DICK RODNEY:

Or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

I looked keenly and cautiously about me on every side, but saw only the slender and countless stems of the tall bananas, whose broad leaves, as they spread under or over each other, interrupted the rays of the sun, and formed a shade that was pleasing and gloomy.

Now, when about to cross what seemed a hole or hollow in the jungle, by stepping from the strong tendril of one creeper to another, a naked arm and great human hand came up from amid the mass of leaves!

I was seized by the right foot, and in an instant found myself dragged down through the foliage and intertwisted plants—down—down—I knew not where; and before I had time or breath to cry or resist, I lay prostrate on my back in a hole—a lair under the matted jungle—with a man above me, his knees planted on my breast, his strong hands upon my bare throat, and his fierce wild eyes glaring like those of a hyena into mine.

Then, how terrible were my emotions on recognizing in the light that fell through the mass of foliage above, as through a vine-covered trellis—now overspread with hair, as beard and whiskers were all matted into a mass—the dark and ferocious face of Antonio, whom I believed to be drowned and lying at the bottom of the sea—Antonio el Cubano!

"Silenzio!" said he, in a low voice, like the hiss of a serpent in my ear; but the injunction was unnecessary, for so completely was I taken by surprise—so utterly at his mercy, and so destitute alike of breath or weapon—that resistance was impossible.

Perceiving that I was almost strangled he relaxed his fierce grasp a little, but still kept the sharply pricking point of his knife at my throat, as a hint to remain quiet.

It would be impossible for me to describe the emotions of my soul during this time, which seemed an eternity to me! Utter fear was one, for I thought the fellow had something supernatural—something truly demoniac about him; that he could neither be drowned nor destroyed; and I lay still in that dark hollow, panting in his fierce clutch without a thought of resistance.

Now I heard my name shouted repeatedly.

"Rodney—Mr. Rodney—Dick Rodney—where are you?"

It was Tom Lambourne and others, my companions, who had now attained the summit of the rock, and were scrambling over the jungle, and pushing between the stems of the bananas, searching for me, rather than for the first object of such mystery.

My disappearance alarmed them.

"Can he have gone adrift over the bluff," I heard Tom Lambourne say, "or is he only having a game with us by hiding himself?"

"Oh, yes!—that is it," replied Probart, the carpenter; "he can't have gone aloft into one of these bananas, for they are as clear of branches as a spare topmast; so let us sheer off to the mate, and Mr. Rodney will soon come down after us."

"Well, my lads, there are neither wild men nor wild beasts here," said Lambourne! "so we shall return back to Master Hislop, who is hanging in the wind half-way down, and then be off to the hut. We've earned a stiff glass of grog by this bout, anyhow."

My emotions became almost suffocating when I heard them turn away to descend and rejoin Hislop without me.

I saw and heard them pass and repass over us, the creepers of the jungle yielding their weight.

The leg and foot of one, named Henry Warren, came down through the green network of leaves and actually touched me.

I drew a long, gasping breath, and the atrocious Cubano, believing I was about to cry aloud, compressed my throat so tightly with his muscular hands, that a thousand lights seemed to flash before my eyes, and I must have become senseless for some minutes, as the next incident that dwells in my memory is seeing him sitting in a crouching attitude, with his elbows on his knees; his black-bearded chin resting in the hollow of his right hand, and with his knife—his murderous Albacete cuchillo—clenched in his white teeth, while he surveyed me with a strange and sardonic smile in his deeply-set black eyes, which glittered like those of a snake in the rays of sunlight that struggled through the woven roof of leaves about us.

I heard no more the voices of my shipmates. They were gone, and I was left alone and unarmed with this man or devil—as yet I knew not which he was; but I knew that if he had the will he had assuredly the power, to kill and leave me in his lair, or to cast me, a mangled heap, to the bottom of the cliff whereupon he lurked.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

It might have been about the hour of ten, and we were still loitering on the moonlit beach, when the cry of "A sail in sight!" made every heart leap wildly and with hope.

'Twas Tom Lambourne who spoke, but every eye caught the ship at once, and even those who had been dozing on the warm sand or within the hut were awake and on the beach in a moment, stretching their hands toward her with joy and exultation, but the aspect of the ship gradually changed all this into suspense and utter bewilderment.

She was a large, square-rigged vessel—a ship running close-hauled on the port-tack (to use a man-o'-war phrase), and with nearly all her canvas set.

She was about four miles off the reef at the entrance of the bay, and was bearing directly toward it. Her canvas glimmered like snow in the moonshine, and we could see the red lights of her cabin windows flash at times upon the sea astern, and the whiteness of her long flush deck, as she careened before the breeze.

Yet how was it, we all asked, that there was not a breath of wind with us?

"Perhaps she brings it with her," suggested Hislop.

"And how it came to pass that she appeared right in the offing and out side the bay all at once?" asked Tom Lambourne.

"She must have rounded the high bluff while we were all palavering," said Probart.

Nothing more was said for a time, but whether it was the effect of imagination or of an overstrained eyesight I know not, she seemed to melt as it were in the brightness of the moonshine—to become so indistinct that we could see the line of the horizon through her topsails; and next it seemed as if her hull, her spars and rigging were edged with bright prismatic hues.

It is impossible for me to describe the blank astonishment, or rather the intense consternation, of our men on the disappearance of this vessel, which was the object of so many hopes and wishes.

Some time elapsed before the poor fellows rallied sufficiently to speak on the subject; and meanwhile, there flashed upon my memory some strange and weird old Celtic tales, which a Highland boy at Eton was wont to tell us, of ships which in the days of Ossian traversed the steep hills and the salt lochs of Morven with equal facility.

"It is a ship—or rather the representation of a veritable ship—which cannot be far off the island, and is making for it at this moment," said Hislop, emphatically.

"How far do you think she is, sir?" asked Hugh Shute, mockingly.

"Perhaps twenty miles—perhaps a hundred—it is impossible to say."

So thoroughly were our companions scared by the recent spectral appearance, which they connected in some way with the dreadful character of Antonio el Cubano, that they at once commenced with alacrity the preparations for putting to sea.

It may be that somewhat of the professional restlessness of sailors confirmed their resolution.

They were already tired of their sojourn on the island, and, inspired by the desire of reaching Tristan da Cunha, which is inhabited by about eighty families of Portuguese, English and mulattoes, among whom Hislop assured them they might linger long enough before they were taken off by a passing ship—quite as long as if they remained on the Isle of Alphonso—and where for subsistence they would be forced to work as day laborers in the savannas and on the highways.

As for the island of Diego Alvarez, the Scotch mate seemed to know everything, assured them that it produced only moss and sea grass, and that if cast there they would die of starvation. Moreover, without chart or compass, how could they hope to steer with certainty in any direction?

They all might perish in detail by the most dreadful deaths in their open boat, gasping with unquenched thirst under the blaze of a tropical sun. He said much more; but they would listen to nothing save their own fears and restless impulses.

I, too, was weary of the island; and though feeling all the despondency that follows a severe disappointment on the disappearance of the illusory ship, I in no way shared the wild and ill-regulated wishes of the crew, though assured that I would be compelled to follow their desperate fortunes.

Hislop and I still lingered; so we were told peremptorily that if we did not come on board at once they would shove off without us. Thus compelled, we stepped in most reluctantly and seated ourselves in the stern, and he assumed the tiller. The oars were run through the rowlocks, and Lambourne was about to shove off, when Probart, who had the bow oar, suddenly remembered that he had left his hatchet near our wigwam, and asked me to get it.

I jumped ashore, and was proceeding along the beach for it, when suddenly I was confronted by Antonio, who from a thicket had been watching our operations and departure.

His tawney skin—for he was naked to the waist—his ferocious aspect, his head of matted hair, his colossal strength and atrocious character were not without a due effect upon the boat's crew at this crisis.

"Shove off—shove off!" I heard several voices cry in the boat; "there comes that dog of a Cubano."

I struggled with Antonio; but he laughed loudly, and drew his pistol with the air of one who would enforce obedience; besides, his eyes, which the tangled masses of his hair overhung, were flashing with malignant fire, as all the slumbering devil was roused within him.

The whole crew saw this, and I perceived that Marc Hislop made an attempt to rise up and spring overboard to my succor; but as all their hopes of reaching Tristan da Cunha depended entirely upon his skill and knowledge of navigation, he was seized by Warren, Chute and others, roughly thrust down in the stern sheets and forcibly held there.

I saw now that the fear and selfishness of the rest prevailed over all that Hislop, Lamborune and Carlton could urge; for, amid a storm of contending tongues, I perceived the oars dipping in the water again and again and flashing like silver blades in the moonlight as they were fathered; and the longboat, with all my companions, shot from the creek into the bay and bore away to seaward about two in the morning, leaving me on the beach alone—marooned with the fiendish Cubano.

Had not Antonio held me fast and menaced me with his pistol I would have sprang into the water, and, undeterred by the sharks that were forever gliding stealthily about the bay, would have swam after the boat; for, desperate though the fortune of those who were there, I would rather have shared it than live on the Island of Alphonso with such a companion.

His fierce, mocking laugh grated harshly in my ear, but I heeded him not, and continued to gaze after the boat and the lessening forms of those who had abandoned me, not without a fond and desperate hope that they would return for me. Every moment I expected to see her put about; but no! she held steadily on till hull and sail and crew were blended into one little dark spot, which ere long could scarcely be discerned on the moonlit morning sea.

Her course was trimmed northeast, for where they supposed the isle of Tristan da Cunha lay. She had caught a breeze and, before four o'clock in the morning, the last vestige of her had disappeared.

Still I did not entirely despair!

The idea of swimming to one of the adjacent isles occurred to me; but the straits between were full of foaming breakers and sharks; the rocks, moreover, were inaccessible, and wherever I might go Antonio could easily follow.

The sun was now setting beyond the sea, and the shadow of a great mountain was falling eastward over the island as we began to descend from the bluff where I had lingered so long by one of the narrow and winding tracks made through the gorse by the wild goats.

As it was alike dangerous and uncomfortable to sleep under the dews that descended after sunset, for two nights after the departure of the boat I was compelled to share the wigwam with Antonio, but did so with dread and loathing, and kept as far away from him as possible.

His dreams, which were full of oaths, ejaculations and frequently cries of "El aparicion! El espectro!" came on him as of old; and as sleep to me became an impossibility I resolved to leave him to his own devices. Certainly the island was large enough for us both.

Moreover he had become so sparing of his ten charges of powder that he would not fire a single shot at either bird or goat or wild boar. I have since believed that he saved them with the resolution of defending himself to the last, if Hislop ever returned to arrest him; and now, being lord and master of the whole island, and of me, too, he exhibited a new phase of character. He became too lazy to procure food, and forced me to find it for him, under threats of shooting me. Thus for two days after the departure of the boat, being totally incapable of catching one of the fleet goats alone, and being in no way disposed to encounter singly one of the wild boars, I had to climb the steep rocks above the breakers and steal the sea birds' eggs.

(To be continued.)

OLD YOUNG WOMEN.

Root of the Evil Is in Parental Indulgence.

One of the saddest features of present-day life is the condition of ennui in which even the very young women settle soon after their school days are finished, says the Philadelphia Times. At 18 or 19 they have been everywhere, seen everything, possessed whatever their desires have prompted, and just when life should be most filled with beautiful promises they are hopelessly stranded on the barren shores of indifference. The root of this evil is to be found in paternal indulgence. The American father and mother work hard, saving all they can, denying themselves luxuries and oftttimes necessaries as well, that their daughter may revel in that which they have never taken the time or the means to enjoy. From her earliest infancy the girl finds that her lightest wish is to be gratified if it is possible, regardless of the fact that what she desires may not be becoming to her age or to her condition of life. That she wants it is all that the parents consider, so that when the time comes that such gratification would have some significance she is past enjoying it. She has nothing to look forward to, she is surfeited, and should she marry, her husband will find this ennui the greatest bar to their domestic happiness. A little more denial in early youth, plain food, plain frocks, simple pleasures up to the time of her debut, should be the rule, when the delight of new sensations will more than compensate for the doing without that which has marked her pathway up to that time.

Her Parting Thrust.

In the course of a call at a very jolly place the other afternoon a girl was inspired to relate a good story. It met with such success that she was inspired to tell another, and yet another, all the other callers keeping up their appreciation—all the other callers but one, that is to say. The exception was a woman who looked as though she hoped her rigidity would be mistaken for humor, and who was evidently of very conservative notions. With visage grim and never a smile did she listen to the young woman's anecdotes, until it flashed through the latter's mind that she had somewhere heard that among the antediluvian races it wasn't considered good form for a woman to tell good stories. At last this woman rose to go. To everybody but the girl she bowed and said: "Very glad to have met you." To the girl she observed, and in precisely the tone she would have complimented a poodle for its parlor tricks: "I've enjoyed your stories so much."—New York Evening Sun.

Teach Your Children to Play Alone.

I believe that every child should be encouraged, if not required, to play alone during some part of the day. Any close observer of children will note an unexplained tendency to silliness when a number of them are at play together. There are likewise dangers in an oversupply of adult society. Children are more influenced by indirect suggestion than we are apt to realize, and we may know them too closely, and thus affect unfavorably their will power and their independent development.—Elaine Goodale Eastman in the May Woman's Home Companion.

Korea is just about the size of the island of Great Britain, being 600 miles long and from 120 to 200 miles wide.

WELL WORTH A VISIT

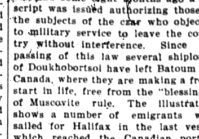
TOURISTS WHO STAY IN HOLLAND MAKE A MISTAKE.

A Most Interesting Nation—Its Social Life, Domestic Habits and Manners and Political and Religious Views—Dutch Ladies.

(Special Letter.)

The small country that lies east of England, just a hundred miles across the sea from Essex or Suffolk shores to its line of low sand hills between the outlets of the Scheldt, the Maas and the Rhine, stretching thence north along the coast of a peninsula to the huge rampart dykes of the Helder, is worth a visit. But tourists who spend the time there wholly in three or four notable cities, The Hague and Amsterdam, perhaps omitting Leyden and Haarlem, which lie between, and Utrecht, which has no famous picture gallery, but is a place of much historical interest, fail to get well acquainted with Holland or with the Dutch people. They see how a Dutch town is built, surrounded and intersected by canals or branches of a river, planted with long lines of trees, provided with a town hall and several churches, usually of brick with carved stone facings; the more ancient and romantic Gothic edifices have gone—in the seats of former Catholic bishoprics and in the "Sticht," or diocese of Utrecht, in North Brabant, and other inland provinces. This country is far less rich than Belgium and Flanders are in architectural monuments of high artistic or antiquarian interest. The Dutch school of painters, indeed, is all that Holland can show of its own that claims great renown in the way of fine art. Elegance or grace of design or style is not a Dutch characteristic and the mere dilettante taste, after looking at the notable collections at the Muritshuis, the Rijksmuseum and one or two others, with merited approval, can find little else for that sort of gratification.

Nor does the modern sentimental or aesthetic delight in rare, wild and mighty aspects of natural scenery obtain anywhere in the northern Netherlands that recompense for a very easy journey such as one gets in many parts of England, Scotland and Wales. The atmosphere and light are finer than ours, especially favorable to views of the sea; but Dutch coasts are mere rolling sand; there are no rocks or cliffs or wild forests of torrents or mountains in that whole country. Grand, wide rivers, vast meadow plains, woods, groves and plantations, gardens and parks in exquisite keeping, there certainly are. But in general it is rather as the home and field of a most interesting nation, probably more closely akin and congenial to the English than any other in Europe, that Holland seems most attractive to us. Its social life, domestic habits and manners, political and religious views, past associations with our ancestors in great struggles for liberty and in almost every department of intellectual and industrial activity, bind that nation and ours together with links of sympathy more intimate than we can own toward France, Germany or Italy, though we owe much to early French or Norman civilization.



A FISHER CHILD OF HOLLAND.

I have not met with any book in which such information is presented to English readers more accurately, or with greater judgment, care and candor, in a fair and friendly spirit, but not running into sanguine enthusiasm.

Without dwelling upon his clear description of the unique physical geography of Holland and Zealand, with their labyrinth of river outlets and sea inlets, so often delineated by other writers, it is enough to say that his chapter on "The Fight With the Waters" alone deserves an attentive reading, as a good account of the vast and costly work yearly performed by the government, seconded by local authorities, to defend the land and its towns from inundation. The great draining operations which have been successfully executed at the Haarlem lake and in the Y district and in the Beemster and Purmer levels, as well as the projected reclamation of a large part of the area of the Zuyder Zee, are sufficiently explained. Agriculture, pastoral and dairy business, fisheries and trades, the government and laws, churches and schools and everyihing of practical importance, find due place in this book.

It is needless to add that the virtues and accomplishments of the Dutch ladies, to which even I beg permission to testify, are not overlooked; they are, indeed, just as good and amiable as Englishwomen, and they are taught in their schools to speak English well and to read our English books, preferring them to French or German. The volume is furnished with over eighty plates of small drawings or sketches by Dutch artists, two of which are here reproduced—those of the dumpy daughter of a fisherman of Scheveningen and the woman selling apples at a street corner in Amsterdam.

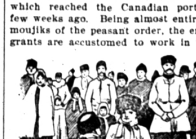
No Object.

"No, my dear, we have suffered long enough from these home-made paintings by your aunt. I positively object to your hanging that daub." "But, it is so beautifully framed." "That was all well enough some time ago, but frames are so ridiculously cheap now that it's no object."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

RUSSIANS IN CANADA.

Among the small proportion of Russian subjects whose education enables them to think for themselves is a number of individuals who, from an intense dislike to the taking of life, consistently refuse to bear arms. This peculiarity is inconvenient in a country like Holy Russia, in which every male is compelled to serve 22 years in the army, and as the refusal in question has always been persevered in, and as, moreover, the number of these eccentric people tended to increase, it became necessary to deal with them by legal process. Accordingly, all Doukhobortsoi (for such is the name by which these peace-lovers are known) were sent off to Siberia.

Among the reforms introduced by Nicholas II. was a rescinding of the existing order against the Doukhobortsoi, and some eight months ago a rescript was issued authorizing those of the subjects of the czar who objected to military service to leave the country without any interference. Since the passing of this law several shiploads of Doukhobortsoi have left Batoum for Canada, where they are making a fresh start in life, free from the "blessings" of Muscovite rule. The illustration shows a number of emigrants who sailed for Halifax in the last vessel which reached the Canadian port a few weeks ago. Being almost entirely moujiks of the peasant order, the emigrants are accustomed to work in the fields, and as soon as they become educated to the use of modern methods of agriculture, they will doubtless develop into useful citizens.



RUSSIAN DOUKHOBORTSOI.

The existence of such a system of emigration from Russia, among a people whose only offense is a hatred of the horrors of war, comes as an eloquent comment on the peaceful protestations of the Russian czar. It would appear, if the Doukhobortso' may be taken as a criterion, that the only Russians who are honest believers in the efficacy of peace as a factor in the development of an undeveloped empire are rapidly being forced to quit the country.

BABY MILLIONAIRES.

Little Ones Who Will Have Great Fortunes.

There are many little people in the world who will have, as long as they live, their weight in gold every day. In the great Goelet mansion in New York is one little Vanderbilt baby and another one in a grand palace in England. Every day these wealthy little ones ride in the parks in a fine carriage, with a coachman and footman, and every night they go to sleep in beds of lace and down. The fortunes of these little ones of these babies is nearly $50,000,000, or many times their weight in diamonds. The one in England may also be a prince one day, and he is already a marquis and several other things he doesn't know or care about just yet. Then there are the children of the czar of Russia, who will have a great deal of money, and many others. But they will not all be happy, for riches do not make happiness, and some day perhaps any one of these little ones, who today do not know much besides being hungry or sleepy, will wish they could trade places with a healthy, cheerful man or woman with their own way to make in the world.

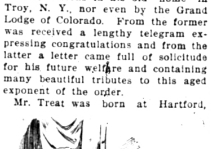
OLDEST MASON IN THE WORLD.

Surrounded by three generations of children, Mr. Adna Adams Treat on April 8 celebrated his one hundred and second birthday anniversary. Besides the distinction of being the patriarch of Denver, Col., he is conceded to be the oldest living Master Mason in the United States, and probably in the world. Old as he is, his mind is clear and events which stirred the nation three-score years ago are as bright in his memory as those of yesterday.

All day he received the many friends who called upon him in his room at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. N. G. Burnham, No. 1537 California street.

Mr. Adams was not forgotten by his brother Masons in his native home in Troy, N. Y., nor even by the Grand Lodge of Colorado. From the former was received a lengthy telegram expressing congratulations and from the latter a letter came full of solicitude for his future welfare and containing many beautiful tributes to this aged exponent of the order.

Mr. Treat was born at Hartford, Conn., April 8, 1897, and later moved to Troy, N. Y., where he engaged in the business of a picture frame gilder and looking glass merchant. In 1825 he wedded Miss Jane Rellay of that place, to whom three sons and four daughters were born. Later he moved to Ohio, where he continued in active business for a number of years. Ten years ago he took up his residence in Denver, and has since made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Burnham.



MR. ADNA ADAMS.

Hawaii has 4,886 Mormons, of whom 4,368 are natives of the islands.

HIS NEW PURCHASE.

For ten years Hugh Markleman had been a wanderer upon the face of the earth. Financially speaking he had been successful, but for all that period of time he had been literally homeless. Now he was proceeding to a home of his own.

"The first road to the left beyond the bridge," mused Mr. Markleman to himself, "and the first house you come to is the one. The directions are plain enough, I am sure."

He paused half hesitatingly in front of a low wicket gate, hanging by one hinge, from which a shrub-grown path wound up through untrimmed woods to a one-story dwelling.

"Nonsense!" he muttered to himself; "it can't be that shed of a place. A desirable cottage," was what Gibbs said, 'situated in the midst of charming grounds.' And, by Jupiter, this is the spot."

He swung open the gilded iron gate of a pretty little inclosure, where the graveled paths shone in the twilight, and evergreens skirted the path like tall old monks wrapped in green serge cloaks. The cottage beyond—a low-eaved, picturesque affair, with verandas on every side—exactly met his preconceived ideas of the "desirable country residence" painted in such glowing terms by "Mosses Gibbs, Esq., real estate and insurance agent."

His countenance expanded into broad smiles as he pushed open the door and entered a pretty room on the left of the main entrance hall, while a glowing fire cast ruddy reflections through the whole room, and a cushioned armchair stood close to the velvet rug.

"Gibbs told me there was some furniture in the house, and an old woman left in charge," thought Markleman, sitting down in the easy chair and expanding his chilled fingers to the cheery blaze; "but I hadn't any idea of such snug quarters as this."

As Mr. Markleman sat there, basking in the warmth and coziness of the scene, the door of the adjoining room opened and two ladies came in, their faces glowing with the frosty air.

"Why, Lizzie!" cried the shorter one, stopping suddenly in the act of laying her hood on the table, "there is some one in the parlor!"

"Nonsense!" said Lizzie, who, although she had seen eight or nine and 20, was exceedingly fair to look upon. "The cat and the crickets may be there, but who on earth besides?"

"But I tell you I saw him," said Sue, gripping her cousin's arm with a sort of nervous terror. "A great big, tall man in your easy chair, sitting staring at the fire."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Lizzie. And she marched courageously into the room where sat our hero.

Mr. Markleman stared equally hard at her. Mr. Moses Gibbs, real estate and insurance agent, had mentioned an old woman. His ideas of old age must have been singular in the extreme. But he recovered his self-possession almost immediately.

"I SUPPOSE YOU'RE MARY ANN."

"No sir," said Miss Wyman, still sorely puzzled. "I'm Lizzie."

"O, Lizzie, eh? Well, it's just the same. I dare say you didn't expect me just yet?"

"No, sir, I certainly did not," said Lizzie, beginning to wonder whether or not she was dreaming.

"Things look nice and comfortable here, Lizzie, my girl, and now the best thing you can do will be to toss me a little bit of supper—sausages or broiled ham, or something of that sort, and be quick about it, for I am half famished. And, Lizzie, you might send the other girl out for any little trifle you want in the culinary department. Of course, though," he added, as he drew out a bill and extended it, with a courtly fashion, toward the astonished damsel, "I shan't expect to keep two girls as a regular thing, although I must hunt up a man to take care of the horses. Now run along and make haste."

Lizzie Wyman retreated back upon Sue Baring with the money in her hand, scarlet with suppressed mirth.

"Sue," she cried, the instant the door was safely closed, "I see it all!"

"The man is an escaped lunatic, isn't he? Dear, dear, we shall all be murdered" cried Sue, growing hysterical.

"Nothing of the sort!" said Lizzie, energetically. "He has only made a dreadful blunder. Can't you see. Sue, it's the old bachelor who has taken the place next door?"

"O!" aspirated Sue, with the sparkles of amusement beginning to come into her eyes.

"But, Lizzie, what are you going to do?"

"To cook him the best supper I can, and afterward explain to him his mistake in the politest manner possible. Poor fellow, he is rather handsome, I think."

And the two girls bustled about with skillet, gridiron, and coffee strainer, while Mr. Markleman sat viewing the fire and wondering what Gibbs could possibly have meant by talking about "an old woman!"

"Why, she has got cheeks like peaches, and hair as thick and brown and glossy as my own!" he told himself. "Old, indeed! It won't be such bad fun to have a servant girl like that flitting about the house. She ought to have extra wages on account of her good looks."

Afterward he found himself seated before a table whereupon was spread a rich repast.

And he straightaway proceeded to do the best of practical justice to it. Lizzie Wyman composedly watched him the while.

"A nice supper, Lizzie!" said Mr. Markleman, unfolding his napkin, and placing it on the table, as he drew out a cigar from his pocket case.

"I'm glad you liked it, sir," said Lizzie, smiling, "and I hope that when you become my neighbor at Laurel cottage you will often drop in to such another."

"Eh!" cried Mr. Markleman, starting back. "Ain't this Laurel cottage? Am I not in my own house?"

"No, sir," Miss Wyman answered demurely, "you are in my house, and I am Elizabeth Wyman, your future neighbor; happy to perhaps your acquaintance, even after this rather unusual fashion."

"I—I beg your pardon, Miss Wyman," he gasped, turning scarlet and losing his breath. "I don't see how I ever came to make such a ridiculous mistake! What a donkey you must have taken me for!"

"I'll go," he uttered, making a dive toward his hat, and dropping the unsmoked cigar on the floor, with a countenance of such misery that Lizzie's womanly pity came to the rescue.

"You will do no such thing, Mr. Markleman," she said. "My brother will be here presently, and you shall stay and spend the evening at your own mistake."

So Mr. Markleman staid until Tom Wyman came home from the city on the evening train; and, as he afterward said, he never spent a pleasanter evening in his life!"—New York Daily News.

FOR POSTERITY.

Why One Woman's Face Wore a Look of Severe.

It was an impromptu little gathering of women, and before they had been seated long together the conversation turned to the subject of expansion, says the Detroit Free Press. Women do not vote, but they discuss politics just the same. The general trend of sentiment was against the taking of the Philippines. "It seems too bad," said one, "that so many of our young men have to be sacrificed just for the sake of adding a little more to our possessions." "Yes, but think what a fine thing it will be for posterity!" exclaimed the only enthusiastic expansionist in the group. There was a note of coldness in the thought that chilled the little group. The woman's eyes flashed, and her head held haughtily back as though braced up by the pride of exceptional patriotism. But her eyes soon lowered, and a deep crimson flush spread over her face. No one said a word, but the beautiful pale face of another woman looked scrutinizing at her. She had lost her only son—"for posterity's sake."

Money in Abyssinia.

The few travelers who have taken the time and trouble to look into Menelick's queer kingdom of Abyssinia tell strange tales of it. Besides the Maria Theresa, 1750 dollars, the people of Abyssinia, for small change, use a bar of hard, crystalline salt, about ten inches long and two inches and a half broad and thick, slightly tapering toward the end, five of which go to the dollar at the capital. People are very particular about the standard fineness of the currency. It is not ring like metal, or if it is at all clipped, nothing will induce them to take it. Then, it is a token of affection among the natives, when friends meet, to give each other a lick of their respective amblis, and in this way the material value of the bars also decreased. For stiff small change cartridges are used, of which three go to one salt. It does not matter what sort they are. Some sharpers use their cartridges in the ordinary way, and then put in some dust and a dummy bullet to make up the difference or else they take out the powder and put in salt, which is so that possibly in the next action the unhappy seller will find that he has only miss-fires in his belt, but this is such a common fraud that no one takes any notice of it, and a bad cartridge seems to serve as readily as a good one.—Philadelphia Press.

About an Even Thing.

A well-known member of the Detroit bar tells the Free Press this story: "Some years ago I attended a session of the circuit court up in the state. A young man was there for the defendant, and it so happened that the judge was very much opposed to divorces, especially those which were unopposed. After the attorney for the complainant, in this case announced himself as ready to proceed, the judge asked if anyone appeared for the defendant. There was silence for a moment, and the judge repeated the question. At one end of the lawyer's table sat an attorney who had acquired the liquor habit and who was, at the time, considerably under the influence of stimulants. He was evidently struggling to get on his feet, and, on observing him, the judge seized the opportunity and asked: 'Do you appear for the defendant, Mr. Blank?' 'No, your honor, I merely rose to remark as "friend of the court" that Mr. Brother Double-blank as attorney for the complainant and no one on the other side, it was about an even thing.' Then Blank resumed his seat, while the whole court roared with laughter."

He Failed It.

Because of an inquisitive turn of mind, Sub-Policeman John Atkinson, of the twenty-second district, yesterday had his new summer uniform thoroughly drenched. Atkinson was stationed near the Undine boathouse, along the Schuylkill river. Prior to the arrival of the parade he became very much interested in the boats and fixtures in the clubhouse. Finally he came to a sign posted on the wall which read: "Pull the rope and see the monkey jump." Atkinson gave the rope a jerk and then proceeded to do the jumping. He had pulled the rope attached to the shower bath.—Philadelphia Record.

It is estimated that England's stock of coal will last 200 years longer, and North America's 600 years.