

SIX

THE STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B. TUESDAY, JUNE 16, 1908

# When He Hustled

By ABBIE F. RANSON.

(Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Purcell.)  
She stood by the window watching the retreating figure of the young man, too much absorbed to notice the entrance of her father until he was by her side. Without speaking she leaned her arm upon his shoulder and thus they watched until the young man was no longer in sight. Then her father spoke.

"It won't do, Elsie; you've got to tell him I said so. He isn't the one."  
The hand which had been caressing his hair was thrown out with indignation, and the girl faced him, pale and surprised in every curve of the delicate lips.

"What's wrong, father?" she demanded; why haven't you said that before?"  
The gray eyes gazing into her own held far more kindness than his words. They were full of stern decision.

"Because I haven't been sure. Now I am. Fred Denton can never support a wife. He isn't able to now, and he never will be; you've got to call it off."

"But, father," she began.  
"It's no use, Elsie," he interrupted. "It isn't in him. A young man to succeed nowadays must get out and hustle, and that's something Fred Denton will never do. He spends his time in his office reading, reading, reading, and that never brought patients to a doctor yet."

"Why, the other night there was an accident at Cedar Glen; Kenneth was mixed up in it. Had a drunken chauffeur and the whole car came precariously going over the cliff. Would have gone if it hadn't been for a young meddler who understood sprinting and who saved it in the nick of time."

"As it was, Kenneth got off with a broken collarbone, a friend of his came home with a smashed hand, and—well, you read it in the papers. That says bones is fixed for life just because he happened to be on the spot and knew what to do and how to do it. But it wasn't Denton; he was in his office reading up the microbes of leprosy or some other outlandish disease."

"Fred was just telling me," began Elsie, when her father cut her short.  
"Then, too, he had a little money in one of the banks. Where's that? He wasn't content to let it stay where it was. He asked me what I thought about Angola, stocks, and I told him they weren't worth the matches he burn 'em, but he invested in them. Where are they now? Where! Now you see 'em and now you don't."

"Father, if you won't say," said Elsie, "listen to what? The same old story of love in a flat and your five hundred a year? I've got a deal on my mind to be home before tomorrow night. In the meantime you just give me that ring on your finger and I'll return it to Fred Denton, M. D."

Slowly his daughter drew off her ring, a curious expression growing in her eyes, one which her father was quick to observe.  
"See here, Elsie," he said as he took it from her. "I want you to promise that, if he calls, you won't see him until I give you permission; that is, if I ever do."

"You are very unjust, father; if you would only listen—"  
"I've waited too long already," he responded, starting off. "Mere promises, Elsie, there isn't to be any more of this nonsense."

"Perhaps there'll be more instead of less," she murmured, as the door closed behind him. Then she went up the stairs to her room with a trend as full of decision as his tones had been. It didn't take long for her to reappear, dressed for the street, and fifteen minutes later she surprised a certain young man who was very busily engaged doing nothing at all in a pleasantly furnished office of a downtown business block.

"He wouldn't give me a chance to say a single word," she concluded indignantly.  
Fred Denton smiled complacently in to her flushed face. There was no trace of the despondent lover about him.  
"We won't try to explain," he said. "Suppose you take this trip to New York with me this morning? You look very pretty," he answered. "White dress, white hat, white shoes and gloves. Really, Elsie, one would almost believe that you had dressed purposely for a wedding trip."

"Fred Denton, you don't believe—"  
she paused, crimson to the very ears. Then she added irrelevantly:

"Father ran away with mother; I've heard him tell about it time and time again."  
"Come on," Denton cried.  
"It doesn't seem right, Fred; father has always been the kindest, the best father in existence, and he is doing this just because he loves me."  
"That's just the reason we're doing what we are," was his ready response. "Come, dear, we haven't a moment to lose. You go to the Wilson avenue station and take the train from there while I'll trolley it to Woodlawn and get on board at that place. Then no one will see us together until after we leave the city and we are all O. K."

A ten minutes' wait for the New York express is a time altogether inadequate for speculations and homages. Besides, there was the danger of discovery, and no one of Elsie Kingston's make-up ever flinched when danger was in the air.

Then there was the Abel ticket to buy, her seat to secure, and the ten minutes had come and gone before she thought of looking for friend or foe in that crowded railway car.

At Woodlawn station she saw Fred Denton sitting himself upon the platform of the smoker, but the city streets were still behind them and the train was speeding fast through the country meadows before he joined her. When he did he held in his hand a little circle of gold whose center held a very familiar diamond. Slipping into the seat beside her, he said:

"Better put this upon your finger; it's been away from its place too long already."  
"Why, Fred," she gasped, "where did you get that?"  
"Your father handed it to me a few moments ago."

Father! Where is he? Where did you see him?"  
"He's back there in the smoker," he replied, nonchalantly. He gave it to me just after the train left Woodlawn."

Her face went white.  
"Nothing," he said, "I was passing through the car on my way to you when he hailed me and said in the pleasant tone imaginable, 'Denton, I have a little package for you to give you this package. There isn't to be any answer.' I took it from him with much surprise, and he said, 'Oh, Fred, if he should see us and try to make a scene! What will we do?'"

"Right and same on into the next car sitting where I knew he could see me from his seat. Then I waited awhile and he hunted you up."

"He told me this morning he was going away for a couple of days. Tears came into his eyes. 'Oh, Fred, if he should see us and try to make a scene! What will we do?'"

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## MOROCCO HAS SOME SPICY JOURNALISM

Some of It Too Strong for American Papers

Blue Pencilled Remarks by One Contemporary.

Some interesting facts about the newspaper in Morocco have just been printed in the Revue du Monde Musulman. These journals originally owe their existence to European initiative. The foreign representatives at Fez and Tangier thought it necessary to reach the better class of the people through the newspaper. They therefore engaged some newspaper men from Syria and two papers printed in Arabic were started in Tangier, El Souda in 1904 and El Abah in 1906.

Both, like under European influences have supported the Sultan Abdel Aziz during the pending unpleasantness in Morocco. Their articles against the sultan have been very much toned down, and upon arriving at the gold fields, the vessel was deserted and Mr. Randall went to the gold mines himself.

While Mr. Randall delights to talk about his stirring adventures at sea, Mrs. Randall quietly discusses the events on land, and she delights many of the townsmen with her accurate reminiscence of the early life of the town.

Mrs. Randall came from revolutionary stock, her grandfather, Thomas Ellis, having been a soldier of the revolution. Mrs. Randall is surprised at the pace people live nowadays. She recently saw an automobile while past her house and exclaimed:

"I can remember when the only way to get to Boston was to take the stage coach. You went up one way and came down the next. Now, just think of it! You can go to Boston in less than two hours and come back the same way."

Mrs. Randall was a ship builder in his early days and he has laid the keel of many a whaling vessel that has been filled with sperm oil, and laid the foundation for the fortune of many a big ship owner of the palmy whaling days.

"Coolness averted" is the title of a new book by Mrs. Randall. It is a collection of her experiences in the whaling industry, and it is a very interesting and well-written work. It is a book that should be read by all who are interested in the whaling industry.

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## HAVE BEEN MAN AND WIFE FOR 67 YEARS

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Randall of North Mattapoisett Take Delight in Life

NEW BEDFORD, June 14.—Quietly did the 67th wedding anniversary of Thomas Randall and his wife pass. They are the oldest married couple, or the couple that has been married the longest in this part of the country, and it is doubtful if there are two people in the whole state who have been married as long.

Mr. Randall is over 81 years old, while his wife is just under 80. Mr. Randall still insists upon working about the farm which is conducted by his only son, Lafayette, and declares he is going to keep going as long as he is able to get about.

Thomas Randall was born in Rochester, where afterwards became Mattapoisett, on the spot where he now lives. He has been a lumberman, farmer, wheelman and miner.

He fitted a voyage in 1849 to go to California, and upon arriving at the gold fields, the vessel was deserted and Mr. Randall went to the gold mines himself.

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## INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT SUNKEN LANDS

How Valuable Lands Have Become Submerged

Vast Areas Now Covered by the Ocean Which Were Once Dry.

The recent discovery that a group of little islands some hundreds of miles south of New Zealand were once part of great continental mass extending in all probability to Antarctica and South America, which finally sank beneath the ocean leaving only these remnants, calls attention to the fact that they are vast areas now covered by the sea which were once dry land. The process of disappearance was very slow. It involved no cataclysm or sudden catastrophe overwhelming all animal and vegetable life, but the work went on century after century till great surfaces were a part of the sea floor.

Events often occur that recall such vicissitudes. Not long ago Chile's beautiful port of Valparaiso was destroyed by earthquake on August 16, 1893, the news came that the island of Mas a Tierra, on which Alexander Selkirk was cast away for five years, his unhappy fate suggesting to Defoe the story of Robinson Crusoe, had sunk beneath the waves. The story was incorrect, but it called again to mind the facts that are believed to prove that the Juan Fernandez group, to which this island belongs, was formerly a part of South America.

Land once rose above the wide waste of waters that now separates the islands from the mainland. Among the many proofs of this may be mentioned here only the two varieties of humming birds peculiar to Chile that have been seen on the islands ever since they were first visited.

It is not very uncommon for volcanic islands after they have been thrust above the surface to disappear again. The island Krakatoa was literally blown into the air by a world shaking explosion in August, 1883, and the great wave that resulted, over 100 feet high, swept over the northern coast of Java, drowning 36,000 people.

Falcon Island came into view above the Pacific nearly twenty years ago, and again in about ten years, and once more has come into view. A part of our new land at Bogoslov on the Asiatic coast disappeared after a few years and other land has recently risen in the same neighborhood.

Farther in the Pacific in 1904, near the Bonin Islands, a new bit of land rose above the sea and the Japanese raised their flag over it and gave the name of Nishina to their acquisition. It has slipped from their grasp, however, for the following year it melted away to nine feet above sea level and the last vestige of it has now disappeared.

Ferdinandea, which rose above the Mediterranean in 1831, had a similar history, with the addition of a humorous element. The whole world talked about it, and all the more because England and the King of the Two Sicilies disputed over its possession.

It came majestically into view on July 8, and about the middle of August it was impossible to look upon its broad expanse towered 200 feet above the sea. But its life was short. Diplomatic exchanges as to the ownership of Ferdinandea, couched in firm though polite language, were still in progress when the waves closed above the island in December.

A coral island is sometimes torn to pieces by a great storm, showing the islands disappear in more ways than one. This happened to the antall in the Marshall group in 1905, when it happened to be in the path of a terrible hurricane.

Waves about forty feet high swept over the hapless speck of land, carrying every particle of verdure and every form of life into the sea, and not a human being was seen. The upper part of the coral was broken off and swept away, and a few days later nothing but the placid waters of the ocean were seen where the atoll had stood.

But such events are a part of our modern history and have little resemblance to the mighty movements that have buried whole lands beneath the sea. North of Europe is the shallow Barents sea, whose bottom geologists now have no doubt was once above the water, so that Nova Zembla, Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land were a part of Europe.

Iceland, southern Greenland and a few other islands are all that is left above water of the great land bridge that once joined Europe and America, though we find in the submarine ridge that extends all the way from Iceland to Scotland a part of the foundation of that land.

It has been for some time conclusively proved that a land mass as large as the United States once connected Madagascar with southern India and Ceylon, allowing the passage from Asia to Africa of land animals whose appearance in the West was once regarded as inexplicable.

So the rock crust of the earth has its convulsions and its revolutions are not cataclysmal and the changes are very slowly brought about.

YOUNG WOMAN DROWNED

LIVERPOOL, N. S., June 15.—Little body of Port Mouton, aged 18 years, was drowned above the railway bridge here this afternoon while bathing. She was a visiting relative. The body has not been recovered.

3,000,000 CHILD ABSTAINERS.

LONDON, June 15.—The duchess of Albany opened the National Band of Hope bazaar at the Horticultural Hall yesterday. The organization now comprises 24,000 bands of hope, with a membership of more than 2,000,000 children.

BOSTON, June 15.—The cruiser Yankoe, of the United States navy, went into commission at the Charlestown navy yard this afternoon. The cruiser will be in charge of Commander C. C. March, and she will patrol the Atlantic coast in the torpedo service.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

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are made in every known form and variety. They are purified chemically and always prove unexcelled in price and quality.

DOUBLE TRACKS BETWEEN  
MONCTON AND PANISEC

MONCTON, N. B., June 15.—Excellent progress is being made with the work of double tracking the Intercolonial railway between this city and Panisec Junction. Several hundred Italians are at work on excavations and fillings at different points along the line, and it is expected that before many weeks have passed, the first steel of the parallel lines will be put down. With favorable weather during the next few months, autumn will find the work nearly completed.

The death occurred here this morning of Mrs. Sybil Second, aged seventy-six years. Mrs. Second, who has resided for some time with her daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) Pearson of Sussex, had been visiting in this city with her daughter, Mrs. Ezekiel McAnn, and was taken ill Friday with a complication of diseases resulting from her advanced years. She was operated upon at the hospital yesterday. Another daughter, Mrs. W. Fairweather of Dalby, N. S., survives. The deceased lady was a native of Cole's Island, Queens County, being a daughter of the late Captain William Second.

Fred Beers, an I. C. R. brakeman, was taken