

THE PLAIN DEALER.

VOLUME IX. NO. 3.

DETROIT, MICH., JUNE 5, 1891.

WHOLE NO. 420.

BENNETT SEMINARY.

IN GREENSBORO THE FORMER HOME OF JUDGE TOURGEE.

A Comparatively Young Institution—Its Location and Surroundings—President Grandison and his Able Assistants—One of the Happiest Ideas.

Special Correspondence.

Raleigh N. C. May 5.—An eighty mile ride brings you from Raleigh to Greensboro. If you are alone it will be a tedious journey but if as the Plaindealer correspondent, you are in so genial and jovial companionship as that of Prof. J. C. Price, you will rather regret when the train whistles for your station. But whatever your previous feelings, when you learn that you are in the home of Judge Tourgee and that you will visit the parlor in which the "Fool's Errand" was written you are aglow all over with expectations. Judge Tourgee now makes his home in Maysville, N. Y., but in those early days "that tried men's souls," Albion W. Tourgee made his home here and was Circuit Judge of the United States. The old homestead which he then occupied is still preserved in tact and, strange to say, is owned and occupied by Col. R. M. Douglass of state sovereignty fame.

The grand old oak trees scattered promiscuously in a large smooth yard, with evergreens, roses, and honeysuckles, surrounding their bases, furnish an ideal place for comfort. The large dwelling and barns, with no evidence of having been altered since the By-stander sold them casts over you a feeling of sacredness, and you inadvertently pause and soliloquize that "in the evolution of human freedom, justice and equality how refreshing to contemplate so noble and sacrificing an instrument."

Bennett Seminary.

Greensboro would be worthy of small attention if it based all its claims on considerations of the past,—the dark days of reconstruction. But in answer to the cries from the blood of thousands of Afro-Americans spilt in those times by klanx mobs, and villains there has arisen from the debris of overthrown justice not the phoenix of classical mythology but the greatest instrument for furnishing power to man,—an institution for educating and christianizing youth. Bennett Seminary is a comparatively young institution. Founded in 1873, by the Freedman's Aid and Southern Education society of the Methodist Episcopal church, it is but one of forty-three institutions of high grade furnished, founded and sustained by the same organs and furnishes its quota of the more than eight thousand students who attend these schools annually.

The principal building of Bennett Seminary is a handsome four story brick with stone trimmings and trestle roof. About fifty acres surrounds this building, much of which is used for horticulture. The front campus, however, is studded with a beautiful grove of oak trees.

Class Work.

President Grandison is the only Afro-American who is honored, or has ever been honored, with the presidency of a chartered institution under the Methodist Episcopal jurisdiction and he is certainly worthy the proud distinction which he enjoys. Surrounding himself with such able material as Professors C. H. Moore, a graduate of Amherst college, J. P. Morris, J. D. Chavis, and others, and supported by Mrs. Susan Grandison, a graduate of Iowa Wesleyan University, as his wife, President Grandison is doing work with unusual success. All teachers excepting those in Kent Home are Afro-Americans and they may well be proud of their work. Every available dormitory is occupied and there has been a general overcrowding of students during the year. At this time many have gone home or to fields of summer work but among those remaining are faces that show enthusiasm, pluck and energy.

In a recitation of Cicero's Orations, conducted by Prof. Moore, there was an adeptness shown that proved the students were getting the mental discipline rather than a parrot translation so often substituted. The class was using the Roman method of pronunciation and the broad a's, rigid i's and difficult v's gave the students considerable annoyance. While the recitations were not very brilliant there was a spirit of deep-seated earnestness and an appearance of having burnt "midnight oil." When a student has been put in such a condition by a school he will take care of the rest. Prof. J. P. Morris held the most brilliant recitations of any others visited. His delight is in mathematics and he has inspired his pupils with the same spirit. The rapidity with which the students explain by analysis, synthesis or blackboard demonstration the difficult problems of the text book show that work has been done well.

One of the most important studies in Bennett, as well as in all the other schools, is that of language. The Afro-American suffers terribly by reason of the log cabin dialect with which he enters school. To develop him from a rudimentary use of English to a tolerable degree of excellence in the use of words is often a trying task. While hundreds of educators recognize this fact very few have the tact or

talent, or courage, whichever you may call it, to meet this want. President Grandison seems to thoroughly appreciate the cause and under his own instruction drills pupils in grammar, rhetoric, reading, etc., and they show a good degree of improvement over the average pupils of their grade. Some of the more ambitious have essayed to teach girls and young ladies how to make a perfect christian home.

The other classes under Mrs. Grandison and Miss Walker were progressing nicely but all showed the effects of thinning out and more or less of spring "let up."

The Kent Home.

One of the happiest ideas about Bennett is the Kent Home. This is a handsome cottage which was erected by the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal church "to teach girls and young ladies how to make a perfect christian home." The Plaindealer correspondent was shown each girl's room as well as the reception room, dining room, kitchen, pantry and even wood house, and he hereby asserts that no tidier, neater, or cleaner home was it ever his privilege to be in than the Kent Home. If, as all right minded people agree, the establishment of real homes is a sine qua non in the advancement of the Afro-American we must all rejoice at the noble work these ladies are doing. One of the graduates of this home was Miss Emma Unthank now Mrs. Prof. Goler. It was my pleasure to be in her home and an account of this visit will appear from the next station.

T. J. Calloway.

NORTHERN BAPTISTS.

Important Work Among Southern Afro-Americans.

While the general assembly of the Presbyterian church was in session in Detroit, the Northern Baptists were holding their anniversary meetings in Cincinnati. Many Afro-American Baptist divines were present and took part in the proceedings. Among them were the Rev. Chas. H. Parish, A. M., of Kentucky; Dr. S. I. Clanton, D. D., Louisiana; J. M. Riddle, of West Virginia and Rev. Booth, of Alabama, and Rev. E. H. McDonald, of Detroit. The report of Mr. Booth showed that the work among Afro-American Baptists of his state had grown from three churches at the close of the war to 700 churches, forty associations and state universities and had less than 100,000 members with property estimated at \$300,000. Reports from the other states were equally encouraging.

A speech delivered by the Rev. C. H. Parish before the meeting of the American Baptist Publication society upon the "Bible and Colored Race," says the Christian Herald, carried the audience with a cyclone of delight. He said:

I do not know what key you desire me to strike, but I have decided to run the scale. The Bible is the most wonderful book in the world. The colored race is the most remarkable race in the world. I was born a slave and knew not of the Bible until instructed by the Baptists. I have not only felt the lash, but I have been made to feel the inferiority of the colored people. Our ancestral greatness which rests in the Egyptians, they have given to another, and tauntingly informed us we belonged to another class, and are merely hewers of wood and drawers of water.

When the Almighty gives us history, he gives us truth. Few men would want their history written if the Almighty wrote it.

Now, history, if you study it carefully, will tell you that Adam was a colored man, and if you dive a little deeper some people might assume to claim that the forbidden fruit was a watermelon. You find all through the Bible names and traces of the Hamite. His history is the history of Africa and the Bible. The first history written after the flood was by a colored man, Nimrod. He was a mighty hunter, a mighty hunter, and became a hunter of men. You have written of Canaan, and who was Canaan but the son of Ham? The colored men built the first cities, and Jeremiah 1:23 reads: "Can the Ethiopian change his color?" This indicates that the Egyptians and the Ethiopians were colored men, and we are their lineal descendants.

Job was a Hamite, a colored man. That's why he was patient. Joseph was second to a colored prince in Egypt and married the daughter of a colored priest. Moses was born in the land of my forefathers. He was the adopted son of a colored princess, Pharaoh's daughter.

Moses' brother and sister, when in the wilderness, seemingly complained because he married for the third time a colored woman, an Egyptian, and complained further when she was stricken with leprosy. The Bible from one end to the other is a complete history of the colored race. View the colored man in the light of the Bible; you will find that for centuries he was the leader among races and then afterwards was turned out to be booted and cuffed by their own descendants without a dollar in their pockets.

The colored people's taxable property has grown to be about \$150,000,000, in the last thirty years. The christian who slights me because of my color, is disorderly, to say the least. We do not seek to be your equals, but we demand our civil rights as American citizens. By the precedents of our antecedents, according to the way society bridges things today, and because of the great christian pedigree of our forefathers, we should be classed in the line of your superiors.

Second Chronicles says the forefathers of the colored race were skillful to

work in gold, in silver and linens and to discover the use of every device of the nether race, carrying out the spirit of the apostles for industry. Now, the trades unions and race prejudice make it impossible for our people to secure labor in the workshops. Is that true christian spirit?

Give us the Bible and we will become as good Baptists as any of the white brethren; and will meet, with our toes square to the Mne, any foe the devil may put to meet us.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Mrs. Isabella Scott, of Beaufort, S. C., was struck by lightning and in stantly killed last week.

The Hon. Thos. E. Miller, of South Carolina, is in Washington engaged in the prosecution of his contest for a seat in the next Congress.

Eli Creighton, the head of a band of cattle thieves, who is accused of complicity in the shooting of Judge C. W. Aikens and J. S. McAlvey of Nebraska, has been arrested.

Mr. W. E. B. DuBois, of Harvard university, has won the H. B. Rogers' memorial fellowship of \$450 by his paper on "The study of Ethics in its relations to Jurisprudence or to Sociology."

The whole town of Hodges, South Carolina, are in a state of excitement, bordering on insanity, because the white teachers of Greenwood college went to a school picnic with their scholars.

The editor of the Star of Zion sees evidence of praiseworthy forethought in the fact that five young men of his acquaintance have prepared for the future of their families by insuring their lives for \$20,000.

Joe Peranti, an Italian fruit vender of Vicksburg, Miss., enticed a little Afro-American girl, who stopped to buy fruit of him into his den and outraged her. He was arrested but only confined one night in jail.

A Texas youth has been informed that his grand-father buried \$7,200 in the ground on which Paul Quinn college stands and received permission from the faculty to search for it, but thus far he has searched in vain.

Chas. W. McKie an Afro-American of New York city has been appointed by Commissioner Gilroy an inspector of Public Works at \$3 a day. Inspector McKie passed a highly creditable civil service examination.

Susi, the faithful servant of Dr. Livingstone, the great explorer, died at Zanzibar, May 6. Susi's fidelity to Dr. Livingstone won from him the thanks of the Queen of England and her parliament, besides many substantial tokens of recognition.

Democrats in Virginia resorted to the contemptible expedient of sending out a circular bearing the names of prominent Afro-American ministers advising Afro-Americans to vote for men of their own race, or remain at home and not vote at all.

A petition signed by many prominent Afro-Americans and some white white Republicans has been presented to Judge Riddick, of the second judicial district of Arkansas, asking for the appointment of one Afro-American jury commissioner in the district.

300,000 Afro-Americans from Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kansas have been secured to colonize the territory of Lower California and will leave for that section next fall. The white people do not organize shot-gun companies to prevent their departure.

Mr. Charles Garner, Jr., who was graduated from the Bellefontaine, Pa., high school last week was awarded the Board of Education prize of \$15 in gold for excellence in scholarship and conduct. Garner is the first Afro-American graduate of Center county.

The editor of the New Light of Columbus, Miss., has probably changed his mind about the freedom of the Southern press since he has been threatened with having his press and material thrown in the river and himself run out of town by the freedom loving Mississippians.

Mrs. J. Sella Martin was found dead in her bed at the home of Bishop Brown in Washington, D. C., last week. Revs. Waring, Grimke and Bishop Brown spoke touchingly of her noble, christian life at the services held at Bishop Brown's home. The remains were taken to New York for interment.

Young girls from the Afro-American schools of St. Louis, have for four consecutive years held competitive drills with their fairer sisters from the other schools and each year won. This year an especial effort was made to wrest the laurels away but without success. Under the able lead of Prof. O. M. Wood they repeated their former success.

Mr. William C. Jason was the only class speaker at Drew theological seminary, Madison, N. Y., this year. His subject was the "Courage of Conviction" and in his treatment of the subject he added to the honors he has already one, through his course in the seminary. He is regarded as one of the brightest of his class, and besides being a scholarly minister has been a type setter and editor of a monthly paper called the "Era."

The Western Authors and Artists club, just adjourned at Kansas City, feared the too close proximity of greatness and black-balled Prof. W. S. Scarborough, professor at Wilberforce, and contributor to the North American Review, Harpers, the Century and other first class magazines. The small spirit displayed by the members of the club proves their unfitness to associate with men of true ability and Prof. Scarborough will lose nothing by their refusal to admit him to their society.

HOWARD LAW SCHOOL.

GRADUATING EXERCISES BEFORE THE USUAL GATHERING.

Prof. Gregory of Howard under a Cloud—A Claim that He Can Disprove any Dishonorable Work—Other Capital Topics.

Special Correspondence.

Washington, June 1.—The graduating exercises of Howard Law school occurred Monday evening. This event is annually the occasion of a large audience, but as President Harrison was advertised to be present and take part in the ceremonies, the First Congregational church, corner of 10th., G. streets, was literally packed. The make up of this great gathering was of the usual Washington composition. There were all grades from Congressmen and their wives to the humblest lackey and his sweetheart; all styles of dress from the full dress to the Hebrew "second hand," and all shades of color from the lily white to the ebony black. The "Star Spangled Banner," gay streamers and red, white and blue bunting gave inspiration to the evening, while the American eagle wrought in gold gilt was perched high up on the huge pipe organ in an attitude of easy flight. This typifying perhaps her pride at the evidence of progress of her humbled citizens. The music of the Marine band was appropriately interspersed and the ushers composed of the junior class, vied with each other in their endeavor to accommodate the guests. After invocation and preliminary remarks the members of the graduating class were presented with the diplomas. This was to have been done by President Harrison but a few minutes before this private secretary Halford appeared and announced that a business emergency prevented His Excellency's presence. The graduates to the number of thirteen was as follows: W. H. Arrington, N. C., George Atkinson, W. Va., W. H. Daniels, Md., R. J. Dickie, Ky., J. L. Dozier, Md., H. H. Ferrell, Va., Malachi Gibson, Va., N. W. Johnson, Pa., C. E. Jones, Va., S. P. Leitch, Va., J. F. Pratt, Miss., C. G. Williams, N. C.

Mr. Gibson was the lucky recipient of honors and consequently valedictorian. To put it mildly he did his part well. The contest for the "Smith's Leading Cases," a prize of three valuable law books which is offered annually by Johnson Bros. of Philadelphia, was an earnest one. Nearly all the class entered but of course only one got the prize and he was J. L. Dozier. Close upon him was Mr. Harrison Ferrell and he was accorded "Honorable mention." The address of Hon. A. S. Worthington was practical and to the point. In asimple jury-fixing style he praised, warned and encouraged hope for the future.

Prof. J. M. Gregory, occupying the chair of Greek and Latin at the Howard university and a trustee on the public school board is just now under a cloud. It is claimed that he has been using the advantage of his public office to further his own personal ends by borrowing money from teachers with no idea of paying it back and many cases making "deals" for appointment or promotion for fifty or a hundred dollars. The sums he is alleged to have thus filched amount some think to eight or ten thousand dollars. In an interview Prof. Gregory claims to be able to disprove any dishonorable work on his part and many other prominent citizens claim the same. But it looks gloomy now.

Troop K, of the Ninth United States Cavalry was stationed at Fort Meyer, just across the river from the city, this week. This celebrated company of Afro-American soldiers, it will be remembered, won a national fame for bravery last winter fighting Indians at Wounded Knee. It is always considered an honor to be at Ft. Meyer and is especially so for an Afro-American troop. These soldiers will always parade on state occasions such as inauguration, burials etc.

Miss Lillie Welch held the exhibition of her dancing school at Grand Army hall, Friday evening. A large audience was present. The small girls who danced the fantastic dances for the audience showed excellent grace and rare skill. Their little sweet forms flying around on the platform furnished a charm for those eagerly gazing on.

Mr. Milton M. Holland has withdrawn from the presidency of the Industrial Building and Loan association and the Capital Savings bank, because, it is understood, of some difference of opinion in the management of these two corporations. He announces that he has accepted the presidency of the Afro-American Building Loan and Trust company, which will begin work July 1.

The National Capital News Syndicate, 517 Tenth street, is a new organization composed of Messrs J. E. Bruce, Alex. G. Davis, and C. A. Johnson. The purpose is to "Furnish articles about the colored people of the country, Educational, Industrial, Social, etc." These three men are all experienced newspaper men and it is hoped they may meet success in their worthy departure.

Mr. John K. Rector, is in attendance at Lincoln university, where he will receive the degree of Master of Arts. Drs. W. H. Weaver and W. E. Harris, Lawyers H. S. Cummins, Alderman and C. W. Johnson and others make up a party from Baltimore who accompanied Mr. Rector to receive his honors.

Commencement exercises of Wayland seminary, and of the college and medical departments of Howard uni-

versity occurred this week and were of accustomed interest.

Mr. James Harris, a man who in past years was reckoned the first Afro-American in political circles in North Carolina, died Saturday at Freedman's hospital.

Decoration day was observed in all its phases,—with solemnity and festivity, with pomp and simplicity, in oratory and in silent actions. The thirty years since '61 that have worn out the brightest memories and bleached the darkest as well as the rosier spots in personal lives and histories have not been sufficient to dim the recollections of a comrade for a fallen comrade. The Afro-American soldier who untried and undesired forced his way to the front by force of circumstances shares the Nation's memories and receives a token by the symbolic flower or miniature flag.

STRAKER FOR JUDGE.

And Still the Endorsements Come to Our Candidate.

Weekly Echo, Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

This was one, if not the very first journal, that suggested the name of Hon. D. A. Straker, as a suitable and fit man for one of the positions of United States district judge. We believe he is, legally, the superior mind among Afro-American lawyers. We know, from public reputation, that he has the clearest record; is the most dignified and cultured; possesses the most gentlemanly bearing and is capable of making a better impression upon all classes with whom he is brought in contact than any other Negro lawyer. And withal, is the fittest man the race has for the place. That is, if character and standing for the race is expected from the position. There is no balder-dash and jingoism about him; he is high-toned and high-minded, without any of the many traits of the supercilious and ostentatious class, whose conduct, yea, whose bearing is more injurious to the race than the lack of office or political recognition is.

The Progress, Omaha, Neb.

We do not expect anything short of one of the appointments of a Negro upon the bench of circuit judges so soon as the President returning upon his trip begins to consider the subject. This hope and anticipation is based upon the implicit confidence we have hitherto entertained for his manliness, justice and integrity so plainly manifested for all his subjects alike.

Rev. Wm. D. Johnson, secretary of education of the A. M. E. church says: "Mr. Straker is well known throughout the United States as a man of high character and ability, but aside from this the great legal service he has rendered his own race would make his appointment especially gratifying to us."

Bishop John M. Brown of Washington, D. C., in writing to the President said:

"D. Augustus Straker, attorney at law, of Detroit, Mich., who lives within my Episcopal jurisdiction is well known to me as an upright and honorable person in every particular. He is a graduate of the Law school of Howard university. He stood high as a student. By appointing him as a judge of the Circuit court of appeals, you will greatly oblige, yours etc."

Ex-Senator Thos. W. Palmer, President of the World's Fair:

"I should like to see one of your race honored by the President in the appointment to the office of one of the judgeships newly created and know of no one more fitting than yourself from among the colored people."

Col. John Atkinson, Detroit, Mich.: "He is an excellent lawyer, with a decidedly judicial turn of mind. As a man he would fill the office well and as a compliment to his race his appointment would gladden many grateful hearts."

COURT MARTIAL THEM.

The Secretary of War Should Act and act Once. No Compromise.

It is reported that the white soldiers stationed at Fort Myer in Virginia, on the Potomac, opposite Washington, are showing their ill breeding by refusing to affiliate with the members of the Ninth Cavalry, recently removed from the far West to Washington, on account of their bravery and good fighting in the Indian outbreak.

Every man, who, in any way, disobeys the orders of the Fort, should be court martialed at once. Let there be no compromise tolerated.

The United Sons and Daughters of Zion, a non-secret order of Memphis, Tenn., has just finished a \$16,000., building, the work of which was done entirely by Afro-Americans. It is a three story brick containing a hall and office room. They also have a tract of sixteen acres of land, which they use as a cemetery for their dead, and a one story building which they built some time ago.

Congressman Cheatham has appointed D. S. Moss, of Littleton, N. C., as naval cadet and Pope Washington, of Wayne county, N. C., as alternate from his congressional district.

The late Mrs. Martha Black, of Pittsburg, left an estate of \$45,000 which by will has been divided equally between her nieces, Mrs. Harriet Johnston, Mrs. Margaret Aston and her nephew Mr. George Cain.

The (Detroit) Plaindealer.

Issued Every Friday.

TERMS—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

By mail or carrier, per annum, \$1.00
Six months, .75
Three months, .50

THE PLAINDEALER COMPANY PUBLISHERS, TRIBUNE BUILDING, 11 ROWLAND STREET.

Entered at the Post Office at Detroit, Mich., as Second-class matter.

Address all communications to THE PLAINDEALER COMPANY, Box 92, Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT, FRIDAY JUNE 5, '91.

Mayor Pingree has made ten additional appointments and among all of which we fail to find that long looked for Afro-American. Vote for Mayor Pingree!

Mayor Pingree is great on making deals with the Democrats in the council and probably has no time to consider the Afro-American's claims. Yet hurrah for Mayor Pingree! May he live long, prosper and—run for office again!

Mayor Pingree sent in ten new appointments to the council last Tuesday evening. All of them good men and all of them confirmed. The only good man the Mayor has found among the Afro-Americans was given the position of chimney sweep. Long live Mayor Pingree!

There are arguments for and against placing the Detroit Police department under the control of the Mayor. There is little doubt that the department would be used for political purposes and demoralized to that extent. On the other hand no two or three commissioners would have a life "cinch" on the office and rule as if they were veritable czars. The police department should no more be the tool of an aristocracy than the creature of some political demagogue.

Dr. T. P. Cleveland, of the Southern Presbyterian assembly, at a recent session in Birmingham, Ala., was speaking against lowering the standard for pastors of that profession. One of the principal points he made was that by so doing the Afro-American ministers of his creed would soon be more competent than their white co-laborers. Whether he meant to pay them the compliment he did, is not indicated by the dispatches. But he did give testimony worth preserving. He said he had seen them in their educational work and knew how proficient they were. He had seen them dissect the Greek verb and put it together again, intimating that the white ministers must hustle if they kept up with their Afro-American co-laborers. How does such an admission, confession one might say, agree with the attitude of the Presbyterian church South? Why is the word "South" still attached to this great religious organization. If Afro-American pastors are showing themselves so capable. Dr. Cleveland may be able to answer for it seems as though he has given the matter considerable thought.

The most serious hindrance to the Afro-American has been white labor organizations, both North and South. Fighting for a principle themselves, like the dog in the manger, they would not allow their sable brothers to enjoy the fruits of their organizations. The labor unions in the North, today, that admit Afro-Americans, are compelled to do so as a matter of self preservation. Almost every business man will tell you the reason he does not have Afro-American clerks in his store, is because his white employees will kick.

The Afro-American painters of Memphis, Tenn., have been trying to join the Painters' union of that place for some time, but were not admitted unless they would agree to any terms the "union" might see fit to impose, and these were dastardly in their nature. As a result no union was formed. Last week the union painters struck for higher wages and shorter hours and Afro-American painters were immediately put in their places. Now the Afro-American workers should join the Afro-American workers should join their union, but the Afro-American contingent is sensible enough not to want any emergency union. In consequence they are doing the work and white painters the loafing. This has been the case in several instances in the North and will be so until every laborer at any employment is considered the same as his fellow.

Frequently there appears in some of the many periodicals, an article on the "Race Question," by men who sign the titles D. D., A. M., or A. B., after their names. The ordinary reader, after noticing the title, thinks at least, that the writer has given his subject serious thought even if it be wrong. The fact is, however, that two thirds of the present writers, who essay to comment on any phase of Afro-American life, do so for the sole purpose of appearing in print, or to

vent some prejudice, that slops over, without sense or reason. The sameness of so many of these race problem articles, is an abundant proof of this. These writers always speak of the Afro-American, as if the weakness of one was the sin of all, and under the head of "they," the most malicious slanders are placed upon as pure women as ever trod the American soil. Those who do it are either criminally heedless or inveterate liars, whether they be D. D's, A. M's, or A. B's.

There are too many progressive, virtuous, desirable homes among the Afro-Americans to say those are rareties. There are too many noble women, who have succeeded against all odds, to say they are rare exceptions. A number of fair writers even treat the Afro-American in a different manner than he does other races or people. It has not been long since the Pall Mall Gazette published the details of such a rotten state of morals between people of high and low degree in London, that good people cried out in horror, at the publicity given the matter. Almost every week the papers contain some scandal in high life, or the the freedom existing between men and women in certain social circles. No one says "they," including all the world when such matters are under discussion. Play fair!

Church Debt.

Editor Plaindealer: Until the debts recently assumed by the Quinn chapel, and Bethel church at Chicago, Bethel church Detroit, had the distinction of being the most heavily encumbered colored church in the West. Its indebtedness as reported in the minutes of the last conference was, six months ago, \$14,384.58.

It is said that Quinn chapel, Chicago now has a debt of over \$30,000 and will have to borrow about \$20,000 more in order to complete the building and that Bethel church, Chicago, will be finished with an indebtedness of about \$15,000.00. The debts seem large but the churches are noble edifices and will each be paid for. Bethel of Detroit has, during the past six months, met all of her pressing obligations and reduced her debt to such an extent that there are fair prospects that it will within another six months, have been cleared up to the mortgage which is \$10,000. Much courage was required of each of these three great churches to venture out into such deep water, and still earnest, persistent labor will be required to pay the debts but it will be done.

The Afro-Americans of Detroit and Chicago can now point to first-class churches owned by the race and will take pride in paying for them. There are five hundred ministers in the A. M. E. church and any one of whom is fully able to handle the debts referred to. After all the A. M. E. church is a big affair. John M. Henderson.

Enters the Ministry.

Friends of Mr. John A. Williams will be pleased to learn of his success as a divinity student at Seabury college in Faribault, Minn. Those who knew Mr. Williams as a student here could easily see that his earnestness and zeal, coupled with great ability would make him preeminent in any profession he might choose. He has fully and satisfactorily met every anticipation of his many friends and will have the title, D. D., added to his name Sunday, June 14th. Mr. Williams participated in the commencement exercises of the school, contributing a paper, "Philosophy is the ally and not the foe of Religion," a subject capable of deep research and careful consideration. As an Episcopal divine Mr. Williams is fitted both by nature and education for a great work. During his college days his services have been in great demand.

No comment at this time, joyful alike to Mr. Williams and his friends, would be complete without reference to Mrs. M. E. Lambert, to whose kindly encouragement, unwavering devotion, and unselfish interest Mr. Williams owes no little of his success. The Plaindealer bids him God speed in the great and useful field he is about to enter.

Memorial Day Services.

A large number of Afro-Americans showed their appreciation of the honor conferred on them, in inviting the Rev. John M. Henderson to be among the speakers on Memorial day, by their attendance at the rink last Saturday. Many brought their children and their patriotism and pride of race will be stronger ever afterward by knowing that their fathers were among those who gave their lives for their country. Rev. Henderson's address was frequently interrupted with applause, his glowing tribute to the heroism of the Afro-American soldiers being especially well received by the veterans on the platform. At the close he was presented with a handsome basket of flowers from Mrs. M. E. McCoy. The Jackson family sang a chorus, after which the Rev. C. R. Henderson delivered an oration.

The Plaindealer Excelling.

From the Star of Zion: The Detroit Plaindealer is now excelling all its contemporaries by reporting the work, condition and progress of all the leading colored institutions of learning. Its representative, Mr. Calloway, is doing the work patiently, capably and well, and is introducing to the Plaindealer readers a condition of things which now obtains among us which is surprising to many to say the least. We are rapidly becoming a factor in this Southland, and the sooner the fact is learned and acknowledged by all the better it will be for all concerned.

PLUTARCH'S TOPICS.

O THE CHURCHES INCULCATE SOUND IDEAS REGARDING INTELLECTUAL LIBERTY?

Free Speech Stilled—Young and Progressive Men Hesitate to Talk out in Meeting Out in the Cold, Cold World.

NOVEMBER V.

Under the head of "Duties to men, as men," is first to be considered "Justice."

What is the quality of Afro-American churches as inculcators of sound ideas of justice and what their efficiency as promoters of the practice of justice?

"Justice is that temper of mind that disposes us to manifest proper respect for the rights of others."

The rights of others respect their own Person, Property, Character and Reputation. Personal liberty includes liberty of body as well as of mind. Do the churches inculcate sound ideas regarding intellectual liberty? Among the laws passed by a general conference of the A. M. E. church some years ago, was one forbidding any church member to write and publish any article or book without having first submitted it to a committee, this was a most flagrant violation of the right of personal liberty and was soon swept away, but does not the disposition still remain in some quarters?

The circumstance provoking the law referred to were by no means slight, nor was the necessity of restraint hard to discover, for at that period much evil could easily be brought about through the published utterances of rash and incompetent persons. Expediency, therefore, was strongly urged as reason for imposing the restrictions referred to. But, is there not yet a disposition to discourage and prevent free discussion, and free investigation?

In the official organ of the A. M. E. Zion church, not long ago, an older preacher unmercifully abused a younger brother, who had frankly stated certain opinions. Now, had this more venerable brother combatted the opinions expressed and completely demolished them, no one could complain, but, instead of attempting to reply to the arguments and opinions advanced, he simply thrashed the younger brother so soundly that young men of timid character will for a long time be afraid to say what they think if it be at all likely to disagree with prevailing views. Similar instances could be cited with reference to each church, which clearly shows that there is a disposition to stifle free speech and, hence, sound ideas of the rights of free discussion are neither taught nor their practice promoted.

God has fixed an inevitable penalty to every immoral act, and the churches suffer the penalty of this evil. They are deprived of the fresh, clear and modern ideas that might come in volumes from the youth of both laity and clergy.

Why, Mr. Plaindealer, several church papers have tried to cry you down because you have advanced ideas not in accordance with the current notions.

There are but few Baptist associations where the younger preachers are free to get up and talk as they think, the same is true of the Methodist conferences. There are exceptions among the Methodist bishops of the Bethel and Zion connections, there are a few who practice this justice toward the youth, and there are hundreds of pastors who practice it in their churches, but the evil still exists in many quarters. The young men might frequently hold wrong opinions but there is no possible justification of the restraining force that is brought to bear to assure their silence.

Will all of the young preachers and all of the young church members who read this article, pause and reflect. Are you not aware of a feeling that holds you back from frankly advocating methods widely different from a great many of the old time ones yet in vogue? From what does this feeling of hesitation arise? Why from the recollection of the terrible persecutions that you or some one else underwent for talking out in meeting.

It would be well if these leaders who are moored to the traditions of the past would let the younger generation have a fuller exercise of the right to think and talk.

I know of fifty Baptist churches that are dying because the fossils persist in ruling and rudely gagging the young people. It is said that T. McCants Stewart is out of the A. M. E. church because he felt too much hampered. T. G. Stewart did not go out as did T. McCants Stewart, he remained in and endeavored to get a hearing, he got it but with the soundest kind of a thrashing. He was defeated as a delegate to the general conference and John Collet, the aspirant for C. S. Smith's office, was elected. Stewart is by far one of the brainiest men of the race, yet his free expression of his opinions has brought punishment upon him and will greatly contribute to lock the jaws and rust the pens of other young and progressive men.

Bishop Brown talked out free and advanced new ideas at a general conference in Baltimore and was set upon by a score of brow-beating fellows. Bishop Turner is talking out now, and as a result they are firing at him from every quarter. No one under takes to reply to his arguments, they try to silence him by abusing him.

C. S. Smith broke loose from the herd and ventured to start the Sunday school department. They jumped on to him and nearly worried the man's life out, but he had the grit and skill to succeed.

J. C. Embury, got a steam press and tried to pay for it, they poured hot shot at him for a year.

They are after the Baptist preacher end of the Free Speech right now because he gets out of the rut once in a while.

Whenever a member of the Baptist churches progresses in ideas beyond the ruling element, he is either put out head over heels, or there is a split.

No, the Afro-American churches are not first-rate inculcators of sound ideas of personal liberty.

The deacons of the Baptist church and the class-leaders of the Methodist far exceeding the duties of their ex-

cellent functions, often degenerate into mere watch-dogs and detectives. There are thousands of persons who would today be good and useful members of those churches if they could go deacons and class-leaders, but, who not being built that way, stay out in the cold, cold world, or worse still in the North get into the back pews of a white church and in the South get into the "African" end of white missionary societies. "Plutarch."

AS OTHERS SEE US.

It is not Our Stars but Ourselves that Make Us Underlings.

Milwaukee, June 1.—The \$5 prize to be given the Plankinton house waiter, who kept himself the neatest during the month, was won by Mr. Thomas Moore, the judges having decided in his favor, the next in favor being Mr. D. Green, who pressed Mr. Moore to his best efforts and was thought by most to be a sure winner, but the fact that he was sick for a few days in the beginning of the month and was not able to appear at inspection was taken in consideration against him by the judges. A. J. Ford, W. Smith, G. Hamilton, H. Scurry and J. Simons followed in the order named. Mr. Chase, the manager, and Mr. Miles, the headwaiter, are very much pleased with the appearance of the waiters, and the boys will continue in their efforts to win the prize.

It is to be regretted that Wisconsin can send only one delegate to the National Afro-American League at Knoxville, Tenn., July next, and it is to be hoped that all will unite in aiding this branch of the league to send that one. Wisconsin has only a small Afro-American population but that number, though small, have been hitherto quite active in its efforts to mitigate and elevate the condition of the race and we are sure that they will not fail to recognize their duty on this occasion, and respond in the manner required. Mr. Wallace, who was elected as our representative, is an able and eloquent speaker and is well informed on questions of the race. A better representative could not have been chosen.

While we do so much talking about the discrimination shown against our race, it will be well to look on the other side occasionally. We attended one of our theaters last week and had not been seated long before two Afro-American ladies came in and took seats just in front of us. They were loudly dressed, which was in itself enough to make them conspicuous, without taking into consideration the fact that their very dark complexions had already made them so in an audience in which they were the only blacks, excepting your correspondent. They began by entertaining every one around them with a detailed account of the matches they had made during the day. After the curtain was raised they remained quiet, but only for a short time. One of them had seen the play before and began to tell her companion in a tone audible to all those around her what was coming next and who was so and so. In the very midst of an act, when everybody and everything was intensely quiet, one of these young ladies produced a paper containing the Lord knows what and they both began crumpling, crumpling, in a manner that would have done credit to a gambler, and giggling so loudly that those in their immediate vicinity could not hear what was being said on the stage. Your correspondent was both disgusted and ashamed. Knowing the prejudice with which our race is regarded at its best he felt humiliated. Had the usher, on complaints of some of the people who were annoyed by these women, asked them to make less noise, there would in all probability, have been a loud hue and cry made by our people about prejudice not treating us fairly etc. Not because they uphold such actions, but because, not knowing the true circumstances, they would have regarded the actions of the complainants and the usher, as only another means of prosecuting our race and to show their objection to having a black man or woman in the parquet of a theater with them.

Miss Lydia Hughes has returned from Battle Creek, Ky., where she has been residing for the last year.

Mrs. S. M. Minor leaves for West Superior today, where he expects to reside permanently.

David Royal, of Sheboygan, is in the city, the guest of S. H. Palmer.

R. V. Hill, of Chicago, is in the city on business.

A. V. Rainey, of Chicago, formerly of Milwaukee, is here visiting friends.

P. R. W. G. D. D. M. J. Z. Cropper, of Chicago, is in the city the guest of J. H. Hawkins.

P. W. M. P. C. Clark is seriously ill at his home on St. Paul avenue.

Mrs. C. L. Webb, son and daughter, are in the city the guest of Mr. James Barr.

SUMMER GUESTS.

Flint, June 1.—Mrs. James Kelly is still on the sick list.

Mrs. Ida May Jenkins and Mr. Nicholas J. Wright were married on Thursday, May 28, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Munson, 1536 Saginaw street. Reception from 8 to 11, ceremony at 8 o'clock. The Rev. Tarnum performed the ceremony.

Mrs. Bayler, of Saginaw, is visiting relatives in the city.

Mrs. Bundy of Saginaw is also visiting relatives.

Mrs. Hammond and daughter of East Saginaw visited here Sunday.

Mr. Benjamin Wright of Saginaw is in the city.

Mr. Cornelius Wright, late of Canada is visiting friends.

Miss Miranda Poston went to Lapeer Saturday to visit friends. W. N. V.

Three Afro-Americans of Canton, Miss., are richer because of a white man's miserliness. While digging a foundation on land which was once the site of a small office and sleeping room of Col. Montford Jones, a miser, one of them found a pot of gold. His companions soon discovered the find and in the struggle over the treasure the pot was broken and the gold scattered. They scrambled for it however and, before the contractor became aware of their good fortune, had raked most of it up and left for other parts. It is gratifying to know that this time the white man got left and the "Negroes" secured the booty.

Our Next Week's Issue

The Plaindealer for June 12 will contain Plutarch's Topics, Letters from T. J. Calloway, now in the South, on Afro-American Colleges, another article on Detroit Schools, besides the usual amount of General News, Editorials, Local Items Etc. Read the Plaindealer. Subscription price within the reach of all. One dollar per year.

Not One Whit.

Afro-American Sentinel, Jackson, Tenn. The Detroit Plaindealer, like all the great weeklies, has reduced the price to \$1. per year, at the same time it has not reduced one whit its excellence as a general newspaper or its earnestness, zeal and ability as a defender of the rights of Afro-Americans.

A VARIETY OF THINGS.

It has often been a query if there will not be more women in heaven than men. If one may judge from the small per cent of the latter who may be found at public services and the devotional meetings of the church, they will certainly be in the minority in that abode of the blessed. At a recent prayer meeting in one of our city churches, out of an attendance of 25 there were only a bare 10 men. The trustees, stewards and other officials of the church were conspicuous by their absence. These are the men, if any, who should be interested in the growth of the church in spiritual as well as temporal things. During times of revival the zeal of these same brethren keeps the church open until midnight every night in the week, while they implore God unceasingly for their loved ones whose hearts are "so hard" and who should be waked up before it is "eternally too late." Were their prayers answered and is the danger which was imminent past? If not why this suspension of zeal? Surely those who could come to church every night under the excitement of special meetings should be willing to give one hour in the week to the prayer meeting throughout the remainder of the year. And they would if they knew how much their inconsistency injured the cause they profess to love.

"Tours in Michigan," is the name of a little pamphlet, in white and gold cover, issued by the Chicago and West Michigan and Detroit, Lansing and Northern railroad companies giving special rates to the summer resorts found on their route. It contains a description of over twenty-five lovely resorts among which are Bay View, Mackinaw, Potosky, Benton Harbor, and others less noted but offering equally fine facilities for the outing season, with time table and ticket rates after each. The book is equally adapted to meet the needs of those who do not know where to go and as guide to the summer tourist in Michigan.

Mrs. Lillie B. Chace Wyman contributes to the June number of the New England Magazine, "A Southern Study," in which she declares that emancipation was not all the American people owed the Afro-American, but that they also owed them a start in life, having deprived generations of their independence and kept them in dense ignorance and dependence on their so-called owners.

Two carloads of Afro-American miners were shipped to the Mystic mines near Ottumwa, Iowa, last week to take the place of strikers there. There the strikers have declared their intention of preventing the Afro-American miners from working at the mines. The owners have telegraphed for 1,000 rounds of ammunition and a supply of guns for their protection. All classes of laborers have got to look after Afro-American laborers if they want successful unions.

The Plaindealer acknowledges the receipt of an invitation to be present at the dinner to be given by the Alumni association of Olivet college, Thursday, June 18. This is the annual feature of its commencement program, which is held that week.

Five hundred Afro-American students have received tuition and been trained in the work-shops of Hampton institute this year. The recent celebration of their twenty-third anniversary was most auspicious. The excellent record of the pupils who have left the institute in their efforts to help those of the race less fortunate is one of the most gratifying results of the work. In an article written to the Evening Bulletin, of Philadelphia, John S. Durham, consul to San Domingo, says of this year's class, composed of Indians and Afro-Americans, "It was the graduation of thoughtful, earnest men and women for serious life work, every one of whom seemed impressed with the thought that from today on every day must be commencement day."

The Institute for Colored Youths of Philadelphia, gave an exhibition of industrial objects last week. The articles exhibited included specimens of plastering, brick-laying, carpentry, printing and shoe-making and provoked words of commendation from those who attended.

Furnished rooms—From ten to fourteen gentlemen can find neatly furnished rooms at W. H. Smith's, 227 Cass avenue. Very convenient to the Hotel Cadillac. Four lines of street cars pass the doors.

The Ladies Relief Corps no. 198, will give a butterfly social Wednesday evening, June 10, at their hall room 15, Hildebrand block. Tickets 15 cents. 420.

Wanted.—A good, industrious boy to live in a family of two or three of the family. Age from 12 to 14 preferred. Address Edward Casey, 62 Coldwater street, Battle Creek, Mich.

CITY DEPARTMENT.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.
 Subscribers not receiving THE PLAINDEALER regularly should notify us at once. We desire every copy delivered promptly.
THE PLAINDEALER always for sale at the following places:
 Aaron Lamp, 466 Hastings street.
 John Williams, 81 Croghan street.
 Cook and Thomas, 42 Croghan street.
 Jones and Brewer, 389 Antoine street.
 W. H. Johnson, 469 Hastings street.

MERE MENTION.

To City Subscribers.
 On and after June 1, 1891, all unpaid subscriptions will be charged for at the rate of 50 cents for each three months. The present low price of the Plaindealer, —One Dollar per year, —cannot be allowed to those who do not pay in advance, when bills are presented.

Mrs. S. Ward has gone to Toledo.
 Mr. James Dooley is with the University club again.
 Mr. D. B. McDowell spent last Sunday with his family.
 Mrs. Goode, of Superior street, is slightly indisposed.
 Mrs. Wm. Smith is very ill at her home on Watson street.
 Mr. Edgar DeBaptist has removed from Madison avenue to 301 Brush street.
 Miss G. L. Eddy has removed from 42 Croghan street to 336 Hastings street.
 Mrs. John Moore, of Calhoun street, will remove to Chicago in the near future.
 Albert Page, and wife, of Toledo were the guests of Chauncey Page on Sunday.
 Albert Johnson, of Montclair street, paid a flying visit to St. Louis, Mo., last week.
 Mrs. Susan Johnson was buried from her home on Clinton street Monday afternoon.
 The Rev. E. H. McDonald has been visiting the family of the Rev. Burch, in Cincinnati.
 Mr. A. Lewis, who was confined to his bed with a severe cold has almost fully recovered.
 The Rev. James Henderson will move to his new residence built by Mr. Wm. Kersey next week.
 The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Orin Harris died Sunday night and was buried Tuesday in Woodmere.
 Miss Gertrude Harper of Division street had the misfortune to run a rusty nail in her foot last Thursday.
 Mrs. Jennie Williams of Chicago is visiting her mother-in-law, Mrs. John Williams of Watson street.
 Mrs. Jackson of Champlain street left for New York city, where she expects to remain about two months.
 Mr. Richard Sheveraff, who has spent the winter with his uncle in Evansville, Ind., is expected home soon on a visit to his mother.
 Mrs. Dye, the mother of Mrs. Henry Copper, Mrs. George Turner and Mr. James Dye, of this city, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Kendall, in Chicago Sunday.
 Mr. Isaac Lewis of Toronto who has for the past eight months been traveling in the South stopped over in Detroit for a few days as the guest of Mrs. Thos. Cary.
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert White, —a son, Mrs. H. C. Clark, who recently had a cataract removed from her eye, is recovering, being now able to take short walks in the neighborhood.
 Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Ella Lambert to Mr. Frank Gilbert Bradford. The ceremony will take place at St. Matthew's church and a reception will follow at the residence of the bride's mother.
 Mr. J. E. Williams who was one of the principal employees, who helped to open the Highland Park hotel at Grand Haven last Fourth of July, will be among those who will open the new Cutler house in that city soon.
 Miss Bessie Webb who has been visiting Pittsburgh during the past two months is expected home this week. Miss Webb has been the object of much social attention during her visit, several pleasant entertainments having been given her.
 Cook and Thomas moved into their new quarters, back of Doston Bros., Wednesday. They have spared neither pains nor expense to make it a first-class shop in all respects. There is a bath attached. The genial manners of the owners of this shop will no doubt retain them all their present customers and attract many others.
 During the summer, the evening services at Bethel will begin at 8 o'clock instead of 7.30. The pastor, Rev. John M. Henderson makes this change in order to accommodate the young men who find it impossible to come at an earlier hour, and they are especially invited to attend the Sunday evening service.
 The Minnette Social club held their last meeting of the season at the residence of Warren C. Richardson Monday, June 1. After transaction of the routine business, the officers for the term beginning September, '91, were elected. Refreshments were then served and the club adjourned to meet Sept. 7, at the residence of Chauncey Page, 162 Division street. The following officers were elected: President, I. Wilkinson; vice-president, C. Page; secretary, W. C. Richardson; assistant secretary, W. Pfeiffer; treasurer, Albert Johnson.

Barber Wanted.—At once, first-class workman at Black's barber shop. Two dollars a day. Wm. J. Black, Box 408, Hancock Mich.
Rooms to Rent.—Mrs. Tyler, having moved from 26 Jay street to 117 Antoine street has newly furnished rooms for gentlemen, with or without board.
 Visitors to the city and others can find first class accommodations, 193 Congress st., west, one and one half blocks from the central depot.
 The second annual Mohonk "Negro" conference will be held at Lake Mohonk this week.

Glances Here and There.

Rev. John C. Watkins, of South Carolina, gave the Presbyterian assembly recently in session in Detroit, something to think about. He declared in speaking about his church's work among his people, that there is no more a "Negro problem" in this country than there is an Irish, Italian or Polish problem. He asserted that the Afro-American had shown himself patriotic and capable of development and then put the question, why, under the circumstances, should there be a problem in his case more than in the others. He was sustained in his position by Revs. Allen and Gibson. Rev. Allen said he would rather trust the country to the Afro-American than to the thousands of anarchists daily landing on our shores. Rev. Gibson said that the progress of the Afro-American, in so short a time, was marvelous and unparalleled, asserting that they paid taxes on \$200,000,000 worth of property in the South. After looking these facts square in the face the question must arise wherein lies the problem?

The Rev. J. T. Gibson, treasurer of the Freedman board of missions, in his address Monday evening, spoke of some people making the excuse for not helping the ex-slave that he was insolent. He said, "Every colored man who treats any white man with disrespect and discourtesy in any way not only sins against himself but against his whole race." At the same time he reminded his hearers that if Christ had waited until you were worthy he would not have preached at all, and that they should look at their effort in behalf of these ungrateful people from the same exalted standpoint. And there was not one among the Afro-American Commissioners who occupied the platform who had courage enough to say that on some occasions there were blows to give as well as blows to take and that even the "ignorant freedman" might sometimes be justified in retorting in a way that would be styled insolent by their white christian brother, who somehow finds it difficult to follow the exalted standpoint of Christ, but the cruelest indignities and "opened not his mouth."

"Four for five?" queried the street car conductor reflectively, as he paused in his round of collecting fares, before four little girls. "You didn't all ride for five cents?" "Yes, sir," replied the oldest of the lot, with a grave innocence that seemed to make the situation all the more puzzling to the conductor. For a moment he stood irresolute, fingering the nickel and eyeing the children as though expecting to discover some evidence of trickery in their sweet young faces and then he turned away muttering as he walked to the rear platform. "I don't think they rode for that." His situation drew forth a smile from the other passengers, but the children maintained a charming simplicity through it all. Later when the car began to fill up the two older ones held the younger ones, thus showing that they were not indifferent to the comfort of others if they could not understand why so much fuss should be made over five cents.

The Gleaner is nothing if not hospitable and thoroughly believes in welcoming the coming and speeding the parting guest in all kindness, but his hospitality is frequently severely tested, when the guest brings with him an odor of stale tobacco which spoils the atmosphere and makes his labors already sufficiently irksome in these sultry days, even more disagreeable. He is long suffering and patient however and generally subdues the old Adam in him, so as to comport himself according to the rules of polite society during such visitations though he longs at times to speed the guest, by bidding him "stand not upon the order of going but to go at once."

"Do you know that some people still keep up the risky habit of hiding the key to the outside door." On a residence street, where the style of the dwelling would indicate an abundance of keys, as of everything else, a little girl was seen one day last week standing before the entrance to one of the houses, apparently waiting for some one to answer her ring. No one came however and she soon turned away from the door and walking down the broad piazza, which was covered with climbing vines, stooped down where the vines clustered the thickest and took the key from its hiding place. The Gleaner has known persons, who hid their keys under those planks in the sidewalks about five blocks from home, between window blinds, and many other odd places but he did not suppose anybody hid keys nowadays when duplicates were so generally used.


Smith Printing Company.
 The complete stock of wedding cards, invitations, tickets, calling cards, etc., kept always on hand by the W. L. Smith Printing Co., 97 Woodward avenue, satisfies the most exacting. Excellent quality of work, prompt service, and courteous treatment to purchasers, are characteristic features of all concerned in the business. Give them a call.

Read the Plaindealer.
STATE OF MICHIGAN COUNTY OF WAYNE.
 ss. At a session of the Probate Court for said County of Wayne, held at the Probate Office, in the City of Detroit, on the nineteenth day of May in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one present Edgar O. Durfee Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Evalina Carter, deceased. On reading and filing the petition of Mary C. Dunca praying that administration of said estate may be granted to William W. Ferguson or some other suitable person. It is ordered that the twenty-third day of June next at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be appointed for hearing said petition. And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in THE PLAINDEALER a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Wayne.
 EDGAR O. DURFEE
 Judge of Probate.
 (A true copy.)
 HOMER A. FLINT,
 Register.

THE ABC OF ATTENTIVE TO ALL BELOW IN PRICE, CAREFUL TO PLEASE.

HENRY MERDIAN,
 DEALER IN
COAL, WOOD, COKE AND CHARCOAL.
 361 & 363 Atwater Street.
 Telephone 329.

BICYCLES.
 HUBER & METZGER, 13 GRAND RIVER AVE. DETROIT, MICH.
SUNDRIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

WM. GEIST. LOUIS H. GEIST

Geist Bros.,
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS,
 73 Gratiot Ave. Near Miami Ave.
 Detroit, - Michigan.
 Telephone 2313.

Paul Wieneke,
MENS' FURNISHING GOODS
 Shirts Made to Order.
Latest Styles
Lowest Prices
 226 Randolph Street
 Detroit, - Mich.

Albert Schaub
105 GRATIOT AVENUE
 NEAR BRUSH.
The Latest Solid Gold Birthday Rings at \$1.50 Each.
Souvenir Spoons.
 IN
Orange, Coffee and Tea
From \$1.50 Upwards.
 Read the advertisement on page 8 and get a new subscriber or two for the Plaindealer.

THE ABC OF BUSINESS:
EISMAN & MAY,
 YOUR SHOERS
 AT 85 GRATIOT AVE.

THE DIME SAVINGS BANK
 Open Every Evening.
4 PER CENT
 Pays 4 per cent. on all Savings Deposits. Money deposited before the 5th will draw interest from last of month.

53,000 Pleased Purchasers!
Weber, Boardman & Gray and Newby & Evans Pianos.
 If you would like to join this army and become the possessor of one of these Superb Pianos, call at
LING'S MUSIC HOUSE,
 67 Monroe Avenue, corner Randolph Street.

SCIENTIFIC DENTISTRY.
TEETH
 Natural and Artificial.
 A perfect and natural Set of Molars for
\$5.00 AND UPWARD.
 Gold Filling \$1.
 Amalgam 50 cts.
Painless Extraction of Teeth.
Dr. McCullough's "Odontunder" Dental Parlors,
 175 Griswold St. Over Ingalls' Drug Store.

Peninsular Savings Bank.
 94 Griswold Street.
 Capital, \$250,000.
 Four per cent Interest paid on Savings Deposits.
 Accounts solicited and every accommodation extended consistent with safe banking.
JOSEPH B. MOORE, Cashier.

MURRAY WATSON
Furniture & Piano Moving,
Storage & Shipping.
 Telephone 1573 2 R.
 Office 200 12th St

Go TO
C. R. RICHARDSON & CO'S
GREAT INVENTORY
SHOE SALE.
 41 and 43 MONROE AVE.

"YOU WE MEAN" —SMOK—
"VIM,"
 THE BEST & CHEAPEST ON EARTH.
ED. BURK'S,
 36 MONROE AVE. WF MAKE 'EM
A. Laitner,
 Manufacturer and Dealer in
 White Wash, Kalsomine, Paint, Varnish
 Horse Scrub Shoe, Hair and Cloth
BRUSHES, ETC.,
 87 Gratiot Ave.,
 DETROIT, MICH.
 TELEPHONE 2429.
JAMES CORNELL
 Painting In All Branches.
 Dealer in Wall Paper,
 Paper Hanging and Preserving
 Wall Paper 5 Cents Per Roll.
 80 MICHIGAN AVENUE.
 NOTICE.—To all whom it may concern.
 A grand celebration to be held at Ann Arbor, Mich., in honor of Emancipation Day Aug. 1, 1891.
 L.

SMILES.

Great jags from little corn-juice grow.—Binghamton Republic.

There is a great future for the nutmeg.—New Orleans Picayune.

The more mining is run into the ground the better.—Leadville Herald.

A perfume dealer, though an idiot, is bound to be a man of science.—Texas Siftings.

A man never gets too old to hint at what a sly devil he was when a boy.—Puck.

A man's idea of heaven is a place where every one is as good as he is.—Atchison Globe.

To a landsman it would seem that a cutter should be at home in a chopping sea.—Boston Courier.

A man never realizes until he has made a fool of himself that a laughter-loving world this is.—Atchison Globe.

Did you ever know a man who wrote a shockingly bad hand who didn't seem to be a little proud of it.—Somerville Journal.

Incandescents are a comparatively modern invention, but ark lights were used at the time of the flood.—Westborough Tribune.

Wool: Do you know anything about the doctrine of election? Van Felt: Only in a general way—vote early and often.—New York Herald.

"But why did he kick me?" asked the man who had just left the editor's room. "I never wrote an article for him before."—New York Recorder.

"Talk about your spoon pad," said the brakeman, as he waved his cap to a girl at the last station. "I'd like to see a dasier collection of spoons than mine."—Washington Post.

Someone once said that he could almost hear the grass grow. We disbelieved him until, while crossing Holmes' field the other day, we distinctly heard it mown.—Harvard Lampoon.

A LITTLE OFF COLOR.

A novel legal procedure the other day in New York was the calling of a juror from the box to testify for the defense.

A middle aged Russian who arrived the other day from Europe on the steamer Elbe wore a long beard, one-half of which was pure white and the other half brown. It was a strikingly curious sight.

After living with his wife for fifteen years in their cosy home in Horsham township, Montgomery county, Pa., without speaking a word to her in all that time, J. Henry Knott has mysteriously decamped.

The youngest litigant on record is Richard Jones, of St. Louis, whose age is six months and who is suing the St. Louis, Kansas City & Colorado railway for \$5,000 for the death of his father, who was killed in a wreck.

A Louisville couple were to have been married in the church and great preparations to that end had been made, but when the time came their timidity so overcame them that they stole away from their friends and were quietly married in a minister's parlor.

Upon hearing about the sale of the famous whipping-post of that city to a speculator who meant to exhibit it at the world's fair, the negroes of Wilmington, Del., went in a body to the yard where it was kept and with axes and saws reduced it to a mass of kindling wood.

The government's efforts to tax oleomargarine into disuse have not proved very successful. Revenue from stamp sales has steadily increased since the law went into effect and during the ten months ended with April more stamps were sold than for any previous twelve months.

A preacher at Fernandina, Fla., was forced to sue his church for nearly \$300 owed him ever since February 1, 1887, when the church clerk gave him a due bill for the amount, \$146.69. The church set up the singular defense that the debt was barred by the statute of limitations and the salary was, therefore, uncollectable.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.

Whatever you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.

Ability involves responsibility. Power, to its last particle, is duty.

No man can be made rich with money who would also be rich without it.

Gentleness makes children enduring, women lovable, and men admirable.

Speaking ill of other people is only another way of bragging on ourselves.

The surest way to make a man mad quick is to tell the truth about himself.

Sin is its own detective. No man can escape him any more than he can escape God.

Whenever you see a drunken man it ought to remind you that every boy in the world is in danger.

The man who says in his heart, "I will try it a little way, and if I like it I will go on," will never get to heaven.

The use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality, and instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are.

You had better let a thief come into your home and carry off what he will, than to let a wicked thought come into your heart and stay.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as spendthrifts covet money, for the purpose of circulation.

DON'TS FOR WIVES.

Don't ever tell a man he is good-looking.

Don't ever tell a man he has pretty legs.

Don't scold him because he leaves ashes in his pipe.

Don't ask him where he has been the moment he enters the house.

Don't mend his shosery with cotton having knots in it larger than a pea.

Don't disturb your husband while he is reading his morning or evening paper.

Don't waste your breath in useless vituperation against his favorite chum.

MASCULINITIES.

There is nothing a man is so proud of as a child that is sound asleep in bed.

I envy no man who knows more than myself, but pity those who know less.

It is hard to understand why playing foot ball is considered easier than sawing wood.

The man most anxious to maintain his rights become celebrated for circulating his wrongs.

A man never frets out how little he knows until his children begin to ask him questions.

By the time a man realizes that he is a fool it is usually too late to realize on his realization.

You may doubt a man's Christianity who is always complaining of his dinner on wash-days.

A man in Athens, Ga., owns an antiquity in the form of a water bucket, hewn out of the solid rock.

It is more natural to a man to lie in bed in the morning and wish he was rich than it is to get up and earn a dollar.

The young man who thinks that he could marry any girl he likes, is generally a young man who has never tried.

A contemporary says the most difficult surgical operation of all is to take the cheek out of some of our young men.

It was probably the man who married a rich wife who first started the joke on the difficulty of finding a woman's pocket.

If a man is neither very good or very bad, it is very good evidence that he has never at any time been greatly influenced by any woman.

It is only one person among a thousand who becomes a centenarian, and hardly six persons among a thousand who attain 75 years of age.

When you hear a man blowing up the preachers you can write it down for a fact that there is something in his life that they are preaching against.

When a man begins to think that it is about time he was making money faster than he can honestly earn it, the devil is getting very close to him.

There are four metallic qualifications which help a man through the world—iron in his heart, brass in his face, silver in his tongue, and gold in his pocket.

THE DUMB WORLD.

Ft. Worth, Texas, claims a carnivorous cow that eats cats, rats and mice.

A cow in Phillips, Me., recently drank five gallons of maple syrup. She ought to give sweet milk.

An Atchison man whose wife does all the work for a family of seven, recently paid the license on five dogs.

A dog at Hyde Park, Chicago, laboring under permanent mental aberration, stole nearly 1,000 newspapers and carried them to his kennel.

An Alabama poultry raiser has a chicken with three perfect wings. The extra wing is in the middle of the back, and when the fowl is in a hurry serves as a sail.

A tramp stole a hive of bees in Godison, Mich., and after carrying it a quarter of a mile dropped it. The bees stung him so bad that the mere mention of honey makes him sick.

A resident of Ten Mile Run, N. J., attempted to sit down on a chair on which there was a newspaper. Beneath the newspaper was the family cat. The cat bit him and he is dying of blood poisoning.

A Hagerstown (Md.) man owns a parrot that is known to be at least fifty-five years old. The venerable bird is just learning to say the Lord's prayer, but it has been an accomplished swearer ever since it was a fledgling.

Mrs. Prouty, of Waterloo, San Joaquin county, Cal., with her two children, attempted to cross the railroad track in front of a moving train; but her horse, more sensible than its driver, refused to go, and only the animal's stubborn resistance to her whip and voice saved the lives of the whole party.

The ancient Finns believed that a mystic bird laid an egg on the lap of Vainainou, who hatched it in his bosom. He let it fall into the water and it broke, the lower portion of the shell forming the earth, the upper the sky; the liquid white became the sun and the yolk the moon, while the little fragments of broken shell were transformed into stars.

CURIOUS CLIPPINGS.

An odd title for a fair held in England in aid of a convalescent home is "A Dream of Health for Sick Children."

Ten years ago Tennessee potatoes were scarcely known in the Northern markets. Now the crop annually brings into Middle Tennessee from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000.

Beet sugar is rapidly outstripping cane sugar in the markets of the world. The estimated crop for this year of each is: Cane, 2,340,000 tons; beet, 3,000,000 tons.

Mrs. Sallie Alderman, of Cecil, Ga., is the mother of ten children, it is said and has 101 grandchildren, 200 great-grandchildren, and six living great-great-grandchildren.

The number of cabin passengers who go to Europe from this country every year is estimated at 90,000, and the average expense of the round trip is placed at \$200 each, making an aggregate of \$18,000,000.

Troop K, of the Ninth cavalry, recently ordered to Fort Meyers, near Washington, is the first body of regular colored troops to be ordered east of the Mississippi. The detail is given the troop as a reward for good service against the Indians.

The laughing plant of Arabia produces black bean-like seeds, small doses of which, when dried and powdered, intoxicate like laughing gas. The victim dances, shouts and laughs like a madman for about an hour, when he becomes exhausted and falls asleep, to awake after several hours with no recollection of his wild antics.

An old gentleman named Park, living at Teddington, England, having taken a liking to a young lady named Margaret Smith, executed a deed giving her £30,000 if she would consent to marry his son, but if the latter refused she was to receive only £20,000 out of the estate. He soon died, the son refused to marry, and the

Major's Cement Repairs Broken Articles

Of the 1,000 policemen in Chicago, 1,584 are Irishmen.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Annie Besant has fed 10,000 poor school children in three years.

Get a Good Start in Business Life by securing a thorough business education at home by mail, low rates; Bryant's College, Buffalo, N. Y.

What is said to be a pure white eagle has been captured in Illinois.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The King of Greece has made \$6,000,000 speculating on London 'change.

FITS.—At Philadelphia freed by DR. KLINE'S GREAT Nerve Restorer. No Fit after Friday's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Sent to Dr. Kline, 311 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Joseph Jefferson, Jr., is to be married in June to Miss Blanche Bender, an actress.

The people of this country use three times as much writing paper as those of any other nation, in proportion to their number.

BASE BALL,



Pains and Aches
—AND—
THE BEST REMEDY
ARE INSEPARABLE.
FOR THE PROMPT, SURE CURE OF
Sprains, Bruises, Hurts,
Cuts, Wounds, Backache,
RHEUMATISM,
ST. JACOBS OIL
HAS NO EQUAL.

"Who wins the eyes, wins all"—
If you regard **APPEARANCES** you will certainly use **SAPOLIO** in house-cleaning. Sapolio is a solid cake of scouring-soap. Try it in house-cleaning.

YOU ARE JUDGED
By your house just as much as by your dress. Keep it neat and clean and your reputation will shine. Neglect it and your good name will suffer. Do not think that house-cleaning is too troublesome; it is worth all it costs, especially if you reduce the outlay of time and strength by using **SAPOLIO**.

PENNYROYAL PILLS
CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only safe, pure, and reliable PILLS for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metal boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Beware of Substitutes and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Billet for Ladies," in letter by return mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., Madison Square, PHILADELPHIA, PA. Sold by all Local Druggists.

The Key to Success
in washing and cleaning is **Pearline**. By doing away with the rubbing, it opens the way to easy work; with **Pearline**, a weekly wash can be done by a weakly woman. It shuts out possible harm and danger; all things washed with **Pearline** last longer than if washed with soap. Everything is done better with it. These form but a small part of the packages of **Pearline** every year. Let **Pearline** do its best and there is no fear of "dirt doing its worst."
—Why women use millions upon millions of packages of **Pearline** every year. Let **Pearline** do its best and there is no fear of "dirt doing its worst."
On the peddlers and grocers who tell you "this is as good as," or "the same as" **Pearline**. IT'S FALSE; besides, **Pearline** is never peddled.
JAMES PYLE, New York.

For the Brides of June

A WHOLE PAGE of Practical Hints and Helps about the Wedding Trousseau, the Ceremony, the Flowers, the Reception, the Going Away and the Coming Back. For particulars, see the

June Number of
The Ladies' Home Journal
On the News-stands, Ten Cents a Copy

FOR 50 CENTS

We will mail it to any address on trial, from
Now to January, '92

(BALANCE OF THIS YEAR)

For Summer, Autumn and Winter our features include stories by

- Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY
- MARY E. WILKINS
- SUSAN COOLIDGE
- MARY J. HOLMES
- ROSE TERRY COOKE

FINEST Illustrated Magazine ever issued for ladies and the family, and having a circulation larger than any other periodical in the world—

750,000 Copies each issue.



CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

A MAIDEN FAIR.

BY CHARLES GIBBONS.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"I thought you said that you would never part with me and the *Mermaid*, father."

The voice was so soft and the look she turned upon him so gentle that he could not be angry. Nevertheless, he tried to appear as one injured, because he felt so keenly that he deserved the reproach expressed so quietly.

"I am na to part wif' either o' you. I was just putting a question to you, and there was nae harm in that."

"Oh, na."

"Wee, the lang and the short o' it is this; there's a man to me the day—I'm na gaun to tell you wae." (She smiled; as if she did not know wae! Poor old father!) "And he says that if you will take him and I will gie my consent he'll gie you a' your ain way and make ower to you at once a fortune. I said to him, 'You maun speir at hersel', my man.' He said he would, and he's gaun to do it, and I first wanted to ken aforehand what you would be likely to say. But you are free to do as you like."

"You mean Mr. Cargill, father?"

"Eh!—hoo did you ken that?" exclaimed the old captain, forgetting in his amazement even to smoke.

"Easily enough; he was the only man here to-day except—"

"Weel?" (There was a curious glimmer of a smile on the old man's face as he put the question required by her pause.)

"Except Mr. Ross, and he cannot do what you say the other offers to do. But I am afraid that Mr. Cargill is not the man for me, with all his wealth and your consent."

"Oh, then you mean that you'll haesomebody else without my consent?"

She got up, took the empty pipe from his hand and proceeded to fill it with an experienced hand. As she gave it back to him with a light—

"We'll na talk any more havers to-night, father. You ken well enough that I will never take a man that you say na to; and I will never take one that I say na to, though you should say yes. Now that's all settled."

"Ay, ay, and it's that way, is't?" muttered the captain to himself, but quite loud enough for her to hear. "It's that way, is't? We maun see about that. We maun see about that. An empty purse against a well-filled one—we maun see about that."

Annie was a little fidgety as his loudly-expressed reflections proceeded, and was glad when they were interrupted by a loud ring at the bell of the entrance-door.

"Wha can that be at this hour? Hope there's naething wrang wif' the *Mermaid*."

"Kirsty will soon tell us," said Annie, arranging her papers for the night.

"Master Cargill," said Kirsty, the stout serving-woman, opening the door for the big lymphatic form to enter.

"I hope you will excuse me for dropping in upon you so late," he said, in what he thought was a grand manner; "I intended to be here four hours ago, but was unexpectedly detained in the town. Sorry now I did not come straight along from the old place; but was obliged to make a call first, and the business occupied me much longer than I expected."

"Never heed that, sit down—and get a glass, nae. Oh, but you like wine and seegaars. Very weel; though I never meddle wif' thae things myself! I hae some wine that was gien me in a present that folk wha ken say there's nae better in Edinbro'. Ay, and I hae seegaars to match. Get them out, Annie."

Annie obeyed quickly, and then excusing herself as she was required elsewhere left the room.

The wine was good and the "seegaars" were good, as the captain had said, and Cargill evinced his appreciation of both.

"And noo," said the captain when they were settled down, "how did you come out on sic a night?"

"Oh, the night is not so bad in a close cab with a good horse and a careful driver."

"And is this man waiting for you?" cried the captain, his eyes starting, "and you never thought of seeking a dram for him?"

"I do not like to encourage tipping in people of his class," coolly answered the loutish sybarite as he sipped his wine and smoked his cigar.

There was a movement on the captain's lips as if he repressed some words which were no doubt of a very emphatic character. He rang the bell fiercely and called loudly for Kirsty whilst he filled a glass with whisky.

"Hey, take this to the cabman to keep him warm while he's waiting."

"He has just cam' for a ligit tae his lamp and's at the door," replied the woman; "puir man, he's sair drookit."

Then the captain walked about to regain his temper. Cargill had not moved during the whole of these proceedings. He smoked and drank placidly as if they had nothing to do with him, and if these good people chose to concern themselves with a mere cabman who would receive his full fare and something over, that was their business.

The driver stood shivering at the door, the fierce gusts of wind threatening to tear the coat from his back, whilst the horse stood shivering at the gate.

"Thank ye, mem; I wish the puir beast could hae a dram tae on sic a night. Here's your very good health," said the man as he gratefully accepted the captain's hospitality.

The captain sat down again and resumed the conversation.

"And noo," he said, "what has brought you here at this hour?"

"Two things, sir," rejoined Cargill slowly, or lazily, but did not proceed.

"And what may thae twa things be?"

There was again that curious movement on the captain's lips which had first appeared when he learned that there was a poor man out in the cold for whom his employer had not the least consideration.

"The first thing, captain—and it could have waited till to-morrow—is to tell you that all the conditions I mentioned will be faithfully carried out. My mother is delighted with the idea of the match and says she will agree to anything in order to bring it about. She has a high esteem for you, captain."

The man actually could not refrain from attempting to patronize even in such a position as this.

"That's very guid o' her to say sae, and very guid o' you to tell me. But there was nae need o' saying it, for Bell and me are

and acquaintances and we hae aye respectit one another."

Cargill felt sore; it was his great weakness that he did not like to be reminded of the origin of his fortune or of himself. He would have done anything to remove his mother from the midst of her old associations; but she would not move, and in spite of all his efforts they were continually dashing in his teeth, as it were.

"She is a wonderful woman," he said vaguely, as he looked at the ceiling and sent a great cloud of smoke up to it.

"She is that," Captain Duncan said heartily, "and sae far everything is satisfactory. Noo, you hae naething mair ado than jist get the lass to gie her consent."

"Yes, but you will help me with your authority."

"Undoubtedly; I promised that afore—a' things being agreeable. And this I can tell you, there never was a more obedient and faithful bairn in the world than my Annie."

"Then that being the case we may consider the matter as good as settled; for I am not afraid of being able to make myself sufficiently agreeable to her during the passage to Peterhead to warrant you in telling her that you have chosen me for your son-in-law—provided one condition is complied with by you."

"And what may that be?"

"You are taking Ross with you?"

"I am that. He is the best man I could find to keep my mind easy when I am resting myself. What's wrang about that?"

Cargill rested back in his chair and puffed meditatively for a few seconds before replying. Then—

"Do you mean to say, captain, that you don't see what is going on?"

"I see a heap o' things that are going on and going off too. But what particular thing are you meaning?"

"Would you like to see your daughter married to a man like Ross?"

"Na, if she could do better. He is a decent chiel. Do you see onything particular wrang with him?"

"I ha'e nothing to say about him. But although I do not doubt myself, I would rather you did not take him with us on board the *Mermaid*."

It was the captain's turn to smoke for a few seconds in silence. Then, decisively, as if he had been arguing the whole question out in his mind—

"The matter is settled and canna be changed."

"But don't you see, captain," urged Cargill in his heavy way, trying to be persuasive, "if he goes with us you are denying me a fair chance with Miss Murray. If we are left to ourselves, all will go well; but if we are interfered with there is no saying what may happen."

"There is naething can happen that shouldna happen. Annie kens what she is doing, and Ross is a decent lad. If he doens do onything to disgrace himself and she says that I am to part wif' the *Mermaid* and her, then there is nae mair to be said about it. We'll jist hae to do it. You hae gotten my word—he hasna; so you maun take your chance. At the same time I should say that you are ower fearful. What, man, you hae the siller and the grand ways. Do you think ony woman in her senses would hae a doubt as the man she should take? Fie, I'm surprised at ye."

"That's true."

But when he went away Cargill's mind was more in keeping with the storm than when he arrived. On that black drive back to Edinburgh the wind seemed to whistle weird suggestions to his brain; the melancholy roar of the waters seemed to rouse wild thoughts of possibilities by which he might prove himself the worthier man of the two; and the ugly slushy roads, crossed here and there by the ghastly light of a feeble lamp, seemed to reflect his mind.

All the weak vanity of the man was stirred to passion; and the passion which springs from such a source is always the worst.

CHAPTER VII.

"MERMAID AHOY!"

Donkey engines rattling, bales of goods from quays aboard ships, or vice versa; barrels, boxes, hampers, all flung in the air and alighting safely in their places amidst a babel of tongues and a great smell of tar. That was the port of Leith.

The bantam-like *Mermaid* nestled at its moorings, but panting and puffing as proudly as its neighbors, trying to make itself appear as big as possible, and continually asserting its claim to equal consideration with any of the huge rivals which lay to right and left of it. The bantam was noted amongst the people of the port for its neatness and sea-worthiness, and for the pushing character of its commander. Goods put on board the *Mermaid* were considered as safe as if they had been placed in the hands of the persons to whom they were consigned. Thus the credit of Duncan Murray stood high, and he valued it more than his life—truly more than his life, for it was no mere phrase with him, it was a fact. He valued that credit more than his life, more even than his daughter's life, and that meant everything to him he cared about; it included the *Mermaid*. It had come to be a saying, "as safe as though it was with Duncan Murray," and that was as much to him as if he had been made Lord High Admiral of the Fleet.

The fact was remarkable that in the whole course of his trailing he had never lost the smallest package entrusted to his care; and as years went on the pride of this fact grew in its proportions, in his breast until it seemed as if one failure would have killed him.

Annie, with her sailor's hat and pea-jacket on, stood on the hurricane deck overlooking the bustle on board and on the quays. Her father was moving about everywhere; now scolding, now encouraging, now lending a hand to move some pile.

At length everything was on board, and only two people were waiting to complete the equipment of the *Mermaid* for her trip.

"Where is Mr. Ross?" asked Annie, after long consideration with herself.

"He'll j in us on the horse; he asked me to let him go out last night and I said, ay, if he would meet us in time. Nae fear o' him."

She had no need to ask where was Mr. Cargill, for a cab drove along the wharves as far as it could, and that gentleman appeared in a faultlessly fashionable check tweed tourist suit. He had only a small hand-bag to carry, for his portmanteau had been put on board the previous night.

His figure was grotesque; imagine a stout

man six feet in height, with heavy jaws and sleepy eyes, dressed like a lad of fifteen! This was Mr. Cargill, who had an unbounded faith in the elegance of his figure and the skill of his tailor.

Annie laughed at the sight of him, and the captain felt disposed to bid him "puss some claes on" as quick as he could. But recognising in all this the height of aristocratic fashion, he held his tongue and marvelled. Captain Duncan would have been a great toady if opportunity had offered; for he had a vast reverence for the "nobility," and deep respect for anything which even remotely represented it. So, with all his absurd airs, "Jeems" Cargill impressed the old man as being something out of the common—just as poor old Bell Cargill was impressed, and consequently permitted her money to flow at his command.

He saluted his hosts, but they were too much occupied to give him particular attention, and he had grace enough to recognize that fact. He applied himself to the arrangement of his berth, fitting up in it all the newest contrivances for securing comfort at sea. Having done this he went on deck.

The boat was just casting off. He looked around; Captain Duncan was doing everything and Bob Ross was not there!

"Are you going to do without your pilot?" he said to the skipper as he approached him.

"I ha'e nae time to speak to onybody the noo," was the sharp response, as Captain Duncan hurried to his post on the hurricane deck.

Cargill quietly followed him, because Annie was there.

"We shall have a pleasant day," he said, with as much warmth as if there had been something very particular in the remark.

"It looks pleasant enough at present," she answered, smiling at the weather prophet; "but it is a west wind, and those clouds yonder may bring us such rain as will spoil the nicest clothee."

He observed the smile and was unconscious of the playful allusion to his gorgeous raiment.

"Ah, you are weather-wise, Miss Murray, and I ought not to have dared to say a word on the subject. I ought to have asked you to tell me how it was to be. But we may be happy in the most unpleasant weather when we are with those we like best in the world."

"What is the day to be, father?" she said, turning her head away impervious to this very broad compliment.

"You'll na be fashed wif' heavy seas, ony way," answered the captain, busy minding his own business and unconscious of what was going on. Cargill did feel that slight movement of her head and inattention to his words; for like all small natures he was content so long as attention was paid to him, but spiteful always, and wrathful sometimes, when he was treated with the slightest neglect.

"However, she will come round," was his thought, and the opportunity to bring her round was his now. The father was in his favor, and that big bear, Bob Ross, was not on board. He congratulated himself most cordially on that circumstance. He did not care by what lucky accident it had been brought about. There was the fact, and that was enough for him. It was something more than that the absence of Ross left him free to woo Annie; there had been certain wild thoughts in his head which made him specially glad that the man was away.

Then he had a particular piece of gratification. Annie went down to the deck and he accompanied her. They walked up and down, and she listened to his empty chatter about the grand sights and grand people of London and Paris. He tried to make her understand what delights lay before the woman who should be taken to these places by a man who loved her and "knew his way about."

She said little in reply, but she listened, and he felt assured that he was making rapid progress in her good graces. She halted occasionally and looked out to sea or towards the shore scanning the waters with eager eyes; he did not observe their expression, and did not guess what she was looking for. And at such times she would say "yes" or "no" "that's fine," in a low voice which filled him with the joy of triumph.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HUMOR.

"If our fathers and mothers had all married their first loves where would we be?"—[LIFE.]

Effie (to Mrs. Belweather, who has just been speaking of Mr. B.)—Why, Mrs. Belweather, I thought you hadn't any husband? Mrs. B.—Why, of course I have, Effie. Do you mean to say that you don't know Mr. Belweather? Effie—Yes; but I didn't suppose he was your husband. I thought you hadn't any. Papa said you married for money, and that was all you got.—[THE JESTER.]

"Will I write out Jimson's bill?" asked he clerk. "No, I think you'd better get it printed; get about one hundred copies or so. It'll need that number before he pays it, and time and money will be saved in the end."

Ned—You were having a charming time in the bow window with the beautiful Miss Lilygrowth? Charley—Yes. Ned—I overheard you tell her you loved her above all things on earth. Charley—You did, you spy? Ned—Yes. But, tell me, Charley, why did you leave her so abruptly? Charley—Well, the fact is, Ned, I wanted a smoke!—[Chicago Times.]

Ants Making Lemonade.

"Did you know that ants would make lemonade?" asked a Bridge street grocer the other day. "They will, for I have seen them do it several times. The other day I left a slice of lemon on the counter and there happened to be some sugar not far off and directly I noticed the ants carrying the sugar to the lemon juice. I thought it was rather queer, and to test the matter have tried it several times by putting a piece of lemon on the counter and placing some sugar near by, and the ants never fail to carry the sugar to the lemon."—[Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.]

Deafness Can't be Cured by local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is not a ringing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

BLAZING WITH JEWELS. Gorgeous Raiment Worn by the Native Princes of India.

Rev. Dr. George F. Pentecost, now in India, writes: "After being honored with a seat at the private dining table of the viceroy everything else in a social way comes to a man or woman. So I have dined with the lieutenant-governor and been to various receptions and evening parties at both the beautiful Belvidere and the government house, and the last two receptions (evening parties), one each at the viceroy's and the lieutenant-governor's, to meet his imperial highness, the czarowitz." Of course I went to see the future czar of all the Russias—a fairly good-looking young fellow of about 21, with a look about his eyes and a jaw which suggested that he might be equal to any emergency which might arise in the future. I stood by his side for ten minutes in a crush of 2,000 people, and so had a good look at him. I am glad that I am not a czarowitz, and that he is not my imperial highness.

But what interested me more than this young imperial highness was the great assemblage of native princes, rajahs, maharajahs, etc., with their magnificent and gorgeous attire. I don't think I ever saw so many jewels in my life. These old and young princes had evidently decked themselves out for the occasion. One young maharajah had a necklace of diamonds on completely surrounding his neck, six strands deep, no one of them smaller than a large pea and running up in size to a large hazelnut. Besides such masses of diamonds there were pearls in strings (more beautiful than diamonds), rubies, sapphires, emeralds, opals (most beautiful), and every glorious stone the earth yields. It would have sent half the society women of New York and Brooklyn mad with envy just to have seen them. And to think of them being wasted on the men.—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Wanted. A lady for light, pleasant, and profitable employment at her own home. Address with stamp, Kilmer & Co., South Bend, Ind.

Standing Bear, the Sioux chief who is lecturing in Chicago, has sent his sons to be educated in Pennsylvania.

This century has produced no woman who has done so much to educate her sex to a thorough and proper knowledge of themselves as Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham.

A girl in Pittsburg ran away from home because she lo'd children and wanted to live in a children's hospital.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children she gave them Castoria.

THE OLD STORY! And how often it is told! Suffering for years with blood poison and blood taints; trying various nostrums in vain; traveling far to see high priced physicians; spending hundreds of dollars; and, at last,

Falling Back on S. S. S. This was the experience of Mr. F. Z. Nelson, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Fremont, Nebraska. He suffered for years with scrofula; and it continued to grow worse in spite of all treatment. Finally four bottles of S. S. S. cured him. He writes: "Words are inadequate to express my gratitude and favorable opinion of Swift's Specific."

Book on Blood and Skin Diseases Free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

I CURE FITS! When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. D., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

PISOS REMEDY FOR CATARRH—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address: E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

There's a patent medicine which is not a patent medicine—paradoxical as that may sound. It's a discovery! the golden discovery of medical science! It's the medicine for you—tired, run-down, exhausted, nerve-wasted men and women; for you sufferers from diseases of skin or scalp, liver or lungs—it's chance is with every one, it's season always, because it aims to purify the fountain of life—the blood—upon which all such diseases depend.

The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

The makers of it have enough confidence in it to sell it on trial.

That is—you can get it from your druggist, and if it doesn't do what it's claimed to do, you can get your money back, every cent of it.

That's what its makers call taking the risk of their words.

Tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, are what Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are. The best Liver Pills ever invented; active, yet mild in operation; cure sick and bilious headaches. One a dose.

SICK HEADACHE! Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

HAY FEVER CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address, P. Harold Hayes, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

FREE ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS. With Maps, Describing Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, the best of Free Government Land.

NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. Best Agricultural Grazing and Timber Lands now open to settlers. Mailed FREE. Address CHAS. B. LA BUCK, Land Com. R. F. & B. St. Paul, Minn.

LEWIS' 98 % LYE POWERED AND PERFUMED (PATENTED) The strongest and purest Lye made. Will make the best perfumed Hand Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for softening water, cleaning waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc.

PENNA. SALT MFG. CO. Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa. GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa from which the excess of oil has been removed. Is absolutely pure and its soluble. No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. Its delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

THIS IS THE ONLY SCALE 5 TON. \$60. JONES

RELIABLE, ACCURATE, DURABLE. BEAM-BOX-BRASS-BEAM-IRON-LEVERS. ADDRESS, JONES, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT FOR TERMS. BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

W. N. U. D.—9—23. When writing to Advertisers please enclose saw the advertisement in this Paper.

PISOS REMEDY FOR CATARRH—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address: E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

Church News-

Bethel A. M. E.—Corner of Hastings and Capoleon streets. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.—Rev. John M. Harrison, pastor.

Ebenezer A. M. E.—Cathoun street, near Beaubien. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.—Rev. J. H. Alexander, pastor.

esson Ave. A. M. E.—Services 10:30 a. m. 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.—Rev. W. N. Pharis, pastor.

Second Baptist.—Croghan street, near Beaubien. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.—Rev. E. H. McDonald, pastor.

St. Matthew's Episcopal.—Corner Antoine and Elizabeth streets. Sunday services: Holy Communion, 7:00 a. m. Morning Prayer and Sermon, 10:30 a. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m. Evening Prayer and Sermon, 4 p. m. C. H. Thompson, D. D., rector.

Shiloh Baptist.—Columbia street, near Rivard. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school immediately after morning service.—Rev. W. A. Meredith, pastor.

Brief items of news will be welcome, from either pastors or laymen.

The Rev. G. C. Sampson, of Pittsburg, is preparing to build a new church.

The Rev. Daniel Draper has begun erection of a new \$15,000 church in Harrisburg, Pa.

The Council of Bishops of the A. M. E. church will meet in Chicago on the 24th of this month.

The A. M. E. church society of Harrisburg, Pa., are preparing to build a new church edifice at a cost of about \$15,000.

Emmanuel church, West Durham, N. C., with a membership of 16, on a recent occasion took up a collection of \$271.07.

The members of the American Union Methodist Episcopal conference at their recent session at Camden, N. J., decided to erect a monument to Rev. Isaac Harner.

The Rev. I. S. Johnson, of Chicago, sails for London shortly to solicit funds to prosecute missionary work in Africa and will visit that country before he returns.

Mr. L. E. Christy, of the Indianapolis World and Mr. H. Innes are the lay delegates elected to represent Indiana in the coming general conference of the A. M. E. church.

A mission started by St. John's Episcopal church, Boston, has been so successful that ground has been purchased for the erection of an Episcopalian church for Afro-Americans.

The presiding elders of the Arkansas district of the A. M. E. church have petitioned the board of bishops to appoint Bishop Turner to succeed the late Rt. Rev. Disney as bishop of their diocese.

The Rev. Mr. Jackson, pastor of the Emmanuel Baptist church, New Haven, Conn., who has completed a three years course in the medical department of Yale will leave his charge soon to go to Africa.

The New York annual conference of the A. M. E. church in session in New York city, Saturday, elected Dr. W. B. Derrick, Messrs Israel Derrick and F. P. Giles as delegates to the general conference at Philadelphia next May.

The New York annual conference of the A. M. E. church opened its 71st session in Union Bethel church, New York city last Wednesday. Bishop H. M. Turner who presided said in his address to the conference that he was "opposed to men of advanced age entering the ministry." "Men who have wasted their time," he said, "and have failed in everything else, have jumped over into the ministry."

At the annual conference of the A. M. E. Zion churches of New England, which was held in New Haven last week, four out of five candidates for admission to holy orders were found deficient and refused admission until after another year's hard study. Bishop Hood in addressing them said the members of the New England conference must have cultured minds, as well as the grace of God in their hearts.

The Rev. Jacob Mills, the oldest Afro-American preacher in the United States died in Charleston, S. C., last week. He was 91 years old and had married half the Afro-Americans in Charleston. He had been connected with the Centenary church for nearly 30 years. Before the war he was given his freedom but his wife and five children were slaves. To keep them from being sold he worked and saved enough money to buy them. His death was greatly mourned and his funeral services took the form of a public demonstration.

The Rev. G. F. Miller was recently ordained in the ministry of the Episcopal church in St. Mark's church, in Charleston, S. C. He was assigned to the rectorship of Calvary church. Mr. Miller has just graduated from the general theological seminary of New York city, having previously taken the degree of B. A. from Howard university and is the first Afro-American entering the church in South Carolina so well equipped for his work.

The Rev. Jas. M. Henderson, presiding elder of the Michigan conference has a communication in the Cassopolis Vigilant speaking of the good work Rev. E. E. Gregory is accomplishing on the Day circuit.

Perry's Victory.

From the American. Waterbury, Conn. Rufus Perry, Jr., is the name of a young colored man of 22 who seems to have a career before him which will do honor to his race. He has been admitted to the bar, receiving the mark of 100 per cent, which is almost never given. He is the son of a Baptist minister of Troy, and fitted for Cornell. Instead of going to college, however, he engaged in the study of law. He entered the law department of the University of the City of New York, and became a great favorite in his class. He might have been valedictorian, but withdrew in favor of a friend who stood next to him. He is to be class orator. He argued a chamber motion in the supreme court, beating H. D. McBurney. His argument so impressed Mr. McBurney that the latter made him a head clerk. Thus this young colored man is pushing his own way by himself. If he is not spoiled by too early success he seems likely to prove how a young colored man of brains can make his own way to the front at the bar. The race needs the inspiration of just such a career as that to increase the general spirit of manliness and independence.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON XI—JUNE 14—II CHRON. 34:14-28.

The Book of the Law Found—Golden Text: "The Law of Thy Mouth is Better Unto Me Than Thousands of Gold and Silver."—Ps. 119:72.

Daily Readings.

M. Josiah's early piety. 2 Chron. 34:1-13. T. The book of the law found. 2 Chron. 34:14-22. W. The book read. 2 Chron. 34:23-33. T. The Passover kept. 2 Chron. 35:1-19. F. Josiah slain. 2 Chron. 35:20-27. S. The precious word. Psalm 19.

Psalm 119:65-90. Time.—Josiah reigned from 641 to 610. The law was found in the 18th of his reign. B. C. 623. This was seventy-five years after the death of Hezekiah.

Connecting links.—Hezekiah's good reign was followed by Manasseh's wicked administration—worse than any which had preceded it, see chapter 33. When taken captive and afflicted, he repented, but he could not undo the evil he had done. The people still sacrificed in high places and his son Amon followed the evil example of his earlier life. So when Josiah began to reign, the land was in a sad moral condition.

Josiah's early life.—Although he began to reign when 8 years old, he "did that which was right in the sight of the Lord." His name is forever linked with that of David and Hezekiah, the three kings of Judah who followed the Lord most perfectly. His mother's name was Jedidiah, "beloved of the Lord." and his grandmother's Aadaiah, "honored of the Lord." The name which she gave him,—Josiah, "the Lord will support," is a strong evidence that his mother was a godly woman, and that her influence was the principal human instrument which God used in preserving him from the evil influence of his father and his corrupt age.

I. The book found. V. 14. "When they brought out the money"—Josiah had adopted means similar to those used by Joash to raise money to repair the temple. As it was collected it had been deposited in the temple until needed. "A book of the law"—Rev. Ver. "The book of the law." Very probably the copy of the Pentateuch which Moses commanded the Levites to put "by the side of the ark." Rev. Ver. There exist to-day manuscripts of both Old and New Testaments twice as old as that would have been.

II. The book read. V. 15. "Hilkiah"—The high priest who was superintending the repair of the temple. "Shaphan the scribe"—The king's secretary of state. "Delivered the book to Shaphan"—Because he was the king's direct representative.

V. 16. "All that was committed," etc.—Shaphan first reports that the duties assigned by the king had been performed.

V. 17. "Have gathered together the money"—Rev. Ver. "Have emptied out the money," first out of the collection chest into a place of deposit; then weighing it out to the contractors.

V. 18. "Shaphan read it before the king"—Rev. Ver. "read therein." Very probably at the king's request. The place where he read was evidently such passages as Deut. 23:15-68, judging from the effect produced.

III. The results of the reading. V. 19. "He rent his clothes"—He did not, like his wicked successor, Jehoiakim, cut out the portions of the roll which foretold judgment for sin. Jer. 36:23, 24, but he sought to put away the sin it denounced.

V. 21. "Go, inquire of the Lord"—Convicted of sin, the king's next inquiry was, "What must we do to be saved." See Acts 2:37; 16:30. "And for them that are left in Israel"—He was concerned for his people as well as for himself.

IV. Inquiring of the Lord. V. 22. "Went to Huldah the prophetess"—Jeremiah and Zephaniah both prophesied during the reign of Josiah; but the former lived at Anathoth, and the latter may not yet have begun his ministry. "Dwelt in the college"—Rev. Ver. "in the second quarter," the new portion on the north of the city which had been taken in by the wall built by Manasseh, chap. 33:14.

V. 23. "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel"—A humble, godly woman Huldah doubtless was, one of those God-fearing ones to whom the Lord reveals his secrets. Ps. 26:14.

V. 24. "I will bring evil upon this place"—The nation was so deeply sunk in iniquity that no warnings or efforts would now turn it back to God.

V. 25. My wrath shall be poured out, and shall not be quenched.—When God began to punish Judah and Jerusalem, he would now make a complete overthrow of the city.

V. 26. "As for the king"—While the good often suffer in this life with the wicked, yet the Lord always knoweth them that are his. No matter how wicked your surroundings, God knows if you are living a life of faith.

V. 27. "Because thine heart was tender"—He feared to sin against God, and walked humbly before him. "And didst rend thy clothes"—Repenting more deeply before God when he heard the words of the law.

V. 28. "Shall be gathered to thy grave in peace"—He was mortally wounded in battle, yet he died in peace at Jerusalem, and the kingdom was at peace. Chap. 35: 20-27.

Josiah did not rest satisfied with the assurance of his own salvation; he made earnest efforts for the salvation of the nation also. Read the remainder of this chapter and the next.

LEARN FROM THIS LESSON.

1. Abundance of Bibles is one of our greatest blessings; 2. The Bible, though in our homes, may be a lost book through neglect; 3. We should search the Scriptures, for it describes our own condition and peril; 4. When convicted by it of sin and danger, we should search it further until we learn what we must do to be saved; 5. The soul which has found peace in Christ is earnestly seeking to lead others to salvation.

V. Geist. Charles Geist.

V. Geist & Son

Undertakers AND Practical Embalmers.

51 Monroe Ave., Detroit.

Established in 1861.

TELEPHONE 637.

GEO. J. SEXAUER,

DEALER IN

Stoves & Hardware

Manufacturer of the HOME REFRIGERATOR.

Heavy Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

Gasoline and Oil Stoves.

89 Gratiot Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Cheapest Wall Paper House

-In the City-

Paper 3, 4 and 5c per Roll.

White - 6 cts

Gilt - 8 and 10

Painting

Paper Hanging

and Decorating.

James Cliff

210 Michigan Avenue.

ICE CREAM

FLINN & DURFEE'S

One Quart 30c Two Quarts 50c One

Dollar per Gallon Delivered.

SPECIAL RATES to Churches, Societies and Boarding Houses.

TELEPHONE 237.

204 MICHIGAN AVENUE.

ATTENTION!

MILLIONS IN IT!

Pensions and Bounties.

New Laws, New Rulings,

New Decisions,

Soldiers, Sailors.

Their Widows, Children.

Mothers, Fathers, Sisters

and Brothers entitled to

PENSIONS.

NEW LAW.

Soldiers and Sailors who have become

disabled since the war are entitled to

Pension—No evidence required.

WIDOWS and CHILDREN

Are entitled to pension—regardless of

cause of the soldier's death—Thou-

sands of claims heretofore reject-

ed are now good.

Apply at once to

L. W. PULIES,

Ex-U. S. Examiner of Pensions, Solicitor

of Claims and Patents.

Office, 1732 Tenth Street, N. W.,

Washington, D. C.

Lock Box 445.

Is Your House or

Household Furniture

Insured

Against Loss or Damage by

"FIRE?"

If Not Get Your Rates From

W. W. FERGUSON

FIRE INSURANCE &

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

Office 101 Griswold St.,

TELEPHONE 2185 — DETROIT, MICH.

Or 225 Alfred Street.

GRAND STEAM LAUNDRY

196 Randolph Street,

Lyceum Theatre Block.

Lace Curtains and Prompt

Work a Specialty.

Goods Called For And Delivered.

Telephone 448.

Here's Your Chance!

IN ORDER to increase the circulation of THE PLAINDEALER to 10,000 copies, the price of the paper has been put at ONE DOLLAR per year. The publishers, in order to secure this number of subscribers without fall by January 1, 1892, will give to those assisting in introducing THE PLAINDEALER into new homes a number of valuable premiums. The premium list includes Sewing Machines, Watches, Choice Books, Histories, Household Utensils and Toys.

THE PLAINDEALER is the best Newspaper published by Afro-Americans in this country. No paper compares with THE PLAINDEALER for fullness of news, enterprise and excellence. Its popularity is proved by the fact that it is now in its 9th Year, circulates in every part of the Union, and is universally acknowledged by the press, as being in the front rank of journalism. It is CHEAP, CLEAN, CHEERY and COMPACT, and agents find it the best paper to canvass for.

Popular Price \$1. per Year

SIX MONTHS 75 CENTS, THREE MONTHS 50 CENTS.

PREMIUM LIST.

Sunday School Libraries.

To any Sunday School, church officer or organization that will secure a club of 75 yearly subscribers at the Popular Price of One Dollar we will give a library of 50 choice books, valued at \$25.

Or for a club of 30 yearly subscribers we will give a library of 20 choice books, valued at \$13.

All American books—nearly every volume illustrated—written by authors known to Sunday school workers and popular with all readers—nearly 18,900 pages of matter, averaging 850 pages to a volume—put up in four rows in a neat and strong wooden case—each volume strongly bound in attractive covers of a uniform shade of dark-brown cloth, D. Lothrop and Co. publishers, Boston.

Or for a club of 25 yearly subscribers we will give a library (another style) of 50 choice books valued at \$13. If your School needs books of any kind write the Plaindealer for other offers. Send stamp for answer.

Sewing Machines, Etc.,

To any one who will secure a club of 30 yearly subscribers to the Plaindealer at the popular price of one dollar per year, we will give a Light Running American Union Sewing Machine, No. 6, with six side drawers, latest style, with full set of attachments. Regular price of this machine is \$45.

To any boy who will secure a club of 15 yearly subscribers at the Popular Price of One Dollar, we will give a Boy's Nickel Watch, a handsome, perfect time-piece, valued at \$5.

To any one who will secure a club of 10 new subscribers for one year we will give either a Carpet Sweeper, or Clock as may be selected.

To any boy who will secure a club of 5 yearly subscribers, we will give a Chicago Target Air Rifle, with target, dart, package of bullets and full directions.

The Plaindealer company having secured a number of copies of the Life and Biography of Zachariah Chandler, a superb book, of interest to all good citizens, will send the same to any address, together with the Plaindealer for one year, for the low price of \$2.00 for both book and paper.

The Chandler book contains much valuable information, the never to be forgotten "4 a. m. speech on Jeff. Davis," is handsomely bound in cloth, and would be an ornament to any library. It deals of the stirring times when that stalwart of stalwarts was a central and leading figure in National affairs. Every Afro-American in Michigan should have this book in his library. Every Afro-American of all the other states should have the same. The original cost of the book was \$2.50. Send at once as we have but a limited number.

Such books of the race, as the "Black Phalanx, a history of the Negro Soldiers in the United States," "Men of Mark," by Prof. Simmons; "Recollections of Seventy Years" by Bishop Payne; and the "Afro-American Press and its Editors" (just out) by I. Garland Penn given as premiums. Send stamp for instructions, sample copies, etc.

If you are in need of any household utensils write to the Plaindealer company for their inducements on the same. Send stamp for answer.

No two premiums given on the same subscription.

As cheap as the cheapest and equal to the best. Subscribe for the Plaindealer. One dollar for the year.

Prizes to Agents or Others.

INTENDING TO MORE THAN DOUBLE THE CIRCULATION OF THE PLAINDEALER IN THE NEXT FEW MONTHS, THE PUBLISHERS OFFER THREE PRIZES TO THE PERSONS SENDING IN THE LARGEST NUMBER OF ANNUAL SUBSCRIBERS, (NOT IN COMPETITION FOR ANOTHER PREMIUM) BETWEEN NOW AND JAN. 1, 1892.

FIRST PRIZE.

The person sending in the largest number of subscribers between now and January 1, 1892, will be given a prize of Twenty-Five Dollars Cash.

SECOND PRIZE.

For the second largest number of subscribers sent in before January 1, 1892, there will be awarded a prize of Fifteen Dollars Cash.

THIRD PRIZE.

The person sending the third largest number of subscribers before January 1, 1892, will be awarded a prize of Ten Dollars Cash.

GO TO WORK AT ONCE! WITH A LITTLE "HUSTLING" YOU MAY WIN.

Popular Price \$1.00 A Year.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ADDRESS

THE PLAINDEALER CO.,

Box 92.

DETROIT, MICH.

James A. Doston

William H. Doston

DOSTON BROS.,

NEW AND COMPLETE CAFE

Sample and Billiard Rooms,

Wine Parlors in Connection.

25 Macomb St. Cor. Brush.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE PLAIN DEALER,

DETROIT, MICH., June, 1891.

Subscription, including 52 Issues and Monthly Novel Supplement, \$1.00.

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED.

THE BOTTLE IMP,

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

AND

THE PHANTOM 'RICKSHAW,

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

The Bottle Imp.

I.

THERE was a man of the Island of Hawaii whom I shall call Keawe; for the truth is, he still lives, and his name must be kept secret; but the place of his birth was not far from Honouanau, where the bones of Keawe the Great lie hidden in a cave. This man was poor, brave and active; he could read and write like a schoolmaster; he was a first rate mariner besides, sailed for some time in the island steamers and steered a whaleboat on the Hamakua coast. At length it came in Keawe's mind to have a sight of the great world and foreign cities, and he shipped on a vessel bound to San Francisco.

This is a fine town with a fine harbor and rich people unaccountable, and in particular there is one hill which is covered with palaces. Upon this hill Keawe was one day taking a walk with his pocket full of money, viewing the great houses upon either hand with pleasure. "What fine houses there are!" he was thinking, "and how happy must these people be who dwell in them and take no care for the morrow." The thought was in his mind when he came abreast of a house that was smaller than some others, but all finished and beautified like a toy; the steps of that house shone like silver,

and the borders of the garden bloomed like garlands; and the windows were bright like diamonds; and Keawe stopped and wondered at the excellence of all he saw. So, stopping, he was aware of a man that looked forth upon him through a window so clear that Keawe could see him as you see a fish in a pool upon the reef. The man was elderly, with a bald head and a black beard; and his face was heavy with sorrow, and he bitterly sighed. And the truth of it is that as Keawe looked in upon the man and the man looked out upon Keawe, each envied the other.

All of a sudden the man smiled and nodded, and beckoned Keawe to enter, and met him in the door of the house.

"This is a fine house of mine," said the man, and bitterly sighed. "Would you not care to view the chambers?"

So he led Keawe all over it from the cellar to the roof, and there was nothing there that was not perfect of its kind, and Keawe was astonished.

"Truly," said Keawe, "this is the beautiful house. If I lived in the like of it I should be laughing all day long; how comes it, then, that you should be sighing?"

"There is no reason," said the man, "why you should not have a house similar to this and finer if you wish. You have some money, I suppose?"

"I have \$50," said Keawe, "but a house like this will cost more than \$50."

The man made a computation. "I'm sorry you have no more," said he, "for it may raise you trouble in the future, but it shall be yours at \$50."

"The house?" asked Keawe.

"No, not the house," replied the man, "but the bottle. For I must tell you, although I appear to you so rich and fortunate, all my fortune, and this house itself and its garden, came out of a bottle not much bigger than a pint. This is it."

And he opened a lock-fast place and he took out a round bellied bottle with a long neck. The glass of it was white like milk, with changing rainbow colors in the grain; withinside something obscurely moved, like a shadow and a fire.

"This is the bottle," said the man; and when Keawe laughed, "You do not believe me?" he added. "Try, then, for yourself. See if you can break it."

So Keawe took the bottle up and dashed it on the floor till he was weary, but it jumped on the floor like a child's ball, and was not injured.

"This is a strange thing," said Keawe; "for by the touch of it, as well as by the look, the bottle should be of glass."

"Of glass it is," replied the man, sighing more

The Novel Supplement for July will contain:

DERRICK VAUGHAN, NOVELIST,

By EDNA LYALL.

heavily than ever, "but the glass of it was tempered in the flames of hell. An imp lives in it, and that is the shadow we behold there moving; or so I suppose. If any man buys this bottle, the imp is at his command; all that he desires, love, fame, money, houses like this, ay, or a city like this city, all are his at the word uttered. Napoleon had this bottle, and by it he grew to be king of the world, but he sold it at the last and fell. Captain Cook had this bottle, and by it he found his way to so many islands; but he too, sold it, and was slain upon Hawaii. For once it is sold the power goes and the protection; and unless a man remain content with what he has, ill will befall him."

"And yet you talk of selling it yourself?" Keawe said:

"I have all I wish, and I am growing elderly," replied the man. "There is one thing the imp cannot do: he cannot prolong life; and it would not be fair to conceal from you there is a drawback to the bottle; for if a man dies before he sells it he must burn in hell forever."

"To be sure that is a drawback and no mistake," cried Keawe. "I would not meddle with the thing. I can do without a house, thank God; but there is one thing I could not be doing with one particle, and that is to be damned."

"Dear me, you must not run away with things," returned the man. "All you have to do is to use the power of the imp in moderation, and then sell it to some one else as I do to you and finish your life in comfort."

"Well, I observe two things," said Keawe. "All the time you keep sighing like a maid in love; that is one. And for the other, you sell this bottle very cheap."

"I have told you already why I sigh," said the man. "It is because I fear my health is breaking up; and as you said yourself, to die and go to the devil is a pity for any one. As for why I sell so cheap, I must explain to you there is a peculiarity about the bottle. Long ago, when the devil brought it first upon the earth, it was extremely expensive, and was sold first of all to Prester John for many millions of dollars; but it cannot be sold at all, unless sold at a loss. If you sell it for as much as you paid for it back it comes to you like a homing pigeon. It follows that the price has kept falling in these centuries, and the bottle is now remarkably cheap. I bought it myself from one of my great neighbors on this hill and the price I paid was only \$90. I could sell it for as high as \$89.99, but not a penny dearer, or back the thing must come to me. Now, about this there are two bothers. First, when you offer a bottle so singular for eighty odd dollars people suppose you to be jesting. And second—but there is no hurry about that and I need not go into it. Only remember it must be coined money that you sell it for."

"How am I to know that this is all true," asked Keawe.

"Some of it you can try at once," replied the man. "Give me the \$50, take the bottle, and wish your \$50 back into your pocket. If that does not happen I pledge you my honor I will cry off the bargain and restore your money."

"You are not deceiving me," said Keawe.

The man bound himself with a great oath.

"Well, I will risk that much," said Keawe, "for that can do no harm." And he paid over his money to the man and the man handed him the bottle. "Imp of the bottle," said Keawe, "I want my \$50 back." And, sure enough, he had scarce said the word before his pocket was as heavy as ever. "To be sure this is a wonderful bottle!" said Keawe.

"And now good morning to you, my fine fel-

low, and the devil go with you for me!" said the man.

"Hold on," said Keawe, "I don't want any more of this fun. Here, take your bottle back."

"You have bought it for less than I paid for it," replied the man, rubbing his hands. "It is yours now, and for my part I am only concerned to see the back of you." And with that he rang for his Chinese servant and had Keawe shown out of the house.

Now, when Keawe was in the street with the bottle under his arm he began to think. "If all is true about this bottle I may have made a losing bargain," thinks he. "But, perhaps, the man was only fooling me." The first thing he did was to count his money; the sum was exact, \$49 American money and one Chili piece. "That looks like the truth," said Keawe. "Now I will try another part."

The streets in that part of the city were as clean as a ship's decks, and though it was noon there were no passengers. Keawe set the bottle in the gutter and walked away. Twice he looked back, and there was the milky, round bellied bottle where he had left it. A third time he looked back and turned a corner; but he had scarce done so when something knocked upon his elbow, and behold! it was the long neck sticking up, and as for the round belly it was jammed into the pocket of his pilot coat.

"And that looks like the truth, too," said Keawe.

The next thing he did was to buy a corkscrew in a shop, and go apart into a secret place in the fields. And there he tried to draw the cork, but as often as he put the screw in out it came again, and the cork as whole as ever.

"This is some new sort of cork," said Keawe, and all at once he began to shake and sweat, for he was afraid of that bottle.

On his way back to the port side he saw a shop where a man sold shells and clubs from the wild islands, old heathen deities, old coined money, pictures from China and Japan, and all manner of things that sailors bring in their sea chests. And here he had an idea. So he went in and offered the bottle for \$100. The man of the shop laughed at him at the first and offered him \$5, but indeed it was a curious little bottle, such glass was never blown in any human glass-work, so prettily the colors shone under the milky white, and so strangely the shadow hovered in the midst; so after he had disputed awhile after the manner of his kind, the shopman gave Keawe sixty silver dollars for the thing and set it on a shelf in the midst of his window.

"Now," said Keawe, "I have sold that for sixty which I bought for fifty, or, to say the truth, a little less, for one of my dollars was from Chili. Now I shall know the truth upon another point."

So he went back on board his ship, and when he opened his chest there was the bottle, and it had come more quickly than himself. Now Keawe had a mate on board whose name was Lopaka.

"What ails you?" said Lopaka, "that you stare in your chest?"

They were alone in the ship's fore-castle, and Keawe bound him to secrecy and told all.

"This is a very strange affair," said Lopaka, "and I fear you will be in trouble about this bottle. But there is one point very clear—that you are sure of the trouble and had better have the profit in the bargain. Make up your mind what you want with it, give the order, and if it is done as you desire I will buy the bottle myself, for I have an idea of my own to get a schooner and go trading through the islands."

"That is not my idea," said Keawe; "but to have a beautiful house and garden on the Kona coast, where I was born, the sun shining in at the door, flowers in the garden, glass in the windows, pictures on the walls and toys and fine carpets on the tables, for all the world like the house I was in this day, only a story higher and with balconies all about like the king's palace; and to live there without care and make merry with my friends and relatives."

"Well," said Lopaka, "let us carry it back with us to Hawaii, and if all comes true, as you suppose, I will buy the bottle as I said, and ask a schooner."

Upon that they were agreed, and it was not long before the ship returned to Honolulu, carrying Keawe and Lopaka and the bottle. They were scarce come ashore when they met a friend upon the beach, who began at once to condole with Keawe.

"I do not know what I am to be consoled about," said Keawe.

"Is it possible you have not heard?" said the friend. "Your uncle, that good old man, is dead, and your cousin, that beautiful boy, was drowned at sea."

Keawe was filled with sorrow, and beginning to weep and to lament, he forgot about the bottle. But Lopaka was thinking to himself, and presently, when Keawe's grief was a little abated, "I have been thinking," said Lopaka. "Had not your uncle lands in Hawaii, in the district of Kau?"

"No," said Keawe, "not in Kau; they are on the mountain side, a little besouth Hookena."

"These lands will now be yours?" asked Lopaka.

"And so they will," said Keawe, and began again to lament for his relatives.

"No," said Lopaka, "do not lament at present. I have a thought in my mind. How if this should be the doing of the bottle? For here is the place ready for your house."

"If this be so," cried Keawe, "it is a very ill way to serve me by killing my relatives. But it may be, indeed; for it was in just such a station that I saw the house with my mind's eye."

"The house, however, is not yet built," said Lopaka.

"No; nor like to be!" cried Keawe; "for though my uncle has some coffee and ava and bananas, it will not be more than will keep me in comfort; and the rest of that land is the black lava."

"Let us go to the lawyer," said Lopaka; "I have still this idea in my mind."

Now, when they came to the lawyer's it appeared Keawe's uncle had grown monstrous rich in the last days, and there was a fund of money.

"And here is the money for the house," cried Lopaka.

"If you are thinking of a new house," said the lawyer, "here is the card of a new architect of whom they tell me great things."

"Better and better!" cried Lopaka. "Here is all made plain for us. Let us continue to obey orders."

So they went to the architect, and he had drawings of houses on his table.

"You want something out of the way," said the architect. "How do you like this?" and he handed a drawing to Keawe.

Now, when Keawe set eyes on the drawing he cried out aloud, for it was the picture of his thought exactly drawn.

"I am in for this house," thought he. "Little as I like the way it comes to me, I am in for it now, and I may as well take the good along with the evil."

So he told the architect all that he wished and how he would have that house furnished, and about the pictures on the wall and the knick-knacks on the tables; and then he asked the man plainly for how much he would undertake the whole affair.

The architect put many questions, and took his pen and made a computation; and when he had done he named the very sum that Keawe had inherited.

Lopaka and Keawe looked at one another and nodded.

"It is quite clear," thought Keawe, "that I am to have this house, whether or no. It comes from the devil, and I fear I will get little good by that. And of one thing I am sure, I will make no more wishes as long as I have this bottle. But with the house I am saddled, and I may as well take the good along with the evil."

So he made his terms with the architect and they signed a paper; and Keawe and Lopaka took ship again and sailed to Australia; for it was concluded between them that they should not interfere at all, but leave the architect and the bottle imp to build and to adorn the house at their own pleasure.

The voyage was a good voyage, only all the time Keawe was holding in his breath, for he had sworn he would utter no more wishes and take no more favors from the devil; the time was up when they got back; the architect told them that the house was ready, and Keawe and Lopaka took a passage in the Hall and went down Kona ways to view the house and see if all had been done fitly according to the thought that was in Keawe's mind.

II.

Now, the house stood on the mountain side, visible to ships. Above, the forest ran up into the clouds of rain; below, the black lava fell in cliffs, where the kings of old lay buried. A garden bloomed about that house with every hue of flowers; and there was an orchard of Papaia on the one hand and an orchard of fruit-bread on the other; and right in front toward the sea a ship's mast had been rigged up and bore a flag. As for the house, it was three stories high, with great chambers and broad balconies on each; the windows were of glass so excellent that it was as clear as water and as bright as day; all manner of furniture adorned the chambers; pictures hung upon the walls in golden frames, pictures of ships, and men fighting, and of the most beautiful women, and of singular places; nowhere in the world are there pictures of so bright a color as those Keawe found hanging in his house. As for the knick-knacks, they were extraordinary fine; chiming clocks and musical boxes, little men with nodding heads, books filled with pictures, weapons from all quarters of the world, and the most elegant puzzles to entertain the leisure of a solitary man. And as no one would care to live in such chambers, only to walk through and view them, the balconies were made so broad that a whole town might have lived upon them in delight; and Keawe knew not which to prefer, whether the back porch, where you get the land breeze, and looked upon the orchards and the flowers, or the front balcony, where you could drink the wind of the sea, and look down the steep wall of the mountain, and see the Hall going by once a week or so, between Hookena and the Hills of Pele, or the schooners plying up the coast for wood and ava and bananas.

When they had viewed all, Keawe and Lopaka sat on the porch.

"Well?" asked Lopaka, "is it all as you designed?"

"Words cannot utter it," said Keawe. "It is better than I dreamed, and I am sick with satisfaction."

"There is but one thing to consider," said Lopaka. "All this may be quite natural, and the bottle imp have nothing whatever to say to it. If I were to buy the bottle and get no schooner after all, I should have put my hand in the fire for nothing. I gave you my word, I know, but yet I think you would not grudge me one more proof."

"I have sworn I would take no more favors," said Keawe. "I have gone already deep enough."

"This is no favor I am thinking of," said Lopaka. "It is only to see the imp himself. There is nothing to be gained by that, and so nothing to be ashamed of, and yet if I once saw him I should be ashamed of the whole matter. So indulge me so far and let me see the imp, and after that there is the money in my hand and I will buy it."

"There is only one thing that I am afraid of," said Keawe. "The imp may be very ugly to view, and if you once set eyes on him you might be very undesirous of the bottle."

"I am a man of my word," said Lopaka. "And here is the money betwixt us."

"Very well," replied Keawe; "I have a curiosity myself. So come, let us have one look at you, Mr. Imp."

Now, as soon as that was said, the imp looked out of the bottle and in again, swift as a lizard; and there sat Keawe and Lopaka turned to stone. The night had quite come before either found a thought to say or voice to say it with, and then Lopaka pushed the money over and took the bottle.

"I am a man of my word," said he, "and had need to be so, or I would not touch this bottle with my foot. Well, I shall get my schooner and a dollar or two for my pocket, and then I will be rid of this devil as fast as I can. For, to tell the plain truth, the look of him has cast me down."

"Lopaka," said Keawe, "do not think any worse of me than you can help. I know it is night and the roads bad, and the pass by the tombs an ill place to go by so late; but I declare since I have seen that little face I cannot eat or sleep or pray till it is gone from me. I will give you a lantern and a basket to put the bottle in, and any picture or fine thing in my house that takes your fancy, and be gone at once, and go sleep at Hookena with Nahinu."

"Keawe," said Lopaka, "many a man would take this ill; above all when I am doing you a turn so friendly as to keep my word and to buy the bottle, and for that matter, the night and the dark and the way by the tombs must be all tenfold more dangerous to the man with such a sin upon his conscience and such a bottle under his arm. But for my part I am so extremely terrified myself I have not the heart to blame you. Here I go, then, and I pray God you may be happier in your house and I fortunate with my schooner, and both get to heaven in spite of the devil and his bottle."

So Lopaka went down the mountain and Keawe stood in his front balcony and listened to the clink of the horse's shoes and watched the lantern go shining down the path and along the cliff of caves, where the old dead are buried; and all the time he trembled and clasped his hands and prayed for his friend, and gave glory to God that he himself was escaped out of that trouble.

But the next day came very brightly, and that new house of his was so delightful to behold that he forgot his terrors. One day followed

another, and Keawe dwelt there in perpetual joy. He had his place on the back porch; it was there he ate and lived and read the stories in the Honolulu newspapers; but when any one came by they would go in and view the chambers and the pictures. And the fame of the house went far and wide. It was called Ka-Haie Nui—the Great House—in all Kona, and sometimes the Bright House, for Keawe kept a Chinaman who was all day dusting and furbishing, and the glass and the gilt and the fine stuffs and the pictures shone as bright as the morning. As for Keawe himself, he could not walk in the chambers without singing, his heart was so enlarged, and when ships sailed by upon the sea he would fly his colors on the mast.

Some time went by until one day Keawe went upon a visit as far as Kailua to certain of his friends. There he was well feasted, and left as soon as he could the next morning and rode hard, for he was impatient to behold his beautiful house, and besides the night then coming on was the night in which the dead of old days go abroad in the sides of Kona, and having already meddled with the devil, he was the more chary of meeting with the dead. A little beyond Honaunau, looking far ahead he was aware of a woman bathing in the edge of the sea, and she seemed a well grown girl, but he thought no more of it. Then he saw her white shift flutter as she put it on, and then her red holoku, and by the time he came abreast of her she was done with her toilet and had come up from the sea and stood by the track side in her red holoku, and she was all fresh with the bath and her eyes shone and were kind. Now Keawe no sooner beheld her than he drew rein.

"I thought I knew every one in this country," he said. "How comes it that I do not know you?"

"I am Kokua, daughter of Kiano," said the girl, "and I have just returned from Oahu. Who are you?"

"I will tell you who I am in a little," said Keawe, dismounting from his horse, but not now, for I have a thought in my mind and if you knew who I was you might have heard of me and would not give me a true answer. But tell me first of all, one thing. Are you married?"

At this Kokua laughed out loud. "It is you who ask questions," she said. "Are you married yourself?"

"Indeed, Kokua, I am not," replied Keawe, and never thought to be until this hour. But here is the plain truth: I have met you here at the roadside and saw your eyes which are like the stars and my heart went to you swift as a bird. And so now, if you want none of me, say so, and I will go on to my own place; but if you think me no worse than any other young man, say so, too, and I will turn aside to your father's for the night and to-morrow I will talk with the good man."

Kokua said never a word, but she looked at the sea and laughed.

"Kokua," said Keawe "if you say nothing, I will take that for the good answer, so let us be stepping to your father's door."

She went on ahead of him, still without speech, only sometimes she glanced back, and glanced away again; and she kept the strings of her hat in her mouth.

Now, when they had come to the door Kiano came out in his veranda, and cried out and welcomed Keawe by name. At that the girl looked over, for the fame of the great house had come to her ears, and to be sure, it was a great temptation. All that evening they were very merry together; and the girl was as bold as brass un-

der the eyes of her parents, and made a mark of Keawe, for she had a quick wit. The next day he had a word with Kiano, and found the girl alone.

"Kokua," said he, "you made a mark of me all evening, and it is still time to bid me go. I would not tell you who I was because I have so fine a house, and I feared you would think too much of that house and too little of the man that loves you. Now you know all, and if you wish to have seen the last of me, say so at once."

"No," said Kokua. But this time she did not laugh, no did Keawe ask for more.

This was the wooing of Keawe; things had gone quickly, but so an arrow goes, and the ball of a rifle swifter still, and yet both may strike the target. Things had gone fast, but they had gone far also, and the thought of Keawe rang in the maiden's head, she heard his voice in the breach of the surf upon the lava, and for this young man that she had seen but twice she would have left father and mother and her native islands. As for Keawe himself, his horse flew up the path of the mountain under the cliff of tombs, and the sound of the hoofs, and the sound of Keawe singing to himself for pleasure, echoed in the caverns of the dead. He came to the Bright House, and still he was singing. He sat and ate in the broad balcony, and the Chinaman wondered at his master, to hear how he sang between the mouthfuls. The sun went down into the sea, and the night came, and Keawe walked the balconies by lamplight, high on the mountain, and the voice of his singing startled men on ships.

"Here am I now upon my high place," he said to himself. "Life may be no better; this is the mountain top, and all shelves about me toward the worse. For the first time I will light up the chambers, and bathe in my fire bath with the hot water and the cold, and sleep above in the bed of my bridal chamber." So the Chinaman had word, and he must rise from sleep and light the furnaces; and as he walked below beside the boilers, he heard his master singing and rejoicing above him in the lighted chambers. When the water began to be hot, the Chinaman cried to his master; and Keawe went into the bathroom; and the Chinaman heard him sing as he filled the marble basin and heard him sing again, and the singing broken, as he undressed, until, of a sudden, the song ceased. The Chinaman listened and listened he called up the house to Keawe to ask him if he were well, and Keawe answered him "Yes," and bade him go to bed, but there was no more singing in the Bright House, and all night long the Chinaman heard his master's feet go round and round the balconies without repose.

Now the truth of it was this:—As Keawe undressed for his bath he spied upon his flesh a patch like a patch of lichen on a rock, and it was then that he stopped singing. For he knew the likeness of that patch, and he knew that he had fallen in the Chinese evil.

Now it is a sad thing for any man to fall into this sickness. And it would be a sad thing for any one to leave a house so beautiful and so commodious and depart from all his friends to the north coast of Molokai, between the mighty cliff and the sea breakers. But what was that to the case of the man Keawe? He who had met his love but yesterday, and won her but that morning, and now saw all his hopes break in a moment like a piece of glass?

Awhile he sat upon the edge of the bath; then sprang with a cry and ran outside, and to and fro, and to and fro along the balcony like one despairing.

"Very willingly could I leave Hawaii, the home of my fathers," Keawe was thinking. "Very lightly could I leave my house, the high placed, the many windowed, here upon the mountains. Very bravely could I go to Molokai, to Kalau-papa by the cliffs, to live with the smitten and to sleep there far from my fathers. But what wrong have I done, what sin lies upon my soul that I should have encountered Kokua coming cool from the sea water in the evening—Kokua the soul ensnarer, Kokua the light of my life? Her may I never wed, her may I look upon no longer, her may I no more handle with my loving hand. And it is for this—it is for you, O Kokua, that I pour my lamentations!"

Thereupon he called to mind it was the next day the Hall went by on her return to Honolulu. "There must I go first," he thought, "and seek Lopaka. For the best hope that I have now is to find that same bottle I was so pleased to be rid of."

Now you are to observe what kind of a man Keawe was, for he might have dwelt there in the Bright House for years and no one been the wiser of his sickness; but he recked nothing of that if he must lose Kokua. And again he might have wed Kokua even as he was; and so many would have done because they have the souls of pigs. But Keawe loved the maid manfully and he would do her no hurt and bring her in no danger.

A little beyond the midst of the night came in his mind the recollection of that bottle. He went round to the back porch and called to memory the day when the devil had looked forth, and at the thought ice ran in his veins.

"A dreadful thing is the bottle," thought Keawe, "and dreadful is the imp, and it is a dreadful thing to risk the flames of hell. But what other hope have I to cure my sickness or to wed Kokua? What!" he thought, "would I beard the devil once only to get me a house and not face him again to win Kokua?"

III.

NEVER a wink could he sleep, the food stuck in his throat; but he sent a letter to Kiano, and about the time when the steamer would be coming rode down beside the cliff of the tombs. It rained; his horse went heavily; he looked up at the black mouth of caves and he envied the dead that slept there and were done with trouble, and called to mind how he had galloped by the day before, and was astonished. So he came down to Hookena, and there was all the country gathered for the steamer, as usual. In the shed before the store they sat and jested and passed the news; but there was no matter of speech in Keawe's bosom, and he sat in their midst and looked without on the rain falling on the houses and the surf beating among the rocks, and the sighs arose in his throat.

"Keawe, of the Bright House, is out of spirits," said one to another. Indeed, and so he was, and little wonder.

Then the Hall came and the whaleboat carried him on board. The after part of the ship was full of Haoles—whites—who had been to visit the volcano, as their custom is, and the midst was crowded with Kanakas, and the fore part with wild bulls from Hilo and horses from Kau; but Keawe sat apart from all in his sorrow, and watched for the house of Kiano. There it sat low upon the shore in the black rocks and shaded by the cocoa palms, and there by the door was a red holoku, no greater than a fly, and going to and fro with a fly's busidness. "Ah, queen of my heart," he cried, "I will venture my dear soul to win you!"

Soon after darkness fell and the cabins were

lit up, and Haoles sat and played at the cards and drank whisky, as their custom is; but Keawe walked the deck all night, and all the next day, as they steamed under the lee of Maui or of Molokai, he was still pacing to and fro like a wild animal in a menagerie.

Toward evening they passed Diamond Head and came to the pier of Honolulu. Keawe stepped out among the crowd and began to ask for Lopaka. It seemed he had become the owner of a schooner, none better in the islands, and was gone upon an adventure as far as Polapola or Kahika; so there was no help to be looked for from Lopaka. Keawe called to mind a friend of his, a lawyer in the town (I must not tell his name), and inquired of him; they said he had grown suddenly rich and had a fine new house upon Waikiki shore; and this put a thought in Keawe's head, and he called a hack and drove to the lawyer's house.

The house was all brand new, and the trees in the garden no greater than walking sticks, and the lawyer (when he came) had the air of a man well pleased.

"What can I do to serve you?" said the lawyer.

"You are a friend of Lopaka's," replied Keawe, "and Lopaka purchased from me a certain piece of goods that I thought you might enable me to trace."

The lawyer's face became very dark. "I do not profess to misunderstand you, Mr. Keawe," said he, "though this is an ugly business to be stirring in. You may be sure I know nothing, but yet I have a guess; and if you would apply in a certain quarter, I think you might have news."

And he named the name of a man, which again I had better not repeat. So it was for days; and Keawe went from one to another, finding everywhere new clothes and carriages, and fine new houses and men everywhere in great contentment; although (to be sure) when he hinted at his business, their faces would cloud over.

"No doubt, I am upon the track" thought Keawe. "These new clothes and carriages are all the gifts of the little imp, and these glad faces are the faces of men who have taken their profit and got rid of the accursed thing in safety. When I see pale cheeks and hear sighing, I shall know that I am near the bottle."

So it befell at last that he was recommended to a Haole in Beritania street. When he came to the door, about the hour of the evening meal, there were the usual marks of a new house, and the young garden, and the electric lights shining in the windows; but when the owner came a shock of hope and fear ran through Keawe. For here was a young man, white as a corpse and black about the eyes, the hair shedding from his head and such a look in his countenance as a man may have when he is waiting for the gallows.

"Here it is, to be sure," thought Keawe; and so with this man he noways veiled his errand. "I am come to buy the bottle," said he.

At the word the young Haole of Beritania street reeled against the wall.

"The bottle!" he gasped. "To buy the bottle." Then he seemed to choke, and seizing Keawe by the arm carried him into a room and poured out wine in two glasses.

"Here is my respects," said Keawe, who had been much about with Haoles in his time. "Yes," he added, "I am come to buy the bottle. What is the price by now?"

At that word the young man let his glass slip through his fingers, and looked upon Keawe like a ghost. "The price," says he. "The price! You do not know the price?"

"It is for that I am asking you," returned Keawe. "But why are you so much concerned? Is there anything wrong about the price?"

"It has dropped a great deal in value since your time, Mr. Keawe," said the young man, stammering.

"Well, well, I shall have the less to pay for it," says Keawe. "How much did it cost you?"

The young man was as white as a sheet. "Two cents," said he.

"What!" cried Keawe; "two cents? Why, then you can only sell it for one. And he who buys it—"

The words died upon Keawe's tongue. He who bought it could never sell it again; the bottle and bottle imp must abide with him until he died, and when he died must carry him to the red end of hell.

The young man of Beritania street fell upon his knees. "For God's sake buy it!" he cried. "You can have all my fortune in the bargain. I was mad when I bought it at that price. I had embezzled money at my store; I was lost else I must have gone to jail."

"Poor creature," said Keawe. "You would risk your soul upon so desperate an adventure, and to avoid the proper punishment of your own disgrace; and you think I could hesitate with love in front of me. Give me the bottle and the change which I make sure you have all ready. Here is a five cent piece."

It was as Keawe supposed: the young man had the change ready in a drawer; the bottle changed hands, and Keawe's fingers were no sooner clasped upon the stalk than he had breathed his wish to be a clean man. And sure enough, when he got home to his room and stripped himself before a glass, his flesh was whole like an infant's. And here was the strange thing: he had no sooner seen this miracle than his mind was changed within him, and he cared naught for the Chinese Evil, and little enough for Kokua; and had but one thought, that here he was bound to the bottle imp for time and eternity, and he had no better hope but to be cinder forever in the flames of hell. Away ahead of him he saw them blaze in his mind's eye, and his soul shrank, and darkness fell upon the light.

When Keawe came to himself a little, he was aware it was the night when the band played at the hotel. Thither he went, because he feared to be alone; and there, among the happy faces, walked to and fro, and heard the tunes go up and down, and saw Berger beat the measure, and all the while he heard the flames crackle and saw the red fire burning in the bottomless pit. Of a sudden the band played "Hiko-ao-ao;" that was a song that he had sung with Kokua, and at the strain courage returned to him.

"It is done now," he thought, "and once more let me take the good along with the evil."

So it befell that he returned to Hawaii by the first steamer, and as soon as it could be managed he was wedded to Kokua, and carried her up the mountain side to the Bright House.

Now, it was with these two that when they were together, Keawe's heart was stilled, but so soon as he was alone he fell into a brooding horror, and heard the flames crackle and saw the red fire burn in the bottomless pit. The girl, indeed, had come to him wholly; her heart leaped in her side at sight of him, her hand clung to his, and she was so fashioned from the hair upon her head to the nails upon her toes that none could see her without joy. She was pleasant in her nature. She had the good word always. Full of song she was, and went to and fro in the Bright House the brightest thing in

its three stories, caroling like birds. And Keawe beheld and heard her with delight, and then must shrink upon one side, and weep and groan to think upon the price that he had paid for her; and then he must dry his eyes, and wash his face, and go and sit with her on the broad balconies, joining in her songs, and (with a sick spirit) answering her smiles.

There came a day when her feet began to be heavy and her songs more rare; and now it was Keawe only that would weep apart, but each would sunder from the other, and sit in opposite balconies, with the whole width of the Bright House betwixt. Keawe was so sunk in his despair he scarce observed the change, and was only glad he had more hours to sit alone and brood upon his destiny, and was not so frequently condemned to pull a smiling face on a sick heart. But one day, coming softly through the house, he heard the sound of a child sobbing, and there was Kokua rolling her face upon the balcony floor and weeping like the lost.

"You do well to keep in the house, Kokua," he said, "and yet I would give the head off my body that you, at least, might have been happy."

"Happy!" she cried. "Keawe, when you lived alone in your Bright House you were the word of the island for a happy man; laughter and song were in your mouth, and your face was as bright as the sunrise. Then you wedded poor Kokua, and the good God knows what is amiss in her, but from that day you have not smiled. "Oh!" she cried, "what ails me? I thought I was pretty, and I know I loved him. What ails me that I throw this cloud upon my husband?"

"Poor Kokua," said Keawe. He sat down by her side and sought to take her hand, but that she plucked away. "Poor Kokua," he said again. "My poor child, my pretty! And I had thought all this while to spare you! Well, you shall know all. Then at least you will pity poor Keawe; then you will understand how much he has loved you in the past, that he dared hell for your possession, and how much he loves you still—the poor, condemned one—that he can yet call up a smile when he beholds you."

With that he told her all even from the beginning.

"You have done this for me?" she cried. "Ah, well, then what do I care?" and she clasped and wept upon him.

"Ah, child," said Keawe, "and yet, when I consider the fire of hell, I care a good deal."

"Never tell me," said she, "no man can be lost because he loved Kokua, and no other fault. I tell you, Keawe, I shall save you with these hands or perish in your company. What! you loved me, and you gave your soul, and you think I will not die to save you in return?"

"Ah, my dear, you might die a hundred times and what difference would that make?" he cried, "except to leave me lonely till the time comes of my damnation."

"You know nothing," said she; "I was educated in a school in Honolulu; I am no common girl, and I tell you I shall save my lover. What is this you say about a cent? But all the world is not American. In England they have a piece called a farthing, which is about half a cent. Ah, sorrow!" she cried "that makes it scarce better, for the buyer must be lost, and we shall find none so brave as my Keawe! But, then, there is France; they have a small coin there which is called a centime, and these go five to the cent or thereabout. We could not do better. Come, Keawe, let us go the French Islands; let us go to Tahiti as fast as ships can bear us. There we have four centimes, three centimes, two centimes, one centime; four pos-

sible sales to come and go on, and two of us to push the bargain. Come, my Keawe, kiss me, and banish care. Kokua will defend you."

"Gift of God," he cried, "I cannot think that God will punish me for desiring aught so good. Be it as you will, then; take me where you please; I put my life and my salvation in your hands."

Early the next day, Kokua was about her preparations. She took Keawe's chest that he went with sailing; and first she put the bottle in the corner, and then packed it with the richest of their clothes and the bravest of the knick-knacks in the house. "For," said she, "we must seem to be sick folk, or who will believe in the bottle?" All the time of her preparation she was gay as a bird; only when she looked upon Keawe the tears would spring in her eyes and she must run and kiss him. As for Keawe, a weight was off his soul; now that he had his secret shared, and some hope in front of him, he seemed like a new man, his feet went lightly on the earth, and his breath was good to him again. Yet was terror still at his elbow; and ever and again, as the wind blows out a taper, hope died in him, and he saw the flames toss and the red fire burn in hell.

It was given out in the country they were gone pleasuring to the States; which was thought a strange thing, and yet not so strange as the truth, if any could have guessed it. So they went to Honolulu in the Hall, and thence in the Umatilla to San Francisco with a crowd of Haoles, and at San Francisco took their passage by the mail brigantine, the Tropic Bird, for Papeete, the chief place of the French in the South Sea Islands. Thither they came, after a pleasant voyage, on a fair day of the trade wind, and saw the reef with the surf breaking and Motuti with its palms, and the schooners riding withinside, and the white houses of the town low down along the shore among green trees, and overhead the mountains and the clouds of Tahiti, the Wise Island.

It was judged the most wise to hire a house, which they did accordingly, opposite the British Consul's; to make a great parade of money, and themselves conspicuous with carriages and horses. This was very easy to do so long as they had the bottle in their possession, for Kokua was more bold than Keawe, and whenever she had a mind called on the imp for twenty or a hundred dollars. At this rate they soon began to be remarked in the town; and the strangers from Hawaii, their riding and their driving, the fine holokus and the rich lace of Kokua, became the matter of much talk.

They got on well after the first with the Tahitian language, which is like to the Hawaiian, with a certain change of letters; and as soon as they had any freedom of speech, began to push the bottle. You are to consider it was no easy subject to introduce; it was not easy to persuade people you were in earnest when you offered to sell them for four centimes the spring of health and riches inexhaustible. It was necessary besides to explain the dangers of the bottle; and either people disbelieved the whole thing and laughed, or they thought the more of the darker part, became overcast with gravity, and drew away from Keawe and Kokua as from persons who had dealings with the devil. So far from gaining ground, these two began to find they were avoided in the town; the children ran away from them screaming, a thing intolerable to Kokua; Catholics crossed themselves as they went by, and all persons began with one accord to disengage themselves from their advances.

Depression fell upon their spirits. They would sit at night in their new house, after a day's weariness, and not exchange one word; or the silence would be broken by Kokua bursting suddenly into sobs. Sometimes they would pray together, sometimes they would have the bottle out upon the floor, and sit all evening watching how the shadow hovered in the midst. At such times they would be afraid to go to rest; it was long ere slumber came to them, and if either dozed off it would be to wake and find the other silently weeping in the dark; or perhaps to wake alone, the other having fled from the house and the neighborhood of that bottle to pace under the bananas in the little garden, or to wander on the beach by moonlight.

One night it was so when Kokua awoke. Keawe was gone; she felt in the bed and his place was cold. Then fear fell upon her and she sat up in bed. A little moonshine filtered through the shutters; the room was bright, and she could spy the bottle on the floor. Outside it blew high, the great trees of the avenue cried out aloud, and the fallen leaves rattled in the veranda. In the midst of this Kokua was aware of another sound; whether of a beast or a man she could scarce tell, but it was as sad as death, and cut her to her soul. Softly she arose, set the door ajar and looked forth into the moonlit yard. There, under the bananas, lay Keawe, his mouth in the dust, and as he lay he moaned.

It was Kokua's first thought to run forward and console him. Her second potently withheld her. Keawe had borne himself before his wife like a brave man; it became her little in the hour of weakness to intrude upon his shame. With the thought she drew back into the house.

"Heaven," she thought, "how careless have I been, how weak! It is he, not I, that stands in this eternal peril: it was he, not I, that took the curse upon his soul. It is for my sake and for the love of a creature of so little worth and such poor help, that he now beholds so close to to him the flames of hell, ay, and smells the smoke of it, lying without there in the wind and moonlight. Am I so dull of spirit that never till now I have surmised my duty? or have I seen it before and turned aside? But now, at least, I take up my soul in both the hands of my affection; now I say farewell to the white steps of Heaven and the waiting faces of my friends. A love for a love, and let mine be equalled with Keawe's! A soul for a soul, and let it be mine to perish!"

IV.

THIS was a deft woman with her hands, and she was soon appalled. She took in her hands the change; the precious centimes they kept ever at their side, for this coin is little used, and they had made provision at a government office. When she was forth in the avenue, clouds came on the wind, and the moon was blackened. The town slept, and she knew not whither to turn till she heard some one coughing in the shadow of the trees.

"Old man," said Kokua, "what do you do here abroad in the cold night?"

The old man could scarce express himself for coughing, but she made out that he was old and poor, and a stranger in the island.

"Will you do me a service?" said Kokua. "As one stranger to another, and as an old man to a young woman, will you help a daughter of Hawaii?"

"Ah," said the old man, "so you are the witch from the eight islands? And even my old soul you seek to entangle. But I have heard of you, and defy your wickedness."

"Sit down here," said Kokua, "and let me tell you a tale." And she told him the story of Keawe from the beginning to the end.

"And now," said she, "I am his wife, whom he bought with his soul's welfare. And what should I do? If I went to him myself and offered to buy it he will refuse. But if you go he will sell it eagerly. I will await you here; you will buy it for four centimes, and I will buy it again for three. And the Lord strengthen a poor girl!"

"If you meant falsely," said the old man, "I think God would strike you dead."

"He would!" cried Kokua. "Be sure he would. I could not be so treacherous. God would not suffer it."

"Give me the four centimes and await me here," said the old man.

Now, when Kokua stood alone in the street her spirit died. The wind roared in the trees, and it seemed to her the rushing of the flames of hell; the shadows tossed in the lights of the street lamps, and they seemed to her the snatching hands of evil ones. If she had had the strength she must have run away, and if she had had the breath she must have had screamed aloud; but in truth she could do neither, and stood and trembled in the avenue like an affrighted child.

Then she saw the old man returning, and he had the bottle in his hand.

"I have done your bidding," said he, "I left your husband weeping like a child; to-night he will sleep easy." And he held the bottle forth.

"Before you give it me," Kokua panted, "take the good with the evil—ask to be delivered from your cough."

"I am an old man," replied the other, "and too near the gate of the grave to take a favor from the devil. But what is this? Why do you not take the bottle? Do you hesitate?"

"Not hesitate!" cried Kokua. "I am only weak. Give me a moment. It is my hand resists; my flesh shrinks back from the accursed thing. One moment only!"

The old man looked upon Kokua kindly. "Poor child!" said he, "you fear your soul misgives you. Well, let me keep it. I am old and can never more be happy in this world; and as for the next—"

"Give it me!" gasped Kokua. "There is your money. Do you think I am so based as that? Give me the bottle."

"God bless you, child," said the old man.

Kokua concealed the bottle under her holoku, said farewell to the old man, and walked off along the avenue, she cared not whither, for all roads were now the same to her, and led equally to hell. Sometimes she walked, and sometimes ran; sometimes she screamed out loud in the night, and sometimes lay by the wayside in the dust and wept. All that she had heard of hell came back to her; she saw the flames blaze, and she smelled the smoke, and her flesh withered on the coals.

Near day she came to her mind again and returned to the house. It was even as the old man said, Keawe slumbered like a child. Kokua stood and gazed upon his face.

"Now, my husband," said she, "it is your turn to sleep. When you wake it will be your turn to sing and laugh. But for poor Kokua, alas! that meant no evil—for poor Kokua no more sleep, no more singing, no more delight, whether in earth or heaven."

With that she lay down in the bed by his side, and her misery was so extreme that she fell in a slumber instantly.

Late in the morning her husband woke up and gave her the good news. It seemed he was silly

with delight, for he paid no heed to her distress, ill though she dissembled it. The words stuck in her mouth, it mattered not; Keawe did the speaking. She ate not a bite, but who was to observe it? For Keawe cleared the dish. Kokua saw and heard him, like some strange thing in a dream; there were times when she forgot or doubted, and put her hands to her brow; to know herself doomed and hear her husband babble, seemed so monstrous.

All the while Keawe was eating and talking and planning the time of their return, and thanking her for saving him, and fondling her, and calling her the true helper after all. He laughed at the old man that was fool enough to buy that bottle.

"A worthy old man he seemed," Keawe said. "But no one can judge by appearances. For why did the old reprobate require the bottle?"

"My husband," said Kokua, humbly, "his purpose may have been good."

Keawe laughed like an angry man. "Fiddle-de-dee!" cried Keawe. "An old rogue, I tell you. And an old ass to boot. For the bottle was hard enough to sell at four centimes; at three it will be quite impossible. The margin is not broad enough; the thing begins to smell of scorching—brr-r!" said he, and shuddered. "It is true I bought it myself for a cent, when I knew not there were smaller coins. I was a fool for my pains; there will never be found another; and whoever has that bottle now will carry it to the pit."

"Oh, my husband!" said Kokua, "is it not a terrible thing to save ourselves by the eternal ruin of another? It seems to me I could not laugh; I would be humbled; I would be filled with melancholy; I would pray for the poor holder."

Then Keawe, because he felt the truth of what she said, grew the more angry. "Heighy-teighy," cried he. "You may be filled with melancholy if you please. It is not the mind of a good wife. If you thought at all of me you would sit shamed."

Thereupon he went out and Kokua was alone.

What chance had she to sell the bottle at three centimes? None she perceived. And if she had any, here was her husband hurrying her away to a country where was nothing lower than a cent. And here—on the morrow of her sacrifice—here was her husband leaving her and blaming her!

She would not even try to profit by what time she had, but sat in the house, and now had the bottle out and viewed it with unutterable fear, and now with loathing, hid it out of sight.

By and by Keawe came back and would have her take a drive.

"My husband, I am ill," she said. "I am out of heart. Excuse me, I can take no pleasure."

Then was Keawe more wroth than ever with her, because he thought she was brooding over the case of the old man, and with himself because he thought she was right and was ashamed to be so happy.

"This is your truth," cried he, "and this your affection! Your husband is just saved from eternal ruin, which he encountered for the love of you—and you can take no pleasure! Kokua, you have a disloyal heart."

He went forth again furious, and wandered in the town all day. He met friends and drank with them; they hired a carriage and drove into the country and there drank again. All the time Keawe was ill at ease because he was taking his pastime while his wife was sad and because he knew in his heart that she was more right than he, and the knowledge made him drink the deeper.

Now, there was an old, brutal Haole drinking with him—one that had been a boatswain of a whaler, a runaway, a digger in gold mines, a convict in prisons. He had a low mind and a foul mouth; he loved to drink and to see others drunken, and he passed the glass upon Keawe. Soon there was no more money in the company.

"Here, you," says the boatswain, "you are rich, you have been always saying. You have a bottle or some foolishness."

"Yes," says Keawe, "I am rich. I will go back and get some money from my wife, who keeps it."

"That's a bad idea, mate," said the boatswain. "Never you trust a petticoat with dollars. They're all false as water; you keep an eye on her."

Now, this word stuck in Keawe's mind, for he was muddled with what he had been drinking.

"I should not wonder but what she was false, indeed," thought he. "Why else should she be so cast down at my release? But I will show her that I am not the man to be fooled. I will catch her in the act."

Accordingly, when they were back in town, Keawe bade the boatswain wait for him at the corner by the old calaboose, and went forward up the avenue alone to the door of his house. The night had come again; there was a light within, but never a sound; and Keawe crept about the corner, opened the back door softly and locked in.

There was Kokua on the floor, the lamp at her side; before her was a milk-white bottle with a round belly and a long neck, and as she viewed it Kokua wrung her hands.

A long time Keawe stood and looked in the doorway. At first he was struck stupid and then fear fell upon him that the bargain had been made amiss and the bottle had come back to him as it came at San Francisco; and at this his knees were loosened and the fumes of the wine departed from his head like mists off a river in the morning. And then he had another thought, and it was a strange one, that made his cheeks to burn.

"I must make sure of this," thought he.

So he closed the door and went softly round the corner again, and then came noisily in as though he were but now returned.

And lo! by the time he opened the front door no bottle was to be seen, and Kokua sat in a chair and started up like one wakened out of sleep.

"I have been drinking all day and making merry," said Keawe. "I have been with good companions, and now I only come back for money and return to drink and carouse with them again."

Both his face and voice were stern as judgment, but Kokua was too troubled to observe.

"You do well to use your own, my husband," said she, and her words trembled.

"Oh, I do well in all things," said Keawe, and he went straight for the chest and took out money. But he looked besides in the corner where they kept the bottle, and there was no bottle there.

At that the chest heaved upon the floor like a sea billow, and the house spun about him like a wreath of smoke, for he saw that he was lost now and there was no escape. "It is what I feared," he thought. "It is she who has bought it." And then he came to himself a little and rose up, but the sweat streamed on his face as thick as the rain and as cold as the well water.

"Kokua," said he, "I said to you to-day what ill became me. Now I return to house with my jolly companions," and at that he laughed a lit-

tle quietly—"I will take more pleasure in the cup if you forgive me."

She clasped his knees in a moment, she kissed his knees with flowing tears. "Oh!" she cried, "I asked but a kind word!"

"Let us never think hardly of the other," said Keawe, and was gone out of the house.

Now the money Keawe had taken was only some of that store of centime pieces they had laid in at their arrival. It was very sure he had no mind to be drinking. His wife had given her soul for him, now he must give his for hers; no other thought was in the world with him.

At the corner of the old calaboose there was the old boatswain waiting.

"My wife has the bottle," said Keawe, "and unless you help me to recover it there can be no more money and no more liquor to-night."

"You do not mean to say you are serious about that bottle?" cried the boatswain.

"There is the lamp," said Keawe. "Do I look as if I was jesting?"

"That is so," said the boatswain. "You look as serious as a ghost."

"Well, then," said Keawe, "here are three centimes; you must go to my wife in the house and offer her these for the bottle, which, if I am not much mistaken, she will give you instantly. Bring it to me here, and I will buy it back from you for two; for that is the law with this bottle, that it still must be sold for a less sum. But whatever you do, never breathe a word to her that you have come from me."

"Mate, I wonder are you making a fool of me?" asked the boatswain.

"It will do you no harm if I am," returned Keawe.

"That is so, mate," said the boatswain.

"And if you doubt me," added Keawe, "you can try. As soon as you are clear of the house wish to have your pocket full of money, or a bottle of the best rum, or what you please, and you will see the virtue of the thing."

"Very well," says the boatswain, "I will try, but if you are having fun out of me I will take my fun out of you with a belaying pin."

So the whaleman went off up the avenue, and Keawe stood and waited. It was near the same spot where Kokua had waited the night before, but Keawe was more resolved, and never faltered in his purpose; only his soul was bitter with despair.

It seemed a long time he had to wait before he heard a voice singing in the darkness of the avenue. He knew the voice to be the boatswain's, but it was strange how drunken it appeared upon a sudden.

Next the man himself came stumbling into the light of the lamp. He had the devil's bottle buttoned in his coat; another bottle was in his hand, and even as he came in view he raised it to his mouth and drank.

"You have it," said Keawe. "I see that."

"Hands off!" cried the boatswain, jumping back. "Take a step near me, and I'll smash your mouth. You thought you could make a cat's paw of me, did you?"

"What do you mean?" cried Keawe.

"Mean?" cried the boatswain. "This is a pretty good bottle, this is, that's what I mean. How I got it for three centimes, I can't make out; but I'm sure you shan't have it for two."

"You mean you won't sell?" gasped Keawe.

"No, sir!" cried the boatswain. "But I'll give you a drink of the rum, if you like."

"I tell you," said Keawe, "the man who has that bottle goes to hell."

"I reckon I'm going anyway," returned the sailor; "and this bottle's the best thing to go with I've struck yet. No, sir," he cried again,

"this is my bottle now, and you can go and fish for another."

"Can this be true?" Keawe cried. "For your own sake, I beseech you, sell it me!"

"I don't value any of your talk," said the boatswain. "You thought I was a flat; now you see I am not, and there's an end. If you won't have a swallow of my rum, I'll have one myself. Here's your health, and good night to you!"

So off he went down the avenue, toward town, and there goes the bottle out of the story.

But Keawe ran to Kokua light as the wind; great was their joy that night, and great, since then, has been the peace of all their days in the Bright House.

[THE END.]

The Phantom 'Rickshaw.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

May no ill dreams disturb my rest
Nor Powers of Darkness me molest.

—Evening Hymn.

ONE of the few advantages that India has over England is a great knowability. After five years' service a man is directly or indirectly acquainted with the two or three hundred civilians in his province, all the messes of ten or twelve regiments and batteries, and some five hundred other people of the non-official caste. In ten years his knowledge should be doubled, and at the end of twenty he knows, or knows something about, every Englishman in the empire, and may travel anywhere and everywhere without paying hotel bills.

Globe-trotters who expect entertainment as a right have, even within my memory, blunted this open-heartedness; but none the less to-day, if you belong to the inner circle and are neither a bear nor a black sheep, all houses are open to you, and our small world is very, very kind and helpful.

Rickett of Kamartha stayed with Polder of Kumaon some fifteen years ago. He meant to stay two nights, but was knocked down by rheumatic fever, and for six weeks disorganized Polder's establishment, stopped Polder's work, and nearly died in Polder's bedroom. Polder behaves as though he had been placed under eternal obligation by Rickett, and yearly sends the little Ricketts a box of presents and toys. It is the same everywhere. The men who do not take the trouble to conceal from you their opinion that you are an incompetent ass, and the women who blacken your character and misunderstand your wife's amusements, will work themselves to the bone in your behalf if you fall sick or into serious trouble.

Heatherleigh, the doctor, kept, in addition to his regular practice, a hospital on his private account—an arrangement of loose boxes for incurables, his friend called it—but it was really a sort of fitting-up shed for craft that had been damaged by stress of weather. The weather in India is often sultry, and since the tale of bricks is always a fixed quantity, and the only liberty allowed is permission to work overtime and get no thanks, men occasionally break down and become as mixed as the metaphors in this sentence.

Heatherleigh is the dearest doctor that ever was, and his invariable prescription is, "lie low, go slow, and keep cool." He says that more men are killed by overwork than the importance of this world justifies. He maintains that overwork slew Pansay, who died under his hands about three years ago. He has, of course, the right to speak authoritatively, and he laughs at my theory that there was a crack in Pansay's

head, and a little bit of the Dark World came through and pressed him to death. "Pansay went off the handle," says Heatherleigh, "after the stimulus of a long leave at home. He may or he may not have behaved like a black-guard to Mrs. Keith-Wessington. My notion is that the work of the Katabundi settlement ran him off his legs, and he took to brooding and making much of an ordinary P. & O. flirtation. He certainly was engaged to Miss Mannering, and she certainly broke off the engagement. Then he took a feverish chill and all that nonsense about ghosts developed. Overwork started his illness, kept it alight, and killed him, poor devil. Write him off to the system—one man to take the work of two and a half men."

I did not believe this. I used to sit up with Pansay sometimes when Heatherleigh was called out to patients, and I happened to be within claim. The man would make me most unhappy by describing in a low, even voice the procession that was always passing at the bottom of his bed. He had a sick man's command of language. When he recovered I suggested that he should write out the whole affair from beginning to end, knowing that ink might assist him to ease his mind. When little boys have learned a new bad word they are never happy till they have chalked it up on a door. And this, also, is literature.

He was in a high fever while he was writing, and the blood-and-thunder magazine diction he adopted did not calm him. Two months afterward he was reported fit for duty, but, in spite of the fact that he was urgently needed to help an undermanned commission stagger through a deficit, he preferred to die, vowing at the last that he was hag-ridden. I got his manuscript before he died, and this is his version of the affair, dated 1885:

My doctor tells me that I need rest and change of air. It is not improbable that I shall get both ere long—rest that neither the red-coated messenger nor the midday gun can break, and change of air far beyond that which any homeward-bound steamer can give me. In the mean time I am resolved to stay where I am; and, in flat defiance of my doctor's orders, to take all the world into my confidence. You shall learn for yourselves the precise nature of my malady, and shall, too, judge for yourselves whether any man born of woman on this weary earth was ever so tormented as I.

Speaking now as a condemned criminal might speak ere the drop-bolts are drawn, my story, wild and hideously improbable as it may appear, demands at least attention. That it will ever receive credence I utterly disbelieve. Two months ago I should have scouted as mad or drunk the man who dared to tell me the like. Two months ago I was the happiest man in India. To-day, from Peshawar to the sea, there is no one more wretched. My doctor and I are the only two who know this. His explanation is, that my brain, digestion, and eyesight are all slightly affected, giving rise to my frequent and persistent "delusions." Delusions, indeed! I call him a fool; but he attends me still with the same unwearied smile, the same bland professional manner, the same neatly trimmed red whiskers, till I begin to suspect that I am an ungrateful, evil-tempered invalid. But you shall judge for yourselves.

Three years ago it was my fortune—my great misfortune—to sail from Gravesend to Bombay, on return from long leave, with one Agnes Keith-Wessington, wife of an officer on the Bombay side. It does not in the least concern you to know what manner of woman she was. Be-

content with the knowledge that, ere the voyage had ended, both she and I were desperately and unreasonably in love with each other. Heaven knows that I can make the admission now without one particle of vanity. In matters of this sort there is always one who gives and another who accepts. From the first day of our ill-omened attachment, I was conscious that Agnes's passion was a stronger, a more dominant, and—if I may use the expression—a purer sentiment than mine. Whether she recognized the fact then, I do not know. Afterward it was bitterly plain to both of us.

Arrived at Bombay in the spring of the year, we went our respective ways, to meet no more for the next three or four months, when my leave and her love took us both to Simla. There we spent the season together; and there my fire of straw burned itself out to a pitiful end with the closing year. I attempt no excuse. I make no apology. Mrs. Wessington had given up much for my sake, and was prepared to give up all. From my own lips, in August, 1882, she learned that I was sick of her presence, tired of her company, and weary of the sound of her voice. Ninety-nine women out of a hundred would have wearied of me as I wearied of them; seventy-five of that number would have promptly avenged themselves by active and obtrusive flirtation with other men. Mrs. Wessington was the hundredth. On her neither my openly expressed aversion nor the cutting brutalities with which I garnished our interviews had the least effect.

"Jack, darling!" was her one eternal cuckoo cry, "I'm sure it's all a mistake—a hideous mistake; and we'll be good friends again some day. Please forgive me, Jack, dear."

I was the offender, and I knew it. That knowledge transformed my pity into passive endurance, and, eventually, into blind hate—the same instinct, I suppose, which prompts a man to savagely stamp on the spider he has but half killed. And with this hate in my bosom the season of 1882 came to an end.

Next year we met again at Simla—she with her monotonous face and timid attempts at reconciliation, and I with loathing of her in every fiber of my frame. Several times I could not avoid meeting her alone; and on each occasion her words were identically the same. Still the unreasoning wail that it was all a "mistake;" and still the hope of eventually "making friends." I might have seen, had I cared to look, that that hope only was keeping her alive. She grew more wan and thin month by month. You will agree with me, at least, that such conduct would have driven any one to despair. It was uncalled for; childish; unwomanly. I maintain that she was much to blame. And again, sometimes, in the black, fever-stricken night watches, I have begun to think that I might have been a little kinder to her. But that really is a "delusion." I could not have continued pretending to love her when I didn't; could I? It would have been unfair to us both.

Last year we met again—on the same terms as before. The same weary appeals, and the same curt answers from my lips. At least I would make her see how woefully wrong and hopeless were her attempts at resuming the old relationship. As the season wore on we fell apart—that is to say, she found it difficult to meet me, for I had other and more absorbing interests to attend to. When I think it over in my sick-room, the season of 1884 seems a confused nightmare wherein light and shade were fantastically intermingled—my courtship of little Kitty Mannering; my hopes, doubts, and fears; our long rides together; my trembling avowal of attach-

ment; her reply; and now and again a vision of a white face flitting by in the 'rickshaw with the black and white liveries I once watched for so earnestly; the wave of Mrs. Wessington's gloved hand; and, when she met me alone, which was but seldom, the irksome monotony of her appeal. I loved Kitty Mannering; honestly, heartily loved her, and with my love for her grew my hatred for Agnes. In August Kitty and I were engaged. The next day I met those accursed "magpie" *jhampanies* at the back of Jakko, and, moved by some passing sentiment of pity, stopped to tell Mrs. Wessington everything. She knew it already.

"So I hear you're engaged, Jack dear." Then, without a moment's pause—"I'm sure it's all a mistake—a hideous mistake. We shall be as good friends some day, Jack, as we ever were."

My answer might have made even a man wince. It cut the dying woman before me like the blade of a whip. "Please forgive me, Jack; I didn't mean to make you angry; but it's true, it's true!"

And Mrs. Wessington broke down completely. I turned away and left her to finish her journey in peace, feeling, but only for a moment or two, that I had been an unutterably mean hound. I looked back, and saw that she had turned her 'rickshaw with the idea, I suppose, of overtaking me.

The scene and its surroundings were photographed on my memory. The rain-swept sky (we were at the end of the wet weather), the sodden, dingy pines, the muddy road, and the black powder-riven cliffs formed a gloomy background against which the black and white liveries of the *jhampanies*, the yellow-paneled 'rickshaw and Mrs. Wessington's down-bowed golden head stood out clearly. She was holding her handkerchief in her left hand and was leaning back exhausted against the 'rickshaw cushions. I turned my horse up a by-path near the Sanjowlie Reservoir and literally ran away. Once I fancied I heard a faint call of "Jack!" This may have been imagination. I never stopped to verify it. Ten minutes later I came across Kitty on horseback; and, in the delight of a long ride with her, forgot all about the interview.

A week later Mrs. Wessington died, and the inexpressible burden of her existence was removed from my life. I went plainsward perfectly happy. Before three months were over I had forgotten all about her, except that at times the discovery of some of her old letters reminded me unpleasantly of our by-gone relationship. By January I had disinterred what was left of our correspondence from among my scattered belongings and had burned it. At the beginning of April of this year, 1885, I was at Simla—semi-deserted Simla—once more, and was deep in lover's talks and walks with Kitty. It was decided that we should be married at the end of June. You will understand, therefore, that loving Kitty as I did, I am not saying too much when I pronounce myself to have been, at that time, the happiest man in India.

Fourteen delighted days passed almost before I noticed their flight. Then, aroused to the sense of what was proper among mortals circumstanced as we were, I pointed out to Kitty that an engagement-ring was the outward and visible sign of her dignity as an engaged girl; and that she must forthwith come to Hamilton's to be measured for one. Up to that moment, I give you my word, we had completely forgotten so trivial a matter. To Hamilton's we accordingly went on the 15th of April, 1885. Remember that—whatever my doctor may say to the contrary—I was then in perfect health, enjoying

a well-balanced mind and an absolutely tranquil spirit. Kitty and I entered Hamilton's shop together, and there, regardless of the order of affairs, I measured Kitty for the ring in the presence of the amused assistant. The ring was a sapphire with two diamonds. We then rode out down the slope that leads to the Combermere Bridge and Peliti's shop.

While my waler was cautiously feeling his way over the loose shale, and Kitty was laughing and chattering at my side—while all Simla, that is to say as much of it as had then come from the plains, was grouped round the reading-room and Peliti's veranda—I was aware that some one, apparently at a vast distance, was calling me by my Christian name. It struck me that I had heard the voice before, but when and where I could not determine. In the short space it took to cover the road between the path from Hamilton's shop and the first plank of the Combermere Bridge I had thought over half a dozen people who might have committed such a solecism, and had eventually decided that it must have been some singing in my ears. Immediately opposite Peliti's shop my eyes were arrested by the sight of four *jhampanies* in "magpie" livery, pulling a yellow paneled, cheap, bazaar rickshaw. In a moment my mind flew back to the previous season and Mrs. Wessington with a sense of irritation and disgust. Was it not enough that the woman was dead and done with, without her black and white servitors reappearing to spoil the day's happiness? Whoever employed them now I thought I would call upon, and ask as a personal favor to change her *jhampanies'* livery. I would hire the men myself, and, if necessary, buy their coats from off their backs. It is impossible to say here what a flood of undesirable memories their presence evoked.

"Kitty," I cried, "there are poor Mrs. Wessington's *jhampanies* turned up again. I wonder who has them now?"

Kitty had known Mrs. Wessington slightly last season, and had always been interested in the sickly woman.

"What? Where?" she asked. "I can't see them anywhere."

Even as she spoke, her horse, swerving from a laden mule, threw himself directly in front of the advancing rickshaw. I had scarcely time to utter a word of warning when, to my unutterable horror, horse and rider passed through men and carriage as if they had been thin air.

"What's the matter?" cried Kitty; "what made you call out so foolishly, Jack? If I am enaged I don't want all creation to know about it. There was lots of space between the mule and the veranda; and, if you think I can't ride—There!"

Whereupon willful Kitty set off, her dainty little head in the air, at a hand-gallop in the direction of the band-stand; fully expecting, as she afterward told me, that I should follow her. What was the matter? Nothing indeed. Either that I was mad or drunk, or that Simla was haunted with devils. I reined in my impatient cob, and turned round. The rickshaw had turned too, and now stood immediately facing me, near the left railing of the Combermere Bridge.

"Jack! Jack darling!" (There was no mistake about the words this time; they rang through my brain as if they had been shouted in my ear.) "It's some hideous mistake, I'm sure. Please forgive me, Jack, and let's be friends again."

The rickshaw-hood had fallen back, and inside, as I hope and pray daily for the death I dread by night, sat Mrs. Keith-Wessington,

handkerchief in hand, and golden head bowed on her breast.

How long I stared motionless I do not know. Finally, I was aroused by my syce taking the waler's bridle and asking whether I was ill. From the horrible to the commonplace is but a step. I tumbled off my horse and dashed, half fainting, into Peliti's for a glass of cherry brandy. There two or three couples were gathered round the coffee-tables discussing the gossip of the day. Their trivialities were more comforting to me just then than the consolations of religion could have been. I plunged into the midst of the conversation at once; chatted, laughed, and jested with a face (when I caught a glimpse of it in a mirror) as white and drawn as that of a corpse. Three or four men noticed my condition; and evidently setting it down to the results of overmany pegs, charitably endeavored to draw me apart from the rest of the loungers. But I refused to be led away. I wanted the company of my kind—as a child rushes into the midst of the dinner-party after a fright in the dark. I must have talked for about ten minutes or so, though it seemed an eternity to me, when I heard Kitty's clear voice outside inquiring for me. In another minute she had entered the shop, prepared to roundly upbraid me for failing so signally in my duties. Something in my face stopped her.

"Why, Jack," she cried, "what have you been doing? What has happened? Are you ill?" Thus driven into a direct lie, I said that the sun had been a little too much for me. It was close upon five o'clock of a cloudy April afternoon, and the sun had been hidden all day. I saw my mistake as soon as the words were out of my mouth; attempted to recover it; blundered hopelessly and followed Kitty in a regal rage, out-of-doors, amid the smiles of my acquaintances. I made some excuse (I have forgotten what) on the score of my feeling faint; and cantered away to my hotel, leaving Kitty to finish the ride by herself.

In my room I sat down and tried calmly to reason out the matter. Here was I, Theobald Jack Pansay, a well-educated Bengal civilian in the year of grace 1885, presumably sane, certainly healthy, driven in terror from my sweetheart's side by the apparition of a woman who had been dead and buried eight months ago. These were facts that I could not blink. Nothing was further from my thought than any memory of Mrs. Wessington when Kitty and I left Hamilton's shop. Nothing was more utterly commonplace than the stretch of wall opposite Peliti's. It was broad daylight. The road was full of people; and yet here, in defiance of every law of probability, in direct outrage of Nature's ordinance, there had appeared to me a face from the grave.

Kitty's Arab had gone through the rickshaw; so that my first hope that some woman marvelously like Mrs. Wessington had hired the carriage and the coolies with their old livery was lost. Again and again I went round this treadmill of thought; again and again gave up baffled and in despair. The voice was as inexplicable as the apparition. I had originally some wild notion of confiding it all to Kitty; of begging her to marry me at once; and in her arms defying the ghostly occupant of the rickshaw. "After all," I argued, "the presence of the rickshaw is in itself enough to prove the existence of a spectral illusion. One may see ghosts of men and women, but surely never of coolies and carriages. The whole thing is absurd. Fancy the ghost of a hill-man!"

Next morning I sent a penitent note to Kitty, imploring her to overlook my strange conduct of

the previous afternoon. My divinity was still very wroth, and a personal apology was necessary. I explained, with a fluency born of night-long pondering over a falsehood, that I had been attacked with a sudden palpitation of the heart—the result of indigestion. This eminently practical solution had its effect; and Kitty and I rode out that afternoon with the shadow of my first lie dividing us.

Nothing could please her save a canter round Jakko. With my nerves still unstrung from the previous night, I feebly protested against the notion, suggesting Observatory Hill, Jutogh, the Boileaugunge road—anything rather than the Jakko round. Kitty was angry and a little hurt; so I yielded from fear of provoking further misunderstanding, and we set out together toward Chota Simla. We walked a greater part of the way, and, according to our custom, cantered from a mile or so below the convent to the stretch of level road by the Sanjowlie Reservoir. The wretched horses appeared to fly, and my heart beat quicker and quicker as we neared the crest of the ascent. My mind had been full of Mrs. Wessington all the afternoon; and every inch of the Jakko road bore witness to our old-time walks and talks. The bowlders were full of it; the pines sung it aloud overhead; the rained torrent giggled and chuckled unseen over the shameful story; and the wind in my ears chanted the iniquity aloud.

As a fitting climax, in the middle of the level men call the Lady's Mile the horror was awaiting me. No other rickshaw was in sight—only the four black and white *jhampanies*, the yellow-paneled carriage, and the golden head of the woman within—all apparently just as I had left them eight months and one fortnight ago! For an instant I fancied that Kitty must see what I saw—we were so marvelously sympathetic in all things. Her next words undeceived me—"Not a soul in sight! Come along, Jack, and I'll race you to the reservoir buildings!" Her wiry little Arab was off like a bird, my waler following close behind, and in this order we dashed under the cliffs. Half a minute brought us within fifty yards of the rickshaw. I pulled my waler and fell back a little. The rickshaw was directly in the middle of the road; and once more the Arab passed through it, my horse following. "Jack! Jack dear! Please forgive me," rang with a wail in my ears, and, after an interval: "It's all a mistake, a hideous mistake!"

I spurred my horse like a man possessed. When I turned my head at the reservoir works, the black and white liveries were still waiting—patiently waiting—under the gray hill-side, and the wind brought me a mocking echo of the words I had just heard. Kitty bantered me a good deal on my silence throughout the remainder of the ride. I had been talking up till then wildly and at random. To save my life I could not speak naturally afterward, and from Sanjowlie to the church wisely held my tongue.

I was to dine with the Mannerings that night, and had barely time to canter home to dress. On the road to Elysium Hill I overheard two men talking together in the dusk—"It's a curious thing," said one, "how completely all trace of it disappeared. You know my wife was insanely fond of the woman (never could see anything in her myself), and wanted me to pick up her old rickshaw and coolies if they were to be got for love or money. Morbid sort of fancy I call it; but I've got to do what the *Memsahib* tells me. Would you believe that the man she hired it from tells me that all four of the men—they were brothers—died of cholera on the way to Hardwar, poor devils; and the rickshaw had been broken up by the man himself. Told me

he never used a dead *Memsahib's* rickshaw. Spoiled his luck. Queer notion, wasn't it? Fancy poor little Mrs. Wessington spoiling any one's luck except her own!" I laughed aloud at this point; and my laugh jarred on me as I uttered it. So there were ghosts of rickshaws after all, and ghostly employments in the other world! How much did Mrs. Wessington give her men? What were their hours? Where did they go?

And for visible answer to my last question I saw the infernal thing blocking my path in the twilight. The dead travel fast, and by short cuts unknown to ordinary coolies. I laughed aloud a second time and checked my laughter suddenly, for I was afraid I was going mad. Mad a certain extent I must have been, for I recollect that I reined in my horse at the head of the rickshaw, and politely wished Mrs. Wessington "Good-evening." Her answer was one I knew only too well. I listened to the end; and replied that I had heard it all before, but should be delighted if she had anything further to say. Some malignant devil stronger than I must have entered into me that evening, for I have a dim recollection of talking the commonplaces of the day for five minutes to the thing in front of me.

"Mad as a hatter, poor devil—or drunk. Max, try and get him to come home."

Surely that was not Mrs. Wessington's voice! The two men had overheard me speaking to the empty air, and had returned to look after me. They were very kind and considerate, and from their words gathered that I was extremely drunk. I thanked them confusedly and cantered away to my hotel, there changed, and arrived at the Mannerings' ten minutes late. I pleaded the darkness of the night as an excuse; was rebuked by Kitty for my unlover-like tardiness; and sat down.

The conversation had already become general; and under cover of it I was addressing some tender small-talk to my sweetheart when I was aware that at the further end of the table a short, red-whiskered man was describing, with much broiery, his encounter with a man unknown that evening. A few sentences convinced me that he was repeating the incident of half an hour ago. In the middle of the story he looked round for applause, as professional story-tellers do, caught my eyes, and straightway collapsed. There was a moment's awkward silence, and the red-whiskered man muttered something to the effect that he had "forgotten the rest," thereby sacrificing a reputation as a good story-teller which he had built up for six seasons past. I blessed him from the bottom of my heart, and went on with my fish.

In the fullness of time that dinner came to an end; and with genuine regret I tore myself away from Kitty—as certain as I was of my own existence that it would be waiting for me outside the door. The red-whiskered man, who had been introduced to me as Dr. Heatherlegh, of Simla, volunteered to bear me company as far as our roads lay together. I accepted his offer with gratitude.

My instinct had not deceived me. It lay in readiness in the Mall, and, in what seemed devilish mockery of our ways, with a lighted head-lamp. The red-whiskered man went to the point at once, in a manner that showed he had been thinking over it all dinner-time.

"I say, Pansay, what the deuce was the matter with you this evening on the Elysium road?" The suddenness of the question wrenched an answer from me before I was aware.

"That!" said I, pointing to it.

"That may be either D. T. or Eyes for aught I

know. Now, you don't liquor. I saw as much at dinner, so it can't be D. T. There's nothing whatever where you're pointing, though you're sweating and trembling with fright like a scared pony. Therefore, I concluded that it's Eyes. And I ought to understand all about them. Come along home with me. I'm on the Blessington lower road."

To my intense delight the rickshaw instead of waiting for us kept about twenty yards ahead—and this, too, whether we walked, trotted, or cantered. In the course of that long night ride I had told my companion almost as much as I have told you here.

"Well, you've spoiled one of the best tales I've ever laid tongue to," said he "but I'll forgive you for the sake of what you've gone through. Now, come home and do what I tell you; and when I've cured you, young man, let this be a lesson to you to steer clear of women and indigestible food till the day of your death."

The rickshaw kept steady in front; and my red-whiskered friend seemed to derive great pleasure from my account of its exact whereabouts.

"Eyes, Pansay—all Eyes, Brain, and Stomach. And the greatest of the three is Stomach. You've too much conceited brain, too little stomach, and thoroughly unhealthy eyes. Get your stomach straight and the rest follows. And all that's French for a liver pill. I'll take sole medical charge of you from this hour! for you're too interesting a phenomenon to be passed over."

By this time we were deep in the shadow of the Blessington lower road and the rickshaw came to a dead stop under a pine-clad, overhanging shale cliff. Instinctively I halted too, giving my reason. Heatherlegh rapped out an oath.

"Now, if you think I'm going to spend a cold night on the hill-side for the sake of a Stomach-cum-Brain-cum-Eye illusion . . . Lord ha' mercy! What's that?"

There was a muffled report, a blinding smother of dust just in front of us, a crack, the noise of rent boughs, and about ten yards of the cliff-side—pines, undergrowth, and all—slid down into the road below, completely blocking it up. The uprooted trees swayed and tottered for a moment like drunken giants in the gloom, and then fell prone among their fellows with a thunderous crash. Our two horses stood motionless and sweating with fear. As soon as the rattle of falling earth and stone had subsided, my companion muttered: "Man, if we'd gone forward we should have been ten feet deep in our graves by now. 'There are more things in heaven and earth—' Come home, Pansay, and thank God. I want a peg badly."

We retraced our way over the Church Ridge, and I arrived at Dr. Heatherlegh's house shortly after midnight.

His attempts toward my cure commenced almost immediately, and for a week I never left his sight. Many a time in the course of that week did I bless the good fortune which had thrown me in contact with Simla's best and kindest doctor. Day by day my spirits grew lighter and more equable. Day by day, too, I became more and more inclined to fall in with Heatherlegh's "spectral illusion" theory, implicating eyes, brain, and stomach. I wrote to Kitty, telling her that a slight sprain caused by a fall from my horse kept me in-doors for a few days; and that I should be recovered before she had time to regret my absence.

Heatherlegh's treatment was simple to a degree. It consisted of liver pills, cold water baths, and strong exercise, taken in the dusk or

at early dawn—for, as he sagely observed: "A man with a sprained ankle doesn't walk a dozen miles a day, and your young woman might be wondering if she saw you."

At the end of the week, after much examination of pupil and pulse, and strict injunctions as to diet and pedestrianism, Heatherlegh dismissed me as brusquely as he had taken charge of me. Here is his parting benediction: "Man, I certify to your mental cure, and that's as much as to say I've cured most of your bodily ailments. Now, get your traps out of this as soon as you can; and be off to make love to Miss Kitty."

I was endeavoring to express my thanks for his kindness. He cut me short.

"Don't think I did this because I like you. I gather that you've behaved like a blackguard all through. But, all the same, you're a phenomenon, and as queer a phenomenon as you are a blackguard. No!"—checking me a second time—"not a rupee, please. Go out and see if you can find the eyes-brain-and-stomach business again. I'll give you a lakh for each time you see it."

Half an hour later I was in the Mannerings' drawing-room with Kitty—drunk with the intoxication of present happiness and the foreknowledge that I should never more be troubled with its hideous presence. Strong in the sense of my new-found security, I proposed a ride at once; and, by preference, a canter round Jakko.

Never had I felt so well, so overladen with vitality and mere animal spirits, as I did on the afternoon of the 30th of April. Kitty was delighted at the change in my appearance, and complimented me on it in her delightfully frank and outspoken manner. We left the Mannerings' house together, laughing and talking, and cantered along the Chota Simla road as of old.

I was in haste to reach the Sanjowlie Reservoir and there make my assurance doubly sure. The horses did their best, but seemed all too slow to my impatient mind. Kitty was astonished at my boisterousness. "Why, Jack!" she cried at last, "you are behaving like a child. What are you doing?"

We were just below the convent, and from sheer wantonness I was making my waler plunge and curvet across the road as I tickled it with the loop of my riding-whip.

"Doing?" I answered; "nothing, dear. That's just it. If you'd been doing nothing for a week except lie up, you'd be as riotous as I."

"Singing and murmuring in your feastful mirth, Joying to feel yourself alive; Lord over Nature, Lord of the visible Earth, Lord of the senses five."

My quotation was hardly out of my lips before we had rounded the corner above the convent, and a few yards further on could see across to Sanjowlie. In the centre of the level road stood the black and white liveries, the yellow-paneled rickshaw, and Mrs. Keith-Wessington. I pulled up, looked, rubbed my eyes, and, I believe, must have said something. The next thing I knew was that I was lying face downward on the road, with Kitty kneeling above me in tears.

"Has it gone, child?" I gasped. Kitty only wept more bitterly.

"Has what gone, Jack dear? What does it all mean? There must be a mistake somewhere, Jack. A hideous mistake." Her last words brought me to my feet—mad—raving for the time being.

"Yes, there is a mistake somewhere," I repeated, a hideous mistake. Come and look at it."

I have an indistinct idea that I dragged Kitty by the wrist up the road to where it stood, and implored her for pity's sake to speak to it;

to tell it that we were betrothed; that neither death nor hell could break the tie between us; and Kitty only knows how much more to the same effect. Now and again I appealed passionately to the terror in the rickshaw to bear witness to all I had said, and to release me from a torture that was killing me. As I talked I suppose I must have told Kitty of my old relations with Mrs. Wessington, for I saw her listen intently with white face and blazing eyes.

"Thank you, Mr. Pansay," she said, "that's quite enough. *Syce ghora lao.*"

The syces, impassive as Orientals always are, had come up with the recaptured horses; and as Kitty sprung into her saddle I caught hold of her bridle, entreating her to hear me out and forgive. My answer was the cut of her riding-whip across my face from mouth to eye, and a word or two that even now I cannot down. So I judged, and judged rightly, that Kitty knew all; and I staggered back to the side of the rickshaw. My face was cut and bleeding, and the blow of the riding-whip had raised a livid blue wheal on it. I had no self-respect. Just then, Heatherlegh, who must have been following Kitty and me at a distance, cantered up.

"Doctor," I said, pointing to my face, "here's Miss Mannering's signature to my order of dismissal, and I'll thank you for that lakh as soon as convenient."

Heatherlegh's face, even in my abject misery, moved me to laughter.

"I'll stake my professional reputation—" he began.

"Don't be a fool," I whispered. "I've lost my life's happiness and you'd better take me home."

As I spoke the rickshaw was gone. Then I lost all knowledge of what was passing. The crest of Jakko seemed to heave and roll like the crest of a cloud and fall in upon me.

Seven days later (on the 7th of May, that is to say) I was aware that I was lying in Heatherlegh's room as weak as a little child. Heatherlegh was watching me intently from behind the papers on the writing-table. His first words were not encouraging; but I was too far spent to be much used by them.

"Here's Miss Kitty has sent back your letters. You corresponded a good deal, you young people. Here's a packet that looks like a ring, and a cheerful sort of a note from Mannering Papa, which I have taken the liberty of reading and burning. The old gentleman's not pleased with you."

"And Kitty," I asked, dully.

"Rather more drawn than her father from what she says. By the same token you must have been letting out any number of queer reminiscences just before I met you. Says that a man who would have behaved to a woman like you did to Mrs. Wessington ought to kill himself out of sheer pity for his kind. She's a hot-headed little virago, your mash. Will have it too that you were suffering from D. T. when that row on the Jakko road turned up. Says she'll die before she ever speaks to you again."

I groaned and turned over on the other side.

"Now, you've got your choice, my friend. This engagement has to be broken off; and the Mannering's don't want to be too hard on you. Was it broken through D. T. or epileptic fits? Sorry I can't offer you a better exchange unless you'd prefer hereditary insanity. Say the word and I'll tell them it's fits. All Simla knows about that scene on the Ladies' Mile. Come! I'll give you five minutes to think over it."

During those five minutes I believed that I explored thoroughly the lowest circles of the Inferno which it is permitted man to tread on

earth. And at the same time I myself was watching myself faltering through the dark labyrinths of doubt, misery, and utter despair. I wondered, as Heatherlegh in his chair might have wondered, which dreadful alternative I should adopt. Presently I heard myself answering in a voice that I hardly recognized:

"They're confounded particular about morality in these parts. Give 'em fits, Heatherlegh, and my love. Now let me sleep a bit longer."

Then my two selves joined, and it was only I (half crazed, devil-driven I) that tossed in my bed, tracing step by step the history of the past month.

"But I am in Simla," I kept repeating to myself. "I, Jack Pansay, am in Simla, and there are no ghosts here. It's unreasonable of that woman to pretend there are. Why couldn't Agnes have left me alone? I never did her any harm. It might just as well have been me as Agnes. Only I'd never have come back on purpose to kill her. Why can't I be left alone—left alone and happy?"

It was high moon when I first awoke; and the sun was low in the sky before I slept—slept as the tortured criminal sleeps on his rack, too worn to feel further pain.

Next day I could not leave my bed. Heatherlegh told me in the morning that he had received an answer from Mr. Mannering, and that, thanks to his (Heatherlegh's) friendly offices, the story of my affliction had traveled through the length and breadth of Simla, where I was on all sides much pitied.

"And that's rather more than you deserve," he concluded, pleasantly, "though the Lord knows you've been going through a pretty severe mill. Never mind; we'll cure you yet, you perverse phenomenon."

I declined firmly to be cured. "You've been much too good to me already, old man," said I; "but I don't think I need trouble you further."

In my heart I knew that nothing Heatherlegh could do would lighten the burden that had been laid upon me.

With that knowledge came also a sense of hopeless, impotent rebellion against the unreasonableness of it all. There were scores of men no better than I whose punishments had at least been reserved for another world; and I felt that it was bitterly, cruelly unfair that I alone should have been singled out for so hideous a fate. This mood would in time give place to another where it seemed that the rickshaw and I were the only realities in a world of shadows; that Kitty was a ghost; that Mannering, Heatherlegh, and all the other men and women I knew were all ghosts; and the great, gray hills themselves but vain shadows devised to torture me. From mood to mood I tossed backward and forward for seven weary days; my body growing daily stronger and stronger, until the bed-room looking-glass told me that I had returned to every day life, and was as other men once more. Curiously enough my face showed no signs of the struggle I had gone through. It was pale indeed, but as expressionless and commonplace as ever. I had expected some permanent alteration—visible evidence of the disease that was eating me away. I found nothing.

On the 15th of May I left Heatherlegh's house at eleven o'clock in the morning; and the instinct of the bachelor drove me to the club. There I found that every man knew my story as told by Heatherlegh, and was, in clumsy fashion, abnormally kind and attentive. Nevertheless, I recognized that for the rest of my natural life I should be among but not of my fellows; and I envied very bitterly indeed the laughing

coolies on the Mall below. I lunched at the club, and at four o'clock wandered aimlessly down the Mall in the vague hope of meeting Kitty. Close to the band-stand the black and white liveries joined me; and I heard Mrs. Wessington's old appeal at my side. I had been expecting this ever since I came out; and was only surprised at her delay. The phantom rickshaw and I went side by side along the Chota Simla road in silence. Close to the bazaar, Kitty and a man on horseback overtook and passed us. For any sign she gave I might have been a dog in the road. She did not even pay me the compliment of quickening her pace; though the rainy afternoon had served as an excuse.

So Kitty and her companion, and I and my ghostly love-o'-love, crept round in Jakko in couples. The road was streaming with water; the pines dripped like roof-pines on the rocks below, and the air was full of fine, driving rain. Two or three times I found myself saying to myself almost aloud: "I'm Jack Pansay on leave at Simla—at Simla! Every day, ordinary Simla. I mustn't forget that—I mustn't forget that." Then I would try to recollect some of the gossip I had heard at the club; the prices of So-and-So's horses—anything, in fact, that related to the workaday Anglo-Indian world I knew so well. I even repeated the multiplication table rapidly to myself, to make quite sure that I was not taking leave of my senses. It gave me much comfort; and must have prevented my hearing Mrs. Wessington for a time.

Once more I wearily climbed the convent slope and entered the level road. Here Kitty and the man started off at a canter, and I was left alone with Mrs. Wessington. "Agnes," said I, "will you put back your hood and tell me what it all means?" The hood dropped noiselessly, and I was face to face with my dead and buried mistress. She was wearing the dress in which I had last seen her alive; carried the same tiny handkerchief in her right hand; and the same card-case in her left. (A woman eight months dead with a card-case!) I had to pin myself down to the multiplication table, and to set both hands on the stone parapet of the road, to assure myself that at least was real.

"Agnes," I repeated, "for pity's sake tell me what it all means." Mrs. Wessington leaned forward, with that odd, quick turn of the head I used to know so well, and spoke.

If my story had not already so madly overleaped the bounds of all human belief, I should apologize to you now. As I know that no one—no, not even Kitty, for whom it is written as some sort of justification of my conduct—will believe me I will go on. Mrs. Wessington spoke and I walked with her from the Sanjowlie road to the turning below the commander-in-chief's house as I might walk by the side of any living woman's rickshaw, deep in conversation. The second and most tormenting of my moods of sickness had suddenly laid hold upon me, and like the prince in Tennyson's poem, "I seemed to move amid a world of ghosts." There had been a garden-party at commander-in-chief's, and we two joined the crowd of homeward-bound folk. As I saw them then it seemed that they were the shadows—impalpable fantastic shadows—that divided for Mrs. Wessington's rickshaw to pass through. What we said during the course of that weird interview I cannot—indeed, I dare not—tell. Heatherlegh's comment would have a short laugh and a remark that I had been "mashing a brain-eye-and-stomach chimera." It was a ghastly and yet in some indefinable way a marvelously dear experience. Could it be possible, I wondered, that I was in

this life to woo a second time the woman I had killed by my own neglect and cruelty?

I met Kitty on the homeward road—a shadow among shadows.

If I were to describe all the incidents of the next fortnight in their order, my story would never come to an end; and your patience would be exhausted. Morning after morning and evening after evening the ghostly 'rickshaw and I used to wander through Simla together. Wherever I went there the four black and white liveries followed me and bore me company to and from the hotel. At the theater I found them amid the crowd of yelling *jhampanies*; outside the club veranda, after a long evening of whist; at the birthday ball, waiting patiently for my reappearance; and in broad daylight when I went calling. Save that it cast no shadow, the 'rickshaw was in every respect as real to look upon as one of wood and iron. More than once, indeed, I have had to check myself from warning some hard-riding friend against cantering over it. More than once I have walked down the Mall deep in conversation with Mrs. Westington to the unspeakable amazement of the passers-by.

Before I had been out and about a week I learned that the "fit" theory had been discarded in favor of insanity. However, I made no change in my mode of life. I called, rode, and dined out as freely as ever. I had a passion for the society of my kind which I had never felt before; I hungered to be among the realities of life; and at the same time I felt vaguely unhappy when I had been separated too long from my ghostly companion. It would be almost impossible to describe my varying moods from the 15th of May up to to-day.

The presence of the 'rickshaw filled me by turns with horror, blind fear, a dim sort of pleasure, and utter despair. I dared not leave Simla; and I knew that my stay there was killing me. I knew, moreover, that it was my destiny to die slowly and a little every day. My only anxiety was to get the penance over as quietly as might be. Alternately I hungered for a sight of Kitty and watched her outrageous flirtations with my successor—to speak more accurately, my successors—with amused interest. She was as much out of my life as I was out of hers. By day I wandered with Mrs. Westington almost content. By night I implored Heaven to let me return to the world as I used to know it.

Above all these varying moods lay the sensation of dull, numbing wonder that the Seen and the Unseen should mingle so strangely on this earth to hound one poor soul to its grave.

August 27.—Heatherlegh has been indefatigable in his attendance on me; and only yesterday told me I ought to send in an application for sick leave. An application to escape the company of a phantom! A request that the government would graciously permit me to get rid of five ghosts and an airy 'rickshaw by going to England! Heatherlegh's proposition moved me to almost hysterical laughter. I told him that I should await the end quietly at Simla; and I am sure that the end is not far off. Believe me that I dread its advent more than any word can say; and I torture myself nightly with a thousand speculations as to the manner of my death.

Shall I die in my bed decently and as an English gentleman should die; or, in one last walk on the Mall, will my soul be wrenched from me to take its place for ever and ever by the side of that ghastly phantasm? Shall I return to my old lost allegiance in the next

world, or shall I meet Agnes, loathing her and bound to her side through all eternity? Shall we two hover over the scene of our lives till the end of Time? As the day of my death draws nearer, the intense horror that all living flesh feels toward escaped spirits beyond the grave grows more and more powerful. It is an awful thing to go down quick among the dead with scarcely one half of your life completed. It is a thousand times more awful to wait as I do in your midst, for I know not what unimaginable terror. Pity me, at least on the score of my "delusion," for I know you will never believe what I have written here. Yet as surely as ever a man was done to death by the Powers of Darkness I am that man.

In justice, too, pity her. For as surely as ever a woman was killed by man, I killed Mrs. Westington. And the last portion of my punishment is even now upon me.

[THE END.]

THE JEALOUS WIFE.

JOHN loved his young wife as the flower loves the dew;

She felt she could not live without him;
He vowed that to her he would ever be true—
He vowed as the rest of the young husbands do;
She vowing she never would doubt him.

One morning John left, through a habit pernicious,
His overcoat down in the hall;
"Ahem!" quoth the wife, "the occasion's propitious
To test John's fidelity; though not suspicious,
I'll peep in his pockets, that's all.

"A bundle of letters? and tied with a bow?
The perfume is attar of roses!
Ah, they're from his mother, who worships him so;
Although not inquisitive, I'd like to know
Just how she begins, and how closes.

"My own precious love! Just what I used to say!
'From Helen, your own until death!
Why, that's not his mother's—'Caroline May?'
And why has he torn off the envelopes, pray?
Suspicion quite shortens my breath!

"The goose that I am—'tis some sweetheart of old!
Suspicion shall not blanch my cheek—
How foolish to doubt him—the date would have told;
And yet they're not musty, there's no trace of
mould—
Great heavens! they're dated this week!

"They're burning with love! Oh, my poor heart
will break!
While I'm scarcely more than a bride,
My John to prove faithless—the villain, the rake!
I'll quickly repair to my chamber and take
That last step in life—suicide!

"I'd leap from the window—but as it's not dark
I'd look such a fright in the fall
I'd die by his pistol—but when cold and stark
There'd be on my temple a black powder mark
And a great horrid hole from the ball!

"My corpse mutilated would spoil the effect,
For I must look lovely in death!
Cut my throat with his razor? Oh, let me reflect—
'Twould sever my windpipe, and then, I expect,
I never could draw my last breath!

"Should I drown myself down where the water is
clear,
By the mill in the deep, placid race?—
The fishes would eat me! No, no! then I fear
I'll have to hang up by the big chandelier!—
And then I'll turn black in the face.

"I might light the fire with the kerosene can
And go where all treachery ceases;
I'd do it with dynamite were I a man—
No, no! I'll die easy by some other plan,
And not leave my corpse all in pieces.

"I'll ask the French druggist, just over the way,
For something to poison the cat.

The gripings and spasms are dreadful, they say,
And poison I'll take without any delay,
Though it do puff me up like a rat.

"Oh, tell me, thou prince of all druggists and
leechers,

What poison you keep in this place
For rats, those unhappy—I mean pesky creatures,
To let them die happy, not puff up their features,
Nor make them turn black in the face?"

"Ah, madame, I geeve you ze grandest powdair
Zat make ze rat sweetaire ven deat;
Zo mooch you feel sorry you keel him, by gaire!
Ze rat die so zgently you see him, you svear
He vas only asleep in ze bet.

"Vaire small, leetal pinch eez a dose; vat you geef
Depend on ze size of ze rat.

Ze rat, ven he leetal eez vaire sen-sa-tief;
Von bleg rat, deesconsolate, no vish to lief,
Zjust gief him a teaspoon of zat."

At home in her chamber the poison she took,
And rolling in agony lay,
When John, coming back for that coat on the hook,
Fast mounted the stairs with an agonized look
Where his wife groaned in sweet disarray.

"Why, Mame, what's the matter?" "Oh, John!
pray explain

These letters I found in your coat!"

"That coat was my partner's, worn home in the
rain!"

"Not yours? Quick! I'm poisoned! 'tis racking
my brain!
To the druggist—get some antidote!"

To the druggist he rushed—"Sir, you've poisoned
my Mame."

Said the Frenchman: "Keep on ze apparel!
She vant ze rat poison—but I know ze game—
Vat don't black ze face of ze rat? Ven she came
Ze powdair of sugaire I gave! All ze same
She will lief eef she eat ze whole barrel!"

—Fred Emerson Brooks.

SPLINTERS.

"HAVE you a large staff of reporters to gather
the news for you?" Country Editor—"No; we
have a wife."—Puck.

THE average wife hates to ask her husband
for money, and in most cases he hates to have
her.—Somerville Journal.

BRIGGS—"Does your wife ever threaten to go
home to her mother? I am willing to own that
mine does." Braggs—"No; she threatens to
send for her mother."—Indianapolis Journal.

WEEKS—"Well, how are things over in Bos-
ton? Have they named any new pie Aristotle
yet?" Wentman—"No-o. But I heard a man
there ask for a Plato soup."—Christian Register.

"SEE here, doctor, you told me to avoid any
sudden excitement." "So I did; it's likely to
be fatal to you." "Then why, sir, did you send
your bill to me yesterday?"—Fiegender Blaetter.

TOMMY—"Can we play at keeping a store in
here, mamma?" Mamma (who has a headache)
—"Certainly, but you must be very, very quiet."
Tommy—"Well, we'll pretend we don't adver-
tise."—Art in Advertising.

JAGWAY—"Was that you I saw driving around
in a carriage the other day? And yet you can-
not afford to pay me the \$5 you owe me." Trav-
ers—"That's nothing. You ought to see the
bill I owe the livery stable."—Harper's Bazar.

MRS. BLIFKINS (time midnight)—"Horrors!
Husband! Husband! I hear some one bur-
rowing through the wall. Mr. Blifkins—"Well,
well! It must be that book agent. I knew we'd
all be in bed by eleven o'clock and I told him to
call at half-past."—Good News.

THE TELEGRAM.

"Is this the telegraph office?"
 Asked a childish voice one day,
 As I noted the click of my instrument
 With its message from far away;
 As it ceased, I turned; at my elbow
 Stood the merest scrap of a boy,
 Whose childish face was all aglow
 With the light of hidden joy.



The golden curls on his forehead
 Shaded eyes of deepest blue,
 As if a bit of the summer sky
 Had lost in them its hue;
 They scanned my office rapidly
 From ceiling down to floor,
 Then turned on mine their eager gaze,
 As he asked the question o'er.

"Is this the telegraph office?"
 "It is, my little man."
 I said, "pray tell me what you want,
 And I'll help you if I can;"
 Then the blue eyes grew more eager,
 And the breath came thick and fast;
 And I saw within the chubby hands,
 A folded paper grasped.

"Nurse told me," he said, "that the lightning
 Came down on the wires some day;
 And my mamma has gone to heaven
 And I'm lonely since she is away,
 For my papa is very busy
 And hasn't much time for me,
 So I thought I'd write her a letter,
 And I've brought it for you to see.

"I've printed it big so the angels
 Could read out quick the name,
 And carry it straight to my mamma,
 And tell her how it came;
 And now won't you please to take it,
 And throw it up good and strong,
 Against the wires in a funder shower,
 And the angels will take it along."

Ah! what could I tell the darling?
 For my eyes were filling fast;
 I turned away to hide the tears
 But I cheerfully spoke at last:
 "I'll do the best I can, my child,"
 'Twas all that I could say;
 "Thank you," he said, then scanned the sky;
 "Do you think it will funder to-day?"

But the blue sky smiled in answer,
 And the sun shone dazzling bright,
 And his face, as he slowly turned away,
 Lost some of its glad some light;
 "But nurse," he said, "if I stay so long,
 Won't let me come any more;
 So good-bye, I'll come and see you again
 Right after a funder shower."

Two Roses of Inverness.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

THE situation of Scottish Inverness, as every one knows, is peculiarly picturesque and striking—lying in the midst of a beautiful plain, with the Moray on one side, with a background of variously-shaped hills—some richly wooded, and others romantically bleak and bare. Yet it was some distance from the town itself, away beyond the seven-arched bridge of stone that spans the Ness, out into the open country, in the nicely-kept garden of a neat little cottage, you would have found my heroines on that pleasant July afternoon.

That Rona and Grizelle Dalstone were far above the common class of Scottish peasantry, one instantly divined after a single glance at their beautiful faces. So fair and graceful were these young girls, throughout the whole county they were known as Gardener Jock's Roses, the Snawie and the Brau. And well did they deserve the name. Grizelle—she who, seated on the rustic bench, had taken off her Highland cap to adjust its heron's plume—was a

slender, delicate creature, with long golden curls falling gracefully from the snood of azure ribbon bound around her head; with eyes as blue and tranquil as the waves of the Moray when the midsummer sky smiles down upon it, and complexion fair and pearly as the petals of the white rose whose name had been given her; while Rona, with her brilliant black eyes, carnation cheeks, and short, glossy, ebon curls, tossing and flying in wilful beauty around her face—Rona, eager, impetuous, vivid with life and beauty, was a fitting type of the crimson-hearted queen of flowers.

It was not so wonderful Gardener Jock carried his head high amid the townfolk, more proud of the fair human blossoms in his cottage home than of the magnificent cluster of bloom in Lord Glenmarnock's conservatory, of which he was the sole and arbitrary master.

Lady Glenmarnock, who had daughters herself long since married and fitted away, took much pleasure in the visits of the pretty girls of the gardener, and as they grew older kept them with her for longer and longer intervals; and it was owing to her kindness that their natural beauty had been so appropriately adorned with the refined manners and cultivated minds of the higher classes.

She had insisted upon defraying the expenses of their education, and selected herself the seminary to which they were entrusted, notwithstanding honest Jock ventered to remonstrate, saying grumblingly:

"My leddie is unco kindly, but who wants the leesome lassies to be skiegh hizzies that wad nae ken their ain daddie?"

Lady Glenmarnock only smiled at the privileged old servant and sent the girls to the seminary in her own coach. And so it happened. Rona and Grizelle Dalstone, the brau rose and the snawie rose of Inverness, were fitted by beauty and education to grace the proudest drawing-room in Scotia or England.

But all this time we have left them in the garden, just united after their first parting, which had been occasioned by Lady Glenmarnock's taking Grizelle—who was rather the favorite—on a three months' visit to Edinburgh.

"Rona, dear," said the elder sister, still bending the heron's plume, and making no attempt to glance at the face of the other, who leaned lightly against the bench behind her, "do you know I fancy some change has come over you since I have been away? I cannot explain it, but I feel it keenly. You were not half so pleased with the fine brooch I brought you from Edinburgh as you would have been three months back. You are absent-minded—forgive me if I say almost fretful—in your manner, and—" She paused a moment, and then added hastily—as if fearing her courage would fail before the words were uttered—"And, Rona, darling, you seemed not half so pleased to see me home again, as I anticipated."

As she ceased, a quick gush of tears suffused Grizelle's clear blue eyes.

Rona's face crimsoned, and then grew pale, but she made no reply.

"Rona, Rona," repeated Grizelle, vehemently, "is it possible you have changed so entirely as this? Have you indeed ceased to love your sister? I must even believe with Aunt Grizy that a glamour hath fallen upon you."

At the mention of her aunt's name, Rona's eye flashed, and the color came surging into her cheek with a fiery tinge of anger, which, passing away immediately, left a ripple of mischief lurking around her pretty mouth, and a sparkle of mirth in her eye.

"Have you finished?" asked Rona, gaily, drawing softly through her white fingers a shining rebel ringlet. "Foolish sister mine, me thinks you have learned over-much of Edinburgh skepticism, to doubt thus early your Rona's affection. Pahaw! may I not have my moods, like the rest of the world?" and then casting off her light, careless manner, she bent down and kissed the fair, smooth forehead, while she said passionately—"Grizelle, Grizelle, accuse me of what you will, but never doubt the depth of Rona's love."

There was a bitter ring in the tone that was not lost upon the anxious Grizelle, but she returned the caress without alluding to it, only answering simply—

"I trust, dear Rona, we may never know abatement of our sisterly affection."

Rona, with her quick intuitions, perceived her companion remained far from satisfied, and began a gay conversation, relating in an arch, witty way, the various little incidents that had transpired during her absence, until Grizelle's laugh echoed as merrily as her own.

"And now," continued Rona, with a scruti-

nizing glance at the other's downcast eyes, "have you nothing to tell me of the fine sights of Edinburgh? Rumors have come to us of an English captain, whose admiration for the Snawie Rose of Inverness was so intense, one may not wonder if we see him here anon—even at our homely cottage."

Grizelle's clear cheek glowed a moment, and her gentle lips, despite their own exertions to the contrary, dimpled away into a happy smile.

"O, Rona," she said, still with shy, downcast glances, "I have been longing so much to tell you, but you seemed so strange and cold, I dared not speak of it. Should I not be thankful—he is so noble, and yet so good? Think of his belonging to a grand old English family, and yet coming here to ask my father for his daughter. Sometimes it frightens me to think of his seeing me here where I belong—as though it would change everything for him to see how humble and plain we are; or as if I myself was another creature, away from my lady's beautiful rooms. But I have no right to think this," she added, raising her head proudly. "He could not have dealt more honorably with me had I been the noblest lady in the land. He went directly to Lord Glenmarnock and asked his sanction to his addresses; and though he said nought, I know his lordship tried to discourage him, thinking it was scarcely proper. But Capt. Edward stopped him. 'Ah, yes,' said he, 'I know from Grizelle that her father is a poor gardener, my lord; and, in fact, so was yours and mine, Glenmarnock, if we only go far enough back for it. Adam, the gardener, doubtless laughs at our pride of pedigree. She is none the less the rose I desire, for all that.' Was it not a grand answer, my sister?"

Rona had listened with a restless flickering of the eye, and when Grizelle paused for her words of sisterly sympathy, she said in a hard, cold voice, that chilled the warmth of the words—

"Grand indeed; and you are a fortunate girl. I congratulate you on so worthy a lover. Few there are, in truth—much as they may prate of their love—who are willing to sacrifice rank and worldly honors for our sakes. The more fools we for loving—but I suppose it is a woman's fate," she added, with a dry, bitter laugh.

At this moment a stout figure emerged from the cottage door. With her broad, florid face, keen blue eyes and deliberate movement, she was a good specimen of the Scottish peasant woman.

She came down the path slowly, her short blue skirt and scarlet plaid muffler showing out as vividly from the shrubbery as her shrill voice rang out sharply on the quiet air:

"Bairns, bairns," said she, using broad Scotch, "an' ye stay blethrin awa a' the day in clishmaclaver wha's to claut the biggin, sin' Jean's awa i' the field? Ye're nae cannie lassies to leave an auld callen, like mysel', mind a' the work, while ye're crackin'. Daddie Jock will be along, and naught light and link for his comin' hame. Deil me care ye thinket. Dousie was the day my leddie filled ye wi' gentle's notions. Nae, Rona, ye'na need to glunsh and glowr. I ken na', ye're brau an' bonnie, but yere daddie is but a servan' for a that."

There was a malicious glance flung toward Rona with this little speech, which she replied to by a scornful gesture and a look of fiery impatience; but Grizelle rose up instantly, saying meekly:

"You are right, dear Aunt Grizy. We ought not to leave you all the work. You may well be vexed with us, but Rona and I have been parted so long, we found enough to talk about to make us forget time and work both. We will come in now, and make amends for lost time."

Aunt Grizy's wrath always evaporated with her words of ire, so she replied good humoredly:

"Nae, nae, lassie, yer auld auntie will nae cross ye, so ye spake leesome and dainty; but Rona ayout there, wi' her haughty ways, has made me crackous an' crabbed o' late;" and smoothing down the ruffle of her cap over her sandy locks, Aunt Grizy, completely mollified, turned again to the cottage.

Grizelle looked up into her sister's sullen, gloomy face, and said sorrowfully:

"What ails you, Rona? You look so strange and fierce. What has come between you and Aunt Grizy since I was at home? You were wont to be the kindest friends."

"She angers and crosses me whenever she can," was Rona's peevish reply. "Why does she always taunt me about my father's being a servant?"

"And yet it is true," replied Grizelle, gently, "and the truth should never anger us."

"I know it is true; so also is the rest she says about my lady's kindness being a curse instead

of a blessing. If we had not been educated to require better things, we might have been happy in our own station—now—

"And what now? O, Rona, Rona, surely you have not learned to despise our home, our kind old father, and honest Aunt Grizy—she who has cared for us with all a mother's anxiety ever since we were wee orphan weans. Alack, this is change indeed!"

"It is very well for you to talk," said Rona, impatiently, "you who have just told me of the rich lover who will take you away to the very society for which we are both fitted by education, but for me it is another thing—" and pausing abruptly, she dropped her face into her hands and burst into a violent fit of weeping.

The perplexed sister strove to calm her agitation, entreating her to explain to her sisterly sympathy whatever sorrow had thus overwhelmed her. Rona shook her head sadly, wiped her drenched face, and turning resolutely toward the cottage, said only—

"Come, we have forgotten Aunt Grizy again. Let us help her prepare for father's return from the castle."

They went in silently, and exchanged no further conversation until the quiet meal was over, and the house, to use Aunt Grizy's expression, "ha been tidied up," while Gardener Jock with his pipe, and his worthy sister with her knitting in the but an' ben (or country kitchen and parlor united in one) were established for their accustomed demure consultation over the day's events.

Then the sisters, taking their plaids, strolled out into the moor behind the garden. The shadows lay dim and wavering on the frith and on the river, and the roofs and spires of the town veiled themselves with a cloud of misty darkness, till presently the round full moon came sailing up gloriously from behind the hills.

These young girls stood in silence, with arms affectionately interlocked and eyes alike fixed upon the beautiful scene spread out before them.

Grizelle's blue eye wore a shining look of blissful content and a warm smile of happy gratitude took from the pensive face every shade of sadness.

But the lustrous dark eye beside her turned to the silvery disc with a wistful, imploring look, as of piteous appeal for compassion, in answer to some stern rebuke. The proud lip quivered and writhed beneath the sad task of repressing the moan and sob that ever and anon sent a strong shiver through the slender form.

Even Grizelle noticed it at length, and withdrawing her dazzled gaze, said tenderly, while she folded her arm more closely around her sister:

"What is it, dear? you are trembling sadly."
"The air is a little chill," replied Rona, turning her face away.

"Rona," persisted the other, "why do you conceal so much from me? My father tells me you, too, have found a lover."

Rona started. "A lover—my father—what mean you, Grizelle?"

"Nay, there is no cause for alarm," answered Grizelle, playfully, "it seemed no secret. Even Aunt Grizy alluded with pride to Laird Dumberlie's visits, and explained at length to me how the honor of such a suitor had turned your head and made you 'crabbit and crankous.'"

Her careless laugh seemed to jar painfully upon some sensitive chord. Rona flung off her arm, wheeled around fiercely and said, with panting, quivering breath:

"Grizelle Dalstone, do not you jest with me, or I shall indeed grow mad. Laird Dumberlie I tell you I despise, abhor—utterly loath him. I will have nought to do with him, and my father knows it," and she stamped her little foot violently into the turf.

Her sister was silent a moment with astonishment, and then said slowly: "You surprise me, Rona. From what was said to me, I supposed it all settled."

"Aye," returned Rona, bitterly, "so my father would have it. His will is strong, but he will find mine as stubborn."

"And yet," pursued the perplexed Grizelle, "you liked the laird once—methought you even sought to attract his attentions."

A hot blush of shame went over her face, but the girl swept away the jetty curls from her eyes, and looking upward, answered:

"We thought yonder star glorious in radiance, until the queen of night wheeled her effulgent car before us, and now we know how small and feeble is its ray."

"You speak in riddles. Why do you not confide in me?" said Grizelle, reproachfully.

"Hark!" interrupted Rona, closing her hands almost harshly upon the other's arm.

A shrill, clear note, like the cry of some hovering bird, rang out above the low rustle of the trees, the ripple of the waves, and the myriad whirrings of homeward-bound bumlocks and insects. Again it sounded louder and higher.

"Grizelle," cried Rona, hurriedly, "wait here a moment. I will soon return," and without waiting for an answer, she darted hastily away. In perplexed astonishment Grizelle remained watching anxiously the dim outline of the shrubbery into which she had vanished.

An hour—two hours—three hours wore away, and still chill and damp and frightened, Grizelle waited at the stile, not daring to return to the house alone, lest her sister's absence should occasion unpleasant remark. She had noticed, some little time, a glow against the sky in the direction of the town. It kindled swiftly, till its light outshone the moon, and went eddying upward in red columns of sparks and smoke. From the distance came to her the wild shouts of hurrying multitudes, and the clang and clash of the town bells. She heard her father's voice at the cottage-door, and his echoing footsteps passing down the road, but spoke not, nor answered the sharp call of Aunt Grizy.

"Bairns, bairns, where are ye asteer?" She only remained nervously watching for her sister's re-appearance. She came at last, and was dashing hastily by her, when Grizelle's voice arrested her.

"Ah, I had forgotten. Have you waited all this time? I meant not to go so far," she said, apologetically. "Come, let us go in—you must be chilly."

But when they reached the house, Rona took the candle at once and sought her chamber. Grizelle followed in a moment, and as she crossed the threshold she saw her sister thrusting something between the mattress and the bedstead. Rona looked startled and confused, went up to the candle, took it up, set it down again, and then turning around, began shaking out her hair for the night.

Then it was Grizelle saw a long black crock upon the fair white hand, and looking up inquiringly into Rona's face, she saw it crimson with a painful and guilty blush. More and more pained, the gentle-hearted Grizelle knelt down alone to her devotions.

"Where is your snood, Rona?" asked she, after she had laid herself upon the couch, while her sister still fidgeted restlessly around the room.

"How comes it you wore it not to-day?"
"My head ached, and I left it off," replied Rona, with another burning blush. "Don't talk so much—it aches now," she added, pettishly.

Grizelle turned to her pillow, and ere long was wrapped in slumber, leaving her sister busily repairing a rent in her checked skirt. But the moment Rona was conscious of her freedom from espionage, the work fell from her hands, and her face sank into them, with a look of heart-rending grief on those youthful, lovely features, as startling as it was painful.

Grizelle was the first to rise in the morning. Her sister still slept heavily, and as she bent over her to kiss her softly, Grizelle noticed the dark rings around the eyes, betraying last night's excessive weeping.

"Poor Rona, why will you hide your grief from me?" murmured she.

The words seemed to reach the sleeper's ear. She stirred uneasily, flung an arm upward, and exclaimed, in a quick, sharp voice:

"Do you not know the horrible punishment for setting fire to such a building? Heaven help me, if it is found out!"

Grizelle started as if a sword had pierced her heart, and hurried down into the kitchen, where her father and Aunt Grizy were eagerly discussing the fire.

"Did ye ken, Grizelle, the skirin' yestreen wae ane a' Laird Dumberlie's biggins, and that pair boddie, Jean Maclean, wae burned to death?"

"Horrible!" exclaimed Grizelle. "And how did it happen?"

"They ken wha did it," answered her father, "but the laird een keeps it whist."

They were still discussing the fire when Rona came down from the chamber. At the first allusion to the poor wretch who had perished in the flames, she turned around and asked anxiously:

"What did you say? Surely, there were no lives lost at the fire?"

"Aye, but there wae. Puir Jean Maclean had gang to bed and wa' killed wi' the smoke, and nae bit o' her boddie but is black as a coal now."

Rona grew white even to her very lip, and clung a moment to the oaken settle to steady herself from falling. No one but Grizelle heed-

ed her agitation, and she, without understanding its cause, kindly strove to shield her excitement from observation. As soon as possible after her pretence at breakfasting, Rona hurried up stairs again.

While they were yet discussing the casualty, two men made their appearance at the cottage-door. Gardener Jock looked somewhat surprised, but said heartily to the foremost:

"Come along—come along, baillie; wha's the news aboon?"

Baillie Bourne, the town sheriff, nodded gravely in reply, and shuffling first on one foot and then on another, answered in embarrassment:

"Aweel, aweel, gudeman Jock; these be dousie times—mony strange things gang asteer. I wad like to see yer lassie Rona—she that be ca'd the brau rose of Inverness."

"Oa' the lass, Grizy," said the gardener, with another look of surprise, but not the slightest appearance of apprehension.

Grizelle started up, pale as ashes, and then, faint and trembling, sank back again into her seat, while her aunt called at the foot of the stairs for Rona. She came down at once, grave and pale, but calm and sedate, and bowed courteously in answer to the baillie's salutation.

It was even more painful a task for poor Baillie Bourne than he had anticipated. He grew red and hot, and then white and cold. He looked wistfully into her beautiful face, and then hastily darted his glance out of the window, as far off as possible. He stammered, hesitated, and finally went off into so rapid an utterance his words were scarcely intelligible, but at length the astounded family comprehended his meaning. He had come with the proper warrant to arrest Rona Dalstone for arson and murder, upon the accusation of Laird Dumberlie.

Grizelle flew to her sister's side with a low cry of anguish and consternation. Aunt Grizy held up both hands in horror, while Gardener Jock, shaking his gray head fiercely, exclaimed:

"Gang awa, gang awa, Baillie Bourne! How dust ye cim hither wi' insult an' unco jeer?"

"Nae, nae, its nae speerin o' mine. Ye ken I mun do my duty. Wha the law threaps, I mun e'en mind 't. Sin' she choose, the lassie may show hersel' innocent."

Gardener Jock's arm dropped heavily to his side, while he turned to Rona.

"My puir bonny bairn, be nae afear'd, sin' mickle mistenk hae happened."

Rona had remained upright, rigid and passive as though transformed into a statue by the announcement. Her eyes wore a wild glassy stare that frightened Grizelle, while her slender hands were clenched until the muscles showed out like cords beneath the delicate skin.

"What reason have you for this strange proceeding?" asked she, fixing her burning eyes upon the startled officer of the law. "What has led to this extraordinary suspicion?"

"I dinna ken, mair than the laird and anither saw ye yestreen at the biggin, and they hae a piece o' stuff caught i' the briers, sic' as the gownie ye're wearin' now. And summat else. I nae believe their lees mysel', but ye ken I mun do wha' I am bid; so ye'll please be gangin' wi' me a leetle whiles. Be nae crankous, neeber Jock. She shall hae my gude wife's care till the trial."

Gardener Jock shook his huge form as if to assure himself he was still in his senses.

"The trial!" groaned he. "Alack! hae bairn o' mine come to this sore straight, to stan' trial for life o' death?"

At these words Rona shivered, and flinging herself into his arms, cried frantically:

"Don't let them take me away; they will murder me if you do! O, that I were only safe at rest in my mother's grave!"

"But, Rona," whispered Grizelle, "if you are innocent, you can prove it speedily."

"I can prove nothing. I shall be murdered if you let me go!"

Poor Grizelle looked into the ashy, despairing face, and scarcely dared listen to her fearful thoughts; and so she said nothing, only stroking softly the shining black curls, while she wiped away the tears with her other hand.

"Ye've forgot the ither thing, baillie," said the man who had hitherto remained silent. "We were to mind to leuk for the ither part o' this; and he held up a small, rather peculiar bronze slab bound with silver, which appeared to be the cover of a tinder-box.

Not a single one of the group but felt their hearts sink with the dark suspicion of her guilt, as they saw the look of horror come over the face of the unhappy girl, when she beheld it.

Scarcely knowing what she did, Rona flew from the room and darted up stairs. The baillie's companion sprang after her and reached the chamber in time to see her fling something from the window. He hurried out for it, and returning in a few moments, held up triumphantly the box to which the cover fitted.

The baillie groaned. Gardener Jock took a sudden step toward Rona with a fiercely flashing eye, and then suddenly tottering to a seat, bowed his head in his hands and hid his quivering face from sight. Rona's lip quivered, and her whole frame shook as with an ague. She went forward, flung herself at his feet, and clasping his knees with her arms, cried piteously:

"Father, father, do not grieve so terribly! I am not worthy of it; I am not—" She paused, as if stung with some sudden recollection, and wringing her hands, cried bitterly: "O, I cannot speak—I cannot speak a single word of explanation! Take me away, baillie—take me away, before I have spoken any harm!"

Grieving deeply for the misery he left behind him, the kind-hearted officer complied, and in this humiliating and sorrowful way was the Brau Rose of Inverness borne away to the walls of a prison.

The whole town was speedily astir with the news and excitement of this novel case. Not all the youth and beauty of the accused, and the esteem and favor with which she had been regarded by her own class, as well as the gentry of the castle, could over-balance the fearfully accusing train of evidence against her.

First, was her well-known scorn and abhorrence of the laird's suit—her repeated angry threats and reproaches when he had urged her father's favor to his pretensions. The laird himself testified only the evening before she had said bitterly he should rue it sorely if he persisted in his attentions, that his hopes should turn speedily into dust and ashes. Dumberlie had also received an anonymous letter warning him to cease his persecutions of Rona Dalstone, so he wished to be safe from harm.

Then three persons had seen her in the immediate vicinity of the fired building, just before the alarm of the conflagration. Nay, on a wild rose-bush in the yard was found a shred of the dress she wore, fitting exactly to the rent she mended in her chamber that fatal evening. The cover found amid the ashes matched the box she herself had sought to hide from observation. Her own sister, when questioned, was compelled to own her mysterious absence and strange behavior. Her agitation at the accusation had been already witnessed by others beside her own home friends; and, more than all, her obstinate refusal to give any explanation of her whereabouts, throughout these fatal hours of absence from her sister's side, condemned her at once.

Grizelle had hastened to visit her in prison, but the interview was a sorrowful and distressing one. She would give no confidence in answer to her sister's affectionate appeals for sympathy; only would Rona moan and sigh, deploring her own hard fate, and using unintelligible language that more completely mystified her friends. Everything that was possible to be done for her was attempted by the Glenmarnock family; but no one of them, more than she herself, dared indulge the wild hope of her acquittal under such a weight of accusing testimony.

With a deep, deep sigh, Grizelle left her in the lonely prison and returned to their sorrowful home, where the poor old father immured himself to hide—as he declared bitterly—his disgrace and shame from the sneering world.

When Grizelle reached the little gate of the cottage she threw aside the plaid, and, stopping a moment, looked around drearily. Then it was she discovered a stranger—a young and handsome man, in the short coat, blue bonnet, plaid rig and fur stockings of the Celtic peasant, all of which, however, were belied by the haughtiness of the erect carriage and a nameless air of aristocratic high breeding, which the rough garments could not disguise. He bowed respectfully in answer to her look of surprise.

"You are Grizelle Dalstone, just returned from a visit to your sister Rona. May I venture to inquire how the hapless girl bears her cruel situation?"

Grizelle hesitated a moment. A suspicion long lingering in her mind suddenly took tangible form, and her eye flashed.

"Nay," interposed he, "be not angry at my boldness. For your sister's sake, I implore you to answer me in confidence. Though a stranger to you, I am not unknown to Rona."

"I fear much you are not, sir," answered Grizelle, indignantly, "and sadly mistrust it is a

woful thing for her acquaintance with you is not as limited as mine."

"Perchance you speak the truth, young lady," replied he, sadly. "But for what has already happened there is no undoing. It is for the future we must be wary. I implore you to tell me how Rona appears and looks."

The very way he pronounced the name—as if he had an undoubted right to use it freely—gave Grizelle a pang; but, despite her prejudice against him, her compassion was awakened by the remorseful wretchedness of his face; so she answered all his questions briefly, but comprehensively.

"And the poor girl speaks no word to exculpate herself?" said he, while the tears dimmed the clear depths of his large gray eyes. "Noble, heroic Rona—I am wholly unworthy such devotion!"

Then he was lost in deep musing, from which her uneasy glance at the house aroused him.

"Miss Dalstone," said he, abruptly, "if you love your sister, say to her to-morrow that you have seen me—no matter for a name—she will know who it is, and that I bid her take courage and fear nothing—that I will save her, though it be at the foot of the gallows."

Grizelle looked at his ashy cheek and quivering lips, and answered quietly:

"I will tell her what you say."

He bowed gratefully, turned away, and was quickly lost to view, while the troubled, perplexed sister turned to the cottage door. Arrived there, she was recalled to a sense of her personal welfare by the sight of Capt. Dunbarton, her English lover.

Poor Grizelle's heart died within her. For the first time came the thought of the danger which menaced her own peace.

She appeared before the eager lover with cheeks white enough to have deserved the title of the snowiest rose that ever bloomed in Scotia; and, not even venturing to touch his outstretched hand, said firmly, though in a hoarse, unnatural voice:

"Doubtless, Captain Dunbarton, you have been informed of the sore grief that has fallen upon us. No one knows better than we the disgrace and shame it will heap upon our heads, innocent though we ourselves may be. Not for all the world would I involve you in such trying notoriety. Let me thank you once again for all your kindness, and give you back all the promises you have made. Grizelle Dalstone will never bring reproach upon the man she loves!"

As she said this the poor girl closed her lips fiercely to keep back the sob that strove for utterance.

The young captain looked at her in astonishment, and then in admiration.

"My gentle Grizelle, my pure-hearted rose," said he, resolutely, "you have done your duty nobly. You give me back my promises, and release me from my vows. I thank you for it. Now see what I shall do with them. I shall lay them once again at your feet. Nay, shrink not, I know to whom I speak. I entreat once more of you—the daughter of honest Gardener Jock, the sister of Rona—Rona, accused, reviled, executed, it may be, though Heaven forbid—of you, my peerless, pure-hearted Grizelle, I entreat that you will take me for your husband, to-day, to-morrow, if you will graciously consent, or years from now, if that is the sole alternative; but I am yours always, and entirely; you cannot put me away. Grizelle, will you make the foolish attempt again?"

Was it strange, the weary, worn, distracted girl sank with a deep sob of thankfulness into those outstretched arms?—or wrong, that amidst the horror and anguish of the family grief came a gush of grateful joy for the priceless wealth of the love bestowed upon her?

The message of the stranger, which Grizelle delivered faithfully, did not seem to comfort Rona, as the former anticipated. She shook her head sadly.

"I see no chance of help, except by means of worse trial. Mind you tell him just what I say, Grizelle, if you see him again. Tell him I will not accept release through what would be more horrible torment. He knows what I mean."

But Grizelle saw him no more. The night preceding the trial, as a special favor from the tender-hearted baillie, the affectionate sister was allowed to share the prisoner's room.

Rona's sleepless agony throughout the night was pitiful in the extreme; but when morning dawned, and it was time to prepare for the court-room, she grew more composed.

"Rona, dear," said Grizelle, as she aided her in smoothing out the cloud of glossy curls, "I

do not see your snood. Where have you laid it?"

Rona turned around, with two spots of crimson burning on her ghastly face.

"Grizelle," said she, "I know not what you all think of me, or believe me—incendiary, out-cast, murderess, or what you will, one thing I have never been—a liar."

"And what has that to do, poor child, with wearing your snood?"

Rona hid her face in her hands, while the hot tears poured through the slender fingers, and said, in a thick, suffocated voice:

"The snood is the emblem of purity, and belongs only to maidenhood. I have no right to wear it, and I will not."

"Just Heaven!" ejaculated Grizelle, involuntarily shrinking away from her. "Is it my sister Rona who speaks such words to me?"

"Ay," replied Rona, bitterly, "it is no worse than the rest you believe of me. Go, go, Grizelle, leave me at once; I can bear anything alone, but I cannot endure the sight of your contempt."

Poor Grizelle stood a moment dizzy with anguish, and then suddenly she sprang forward, and drew her sister closely to her breast.

"I will ask nothing—I will think nothing. O, Rona, I love you—I can never despise you. My own dear sister, whose head has laid with mine upon our dead mother's bosom, though the whole world forsake you, yet Grizelle must cling to you always!"

Rona's head sank upon her shoulder; her arms wreathed themselves about her neck, and, with a groan that seemed torn from her very heart-strings, she sobbed:

"O, that I could speak! O, that I could speak!"

As she pressed her to her heart, Grizelle's blue eyes took an unwonted fire.

"My poor misused Rona, some one has been terribly guilty. Who is he that has wrought all this wretchedness?"

But Rona shook her head and closed her lips firmly.

"Alas, my sister," entreated the other, "why destroy yourself for the sake of one who must have wronged you so deeply?"

"Never! never!" was Rona's sole reply, as she turned away to escape those pleading eyes.

With an aching head Grizelle left her and hurried home to prepare for her own visit to the court-room. But when the dreaded hour of trial came, the frightened, trembling girl had a strong arm to lean upon as she passed up the aisle amid the audible whispers.

"Yon's the ither aue—the sister o' she that's to be hanged," and with the hot blush of shame and humiliation came the grateful consciousness of the noble protector by her side, who frowned defiance and scorn upon the rude gossippers.

Her anxious eye sought her sister immediately. She sat on the prisoner's bench, pale, immovable, and lovely as a marble statue. Once only, as the examination proceeded, she showed a symptom of feeling. It was when Lord Dumberlie gave in his evidence against her—the testimony that most of all condemned and traduced her.

Then she raised that bright, dark eye, glistening with its fiery sparkle, and fixing it full on his face, never withdrew it until he had finished and turned to leave the stand.

The laird seemed to be conscious of that piercing gaze, and faltered once or twice, flushed crimson, and at last turned his face away as far as possible. As he withdrew a smile of contempt curled her haughty lips, but it operated against her in the sentiments of the crowd.

On the second day the verdict was given in. It was what had been anticipated by friend and foe—

"Guilty, and without any recommendation for mercy."

The obstinate silence of the poor girl had undoubtedly been the most cruel and powerful cause to prevent the accustomed sympathy for one of her youth, beauty and sex.

As the awful sentence was solemnly repeated, Rona's head sank into her clasped hands, so her face was hidden from sight. Grizelle, sick and dizzy, closed her eyes, endeavoring to frame a coherent prayer.

But in the midst of the thrilling silence that had settled on the crowded assembly came a stir by the doorway, hasty whispering and trampling feet, and then the sea of heads divided and gave to view three advancing forms—a gentleman, a peasant and a veiled woman. The first was a tall, fine-looking man, whose very bearing gave evidence of high rank and

elegant manners. He came forward, exchanged a few whispers with the lawyers, and then addressed the judge:

"Your honor will pardon this informal interruption when I tell you I bring important evidence to the case—such as will require immediate revocation of the sentence which I understand has been already passed."

At sound of his voice the prisoner unclasped her hands, and, forgetting the multitude around her, cried, wildly:

"Eustace, Eustace—forebear! It is all in vain!"

A single glance of tender, reverential affection, and the intruder turned to the judge:

"If it please your honor, I would like to be sworn before I give in my confession, testimony or whatever name you may choose to call it."

The request was complied with, when he proceeded calmly, although the hectic flush of excitement burned on either cheek.

"My name is Eustace Dunbarton, or Lord Ingalls, as I am known in England. Scarcely two months ago I was secretly married to Rona Dalstone, after an irregular form, yet in a legal and binding way, which I intend to be re-solemnized in a public manner when this honorable body shall have acquitted her of a crime her gentle innocence never meditated, even in thought."

He paused a moment to wait for the murmur of surprise to die away. Rona had started up, and was bending eagerly forward, her shining dark eyes for the first time dewy with tears.

Grizelle, unheeding her lover's exclamation—"By George, it is Eustace himself!"—clasped her hands joyfully, with the removal of the secret grief that had most sorely pained her, in unutterable relief murmuring, "Thank Heaven, her good name is safe!"

When it was still once more Lord Ingalls continued:

"It is painful and disagreeable, as well as unusual, to relate here what is better fitted to a private circle of immediate friends; but the fair fame of my wife demands that every one here who has accused her of such serious crimes should understand the circumstances that have thrown upon her the dark shades of suspicion. Our marriage was kept a secret to indulge what I now understand was a wicked and cowardly pride. I feared my high-born relatives and associates would scorn and condemn the alliance. I meant to remove Lady Ingalls to England as soon as I could overcome my father's anger and conceal the true circumstances of her birth; but news of his dangerous and hopeless illness changed these plans. Her love for me was a sacred seal upon my wife's lips. I remained silent myself, to spare my father the useless pain and grief of the disclosure. While I was in England, at my father's dying bedside, began the urgent attentions of Laird Dumberlie to her who was supposed by all her own friends to be still Rona Dalstone. Upon my return I learned from her of the unmanly persecutions which nearly maddened her. I still wished to conceal the marriage several months longer, and dared not openly rebuke the cowardly boor who would take a father's eye instead of a sweetheart's no. It was I who sent him the warning letter, partly out of mischief and frolic, and partly in hopes it might influence him. It was I who, from the same motive, set fire to a worthless straw-rick several rods from the building that was consumed. To my horror and surprise, but a short time after I had left the rick, I saw the flames bursting from the house beyond. On her way to our accustomed rendezvous, to which my call had previously summoned her, I met my wife and told her what had happened, lamenting the loss of the cover to my tinder-box. The alarm at the circumstance was excessive, and, despite my entreaty, she took the box and went to search for the cover. But the neighbors had gathered on the spot by that time, and she could not find it. Not suspecting there could be any danger for her, I hurried away, yielding to her wild fears for my safety. I grieved deeply at what I supposed the accidental tragedy resulting from my foolish, frolicsome prank, but when I learned of Rona's arrest I looked closer into the circumstances. Rona Dalstone has been found guilty of setting fire to the building wherein Jean MacLean was burned to death. Will your honor allow the other witnesses to finish my story?"

The woman behind him stepped forward at a sign from him, and threw back her veil.

What a shout went up from the breathless crowd! The dead was alive! It was Jean MacLean herself! A few words sufficed to acquaint the motley audience with her story. Before the ashes of the fire had cooled in their bed of coals Laird Dumberlie had come to her and

hurried her out of town in one of his own carts. He had paid a goodly sum for her to remain quiet for two or three months only, he said, and with the promise of a still larger reward in case of her compliance with his wishes, had left her to proceed on her journey toward England.

Next came the man—an English laborer, who had been at work for the laird—"Please your honor," said he, "I had worked for the laird that day, and was e'en tired out, so I laid down on some straw behind the hedge, and I soon saw this gentleman fire a wisp of the straw and slip away again; and no sooner had he gone than up started the laird from a cart wheeled against the wall beyond the rick. 'I can fix ye blythely, my hot-headed Southron,' said he aloud, and he ran with a whole armful of the straw and threw it into the house, and then hurried away and hid behind the same cart. I didn't get up, because I knew he would see me; and I thought it meant something strange like; and when the house got all afire inside, and I could see the windows shining bright, along came a woman stooping down and feeling all around for something. She went almost to the house door, and then, as the cry was started, she slipped out of sight. In two minutes there were so many folks around I forgot to watch for the laird, till the first I knew I heard him in the crowd saying somebody had set fire to the house, and he guessed he knew who it was. I didn't make out the meaning of it then, and when the neighbors said a woman was burnt alive in it, I spoke to the laird, and said I guessed it wasn't so. That day he sent me off on an errand of his, with plenty of money to pay for it, and as I was going I met this gentleman, and I knew him in a minute, and made bold to speak to him; and I told him what I knew, and he set me to hunting up Jean Maclean, and I found her for him—and that's all, please your honor;" and, with a bow and comical scrape of the foot, the honest yeoman edged away into the crowd again.

At this unexpected turn of affairs the crowd grew riotous. Angry cries of "The laird, the laird—let him speak!" echoed through the room, despite all efforts to preserve order.

Laird Dumberlie had grown ashy pale, and turned hastily to the door, but a score of stout arms were raised wrathfully against his progress, and at length, stammering, trembling, almost fainting with fright, he exclaimed, as the leaders of the riotous throng shoved him toward the witness stand:

"Ay, ay, Rona Dalstone be innocent. I'll own the whole; the deil laid the trap and put it in my head to be revenged on her. Hae mercy, hae mercy, your honor! I nae thought o' the thing till I see her come to the fire. I was only speering for the Southron when I took to the cart. 'Twas a' the deil's doing!"

This was enough. Rona Dalstone—or rather Lady Ingalls—was borne home in triumph amidst the joyful tears of her own family and the warm congratulations of the towns-people.

Gardener Jock, who had refused to attend court, could scarcely be brought to comprehend the great joy of the release, and clasped her again and again in his arms, sobbing:

"My bairn, my bairn, wherefore did ye nae make yer auld daddie ken ye were innocent and pure?"

Lord Ingalls presented himself at the cottage as soon as the first excitement of the explanation was over. He was received a little shyly by the honest gardener, but his penitence and self-reproach soon dispersed the old man's indignation and pride.

Still another surprise was in store for them. Lord Ingalls was sitting with his arm around the smiling Rona, and listening to Grizelle's account of her lover's faithfulness, when that lover himself entered the room with a roguish smile on his lips.

"Ned," exclaimed his lordship, with a burning cheek and springing unconsciously to his feet, "you here at Inverness! Pray, what does it all mean?"

"It means," replied his brother with a smile, half of merriment, half of rebuke, "that you might have spared yourself and me the mystery and alienation of the last few months, and above all, the infinite variety of excuses you gave me in Edinburgh for leaving us so suddenly. Had you been more candid you might have saved much pain and annoyance, and we might have kept company in our journey to visit the Inverness roses. Why may I not choose a Scottish flower as well as you? So you prefer the braul it is I who adore the snawie petaled rose!"

"And you, my own brother, whose railery and ridicule I have dreaded so heartily, are the noble lover who has dealt so honorably with

our Grizelle? I honor you for it, and confess my younger brother has put my own conduct to the blush. But the future shall show better deeds. My foolish pride is utterly annihilated and Rona will forgive me, I know, if my tenderness hereafter shall atone for the past cruelty. Inglewood must be speedily arrayed for festivity and thither we will transplant these lovely Scottish roses, to beautify and bless the gray old towers of our ancient house."

HINDOO INFANT MARRIAGES.

Among the high-caste Hindoos a sentiment is now growing up against infant marriages, and there is one society, the members of which will not marry their girls before their 14th year. It must be remembered, however, that the Hindoo women do not by any means make up the total female population of India. India has more Mohammedans than Turkey, and the 353,000,000 of people who make up this Indian population are of many classes and religions. The Parsees who are so noted as merchants are Persian fire worshippers, and they do not marry their children under 12. I attended a Parsee marriage last night in which the bride and groom were respectively 12 and 13. The two were sitting in a Parsee temple with their hands joined together. They had been sitting in this position when I entered, and the father of the bride, a tall Parsee merchant in black satin coal scuttle hat and black preacher-like clothes, tenderly rubbed the girl's arm to rest it from its tired position. The Parsees do not lead secluded lives. Their women dress gayly and they go about where they please. This girl was beautifully dressed and the groom had on a high hat which looked for all the world like a stovepipe hat with the rim cut off, but which was of red silk literally covered with pearls and diamonds. As we entered the room, richly dressed boys rushed up to us and put into our hands bouquets of orange flowers and roses, while servants sprayed over us, from silver bottles two feet long, a shower of rose-water. After watching the ceremony for some time, we rose to depart and were then given each two coconuts and little bunches of betel for chewing as wedding presents, and I noted that such presents were given to all the guests.—*Frank G. Carpenter, in Minneapolis Tribune.*

WHERE PUMICE STONE COMES FROM.

We often hear it remarked, and particularly after an eruption of a volcano, that pumice stone ought to be plentiful and cheap, as quantities must have been ejected during the volcanic disturbance. As a matter of fact, however, none of the white stone in general use is obtained from active volcanoes. It comes from deposits of the article discovered in one or two quarters of the globe, the best of which is at present to be found in the island of Lipari, situated in the Tyrrhenian Sea. The island is mountainous in character, and consists of tuffs and lavas and of highly siliceous volcanic products. The district where the stone is found is called Campo Bianco or Monte Petalo (1500 feet above the level of the sea).

After riding a considerable distance, partly along precipitous paths sufficiently dangerous to be interesting, and partly through vineyards and over grassy plains, one almost suddenly comes upon a seemingly snow-clad narrow valley enclosed by hills, also quite white, and the whole glaringly bright on a sunny day. Into these hills workmen are ceaselessly digging deep burrows, working within by candle light. In these excavations they come across many lumps of pumice stone, which are placed in baskets, subsequently being conveyed along the valley to the seashore, where small boats are loaded and sailed to the seaport near by, where the stone is sorted, packed and shipped to distant parts, either via Messina or Leghorn.

A SLIGHT conception of the extent of the British Empire may be gained from this: the fastest liner afloat would occupy a longer time in traversing the space covered either by the length or by the breadth of the Indian Empire than it does at present to cross the Atlantic; yet, after eliminating India, England's possessions in Australasia and North America alone are sufficiently large to make four and a half more Indian Empires, still leaving territory enough to cover the area of Great Britain and Ireland five times over.