

upon him became more and more apparent. "While our love feast was going on, blow me if these tenderfeet didn't steal our train with my dynamite on board! This is what comes of your interference, captain. There goes nearly a quarter of a million of good sound money to some bloated capitalist in the east who had no more right to it than you had, and between the two of you I'm robbed of my own. Hang me if I don't turn farmer and take up 100 acres of land to grow turnips on!"

The Streets of Gibraltar.

In Gibraltar fans old and new, silk and laces, are the principal staples of the native trade. Streets are thronged with Spanish, English, East Indians and Moors. Follow these last across the narrow strait to their homes, and you are in a different world. From Gibraltar to Tangier takes you back centuries. But these centuries do meet in Tangier, where Europeans jostle orientals, and the scarlet uniform of Tommy Atkins appears amid a group of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, whose profession flourishes as of yore.

The first sound that smote the ear of our traveler from this part of the world was the strain of a hand organ grinding "Sweet Marie," and only a step beyond a performance by native musicians carried one into the very heart of Africa. The fish in the markets of Algiers make one think of the fishes which the princess fried in "Arabian Nights." Such gorgeous colors were never seen, nor such queer assortment of remarkable creatures. Their gold and silver scales and their rainbow hues light up the dark old arches of the market places, and literally all's fish that comes to the net of the Algerian fisherman. Limpets, snails, mussels, horse-shoe crabs, toadfish, sea anemones—in fact all things that come from salt water—are bought and eaten, principally by the French population.—Donahoe's Magazine.

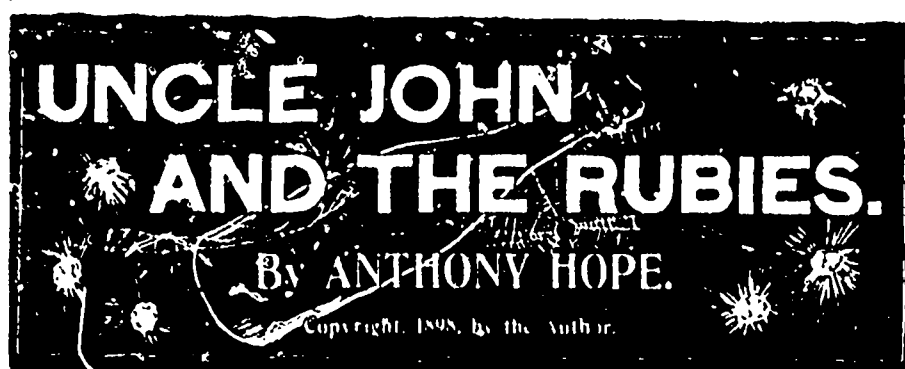
France and Colonizing.

The French cannot colonize, and they know it. Their population is, to put it moderately, stagnant. In 50 years' time the laws of nature will have reduced them to the rank of a second rate power, unless they meanwhile adopt and act upon the device, "Liberte, Egalite, Maternite." Meanwhile they have of a surplus population to be employed in colonization. Their colonies are not even self supporting. Leaving out Algeria, they cost the republic 100,000,000 francs a year.

And concerning Algeria, one of the few Frenchmen who regard these questions in the light of plain facts, G. Garreau, writing in the *Siecle* a few days ago, makes the painful confession:

"During well nigh 70 years we have failed to make Algeria pay. Have we even striven to make it? During 20 years we have been pursuing Ahmadou or Samory. What have we done with the Sudan? We have contributed to depopulate it, we have made waste, directly or indirectly, immense territories, on which a rich population formerly lived; we have extended the desert instead of reclaiming it. Our soldiers have labored so well that they successfully thwarted all useful beginnings and blocked the road to the pioneers of our commerce."—Contemporary Review.

TO PRESERVE THE FLOWERS OF A NOSE GAY.—Let a spoonful of charcoal powder be added to the water, and the flowers will last as long as they would on the plant, without any need of changing the water, or taking any trouble at all.



There may still be some very old men about town who remember the duel between Sir George Marston and Colonel Merridew; there may still be a venerable lawyer or two who recollect the celebrated case of Merridew versus Marston. With these exceptions the story probably survives only in the two families interested in the matter and in the neighborhood where both the gentlemen concerned lived and where their successors flourish to this day. The whole affair, of which the duel was the first stage and the lawsuit the second, arose out of the disappearance of the maharajah's rubies. Sir George and the colonel had both spent many years in India, Sir George occupying various important positions in the company's service, the colonel seeking fortune on his own account. Chance had brought them together at the court of the maharajah of Nuggetabad, and they had struck up a friendship, tempered by jealousy. The maharajah favored both. We Merridews maintained that Uncle John was the first favorite, but the Marstons declared that Sir George beat him, and I am bound to admit that they had a plausible ground for their contention, since, when both gentlemen were returning to England, the maharajah presented to Sir George the six magnificent stones which became famous as the maharajah's rubies, while Uncle John had to content himself with a couple of fine diamonds. The maharajah could not have expressed his preference more significantly. Both his friends were passionate lovers of jewels and understood very well the value of their respective presents. Uncle John faced the situation boldly and declared that he had refused the rubies. We, his family, dutifully accepted his version and were in the habit of laying great stress on his conscientiousness. The Marstons treated this tradition of ours with open incredulity. Whatever the truth was, the maharajah's action produced no immediate breach between the colonel and Sir George. They left the court together, arrived together at the port of Calcutta and came home together round the Cape. The trouble began only when Sir George discovered, at the moment he was leaving the ship, that he had lost the rubies. By this time Uncle John, who had disembarked a few hours earlier, was already at home displaying his diamonds to the relatives who had assembled to greet him.

Into the midst of this family gathering there burst the next day the angry form of Sir George Marston. He had driven posthaste to his own house, which lay some ten miles from the colonel's, and had now ridden over at a gallop, and there, before the whole company, he charged Uncle John with having stolen the maharajah's rubies. The colonel, he said, was the only man on board who knew that he had the rubies or where the rubies were and the only man who had enjoyed constant and unrestricted access to the cabin in which they were hidden. Moreover, so Sir George de-

clared, the colonel loved jewels more than honor, honesty or salvation. The colonel's answer was a cut with his riding whip. A challenge followed from Sir George. The duel was fought, and Sir George got a ball in his arm. As soon as he was well my uncle, who had been the challenged party in the first encounter, saw his seconds to arrange another meeting. The cut with the whip disposed of, the accusation remained. But Sir George refused to go out, declaring that the dock and not the field of honor was the proper place for Colonel Merridew. Uncle John, being denied the remedy of a gentleman, carried the case into the courts, although not into the court which Sir George had indicated.

An action of slander was entered and tried. Uncle John filled town and country with his complaints. He implored all and sundry to search him, to search his house, to search his park—to search everything searchable. A number of gentlemen formed themselves into a jury and did as he asked. Uncle John himself superintended their labors. No trace of the rubies was found. Sir George was unconvinced, the action went on, the jury gave the colonel £5,000, the colonel gave the money to charity, and Sir George Marston, mounting his horse outside Westminster hall, observed loudly:

"By —, he stole them all the same!"

With this the story ended for the outer world. People were puzzled for awhile and then forgot the whole affair, but the Marstons did not forget it and would not be consoled for the loss of their rubies. Neither did we, the Merridews, forget. We were very proud of our family honor, and we made a point of being proud of the colonel also in spite of certain dubious stories which hung about his name. The feud persisted in all its bitterness. We hurled scorn at one another across the space that divided us, we were bitter opponents in all public affairs and absolute strangers when we met on private occasions. My father, who succeeded his uncle, the colonel, was a thoroughgoing adherent of his predecessor. Sir George's son, Sir Matthew, openly espoused his father's cause and accusation. Meanwhile no human eye had seen the maharajah's rubies from the hour at which they had disappeared from the cabin of the East Indian Elephant.

A train of circumstances now began which had fair to repeat the moving tragedy of Verona in one corner of the world, I myself being cast for the part of Romeo. As I was following the hounds one day I came upon a young lady who had suffered a fall, fortunately without personal injury, and was vainly pursuing her horse across a sticky plow. I caught the horse and led him to his mistress. To my surprise, I found myself in the presence of Miss Sylvia Marston, who had walked by me with a stony face half a hundred times at county balls and suchlike social gath-

erings. She drew back with a sort of horror on her extremely pretty face. I dismounted and stood ready to help her into the saddle.

"My groom is somewhere," said she, looking around the landscape.

"Anyhow, I didn't steal the rubies," said I. The truth is that in each of the half hundred occasions I have referred to I had regretted that the feud forbade acquaintance between Miss Marston and myself. I was eager to assuage the feud as far as she and I were concerned.

My remark produced an extremely haughty expression on the lady's face. I stood patiently by the horses. The absurdity of the position at last struck my companion. She accepted my assistance, although grudgingly. I mounted with all haste and rode beside her. We were hopelessly out of the run, and Miss Marston turned homeward. I did the same. For two or three miles our way would be the same. For some minutes we were silent. Then Miss Marston observed, with a sidelong glance:

"I wonder you can be so obstinate about them."

"The verdict of the jury"—I began.

"Oh, do let the jury alone!" she interrupted impatiently.

I tried another tack.

"I saw you at the ball the other night," I remarked.

"Did you? I didn't see you."

"I perceived that you were quite convinced of that."

"Well, then, I did see you, but how could I—well, you know, pa was at my elbow."

I was encouraged by this speech, and quite reasonably.

"It's a horrid bore, isn't it?" I ventured to suggest.

"What?"

"Why, the feud."

"Oh!"

After this there was silence again till we reached the spot where our roads diverged. I reined up my horse and lifted my hat. Miss Marston looked up suddenly.

"Thank you so much! Yes, it is rather a bore, isn't it?" And with a little laugh and a little blush she trotted off. Moreover, she looked over her shoulder once before a turn of the road hid her from my sight.

"It's a confounded bore!" said I to myself as I rode away alone.

My father was a very firm man. I am not Sir Matthew Marston's son, and I do not scruple to describe him as an obstinate man, but in this world the people who say "Yes" generally beat the people who say "No;" hence comes progress or decadence, which you will, and, although both Sir Matthew and my father insisted that the acquaintance between Miss Marston and myself should not continue, the acquaintance did continue. We met out hunting and also when we were not hunting anything except one another. The truth is that we had laid our heads together (only metaphorically, I am sorry to say) and determined that the moment for an amnesty had arrived. It was 40 years or more since the colonel had—or had not—stolen the maharajah's rubies. Many sins had gone down on the wrath of both families. A treaty must be made. The Marstons must agree to say no more about the crime; the Merridews must consent to forgive the false accusation. The maharajah's rubies had vanished from the earth. Their evil deeds must live after them no longer. Sylvia and I agreed on all these points one morning in the woods among the primroses.

"Of course, though, the colonel took them," said Sylvia by way of closing the discussion.

"Nothing of the sort!" said I, rather