothing left," he said, "except my health and Queen Bess, not much with which to make a new start."

"You have something else, Edward,"

she replied, taking one of his hands in hers and stroking it tenderly; "you have courage, and," here she looked up shyly, "you have me." Her action and the words that accompanied it were a revelation to him, for this shy girl had never been demonstrative, their love had been like the flowing of a deep stream with but few waves to show what depths lay beneath, and that, to him at least, had seemed sufficient.

"I am not afraid to face the world with you," she continued, "and I love you better in your adversity than I ever did before." He looked down into her eyes just one moment and then he clasped her in his arms and gave her a passionate kiss. It was as though he had but now discovered that he loved her.

"And to think," he exclaimed, "I came here to-day to release you from our engagement. Why," and here he kissed her again, "I would not release you now for a kingdom, and a crown of glory thrown in."

"You talk like you really thought I would let you go," she said, blushing like a school girl. "Why, we have only begun to love, and to fight for success."

"There, you spoke like a mighty admiral," he exclaimed. "You are right; we have only begun to fight, and yet I was about to give up the ship. Since you are henceforth commander of our craft, I know you must have a plan of sailing; what is it?"

"Yes," she returned brightly, "I have a plan, and I have been studying it out ever since I heard you were going to sell. You know there is to be an opening of Indian lands to settlement down in Oklahoma this fall, the Cherokee Strip they call it. I sent to Washington for information regarding it, and it must be a wonderful country, where there are neither drouths nor blizzards, and millions of acres of rich lands to be had for the taking. The opening is set for September 16th, and there is a homestead

for every one with nerve enough to go in and win it. I know you have plenty of that, and I propose that you take Queen Bess and go down there and make the run. I just know you can win." Her enthusiasm was infectious.

"You are right," he exclaimed, "you always are, and we will win yet. With a fair start I will back Queen Bess to win the best farm down there, and then I am coming back for the best and dearest little woman in all Nebraska. I won't have the means to provide much of a home for you, but if I get the farm, I shall come to claim you."

"If it is only a sod house, or even a roomy dugout, I will share it and be happy with you," she declared. The next week was spent studying the plans of the opening, and the maps of the new country, and it was decided that he would try for a claim in the Eastern part where the maps showed it was well watered and timbered, and when he finally left, it was with the full understanding that if he was successful she should join him and they would be married in "The Land of the Fair God."

September 16th, 1893.—How many thousands there are in Oklahoma who vividly recall that wonderful day, which dawned bright and fair upon the vast throng of eager and excited homeseekers who waited with feverish impatience upon the border of the promised land for the signal gun that would start the race for homes. The story of the sights and sounds of that memorable date is yet fresh in the memory of thousands.

Early in the day Edward Bates, in company with several others, all splendidly mounted like himself, had set out for a point to the east. One of the party was a surveyor who was familiar with the country, and under his leadership they proceeded until near the noon hour, when they halted for a brief rest and refreshment before the twelve o'clock start.

"Now boys," said their leader, "from this on it is every fellow for himself. The valley I have told you of lies just about twenty miles due north of where we now are; you will know it because the stream running through it is the first running

water we will come to. We should be able to make it in a little more than two hours if our horses hold out, cross the creek and put down your stake and take the exact time. If there is anyone there ahead of us, he will be a sooner unless his horse is better than ours. There is but one other point the valley can be reached as near as from here, but there is a high ridge to cross if you go that way, and we should be able to beat any one who tries that route; scatter out well so we won't get on each other's claims, and ride like the devil. That is all I have to say, except to get ready." As Edward Bates fastened the girths to his light saddle he patted his mare on the neck saying: "Now, Bess, do your best, old girl; this is for a home and Margaret." Then they all mounted and at the signal gun, the vast horde of men, women and children poured in a mad rush across the line. For the first few miles he held his mare in, knowing well what she would do in the finish. At the end of an hour there were not more than a dozen of the starters in sight; half an hour further he could see but three or four, and at the end of two hours when he came to the stream he had been watching for he did not see a soul. He rode into the stream and up the opposite bank and sprang from the back of his panting mare to the ground exclaiming, "We have it! we have it!" He looked at his watch; it was one minute past two o'clock. He had made better than ten miles an hour over raw land and had won.

He stooped and drove the wooden stake he had brought into the ground and as he arose he was startled to see a rough-looking man standing not ten feet away, and covering him with a six-shooter.

"Here, young feller, you just git; this here's my claim, do you hear?" and he waved his gun threateningly. The young man eyed the ruffian for a full minute and decided that it was a bluff.

"Not so fast, my friend," he said coolly, "where's your horse?"

"He's hitched down thar in the timber whar I got off, I had been here fer ten minutes afore I seed you cross the crik."

"Is that so? You must have a fast

horse. I'd like to see what sort of an animal it is that can beat my mare in such a race; let's go and have a look at your steed. Put up your gun; there are more claims than this one, I guess." Reluctantly enough the fellow led the way to where his horse stood hidden in a clump of bushes. It was a sorry-looking plug, and was not blowing or sweating in the least. With a significant gesture towards his reeking mare, Bates now whipped out his own gun and pointing it at the owner of the plug said:

"I am sorry for you, stranger, but it's you that will move on this time; I have ridden from the line over twenty miles distant in two hours, and nearly killed the swiftest mare in Nebraska to do it. You are a sooner, and unless you are looking for trouble you will clear out." Fairly caught, the man looked foolish and replied: "You hev called my hand this time, pardner, an' I hain't lookin' fer no trouble; so I'll jest take yer advice an' do the gittin'; I know when to quit. I am a sooner all right. I staid here las' night. My name's Mark Johnson, an' if you happen to need an extry witness when yer come ter prove up, jest call on me an' I'll swear on top of a stack of mountings thet you war the fust man ter cross Harricain crik, only don't give me away. I'll find another claim funder on, an' maybe the next feller won't hev sech a fast hoss as yourn, so long," and mounting his pony he galloped away. Soon afterwards Bates discovered two men riding towards him across the prairie and rightly surmised that they were some of his companions in the start, and rode to meet them. They had both secured good claims to the east down the creek, and it was agreed that the three would be witnesses for each other. One of them was the surveyor.

"You have won the best quarter on the creek," he said to Bates; "the stream cuts you in two, but that is all the better for water; there isn't a better in Oklahoma."

The rest of the day was spent in looking up the numbers of their claims, and the following morning the three set out leisurely for the land office at Perry to

make their filings, but it was several days before he reached his turn at the filing booth. When he handed in his name and the numbers of the land, the filing clerk informed him that that quarter had already been filed upon. For a moment he was speechless, and then managed to inquire who had made the filing. The clerk obligingly looked at the record, and informed him that the name of the first claimant was M. R. Johnson. "It's that damned sooner I found down there," he exclaimed angrily, "I will file too, and settle with him later," and with his filing papers he went at once to a lawyer and stating his case employed him to institute contest proceedings at once.

"If I find that measly scoundrel on my claim when I get back to it, there is going to be trouble outside the courts," he declared, for the thought that the man had played him a low trick made him feel particularly ugly. He bought lumber and started at once for his claim with men and teams to go to work improving it, but there had been considerable delay before he reached it again, but he was more than astounded to find that a log cabin had been erected on the south side of the creek on his claim and a couple of sturdy boys were at work clearing and breaking a plot of ground at the edge of the timber. The sight aroused his anger afresh at the sooner, and grasping his gun he spurred his mare up to the cabin door in which stood a large raw-boned woman with red hair.

"Where's your husband?" he demanded roughly, for he was in no polite mood.

"Haven't got any," she replied, "been a widow more'n ten years."

"Where's the man then, who has filed on this land?"

"Didn't know any man had filed on it," was the cool answer as she squared herself in the doorway.

"What is your name?" he next demanded?"

"None o' your business," she snapped back. "What do you mean, stranger, by talkin' that way to me, I want to know. If I am a woman, I am able to take care of myself."

"I mean, madam, that a damned soon-



Here, young feller, you just git; this here's my claim, do you hear?

er named Johnson has filed on my claim and I want to see him just about two minutes or less."

"Well, you are barkin' up the wrong trec, Mister, an' this here claim ain't been soonered unless you done it yourself; now, you just clear out, will you?" Bates was completely baffled, and scarcely knew what to say to this determined looking woman; he was not looking for trouble in petticoats.

"Very well, madam," he replied, "I am going to build on the north side of the creek and you can just tell that scoundrel that I will shoot him on sight if I catch him on this claim again," and he rode back to where the wagons were awaiting him, feeling sore clear through, for he had written his Nebraska sweetheart of his successful run, and given her a glowing description of their future home, and now he seemed to see things slipping away from his grasp again, and he thought seriously for a little while of throwing it up and looking for another location, for since coming to Oklahoma he had learned what a costly and endless thing a land contest was likely to be, and then he recalled the day she had said, "Why, we have only begun to fight," and the look with which she had said it, and he declared to himself that he would hold on if he had to fight all the sooner in the strip. Selecting a knoll near the timber line he went to work, and was promptly served notice in person by the widow to desist, and she called on his hired men to witness that she had given such notice, and took down their names and addresses in a most business-like manner. In less than a week he had finished a rude box house and moved in. Then with his remaining money he bought a team and plows and commenced work in earnest. For several weeks he was kept busy, but he was ever on the lookout for the sooner, Johnson, and was puzzled that he did not show up. "He is afraid, I guess," he said, "for he knows what he will get when we meet." One day when he had ridden some ten miles north looking for his mules which had strayed off one night, he came upon a cabin and clearing in the timber, and

rode up to make some inquiry, and to his surprise the man who came out to answer his halloo! was none other than the sooner Johnson. The sight quickly aroused all his anger against the man again, and he sprang to the ground exclaiming, "Now, you scoundrel, I've found you again, and we will settle this thing right now. What did you mean by filing on my claim?" The man backed away from the threatening approach of his visitor, surprise plainly depicted on his unshaven countenance.

"Come now, pard," he exclaimed, "do you want this claim, too? I thort one wuz all you could hold." Bates was astounded.

"Didn't you go to Perry and file on my claim the day after I run you off of it?" he demanded.

"Not as I knows on," was the reply. "I didn't go to Perry until more'n a week after that, not until I war shore no one else war atter this claim. Hit ain't as good as yourn, but hit ain't so bad."

"Well, I owe you an apology," said Bates, offering his hand in token, "some one giving the name of M. R. Johnson beat me to the filing office, and I just supposed it was you, and when I got back to my claim I found a cabin built on the south side of the creek and a woman and two boys occupying it, and they are there yet. I thought it was your wife and I guess I talked rough to her at first, for I was pretty mad."

"If hit had been my wife, pardner, an' you hed talked rough to her, you'd a hearn suthin' drap, ur else she's changed moutily sence I seed her last, nigh onter ten year ago. She warn't a woman ter take no foolishness, Mag warn't, I kin tell yer."

"Where is your wife now?" Bates was moved to ask.

"Don't know," I got ketched moonshinin' by the revenu's back in the mountings uv Tennessee and' had ter hike, been afeard ter go back ur ter write ever sence. Thar was two likely boys, too, I'd a liked ter a seen 'em agin, but Mag war able ter take keer of 'em, I reckon; she war a powerful woman ter manage, Mag wuz. What did yer say the woman's

name wuz that's on yer claim?" "I didn't say; she wouldn't tell me when I asked that day, and I have never inquired since."

"Wall, my guess is thit her name's Johnson, an' she's the one that done the soonerin' in your case, but I kin witness you wuz thar fust."

When Edward Bates returned to his claim that night he was more puzzled what to do than ever. He went over to see the widow and begun by apologizing for his former rudeness, and ended by offering to buy her off rather than go into a contest with her for the claim, but she refused all his overtures, and it was with a heavy heart he sat down to write to his sweetheart that their cake was about to become dough again. "I have discovered that my contestant is a woman," he wrote, "and a very determined one, who looks like she could whip her weight in wild cats and enjoy doing it; I have tried to buy her off, but she won't sell; so there is nothing left for me to do but to fight it through the courts; but I am desperately afraid that it is going to delay our marriage once more, though we will win in' the end, for I can prove by three good witnesses that I beat her to it." From his lawyer he learned that his case would be heard on the 20th of December, and he put in the intervening time plowing and fencing, time equally well employed by the widow and her boys on the other side of the creek, so that when the time of the trial arrived there were two fair sized farms broke out on the claim already for the spring planting. Arriving in Perry with his witnesses the day before the trial, the young man repaired to a hotel and there to his amazement he found that Margaret Johnson had arrived that morning. "How good of you to come," he exclaimed after the first greetings were over; "but you have a lot of confidence in the ultimate success of our fight to take such a trip, sweetheart."

"Well, Edward, of course we are going to win and I wanted to be in at the finish, but I had a double motive for coming. I have a confession to make. As the time for the opening of the strip approached, I decided that two chances were better than

one and determined to come down here and make the run, too, without letting you know anything about it. I knew you would feel worried if I told you. Father came with me and we brought Wild Bill along for me to ride. You know he was never beaten in a race until you did it with Queen Bess. A man we met who knew the country well told us of a lovely valley and a short way to get to it, and I went there with him, made the run and located a fine claim. I hurried back to Perry where Father was waiting for me and filed, and we left for home that night. Father had found a family with a good team to go on the place and hold it for me, and when I got home I sent them some of the money I have been saving from my schools to improve it. Then I got a notice of a contest. I just know my contestant is a sooner, for I rode the twenty miles to my claim on a dead run and Wild Bill hasn't gotten over it yet, but I made it in a few minutes less than two hours. Of course, I couldn't stay there alone all night, and so I started right back to the line in a little while, but any person who beat me is bound to have flown there or gone in before noon. When I received notice that I was contested I engaged a lawyer to fight it, and it's funny, but my case is set for the same date as yours. Of course, we both can't lose, so I was safe in coming anyway."

"You are a brave little woman," he said, giving her a bear-like hug, "and we are going to win, but I would just like to see the fellow who has had the temerity to go up against such a combination as you and Wild Bill. I will bet my claim he is a sooner."

"That is what I believe, and what we will contend; I can prove that I was there before two o'clock."

"Of course he was a sooner," he exclaimed; "but to-morrow will decide, and we will win I am sure of it."

"Edward," she said after a thoughtful pause, "doesn't it seem peculiar that there should be so many Johnsons mixed up in our contests? My name is Johnson—"

"It won't be much longer," he interrupted, "Well, it is now, any way, then your contestant is named Johnson, and your sooner witness is named Johnson,

and the people who have been taking care of my claim are named Johnson. Do you suppose all the Johnsons in the country came to Oklahoma?"

"It seems that a good many of them did, at any rate," he replied, "but there are many peculiar things in Oklahoma, as you will soon learn."

Early on the morning of the trial he was out, and the first person he met was Mark Johnson.

"Say, pardner," he exclaimed boisterously, "you've won already, an' so have I. I met the widder last night; her an' the kids put up at the same camp house I did, an' gosh Moses! she hain't no widder at all an' I ain't no widderwer."

"You don't mean to tell me that you have courted the widow and married her already, do you? Why, I've been trying to get married for four years."

"Yep, that I have," he answered; "but it was more'n fifteen year ago back in Tennessee, an' both uv them kids air mine, an' say, ain't they fine ones an' ain't she a daisy, though?"

"You can hardly expect me to share either your enthusiasm or your good opinion of your family, since it is your wife this time instead of you who is trying to sooner me out of my claim," he replied drily. "Does your wife share your delight at having found you again?" The sooner grinned sheepishly, "Wall, she didn't appear ter be enny too much overjoyed, an' she didn't shed enny tears at the sight uv me," he replied, "but she did show some sort o' intrust by inquirin' if I wuz the same wuthless cuss I used ter be back in Tennessee. But she'll come round," he continued, brightening up, "when she sees what a fine claim I've got fer her an the boys. You see, I know Mag; she's allers got an eye out ter the main chanst; she'll come round, specially when she larns that she can't hold no homestead, cause she hain't the head o' the famly, see? She can't contest you; but don't you tell her I am a sooner. She might lose confidence in me."

It was with a light heart after this that he sought his lawyer and informed him of the predicament of his contestant. The case would be dismissed as soon as the

facts were presented to the court, and before the appointed hour he visited the clerk's office and secured another paper he was sure would be needed. He did not meet his sweetheart until they appeared in court, and they took a seat together to await developments. In a few minutes the Judge appeared, and the case of Bates vs. Johnson was called and his attorney arose and presented his pleadings, which had been hastily amended. The Judge glanced them over, "it would seem," he said, "that the plaintiff in this cause, Edward Bates, proposes to prove that the defendant is a married woman whose husband is still living, and as such she can not file on a homestead. The ground is well taken, and if proven, not being a femme sole the defendant, Margaret R. Johnson, will not be"—but he got no further, for the attorney for the defense, the plaintiff and the defendant, her face crimson with excitement, were all on their feet at the same moment. "Your Honor, there is some mistake," the attorney was saying, "my client is a young unmarried woman," but he got no further, for Edward Bates had stepped to the bar and was whispering to the Judge, who looked astounded as a Judge well could, but nodded his head as he took the paper that was handed to him. Then mutual explanations were made and upon motion of the plaintiff's attorney the cause was dismissed at the cost of the plaintiff. When the proper entry had been made which settled for good the right of Margaret R. Johnson to the land in question, the plaintiff who had been doing some rapid talking to the defendant, arose and approached the bench with her. "Your Honor," he said, "I have vowed that I was going to have that claim, and that I was going to eat Christmas dinner on it with my wife; it now rests with you to help me make good."

"Since this marriage license which you have handed me seems to be about the only sane thing connected with this cause," he said, "I will perform the ceremony if you can prove to me that the defendant is not already a married woman as your pleadings allege, but I would like very much to know which one of you was the sooner."

CURIOUS BOAT GARDENS OF TAHITI

By LILLIAN O'CONNELL



FOURTEEN days of idle, happy sea-life, in sunny weather, on a luxurious steamer; then, on the fifteenth, we voyagers from San Francisco sighted Tahiti, the Garden of the Tropics.

Tahiti, largest of the Society Islands, is volcanic. Crossed on all sides by mountains, in the island's center, these heights divide, and from their midst rises a bare crown-shaped rock, "The Diadem," whose series of points seem to pierce the sky.

Everywhere we saw strange forms of beauty, fantastic columns of vine-draped rock; vividly green jungles, deep valleys lying in the shadow of majestic mountains, and, scattered among cocoanut-palm and breadfruit forests, native villages, often separated by Chinese gardens laid out with quaintly mathematical accuracy.

Below the Diadem, the picturesque town of Papeete lies in a semi-circle around the Tahitian harbor. The great sight of Papeete is its gardens, which present a novel effect to visitors, because they are neither on the ground, nor in the air! Yet every resident, native and foreign, cultivates a garden.

Tahitian ground is covered with a long coarse grass (a tropical species of *Convolvulus*) which absorbs all the nourishment of the soil, and cannot be killed; therefore, every garden must be planted either in big round wash tubs, painted green, or in long rowboats, whose seats have been removed. Rich garden owners possess both boats and tubs.

Three of these boat gardens were especially curious; one beside a native dwelling; one in front of a foreign consul's house; and one before our own hotel.

In the native's yard stood two towers of tubs, one on each side a path of tangled greenery, leading to the hut's door. On top of two handleless tubs placed on the ground upside down, one upon the

other, was a third, right side up, filled with earth.

From this earth, in the middle of the tub rose a life-like imitation of a Bird-of-Paradise, made of the flowers of Tropical lianas (creepers). The body was formed of an odd brown blossom (name unknown), the tail of a copper-green liana, and the head and throat of a bright blue clitoria. This bird of blossoms cocked at the world an eye of the brilliant pink antigonon, the bill was a bit of canary-colored allamanda, and the tail's side-plumes were crimson. From the bird's claws, the lianas' foliage strayed to the edges of the tub, and trailed down its sides to the ground.

A missionary had cut and trained the flowers to grow upward into the bird-shape for the native, and had also started for him, the specimens of the Tahitian orchid (the *Catasetum*) growing in the opposite tub tower.

To look into the topmost tub of this trio was to see many blossoms of such weird and grotesque forms, one seemed gazing into a miniature world of kangaroos, goblins, butterflies, and elves! Each orchid stood slightly inclined to either side, with the labellum downward, and the yawning cavity in the great fringed labellum, one antenna projecting, the other hanging down, gave the flowers a strange, lurid, almost reptilian aspect.

Indeed, when winds tossed those orchids, spotted with dull copper and fiery orange, in a wild dance through the air, it looked a veritable ball of festive serpents!

Under the shading breadfruit and lacebark trees of the foreign consul's garden, many boats made a fleet of flowers. Every boat was filled with rich soil, and painted either white or bright blue; no other color used.

In a white boat those flower folk, the begonias, "spread all sail" of rose, violet, white; many in scarlet robes held cups

of gold; others again, were stars of pink and cream.

In a blue boat, standard geraniums resembled elfin torches ablaze with bloom, and over the edges of another blue boat, dropped fairy fountains of fuchsias, salmon and white, crimson and cream, purple and rose.

But the consul's feat of gardening was in an unusually long, wide rowboat, somewhat apart from the others. This he called his "Card-Table," for an evident reason: Dark-green moss entirely covered the outside of this boat. Within, the boat was marked off into four divisions by a ribbon between each of moss. In each division, a small earth-bed was dug in the shape of one of each of the four suits of cards, and in each grew flowers of the appropriate color.

Thus in the diamond-shaped bed, red tulips blazed. Flowers made of flame, how beautiful looked their crimson bars in that trim bed, with their likeness in crimson bars of the tropic morning above them, while great globes of dew glistened in their transparent cups!

In the club-shaped bed grew pansies, so darkly purple, that even in tropical sunshine, they looked black. Black, yet not gloomy, for those flower-faces were most expressive; laughing, roguish, sharp, shrewd, vivacious, surprised, worried, saucy! One group the consul fancifully called his card-players, and there we saw one pansy frowning, one intent, one anxious, and one mischievously triumphant. The variegations on the petals were really remarkable.

The heart-shaped bed held scarlet geraniums, each with a dazzling head of brilliant blossoms, and elegantly cut leaves, marked with a dark line across each. Fairly they unfolded, leaf after leaf, like ships crowding sail, as day by day the tropic breezes freshened.

That rare flower, the black rose, grew in the spade-shaped bed, and among these flowers we saw an aphide party. The purple-black petals of each rose were set off by the bright-hued insects. Some were dressed in bronze, others in white, green, mother-of-pearl, or lemon-color, and all were busy injuring the blossoms,

Many strange insects hummed about the garden. Marvellous butterflies floated sensuously from flower to flower. A lizard, like a streak of pale-green fire, darted from the shadow of one boat to another. Shining on a tree-trunk far above the ground, was what seemed a big orange and blue flower. Brought down, it proved to be a spider's nest; the sun's rays amid the silken threads had dyed it those colors. Tahitian spiders are very large, and their silken dwellings are marvels of beauty.

Our hotel faced the sea, so near it, that spray often fell on the veranda, between which and the sea lay a garden. Palms, te-ara, and champak trees stood about.

Each te-ara trunk, short and thick, half-way from the ground, branched to a low wide crown of absolutely leafless boughs. The trunk and boughs were buff-color, the masses of flowers borne on the tree-top, star-shaped, and a brilliant waxy white. The flowers of the Champak trees were wonderful, trumpet-shaped and creamy, yellow inside, streaked with pink outside, and fragrant as a distillery of Paradise!

Beneath these trees, several red rowboats were so placed as to form one large boat. In this was a geometric flower garden, all the beds laid out in exact shapes, with a certain reference to each other, the whole forming a pattern of rainbow-hued embroidery upon their soil. Each bed was filled with a single color, and a single kind of flower of the most brilliant tropical hues.

Our hotel-keeper, a truly pious, if slightly eccentric man, showed us what he called his "Holy Boat." Surrounded by graceful, dainty ferns, like vestal veils of Dryads, lay a white rowboat, filled with earth, separated into four divisions by lines of those tiny sage-green cacti, with fuzzy grey-white hairs all over them, which resemble the round heads of aged dwarfs!

Every flower here was white, and in each bed the plants took the forms of religious symbols. Thus, in the first division was a Dove made of white roses; in the second, a Lamb of white gloxinias; in the third, a Cup of white gardenias;

and in the fourth, a Cross of white native lilies.

In another part of the garden were, that handsome horror of the vegetable world, the African *Stapelia* (imported) with its odious scent, and the egg plant, also imported. This was a short fleshy plant on whose broad dark-red leaves lay what really looked like hard-boiled eggs, whose shells had been removed.

As evening fell, the opal ocean, delicate in all its lines, sent in a single long-sweeping Nile-green wave to break upon the curving pearl-pink shore of Tahiti, Isle of Venus. Swiftly the heavens deepened

into a luminous dark-blue, and the constellations all shone out at once, each great body, round, distinct, suspended in space. In the vivid starlight, all the foliage was illumined by interwoven dances in air of radiant fireflies who held high revel between the shining flowers, and strange foreign trees, while over all the quaint boat-gardens of lovely Papecte, the evening wind wafted dreamy lemon fragrance, the ardent perfume of roses, and the rich scent of Champak blossoms.

So night falls upon the Garden of Polynesia.

AN ELECTRIC SELL

By BEN WINSLOW



MY janitor was in a very communicative mood the other evening and, while I was waiting in the hall for that heavy downpour of rain to let up a bit, he told me a little incident in his career that struck me as being rather good evidence of the truth of that old expression of the street, "there's a sucker born every minute." I will give it to you about in his own language, and you can draw your own conclusions. I will say, however, that this janitor (and, perhaps, he is an exception) has always impressed me as being a truthful man. You can draw your own conclusions as to this also. Leaving out the usual preliminaries, his story was about as follows:

"You know, we janitors are supposed to have unlimited knowledge of past and some inkling of the future movements of our tenants, but I tripped up badly on the young man who occupied the office three doors below yours not very long ago.

"This young man's name was Jenkins, Theophilis Jenkins. I don't know where he came from, but he was the most

plausible talker I ever listened to. He was an inventor, so he said, but by previous occupation he was an insurance solicitor; that might account for his gift of gab. I didn't pay much attention to him at first; not until about the second day after he moved in. I was cleaning up in the next room which had just been vacated, and I noticed that he had a number of callers in his office. You know, the transoms between the rooms here are—but never mind about that.

"He had callers all right, and that's no mistake; real estate brokers, grocers, dry goods dealers and bank presidents. Such men as old man—but I won't mention names. Anyway, he had all sorts of business men; about twenty-five of them standing around in one end of the room.

"Now, gentlemen," he says, "just a few words of introduction before I begin the demonstration of my new invention. For the past ten years I have been working on a problem in electricity; a problem which, if solved, will completely revolutionize the world. As you probably know, there are two kinds of electricity; that which is generated in the dynamo and that which comes from

the chemical cells—the dry battery, for example. Of the two forms the latter is the cheaper, but heretofore, it has been impossible to generate enough current by chemical action to make the dry battery of much practical use. This is the problem I have solved. Startling as it may seem, I have succeeded in making a dry cell that will produce the same work as the big machines in your electric plant. Yet this dry cell need not be any bigger than a lead pencil.’

“In order that you may be convinced that there is no deception in this thing, I have insulated the table by putting glass paper weights under the legs. This will prevent any electrical connection with the floor; and, as you can plainly see, there are no wires running from above to the table. I will begin at the very beginning and build my dry cell right before your eyes.”

“He took a piece of pasteboard mailing tube, about five inches long, and pushed a small copper disk down into it, which divided it into two parts. Then he mixed up some white sand with what he called an ammonia solution, and filled up both ends of the tube with the paste, next he took two pieces of bare copper wire and pushed one piece down into the sand at one end of the tube, and one piece in the other end.

“‘This,’ he said, ‘completes the cell with the exception of charging it.’

“He produced two small bottles; one filled with a red colored liquid, the other with a green liquid.

“‘The contents of these bottles,’ he went on, ‘must remain a secret, but I will say that the cost of the liquid is not more than ten cents a gallon for both.’

“He put two drops of the red stuff in one end of the tube and a drop of the green in the other end.

“‘This,’ he says, ‘charges the battery. Now, I will show you what it will do.’

“He connected the wires up to an electric lamp he had screwed on the table, and turned the key. Sure enough the lamp burned just as steady as you please. Then he connected up a half a dozen lamps and made them burn just the same. Next he hooked his battery

up to an electric fan and sent it spinning at a great rate. Then he started in to explain the many advantages of his battery.

“One cell tucked away under the seat of a street car, would run that car a whole year, and there would be no need of slots, conductor rails and expensive things of that sort. One cell, stuffed in the iron pole supporting the electric lights, would keep them going a year or more. A cell, setting innocent like on the shelf on a closet, would light a whole house, no matter how big or how many rooms it had. It would do away with electric light wires outside of buildings and every one, rich or poor, could have their house lighted by electricity. In a place like the Baldwin locomotive works, one cell would supply all the current needed by all the motors in the plant. And another thing, the current furnished by his battery was absolutely harmless. He proved this by cutting one of the wires and holding an end in each hand. The lights burned just the same; the current, so he said, passing through his body.

“That wound up his demonstration, then he got down to business. These cells could be made for eight cents each, and they would sell readily for twenty-five dollars each. Ten thousand dollars would start a factory big enough to earn several hundred thousand dollars a year. He said that he, like all other great inventors, was poor. His object in demonstrating his invention was to raise the money with which to build the factory, and this was his proposition. He had capitalized the company at fifty thousand dollars, and divided it into one thousand shares of fifty dollars each. He would sell one hundred of these shares, which would make enough to get a good start. You should have heard the way he talked thousands. Well, that gathering of conservative business men was up in a minute clamoring for shares. It wasn't many minutes before he had checks for the five thousand, and he was busy for the next half hour filling out stock certificates. The last I saw of him he was going to the bank to get his

checks cashed. That was a month ago, and he hasn't come back yet.

"How did he work the fan and lights with his battery? He didn't work them with his battery. Two of the glass paper-weights had holes through them, and two small iron rods in the table legs went through these holes and connected with some wires he had run in under the floor. The lamps and the fan were connected with the city wires through these rods, and some wires running

through the table legs. He had a press button under the rug back of the table that he pressed with his foot when he wanted the current on. His electric cell—well, I call it,—didn't generate anything but a lot of mess that I had to clean up. Of course the conservative business men who bit were wild when they learned that the bubble had busted, but Mr. Jenkins was not to be found, and another thing, they wasn't anxious to have the public get onto the fact that they had been such easy marks.

THE SACRED ENDUA OF AFRICA

By EMILY GRANT HUTCHINGS



AMONG the tribes of Western Africa, there is one object to which greater reverence is accorded than to the clithering, venomous snakes of the temples, and that one is the Endua, the most uncanny of flowers. The blossom is beautiful, in a creepy, almost supernatural sort of way, with its silken hairs of purplish brown that wave incessantly, a lure for the insects on which it feeds. It is the holiest thing in all the Dahomy region, and the penalty for injuring a plant of it or plucking a blossom is almost too horrible to relate.

When the British slave trade on the west coast was at its height, a young man went out from London to take a position as clerk in an alleged sugar factory. The factory was still there; but there was a far more lucrative business than that of making and exporting sugar. The man at the head of the slave station had ingratiated himself with the authorities by learning and deferring to all their barbarous customs and superstitions, no less than by marrying a daughter of each chief who threatened trouble.

There he lived in the midst of his black harem, with no wish to return to

England and civilization. The chief clerk, knowing nothing about the country except that it was savage, and that it offered him an opportunity to earn far more than he could ever hope to earn in London, found a wealth of interest in the snake-infested forests surrounding the trading post. He had a room over a part of the old factory and a Kroo boy waited upon him.

During one of his tramps in the forest, he espied the wonderful Endua as it hung pendant from the trunk of a tree, its weird blossoms vibrating with almost intelligent irregularity of action as the swarms of insects darted through the heavy, hot atmosphere. Here was an interesting insect catcher. The clerk decided that he would make use of a few in his bedroom. Even the terror in the Kroo boy's face did not serve to deter him, as he carefully removed several plants and put them in his sack.

A few days later his employer had occasion to visit him in his room. The clerk had done something that was causing dark mutterings among the priests and dignitaries, had violated some sacred custom. He must find out what it was. He had scarcely entered the room when

he realized, all too well, what had caused the wrath of the natives.

"My God, man, your life isn't worth a farthing," he muttered, when he saw the row of waving blossoms. "Didn't you have any better sense than to pick those things?"

"Are they as poisonous as that?" the young man gasped.

"I wish it were nothing worse than poison," his employer groaned. "You have violated the most sacred thing in all this diabolical country. I can't save you if they have found you out. And from the things that have been going on the past two days, I am inclined to think they know you have gathered the Endua. What is that?" He stepped to the window. "Pray to your God, if you have one," he cried. "I'll have to get out of here. I can't sacrifice my life on account of your folly. Hide those accursed things before the priests come up. I'll do this much for you," and he threw a rope of plaited palm leaves about the terrified clerk's neck. "No one but the head priest can remove that, and as long as your wear it, the devils daren't touch you."

The sight which met the young man's eyes as he looked from the window was one calculated to inspire terror. Down the road came the priests and fetish-men, dancing, leaping, whirling to the fantastic measure of the drum-beats. The costumes and ornaments of the men added to the horror of the procession. The fetish-men were distinguished from the others in that they had one-half of the head shaven clean while from the other side the thick hair bristled out. A band about the temples supported two small silver horns.

The priests wore many-colored shirts, well covered with strands of beads interspersed with human teeth and small human bones. Their faces were decorated with black and red paint, and on the front of their leather aprons were crude drawings of snakes, skulls and demons. One of the Vokhimen pranced up the stairs, direct to where the waving Endua blossoms hung from the rafters of the room, strung them along an

iron pole, and commanded the clerk to follow him. It was the rope of palm leaves that prevented him from being torn to pieces by the howling mob.

In the interim, his employer was doing for him what he could. He had appealed to the Viceroy, and had hastily assembled all the white men in the settlement. Before these reached the crowd of yelling, dancing priests and natives, the beginning of the clerk's sentence had been pronounced. The head priest had removed the charm from his neck and had hissed in his ear, "The snake calls."

Instantly he was hustled over to the low stone temple where the sacred snakes were kept. As he stood alone in the center of the room, the Vokhimen dancing, posturing and singing their fiendish sacrificial songs outside, he thought the snakes had been removed. He had often seen them, wallowing over each other on the floor of the temple. Suddenly he heard an insidious hissing from the rafters above his head. There they were, the horrible creatures, coiled along the top of the stone wall, twined about the pillars, depending from the timbers of the roof, all their darting tongues directed toward him.

With a yell of horror, he leaped sheer across the threshold, falling at the feet of the head priest. The action was propitious. The snakes had begged for mercy! At that moment the Viceroy also appeared to plead, cajole, threaten. At last it was decided that the clerk should have the lightest sentence that could be imposed. This was the penalty for killing a snake by accident. While the upper priests went through their blood-curdling pantomime, the servants dug a pit and filled it with reeds.

At the last moment, the slave trader whispered in his clerk's ear, "There is water very near the pit, to the south. Run that way instead of going toward the river." It was that information that saved his life. The Vokhimen had counted, for their prospective sport, on the victim's ignorance of this little pool.

He was stripped of his clothing, placed in the pit and the reeds were ignited. He was then commanded to run for wa-

ter. This command he was not slow in obeying, for the flames leaped up all around him. As he ran, the Vokhimen pursued him, beating him with staves and hacking at him with knives. Fortunately he had only a little distance to run, and the priests were all on the side of the pit nearest the river.

When he leaped into the saving waters of the pool, he had only a few bruises about the shoulders, a few blisters on his feet. The tormentors were filled with rage when they realized that they had been cheated of their favorite amusement. They had been compelled to

mitigate the punishment, but they had located the pit with reference to the river, not the little pool, counting on a long chase, which must have ended in death for the offender.

As he came up out of the water, the priests howled with disappointment, but the incident was closed. The young Englishman must be a favorite of some powerful deity, to have been twice so miraculously rescued. They could not again lay hands on him for that offense. It is safe to add that they never had a second opportunity. He was satisfied to gather no more *Endua* plants.

A MATCH WITH THE MOON

Weary already, weary miles to-night
 I walked for bed; and so to get some
 ease;
 I dogged the flying moon with similes,
 And like a wisp she doubled on my sight
 In ponds; and caught in tree-tops like a
 kite;
 And in a globe of film all vaporish
 Swam full-faced like a silly silver fish;—
 Last like a bubble shot the welkins height,
 Where my road turned, and got behind
 me, and sent
 My wizened shadow craning round at me,
 And jeered, 'So, step the measure—one,
 two, three!
 And if I faced on her, looked innocent,
 But just at parting, half-way down a dell,
 She kissed me for good night. So you'll
 not tell.

—*Rossetti.*

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW IN CANADA

By HERBERT VANDERHOOF



REMEMBER Canadians that they are a feeble folk numerically, suggest that they, on that account, sing small and be meek, and then prepare for their answer. The Canadian thus addressed will probably lay down his plow handle, his pick or his pen, or whatever is that moment claiming his energies, and harangue you in something like this wise:

"Canada is to-day on the verge of the most remarkable commercial and agricultural development known in history. Within sixty years our population will be sixty millions. For years we lost our population to the United States, the rush and bustle and money-making opportunities there drew away from us the flower of our young manhood, but that tide has turned. It is now running the other way. The farm lands of the United States are practically filled, and neither in industrial nor agricultural pursuits is it possible for a man to obtain so good a living in the States as in the Dominion."

You try to interpolate a modest word, but he is just getting worked up to his subject.

"Where, sir, I would ask you, is the overflow of the British Isles—and of Continental Europe—to go to, except Canada? Australia? Isn't Australia, except for its rim of arable land, for the



Canadian Pacific Railway Company's irrigation project, Calgary, Canada.

most part a desert? Farming there is made possible only by vast and expensive schemes of irrigation. Africa? Why, man alive, every immigration and land office in Canada is being besieged by time-expired British soldiers who served in the Boer war, and who know South Africa like a book. It wasn't good enough for them. They will tell you that in the veldt the game is not worth the candle. It was a black country to begin with, and the influx of Chinese to work the mines of the Rand has added a yellow streak to it. Yellow and black makes a good hornet, but it's a mighty bad mixture when it comes to men. No land in the world is rich enough to look pretty when you cover it over with black, yellow and white stripes of humanity, especially if you are the white stripe. India is overrun. What is there left but Canada? And Canada is good enough for most, good enough and big enough. Where in the world except in the Dominion can you find millions of acres of unoccupied land to which farmers can go and make good?"

You endeavor to interrupt, to check the flow.

"You have a barren country, undeveloped, almost unexplored," you have the hardihood to tell him. "If your country were not barren of opportunities it would not have begun the twentieth century with fewer people than the United States sheltered at the beginning of the nineteenth century."

He comes back at you hard.

"Our opportunities are beginning to be known," he declares. "There you have the answer. Take Calgary, for instance. Yes, take all of Southern Alberta. Out there at the edge of the wheat belt they never dreamed what the future held for them. Yet they grew fat and prospered with less than half of the reason for prospering that they now have. Southern Alberta was known as a stock country. So persistently was the fact



Indian tom-tom drummers at a tea dance.

that this part of the world was the greatest ranching country on the continent drummed into the head of the incoming settler, that neither old resident nor new-come immigrant thought of other channels of development. But the time of awakening came. The history of the development of winter wheat-growing in Southern and Central Alberta reads like a fairy tale. For two decades small areas here and there had season after season successfully produced winter wheat. Alert Americans, transplanted into Canada, were the first to read the signs of the times. In their own country most of them had had some previous experience with winter wheat, but were doubtful of the possibility of growing it north of the forty-ninth parallel. Then came thrifty Mormons taking up settlements south of Lethbridge, and they were the first to make their faith visible. The Mormons got enormous yields of winter wheat. And then the old-timers woke up. The story is of recent date. In 1903 some 3,440 acres of winter

wheat in the country produced 82,418 bushels, a rate of 23.95 bushels per acre. Last year witnessed an almost incredible increase in area under winter wheat, no less than 32,174 acres being under cultivation to the crop, the total yield 689,019 bushels, or an average of 21.03 bushels per acre. Winter wheat is forging ahead so strongly that the area under this crop in 1906 is at least 50 per cent larger than the winter wheat area of 1905. This is developing resources with a vengeance—resources that were practically unknown at the beginning of the twentieth century. Alberta Red has become a name to conjure with. By heredity it is an improved and localized variety of the familiar Kansas Turkey Red. The day in which Alberta discovered that she could produce abounding crops of winter wheat was, with her, the day of destiny. The dissatisfied farmer south of the line was not slow to read in the story of twenty-odd bushels to the acre, ease and contentment for himself, comfort and wealth for his children."

Just here, perhaps, you have the temerity to hint that the climate of Canada north and west of the Great Lakes, a land till lately occupied by Eskimo, is too cold for white people.

Then listen to his scorn.

"The wheat belt of Canada has a milder average annual temperature than have the bordering States of America. Why don't you read your meteorological figures, the figures of your own statisticians? *Nothing* does not always mean *cold*. Why, it takes a modicum of cold to produce vigorous manhood, just as it does to grow strong, firm, well-flavored apples. Look around you in every Canadian city from Halifax to Victoria and tell me if you ever saw a more vigorous or virile looking population. If your eyes are open and the eyes of your understanding, you will see on Canadian streets men and women of greater weight of bone and more noticeable physical hardness—and hardness and hardihood of temperament—than you have seen in your travels throughout the Old World. Many of them are transplanted from



Moostoos, Chief of the Sucker Creek Band.

European centers, but like transplanted apples trees, their fibre has strengthened and hardened in the new soil."

He pauses to take breath and you hasten to interpose fresh objections.

"Allowing that you can grow wheat," you say; "what about the rest? What else is your prairie country good for? In the States there is a variety of soil conditions which makes possible diversified farming, and this means real development."

You have left a big opening for him and he takes advantage of it.

"A nation can grow rich and strong and great on wheat alone," he declares. "With the money we get for our wheat we can buy the luxuries of the world. But we have a variety of soils. Would you see some of the varieties, and in a single day's jaunt? Go to the Moose Jaw district. From the city the soil to the north and west, for fifteen or twenty miles, is a heavy clay, with clay sub-soil; from that to the Saskatchewan river soil is lighter and somewhat broken with hills as you approach the Saskatchewan. Between the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Saskatchewan River to Swift Current may be found all kinds of soil from a stiff clay to a light sandy loam. Along the Soo line to Yellow Grass is a fairly heavy clay soil; south of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Coteau Hills we find variable soil, from heavy clay to light sandy loam. Is this not variety enough to satisfy any man? They are unexcelled for the growing of wheat or vegetables or small fruits or almost anything else that has a root and pokes its head up towards heaven. The farmers there have grown prosperous and have helped to make the city of Moose Jaw a metropolis of the province of Saskatchewan."

Outwitted, outreasoned, and logically overthrown at every turn, you have still a shot left in the locker which with some little hesitation, some inward trepidation you bring forth. "Then there are the Indians in your wild, woolly country. No man wants to take his family up into a land where Indians with warwhoops may



Breaking the prairie.

swoop down any calm night and massacre his wife and babies." Immediately you are covered with confusion and sorry you spoke. His scorn is suppressed. He speaks to you in the cool judicial voice with which we address an erring child.

"Your writer of Western stories who said that the only good Indian was a dead Indian did not know the Canadian Indian. In the United States it has always been the fashion for the white man and the red man to hunt each other. In Canada the white man and the red man hunt together. Does it mean anything to you that our Indians are increasing in number. Decent treatment of a people, whose history in the States is as sad as that of the buffalo, will work wonders. And it is a fact that the government of Canada, with the solicitude of a father, watches over its red skinned children. It has encouraged them to go on reserves and to settle down, to make a living for themselves as do other Canadians. They know our Government will keep faith with them and they are ready in turn to

keep faith with the Government. Instead of hindering in the development of the country the Indian in Canada is aiding in the building of a new Empire."

Listening to this enthusiastic Canadian is listening to that type of man who is making good in Western Canada. He is a product of the soil, a natural outcome of hardy environment. His talk may at least serve to give an idea of the resourceful argument of the average Canadian. He knows Canada, and Canada is a big enough topic to preclude his worrying. He has hard sense wedded to natural intelligence, and, moreover, he is an enthusiast. His mind is full of the illimitable resources, the vastness of his country. Self-confidence and hopefulness are the keynote of his character. He is strong of hand, keen of brain, great of heart. Day by day, year by year he is subduing the earth, subduing it by conquering difficulties which would have overcome men of poorer breed.

Seeing immigration pouring in to his rich wheat-land by the hundred thousand, is it a wonder that he sets no limit to

the growth and power of his nationhood? Is he unreasonable in supposing that Canada can easily maintain 140,000,000 souls without encroaching on the forest solitudes which shade off into the Arctic Circle?

Western Canada is the crucible of all nations — French-Canadians, Scottish-Canadians, English and Irish-Canadians, Americans, Germans, Scandinavians,

Icelander, Russians, Jews and Slavs, Greeks, Turks, Syrians, Italians, Finlanders and North American Indians, and racial mixtures from these heterogeneous stocks. Out of this melting pot is coming the composite product that I venture to call the new Canadian, a national type, vigorous, democratic, independent. He it is who will own and dominate the Larger Canada.

THE VOTE OF THE CIVIC CLUB

By ANNE LEONARD



IT was a gloomy countenance that Mrs. Richard Baldwin presented to her mirror as she stood before it, trying in vain to find some grounds for convincing herself that her rusty black jacket and last year's hat did not look so bad. She buttoned and unbuttoned the jacket and buttoned it again, pulled it down as far as she could to make it seem longer waisted, pushed up and then pulled down over her hands the threadbare sleeves already fraying at the wrists, but she could find nothing to approve. At last she picked up the hand mirror and treated herself to a view of her back. Her chief impression was of shiny spots over the shoulder blades and of the same short-waisted effect of the front. With a final pull at the waist line and a pat of the slick satin revers, she laid down the mirror and stepping out a little distance, stood contemplating her full length. Still she found nothing to add to her satisfaction. Her skirt, which had been pressed and cleaned so many times already, was frayed around the bottom and its three-year-old cut and hang were unmistakable, to say nothing of its tendency to "knees." As she looked at her reflection, her quick perception of the possibilities of her curving, graceful body made more bitter the pang she felt that

she must present herself in these worn-out things. "I am too old to wear black, anyway," she commented after a long, silent gaze, and turning away, she completed her costume by putting on an old-fashioned fur collarette, and went out.

Out of doors the early November wind, straight from the snow-covered mountains, cut through her thin clothing and she was soon thoroughly chilled. She had no veil to keep either her hat or her hair in place, and holding her hat against the wind, her fingers tingled within her thin gloves. She made one or two futile efforts to replace the loosened locks at her ears, but soon gave up in disgust and just left herself to the mercy, or lack of mercy, of the wind and cold. The wind brought the tears to her eyes, and her nose was red and drawn. She knew that she looked exactly as if she were crying and she felt exactly as if she wanted to be. She drew her head down in her fur collar, bent over so that her hat would shield her face from the wind and made her way through the crowd, her heart within her burning and hot with resentment and humiliation.

Why couldn't Dick see that she needed some clothes? Why were men so blind and obtuse, anyway? If she were to mention that she needed a cloak or hat or gloves, she knew he would say, "Of

course, Honey, get it right away." But must she suggest everything that she got? She wanted the initiative sometimes to come from him, wanted him to see some of her needs out of his concern for and interest in her. If she had had anything since her marriage it wouldn't seem so bad. But what must people think of Dick!

While she allowed these thoughts to surge through her mind, beneath them all she knew very well that no amount of coaxing from Dick could induce her to spend one cent of their precious little fund for clothes. How jealously she had watched it slowly creep up to its present mark? But that didn't prevent the hurt at his not offering it to her.

By the time she finished her errands and started for home, she had succeeded in making herself quite as miserable as the most God-forsaken need ever be. Raising her head as she turned a corner, she saw Mrs. Joseph Bender, wife of the Republican candidate for Governor, drive by, muffled in warm furs. "I'm glad I didn't see her in time to speak," announced Mrs. Richard to herself, as the keen wind sent another shiver through her body. Even yet she could not bring herself to admit the thought that she was actually cold for want of a cloak to keep her warm. but she was wretched enough without that.

On reaching her room, she took one sweeping glance in her mirror, threw off her wraps, dropped into a chair and treated herself to a vigorous soul-cleansing, heart-refreshing cry.

Now what was she crying for? A new cloak or a new hat? Not by any means. Because she was of the cry-baby type of woman? More likely because she was the furthest possible removed from that type. But really because when God made woman as he did, he mercifully made a good cry an antidote for the peculiar disorders of her nature. What the surgeon's lance does for a festering sore, an irrepressible flow of high-class swearing does for a bursting man and a healthy cry does for the soul of the woman who infrequently indulges.

It seemed to Mrs. Richard this morning that all the struggles and hopes and longings of the whole thirty years of her life were gathered together to-day in one final, hopeless, pitiless failure. She saw the last possibility wither and die. It seemed that her whole life had been one constant struggle for just a comfortable, even commonplace, existence. What a relief she had felt when she married, at the prospect of a comfortable income. She had really married for love, but that could not keep out of sight the fact that the perpetual strain for necessities was done with. But her respite had been short. They had been married only a year, when, labor troubles coming on, Dick had lost his position, and then, as if misfortune could never stop with striking but once in the same place, one failure after another had swept away the few thousands he had saved up. The temporary position that he had been able to secure for a few months was gone now, and it seemed utterly impossible to find anything. Day after day there was the almost feverish watching for the postman, and day after day the same disappointment of negative replies or no letters at all, until it seemed that hope could hope no longer and interest even must die. Oh, what was to be done! And why couldn't *somebody* need Dick! Poor Dick! After all it was really pity for Dick that was hurting her so. The thing she thought she was crying for was the very last thing on earth that she would have had happen. It was simply the tension that she had kept herself under to hide from Dick her disappointment that was showing on her now. Not for worlds would she add to his trouble by having him even suspect that she was undergoing any hardships.

"I'll cry it out and then I simply *will* find some way to help without hurting Dick," she said as she wiped her eyes and gazed out of the window without seeing anything.

"How are prospects this morning?" asked Mrs. Joseph Bender of her husband as they lunched alone in their sumptuous home.

"Gloomy." And the Hon. Joseph ex-

emphified his answer in tone and countenance. "What is the matter?"

"Well, it appears to be reduced to a fight for this town and without the Fourth ward I don't see how we can make it. The Democratic majority there will be small, but there is not much doubt of their holding it."

The luncheon proceeded in silence for a few minutes.

"Well, if the Fourth ward is necessary, we've got to get it," announced Mrs. Bender with the decision of a general.

"I'd like to find the way. Jones and I went over every possible plan this morning and it seems hopeless," cheerlessly answered her husband. "That it, unless you can work some magic on it," he added.

"There! Why the ideal! Of course! Suppose we had let that slip by! I knew there must be a way," explained the lady after a few moments thought. "How many votes shall you need? Do you think forty will do it?" she asked excitedly.

"Oh, yes, forty will make us safe," but there was no enthusiasm in the reply.

"I have it then! Mrs. Richard Baldwin and the Civic Club!" Mrs. Bender spoke in exclamatory sentences almost entirely.

"My dear, what are you talking about? Don't you know that those men are all dyed-in-the-wool Democrats?"

"I'm talking about Mrs. Richard Baldwin and the *Civic Club*, not their husbands." The husbands were so unimportant just then and in this scheme that Mrs. Bender did not consider it necessary to make clear whether there were two or forty of them.

"But Mrs. Baldwin is a woman—and don't you know?"—

"I know just this. That I saw her on the street this morning and she certainly did look thread-bare, and her husband is out of a position and has been for almost a year, and he wants the State Building Inspectorship. And when one has become addicted to tailor suits and then grows thread-bare, some way can be found to induce her to accept three thousand a year, especially for her two hus-

band," rattled out Mrs. Bender as if each thought were an inspiration and she must seize it ere it escaped.

"Uhm—m, do you think so?" The candidate was serious and interested now.

"Yes, indeed, and you'll simply *have* to give him what he wants and find something else for Cousin John, for Mrs. Baldwin is president of the Civic Club, and holds its forty votes in the hollow of her hand."

"Shall I send Mrs. Watts, the chairman of the women's committee, down to see her this afternoon?"

"Mercy, no! Send a woman after a woman in a case like this! Send the most direct, business-like, important man you have. Mr. Gains is the very man! I'll go right down to the office with you myself and prepare him for the task, for he must not bungle with Mrs. Baldwin. She must be skillfully handled and she is all right. Oh, I'm sure it will work!" and she nodded her head excitedly as they got up from the table.

"Come on. You can finish your cigar at the office. I can't wait another minute to begin work, and I'm sure Mr. Gains will be down by the time we get there.

A half hour later, as Henry Hallam Gains, erect, serious and immaculate, issued from the inner office of the law firm of "Bender and Gains," Mrs. Bender fluttered after and sent him off with the parting injunction, half-whispered and emphasized by flourishes of her dainty white hands:

"Now, remember, she is a woman, and an honest woman, and we *must* have her whatever the cost."

The clear, decided, but not too important ring of Mrs. Baldwin's doorbell seemed charged with some unusual quality, and she felt a prescience of something momentous about to happen as she went to answer its summons. She felt that it was no more than she expected, when she opened the door and saw the elegant, composed, keen-eyed gentleman waiting there.

"Mrs. Baldwin? I am Henry Gains of the firm of Bender and Gains, and have called to discuss a matter of business

with you as president of the Civic Club."

"I am very glad indeed to see you," smilingly answered Mrs. Baldwin as she ushered him into her modest, but harmonious living room. His words were as a magic touch to her depressed spirits. Instantly every faculty was awake and alert to meet the occasion appropriately, and all unconsciously she took on an added shade of dignity and importance.

Wedged in among Mrs. Baldwin's many virtues was one small vanity—which is not at all suprising as she was but a mere human woman. But it gave her slightly the nature of the Pharisee and she thanked God that in one particular she was not as other women, and in her innermost heart she cherished the conviction that likewise did all the men with whom she had ever done business. She believed that she transacted business in the same, direct, business-like manner that men do, free from the numerous nonsensical frills which most women attach to it and which make men dislike so to have to meet a woman in business.

Mrs. Bender's keen perception had seen this and at once picked Gains, with his capacity for going straight to the point and his manner of appearing thoroughly open, as the very one to send to Mrs. Baldwin. His very bearing was a subtle appeal to her self-esteem.

"Now, Mrs. Baldwin," he began when they were seated, "I have come to seek your assistance in a cause which, I am sure, is dear to the hearts of both of us, and which can be furthered only by our united efforts. We both seek the welfare of the State of Colorado. I need not go into any account of the especial qualifications of the Hon. Joseph Bender to fill the governor's chair, for I am sure you know them already. Moreover, which you probably do not know, he has looked into the question of the restriction of the circulation of free text-books to poor children, for which your club has so earnestly worked. He is convinced that consideration for the public health demands it and he wishes me to assure you that if elected he will do all in his power to have the law passed."

"Oh, is it possible?" exclaimed Mrs. Baldwin, "well, I"—

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Baldwin, and, moreover, he wishes me to say to you that if elected he hopes to have your husband consent to become State Building Inspector for his administration."

"Oh," gasped Mrs. Baldwin, all unknown to herself. Her eyes opened wide and she stared in amazement. Was it possible that she heard correctly? Surely she did not grasp his meaning. He had paused as if waiting for her to say something, and the ceasing of his voice served to call back her wits to their posts.

"I see no reason why he should not, I'm sure," she managed to say.

"I am glad to hear you say it, and we trust that it will be some slight advantage to him to hold the position, as we are sure it will be fortunate for the State to have him do so. The salary, you know, is three thousand dollars a year.

"I know he'll be delighted to have the position, and I hope very much that nothing will stand in the way of his getting it."

"Then it is plain that we can be of mutual help. You give the votes of the Civic Club for Mr. Bender, which will secure his election and your husband's appointment to this position is assured. You see it is simply a business proposition—we need you, you need us and the State needs us both."

Her heart was thumping so hard that she could scarcely get her breath and two scarlet patches burned in her cheeks, but the president of the Civic Club would present to the world a calm and composed bearing at all times, and especially in a business transaction.

"That is true," she said, "and the Civic Club will appreciate the privilege of voting for a man on whom it can rely to help it in its works of reform."

There was very little more to be said and he was soon gone assured of the Civic Club's support for the Hon. Joseph Bender, and chuckling at the assured downfall of the Democratic candidate.

"There, what did I tell you?" ex-

claimed Mrs. Bender, as she flew into her husband's inner office after the return of Gains, "am I not a genius?"

"You are indeed," agreed her husband, kissing her squarely on the lips, "your talents eminently fit you for the exalted position to which, we trust, an admiring constituency is about to elect you."

"Oh, to think of it!" gasped Mrs. Baldwin, sinking down on the hall stairs, when Gains had gone. "A position for Dick. Three thousand dollars! I am so glad I can do something to bring it to dear old Dick." And she was overwhelmed by a rush of contrition for the mean thoughts she had tolerated that morning. How was it possible that she could have entertained such thoughts anyway? Yes, she would. Just as Mr. Gains suggested, she would keep it a secret and have a splendid surprise for Dick when it was all done, and she could tell him the place was his. Oh, was it really true, or had she been dreaming? How could such tremendous changes come so suddenly? She was really dazed and almost staggered by the sudden release of the strain of disappointments and failures.

However, a few days' work in carrying out her part of the pact enabled her to readjust her understanding to the new conditions. Still if Dick had not been unusually preoccupied himself, he might have noticed an unwonted undercurrent of nervousness these last few days.

The Civic Club decided that while it was about it, it would do things up completely and score a triple victory for emancipated woman. Not only would it elect the man who sympathized with its work, but it would effectually and forcefully refute the claims of those who maintain that woman's suffrage only multiplies votes, as the women always vote with their husbands, anyway. Not only that, but it would dash to pieces and grind to powder the damning charge that woman cannot keep a secret. Not a Civic husband should know until the fateful day, but that his wife was meekly following him in the sacred path of Democracy. But just wait until after the balloting, and then see! As their enthusiasm

grew, the tenacity with which they gripped their secret was beautiful to see. O, Civic husbands, woe to you, that no pitying Providence grants you the slightest warning to prepare you for your awful fall!

There never had been the slightest doubt of Mrs. Baldwin's ability to deliver the goods, so it was no surprise to those on the lookout, when, late in the afternoon of election day, the Civic ladies, in groups of a half dozen or more, presented themselves at the voting places, filed into the booths and cast their forty votes for the Republican candidate for Governor. They came late because it was hard to let go of their secret after such an ardent attachment, and they delighted to prolong the last lingering hold. Besides the leaders thought it just as well not to let their opponents know any earlier than necessary of the deflection of the Fourth ward.

"Come back just as soon as you know the result, for I shall be anxious to hear."

"Yes indeed, I shall," answered Richard Baldwin, hurrying out after dinner to get the election news.

Mrs. Richard didn't know how in the world she could ever live through the time until Dick's return or contain herself then, long enough to tell him intelligently of the wonderful news. She walked up and down the room, looked out the windows, sat down and got up, went upstairs and came down, and did everything that she could imagine to pass the time and help her calm herself. At last she sat down and picked up the evening paper, attempting to read.

What was that? Dick's steps on the walk and so early? She got up, but before she could reach the door, he came bounding up the steps and dashed into the house.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Oh, Honey!" and before she could utter a word he had caught her in his arms and went whirling around the room in a wild dance.

"Why, wh—what it is it, Dickie, dear," she panted when he stopped and she got breath enough to speak at all.

"Well, Thurston is elected Governor

and I'm to have the State Inspectorship of Buildings at three thousand a year. Can you grasp that, Honey? A three thousand dollar job for sure. We had a close call, too, and if I hadn't held those fellows at the works in line we'd have lost the Second ward. It is for my work there that I get the plum. I didn't tell you anything about it before, for I was afraid it might be another disappointment. After all we would have lost the Fourth ward if they hadn't thrown out

about thirty ballots that weren't properly scratched."

Mrs. Baldwin had turned pale and flushed crimson as she listened in breathless incredulity to this outburst, and in utter amazement, unable to tell whether she were more chagrined or disgusted or happy, she collapsed in Dick's arms and mumbled to his shoulder:

"Oh, Dickie, how could you, and not tell me a thing about it?"

THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW

By BERTA KNOWLTON BROWN

THE breath of pines in the sunshine
 Is borne through the autumn air,
 And slender young birches in white
 Stand tremblingly over there.

Half fearful and yet rejoicing,
 They bend a trifle to hear
 Soft sighs their lovers are voicing—
 The evergreens they revere.

The marshes are gorgeously gay,
 The tidal stream winding and blue,
 And white sand dunes far away
 Add a finishing touch to the view.

The swamp maple blazes its story
 Of beauty too great to believe;
 There are hints of transcendent glory
 For him with the heart to receive.

And the soul of the seer is yearning
 For something he cannot attain,
 For something toward which he is turning
 With hands out-stretched all in vain.

The call of the autumn is waking
 Thoughts born in the long ago,
 And far in the distance seems breaking
 A vision he cannot yet know.

IN LITERARY FIELDS

ARRANGED BY L. C. BURD.

JANE AUSTIN.



JANE AUSTIN stands for much in the development of English fiction and ranks as the supreme mistress of comedy. One of the most remarkable characteristics of the closing decades of the eighteenth century was the rapid change of literary taste. There was room for new kind of fiction, which should be a comedy of life and manners, and within her own limits, this writer comes as near perfection as any human genius can. On her was bestowed, though in humble form, the gift of creative power.

SCOTT.

As the writer of historical novels, Scott's superiority stands unchallenged. While he may occasionally fail in accuracy, he never fails in that higher kind of truth which gives a firm artistic reality to past history. In a word, he brings much more than learning, much more than patient investigation to his task—he brings his entire personality. He makes friends with all men through his books as he did in his life, by virtue of his geniality, his shrewd good sense, his warm appreciation of all that is best in human nature, and his sympathy with its frailties, and the popularity which is based upon such qualities as these is a popularity which is likely to endure. He wrote according to his nature, and being by nature great, in spite of his faults, he has written in a great way and has left behind him a beloved and imperishable memory.

THACKERAY.

Thackeray was, by the very nature of his life, as well as by temper, cosmopolitan. Being a man of the world, it was inevitable that the material for his novels should be drawn from a wide circle of experience, and with his compeer, Dickens—who must be reckoned a co-partner—inaugurated a new school of fiction. Thackeray's fiction is the intimate product of his temperament. This

is not quite the same thing as saying that it expresses his philosophy of life; what is meant is rather that Thackeray's fiction has a personal element, in which the expression of his own character counts for more than the expression of his philosophy. His great characteristic is his assumption of his part of the satirist and censor of morals. The last thing to be said of Thackeray, and it is not the least thing—it is that he is a great writer as well as a great novelist, which is a great achievement, since no English novelist has employed in telling his tale a style of such dignity, such purity and strength and real distinction.

DICKENS.

If any general term can be employed to define the particular place of Dickens in fiction, we may say that he is a democratic novelist. In a sense, scarcely applicable to any other novelist, he was a man of the people and wrote for the people, since he had a real depth and intensity of popular sympathy. Dickens had, moreover, an extraordinary power of observation, and this is the cardinal quality of his art. It is so vivacious, so sensitive, so ceaselessly active, that it may rank as the distinctive quality. How much he sees, and how vividly, is revealed even in his dullest page to a degree that would be remarkable in the pages of many other writers who have a claim to brilliance. That he is a humorist none will question, but his method belongs rather to broad farce than to humor; and one is not sure whether he would not be more correctly described as a great master of farce than a great humorist—the greatest lord of farce who ever lived. It is, however, as a great creative artist Dickens takes his place with the immortals; and so long as men live not by bread alone, but by food of the imagination, so long as men know how to laugh at pure absurdity, to revel in the jovial fun of high spirits and audacious youth, to thrill and sadden at the tragedies of life, to feel pity, mirth, and love, so long will the writings of Charles Dickens live.

PARTING

For High voice.

Words and Music by
FLETA JAN BROWN

Moderato.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more active treble line with chords and arpeggios. The first system begins with a piano introduction in the piano part, marked *ff* (fortissimo) and *p* (piano). The vocal line starts with the lyrics "Twilight steals a -". The second system continues with "cross the meadows ev - en tide be - gins to fall,". The third system concludes with "Dead leaves rus - tle in the sha - dows echo - ing a sad heart's call". The piano part ends with a final chord in the bass.

Twilight steals a -

cross the meadows ev - en tide be - gins to fall,

Dead leaves rus - tle in the sha - dows echo - ing a sad heart's call

One by one the stars ap-pear— watch - ing o'er our one last

hour of bliss, A last good-bye The time draws near One

rit. — — — — — *TEMPO I.*

last fond ling - 'ring kiss All your heart is

mine, Your gift, to take be - yond the sea _____ Tho'

far a - part our path - way drift You'll still be true be

ff *rit.*

ad lib.

true _____ to me _____

rit.

LOW COST HOMES

WM. A. RADFORD
EDITOR

THERE are good sized rooms in this plan, and enough of them to accommodate a good sized family. The house is thirty feet wide and thirty-eight feet long, exclusive of the porch. It should be built in the timber sections, where carpenter work is not too expensive, for about \$2,400.00, but estimates on building vary a great deal with localities. A house that costs \$2,000.00 in one place may cost \$3,000.00 a hundred miles away. Then individual tastes have a good deal to do with it. A hard wood finish adds a great deal more to the cost of a house than the difference in price between hard and soft woods, because hard wood is slower to work and it re-

quires better skill and consequently better paid carpenters.

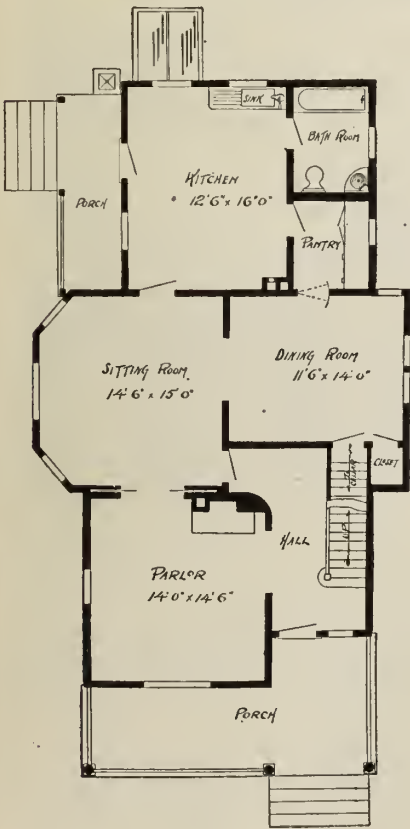
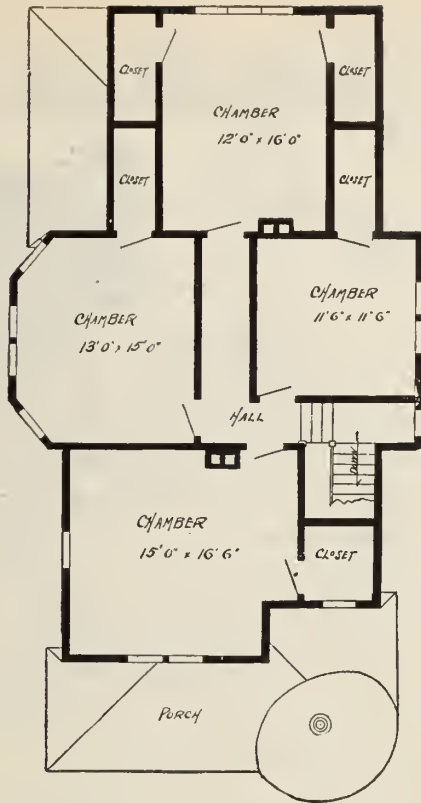
Here we have a good-sized eight-room house, the rooms are well arranged and the house itself when finished is a good looker. It has a stone wall for a foundation, and the wall is plastered outside with water-proof cement mortar to keep the cellar dry. Provision is made for heating with a furnace, and many little accessories such as catch basin, slop sink, cess pool, etc., are provided to make the house complete. The joists at the top of the wall are filled in with grouting to keep out frost, and the cellar is to have a cement floor. The flues are lined with fire clay and stone caps are provided for the chimneys, slop sink, and cess pool, and the cellar win-



dows are to have stone sills and the catch basin to have a manhole and iron lid with a ring in it. The wood outside is pine, the inside is pine and the shingles are white cedar. The only hardwood specified is a white maple floor in the kitchen, and this should not be laid until after the plastering is finished, as it will not stand much dampness. This kind of house is good enough for anybody, and it does not get away with a big amount of money.

The front porch of this house having a round corner, is a little unusual, but when finished properly, it gives the house a very attractive appearance from the road. The recess between the two wings of the house seems to provide a place for an ornamentation of this kind.

One unusual feature is the manner in which the clothes closets are built. Advantage is taken of the sloping roof in the story and a half wing to make four good closets without interfering with



any of the bed-rooms. Few houses have closet room enough. In a good many places the closet room is taken off the bedrooms. Sometimes a corner is blocked in with a clothes cupboard in such a manner as to interfere with the proper placing of the furniture. It is a great study to arrange floor plans to provide for such conveniences, and to have all the rooms square and rightly arranged, and the proper size, without having any badly shaped rooms. It is a modern art to construct a house that is convenient, sanitary and right in every way inside, and at the same time have a good appearance from without. It is a common thing to see a lot of waste room in a house, which means that all such space must be cleaned and kept in order year after year. It must be heated in the winter and ventilated at all times at considerable expense, just because the architect failed to utilize space to the best possible advantage.

Statistical Sam



A Gulliver Giant Reaching from New York City to Washington, D. C., Might be Securely Bound Down by the Shoestrings Now in Use in the United States.

IT looked a little bit like a put-up job on Statistical Sam, the way the members of the kitchen cabinet kept talking with seeming over-assiduity. But, finally Sam's chance came, and he delivered himself of the following:

"Shoestrings admit of statistics. The standard shoestring of America is the kind which comes in pairs, and is marked '4-4!' '4-4' is always 'four-quarters.' That's the way shoestrings come, always in quarters. '3-4,' '5-4,' '6-4' to '8-4' lengths also obtain; the extreme lengths rejoicing under the plural trade cognomen, 'whangs!'

"Ninety per cent of the shoestrings sold in America are 4-4's, usually of the variety called 'spirals;' on account of the spiral twist of wire on their each end. 3-4's are low-cuts; 5-4's and 6-4's for extra length ladies' and gentlemen's footwear; and above that, for men's storm shoes and hunting boots. So it will readily be seen that 4-4's constitute a twin measuring unit. Each 4-4 being one yard in length, the measuring unit becomes six linear feet.

"Two pairs, or 12 feet, of shoestrings a year is what I figure to be worn by each of the more than 75,000,000 inhabitants of the United States. That would give more than 175,000 miles of shoestrings; or seven times around the earth.

"Many leather money bags are used

throughout this country of ours, and usually a shoestring is used for a drawstring after the original drawstring wears out. Say, then, that one man in one hundred who is head of a family uses a leather money bag with a shoestring drawstring, over \$4,500,000 is constantly passing in and out of such shoestring loops.

"Allowing a shoestring watchchain to one man in every 500 and with all those men living in one city, the population would be over 150,000; including their families.

"If the shoestrings of the United States were connected up and laid along the mileage of railroad in this country they would fall just a trifle short of spanning the entire railway system. Come a rain, however, and they would stretch considerably further."

"Were the inhabitants of the United States suddenly to discover a sleeping Gulliver giant in their midst, by working as Dean Swift portrays the vigilant binding attack of the Lilliputians, by using knotted shoestrings alone we could bind down securely a Brobdingagian whose head might rest in New York City and his feet in Washington, D. C."

Uncle Reuben and Aunt Sarah Ann encounter the March wind at the Post Office corner.



Uncle Reuben—(as the wind takes possession of his hat.) “Dod blast th’ thunderin’—!—!!”

Aunt Sarah Ann—“What was that ye said, Reuben?”

Uncle Reuben—“I said, Sarah Ann, that this would be a fine day if ’tweren’t for the wind.”



NEW HILDBRECHT DINING ROOMS

fill a long-felt want to Trentonians who appreciate good eating at popular prices.

Modern and attractive in every particular—built with an idea of refinement and comfort—makes ours an ideal dining room for your enjoyment.

Service from 8. a. m. to 8 p. m.

with a Menu containing all the seasonable delicacies and substantial, served with a daintiness which will appeal to your palate.

Many popular dishes at 25 cents—some higher—some less. Suppose you see for yourself.

Hildebrecht Catering Co.,

19 and 21 W. State Street.

The Acme Magazine

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It is kept on the library or drawing-room table for at least a month, and is read by every member of the household. Nearly every one who looks through a magazine reads the advertisements; because magazine advertising is made as attractive as skillful engraving and fine printing can make it, and it is one of the magazine's principal and most interesting features.

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The Acme Publishing Co.

510 MASONIC TEMPLE

TRENTON, N. J.



“Amid the fragrance of summer flowers, he wandered with Alice Armstrong.”

(See Serial Story “For Freedom’s Cause.”)

The Acme Magazine

Vol. 1.

MARCH, 1907

No. 5.

Entered as second-class matter November 16, 1906, at the Post Office at Trenton, N. J.,
under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

A MEMORABLE POLITICAL CONTEST.

How One Man Elected Another to the United States Senate.

THE INSIDE FACTS WHICH GOVERNED THE GREAT POLITICAL EVENT OF 1887 NOW TOLD
FOR THE FIRST TIME.

By CHARLES S. TUNIS.

TO USE AN overworked phrase "it is the unexpected that happens." The story that follows is of things that transpired twenty years ago—beside which some events of the recent past lose in dramatic interest if they do not pale in importance. The tale has, to the writer's knowledge, never before been told "from the inside;" or, if told, has not been authenticated by any of the actual participants in the events herein described. And yet what is here related, goes to the making of an important chapter in the political history of the State, and it should be given to the public while there are those living who may be able to correct any minor errors of fact which shall have inadvertently crept in.

Our initial chapter opens with a glance at political events as they transpired in New Jersey in the summer and fall of 1886. Grover Cleveland was President of the United States; Congress was Dem-

ocratic by a working majority in the House of Representatives; but the Republicans held the Senate; David B. Hill was Governor of New York; Leon Abbett was in the last year of his first term as Governor of New Jersey, and his successor was to be elected in the fall; William J. Sewell and John R. McPherson represented New Jersey in the Senate of the United States, the term of the former to expire, and a successor to be elected to fill the vacancy to ensue in the following March. Governor Abbett would retire in January, and his consuming ambition was to capture the seat in the Senate held by General Sewell, who on the other hand proposed to succeed himself. Meantime there was to be a new Governor as well as legislature to elect the Senator.

To effect the object of his supreme desire Governor Abbett had exerted every effort to secure his party's supremacy, and to build up within its organization an all-



Hon. Leon Abbett.

powerful, personal machine; and to all appearance he was about to succeed in both endeavors. That he did not is a matter of history, and it will be interesting to recall the circumstances and note wherein he failed and saw his hopes dashed to earth at the very moment of anticipated victory.

The Democratic state gubernatorial convention met in Trenton on the 28th of September. The leading candidates before that body were Robert S. Green, of Elizabeth, then at the close of a first term in Congress, and Rufus Blodgett, of Monmouth county, president of the New York and Long Branch Railroad, a former member of Assembly for three terms from Ocean county, whence he had migrated to Monmouth, and then chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee.

There were others who "also ran"—on the first ballot, and up to the closing minutes of the second, but the real contest was between Green, who stood for himself, but with the Abbett backing behind him, and Blodgett, who was being pushed by those not in sympathy with the methods or the ambitions of Abbett.

Particularly active in Blodgett's support from his own county were such men as the late Henry S. Little, a former leader and still a power in state politics; Surrogate David S. Crater, a popular and resourceful local leader, and Hon. William S. Throckmorton, who represented the old first Assembly district of Monmouth, and had already honorably won his spurs in the Assembly, and others locally prominent in their day. Of the trio named only Mr. Crater survives; but still popular and capable, he remains a treaty power in local politics.

Mr. Blodgett's showing on the first ballot was a little less than half of that of Mr. Green, but the scattering vote for perennial candidates and favorite sons was large, and neither had a majority of the convention. Green's lead however, had given him an unmistakable preponderance and he was easily nominated on the second ballot.

The methods employed had, nevertheless, left a particularly bad taste in the mouths of the Monmouth friends of Blodgett, who felt that the Governor had aggressively intermeddled in their affairs, and they did not take any especial pains to disguise the fact that they were "going home on the cussing train."

Prominent among the Abbett following in Monmouth was former Congressman Charles Haight, who had been a classmate and a close friend of Robert S. Green, and claimed that this justified his personal support of the latter; also County Clerk James Patterson and his brothers, John H. and "Ewing" Patterson, the former of whom was then and some time afterward Keeper of the State Prison.

It has been found necessary to give some account of conditions existing in Monmouth at the time, for the reason, as afterwards appeared, that they had a direct and important bearing on the final result. It had fallen to the lot of Assemblyman Throckmorton (and a presumable candidate for re-election), as chair-

man of the Monmouth delegation, to present Mr. Blodgett's name to the convention, which he did with characteristic force and eloquence; and General Haight had been the spokesman for Green in voicing the Abbett sentiment in the county before the same body. Monmouth was a house divided against itself, and although the Green delegates were as eleven only to twenty-five on the final round up, it was enough to expose the weak point in the Blodgett line and greatly diminished his chances of the nomination. The wound, at this time opened, did not heal, "by first intention," and in point of fact the cicatrix eventually formed is still visible.

The Republicans of the county were, of course, not slow to take advantage of the dissensions in the ranks of their adversaries and straightway set about promoting and aggravating them. Mr. Throckmorton was permitted to be re-elected practically without opposition. Sherman B. Oviatt, former Speaker of the House, was sent again to the Assembly from Mr. Blodgett's home district—and, it was hinted, not strictly in opposition to the latter's wishes, and the Democratic candidate in the Shrewsbury district, which lies also along the New York and Long Branch Railroad, was beaten by a Republican towards whom railroad interests were not supposed to entertain any marked antipathy. So that with Chattle, of Long Branch, in the Senate and Throckmorton of the First district, and Oviatt and Lufburrow in the House, and Green just pulling through in the reliable (?) old county it looked a drawn battle between political parties in Monmouth; and if there was a large personal following for Abbett it certainly had failed of any adequate representation in the legislature.

It was charged by the Abbett leaders that there had been apathy, if not open disaffection; that the Blodgett people had "sulked in their tents"; and there was no convincing denial. The Gover-



General William J. Sewell.

nor's friends, however, counted on caucus control of the two men from Monmouth and loudly proclaimed them as in honor bound to support the regular candidate for the United States Senate, which, of course, could be none other than Governor Abbett, with all that his nomination would imply.

The election was over and Green was Governor by 8,020 plurality. (This was the year that Clinton B. Fisk ran on the Prohibition ticket, and pluralities had to be substituted for majorities.) The returns were claimed by the Democrats to give them a majority of one on joint ballot in the incoming legislature, or forty-one for their candidate for the Senate to forty all told against him, and a margin in the House sufficiently large to organize the Assembly in the interests of the party.

However, it will be seen that this was a boast on the part of "him that putteth on his armor." The Republicans held the State Senate by the safe majority of three, there being twelve Republicans to nine Democrats, classing Dr. Chattle of Monmouth as a good-enough straight-out on party lines—while of the simon-pure Democrats elected to the House there could not be more than thirty to be de-

pending upon, and of these, two were claiming seats which were vigorously contested (Turley, of Camden, and Walters, of Trenton, who were finally sworn in); and besides the twenty-six solid Republicans there were left enough "labor Democrats" and "labor men" of undecided proclivities to turn the scale. Should the Democrats capture all the irregulars, save Donohue, of Passaic, elected by the Knights of Labor, it might still turn upon what that gentleman should do, whether Leon Abbett or somebody else should go to the United States Senate.

The situation was confusing indeed, but the Democratic press and leaders professed a cheerful confidence in coming victory and went on with their preparations to make the most of it. They were to elect the next Senator, and his name was none other than Abbett, the redoubtable chieftain of the party upon whose banners victory was accustomed to perch.

It was the eleventh day of January, 1887, when the one hundred and eleventh legislature was to meet in New Jersey's capitol "and organize and proceed to business in manner and form prescribed by the constitution of the State." There had been crowds in attendance and literally a hot time in the old town the night before, and the day brought accretions to the number of on-lookers and participants until excitement in and around the State House was at fever heat.

Three o'clock arrived, the time fixed by the constitution for the two houses to organize. The Senate chamber was occupied by a "conference" of a mixed body of Republicans, Independents, dissatisfied Democrats and "labor men," members-elect of the House, who were reported to have agreed on a program which contemplated the organization of the Assembly and control of its committees on the basis of a division of the dependent offices, the bulk of which were to go to the Democratic seceders and so-called Independents.

But when the members of the Senate wanted access to their chamber they got it; it was no longer needed by the high contracting parties.

The coalition filed out and in a compact body moved into the corridor and marched over to the door of the Assembly chamber—thirty-one strong with the twenty-six Republicans "leading on." Here they were momentarily barred by one of last year's hold-over door-keepers who was keeping ward over an interesting caucus of twenty-nine irascible and somewhat excited Democratic Assemblymen "sitting on the lid" with a grim determination to hold it down, come what might. But somehow the door went open and the thirty-one went in with precision and dispatch.

The entrance of the "invaders," as the insiders chose to designate them, was not merely a surprise; it took on an air of business, and that of immediate and urgent importance. It seemed, moreover, to suggest resistance, and its challenge was promptly met. Mr. McDermitt, of Essex sprang to the defense. "The Democrats were holding a caucus; they had possession of the fort; they proposed to hold it against all comers until their deliberations should be completed. This was an intrusion; persisted in it would be an outrage. He demanded the instant retirement of the intruders."

Chairman Beckwith, of the caucus, "appealed to their sense of fairness and courtesy; he trusted they would be guided by the rules that obtained among gentlemen," &c., &c. There was pandemonium. The Republicans and their allies, through ex-Speaker Armstrong and others, maintained "their right, as a majority of members-elect, to enter the chamber and proceed with," &c., &c.

To circumstantially describe minor events of twenty years ago will hardly be expected, but salient points are easily remembered. After the irruption of the Republicans and their allies as already

described there was a scene of disorder which continued until the exclusion of all outsiders, which happened concurrently with the arrival of a detachment of Trenton city police. These were sent, it was said, "at the suggestion of Governor Abbett, for the preservation of order," and may possibly have contributed to that end, although the act was denounced at the time as a high-handed piece of usurpation by the political enemies of the Governor.

But, at any rate, after quiet, in some measure, had been restored, a compromise of the pending troubles was effected by the retirement of the Armstrong party to the Speaker's room, ostensibly to enable the caucus to close its "labors" as speedily as possible and participate in the organization already too long delayed. But that this extension of time was not to be continued very long was discovered by the astonished occupants of the main chamber when they saw, some half an hour later, the allied forces suddenly emerging from their place of retirement, taking prompt possession of the speaker's desk and asserting control of the House. This done, Dr. William M. Baird, of Warren county, who was at the head of the advancing procession, seized the Speaker's gavel, announced that he had just been elected Speaker by a lawful majority of duly qualified members of the assembly, thirty-one in number, and declared amidst the resulting confusion that the House was open for

the further transaction of business.*

There was confusion, chagrin and protest and a futile struggle on the part of the chairman of the caucus to wrest the gavel from the hands of the self-proclaimed Speaker. But the Republicans stood firmly by and after further unavailing appeal and denunciation, the caucus broke up on a motion to adjourn and grumblingly retired. The Armstrong-Baird organizers then proceeded to complete their program by the election of minor officers and adjourned in due form to the following day in full possession of the chamber and maintaining the validity of all their acts.

The chapter to follow in the April number of the ACME will tell how this claim was conceded; how some of the bolting Democrats returned to the fold, and the House "pulled itself together," and proceeded to business. Also how the Senate refused to organize until the 1st of February, and, incidentally how trouble in the meantime broke out afresh in the Democratic ranks and Abbett was defeated for and Blodgett elected to the United States Senate.

*NOTE—A contemporary account, happily hits off one of the crucial incidents of the scene in stating what happened after the Republicans and their allies re entered the chamber and swarmed over the Speaker's desk, as follows: "When they reached the platform Mr. Baird attempted to take the chair and seize the Speaker's gavel. Mr. Beckwith, who had possession of the chair, resisted and a struggle ensued between the two gentlemen who staggered off the rostrum together.

The galleries were crowded and intense excitement prevailed. Cheers and hisses commingled made the scene one never to be forgotten. Everybody was excited. Finally a motion, apparently from both sides, prevailed to adjourn and the tumult was subdued."

The only error in the above is that the Democrats adjourned first, the Republicans staying for a few moments and adjourning later.

FOR FREEDOM'S CAUSE.

By WILLIAM P. EVERETT.

JUST OFF the old Brunswick road, not far from the village of Trenton, during the Revolution, stood the residence of Judge Nathan Armstrong. It was a large house, with long verandas and imposing Ionic columns, built in the style so popular with men of means in that period. A long lane, edged by tall fir trees, led from the highway to the front of the mansion, and then circled about the house to the stables in the rear. Some distance back of the latter, and extending along one side, was a dense grove of trees composed largely of chestnut and hickory. From these woods was derived the name of the plantation, "Hickory Grove."

Late in the afternoon of the December day upon which our story opens, in the year 1776, a man might have been seen stealthily crossing the field between the woods and the outbuildings. Approaching the half-open door of the stable he entered, but paused upon the threshold and closely scrutinized the house, then, turning, he let his eyes roam over the interior of the stable and a look of surprise overspread his face.

"What has come over the place?" he exclaimed, half aloud. "There is something strange about the appearance of the house, and the stable has a neglected look that is unusual with the property of Judge Armstrong. I'll lay low for a while and see how the land lays. If the Judge was not such a rabid Royalist, I would suspect that the red-coats had been up to something, but they surely would not annoy such a pronounced Tory as Nathan Armstrong, and so I cannot account for it, un-

less the old gentleman is ill. I hope he is not, and I trust Alice is—Great Guns! it can't be that anything has happened to her! I'll go to the house at once," and the man turned quickly, as if about to leave the stable, while a troubled look appeared in his face, but he halted and again turned to the interior. Then he continued: "But, no, I must wait until dark, I can trust none of the servants except Sam. There is too much at stake to run any unnecessary risk now. It will be dark in an hour and then I can chance it with less probability of being recognized. It may be that Sam will come out to feed the stock and—" he paused and stared at a row of stalls at the side, all empty save one, which contained a bay mare, now eyeing him with an animal's curiosity.

"Why, what has become of the horses?" he continued. "The stable looks as though it had been cleaned out of everything. Now, I wonder—"

He stopped suddenly and listened. A look of alarm overspread his features as the sound of footsteps apprised him that somebody was approaching on the gravel path between the house and stable. He looked about for a place of refuge and his eyes fell upon a pile of straw opposite the empty stalls. He had scarcely concealed himself beneath the straw when an old negro, evidently a servant of the place, shambled in.

The newcomer was mumbling to himself in an angry tone, loud enough for the hiding man to hear.

"'Tween de Tories an' de Britishers and de Dutch, we don' know whar we's at. What fo' dey want to hang aroun' dis place after dey has got all dere is teh

get. Dey don' leave us nothin' now but our clo's an' I 'spect dey'll be 'long after dem ar, purty soon."

At this juncture the old negro happened to glance at the horse and seeing its eyes fixed upon him, immediately directed his address to the animal.

"Yo' ol' good-fo'-nothin', what fo' dey did n't took yo' ? Dey better come back an' git yo', so's dis ol' niggah won' have to come out in de cold to feed yo' when he's had nothin' to eat hisself." He opened a feed-box and taking therefrom a few ears of corn threw them in the manger, after which he put in an armful of hay, all the while talking to himself.

"I's nearly froze but I 'spect I'll have to make yo' bed up good an' warm, or de ol' Marse'll git in my wool," saying which he snatched up a hay-fork and angrily thrust it in the pile of straw which covered the hiding man.

The next instant he sprang back, terrified, for from the depths of the straw came a long sepulchral groan.

"Wha's dat !" he ejaculated, while his eyes stared in wide open astonishment at the pile of straw, from which issued another groan, more terrifying than the first. The frightened negro was too weak to run and dropping on his knees he clasped his hands and cried in terror.

Then from out the pile arose a figure which to the horrified gaze of the old servant was the devil personified. If the negro had not been blinded by fright he might have seen that the man was young, apparently not more than twenty-two years of age, tall and well developed, his form indicating strength and activity ; his face, though somewhat tanned by exposure, was strikingly handsome. The steady light in his bright grey eyes showed that he possessed a frank, fearless spirit. He was dressed in the garb of a farm hand, but there was something about the ease and grace of his carriage that would have indicated, to an exper-

enced eye, the power to command respect.

Yet the black servitor crouching at his feet noted none of this and only moaned in his terror.

"O, Marse Debil, I's not don' nothin'. Let me go. I's jes' an ol' niggah what ain't no good to nobody. Please Marse Debil—"

A peal of laughter came from the young man and he held his sides in a paroxysm of merriment.

"Why, Sam, you black rascal, don't you know me?"

The voice and humor of the young man reassured the old negro and his vision cleared. A gleam of recognition came into his eyes and rising to his feet he scrutinized the face before him.

"Well, I 'clar to goodness, if it ain't Marse Luke! What fo' yo' dun scare dis ol' niggah dat-a-way, I didn't know yo', Marse, 'deed I did n't," and the old man grinned with relief.

"Well, now that you do know me," answered the young man, "tell me something. First, how is the Judge?"

"O he's fair to middlin', got a little rheumatics and pestered near to death wid de Dutch an' Britishers, but he's mighty spry yet."

"How is Al—, say, tell me, what is the matter with the place? There is something strange about it, a condition I can't describe definitely, it's not exactly disorder and yet there is plainly evident an air of something unusual. And the horses, what has become of them?"

"O Marse Luke, de Dutcher sogers take eberythin'. Dey come take all de hosses, 'cept ol' Nell, an' I 'spect dey don' took her cause she's no good. Dey take ol' Marse's wine, and eberythin' we got to eat, 'cept what we hide away, an' dey help demselves to anythin' dey want widout sayin' 'wid yo' leabe, sah.'"

"The devil they do!" exclaimed the young man. "Do n't they respect the Judge's protection papers? Why don't he complain to Colonel Rall?"

"Why Marse, dem Dutchers don' 'spect nothin'. Dey do jes's dey please. I s'pose dey come an' break ah heads yet."

"Now tell me, how is Miss Alice?" asked the young man, an anxious light showing in his grey eyes.

"O she's jes's lubly's eber," replied the negro, "only she do get so mad when de sogers come aroun' to steal de things. She stamp her feet an' tell dem dat dey's no gemmen. She says she tell Marse Luke, an' he come an' whip de hull Dutch army," and the negro laughed loudly at the witticism.

The young man smiled also as he exclaimed:

"By Jove! I'll do it, too, if they annoy her too much," and then continued: "Well, Sam, I'll go up to the house and see the folks."

"Dey'll be mighty glad to see yo' Marse," replied the old darkey, "'Deed dey will. Dey talk about yo' ebery day. Marse Judge said only yestahday dat if he knew of some way t'git a letter t'yo', he would send one an' tell yo' how de Britishers is treatin' him. It'll make Miss Alice's heart glad to see yo' too, and—'" The negro suddenly paused and a look of consternation overspread his countenance as he continued: "But yo' can't go thar now, Marse Luke, not jes' now, yo' better wait a little."

"Why can't I go now?" asked Luke, "what's up?"

"Dere's a Britisher up dere," replied the negro.

"Only one? That won't prevent my going," exclaimed the young man, contemptuously, as he made a move toward the door, and then paused, continuing half to himself; "But stay! I must not run the risk of being captured now. I can take no chances until I've reported to the General," then to the negro again, "I'll tell you what you do, Sam, go to the house and hang around until the varmint leaves, and then come and tell

me. I'll stay here until you return. Now, not a word to anyone about my being here, for I want to surprise them. Can you keep it to yourself?"

"Yes, sah, Marse Luke, I won' tell enny body dat yo's here, an' I'll come an' let yo' know jes's soon as de Britisher's gone," and the old negro shambled out of the stable, chuckling to himself as he took his way to the house.

After the darkey disappeared through the half-open door, Luke Morris seated himself upon the feed box and fell into reverie. He recalled the last time he had been there, a hurried visit made but a few short weeks before, when he had passed through Trenton with the Continental army, retreating before the merciless British foe. And then memory brought to his mind's eye other visits, made under different conditions. He thought of other days, when instead of the white frost of winter, the ground was covered with a carpet of green grass. When amid the fragrance of summer flowers, he had wandered over the fields and along the highway with Alice Armstrong. He remembered how the first rumors of war had made him fear that he might lose favor with the fair Alice, for he must cast his lot with the rebels and he knew that Judge Armstrong was staunchly loyal to the King. When he enlisted in the Continental army, and declared his intention to fight for the colonies, the Judge had upbraided him, had called him "rebel," and declared he would become an outlaw, but his love for the young man was too deep to suffer his resentment to last long, and he finally resigned himself sorrowfully to what he called "the boy's foolishness."

Alice's love for Luke made it easy for her to transfer her loyalty from the King to the "cause of freedom," and she became as strong a partisan in her views as Luke himself. When he departed to join the army she had promised to be faithful to him and he knew she would keep her vow. He had a rival in the person of

Alice's cousin, George Burton, but the girl had shown her preference for Luke and had rejected the advances of Burton, who had afterward joined the British army, his father having bought a lieutenant's commission for him.

Luke had deported himself creditably in the American cause, and had been appointed to a sergeancy. He had fought at the battle of Long Island and had been a participant in all the hardships which followed. He had accompanied the army in its retreat through the Jerseys, and being of a magnetic personality, and with the gift of fluent speech, had been of the greatest service to the officers of his regiment, by inducing many disheartened men to remain with the army when hundreds were deserting.

The condition of the Continental army at this time was deplorable. Battalion after battalion left the ranks, as the column passed through Brunswick, their terms of enlistment having expired, but when the remaining troops reached Trenton, weary, ragged, well-nigh disheartened, they were reinforced by a German battalion, three battalions of Philadelphia Associators, the Philadelphia Troop of Light Horse, a battery of artillery and two small regiments of New Jersey militia.

It took all day of December 7th and until Sunday morning of December 8th to transport the army across the Delaware river, and it was while this was progressing that Luke stole away to visit the plantation of Judge Armstrong.

He found that gentleman in high spirits over the prospect of a short termination of the war, and Alice correspondingly pleased with the thought that Luke would soon be through with the hardships of a soldier's life. He remained with Alice but a short time and then departed, hurrying to join the rear-guard of the retreating army. He reached the river in time to be among the last to cross, and none too soon, for an hour afterward a brigade of Howe's army entered the village, with

much pomp and display, with music playing and banners flying. They went down to the river bank only to find that there were no boats for them to cross, and to receive a shower of grape-shot from a battery posted on the high ground opposite. They realized that it was too late for their skillful and powerful force to crush at one blow, the apology for an army which bore arms for the young republic, and which they had actually chased to the bank of this river.

The Jerseys were now virtually in possession of the British, and, since boats could not be procured, they had only to wait for the closing of the river by ice to cross and annihilate the rebels and then seize Philadelphia, at that time the capital of the republic. And so General Howe ordered a line of winter cantonments to be immediately formed at Brunswick, Princeton, Trenton and Bordentown. The posts at Trenton and Bordentown, the most important positions nearest the American army, he garrisoned with German troops. The consequence was that food and forage were taken from the inhabitants, their buildings burned, valuables stolen. The Whigs were ill-treated and despoiled and society was disorganized.

The Continental army was arranged along the shore on the Pennsylvania side of the river, from McKonkey's ferry to Dunk's ferry. The troops were ill-clad; they greatly needed stockings and shoes, few of them had blankets and many regiments were without camp equipage. This was the sorrowful condition of the American army at the time our story opens. It was rumored in the ranks that Washington intended to make some decisive move, but when it was to be made or what the nature of the movement was, none knew.

On December 18th an orderly informed Sergeant Luke Morris that General Dickinson wanted him to report to his headquarters at once. Luke found the General in conference with General Washington and General Ewing. They were

seated at a table, on which was spread a number of maps and these seemed to be under discussion. General Dickinson was speaking as Luke entered, and he overheard that officer say to General Washington :

"I am sure it can be done, General, but we must know the exact situation on the other side of the river."

He looked around as Luke saluted and exclaimed :

"Ah, Sergeant Morris!" and then continuing to Washington, "and General, here is the man to get the information we need."

General Washington carefully scrutinized the countenance of Luke and then, seemingly satisfied, said :

"Sergeant Morris, I am informed by General Dickinson that you are acquainted with the village of Trenton, across the river."

"Yes sir," replied Luke, respectfully, "I know the village very well."

"He also tells me," continued Washington, that you are loyal, sagacious, and can act quickly in emergencies,"

"General Dickinson does me great honor," Luke replied.

"Now, Sergeant, we desire to be informed of the exact situation of the enemy at Trenton. Do you think you can get the information we want?" Washington asked, looking intently into the face of Luke

"I will try, sir," answered the young man calmly, although his heart leaped at the thought of so perilous an undertaking.

"Of course you realize that it is a very dangerous mission," said Washington, "and I give you the privilege of declining to undertake it."

Luke returned the gaze of the General-in-Chief and raising his hand in respectful salute replied :

"I decline no duty that falls to my lot, sir, and will undertake, with pleasure, this mission for the cause of freedom."

"Good!" exclaimed General Wash-

ington, "I trust you will get through without harm coming to you. You may use your own judgment as to the manner of getting the desired information, I leave the details entirely to you, but report to me three days hence, if possible."

In the darkness of the early morning following, Luke Morris rowed himself across the river above the line of sentinels on the Jersey shore, and hiding his boat in the thick bushes which lined the river bank, struck out for the village of Trenton, disguised as a farm-hand. Knowing the ground well he had little difficulty in eluding the picket posts and passing the sentinels.

Although perfectly familiar with the village, Luke was himself scarcely known to the inhabitants, and being well disguised he was enabled, when once inside, to mingle with the villagers on the streets and at the taverns, with comparative safety, only risking the chance of encountering some one from Birmingham or from Maidenhead, at which places he was well known, or a servant from "Hickory Grove," who might recognize him and unintentionally disclose his identity.

Upon entering the town he made himself agreeable and succeeded in gathering much information, which he knew would be of great value to his commanders. Then, having plenty of time, he determined to visit Judge Armstrong's plantation, and see Alice, before returning to the Pennsylvania shore.

While in the village Luke had discovered that the regiment of British line, to which George Burton belonged, was stationed at Bordentown, and knowing that Burton would visit Alice as often as circumstances would permit, he could not resist the temptation to at least take a look at the girl he loved, and not leave the field entirely to his rival. And so here he was, in furtherance of that purpose, in her father's stable and—

So absorbed in recollection of the foregoing events was Luke Morris that he had

not noticed that during his reverie day had departed and given place to the shadows of evening. He came to himself abruptly and realized that he was sitting in darkness.

"What has become of that black scoundrel?" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "The imp of Satan said he would come back and tell me when the British blackguard was gone, but he must have forgotten, because the rascally red-coat must surely be gone by this time. I believe I'll do a little reconnoitering myself and see what's going on."

He went to the door and peered out. All was dark save for the lights which shone from the windows of the house. He stole to the first one and looked

through it into the kitchen, at a group of servants, who were preparing the evening meal, and gossiping, the while. Among them he descried Sam, telling what appeared to be a wonderful story, to judge from the elaborate gestures he was making, and the open-mouthed interest of his auditors.

Leaving this window he stole to the front of the mansion and cautiously peered through one of the parlor windows from which the light was streaming. He let his eyes rest for a moment upon the scene within, and then uttered an exclamation of rage, while the hot-blood in his veins boiled with anger at the sight which met his gaze.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



WHEN THE OCEANS DISAPPEAR.

The First Introduction of Water on the Earth, the Important Part it Plays, and Its Final Disappearance from the Globe.

By ERNEST VOLK.

WATER — What important significance this simple word carries in its meaning—what volumes could be written about this element and the important part it ever plays

in this earth's drama; how common and yet how necessary to life it is,—more priceless than gold or precious stones.

Books tell us "water is a transparent, inodorous, tasteless fluid, figured in chemistry with H_2O . and considered a com-

pound substance, consisting of Hydrogen and Oxygen in the proportion of two volumes of the former gas, to one volume of the latter, or by weight—two parts Hydrogen to sixteen parts Oxygen ”

Few of us but know the value of water and we know that it circulates through the earth, covers $\frac{3}{4}$ of the globe's surface and rises from the ocean in form of evaporation or gas, forms clouds and is precipitated upon the earth again in the shape of rain, but have we ever thought of its origin; of when or how it was first received on the globe, what work it has done, how it has assisted in completely changing the surface of the earth, taking down hills and creating valleys and finally, how, when its work is done, it will disappear from the face of the earth which it has served so long, so faithfully and so well?

These are very interesting questions and a deeper search into the history of the earth will enlighten us much, but a long time will elapse before we have the whole story.

There is no doubt, and sufficient proof may be had, that the earth was once a glowing ball of fire, slowly condensing toward the centre and resembling the sun, the main body, around which our planetary system is revolving, and from which it originally sprung and the same materials as which it still contains.

That it took a long time to cool, after all the material had been consumed; also that the cooling process is still going on in the interior of the globe, that is, under the surface or crust, which is only fifty-six to sixty miles thick, and that the material at that depth is intensely hot, has been sufficiently proven by the different borings for tunnels, mines, and the like. Our volcanoes, these safety-valves of the interior, are a telling factor. But what conditions existed when the first moisture in shape of water was received on the globe and what conditions will prevail when the last drop of the life-giving fluid leaves it, is not so clear and we can only suppose, from what is known as natural consequences brought forth and by past and present conditions, what has been and what may begin. Now let those pictures pass before the mind's eye in rotation and we may be able to understand approximately.

First we see the glowing globe (our Earth) in a white heat, surrounded with a vapor, a so-called nebula, then cooling to a red heat and finally losing all light only illuminated by the frequent volcanic eruptions, but being black heat (as we would term it) the vapor (atmosphere) keeping pace in temperature with the rate of cooling. It is here where the first manifestation of the existence of the union of the

gases, called water was shown or became apparent as far as the globe was concerned; simply the atmosphere became laden (heavier), as it cooled and a precipitation of moisture took place. Thus the first water was received on the surface of the globe, in shape of steam and thus enveloping the earth (probably for thousands of years this lasted) until a sufficient amount remained in the depressions made by the weight of the water on the thin crust of the young globe.

In these, yet shallow depressions, filled with warm water and covered by a thick vapor of the same originated the first germ of life. The forms were of a very low grade, it is true, but the faithful nurse,—warm water—fostered the growth. Higher forms followed and we find a luxuriant plant growth, giants of this, trees, appeared to a height of fifty feet they grew, and more, and to a thickness of several feet; thickets of plants resembling the scouring rush, all of a succulent nature, filled with water, covered the shores of the beautiful lakes, forming a veritable paradise. This is called the carboniferous or coal age. All this can only be seen in the mind's eye, for no human being ever looked upon it, but we can gather positive proofs in the fossils of these plants, found in the coal mines, and from the coal beds, which are the remains of that flower luxuriant plant growth.

Now here begins the destruction of the crust or surface with the help of water. Water, ever active and in conjunction with the volcanic forces of the interior which dictated its course, created new mountains and valleys, caused new depressions and consequently new oceans. More precipitations took place, oceans enlarged and the weight increased. The whole surface was repeatedly changed, and the bottom of former oceans became hill tops and vice versa. Plant growth changed as the water became colder also the atmosphere, from the low phases of animal life sprang creatures of a higher order adapted to the changed conditions. Thus also extensive territories of the luxuriant vegetation were covered by water, whose sediment carried from high places, formed layer after layer and became cemented, thus forming rock, (what is now termed "sedimentary rock") made by water, differing from the volcanic eruption, which, when cooled, forms "igneous rock" (made by fire), the former being in layers "stratified" while the latter is never stratified, but crystalline." Thus the sunken vegetation was covered which explains the rock on top of the coal. Still the work of water goes on unceasingly and we can mark its action everywhere. Even now we notice that

every freshet that muddies the streams, carries along thousands of tons of earth, all of which are taken from the mountains above and carried down to a lower place and deposited there where the water finds its level. It has thus, in its deposit, preserved for us the remains of the successive creatures who inhabited the surface of the globe under those various changes from the lowest form up to the last comer—Man, and will be active and altering the earth's surface for ever until the globe shall again unite with the parent—the sun, and another birth of worlds take place. Forever?

This was the belief in general, up to a few years ago, but meanwhile science has also been active and now, by long patient observations has found that the bulk of water on the surface of the globe is really diminishing, continuously getting less.

This fact was proved by various investigations where it was found that not evaporation lessened the water, that very little, if any water was lost into the universe from the globe, but that the earth itself was slowly but surely soaking up, sponge like, the water of the surface. A thorough investigation (as far as possible) of the rocks in the earth's crust from the deeper borings so far known, has shown that they all contain water. Now as the earth's crust is still not thicker than the shell to the egg, in comparison, the consume is compara-

tively small, but the crust is gaining at the rate of the cooling of the interior, more water will be used or soaked in and the quality increased continually. Thus all the water will slowly be consumed and conditions and the surface will steadily and sadly change.

All life depends on water for its existence and will consequently diminish with the same, also our atmosphere. The temperature will leap to eccentricities when no longer modified by the atmosphere, from a torrid heat during the day, to that of many degrees below zero, as soon as the rays of the sun would leave, and be in the dark, as there will be no twilight. All of our ocean beds would become briny lakes and finally when the last drop of water is gone, the salty surface would almost glow with heat during the day time, and change at night to the aspect of the north pole and its temperature. (Approximate conditions are noticed in the several deserts on the globe, the present day.) Thus the earth with the decaying remains of its former inhabitants would travel unconcerned and silent to its lonely object, like the moon, just as lifeless and desolate until the end of this planetary system would arrive, when new unions will again be made by the different substances and new systems be created as heretofore and as they always will be in the great endless universe for everlasting.

THE RACE.

By THOMAS HOLMES.

The race was on! with voice and whip,
Each rider urged his steed
Around the course a score of times,
At most tremendous speed,
And to the end my jockey's horse
Was always in the lead.

My jockey rides his prancing steed
With perfect ease and grace.
My heart beats high with love for him;
I watch his eager face;
It wears a most determined look,
He's bound to win the race.

With ringing voice he rushes on,
The race is nearly done.
The steed he rides strains every nerve,
This work for him is fun.
One more leap and then—hurrah!
My jockey's horse has won.

My bright-faced boy, just three years old,
Was this successful groom;
The course whereon the race was run
Was in the sitting-room,
And—strange to tell—the horse that won
Was mamma's kitchen broom.



COLONEL ERNEST C. STAHL.

Veteran of the Civil War, orator, editor and all-around good fellow. Not to know the Colonel is to confess one's self unknown—at least in the city of Trenton. To Colonel Stahl is due the establishment of the Soldiers' Home at Vineland. While Department Commander of the G. A. R. he found on his several visits to the Kearney Home that many of the old veterans complained of being separated from their wives, which made their old age tedious and lonely. He took steps to remedy the cause of this complaint, and succeeded in having legislative action taken. A commission was appointed, which finally resulted in the establishment of the home at Vineland, in 1899, for soldiers, sailors and their wives. By this and other services in the veteran's cause, the old soldier has earned the eternal gratitude of his comrades of the Grand Army. There are years fixing their seal on the Colonel's brow, but not in his heart. That is sure in its beat and as jubilant as ever.

JOHN AUSTIN'S DAUGHTER.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

THERE was the usual morning bustle around the small station at Finley. On the platform were long lines of neatly packed crates and orange boxes, and among them the owners, with stencils and paint pots, making sure that their markings were all right.

Presently there were a roar and a quiver, and the great engine rushed by and came to a slow stop as the passenger cars glided opposite the platform.

Among those to alight was a young girl of seventeen or eighteen, plainly but expensively dressed, and with a bright, eager air of expectation. A quick glance about the platform brought a shade of disappointment to her face. After a moment's hesitation she approached a man in shirt sleeves and broad, low, flapping hat who was leaning against some orange boxes he had just finished marking.

"Can you direct me to Mr. John Austin's place?" she asked.

"Mr.—John—Austin," he repeated reflectively. "Why, no, I don't— Oh, yes, of course—Boozy John." He stopped abruptly as he noticed the inquiring look on her face. "I—I—yes, I reckon I know. Are you some o' his kin?"

"I am his daughter," she replied, wondering a little at the startled whistle which came to his lips and which she noticed he choked back apologetically. "I have been at a boarding school ever since I was a little girl. This is my first visit to Florida."

"An' does your paw, Mr.—John—Austin, know you're comin'?"

"No, but I haven't heard from him in almost a year. Father doesn't like to write, but he never allowed my letters to go unanswered so long before. I feared something might be the matter with him or the boys, and he wouldn't tell. I just had to come. I am so glad that you know him." She hesitated and then asked in a lower voice, as though she feared her question would be answered in the negative, "Is he—well?"

"Yes, fur as sickness goes, your paw's one o' the ruggedes' an' healthies' men I know. I 'low he an' the boys never had a sickness in all their born days.

They're puffed well, all on 'em. I know, for their place jines mine."

"Why, really?" Her face grew radiant. "Their nearest neighbor! And you know the boys and all about them? Dear little fellows! It seems strange that I should never have seen them. You see, when we left Iowa father sent me to the boarding school and then came south. That was twelve years ago, and I have been at the school ever since. Little Tommy is almost nine, and Fred—let me see—Fred is seven. Is the place far?" eagerly.

"'Bout half a mile."

"Well, of course, I can go with you. I'll run and see about my baggage and be back directly. Won't they be surprised?" And, leaving him staring blankly at a knothole in the platform, she hurried away to look after her trunk and valise.

Half a minute passed, then the man raised his head with a dismal, expressive whistle. It was echoed by another, equally expressive, from the other side of the orange boxes.

"Waal, you're in it now, for a fact," said the owner of the second whistle sarcastically. "What you goin' to do 'bout it?"

"Lord only knows," groaned the man in the shirt sleeves. "Reckon mebber I'll have to tell her."

"Reckon mebber you will," dryly.

"How could I," indignantly, "an' she almost the same age as my C'indy? Land's sake alive, man, d'ye s'pose I was such a brute as to tell her that Mr.—John—Austin wa'n't nobody but Boozy John, not fitten to be father to nobody, an' that he'd been sent to prison most a year ago for stealin', an' that the boys was in the poorhouse an' that the place wa'n't wuth the bringin' out of an auctioneer to sell it? For the land's sake, Thompson, tell me what am I to do?" appealingly.

"Jest give it to her straight. That's what I'd do. You're too all-fired chicken hearted, Williams. H'sh! Here she comes now."

"Your landscapes are so quaint and beautiful," she said, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. "I know I shall like to live here. Well, I am all

ready. Can you take my trunk and valise in your wagon?"

"Yes," gruffly. He was glad to get away from her, and he made the work of transferring the baggage as long as possible. Somehow he could not bring himself to tell her the whole brutal truth. If it had not been his money that had been stolen and if he had not been the one who had complained of the worthless drunkard it would have been less difficult. He had been sorry



for his justifiable act ever since he made the complaint, and now— Well, he would take the girl home to his wife. She had more tact than he and would know just what to do.

This mental throwing of the responsibility from his own shoulders brought back his natural cheerfulness and buoyancy, and he smilingly motioned for the girl to climb into his wagon.

"Ever ride after a mule before?" he asked as he left the animal's head and climbed up on the seat beside her.

"No." Then her face grew wistful. "Do you suppose father and the boys are at home today?"

"I 'low they won't be there jest right now," he said evasively. "You see, they didn't know you was comin', so

they happen to be off for a spell. But you mustn't let it put you out any," with more animation. "I'll take you home, an' my wife'll fix you up mighty com'fable till they git back."

"Thank you. But why can't I go right to the house and wait for them? It would be such a surprise."

"No, no!" he objected, with sudden entreaty. "By no manner o' means. Bachelor livin' ain't apt to keep a house fixed up, an' jest now 'tain't in place for you. I know that. You must do jest like I say an' come to my house for a spell."

"Well, if you think best." She was silent for some time, watching the unfamiliar plants along the roadside and the curious, bright colored chameleons that flashed from the warm sand in front of the mule and disappeared with marvelous rapidity among the palmettos.

"Cur'us, ain't they?" said Williams as he followed her glance. "Jest like a bit o' rainbow strung on lightnin'. But they're 'mazin' fine things for pets. Your brother Freddy used to have one that would scoot out from some queer hidin' place whenever he'd whistle. Great hand, Freddy, for pets."

At the mention of Freddy she lost interest in the plants and chameleons and turned to him with a tender, tremulous smile on her lips.

"It will be so pleasant to have oue's own folks to live with," she said softly. "They were all nice to me at the school, but none of them belonged to me. It will be almost like—like heaven to live in the same house with father and the boys."

Williams reached out and struck his mule viciously, but she did not notice.

"I suppose everybody round here likes father, he is such a good man," she went on in a tone that was an assertion rather than a question.

"He kept you to school pretty steady," returned her companion. "I knew he had a gal up north, but had an idee she was stayin' 'mong her kin."

"Father has doue everything for me—everything," said the girl, with a tender light in her big gray eyes. "He was not rich, for he once wrote that I might have to wait a few days for my year's tuition, as mouey was hard to get. But it came the very next day, and he always sent me plenty for books and dresses and everything I wanted. He wrote for me never to stint myself on anything and that after I graduated I was ou no account to

come home, but to keep on with my music and drawing and other studies, and when I had learned all I could at the school he was going to send me to Europe to learn more. Dear, dear father! I hope I may be able to make it up to him some time."

Williams gave a quick sidelong glance at the earnest face and then gazed steadfastly at the road ahead. He had known Boozy John for eight years and could not remember a single redeeming feature about the man. He was erratic, shiftless and utterly irresponsible. His life was one long spree that reeled between absolute drunkenness and semi-intoxication. But he was a good lawyer and fine scholar and even in his partial stupor was able to pick up a good deal of money about the courts and in other ways. People supposed that all this money went to the dramshops, and the supposition made them regard the man with extreme disgust, for his house was a mere hovel and his boys wholly neglected and uncared for.

When they reached the vine covered cottage in front of his orange grove he carried in the trunk and valise and presently called his wife aside and made a whispered explanation. Then he went to the barn to unharness his mule. But he made a much longer job of it than was necessary, and when it was finished he leaned upon his fence and gazed with unobservant eyes at his fields of sweet potatoes and pineapples and bananas. His wife came to him there.

"Did you tell her?" he asked.

"Yes," in a low voice. He noticed that her lips trembled.

"Take it hard?"

"She's high strung, Jim, an' that kind o' folks mostly take things hard, but they don't make a show. She wouldn't b'lieve me at first, an' when she did she turned white an' stared at nothin' till I—I jest bust out cryin' myself. Seemed like I never felt so sorry for anybody in all my life."

The two stood there nearly half an hour; then the girl left the house and passed down the road on the opposite side of the fence.

"She's goin' over to look at her house now," said Mrs. Williams in a low voice. "I told her 'twan't fit to live in, but she said they'd lived in it an' she could. An' when I told her as how we 'lowed on keepin' her awhile she jest thanked me an' shook her head."

When the girl came back they were

on the piazza. She went directly to Williams.

"When does my father come home?" she asked.

"His time's out—er—that is, he'll come home in 'bout three months."

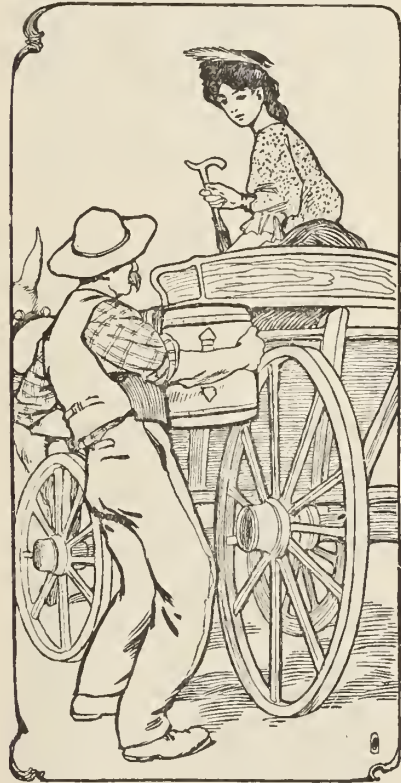
"And how much does he owe you?"

"Oh, nothin', nothin' at all," hastily.

"How much does he owe you?" the girl repeated in a tone that he felt could not be disregarded.

"Waal, \$50. But you needn't bother 'bout payin' it."

"I cannot just at present, but everything must be straightened out before father comes home. There must not be a single thing to worry him. And now



can I get you to go after my brothers? I shall fix up the house, and we will live there until father comes."

"It's quite a long drive," said Williams reflectively. "I can go tomorrow."

"That will do." She stood gazing out at the vista of pines and palmettos afforded by an opening in the clambering vines, her face white and stricken, but calm with a strong, determined purpose.

"What kind of employment is there here for girls?" she asked.

Williams looked dubious.

"I don't reckon there's any," he answered. "Stores gen'rally git men clerks, an' there's ten applicants to one job. Folks round here don't hire much help."

"I must have work now. Father must not find anything against him when he comes home. Do you think I can get washing?"

Mrs. Williams looked at her blankly.

"It's darkies' work," she objected.

"It's work that I will do gladly if I can get it," a sudden passionate sob bringing the color back to her cheeks. "I will scrub floors—anything that will help father a little. He has been working and making sacrifices for years that I might remain at school, and I—I never suspected. I ought to have been here, watching him and caring for him and the boys."

It was nearly two months later before Williams again encountered Thompson on the station platform.

"Waal, how'd ye make out with Boozy John's fine darter?" Thompson asked.

Williams looked up from the box he was marking.

"That's jest what she is," he said—"Boozy John's fine darter. I've been round with her consider'ble lately; down to the prison twice to see her paw an' took her to town several times in my waggin. At first her paw was all broke up—never wanted her to know how low down he was, I s'pose. But she brought him round, an' now he can't keep his eyes off her when she's nigh. Soon's he's out they're goin' over an' take up a homestead in Hernandy county, twenty miles or more from town, I b'lieve, on account o' his failin', and I reckon she or the boys 'll do all the tradin'. Boozy John ain't much of a man an' never can be, but I tell you," impressively, "jest all the man there is in him that gal's goin' to bring out. Mark my words on that."

THE TOBACCONIST'S REVENGE.

By HOWARD FIELDING

FRANK CLIFFORD was heir to a large estate, and his uncle, Duncan Clifford, was trustee, with power to do about as he pleased. I had never met the uncle, but he had been described to me as a strange animal, part mule and part monkey, incredibly obstinate, yet fanatically unstable of purpose. One day I received an earnest request from Frank to meet him that evening in Branford, N. J., where his uncle lived.

We were to meet in a little hotel at 10 o'clock, and as my train arrived before 9 I decided to view the quaint old town by the light of the moon. One small white building I was led to notice particularly.

It must once have been the village schoolhouse, but was now a millinery store kept by a Mrs. Esther Wilson, as the sign informed me. I ventured to guess that Mrs. Wilson lived over her store, for there was a light in the gable window, from which, as I glanced up, the curtain was pushed partly away, revealing a woman, who dodged back as if alarmed. It is a curious circumstance that I happened to notice in the hand with which she awkwardly thrust aside the curtain a small drinking glass.

Taking a few more steps, I came in

view of an exterior stairway by which the second story of the house was reached, and at the foot of the stairs there was a man seated.

This man's attitude, coupled with my glimpse of the wineglass, conveyed a very unpleasant suggestion. This inert figure might be Mr. Wilson, a drunkard and a squanderer of the little milliner's meager earnings, and it was with this idea in mind that I approached him and laid my hand, not very gently, upon his shoulder. At the touch he slid down sidelong and lay at my feet, and I knew at a glance that he was dead.

He was past fifty years of age and of distinguished appearance, but the countenance was marred by an irritable, hostile expression.

The street was well nigh deserted, doubtless because of the unusual cold. The neighboring stores were closed, except for a tobacconist's, which I had noticed because the proprietor seemed to be the village jeweler also, and I had thought the combination odd. It seemed best to carry the body to that store, and I had set myself to the task when the door at the head of the stairs opened, and Mrs. Wilson, as I rightly guessed, came out hurriedly. She saw me holsting up this dead man in my

arms, and she screamed.

"The man is ill," said I. "Do you know who he is?"

She had uttered only a single cry. Now she stood stock still, staring down at me.

"I am going to take him into the tobacco store," said I.

"No!" She spoke the single word and then checked herself as with an effort.

The voice, though heard in so brief and strained an utterance, increased my vague impression of recognition, but the dead man was becoming heavy in my arms, and I decided to follow my original purpose. It was only a few steps to the store, but nearly a score of people gathered about me before I traversed the distance. Some one opened the door, and that was all the help I received.

The tobacconist-jeweler was not there, having run out perhaps at the



I KNEW AT A GLANCE THAT HE WAS DEAD. sound of the woman's scream. I laid my burden upon the floor, and instantly half a dozen voices cried out:

"It's Duncan Clifford!"

At this there appeared upon the scene a tall, soldierly man, with a drooping blond mustache and a blue cap with gilt insignia, the city marshal, Captain Ford. He asked me a few rapid questions, which I thought very intelligent, and then, asking me to remain beside the body, he departed. He was gone perhaps five minutes, and nothing of consequence happened in my observation during his absence, but I had a great surprise when he returned, for he brought with him the mummy, whom I instantly recognized as a young woman named Esther Warren. She had been employed in my office up to four months ago, when she had given up her position.

Before we could exchange a word, even of ordinary greeting, the marshal detached us from the increasing throng and drove us gently into a private room at the back of the store.

"Now," said he, turning to us, "you two people know each other. I saw that at a glance. Who are you?"

"Who am I?" asked the young woman.

"Yes," said he. "You are supposed to be Mrs. Wilson. No one in this town knows anything about you. Where did you come from? Who is Mr. Wilson, and where is he? Where did you get the money with which you opened this store?"

"I decline to answer these questions," she said.

"So I supposed," said he without a trace of annoyance. "That's why I asked them all at once. But you don't deny that Clifford had been calling on you and was taken sick up there?"

"No, I don't deny it."

"Did you give him anything to eat or drink?"

"No."

As she made this reply my memory flashed at once to the glimpse of her that I had had at the window, but even without the sight of the wine-glass I should have known that she was not telling the truth.

"Did he say what seemed to be the matter with him?"

"Yes; he was faint. He thought it was the cigar that he was smoking. He said his lips felt numb."

"I thought they looked queer," said Ford. "Here's the cigar," showing us half of a very small one. "I found it in his pocket. He was going to have it examined, I suppose. Well, I'll do that, but it's poisoned sure enough. Now," he continued, pointing his finger

at the girl, "to whose advantage is this man's death—to whose advantage?"

"I beg your pardon," said I. "Is this young lady under arrest?"

At this moment a hasty hand was laid upon the knob of the door which communicated with the shop.

"You can't come in," said the marshal, but he was mistaken. The lock of the door burst with a rattle of splinters, and Frank Clifford precipitated himself into the room.

"Can't come in, eh?" said he. "What do you think about it now?"

He strode across to the little milliner and, standing beside her, glared at the marshal, who had not risen from his chair or even paused in caressing his silky mustache.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Clifford," said he, speaking through his hand. "Have a seat and tell us where you got this cigar that you gave to your uncle."

Before he could reply the young woman stepped in front of him, and she was a picture. I had always thought her beautiful, but in a somewhat tepid style. She was quite a different creature now.

"Mr. Clifford—Mr. Duncan Clifford—got that cigar here in this store," she cried. "He told me so."

The marshal rose and stepped to the broken door, now guarded on the outside by some serviceable citizen who had appointed himself deputy.

"Send Edgeworth in here," said the marshal, but it appeared that the tobacconist-jeweler was not present. No one knew what had become of him.

"Ah, he told you so!" said the marshal, turning to the milliner and calmly resuming the conversation. "How did he happen to do that?"

"I don't remember," she answered, "but if the cigar was poisoned I know why. Mr. Edgeworth has annoyed me beyond endurance with his attentions. He knew that Mr. Duncan Clifford came to see me often. He believed that I preferred Mr. Clifford, and he hated him insanely."

"So Mr. Clifford used to come to see you? Why?"

"To persuade me to go away," was the reply. "He offered me money. He was trying to separate me from Frank."

"To give up Frank?" said the marshal. "What are you to him?"

"I am his wife," she answered, "but Mr. Clifford did not know it."

"And if he had known it Frank might have lost half a million dollars. I see."

The entrance of Mr. Edgeworth interrupted this line of questioning.

"Ah, Edgeworth; good evening," said the marshal.

"Good evening, Captain Ford," responded the tobacconist in a deep, heavy voice that sounded strange from his narrow chest and thin lips.

"When did you sell this cigar to Duncan Clifford?" asked Ford.

The tobacconist took the half consumed cigar and examined it in the manner of an expert.

"I never carried these goods," he said. "It's a sort of large tobacco cigarette, sold eight in a box—a little tin box. I think they're called the Marquis."

The marshal turned to Frank.

"Give me your cigar case or whatever you carry them in," said he.

"You have no authority," Frank began.

"Haven't I?" retorted Ford, drawing a revolver. "You are under arrest. We'll search you at the station, and I know what we'll find."

"Wait one moment," said Frank, with more calmness than I should have expected of so excitable a man. "I will admit that I gave that cigar to my uncle after dinner and another like it this evening. I do not believe that it is poisoned. Of course it isn't. I had nothing to do with this crime, if it is a crime, and"—

"I gave him wine in my room," cried Esther, panic stricken with fear for the man she loved. "The bottle has been uncorked, where any one—this man"— She finished the sentence by a wild gesture toward Edgeworth.

"Clifford was ill before you gave him the wine," said the marshal. "You told us so, and you were telling the truth too. Sit down, all of you."

Presently a man, red faced and breathless, burst into the room.

"He went home an' changed his clothes!" cried this fellow in gasps. "His other clothes was all wet. We found 'em."

The marshal turned slowly toward Edgeworth.

"I missed you," said he. "It seemed queer. So I sent this man to see about it. How did your other suit of clothes get wet?"

There was a long moment of silence; then Edgeworth sprang at the marshal as quick as a flash. Ford turned for a clinch and half rose, but Edgeworth dodged and flung himself against a

small table on which were the marshal's revolver and a lamp that was the only light of the room. There was a great crash and then darkness, with the noise of an indiscriminate struggle. Ford, his messenger, Frank and myself were all in a grapple, while Edgeworth, the object of our efforts, eluded us in the room, which he knew better than we did, and escaped by a stairway to a loft, from a window of which he dropped into the yard. But why had he fled?

The clew that helped us was the wet clothes, for they suggested the canal. We got lanterns and went out through the yard at the rear of Edgeworth's store and came to the canal's bank. There was about half an inch of ice on the water, but at one point it was broken for a distance of ten feet outward, as if some one had plunged in. A suicidal attempt? Then why had the man come out again?

The riddle was not read until the next day, when a thorough examination of this spot resulted in bringing up from the bottom of the canal a metal cigar cutter such as one sees upon tobacconists' counters. The cigar is inserted into a little trap, and a knife blade, actuated by a spring, cuts off the end.

To this common contrivance Edgeworth had added a sort of syringe which his skill with tools enabled him to make in a manner that I am tempted to call admirable. This syringe injected into the cigar a sufficient quantity of a tasteless, deadly poison. Edgeworth had doubtless kept this machine for many days, waiting for Clifford to come to his store alone. Doubtless also he bided the time when Clifford should be lighting one of his own cigars bought in some other place.

The occasion served him well on this particular evening. Clifford had finished one of his nephew's little cigars and was about to light the other when he came abreast of Edgeworth's store on his way to see the milliner. No one else was present. The fatal contrivance was cleverly put in the right place, and the victim's death resulted in the manner described.

Esther's loud cry reached Edgeworth's ears, and he guessed its meaning. Momentarily panic stricken, he ran to throw the cigar cutter into the canal, but the ice was much thicker than he supposed, and it upheld the fatal evidence for all men's sight. Edgeworth tried to crawl out on the



ice and crashed through. He succeeded in sinking the box and regaining the shore, but he dared not show himself in his wet clothes, so he ran home and changed them and hazarded a return.

This we conjectured, and Edgeworth's confession confirmed it. He was captured a week later in a hospital in Wilmington, Del., where he died of pneumonia, resulting perhaps from his wetting in the canal.

From Frank Clifford I obtained the remainder of the story. Unknown to me, he had fallen in love with Miss Warren and secretly married her. Then, with some wild idea of permitting her charms and virtues to be known in Branford and thus winning his uncle's consent to the marriage, he had bought the little millinery store for her. But Uncle Duncan proved a hard man to win over. He guessed a part of the secret and would not hear of an alliance with "Mrs. Wilson." In this state of affairs the foolish young lovers decided to confess to me and seek my advice, and that was the reason why I was summoned to Branford in time to behold the catastrophe.

Duncan Clifford died without a will. His death gave Frank control of his own property that had been in trust and also nearly all of his uncle's large fortune.



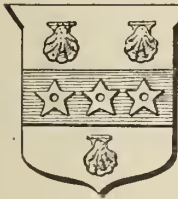
FRANCIS B. LEE,

Who is in charge of New Jersey's historical exhibit at the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition, which will open at Jamestown, Va., April 26th.

Some Trentonians and their Coats of Arms.

(Continued from January number.)

(CONCLUDED.)



SNOWDEN



WHARTON



TOWNSEND



HOLCOMBE

THE SNOWDENS of Maryland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey claim common descent from Richard Snowden, the original emigrant, who is said to have held a commission under Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector. His family is one of the oldest allying itself with the Quaker emigration to America. The Wharton family is distinctly representative of the best elements among the Society of Friends. Its members conspicuous for wealth and exclusiveness of social position have occupied prominent places in government, particularly in Philadelphia. The name has been limited to the Delaware Valley and Western Pennsylvania.

Of the Quaker stock are the Townsends, of Long Island, and the Southern portion of this State. Some of the members of this family in Trenton are descended from John Townsend, first high

sheriff of the county of Cape May and a large land owner. Another name largely allied with Trenton interests is that of Holcombe. This family is numerous connected with the settling families of old Hunterdon county, while another branch of this stock is prominent throughout New England.

In concluding this series of coats of arms of Trenton families it may be said that selections have been made along various lines to show divergencies of family names rather than to pay a compliment to any particular patronymic. In some cases, the family name is practically extinct, or is represented by married women. Thus their own names have become lost, except by perpetuation in the so-called "given name" of their children. The list could be extended, and at some future period may be done so by

The Heraldist.

EASTER AT SPRUCE HILL.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

A NEW minister had come to slow moving, out of the way Spruce Hill, and with his coming had appeared a spirit of change and improvement.

He was fresh from his theological course and eager with youth and love for the work and with advanced ideas about music and active co-operation of the young people. Hitherto the church had been to them a place of solemnity, only to be visited at required intervals and as a scarcely to be avoided duty. Now, under the ministrations of this young zealot, it gradually came to them that duty could be approached from many directions and that not all of them were necessarily thorny and narrow. A choir was formed and a singing class started to stimulate and encourage greater proficiency; then came a Bible class, in which the lessons were presented in a way to encourage interest, and a Christian Endeavor society that brought out the young people. At Christmas there was an entertainment with much singing, and during the winter there were praise services and social gatherings, and in June a sermon especially for the children, and through the summer and fall picnics and outings that brought all the people together and kept their interest in the church undiminished.

Among the other innovations were the Easter sermon and church decoration. The new minister made the announcement one Thursday evening after prayer meeting and added that he hoped all would be present and that the ladies of the church would arrange for a tasteful and appropriate decoration.

After service the women stood about irresolutely, looking at each other with blank, questioning eyes. Spruce Hill was undeniably on the road toward prosperity, but its people had not yet loosened their grasp on the labor that was bearing them there. Every woman and girl of the community, from the eight year mite who washed dishes and "chored" to the white haired grandmother knitting in the corner, had duties for each hour of the day. It was the natural condition of the hard,

unsocial life which had taught them to value the practical and substantial and remain ignorant of much that was beautiful and sweet. They had little time for flowers and, besides the lilac bushes and "popcorns" in their yards and a few such perennials as lilies and phlox and daffodils and perhaps a geranium or calla in their kitchen windows, had literally nothing for even an outdoor summer display, much less for a church decoration at Easter. And even had there been a profusion of flowers they would have been scarcely less dismayed. The mere thought of decorating a church would have appalled them.

"I guess you'll have to excuse me, Mr. Kent," one of them said at last bluntly. "I haven't any flowers except one geranium which don't bloom, an', besides, I don't know anything about decoratin' an' ain't got no time either."

"Nor me," "Nor me," "Nor me," came in rapid succession and with evident relief from the other women.

"Oh, come, come; this will never do!" expostulated the minister decidedly. "Surely each of you can spare a little time from work. I will help with the lifting and carrying, and there are several boys in my class who will do what they can. Let us all join together and make it a grand success."

"We can't decorate without flowers," spoke up another woman convincingly, "an' I don't believe there's half a dozen bloomin' plants in the whole neighborhood. 'Tain't time yet for flowers to bloom."

"Can't we find a few callas and Easter lilies, narcissuses and perhaps a few other white flowers?" with less confidence in his voice, "Palms would suit me best for a background, but as we cannot get them we can use green boughs and pussy willows and other things from the woods."

"All the houses in the neighborhood can't scare up white posies enough for a buttonhole bouquet," declared a third woman aggressively. "As for Easter lilies, I ain't never seen one, and narcissuses I ain't even heard of. The idea o' decoratin' a whole church this time o' year!"

"I've heard Mis' Bray speak o' nar-

cissus," said a woman reflectively, "she that was the florist's wife, you know. An', come to think, she's likely a master hand at this decoratin' business. She has spoke o' seein' big city churches filled with flowers."

"Mis' Bray—ain't she dead?" questioned another. "I ain't heard her name afore in years. But there! I know she ain't. I'd 'a' seen the notice in the Articulator."

"Who is Mrs. Bray, and where is she to be found?" asked the minister quickly. "Perhaps she can help me out with this. Curious I have not heard of her before."

"Oh, I don't know," dryly; "folks sort o' die away from the world after they enter a poorhouse. Mis' Bray's husband was for gettin' on, so he went to the city an' learned the florist's trade. For a time he done well; then his business broke, an' he died, an' his wife came back here an' lived up what little she had. After that there was nothin' but the poorhouse. Now, I've always held a poorhouse was stronger than a grave for hidin' folks."

"Well, we will find her," eagerly. "Perhaps she will be able to give us some assistance or advice. Will you go with me, Mrs. Perry?"

The woman hesitated a little, then threw back her head with sudden decision.

"Why, yes, I don't mind if I do. Cynthia Bray was as much of a lady as anybody round, an' I don't know as a poorhouse is the worst thing in the world. Still, while it wa'n't her fault goin' there, it's hardly to be expected folks will keep on visitin' just the same as though she was in some other place."

The next afternoon the minister's buckboard paused in front of the poorhouse, and he and Mrs. Perry alighted. Several men and boys were slouching about the yard, and on a bench near the door were four or five old women. Mrs. Perry looked them over critically.

"Not there," she declared concisely. "Cynthia wouldn't grow to look like them. We'll go in."

In answer to their knock a harsh featured woman came to the door. A ring of keys dangled from her waist.

"Mis' Bray?" she repeated in answer to their question. "Oh, Aunt Cynthia we call her. No, she ain't here; she's inside. You see, we have to get as much work from the paupers as we can. Most of them are lazy an' no 'count, but now an' then we find a good

worker. Aunt Cynthia's one, so we keep her in the kitchen. She scasely ever gits to this side o' the house. I don't s'pose she's really had a visitor afore in five years. Won't you come in?"

They entered, and after a long and detailed account of her trials with the paupers the woman went through a door toward the back part of the house. Another five minutes passed; then a little old woman with a bright, deprecatory manner stole softly into the room.

"Did—did you wish to see me?" she asked tremulously and a little wonderingly.

Mrs. Perry sprang forward in quick forgetfulness of the immeasurable distance which lay between her social position and the poorhouse.

"Why, you poor soul!" she cried sympathetically. "How old you've grown! My hair ain't begun to turn yet, an' here your'n is perfectly white, an' still I believe I'm two months the oldest."

"It's been a long time since you and I were young, deary," answered the old woman gently. "Such a weary time, it seems as if my hair was always white." Then she colored with sudden remembrance and drew herself up stiffly.

"Is there anything you wanted me for, Mrs. Perry—anything I can do for you?" she asked.

"Come, Cynthia, don't talk that way," remonstrated Mrs. Perry. "You know farmers' wives are always workin', an'—an' it's a good piece from our place to the"—

"Poorhouse," said the old woman calmly.

"Well, yes, poorhouse," deprecatingly. "An', besides, folks give up old customs as they git on in years. I don't call anywhere as much as I used to. But never mind that," briskly. "I'm callin' today, an' I've brung the minister. Do you know him?"

"I don't think I've had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Bray before," said the minister, rising, "and yet I have called here several times."

"No, we haven't met," acquiesced the old woman. "I generally stay in the kitchen."

He held her hand for a moment.

"I must acknowledge this visit is mostly a business one, Mrs. Bray," he said, resuming his seat. "You see, I am planning to have the church decorated for Easter, but the ladies of my congregation, including Mrs. Perry

ere, assure me that such a thing is utterly impossible—in short, that they cannot undertake the work and that there are no flowers to undertake it with. I have come to you as a last resort. Can you help me?"

The old woman, who had not had a caller in five years, looked from one to the other with a sudden yearning in her tender old eyes. It was as though she questioned the possibility of the world still having use for her. Then a soft flush began to steal over her face.

"It isn't easy to decorate without anything to decorate with," she said tremulously. "In the city we used to have palms and Easter lilies and no end of ferns and delicate things to bank with."

"But there are the woods," suggested the minister desperately. "I notice lots of pretty things on my walks."

"Yes, the woods are beautiful around here in the spring. I notice them from the kitchen windows, and sometimes, before anybody is up, I take short walks." Her hands were still trembling, but into her face was coming an expression which Mrs. Perry remembered to have belonged to her old days, before the long stifling experience of poorhouse servitude.

"Do you mean for me to take charge of the decorating," she asked, "to do it in my own way?"

"Yes, but of course with plenty of help. I don't know much about arranging flowers myself."

He turned hastily and glanced through the window. Something in the wistful, even rapturous expression on the old woman's face made him lose command of himself for a moment.

"Well, I shall need help in gathering the decorations," she was saying as he turned back. "There will be things to cut and bring home and boxes and boards to build up for the banking. Yes, I think we can do it very nicely. There are some bushes along the creek that I can fix up to look very much like palms at a little distance, and that dark moss below the ledge will make a beautiful bank, on which we can arrange the early white flowers which are beginning to bloom on the hillsides. Then there are the pussy willows and early ferns and lots of other things that can be used with good effect. Yes, indeed, we can make a charming decoration with what the woods and fields will furnish. But there!" breaking into a low, joyous laugh which apparently

frightened her, for she stopped suddenly and looked about in a scared, tremulous sort of way. "I was only about to say," she went on deprecatingly, "that I haven't seen the church yet. I must go there and look around so as to get an idea of what sort of decoration will be most appropriate."

"Of course; we will take you there this afternoon," volunteered the minister beamingly.

"An' you can have my horse an' wagon every afternoon if you like," added Mrs. Perry warmly. "Then there is my son Tommy. You can have him to drive you an' to do your gatherin' an' liftin'. Why, really, I almost feel as though I would like to leave work an' join in the fun myself."

The old woman's face was now absolutely radiant.

"It will be beautiful," she murmured, "as the world seemed when I was young."

She was not thinking of the decoration now, but of the beautiful thing of not being forgotten that had come so unexpectedly to her.

"Yes, it will be beautiful," she repeated. "God is good to have remembered me so lovingly."

The minister gazed at her a moment and then turned again to the window.

"There will be no failure in the church decoration," he remarked to Mrs. Perry.

Nor was there, nor in the beautiful thing that had come to the little old woman. During the decoration she was like a different creature, and her face came to be scarcely recognizable as that which had looked so deprecatingly at them that afternoon in the poorhouse. When it was all over the minister went to her impulsively and grasped both her hands.

"I cannot tell you how much you have helped me," he said earnestly. "The decoration has been a perfect success, and it is all owing to you. But there is another thing I wish to speak about. My housekeeper is going to leave, and I need some one to take her place. Will you come and look after the parsonage—and me, too, for that matter?" with one of his frank boyish smiles. "My mother always said I wasn't capable of looking after my clothes and such things. I will try not to tax you too severely."

So the beautiful thing which had come to her was not of a day, but was to last through all the remainder of her years.



“Look, who we have here!” Hoot mon, dinna ye ken, ’tis the mickle laird o’court, Judge Matheson.

It is rarely tha one sees, outside the land of weeping clouds and cakes and oats, a real live judge, kilted and bare kneed, with bagpipes in hand. But aside from his picturesqueness, John Matheson has made a good judge, a tower of strength for the innocent and a terror to evil doers.

A QUADRUPED HERO.

By GEORGE E. WALSH.

THIS isn't a dog story, but, come to think of it, a little brindly mongrel cur figures pretty prominently in it. Jock never posed as a hero, and I guess he isn't one. I've seen him run from a bigger dog, yelping for dear life and curling that tail between his legs like an ostrich burying its head in the sand.

Jock simply came to me, and I tolerated him because he showed so much affection for a forlorn, homesick engineer doing duty in a distant land.

Jock and I went everywhere, slept together, ate together and tramped the country like two old outcasts. But he wasn't good for much else than a companion. He was too lazy to keep awake at night to watch out for danger and too big a coward to stand between me and another man or animal.

When I was commissioned to inspect the new docks and piers that the government was having built in Manila bay Jock and I prepared for sundry little excursions along as pretty a coast as any man laid eyes on.

On the fifth day out from Manila we reached the new government dock, where heavy supplies for the army were to be landed for shipment to the interior. This was a large wooden affair running 500 feet into the bay. The contractors had just finished their work, and the government was waiting for my final report before accepting it.

The dock was firmly built of huge piles driven into the soft mud and sand and boarded up on both sides to keep the floating debris from collecting under it. There was an entrance under the dock at the extreme end, but one could enter it only at low tide.

It was a very hot day, and after making a close examination of the dock I decided at noon to eat lunch under the cool shade of the mammoth wooden floor and then take a nap.

Jock made no objection to this unspoken proposition, but wagged his tail with intuitive appreciation of my plans. I pushed the small, flat bottomed boat which carried our day's supplies under the dock and proceeded to enjoy myself.

The tide was very low, and I pushed

the boat halfway up the shelving shore and left it with anchor thrown over the bow. Jock ate all the dinner I could not swallow and then patiently snuggled up to my side and blinked his eyes sleepily.

The place was very conducive to slumber, and I was soon fast asleep, and Jock was no better off. We must have slept for hours. I woke with a start and found darkness around us.

For a few moments I was too puzzled to make out my position. I could not believe that night was upon us, for it had been high noon when I lay down to rest. This impression was confirmed by a few stray beams of light filtering through the roof over my head.

Jock at first sleepily wagged his tail. Then, scenting danger, he whined and sniffed the air. I, too, was beginning to feel the presence of some evil.

When fully awake and mental faculties alert, I comprehended the danger of our situation at a glance. The tide had risen rapidly, and the entrance under the dock had been closed to us. The light which had flooded the place when we went asleep was thus shut out, and we were dependent upon a few feeble rays that made their way between cracks in the boards overhead.

"Hello, Jock! We're in a pickle!" I exclaimed.

Jock wagged his tail and tried to bark, but it only ended in a mournful whine.

"You little coward," I added in disgust. "You're a brave one to give a man moral courage!"

But I had little time to devote to moralizing or lecturing. I knew that the tide frequently rose to an extreme level, and I remembered that a series of unusually high tides had been running into the bay. If the water rose up to a level with the lower floor of the dock the situation would become very serious for both of us.

Now, I'm a fresh water man, hailing from one of the inland states where a puddle of water up to the ankles is considered a lake and a stream three feet deep a river of mighty volume. Therefore, I confess with shame, I hadn't learned the gentle art of swimming.

I pushed the boat toward the end of the pier, bumping my head repeatedly against the boards overhead. There, ten feet below the surface, I could see a path of light which showed me where the entrance to our prison was located. A good diver and swimmer could easily reach it and come up on the other side.

Jock looked down and wagged his tail, inviting me to dive. It was dog talk just as plain as day. I smiled with chagrin and shook my head.

I was not a kind to die easily, and while I had a few minutes of respite I exhausted every possible study of the situation. I pushed around the piles and shook the boards, hoping to find one loose, but the contractors had performed their work well.

There was no use calling for help, for there was no possibility of any one being within five miles of the place. So I didn't waste much strength in that way.

There was only three feet of space between the boat and the boards overhead. At the rate the tide was rising I should have nearly an hour before the climax could be reached. I tried to console myself with the thought that I was safe. The water would force the boat up toward the roof, but by lying down in it we could wait for the turn of the tide. I took measurements and found that with six inches of space we could escape if we took care not to rock the boat.

On the other hand, if the water crept up beyond that point the boat would be swamped, and I would have no choice other than to sink like a log. Jock might swim around and eventually escape, but for me there was no escape.

The thought of such an end sent the cold shivers down my spine. It was difficult to sit there and wait for the end. I lit my pipe and tried to smoke, but my courage oozed out slowly, and twice the pipe went out. Then I put it away and took another measurement.

I turned pale with apprehension. The tide had gained a foot and a half. By aid of the dim light I looked at my watch. The time for high tide was still half an hour off.

I realized then that my fate was sealed. The water would reach to a level with the floor of the dock, and I would drown. I tried to picture the scene of the final struggle. In fancy I experienced all the sensations of death.

Jock must have been thinking of the same thing, for he suddenly grew nerv-



ous and excited. He whined and whimpered and chased up and down the boat. I tried to grab him to stifle his cries, but he avoided me and finally leaped overboard.

That splash in the water brought more alarm to me than anything else. Jock was deserting me, and, like a drowning man clinging to his support of straw, I grabbed for the dog to haul him back.

I must have leaned heavily on the side of the boat, for it suddenly tipped and rolled straight over, turning turtle so quickly that I was in the water before I could think. Fortunately I had presence of mind enough to grasp the sides. I clung to this support and gasped for breath.

I tried in vain to turn the boat over. It would have been a stupendous job in that narrow space for an expert swimmer; for me it was absolutely impossible.

The top of the boat was within a few inches of the dock overhead, and I could not climb upon it. I simply clung to it and shivered. Jock swam around and around the overturned craft, whining and begging me to leave it, but there was no alternative, and I clung desperately to the slippery bottom.

The water rose inch by inch. First the bottom of the boat bumped against the boards overhead; then it was held firmly in position, and the tide climbed higher marking the rise on the sides.

When there was only six inches of space in which to breathe I began to lose all hope. At five inches the lapping waves frequently slapped the briny water in my mouth. I craned my head backward, forcing my mouth

and nose as near the boards of the roof as possible. Jock was by my side doing the same.

But he took it less silently and calmly. He spluttered and whined and made frantic efforts to bore his nose through the obdurate boards. I was fast losing control of my muscles, for horrible fear was paralyzing my will. The frantic terror of the drowning man was taking possession of me.

The water was now filling my mouth and nostrils with every gentle undulation of the surface. I spluttered and gasped and made more frantic struggles than Jock.

My senses were deserting me when Jock suddenly slipped from my side and disappeared. My first thought was that the poor dog had succumbed and was dead. Then I concluded that he had made a strike for life and liberty at the final moment.

This impression was apparently verified a moment later. I heard Jock's bark in the distance. The sound was far away and muffled, but it seemed to come from overhead. He had escaped!

Then the impossibility of it dawned upon my mind. There had been no time for him to dive under the dock and reach the top of it. But, if not, the dog had found a place of security. His natural instinct had led him to some safe nook which I had overlooked.

This thought possessed me and brought renewed hope to my failing spirit. I would follow Jock's lead and then yield to the inevitable without a murmur.

But where was Jock? That puzzled me. I tried to locate his muffled cry. It sounded so near and yet so distant!

Something impelled me to strike out under the boat with one arm, and my hand came in contact with something soft and furry. It was Jock, and had I not heard his constant and persistent bark I should have concluded he was strangling to death under the boat.

A man's wits act quickly in moments of great danger, or at least they do sometimes. Mine worked with lightning-like rapidity then. I reasoned that I could live where Jock could, and I plunged my head under the boat and grasped upward for support.

I found myself a moment later clinging to the seat of the overturned boat, with my head bumping against the bottom, but with more space for breathing than I had enjoyed for some time. It was total darkness there, but

the air was fresh and invigorating. Jock was fawning by my side and whimpering with delight.

I reasoned out the explanation of it in a flash. In turning over so suddenly the boat had imprisoned a lot of air, and the rising water had held it. The bottom and sides of the boat were both air and water tight. Jock had found the place of escape either accidentally or by instinct.

I breathed easier and found my position more comfortable. There was a good six inch space for the head, and I could rest my elbows under the seat of the boat. It was all a question now of whether there was sufficient air to support the two of us for half an hour or less. By that time, I judged, the tide would turn, and we could crawl out.

The water could not rise up higher under the boat on account of the imprisoned air, but our breathing steadily exhausted the oxygen of the latter and added to our discomfort.

My nerves grew tense and snappy, and my senses began to reel. Jock, too, ceased to bark and whine. A great slumber appeared to possess us. How long we had been there I had no way to judge, but when my head seemed ready to split I could stand it no longer. I must have fresh air!

I ducked my head under the gunwales of the boat and crawled out. There was a moment of sputtering and gasping and then a deep breath of fresh air that sent the blood tingling through my whole body.

The tide had turned, and there was space enough under the dock to live and breathe in comfort. I filled my lungs until they ceased their panting. Then, remembering Jock, I reached under the boat and hauled his nearly lifeless body up to the fresh air.

When the tide fell low enough for us to crawl upon the bottom of the boat I flung myself at full length on it and rested. Jock spread himself out by my side ready as ever to rest and sleep.

Later I examined the high level of the tide under the dock and found that the water had come up to within half an inch of the boards. No man could have lived there, and had not Jock found the fresh air under the boat neither of us would be here to testify to the truthfulness of this tale.

But Jock doesn't pose as a hero, and I'm not saying that he is one, but you must admit I owe my life to him

AN ARTIST'S LUCK.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

I PAUSED outside the door of Austen's studio and fixed a dollar bill so that a corner of it would stick out of my waistcoat pocket. There was no use asking him whether he needed money. He would always repel the insinuation, even when he hadn't had any luncheon and was fierce eyed with hunger. Neither could he be caught by an open display of coin or bills, but if a bit of money was in sight and Austen didn't know that the owner thereof was aware of it he would betray his need by occasional glances full of gentle and pathetic longing.

Let me hasten to say that Austen was not a failure in the ordinary, old fashioned way. He used to make a good living from illustrations, cover designs and the better kind of potboiling in general, but he had a serious illness, and while he lay unconscious some of his friends became overanxious and called in too much medical talent. In the present state of the world Austen might better have died, perhaps, than have contracted such a heavy debt. He paid it and hadn't a penny with which to begin work.

Conditions have changed in the last ten or fifteen years, and capital is essential to the artist. Life presses him so hard that he can't both work and live unless he has money in the bank or enjoys some form of special favor from those who have. Otherwise he will be like a swimmer in an undertow—the best that he can hope for is to keep his nose above water.

When I entered the studio, Austen was admiring the last fruit of his own toil. It was a little thing in oil, a girl looking at a shield which bore a device of a heart of gold and a scroll in which one could discover the date Feb. 14.

I took it to be a cover design for a February issue of a magazine or for some special purpose incident to St. Valentine's day, and I deplored the waste of time. It was then the tenth day of the shortest month, and this thing could not be used by anybody until next year.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"It's a beauty," I replied. "You'll sell it—if you live."

"No, I won't," said he, with decision. "I didn't make it to sell."

My mouth was open to reply that he shouldn't make anything for any other purpose when the picture itself checked me. A flash of memory illumined my understanding.

"Isn't that the girl—I saw her only once—the girl who?"

"Yes," said he, interrupting. "It is the girl who makes all other girls look like—like the crude and meaningless objects which I usually draw when I try to draw girls. But this is different, isn't it?"

"My boy, you are right," said I. "This is the only genuine, and all others are base imitations. What are you going to do with it?"

"I shall commit the gross absurdity of sending it to her as a valentine," said he. "Wish I could afford a frame, but I can't. The express charges will wind me up. In fact"—His eye at that moment lighted upon the green bait protruding from my waistcoat pocket, and he gave a little gasp as a man sometimes will when his stomach is empty.

"However," he continued, "she won't be bound to go to the expense of framing it. She can ask the butler to set it in the back cellar just as it is and know that my feelings are safe, because I shall never find out what becomes of it."

"Isn't she in the city?"

"No," said he. "I guess the family will live in Morristown all winter unless they go abroad. I've been asked to go out, but I haven't any clothes, and the round trip costs \$1.20. The chances are, old man, that I shall never see her again, and so I thought I'd better paint this portrait from memory right now. I'm in danger of forgetting her," he added, with a mournful smile.

On the contrary, it had been my opinion that Austen was very greatly in danger of not forgetting her. She was, to all intents and purposes, an inhabitant of another planet, and it was extremely unfortunate that he had ever met her. These accidents are less fre-



"BLAST YOUR BLOOMIN' TOP LIGHTS, THEY DIDN'T GET IT!"

quent than they used to be, but we are still imperfectly civilized, and there are parts of the golden wall which a poor man can see over. Austen was both susceptible and constant and likely to have trouble enough without adding a hopeless love.

I did not then know that Miss Copeland had any considerable sum of money in her own right or any expectations beyond the share in her father's estate which would eventually fall to her, which, unless I misjudged Mr. Copeland, would not be liberal if his daughter should marry a poor man, and might be nothing at all. The true state of the young lady's finances has since become known to me, and I am willing to admit that my conduct toward Austen was not calculated to subserve his best worldly interests.

In short, to drop the style of envious sarcasm which we who live in cities now adopt when we speak of the rich, I honestly thought that it would be a double error for Austen to send this remarkable valentine to Miss Copeland. In the first place, he couldn't afford to do so, for the picture was amazingly good, and, with a slight suppression of the likeness, would certainly be salable some time. In the second place, it could not fail to evoke an an-

swer from Miss Copeland and thus revive an acquaintance which could only result in pain and disappointment to my friend.

"Billy," said I, "you mustn't commit this folly. Here's the best thing you have ever done, and you ought to work it so that you can set yourself on your feet again."

"Yes?" said he. "How hard do you suppose the express company will swat me to take this out to Morristown?" And again he eyed the corner of my dollar.

I argued the case with him, but I might as well have addressed my remarks to the jointed dummy of wood which he used as a model. The best I could do was to persuade him to hold the picture two or three days before sending it. He had intended to ship it right away, in fear lest the landlord might do something disagreeable in the way of padlocking the door or otherwise attempting to collect the rent by violence.

I lent Auster the dollar, and while he was holding it in his hand and contemplating it with a trance-like stare I deftly picked the inside breast pocket of his waistcoat, which he had fastened to the bookcase with a thumb tack. From this pocket I drew an envelope containing all that was left of Austen's pawnable possessions, and I succeeded in getting the ticket for a fine suit of clothes which he had bought just before his illness. Then, having restored the envelope with the remainder of its contents, I departed hastily.

After visiting the pawnbroker's and a little tailor's shop I called upon the art editor of one of our leading magazines, and, having justified my visit by some rather neat lying, I said to him:

"Who's buying Harry Austen's stuff now?"

"Didn't know anybody was," he replied.

"You want to wake up," said I. "He has caught on."

"How do you mean?" said he.

"He's been doing some swell stuff," I replied, "and it isn't for sale. When I was in his studio this afternoon there was a man trying to induce him to sell a cover design—splendid thing it was, too—and Austen wouldn't let go."

"Did he say it was ordered?"

"No," said I. "He could sell it, but he won't. He's feeling pretty sure of himself these days. I shouldn't be surprised if your friends across the square

were stocking up with some of his work."

"Tell him to come down here and see me," said the editor.

"He won't," said I. "He's got something else on his mind."

The editor drummed on his table and whistled softly. I was afraid to say a word more and instantly took my departure.

I went across the square to those "friends" of the editor's whom I had mentioned to him. There I found, of course, another magazine's art editor, and to him I told the same tale. Then I met a good fellow on the street who knew Austen, and I prevailed upon him to carry my story into two other publishing houses.

About lunchtime the next day I went to the building where Austen has his studio and nearly ran into my friend and art editor No. 1. They were going out to luncheon together on the A. E.'s treat, which he would subsequently work into an expensive bill. I dodged behind the elevator shaft and then followed cautiously. When I had trailed them to a restaurant, I ran over to get art editor No. 2 and brought him to that same chophouse.

"By jingo!" I whispered as we came in. "That accounts for it."

He looked across to where Austen and art editor No. 1 were sitting, and then he drew a long breath.

"I'm glad you put me on to this," he said. "Austen must be right in it. This is the first time in a year that I've seen him with his trousers pressed." I blessed myself for my visit to the pawnbroker and the little tailor and also thanked Providence that I had put a two dollar bill into the pocket of the trousers. Otherwise Austen might have pawned the suit again when the tailor brought it around to the studio.

About 5 o'clock that afternoon I dropped in upon Austen. He was smoking a good cigar and sketching a design in charcoal on a canvas.

He shut his teeth hard upon the cigar and looked at me with half shut eyes.

"Well, blast your bloomin' top lights, they didn't get it!" said he.

"Who didn't get what?" said I.

"I've had three of 'em here today," he responded. "Went to lunch with Harrison. Yes, yes; you were there. I forgot. Well, after lunch we came back here, and Harrison made another play for my valentine. Actually of-

fered me cash, and he tried to find out what I was going to do with it. Didn't recognize the portrait. Thought I'd got a new model, confound him. After he was gone Jarbeau appeared. I think he'd been waiting around outside."

Jarbeau was the art editor whom I had taken to luncheon.

"I had a similar circus with him, except that he was sure that my pic. was for Harrison," he continued. "Well—a—well! He offered cash too. If I hadn't just eaten a full meal the temptation would have killed me."

"Good clothes sustain a man, too," said I, and he grinned at me.

"Markham was in later," said he. "He was very easy."

Markham was one of the men whom my emissary had seen.

"And you didn't sell?" I asked.

"Not for a million dollars. Sell her? I guess not. I agreed after considerable persuasion"—and he grinned with great enjoyment—"to do something else for the gentlemen. They agreed to pay cash—because they thought I didn't need it, shiver their blasted timbers!

"But the valentine goes," he added. "Nothing can stop that now. Heart of gold! The dross of this world cannot buy my poor tribute which I shall lay at her feet. And a little—just a wee little bit—of hope will go with it now."

There was a moment's pause. Then he softly repeated the word "dross," which he had uttered with a fine scorn, and at the same time he put both hands into the side pockets of the coat which I had redeemed, and when he pulled them out they were full of money.

However, lest I should seem to be taking credit to myself for the success of a man now widely praised and greatly envied, let me explain that my little coup was nothing to the one which Austen himself achieved. I shudder to think what he would have lost if he had sold the valentine as I had planned.

For the memory portrait of Miss Copeland made a tremendous hit in that young lady's exalted social sphere. It started Austen on a brilliant and remunerative career as a painter of portraits for those fortunate persons who can afford to lavish money on a good man's work, and it was thus that he gained a position which enabled him to win the hand of the lady without exposing her to the paternal malediction. In fact, the old gentleman behaved very nicely.



“WHY WEEPEST THOU?”

Mary at the tomb of Jesus on the first Easter morn.

From the painting by Wm. E. Pedrick.

IN THE REALM OF FASHION.

A Talk About the New Spring Modes.

JACKETS LONG AND SHORT—THE EASTER HAT.

The tailors are showing all the new models that are to be worn in a few weeks. Rough cloths rather than the plain finished goods are stylish, and



A MODISH BODICE.

mixtures, whether in stripes, plaids or checks, are already in decided favor. Both long and short jackets will be used—that is to say, the three-quarter coats that come just a few inches below the hips or halfway to the knees. This style of coat is the favorite for a traveling or walking costume, while the short coats are somewhat elaborate and intended for rather dressier wear. In silks or veiling, for example, short jackets will be in the majority, and the serges, chevots and homespuns will be seen in the swell tailor made coats. There is a noticeable return to favor of the long sleeves, and many of the most elaborate wraps will have reg-

ular coat sleeves, while all morning costumes will possess the same sensible long models.

There is as yet nothing noticeably new about suit skirts. All, saving the most elaborate, are walking lengths, and, as plaited patterns are so much more becoming than plain, this style predominates. No fullness is allowed over the hips, and if the material is to be laid in tucks or box plaits these must all be cut away underneath. Below the knees, however, a short skirt must have a decided flare, and this, of course, depends largely upon the fit and hang of the petticoat. With the new frocks it is still found advisable to have the skirt lining separate from the dress, for it is always easier to have a silk skirt fitted with a plain yoke than it is to have a new lining made each time that the old one gives out. A single cloth skirt will outwear many a silk one.

Modes In Parasols.

Linen parasols are to be even more generally used than heretofore, and these come in a very wide range of styles, in excellent designs that will retail at from \$2.50 to \$50 and over.

The cheaper ones are of quite heavy linen, with embroideries that counterfeit hand work excellently. These have handles of natural wood in simple forms and are remarkably good looking specimens, neither cheap nor common in appearance notwithstanding.



ing their reasonable price. Delicate embroideries on fine handkerchief linens, in patterns artistic and elegant in the extreme, decorate the parasols at the other end of the scale.

These are lined with delicately tinted silks in many cases, and the handles are fetching examples of the best that is turned out by designers who make these a specialty.

Carved ivories with gold mountings, pearl in naacre tintings, insets of semi-precious stones or of clever French imitations are some of the handles used.

The empire parasol with the handle reversed from the usual position, so that when closed it is carried with the top of the shade toward the hand and when open the hand is near the ferrule, is said to be a coming winner in its class. The parasol illustrated is of this style.



AN EASTER GOWN.

High Collars In Vogue.

With her usual perversity, Fashion has decreed that collars increase in height and in comfort, too, strange as that may seem. It is, however, easily explained. Since those little "valleines," or featherbones, that give the necessary support have for some time reached fairly up to the ears, they could become no higher; but the change is in the transparent covering which is made of soft lace entirely or in combination with some filmy material. Instead of being rounded out, as it formerly was, the collar is now made straight; hence it must be a little looser, so that it shapes and gives properly with the neck—therein lies the comfort—while the top, which is unstiffened for about half an inch, turns over in a pretty careless line, thus adding to the soft becomingness.

Be careful not to let it be a degree looser than is absolutely necessary for shaping itself and attempt it in none but the softest, thinnest material or the result will be that most unbecoming of all things, a thick neck.

Becoming Jewelry.

To insure beauty jewels must be worn with regard to color. Take, for instance, highly colored gems such as rubies and sapphires. They could not be worn with any shade of red. Soft colors should always be selected in such cases—turquoises, pearls or diamonds.

The woman with dull eyes must never wear diamond earrings, for these stones will make them appear duller. The pearl softens the face more than any other jewel.

Another stone which is equally becoming is the opal. A stone called tonkinoise, which is a pure blue, makes a sallow skin many shades lighter.

The New Neckwear.

Embroidered linen collars, the high turned down style, are extremely smart and are worn with all kinds of waists. They are fastened in front, and the favorite finish is the tulle bow or rosette fastened with a bar pin of diamonds or pearls. One style has buttonholes through which are put link cuff buttons or a velvet ribbon that is tied in a stiff bow. A hemstitched edge, a narrow line of hand embroidery, or some small design in embroidery just at the corner, is the current fashion.

The Easter Hat In Odd, Attractive Sailor Shapes.

Sailor hats will be smart for Easter and general spring wear. They are to be worn in a variety of shapes, with upturned, downturned, curved and dented brims. By their general becomingness, too, an uninterrupted vogue during the spring and coming summer seasons is predicted, so that a woman who invests in one at this early



date may feel convinced that she has a shape that will be used throughout the summer.

The irregular models that will be stylish offer to the business girl of limited means an unusual opportunity for practicing a bit of clever economy on her spring headgear, for flowers of every form, size and color are given prominence in trimming, and there are few women who do not possess a discarded mass of foliage from which they can in all probability extract for present use a bunch or two of blossoms and leaves that have done duty in a bygone season. With the proper freshening processes applied, these flowers will come forth quite fresh and new again and serve admirably for the decoration of one's first hat.

A becoming shape in one of the new delicately tinted straws or braids may be ornamented with a few yards of malinette and ribbon for rosettes and bandeau trimming, a wreath or bunch of flowers and foliage, and one has a bonnet for Easter that is a bit of fashionable millinery which would do credit to any exclusive modiste's shop.

Wherever the flowers are most becoming they should be worn, for in the coming season there is no definite place for a rose, a bunch of sweet peas or for large poinsettias. If the foliage looks best on the front of the hat—the latter twisted up in an attractive fashion—then the blossoms should be put on at the desired angle, and incidentally if leaves, etc., show to advantage



THE NEW TRIMMING.

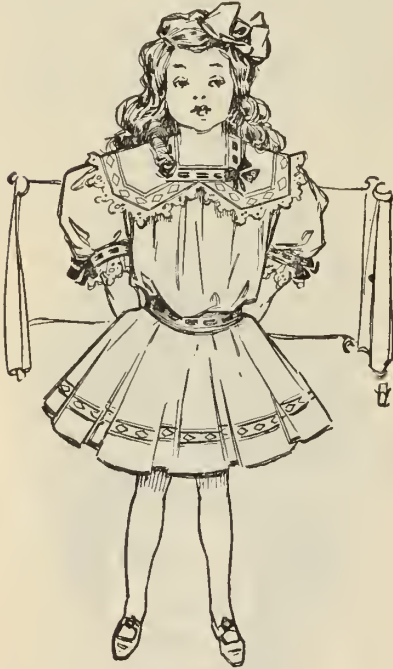
at the side or in the back they should be sewed in place where they best become the wearer.

While the flowers in light and dark shades will be the most pronounced feature of hat trimmings, tulle and sheer chiffon silk will be used as twisted bows, pompons, large fluffy loops and occasionally as plain bands.

Lingerie Frock.

White is steadily gaining in favor for children's frocks, but the wise mother will not forget to plan some colored ones for morning wear. For these plain gingham, linens and ducks are the most serviceable materials.

For more dressy frocks, white batiste, lawns and india linen are used. One piece dresses are usually made from heavy linen, or canon cloth, also known as Indian head. The material



A DAINY COSTUME FOR A SMALL GIRL.

is in general use throughout the south, but is practically unknown in the north and west, which is much to be regretted, since it has all the good qualities of linen, without the objectionable one of becoming easily tumbled. It costs only 15 cents a yard.

Frocks made from the sheer materials are of entirely different design, and except for a very young child are of the two piece variety, having a full skirt fastened to the waist. These always show some touch of hand embroidery and inserts of real lace. The short, puffed sleeves and broad collar, such as are shown in the illustration, are considered the proper finish for little dresses of this character.

The Proper Sleeves.

The matching hat is essential, and there is a distinct tendency to show in the spring hat just a touch of the material employed on the gown, either in silk, velvet or lace.

Only the strictly tailored gowns with absolutely straight lines and stitched finish show the long, plain sleeves. The natty short coat suits continue to demand a three-quarter sleeve or less.

The three-quartered sleeve is most economical, as it requires only a twelve button glove instead of sixteen. The shorter glove can be bought at sales as low as \$1.25, while \$2.50 is the standard price for the longer glove in good quality.

A Hint Worth Taking.

Often that which appears to be a most perfectly tailored skirt will grow to hang with a twist or the plaits will fly back farther on one side than on the other. It nearly always turns out that the stitching upon plaits or gores is run up one side and down on the side opposite. The natural inclination followed even by the women that do the work for good tailors is to stitch down from the top on one side and, turning the skirt most easily in the machine, to stitch up on the other. Instead all of the work should run up or all of it down, preferably down. Without taking this care a skirt may sag, and the greatest amount of fussing and pressing will never get the "warped" quality out of it.

Harmony in Dress at Capital Levees.

If Mrs. Roosevelt elects to wear white, she likes all her assistants to select the same or some very pale color. The result makes for artistic blending and adds to the beauty of the scene. It used to be that an unfortunate cabinet hostess would spend weary hours and many dollars getting up a fine costume, and perhaps the woman next her would have on something which literally spoiled the effect.

Mrs. Roosevelt disapproves of strong contrasts in the receiving line, and she makes but few requests of this nature, so her wishes are always faithfully followed. Certainly the guests at the reception enjoy a spectacle got up with a view to harmony rather than the haphazard greens, reds and blacks of former days.

THE WHITE GOD'S CHARM.

By JOHN J. GALLAGHER.

WHEN a regular army man who has seen service in the Philippines pulls out his watch, disengages it from its chamois skin cover and chuckles apropos to nothing in particular you can get the tail end of this story by joining in the laugh and casually inquiring, "Who was it that finally earned the everlasting blessing of Private Reilly by stringing up the sable hued head hunter?"

It was the day following the terrible typhoon which swept the China sea and devastated the greater portion of Luzon back in 1900. Buildings were blown down, roads obliterated and the miles of army telegraph wires twisted into a thousand fantastic shapes.

Colonel Boyne had arisen early, and his orderly had occasion to note that the typhoon had also ruffled his temper. Now, there wasn't a better natured man in the army than the same Colonel Boyne, and if he so far forgot himself as to swear at the orderly it was because of the irritation arising from the possession of an interesting piece of information and no means of transmitting it in the proper channel.

When it is understood that the colonel's information concerned the definite location of Aguinaldo, when it is stated that permission to pursue the insurgent leader must be clicked from a point 150 miles distant over wires which could not be replaced without a week's work—when all these loose ends are tied in a hard knot, some idea may be obtained of the problem which confronted the exasperated officer.

"Send for Reilly," the colonel commanded as a last resort. "If anybody can reach Vigan with a whole skin, Aloysius is the lad. By Sulu! I wish I could make the ride myself. It goes against the grain to order a man out on dangerous duty like that."

"Never fear for me, sir," Reilly assured him later in the day. "I was born to good luck, and, not havin' seen any of it up to the present writin', I think it must be about due."

"May all the saints in the calendar attend you, Reilly," said the colonel. "Take anything you need, not forget-

ting the birds, and make the start as soon as possible."

It was almost two hours after sunup when Reilly was at last ready to report to the colonel for final instructions.

"What have we here?" exclaimed the "old man" as he took in the vision of Private Reilly astride a rangy bay.

"Everything but the dispatches," answered Reilly. "You see, I am takin' Dewey along with me to do double duty as mascot and interpreter. He cau babble every dialect in the island."

During this conversation the diminutive Dewey sat bolt upright on his native pony, a wicker cage fastened to the saddlebow and three days' rations lashed in the rear.

With a few parting words the colonel handed Reilly two yellow dispatches and ordered him to ride forward with all speed.

At the picket line Reilly drew rein, carefully concealed the dispatches under his inside hatband and leaned down to Sergeant Miller for a parting word.

"If the white carriers should come back without a message," he said, "just send a word back to Illinois and tell the little girl that gave them to me that she is the only one who ever cared whether Reilly or the sod was on top."

As a matter of fact, these white pigeons had brought down upon Reilly's head the witticisms of half the regiment. The fact that no hand but his was ever permitted to fondle or feed them was in itself sufficient evidence that Reilly was not impervious to the tender sentiments of life.

Not until noon did the bearer of dispatches rein up his willing mount. Tethering the animal where it would at once be in reach of both grass and water, Reilly stretched himself at full length on the ground and shut out the glare of the sun from his wearied eyes.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, suddenly starting to his feet. "I sure forgot the nigger, to say nothin' of the birds and rations."

As he hesitated, undecided as to the best course to pursue, the dull patter of a pony's ushed hoofs reached his ears. A moment later the little brown man bounced into sight, his right hand



"JUST SEND A WORD BACK TO ILLINOIS."

beating a tattoo on the animal's lean ribs and his voice raised in shrill expostulations over the pony's unsatisfactory progress.

A short breathing spell and they were again in the saddles. Not till darkness set in did they reach the foothills, which marked the first forty miles of their journey.

Dewey hobbled the horses in a grassy ravine and turned his attention to the preparation of the evening meal. As the provender consisted entirely of hard tack and bacon, his reputation as an excellent cook was not put to the test. Despite the hard day's work Reilly's appetite was missing. While Dewey ravenously devoured the scorched bacon Reilly sat idly tossing crumbs to the white carrier pigeons.

Reilly finally lay down to sleep, leaving Dewey to stand guard. At 11 o'clock the bearer of dispatches, who had never closed his eyes for a moment, arose to his feet and enacted a pantomime which was supposed to represent a tired trooper shaking off sound slumber. Taking this as the sign of his

relief, Dewey was soon sleeping hard enough and loud enough for two men. When Reilly twisted him to his feet at the first suggestion of dawn he was chattering in broken English about head hunters and poisoned arrows and such like barbarities.

"What about the head hunters, Dewey?" said Reilly when they were once more on the way after a hasty assault on the hard tack and bacon.

"Him much there," Dewey affirmed, pointing in a direction which would seem to indicate that they were traveling straight for the region of these picturesque savages.

"No more eat native," persisted Dewey, glad of an opportunity to exercise his American vocabulary. "Him now eat only white heads." And he cast a meaning glance at Reilly's roseate top piece.

The semblance of a trail wound in and out, but steadily upward over rock strewn ground and through dense undergrowth. Suddenly Dewey pointed a brown finger toward a giant tree that stood outlined against the sky. Nestling in two of its limbs was what appeared to be a mammoth bird's nest.

"Head hunter live much high," he explained. "No can get."

"Oh, it wouldn't be any trouble getting that!" said Reilly, and, snatching his revolver from the holster, he took a snapshot at the lofty dwelling. The report was followed by a faint cry, and a comforted body dropped to the ground like a stone.

Reilly paused aghast at the outcome of his rash act. "That," he said half aloud, "is the poorest shot I ever made in my life. If I get out of this mess with a head on my shoulders it will be because I have more luck than"—

At that instant a noose dropped noiselessly over his shoulders, and he was unhorsed by a sudden tightening of the rope.

The first thought which came to Reilly's mind when he was set upon his feet, after being securely bound, was one of wonder over where this myriad of little brow men had all sprung from. Chattering like so many monkeys, they pressed about him, gesticulating wildly and no doubt threatening the most horrible forms of vengeance. Gazing over their heads, he caught sight of Dewey, also a captive, and their horses being driven off in the distance. The little wicker cage had evidently been broken open, and the frightened pigeons fluttered about high in the air.

As the natives dragged their captives toward a distant clearing the birds followed in circling flight. This fact evidently afforded the savages much pleasure, for they broke into a sort of droning chant, accompanying it with skyward gestures.

The advance guard finally came to a halt before a collection of grass huts which marked the center of the clearing. The prisoners were tightly bound to a highly decorated post which had evidently served in the same capacity on former occasions. As soon as they had satisfied themselves that there was no possibility of the victims escaping the whole company turned their attention once more to the two carriers which were now skimming back and forth scarcely twenty feet above the ground. At a sign from the chief they all prostrated themselves as if in worship.

"What in thunder are they up to now?" growled Reilly. "Why don't they chop heads and get it over with?"

Dewey was trembling with excitement, "Him gods," he explained, "Head hunter much 'fraid of white bird. Him spirit."

At the direction of the chief huge wooden bowls heaped with rice were brought out and displayed invitingly, but the birds did not respond to this enticement. The natives drew back and were about to again prostrate themselves when, to their amazement, the birds darted down swiftly and alighted with perfect confidence on the broad shoulders of the white prisoner.

Seizing upon this auspicious omen, Dewey broke forth into a ranting discourse addressed to the superstitious head hunters in their own dialect.

"Beware, devil begotten head hunters!" he howled. "You have dared to waylay a mighty god. See how the spirits come to him when you could not tempt them with much rice. Release him before an earthquake swallows you up or a typhoon blows you into the sea. Act quickly. The time is short."

Whether or not the presence of the pigeons, together with Dewey's harangue, would have alone been sufficient to effect a release will never be known. Scarcely had he ceased speaking when a black cloud blew across the hills and the distant rumble of thunder spurred the head hunters to action.

"If this is a god," said the chief, not entirely convinced, "he can kill, and he can make alive. With the boom-boom he has smitten my son. Let the white



"DEWEY!" HE SHOUTED JOYFULLY. god restore him to life, and it is well."

"What's all the powpow about, Dewey?" asked Reilly anxiously. "I am not afraid to die, but I like to know when it is coming."

"You no die, you no die," chattered Dewey. "Me fix. Me tell him you much god. You quick loose. Ride like blazes. Dewey come soon."

Then, turning to the chief, Dewey resumed his palaver. "The white god can kill," he announced, "but not make alive. Let him depart. I, too, am a great spirit. I will say a word in your son's ear, and he shall be restored."

With his own hands the aged chief unbound Reilly and motioned him to where his horse was nervously pawing the ground. A second invitation was unnecessary. Shouldering his way through the crowd of excited natives, he vaulted into the saddle and turned his horse's head from the clearing. Once he glanced back and beheld Dewey wildly motioning him onward. It was destined to be the last time he should see his faithful little mascot.

Not until dusk settled down that night did Reilly draw rein and slide from the back of his winded mount. He had little hope of Dewey overtaking him, but, banking on the mascot's proverbial luck, hoped to pick him up somewhere on the return trip. Dewey had been in many tight places before, but had always succeeded in wriggling out of them.

Reilly had just set about his preparations for the night when his ear caught the sound of snapping twigs and soft footfalls. As he turned the light of his campfire fell upon a brown face peering at him through the undergrowth.

"Dewey!" he shouted joyfully, but at that moment a native runner stepped out from the leafy screen, and he discovered his mistake.

The messenger had evidently travelled long and hard and was weak from exhaustion. Sinking down on his knees, he bowed low before Reilly.

"Much god—make alive!" he wailed. "Black man no can—chief's son no live—kill black devil—white god come make both alive."

The truth of the situation flashed into Reilly's mind. The faithful Dewey had thrown himself into the breach and had fallen a victim to the barbarous natives. By sending the runner with the news of Dewey's death the old chief hoped to recall Reilly and secure the life of his son.

In such fragments of dialect as he could command Reilly made the messenger understand his displeasure. He refused absolutely to return.

Prepared for this possible exigency, the messenger pleaded on behalf of the chief for some token from the white god which would offer protection from the earthquake and the typhoon.

With surprising alacrity Reilly produced the chamois skin cover of his watch and an indelible pencil. With the latter he made a few mysterious signs upon the former and handed it to the trembling messenger.

"Take it, you scum of the earth," he said, "and God grant that the prescription may be filled mighty sudden."

A month later a small band of head hunters fell into the hands of a detachment of American scouts. One of the natives bore himself with great dignity and on the supposition that he was a chief of some prominence was finally brought before Colonel Boyne. During the course of examination the chief, in order to substantiate his claim of immunity, produced a very soiled piece of chamois skin upon which certain words were still discernible. This is what Colonel Boyne made out of it:

"The bearer murdered Dewey. Hang him on sight and receive the blessing of Private Aloysius J. Reilly."

SHACK'S REFORM.

HOW CUFFY TAUGHT HIM THE BETTER WAY.

TWO black, eager faces bent suddenly forward as the dice-bones, they called them—rattled upon the low roof of Wung Sin's laundry. As the tiny cubes tumbled over and over, deciding the ownership of the two coins which lay between the youthful gamblers, the "shooter" cried fervently:

"Come seben! Dis fo' a pair o' shoes!"

To which the other, to counteract the spell of the conjure invoked, responded with equal fervor:

"Call him off, seben! Dat my breakfast," at the same time reaching hopefully toward the coins.

But the shooter forestalled him—for the dice had now stopped—and declared the money his.

He picked up the coins and ostenta-

tiously tossed one back upon the roof, calling:

"Fade me, Cuffy!"

Cuffy faded him by searching long and laboriously through his clothing for another coin, which he at length found and placed beside the one on the roof. Then the shooter picked up the dice and juggled them in the hollow of his hands, blowing upon his fingers for luck. When they rattled back to the roof the two faces again bent lower, one fearfully, the other exultantly and jeering.

"Yo's, Shack." And the one called Cuffy rose to his feet with ashy face. "I's 'bleege to stop now, nigger. I's done out."

Shack looked at him curiously, standing on the defensive. Indeed, there was usually good reason for

Shack's customary derisive attitude at the end of a game of craps. He had been accused of ringing in "peeties"—loaded dice—of overawing a weak opponent by a blustering demeanor, of doing many things that were considered disreputable among roustabouts. But, however lawless he might be or mean, he never showed any signs of it outwardly. His eyes had a keen, straightforward way of searching other eyes, his shoulders remained square, his head was carried high.

As he stood there on the defensive, waiting for Cuffy to pitch into him as other worsted crap shooters had done, he first wondered, then grew derisive at the larger boy's peaceable, almost pitiable attitude.

"Skeered?" he mocked.

"No, I ain't skeered," answered Cuffy quickly, "but what for I fight yo'? Dar ain' nobody to blame but me. I—I done stole dat money, an' I promise mammy I nebber shoot craps in all de worl'. I ain'—no—good any mo'," his lips beginning to quiver.

Shack grinned.

"Yo' ain' de firs' pusson dat stole," he jeered. "I reckon yo' better go off in de dark an' hide. Den de p'lice ato' catch yo'. Now lemme see yo' cry."

Cuffy paid no attention to him.

"An' my mammy trusted me," he went on dolefully, "an' was a-savin' up for me to go to Tuskegee an' learn a heap o' f'ings, an' den I was a-goin' to make money an' buy her a house wid a piazzer like w'ite fo'ks an' a mule an' cow an' some chickens, an' now—oh, mammy!"

"Dat's right," cried Shack encouragingly. "I see dem tears a-comin' Cuffy. Let 'em drap, nigger; let 'em drap!"

A momentary flash dried the incipient tears, and Cuffy's muscles grew tense. Then again the shoulders drooped.

"I ain't min', Shack," he said, without resentment. "I could whup you like I has done, but I 'low yo' better whup me. I'll stan' still an' let yo' poum' till yo' arm's tired. Yo' ain' un'erstan'. My mammy's a-scrapin' an' savin' for school, an' I'm a-scrapin' an' savin' too. We ain' spen' one cent widout need. An' now I done los' a whole dollar shootin' craps—all I earn dis week—an' I promise mammy I nebber shoot craps in de worl'. I wish yo'd whup me good, Shack."

But Shack was not fighting on that line. He threw his arms akimbo and regarded Cuffy with critical amusement.

"So yo's a mammy boy," he sneered, "an' a schoolin' boy! Wha's yo' sense, Cuffy? A mammy's good 'nough fo' babies, but we's too big. I nebber hab no mammy, an' I'm tough. Yo' better widout one. Dey spiles big boys."

"Yo' ain't know my mammy," was Cuffy's answer, "an' yo' ain't keer for schoolin'. 'Cep'n' for dat yo'd be f'ink in' like me." Then a sudden inspiration seized him, and he added, "Wha yo' stay tonight, Shack?"

"Don' know," indifferently, "roun' some'er's. Mebbe in ole Brown's lumber yard if de watchman don' ketch me."

"Den s'pose yo' come on home 'long o' me an' see my mammy," invited Cuffy eagerly. "She make yo' t'ink like me, shore. We hab watermilyun an' sweet taters an' bacon, an' in de mawnin' mammy likely gib us fried chicken. Yo' can sleep 'long o' me in my baid. Wha yo' say?"

Shack did not say anything for fully two minutes. The question was a weighty one. At first his impulse was a flat refusal, but the thought of meeting Cuffy's mammy and being able to ridicule that obstinate boy in the intrenchments of his own home was a pleasant one. And then the "watermilyun an' sweet taters" and the possibility of fried chicken! They decided him.

"I's yo' cake," he grinned.

The two boys walked cautiously to the edge of Wung Sin's laundry roof and peered down. Crap shooting was a serious offense, and Shack was careful to keep this retreat on the laundry roof from the knowledge of the police.

"See anyt'ing, Cuffy?" he whispered as they glanced sharply from side to side.

"Only dat fruit seller on de corner. He ain' min'."

Grasping the edge of the roof with their hands, they swung over and dropped lightly to the ground. Then they scurried round the corner into Bay street and were lost in the crowd.

Cuffy's mother lived in a small tenement in the colored district. She was ironing when the boys arrived.

"Dat yo', Cuffy?" she called as they darkened the low doorway. "Come right in, honey. An' who's yo' frien'?"

"Him Shack, mammy," answered Cuffy rather proudly. "Yo' done heal me tole 'bout him."

"Co'se I has, honey, co'se I has," the woman exclaimed, leaving her ironing and coming forward cordially. "Glad

to see yo', Shaek. Come right in, boy. I done heah 'bout yo' heaps o' times. Sit down in dat rockin' cheer. Dar, dat's right. So yo's Shaek. Law, law! My boy's done tole 'bout yo' no end. Say yo's able do anyting yo' set out for; dat yo's de mos' promisin' black boy in de whole city." She returned to her ironing and worked vigorously for several minutes, then: "Does yo' know, honey, dat's a mighty fine say-so? De mos' promisin' boy! Dat means dar's gran' wuk befo' yo'—gran' wuk, honey. We black fo'ks need jes' sech boys to grow up an' lead us. I's glad you an' Cuffy am frien's. He's a good boy, but easy led. He needs strong, true frien's to show de way. Wha's dat, Cuffy? Shaek goin' stay all night? Shore 'nough? Law, law! Dat's good! Now yo' boys jes' placate 'mong yo'se'fs while I get dis ironin' off; den we's hab supper an' mo' talk. Cuffy, yo' put dat milyun in a pail o' col' water."

Shaek had listened without any attempt to answer, but his eyes and ears were keenly alert. This was an experience which was entirely new and which it would take him time to adjust. He had peered into rooms before now and had generally been driven away with a broom or poker, but he did not remember any of them that had been quite so clean and cozy as this scantily furnished room, and certainly none of the women had been like this one who was actually treating him as though his presence was desirable. But of course he was right in his declaration that a mammy was a detriment to a big boy. This was only an unusual side he was seeing; presently would appear some weakness with which he could overwhelm Cuffy.

But what appeared presently brought him half to his feet in sudden wonder, derision, contempt. There was Cuffy actually telling his mammy about the crap shooting and the money he had lost, and more wonderful yet, instead of scolding and punishing him as ordinary women would have done, this mammy was patting her boy's cheeks and talking in a low, earnest voice, and, yes, they were both crying.

Shaek drew a hard, deep breath and waited in momentary expectation of hearing his own name. But, no, Cuffy only spoke of himself and then went back to his chair by the window, where he sat very sober and thoughtful. And his mammy began to put away her ironing and prepare for supper.

After supper Shaek returned to the rocking chair, feeling very comfortable and contented. And the puzzling mammy, after she had cleared the table and washed the dishes, came and sat down between him and Cuffy.

"Co'se yo' goin' to Tuskegee when yo' get able, honey," she began, and then, accepting this for a fact and unobtrusive of the indignant scorn on his face, she went on in an almost reverent voice: "Hit's a gran' t'ing, dis school; a gran', noble t'ing. W'at we black fo'ks lak is knowin' t'ings, an' dis school will gib us dat, heapin' up an' runnin' ober. Yo' boys dat projec' for schoolin' can be mos' anyting yo' aim for—preachers, doctors, lawyers, railroaders—jes' lak w'ite fo'ks. Hit's a gran' t'ing to be a strong boy like yo', wid all dese t'ings on ahead." Her hand sought Shaek's shoulder and rested there caressingly. "Some day, honey," she continued gently, "yo'll likely be ridin' in yo' own kerridge an' he'pin' all de black fo'ks round' yo'. I hope yo'll sort o' look out for Cuffy."



"WHO'S A NIGGER?" HE DEMANDED.

He's a good boy, but jes' a little weak sometimes. When yo'se hafe at Tuskegee don' let him shoot crabs an'

t'ings like dat. He'll heah to yo'. Promis' yo'll keer for him, honey."

Again Shack's breath came hard, but her hand was upon his shoulder, her eyes looking into his. He tried to scoff and jeer, but the words stuck in his throat, and only a husky "Yes'm, I will," came to his lips. Then he rose suddenly to his feet, only to sink back into the chair, hot and trembling, for this strange mammy had kissed him.

"I knowed yo' would, honey," she said softly, "but I wanted to heah yo' promise. A boy lak yo' nebber forgets his promise."

Shack made a desperate effort to break from the spell that was closing in upon him. Missionaries he did not mind, but this mammy was approaching him in an unrecognized way. If he wished to humiliate Cuffy he must keep better control of himself. But he only said:

"School like dat cos' a heap."

"No, honey; hit's made for pore fo'ks like we all. Me an' Cuffy 'low on gettin' a hun'ered dollars, den I'll be sen'-in' what I can to him. I reckon yo' could sabe dat much quicker'n we hab. Cuffy says yo' make heaps o' money."

For want of a better answer Shack nodded. He thought of the \$7 or \$8 he often made in a single week by shooting craps. But her next words chilled him:

"I's glad yo' ain't shoot craps, honey."

"How yo' know?" he demanded sharply.

"By yo' eyes an' de way yo' walks," she answered, smiling. "Fo'ks ain' shoot craps an' do mean t'ings when dey walk an' look like yo'. I know. Dat's why I make yo' promise to keer for Cuffy. Law, law! Shakin' yo' head ain' fool me. Crap shootin's a mean, low t'ing, an' I's mighty glad yo' ain' do hit."

Shack's eyes fell gradually to the floor. In imagination he could see Cuffy over by the window regarding him curiously and these other eyes looking at him with frank confidence. He tried to raise his gaze to theirs, but could not. What did it mean? He had

never felt timid or abashed before.

When he went into the loft with Cuffy he was thinking very hard and very shrewdly. He had never been in a real bed before, and the softness felt deliciously soothing, but for all that he did not fall asleep. He listened to Cuffy's regular breathing and thought and struggled and understood rebelliously that he was being conquered, but he was straightforward and sharp with himself, even though it hurt. And at length he heard this strange, tender voiced mammy beginning to move below.

When he went down he accompanied Cuffy to a corner behind a large storehouse to gather kiudlings. There he made a last desperate effort to assert himself.

Placing a chip upon his shoulder, he turned fiercely to his companion.

"Who's a nigger?" he demanded.

Cuffy laughed in his face.

"I reckon we bofe is," he grinned. "But wha' for yo' act so, Shack? I ain' goin' knock no chip offen yo' shoulder. We ain' no need fight. We's goin' to Tuskegee, me an' you is. Yo' done tole mammy so."

"I done tole yo' is skeered to fight," yelled Shack. "Didn't yo' say I's nigger when I crap yo' out yes'day? Now knock dis chip off an' prove hit."

"Mebbe I call yo' nigger," retorted Cuffy placidly. "I know yo' did me, plenty time. Dat ain' nuffin. I ain' goin' fight, an' yo' ain' goin' fight. We's got better sense. But dar's mammy callin' us to breakfas'. Come, Shack!"

The chip fell unheeded from Shack's shoulder. But he was not a boy to do things by halves. As they went toward the house he slipped the dollar he had won into Cuffy's pocket.

"Tell yo' mammy yo' met de crap shooter an' he gib hit back," he said. "An' if she eber ax yo' does I shoot craps, yo' say no, I done gib hit up, an' I has. I's goin' take dat job the steamboat man offer at fo' dollar. 'Tain' much, but mebbe I make more by wukin' hard. I's goin' long o' yo' to Tuskegee, sure 'nough."

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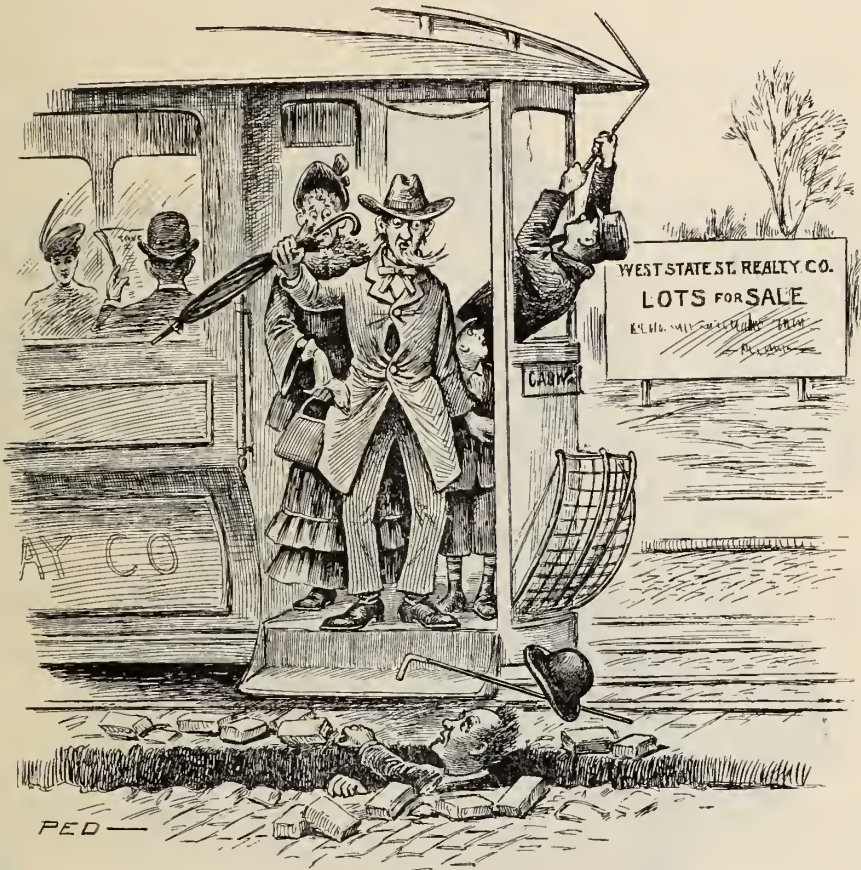
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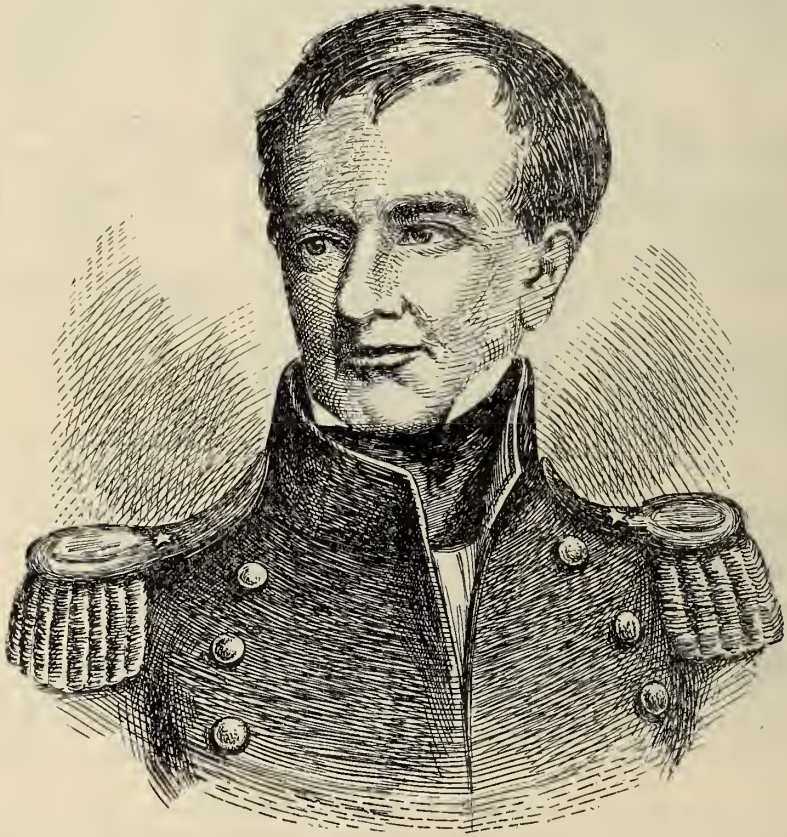
Uncle Reuben and Family Seeing Trenton.



UNCLE REUBEN (who is near-sighted—as passenger jumps off car into excavation):
“B’gosh! I thought we hed some purty deep mud up our way, Sarah Ann, but I’m
dinged ’f it comes up ter that!”

Why this Month's Acme is called the May Number.

Heretofore The Acme has had printed on its cover the month in which it appeared, but with this number it adopts the general custom of periodicals and bears date of the forthcoming month. Although it appears in April this issue is dated May. It is number six, and follows consecutively, the March issue, which was number five. The change is made in order that subscribers may get their magazine in advance of the month. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴



ADMIRAL CHARLES STEWART.

("Old Ironsides.")

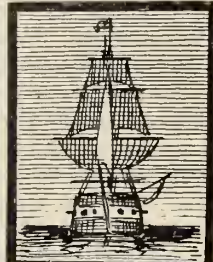
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MAY, 1907

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“OLD IRONSIDES.”

A Hero of the American Navy, Who Spent His Declining Years at Bordentown.

By E. P. WILLIAMS.

ON a high bluff overlooking the Delaware river, in the suburbs of historic old Bordentown, stands an ancient mansion, now used as an industrial school for colored youth. This is Montpelier, once the home of that redoubtable old seaman, Commodore Charles Stewart.

It is a fine old country mansion, hemmed in by lofty silver pines. Before “Old Ironsides” purchased it in 1816 the place belonged to Francois Frederici, “General of Surinam,” who settled there over a century ago. After the Commodore’s death the home was occupied by his daughter, Mrs. Delia Stewart Parnell, mother of Charles Stewart Parnell, the great Irish leader, and here Fanny Parnell, the noted sister of the Irish statesman, died.

Commodore Stewart was one of the

most remarkable naval heroes of our country. It is to him, with Commodore Bainbridge, America owes it that our navy went to sea in the war of 1812. And it was this aged patriot who, when Fort Sumpter was fired upon, pleaded in vain to be assigned to active service, exclaiming: “I am as young as ever to fight for my country!”

Though commissioned as rear-admiral in 1862, Stewart always clung to the title of commodore. In stature he was small; his features were regular and strong; his eyes large, bright and blue, and his expression singularly animated. With much good-humor and affability he was never undignified. He is remembered by the villagers as a little old man, with smooth-shaven face and snow-white hair; fond of flowers, birds and children, and enthusiastic in the cultivation of his farm.

Charles Stewart was born in Philadelphia, July 28th, 1778. He began his sea-

life as cabin-boy on a packet and was subsequently a commander. In 1798 he enlisted in the United States navy with the rank of lieutenant, and took part in the fights with French privateers in 1800; was on the *Constellation* in 1802, in the war with the Barbary States; was promoted to the rank of captain and was among those officers who received the thanks of Congress when peace was concluded.

Captain Stewart returned from a cruise in the West Indies in the spring of 1814 and found the *Constitution* closely blockaded in Boston harbor by a powerful British squadron. That remarkable frigate had already won such a reputation that the enemy were determined she should not get to sea again, and they held her locked in the port for months. Stewart was known as a consummate seaman. He was put in command of "Old Ironsides," as the frigate was affectionately called, and despite the unceasing vigilance of the British he slipped out in December and sailed away.

He made several captures, and the frigates of the enemy began an industrious search for him, while all the lesser craft strained every nerve to keep out of the way. On the 20th of February, 1815, when off the coast of South America, he gave chase to two of the enemy's vessels, and after a terrific engagement succeeded in capturing both. They proved to be the English frigate *Cyane*, of 32 guns, and the sloop-of-war *Levant*, of 21 guns. In this battle the *Constitution* had 4 killed and 10 wounded, while on the enemy's vessels there were 35 killed and 42 wounded. Of all the battles in which the famous ship was engaged there was none more remarkable than this. When Stewart advanced to the attack he believed both his enemies were frigates. The manner in which he baffled every effort of the two to rake him while he repeatedly raked them, was one of the many proofs that the American navy contained no finer seaman than he.

After the surrender, while Captain Stewart was talking to the commanders of the *Cyane* and *Levant* in his own cabin, the two British captains fell into a dispute, each charging the other with failing to do the right thing during the engagement, and insisting that if it had been done they would not have been defeated. Stewart sat amused and inter-

ested until he saw they were becoming angry, when he interfered.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "there's no need of your growing warm over this affair; no matter what evolutions you made, or what you did, the end would have been the same. If you don't believe it, I will put each of you back on your ship with the same crews and we'll fight it all over again."

Neither of the officers were prepared to accept this proposal, and they, no doubt, knew the result would be the same.

During the early days of President Lincoln's administration, before the firing upon Fort Sumpter by the Confederates, the all-absorbing question was as to whether or not the fort should be reinforced by the government. A good many opposed, because it was known that the attempt would bring on a conflict, and if war was to come, each was anxious that the other side should strike the first blow.

It was amid this excitement, doubt and trouble that Commodore Stewart left his home at Bordentown and went by train to Washington. From the station he made his way straight to the White House and sent in his name to President Lincoln. As usual, the Executive had a swarm of visitors, but he directed that the distinguished caller be admitted at once. As the tall, sad-faced man rose from his chair he towered fully two feet above the diminutive form of the naval officer in his blue swallow-tail, who took the proffered hand, and after a few conventional words, looked up and said in his brisk manner:

"Mr. President, I'll reinforce Fort Sumpter."

"You, Commodore! We are just discussing the question."

"There's no need of discussing it; it must be done! Give me the men and ships—there won't be many required—and I'll do it."

The President saw that his caller was in earnest, and he respected him too highly to indulge in anything like jesting.

"I am inclined to think as you do, Commodore, but—"

"But what?" impatiently interrupted the veteran.

"You have already done so much for your country that it seems only fair that

we should give the younger men a chance."

"Younger men! What's the matter with me? I'm not old enough yet to need a cane."

"I observe that; you are wonderfully spry for one of your years. Let me see, what *is* your age?"

"Not quite eighty-four."

"Why, you are still a young man; but the trouble is, Commodore, we have so many that are still younger, that they are plaguing the life out of me; I don't see how I can refuse them, but I shall be grateful to have the benefit of your counsel any time you are willing to give it."

"Counsel be hanged! We have had too much *talk*; it's time for actions, and I demand that you give me a chance with the rest."

With the inimitable tact for which President Lincoln was noted, he succeeded in smoothing the ruffled feelings of the Commodore, but the old gentleman was not quite satisfied when he bade the President good-by, without having obtained the opportunity to re enter the active service of his country.

It is related by Edward S. Ellis that one day, while he was visiting Admiral Stewart, at his home, the old patriot showed him a Toledo sword which had been presented to him by the King of Spain. The blade of the weapon, although quite plain and ordinary looking, of course was very valuable, but the hilt was so rough and crude that Mr. Ellis expressed surprise.

"I supposed that when a king makes a present of a sword," said he, "that the hilt is generally of a more costly pattern than that."

"So it is," replied Stewart, making a few lightning-like passes in the air, just to show that he had not forgotten how to handle the weapon; "that was a very handsome sword when it came to me, and I could not accept it until authorized by Congress. During my fight with the Cyane and Levant I was walking back and forth with the sword under my arm, the hilt slightly projecting in front of my chest, when a grape-shot slipped it off, as it grazed me. The hilt which it now has was put on by my gunner."

"Were you ever wounded in battle?" he was asked.

"I was struck only once and it amounted to nothing. It was in the same battle. A pigeon became so frightened by the smoke and racket that it flew hither and thither, and finally perched on my shoulder. While there a musket ball struck its claw at the junction of the toes with the leg, and entered my shoulder. The resistance it met saved my-shoulder from being shattered; except for that, the hurt must have proved serious."

The Admiral, still loosely holding the weapon in his hand, turned his faded eyes toward the window and gazed out over the snow. Those eyes seemed to look backward over the vista of fifty, sixty, seventy years, and must have recalled the many stirring scenes in which he had taken part, as well as the faces of the brave fellows like himself, who had gone from earth long ago, leaving him alone. Then the old veteran, still erect and with the fires of patriotism glowing in his brave heart, softly murmured:

"I have been more fortunate than I deserve; strange that I should be the only one left, but it cannot be for long."

And yet he lived for seven more years. Then, when a scirrhous cancer appeared on his tongue, a skillful surgeon told him it could be easily removed and need cause him no trouble.

"Oh," said the Admiral, who was then past ninety, "I've lived long enough; let it alone"

He died a few months later, in his ninety-second year. He suffered acutely for many weeks, and as the end drew nigh, was unable even to give utterance to his wants. It had stormed throughout the day, but toward night the clouds were driven from the sky. The setting sun threw a flood of golden light on house, lawn and river, and as the windows were thrown open to admit the warm, fresh air, a little bird flew in, hopped to the bedstead of the dying man, and perching near his head, filled the room with its melodious song.

Bordentown did reverence to the departed hero, watching with tearful eyes, the vessel which bore his body to its resting-place by the Schuylkill river.



Mrs. F. J. RUTTER

Winner of the recent Acme Prize-Story Contest. Mrs. Rutter, who resides at 321 Market Street, Trenton, is a young woman of exceptional accomplishments. Her winning story, "A Ruse that Failed," will appear in the next number of this magazine.

A MEMORABLE POLITICAL CONTEST.

How One Man Elected Another to the United States Senate.

By CHARLES S. TUNIS.

[CONTINUED]

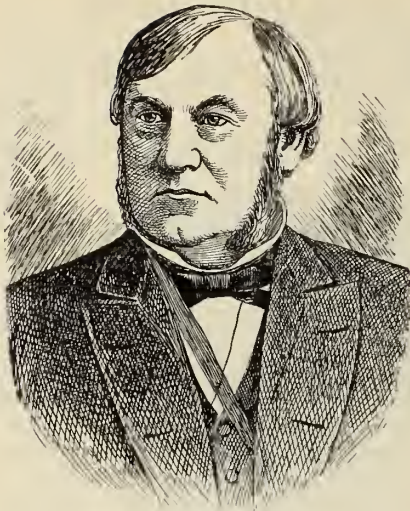
TAKING UP our story at the point where it was broken off in the preceding chapter, after the successful coup de main whereby a temporary coalition of Republicans, dissatisfied Democrats and "Labor" men captured the organization of the House of Assembly, we now find the members of the previous day's minority present at the opening of the morning session of the House and demanding to be sworn in, in order that they might participate in the further proceedings of that body. Ceasing to question the legality of the organization, they now declared their submission, and professed acquiescence in what had been accomplished.

Their request to be sworn in a body, however, was refused because of the fact that the seats of two of the number holding certificates of election as prima facie evidence of their right to admission were being contested. The two in question were Henry Turley, of Camden, who claimed election over one Haines, who contested, and Frederick Walters, of Trenton, who held the certificate to which Josiah Jones claimed to be entitled.

After the twenty-seven whose right to admission was not questioned had been sworn in however, the fight for the admission of Turley and Walters was renewed, and by the aid of Assemblymen Arnwein and Woolverton, who after bolting on the previous day had now returned to the party fold, and the acquiescence of the two "Labor" men, the necessary majority was obtained and the gentlemen from Camden and Trenton took the oath of office and participated thenceforward in the proceedings of the House throughout the session.

It is hardly necessary to go into the history of the effort to unseat these men, which continued with great bitterness throughout one-half of the session, but it is, nevertheless, proper to take notice of its continuance, because of the important bearing it had on the events of the winter, and especially because it was given as the basis for the Senate's refusal to organize until nearly three weeks after the day designated by law for that purpose.

Despite all efforts to dislodge them, Turley and Walters were held in their places, although it turned out in the end that retention made no difference as to the general outcome of affairs. As reference, however, to the Senate's refusal to organize at the usual time has been made, it may be well to turn momentarily from observing the course of events in the House and explain the attitude of the Senate somewhat more at length. The ground taken by the Republican hold-over Senators who were in control of that body was that by refusing to organize they could postpone the date of going into joint meeting for the election of a United States Senator by just so many days as they should delay the organization of their branch of "the Legislature." In other words, the "Legislature" consisted of its two branches, of Senate and House, both duly organized, and if non-existent could not, of course, "meet" and be in session as contemplated by the Federal statute governing the election of a United States Senator. The failure to organize was an extraordinary, and on its face, almost a revolutionary proceeding, but the Republican Senators alleged an extraordinary condition in the House, created by what they held to be a high-handed procedure in the



Governor Joseph D. Bedle.

wrongful admission of Turley and Walters to seats pending the investigation which should determine their right to occupy them; and they announced that until this wrong had been righted they would be justified in delaying an organization which, when completed, was likely to be found in the control of an illegally constituted majority. It was a case of "playing politics," perhaps, with the party leaders on either side of the political fence, but the situation presented a very real difficulty and to most observers it was not patent that either side to the controversy was clearly enough in the right to inveigh against the sins of the other. The Republican Senators were doubtless acting within their legal rights as technically construed, but so the Democrats in the House claimed to be, and "honors" may have been more nearly "even" than either side was willing to admit.

Meantime the House did practically nothing save quarrel over the Turley-Haines and Walters-Jones contest until the time came when, if both houses had been in session the same length of time, it would have been incumbent upon them to have gone into the election of a United States Senator; whereas a few Senators amused themselves by meeting from day to day and calling the roll and adjourning for lack of a quorum.

With the passage of time came increasing bitterness of feeling, but nothing practical resulted until the Democrats in

the House decided, as one of them put it, to take the bull by the horns and undertake to elect a Senator by themselves. If Republican Senators should refuse to participate in the attempt, why, let them do so, and take the responsibility. This decision was reached after consultation with the party leaders, and the program included the taking of the oath of office by the Democratic Senators-elect without awaiting the organization of the Senate, and the participation of the Democratic Senators—both hold-over and members-elect—in a so-called joint meeting to be conducted under the auspices of the House.

The proposed procedure was without precedent, but it was gone about in all apparent seriousness and served at least to add to the interest of the onlookers.

On the 25th of January, Mr. Hudspeth, of Hudson county, in pursuance of this plan rose in his place (Mr. Armstrong occupying the chair as Speaker pro tem.), and solemnly stated that as the time contemplated by the Federal statute had now arrived for voting upon the question of electing a United States Senator, he would move that the House do now temporarily adjourn in order to go into joint meeting with members of the Senate for the accomplishment of that purpose.

Opposition on the part of the Republicans was strenuous under the lead of Armstrong, Corbin, Oviatt and others, but the motion was carried by a majority of one and the House prepared to "receive the Senate."

The entire body of Democratic Senators, save Senator Chattle of Monmouth, then presented themselves, and, being ceremoniously announced as "the Senate of New Jersey" by the obliging sergeant-at-arms, entered and took their seats. Assemblyman Hudspeth was elected to preside, a secretary installed, the roll called, 30 gentlemen answering to their names, and the "joint meeting," after listening to nominations, proceeded to ballot for a Senator.

Before this stage had been reached, however, Assemblyman Wm. S. Throckmorton, of Monmouth, rose and addressed the chair. And from this time forward it will be noticed that "the gentleman from Monmouth" held an important relation to all that transpired in

connection with the election of a United States Senator who was to succeed Hon. Wm. J. Sewell.

Mr. Throckmorton spoke with deliberation and earnestness, and was closely listened to. He said that he "felt the time for taking a vote on this question had not yet arrived. This Legislature was not organized. It had not organized legally." "I do not think, for my own part," said he, "that I should yet name my choice. The high honor of being a United States Senator should not be considered as the property of any one man to the exclusion of all others; no one has a prescriptive right to it. I shall vote, if this meeting decides to ballot on this question, and shall vote for a distinguished Democrat from my own county of Monmouth, reserving the right to change my vote whenever in my judgment the interests of the Democratic party require it. As long, however, as this procedure continues I shall vote for the gentleman to whom I have referred."

This public announcement of his position by Mr. Throckmorton at once arrested attention. Up to this time it had not been believed that he would irrevocably commit himself to a program which precluded him from coming to the support of Governor Abbett if at any stage of the contest the lack of his vote should be the only bar to the latter's election. His position now, however, could no longer be regarded as equivocal and those who knew the man best knew there would be no turning back from the course he had deliberately marked out. Denuciation and threats of political ostracism were alike wasted upon him, and, on the other hand, the most tempting inducements in the way of proffers of future political honors and emoluments were as calmly ignored. Believing he was right, he let it be known that he had the courage of his convictions. There has been harsh criticism of the stand taken by Mr. Throckmorton, but that he was conscientious in taking it and had the ability and dignity of character to maintain it, has vindicated alike the correctness of his judgment and the confidence reposed in him by his friends.

The gentlemen, however, who had undertaken to carry through their pre-arranged plans were not to be thwarted in their purpose. Mr. Beckwith, of At-



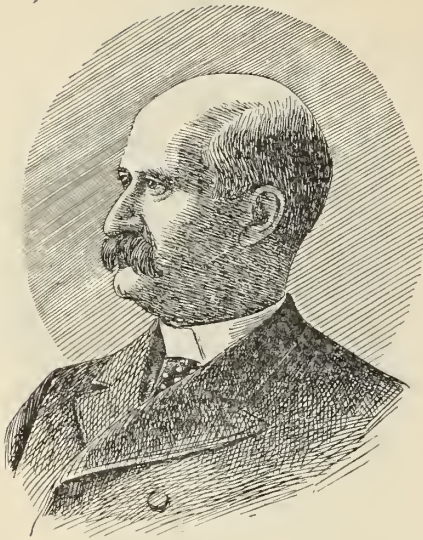
By courtesy of Newark Evening News.

Henry Stafford Little.

lantia, "nominated Leon Abbett as the one man pre-emiunently entitled to the honor proposed to be conferred, and as the man most endeared to the Democratic workers of the State." Noonan, of Hudson, followed in a eulogistic seconding speech. In the language of the present day it was now "up to" Mr. Throckmorton to carry out his declared intention, in the last recourse, to present a candidate. He, "therefore, rose again to nominate a man, who, he claimed, was every way worthy of the position and was equally endeared to the Democrats of the State. He had been a Judge of the Supreme Court and a Governor of this State, and he had filled those high offices with honor and distinguished ability. He was a man of unblemished character and repute, whose conduct in office would reflect credit upon the State. He had the honor to nominate Joseph D. Bedle, of Hudson, and formerly of Monmouth county."

A ballot was then taken with the declared result that, although 38 gentlemen had voted for Leon Abbett, and one (Mr. Throckmorton) for Joseph D. Bedle, not enough votes has been cast for any one candidate to elect him, and, in fact, there had not been votes enough cast to constitute a valid election had they all been given to one candidate. Whereupon this amateur "joint meeting" adjourned to renew the process on succeeding legislative days.

Among those Democrats not counted



Hon. Rufus Blodgett.

as irrevocably committed to Abbett, although they had gone through the motion of "voting" for him on this harmless ballot, were Senator Daniel E. Chase, of Middlesex, and Assemblyman Horatio N. Kinney, of Sussex; and Senator Chat- tle, of Monmouth, had not been present. This reckoning also fails to take into ac- count Speaker Baird, who, although ab- sent from the gathering described, still, and always, proclaimed himself a Demo- crat of the original type.

The scene now shifts to the 15th of February. The Republicans, and indeed, all parties concerned, were now con- vinced that the time had at last arrived when under the Federal statute the Leg- islature was under a binding obligation to enter in earnest upon the work of electing a United States Senator. The Senate, accordingly, proceeded to take its separate vote for candidates, and the following were placed in nomination: General Wm. J. Sewell, by the Republi- cans, acting in obedience to the decision of the party caucus; Leon Abbett, by those representing the Democratic cau- cus; Joseph D. Bedle, by Senator Chat- tle, of Monmouth, and George C. Lud- low by Senator Chase, of Middlesex. General Sewell received 12 votes; former Governor Abbett, 6 votes; ex-Governors Bedle and Ludlow, 1 each, and one Sen- ator, Philip P. Baker, of Cumberland, was absent.

On the same day the House, under

control of a Democratic majority, refus- ing to vote, adjourned without action, thus giving the lately refractory Senate a taste of its own medicine, and at the same time making it impossible for it to re- port a separate vote to the following day's joint meeting. There were indica- tions, also, of an intention to attempt to prevent a joint meeting by refusing to meet with the Senate. But after sundry motions looking to that end, the project- ed plan was abandoned and the entire membership of the House marched over to the Senate at the hour appointed for the joint meeting and participated in its proceedings.

When the joint meeting was called to order President Fish of the Senate was elected to preside by a vote of 44 to 35 given for Mr. Hudspeth of the House, who was put forward by the friends of Governor Abbett, and after electing a secretary and the adoption of one or two other motions, the voting for United States Senator began. On the previous division, resulting in the election of Sen- ator Fish to preside, besides the Repub- licans and the two Labor men, the follow- ing Democrats had voted for President Fish: Senators Chase, Chat- tle and Mc- Bride; Speaker Baird and Assemblymen Kinney and Throckmorton.

Previous to the balloting for Senator ex-Speaker Armstrong had nominated General Sewell, Assemblyman Beckwith had named Abbett, Senator McBride had mentioned Thomas Kays, of Sussex, As- semblyman Throckmorton had spoken for Bedle, Senator Chase brought out George C. Ludlow, and Labor's representative, Assemblyman Donohue, had submitted the name of Erastus E. Potter. The vote was announced as 35 each for Sewell and Abbett; 2 for Bedle (Chat- tle and Throckmorton); 2 for E. E. Potter (Car- roll and Donohue); 2 for Kays (McBride and Kinney); 1 (Chase) for Ludlow; 1 (Corbin) for Cortland Parker; 1 (Young, of Camden county) for Frederick A. Potts; 1 (Hawkins, of Cumberland county) for William E. Potter, and 1 (Speaker Baird) for William H. Morrow. The result showed no election; and with slight changes the joint meetings and ballotings continued without indications of approaching results until the first of March. Among the few slight changes noted, Baird had joined Chat- tle and

Throckmorton in voting for Bedle; but otherwise nothing significant had transpired.

Meantime in the House an unsuccessful attempt, led by McDermitt, had been made to oust Baird from the Speakership. Throckmorton and Kinney and the two Labor men, Carroll and Donohue, voting with the Republicans to prevent, and Baird himself refusing to vote.

[Following his defeat in the attempt to disorganize the House, McDermitt tried to force a quarrel on Throckmorton by charging, in the latter's absence, that he had falsified a promise to vote for the Speaker's displacement; but on Throckmorton's return to the House on the following day the charge was indignantly denied, and those who knew the Monmouth man needed no other assurance than his word to acquit him of a charge in the nature of the circumstance too unlikely to happen to be seriously entertained.]

In the joint meeting of March the 1st came the first indications of the final break-up. Abbett still held his own, but Sewell lost 11; Bedle and Kays each went up to 8; William Walter Phelps (all along considered as a possible compromise, should no Republican stand a chance of election) came in for 3; the two Labor men still held to Potter, and there was still one for Ludlow and one for some other candidate not previously mentioned.

Sewell was now concededly beaten; Abbett was tottering and a dark horse was likely to win, and the situation was rapidly becoming one of absorbing interest.

When the joint meeting convened the next day Mr. Throckmorton moved for a recess till 4 o'clock. When pressed for a reason he said his motion was made in the belief that "by a sincere effort to find him, the right man for Senator could be found and with a disposition to harmonize all difficulties he felt that, if found, such a one could be elected before the close of the day's balloting." The friends of Governor Abbett voted against it, but the motion was carried and the recess taken.

On reassembling a ballot was taken amid indications of profound solicitude, and when the result was announced it was found that Rufus Blodgett, not pre-



David S. Crater.

viously voted for in any of the balloting, had received 39 votes to 38 for Abbett, 2 for Sewell, 1 for Kays, and 1 for Potter. There was still no choice, but the result trembled in the balance.

The second ballot was then taken amid manifestations of increasing excitement, and before its announcement the tally showed that Blodgett had 41, Abbett had 39, and Potter still turned up with 1. Kinney, Democrat, and Dickinson, Republican, had gone to Blodgett, and Letts, Republican, had changed from Sewell to Abbett, while Donohue remained faithful to Potter. Before the announcement an effort was made to swing the Abbett men to Sewell, but it could not be done, and, in spite of the most strenuous efforts to prevent, President Fish announced the result of the ballot and officially "declared Rufus Blodgett elected to the Senate of the United States for the ensuing term of six years, beginning on the 4th day of the current month."

The long agony was over. Congratulations and imprecations were mingled. Speaker Baird, who had borne the brunt of a winter's abuse, was at no pains to conceal his satisfaction; Throckmorton came in for plaudits, even from unexpected quarters, and Republicans vied with the Independents in expressions of relief that the end had crowned the work. Governor Abbett, game to the last, yielded to the inevitable with the

grace of a warrior beaten in a courageous fight and launched his famous apothegm that "even a poor Democrat was preferable to any Republican."

But Blodgett was not admitted to be a poor Democrat by those of his party who had brought about his election at the close of one of the most memorable contests ever waged in New Jersey. Throckmorton and Chattle stood sponsors for his political orthodoxy, and those who followed his subsequent career in the Senate found him voting with his party on all general political issues whilst maintaining that attitude of independence on minor matters which has always characterized him when divisions were not strictly along party lines. Senator Blodgett did many creditable things while in the Senate and left a record that his State has no reason to be ashamed of.

Governor Abbett never reached the Senate, but he was not discouraged by his first reverse, and after seeking and winning the Governorship again, he saw the coveted prize he had bent every energy to secure, once more slip from his grasp, and accepting the quieter duties of judicial position, gave up politics and lived to end his days in comparative but dignified retirement.

Rufus Blodgett still lives, hale, active and clear-headed, and fully able, if need be, to "fight his battles over again." He

has never been "written up," as many public men with less claim to notice have been, but the outline sketch that follows may give the younger generation of readers clearer ideas of the man and his activities than they would otherwise acquire, and the writer has been at some pains to avoid any attempt at eulogy.

The sketch of Mr. Throckmorton that follows is an unadorned account in the fewest words of a brief life that had its ambitions and ideals, and ended all too soon. Assemblyman Throckmorton did not lack for initiative or ability, but in the course taken by him in the memorable contest described he was not acting alone upon his individual impulse or responsibility. Among his supporters were able advisers and earnest and conscientious members of his party. Besides Governor Bedle, Henry Stafford Little, David S. Crater, John H. Laird and others, there were hundreds of sympathisers who believed in and supported him throughout and after the close of the contest that put him on his mettle and marked the culmination of his comparatively brief career.

NOTE—Personal sketches of ex-Senator Blodgett and the late William S. Throckmorton will be given in the forthcoming chapters with supplementary mention of two or three others who stood close to the latter throughout his life and were his staunch supporters and trusted advisers during the trying period of his second year's legislative experience.

THE HARD TIMES'LL GIT YOU.

By WALTER D. NESBIT.

Mr. Edward Harriman is filling with
dismay,
Says we're rollin' onward to a dark an'
bitter day,
Says he's full o' shivers an' he's most
tremendous skeered
'Cause there maybe won't be any more
lambs to be sheared.
First he gave a whisper, but today he
gives a shout—
The hard times 'll git you if you
 don't
 watch
 out!

Mr. Rockefeller's got a new congestive
chill;
Clamped a double lock upon his money
box an' till;
Looks into the future, an' he can't see no
relief;
Fears that you an' me are far upon the
way to grief;
Combs his wig an' murmurs in a voice
that's full of doubt,
The hard times 'll git you if you
 don't
 watch
 out!

Lawson's in a frenzy with his articles an'
ads.;
Warns us that the system's got the money
of our dads;
Creeps right up behind us till his breath
is on our neck,
Then he hisses hoarsely that we's bound
to have a wreck;
Begs don't hock your jewels or you'll
hustle up the spout—
The hard times 'll git you if you
 don't
 watch
 out!

Better save your money an' be keerful
what you spend,
Pay back what you borrow an' look out
for what you lend;
Put away your pennies an' git friendly
with your job;
Old Hard Times is knockin' an' is turnin'
at the knob.
Don't go livin' splendid till you're crippled
with the gout—
The hard times 'll git you if you
 don't
 watch
 out!

FOR FREEDOM'S CAUSE.

By WILLIAM P. EVERETT.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROOM into which Luke Morris looked was brilliantly illuminated by the light from a candelabrum and every object was discernable.

The sight which made his blood boil and his heart leap with anger and caused him to clutch the pistol, concealed inside his waistcoat, was the form of his affianced bride, Alice Armstrong, struggling in the arms of a man in the uniform of a British officer. She was endeavoring to free herself from the man's grasp. The rage within him caused the veins in Luke's forehead to swell almost to bursting. He drew the pistol and levelled it at the officer's back, but the moving figures made his aim uncertain and he dare not shoot for fear of hitting Alice.

At this juncture the man, whose back had been toward Luke, turned so that he faced the window and Luke was surprised beyond measure to recognize George Burton. He had always had the greatest respect for Burton and thought him a worthy rival for the hand of Alice, but despite this opinion of Luke's and notwithstanding Burton's gentlemanly exterior, he was at heart a scoundrel.

His father had married the sister of Alice's mother and George, being the only child, had been indulged and humored in all his childish whims until his nature had become warped and selfish. As he grew older his indulgent parents had continued to gratify his selfish desires and extravagant tastes, and as he had never been taught to curb his impulses, it had resulted in making him a victim of ungovernable passions.

He was handsome, had been carefully educated and his manner was that of a polished gentleman. With his acquaintances he was very popular and he had

come to consider himself irresistible with members of the gentler sex. Therefore, when his cousin, Alice Armstrong, to whose maidenly attractions he had fallen a victim, and whom he really loved with a love as strong as his selfish nature was capable of, repulsed his affections and accepted the attentions of Luke Morris, he was mad with chagrin and disappointment.

He had determined to win Alice, by fair means if possible, but to possess her in any event, and was crafty enough to conceal his chagrin under a gentlemanly exterior, thus preserving his friendly relations with his cousin.

Her mother had died when Alice was seventeen and she had been left to the sole care of her father, who was her only counsellor. With him Burton was highly esteemed and a prime favorite.

This was the situation when the war broke out, and George's father purchased a lieutenant's commission in the British army for him. He was assigned to a regiment of the line and when Howe's successful army was chasing the rebels in retreat from Long Island across the Jerseys, and to the banks of the Delaware river, George Burton was happy in the thought that Luke Morris, who he knew was one of the soldiers in the Continental army, now flying for safety, would soon be among the humiliated and despised prisoners of war, which it was expected the Britons would make of the band enlisted for the cause of freedom, under the leadership of George Washington.

When it was found the rebels had escaped, for the time being, across the Delaware, Burton considered himself lucky when his regiment was stationed at Bordentown, where he was within easy distance of Alice Armstrong's home. He made the best of his opportunity and visited her frequently, but in spite of his endeavors his suit did not progress to his

satisfaction and he had come to see her on the afternoon our story opens, with the determination of bringing things to a crisis.

As he rode from Bordentown a plan was evolved in his mind which he thought might prove feasible in the event of her again rejecting him. About a month before he had been placed in charge of a company of Tory recruits, for the purpose of drilling and making them accustomed to the strict discipline of the British regulars. Burton soon discovered that the majority of these men were renegades of the lowest type. He gradually assumed powerful influence over them as their leader and they had, under his guidance, already committed depredations which would not have been countenanced by Burton's superiors had the nature of the offenses become known. The plan he now conceived was to cause his band of Tories to harrass and intimidate Judge Armstrong until the Judge would be willing to do anything to obtain relief. Burton would then promise protection on condition that Alice become his wife, and he thought the Judge would in this way be obliged to use his influence in gaining the girl's consent. If this plan failed he would then, with the aid of his Tories, abduct Alice and force her to marry him.

When Burton arrived at the Armstrong mansion his knock was answered by black Sam, who ushered him into the library, where Judge Armstrong was seated. The Judge was a tall, athletic man, somewhat past the middle age; his face was open and noble, and his manners courteous and refined.

When Burton entered the room Judge Armstrong greeted his visitor cordially, and invited him to be seated. The young man returned the Judge's salutation and after a few commonplace remarks said:

"I hope Miss Alice is enjoying her usual good health, sir."

"She is quite well, thank you," replied the Judge, "but these are troublous times, and while we may be well physically, our minds are ill at ease."

This remark gave Burton an opening and he gradually led the conversation to a discussion of Alice's need of a protector other than her father, finally declaring his love for her and asking the Judge's consent to his marrying her.

"But that cannot be," replied the

Judge. "You know she is already affianced to Luke Morris, and while I have the greatest respect for you, I can not interfere with her choice as long as it falls on so estimable a man as Morris."

"Luke Morris," cried Burton, "is a traitor to the king. He is in the rebel army, and will soon be a prisoner of war. If he ever survives the hardships of a military prison he will be penniless, broken in health, and unfit to be the protector of any woman, much less a lady of Alice's station in life. On the other hand, I am an officer of the king, and have the position and means to support her as becomes the daughter of Judge Armstrong. Why not, then, use your influence with her in my behalf?"

"My dear Burton, your argument is a strong one, I must admit, and I should like to see Alice established in a position worthy of her attainments, but a woman's love is not controlled by such practical considerations as you put forth. I believe Alice truly loves Luke Morris, and as I think he is worthy of her love, I would not make her unhappy by objecting to her engagement to him."

"But if I can win her love from Morris, then have I your consent to her hand?" asked the crafty Burton.

"In case she should transfer her affections from Luke to you, I could offer no objection to her marrying as worthy a man as I believe you to be," replied the Judge.

During the foregoing discussion Burton was hardly able to govern his temper, but contrived to cunningly conceal his true feelings under a gentlemanly deportment, and now the conversation turned to other subjects and was prolonged until the Judge remarked that it was growing dark and ringing a bell, ordered the servant who answered, to bring candles. Burton thereupon arose and said:

"I must be going, Judge. I hadn't noticed that it was growing so late. I would like before departing, however, to pay my respects to Miss Alice."

"Certainly, Burton, she would doubtless feel affronted if you should fail to see her before going," replied the Judge, and then, turning to the servant, asked, "Do you know where Miss Alice is, Jim?"

"Yes, sah," answered the negro, "she's in de parlor, sah."

"Don't call her, Judge," interposed Burton, "I'll step in the room as I pass



“ He saw the gleam of two pistols levelled at his breast, and the voice continued :
“ ‘ Luke Morris, you are my prisoner.’ ”

and exchange a few words with her. I have but a minute to stay."

"Just as you please," replied Judge Armstrong, and he shook his visitor's hand in farewell.

Burton went to the parlor, preceded by the servant, who carried a lighted taper, with which he lit the wicks of a candelabrum. As the room was diffused with light from the candles, Burton saw Alice Armstrong seated in an arm-chair, sound asleep. So unconscious was her slumber that the entrance of the two men failed to awaken her.

Motioning the servant to withdraw, he turned his gaze upon the sleeping girl. For the time being, all his senses seemed to be concentrated in his eyes, which were fixed with intense longing upon the beautiful figure before him.

Alice Armstrong had but lately passed her nineteenth birthday, and was one of the loveliest girls the sun ever shone upon. She was a blonde of the rarest and purest type; her features were faultless, her hair like spun gold; her complexion had all the delicacy and richness of a seashell, her eyes were blue as cloudless skies at twilight, and her form was perfection itself.

No wonder then that the heart of George Burton, villain though he was, softened when he gazed upon her.

Fairer than flower or star she sat, or rather half reclined, in the large arm-chair.

There is a mysterious power in innocence—and the face of the slumbering girl beamed with so angelic an expression that the only worthy feelings which the worldly rogue, who gazed upon her had felt for years, arose in his heart, like the waters of a spring, which after being long choked up, force their way through all obstructions, and bubble forth into sunshine.

At that moment he felt that he could throw himself at her feet, confess the diabolical scheme he had formed, and offer to commit himself body and soul to her guidance, to serve, to worship her, if she would but give him her love.

The intensity of the man's gaze seemed to be felt by the slumbering girl, for her eyelids quivered and then slowly opened. For a moment her eyes failed to take in the scene before her, and then, as the situation dawned upon her consciousness,

she uttered a startled exclamation and sprang to her feet.

Burton, unaccustomed as he was to control his impulses, was overcome by a longing to caress the beautiful girl. He felt an intense desire to embrace her, to kiss her hair, her cheeks, her lips. His senses reeled, and casting aside all reserve, he sprang to her side and clasped her in his arms. Alice struggled to free herself, but he only held her the tighter, and mad with passion, endeavored to rain kisses on her face.

The frightened girl tried to scream, but Burton held her so close that the sound could not leave her lips. She felt her strength departing and was ready to swoon when the man's embrace relaxed for a moment and she was enabled to emit a terrified cry.

The next instant a hand was laid on Burton's collar and he was dashed backward with stunning force to the floor, and then the villain saw bending over him, white with anger, the face of Luke Morris.

George Burton turned pale with fear, and well he might, for there was an expression on Luke's face that boded him ill—it was fixed as fate and pitiless as death itself.

With Luke's knee on his chest his struggles were unavailing, and the vise-like grasp at his throat prevented his breathing and rendered him powerless to even beg for mercy. His heart sank within him and he gave himself up for lost.

The whole scene had passed so quickly—though it takes so long to describe—that Alice's mind was confused, and she could scarcely understand what she saw. But she understood enough to know that there was about to be blood-shed, and her woman's instinct told her what to do.

She seized Luke's arm and exerted all her strength to tear his grasp from Burton's throat.

"For mercy's sake, do not kill him!" she cried.

"Let go," replied Luke, between his clenched teeth, at the same time struggling to release his arm.

"No, I will not let go," said Alice, clinging to him; "for my sake, spare him."

"Do you care for him, then?" asked Luke, bitterly.

"Care for him? No, indeed! But I would not have you murder him."

Reluctantly Luke released his hold on Burton's throat and arose to his feet, just as Judge Armstrong, who had heard Alice's scream, rushed into the room.

As his glance took in the scene the Judge halted, astounded and confused at what he saw. Then, recognizing Luke, he exclaimed:

"You here, Morris? and fighting with Burton! I am surprised."

Then turning to Burton, who had slowly and painfully regained his feet, he exclaimed:

"Explain the meaning of this, sir. An officer of the King and my guest fighting in my house and in the presence of my daughter. Have you both forgotten the proper conduct of gentlemen?"

"I cannot explain the meaning of it, sir," replied Burton, in whose face terror had given place to a look of defiance. "I can only tell you that I was assaulted by Morris. After I left you in the library a while ago, I came to the parlor and found Miss Alice asleep. I awakened her and was suddenly attacked by that ruffian," and he nodded toward Luke.

"Not without provocation, by any means," interposed Luke. "I caught you struggling with my fiancée; for what purpose I know not, but I am sure it was for no good."

Judge Armstrong turned, inquiringly, to Alice, who was pale and trembling with the excitement through which she had passed. Thus interrogated she explained how she had awakened to find Burton standing over her; how she had sprang to her feet in fright and was caught in his arms; how she struggled to free herself, and finally how her lover had rushed in and released her from her cousin's grasp.

"What!" exclaimed Judge Armstrong, eyeing Burton sternly, "how dare you take liberties with my daughter, sir?"

"I meant no offense, Judge," replied Burton. "I found Miss Alice asleep, and what I did was merely a piece of pleasantry."

"A piece of pleasantry to offer an indignity to my daughter?" thundered the Judge. "I am tempted, sir, to chastize you with my own hand."

"I assure you——" commenced Bur-

ton, but Judge Armstrong interrupted him, saying:

"Not another word, sir. Your conduct is inexcusable, and the sooner you leave my premises the better."

"I will go quick enough, never fear," said Burton, sullenly, "but Luke Morris goes with me; he is a rebel in arms against the King, and is within our lines in disguise. It is my duty to arrest him as a spy."

"I'll have a word or two to say about that," remarked Luke.

"Say what you will, but if you refuse to go quietly I will call my orderly and take you at all hazards."

"I will have no disposition to part company with so redoubtable a warrior, if you and your orderly, together, can take me," replied Luke, jeeringly.

"Tut, tut, gentlemen!" exclaimed Judge Armstrong, who was alarmed at this phase of the situation, knowing that it would go ill with Luke were he arrested as a spy, "do not descend to undignified threats. I will ask you, Lieutenant Burton, to depart quietly and peaceably, as becomes a gentleman. We both know that Mr. Morris is here simply to call on his fiancée, with no intention of gaining military information, and to arrest him as a spy would be an act of injustice that no British officer should be guilty of."

"Very well, sir," said Burton, who appeared to suddenly change his mind and assume a less aggressive attitude, "I will go without him. But let me warn you, Judge Armstrong, it will not be well for you to have it known that you harbor, under your roof, a traitor to the King."

Bowing with mock courtesy, Burton turned on his heel and left the house without another word.

When Burton was gone Judge Armstrong questioned Luke about the circumstance of his being there, and the young man explained how he had come to visit Alice; how he had hid in the stable to wait until dark, and of his meeting black Sam there, and then, when the negro failed to return, he had concluded to go to the house; how he had taken the precaution to look in the window before announcing himself, and what he saw.

"I was tempted to shoot through the

window," said Luke, "but was afraid of hitting Alice and so, putting my pistol up, I ran to the front door, which I fortunately found unlocked. I rushed in and floored the villain in time to save Alice from, I know not what, but fear the worse."

"I am astonished at Burton's conduct," said the Judge, "his actions toward Alice is inexcusable, and I am no less surprised at his subsequent attitude. His manner was certainly not becoming the dignity of an officer."

A servant now entered to announce that supper was ready, and Luke accompanied Alice and the Judge to the dining-room. During the meal the conversation turned on the prospects of an early termination of the war. Luke could offer nothing to encourage a hope that hostilities would soon cease, but the Judge was more optimistic and declared his belief that within a few months the armies would be disbanded.

After supper Judge Armstrong retired to the library and Luke was left alone with Alice. This opportunity for a renewal of their vows was made the most of by the young lovers and the time for Luke's departure came all too quickly.

"It is a long way to the river," said

Luke, "and I must go before it becomes unsafe. You know Burton may put his threat into execution, and give information that would lead to my capture, if I tarry too long."

"Oh, no," replied Alice, "he surely would not be so despicable as that."

Luke, however, thought it best to go without further delay, and Judge Armstrong, who was informed that he was ready to depart, came down to say farewell. He joined Alice in wishing the young man godspeed and together they watched him disappear in the darkness as he took his way down the lane toward the highway.

The night was cold and Luke walked briskly to keep the frosty air from chilling him. He had reached the end of the lane and turned into the Brunswick road, when he stopped abruptly on seeing two horsemen emerge from the shadow of a tree.

Luke was about to retreat when a sharp challenge rang out on the night air:

"Halt!"

He saw the gleam of two pistols levelled at his breast, and the voice continued:

"Luke Morris, you are my prisoner. Throw up your hands."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY RIVAL.

By THOMAS HOLMES.

Around his brow are clustering curls ;

 Curls with a golden tint.

His eyes are bright and in their light,

 I always find a hint

Of triumph, when he looks at me

 And smiles in his witching way.

"I share the heart of the woman you love,"

 I hear my rival say.

The woman I love, I know loves him ;

 Her manner tells me so.

I covertly watch, and in her eyes

 I see the tell-tale glow

Of a love as strong as the years are long,

 And as deep as the mighty sea ;

And I often wonder which she loves best,

 My charming rival or me.

My rival and I are the best of friends.

 He will tell you so.

The tender heart of the woman we love,

 Is faithful to both, we know.

No jealous pang, nor envious thoughts

 Have disturbed my dream of joy,

For the woman, long since, became my

 wife,

 And my rival's our baby boy.

PROVENCE ROSES.

By VIRGINIA TAYLOUR.

IT was a mild December day—gray, damp and still. In a quaint old manor garden the yellow and white chrysanthemums continued to hold up their heads bravely, and a few belated stocks and violets tried to give a cheerful aspect to that desolate thing, a mixed border that in late autumn has not yet been set in order for the spring.

Today the color in the scene was supplied by the cap of a small boy and the red petticoats of some little girls. The occasion was scarcely one that called for gayety, for the group of persons assembled on the terrace, consisting of a father and his five children, varying in ages from six to sixteen, were gathered together for the purpose of planting a rose tree grown from a cutting which had been taken from the white Provence rose that bloomed above the mother's faroff grave.

Mr. Harcourt, carefully carrying the rose tree, headed the little procession from the conservatory to a lower garden inclosed by yew hedges and full now of leafless rose trees.

The children straggled after their father. Eleanor, the eldest girl, tried to lead by the hand the youngest child, a sturdy boy of six, but he constantly broke away from her to prance in the exuberance of youthful spirits round his father. In the father's manner there certainly seemed to be more of the interest of the gardener than of the sentiment of the widower as he paused beside the plot of earth that had been prepared for the rose tree. He knelt down and with careful hands settled the little plant in its hole and then, keeping it upright, signed to Eleanor, who held a trowel, to put the earth over its roots.

When it was perceived that there was active dabbling in the earth connected with the ceremony, Johnnie, the youngest boy, was immediately seized with an ardent desire to assist.

"Let me help!" he cried, twisting himself with a scowl out of the grasp of an elder brother who tried to hold him.

"Oh, for shame, Johnnie!" "Be quiet, Johnnie!" came in varying tones of

remonstrance from the others, except Eleanor, who said gently:

"Let him help. He is the youngest."

"Johnnie wants to help you, papa," Eleanor now said.

"Of course he shall help me, the dear little fellow!" he exclaimed.

The planting of the rose tree was thus accomplished under the fiction that Johnnie's help had been indispensable.

"Now," remarked Mr. Harcourt, rising and stepping back to survey the effect of his work, "if we don't have frost for a few days it ought to do very well. I hope it will, for, to my mind, this old white Provence moss rose is one of the loveliest roses imaginable. It has unfortunately been permitted to die out in most English gardens."

This speech hurt Eleanor. With the inconsequence of youth, she at once jumped to the conclusion that her father thought more of the intrinsic merits of the rose tree than of its tender associations, but the next moment he proved her wrong.

"It was your mother's favorite rose," he added in a different tone. He looked around upon the group. "Children," he said, "I should like to talk to you a little about your mother. She"—His eyes traveled over the faces of his five motherless children, all turned half expectantly, half shyly toward him. Something pathetic in the sight awoke the widower's dormant grief. His voice faltered a little. "She was good—good," he went on hurriedly. "I pray that you may all be like her."

He could say no more, but, turning away, disappeared behind the yew hedge that screened the garden from view.

For a moment the five children left behind stood silent and awed; then, moved by a common desire to escape from this unwonted sense of discomfort, all but Eleanor turned to run away.

Eleanor put out her hand and caught Johnnie by the sleeve of his jacket and detained him.

"Don't go yet, Johnnie," she said persuasively. "I want to talk to you about mother."

The child, subdued for the moment from his usual waywardness, yielded to her touch and voice.

"Oh, Johnnie," she said, and as she spoke the boy, with his head on her shoulder, inhaled the delicate fragrance of the roses at her breast and pinned to his own jacket, "mother loved you so! She loved you the best of all of us. I want you when you grow up to remember that. She used to hold you in her arms before she went away to die and kiss you and cry: 'Oh, that my baby may grow up to be a good man! Tell him he must always be good, honorable, brave and true.'"

The girl spoke passionately, excitedly, and the wondering child beside her, infected by her passion, listened to her, half understanding indeed, but none the less powerfully impressed. When his sister broke down in a storm of tears, he put his arm round her neck crying, while the scent of the roses penetrated yet more strikingly to his senses.

"I will be good, Nellie; I will indeed."

* * * * *

Thirty years had passed away since the white Provence rose had been planted in that yew sheltered manor garden. The rose had done well, and it—or others from its stem—still grew and blossomed there. But those who had witnessed the planting of the tree had long since gone their ways in time or in eternity. The elder brother lived alone in the old manor house. The younger had by divers ways acquired fame in a sphere of his own. He was called a great financier. Money grew under his touch. His name on the board of directors of any new company was an instant signal for investors, small and great, to venture their money boldly.

Though a very rich man and growing daily richer, he had never married. The interest of money making absorbed all his faculties.

He was sitting in his private room in the city one day late in June.

"This Finnish Fishtail company will work out very well for me," he said to himself. "But—I wish. Well, it is not my fault that there are so many fools in the world."

He rose and walked to the window and stood looking out across the crowded street. But it was evident that he was thinking of nothing that he saw there.

A tap at the door was followed by the entrance of one of his clerks.



"SHE LOVED YOU THE BEST OF ALL OF US."

"There is a young lady who wishes to see you, sir," said the man somewhat hesitatingly, for he knew that he had failed in his duty when he had permitted it to become a question whether any young lady should or should not see John Harcourt. His nervousness was warranted. The financier frowned angrily.

"I never see young ladies or old ones either," he returned severely. "You know that perfectly well."

"I know, sir," the clerk answered deprecatingly. "But"—

"I begged so hard to be allowed to see you," interrupted a soft, girlish voice, and both men started and turned to the door to see standing there a maiden of two and twenty or thereabouts.

"Don't be angry with me," she pleaded as her auditors, rendered dumb by her audacity in appearing uninvited in the great man's sanctum, stood staring at her. "I followed him up. Don't send me away. It is so important that I should see you and ask your advice."

She was young and very pretty, and there was something irresistibly pathetic in her voice. The financier was, after all, but a man.

"Well," he answered, smiling, though a little grimly, "since you have contrived to evade the guardians of my privacy, you shall have the reward your courage deserves. Come in."

The clerk retired much relieved. John Harcourt handed the girl a seat and placed himself again before the writing table, facing her. She was slim, graceful, gray eyed and flaxen haired. But he had seen pretty girls before and was prepared not to allow her beauty to affect his judgment beyond reason. She was dressed in deep mourning, relieved only by a bunch of white roses tucked carelessly into the bosom of her gown.

"It is about the Finnish Fishtail shares that I want to ask you," she began.

His face contracted slightly, but he did not speak. He merely inclined his head to imitate that he was listening.

She wanted to know if he advised her to invest her money in them. She had come up from the country that morning expressly to ask his advice. She went on to explain very simply and clearly that since her father's recent death a certain sum of money had become her own. It was practically all hers and her mother's fortune. She had no trustees. She was at liberty to do what she would with it, and of course she and her mother were very anxious to get as large an income from it as possible. The Finnish Fishtail company offered so much higher interest than dull things like consols and railways.

"Only," she added, looking confidently at him, "sometimes when you put your money into companies you lose it."

His face contracted again, but again he only nodded assent, his eyes fixed on the white roses tucked into her gown. They stirred some vague memory within him while he listened to the story she went on to tell him of a friend of her mother's, a widow with many children, who had put her money into the Banana Jelly company and had lost it all.

John Harcourt had made money by the Banana Jelly company in a perfectly legal way. He would make money, also in a perfectly legal way, by the Finnish Fishtail company, whether others lost or won.

"And now," the girlish voice went on, "the children are starving, and she is trying to support them by taking in needlework, which she does not know how to do. Is it not dreadful?"

"It is always a mistake for ladies who do not know how to watch the money market to invest in new companies. Better invest in consols. It is better to be content with a lower but safer interest," he concluded.

The girl looked disappointed, but she recognized the sincerity and finality of his tone. Murmuring something about having her train to catch, she rose to go. As she did so the bunch of roses in her gown fell to the floor. John Harcourt stooped to pick them up, and as he took them in his hand their fragrance penetrated to his senses, and the vague memory that had half unconsciously disturbed him for the last quarter of an hour started into distinct shape before him.

The present faded from his view. The years rolled back, and he stood, once more a child, in the yew hedged manor garden. He lived again through the scene of the planting of the rose tree.

How had he ruined the hope of that prayer? He stood so long holding the roses in his hand and looking down at them with the look of one whose mind was far away that the girl wondered.

"I must go," she said at last. "Thank you very much for your kindness in advising me."

Her voice recalled him to the present. He looked at her. She was holding out her hand for the roses.

"If you really wish to thank me," he said, "give me these."

For an instant she stiffened, her young dignity wounded. But when she glanced at him she realized that there was no thought at all of her behind the request, and the stiffening fell from her.

"With pleasure," she answered simply.

"Where did you get them?"

He asked the question as he crossed the room to open the door for her.

"From a lovely old yew hedged garden which the lady with whom I am staying in Hampshire took me to see yesterday," she replied.

"Ah!"

The exclamation was so snarp that the girl once more looked at him in surprise, but his face was impassive. He was holding the door open for her. As she passed out he said:

"If you know any one who has shares in the Finnish Fishtail company, tell them to sell at once."

He closed the door behind her and, sitting down again at the writing table, laid the roses before him.

From his mother's garden! It was years since he had walked in that garden in the time of roses. His brother's life and his lay far apart. It was but rarely that he could find time to run down for a day's visit to the old home, but now as he sat with his head in his hands and the scent of the roses floating up to his nostrils he was there again. It was from the roses on his sister's breast that the scent came, bringing with it her voice:

"Oh, Johnnie, you must never do anything that mother in heaven would grieve over!"

Would she grieve over the ruin of those widows and orphans whose folly was no fault of his?

That gentle sister had long since passed away, but now as he looked back on his own early life and hers he saw how faithfully she had striven to fulfill a mother's part to him. He remembered once hearing some one say, "That girl is her mother over again."

Once more his arms were round her

neck, and with the scent of the roses permeating his senses he was promising that he would never do anything that might grieve his mother in heaven.

He bowed his head upon the roses, and long unaccustomed tears rose to his eyes.

Half an hour later he had written a letter which made him liable for all the money which the ignorant public had invested in the Finnish Fishtail company. He rang the bell and desired the clerk to have it posted at once.

John Harcourt knew himself. He knew that tomorrow he would probably regret his action and curse himself for a sentimental fool, but tomorrow it would be too late. The deed would be done, as far at least as the Finnish Fishtail company was concerned.

He walked out of his office financially a much poorer man than he had been for many years. Morally? He inhaled the fragrance of the roses and for that day at least murmured, "Thank God."

A RAILROAD DETOUR.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

"THE Honduras has arrived two days earlier than expected. Report at once. You will take twenty cars over the N. I. and N., via St. Louis, to Cincinnati, where you will leave ten as per instructions which will be handed you, and then go on with the rest to Chicago."

The order was addressed to "Messenger 17," and the office boy who delivered it knew that 17 meant Carl Reuter of Rue Citronelle.

But Carl Reuter was just recovering from a severe attack of the grip, brought on by exposure while delivering fifteen cars of bananas over the L. and N. to Atlanta ten days before. A sudden blizzard had swept down upon them from the northwest, stalling the train with packed snow and lowering the thermometer 40 degrees in twice that many minutes. The cars had been warmed as usual before leaving New Orleans, with the expectation that the great mass of moist fruit would generate enough heat of itself for later warmth. But the change had come too soon and been too great, and in saving the fruit under his care Messenger 17 had neglected to take care of himself. He had got back to New Or-

leans, made his report, been complimented on getting his fruit through the blizzard in good condition and then had hurried home and to bed.

No steamer had come in since, and the Honduras was two days ahead of her time. Moreover, Carl was not a man who cared to share his personal matters with the public. Even his illness was his own. So it happened that the company had not heard.

But twenty minutes after the order came Carl Reuter, aged nineteen, was hurrying into the office on the company's wharf. A new man was at the desk.

"Seventeen, sir," began Carl when the man, whose eyes were running down a page of a ledger before him, interrupted with:

"Oh, yes, I see, 17. You are Carl Reuter?"

"Yes, sir. My father"—

But the man was pushing an envelope toward him.

"There's your instructions. Now hurry. You're a younger man than I imagined from what I have heard of you. But sometimes young men do fully as good work as the older ones. No, no," as Carl tried to speak, "there's no time for talk now. Your cars are nearly

ready, I expect. We've half a thousand men down there emptying the steamer and loading the cars. The Honduras brought in the largest and



"THERE'S YOUR INSTRUCTIONS. NOW HURRY."

finest lot we ever had, and they're going to be rushed through to market. The agent told me to tell you messengers to be especially vigilant with your thermometers on this trip. Have them ripen or retard the bananas so they will reach market in exactly the right condition. But of course you understand all this."

"Of course," Carl assented mechanically. Then, with evident anxiety, "My father is"—

"Never mind your father now," briskly. "You may tell me about him when you come back. Your train is on the wharf, track 3, forty cars, twenty of which will be in charge of Messenger 9, who will switch off at Corinth for Memphis. Get your section heated as rapidly as possible and then remove the stoves. By the time you're through the train will be ready to pull out, I think. Hustle! Oh, here's Messenger 9 now."

A heavily bearded man stopped at the desk and took the envelope which was handed him and then listened to the same advice Carl had been given. Carl lingered, apparently hoping for a chance to finish what he had commenced to say, but more messengers were hurrying into the office, and the

man at the desk motioned imperatively toward the wharf.

"Hurry along, 17," he ordered. From what I've been told I suppose you to be one of the best men we have, but you mustn't loiter like that. You haven't any time to waste in getting your section ready."

Carl's lips tightened suddenly, and he walked rapidly down the wharf, overtaking the heavily bearded man as he was crossing in front of two puffing engines to track 3. The man looked at him and nodded.

"Where's your father, Carl?" he asked. "Seems he and I are to be on the same train this time, at least as far as Corinth. I couldn't ask a better man on a rush trip like this is going to be."

"Father's sick," answered Carl. "I came down to see—to get his place. I've been watching him the last four or five nights, sleeping a little when I could, but he's well enough now to look after himself until I get back."

"Sick?" with some surprise. "Why, I hadn't heard. And you're to take his place on this trip? Ain't you pretty young? I wouldn't have thought the company'd agree to it, they're so particular, though," hastily, "you're perfectly competent, Carl. I know that. You've been with your father so many trips you know the ropes as well 's he. And you've got a cool, clear head. That's what counts in ripening fruit by thermometers. And still—well, you know yourself how the company is about young help. I've got a boy of your age that I hope to get into a messenger's job some day, but I've never expected to till he was twenty-five or more. You're lucky; that's all I've got to say. If you make this trip all right, you'll be on the books for steady runs before the year's out."

Carl's face had grown hot and uncomfortable.

"You don't understand," he explained. "I"—

But a man down the track was looking toward them and motioning. Messenger 9 hurried away.

"Well, I hope you'll have good luck, as, of course, you will," he called back over his shoulder. "We'll be too busy to see much of each other on the trip. I take the twenty end cars on account of switching off at Corinth. Yours'll be forward."

Until that moment Carl's head had been in a whirl. Events had followed each other so rapidly, so apparently beyond his personal option in the mat-

ter, that he had allowed himself to be borne on the current. Now he decided to let it go on. He had hurried down to explain about his father and to see if he would not be allowed to fill the place. But from what he knew himself and from what 9 had just said he realized how slight was the chance. Perhaps even his father would be suspended for a time. The company did not make much allowance for sickness or convalescence. Their work was too important.

But, as 9 had conceded, he understood the work and could probably do it just as well as his father, and just now they were in special need of employment. His younger brother was in the hospital waiting an operation, and money must be had to meet the expenses.

So he hurried down track 3 to the end of his—or rather his father's—section of the train and began a careful examination of the cars. Then he set about seeing that they were properly treated. The mercury was down to 34 degrees, which was unusually cold for New Orleans, and 12 degrees lower than the messengers had started out at any previous time during the winter. Other messengers were giving their cars a little more heat than common, for it would be twelve to fifteen hours before the now cool bananas could begin to generate warmth of their own, and the freezing or even chilling of a train load would mean the loss of a fortune. Carl gave his cars several degrees more than was customary and then had the stoves removed and the doors closed. Even with an outside low temperature the carefully built cars would then retain heat until the fruit began to generate some of its own. An hour later the train pulled out.

A cold wave had been predicted, but apparently some weather condition had stayed or swerved it in another direction. Before they were beyond the city limits the mercury commenced to rise, and when they rumbled through Meridian it marked 60 degrees and continued to go up.

Carl began to look anxious. All his ventilators were now wide open, but the air in the cars was moist and stifling. Instead of being chilled, the danger was now that the bananas would overheat, which would be just as disastrous.

A messenger's duty is to see that his fruit gets into market in just the right condition. He must retard or advance

the ripening by cold or heat, according to the condition of the fruit, the length of the trip and other circumstances. He must know from a mere glance at a bunch of bananas how many degrees of heat will be required to ripen it in a prescribed number of hours, and if he be a good messenger he must be able to have his fruit in just the right condition when he reaches his destination, whether it be four days or fourteen. With refrigerator cars and ventilators it is comparatively easy during the summer to shift the thermometers to the requirements of the fruit, and even in winter, when it continues cold, there are the initial stoves and the generated warmth to depend upon, but when an unexpected hot wave confronts a messenger in mid-winter he has little but the resource of his own ingenuity to count on. Such a problem was now facing Carl. When they pulled into Corinth the mercury was 70 degrees, and there was no air stirring. Another twenty-four hours like this and he would scarcely get his fruit to Cincinnati, much less Chicago.

Messenger 9 came to him as his section was being transferred to a train for Memphis. The weather report stated that it was 12 degrees warmer at Memphis than at Corinth, and 9 was looking perturbed. His market was only a short distance away now, but twelve more degrees meant an uncontrolled ripening of the fruit. It could not reach even that near market in prime condition, which was every messenger's ambition.

"I'm out and out sorry for you, Carl," said 9 sympathetically. "It's going to be tough on all the messengers with such a special lot of fruit, but you'll have it worst. They assigned your father to the long Chicago run because he has the name of being the best man on the road, but for that very reason it'll be worse on you, being your first trip. You'll likely get some seconds to Cincinnati, but I'm afraid the Chicago ten cars won't pay the running cost over the railroads—that is, unless it turns cold within a few hours."

But there was no prospect of its turning cold. A hurried consultation of the weather bureau at Corinth showed that three or four more days of warm weather were predicted. It was warm all along the road to Cincinnati, to Chicago. The only cool places in the country seemed to be in the mountains, about Chattanooga, up the Hudson and west in the Rockies. Messenger 9 advised him to take the responsi-



WHEN THEY PULLED IN THE MERCURY WAS SEVENTY DEGREES.

bility of selling the fruit at Corinth for what it would bring. That would save the company its total loss and transportation charges.

Carl was not ready for that, however. The consultation of the weather reports had already given his quick brain another idea, daring, but entirely feasible, he thought. His cars would have to wait three hours at Corinth to connect with a freight which pulled out directly behind the through express north. Carl utilized the first forty minutes of these three hours in developing his plan. He went straight to the office of the Southern railway, whose branch ran from Corinth to Chattanooga and there connected with the N. I. and T. for Cincinnati and Chicago.

"Wish to run your cars over our road?" asked the division superintendent after listening to Carl's hurried request. "Yes, I reckon so. We'll couple them to the afternoon freight, which pulls out about dark. The morning freight leaves in half an hour, and there isn't time to connect you with that. Besides, the train already has

thirty-four cars, as much as the engine can carry up grade."

"But that's the very train I want to couple to," urged Carl impetuously. "You forget that I have an engine. Why can't we put the two ahead? They'll pull fifty-four cars all right even up grade."

The superintendent nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes, that might do," he said. "In fact, I think it will do very well. There's considerable snow up Chattanooga way, and two engines can plow through it better than one. But we'll have to hustle if we get you connected, for the train must pull out on time. There's another follows it forty minutes later."

They did hustle, and when the train pulled out for Chattanooga Carl's twenty cars formed part of it. Besides having all the ventilators open, each car had its door rolled back to let in every whiff of air possible. At Decatur the thermometers indicated 45 degrees, at Stevenson 34 degrees. Carl closed all the doors and partly closed the ventilators of the cars destined for Cincinnati. He was willing they should have a few more degrees of heat now and believed that he saw the way to getting his fruit to both markets in prime condition. At Chattanooga the mercury registered 29 degrees, and all the ventilators were closed.

Eight days later Carl reported at the office on the company's wharf. The man at the desk listened to his explanation in grim silence, tapping the ledger with the head of his pencil occasionally.

"It's something very unusual," he said when Carl finished. "very unusual and — er — reprehensible, running our cars about the country in a wild way like that. Ordinarily it would mean dismissal from our service—permanent discharge—but—er," his face relaxing somewhat, "under the circumstances, and in view of the fact that you had the longest run and are the only messenger who got his fruit into market in prime condition, we will say no more about it except that we have put your name on our books for regular runs. I hope your father will be well enough to make his trip when the next boat comes in. We do not like to spare good men. And, oh, yes," as Carl was turning away, his eyes shining, "the cashier has a little recognition for you from the company. You may stop at his window as you go by."



A NEW PICTURE OF HOLLAND'S BEAUTIFUL YOUNG QUEEN.

Photographs of the pretty young queen of Holland are always interesting. Queen Wilhelmina no longer shows the peachy bloom of girlhood, as on the day of her coronation, but the cares of state have not robbed her of her beauty. She is more mature and matronly, but still pretty. The accompanying picture shows her in profile and is one of the best likenesses of the popular sovereign of the Netherlands.

TRAPPING THE CULPRIT.

By HOWARD FIELDING.

TO me, in the midst of a busy morning, there entered an office boy with the card of Mr. Lucius Werner of the United States weather bureau. At the bottom of the card the word "Over" was written and upon the back this sentence: "For reasons which I shall explain I think that our interview should be strictly private."

Now, why in the world should the weather man desire a private interview? There can be no "graft" in his office surely. He can furnish no special brand of weather to those who will fatten his pocket, and, except in his official capacity as the author of the local predictions in the morning paper, Mr. Werner seemed extremely remote from my affairs.

Mr. Werner proved to be a robust and florid young man, yet of a studious aspect withal and very courteous in his demeanor.

"You are high up here," said he, with a gesture toward my window, which overlooked all the neighboring rooftops, "but I am higher. From the tower of the Exchange building, where my office is, I can look into these rooms, and I have recently seen something here which seems to me very strange."

"Well," said I, "what was it?"

"For two nights," he replied, "I have seen a man at work at this desk. You have no shades, eh? That is odd."

"They were not up when I took the offices," said I, "and as these are north windows I never bothered about the matter."

I spoke hurriedly and ended with a sign for him to proceed.

"My attention was first attracted by a peculiar light," said he. "It was in this room, and I happened to be looking in this direction. There was a flare, probably the lighting of a match, and then a sort of glow that made me suspect fire. I therefore took some powerful nightglasses, and through them I saw that a shaded lamp was burning on that desk. Presently a man appeared. He sat where you sit now, and for a long time he examined documents, one after another, hastily. If the room had been lighted in the ordinary way

I might have got a fair impression of the man and a better idea of what he was doing, but because of this dark lantern that he used I saw him only as a vague shadow."

There was a brief pause.

"Mr. Werner," said I, "this is important, and I cannot help wishing that you had told me sooner."

"I have a nervous dread of intrusion," he said, coloring. "Doubtless I should have told you after the first night."

"Will it be possible for me to watch in your tower tonight?" said I.

"Certainly," he responded. "You have missed nothing?"

"Not yet, but perhaps you noticed the great number of letter files in the outer room. There are documents in them which might better be in the safe perhaps. At any rate, I don't care to have a stranger investigating them at midnight."

This was an evasion. I had a very different idea as to the intruder's errand in my office, but I hesitated to take Mr. Werner into my confidence. He, however, seemed perfectly satisfied and presently took his leave.

Now, this is the way the case looked to me: I was in litigation with the Lassell Construction company over a matter involving a very large sum of money. My contention rested upon a contract with that company, and in the papers filed in court upon my side of the suit copies of this contract were included, but the original had disappeared.

Without this document our case was hopeless, and we had already been driven to adopt veiled tactics of delay in the hope that it might be found. To the best of my knowledge and belief the contract—a very brief instrument on a single sheet of paper—had been lost in the office of my lawyers, but there was a bare possibility that I had dropped it in the street. I had taken it out of my safe on a certain day and, after collecting some other papers relating to the case, had started for my lawyers. Arriving there, I had begun to discuss the matter with a member of the firm when we discovered the absence of the contract, yet I was under the impression that I had had it



"YOU ARE HIGH UP HERE, BUT I AM HIGHER."

in my hand while sitting there with him. He, too, believed that he had seen it.

The most careful search proved futile, and we were forced to the conclusion that a clerk in his employ who had entered the room during our conference had taken the document for the purpose of selling it to the enemy. This man was shadowed with no result, and if he really sold it both he and the purchaser were too shrewd for us. The Lassell people continued some negotiations for a settlement, but my lawyer was of the opinion that this was a "blind" and that they would force us into court eventually, knowing that we must lose.

But the story told by Lucius Werner put a different face on the matter. I discussed it fully with my secretary, who is a very shrewd fellow, and he agreed with me that the man seen by Mr. Werner was hunting for that contract in my office.

If the Lassell people did not already hold it, they must be very anxious to get it, and as they had proved themselves utterly unscrupulous in their transactions with me I was quite will-

ing to believe that they would employ criminal methods to win their case.

Alston, my secretary, suggested that there might have been a small leak in my lawyers' office sufficient to give the Lassells the tip that the contract was not there. They might then have jumped to the conclusion that it was worth while to engage in a bit of burglary at my own headquarters. My safe was one that my father bought many years ago, retained by me I know not why. Certainly I cherished no illusions as to its security. Beyond doubt a modern expert could open it easily and without a trace of violence. I never kept money in it except the small sums needed for daily cash disbursements.

That night I watched with Werner in his tower, and all conditions were favorable for observation, but no light appeared in my windows. One of two conclusions was possible—the Lassells' emissary had already found the contract or he had given it up. The chance that he had skipped a night seemed hardly worth considering in view of all the circumstances that urged haste.

I did not believe that he had given up the search. He had spent only an hour each night in my rooms, and this time seemed to me insufficient except upon the supposition that he had found what he was after. The time corresponded with certain possibilities for entering the building by a basement door communicating with the engineer's department. I discovered that a man could get in that way a little before 12 and escape a little after 1 without much risk of observation. I had a man on watch there that night, but without result. No suspicious person attempted to enter.

There were, however, other ways in which the thing might have been done, as Werner pointed out to me. A man might have concealed himself in the building and remained till morning, and this seemed the simpler way.

Upon the whole, I was driven toward the conclusion that the contract had been found, and my lawyer agreed with me in a conference which we held in my office late in the afternoon of the day following my vigil in the weather bureau's tower. It was nearly 7 o'clock when this interview ended, and when I came out of my private office I was surprised to find Werner waiting for me in the larger room.

He expressed a desire to discuss the case with me, and we spent half an

hour or more, but he offered only the advice that I should watch once more in his tower. I noticed, however, that he scrutinized my room with great care, examining the desk, and especially the window, with a cool precision proper to the man of scientific training, but what he gained by these observations I was far from guessing.

We dined together, and I watched with him again, but my vigil was unrewarded. Finally, near dawn, I lay down to sleep upon a couch and dreamed bad dreams till I awoke to find Werner standing beside me with his hand upon my breast.

He provided me with a breakfast of eggs and coffee, which he prepared himself upon a queer little electric contrivance, chiefly his own invention, and then he asked to go with me to my office. We were there ahead of the boy whose duty it is to open the rooms, and the youth was vastly surprised to find me in my sanctum when he arrived. Alston, who is an early bird, was also amazed in his own peculiar and cold fashion.

I made him acquainted with Werner, whom he had not previously met, and he extended his hand. Werner looked at the hand as if it had been an object of scientific interest, but he did not take it. Instead he slowly wagged his head with the negative sign.

"No, sir," said he. "I do not care to take the hand of the man who robs his benefactor."

The use of this word apprised me that Werner had asked some questions about John Alston, whom indeed I had befriended in a somewhat unusual manner, though the fact was not generally known. This inference flitted through my brain in the midst of the confusion and surprise caused by Werner's startling accusation. Meanwhile Alston was regarding Werner with some small signs of resentment, but without alarm or any indication of guilt.

"Those are hard words, Mr. Werner," said I. "They must be instantly withdrawn or justified."

"Tell me," replied Werner calmly, "do you know any honest business that would bring this man here by night with a dark lantern?"

"There's no doubt about his business if he was here," said I. "That's the point."

"Last evening when I was here with you I made some observations," said Werner. "Will you step up on that

table and examine the casing of the window?"

I glanced toward Alston and caught just the faintest wavering gleam in his eye, which led me to comply with Werner's request. I found what my friend, the weather man, had previously seen—some fresh marks upon the upper part of the casing, strongly suggesting that some covering had been tacked up to cover the window.

"This rug," said Werner, "would answer very nicely. Ah, here are the marks in the corners."

"All this is very interesting," interposed Alston, "but I fail to see how it connects me with this matter."

"Who else knew that I had seen that light in these windows?" demanded Werner.

Alston smiled coldly, and indeed the evidence seemed weak, for it might



HE MADE A SUDDEN PASS AT WERNER.

well have occurred in the mind of any burglarious visitor that he would better screen the window. His shaded lamp would indeed prevent a light from showing through the glass over the transom of the door to any watchman who might pass by night along the hall, but the glory must shine toward the window if in the other direction.

"I trust you have better evidence than this," said I.

"Very much better," answered Werner. "Mr. Alston, I will take your hand now."

"No, I thank you," said Alston, with a sneer.

"Ah, you begin to see the trap in which you are taken," rejoined Werner. "You are shrewd, sir, but you are caught just the same. You cannot take my mark from your hand."

He turned to me.

"I had observed already," said he, "this match holder on your desk. I believed that with a match from it our burglar lighted his lamp each time that I saw him. Yesterday afternoon I prepared some matches of the same appearance as these, but burning more slowly, so that our friend would have to hold them longer in his fingers. The wood I soaked in a caustic solution, not enough to burn the flesh. I wager that you felt no pain, Mr. Alston, but your forefinger and thumb are now discolored with that substance that I employed for the purpose, and short of skinning them, my dear sir, there's no way to get it off. Oblige us by showing your right hand."

Alston's face, which is very pale at all times, became white as paper, but with rage, not fear. He made a sudden pass at Werner, who cleverly caught his wrist and held it firmly despite the other's efforts. I stepped forward and took hold of Alston's hand. Dull brown stains upon the thumb and finger revealed beyond possibility of doubt the action of Werner's magic.

"We were here last," said Werner. "We came here first this morning. If

this man did not get these stains here during the night, let him tell where he did get them."

This was a question without an answer. When a man's fingers are stained by a chemical selected by his adversary, its name unknown to the victim, a mighty good lie is necessary to explain the circumstance. Alston surrendered. He admitted that he had seen the Lassell contract among some letters taken from an old file box on the afternoon of its disappearance. When the loss became known to him he guessed that I had accidentally put away the contract with the letters, but he had not been able to find out what file box I had been using. He dared not ask me lest the question should convey a suggestion to my own mind, and so, after debating the question with himself for some time, he had decided to search all the file boxes, a most laborious task and one that he dared not openly undertake.

He declared that he had intended to give me the contract when he should find it and depend upon my gratitude for his reward, but investigation proved that he was in negotiation with the Lassells. The contract was found in the file box, and I won my case, for which fortunate event I owe deep gratitude to Lucius Werner, who refuses to be rewarded, but if ever he or any person whom he cares for is in need of help I will go a long way to render it. Undoubtedly Alston would soon have found the contract and have sold it to the enemy for a good round sum. No legal punishment was attempted, but Alston wrecked his career by this treachery and has gone steadily downhill ever since.



The detective work of John J. Clancy and Charles H. Pilger would make Sherlock Holmes turn green with envy. But then Holmes was only an amateur after all, and could not be expected to do the fine professional work of our Trenton sleuths. Crooks have but little show in the Capital City with such a wide-awake team as Clancy and Pilger to round them up.



**KING CHARLES AND QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA,
WHOSE PEASANTS ARE IN REVOLT.**

King Charles and Queen Elizabeth of Roumania have escaped many of the ills that beset crowned heads, but the recent revolt of peasants in their domains has placed them, it is believed, in a perilous position. They have been closely guarded in their palace. Deeds of violence on the royal estates have been committed during the uprising. Queen Elizabeth is much better known outside of her own country than the king because of her literary work. She is noted as Carmen Sylva, a graceful poet.

WON BY HIS NERVE.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

WHEN the daily midseason train rounded out from the palmettos, slowed across the bridge and came to a smooth, almost suave stop at the end of the Royal Poinciana, the usual people were in attendance. An orchestra in the cocoanut grove swelled out alluring strains of welcome. From the docks came the occasional creaking of yacht sails. On the Poinciana steps, the platform, in the grove, along the paths, were scarlet coats and gauzy, summer-like dresses and golf sticks.

Two private cars were in the train, but except for a casual glance they of the scarlet coats and gauzy dresses



"OH!" HE SAID. "GOOD MORNING."

did not notice them. Multimillionaires had become a drug at Palm Beach.

Thus it was that the railroad magnate of a dozen millions and the cop-

per king of three times as many walked from the cars with only the buzzing, tip loving attendance of bell boys and porters.

But the next morning the copper king, who had registered as Henry Tierman, Michigan, made a stronger plea for local recognition. He went fishing.

His own line had been thrown overboard soon after leaving the dock, but not a nibble came as an encouragement for him to persevere.

"Gettin' tired, sir?" the boatman asked.

"Rather," Tierman confessed, yawning. "I don't believe I'm much of a fisherman after all."

"That's 'cause you ain't in practice," encouragingly.

Tierman assented by a nod, and the boat was run alongside the Pitt's island dock. Tierman stepped out, lighted a cigar and sauntered away into one of the shadowy paths.

Half an hour later he found himself near a cottage which was almost concealed from the path and wholly from the water. He passed around this and down to the shore beyond. A young man was seated upon the trunk of a fallen rubber tree fishing. His hat brim was drawn far down over his eyes, as though to shield them from the sun, but no sunlight could penetrate through the density of the overhanging foliage. At the sound of approaching footsteps he started and turned.

"Oh!" he said, "Good morning."

"Good morning," Tierman responded. "Fishing to kill time, like the rest of us?"

"No, hardly that," seating himself again upon the tree trunk. "I knew little of the art two weeks ago. Since then I have fished quite a good deal."

Tierman's gaze left him and wandered out across the water. He wanted to be amused. Presently he sat down upon the trunk and made some comment about the fishing. The young man answered shortly and with a covert side glance of inquiry. But a few moments later, as though the scrutiny had been reassuring, he opened a basket at his side and took from

it an extra line. This he gave to Tierman and showed him how to make a good cast.

At the Western Union office of the Poinciana the little machine which kept the guests in close touch with the outside world was clicking along industriously, and the boy who delivered the messages as they ran off was taxed not to fall behind. Occasionally an owner could not be found, and the small envelopes would be brought back and placed upon the desk, there to wait another attempt at delivery later. Two hours after the copper king left the hotel one of these was brought back with "Tierman not to be found; gone to the inlet fishing."

The operator did not look up, but with one hand he motioned the envelope from the undelivered pile.

"Seemed to be important," he said; "must be delivered at once. Go find his private secretary, his servant, anybody of his party. If not able to do that, take the message up the lake yourself."

But that was not necessary, for as the boy left the office he saw Tierman's secretary entering the rotunda from outside. In less than ten minutes the secretary was hastening up the lake at the maximum speed of the fastest launch which could be procured.

He found the copper king on the tree trunk, his face eager, his tones jovial. On the ground lay four large fish, and he had caught two of them. But at sight of his secretary and the yellow envelope his face clouded.

"Couldn't you wait till I got back?" he exclaimed testily. "Don't you know that an interruption now means bad luck? I'll not catch another fish. Here, give me the telegram!"

He read it with a gathering frown, then thrust it impatiently into his pocket.

"Wire Saunders to have extra vigilance at all the port towns and along the Canadian frontier," he grumbled. "Offer twenty thousand—fifty thousand—for the fellow's apprehension. But of course Saunders understands and has done everything that could be done. There was no use bothering me. Yes, that is all," as the secretary turned and then paused inquiringly. "You may go now. I will not be down for several hours. I want to catch another fish."

He coiled his line as the young man had shown him and threw it with all

his strength. But the cast was poor, and he drew in and coiled and cast the line once more. Then he resumed his place on the log.

The young man was bending over, watching his line. Apparently he had not noticed the secretary's presence or his companion's impatience. Five minutes passed; then he drew in his line and another large fish. Tierman watched him gloomily. Another five minutes, and he, too, began to draw in his line, but it was to wind it for departure.

"I'm going to quit," he declared. "Luck's turned, and I might fish on all day now without a bite."

The young man rose.

"It's too bad," he said, "but you've made a good catch anyway. These fish will be worth showing at the hotel."

Tierman's face brightened.

"That's so," he agreed. "I'll send the boatman to get them. But if it hadn't been for that fellow I might have caught another."

"Very likely. Did he bring bad news?"

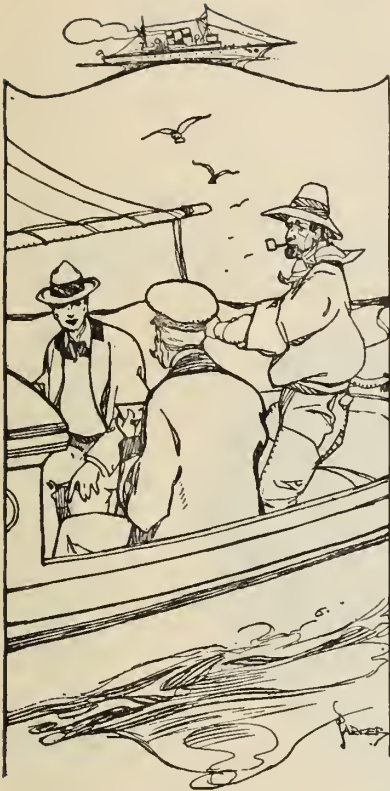
"Well, yes, in a money way," dryly. "the difference between fifty thousand and ten times that amount. You see, it was this way: A man who was buying mining property for me disappeared with what we thought about fifty thousand. That was nearly a month ago. Of course we took the usual precautions against his leaving the country. This telegram states that recent investigation has lifted the amount to half a million."

"Ah, that was quite a haul. And the fellow escaped?"

"So far, but he'll be caught all right," carelessly. "Folks don't find it easy to do such things nowadays and get off. Fifty thousand is a good bid for vigilance, and, besides, we have some of the best detectives on the lookout. Every avenue from the country is guarded."

"Perhaps he slipped out ahead of the guards."

"No; we got a clew of him at New Orleans only two weeks ago. He had engaged passage on a sailing vessel for South America, but grew suspicious and did not make his appearance. Shrewd of him, too," chuckling, "for we had a detective on board waiting for him. No, no; we'll have him all right. He's in hiding somewhere, and it's only a matter of time. But about the fishing," abruptly. "We must have some more of it together. I didn't know that I was a fisherman, but it



"FORGOT TO ASK YOUR NAME."

seems I am. Now, see here. I had my steam yacht come down ahead of me. It's at Miami now. Suppose I wire the captain to run up and take us off for a few days. Will you go?"

An odd look flashed into the young man's eyes, and he turned away for a moment.

"The Mona?" he asked.

"Yes. You have heard of her?"

"Of course. I read the newspapers. You are Mr. Tierman, sometimes called the copper king of Michigan. And I have read something about the man you are looking for and formed an opinion as to his whereabouts. You see," apologetically, "we detectives are always on the watch for such things and read them up even when we don't expect to engage in them personally. I came here for quiet, but the professional instinct is easily aroused. Ah, you are ready to go. I will walk along with you."

They went up past the cottage and on through the semitropical growth to the dock where Tierman's boat was waiting. The young man walked with a quick, springing step, the dreaming

restlessness gone from his eyes. As soon as the boatman had been sent back after the fish he placed a hand upon his companion's arm.

"Look here, Mr. Tierman," he said, with an odd, subtle challenge in his voice which the other did not appreciate until afterward; "I want to go into this thing."

"What—the fishing?"

"No; the finding of your man. I have a theory which I think will bring him to light, and I don't believe that any of your other arrangements will. Fifty thousand, I think you said. Is that for news of him or his apprehension?"

"Either for positive news, his apprehension or a recovery of the booty."

"I see." He took pencil and paper from his pocket as though to make notes, then went on, "From what I read in the papers you did not meet this man yourself?"

"No. I was in Europe and cabled for Saunders to engage him. I had heard, though, that he was a mining expert."

"So," apparently jotting the fact down. "Now about the Mona. She is ready to start at a moment's notice and is seaworthy, I suppose?"

"Of course. She was built only last year, and her captain has orders to be ready to start within fifteen minutes after receiving a telegram. I haven't been out in her myself yet, but the captain says she is capable of a voyage around the world. But what has that to do with the fellow Bostwicke?"

"Everything. I want the Mona's help to find him. Oh, I understand it's a rather startling proposition," at the look on the other's face, "but it's the only one that fits into my plans. You put the Mona under my charge for two weeks, and I'll engage to find your man. I'm positive I can do it. And I won't ask for a penny of compensation unless I do. Isn't that fair?"

"I suppose so," discontentedly. "But my private yacht! Let me hire a tug for you, or anything."

"Nothing but the Mona will do," positively. "Unless I can have her I will drop the job. But think of the half million, man, or we'll say four hundred and fifty thousand, with the fifty out. And I will need the Mona for only two weeks."

But still Tierman hesitated.

"It isn't so much the money," he objected, "as it is the fishing. I've planned a lot of fishing since I caught those two back there." Then his face cleared. "Suppose we have a few days in

her before you go," he proposed; "then you may have the Mona and welcome. We can go out again after you get back."

"And have Bostwicke escape us while we are out?" asked the young man. "No, no, Mr. Tierman; the fishing must wait. My theory is this: Bostwicke's hope is one of the South American ports, probably Paramaribo. There he could be in close touch with the interior, where he probably has friends and where can be found a stirring future for a man of enterprise and capital and where there would be little danger from extradition papers. The Mona is swift, and I could make the run in a few days, find him and wire you. Almost before you realized the fact the mystery of Bostwicke's whereabouts would be a thing of the past."

"Oh, you can have the yacht, of course," yielded Tierman reluctantly, "but I'm unwilling to admit," candidly, "that just now I would rather catch a few more big fish than even Bostwicke. But here comes the boatman. I will give you a note to the captain of the Mona, and you can go down to Miami on the evening train."

"No; a better plan will be for you to wire for him to steam this way at once," said the young man hastily. "I have a little business to attend to and will then take a launch and meet him down opposite Lantana or Boynton. Have you a good description of this man Bostwicke? Though, of course," with affected indifference, "I have a general idea from reading the papers."

"Then you know as much as I do. But why not run down to Miami? It wouldn't delay you any, I think, and the police there could give you information and very likely show you a picture of the fellow."

But the young man laughed.

"I'd rather not, thank you," he said. "Too many fingers in the broth, you know. Perhaps it's professional jealousy, but I'd rather go through this thing alone. Well, wire just as soon as you can. I'll be ready to start in a few hours."

The copper king stepped on board, and the boatman raised and swung his sail into the wind. Then as they bore away from the dock: "Oh, say, I forgot to ask your name. What shall I wire?"

"Alson—Mr. Alson," the young man called across the widening space, "and wire the captain that I'll bear straight down the coast. You'll hear from me inside of two weeks."

He was better than his word. Only eight days had passed when Tierman received the expected message. Though it brought the information promised, the copper king's face clouded as his eyes ran over the lines, and when he finished he muttered discontentedly: "Too bad! Too bad! We'll not go fishing together after all." The message read:

The man is here and is willing to give up his booty. Indeed, he is very glad of the chance. Two weeks' isolation with himself brought some very pertinent thoughts. However, he felt that he must escape and that he could not live in exile without the means of subsistence. So he turned detective and went in search of himself. Of course he brought the reward along. The other four hundred and fifty thousand will be found in a tin box two feet underground at the northeast corner of the Seminole hut on Pitt's island. The Mona left here yesterday, and I strike into the interior this afternoon. Your well-wisher,
ALSON BOSTWICKE.

Paramaribo, March 30, 1900.

P. S.—I am sorry about the fishing.



MRS. WILLIAM INMAN, WHO MAY WED JAMES B. DUKE.

The widow of the late William Inman is a beautiful woman of New York and Newport society, also well known in the south, whose name is now mentioned as the bride to be of J. B. Duke, the tobacco magnate. Rumors of their engagement have been circulated. Mr. Duke, however, is not quite free to marry, an appeal from his decree of divorce now being in the higher courts of New Jersey. The decree was granted last May. Mrs. Inman has been reported engaged to several rich men from time to time.

THE FORTUNE HE BROUGHT TO MARIGOLD.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

THERE was unmistakable excitement on board the eastbound train that morning. It began on the platform when three rough, unshaved men in miners' costume arrived and carefully superintended the removal of their baggage to the train. Two of them had theirs consigned to the express car. The third 'lowed he wouldn't bother nobody and even refused assistance in transferring his heavy, blanket bound packages to the seat he was to occupy. After the train started there was glancing back over shoulders to see if the miners were in sight, and, if they were not, men rose carelessly and walked backward or forward through the cars until they found the objects of their search and seats as near to them as possible.

Strolling about the platform had been two men who appeared to take little interest in what was going on around them. Nevertheless, on the appearance of the miners they had exchanged significant glances and they had walked unchalantly in opposite directions. When the conductor came through to collect tickets, ten minutes after the train started, one of them was seated directly behind one of the miners, while the other was on the opposite side of the car, behind the man who had refused to be parted from his baggage. As he took the tickets from their long white fingers the conductor scowled and glanced sharply at them and the miner in front and then shook his head grimly, as though it were no business of his.

"From Klondike, I suppose, strangers?" called a voice from some indeterminate point in front.

"With your piles, of course?" jocose-ly added another.

This brought a general laugh.

"Do you mind telling us something about the place?" insinuated a third.

"Is there as much gold as the papers lead us to believe?" "What sort of winters do you have?" "Is there any big game?" In quick succession from various points.

The two men, who had consigned their baggage to the express car, look-

ed about and nodded good naturedly.

"Yes; we're from Klondike," one of them answered, "me and my partner here. But we didn't bring our pile. That's back in our claim under ten feet of snow and ice. We're going for it just as soon's the weather opens in spring."

"Didn't you get anything?" asked several in tones of disappointment.

"Oh, yes," indifferently. "Thirty thousand or so apiece, back in the express car. But that ain't much for Klondike. We count on three hundred thousand. Then we're going home and settle down to be comfortable."

"Has your friend done as well as you and your partner?" asked a passenger, nodding toward the third miner, a little, sallow faced man who seemed anxious to conceal himself behind his baggage.

"Him? S'pose you ask and see. I reckon maybe he can talk, if he don't say much.

"Say, Georgy," raising his voice as though to make it penetrate to the understanding of a very deaf person, "these gentlemen want to know about Klondike and have you made your pile."

The man looked about with a pleased, deprecatory smile.

"I 'low I have," he acknowledged graciously. "Done made it in just three months. Now I'm going home to Georgy an' have a plumb good time an' live like a lord."

"Good for you!" cried a wet goods drummer approvingly. "But how'd you do it so quick? Find a pocket?"

"Done it by stralght hard work," he declared proudly. "Down home in Georgy folks say none o' my family ever work. They 'low we're too shiftless. Now, I reckon when we all buy the old Hunter farm, where pap worked all his life, an' set pap up to be a gentleman they'll be s'prised. Yes, sir!" He threw his head back, and for one brief second looked the passengers squarely in the face, all forgetful of the two or three generations of servile "poor white trash" blood which flowed sluggishly through his veins. Then his eyes dropped as he added apologetically, "Then I'll get married."



THE THIRD 'LOWED HE WOULDN'T BOTHER
NOBODY.

"What?" "Really?" "Is that so?" from various parts of the car, and two ladies who had hitherto ignored his presence turned and gazed at him with kindly interest. Georgia flushed with embarrassment at such marked attention, but his sloping, apologetic shoulders began to straighten up unconsciously, and again his eyes flashed straight into the eyes of his interlocutors.

"Yes, sir, I'm going to get married," he reiterated. "Marigold an' me have been set on it ten year. Most folks in Breshtown, where I live, would 'a' been satisfied with just a shack to start with, but I always 'lowed that when we married Marigold should live like a lady an' me like a lord. That's what roused me to go west. Now we'll buy the Hunter place an' build a new house with four rooms—four rooms," lowering his voice a little and looking about the car.

"But that will only take a very small part of your money," suggested the

drummer. "What will you do with all the rest?"

"Put it aside," answered Georgia promptly. "None o' my famby ever had any money put aside."

"You must have a pile," remarked a portly man, glancing a little enviously at the bulky packages and at the same time comparing his own comfortable need for money and appreciation of it with this backwoodsman's evident primitiveness.

"A pile! Yes, sir; that's what I keep a-sayin' over to myself," agreed Georgia. "I reckon there'll be enough for all of us. None o' my famby 'll ever need any more."

All this time the two recipients of the conductor's scowl had been apparent uninterested spectators of what was going on. One had tapped impatiently upon his window, and the other had fumbled with his newspaper. But even in their indifference they had observed that the two miners who sat together were strong, keen eyed, resolute men, apparently able to hold their own in all sorts of vicissitudes, while the man from Georgia was simple, unsophisticated and in possession of all his baggage.

Presently another significant look was exchanged, and the one who had been tapping upon the window rose carelessly and crossed over to him of the newspaper.

"Is this seat engaged?" he asked.

"No," removing a valise from the seat to the floor and then folding his newspaper as a preliminary to conversation.

"Going far?"

"To Georgia."

"Really?" in feigned surprise. "Why, I'm going there myself."

The miner in front turned eagerly and gazed into their faces, but apparently they did not notice him.

"Most inquisitive set of people in this car I ever met," one of them remarked.

"Yes, anything but boring strangers with questions, I say."

Georgia turned away, but his ears remained vigilant.

At length on one of his rounds through the car the conductor stopped beside the two men whose fingers were noticeably long and white and nervous.

"I believe your tickets ran out at the last station?" he said inquiringly.

"Yes, but we've changed our minds," one of them answered easily. "Last night I ran across this man, an old

friend of mine whom I hadn't seen in twenty years. Now we're going on together for a visit to our old home in Georgia. We'll pay the difference."

"H'm!" the conductor said coldly. "Where to?"

"Breshtown, Ga."

The miner whirled with his mouth open and his eyes bulging in eagerness. As soon as the conductor moved away he blurted out:

"Doggone it, stranger, that's my place. Who mout you be?"

"Smith and Robinson. My name's Bill."

Georgia's face beamed with pleased recognition.

"Why, I know heaps o' Smiths an' Robinsons!" he cried, reaching over and shaking hands with first one and then the other. "I reckon you all are some o' the family who went west when boys. There was Tom an' Seth an' Ike an'—an'"

"My friend here is named Ike," blandly.

"Ye don't say," delightedly. "Then me an' him was old friends when we was boys. He's changed, though," looking the man over curiously. "but, then, folks do as they grow up. Well, well, I'm plumb glad!"

There was no more reserve. Georgia talked freely and was met with a cordiality that delighted his simple heart.

At last, as the shadows began to darken in the car, the train slowed up at a small unpainted building which a brakeman introduced to the passengers as Breshtown.

The men helped Georgia off with his baggage and then piloted him to a carriage which they had telegraphed ahead to have in readiness. He lived six miles from the station, he had told them, and had frankly added that the way led through a wild, almost uninhabited forest. At this their eyes had brightened hopefully, and they had assured him that it would be unnecessary for him to order a carriage. Theirs would be large enough for all three, including his baggage, and they were going directly his way to their old home.

Georgia was hilariously exuberant. He laughed and sang and cracked jokes that he remembered to have been time honored in the old neighborhood, and they sang and laughed with him until they came to a lonely place in the woods.

Then the carriage was turned quietly

into the bushes, and Georgia felt the cold muzzles of two revolvers pressing against his temples.

"Now turn over your money," one of the men ordered sternly, "and be quick about it!"

Georgia looked at them in dazed wonder to see if they were in earnest.

"Ain't you my old friend Ike?" he demanded.

"Not much. Out west we've got names that would make you shake in your



"NOW TURN OVER YOUR MONEY," ONE OF THE MEN ORDERED.

boots to hear. But that don't matter. What we've come all this way for is your money. Now pass it over quick, and no fuss."

"I won't!" cried Georgia obstinately. "I got it to buy the Hunter place an' to get married with."

"Oh, well, just as you like," said the man indifferently. "We'll kill you and then take the money. It's all the same to us. You can't help yourself."

Georgia turned white and glanced appealingly from one to the other. They were calm, smiling, but implacable.

ble. Slowly he unbuckled the belt from his waist and passed it to one of them. The man showed his teeth a little, but nevertheless opened it and counted the small roll of bills and gold pieces that it contained.

"Six hundred and seventy-five dollars," he said. Then he rolled the belt and money into a ball and contemptuously threw it into the bushes. "Now we'll get right down to business," he went on, the words beginning to hiss as they came through his closed teeth. "Give us your money."

"I have," wailed poor Georgia, almost hysterically—"every blamed cent."

"Once more, give us your money," the man insisted. "It is the last time we ask. Killing comes next. Open your bundles."

"But there ain't no money in 'em," eagerly. "See!" And he hurriedly cut the string from one of the packages and disclosed an assortment of bright colored dress goods and ribbons and laces. "I bought 'em for Marigold. An' this," cutting the strings of another bundle, "is full o' bead stuff an' Injin fix'n's. I 'lowed Marigold would like 'em. An' these other bundles," cutting the strings from one after the other as rapidly as possible, "is full o' pretty rocks an' shells an' things. Long's I had all the money I wanted I 'lowed Marigold would like 'em better'n she would more gold"—

"And do you mean to say"—speaking the words slowly and menacingly—"that you brought all this stuff from Alaska when you might have brought gold?"

"Why, of course," wonderingly. "I didn't need any more gold. The

Hunter place can be had for two hundred an' a four room house raised for two hundred more, an' a mule' an' ker-ridge an' cow an' all the rest bought for a hundred an' fifty. That'll leave a hundred an' fifty to put aside. Plenty enough, land knows. More'n any o' my fambly ever had afore."

The rumble of a wagon could be heard coming through the woods, and a baffled, vindictive gleam came into the men's eyes. For a moment they glared at Georgia as though debating the question of a quick and signal revenge. Then the rumble grew louder, and they suddenly sprang to the ground and disappeared in the woods. When a wagon came noisily round a bend in the road Georgia was just emerging from the bushes with his belt and money. The money he slipped into his pocket, the belt he rebuckled around his waist.

"Howdy, Peke!" he called cheerily as the driver of the wagon approached near enough for recognition. "How air ye? How's the folks?"

"Hey, that you?" in mild surprise from the wagon. "When'd ye come? Oh, I'm toler'ble, an' the folkses air all well."

"An' Marigold?"

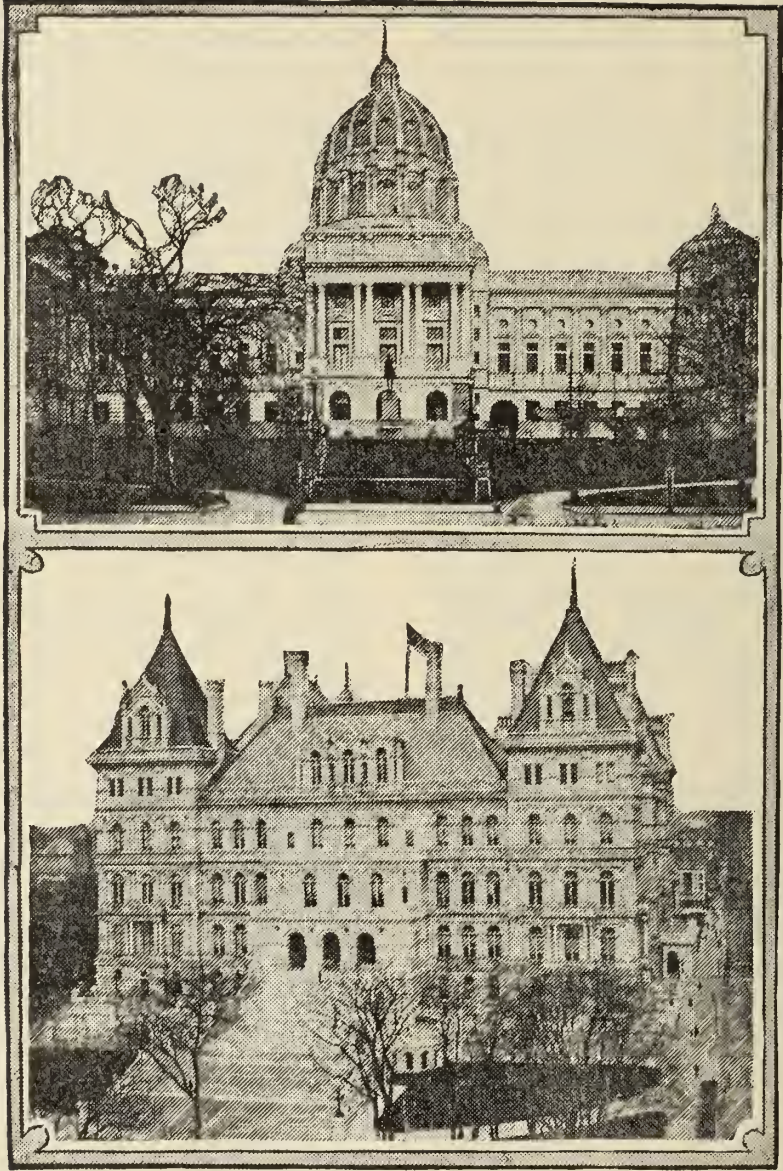
Peke grinned.

"Marigold's well too. Ast 'bout ye t'other dav."

(Georgia sprang into his carriage and cracked his whip.)

"See ye ag'in, Peke. Hain't no time to fool now. G'lang there, you old plug, you!"

The two vehicles moved apart, and the foliage closed in between them, and soon nothing could be heard but the decreasing rumble of a wagon in one direction and the impatient, softening cracks of a whip in the other.



PENNSYLVANIA AND NEW YORK CAPITOLS, WHICH CAUSED GRAFT SCANDALS.

The two most populous states in the Union, New York and Pennsylvania, have built new capitols within recent years, and charges of astounding graft have followed the dedication of each. The Pennsylvania capitol at Harrisburg, completed last year, is the latest. It is alleged that millions of dollars were stolen in the construction of this building. A rigid investigation is being made. The New York capitol at Albany, completed a few years ago, is said to have cost the state \$20,000,000, but there are plenty of contractors who would like to duplicate it for half the money.

IN THE REALM OF FASHION.

Modish Fads and Fancies Noticeable in Late Models.

"Early Victorian" is the phrase the fashionable modiste uses to describe the melange that makes up present modes. That phrase as well as another fits the situation, but does not give credit to the Japanese motifs, which



A GRACEFUL FRENCH MODEL.

are so evident in the fashions of the hour. The seamless sleeve of the kimono rules, and nine wraps out of every ten suggest the kingdom of Nippon.

Embroideries also have caught the Japanese swing in design and treatment, which is an excellent thing, for in this field the clever orientals are artists hard to equal.

Whether the wrap worn with one's new costume is evolved from a kimono or takes the form of a fichu or pelerine or some other truly Victorian

shape, it is apt to differ in material from the rest of the costume in texture, though matching it in color.

Often the trimmings of the gown built of silk, wool or cotton voile will be made of taffeta silk.

In this case the third piece is apt to be a chic little wrap of the same silk, and more often than not it is decorated with embroideries which consist of a good deal of fancy braiding, combined with a few telling stitches.

Foulards are heralded as having once more regained their place in the "smart set" of dress materials and promise to run the rough, woven pongees very close as materials for summer tailor makes.

Either silk is excellent for hard wear.



SHORT WAISTED EFFECT.

and both are to be had in the cravenette finish, which makes them impervious to rain or dust.

The rough silks are fashionably trimmed with tartan plaids in taffeta, surah or louisine. The foulards have garnitures of linen, and cloth in fancy tailored bands and shaped empiècements. Not much lace is used as a rule for silk tailor makes, though occasionally one sees revers and cuffs of Irish lace or lingerie sets of linen with lace.

No material is too light or thin to be pressed into service for the fancy tailored suit. These are more often of voile than of heavier stuffs, and mousseline de soie makes the trimmings for these as well as for broadcloth and silk costumes.

Bands of mousseline braided with narrow soutache or the square mesh filet lace nets similarly braided or embroidered in darned work done in heavy worsted, chenille or silk are seen in many of the best of the newer models.

AMY VARNUM.

Snugness and Trigness Hall Marks of Wash Frocks.

A noticeable snugness and tightness is the hall mark of many of the smartest tub gowns. The skirts are simply treated, and their length widths are unbroken except for a band of needlework above the hem or a few tucks in a group. The top of the skirt is mounted with a slight gathering frontward, something more across the back, says a writer in Vogue. The bodice, while gathered, admits of no outward fullness, because the material is drawn into the figure lines so snugly and belted. A bolero of the same fabric, short and very close fitting, embraces the bust and gives an excellent effect upon the figure, simple as it is.

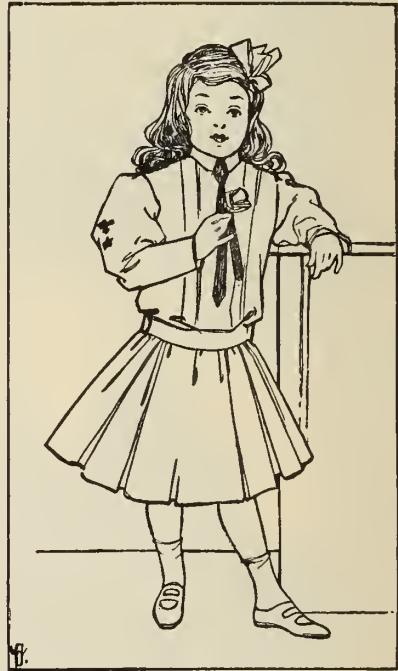
There is a tailor suggestion about all this, but the handiwork in finish takes away the severity somewhat, as the edge of the entire bolero is embroidered by hand. So are the high chemisette and stock and the turnover flat cuffs of the elbow sleeve. It requires little imagination to fancy how becoming such a gown may be with a bodice belted in with rose pink ribbon and a single pink rose of great beauty fastened to the corsage just where the bolero meets.

A straw hat, a cluster of roses and some tulle, fresh white gloves and shoes and a white embroidered parasol, coupled with youth and beauty, make as captivating a picture.

FOR THE SMALL GIRL.

Four-in-hand Ties Smart on Sailor Suits.

The little tailored linen and duck dresses in variations of the Russian blouse and sailor style to be worn by small girls this spring and summer display an added charm in the effective disposition of the colored collar, cuffs, belts or strappings in combination with



A STYLISH MODEL.

the white material of which the dress is made. Hand embroideries in blind effects are another feature of this type of dress, while the narrow, stiff linen collars to be worn with long and narrow four-in-hand ties are by far the smartest trimmings in the new season's models.

A New Skirt Hanger.

A skirt does not always keep its shape when an ordinary hanger is used, and so one ingenious woman has evolved the following simple arrangement for accommodating a considerable number of skirts in the smallest possible space.

First she screwed in a few inches from the back of the closet on each side a small brass hook such as is used in china closets.

The next step was to get a piece of

strong but slender cord long enough to extend across the closet from hook to hook.

On this cord she strung a dozen or more large safety pins by running the cord through the opening in the clasp of the pin.

She folds her skirts exactly in half, sticks the point of a pin through the waistband at back, front and halfway between these two points; then she fastens the safety pins, and her skirts hang in their natural folds, with little strain and away from the wall.

The pins slide freely up and down the cord, and skirts may be hung three deep and not get crushed or wrinkled.

Colored Linen Popular.

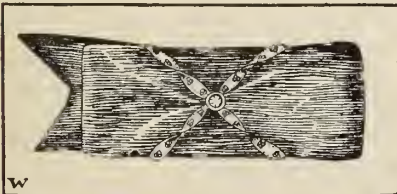
Predictions indicate that more colored linens than ever are to hold sway, and indeed the prophecy has everything in its favor for its ultimate materialization, for some of the smartest linen dresses that have been designed this season were in soft colors made on simple lines with no trimming save a few stitched straps and dashes of hand embroidery done with coarse white linen thread. A good many of these little frocks are made with separate guimpes or chemisettes with blouse and skirt attached by means of a fitted girdle.

The Jeweled Slides.

Together with several other attractive fashions that have been revived from those of our grandmothers' day is that of wearing a band of black velvet around the neck.

As usual, however, we go our grandmothers one better, and the becoming band of velvet is made still more fetching by the addition of a jeweled slide.

These slides are of various shapes, the one shown in the illustration being one of the simpler designs. In some the crosspieces are curved, while oth-



ers are so elaborately set with diamonds that they look quite like the one time popular sunburst.

With the single stone in the center, either a pearl or a diamond, the crosspieces of the slide are thickly set with

tiny stones, so that the setting is scarcely visible, and the effect is quite stunning.

Some of the slides have little clasps for joining the ribbon at the back of the neck. This consists of a single straight bar the same depth as that of the slide, set in the same design. As yet the slides are to be had only in the most expensive jewelry, as the fashion is too new a one for them to have been duplicated in cheaper stones.

Newest Leather Belts.

Wide soft belts are plaited into a slender long buckle at the back and, finished with a buckle in the front to correspond, are popular. Coral and topaz and amethyst and cameos are mounted on leather belts in dull shades, which make the best of all backgrounds for the shades in semiprecious stones.

Often the smartness of the belt depends upon the leather work rather than upon the buckle, and skins of different colors and different finish are combined with great success. Patent is effective with dull finished leather, and some of the prettiest of the new belts are made of soft black patent leather, with cutwork designs over dull white kid.

The best of these models is comparatively narrow at the back and widens into a deep dip at the front. Another patent leather belt has a line of gold leather let in along the middle of the belt, with a slender gold slide at the back and corresponding buckle in front. Another fashion is a belt of one leather run through with narrow strips and laces of contrasting leather. Altogether, the possessor of any pretty buckles or slides cannot do better than to work out her own belt to go in them, having it accurately fitted as to the distance of the holes, a thing next to impossible to get right in buying.

To Save Starch.

After using cold water starch, let what remains settle. Then pour off the water and allow the starch to dry. When dry, it can be replaced in the starch box for future use.

To Prevent Brass From Tarnishing.

Dissolve an ounce of shellac in a pint of methylated spirit. Cork the bottle tightly, and leave it till next day. Then pour off the clear liquid. Heat the brass slightly and paint the solution over it with a camel's hair brush.

THE INNOCENT BOY AND THE BANJO.

By M. QUAD.

Humpy Skinner was on his way home from school the other day, with his usual innocent look on his face, and he was passing a music store when the dealer came to the door and said:

"Sonny, you look to me like an innocent boy."

"Yes, sir, I am," was the reply.

"I think you are a boy that can be trusted."

"I know I am."

"Well, a man left a banjo here last week to be repaired. It's all ready to go home, but I have no one to send with it. If I should give it into your



"HELLO, BUB! THAT'S A QUEER KIND OF HATBOX."

hands and promise you a quarter for taking it to 232 Harrison street, I believe you would do the errand all right."

"I surely would, sir."

"Very well. You had better go up to Ninth street and take the crosstown car. Here is the banjo in its box, and when you return you shall have the quarter."

Humpy started off in the highest

spirits. He had gone only a block when he met that Thomas boy and was saluted with:

"Hello, Hump! What you got there?"

"A banjo."

"It hain't yours?"

"Nope. I'm taking it up on Harrison street for a music man."

"And he trusted you with a banjo, did he?"

"Yep. He said I looked innocent and honest."

"Well, I never! Say, Hump, I don't want to make you vain, but can you find anywhere in American history that George Washington was trusted with a banjo belonging to some one else? No, sir, you can't. You are going right up to the top as fast as you can go, and I predict that they'll have your picture in the papers in less 'n six months."

The boy and the banjo had gone a block farther when they encountered a street car conductor off duty and leaning up against a wall on the corner. He had had two or three drinks to keep the bears off and was feeling good.

"Hello, bub! That's a queer sort of hatbox!" he said as he reached out for Humpy.

"It hain't no hatbox; it's a banjo in there," was the reply.

"Is that so? Say, now, but I used to beat the band playing on a banjo. Once when I played to a crowd over a hundred strong men broke down and wept. I'll give you a tune."

"But you can't. The man told me not to open the case."

"Never mind what the man told you, sonny. I'm running this old car this trip. I'll have you dancing before I have played a dozen notes of 'Yankee Doodle.'"

Humpy protested and hung on to the box, but it would have been wrested from him except that a policeman saw the squabble from afar and came hastening up the street.

"Oh, well, he can go on with his old banjo," said the conductor as he released his hold on the box. "All I wanted was to play a few tunes and liven up the old town a bit, but I'll go inside and take two more drinks instead."

The officer told Humpy to hump himself along, and his command was obeyed. He reached Ninth street without further adventure and boarded a car, but he was scarcely seated when a woman beside him looked him over very sharply and said:

"Boy, did the conductor take notice of that box when you got on?"

"Yes'm. He asked me if I had a cat in it, and I told him no."

"I hope you didn't lie to him. I was on a street car once when a cat got out of a basket and clawed my face, and I have never got over the scare. If you are carrying a cat"—

"It's a banjo, ma'am," explained Humpy.

"I am glad to hear that, and I hope you haven't lied to me. The box may explode anyhow, and I wish you would go farther up the car. I was on a car once when a banjo or something else in a box exploded, and I had my eyeglasses blown off."

Humpy moved to the front of the car and sat down beside a man who had been nodding with sleep. The banjo box happened to hit his knee, and he aroused and looked around and demanded to know who had kicked him. Then his eyes fell upon Humpy and the box, and he said:

"Boy, I don't like it at all. I believe you are an anarchist and making ready to blow up this car."

"Banjos don't explode, do they?" asked Humpy, with a smile.

"A banjo, eh? And what are you doing with a banjo?"

"Taking it up to a man on Harrisou street."

"Um! It may be a banjo, and it may be an infernal machine. In these days we can't be too careful. A grocer asked me to open a can of chicken the other day, but I was too sharp for him. When another fellow tried it, it exploded and blew his arm off. We will look at that supposed banjo."

"But I was told not to open the box," protested Humpy.

"Makes no difference, sonny. As a freeborn American citizen I've got a right to know whether I'm riding with dynamite or musical instruments. Open 'em!"

"I shan't do it. It's a banjo, and you can believe me or not."

"The plot thickens," whispered the man as he assumed a knowing look. And of a sudden he grabbed the box and threw up the cover. Then an oldish man who had been reading a paper laid it aside and said:

"I don't know why you couldn't have taken the boy's word."

"I trust no one," replied the other. "Rockefeller, Rogers and the rest of us can't tell what minute we must confront danger. It seems to be a banjo, but is it one? Has it got dynamite concealed in its stomach? Are we about to be greeted with the strains of 'Old Dan Tucker,' or are we to be hurled into eternity without a moment's preparation?"

"You talk like a fool! Give the boy the box and stop fooling."

"Oh, I talk like a fool, do I? Say, now, you are an older man than I am, and you are baldheaded and bow legged, but you must apologize or there'll be a row here."

"You go to with your apologies!"

Then the two men rose up and began scrapping. Humpy tried to get the banjo box, but it went down on the floor between them and was stepped on. The conductor came running, two of the men passengers mixed in, and five or six women set up a screaming. The row was over in five minutes, and when Humpy could make out the banjo he saw only a few strings and splinters of wood.

"W-what am I going to do?" he asked of the conductor, who had had his nose skinned in the fracas.

"Was it your banjo?"

"No. I was taking it somewhere for a music dealer."

"My son, you look innocent and lamblike."

"And I am."

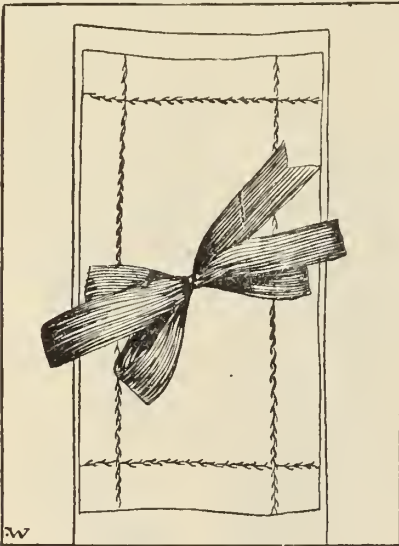
"There is no banjo; there is no box. As there is no banjo and no box, there can be no delivery. It isn't your fault. It is what they call an act of providence, and no one is responsible. Just drop off the car as easy as you can and take that innocent and lamblike face of yours home. If your dear mother wants to know why you are pale faced and shaky in the knees, tell her an auto cut off your coattails. See?"

FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hints for Beautifying the Home.

Among the pretty things popular with makers of fancy work this season are the lavender sachet and the hot water bottle cover illustrated herewith.

Linen is often used for this sachet, but mousseline de soie is considered a more appropriate material for the model, which is four inches wide and eight inches long. After making the cover, which is sewed all around, turn it inside out and outline a little pocket with featherstitch in red silk to hold the lavender. Finish it with red ribbon tied about the center and ending in a bow on top.



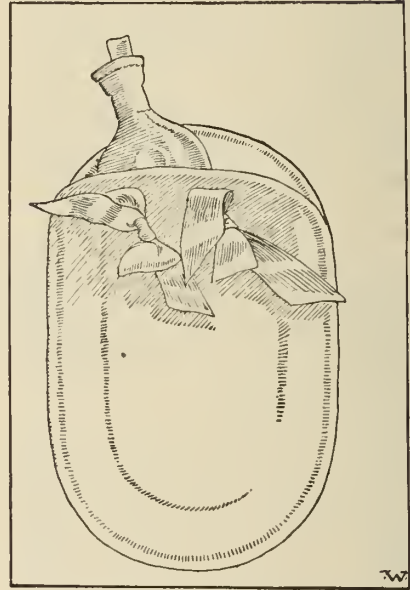
LAVENDER SACHET.

Letting Soap Dry Out.

The pet economy of a woman who is a splendid manager in every respect is getting soap by the box and spreading it out upon clean papers on the storeroom floor to dry out thoroughly. Some way the bars last a good deal longer.

Happiness For Children.

If you make children happy now, you will make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it—
Sydney Smith.



COVER FOR HOT WATER BOTTLE.

The cover of the bottle is made of light blue eiderdown flannel, but any attractive woolen goods will do as well. The prime requisite of this cover is that it must be considerably larger than the bottle, so that the latter can be easily slipped into it. The edge may be overcast or bound with some pretty wash ribbon that matches the material. The bag should never be more than half full of water, the heat of which is better retained by means of this soft cover than by the towel ordinarily used to wrap it in.

Use For Daily Papers.

The careful housewife has a use for everything, and the daily papers are by no means an inconsiderable factor toward insuring a clean kitchen. For instance, a supply of paper folded in eight and hung up over the kitchen sink will be found most convenient to slip under a hot kettle that has just been lifted from the stove, says Woman's Life. A store of full sized sheets should likewise be kept in the kitchen table drawer, so that there is always one handy to spread over the table if necessary during work, which can be afterward burned.

When Buying Bananas.

When you are buying bananas, never purchase the long, thin ones unless you want fruit which will pecker your mouth. No matter how well ripened these thin bananas are, they will always be found both sour and acid.

That is because the bunch containing them was picked too soon. The banana grows fastest at first in length. When it has reached its fullest development in that direction, it suddenly begins to swell and in a few days will double its girth.

At the same time very rotund bananas should be avoided, for many knowing vendors can produce this effect on the fruit by artificial means.

Vogue's Vagaries.

The 1906-07 woman has decided upon three vagaries for her tailored appearance. Her separate waists and boots, with colored tops and curved heels, are among them. The first named article may be a plaided silk waist of simple form and trimmings, or it may be made of fine linen modeled in shirt style, but frilled down its front with a fine lace edged, knife plaited double frill, with tiny yoke tucks hand run, giving breadth to the shoulders. To be de rigueur the seams must be hem-stitched, while the collar worn with it should be of stiffened linen, dicky style, heavily embroidered and tied with a tiny bow.

The dainty little sun hat can easily be made at home in a couple of even-



BABY'S SUN HAT.

ings. It is made of heavy white linen embroidered in scallops and dots. It will outwear several straw or swiss hats.

To Wash China Silk.

To wash black and fast colored china and taffeta silks pour a quart of household ammonia into a twelve quart pail of warm, not hot, water, in which suds have been made with castile soap. Wash the fadeless silks in this and rinse thoroughly in clear soft water. Before the material is quite dry smooth it on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron. A silk that is not fast colored cannot be wet without injury to the dye, but sometimes another color or a neutral tone that will be more artistic and satisfactory than the original tint may be produced by washing as above.

New Lamps For Old.

Almost every lamp needs boiling occasionally when the light burns dimly, and no attention to oil or wick will make any difference.

Take the lamp apart, remove the wick and then boil both burner and wick in hot water in which has been thrown some washing soda.

When every part has been thoroughly cleaned and as thoroughly dried, put in the wick, trim it, fill the lamp with oil and the light will be brilliant.

Amusement For the Tots.

However soon children tire of playing with toys, they always find endless amusement in making new playthings for themselves. The fabrication of paper dolls out of colored fashion plates is a work which will easily serve to pass away a wet afternoon in the nursery. The figures should be cut neatly round, pasted on to cardboard and this in turn cut out, so as to stiffen the figures, says *Woman's Life*. The arms and legs can be made to move if these are divided in the first instance, mounted separately on cardboard and attached to the dolls by means of small paper fasteners, the heads being treated in like manner.

Labor Saving Embroidery.

Odd new initials have just been invented, an ingenious way of getting an effect without having to do the work usually associated with that effect. These are letters—big or little affairs, depending upon what you want them to mark—already embroidered, ready to apply to towel or sheet or napkin. A few careful stitches set them firmly in place, and the tip ends are embroidered in a soft cotton, the same sort as the initials themselves are done with.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

Gleaned from the Fun Makers.

Diplomacy.

The late Thomas Nolan, a well known member of the bar of New York, was once retained as counsel for a poor widow named Mulcahy. She was suing a construction company for damages by reason of her husband's death resulting from injuries sustained in the company's service. The case had been frequently postponed, so that it was in a very disturbed state of mind that the widow sought the lawyer just before the suit came up for the eighth time.

In court the next day Nolan's rich brogue was more than usually fervid as he fought against the further adjournment of the case.

"I am sorry," said the justice presiding, "but, Mr. Nolan, your opponent has shown good cause for adjournment. The case will therefore go over till next week."

"Very well, sor," said the lawyer sweetly, "but might I ask wan personal favor of this court?"

"Certainly," replied the judge.

"Will your honor kindly shtep down to my office and tell Mrs. Mulcahy that you have again adjourned the case?"

Out of the Question.

"But," said Hammer, "if your wife treats you so badly, why don't you get a divorce from her?"

"Oh, gracious," replied Henpeck, "I wouldn't dare ask her for that! I'm sure she wouldn't give it to me."

Booming.

Broadstreet—How's your company getting on, old man—prospering?

Nassau—Prospering! My boy, the term is inadequate. Why, we're about to be indicted in thirty states!—Judge.

Before the Battle.

Mrs. Gasser—I was outspoken in my sentiments at the club this afternoon.

Mr. Gasser—I can't believe it! Who outspoken you, my dear?—Puck.

Some Difference.

"Did I understand you to say that my appearance has improved?"

"No; I said you looked more like yourself."—New York Life.

Too Wet.

The crew of a certain life saving station on the New England coast has had little to do of late because of the rarity of wrecks in that immediate vicinity. Nevertheless the crew had in the past frequently proved its bravery and efficiency.

The practice drills of the crew last summer drew much satirical comment from the people at the summer resorts near by, who looked upon such practice as an entertainment devised for their especial amusement.

One rainy day at the appointed time the crew failed to appear at practice. The summer boarders on the veranda of the hotel waited in vain for the exhibition which should vary the monotony of a dull day. Finally one of them went over to the quarters of the crew to learn the reason.

"Aren't you going to practice today?" asked he.

"Not today, sir."

"Why not?"

Then the brave life saver, hero of many rough seas in the past, made an explanatory gesture toward the sky and said:

"What, in this rain?"—Harper's

Rough on Reggy.

Reggy Sapp—Aw, I have tried everything else, and now I think I will try the mind cure. I wonder what I should do first?

Miss Tabasco—Get a mind.—Chicago News.

Going and Coming.

"The financial news says 'money is easler now.'"

"I guess that must mean it goes easier. I certainly haven't noticed that it comes that way."—Boston Transcript.

The Problem.

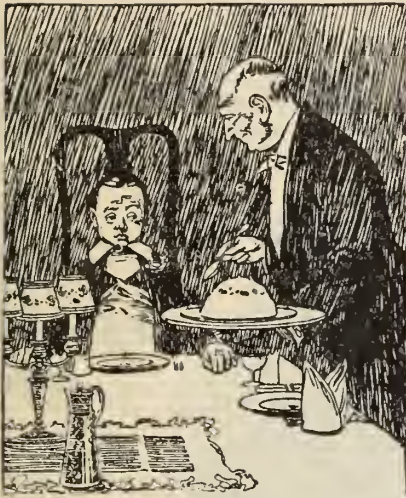
"Miss Smith has written a problem novel, hasn't she?"

"Yes."

"What is the problem?"

"How to make it sell."—New York Life.

Rejected.



Editor's Son (rejecting the proffered pudding)—Owing to unusual pressure on our space we regret being unable to entertain your proposal, while thanking you for letting us see it.—London Opinion.

Saxe and Holmes.

The poet John G. Saxe and Oliver Wendell Holmes were talking about brain fever, when Mr. Saxe remarked, "I once had a severe attack of brain fever myself." "How could you have brain fever?" asked Dr. Holmes, smiling: "It is only strong brains that have brain fever." "How did you find that out?" asked Saxe.

A Wall Street Chart.

You buy a hundred shares of stock
Your fortune fine to crown,
And with the most unerring aim
It goes right down.

You think to sell a hundred short
And drink of fortune's cup,
And with a most unseemly speed
It walks right up.

You plan to catch it either way,
A very knowing cuss,
And with amazing promptitude
It saws whip-thus.

No matter what you try to do,
You're certain to be caught;
Your margin once so big and fat
Will shrink to 0.

So He Doesn't.

If I meant what I said
When I happen to speak,
They would think me a freak
And not right in my head.
I'd be blamed to as great
Or a greater extent
And arouse as much hate
If I said what I meant.

If I said what I meant,
All my friends I would lose.
If that course I should choose,
I would surely repent.
I would have to be dumb
Or considered ill bred
By acquaintance and chum
If I meant what I said.

It is sad, I must say,
But it never would do.
Speech can never be true
In a literal way.
My approach you would dread;
That is quite evident,
If I meant what I said,
If I said what I meant.

—Chicago News.

The Club Joker.



Joker—Have you heard the story of the bed?

Victim—No.

Joker—There you lie!—Tatler.

Missed Her.

"How is your afternoon bridge club coming on?"

"Oh, very poorly. Dear Mrs. Gabbler has left us."

"But I thought she was an atrocious player?"

"Yes, she is. But, then, she always had so many delicious stories to tell about her neighbors."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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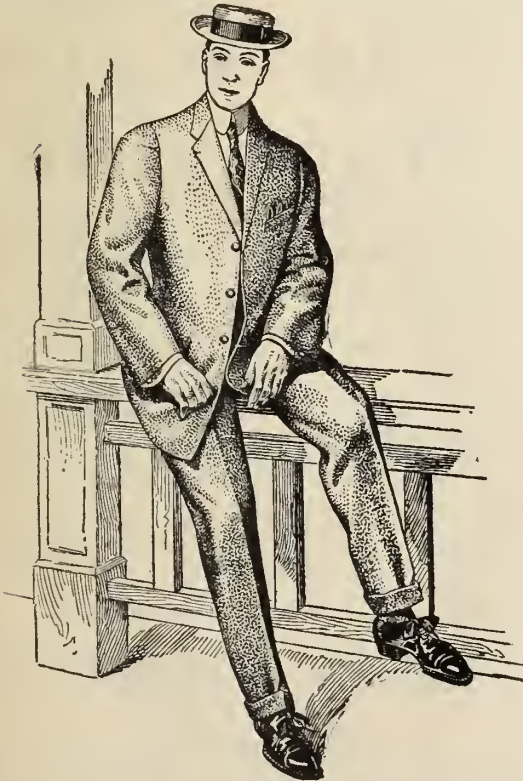
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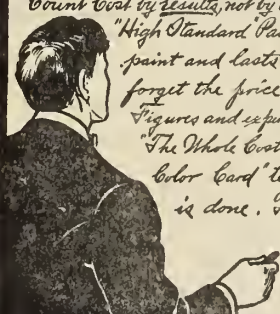
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