HEFFERNAN'S WAGER.

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"THERE ye are, Master Francis, wan dozen of thim, round and shiny, shmall but not too tiny, as the po-ut says, six weeks old, and filled wid the best male an' milk that's in the whole of the county Cork—the swate creatures that they are. There's pork inside the hide of thim that'd knock shame out of the greenest turtle that iver shmoked upon the Lord Mayor's table. The fat's just what fat should be—not so hard that ye'd mistake it f'r candle grease, but f'r all that not so soft but that ye'd know it from butther. An the lane's climbin' upon the fat in layers, shtreaky an' ripplin', mergin' the wan within the other like the colors of the rainbow. B' St. Patrick there's no such pigs as ours in Ireland, an' if there iver was I've forgt whether they was swine or mirracles—so I have. The shmell of the bacon of thim's like the scint of vi'ets."

"How do I know that widout assisinatin' wan of thim to taste the pork, says you? Begor! Master Francis, will I have kilt pigs f'r you an' y'r father's father before ye these five an' forty years, an' not know all this long while what goes on in their constitushuns? 'Tis mesilf that's been bred an' brought up on our own pork, an' if I don't know the taste of it, 'tis quare, indeed it is. If ye've anything to tache me about bacon, b' all the manner of manes let me hear it before I grow wolder. We can larn, so we all can. But 'I misdoubt me if ye can ricollect any informashun that me father didn't insthil into me wid the knotty end of an ash shtick—God rest his sowl!"

"Are they all goin' to market Saturdays, says you? All but the wan at the far end of the trough there, wid the like shtreak of shwill acrost his two eyes, like a pair of spectacles, the little glutton. He's f'r the house, an' what time the flesh of him's been through the shmoke an' the brine tub and reached you at y'r breakfast 'tis thin you'll remimber me words. 'Tis surely roses an' crame that I'm atin', ye'll be sayin', an' ye'll not be so far out—ye will not 'Tis worth all of wan sovereign to th' pound an' chape enough at a guinea!

"Where does the diff'rence come in? In the breed of thim, sorr, in the breed of thim, though I'll flatther mesilf b' ownin' that there's some of the relish of thim due to me own expayrience of feedin' an' littherin'. 'Tis the breed that ould Heffernan Hooley begun, him that was foreman to y're grandfather, an' imported a young black sow fr'm Dublin, an' a yellow boar fr'm Tamworth, an' made us what we are—the terror of prize winners from Derry to Kinsale. F'r bacon pigs there's none to aqual us if ye investighate as far as Berlin—an' that's in Rooshia they tell me."

"Heffernan? He was the bhoy among thim. T' hear his talk you'd believe 'twas his own father that minded styes aboard the ark, wid Noah workin' underther him. Pigs? Bedad! 'twas little else he throubled his sowl wid, an' his conversashun wint accordin'. Male and milk, hams an' Christmas pork—'twas all of these he'd be boasthin' what time he'd no excuse to be in an' out among the live hogs!"

"To tell all the truth, Master Francis, I'd not say that he'd the sinsis of ivery wan of us. He'd throwned himsilf in pigs an' nothin' else but pigs till he'd got beyont all rason. Not content with breedin' thim an' rarin' thim, he'd invested thim wid ivery superfluous virtue short of playin' the fiddle an' obligin' wid a song. 'Tis no lie that wan day, whin the hay had to be gathered an' gathered quick, he come solemn-like t' the Squire an' proposed that ould Malachi, that was shtud boar those days, sh'd run in a throlly betwix the field and the barn! Th' ould gintleman he laughed so 's I feared he'd break somethin' inside the lungs of him!

"Ah, Heffy,' says he, 'why w'd ye degrade the pore baste to such common uses?' he says. 'Take him away an' thrain him f'r a race horse if ye will, an' next season I'll enther him f'r the Hunt Cup an' ride him misilf. Put the shtable cat upon him f'r a beginnin', says he, 'an' thry him over the hurdles!'

"Begor! such a laugh as he had an' all the bhoys that was about him. Ye c'd hear thim beyont the Moyle road there.

"Ould Heffernan shtud there waitin', till such time as the dear ould sportsman tuk his breath again, obsarvin' of him as segacious a an owl. 'The fine baste is shtrong an' idle,' hes says at last. 'Why wudden't I make use of him in this time of need?' he asks.

"'Ah now, Heffy, y're too radical f'r us,' says the Squire. 'I have no doubt but what pigs 'll be the shtylish thackneys in another ginerashun, but f'r the present lave us our ould notions an' the poor nags that 'av served us since men was monkeys. Ye mustn't press the pore bastes over much. They giv' us pork an' f'r that we're thankful as we know how. But to put thim above an' beyont that in the shafts of a side car—'tis too audacious, 'tis so!'

"Heffy wint away unconvinced, grumblin' to himsilf, an' swearin' that Malachi 'd have dhragged the car as sedate as any colt that iver was foaled, an' Mike Doyle, the gamekeeper, that was rakin' next him' begun to condole wid him most compassionate.

"'Tis too bad, Heffy,' says he, 'tis too bad. But why not take the ould gintleman at his word?' he says, 'an' thrain the baste f'r racin'? 'Tis not at wance ye'll shweat him up t' huntin' form, but f'r a beginnin' thry him against th' ould cow. After that ye might match him wid the garden doukey. There's good money burnin' in all our pockets this harvestide f'r waut of a wager t' indulge our shportin' proclivities,' says he, chucklin, fit to kill himsilf.

"Heffernan gave him the black look.

"'Tis you that think y'rsilf the humorous lad, Mike,' he says, 'but f'r all y'r wit ye are the big fool, an' the son of wan. If I chose I c'd have Malachi as quick on the toes of him that he'd grace any baste that ye c'd put upon a thrack, be it cow, ass, or that spavined pony y're so proud of whin ye prod six miles t' th' hour out of the shplinted limbs of him!'

"'Ho! Aho! Aho!' shouts Mickey, 'if that don't bate all an' more than all! Ye ould omadhawn! Will ye tell me shtraight in the face of me that ye'd match y'r ould lump of brawn against me good six year ould, that can throt the five miles fr'm here to Moyle inside of thirty minuts, an' come in breathin' like a child?'

"'I do so,' says Heffy, very determined. T'll run him against y'r pony for a wan mile sprint, and the Squire shall hould two sovereigns fr'm me poor wages on the ivint, if ye'll match thim, ye boasther!'

At first, Mikey couldn't be got to believe that the ould gossoon was in earnest, that inconsavable did it seem, but when Heffy begun to taunt him f'r wan that 'd brag an' thin shy whin 'twas money an' not words that was in the question, why thin he met him fair an' asy.

"'See you, Heffy bhoy,' he says, 'I'll not have it proclaimed of me that I beguiled an old natural like y'rsilf into losin' two sovereigns b' the thrick of the tongue. We'll have the wager put square this very avenin' in the pri'ence of the whole concourse of us, so's there'll be no mistake. Thin if ye must, ye must. But may the Saints sind that ye kape y'r health through harvest, f'r ye'll have to work double tides to get y'r money back. 'Tis as good as in my own pocket this minut—so it is.

"Heffernan had no more to say to that. He nodded his head, tuk up his fork, an' tossed the hay as high thaug. But b' the wrinkles on the brown face of him 'twas to see he was thinkin' of wan more than bacon. Wance or twice he broke out wid a dhry chuckle, an' Mickey looked up suspicious an' wonder'n. Whin he rimimbered, though, that as yet the terms was not in writin', he was satisfied. He'd a good idea of his own cleverness, had Mickey, an' thrust it in it to see that he wasn't over-reached wid a shtroke of a pen. As to Heffy batin' him b' anything but stratag'm in the wordin' of the agreemint, he niver giv' it a thought. A pig bate a pony, an' a good wan at that! Whoiver heard the like?

"That avenin' there was two score of the bhoys at Auntie O'Gehegan's. Before the sun set the story had gone around here, there, an' iverywhere, an' 'twas wild with expectation they were. Mickey was there, bein' good to him'self wid the half of his wages—f'r b' the same token 'twas Saturday night—an' that sure was he that another two pounds was shortly coimin' to him, that he shtud his frinds as much as he dhrunk himsilf, an' if that isn't the heighth of good behavior, Master Francis, 'tis near enough f'r plain folk, an' made him mighty popular. All the same whin ould Heffy came in, wid his two eyes starin' shtraight before him, an' his face as sayrious as the angel Widdy Flaherty put on her second husban's tombstone, 'twas a grand cheer wint up. 'Twas determined an' all that he glared at thim, an' they saw there was no signs of wakenin' about him. At that they yelled their appreciashun till the mortar dhropped from the walls.

"'Well, Heffy,' says Mike, plisant like, 'have ye rubbed the noble racehorse down, an' is he takin' his oats like a champion? I'm all f'r fair play,' he says, 'an' 'twould go to me heart cruel to hear of any mishap in a fellow shportsman's shtable,' says he.

"Heffy grunted like was of his own pigs.

"'Have ye brought y'r two sovereigns?' he says short an' crisp. 'We needn't inquire into the hilth of me good baste till we know where the shtakes are,' says he.

"Mike fumbled in his pocket.

"'Here they are, he answers, ringin' thim on Auntie's board. 'Will ye cover thim?' he asks.

"'I will so,' says Heffy, bringin' two new wans out of the vest pocket of him, 'an' now have ye made up that large mind of yours t' lose them?' he says.

"'No,' says Mike, langhin', 'but I'll shtand ye all the good shtuff ye can hould whin I've won thim, Heffy, an' things bein' what they are ye can consider y'rsilf damp an' comfortable already. Ye'll snatch no money off me over this ivint, me bhoy.'

"'That's as time 'll show,' says Heffy, cool enough. 'Will ye hear me terms?'

"'I will,' says Mike, 'an' agree to anythin' that's gintilmanlike an' within the rules of racin'. As long as y'r ould anthelope runs on his own feet an' not on a locomotive, y'll find me rasonable as to weights an' distance,' he says.

"'Listen t'in,' says Heffy. 'The course is to be wan mile shtraight down the Moyle road, startin' from the farm gate an' finishin' two hundred yards short of Rattigan's farm fince beside the wood. You can dhrive or ride y're galloper as ye will. My baste goes as he plases, widout me or anyone else touchin' him. Any fouls, an' bet's is off. Is that good enough f'r ye—does that meet the rasonable expictashuns of you an' y'r shortin' frinds?'

"'I ask nothin' better,' says Mike, 'an' we'll clinch it wid a dhrop of Auntie's best. Whin is to be? Next Saturday, next month or next year? Don't make it over long, me bhoy. Y'r ould gazelle's agein' fast.'

"'We'll make it what day harvest closes,' says Heffy, an' thin wid the overplush of wages that'll be about there'll be the half of a chanst of collictin' what bets has been made. Say three weeks fr'm now, or four if the weather's against us?'

"'Fix a day—fix a day,' says Mike, 'an' don't throuble y'rsilf about any bets that'll be goin' round. If ye find any wan to back ye undher a thousand to wan,' says he, 'let me know. I'll impty me ould shtocking to do business wid him,' he says.

"'This day four weeks, the Squire to hould the money?' says Heffy. 'Is that good thin, bhoys?'

'The bhoys giv' a cheer an' swore nothin' c'd be fairer, an' Auntie, who was doin' a wandrous sale b' rason of the general enthusiasm, giv' two bottles f'r the benefit of the company at large. The agreemint was rayduced t' writin,' an' the hilth of the two shportsmin drunk with universal congratulashun, an' afther an evenin' of much content, those tha c'd walk, walked, an' those that oudden't was thransferred to the doorshtep an' slept commodious wid their heads upon the pate.

"The day afther that, bein' Sunday, I went to me duty at Mass, an' come home, as me custhom was, be the way of the yard to cast an eye upon the creatures ginerally, an' more particular the pigs. I shtrolled up to Malcai's stye. The pore baste, whin he heard me comin', made a bolt from his little kennel at the back of the pen, and dunted the door wid his shnout. He turned the two little eyes of him up at me most melancholious, an' scramed fit to melt the bowels of a shtone. 'Twas as if he was bein' tormented wid his aggonies.

"'Pore baste, thin, what ails ye—what ails ye at all?' I says, scratching him betwixt the ears of him. 'What in the name of Moses makes ye chaunt y're woes t' such a pitch of a note as that?'

"He wouldn't be pacified at all, at all. He shquealed like a railway engine, rattlin' his little toes upon the tin trough of him like a dinner gong, an' bedad! 'twas f'r a dinner gong he meant it. There wasn't so much as the shavings of a pitatie palin', or the shniff of a dhrop of shwill in the whole of it. The baste was starvin'—so he was. Heffy, f'r all his tinder care 'd forgot his fav'rite, and left him wid an impty plate since Saturday—th' intossichated ould crab!

"'Whin I undhershtud the manin' of pore Malachi's uproariousness, I tuk the pail, wint over t' the wash butt, an' began to ladle out the rich shtuff as quick as I cud, an' the baste hearin' the heavy slush of it, yelled like old possist. As I tuk up the pail an' crost the yard Heffernan came sidlin' round the corner.

"'Good day t' ye, Tim,' he says. 'Is it to you, thin, that the Squire's given the care of his pigs, that y'are so handy wid his wash an' his buckets. If me mim'ry houlds good, 'twas I that was in charge last night, an' got no notice of diff'rent arrangemints this mornin'?'

"'Ye dissolute ould omadhawn,' says I, 'ye've forgot the pore bast. 'Tis f'r very shame at ye that I'm doin' y'r work an' looking f'r thanks not f'r insolince. Lave me hand him his dinner that he sh'd have had f'r breakfast but f'r y'r dhrunken oblivioisty, I says.

"He shtud opposite me as determined as a rig'mint.

"'Put down y'r pail, Tim,' he says, 'an' mind y'r own affairs while ye kape y'r hilth,' says he. 'f'r there's a sayrious illness awaitin' ye at the end of me fist. Who are ye to intherfere between me and me business negotiashuns?' he asks. 'Are we to quarrel?' says he, dhrawin' a deep breath.

"'Tis little I minded the threats of him, Master Francis, but how c'd I use me hands to a man ould enough to be me granfather? I poured back the wash into the butt, flung aside the pail, an' wint off, lavin' him starin' into the stye where Malachi was singin' choruses of lamintashun most disthractful. Bedad! I thought th' ould fool was mad, so I did, but though I meditated if me duty commanded me to tell the Squire, I waited. 'Tis glad I am I did.

"'Twas the nixt night afther that was that I was wakened hearin' a clatter in the yard. There was the rattle of a pail, a grunt or two, an' thin the sound of suckin' fast an' furious, I shep' in the shtable loft those days, an' I rose an' peeped through the little window above the doorway.

"I was surprised, indade I was, f'r 'twas at untimey hours Heffy's heart had milted towards ould Malachi. There he shtud, lookin' down at the baste that was gobblin' f'r all he was worth fr'm a trough set in the midst of the yard. What in creashun had made the ould bhoy shtick it there justid of feedin' the creature in his own stye was beyond me comprehenshun. I wint back to the bed shtill wondhering afther Heffy had shut him back in the pen again.

"The nixt night I woke wid a start, dramin' that a herd of swine had knocked me down an' thrampled on me most obnoxious, an' hearin' the sound o' squeals comin' from the yard, I peeped. This time, instid of findin' old Malachi at his banquet, 'twas just the last twist of the curly tail of him that I caught the glint of passin' out of the yard into the roadway.

"I run along the loft to the far end an' stared out of the door behind the hand winch Begor! Heffy was there again, wid the trough shtruck in the midst of the road thirty yards fr'm the buildin's. He was smilin' down at Malachi, like a seraphim, scratchin' the rough hide of him, an' whisperin' all th' endearmints that he c'd caress him wid. Five minuts later he led him back, bestowed him in the stye, an' wint off wid a grin upon his countenance that w'd split a lookin' glass!

"'I had me suspicions that night, sorr, I had so. The nixt night they were certainties, for I kept mesilf wakeful not to miss th' ould man an' his dimonstrashuns. About was o'clock he came out, opened the door of the pen, an' Malachi wint round the corner seeking his repas like a whirlwind. Bedad! he had to run f'r it—so he had. The trough was set wan hundred yards down the highway, if 'twas an inch, an' the baste covered the distance in wan wink of a shquint-eyed man, so he did—he fair made the atmosphere whistle wid the shpeed he burst through it!

"At that, sorr, I lay back an' shtuffed me mouth wid hay, so's I c'd laugh me fill. Ah! the cunnin' of the ingenious ould ferret. He was thrainin' Malachi t' run, an' begor! he knew that there was but wan thing he'd run f'r, his dinner—no less. An' that he was settin' farther an' farther fr'm the unfortunate martyr ivry night of the week, as well as kapin' him low in the feedin' an' high in the appetite!

"The nixt night 'twas half of the quarther of a mile the ould greyhound had to fl f'r his puddin', an' the night arther, three hundred yards, while b' the end of the week he was goin' his four furlongs like an ostthrich an' wakin' the echoes wid his scrames as he ran. 'Twas good luck f'r Heffy there was no other house within a mile. Be that time I'd discovered mesilf to him.

"'Heffy, says I, comin' out fr'm behint the wall where I'd been watchin' the performance on the night of the sixth benefit, 'allo me to rethract me opinions of Sunday last. Y'r a ganious, if iver there was wan, an' I'll be the first to own it.'

"He looked at me suspicious f'r a minut of two.

"'Have ye kept y'r tongue in y'r cheek about it?' says he, 'or there'll be no money comin' to either the wan or th' other of us over the business if ye haven't.

"'W'd I shpoil me own market?' says I. 'B' this an' that, Heffy, they shall not tear a word fr'm me lips wid red hot pincers. If we get the odds about the wager that we sh'd do, we-re millyunaires—we ar so. But hear a thrue word. Muzzle the baste when ye run him. Those scrames of his 'll bring distruction on us yit, if y're not careful.

"On that he was open for rason. Master Francis, an' f'r the nixt fortnight we'd no more melogious march music whin the quickshtep t' the dinner party win by. We bound a tape about the shnout of him. An', b' comparin' watches, we got the thrue time of him f'r the mile to wan second. Heffy loosed him, and I shtud away beside the trough, an' if he didn't cover the distance in four mints, thirty seconds, thin I'm a liar an' the son of wan!

"Whin the day of the race come there was such a concourse as ye seldom see. Tim fince along the route was more like a fown nor that than a dyke, that crowded was it wid bhoys perchin' on it. Mike had gotten a new rim of red paint around his wheels in honor of the occasion, and the Squire sint down two barrels of beer that was set up beside the winning post. Y'r own father, Master Francis that was the young master thin, was starter, an' the Squire himsilf judge. Heffy and I had a little fear that he'd have much to occupy his dispensashuns if things fell out as we'd planned. Malchi 'd had no food since the mornin' of the day before, an' he was singin' his discontint in the style like an accarjeen. Well did we know there was nothin' short of a cut throat that 'd shtop him whin the door was opened. Heffy wint to the winning post, lavin' me to make the start.

"Mike had settled it t' dhrive, him bein' the weight he was—fifteen stun an' no less—an' the young master drew a line in th' dhust wid his toes, an' set the pony's two fore feet behint it.

"'An' now bring out Heffy's champion, says he, 'an' range him alongside the car.'

"'Wid y'r good lave, sorr', says I, 'I'm impowered by me colleague t' give the pony tin yards handicap. Do you fire y'r pistol an' our galloper shall start fair f'rm the style. The crowd might miscommode him,' I says, 'an' beyont that we're such sportsmin we'll give ivry advantage.'

"He laughed, that he did, an' the others joined hm. Miike looked suspicious, but there was nothin' to be said against it. If 'twas tin yards in front we'd askd to place our baste, 'twud have been a diffrint thing.

"'Well,' says y'r father, 'there's nothin' to be said against that as far as I see it. Have ye y'r bets all made, bhoys?' he asks, raisin' his pistol.

"'Perhaps more than Mike was gettin' suspicious, f'r only Pat Reilly tuk me in sixpinces whin I asked first f'r tin to wan an' thin shortened to five, an' as he was gaoled f'r night poachin' b' the nixt Monday, 'twas little I saw of his silver money. The young master giv' wan more halloa.

"'Ready?' he cries, an' thin, t' the two nods of us, he fires. I flung aside the pen door. Malachi giv' wan squeal—such a wan, it made me marrow thrimble in me shpine!—an' burst f'r food an' liberty like the Shannon in flood—he was forty rods down the road before I c'd fling me blessin' afther him!

"I made a run f'r Rattigan's thrap that was waitin', scrambled up behint, an' thin Rattigan sint his good horses afther the procession as fast as he c'd put his four hoofs t' the ground.

"'Eh, me! Eh, me! such a roarin' an' a yellin' as was goin' on in the front of us. The lads was dhroppin' off the dyke an' closin' in upon the competitors in a lump. It took Rattigan all the powers of his hands to guide a course among thim an' do none to death. But at last, b' favor of the bull voice he had an' the tongue f'r epithet he employed, we bounced through wid no more than the smallest scrape of Larry Clancy's shin bone, and afther linding the loan of a bruise to Tom Shaugnessy wid the hub of the off-wheel.

"As f'r me, I was shtandin' upon the sate, houldin' on b' Rattigan's ear, an' yellin' ivery descripshun of exhortashun at ould Malachi where the crisp tail o' him was wrigglin' through the dhust fifty yards ahead of the best Mike's pony c'd do. Bedad! I might have spared me breath. The good baste was scramin' blue murther f'r his dinner away down in the distance, Heffy was rattlin' the tin trough f'r all the power in the Squire's shtick, an' 'Bacon wins!' was the word all down the line.

"Mike lashed his quadruped, an' he last—I it sore, but divil a momint was the matther in doubt. Malachi flew threw the dust like a November hurricane; the little throtters of him glanced the wan afther the other like shtreaks of blue fire, an' t' make a long story short he dashed up to the trough shtill shquealin', fell on his lane chist for-ninst it, an' had half the contints inside him before Mike so much as turned the last corner!

"Begor! 'twas a victhory f'r Heffy, it was that. First an' last I credit he won twinty pounds of iverybody's money, an' well Auntie O'Gehegan discovered before the night was over. F'r in the pride of his thriumph Heffy was twice as ginerous as he knew how to be before, an' the half of it wint to the cost of a ginera' entertainmint an' shivearee.

"But 'twas the Squire, y'r ould grandfather, Master Francis, that did the handsome thing before he left the judge's box.

"'Heffy,' says he, 'I ask pardon of ye f'r me derision of y'r Arabian courser. There's not the like of him betwixt Cork an' Donegal. An,' he says, 'as the expinsis of thrainin' isn't lightly met, here's wan more pound t' the four ye've earned,' says the dear ould gintleman, an' wint another cheer t' the many thats woke the echoes for him in his own counthryside."

Amusing Mistakes in Royal Drawing Rooms

If the secret history of the Queen's drawing rooms could ever be written, it certainly would contain many amusing and some ludicrous incidents which have from time to time seriously upset the gravity of the most sedate courtiers, and even of royalty itself, says a writer in Tit-Bits.

One stout and dignified dowager has anything but pleasant memories of a certain drawing room a few years ago, for it is to be feared she left the royal presence covered with confusion and in anything but a Christian frame of mind. She had sunk low in a deep curtsy before Queen Victoria, and after kissing the royal hand was in the act of rising, when she found her upward progress unaccountably arrested.

Again and again she made the attempt to recover the perpendicular, growing hotter and more confused at each attempt, and finally, while making a desperate effort, the good lady lost her precarious balance and sat down heavily on the floor.

In a moment one of the court officers in attendance hastened to her rescue, and she was with difficulty and amid scarcely suppressed merriment restored to her feet again. Her disaster had been quite innocently caused by the lady who was coming after her standing on her train, and, if looks could kill, that lady certainly would have been annihilated by the withering glance cast at her by the dowager as she swept out of the room.

In another case it is said that while a certain highly placed lady was in the act of kissing the Queen's hand a substantial portion of her front hair became detached and fell on the floor at the royal feet, leaving the lady with a frontal exposure more eloquent of intellect than beauty. To the credit of this unhappy lady, let it be recorded, that she calmly stooped, picked up the vagrant locks, and carried them off, without a trace of discomposure.

But these ludicrous misadventures are not the monopoly of the fair sex. A once well-known and corpulent city man, who had survived the ordeal of the royal homage and was gracefully retiring from the presence found his legs mixed up with his sword so awkwardly that he stumbled and measured his length on the floor, and reignedly lay there until he was rescued and restored to the vertical.

A pretty story is told of a fair debutante, the most beautiful girl of her year, and her presentation at court. She was on the point of retiring after kissing the hand of our present Queen, who was taking the place of Queen Victoria, when in her exceeding nervousness she trod on her train and would have fallen had not a court official, whose duty it was to be prepared for such contingencies, caught her in his arms.

Not many weeks later the young lady and her rescuer found themselves guests at the same country house, and turned their singular introduction into such good account that within a year the wedding bells were set a-ringing.

It is not an all an uncommon experience for a lady—relying on the usually crowded drawing room and in order to avoid a long wait and a crush—to put off her arrival too long and miss the function altogether. But at least one lady just managed to save the situation by a tour de force.

The drawing room was over and the royal group was preparing to make its exit, when a sound of voices in dispute was heard just outside the door. "But I must go in!" a high-pitched voice was heard to exclaim, in resolute tones, and a moment later in sailed the belated owner of the voice, flushed with haste and argument, and made her way towards the royal group. With an encouraging smile the Queen turned towards her and extended her hand, the lady curtsied and retired, jubilant at the thought that she had had her way, even in a royal palace.

Less fortunate was the debutante who on the eve of her presentation was seized with an illness which made it impossible for her to attend the court. Her name was sent in for the next drawing room, but again she was disappointed, for her father's death made attendance impossible for at least a year; and when at least there seemed a prospect of success at the third attempt, she met with a fatal accident in the hunting field and died on the very day when she would have made her curtsy to the Queen.

On at least one occasion a debutante secured a presentation without going through any of the necessary formalities, and certainly without the approval of the Queen, and the responsible officials. In the middle of the stately function, a poodle, which had in some incomprehensible way evaded the guardians of the portals, trotted into the room, cast an indifferent and by no means respectful glance at the royalties, and made his exit through the opposite door, quite ignorant of his daring defiance of all court etiquette.

But these amusing adventures are by no means confined to the royal presence. The present practice is for a lady when she leaves the throne room, to give her name to an official, who telephones for her carriage to be ready for her. On one occasion a lady, after giving her name to the official, made her way down to the entrance hall and entered the waiting carriage which drove off with her.

She had not proceeded far, however, before she recognized that the sumptuous vehicle in which she was driving was not hers, and with much difficulty she succeeded in getting the coachman to pull up, when she discovered that she had innocently abducted the carriage of a certain duchess whose name was almost identical with her own, with the important exception of the title. When she succeeded in finding her own vehicle she ultimately drove away in a single brougham which had evidently been hired for the occasion, to the scarcely concealed disgust of the ducal coachman she had been compelled to discharge.

Hix—Say, I want to buy a good dog.

Dix—Now, that's a sensible thing to do. Every man should own a good dog.

Hix—Do you know where I can get one?

Dix—Sure. I'll send you mine.—Chicago News.

THE GIANT CEDRIC

A Century of Trans-Atlantic Shipping Crowned by the Building of the Big Boat. The "Merger's" Big New Steamship is Designed to be Safe, Sound and Comfortable Rather Than to Break Records. Could Transport the Wheat of 400 Western Farms in a Single Cargo.

New York, March 14, 1903.—With the constant coming and going of the big Trans-Atlantic liners, the arrival of even the largest vessels in the world creates comparatively little interest nowadays. Perhaps no merchant ship, that is, will ever again have the long celebrity that crowned the career of the Great Eastern. Yet, merely as a ship, she was a melancholy failure. She stuck on the ways and would not launch for six months; she bankrupted several sets of owners; and her designer, the brilliant engineer Brunel, died of a broken heart. Only as a museum with an admission to the crowd at so much a head was the Great Eastern ever profitable; only as a slow layer of ocean telegraph cables did she ever succeed in any maritime undertaking. Yet a feeling of real regret encircled the whole English-speaking world when her collossal iron hull, which had patiently borne the stress of the sea and the ruder buffetings of fortune, was at last condemned to the scrap heap and broken up for junk.

The recent arrival of the White Star liner Cedric, however—the latest "leviathan of the seas," and the biggest and the staunchest of them all—is more or less of an exception to the above generalization. The Cedric, too, has other claims to general interest than size. For one thing, she is the newest liner in the great fleet of seven-score steamers, lately united by the much talked of shipping merger, whereby American, Belgian and British lines have an international reputation and still owing allegiance to their respective governments, have been brought together by the financial diplomacy of an American financier, under one common harmonious control. Despite the alarmists, the combination by no means monopolizes the ocean traffic of the 20th century, but it is at least highly significant of the fact that American capital, after nearly half a century of railroad development and accompanying neglect of the sea, has again turned its attention to the ocean as a field of investment.

There have been a number of distinct epochs in the development of ocean carriers. The late eighteenth and early nineteenth century—from the close of the Revolution to the War of 1812—saw a tremendous development of American shipping despite the handicap imposed by the weakness of a new country, and the hostility of nearly every European nation, tie high handed outrages of the Barbary pirates, and the almost equally high handed proceedings of the British government in impressing American seamen and crippling many a fine merchantman at the very outset of her voyage. These were the days, however, when the American merchant marine developed, under the very necessities of the case, the fastest ships and ablest crews in the history of commerce. In fact, it was only the beginning of iron construction that England could in any way seriously curb the growing power of her Trans-Atlantic rival.

In 1838 the use of sails began to give way to the now old-fashioned paddle-wheel steamer, with a resulting gain of speed that was the first step toward the rapidity of modern Trans-Atlantic communication. But this change demanded increased strength in the materials of ship construction, and in the 40's, iron, which could then be obtained much cheaper in England than in America, began to displace wood. Ten years later the side-wheel gave place to the more economical and steadier screw propellor, and this invention was soon followed by the use of the modern compound engines, economizing fuel with a distinct gain of efficiency. Economy and efficiency were again combined when steel was substituted for iron for steamship construction; and finally, less than two decades ago, the single screw gave place to the twin screws which have added much to the safety and punctuality of ocean travel.

With the introduction of steam and the beginning of quicker voyages than could possibly be made by sailing craft, our foreign carrying trade began steadily to diminish. England adopted in the very beginnings of the Canadian system of subsidizing which gave the English vessels an immediate advantage although it was at first offset by a smaller subsidy granted to the Collins line of American steamers. This line of steamers, combined with the tremendous demand for fast sailing craft created by the discovery of gold in California, made the period from 1846 to just before the Civil War particularly brilliant in the history of the American merchant marine. But the approach of the Civil War demoralized the United States even before the war itself split the country into two contending halves, of which the Federal division still controlled the merchant marine, while the cruisers and privateers of the Confederacy did their best to destroy it. The South had already played an important part in the policy which in the time of Washington had given government aid to American shipping and had later subsidized the Collins line and so made it an important factor in the Trans-Atlantic commerce. This aid was now practically withdrawn, and its withdrawal coming almost on the heels of the loss of two Collins line steamships, the company was finally forced to the wall.

The end of the Civil War found the merchant marine in a state of depression from which it has never yet recovered. What is more, the country as a whole has been largely indifferent to this condition. Railroad developments and inland enterprises for a long time absorbed all its capital and to the practical accomplishment of these enterprises may be largely attributed the fact that capital is once more turning its eyes to the ocean. That this phenomenon should take the modern form of a combination of international interests already existing, is not unnatural. In 1901 the American proportion of our deep sea carrying had reached the lowest figure in our commercial history, and any such combination must perforce have been made for bringing together a great fleet of foreign vessels.

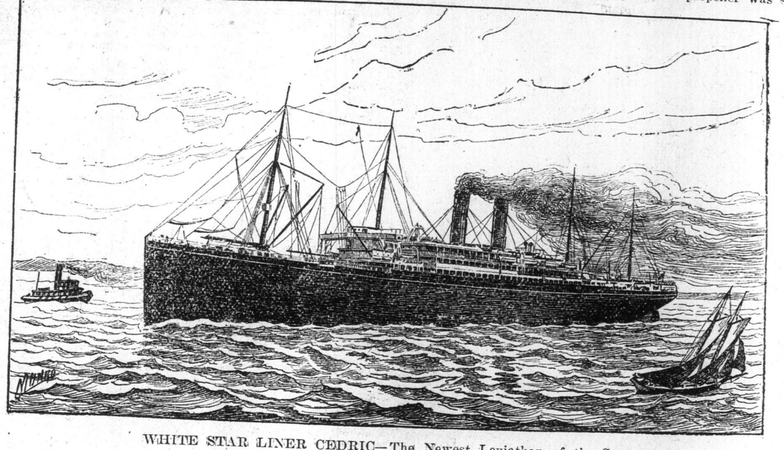
After the "merger," what? How will the new fleet develop? What is the policy of the International Mercantile Marine company—to give the "combine" its full title—and its component companies? A part of the answer is given in the big new vessel which has just left New York. The Cedric is at once the largest vessel afloat and the most conservative. That is to say, she is built to answer the demands of modern commerce and transportation but not to break records, and marks, therefore, the partial passing of a phrase of steamship construction which was probably necessary to its development, but which has now seemingly reached a definite limit. Very few extremely sharp and fast ocean steamships are now being constructed for Trans-Atlantic service; the building of the American liners St. Louis and St. Paul apparently marking the swing of the pendulum towards steadiness and regularity and away from mere record breaking.

The Cedric, virtually a somewhat bigger twin to the White Star liner Celtic, built two years ago, is a wider and larger vessel than the Oceanic, her increased width making her unusually steady—"steady as a church" her captain called her on her arrival from Liverpool. Moreover, her increased size means, under certain conditions, increased speed into the bargain, for she can be driven into head seas more safely and successfully and can lift above a heavy wave instead of plunging deep into it. Her two quadruple expansion engines develop a moderate but sufficient speed of 17 knots an hour, and at this rate can be more successfully maintained from land to land than if it were 20 knots or over. It is significant, therefore, that the Cedric is a sane and wholesome type of vessel—large, graceful, powerful and swift, and all within the limits of common-sense safety.

In all these points there is a tremendous difference between the new ocean giant and the famous Great Eastern—a difference that is worth stopping a moment to note, to see how far we have come. Brunel anticipated wonderful things of the speed performance of his vessel. In those experimental years, just before the Civil War, marine engineering was anything but the fine, exact science which it has since become, and it was not positively known whether side-wheel or screw-propeller was superior for deep sea navigation. As a matter of fact, the most successful ocean steamers of that day were side-wheelers in both the American and British services; but Brunel determined to take no chances and gave his 680-foot colossus both side wheels and screw.

In smooth water and light winds the Great Eastern was successful, but when she met the westerly gales and long gathering surges of the open Atlantic, her towering hull, with its vast width of 83 feet, was like a haystack in a standstill by the boisterous west winds of America, and compelled to return to England with her freight and passengers and abandon her voyage altogether. That was because the great hull lacked adequate power to drive it through the grip of the gale, over the long, steep Atlantic rollers. But no gale that ever blows can stop the Cedric. It must be a robust tempest that can pull down by even two or three knots her steady going 17 knots an hour. The "staying" qualities of the steamship of today, in a word, are even more remarkable than her bursts of record-breaking or the luxurious comfort of her spacious quarters.

But, after all, the temptation in describing a big ship is to tell how big she is. Perhaps it does not signify very much to landsmen that the Cedric is of 21,000 tons gross register or 38,000 displacement, for to the them such nautical figures are vague at best, if not absolutely unintelligible. But it gives a vivid idea of the magnitude of this greater than the Great Eastern, to say that the 800,000 bushels of wheat which the Cedric could carry if necessary, represents the yield of 400 average 160-acre Western farms—enough to require 480 large freight cars, or twenty trains of 24 cars each, to transport it from the wheat fields to the ocean.



WHITE STAR LINER CEDRIC—The Newest Leviathan of the Seas.

PIN HOLE PHOTOS

A Californian Amateur Gives an Interesting Account of His Scientific Researches in Connection With These Pretty Little Pictures

FOR several years there was an interesting little pin puncture in a dark-colored window sash in the office of the master of transportation of the Southern Pacific company. The window was on the fourth floor of a Montgomery street building, facing Masonic temple. When the California sun was too bright summer afternoons this dark shade was drawn down after the inner white shade, generally used to diffuse the entering daylight, had been raised. By drawing down the inner shade also it was discovered one day that a very distinct but inverted little photographic picture of Masonic temple appeared on the translucent white shade immediately opposite the pin hole opening in the dark outer shade. The pin hole acted practically like the lens in a camera, and the translucent inner shade corresponded to a ground glass finder or to a sensitized plate intercepting an image for future development as a permanent photographic picture. Visitors to the railway official's office used to be shown this curious little curtain picture. They would examine it with interest and remark upon the simplicity of its accidental production.

But what was looked upon as a strange little freak on the railway official's curtain has been studied out to a practical principle in photography. Beautiful, soft, photographic pictures are now being made just that way, with only a little pinhole opening instead of a lens. In experimenting with a camera by using different sized pin holes in place of a lens, a San Francisco amateur photographer has reduced pin hole photography to scientific principles which permit it to be used for practical purposes in securing artistic pictures.

Pin hole photography has been known some time, and many have experimented with it. But never before was there any rule for exposure time. The pictures obtained were mostly the result of guesswork in time of exposure and were more freaks than factors in practical picture-making.

You can demonstrate the principle of pin hole photography very easily for yourself. If you have an ordinary dark shade over a window that commands an open view where daylight strikes, draw the shade down. Make the littlest bit of a round pin puncture in it. Then, when the outer light is bright on the objects outside and your room is comparatively dark, hold up inside that little hole opening a smooth sheet of white tissue or white paraffine paper, and you will see intercepted upon it, upside down, a distinct little picture of the view outside. This picture will appear larger as you draw the translucent paper away inch by inch from the opening. The clearness of this image will depend upon the roundness of the little pin hole and the smoothness of the paper you are holding up before you to catch the picture.

Dr. H. D'Arcy Power, a professor in the San Francisco college of physicians and surgeons and one of the editors of Camera Craft, has made pinhole photography practical for professional purposes in securing artistic pictures. He has been working at it scientifically for ten months to deduce rules for the proper time exposure, and he has solved the problem and established exact rules for exposures. He has also demonstrated that not only the minutest pin holes are serviceable, but that various larger sizes can be used, even up the bigness of a wire nail.

He has fitted up a camera with a metal disk to take the place of the lens. This disk has a small hole in the middle. Fastened to this disk is a smaller revolving disk with various sized pin holes about the rim, in order that any size pin hole may be turned exactly round, so that it comes over the hole in the centre of the larger disk. By this arrangement all the apertures required for pin hole photography are combined in one mechanism and are always ready for immediate use. Take a silver dollar and place upon it with the edges touching, a silver quarter, face up, and the stars about the rim of the quarter will correspond to the pinholes in Dr. Power's little mechanism and each of these stars, when the quarter is revolved, will pass exactly over the centre of the dollar. That is the pin hole photographic outfit in a nutshell. Dr. Power had a careful workman make the device for him from two brass plates. But to be sure of getting the edges of each pin hole exactly round the mechanic used very thin little copper disks and fastened each of these back of the little revolving plate as patches over the holes in the thicker metal. By that means perfectly round pin holes with thin edges were secured. The whole mechanism cost $2.50.

The cluster of pin holes all ready for regular use instead of a lens cost only $2.50, and it may possibly be made cheaper. On the other