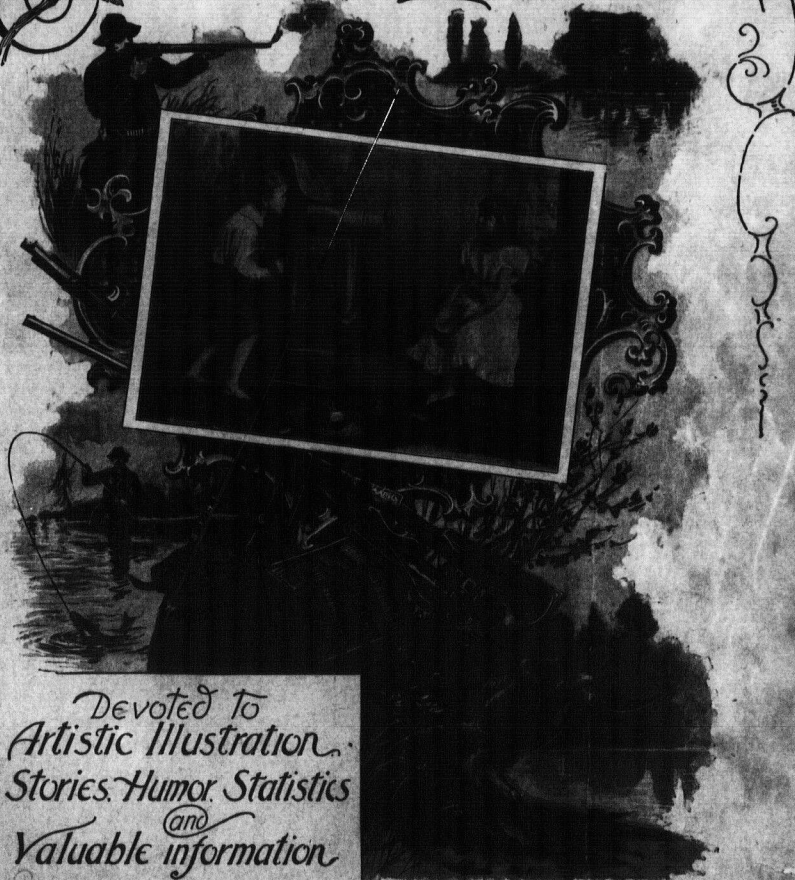


# Canadian 1895 Annual



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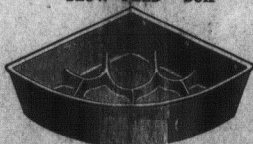
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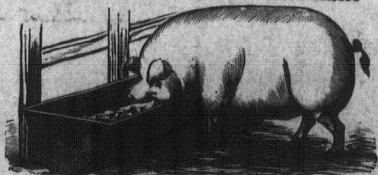
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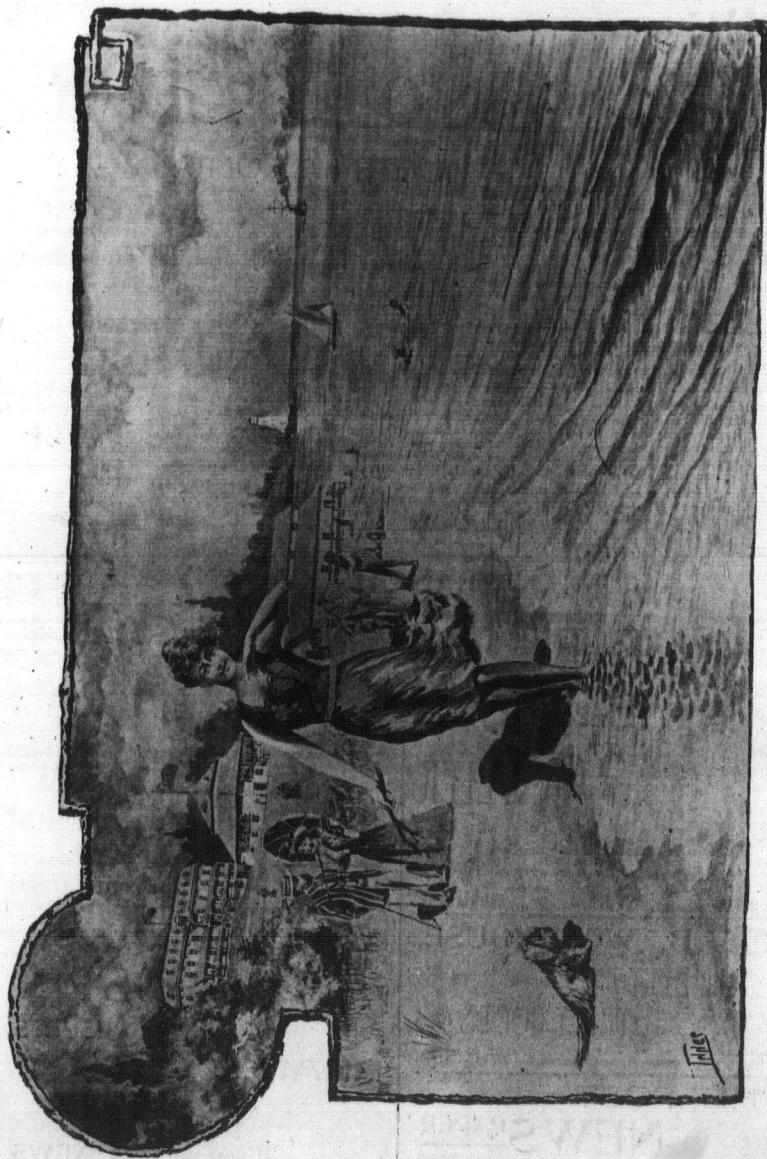
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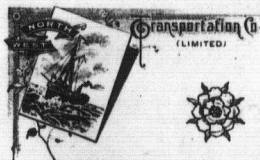
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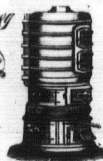
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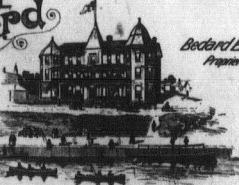
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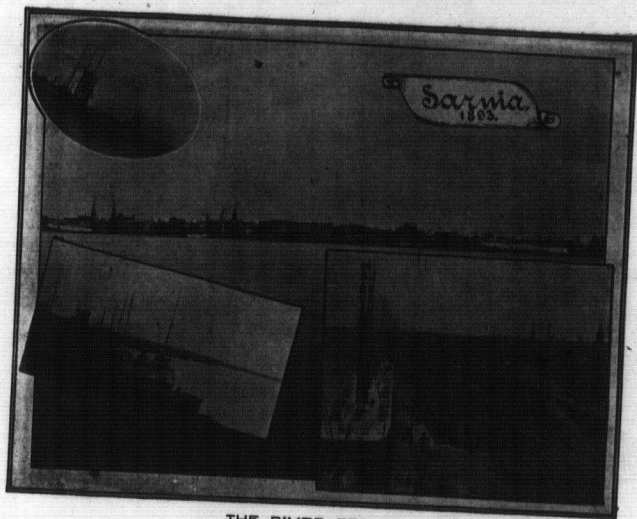
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	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.		S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
Janv.	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	July	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19		14	15	16	17	18	19	20
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	24	25	26	27	28				25	26	27	28	29	30	31
March	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Sept.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	31								29	30					
April	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Oct.	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20		13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27		20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	28	29	30						27	28	29	30	31		
May	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Nov.	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25		17	18	19	20	21	22	23
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June	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Dec.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
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CHRISTMAS MORNING.



TOMHARTSETT reached home about supper-time one December afternoon, and made his way quietly toward his bed-chamber, as if he were trying to avoid someone. He had scarcely reached the door when he heard a child's voice shouting: "Oh, Beff! Hurry! Bruvver's home! I smell de smell of his cigar. Come on an' let's have some fun."

Then Tom heard an exclamation of joy which seemed very much like a squeal, and after it a noise which, had Tom been brought up in a house without children, would have put him under the impression that a large number of heavy stones were tumbling downstairs. The noise ceased suddenly, however, as a couple of small figures emerged from the staircase; one was that of a girl of about seven years of age, while the other was smaller. They dashed after the retreating figure of the young man, buried pudgy little hands in pockets, seized coat-tails, indulged in a playful pinch or two, and in other ways made their presence known to the big brother, but Tom did not even turn his head.

"He's only makin' b'tieve, Woffie," exclaimed Beff, grasping one of Tom's hands. "He's playin' he was drunk, like he sometimes does to tease mamma. You can't cheat us, young man. Come on, up to the play-room, an' make some fun. There's lots of time being wasted; the supper-bell 'll ring pretty soon."

"No, he isn't making believe," Tom replied, in so deep-throated a growl that both the children relaxed their hold and stared helplessly. "Go away; I can't make fun this afternoon. I feel real bad."

"Let's go tell mamma right away," suggested Beff, "so she can bring him some of the nasty, horrid medicine that always makes us well."

"Tisn't that kind of bad, chick," said the brother, a little more pleasantly than before.

"Den I guess you needs some Bible verses, like mamma always makes us learn when we's de uvver kind of bad," said Woffie, while she and her sister closely scrutinized the face of their oldest brother for signs of sin.

"Tisn't that kind, either, you silly little thing. Run away, both of you, please; I want to be alone a little while. I'll make fun for you some other time—but not this afternoon. Hurry along, now." Suiting the action to the word, he grasped each child by the clothing between her shoulders, and depositing both in the hall with the parting injunction, in a whisper, "Don't you dare tell anyone that I'm not feeling right," he closed the door.

Both children remained a moment in the sitting position in which they had been left, and wonderingly regarded each other's very long face. Finally, Woffie gravely answered:

"How many more kinds of feel-bad is dere, 'sides dem two, Beff?"

"I'm sure I don't know," the elder sister answered, in a hopeless tone. "We're always findin' out that there's new things, seems to me. Let's go back an' play dolls an' not think any more about it. Some of those dolls ought to be in bed pretty soon, else they'll feel bad too, and that would show that their mamas were very cruel."

"Seems to me," said Woffie, as she and her sister undressed some dolls and prepared them for the night's repose, "dat we ought to fink more 'bout our big bruvver's feel-bads dan de dollies' feel-bads, 'cause he's so much bigger dat he's got a good deal more of him to do de feelin'."

This line of thought seemed to impress Beff, for she allowed a slender, consumptive-looking pet to remain almost entirely disrobed while she looked contemplative and remarked:

"There's lots of ways of feelin' bad besides in people's bodies an' souls. Praps Tom has had some trouble in business, and that kind of trouble makes folks have less money."

"Gwacious!" exclaimed Woffie, "I hope, if dat's it, dat it don't make him so poor dat he can't bring us candies sometimes." The mere possibility of such a thing was so dreadful that Woffie sank nervously to one side, her elbow resting upon the anatomy of a crying doll, which immediately uttered a wail that restored the motherly little thing to her self-control.

"There's lots of ways of feelin' bad," Beff repeated, "an' the only way we can find out which it is will be to go an' ask him. You do it; you're the littlest, so he won't be so cross with you."

Woffie's eyes brightened roguishly, as she replied:

"Tell you what! I'll give him a s'prise—dat always makes him laugh, you know. I can open de door of his room so softly dat he won't know nuffin 'bout it till I says 'Boo'; den he'll laugh. Say—an' mebbe dat'll make all de feel-bad go 'way from him."

"You silly thing, then you won't find out what it is."

"Fuh! Don't want to, if it's goin' to go 'way," said the child. "Jus' you wait a minute, now."

The child slipped noisily away, and her sister resumed the maternal duties which had been interrupted. After several minutes Woffie returned as noisily as she had gone, startling Beff into expressing the fear that some of their infant charges had been scared out of a night's sleep. Woffie's eyes were very wide open as she softly said:

"Funnies ting! I got in all right, an' what do you fink he was doin'?"

"I don't know. Shaving?"

"No-o-o-o! He had a picture in his hand, an' he was kissin' it."

"Whose picture was it? Mamma's?"

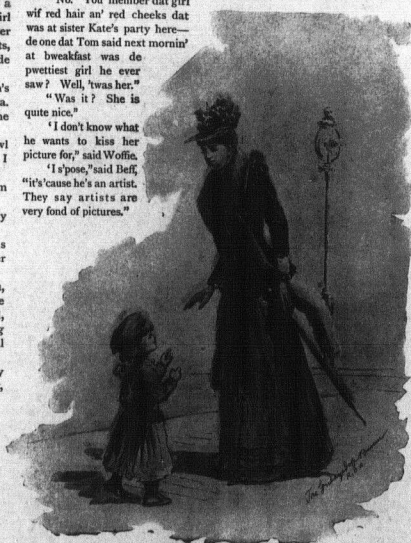
"No. You 'member dat girl wif red hair an' red cheeks dat was at sister Kate's party here—de one dat Tom said nex' mornin' at breakfast was de prettiest girl he ever saw? Well, 'twas her."

"Was it? She is quite nice."

"I don't know what he wants to kiss her picture for," said Woffie.

"I s'pose," said Beff,

"it's 'cause he's an artist. They say artists are very fond of pictures."



"I FINK YOU'S REAL PRETTY."

"Why, don't you understand? It's just like us with our dolls. We like 'em very much, so we kiss 'em."

"Huh! I don't kiss my dollies 'less I loves 'em—loves 'em lots. 'Sides, a picture ain't a dollie."

"But," Beff argued, as she tucked one of her darlings beneath a tiny coverlet and gave it a good-night kiss, "it might be a picture of a doll, don't you see? Maybe that's it, 'cause when he talked about that girl—Miss Laiithe, her name is—sister Kate turned up her nose and said that she was a *little* better than a doll."

"Mebbe dat's it, den," said Woffie, after a moment of thought, "but I don't see why it should make him feel bad."

The supper-bell ended the discussion, for both the children were too small to have room for thought and food at the same time. Two hours later, though, as they were about to drop asleep, Woffie drawled:

"Beff, is you awake?"

"Yes," was the reply drawled back.

"Mebbe Bruvver Tom felt bad 'cause he fought he didn't love dat dollie enough. I feels awful sometimes, when I finks dat I don't love one of mine enough."

and look at passing people and carriages, a solemn promise first being enacted that she would on no account venture upon the sidewalk. One day she saw "dat girl wif red hair an' red cheeks dat was at sister Kate's party," the original of the picture which her brother Tom had kissed. Woffie studied her in the rather uncertain light she could command. Sister Kate had said she was a little better than a doll; to be better than a doll was to be superior to anything, outside of her own flesh and blood, that Woffie knew of. Miss Laiithe was approaching the house; as she passed she averted her head, so Woffie could not get a good view of her face. Her figure, though, seemed quite satisfactory, and so did her attire; none of Woffie's dolls, well dressed though they were, could make so stylish an appearance as they were taken out for their afternoon constitutional. Woffie wished that her mother and big sister would make her dolls' cloaks like Miss Laiithe's masses of soft-looking velvet with border of fur. Still, the charm of a doll is in its face. Woffie had made several stealthy visits to her brother's room, during the young man's absence, in the hope of finding the picture which had been kissed—she wanted to see how it was a little better than a doll, but for some reason the photograph remained invisible.

While Woffie wondered. Miss Laiithe passed out of sight; then the little girl, whose second best, wished she to the line—so she Anybody who was

thoughts, like those of other persons, were had gone down to the sidewalk line—only could have seen Miss Laiithe's face. in any way better than a doll must excite the interest of a little girl with a heart in the proper place.

Woffie went into a brown study—a study so very brown that one of the next-door neighbors, who knew her and her ways and had been observing her, said to her grown daughter that something unusual might be expected from Woffie very soon, and she wished that she



"HE'S ONLY MAKIN' BELIEVE, WOFFIE."

"You're a goosie, Woffie. Go to sleep."

Tom Hartsett's "feel-bad" seemed to continue, for he was silent and grave at home for several days. His mother begged the older children not to worry him; probably he was evolving the idea of a new picture; she always had heard that true artists did a great deal of thinking before they took brush and palette in hand. Tom's sister Kate suggested that there was a great deal beside art for a young man to think about and lose his temper over, and intimated that it was about the season of the year in which young men in that particular city liked to spend a great deal of money, whereas Tom hadn't sold a picture in several months, and had said, when he opened his studio, that he never again should be obliged to ask his father for money. The smaller children found him disinclined to romp, but they combated the suggestion that he was financially embarrassed, for he purchased temporary exemption with small payments in candy.

But Woffie's mind was not inactive. She loved her big brother and, like many other children in the presence of troubles which they cannot understand, had many unnoticed periods of unhappiness. She would frequently steal into her brother's room and give him a hasty kiss, without leaving the reason as she hurried out again. She had plenty of time for thought, for she was too small to go to school, and her make-believe nursery did not engross all of her waking hours. She was allowed to sit on the piazza in front of the house,

might know what it would be. But Woffie was unconscious of being observed, so she went on wool-gathering until the passing of two or three children suggested that it might be time for her sister Beff to return from school. She looked in the direction of the temple of knowledge without seeing her sister, but she beheld someone who for the moment was more interesting—Miss Laiithe was returning.

The child slowly descended the steps and approached the sidewalk, fixing her eyes on Miss Laiithe's face, but just as she began to get a good look, the cause of her curiosity again turned her head away just as she had done before when passing the house. Woffie had not expected this; it was the custom of all acquaintances of the family to stop and speak to Woffie when they met her, but here was one who swept by with quite an air of dignity, not recognizing the child's existence. Woffie was too young to feel insulted, and she was too earnest just then to have her plans fail through any accident that could be remedied, so, forgetting home orders and her own promises, she started in pursuit of Miss Laiithe as soon as she had consumed a moment in astonishment. It seemed to her that the young lady had begun to walk faster, but that did not matter, for Woffie was an active little creature and at once began to run. She was panting a little when she overtook the lady, but, as she passed a step or two in advance and turned around so as to have a real good look, she exclaimed:

"I fink you's weal pretty."



Miss Laithe was a damsel of fine composure, but she stopped and almost staggered as she heard this remark and saw from whom it came. She smiled—evidently she was pleased—yet suddenly she asked severely:

"Had you any reason to suppose I was not?"

"No, indeed," said Woffie, with a face too honest to be doubted, although Miss Laithe scrutinized it very closely. Then the lady, beginning to walk slowly, asked:

"Are you in the habit of running after ladies on the street and telling them they are pretty?"

"No, ma'am." Woffie looked troubled; the tone of the young lady had a note of reproach in it, and Woffie, although a good little girl, as girls go, knew by experience what the tone of reproach was.

"Then I can't understand why you should do so rude a thing."

When Woffie heard that word "rude," her eyes filled at once. She had been often warned at home against rudeness; she had heard her half-grown brothers severely reproved for rudeness, and her memory retained scraps of conversation which showed that her sister Kate, who was the young lady of the family and the model to whom the smaller girls were expected to conform

"It's 'cause I likes to," Woffie replied. "I want to keep on lookin' at you. You's prettier dan any dollie I've got. Why, you's prettier dan all my dollies together."

"Thank you, my dear," said Miss Laithe, feeling a flush spread over her cheeks. "I shall esteem that as quite a compliment, for I used to have a great many dolls when I was a little girl and I thought they were the prettiest things in the world."

"My sister said you was ever so pretty," said Woffie.

"Indeed? How could she have come to say that, I wonder?"

"Oh, I mustn't tell!" exclaimed Woffie in a tone of alarm. "I forgot, for a minute."

"Forgot what?"

"Dat I mustn't ever repeat what is said in de house—home, you know."

"A very good rule," said Miss Laithe, as if she were thinking of something else. She knew that Tom Hartsett had admired her very much, but she had not imagined that it had gone so far that she had become a subject of conversation in his family. She was sincerely glad that Tom's sister Kate admired her—of course the child must be telling the truth. She admired Kate, though she knew her but slightly. It might have been very pleasant if— But was of no use to think of it now; she and Tom had quarreled, and he was such an obstinate, conceited fellow—never able to see when he was

in the wrong!

"I've got a big bruvver," said Woffie suddenly.

"Indeed?" exclaimed Miss Laithe, her heart starting toward her lips, although she indignantly told it that she saw no reason why it should do any thing of the kind. "Really, though, there is nothing remarkable about having a big brother. A great many little girls have them."

"But mine's an artist. He paints pictures—lots of 'em."

"Possibly. Still, a great many other young men do the same."

"But my bruvver is awful nice. He makes lots of fun."

"Funnier than a box of monkeys," murmured

Miss Laithe softly, yet satirically.

"He don't make no fun de last free

or four days, dough," continued the child.

"He felt bad an' medicine an' 'Bible verses

wouldn't do him no good."

"Indeed?" said Miss Laithe,

in an uncertain voice, as she felt an

impulse to run away from the child

and give herself a severe lecture.

Then she called her indifference to

her aid and continued, "He tried

them both, I suppose?"

"No, he wouldn't do eiver—

off an' he wanted him to but he

wouldn't. I guess he

was finkin' hard about

a picture he was goin'

to make; anyhow, dat's

what mamma said—

oh, I forgot, I mustn't

tell what's said in de

house."

"I promise you

that I shan't repeat it,

little girl, but on one con-

dition—that you never,

never, never tell any-

one that you told me."

"Aw wight," said Woffie, evidently very much relieved. "But I've awful sorry for him when he feels bad, an' so is Beff."

"He ought to be very grateful for having such sisters. Now you must run back. Really, it isn't right for me to let you go so far away from home. I hope you haven't been mislead."

But Woffie was not ready to return. The family order that she was not to go beyond the line of the front garden had so utterly escaped her mind that it might as well have been as far away as the planet Neptune. Her mind had recalled her brother Tom's affection to the photograph of Miss Laithe, and for several moments she had been wondering why Tom had done it. When Woffie's mind admitted a subject it was hospitality itself—it gave itself entirely up to the new-comer. So she said:

"My big bruvver is awful funny."

Miss Laithe did not answer at once, but as the silence slowly became embarrassing—to her—she succeeded in saying:

"Indeed? What makes you think so?"

"Oh, lots of fings," said Woffie, looking far ahead of her and walking like one in a trance.

Again there was a moment or two of silence. Miss Laithe looked furtively about her and saw, to her great comfort, that she had turned, without intention, into a street of very common houses—a street in which it was very unlikely



OH, BRUVVER TOM! HERE'S DE LADY DAT YOU KISSED DE PICTURE OF DE UVVER NIGHT WHEN YOU FELT SO BAD."

themselves, talked of rudeness as if it were a deadly sin. Tears were followed by a sob, and then Woffie cried:

"I didn't know 'twas wude—bones' and twely I didn't."

Miss Laithe seemed for a moment to struggle with some emotion; then she took the child's hand and said, as she inclined her head toward her:

"Don't cry, little girl; it's very unlady-like to cry in the street."

"Oh, dear! Has I done anuvver fang bad?" sobbed Woffie.

"It isn't positively naughty, but people will think you—er—not very nice if they see you crying for no apparent reason."

"I'll try to stop, den. I've a-stoppin'! Derr, I've all stopped now."

"I'm very glad of it. Now you had better run back home."

"Can't I walk wif you a little way? Uvver ladies lets me when I wants to."

"Some other day, little girl," said Miss Laithe, wishing she might look around and see if anyone was observing her walking with a child of *his* family

—the dreadful fellow! But her curiosity remained unsatisfied; she wouldn't for the world ask about what she most wanted to know, but under the circumstances it wouldn't be very dreadful to let the child say what she would—the child who really seemed to admire her. She would limit the duration of the interview. If during that time the little one said anything that—why then—

"You may walk with me to the next corner, if you like, and if you'll tell me why you really want to."

that anyone knew her or Tom Hartsett. Although she had quarreled with Tom, she could not help being interested in him. There were some very good qualities in him, if he only would be reasonable. Of course all was over between him and her; still, it was only generous—indeed, it was no more than honest that she should retain a human interest in him. This would probably be her last opportunity to talk about him with anyone who was entirely unprejudiced and honest. It could do no harm—to him; it might do some good—to her, and did she not deserve something, she would like to know, as reparation for his utterly foolish, narrow, boyish outburst which had separated them? Besides, she had not been engaged to him; even if she were to meet someone who knew both of them, it wouldn't be possible that they would suspect anything.

"What sort of things, dear?" she brought herself to ask.

"Oh, I dunno," was the reply. "One thing is that he finks so much about his pictures that he cares as much for dem as if dey was people. I've got lots of pictures—whole scrap-books full of 'em, but I never gets so fond of 'em dat I'd like 'em as much as he does some of his."

"What kind does he like most, dear?" was the next question. Miss Laithie thought it was an entirely proper one to ask, for she really had taken a lively interest in Tom's work, and as she had herself taken a few lessons in art, and spoiled a number of clean canvases and wasted a great deal of paint, she felt that she was in hearty sympathy with artists in general. Some day she might be able to prove, by her spoken opinions of Mr. Hartsett's work, that in rejecting the lover she had not lacked appreciation of the artist. "What kind of pictures does he seem most to like?"

"Oh, ladies' faces, seems to me," Woffie replied.

There was an instantaneous outburst of jealousy from Miss Laithie's tightly coarcted heart as she asked:

"What kind of ladies?"

"Ow!" exclaimed Woffie, with a physical struggle, "you hurt my hand awful."

"I beg your pardon, dear," said the lady, lessening over the child and kissing her; "I won't do it again—it was an accident. But tell me what kind of ladies' pictures? I have seen many of your brother's paintings, and some of them are very good. I am interested in his work, and I ask for information. He will be a very great artist one of these days, I suspect. Tell me what kind of ladies—which lady? What is her name—whom has he been painting?"

Woffie hung her head and looked very uncomfortable. She seemed to be thinking very hard about something, but suddenly she looked up and said:

"You're hurtin' my hand again—like ev'ryting!"

Miss Laithie was seized with a strong desire to pick the child up and shake truth out of her, even if she shook out the life also, but she conquered it and said:

"I'll let go of your hand, dear, so that I can't by any possibility hurt it again. There! Now won't you tell me?"

But Woffie hung her head. She had been thinking, and feared that she had gone too far. She had made a great many innocent blunders through telling what went on within the privacy of the family circle; a remark of hers about a part of her sister Kate's complexion, which had not been supplied by nature, had been the cause of her having once been sent to bed without her supper—punishment which, to children of her age, seems worse than death. So she hung her head and said:

"I musn't tell."

"Who said you musn't?" asked Miss Laithie, so savagely that the child began to cry.

"Everybody," she whimpered.

Ah! Evidently there had been some method in Master Tom's madness. His wandering, artistic fancy—oh, the double-faced character of artists!—had given him a new ideal. She—Miss Laithie, to whom he had sworn allegiance with a vehemence which had frightened while it pleased—she had been replaced by someone else, and the family was in sympathy with him! She felt like a lioness robbed of her whelps; she would know who the new enslaver was, come what would. Besides, it was her right. As for the child, candy would bribe her to secrecy; after the truth was learned, Miss Laithie forgot that she was in a public street—forgot her birth and breeding—forgot everything except that she had a rival. Leaning forward she shook her forefinger in the child's face and exclaimed:

"You sha'n't go home until you tell me."

Woffie looked about her in terror. She did not know where she was; she remembered suddenly that she was disobeying orders in being away from home at all; if she did not speedily return her absence might be discovered and then, perhaps, she would have to go superfluous to bed again. She was recalled from her terror by a familiar voice exclaiming:

"Really, Miss Laithie, I didn't suppose your dislike for me was so vindictive that you could find pleasure in tormenting my little sister."

Before he had finished, Miss Laithie and Woffie saw before them Tom Hartsett, with a portfolio and easel under his arm. The young lady's face flushed until, as Tom afterward said, she became a study of tones of a single color. As for Woffie, she shouted:

"Oh, bruvver Tom! He'n's de lady dat you kissed de picture of de uver night when you felt so bad. Don't you know?"

Then it was Tom's turn to flush; as Miss Laithie remarked afterward—though only to him—in a second he changed from the color of a sheet of drawing paper to that of a boiled lobster. It was with some effort that he raised his

eyes to Miss Laithie's face, but the lady's eyes remained fixed upon the ground, so Tom said to Woffie:

"You little scamp, what are you doing so far from home? Here comes Beff on her way from school. You'd better go back with her."

"Don't tell murther," pleaded Woffie.

"I sha'n't," said Tom, "unless you do. Your little tongue—"

"Weally, Tom, I didn't say nuffin' but de trufe. You did kiss her picture—over and over again, de night you felt so bad, don't you remember?"

Tom looked appealingly at Miss Laithie, whose eyes, as she slowly raised them, had something in them that raised his heart also. But Beff's large eyes were by this time wonderfully contemplating the group, so Tom said hurriedly:

"Beff, take your sister home; I'm afraid she's been bothering Miss Laithie. And Beff—don't for anything say where you found her."

"Give us a penny to buy candy with, then," said the practical Beff.

Tom quickly extracted a half-dollar from his pocket and the children, with a squealing duet of delight, hurried away, as Tom said:

"Children and fools speak the truth, Miss Laithie."

"Woffie isn't a fool," replied the young woman, who had recovered her self-possession.

"Call her brother one then, if you like, so that you believe him. Miss Laithie—Witchie, I have been very unhappy ever since—since our quarrel. I've had no mind for anything. I went out this afternoon on the pretense of sketching, but I've merely tramped about like a madman. Witchie—darling, won't you forgive me?"

He offered his hand. Miss Laithie looked into his eyes; she seemed to be laughing at him, but at last she replied:

"Yes, on one condition."

"Name it."

"It shouldn't be hard. It is to paint me a good picture of—"

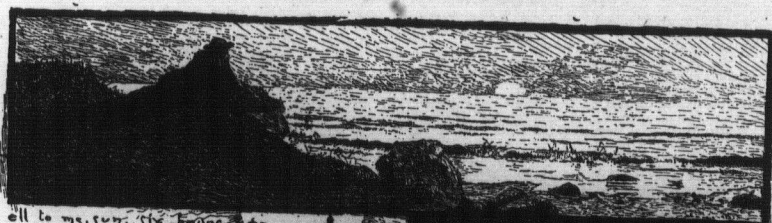
"Myself? Oh, you dear—"

"Nonsense! The picture I want is of Woffie."

As for Woffie, her guilty secret was too much for her little breast to hold. She did not mean to divulge it, and she held her tongue so closely that her mother feared that such silence was a warning of impending illness. Little by little, however, her thoughts began to escape her. She said something about red hair—though Tom had always insisted that Miss Laithie's head was crowned with Titian gold. She announced with the abstracted manner of a seer, that some people might be a little better than a doll, but some others were nicer than whole stores full of dolls. She asked her sister Kate whether it didn't hurt to have her hand squeezed, and when Kate wanted to know why the question had been addressed specially to her, the child was so slow in answering that the young woman became suspicious and uneasy, and consulted her mother, who was questioned Woffie closely with the result that when Tom reached home he was subjected to an amount of congratulation and chuff which first made him quite uncomfortable and then very happy. Several months after, Woffie was asked to act as bridesmaid at the wedding—a request which greatly mystified her, especially as Miss Laithie explained that Woffie had made the match. She had to pay one of the penalties of admiration, for it did seem to her that when Tom was painting her portrait he kept her in uncomfortable positions for about a year each time; she told Beff that she really didn't know how she should have kept quiet at all if Miss Laithie hadn't sat in front of her most of the time, and given her candles, and told her funny stories while Tom painted, and scolded Tom for wasting his time by trying to paint her portrait instead of Woffie. She also confided to the entire family at dinner one day, that she thought Tom could have got done a great deal quicker if he didn't every few minutes stop work and come over to where she and Miss Laithie were

talking, and rest one of his arms on Miss Laithie's shoulder or waist, but as all the family chorused: "Sh—h—h!" Woffie concluded that perhaps she had been mistaken, especially as Tom told her in strict confidence, immediately after dinner, that such rests helped him more than she ever could imagine until she was about twenty years older.

THE END



Tell me, sure, six hours ago  
 By passing Paris, did you see  
 My chamber in the rue de la Harpe  
 The corner one on quai de la  
 Are all things as they used to be  
 The bed, the clock, the desk, the  
 The desk where in the days of old  
 We read together you and I  
 Answer me, for you surely know  
 Who saw them but six hours ago

As down the Boulevard Saint Michel  
 You sauntered, did you pass the spot  
 Where often, you remember well,  
 We talked and tipped our caps to the  
 And tell me, if our garden there  
 And have you been to the Voltaire  
 That mourns the loss of Lavoisier  
 Answer me, for you surely know  
 Who saw them but six hours ago

The Pont des Arts, the beautiful bridge  
 Once more we cross, they ride by side  
 The dreamy I would call back again  
 Have vanished with the ebbside  
 I watch the waters where they row  
 But show me in the depths below  
 The friendship of my student days  
 Where are they, surely you must know  
 Who passed them but six hours ago



B. A. 1888

Tell me again, six hours ago  
 In dear old England did you pass  
 A little cottage? Does the vine  
 In summer splendour still entwine  
 The walls and windows; does the grass  
 Grow green as when in days gone by  
 We were not strangers you and I  
 Answer me, for you surely know  
 Who saw them but six hours ago

Did you not see two little mounds  
 Where peacefully my dogs repose,  
 Near to the old familiar sounds  
 And shaded by a wild dog rose  
 Temper the radiance when they lie  
 They loved it not my Esquimaux  
 But tell me will the flowers grow  
 Around their gravelets by and by?  
 Answer me for you surely know  
 Who saw them but six hours ago

Where in the chilly winter-time,  
 You pass their lowly resting place  
 Might thought and thought clothed in rhyme  
 Drive swiftly as the driven snows  
 You loved it, my dear Esquimaux  
 For being it they thought of home  
 As I do looking on the face  
 And will do always, though I roam  
 Farther, for ever I shall know  
 You passed it some few hours ago

J. R. W. 1888



## PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS OF ONTARIO

The development of the Province of Ontario has shown itself in the growth of its Parliament buildings. The little one-story wooden structure of a century ago is replaced by a magnificent pile in Queen's Park, Toronto, erected at a cost of about \$1,300,000, according to the figures of the Provincial Treasurer. In 1880 the Legislature passed a grant of \$300,000 for the erection of these new Parliament buildings. It was found, however, that architects could not produce satisfactory plans on that basis. And so the matter stood until 1885, when the further sum of \$250,000 was voted. In 1886 the preparation of plans was entrusted to Mr. R. A. Waite of Buffalo, and in 1887 the still further sum of \$300,000 was voted to erect buildings on the plans prepared by Mr. Waite. Subsequently a final grant of \$200,000 was made in addition to the sums named, bringing the total grant up to \$1,550,000. In October, 1886, the contract for making excavations was let, and in 1892 the buildings were practically completed, formal possession being taken in the spring of 1893.

In the fall of 1893 a book was issued by the Williamson Book Company (Ltd.), Toronto, entitled *Ontario's Parliament Buildings, 1792-1892*, from the pen of Mr. Frank Yeigh. It is a historical sketch of a century of legislation in Ontario, and is inestimably valuable and incomparably interesting to all who have any interest in politics or history. To Mr. Yeigh, an article of his in the *Canadian Magazine*, and to his book we are indebted for almost the entire information contained in this article, and from it also we copy the engravings of Ontario's first Parliament buildings, occupied from 1796-1813, and the old Parliament buildings on Front street, Toronto, occupied until 1892. The Williamson Book Company, we believe, have still a number of copies of this valuable book on sale; at all events, any reader can ascertain, by sending a postal card, whether a copy of the book can be had, and at what cost.

In 1795 sixteen members, representing the nineteen original counties, formed the early Upper Canadian Legislature; now ninety-one meet to legislate for the Province. Then, the canoe or the horse was the chief means of conveyance, the latter having for its course the lonely trails through the forest, or the rough and newly made roads; now, steam and electricity are the dominant propelling and carrying powers. Then, means of education were as limited as the population itself; now, 8,000 teachers teach half a million pupils in 6,000 schools. Then, Little York had a score of houses, and but a few score of residents; now, the city has nearly 200,000 inhabitants. Then, the population of the Province was only a few thousand—about 77,000 in 1812—now, it is 2,114,000, making Ontario the leading Province of the Confederation. But then were laid in the rude legislative halls the foundation of the laws that have since expanded into statute books representing legislation as advanced and enlightened as can be found in any country in old world or new.

A day came when an invading foe sacked the little town, captured its fort and put the torch to its Parliament buildings wherein sixteen sessions had been held. The Legislature met for some years thereafter in temporary quarters, such as the "hall room" of Jordan's York Hotel—a low-walled, upper room of an unpretentious frame inn; the house of Chief Justice Draper, which stood

effect was fought out in Canada. Here it was that first loomed up before the minds of our early law-makers the ecclesiastical question, the educational question, the constitutional question. Here it was that first was heard the open discussion, crude, indeed, and vague, but pregnant with very weighty con-



Sir Oliver Mowat.

sequences, of topics social and national, which, at the time, even in the parent state itself, were mastered but by few."

The House next met in the old Court House which stood on Church street, near King street, and also in the old and original Hospital, long a landmark, west of the old Upper Canada College. During the interval, between 1824 and 1832, the journals of the Assembly give a faint glimpse of the stirring scenes in which our old-time legislators took part, especially after the advent of "the fathers of reform"—the Bidwells, the Baldwins, John Rolph, Captain Matthews, Peter Perry, John Willson, William Lyon Mackenzie and others who waged a bitter war with Attorney-General Robinson and his followers.

After long delays, conflicting legislative action and contractors' mismanagement, the buildings on Front street were opened with a great display of vice-regal pomp. They were regarded not only as a triumph of architectural skill but as a very noticeable addition to the attractions of the capital. These old buildings therefore saw six decades of varied service—from 1835 to 1892. During that period they served not only as the home of the Legislature, but among other purposes as a court-house, lunatic asylum, barracks, college and arsenal. The parliamentary sessions there have been conducted by two generations of Canadian public men; most of our statesmen and men of mark and influence having occupied seats in the deserted Chamber.

Now, however, the dingy, dusty and dilapidated old structure is practically deserted; its usefulness has departed; the march of progress has left it to an early destruction; and soon, in all probability, its site will be covered by commercial buildings, and its existence will be but a memory.



Ontario's First Parliament Buildings, 1796-1813.

near the present north-east corner of York and Wellington streets, and other available places. In 1820 the Legislature met in a new building, of brick and wood, erected at the foot of what is now Parliament street, and very near the site of the original buildings of 1796; but they only had a short lease of life, a defective flue causing a fire that destroyed them in 1824. The short series of sessions held within it were as important in results as they were turbulent in spirit. As Dr. Scadding has said, "Here it was the first skirmishes took place in the great war of principles which afterwards with such determination and

Truly the change is a marked one from the old red brick pile on Front street to the great brown stone structure in Queen's Park. It is a transition from gloomy corridors, dimly lighted offices, dust-begrimed desks, flickering yellow gas jets, and old-time grates, to spacious quarters, with high ceilings, handsome paneling, massive corridors, beautiful electric appliances, and perfect heating and ventilation.

The total cost was \$1,250,000, or little more, as compared with \$20,000,000 spent on the capital at Albany, \$3,500,000 on the state buildings at Springfield, Ill., \$2,500,000 on the Hartford state buildings, \$1,400,000 on the Quebec Parliament buildings, which are much smaller than the new Ontario ones, \$1,500,000 on the Michigan state buildings and \$1,500,000 on the Iowa buildings.

For beauty of situation the new building is unique. Situated on the highest point in the Queen's Park, it forms a striking object whether viewed from the Queen street avenue, Avenue road or the eastern and western approaches, while the view from the towers is one of the finest to be had in Toronto, taking in the city as a whole, the Scarborough Heights to the east, the Island and lake, and even Brock's monument, forty miles distant across the lake, can be seen on a clear day. The site is that of the old King's College, which was built in 1842.

The walls are of Credit Valley brown stone, which gives a peculiarly pleasing effect of color and solidity. The main entrance is a most imposing piece of work, with its massive carved pillars, the tiers of platforms, and the very fine carved work above it representing, in heroic size, allegorical figures of music, agriculture, commerce, art, science, law, philosophy, architecture, engineering and literature grouped on either side of the arms of the province. On the east and west sides of the main entrance excellent likenesses are carved in stone of Governor Simcoe, Chief Justice Robinson, John Sandfield Macdonald, Edward Blake, Timothy Blair Pardee, Sir Isaac Brock, Robert Baldwin and Matthew Crooks Cameron. These are guarded, as it were, by four monster gargoyles, which look down from the corners of the four great towers. In the west tower an immense illuminated clock will soon be placed which will be seen from a very long distance. The *porte cochères* at the eastern and western wings contain some of the finest carving on the buildings, though the wealth of carving at every part of the exterior of the structure is very rich and ornate, and original in design.

The total length of the buildings (which cover four acres of ground) is 480 feet, with a maximum height of 165 feet, and a depth of 125 feet.

Passing through the massive entrance, the general effect is maintained by a view of the wide and high corridor and the grand staircase at the end. This staircase is one of the handsomest pieces of work in connection with the buildings, being fifty feet in length, with three platforms or landings paved with tiling. It is built entirely of iron and steel, with very fine ornamental ironwork and carving of hammered steel.

This will lead us to the Legislative Chamber—the crowning glory of the interior—a truly noble hall, with a floor area 65 x 80 feet, and a height of over 50 feet. The paneled ceiling is a mass of color, amongst the designs the maple leaf predominating. The coats-of-arms of the province are prominent, while the arms of the cities have a place in other panels. Above the arches on the northern and southern walls are four allegorical subjects—Moderation, holding a curbed bridle; Justice, with sword and scales, and a cherub holding a code of laws; Power, carrying a sword and oak branch, and Wisdom, with open book and lamp of knowledge. On the east and west walls notable dates in the history of Ontario are inscribed. The handsome woodwork is done in Canadian sycamore, with mahogany paneling nine feet high. The members' seats are on raised platforms, and four galleries will accommodate the reporters and the public.

The Legislative Library is a model room, with plenty of light and two stories of white oak shelving. It is 70 x 42 feet in superficial dimensions, with a ceiling 35 feet high. Equally commodious and handsome are the members' quarters in the west wing, the smoking-room especially, 36 x 40, with high ceiling and capacious fireplace, the reception-room, the reading-room, and other spacious retreats. The Speaker's quarters are also in keeping with the other rooms, as is the postoffice, the Legislative offices and Queen's Printer's

apartments, all of which are situated in the west wing. The Lieutenant-Governor has an office adjoining the library.

The east wing is occupied by all the departments except the Education Department, which will remain in the Normal School building. The offices in this wing are models for size, light and comfort.

The ground floor is occupied by the Crown Lands and Agricultural Departments; the mezzanine floor by the Attorney-General and his officers, the Provincial Secretary's Department and the Registrar-General's branch. The upper floor accommodates the Treasury and Public Works Departments and the license branch.

The building is equipped with thirteen large fire-proof vaults, four elevators, run by electricity, and a full electric and gas service. Six immense boilers, each sixteen feet in length, occupy the boiler-room. The Chamber, Library and some of the larger rooms are heated by the "indirect" method, cold air entering through a massive tube and being heated by steam radiators. Ample fire protection has been provided—a six-inch water main runs through from street to street, and three hydrants are placed in the basement and on each floor. Six capacious lavatories, finished in cherry, are to be found in the building. The floors of these lavatories are built on iron beams filled in by brick arches and covered with concrete and Portland cement.

During the early summer of 1793 Governor Simcoe came with his party in boats from Newark to the present site of Toronto, and decided to make it the



Ontario Parliament Buildings, Front Street, Toronto, 1832-1892.

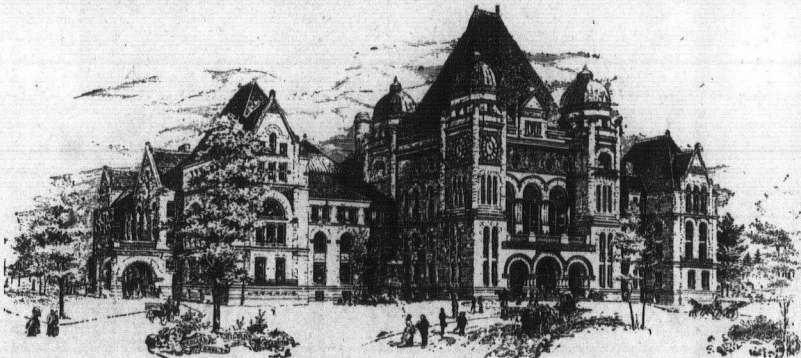
capital. Nothing marked the place at that time but a log fort situated where the monument now stands in the Exhibition Grounds, and a few Indian wigwags. He returned and spent the winter of 1794-95 in the nascent capital arranging plans, and the buildings of which we give a picture were completed by 1796. They were described in official documents as "the Palace of the Government." Bishop Strachan described them in a letter to Thomas Jefferson as "two elegant halls, with convenient offices for the accommodation of the Legislature and the Courts of Justice." Well, those buildings may have seemed "elegant" an hundred years ago, but they don't look it in modern eyes.

The front street buildings occupied from 1832 until 1892 were the scene of the great courts in the history of Ontario. In 1837, during the Mackenzie Rebellion, the Parliament buildings became the volunteer headquarters, arms and ammunition were stored there, sentries patrolled the grounds and volunteers were drilled in the grounds. As quickly as recruits arrived from Hamilton, Niagara, Port Credit, Whitby, Cobourg and other villages, they were set drilling in the Parliament grounds, where Sir Francis Head also made his base of operations. The volunteers numbered 1,100. The buildings were again occupied by troops from 1861 to 1867, British troops of the 30th Regiment, 2,000 men having come over on the Great Eastern. After the Union Act of 1841 was passed, the place was deserted as a Parliament House for nearly ten years. In 1848 and early in 1849 the buildings were utilized as a lunatic asylum. A female patient committed suicide in one of the basement cells and for years her ghost was said to walk at midnight. Another ghost with streaming hair and

white garments is said to have also haunted the place. But the occurrences that have made the old Parliament Buildings famous were neither ghostly nor soldierly in nature. One of the first of these events was the row created over the burning in effigy of Sir John Colborne at Hamilton. One result of the investigation held before the bar of the House was the imprisonment of Sir Allan McNab for "high contempt and breach of the privileges of the House," in refusing to answer questions in regard to the burning in effigy of the Lieutenant-Governor. It was on motion of William Lyon Mackenzie and Jesse Ketchum that Sir Allan was committed to the York goal. This made Sir Allan's reputation, and next year he was elected to the Assembly. The burning in effigy of William Lyon Mackenzie a few years later in Galt, we are told, raised no such commotion as the above case.

William Lyon Mackenzie was expelled from the House in 1831, was triumphantly re-elected in 1832 and carried to the House by his constituents. He was, however, expelled on a new charge, of having repeated the accusations and applied once more the opprobrious epithets that had caused his former expulsion. Again Mackenzie was re-elected by a vote of 628 to 96. Petitions were made for presentation to William IV. and the Imperial Parliament, and while Mackenzie was in England presenting the petitions the House again expelled him. This was in 1833. He was re-elected in December of the same year, and the day after entering the House was expelled for the fourth time. A few days later Mackenzie again entered the House and took his seat, only to be carried bodily from the place by the vigilant Sergeant. Mackenzie finally desisted and Toronto thus remained without one of its Members for nearly a whole Parliament.

Sir Francis Bond Head, the first purely civil governor, arrived in Toronto while the House was in session in 1835, and, contrary to precedent, summoned the Assemblymen to the bar of the Council-room and there addressed them,



New Parliament Buildings, Queen's Park, Toronto.

saying that the King understood there were grievances to redress, and he had been sent to redress them. On returning to the House, Dr. Duncombe indirectly attacked the action of the Governor as unconstitutional and thus alienated a governor who was disposed to favor the radical party. Sir Francis was thoroughly disgusted with Mackenzie and his party before his term of office expired. He declared him "a political mountebank," who "spoke, stamped, flamed, wiped his seditious little mouth, and then spoke again." In writing of the closing scene of his term, Sir Francis said that when he had seen his successor sworn in and had got out into the fresh air, he fervently muttered, "Thank God, I am at last relieved."

We will not enter into a history of the Mackenzie Rebellion, only touching upon the parliamentary side of it.

"The visit of Lord Durham in 1838," to quote from Mr. Veigh's book, "was an important event of that day. He reached Toronto by boat, and thousands had gathered before the Front street entrance of the Parliament Buildings to see and hear the Commissioner sent out by the Home Government. The vessel could be seen sailing around the Island, but instead of turning through the western gap it continued up the lake, to the wonder of the waiting throng. Returning at length, however, the boat entered the bay and delivered its distinguished passenger, who proceeded to the Buildings direct from the wharf. For nearly three hours the crowd had waited patiently, discussing the cause of the delay. It was some time after that rumor attributed the strange conduct of the captain and the Commissioner to the fact that Mr. Lyd was in the act of preparing an elaborate toilet when the city was reached, and the captain was ordered to cruise around for an hour or two until the important operation could be completed. Entering the Legislative Council-room he there addressed the Members of both Houses, and afterwards delivered a speech to the outside throng from the stone steps of the main entrance."

The session of 1850 witnessed a series of keen debates on the old-time question of the clergy reserves, the rebellion losses bill and seigniorial tenure.

The journals of 1851 contain one of the earliest references to Confederation, Mr. Merritt moving that "An address be sent to the Queen to consider the project of a general confederation of all the British North America provinces," but it only secured seven votes.

William Lyon Mackenzie re-appeared in Parliament during the session. His return from exile produced a commotion, three successive attempts being made on his life at the hands of mobs, which were only quelled by the calling out of the troops, but these were the last public displays made against him. He continued to occupy his seat in the House for seven years, and his eventful career closed August 28th, 1861.

#### THE WORLD'S PARLIAMENTS.

The British Parliament compares favorably in size with those of other nations. With 670 members in the House of Commons and over 553 in the Upper House, it is far and away the largest in the world. France comes nearest, with 584 in the Chamber of Deputies and 300 in the Senate. Spain comes next with 431 in Congress and 360 in the Cortes. Then comes the Austrian Reichsrath with 353 and 245 in the Lower and Upper Houses respectively, followed by Germany with 397 in the Reichstag and 58 in its Bundesrath. The United States has 356 representatives in Congress and 88 Senators.

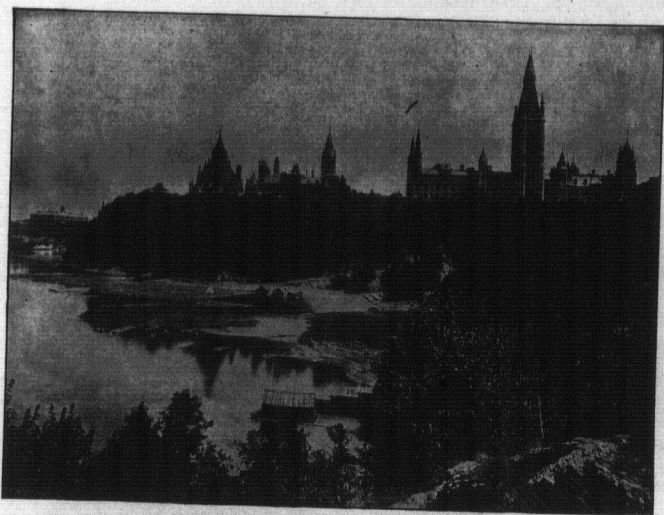
Of the 356 members of the American House of Representatives, 333 were born in the United States and twenty-three are of foreign birth and parentage. Only one negro has secured a place. Of the foreign-born representatives,

Ireland furnishes eight, Germany four, Canada five, Norway two, and England, Scotland, and Austria one each. The lawyer is even more in evidence in American politics than he is in England—207 out of the 356 members of the House are also members of the Bar; thirty-three are farmers, fourteen manufacturers, and twenty-one merchants. Five are doctors, two professional teachers, eight are bankers, while nine are editors, three railway officials, and four engineers. Fifty-two of the members were Union soldiers, and forty-seven served in the Confederate army. The oldest member comes from Pennsylvania, and is quite young according to the British parliamentary standards, being only in his seventy-third year; the youngest comes from North Carolina, and is twenty-eight—which is older than several M.P.'s were at the General Election. In early life fifty-five of the American law-makers worked on a farm, thirty-two taught school, eight were printers' apprentices, four sailors, and four clerks in country stores; two started as telegraph operators, four learned the trade of blacksmith, and two that of shoemaker. One was a coal miner and two carpenters. Eighty-seven have taken University degrees.

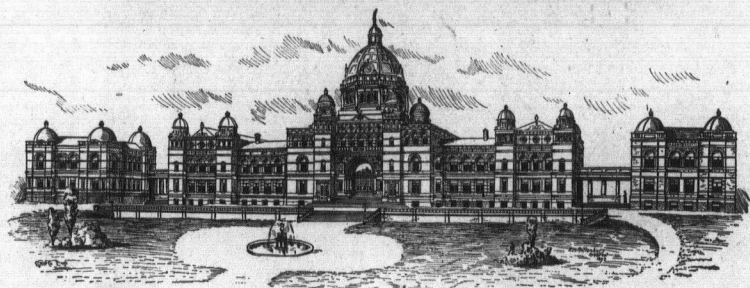
#### THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT

A census of the Dominion having been taken in April, 1891, a readjustment of the representation became, in consequence, necessary, and under the Act passed for that purpose during the Session of 1892 (55-56 Vic. c. 11) the House of Commons will, after next general election, consist of 213 members, distributed as follows: Ontario, 92; Quebec, 65; Nova Scotia, 20; New Brunswick, 14; Manitoba, 7; British Columbia, 6; Prince Edward Island, 5; and the North-West Territories, 4.





DOMINION PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

*British Columbia's New Parliamentary Buildings, Victoria.*PARLIAMENTARY BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS, VICTORIA, B.C. July 1<sup>st</sup> 1883 FROM HARBOR



WILLIAM RALPH MEREDITH.

## THE YOUNGEST INVENTOR.

The youngest inventor on record is Donald Murray Murphy of St. John, New Brunswick, who at six years of age obtained patent rights in Canada and the United States for the invention of a sounding toy. Mabel Howard of Washington at eleven years invented an ingenious game for her invalid brother and got a patent for it. Albert G. Smith of Illinois at twelve years patented a rowing apparatus. George E. Olmstead of Brookwaysville, Pa., a boy just out of knee-breeches, obtained £8,000 on selling his patented invention of a fire-escape. Humphrey Porter, a boy fourteen years of age, was the inventor of a most important improvement on the Newcomen steam engine. He hit upon the idea of connecting two cocks with the moving beam of the engine by means of strings attached to the levers, which opened and shut them. This device not only made the engine automatic, but increased its speed from six to fifteen strokes a minute. The famous Colt revolver was invented by Samuel Colt at the age of fifteen. When only seventeen years old, Benjamin F. Hamilton of Boston took out patents on a number of devices for electric and elevated railways. Sumner Kerr, a youth of eighteen, has patented a self-feeding pen. At the age of seventeen, that prince of inventors, Thomas A. Edison, in 1864, obtained a patent for one of the first of his inventions in telegraphy, an automatic repeater. He is now a millionaire, and has over 26,000 men in his employ in various parts of the world. He commenced life as a newspaper boy, and in 1889 had taken out his five hundredth patent. The future designer of the yacht Valkyrie, Mr. G. L. Watson of Glasgow, at the age of ten invented a water velocipede.

## WHICH LETTER OF THE ALPHABET IS MOST FREQUENTLY USED IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE?

The letter e, which is the only letter in the English language which is used oftener than one hundred times out of every thousand letters employed. The e stands first also as regards frequency of use in the French, German, Italian, and Spanish languages. The following letters are the ten English ones most frequently used, namely:

Out of every 1,000 letters used.		Out of every 1,000 letters used.	
E .....	127	R .....	70
T .....	83	N .....	66
O .....	76	H .....	65
S .....	71	A .....	64
I .....	71	L .....	60

As initial letters the order is very different; the order of the ten most frequently used being: R, S, C, P, A, T, D, M, F and I. The four letters most seldom used are z, j, q and x; while the four least frequently used as initial letters are K, Y, Z and X. Other languages would require the various letters in different proportions. In Latin and French q and u would be deficient, h would be in excess, and, w would be needless. The Welsh language requires a larger supply of d, y, w and i, and does not require j, k, q or x.

The Coldstream Guards are so-called from the town of that name in Berwickshire, where, in 1660, General Monk raised the regiment, known at first as Monk's Regiment. With the exception of the 1st Regiment of Foot, the Coldstream is the oldest corps in the British service.



LL through the burning summer days, when even the negro lies in the shade and the blossoming cotton balls wave over the silent fields, the plantation dogs of the plantation store frame the same beautiful, cool picture. Enter from the dusty roadside and the picture is before you; a square canvas of Nature's own painting, forest and stream and sunny sky. Green, fresh, darkly cool with undefined recesses of rich shadow, it is the strangest contrast to the long, rank, dim store. When autumn comes the picture changes; it glows with more vivid tints, the sky is an intenser blue, the willows mingle their gold with crimson and green of water oaks and gum trees, the Black river takes on emerald tints. But neither in summer nor in autumn is much attention paid by the store audience. Only one man of the store gathered in the store on a certain October day cast so much as a second glance at the blazonry of earth and sky.

This man was staring at the scene with eyes that saw nothing. He had a dismal medley of thoughts of his own, were the truth told, for him to contemplate. He was a young fellow, perhaps twenty, perhaps twenty-five years old; he was very clean; his hair was cut short but was so curly that it waved out from the shears; his eyes were brown and restless; his features, as Southwestern features are apt to be, delicate, even refined; but the mouth did not close firmly and quivered too readily into a nervous smile. He was dressed with unusual neatness in a dark blue suit and a white linen shirt. Anyone who noticed how carefully he brushed off the step on which he sat, before seating himself, or how he pulled up his trousers at the knees and flicked the dust from his coat with a white handkerchief, would perceive at once that he wore his best attire.

He sat twisting his cap with fingers that shook a little. No one in the store spoke to him, but every man watched him out of the tail of his eye, pretending some other reason for looking that way. And the tall, florid-faced man pre-  
siding on the doorstep close to him kept up a furtive stare at the back of his head. Occasionally he shifted his position, whereupon the watcher never failed to fling a hand back to a hip pocket and move something in the pocket up and down, while a visible thrill ran through the spectators. Naturally the muffled talk was all on these two men.

"Well—it was an old man, loose-jointed, long-limbed and gray-bearded, who spoke in the languid, Arkansas drawl—" well, that that feller ain't got no call to be monkeying with his pistol the enjuring time. Ascue ain't got spunk to cut and run even if he aims to, which I do not believe he does."

"If he was his uncle now, Cap'n Long," said another old man, whose bald head shone in the sunlight, "I reckon he wouldn't be long."

"But he ain't his uncle. He's a timid-hearted feller, can't enjure to kill a chicken I ben told. Say he ben waiting on Miss Willy Bartlett for three years, ever since his maw died, and ain't had courage gin him to ax her yet. That ain't

nothing but his favor like his uncle; he pinstied does favor him. I admit that, Mr. Morris."

"And I admit he are a sorter picklock feller, Cap'n Long; but I tell you he got his uncle in him and it will shore come out some way and some day. Named after him, ain't he?"

"Yes, sir, Dan'l Tyler Ascue; but owing to his maw's hatin' Dan like puen she never called him nary name but Tyler. His paw warn't a bad pua, but he ben twins, that's the trouble of him."

"Twins?" repeated Morris absently, investigating the claims of sapollo on his clasp knife. "What ye mean, Cap'n?"

"Why, twins is different from other kinds er brothers; they set a heap more store on each other. Watt Ascue, he was the stillest, industriousest, peacefulest man you ever did see and Dan was the devil's

just pickin' for badness and meanness and hell-daring owdaciousness. He was always a-fightin' and a-drinkin' and a-bettin' and the country was full er his wickedness till he finally up and killed a nigger. Case ben clear agin him and 'twas a right decent nigger and the prosecuting 'orney, he swore he'd git him hanged. But I reckon you know that story well's me."

"We don't, Cap'n," spoke up several voices, and nothing loath the narrator continued. "They all taken him to jail, least-ways there didn't ben no jail then, but they put him in this here store upstairs, and Armytage, he ben the constable, he chained him to a big iron staple by a chain round his legs; but that there Watt, he got permission for his little boy to fotch him some light bread and sich and there ben a file inside, and Dan lit out mighty briefly. Never did ben seen since. They treated Watt for helping of him—lawyers gave it a mighty big name that I disremember—and he taken a fever and died in this very store; his wife come over and nussed him. He did have a right smart of property, but lawyers' bills and setting Dan up to git off and all that, used it up so he lost his farm. She went off and taken a little place, and she and the boy they did manage some way to pay for it, and they got right good credit. But the woman sorter lost her confidence in folks. I dunno'a blame her so much. She taken it hard folks sided agin Watt, and she fairly despised the name of Dan Ascue, and she hadn't no kin herself, so there they lived and she kept the boy to herself. I don't guess she ever parted lips with anybody, less'n it ben Willy Bartlett for her nussing her once through a spell er sickness. She did set a power er store by her."

"Did she die two or three years ago?" asked Morris.

"Three years it ben, this fall. And sich a ending, Lord forgive it; Willy Bartlett told me; she ben thar. Ye see she ben so wropped up in that boy—being the onliest living child she had—that she cudn't be satisfied nohow to quit

and leave him by his lone. Acted real on-christian. Kep' sendin' for doctors. Maintained she wud gin well onyhow, Lord's will or no Lord's will. The boy he were just as funny 'bout it as her. He wudn't tell her she ben going to die in the night, like the doctor said; no, sir; he was all for humoring of her, and chinking her up, and tellin' her neither; got real violent when he proposed it. Last words she did say was 'I feel like I'd got sleep, honey; don't you set up; and he says, 'That's good, maw; I'll lay down and sleep bymbye, tew', and she parted



"HE SPOKE IN THE LANGUID ARKANSAS DRAWL."



him on the shoulder and she never did say another word or no kind; she went off in her sleep and him a setting beside her, gripping his hands tight and never making a sound no more'n a wild hiff if ye stick him. Minnie Willy lifted the feather to her lips and let it drop and says, 'She done gone, Ty, you pore boy,' he jumped up like snuffin' his him and lit out and she did not see him again for an hour, but then he come back with his eyes all swelled up, as still and decent's you want. And if you please, they didn't have nobody but Willy to the burying and none preaching 'tall.

The crowd agreed that it was a queer and an impious way to act. "I don't know," said a man who had not yet spoken, but to whom everyone seemed to listen respectfully, "I don't see nare use in worriting and pestering folks just because they are dying. Mrs. Ascue ben a good woman; I knew her before she come to trouble, and I guess if there's one sin the Lord forgives easy it is mothers loving their children too much."

"I'm with you there, squire," said Morris, "but say, what you all waiting for, swearing us out here to save time and then not calling the case?" "We ben waiting on Mr. Francis," returned the justice of the peace, for such he was, "but I got word he can't come, so Miss Willy Bartlett sayd she would act as clerk and I reckon we all better come in now. Mr. Massoner, will you and Mr. Ascue come into the office? All of you kin find a chair better fetch it."

Having thus opened court and summoned the prisoner, Squire Columbus Shinault walked ahead into the office and settled himself in an easy attitude in the office chair. Though he took off his coat for further comfort (the day was warm, one of those belated torrid days of August that will sometimes stray into an Arkansas October) and though he sprawled one leg over the arm of his chair, the holder of the scales of justice was an awful personage in one man's eyes. Ascue knit his slim hands together and thought of being bound over to the grand jury and set on the first stage to the convict camp, with the horrors of which Massoner, an ex-convict guard, had been very liberal all the evening before, and his heart rose within him with fight. At the little table below the office desk, usually the refuge for yesterday's newspapers, now neatly cleared and impressive with legal cap and ink and pens, sat a young woman two or three years older than Tyler Ascue. Her regular, sharply cut profile was bent over the pile of paper. She had a pale and handsome face with imperious black eyes. Her dress was no better than a pink print but it fitted her so snugly and was so trimly neat in every detail that pore Ascue thought, "How rich she is dressed!" His timid eyes fell beneath her flashing glances; his night of misery and humiliation seemed to culminate in the hot shame that flushed his veins, to paint his cheeks and strangle in his throat. He stumbled as he tried to find his chair. Theroupan Massoner righted him with no gentle hand, whispering, "Say, you better peld guilty if you so all fired scared up!"

Tears of rage and pain rose in the lad's eyes, not unmarked by the small-fetted, sallow, indifferent-looking man who swung his rough boot over the arm of the office chair. The court was opened by the remark, uttered in a conversational aside, "Well, seeing as you all ben swore out there, reckon we best begin. Where is Mr. Armytage?"

"He's having the hopper to his planter fixed; he wants you all to wait a minute." The reply came from the audience. The court nodded and occupied the time profitably by instructing the clerk in her duties. The office and the room beyond filled up with people, a few of them women. There was one baby that was audibly pitted by everyone. Ascue heard his heart drumming in his ears. He remembered how his dead mother used to pray every night that he might grow up into a good and honest man; he had not thought that the time could come when he should be glad that she was dead. "And I never done a thing. 'Tain't right! 'Tain't right!" he groined to himself.

Armytage had settled his dispute about the machine and was pushing through the crowd. Tyler could see his Roman nose and red hair against a green Japanese fan that he was waving to and fro. He was a man of stout habit and easily heated. He seated himself at just the right distance from the office stool, did one desire to convert it into a foot rest, and affably requested the court to "fire away."

"Well, Mr. Armytage," said the justice, "you was sworn in the other room so you can begin right away and give us your evidence; you lost a boat?"

"Yes, sir. Last night I went to get it to go fishing I had a chain to it and a lock, 'cause the boys at the store used to borrow it. When I come to the bank it was not there and the tree it ben tied to was chopped off."

"Have you got any reason to suspect anyone, Mr. Armytage? Was there any marks of foot prints?"

"No, sir, there was *not*; but this man was at the store and was asking for a boat and seemed powerful anxious to borrow or to hire one, offered fifty cents and ris to a dollar, and went off mad when I refused."

"Did he say anything?"

"No, sir; I told him my uncle had cheated me out of a hoss once and I wouldn't have no truck with *him*. And he didn't seem to like it."

"But you say he didn't say anything?"

"No, sir, just looked mad and went off."

This was Mr. Armytage's testimony, and the justice now assumed the invisible robes of prosecuting attorney and made ready to cross-examine the witnesses. The first witness called was Daniel Tyler Ascue. Examined, he deposed (in a low voice with weak notes like a child's tones) that he lived two miles from the settlement of Sweet Sips;

that he started out Wednesday evening about three o'clock to go to Mr. Francis' land; that his horse picked up a nail and acted kinder dumphish and he didn't like to ride him, so he left him in the livery stable at Sweet Sips, thinking to get a boat from the store and come down that way by river, because he did hear the bridge ben down and there was a power of water over the road. Mr. Armytage would not lend or hire his boat, so he went on afoot.

Cross-examined—Yes, sir, he did see someone on his way to Mr. Francis' land; saw two men fishing, Captain Long and Mr. Morris; asked them if they had a boat to lend. They had *not*; told him of a man down the road might lend him one. Yes, sir, he did start to go in the direction where the man lived, but he changed his mind and went back; did not like to ask favors of folks was why he changed his mind. No, sir, his business was not with Mr. Francis; declined to tell who it was he had business with.

Here the clerk laid down her pen to remark coolly, "Why don't you tell them it was with me, Ty? I don't mind;" while the prisoner reddened up to his eyelids.

"I don't guess that 'pint is important anyway," interrupted Shinault's soft drawl; "if you ain't got anything more to ask, you read it to him, Miss Willy. Then he kin sign it if it is all correct."

"Yes, sir, I am sure it is all right," said Ascue eagerly, feeling that he should somehow criticize Miss Willy as clerk if he were to demand a reading.

"It is the law, Mr. Ascue," said the justice gravely, and the testimony was read.

The next witness was Mr. Morris, who deposed to Ascue's evident anxiety to secure a boat and to his departure in one direction for a good distance, then his turning and running in the direction of Sweet Sips.

"Did you—" evidently this was a vital question, since Mr. Armytage dropped both his legs to the floor and sawed the air with his fan—"did you see the prisoner, Mr. Ascue, again, yesterday afternoon?"

"Well, no, sir; I don't feel like swearing I did."

"Didn't you tell your wife you did—recollect you are on oath, Mr. Morris?" "I do recollect, Mr. Armytage, that's where the skin's raw. Did tell Pearl I seen Ascue, leastways I 'lowed I did, but I can't well and truly swear to it. We was coming home and we seen a boat on the river. There was just one man in the boat in his shirt. He ben rowing mighty soft like, only 'bout thirty licks to the minute I would say. Says I, 'ain't that Ascue? Long, he's so night-sighted he couldn't say. Fust I 'lowed it was him and was for hollerin' on him to stop, but then looked like to me he had on a striped shirt, and he ben a chunkier man as Ascue, so we didn't holler."

"You can't swear it was Tyler Ascue, but you are sure it was him?"

Long's testimony was of the same tenor, except that he had no opinion whatever about the rower, "being so night-sighted." Both men were ready to swear to the boat, which they recognized by its red and white painting.

During the examination Miss Willy had whispered to the justice, who turned to Long, saying, "What kind of clothes did he wear?" The witness

"disremembered;" had not noticed that he wore a striped shirt

—might have worn a striped shirt, for he was night-sighted and couldn't tell. Did remember he wore a black hat.

Morris being recalled and asked the same questions, remembered that he thought (would not swear) that the man wore a striped shirt, and it was not a stiff shirt. Was sure that he wore a black hat.

Shinault turned to Armytage. "Did you notice if your man had a hat on?"

"No, sir, he sayd he lost it; it blowed off; he bought one at the store." Armytage hesitated a second, frowning, then he added doggedly, "It ben a cap he bought, a white cap."

Justice and audience with one accord looked at the white cap which Ascue was crumpling in his hands.



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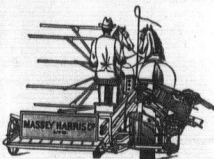
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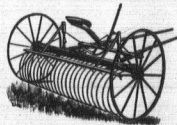
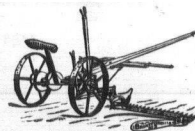


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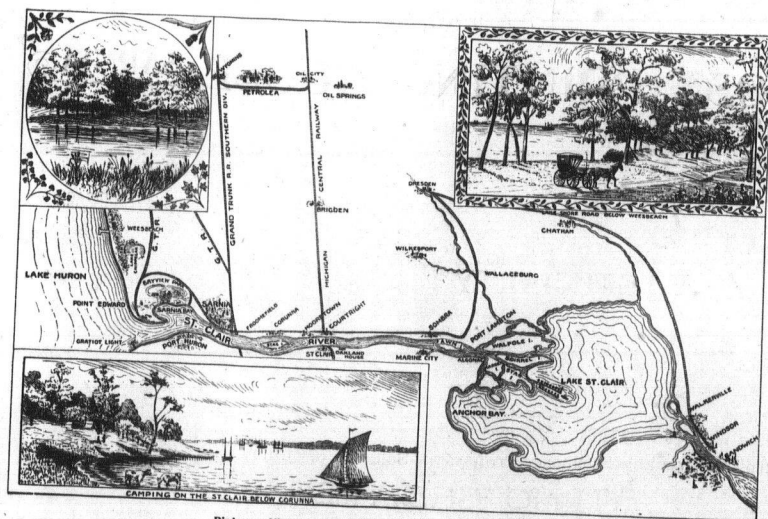
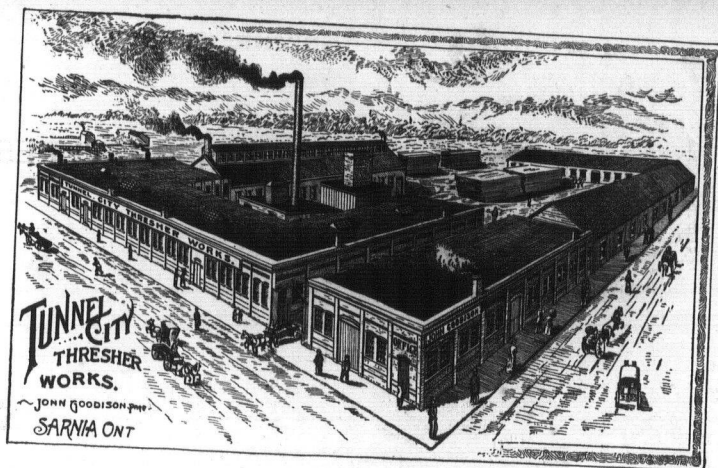
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cause and a-holping of me, the squire most like would of sent me up. Will you do like I tell ye or—

Instead of struggling the man on the floor burst into a peal of laughter. "Let me up," says he, "let me up; hang it, but I seen the biggest bluff I ever did see; why, d— it all, Ty, I taken you for a regular chump, and you got some blood in you after all. Let me up and git out your paper."

All the while Tyler was arranging the writing materials he kept chuckling to himself. "Declare to you, boy, I felt plumb cut up to see you such a mis-able, chicken-hearted critter like you seemed." Then he added, with an approach to feeling in his voice, "Your naw was the best friend I ever did have and—" he swore a great oath—"he ben the only friend or pardner I ever did have didn't save his own hide ruther'n help me. I ain't forgot, neither, the way you done me in that cussed jail. I'll give ye a boost with you' gird, if I kin. Old man Bartlett's daughter, I reckon?"

"Yes, sir, but—I ain't got no chance to marry her."

"Why not?" The outlaw was scribbling with a rapidity that awakened Tyler's keen admiration.

"Cause she told me so yistiddy."

"And what has she got agin my nephew I would like to know?"

"Nothin', only—only—" he turned red to his eyelids and the tears glittered on his eyelashes, "she said she liked me but she—there warn't nothing of the man 'bout me and she wanted to marry a man when she married."

"Jest so. You fooled her like you fooled me. Well, boy, you got to reform. You got to learn to smoke and chew—"

"No, sir, women folks don't like chewing, it messes and gums too much."

"And drink—"

"I done promised maw I never would get drunk; reckon we got to give that up."

"Well," the outlaw looked troubled, then his face brightened, "ain't there nobody ye could fight? A woman will forgive most anything to a man kin fight. Laws, I used to walk up and down in front of that rotten store at Sweet Sips when I ben full, a-bollerin' with all the power of my voice, I'm the best man ever did make a track in Sweet Sips! and there warn't a feller dast take me; most days. Oh, there was no flies on me then times." He sighed pensively. "Them was pleasant times after all, though I didn't know what champagne was, and a three-card monte feller could have skinned me first try. Well, ain't there somebody you could fight?"

"There's Massoner; I'd like to fight him."

"Little feller? You' fight weight; better pick on one of you' class."

"No, sir, he are six feet and heavy. Used to be a convict guard in Georgia."

"I'raid you can't overawe him, boy."

"I kin try; onct I had a wrestle with a wild hog and I stuck it and killed it."

"Kin you lick him with your fists? This country is so blamed peaceable now they make it uncomfortable for a gentleman if he so much as fights with knucks."

"I kin try," said Tyler mildly; "there was a feller taken sick with the break bone fever and I taken care of him, 'cause they was fixing to turn him out of the hotel at Sweet Sips and he was a right kind feller and learned me how to box—that's what he called it."

"I 'lowed somebody showed ye that trick that sent me to the floor. Say, if you will lay out that convict guard and drap me a postal to Memphis, boy, I'll send you the dandiest suit of clothes."

"Yes, sir," said Tyler.

That evening he drove his uncle to the nearest railway station in time for the midnight train. He felt that it was a sort of disloyalty to his mother that he should shake hands with him before they parted and wish him well in heart as well as words; but he said to himself, "Well, I never did understand paw's being so sot on helping of him before; I do now," and he sighed.

Miss Willy Bartlett did not see him for days, and it is possible that his unobtrusive presence was missed. "I will say for him," she said to Aunt Tilly, her helper, while they stirred the muscadine jam in the great iron kettle in the

front yard, "that he was an awful clean man and made less mess about the house than any man I ever did see."

Sometimes she wondered what he was doing, keeping himself so close. If she could have looked into his cabin and seen Tyler with a pale face and an expression of dogged disgust puffing away at a pipe she would have understood him less than ever.

She was the first to hear of Mr. Armytage's recovery of the boat and of the note. The note said simply that the writer had taken the boat to borrow it and that Mr. Armytage could find it some six miles up the river, near Sweet Sips. But it was Miss Willy who pointed out to her boarders how completely this cleared Tyler. "For how could he be sailing that boat six miles up the river when he was at this place three miles down from Sweet Sips?" she argued.

But suspicion is easier raised than laid, having a ghostly facility of walking without legs, so that though the latter be knocked down under it, it can still get about. Cavilers remained to assure Miss Bartlett that Tyler could have concealed the boat near Mr. Francis' place and then gotten into it and rowed up the river and written the note himself. Miss Willy had plenty of opportunities to discuss the question. Perhaps it was two weeks before Tyler appeared in the store at Mr. Francis' place. He came to buy some "gears for his mules," and he was as meek, dejected and tidy as ever. He could hear a faint buzz of low talk going on about him, but nobody paid him any attention; in fact, the only person that spoke to him (Miss Willy, passing

through the store, nodded), was Squire Shinnalt; he held out a cordial hand and asked if his cotton had the sore skin, and if he 'lowed to gin at Mr. Francis'. Miss Willy, at the other end of the store, could see how red Tyler grew and how his hands shook.

"Oh, ain't he a chicken-hearted man," she muttered impatiently, marching away with her head in the air. Massoner was in the store; he paid no attention to Tyler, not so much as looking at him. Tyler hung around and approached several groups with plain intent to join in the conversation, but each little cluster dissolved as soon as he joined it, leaving him alone.

"Nobody wants to have any truck with me," thought Tyler disconsolately. "I can't go up to a feller and hit him 'cause he won't speak to me; it ain't so easy to git a fight." He waited a little while, then he walked to the door and nailed up a placard upon which more than one evening had been spent. Not a word but had been tested by the dictionary. The card said:

"WHEREAS—There is talk in this town that I, Daniel Tyler Ascue, have stolen a boat from Mr. Armytage of Sweet Sips, and I did not do it, and I never did steal nothing on earth since I was born, therefore I, Daniel Tyler Ascue, call you all a liar, and I am ready to fight with fists or any other weapons anybody who says I stole the said boat."

"DANIEL TYLER ASCUS!"

"I reckon that will fetch 'em," says Tyler grimly. And it did. A little crowd of laughing and jeering men was soon gathered about the door. "This crowd strides Tyler. 'Is any one'er you gentlemen aiming to take it up?'" says he.

The crowd stares; Massoner bids Tyler go home and quit making a fool of himself.

"Quit you'self!" hawls Tyler, and hits Massoner in the face. That was a fight that any renter on Mr. Francis' land can describe to this day. There was no ring, there were no seconds and no rounds, but the audience had its fill of excitement, and perhaps no man of them all was more bewildered than Massoner, when in spite of his mad-hall rushes and his big fists he found himself in a breathless and battered heap on the ground. "Have ye got enough?" piped Ascue's mild tenor above; "air you convinced I didn't steal that boat?"

"I reckon I got convictions 'nuff for one while," muttered the prison guard, as he fell back after a fruitless attempt to sit up; "my head had about a million opinions of its own. Well, shake, pardner, I never thought ye had it in you."

"I'm real sorry I hurted you," said Tyler, all his passion dissipated by the other's good humor; "now, if any other gentleman is waiting to argy with me—"

But no other gentleman was anxious to dispute the point, and Tyler took out his pipe and having filled it went his way, past his sweetheart's house, puffing valiantly.



"WELL, SHAKE, PARDNER, I NEVER THOUGHT YE HAD IT IN YE."



"It's powerful nasty," thought the smoker, "but there's so few things like a man I kin do, have to stick to them I kin."

Before Christmas week the melancholy Tyler had fought four detractors of his name, thrashing them all and going about with a black eye and a cut lip, which decorations were the more noticeable for his new Memphis clothes. He always had his boots blacked and he wore a dazzling necktie and a watch. And never did Miss Willy meet him that there was not a pipe between his lips. She could have wept at the change.

"I tell you, Miss Willy," said Morris, "I tell you that boy's got his uncle in him and it is coming out fast. Say he carries a revolver and he goes to festivals and dances. Fought Billy Foster 'tother day for nothing on earth 'cept he was licking his own steer. It is terrible young-fellers will go to the devil that way, terrible, terrible!"

Christmas was now approaching apace. Purple twigs relieved only by the red swamp berries or clumps of mistletoe, replaced all the dazzling pageantry of the woodlands. The store was gay with holiday glassware and jewelry and toys.

Miss Willy had made her Christmas mince meat, and all her boarders knew that besides plum pudding her Christmas dinner would have oranges and nuts and candy and a famous bowl of egg-nogg. In fact, Miss Willy was planning to keep her boarders at home Christmas day, and trying to outbid a certain tavern of ill repute in the hills. By common consent, Christmas week on a Southwestern plantation is given over to riotous drinking. There was a distillery in the hills, near Old Man Hammer's. A party was made up to go out for a dance at the tavern. "We'll see if my boys like the Hammer girls' green-biscuit and heavy cake better'n my cooking; or if they'd rather fill themselves with mean whisky and 'ar and charge and fight like mad dogs or have a plumb good dinner and a nice dance and music," said Miss Willy to her helper.

"Do say Miss Tyler Ascue be gwine wid dem," said Aunt Tilly. "Miss Willy, how come dat boy git so changed up? Say he gwine on most's bad like his uncle; and you 'member how he did water puck up water and help wash dishes, and de stillest man on aith, 'cept when he'd be singin'." "Member how he'd sing Home, Sweet Home?"

"Tilly, the candy's boiling over," cried Miss Willy, and no more was said about Tyler Ascue, but the next night Squire Shinault, sitting in his comfortable "best room," with his violin in his arms and his foot busy with a cradle while he soothed the baby, was aware of a horsewoman approaching. Dismounting, she showed the tall and vigorous shape of Miss Willy Bartlett.

The squire greeted her with the hospitality of the region. "Mrs. Shinault had gone with the boy to visit on a neighbor and he was minding baby." Miss Willy sat down to wait and began with various enquiries, in response to which Shinault of course asked the question, "What's going on your way?"

"Nothing," 'cept Tyler Ascue had another fight. I am worried about that boy, squire, there's such a heap of talk about him. They all say his uncle has broke out in him. I heard he was going with the boys to the dance at Hammer's."

"Shucks! They ain't no harm in the boy," said Shinault. "He don't drink, never did. I don't believe it." Shinault noticed that Miss Willy, who had been pushing at the fingers of her gloves, let her hands fall in her lap with a soft breath. "That boy, though, Miss Willy," said he slowly, "needs somebody to take care on him; I'll tell you something I know. Some way he has met up with his uncle, fur he went to Memphis to visit him. He needs somebody to care for him. His maw done it while she lived, but now—" Miss Willy reached over to rock the cradle; she thought the baby "was fixin' to cry," she said. It took a considerable time to be sure that the infant was quietly sleeping and by that time Miss Willy seemed to have forgotten her solicitude for Tyler. She talked of the cotton crop, and the price, and the new gin at Sweet Sips, and the Christmas tree at the schoolhouse. And she went away without being able to wait for Polly Shinault, to whom she left her love. As she rode away in the dusk she heard Shinault playing Home, Sweet Home.

"And to-morrow's Christmas," thought Miss Willy, "and me without a soul of kin nearer than Little Rock or the graveyard. And it's the same with him—except that pesky uncle. I know they will try to git him to join their wicked parties and festivals now they have found out what good company he is for all he's so still. There wouldn't be any harm on earth asking him up to Christmas dinner."

I should not like to say how many hours Miss Willy fished from the night to write such a simple letter as this:

FRIEND TYLER,—We have been good friends so long that I hope you will forgive me for asking of you not to go with the boys to Hammer's. It is only to drink and fight. I heard you were going with them and I am sure it would pain your dear mother in heaven if you did. I would be glad to see you to our house to dinner on Christmas day, my dear friend. I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Dinner is at one o'clock, and there will be games and dancing in the evening.

"Your friend,

"WILLY R. BARTLETT."

Many and many a time did Miss Willy repeat to herself the contents of that letter, wishing it back in her own pocket, then calculating the time it would take a man on a fast horse to ride over to the boarding-house from Sweet Sips.

Half an hour before the time that she gave him Tyler rode into the yard and stood smiling before Miss Willy.

"Why, laws, Tyler Ascue," said she, "where'd you drop from?"

"I come to tell you I got your letter. I come straight. Say, did you 'low I was going to Hammer's?"

"Well, you seemed so wild and changed lately—"

"Don't you like the change?"

"Of course I don't, Ty. I ben so scared up about you I couldn't sleep nights. What's got into you—laws! What's that a-sticking out of your pocket?"

"It—it's a pipe, Miss Willy. Don't you like smoking?"

"Of course I don't, and one thing I used to like about you was you never smoked."

Tyler kicked the dirt with his carefully blackened boots and gnawed his under lip.

"I don't know what has come over you, Tyler, you ain't like the same person, a ramping, roaring, lion-like critter as you are now."

"I didn't 'low you cared, Miss Willy—" his downcast face cleared. "Would you like for me to give up smoking, Miss Willy?"

"Of course I would, and drinking too, and—and fighting everybody on earth!"

"You said I hadn't nothing of a man 'bout me, Miss Willy, and so I put it up you'd like me better—"

"Oh, Ty," cried Miss Willy, "I reckon I—I ben liking you all the while, only I didn't know it till I got so scared up 'bout your evil courses, and Christmas time coming on, too, when the whole plantation gets drunk's a fool, Tyler, looks like you needed somebody to take care on you."

"Yes, Miss Willy; yes, honey, dearie, I do for sure." He said nothing more for a little while but he kissed Miss Willy recklessly, there in the gallery with Mrs. Toodles who lives next door, packing up water with Jane Mary, Toodles, and both more interested than words can say.

Half an hour later the simply minded Tyler had confessed all about his

uncle's advice. He was bewildered

that Miss Willy should exclaim:

"One thing, Tyler, I never shall

let you have anything to do with

your uncle, he's a terrible wicked

man; I never shall forgive him for

the advice he gave you! Never in

this world!"

But Tyler continues to be

grateful to his reprobate of a kins-

man—and perhaps he has reason.



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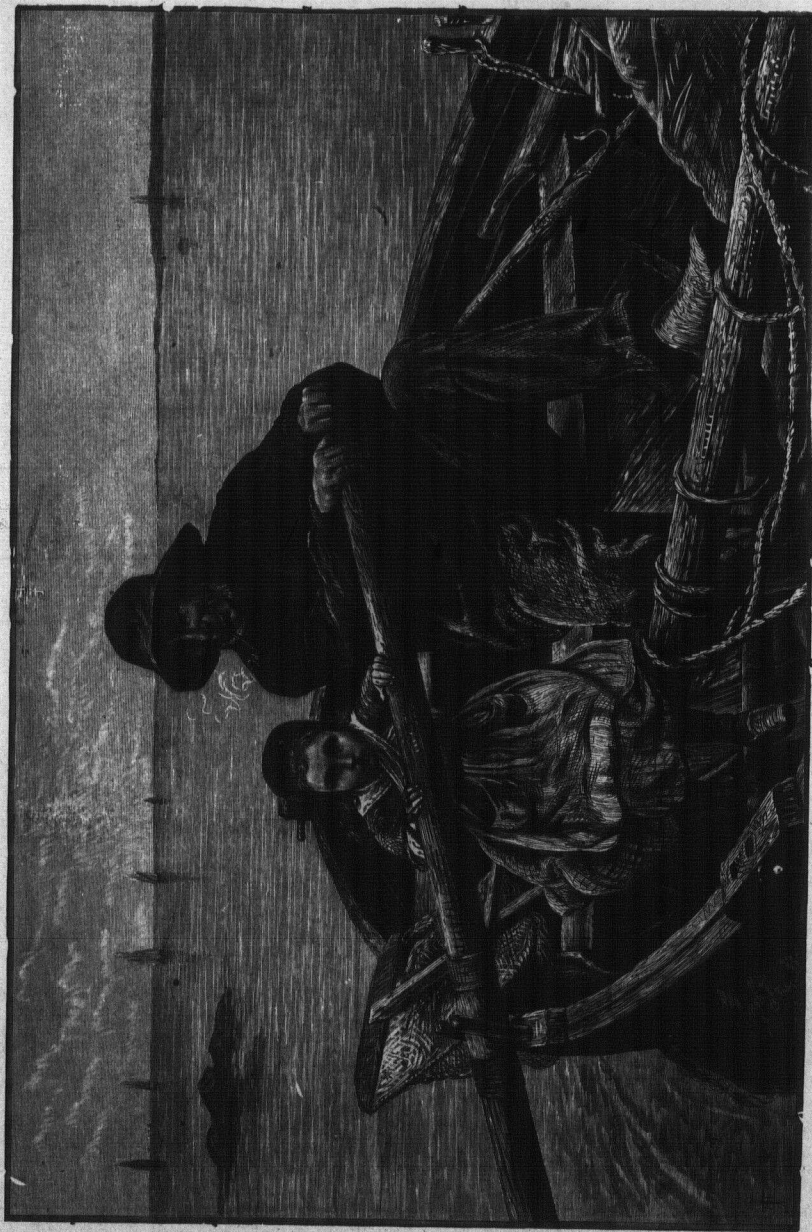
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A HELPER AT THE OAR.



## TORPEDO TERRORS.

*Boats Are Driven Under Water and Beneath the Enemy's Ships.—Warfare Revolutionized.*

There was something strange and terrible in the announcement that the Brazilian Government had decided to bring Baker's mysterious submarine torpedo boat from Chicago to New York and prepare it for a silent cruise under the keels of the insurgent war ships at Rio.

Once more the fairy world of imagination which grew under the pen of Jules Verne was awakened to life by the plans of the great South American Republic to destroy her rebellious fleet. There was to have been a gun that would hurl a quarter of a ton of dynamite at every shot; torpedo boats to flash through the waves with the speed of railroad trains and a vessel loaded with explosives to move about in the depths of the sea under the doomed ships.

No wonder the fearfully beautiful fancies of Jules Verne were recalled as President Peixoto's agents gathered together engines of destruction that appal the mind by the immensity of the possibilities involved.

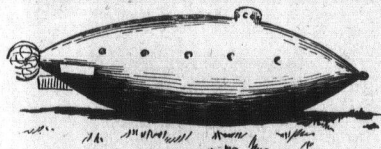
But one odd thing about it is that when a man has doubts about the feasibility of submarine navigation he is reminded that the vessel in Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea did this or that or the other thing still more marvelous, and the argument is closed, for few stop to think that the great romance was dealing with the poetic shadows of science rather than with science itself. Yet his marvelous skill in basing his dreams upon lines of logic has fixed the submarine boat so firmly in the imagination of the world that the Brazilian plan of sending Baker's queer craft under the enemy's hulls did not provoke a smile.

The terrors and perils of such an experiment can scarcely be realized. It is no child's play to seal men up in a floating tank and send them down into the dim water where the slightest accident, be it ever so unblamable, means instant death for all.

As I walked through the navy yard in Brooklyn recently I saw the rusted hull of a famous submarine boat, which is known throughout the American navy as "the intelligent whale." How this fantastic and fearful device of war like men could have escaped the keen eyes of the Brazilian agents is inexplicable. But there lay the sealed and long forgotten shrine of many an ambitious warrior.

For more than twenty years "the intelligent whale" had lain there and no one had dared to step inside of her. In a few minutes one of the gunner's assistants had unscrewed the fastenings of the iron door on top of the picturesque structure and I had lowered myself down into the interior, while two bronzed faces peered in at the opening.

"No submarine business for me," said the gunner's assistant, whose ox-like shoulders and shaggy head loomed up beside me. "I saw this here boat go down off the dock over there with three men in her. Well, they went down, and down, and down. These cylinders contained the compressed air, and it was carried from one to the other through these coils of rubber hose. Do you see this queer crank? Well, one man got on that side of it and the other got on this side, and they turned the shaft that worked the propelling wheel on the rear end. Another fellow sat on this here stool, with his head stuck up into the conning tower. You see it is very small and it fitted him like a helmet. He



*The Intelligent Whale.*

could turn his head and look through these little glass windows in any direction. He steered with that wheel in front of the stool. The up and down rubber fins were worked with these handles attached to the shaft and cog wheels. Here is the electric battery, with the fring wire for the torpedo, which was to be carried out by a diver and fastened to the keel of the ship.

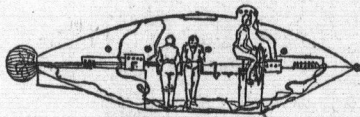
Of course Baker's submarine torpedo boat is a more scientific affair than "the intelligent whale." But somehow the submerged vessel does not seem to work at the right time. The hull of Baker's boat is 30 feet long, 14 feet deep and 9 feet wide. On the surface of the water she is driven by a sixty-horse power common marine steam engine, but when she sinks she is driven by an electro motor. The reason is obvious. You cannot have fire without plenty of air, and the smoke must be disposed of. The electro motor when not in use to drive the boat is used as a dynamo to charge the storage batteries with currents which are again used to drive the motor when the vessel sinks.

The hull of the boat is built in perfect curves and a horizontal cross section shows a perfect ellipse. It is constructed of oak frames six inches thick, laid with broken joints. The skeleton work is covered with waterproof cloth and is then planked lengthwise with one-inch oak, the structure being capable of standing a pressure of seventy-five pounds to the square inch. On top of the hull and directly in the center is the conning tower, fifteen inches high, supplied

with thick glass lights. The tower is fitted with a watertight cover through which entrance to the inside of the boat is obtained. In the rear of the conning tower is the movable telescopic smokestack. About the same distance forward of the center is an air pipe through which the air is drawn by means of a powerful electric fan. The smokestack, conning tower and air pipe are surrounded by light iron railing several inches above the water line at which the boat usually floats.

It was on a dull, chilly day in November, 1886, when the dolphin-shaped Peacemaker gave an exhibition of her powers before two steamboat loads of spectators off Eightieth street, North River, New York. The boat had a caustic soda generator for running the engine. After the generator had been fully charged from the tender alongside, Holland, the pilot, and Kline, the engineer, descended through the manhole, followed by three correspondents, one of whom being an old sailorman was detailed to hold the candle to the compass for the pilot to steer by when the manhole plate had been screwed tight.

Holland knocked twice with a monkey-wrench against the deck to "let her go." The engine was started, the pilot depressed his bow pins, raised his after ones, opened the sea cock to the forward tank, and the little boat, as she moved ahead, gracefully dipped beneath the surface. The gray tint of the waves splashing over the windows of the conning tower gave place to a light pea green



*Interior of the Intelligent Whale.*

color, followed by all the gradations to deep blue as the boat descended lower and lower, but the rushing tide had caught her, and before they knew it had hurled her sideways with a loud crash against the schooner's bottom, jamming her between it and the anchor chain.

It was a critical moment. "Stop her!" "Back her!" were the pilot's nervous orders. The banging and wrenching noises were still terrific; the pilot shifted the rudder, let more water into the tanks and shouted, "Go ahead, easy," and with a thunderous clamor, as if steam hammers were pounding down on the hull, the boat scraped across under the schooner's bottom, rolling back and forth as she shot off into deep water. It was a close shave, and but for the protective fin over the conning tower and hatch they would have been ripped off.

Getting her on an even keel, the pilot arranged his fins and shot up to the surface to sight the steamboats, intending then to dive underneath. "Give her full speed," he shouted, and at an angle of ten degrees she sped down, down into the murky abyss of the Hudson. Fifteen, twenty, thirty feet depth were noted on the gauge. "Give it to her," urged the pilot. The engine was driven to its highest speed; the boat trembled under the enormous pressure of the mountain of water above her, her iron hull began to sweat, but down she kept going till forty-five feet was on the gauge.

Then the pilot steadied her up on even keel, reversed the engines, but as she rose she spied dark shadows overhead. Throwing his helm hard over, Holland shouted to the engineer, "Give her bell." We were right under the steamboat. In another moment she had shot off to starboard and rose to daylight just a few feet from the steamboat's side—another close shave.

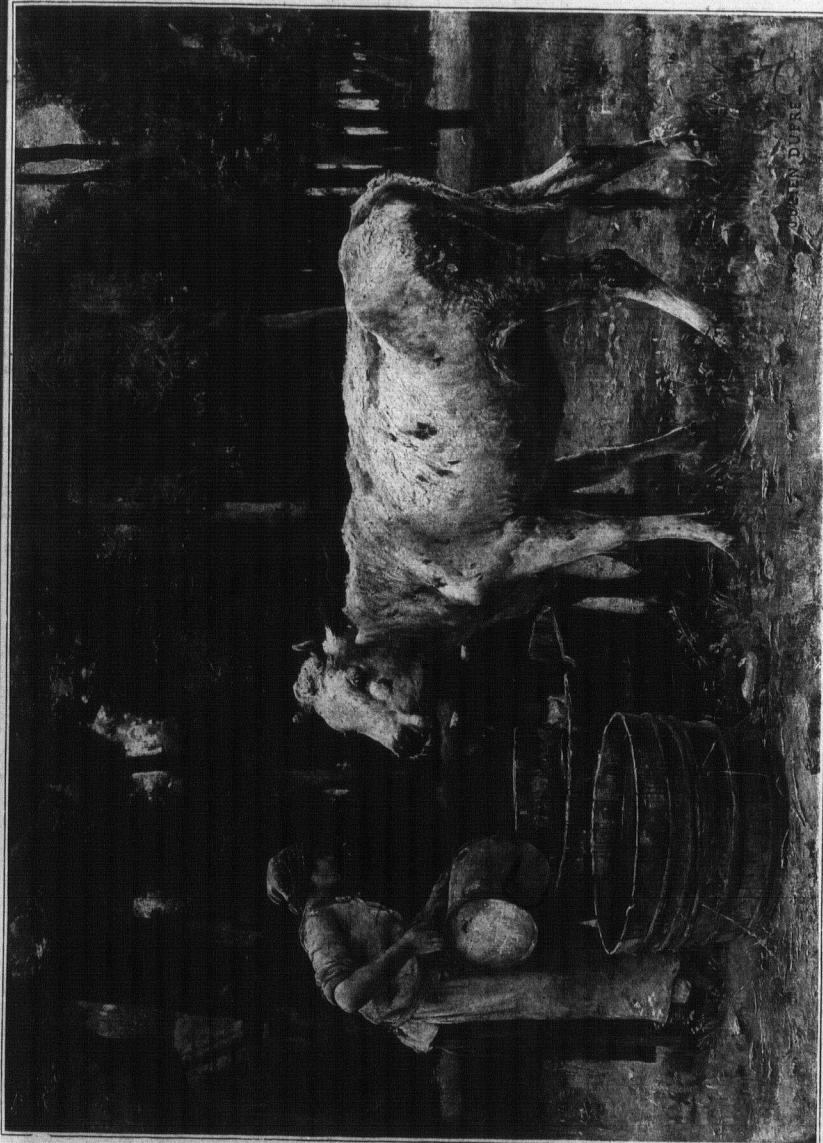
A third dive was made at a steep angle, something like going down Montague street hill, Brooklyn, in the cable car. "We're doing twelve miles an hour with the tide," shouted Holland. The words were hardly uttered when bump! she went into the bottom of the river. It gave them all a severe jolt. "Back her!" yelled Holland. The boat backed away unhurt, and putting his helm to port we turned a semi-circle about thirty feet down "below blue water," as the pilot put it, for candle light was all we had. Then he elevated his bow fins and up she shot to the surface, swept fully a mile below the steamers by the tide.

They steamed back at an eight-mile-an-hour gait, the manhole was opened, the sweet, fresh air poured in and all hands thankfully enough ascended from their dark and gloomy submarine prison. Grave fears had been entertained for the boat's safety, and the spectators manifested intense interest in the story of the voyage.

J. W.

## LOSS OF LIFE IN WAR.

The following figures, which throw some light on the horrors of modern warfare, are taken from the statistics of the Franco-German War, published by the Prussian War Office. In August, 1870, 780,728 German soldiers crossed the French frontier, followed during the war by 22,762 others. The soldiers remaining in Germany were 200,000. At the close of the armistice, the German army counted 936,918 men. The loss of the German army was 120,000 men, of whom 40,862 were killed and 88,838 wounded; 17,572 were killed on the field, and 10,710 died in consequence of their wounds. The battle of Gravelotte cost 20,150 men; Mars-la-Tour, 15,790; Woerth, 10,642; Sedan, 9,924; the Siege of Paris, 12,509; and Metz, 5,571. The French lost 107,163, 74,441 cannons, and 855,000 firearms. The number of French prisoners sent into Germany was 333,341.



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## THE SPELLING MATCH AT ELMROOT.

(Mach, in Toronto Saturday Night.)

SUPPOSE that a foreign army had been advancing across the country and had, come into the village of Elmroot on this particular autumn evening upon which this history opens, the entire village with the exception of the schoolhouse might have been loaded upon wagons and stolen if the invaders had been so minded. Of course if the foreigners had become avaricious and had attempted to make off with the schoolhouse the whole enterprise of plunder would have fallen through, for the village was gathered there and the invaders would have raised a pretty hornets' nest about their ears. But the church, and the hotel, and the two stores, and the cider mill and all the private houses might very well have been stolen, for no one was outside the schoolhouse who had sense enough to know the way there and strength enough to walk it. The old hostler was in charge of the Elmroot Grand Central Hotel, but he was stone dead and quite intoxicated by this time; old Granny Gillan was up at Gillan's house, but she was a simple old body and sound asleep, if you please, on the front room sofa; Marthy White was up to Miller's, where all the infants of the village who couldn't be taken along by their mothers were congregated in her care, but Marthy was an imbecile and she wouldn't mind being stolen along with the houses any more than would the children. It was strategically weak of Elmroot to leave its gates open and its walls unmanned in this way, but as no invading army presented an appearance the weakness of the action was never properly brought home to the inhabitants and is now for the time pointed out to them.



The new master was going to bring Elmroot forward at a trot.

It was the night of Elmroot's first and last Annual Autumn Spelling Match. It was designed to be an annual fixture, but for reasons which in part will be made plain here, and for other reasons which the reader's knowledge of human nature obviates the necessity of particularizing, it was dropped and never heard of again.

The new schoolteacher was at the bottom of the whole disturbance. He had but recently come from away down country, where advanced methods were employed, and, enthusiastic as are all young teachers, the ink on whose certificates is scarcely dry, he at once demonstrated that he came from an advanced locality. He dazzled the place with the splendor of his attainments. He could sing better than the leader of the choir, who was himself a prodigy, being able to sing any piece that you could put before him. The new master taught the scholars singing every Tuesday afternoon, writing music with chalk on the blackboard. Whenever a boy was bad, instead of being switched he was ordered to stand up and put on his hat, whereupon the master, with a few strokes of chalk, made a ridiculous portrait of him on the board. All the scholars could recognize the portrait at a glance; at all events they could identify the hat, and the culprit, limned there conspicuous to general scorn, was humiliated and crushed worse than could have been done by any raw-hiding.

But his masterpiece was his regular Friday afternoon spelling match. He claimed that it would inspire a wholesome rivalry among the pupils. And he was right. But the inspiration and the rivalry, when once under way, soon developed into a force that surcharged the entire village, old and young, and defied the schoolmaster to quell or direct it. He certainly had no cause to complain, as other schoolmasters do constantly complain, that parents take no interest in the education of their children. The affairs of the school soon became the politics, religion and daily business of everyone.

On the occasion of the third Friday afternoon spelling match, fully one hundred visitors crowded the back seats and aisles of the schoolhouse; every scholar was washed clean and felt giddy and supremely conscious, while the master demonstrated by his every word and movement that he came from an advanced locality and was going to bring Elmroot forward at a trot. Self-pleased as he was, Mr. Teachem, all unknown to himself, was standing fairly over a magazine. You see strangers, even from advanced localities, never know exactly where the dangerous spots in the social geography of an isolated village, so that he was flattered by the presence of so many visitors, not knowing that they came purposely to see



Jimmy.

the mine explode and blow somebody, most likely his smiling self, clear out of his present orbit. Rev. Mr. Betts and Dr. Hogg were the two leading trustees of the school and entertained for each other a cordial dislike. Dr. Hogg never went to church unless an outsider were in the pulpit, and Rev. Mr. Betts retaliated by never getting so sick but that quinine and a hot foot-bath would cure him. What did that schoolmaster do but appoint the rival sons of these rival gentlemen and irreconcilable trustees as captains of opposing sides for the third Friday afternoon spelling match!

The contest opened, the master propounding a word turn about to Bobbie on his left and to Tommy Betts' side on his right. When a pupil on one side missed a word it went across to the pupil facing him or her on the opposing side, and when the same pupil had missed two words he or she had to retire. The captains both fell early, and at last the shoemaker's daughter held the floor on Tommy Betts' side, while an orphan boy who did chores at the tavern held the floor on the Hogg end of the combat. A dozen words were tried on each, but neither faltered. When the toule-headed boy Jimmy was given the word "etiquette," Dr. Hogg gasped, but as the lad's limber tongue, after a moment's pause, reeled off the letters "e-t-i-q-u-e-t-t-e," he clapped his hands and all his partizans joined in. "When the shoemaker's daughter got 'physic' she not unaturally made a very face and a dead silence fell upon the schoolroom, but 'p-h-y-s-i-c' came her sweet response, and the applause, led by the scholarly hand-clap of Rev. Mr. Betts, was even louder than before. 'It seems to me,' said Mr. Teachem, after giving out a few more words, 'that it is unfair to these bright children to prolong the match further. They have done excellently, and if either of them should now miss a word it would be the result of the excitement which is rising every moment, rather than an evidence of incapacity.' Quite a public speaker, Mr. Teachem. 'Therefore I will declare this match a draw, and you may each resume your seat.' The applause was prolonged. Dr. Hogg bobbed to his feet.

Mr. Teachem, as a trustee of this school a few words from me may not be out of place on this occasion. These gatherings are bound to do good, and the attendance evinces the keen interest taken by the parents in the affairs of the school. If I might venture to criticize, I might say, however, that it giving out the words I noticed that you gave Tommy Betts those words with which he, as a minister's son, was sure to be familiar, such as 'salvation,' 'redemption,' and 'election,' and if it had not been that a secular word got at him by the failure of an opponent to spell it, your foresight might have kept him there for a week. Now I am not complaining. Nothing more need be said about it. It's just as well to let these matters drop and all part in good feeling.

"As a promoter of good feeling, Mr. Chairman—I presume I may address you as such?" said Rev. Mr. Betts, smiling in salutation and bowing to Mr. Teachem, "my fellow trustee is, to say the least, unique. I might point out to him that the word which vanquished my son, and which his son had unexpectedly failed to spell, was 'rheumatism.' As a doctor, his son should have spelled it, and I might as well accuse you, Mr. Teachem, of favoritism to Bobbie Hogg as that Mr. Hogg should accuse you of favoritism to my son. But this discussion is unseemly and can result only in heart-burnings and profitless wranglings, therefore if all will kindly rise—" and he solemnly pronounced the benediction.

The pupils in knots and the visitors in knots discussed the matter all the way home, and it is not surprising that Bobbie Hogg meeting Tommy Betts the same evening should have hit him on the head with a laith, and that Tommy should have clinched with his antagonist and fought until both their noses bled.

Dr. Hogg, on entering the grocery store that evening, heard the shoemaker remarking to three or four loungers: "Oh, she's smart—she's smart, no two ways about that! If they kept it up much longer she'd have spelled him down quick enough."

"Yes, she would," sneered the doctor.

"That's what I said."

"Now, look here, I'll bet ten dollars that Jimmy can spell her down. Wait two weeks until the Inspector comes—let him give out the words so that it'll be fair and square. Now, I'll give you ten dollars on it."

"You're taking a big interest in Jimmy all at once," retorted the shoemaker. "I noticed that Bobbie died, stay long on the floor. Perhaps you're going to adopt Jimmy and hire Bobbie out to wash buggies at the hotel?"

"Look here, Cameron, you keep your tongue quiet. You've been talking too much about me lately. You and your wife had to talk about that Benson case, and by thunder, for two pins I'd flatten your nose on your face. I could do it, too, and all you have to do is to say the word; do you understand?"

The shoemaker was not afraid of the doctor, so he intimated that he was well aware the doctor had done up bigger men than he, Benson's being a case in point. "But I ain't talking fight, but spelling. Lots of men can lick me but there ain't many can beat me spelling if it comes to that, and my girl can



The Shoemaker's Daughter.





outspell any Jimmy or Bobbie you can pick out in this whole blessed town; do you understand?"

"You spell!" sneered Dr. Hogg. "I can spell a ring around you in two minutes."

"Maybe you can and maybe you can't. Of course you think you can and there you are."

"Now I'll make another proposal. Rev. Betts is leader of your party. Let him take first choice, and of course he'll take you; then I'll take second choice, and so on. Let us pick out twelve on each side and have a spelling match in the schoolhouse some night. He and I won't spell but will leave it to those we choose. I'll pick out words and give them to your side and he can give words to my side. The schoolmaster can sit between and rule out unfair words. Now, you're such a speller, what do you say?"

"Just fits me."

Right on the spot the sides were chosen, the shoemaker acting for Rev. Mr. Betts, that gentleman afterwards endorsing all he had done.

During the week that intervened between the making of preliminary arrangements and the grand consummating fact, every spelling-book and dictionary in the village was called into use, for those who were not chosen were partisans one way or another, and prepared lists of difficult words for their friends to study when at work and dream over when asleep. Dr. Hogg, without any concealment, invited his side up to his residence for supper and practiced them on all sorts of tricky words for three evenings previous to the contest. His reverend opponent pursued a different method—it ought to be reported among the unholiest people down at the tavern that his side held rehearsals in the church before and after prayer-meeting. He trusted his cause to the two likeliest men on his side, the shoemaker and clerk in the postoffice, and coached these on all the difficult words, particularly those of an slightly medical turn, for he expected the doctor to use some of these.

And now the night had come and every person in the village who could walk to the schoolhouse was crowded in there, until there was scarcely standing room.

Behind the desk sat Mr. Teachem, fully conscious of the delicate judicial duties devolving upon him. To his right sat Dr. Hogg, to his left Rev. Mr. Betts, each fronted by a breast-work of books and papers, each endeavoring to seem unconcerned and each equally failing. Tommy Betts shook his fist across at Bobbie Hogg, and the latter shook his fist back at Tommy Betts. The shoemaker's daughter turned up her nose at the tousle-headed boy Jimmy, and he made a face at her in return. The pupils did not know whether to act solemnly as they did in church or to cut up as they did in school. However, being youngsters, they cut up.

But the time arrived for commencing operations and the children caught the infectious interest that moved the older people. Mr. Teachem, less fluent than usual, though there was evidence in his words that he had prepared a beautiful oration which he now had partly forgotten and felt that what remained was too flowery for a sane man to utter unless in time of war) announced the terms of the contest, thanked the leaders of the opposing sides for selecting him as arbitrator on disputed words, and called on Rev. Mr. Betts to begin.

"Ani-ma-d-ver-si-o-n," pronounced the reverend gentleman in his most ponderous way, with an articulation and a smile that implied an endless store of much more difficult words.

"A-n-i-m-a-d-ver-si-o-n," spelled Mr. Thomson, a hard-reading farmer living on the edge of the village and Mr. Hogg's mainstay in the contest.

"Sentient," snapped the doctor, it now being his turn. He tossed the word at the shoemaker as though to bowl him off his feet.

"What is the word?" asked the shoemaker.

"Give me that over again."

The doctor repeated the word, but the shoemaker's eyes turned nervously on the schoolmaster and then on his leader, Rev. Mr. Betts. That gentleman smiled encouragingly. He must not come down first shot.

"I can spell any darn word that's got letters in it, but there's something wrong with that one. I don't recognize the pronunciation."

"Sen-shent," said Rev. Mr. Betts soothingly.

"Oh, sen-shent. S-e-n-s-h—" but the minister's face caused him to stop. "S-e-n-s-i-c-i-e-n-t,"

he rattled off desperately.

"Wrong," sneered Dr. Hogg. "Next one on the same side."

Two more missed the word, and then the shoemaker raised a point of order. He understood that the names of places were ruled out, but if his memory served him right "Senahet" was the name of a city in China.

The minister waved his finger admonishingly and the doctor and schoolmaster laughed, the latter officially declaring the word legitimate.

"S-e-n-i-e-n-t," spelled the next one in the row.

"There's three of you down once, anyway," smiled the doctor. "It won't take long to dismiss your side."

Rev. Mr. Betts mildly remarked that the doctor's boast was premature. He was clearly discomfited, however.

"Duel," he pronounced next. "I do not mean a contest of arms, but dual representation, for instance."

One of the doctor's men, the wagon-maker, went down before this word. He had no idea of it, but the next spelled it.

"Frog," said the doctor next, with a twinkling eye. "I don't mean the reptile at all, but the frog of a railroad track, for instance."

This was a small word, but it must be a corker. F-r-o-g was not right, for he said he didn't mean that kind.

"F-r-o-g-u-e," ventured one.

"F-r-o-g-u-e," tried the next.

"F-r-o-g-u-e," guessed another.

"F-r-o-g," spelled the postoffice clerk, enquiringly and timidly.

"Right, certainly," said the doctor, amid uproarious laughter on the part of his friends. The minister was very nervous, the shoemaker and his side indignant at being made fools of by a trick.

Both sides steadied up after this, and no one missed for some time, but now and then a slip occurred, and occasionally one from this side and another.

The wagon-maker was floored. He had too much acumen to let the sound of the word "acumen" deceive him, so he tried to put a wrinkle in it.

"Besom" knocked down the postoffice clerk, so that Rev. Mr. Betts' mainstays were gone, but strangely enough three of his men remained, while only the farmer stood forth to hold the floor for Dr. Hogg. But he was a host, and the doctor sat with his fighting smile watching his face.

"Phthisis," pronounced the doctor.

Rev. Mr. Betts lunged suddenly forward, sweeping his eyes over the devoted three on whom his hopes now hung. He had expected the doctor to give out many such words as this and was rather surprised at the medical man's abstinence from medical words. He had drilled the shoemaker and the postoffice clerk on the very word "Phthisis," but alas! they were out of the contest and now these short lambs were exposed to the bleak wind of words that threatened to blow.

It began to dawn on Mr. Betts that the doctor had out-generaled him all through, and had reserved a few of his choicest words until such times as a miss on the part of an antagonist meant something like defeat for the whole side. He, on the other hand, had exhausted the finest shells in his magazine early in the bombardment and was now firing minute guns at the impregnable farmer.

"I object to that word," said Mr. Betts, noting the dazed look on the faces of his men.

"On what grounds?"

"It's a medical term not in general use."

"It's in the newspapers almost every day, and therefore quite allowable," snapped the doctor. "Is it not, Mr. Teachem?"

In advanced localities it is well understood that a teacher is foolish to quarrel with a trustee. Mr. Teachem had to choose his enemy. For the first time it dawned upon him that his advanced methods had gone ahead of him and chopped his job off short at the end of his present half term. One trustee must be his enemy, whatever decision he might give, and both would be down on him if he did not speak quickly. His right eye, seeing the doctor, insisted that the word was atrociously unfair; his left eye, seeing the doctor, insisted that the word was allowable, and just to a degree. His intelligence told him he was an idiot to be there, but his memory recalled that it was the doctor's hand that paid into his hand his first quarter's salary.

It is rather difficult to decide, he remarked in a judicial way, "but I think the word is allowable."

Dr. Hogg looked gratified, Rev. Mr. Betts indignant.

"Phthisis," repeated the doctor, glaring at the fated three. "I will pronounce it distinctly for you, *Thy-sis*."

"T-h-y-s-i-s."

"Sit down."

"Excuse me a moment," said Mr. Betts, arising. "Yours is no doubt the right pronunciation, I am not disputing it, but do not some authorities give the pronunciation as *Thy-sis*?"

My two friends here may recognize it in that form.

"There is a right pronunciation for every word, Mr. Betts, and *Thy-sis* is right, as you well know. But your two men are welcome to the hint you have given them. Next—you try it, Tom?"

Tom knew a thing or two as well as anyone, and he figured there was something in the hint dropped by his leader.

"T-i-s-s-i-s."

"Sit down," smiled the doctor.

The applause was uproarious, for now the sides were reduced to one each, the old farmer being faced by a man who worked in the woolen mill—a scared

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The Shoemaker.



Dr. Hogg.



"F-r-a-u-g," tried the next.



Rev. Mr. Betts.

man who saw "phthisis" galloping towards him without knowing what it was or how to treat it. This leisurely disease had suddenly become a deadly epidemic. He must strike out on a new line.

"T-h-i-s-i-s" but he was not allowed to proceed for laughter. However, he had not previously missed a word so had another chance. "T-h-i-s-i-s-e-s," he ventured, and the match was over. Dr. Hogg and his farmer triumphant, the former taking good care not to let his victory be an empty one. He tendered Mr. Betts his mock sympathy and laughed at the shoemaker.

This worthy, though knocked out early, had recovered his mettle. He asked Mr. Teachem, as chairman, to call the meeting to order, and something approaching silence having been restored he asked Dr. Hogg to spell "Thy-sis, or t-s-i-s, or whatever the word is."

"P-h-t-h-i-s-i-s," spelled the doctor.

"That's it. Just what I thought. Now look here, I've seen that in the paper hundreds of times, I suppose, and always called it *phthisis*. That's the usual pronunciation of the word—what? What do you say? I won't sit down. I've as much right to an opinion as anybody. No, Mr. Betts, I'm going to have my say. Everybody knows that you're too much of a gentleman to do some of the things that have been done here to-night, and too good-natured to raise a row about a thing like this. But right's right, all the same, and I tell you if that word had been given out as *phthisis* our side would have won. That's how it should have been given out, too; it's a good enough way for me and for lots of other people that's as good as anybody else and didn't come here to be laughed at, I can tell you."

The shoemaker was furious and might have said much more but that Rev. Mr. Betts, Mr. Teachem and others surrounded and pacified him. Dr. Hogg was in high feather, declaring that the shoemaker could not object to being laughed at when he was nothing more nor less than a huge joke on two legs.

Mr. Betts was sure, and Mr. Teachem was sure, and all those who could crowd close enough to make their certainty useful to the occasion were sure, that Dr. Hogg was not laughing at the shoemaker, and that *phthisis* was the customary pronunciation of the word, although to be strictly correct, of course, *thy-sis* was right. But many a man can give excellent advice to another without being well advised in his own acts, and while Rev. Mr. Betts was quite sure that Dr. Hogg had meant no slight to the shoemaker, he conducted himself towards the medical man as though he had received some slight and had undergone treatment not to be forgiven. Towards the schoolmaster, also, he turned a chilling shoulder, and the latter looking at the doctor in search of consolation realized that that mercurial party accepted full credit for his victory and felt no gratitude to the referee, who, in allowing the disputed word, had lost the friendship of the clergyman.

The members of the opposite sides divided off into groups about the schoolroom, angrily discussing the details of the contest and almost coming to blows now and then. In fact, it is shrewdly suspected that the postoffice clerk

and the village baker *dis* come to blows behind the schoolhouse, where they both had clandestinely repaired to calm their nerves with a smoke and had come face to face. The baker had a bad cut on his forehead, the reputed consequence of a fall on the sidewalk, but it is well known that Dr. Hogg attended him solicitously until the wound healed, and by his political pull had the postoffice clerk discharged at the end of the month.

The final fact and the eventful outcome of the whole affair remains to be set forth in a few words. Dr. Hogg in attending a case of black diphtheria one day that winter came late one night to the quarantined house and found Rev. Mr. Betts nursing a dying boy, singing the while a simple song about the sweet rest beyond. Only those who have lived in remote villages can understand the terror this deadly disease has for the inhabitants, and only those who have experienced it can understand how all, in any degree thrown in contact with the infected premises, are shut off from communion with their kind. The reverend gentleman had a wife not endowed with the beautifying grace of religion, and Dr. Hogg knew that the clergyman was there in secret. The hour, the song sung so feelingly without knowledge of any auditor but the boy whose eyes shone with the lustre peculiar to a human's last hour, the personality of the boy, whom the doctor had always fancied for his manly ways—all combined to produce an amazing effect. The doctor grasped the clergyman by both shoulders and gruffly bade him go home. Rev. Mr. Betts, as though having no taste for controversy with his old antagonist, quietly arose to go, but the doctor rudely shoved him back into his seat, sprinkled disinfectants on his clothes and grasped him by both hands. Their eyes met—one pair speaking mild wonder, the other making a confession that the tongue had not the training to fashion into words. Then came cordial looks, and both men turned to the sick bed in shame-faced pretense that the boy's condition was their only absorbing thought. After the fierce fire of disease had consumed the young life they jointly watched over, the two men walked home, neither saying one word about their past differences. But they have been inseparable since. The doctor goes to church regularly, sits in a front pew and takes up the collection, and Rev. Mr. Betts, not to be outdone, has contracted a very bad disorder of the liver which threatens to end his days ere long. Dr. Hogg has done his best, but at last accounts I hear that he informed the church board that unless the clergyman gets the benefit of an ocean trip to England he will break down utterly. The doctor headed the list of a subscription for this purpose.

The doctor, immediately after the reconciliation, moved at a meeting of the trustees that a new teacher be advertised for, Rev. Mr. Betts mildly interposing that he had nothing against Mr. Teachem, but the doctor did nothing by halves, and a new teacher supplanted Mr. Teachem at New Year's. If he never does anything else of a meritorious nature, at least he has this reflection, that he served as a peace offering in the famous feud between Dr. Hogg and Rev. Mr. Betts.

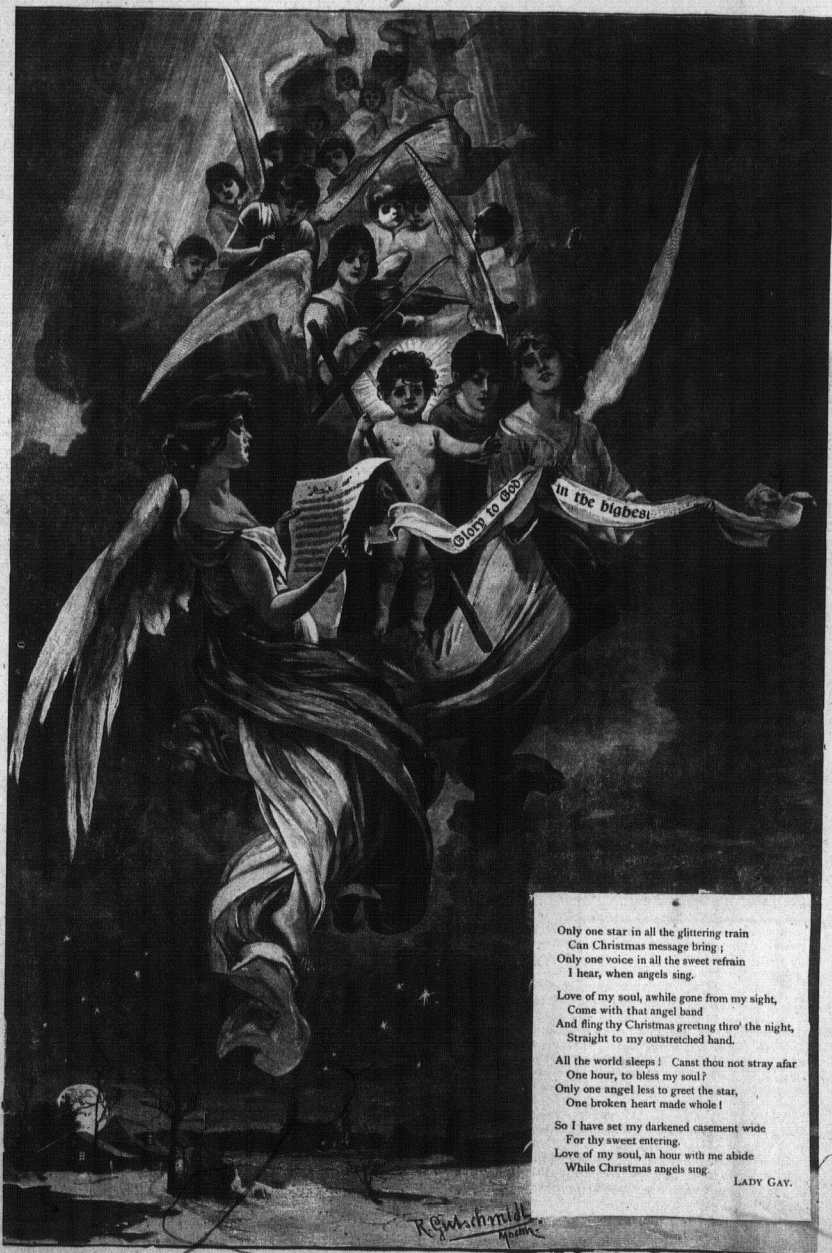


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Only one star in all the glittering train  
Can Christmas message bring ;  
Only one voice in all the sweet refrain  
I hear, when angels sing.

Love of my soul, awhile gone from my sight,  
Come with that angel band  
And fling thy Christmas greeting thro' the night,  
Straight to my outstretched hand.

All the world sleeps ! Canst thou not stray afar  
One hour, to bless my soul ?  
Only one angel less to greet the star,  
One broken heart made whole !

So I have set my darkened casement wide  
For thy sweet entering.  
Love of my soul, an hour with me abide  
While Christmas angels sing.

LADY GAY.



## WHAT THE FAIRIES DID ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

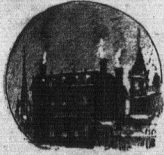
Queen Mab was speaking. She was dressed in a soft green robe, and on her head was a glistening crown of dewdrops. A tiny row of bells around her neck rang merry little peals when she laughed, and her pale golden hair floated like a cloud around her dainty form.

Altogether Queen Mab was the very loveliest fairy who was ever seen.

It was Christmas eve in Fairyland and the Queen of the Fairies was laying her commands upon her children. She said:

"There is much work for you to do to-night, my children; the time is short and the City of Toronto is a large one. I have been told these stupid, large mortals believe there are bad fairies, but we know that all the wicked ones live in the Old World, and dare not cross the ocean. Canadian fairies are all loving and kind, and bring joy and comfort into every home. As for you," she said, shaking her tiny wand at old Santa Claus who stood in the center of the fairies, "you are the one whom the children love best—they do not know that it is we who fill your pockets with candies and toys, while all you do is put them in the stockings. Why do you not tell them you come from Fairyland, O my father?" and the beautiful Queen laughed till all her bells rang again.

"But now to business," she proceeded. "Come, Fairy Lilian," she said to a tiny lady dressed all in white, "hie thee away through the dark city; take this box of powder and this bag of gold; stop at the house where the sick children lie—enter and seat thyself in each small cot and lay a pinch of magic powder in the ear of each sick little one—then listen—thou wilt hear them whisper in their sleep that which they most would wish Santa Claus to give them. When thou knowest their wants, fly with all speed to the bright stores on King and Yonge streets and buy what the sick children need. Be gentle to them, sweet Fairy Lilian, for the tired little ones want all our care and love, then hasten back to Fairyland with the Christmas gifts, for



Santa Claus awaits thee here."

And Fairy Lilian, spreading wide her tiny white wings, sped away through the night to the Children's Hospital.

"And thou, sweet Fairy Rose," said the Queen as a lovely lady, dressed in pale pink with a wreath of roses on her soft brown hair, stepped forward: "Go into the homes of the rich—enter into the cheerful places, with their blazing fires and velvet curtains—post thee to the large warm rooms where lie the happy little ones of the wealthy. Take with thee this flask—sprinkle one drop of the magic fluid on the lips of each sleeping child—and listen. They, too, will murmur in their sleep. Then do as Fairy Lilian does and bring the gifts to me, for these also there is a bag of gold."

With a low bow Fairy Rose unfolded her little pink wings and whirled out upon the frosty night.

"Come hither, daughter," said Queen Mab to a pale, wee maiden dressed in blue. "Away with thee to the homes of the poor, and as thy mission will take longer than those of thy sisters, for the homes of the poor are many, take with thee Fairy Fern, and lay one of the rose leaves I now give thee on the breast of old and young, for not only the little ones but all the poor must have a happy Christmas day. Here, therefore, are two bags of gold."

Hand in hand the two Fairies, Violet and Fern, flew swiftly north and south, east and west, for the homes of the poor are everywhere.

And so, one by one, Queen Mab gave missions to each of her Fairies. She sent them abroad with loving messages and joyous thoughts, and reserved for herself the sad and grief-stricken places. The places where mothers missed the darlings who had joined God's angels since the Christmas past; the places where wives lay awake through the noisy silence of the night thinking—ever thinking—of Christmases spent happily with the beloved companion—now gone across the dark river.

And the gentle Fairy Queen kissed the tears from pale cold cheeks, and soft sleep came to tired eyes, while she whispered of meetings where never more there would be partings—of the bright "to come" which lies before us all if we will only listen to our good Fairies. And many aching hearts were comforted on Christmas eve by the soft, sweet touch of Fairy hands.

In a large and lofty hall in Fairyland fast asleep in a huge arm-chair lay Santa Claus. Fast asleep was he, with his great white beard outspread upon his

mighty chest, and his ruddy face shining in the light of Fairy lamps around him. Very comfortable indeed he looked as he waited for the Fairies.



Fairyland is a beautiful place and I know just where it is, but I dare not tell you in this story, for, little children, you would all be running away from home and I am afraid your fathers and mothers would all be running after me.



So old Santa Claus sat and waited. No doubt, little ones, you think it is he who buys all the pretty things you find in your stockings on Christmas morning, but I can tell you, it is the Fairies who take all the trouble, and find all the lovely candies and toys. If you don't believe me ask any of the gentlemen in the bright stores on Yonge and King streets. They will tell you that the tiny ladies come with fat little bags filled with gold pieces (in Fairyland there are no ugly torn dollar bills), and it is they who jump on the backs of the rocking horses to try their speed, who fire off guns to see if they are good ones, and make the dolls squeak again, and the toy engines whistle and scream.

Not only that—the Fairies also go with Santa Claus and help to fill the small limp stockings till they are stuffed with good things. You must thank Queen Mab, little ones, as well as Santa Claus. I think he gets all the praise, so I promised the Fairies I would write this story.

One by one close upon the midnight hour the Fairies flew back to Fairyland with heavily-laden wings. When they were all assembled around the chair where Santa Claus lay sleeping, Queen Mab came in, her tiny bells ringing a merry chime. She touched the snowy beard of Santa Claus with her fairy wand.

"Sire, arise and listen," she said, "to the wants of Toronto's many children; 'tis a large city thou hast to travel through to-night and many are the stockings to be filled."

Santa Claus pulled a large sack from his capacious pocket.

"Fairy Queen," he said, "I am ready—swiftly can I travel as thou knowest."

"And now," continued the Queen, "step forth Fairy Lilian and tell us what thou hast seen and done."

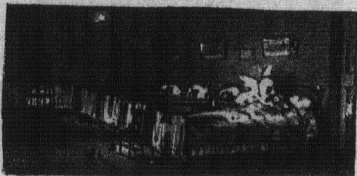
The pale, wee fairy made answer in a soft, small voice, like the breath of the wind.

"Oh, Queen," she said, "in the darkness of the night I sped to the Children's Hospital and through the keyhole of the great door I peeped and on into the wards. A wasted little figure lay in the cot nearest me; and the small waxen face was most pitiful to see. I sprinkled the magic powder in her ear, then with a faint smile she said, 'Oh, Santa Claus, I want a doll—a fat doll—not this like me, and I want her dressed in red.' I waited. 'Mind, a fat doll, dear Santa Claus; no, nothing else.' A sigh came from her little breast and she turned restlessly away. I visited each small bed and heard their whispers to Santa Claus. One, a chubby child who had no hint of suffering on her face,



for she was nearly well, and would soon be out and playing round again, asked, in her sleep, for a picture-book, some nuts and candies.

"Amongst the boys a wee laddie, whose small body lay in a wooden frame, murmured in his sleep, 'I have a horse, a white horse, but, dear Santa Claus,

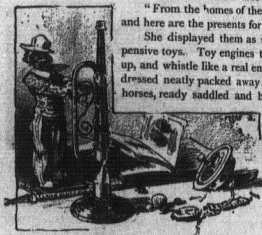


send me a blue wagon, and some harness to hitch my horse with.' When I had listened to each one I flew to the brilliant stores of the city and here," said Fairy Lilian, as she laid down the weighty package which, up to this, had rested on her wings (for fairies, though so small, have great strength as you will see presently), "here are the gifts for the Children's Hospital."

With a flush on her face Fairy Rose spoke:

"From the homes of the rich do I come, my Queen, and here are the presents for the children."

She displayed them as she spoke. They were expensive toys. Toy engines that could run when wound up, and whistle like a real engine; lady dolls, with their dressed neatly packed away in the boxes; big rocking horses, ready saddled and bridled, waiting only to be

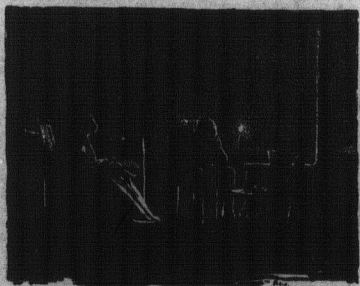


mounted; cream candies, books and pictures, all kinds of lovely things had Fairy Rose brought for the little ones. How happy the children of the rich must be!

From the background behind the chair of Santa Claus came Fairy Fern

and Fairy Violet, hand in hand. There was a light upon their faces such as none of the others wore. Said Fairy Fern:

"Oh, Queen, behold we come from the homes of Toronto's poor. Many sights have we seen, some merry, some sad. In a small house on Chestnut street we heard a sound of weeping. We entered. Three little children lay asleep on a poor bed in a corner. By the stove sat a man with his head between his hands and a look of despair upon his haggard face. Near him, on a low rocking chair sat his wife with, oh dear Queen!" and the tender Fairy Fern fell a-weeping, "with a dead baby on her lap. I laid a rose leaf in the mother's



breast and in a moment some comfort came to her. She arose and laying her burden down she went to her husband's side. 'John,' she said, 'you must not take things so to heart this Christmas night; her tears were falling on you now.' Dick May was in to-night and he said he'd no doubt the factory people would take you on again after the holidays, and John, you know, we have three of them, pointing to the sleeping children, 'left to comfort us!'

"He shook her off roughly.

"It's not the dead baby that's troubling me," he said, "she's best out of the road!" I laid a rose leaf in his breast and all at once he softened. 'I shouldn't speak that way to yeh, Mary; yeh lay him a good wife tek me. Well, maybe when I git tek work again I'll be better; and he kissed the tears from the patient, worn face of his wife, and lifted the dead baby gently to his knee.

I placed a piece of gold in the cupboard for the Christmas dinner, and then we laid a rose leaf on the breast of each sleeping child as we listened.

"I want a top, Santa Claus, a good one like Archie Thompson's, one that'll hum," said Charlie.

"And I," said little Nell, "I want the blue and white tea set at the corner store on Queen street."

"The third child, a pale delicate boy, said slowly: 'Santa Claus, I want our baby back. Oh, please give me the baby back!'

"Oh, Queen, we can't do that, we poor fairies can't give little Bob the baby back."

The Queen's bright face grew sad for a moment and all the fairies were very quiet.

Fairy Violet now spoke, while gentle Fairy Fern folded her wings over her weeping face.

"But all the poor homes were not sad, oh Queen. Some were very merry, indeed, and the little children romped and played while mother sewed buttons on little garments and mended the small stockings, and father, with his oldest boy to help, split wood to cook the Christmas dinner.

"In one house we had to stay a long time for the little ones were waiting up to see Santa Claus come down the chimney, but the dustman came instead and off to bed they went, dear, drowsy mites, and soon they were fast asleep. As soon as the rose leaves touched their breasts they spoke. And behold, fair Queen, the toys for the poor."

A large basket was filled with them. Ten cent whistles, five cent china dolls, tops, marbles, jacks in boxes. All cheap toys, but then, there were so many poor children to buy for that Fairy Violet and Fairy Fern had to lay out the money carefully so that it might go a long, a very long way indeed.

"You have done well, my children," said the Fairy Queen. "Many hearts have you gladdened and many homes have you brightened, but now it grows late and there is yet much to be done. Fill up the sack, O Santa Claus, and you, my children, help him for the night is waning fast."

The fairies crowded round and over the burly figure of Santa Claus. They filled his sack and his pockets, and hung great parcels round his neck and over his brawny shoulders. Everywhere they could thrust a toy they did it, and out of his high boots peeped the faces of the china dolls and the tops of the tin whistles and little trumpets. When he was quite ready the Queen of the Fairies approached him and taking a tiny phial from her breast she poured the contents over his head. Instantly a great light



shone out from Santa Claus. His white beard glittered with shining particles like hoar-frost, and his long mantle shone like silver. He would now be invisible to mortal eyes. The children could not see him as he filled their stockings, even though they lay awake all night to watch for him. What the Queen had poured upon him made him the same as a fairy. He could go through closed doors, and down narrow chimneys, and wherever he went he left some of the magic light behind him. In the poor homes he left most, for they needed most brightness.

The Queen now spoke:

"Gather round Santa Claus, my children, and take hold of the ends of his cloak, bear him north, south, east and west, throughout the city. Enter everywhere and leave no one sad or lonely to-night. Peace go with ye!" Thrice she waved her fairy wand, while Fairies Lilian and Rose, Violet and Fern, with a host of other tiny elves, gathered round Santa Claus, and the portals of Fairyland opening wide, they floated out into the frosty night; the shining figure of Santa Claus glided like silver as he passed swiftly up over the housetops, upheld by the fairy hands which bore him through the beautiful city.

The Fairy Queen stood watching the dazzling sight until Santa Claus and the elves looked like a brilliant silver cloud sailing away overhead, then softly with a light rushing of wings, she rose into the air and flew on through the city. She cheered many homes and looked down on sleeping faces. Sometimes she met her fairies and watched them helping Santa Claus to fill the little stockings.

In one house where there were many children and where the fairies were very busy, she saw a drowsy, toddling boy, who had waited up to see Santa Claus come down the chimney, but who could wait no longer for it was very late indeed, standing before the stove and asking Santa Claus to put his Daddie (who was far from home this Christmas) in his stocking. He did not see how busy the fairies were that moment and what a big drum they were putting at the foot of his cot, while Santa Claus was pouring the most lovely chocolate creams in one of his small red socks. But Queen Mab, laughing merrily, spied an album on the table and cunningly taking out the picture of little Teddie's father, she stuffed it into the other empty socks.

The dear Fairy Queen went, too, to the little house on Chestnut street. She passed through the door and stood within. The children were all asleep, the dead baby lay in another room, with some sweet maple leaves strewn upon its breast, and it looked very peaceful. Queen Mab shook her soft, green wings and a faint white mist floated through the room. The children's father, who lay asleep with his head on the table, started up and seeing his wife who was sitting with folded hands and tearful eyes by the children's bed, he went over to her and gently led her to the stove while he briskly poked up the fire and set the kettle on, to make her a rousing cup of tea. The Fairy Queen stood looking down upon the children.

"Peace!" she murmured, gently waving her wand. "Peace and comfort to all here-to-night!" A change passed over each sleeping face as she spoke. Charlie and Nell smiled as though they saw something which made them glad; and little Bob, who was sobbing in his sleep, and who looked wan and pitiful with big tears upon his thin cheeks, little Bob smiled too as the gentle fairy stooped and kissed him. He turned and laid his small peaked face upon his

hand and sank into a deep, calm sleep, dreaming that his little sister, the baby who had died, was sitting near him fanning him with angel-wings. The Fairy smiled and whispering once more, "Peace and good-will," she softly passed out into the starry night. Then, as dawn was at hand, she spread her wings and rustled home to meet her children in Fairyland.

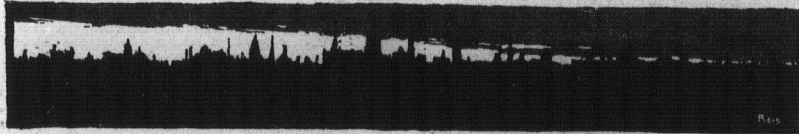
And now my tale is told, for, as the light breaks in the east, the fairies come trooping back bearing with them Santa Claus, who looks much smaller than when he set out on his journey. The fairies and he have everywhere left behind them light, sunshine and happiness. So now they are going to spend their own Christmas in Fairyland.

A merry Christmas it will be! They will pelt Santa Claus with snowballs, climb into his pockets, and sit upon his beard and tweak his nose. And they will sing and dance and tell stories of human children they have known. They will wonder if this story is in TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, and I don't know what they will do to me if it is not.

So, if any of you little children meet a fairy sitting in your thimble or your shoe, be sure to tell her that you read this story, and that you know it was the Toronto fairies who sent you the lovely toys and candies you found stuffed in your stockings on Christmas morning.

Hark! I hear the sound of fairy sleigh-bells ringing, as they ride through the deep snow! and peals of laughter come floating up to my window from the merry elves, as I sit and listen. What a good time they are having in Fairyland. I wish I was a fairy, too. I hear them still: "A Merry Christmas! A Merry Christmas!" comes ringing out upon the frosty air. So I say, too—A Merry Christmas to us all!

K.T.



## OUR CHRISTMAS NIGHT AT SEA.

A goodly crowd was gathered there,—the Reverend Nonn Nines—  
Three western Jews, whose language smack'd of rich Nevada mines,—  
Rourke, a Milesian patriot who whiskey drank,—galore—  
And Jones, the well-dress'd buyer for a house in Baltimore,  
Nor should I slight the heavenstair that ever trod a deck,  
Crosstree! last seen on board his ship when the boats had clear'd the wreck,  
These, and some half a dozen more whom memory brings to me,  
Sat in the smoke-room whilst we kept that Christmas night at sea.

We moved a true Corinthian—the parson—to the chair,  
And, 'pon my soul! the reverend *gent* kept matters humming there,  
There, toasted were dear, absent friends,—our lov'd ones o'er the main,—  
And the glad hour when each would see the home-lights once again,  
And joyous, quaint old carols made the pleasant hours less long  
The while the swirling waters lent their music to our song  
And brought an answering echo, from the vessel on our lee,  
That cheer'd the "look-outs" lonely heart, yon Christmas night at sea.

Quickly the bottle pass'd around, until it neared the chair,  
And, somehow, when it reach'd the Church, it always linger'd there,  
Mayhap it's gentle presence touch'd the ministerial heart,  
And brought that flood of eloquence which made the tear-drop start,  
As thrillingly, he spake of "Home," and "stormy winds that blow,"  
Of "British hearts and firesides," and "days of long ago,"  
Till each one felt, from far away, midst song, and catch, and glee,  
The *wistful prayer* for those who spent that Christmas night at sea.

Though *wistful prayers* were beautiful, permit me here to doubt  
The wisdom of too frequent toasts—when liquor's in, wit's out—  
And, by and bye, our chairman's snores and nodding chin kept time  
To Rourke's "The woes of Oireland," told in patriotic rhyme,  
Nor was the bard's Milesian wrath assuag'd to order when  
Jones bellow'd out the strains of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men,"  
Which reprehensive rudeness was conclusive proof that he  
Had reach'd the stage "mellifluous," that Christmas night at sea.

Alas! while Jones was chanting "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men,"  
Our Irish bard, now staving drunk, sprang up, and there, and then,  
The man of God's proboscis smote, then swept the smoke-room floor  
With what had been the mainly form of Jones of Baltimore,  
Nor better fared that steward wight who caper'd in between  
With "Gen'tlemen! be gen'tlemen,"—for he had felt and seen

"Twas better not—oh yes! *he's* sure—'twas better not to be  
Nigh "gen'tlemen wot's gen'tlemen" that Christmas night at sea.

With one consent the audience fell upon this luckless wight  
Who'd come betwixt the wind and our nobility that night,  
And lo! three sons of Levi rose, with active toe and heel,  
To hail the man who brought them pork at our previous evening meal,  
Words fail to paint the meanness of the "chosen people" there,  
Who "shoomped" upon the steward's back, and skirrish'd 'mongst his hair,  
And viled kick'd the hireling where his heart can never be,  
When wine and wassail ruld the roost that Christmas night at sea.

And when we'd pick'd the *remnants* up, and *pick'd* up ruptured Peace,  
Rourke told the Church, in confidence, his love would never cease,  
And swore, to Jones of Baltimore, that—blunk his blank'd blank eyes  
He'd lam all Jones' enemies, no matter what their size;  
And each one drank to each one else, and numerous folks as well,  
(The list of toasted gentlemen is more than I can tell)  
But the last thing I remember was the Parson, on his knee,  
A flipping coppers for the drinks that Christmas night at sea.

H. K. COCKIN.

## Willing to Give a Fair Trial.

Judge—Are you guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner—The Lord knows I am not.

Judge—Well, do you want your case remanded for a couple of days till you get a chance to subpoena him?

## Ghostly Consolation.

Rev. Poundstret—I don't understand why your master, when he is so old, should be so grasping. He can't take his money with him when he dies.

Labourer (thoughtfully)—I don't know as 'ow 'e can sir, unless 'e gets 'is bills made of asbestos.

## The Whisky Smuggler.

This exciting picture represents a scene in Canada's great North-West Territories. As it is illegal to import or sell intoxicating liquor in the Territories, except by special permission, it is natural that persons more enterprising than scrupulous should endeavor to smuggle it in from across the United States border which, for thousands of miles in that part of the country, is merely an imaginary line. The Canadian Mounted Police, however, are ever on the alert to suppress such illicit traffic and in this case they have encountered a trader who seems determined to make a desperate struggle for his contraband goods.

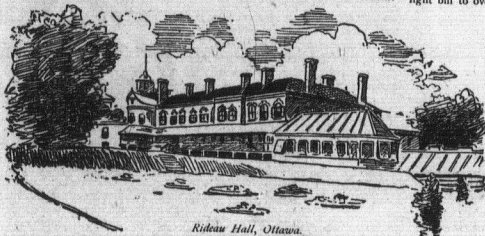


## ABOUT THREE MILLION DOLLARS.

*This is the Sum Rideau Hall Has Cost Canada Since 1867.*

THAT the Governors-General, their staffs, traveling, and official residence, have cost the Dominion over three million dollars since Confederation, twenty-five years ago—an average of close on \$120,000 a year, exclusive of interest—is not generally realized, but it is a generalization of which a Montreal *Star* correspondent has come across the details while looking into some matters in connection with certain re-arrangements which the Earl of Aberdeen is having made at Rideau Hall, the official residence of the Governors.

When it was alleged a little time ago that Lord Aberdeen upon a brief inspection of Rideau Hall had decided it to be inadequate to accommodate his large retinue of servants and that he would like the Dominion Government



Rideau Hall, Ottawa.

to make some addition to the Hall, there was a howl in the press. It is a sore spot with the taxpayer, this old Vice-Regal abode. It is a perfect sink-hole for public money.

But the addition is not for servants' quarters. It is quite a characteristic addition, an Aberdeen edition, one might say. It is a chapel. And Lord Aberdeen brings his own chaplain from the land of Burns. It is understood that family worship is an unvarying feature of the Aberdeen domestic life, and it will be readily understood that with so large a domestic establishment some adequate provision for holding the regular daily worship is almost a necessity.

But the Government will not need to foot the bill for the chapel. Lord Aberdeen does so out of his private purse. It is quite an unpresumptuous temporary structure, dovetailed among the offices in rear of the Hall. No official communications have yet taken place regarding it; but in looking into the matter a line across the rather interesting figures referred to above as to the cost to Canada of its gubernatorial pomp.

The Governor-General's salary since Confederation has been ten thousand pounds sterling per year, or translated accurately into decimal currency, \$48,666.66. The other items in his case are: 1. Traveling expenses; 2. salaries of Governor-General's secretary's office; 3. contingencies of Governor-General's secretary's office. The totals of each item from 1868 (Confederation) to 1892 inclusive are: Governor-General's salary, \$1,216,666; Governor's traveling expenses, \$145,903; Governor's secretary's office, salaries, \$270,350; Governor's secretary's office, contingencies, \$217,426; total, \$1,850,345.

The traveling expenses were not charged till 1874. The first Governors-General, Lord Monck, and Sir John Young (Lord Lisgar) paid their own way. Lord Dufferin changed that, and since 1874 the Vice-Regal traveling has cost Canada an average of seven or eight thousand a year. The big year was 1879, when Lord Dufferin had a farewell blaze of glory that cost \$25,554 in traveling expenses. His term expired the following year.

As to the contingencies, which used to average over ten thousand a year, but have latterly come to seven or eight thousand, they are usually half made up of cablegrams, telegrams, postage, stationery and printing. Newspapers cost from five hundred to a thousand dollars. Subscriptions to Canadian papers last year footed up three hundred dollars. British papers two hundred and forty-nine dollars and thirty-three dollars was paid for United States papers.

One million one thousand five hundred odd dollars is the sum, exclusive of interest, which the eighty thousand dollar structure, except Rideau Hall, has cost Canada since 1867.

Undoubtedly the domain was bought cheap. It was not a bad sort of house and along with it went a noble natural park of a couple of hundred acres. The Hall was built by a lumber king named McKay, and sold by his estate to the Dominion Government in 1869 for eighty-two thousand dollars. It stands on an eminence a mile or two east of Ottawa, with a fine view of the city to the west across the Rideau river, while on the other side is a noble pine wood sweeping down to the Ottawa river, the Grand river, as the old residents affectionately call it. The Hall at first was merely a large and handsome outside but not without a certain picturesqueness. Governor after governor has made additions. Dufferin stuck on a big dining-hall to the west, Princess Louise added a racket court on the east, other regiments increased the offices and stables, and now comes Aberdeen's chapel.

The expenses in connection with the Hall come under four headings, after

the first cost. 1. Additions, alterations, repairs and maintenance. 2. Furniture. 3. Care of gardens and grounds. 4. Fuel and light. In every case the Dufferin regime shows the biggest figures. The total amounts to \$1,001,571.

How an average yearly expenditure of over twenty-two thousand dollars for the repairs and maintenance of an eighty-thousand dollar house can be rolled up, even with occasional new additions to the structure, is one of the things that the average Canadian taxpayer cannot understand. Lord Dufferin first opened the eyes of all wide when in 1873, his first year, too, the Governors-General had paid for their own fuel and lights. Dufferin got five thousand dollars for this tacked on to the public burden. The next year, 1874, he got thirty-five thousand dollars more spent in alterations and repairs, and twelve thousand dollars a year. He averaged thirty thousand dollars a year for the next four years for these same purposes, and ran up the fuel and light bill to over ten thousand dollars a year. When the Marquis of Lorne succeeded Dufferin, his royal bride kept things lively still, but neither under Princess Louise nor anyone else before or after did Rideau Hall cost two-thirds what it did under Dufferin.

The care of the gardens and grounds is contracted for with local gardeners. The usual cost is four thousand dollars or thereabouts. Latterly there has been a fixed allowance for fuel and light of eight thousand dollars a year.

Combined, the cost of the Governor-General and of Rideau Hall since Confederation is not far from three million dollars. Perhaps Canada after all gets off mighty cheap when she pays a hundred thousand or so per year for her Governor-General and gets British soldiers and sailors, ambassadors and consuls free when needed. The worst of the system prevailing with regard to the Governor-General's office is that it extends to the lieutenant-governors of the provinces, and these officials have free residences, traveling allowances and other perquisites.

## THE SIXTH EARL OF ABERDEEN.

The Earl of Aberdeen, present Governor-General of Canada, was the youngest son of the fifth earl. He is the seventh earl of that name and succeeded his elder brother in 1870. The career of the sixth earl is perhaps one of the most romantic in the history of the British peerage. The father had been sickly and much given to spending all his time and money in works of charity. Here is the story as told by Mr. W. T. Stead in the *Review of Reviews*:

"On his death, at the early age of 47, he was succeeded by the sixth Earl of Aberdeen, the elder brother of the present Governor-General. His singular career was one among the many links which unite the Aberdeens with America. Two years after he had succeeded to the earldom, thinking that the resources of the family had been somewhat drained by the generosity of his father and by the necessity of providing allowances to its younger members, he suddenly arrived at a strange decision, to which he was, doubtless, also prompted by an innate love of adventure and passion for a seafaring life. Abandoning his princely domain at Haddo, he crossed the Atlantic, and after a short tour in the United States abandoned his name and rank at Boston and shipped himself as a sailor on board a merchant ship which was bound for the Canary Islands. No one on board knew him as an earl; they only knew him as George H. Osborn. He was over six feet high, handsome, full of the natural courtesy of a great nobleman, but he served in the forecastle as if he had been an ordinary seaman. He was enthusiastic about navigation, and passed in the Nautical College at Boston as first-class navigator and second class for seamanship. He had not been long enough at sea to secure a captain's certificate until the next year. He sailed as mate on an American coasting vessel, but shortly afterwards we find him again as an ordinary seaman making a voyage to Mexico.



Lord Aberdeen.  
Governor-General of Canada.

For the next three or four years, he continued to earn his living before the mast. On one occasion a ship in which he was sailing visited the colony where his uncle, afterwards Lord Stanmore, was governor, but he never made himself known, although it is said that one day he wrote his name on a pane of glass in the governor's residence.

Between his voyages he lived for the most part in Maine. He seems to have been very happy. He was a rigid teetotaler, and he took an active part in religious exercises, both on ship and at home. During the whole of his sojourn in America the sixth earl carried on a correspondence with the friends of his circle round the globe. Six days, however, after he left Boston to complete the circle round the globe. His companion heard his cry for help as he dropped into the water, but he was never seen or heard of since. His death brought about the accession of the present earl.

## AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES.

In Canada we have no man worth \$100,000,000, and perhaps we are all the better for it. In the United States at present the distress and poverty are something appalling, and yet read the following about men in that republic who have more money than they know what to do with. Let us be thankful that wealth is more equally distributed in Canada than in any other country under the sun. Here are the names of the wealthiest Yankees and a conservative estimate of what they are worth to-day:

The Astor estate .....	\$200,000,000
John D. Rockefeller .....	175,000,000
The Rhinelander estate .....	100,000,000
Cornelius Vanderbilt .....	80,000,000
The Goelt family .....	75,000,000
The Gould estate .....	75,000,000
William Rockefeller .....	75,000,000
Russell Sage .....	75,000,000
The Belmont family .....	75,000,000
D. O. Mills .....	50,000,000
Henry M. Flagler .....	50,000,000
Leland Stanford estate .....	50,000,000
Henry Hilton .....	40,000,000
Mrs. Hetty Green .....	40,000,000
C. P. Huntington .....	40,000,000
John H. Flagler .....	35,000,000
Andrew Carnegie .....	35,000,000
John W. Mackay .....	35,000,000
James Gordon Bennett .....	30,000,000
Henry Hart .....	20,000,000
Eugene Higgins .....	20,000,000
William Sloane .....	20,000,000
Levi L. Morton .....	20,000,000
Joseph Pulitzer .....	15,000,000
Joseph E. Brown of Georgia .....	15,000,000
Sewar J. Webb .....	12,000,000
William C. Whitney .....	10,000,000
Austin Corbin .....	10,000,000
Henry B. Payne of Ohio .....	10,000,000
Hearst estate .....	10,000,000
George Ehret .....	7,000,000
William R. Grace .....	5,000,000
Addison Cammack .....	5,000,000
Don Cameron .....	5,000,000
Mrs. Paron Stevens .....	4,000,000
T. W. Palmer, Michigan .....	4,000,000
Oswald Ottendorfer .....	3,000,000
Jesse Seligman .....	3,000,000
John D. Crimmins .....	3,000,000
James R. Keene .....	2,000,000
Elbridge T. Gerry .....	2,000,000
Henry Villard .....	2,000,000
John Sherman of Ohio .....	2,000,000
Eugene Hale of Maine .....	1,750,000
W. M. Stewart of Nevada .....	1,500,000
R. L. Gibson of Louisiana .....	1,400,000
J. P. Jones of Nevada .....	1,250,000
J. R. McPherson, New Jersey .....	1,200,000
J. R. Eustis, Louisiana .....	1,000,000

Such good authorities as Jay Gould and J. D. and William Rockefeller are on record as saying that after men actually become millionaires they cannot tell the extent of their fortunes.

"It is my opinion that after a man has accumulated \$1,000,000 he does not know his own wealth if he is engaged in 'any business in which there may be a shrinkage of values.'"

Thus spoke Jay Gould on one occasion when a Congressional investigating committee was trying to find out what his wealth was and if his methods were fair.

John D. Rockefeller, who was a witness before the same committee, said that he did not know how wealthy he was.

As a family the Vanderbilts stand next to the Astors in the matter of wealth, and their riches must be considered in the aggregate and in common, since their individual fortunes are pooled, so to speak. You will often see

Cornelius Vanderbilt, the present head of the house, quoted as being worth \$200,000,000. Of course he is not worth any such amount. Cornelius has

most of the Vanderbilt millions, but those who know say that he is personally not worth above \$20,000,000, if as much.

It must be remembered that the late William H. Vanderbilt had a large

family to divide his millions among, and so the shares in the end were not so large as some people thought them. Besides, there is a disposition on the part of the calculators who love big figures to give the Vanderbilts credit for owning outright their great railroad system, when, as a matter of fact, thousands of stockholders share in the ownership.

Another family that owns great wealth is the Rhinelander family, whose early members settled in New York more than a century ago. The founder of this family owned in his day a farm that ran along the Hudson river in what is now the heart of New York.

The wealth of the Gould family has always been over-estimated, just as the wealth of Jay Gould himself was in his day. This wealth is at times estimated at as much as \$200,000,000 and more. Gould was never worth anything like such a sum, nor is the combined wealth of the family more than half that sum.

Jay Gould's wealth while he was alive was always over-estimated, as he wished it to be for purposes of his own, at times. He was worth much less than \$100,000,000 when he died, some judges say less than \$72,000,000, although it was in such a shape that no one could rightly tell just how much it aggregated. It is doubtful if it has grown much since Gould's death. So much for the wealthy families.

The wealthiest single individual in the United States is no doubt John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, and strangely enough his wealth is usually under-estimated. He is one of the very few men who enjoy this distinction. Ordinary judges usually rate Mr. Rockefeller as being worth \$75,000,000. Very good judges who know Mr. Rockefeller and his numerous enterprises say that he is worth no less than \$125,000,000. He is at the head of the Standard Oil Company, and the biggest fish in the piddle, too. He owns fleets of ships, railroad lines, real estate, and of late years has gone into various businesses all of which have proved hugely profitable. His brother, William D. Rockefeller,

is not so rich, but he is worth some \$75,000,000, which is enough for him to live upon very comfortably.

A woman whose wealth has long been the subject of discussion is Hetty Green, a famous character in her way. She inherited wealth, and has steadily added to it by shrewd investments. She is not worth the \$75,000,000 or the \$100,000,000 with which she is credited, but in Wall street she is rated as being worth \$40,000,000. Her taxes indicate that she has in Chicago alone \$12,000,000 worth of real estate, but the bulk of her wealth is invested in New York and other eastern cities.

Russell Sage, the famous side partner of Jay Gould, is another man whose wealth is thought to be less than it really is. Sage has more money, perhaps, within call, than any other man in America for the simple reason that his wealth is mostly in actual money.

He is a money broker pure and simple, the pawnbroker of Wall street, who waxes fat by loaning money to speculators upon gilt-edge security and at a big interest.



George Gould.



John D. Rockefeller.



Edwin H. Green.



Cornelius Vanderbilt.

# THE RICH RELATION

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP

THERE was an air of triumphant expectation—tempered by a slight anxiety—

in the faces of all the company assembled at Allerton Fay's. They were a family party, on a scale liberal enough to include all the branches. But they chose to sit in the winter dusk, with only a cluster of candles in the small room beyond the open folding-doors, and the blaze of a log fire in the deep chimney-place round which they were gathered.

The firelight flickered up and down, danced *rit-a-rit* to its reflection in the broad hearthstone, retired into itself for a space, then shot forth again in wavy lines, long tendrils, sprays of glowing foliage, and masses of transient flowers bright as flame. So at least they seemed, as they sprang into sight in various parts of the room, and shone briefly among the shadows,

on the old piano, the "high-boy" with its polished brass drawer-handles, or on Christmas wreaths hanging gracefully against the walls and garlands trained from point to point.

This changing play of sparkle and shadow was like the vision of sunshine and gloom in some nook of a magic forest, existing only for the instant, liable to be swept away at a word and created again in some new form. But the faces, as you could see, were real enough, and the owners of them were evidently not afraid of dispelling the surrounding charm by words. Uncle Shackelford and Cousin Aggie, the Bullards and the Larrabees, there they all were, with Allerton Fay and Marian Floyd, Asa Toogood, Eva Banks, and the rest. They all talked freely, and the subject to which they continually returned was "Old Gold."

"Wonder when he'll be here?" said white-haired Uncle Shackelford, as the firelight flashed upon his red and shiny forehead and immediately left him in complete darkness again.

"He was to come by the 4.13," Osborne Larrabee announced in a specially punctual tone, as though he had an important engagement on hand which couldn't wait. "That is, the train arriving at Sagamore Junction at 4.13."

He pulled out his big gold watch, on which the hearth-fire deigned to glitter approvingly, and looked at its face without being able to see the hour. Then he snapped the case to, sharply, and everybody was much impressed. Osborne was the business man of the family. He lived in New York and was supposed to carry a good part of the financial interests of the metropolis concealed about his person.

"Seems to me," Cousin Aggie remarked shrilly, "though Old Gold ought to be here now, this minute. Here 'tis, most six o'clock, and it only takes forty minutes' sledding to bring 'em over from Sagamore. What's the matter with Sam Dixon, anyhow?"

The general sentiment among the others was that Cousin Aggie's tone and language fell distinctly below the standard of Osborne's neat, commercial style. But they all approved her criticism of Sam Dixon, because Sam Dixon was the unregenerate poor member in the family connection, and the rest of the family here present were feeling very rich just now.

"Oh, Sam's always about a yard measure behind time," declared Mrs. Jane Bullard, who was generally known to have the "whip hand" in her particular household, and to use the same without stint. "Might have known that to begin with. *Anybody* would have been better'n Sam. Why did we let him undertake the job?"

"Undertake!" It was Asa Toogood who made this exclamation. "You talk as though Old Gold was a corpse and Sam was drivin' a hearse."

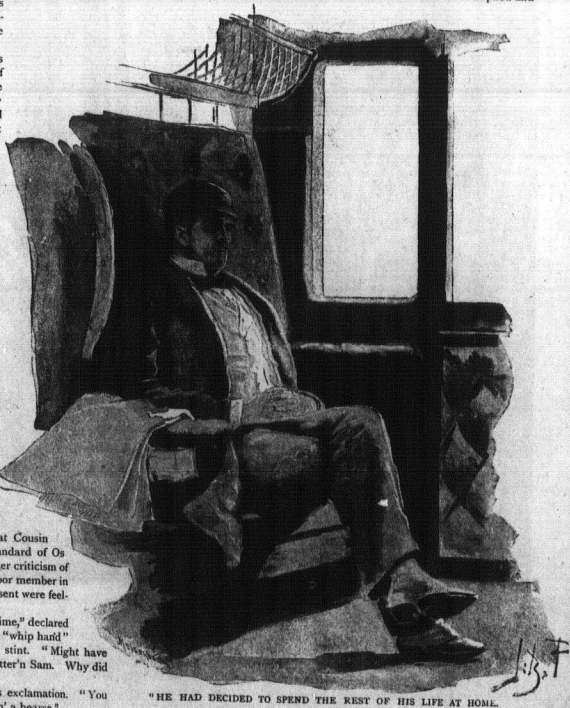
"We let Sam go," Allerton Fay threw in, "because he didn't seem to be of any use anywhere else. Besides, it was you yourself that proposed it, Aunt Jane."

"Because none of the rest of ye would propose anything," Aunt Jane retorted, with an asperity quickened by her dislike of Allerton, a mere "painter fellow," in her estimation, a poor artist who had insinuated himself into the practical Bullard circle by marrying her pretty little niece, Jessie.

"Wish we'd all gone to the station in a body," said Cousin Aggie regretfully. And Marcus Larrabee, a thin, brooding man with a stubby, iron-gray beard rough as a hedge, who was always ready to follow any suggestion that was made hopelessly late, assented with "That's a fact."

As there were some twenty individuals of them, all told, they would have made a rather formidable retinue for their expected visitor, Cousin Richard Bullard, familiarly but secretly known among them as "Old Gold." To say nothing of the difficulty of providing sleighs and effective horses for the whole company—so as to make a fine showing in the eyes of Old Gold—there were other reasons why they could not have paraded in a body to welcome him at the Junction.

The truth is, they were all so devoted to Cousin Richard, and so still more devoted to his pocket and his as yet unfathomed bank account, that there had been a serious rivalry as to which among them should have the honor and advantage of being the first to receive him. No one wanted to come forward as claiming that distinction, but when the name of one after another was suggested by somebody else the family convention found excuses for discouraging the nominee and quickly voting him down. Each was afraid that one of the rest, or any group of them, having the luck to intercept Cousin Richard Old Gold, would get the lead and make him captive to some pet monetary scheme. For they all, it is hardly necessary to say, had schemes; plans that were like seething crucibles, in every one of which Old Gold was to be an ingredient, with the assured result of evolving a fortune. According to their calculations, his one pot of money if emptied into these crucibles would be multiplied and



"HE HAD DECIDED TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE AT HOME."



converted into at least a dozen still bigger masses of wealth. And so it came about that, all being jealous of each other, they sent the poorest of poor relations to meet the rich one.

The chief difficulty in their operations so far had been the strife to secure the original pot, the missing but essential ingredient, or, failing in this, to divide it equitably.

Twenty years earlier Richard Bullard had gone out to Mexico as a young man, taking with him his lovely but delicate wife, whom he had just married. There she had died, in an alien but poetic distance, and Richard, instead of

fortune itself, and the report of his opulence took on more and more magnificent hues in the view of the humbler folks at home, who continued to plod along in their old, accustomed hum-drum employments, with their heads only just above water. That is, all excepting Osborne Larrabee, who had a mysterious kind of office somewhere down in the neighborhood of Wall street, talked a great deal about drafts and banking, swam on the surface of things with his chin well up, and seemed always to have plenty of cash. No one, however, could extract any money from Osborne for their particular purposes. If he had abundant cash, it was concentrated entirely on his own operations and enjoyments. As



"THERE WAS AN AIR OF TRIUMPHANT EXPECTATION TEMPERED BY A SLIGHT ANXIETY."

coming home, seemed to grow attached to that foreign place, for he remained there, though never marrying again. He devoted himself to business and speculation, and prospered. He was in the export trade; he was known to possess a banana farm in Honduras, which had been positively asserted to yield him one hundred per cent. on the first investment. It was also said that he had been wonderfully lucky in silver mines, and else those of gold, to such an extent that large quantities of the precious metals from those sources adhered to his increasing "pile." There were dim but delightful rumors, too, concerning transactions in opals of the finest quality, and other precious stones.

In short, the legend of his reputed wealth grew even faster than the actual

Sam Dixon had been heard to remark: "Osborne's bettin' on himself every time, and he don't never lay no money on no one else."

Therefore it was that the family turned more and more to Richard Bullard—the distant nabob, the invisible Cressus—as a providential person who was to relieve them in their numerous needs. "Old Gold" Richard was clearly destined by heaven to pull them out of a hole, if they were in one, and most of them were in one most of the time. He it was who some day would adjust or remove all hitches in their business, supply capital for their infallible projects and smooth for them a royal road to ease and riches.

Asa Toogood was the first who tried to enter upon that road by this com-

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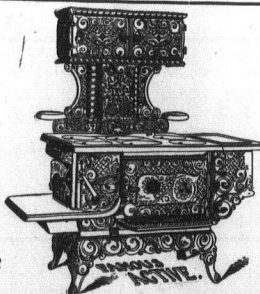
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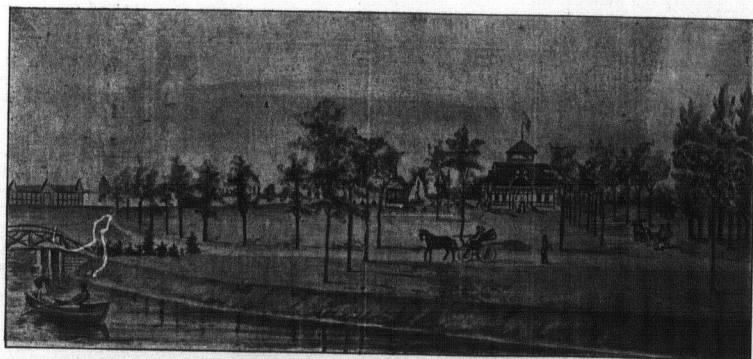


BAY VIEW TRACK.

## Memorandum.

From  
The Traders Bank of Canada  
Sarnia, Ont. 189

To \_\_\_\_\_  
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BAY VIEW PARK.

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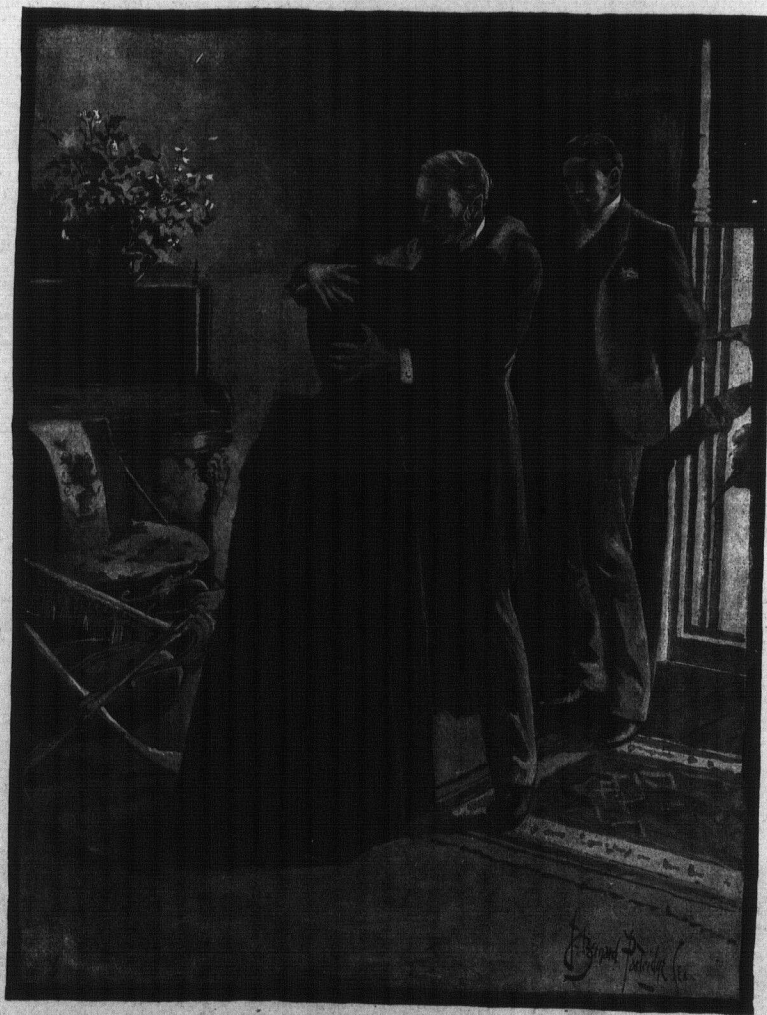
of salary or  
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venient aid. The family, being fond of nicknames and catch-words, were wont to speak of Asa as "Toogood-for-this-world," which was a literally true description, because Asa, though much given to piety and benevolence, regarded them almost entirely for their usefulness in this present life and especially to his own comfort. In distributing alms and improving literature to others, he did not forget to provide a fitting and solid return for himself, on the spot, in the form

It struck Asa as very strange than a wealthy man living in the tropics could be so very cool.

The other relatives took alarm and decided not to press their alluring propositions just then, although they were simply bursting with information which they thought would be of advantage to Cousin Richard if he could or would on'y hear of it, and they were quite sure it would advantage themselves.



"HE COULD NOT REFRAIN FROM ENFOLDING HER IN HIS ARMS."

of salary or legitimate profit. In a manner he professed to be too good for this world, yet as a simple individual he was Toogood for worldly reward always. Now, as I say, he was the first to begin the sapping and mining intended to capture the rich relation's gains. But his letter asking for a large charitable donation met with but a slight response from the Mexican magnate.

Now and then Osborne Larrabee would mail a large envelope superscribed with an elaborate Mexican address, which almost made him feel that he was a perfect master of Spanish, and this envelope was sure to contain the prospectus of some new company, or loan, which Osborne desired to "float." But Cousin Richard always made up his mind that these enterprises were light enough to

float by themselves without any aid from him. He also gently ignored the tentative letters in which, occasionally, some over-sanguine member of the family opened up a prospect of lucrative investment.

On the other hand, he was fond of establishing the entire connection with a round of cordial letters that came upon them like a light of flowered arrows shot from his remote Mexican home, and of sending them in—especially at the Christmas season—of curious and valuable presents. Indian fabrics, gold and silver work, sometimes a bit of valuable quartz, antiquities, quaint jewelry, exquisite and costly gems—all these were among the objects that he included in his packets to them. He did not omit, either, to enclose drafts for small yet comforting sums of money, sometimes in prosaic business envelopes, at other times rolled up lengthwise and encircled by a pretty finger ring. There were spices, too, in the boxes, and the dried petals of unknown Cordilleran flowers that exhaled a sweet and gentle perfume, as though redolent of the tender memories and longings of a heart far distant from home.

All this convinced the Bullards and the Larrabeees that Old Gold, or Cousin Richard, though he might refuse to embark in speculation with them and though he clung to his own peculiar method of conferring favors, had a kind heart and was by no means unmindful of those whom for so long a time he had not seen. But they put off all further appeals until he should return to his native land.

He became the goal of their thoughts, not a goal that they were to seek, but one that in due time was to come to them. "No use of writin'," said Uncle Shackelford, expressing their united conviction. "Once you see a man and git him right by his two eyes and one ear—one ear'll do, even if he be a mite deaf—you'll do a sight more trade with him, and good trade too, than by all the letter-writin' you can make from here to the end of the alphabet and back again!"

Day and night they dreamed of him and pictured to themselves the magnificent prosperity in which they would all exult when he should be with them once more and mingle his plenty with their poorness.

At last he had come. Six months before this day when they found themselves assembled here in Allerton Fay's studio at Wild River, among the Vermont hills, Richard Bullard had arrived at New York, having pulled up his deeply planted stakes in Mexico and decided to spend the rest of his life in leisure and comfort at home. The family had made the most of these six months. Every male member of it, except Sam Dixon, had succeeded in drawing Cousin Richard into one of the ideal or purely commonplace schemes which they had so long cherished, and the self-sacrifice they had endured in forbearing to inveigle him hitherto, made them feel now that they were positively heaping favors upon him by borrowing his money.

Old Gold, for his part, was pleased and somewhat bewildered by the devoted attentions, the affectionateness and deference of his relatives. They were such bright people, too; they had so many ideas which they wished him to help carry out! It really touched the heart of the witless and childless man to have them all looking up to him in this way. He had not, it is true, though large enough to satisfy his personal ambitions, but the flattery of having his long-lost relatives assume that he was rich beyond limit was so great that he soon began to rate himself at their valuation. "After all," said Richard to himself, "according to their standard I am enormously wealthy—or nearly enormous. I can afford, any way, to humor them a little."

So he dipped into one thing after another. With Osborne he took a lot of stock in a new bank that started out bravely with gilt-lettered plate glass windows, big, freshly-painted safes, but, as yet, no business. He fulfilled the dream of Two-good's life by backing up that gentleman's perfected charity society and guaranteeing him a juicy and acceptable salary. Marcus Larrabee he saved from bankruptcy by investing heavily in Marcus's unprofitable flour mill. Eva Banks was a daughter of the house of Bullard, and her active but impetuous husband, David, was an inventor. He interested Cousin Richard in his patent blacking-box, patent egg-breaker, and new bait-digger or adhesive earth-worm extractor, which was to become a powerful motor in the art of fishing. Richard not only honored David's weekly drafts for personal expenses, but also paid the connection with the egg-breaker, Uncle Shackelford developed a timely plan for a chicken farm, whence he would be able to supply a large surplus of eggs on which the breaker could be exercised. Then, of course, Cousin Richard's high sense of chivalry would not allow him to leave the mortgage on Cousin Aggie's farm unsettled, so he paid that off and bought her a small annuity besides.

Mrs. Jane Bullard, with her whip hand over her husband, kept him quiet while she sweetly induced Old Gold to buy out a rival grocery business and invest some \$15,000 in a "plant" for compressing sawdust and treating it by a process that would make it into building material as firm and indestructible as stone. Before Cousin Richard had time to estimate how deeply involved he was in these various enterprises, Allerton Fay had somehow persuaded him to order a thousand dollar portrait of himself, to be painted by Fay, who required only half the amount in advance. But it was essential to the success of the young man's artistic career that he should have a little dwelling-house and a large studio in the country for summer work. Consequently, his obliging rich relation spent two or three thousand dollars more in putting up the building where the family now awaited the liberal donor of the same. Allerton and his wife had graciously thrown the house open for this holiday meeting, and had even taken the trouble to break social engagements in New York and come up here to cold Vermont in order to make the reunion a success.

Now was falling softly on the road up the valley from Sagamore Junction, falling like the muffled tread of a friend who tries to creep up behind us unaware and give us a pleasant surprise. Suddenly there came a jingle of sleigh bells from without, and a cordial whoop uttered in the tone of Sam Dixon's voice. A transformation scene thereupon occurred within the house. All the party rose, ran to and fro, hastened to the windows or to various appointed posts closely ranged candles burst upon the darkness of the early night. The magic was purely practical, mercenary and social.

In came Old Gold himself, stamping his feet on the door rug, bluff, hearty, covered with snow, which he shook off laughingly. His firm cheeks glowed like peonies, his whole face was lighted with cordial smiles, and yet the melting flakes as they dripped down upon his shaggy eyebrows gave a strange suggestion of tears, in contrast with the jollity of the face itself and the merriment of the surroundings.

"As nearly on time as we could make it!" he cried out genially. "Poor Sam's harness broke, but I gave him something to mend it with. Eh, Sam?"

Whereupon Sam Dixon, dazzled by the candles and the company and his emotions, held up a twenty-dollar bill to the public gaze, and sank into a rocking-chair, which he agitated violently, with his knees up.

"Poor Sam!" echoed Marian Floyd, innocently daring by nature and never afraid to say what she thought. "But what about poor Richard?"

Old Gold laughed heartily. "Quite right, Marian," said he. "Poor Richard will be my name before long, if I go on at this rate. But never mind—let's have a merry Christmas."

Everybody was about to shout response; but Marian, looking thoughtful, waved a gesture of silence with her finger. "To-morrow will be time enough for that," she said.

Cousin Aggie and Aunt Jane Bullard glanced at each other significantly. It was well known that Marian was the only young woman towards whom Richard had shown anything like sentimental partiality since his home-coming. These elder ladies, therefore, thought that when she made this perfectly natural remark she was looking forward to some decisive proposal from him, to take place on the morrow. Marian had asked for nothing yet. She had received no pecuniary benefit from Cousin Richard, and she was so very distantly related to him that he might perfectly well marry her. What it she were aiming for that?

"Dreadful poor taste," said Aunt Jane privately to Cousin Aggie, "for her to hint at it so."

What made it still more painful was that Marian was a lovely young woman and thoroughly unassuming. But Marian herself had no idea that she was unassuming. She looked Cousin Richard, in spite of his being so much older than herself, and she did not hesitate to recognize in her own mind that she liked him. That was all there was to it; unless—here her reflections ended.

The supper that night was a great success. Everything went beautifully. The next day the situation was different. One by one, or group by group, the various divisions and the separate individuals of the family circle took Old Gold aside, promulgating him in the snowy road or consulting with him in the retired corners, and placed before him their several anxieties and liabilities. The chicken farm was entirely congealed; the sawdust-compressing business had come to a stand-still and could not be made to pay until next summer. The egg-breaker had broken itself, a rival concern with big capital having begun to manufacture the contrivance, so that a costly law-suit would be necessary in order to derive any benefit from damages for infringement of patent. Marcus Larrabee's flour mill had fallen two days before. "Wish we'd known it sooner," said Marcus sympathetically.

"Thank you," said Richard; "it's quite soon enough for me!" To crown the general disaster that seemed to be tumbling on Old Gold's broad shoulders, despatches came from New York proving beyond doubt that Osborne's new bank had been organized as a mere tender to a fraudulent scheme for buying up and wrecking another bank which enjoyed a long established and lucrative business.

Of course Osborne swore that he was both innocent and ignorant of the plot. Whatever the truth might be as to this, the fact remained that Richard was called upon to telegraph immediately a large sum of money—many thousands of dollars—to make good certain worthless checks which had been circulated in the transactions.

This last blow was nearly too much for Cousin Richard. It brought home to him bluntly the fact that his liabilities were greater than he could meet. It made him recognize suddenly that he was a ruined man. He had given himself up to the unselfish pleasure of sustaining his relatives in their numerous ventures. They, in return, had given him up to their own avaricious desires and had sacrificed him.

And so came on his Christmas Eve, here in the bosom of this capacious family, under circumstances that to the ordinary man would seem appallingly dismal.

But Richard was not an ordinary man. He put a cheerful face on the matter and waited calmly to take part in the festive dinner which had been appointed for the evening. As the different relatives kept their own affairs to themselves, and only Osborne knew of the bank fiasco, the extent of the disaster was not generally understood among them. But there was one trouble that lay even heavier on Richard's mind than his financial overthrow. In the morning of this very day, when everything looked bright and fair, and the sun shone

gally on the crisp, snowy landscape, he had asked Marian Floyd to marry him, and she had consented.

Well, everything was altered now. He could not, of course, ask her to keep her promise to a pauper. In his extremity, as there was no chance to speak with her alone, in the press of relatives, he turned to the other and the only recognized pauper of the family—Sam Dixon—and asked him to give Marian a hint as to his misfortune before the dinner.

"O Lord, Old Gold!" Sam blurted out. "You mean to say it's as bad as all that? Why, here! See here." He fumbled laboriously in his wrinkled clothing and drew from one of his pockets the twenty-dollar bill of the day before. "Wouldn't that help you out, old man?" he asked. "If it would, you're welcome to it."

Whether it was more difficult to keep from laughing or crying Richard hardly knew, Sam's loyalty touched him so strangely.

"No, no," he said. "Keep it. To you it may be of some use. With me it would be swallowed up."

The dinner hour came, and all were gathered at the board excepting Sam and Marian. Why they were absent, and where, no one could imagine. Richard was on tenter-hooks. What new, additional catastrophe had he got to face now? Nevertheless he rose bravely, when the time came for toasts and expounded the situation briefly. He made no bones of it, and in fact presented the matter just as it was, a mere jilfy of insolvency.

"I have spent a great deal of money on the family," he wound up, "and now the question is, what result have we reached? Do I own the family, or does the family own me?"

There was general consternation. No one knew what to say. Finally Allerton Fay called out: "We all own you, Cousin Richard, for a jolly good fellow and a loyal friend!"

This turned the tide. Richard beamed upon them and said: "Well, you waited a long time for me to come home. But now you've got

me, and got all I had; and there's nothing much left—"

"Except yourself!" It was Marian Floyd who spoke. She had just come hurrying in from the outer door with Sam Dixon, both of them breathless with haste.

"Ah, Marian, Marian!" Richard exclaimed, quite overcome. "Yes, you are right: there's only myself left."

"And that is enough for me," Marian said, in a low tone.

She ran straight to Cousin Richard, and he could not refrain from enfolding her with his arm. "Are you satisfied?" he asked.

"Perfectly," answered Marian, nestling closer to him.

"But where have you folks been?" Cousin Aggie demanded of her, "you and Sam?"

"We drove down to Sagamore," said Marian, "to telegraph to an old friend of my father's, who told me once that he would help us to any amount if we were in trouble. And we waited for the answer."

"Well?" shouted everybody in chorus, enquiringly.

"Well," replied Marian, displaying a telegram, "he answered that it was so long ago that he had forgotten all about it, and that he was just going to Europe and would consider the matter."

All the expectant faces grew sad and shadowy at this announcement. But Sam Dixon burst out with "Hurrah! We're all poor together now."

"Yes," added Old Gold; "like some of the early Christians. To-morrow we can celebrate a real old primitive Christmas together, on the basis of poverty. And, as we are bankrupt in everything but love and charity, suppose we reorganize now as The Bullard Company."

And so they did. And from that day, with Old Gold Richard and Marian as the head of the fraternity, they worked together happily as a family, no longer divided by selfish and separate interests. And great and beautiful has been their prosperity.

## THE AVENGER.

Like wild-cats raged, concurrently they spring,  
With tomahawks athirst and glittering;  
They close—they struggle—then they leap apart,  
Hate as a hell burns madness in each heart.  
Some strategy—a crafty, rival strife,  
Then parts the darkness to a gleaming knife;  
A treacherous manoeuvre—

On the shore

The Mohawk lifeless lies. The feud is o'er.

Exultingly, the Cherokee now stands,  
Appeased his hate, avenged his reeking hands;  
With foot upon his writhing victim's throat  
He backward flings his head—one long, strange note  
Leaves his thin lips—then up to Heaven's height  
His war-whop pierces thro' the fateful night.

Leagues off, the death-cry roused from sleep a son  
Of the same sire as is the murdered one,  
Nearest of kindred, Indian law demands  
The dead must be avenged but by his hands.  
The hours drift by—another midnight gloom  
Curdles and cringes 'neath impending doom;  
With trick of stealth a Mohawk lad slips o'er  
The trail—ill near a fire-illumed lodge door  
He sees a man, a sinewy, ruthless scion  
Of Western blood (inhuman as a lion).

The boy's step breaks

The brittle twigs—the red giant starts, awakes,  
Then springs erect to meet th' unflinching eye  
Of one so youthful, by whose hand to die  
Is ignominy—shame—affront—disgrace.  
He winces at the insult he, his race  
Must take from tribes who tauntingly employ  
T' avenge their wrong this fearless strippling boy.  
To fate, he offers no resistance; he  
Well knows that naught can shatter the decree,  
That naught averts the iron Indian law,  
Of blood for blood, among the Iroquois,  
Knows their retaliation firm and fell  
Would hound him to the very depths of hell.  
Boldly the youth confronts his monstrous foe,  
Before whom nations quail—his eyes aglow  
With hate and triumph as he hisses thro'  
Locked teeth, "Last night thou lendest a knife unto  
My brother; come I now O! Cherokee,  
To give thy bloody weapon back to thee."  
An evil curse—a flash of steel—

A leap—

A thrust above the heart, well aimed and deep,  
Plunged to its very hilt in blood, the blade,  
While vengeance gloating yells!

The debt is paid.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

## STARLESS night:

Thickened with deeds of doom  
The black stream serpent—like slugs thro' the gloom  
Cho'ed with a Mohawk's blood that trickles slow  
From out a well nigh pulseless heart, laid low  
By tribal hate and discord—giving rise  
To hostile feuds and violent jealousies.  
'Twas but a moment's work.

The Cherokee  
Meets with his Mohawk foe; the enmity  
Inherited thro' ages fires the palm  
Of each red hand, they face—

A meaning calm  
With venom gorged—then on the night is flung  
The deadliest yell that e'er left Indian tongue—





IN THE GLOAMING.

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## GREAT FEATS OF ENGINEERING.

The cost of the carriage of wheat from New York to the United Kingdom has fallen in twenty years from 10s. 6d. per quarter to 2s. 6d. In 1874 the rate was 10s. 6d.; in 1879, 6s.; in 1885, 5s.; in 1886, 4s. 3d.; and now it is just over 2s. 6d.

About sixty years ago the steamship *Beaver*, built by the Hudson's Bay Company, steamed down the Thames on its ocean voyage. It was the first steamer that dared to attempt to cross the ocean to America. The time occupied in the voyage was one hundred and sixty-three days. It landed safely at Astoria, in Oregon. It measured 101 feet in length by 20 feet beam; its draught was 11½ feet, and its tonnage 109½. The boilers were made in Birmingham. The engines cost \$22,000 and weighed fifty-two tons. Her bulk now lies on the coast of British Columbia, near Vancouver, of which a picture is given below.

The longest submarine tunnel actually made is that under the Severn, which is four miles, 624 yards in length, two and a quarter miles of that length being from forty-five feet to one hundred feet below the bed of a rapidly flowing tidal estuary. Right here in Canada an eight-mile submarine tunnel is being made under the Northumberland Straits to connect Prince Edward Island with the mainland. Another of eight and a half miles is proposed with a view to connect Sicily with Italy. The tunnel under the English Channel will, if and when completed, be twenty-three miles in length, and Sir E. Watkin still appears to have confidence that the consent of the Government to its being made will sooner or later be obtained. A still longer submarine tunnel has

tons. The cost of the bridge and its connecting lines of railway was over \$15,000,000.

The most wonderful underground temple in the world is the Hindu cave temple in the city of Carlee, about six hundred miles from Calcutta. Before the entrance to the temple, and just to the left, stands a monster stone elephant, upon whose back is seated a colossal goddess, hewn from the same block. Like the goddess and the elephant, the temple itself, a building of immense proportions, has been cut out of the solid stone forming part of the mountain side. Like the temple walls and outside figures, every article of adorning sculpture on the walls or in the interior is hewn from the native rock. The nave is 124 feet long, 45 feet broad, and 46 feet from floor to ceiling. There are aisles on each side, separated from the nave by octagonal pillars. The capital of each pillar is crossed by two kneeling elephants, on whose backs are seated two figures representing the divinities to whom the temple is dedicated. Behind the altar are seven mammoth polished pillars, there being altogether thirty-eight columns and pillars in the temple, the grandest of which is the lion pillar, which has sixteen carved sides and is surmounted by four carved figures of lions. The statuary is in massive relief, each figure standing on its original base, all cleft out of the solid rock (hardest porphyry) while the temple was in course of construction. In the neighborhood of Slane, in the county of Meath, Ireland, a short distance from the river Boyne, is a subterranean temple. The length of the gallery leading to the center is 62 feet, the breadth at the entrance 3 feet. There is an octagonal dome, 20 feet high and 17 feet in diameter. There are three recesses, one facing the gallery, and one on each side, so that the whole building has the form of a cross.



*S.S. Beaver, the first Steamer to cross the Ocean.*

been proposed to connect Ireland with Britain, to run between Island Magee, County of Antrim, and Wigtonshire; the greatest depth of the tunnel, which will be thirty-three miles in length, being five hundred feet, and its steepest gradient one in seventy-five. The estimated cost is eight millions, and the time required for completion ten or twelve years.

The longest bridge in the world is said to be one called the Lion bridge near Sangang, in China. It is stated to extend five and a quarter miles over an arm of the Yellow Sea, and to be supported by 300 huge stone pillars; that the roadway is 70 feet above the water, and is enclosed in an iron network, the breadth being 20 feet. A marble lion, 21 feet long, rests on the crown of each pillar. The bridge of Essek, in Hungary, built over the rivers Danube and Drave, is five miles in length, fortified by towers at certain distances; but it may be rather regarded as a continuation of bridges. The new Tay bridge was built to replace the one blown down on December 28, 1879. It is situated sixty feet further up the river than the old bridge, and is about two miles long. The greatest bridge in the world in respect of enormous dimensions is the Forth bridge, completed about four years ago. Its length, including viaduct, is 8,098 feet; length of central girder, 350 feet; length of spans, 1,210 feet each; diameter of piers, 49 feet; length of the three cantilevers, 5,350 feet; width of each cantilever at top, 33 feet; average weight of masonry in each of the great piers, 18,000 tons; weight of steel used in the entire structure, 51,000

It will be interesting to know just what is the nearest approach even made to perpetual motion. An inventor has patented a double electric battery which seems to come exceedingly near to perpetual motion. Instead of using the zinc battery, he professes to have hit upon a solution which makes a battery seven times as powerful as the zinc battery, with absolutely no waste of material. The power of the battery grows gradually less in a few hours of use, but returns to its original unit when allowed to rest a few hours. He has two batteries so arranged that the power is shifted from one to the other every three hours. A little machine has been running for some years in the Patent Office at New York. Certain parts of the mechanism are constructed of different expansive capacities, and the machine is worked by the expansion and contraction of these under the usual variations of temperature. In the Bodleian Library at Oxford there is an apparatus which has chimed two little bells continuously for forty years, by the energy of an apparently inexhaustible "dry-pile" of very low electrical energy. A church clock in Brussels is wound up by atmospheric expansion induced by the heat of the sun. As long as the sun shines this clock will go till its works wear out. Mr. D. L. Goff, a wealthy American, has in his hall an old-fashioned clock which, so long as the house is occupied, never runs down. Whenever the front door is opened or closed by the winding arrangements of the clock, which are connected with the door by a rod with gearing attachments, are given a turn, so that the persons leaving and entering the house keep the clock constantly wound up.



A WHISKY SMUGGLER IN THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

By W. Critchank.

By M.

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## THE TRUTH ABOUT PALMISTRY.

By Mrs. John White, one of England's Greatest Authorities on the Science.

- |   |                   |   |
|---|-------------------|---|
| (A) Line of Health.                                 | } Magic Bracelet. | (I) Puffiness shows Business Capacity.            |
| (B) Line of Wealth.                                 |                   | (K) Head Line.                                    |
| (C) Line of Happiness.                              |                   | (L) Travel Line.                                  |
| (D) Line of Fate.                                   |                   | (M) Line of Heart.                                |
| (E) Professional Line.                              |                   | (N) Cross Lines on Ball of Thumb denote Journeys. |
| (G) Life Line.                                      |                   |   |
| (H) Puffiness shows power to give Social Happiness. |                   |   |

What is palmistry? is a question that is often asked, and replied to with one word—"Humbbug!" If you ask "Why?" the response is not infrequently like this: "It must be all 'stuff.' Fancy telling the fortune, character, and probable future from the lines of the hand, just like the gypsies do. How can you find facts and ideas in lines?" Just so, gentle reader; but why do you say on first seeing a person, "I like him," or "I like him not!" as the case may be? "From the expression," you reply. "From the lines of the face," I say. Certain lines about the mouth are produced by certain traits of character, and these indices to the soul show on the face. You know and admit that persons with dropped corners in their mouths are of a melancholy disposition. With raised corners they are merry, and so on; you don't dispute that. Now, have you ever watched the play of the hands that accompanies speech? The clasped, prayerful hands, the beckoning finger, the angry, clenched fist, the horrified, frightened, stretched-out hand. Did it never occur to you that these "emotions," and hundreds of other emotions, might leave their traces on the hands as well as on the faces? If you open your hand and look in the palm you will see the lines form a sort of written capital M. The nearer perfection this letter is, the more perfect the moral tendencies. Supposing the M is a little

infrequently a candidate for Colney Hatch asylum. Sometimes you will observe the heart line terminate in a fork; this is *always* a good sign, as the upper prong denotes common sense, the lower one impulse. These lines (the fork) in proper proportion form a lovable, good character. Without the common sense prong there is too much impulse, and we all know into what awkward positions an impulsive character may get. On the other hand, if there is only the higher prong (common sense), it produces a cold, calculating, unattractive character—good, but uninteresting.

The Line of Fate, DD in illustration No. 1. The line generally starts from the wrist, and runs more or less clearly (according to the life) up to between the first and second finger. Should it slant from the "south-east" corner of the hand, it denotes singular circumstances at the birth of the subject, possibly wealth gained or lost, the death of the mother, or being in a place other than the home of the parents. If it rises deep and straight about one inch, it shows that (before reaching the head line) significantly influences brought to bear on the life of the individual, and various events (from the sex) these "breaks after" without break in a male hand, through head and heart line, then to the division between the first and middle finger, it shows a profession or occupation chosen with the full consent of the judgment and the liking attended with success. Such lines in a female hand show a happy, successful marriage, where judgment and "liking" are combined. Supposing there are three distinct lines (small) running up to the line of head, but not crossing it, such lines show in a male hand that an idea of the friends of the subject; possibly the subject has been tried two callings or professions before settling down to the present one. These three small lines (continuation of fate line) in the hand of a woman show she has had three dear friendships (possibly with the other sex); these "friendships" (at least two of them) have ended as abruptly as the lines have, but terminating on the head line shows the offers or opportunities have been good, in a worldly sense. After the fate line has crossed the head line, it may break on the line of heart; this means in a male hand dislike of profession; should it have two little lines at the side of the fate line, terminating abruptly on the heart line, this means dislike to two previous professions other than the one now engaged in.

If these breaks on the heart line occur in a female hand it denotes (according to the number) disappointments in the affections. If a line continues up to the division between first and second finger, it denotes a happy marriage—if the line is faint, to come; if deep, already made.

The Line of Fortune or Professional Line, illustration EE in No. 1. Between the third and fourth finger you will find generally a deep line, about three-quarters of an inch, running downward to the heart line; this I call the talent indication. We are all born with a talent, however small; if we bury it, our talent dies out; if we use it, it deepens, grows downward into the fate line. Should the bottom part of the professional line be broken, it shows talent cultivated by fits and starts; if the line is crossed by small lines, it shows many difficulties to be overcome; if it has little pits in it, it denotes that the death of some dear friend has very much hindered the talent being used as much as it should. Supposing the line at the top of the talent line has two accompanying lines, and arranged like a ploughshare, it denotes success. In a male hand success in business or profession, and attendant fame; in a woman it shows success attending the right use of her talents, whatever it may be. I think the indications of these lines are about the most encouraging in the whole of the hand, for by that we can judge the amount of our success in life.

The Life Line (illustration No. 2) comes next; it starts between the finger and thumb, running round the base of the thumb. If broken and chattered at the commencement—i.e., the top—it means many childish diseases. After this, a break in any part denotes disease and illness at a certain age (according to the part where the break occurs); should it run right round the thumb, great age is denoted, and according to where the line leaves off, so we can judge of the duration of life. Should this line be deep, robust health is shown; if thin, health is poor.

The Temper Line (FF in illustration No. 1). This runs from under the little finger, down to the wrist. If "scratchy," a scratchy temperament is denoted; if long and even, an even, good temper; if wide and broken, a brutal character. A certain amount of temper line is necessary to give the required amount of courage to assert oneself, and to say "No" at proper times.

Business Capacity. This is shown by the puffiness under the little finger. By business capacity I mean capacity for managing one's own affairs, whatever shape they may take well. If you send some people for change of a sovereign, they will come back with nineteen and eleven-pence—that is *not* business capacity. Others may come back with a little more—that is *not* capacity, it is sharpness; the individual who comes back with the right change shows business capacity of the right kind.

Social Capacity. This is shown by the amount of puffiness under the first finger. Some people show a lot of flabbiness there; this denotes love of society, but no opportunities. We can also judge of the amount of love for ordinary society if there is an unusual craving for gaiety. Possibly the puffiness may be altogether absent; if this should be the case we should put down the subject as a society hater.

The Ball of the Thumb. On this there are often an unusual number of lines; those running parallel with the line of life denote long journeys; small lines crossing the journey lines denote short trips. By the length of the thumb we can also tell if the subject is obstinate, persevering, or weak as water.

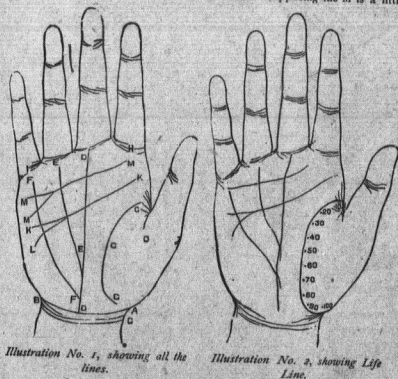


Illustration No. 1, showing all the lines.

Illustration No. 2, showing Life Line.

broken, do not despair or suppose that the owner of the hand is a thief or a murderer. Nothing of the sort; it may be but a curious twist in the character, that may make all "tarradiddles" appear very venial. Should it be a serious break, however, it means great want of morality in life. The top line of all, stretching from under first finger across the hand to under little finger, is the Heart Line (MM, illustration).

It is this deep it means an affectionate, impulsive nature, fond of home, of near relatives, a loving, kind disposition. If not deep it denotes a love of traveling, fresh faces and new scenes. If chained at the end it shows flirtation and a certain amount of insincerity; should the line run round the back of the hand, jealousy is denoted. Little troubles are shown by small strokes across the line; deaths of those we love by little "pits" on the line (about the size of a pin's point); capability for making few but dearest friendships is shown by the tributary lines running from the heart line to below. Very many and short tributary lines show numerous acquaintances but few friends.

Just above the heart line and under the little finger is sometimes (but very rarely) seen a line above and sloping down towards the middle of the heart line; this denotes influence over others. As one is brought into contact with the world and influence increases, this line *actually* grows. I have seen this line come in the hands of a man in the space of two years, when circumstances have brought him into contact with a large number of people and his influence was felt. No doubt very many public men have this line; if not used it fades away and influence goes. The next line is immediately below and parallel with the heart line; it is called the head line (KK in illustration No. 1). If long, deep and straight, it denotes great brain power. If broken in the middle, an accident to the brain or head is shown. If curved slightly, originality is shown. If curved rather more acutely, eccentricity is denoted. Should it run up to the heart line, the possessor of such a line is not



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The thumb of a persevering man should reach exactly half-way between the root of first finger and joint of same; if it should reach to first joint it denotes obstinacy, and should be guarded against; if the thumb is so short as to reach to root of first finger great weakness of character is denoted, and conscientious perseverance should be cultivated in order to counteract a natural and deplorable defect.

The Magic Bracelet. You will probably find these lines running round the wrist. The first line, if unbroken, deep and even, denotes a good constitution; the second, with the same qualification, denotes wealth. Very often this line commences in the middle of the wrist, and runs to the part of the wrist under the little finger; this shows wealth acquired in middle life and kept. The third line denotes happiness; if broken, uncertain happiness; if composed of many small strokes, happiness drawn from many sources. On the male hand, a perfect line of happiness is an indication of a very happy marriage.

Light between the Fingers. Should this be seen very slightly when held up to the light, susceptibility to cold is shown; if light is shown through large spaces, it shows lung disease.

I have been often asked: "How do you know all this?" My reply is: "By observation." If you examine the hands of your most intimate friends who are unfortunately possessed of a temper, you will find in each case the temper line identical. Supposing you number amongst the members of your family several warm-hearted, affectionate people, you will find in all cases the heart line is deep and long in this way; i.e., by examining the hands of those whose characters are well known to you, you will be able to satisfy yourself as to the truth or falsity of the indications of Palmistry. Having thus satisfied yourself, you should take every opportunity of studying the hands of strangers. After telling them what you see in their hands relative to their lives, ask them to say if the reading is correct. I venture to predict that in many of these cases you will be, like myself, astonished at the exactitude of Palmistry. The whole science is so simple, interesting and useful as an indication of what we are and may be, also as to the amount of happiness and prosperity we may reach, that it seems ten thousand pities it should be surrounded by so much absurdity, falsity and guesswork, such "attributes" making it appear, in the eyes of many intellectual and really good people, positively ridiculous, instead of being what it is—an unerring and intelligible guide to the future, fame, and character of all.

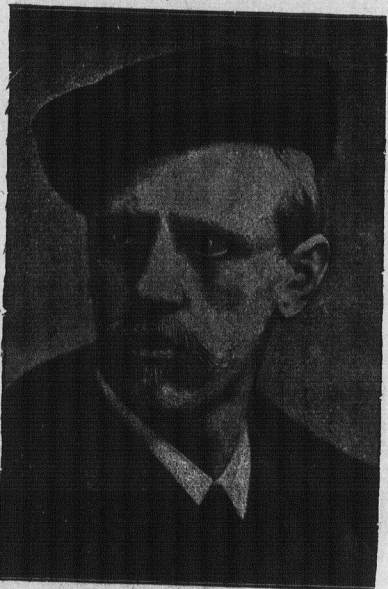
#### ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

There seems to be a marked revival just now in the spirit of exploration, which, for some reason or other, had cooled off recently. Movements of this kind seem to go by cycles, as it were. One expedition to Central Africa brings forth a dozen others. Livingstone sets out to cross the continent; Stanley follows "to discover" him, and somebody matches in Stanley's footsteps to look him up. The interest grows with each new party, and as a result of one expedition Africa is soon swarming with professional and amateur explorers, so many, in fact, that they get in the way and trip over each other. It is the same with the North Pole, which, even above Africa, has had a charm for explorers. When Sir John Barrow declared that "the North Pole is the only thing on this earth of which we know nothing whatever," he laid down the principle which has stimulated hundreds of explorers to seek to solve this mystery, and to lose their lives perhaps among the bergs and floes of the desolate North. There has been a wonderful impetus given to polar expeditions the present year, and scarcely a week passes without a new one being announced. Peary is already well in Greenland by this time, and has begun his march, which is being carried on in a most sensible and systematic manner. His expedition will be entirely by land, by which means he will try to reach the pole. Even if he does not succeed in getting there, the geological, meteorological and other investigations he is conducting will make the trip a valuable one.

Dr. Nansen, who has already made several expeditions to the Arctic circle, and who accomplished the difficult feat of crossing Greenland from its east to its west coast, over very high altitudes and across innumerable glaciers, will this time try to reach the pole by water, and in a very peculiar way. His vessel, which he has had specially constructed for the occasion, is very queerly shaped, mainly with a view to strength, and he believes that it is so built that it cannot be crushed in the ice. He will sail as far north as he can when the seas are open in the fall, allow his vessel to be caught and frozen in the ice, and in this way hopes to drift to the pole with the floating bergs, pass it and be released a couple of years afterwards by the melting of the iceberg into which his ship has been frozen. It is the maddest of all schemes ever proposed, to sail to the North Pole on an iceberg, but such mad schemes have occasionally been favored with success, and its very originality recommends it as worth trying. Frederick G. Jackson, member of the Royal Geographical Society of London, will make Franz Josef's land his base of operations. Lieut. Melville of the United States navy has planned a similar expedition, and Lieut. Ryder of the Danish navy, who is at present making a tour of Eastern Greenland, has organized another expedition, which will aim not to reach the North Pole itself, but to find the magnetic pole. Finally, there is Robert Stein, who will devote himself to the unknown portion of Grinnell's Land.

Here are six Arctic expeditions, all of which have started or will soon start. The spirit of exploration has never been as active as it is just now. Each of these parties will explore a different locality and goes equipped to make thorough scientific observations and investigations, so that even if the mystery of the pole is not solved, it will bring back valuable information. It

will be noticed that the expeditions are much smaller in point of numbers and much less expensive than those of old. They are, therefore, more easily managed, and there is less danger of accident than when they consisted of several ships and 400 or 500 men, and when it took a year or more to fit them up. We know the Arctic regions better, and we know what is needed there, and the consequence is that complete failures are now rare. There is scarcely an expedition that does not return in good condition, and with information of value to us. This new activity in Arctic exploration must sooner or later solve the



Dr. Nansen, the Arctic Explorer.

mystery of the pole. As yet the South Pole has not proved as attractive as its northern brother. This is probably because the task of reaching it is far more dangerous and difficult, but the field is a most interesting one, and the discoveries that promise to reward the explorer are far greater. Yet because of the difficulty and danger there is but a single expedition to the Antarctic circle this year against six to the Arctic regions. If any of the latter reach the pole and solve the mystery we may expect to see the spirit of adventure turned to where Mount Erebus and Terror send down their rain of fire on the frozen Southern plains.

#### CURE FOR LIGHTNING STROKES.

Two doctors have independently arrived at the conclusion that most persons struck by lightning, and to all appearance dead, could be recalled to life by applying the method of artificial respiration in use for resuscitating the drowned. This method proved successful in the case of a trumpeter who was apparently killed at Berlin in 1891.

#### WHICH IS THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE ENGINE OF WARFARE?

The reply to this question naturally divides itself into weapons which have been tried in actual warfare, and those whose powers have only been tested by experiment. Of the former the distinction would be about equally divided between the torpedo and the machine-gun. In the Chilian war the *Bianca Encalada*, struck by one torpedo, went down in a few minutes with four hundred men on board. The same war proved that no living creature can remain in an exposed position within the range of machine-gun fire for more than a few minutes, and this conclusion is accepted by all authorities. In the second category the palm must be given to M. Turpin's new "war machine," which is a light calibre machine-gun, manipulated by four men and drawn on a carriage by two horses. It will project a hail of 25,000 missiles every fifteen seconds at a range of nearly three miles, over a space measuring one hundred and sixty yards each way.





H. I. M. EMPRESS OF GERMANY.



H. M. QUEEN OF GREECE.



H. M. QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN.

H. M. QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.  
(Carmen Sylva.)

SOME OF THE ROYAL WOMEN OF EUROPE.



H. M. QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.



PRINCESS MELINO OF MONTENEGRO.



DOWAGER EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY.

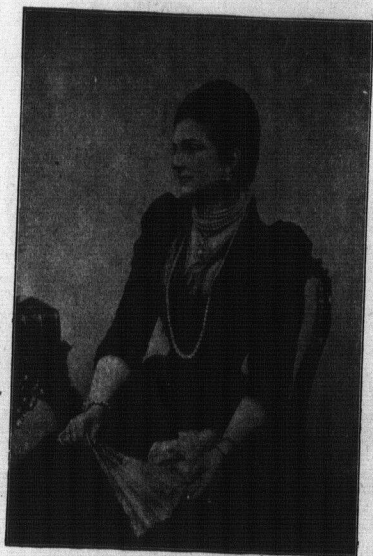


H. M. QUEEN OF SAXONY.



DOWAGER QUEEN OF WURTEMBERG.

SOME OF THE ROYAL WOMEN OF EUROPE.



H. M. QUEEN OF ITALY.



MAHARAJA MADHO MAHARAJA SCINDA OF GWALIOR.



H. M. QUEEN OF HANOVER.



H. M. QUEEN REGENT OF HOLLAND.

SOME OF THE ROYAL WOMEN OF EUROPE.



BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD:

THE  
ENGINEER

wearisome.

These highly

colored tints made

the light even less bear-

able, and had it not been for

the deep shadows, the restful foliage

and even the white-washed walls, it

seemed as if aching eyes would have

grown dizzy and faint and the brain floaty

and uncertain in the white and throbbing

air. All but a half a hundred slaves and

half a dozen dons of Monterey were at their *siesta*.

One waiting at the railway station could not but

pity—in the indefinite and useless way in which we

ordinarily pity everyone except ourselves—the man

with unwashed legs slip-slapping with his sandaled

feet over the pavement, his expressionless face

shaded by a great sombrero, but it was perhaps too

hot to again wonder whence came the sad eyes and

hopeless lips of her with the faded rebozo.

The only thing in Monterey that was not Mexican, that

was not white-washed, that was not suggestive of sultry shade or

hopeless servitude, was the dusty train at the station. The coaches, the

engine, the conductor, the tobacco-chewing brakeman, and the Bowers

saloon across the track notified the visitor from the North that "American

civilization had swept over the Rio Grande and was about to reform the

sad-eyed, slow-moving people of Mexico, who had been living as if life were

already going too fast to make it worth while endeavoring to keep up with it

any longer. And why not wait till mañana? they ask you. Does not

fortune leave on the mile-stones as many prizes for the sluggish as she

gives to those who reach the goal over the bodies of those who fall fainting

in the race?

Out of the special car stepped a man whose attitude was that of pro-

prietaryship. This was particularly noticeable, for on ordinary occasions did

not the conductor and brakeman envelope the platform with their swagger,

while now—O unspeakable honor—these minor officials were subdued and

treated him with respect. The station master—an American too—stood with

his hat off! As the new-comer gazed sharply at them, the Mexican porters

bowed low before him; the peons almost undressed themselves when they

pushed their great hats beneath their brown arms, for there was not two yards of

cotton in the remainder of their attire. He was evidently a man of importance,

though only the engineer of the road. However, it is recognized as only a

Señor the Engineer was a man of dominant character and within the circle of

his presence he was the president, the directors, and the entire management of

the road.

It is interesting to watch the women who come within range of this sort of

man. The señoritas wearing mantillas and starched dresses glanced at him

from the corners of their dark eyes and pinched each other; the women who

sold pulque and scorching things to eat, made of red pepper, stared at him boldly,

almost defiantly, and the men of their acquaintance, though they dared not do

so themselves, were very grateful to them for being brave with the Engineer.

Señor the Engineer did not go upstairs into the office. An old rattle-trap

of a coach, once the property of a wealthy don, was ready to start when Señor

was ready, and a statuesque Indian stood twirling his cigarette while lazily

watching his own shadow and waiting for the magnate who was going to the

mines. A little cluster of Mexican horsemen gal-

loped off when they saw him come. Every face

at the station suggested that he had been ex-

pected, and was unwelcome. Possibly Señor the

Engineer had not been sufficiently corruptible;

however, he may have been nothing worse than

severe.

## CHAPTER II.

Four miles away to the northward there is a spring, and legend says a princess of the house of Montezuma was once upon a time cured of an evil humor by its waters. The date of this certificate of cure is not recent and is consequently unquestionable. Two great mountains almost overshadow it in the circuit of the sun; one is called the Bishop's Mitre and the other The Saddle, the latter reproducing itself at eventide on the fertile plain bordering the village. The hotel is not grand yet it is not lacking in story, or stories, for grand don and gay donna have dwelt in those plausibly furnished rooms and been tempted by the music and cards of the sala and the



THE WOMEN STARED AT HIM BOLDLY—

MONTEREY was submerged in a tremulous sea of white light. On a breezeless day the light throbbed and trembled and its waves broke into almost invisible foam, stained here and there by the dust from the streets which rose up in the undulating atmosphere like sediment stirred from the bottom of a pool. The brown, immovable leaves of the trees seemed cheap and dirty imitations fastened upon carved and clumsily made branches. The patient

little mules tugging the street cars were like giant insects enslaved beneath the pulsing and bewildering waves of light to drag things about as tumble bugs do in Northern seas. Where the train rattled over the bridge the women were washing themselves, their babies and their dirty linen in the stream, which was nobly trying to hasten away from its share in an unpleasant task. Patient peons now and then trotted to the station beneath their burdens, followed by dons and olive-faced girls whose starched skirts were as stiff as cardboard. The low houses crouched close together; all except the station and the saloon across the way were close-shuttered, as if hermetically sealing the cool air

of the night before within their almost windowless walls. It was a picture of Mexican heat in which the shadows were as black as if made by electric light, while the colors were brilliant, gorgeous,

THE SEÑORITAS GLANCED FROM THE CORNERS OF THEIR EYES—

dash of Los Americanos to indulge in flirtations and excesses which even the conventionalities of Mexican life forbid. It was at the door of this hotel that the shambling carriage stopped, but the air of proprietorship contended as Mr.



"THE PEON STOOD HOLDING HIS HORSE."

There are mines up in the mountains and even from the hotel you can see the long white line where the ore is dumped down into a gorge below. These mines have been worked for centuries and it is not strange that there are people in the mountains who for generations have afforded refreshments to man and beast, and believe that they have a right to take toll from those who live in the mines. The afternoon, the big form of the engineer surmounting a tireless pony made a strangely intrusive picture. His handsome, sullen, masterful face, the deep, steady eyes, turned in, just now, upon himself and unobtrusively of his surroundings, seemed to belong to the time and place, but the troupe of peons who should have been following the lord of the manor were skulking in the pats of wayside casas and glowering at the hated "Gringo."

Where the trail begins to wind up from the foothills into the mountains stood the casa of Manuel Gomez, and at the door of what was little better than a hut Señor the Engineer halted, for it was the habit of travelers to change their ponies there while journeying to the mines. The black shadows were growing long when he shouted, "Manuel, Manuel!" No answer. Then his spurs rattled on the stones in front of the portal as he leaped from his horse, and his imperious tones again demanded the appearance of the master of the house. A soft voice answered him, "Don Manuel is not at home; but enter, the house is yours."

Her face was not beautiful, yet it was lighted and shadowed by those great, deep, sad eyes which everywhere look upon you in Mexico, seeming to tell the story of a long line of oppressed ancestors and hopeless endurance. Her red rebozo was old but it was worn gracefully, the face beneath it was young, and the hand that held the fringed border over her bosom was small and shapely. Señor the Engineer was no longer pre-occupied; his eyes ceased to be introspective as he looked admiringly at the pretty señorita. His pony wandered into the corral, and Marie put up a single bar to prevent his egress before she again invited him to enter. For half an hour he talked to the señorita, and with her fringed border over her bosom, she seemed to be a fit of that strange absorption which seems to come when he forgets everything but her, the dark eyes, the pretty, shapely figure, the white dress, the gleaming teeth, at first, though he knew it not, showed themselves in his bad Spanish rather than his clever joke. The full, were maddening when they did not refuse the kisses he had no right to give with his adios, and of course told her, as men do when opportunity offers them a chance to mislead by their untruthfulness, that never before had he seen such beautiful eyes, never had

his hand touched such gentle fingers as hers. She was a woman, a very young woman; her home was among the foothills and the mountains, nor had she before been spoken to so sweetly. Vanity and heart-hunger joined in urging her to believe that she had met her fate, that he, the masterful stranger, loved her as she in an hour of strange ecstatic bliss had learned to love him. With her arm above her head she watched him ride away, wondering how it should happen that such a great joy should come to her, a poor little Mexican girl, living in such a mean little house

among mesquit-covered hills, with a father who kept mules for packing stores to the camp above and a little tienda in which men gambled and swore and disputed their bills.

At night she slept in a room divided only by a partition of woven corn-stalks from the little store in which her father and some of his friends were

playing cards. Again she heard something of Señor the Engineer, of Señor the new Superintendent of the Mines, and his schemes for taking ore down to the railway without the use of ponies or the employment of the means by which her father had made the money of which he was so fond. She heard them vow his death, but she smiled and thought how safe he would be with her watching over him. Ah, had Señor the Engineer seen the pretty face and the brown arm that entwined her curly head as she went to sleep, thinking how entirely safe from her people would be the man whose neck that same arm would lovingly embrace he had not been so forgetful of Marie, the Mexican girl with the red rebozo.

Down from the mines next evening came Señor the Engineer, and if Manuel Gomez did not observe the attention bestowed upon his daughter, the eyes of his nephew Pedro were too watchful to permit such gallantries to pass unnoticed, and at least one of the conspirators became more vindictive than old Manuel Gomez himself, and he was one who swore that Señor the Engineer should but little longer trouble the people of Monterey.

#### CHAPTER III.

The pretty American girl at the hotel by the Springs had a father, as is not unnatural, and the father, as fathers are apt to have, had plans for his daughter's future. He did not like Señor the Engineer nor did he propose that the jolly she would bring to her husband, should be permitted to make a match in Mexico. She was impressionable and he was suspicious, so when she got on horseback he too was always seen to be mounted, but when she forbade him to come he could do no more than implore her to be discreet. Her merry laugh was hard to deny, and when she pretended to be afraid of her spiritless pony he was prone to remark that Penny was hard to "skeer." She liked the sullen face of the Engineer, for he had the strength which her father lacked, which she lacked; nor can it be denied that she had the gentleness, the jollity, prepared by those who superintend love's real matches, to complete the life of the Engineer had he been a man likely to permit a woman to supply his deficiencies and make happiness a possibility.

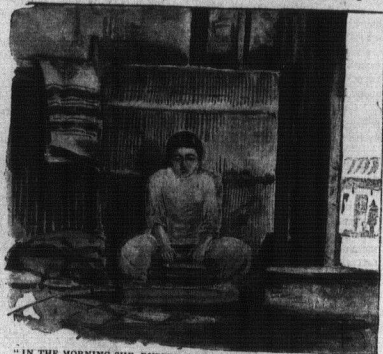
When Señor the Engineer came down from the mines he was not so absorbed in himself or so undecided as to whether he should let love mould his



"SHE HEARD THEM VOW HIS DEATH."



future as when his pony had climbed the ridges and galloped through the gulches. She liked him better still; her father, sad to say, liked him less. The men in the hotel thought he had discovered a new mine, for surely he was too selfish to be made happy by anything except an increase of wealth or power. When the moon rose that night Señor the Engineer was wandering with



"IN THE MORNING SHE RUBBED THE CORN FOR THE TORTILLAS."

his fair American companion under the trees, where great yellow seas of light drifted him towards a proposition which was made and accepted. Beneath the same trees, but shrouded in the darkness, Manuel Gomez and his daughter watched the lovers from the little *cafe*. What a lowly, dirty, sugary, coffeeery smelling *cafe* it was! It obtained its custom on hot days on account of its great shadowy trees, and at night because it was such a convenient point of *espionage* where those who loved might watch their lovers loving somebody else. When they parted the fair American girl laughed to think how her millionaire father would be footed on the station master, proud at moments, yet sad at heart, wondering after all this was over and his fate sealed whether he might not meet the complete, the perfect woman, dark-eyed, gentle, lovely, yet sometimes jolly, but always rich and loving him best of all. Why could not fascinating women be both lovely and sad, and jolly and rich, and everything all combined? Surely there were such women. Why had he been unable to find one of them?

Up the foothills rode a dark-faced girl. She was not jolly; even the great yellow moon and the vast valley below and the soft, cool winds from the mountain that lifted her dark curls until they clustered above her rebosa, had no song to sing. One hand grasped the slackened rein, unneeded to guide her pony; the other pressed upon her heart. She thought of nothing but how happy the jolly American girl must be. Her father glanced at her often as he thought of the morrow. Had it been different, he thought, had his Marie been in the place of the American girl he would have betrayed his comrades and claimed a reward for their capture.

She thought, in a dull and wondering way, what the people of the great world outside of her little life were like; she was sorry she had insisted on riding down with her father that she might have a chance of seeing her lover's face again. She had seen him; she had seen her. Marie was not vain; the handsome, laughing woman at her lover's side was incomparably superior to her. When Marie surveyed herself she thought how stupid she must be in her lover's eyes when compared with another whose laugh was contagious, whose teeth were so bright and shining and whose gown was so grand. Even a dull woman knows that sadness and intensity cannot hold a man as gaiety and laughter can. So reasonable was she in the exclusion of her self from the contest for the heart of Señor the Engineer, that she felt no bitterness; she only wondered how it might be possible for her to die very soon—and for him.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The sun was unusually glaring, more swimmingly, dizzily bright than even the day before when Marie rose from her sleepless bed and rubbing the corn for the tortillas, now and then brushing a tear from her eyes. Yet she was not particularly unhappy; she would not for the world have exchanged her choking disappointment for the emptiness of her past life. Her father's voice calling her to the door forced



"THE GROUP OF PEONS WHO STOOD ON THE TRACK."

her to abandon her task, but not her thoughts. Ah, those thoughts! How sweet to have someone of whom one might think so admiringly and lovingly!

Leaning against the white-washed wall, her arm thrown over her head, as was her unconscious habit, she wondered why her cousin Pedro wore his gay serape and carried in his hand his best sombrero. It seemed strange to her that her busy father should be sitting with her little brother and sister, and she noticed, too, in a sightless way, that little Manuel was lifting the hat from his father's brows and gazing enquiringly as to the meaning of his heavy frown and determined look.

Pedro asked her to marry him. She wondered why he should take so much trouble. Marriage had become to her a much more sacred thing than mere mating, which she had been taught was the fulfillment of a girl's life. In her eyes, as she looked at him, there was no reflection of mountain or plain; she saw nothing of Pedro Gomez as he stood before her; the whole world, everything, God himself, and Santa Marta, and even the little image that rose and fell on her bosom as she sighed to think of her unhappy fate, had but one name, Señor the Engineer.

No, she did not care to marry; she was happy at home with her father, and little Manuel needed her care, and Lucia could not without her get along. Perhaps some day it might be different; without doubt her cousin would see some other woman that he could better love. Pedro accepted his answer politely; he thought of a day not distant when there would be no masterful Engineer to disturb the business of the mines or estrange the heart of the woman he loved best amidst all the maids of La Silla.

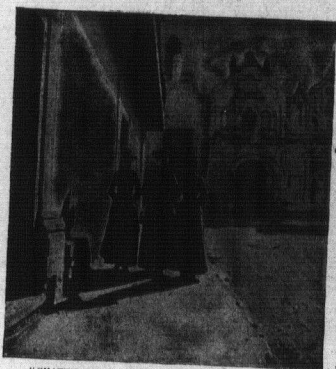
#### CHAPTER V.

The shadows were growing longer and deeper and the afternoon in



"PEDRO ASKED HER TO MARRY HIM."





"CHATTING GAILY WITH A COUPLE OF FRIENDS"

horseman stood by the platform watching Señor the Engineer, and when that official's valise was put in the baggage car and the hated man climbed into the cab with the driver of the engine, the horseman dashed away, without noticing that there were three coach-loads of soldiers going north to keep the peace on the Rio Grande. A couple of minutes later the train pulled slowly out of the station and two miles away, just as it was getting into full speed and rounding the curve, it passed through the little cloud of floating dust left by the hoofs of a panting horse. As the rider rose over the hill and dipped again into the plain, he waved his hat and fired his pistol, and as he passed the giant palm the train track concealing the trap they had prepared. The horseman knew a hundred sullen miners lay in ambush for the train they intended to wreck, the train that was now thundering around the long curve. Just across the railway cutting, opposite where the trail left the track and lost itself in the mesquit, Marie Gomes sprang down the bank waving her red rebosa and striving in vain, so breathless and faint was she, to warn her lover by voice as well as signal of the haunches; a rifle sprang from its leather rest; a flash, a loud report, and poor Marie tottered and fell. The horseman disappeared, the train dashed past as she lay in the gutter beside the track, pressing the red rebosa to her wounded breast, the film of death glazing in her eyes a look of love and fear, her stiffening lips whispering, "Señor, Señor, beware!" Had her lover been bending over her he scarce could have heard her dying warning, and amidst the rattle and roar of the passing train she was lost to sight and sound. The eyes of Señor the Engineer were fixed on the squad of men below, and he thought nothing and saw nothing of the girl who died to save him.

"Slacken up, driver. Those scoundrels down there may mean mischief." The train stopped; the soldiers, startled at the delay, sprang out to see what was wrong; the miners from La Silla, surprised and frightened, took to flight; the obstruction was removed and in five minutes Señor the Engineer, fanning himself with his soft hat, dropped into a seat of the Pullman car, congratulating himself on his everlasting luck. Not only had he escaped a smash-up, but Pretty Penny and her fortune were waiting for him at the crossing opposite the hotel his hat down over his eyes and hurried to the steps.

Pretty Penny sauntered down to the crossing, chatting gaily with a couple of companions who came to see her off. A peon groaned beneath the weight of her saratoga, and Colonel Johns with his little handbag walked sedately behind, swearing furiously to himself and wondering why women couldn't stay still two days at a time, or why when they moved it was necessary to carry all their clothes with them. He was satisfied to take a run up to Laredo with nothing but his razor,

Monterey was being enlivened by the opening of shutters and the chatter of neighbors, for though the night was bright the evening was coming, and with it the cool breezes of the mountains. Even the loafers loitered out of the saloon and the wives of the laborers out of their huts to see the up train come and go. A

a collar box and a couple of shirts. Why should Penny have to carry her whole wardrobe? Colonel Johns was fond of making these complaints to himself and other people, but as a matter of fact he was proud of his daughter's luxurious habits and boasted that she could mighty well afford them.

"Well, father-in-law," exclaimed the Engineer, with grim humor, as he helped the old man up the steps, "my everlasting luck was all that prevented me leaving your daughter a widow ten minutes ago."

Pretty Penny threw her arms around his neck and asked him what he meant, and he entered into somewhat elaborate explanations as the train swept on, yet he could not but notice, while looking over her shoulder, what a quaint little town they were leaving to the right.

Colonel Johns stood glaring at the dark-browed Engineer, who carefully ignored his presence while telling his newly made wife of his narrow escape.

"Wasn't it awful, papa?" Then she caught his face between her hands and laughed in her merry, good-humored way. "Come now, don't be cross. Can't change it now, papa. We were married this morning. We didn't tell you anything about it for fear you would raise a row. It is too late to change it. You can see how much I like you, for aren't we taking you with us on our wedding trip?"

The colonel sank down into his seat, eying his daughter half in anger yet with his habitual admiration. "Yes, you think a great deal of me," he muttered.

"You are awfully fond of me! I imagine you taking me along with you if you could have got your trunk out of the hotel without bringing your father me or your husband, so I suppose I needn't feel hurt!" Then turning to his son-in-law, he snarled out:

"Say, young fellow, if you have got any pull on this road call the porter and see if we can't for once get a decent drink."

Miles and miles behind, still lying in the gutter beside the track, her bare arms torn by thorns and her dress stiff with drying blood, lay poor dead Marie, her sightless eyes still watching for the coming train and her cold lips yet that loved so well was still; the passionate love, unreasoning, unhappy, yet that loved so well was still; the cold, calculating people of the North know better how to husband their store of love and hate. Unforgetful of this, the dark-eyed people bear the burdens and endure the sorrows while others reap the wealth of counting-house and mine, and the great, throbbing, white sunlight continues to pour down on the high mountains and into the green valleys of Monterey. The great blue arch excites to-day, as yesterday, in the mind of the peon the unanswerable question of the Here and the Hereafter. The bright light marks the coming of hours of toil; the dark shadows, which have nothing to do with the ripening of crops or the making of money, mark nothing for them but the slow dragging of the great, blazing sun—they are the ebony tomb-stones of the dying hours, welcome alike to the milero, the vaquero and the panting peon, who linger in these shadows as we all some day shall wait, and perhaps wonder, in that more lasting, that greater and deeper shadow which shifteth not until the eternal sun rises and shadows are no more.



"A PEON GROANED BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF HER SARATOGA."



ADIOS.



HE through train to New York would leave Montreal railway station in ten minutes. It was the twenty-fifth day of November. The sky above the city was covered with leaden-colored clouds. Snow lay two feet on the level in the city streets, and had drifted in places to five times that depth. The massive houses of dark

gray stone looked across at one another through their glistening, icy windows. The snow had been dug away from the pavements and heaped up in the roadway; but the wind kept re-establishing it in curved ridges at the corners, a wind that blew twenty-five miles an hour, in a zero temperature. The foot passengers in the streets walked with quick, short steps, and often felt cautiously of their noses. Fur caps and gloves, high collars, comforters, and long top-coats were the fashion.

People in sleighs were visible chiefly by inference; all one could actually see was conical masses of buffalo robes and wraps, while the drivers bent their heads forward against the blast and grasped the reins with numb but resolute fingers. The horses didn't seem to mind the cold; their manes flourished, their tails streamed, and their bells jingled sharp music. But a human being must possess a vigorous frame, a bounding pulse, and a full stomach in order to really enjoy weather of this kind. Not that this was severe weather for Montreal, but it was a little early in the season; and in New York, where folks were buying their Thanksgiving turkeys that very day, the thermometer registered sixty-six degrees in the shade.

Meanwhile, the long vestibule train in the station was ready to start. Passengers were streaming down the gusty platform, and clambering up into the cars. Station-men, with red noses and stamping feet, were calling out the names of the successive stopping places. Sing porters, with record-books in their icy hands, were standing at the entrances of the parlor cars. In the huge engine, the fireman was shoveling in coal, and the driver was taking a last look at his machinery and appointments. The snow-plough had already gone forward to clear the track in advance. But the taciturn driver glanced at his watch and rubbed his grizzled chin, and thought to himself that they would be likely to get to Albany four hours late.

A party of three persons and a large bundle came hurrying down the platform to the second parlor car forward. After a word with the porter, the gentleman ascended the steps first, with a somewhat feeble movement. The lady followed, with the bundle in her arms, and the female servant, a negro, brought up the rear. They entered the car, and took possession of the private room on the right, just beyond the smoking compartment. Then they turned to recover their breath and look at one another.

The gentleman was tall and well built, but his handsome, straight-featured face was pale and thin, and he held himself rather languidly. The lady was a Hebe of health and rosy vigor, deep-bosomed, full-limbed, erect and efficient. Her eyes were dark and sparkling with ardor; a strand of her dark hair had escaped, and was curving across her temple and dangling down her pure pink cheek. The

servant was just a substantial, moderately-looking colored person, not otherwise specifically describable. Then there was the Bundle.

"Let us see how the precious has stood it!" said the lady, who still held the bundle in her arms, and now began to remove quickly some of its exterior layers of softness and warmth. By and by the core of the mystery was reached—the face of a baby rather less than two years old.

"She looks all right," remarked the gentleman. "Hello, Buster!"

The buster smiled curiously. Her eyes looked rather too large, and her pretty phiz rather too pointed. Her smile was followed by a little fit of coughing.

"There, precious!" said the lady, kissing the cough. "She won't be doing that five days from now. Nör you either, Tom. Oh, my baby!—my two darlings! You must both of you be very good, you know. Only two months before we are together again. There'll be a happy New Year—Ah! Oh, Tom, Tom—I'm so—I'm so happy you're going! Yes, I am! Oh, I'm no! crying—that's just—habit! My own, ownest baby! Take her, Tom; no, you take her, Drusilla. Remember, she's to be fed again in three hours. Tom, you'll both be as strong as anybody was by the time we meet again. Drusilla, I rely on you to take care of Captain Gordon, as well as of the baby."

"So a' will, deed a' will, Miss's Gordon," replied Drusilla, in her soft Southern tone, with a gleam of smiling ivory. Drusilla's good spirits were not feigned, whatever anybody else's were. In the midst of Canadian snows she scented the tropics through that broad flat nose of hers. "We've be all comfortable," she added, taking the Buster deftly in her arms and turning herself into a cushioned divan.

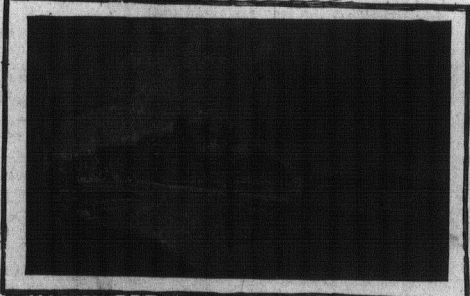
"Well, we've said our good-bye, Kate," remarked the captain, turning to his wife with an aspect of resolute cheerfulness. "Besides, it's not good-bye at all—just *au revoir*. And it's all well enough for the Buster and me; but I feel cheap leaving you here to do a man's work and your own, too. If it doesn't come out as we expected, never mind, come on at once! After all, so we've together, what does the rest matter? Let it go!"

"Of course it doesn't matter, love; only I'm going to put it through all the same, and I shall come to you a triumph—you'll see! We are in the right; and I know what to say. I've never seen a trial; I shall enjoy it!"

"By Jove! but it's hard we must be parted—at this time of all others, Kate!"

"Oh, fiddlesticks! What is your life and the baby's to be weighed against, I should like to know! Besides, don't I tell you I shall enjoy it? My poor boy, you have been ill so long you have forgotten how it feels to be well, and

—pugnacious! I am as you were the moment before that Hunza Niger bullet went through your beloved lung. And all I have to meet is, not a bullet, but a snuffy little cross-examining lawyer, whom I mean to rout, horse, foot and dragons!"



A knock at the door. Voice of the porter without. "Train leaves in one minute, sir, please."

"Oh, Tom, my darling! Oh, my baby, my own, ownest baby! God bless you and keep you, my darling—my darlings! You will write . . . But, oh! my heart, I shall know if anything happens; my soul goes with you! Angels will be about you, I know!"

Voice of conductor on the platform without: "All aboard!"

"My love!" Her face was wet with tears: "My baby!"

She was gone. The engine whistled. The train gave a slow jerk and began to draw out. The baby coughed. Drusilla turned herself into a rocking chair, with a singing accompaniment. Captain Gordon dropped into a seat and the lines of his face grew grave and haggard. His cheek, too, was wet, either with his own tears, or with hers, or both. Now they were rumbling over the long bridge. Now Canada was behind them and the frozen north; and before them lay, far down the southern horizon, the palms and coral of the tropics.

## II.

The business that kept Mrs. Kate Gordon at home, while her husband and her baby fled for health and life to the South, may be dismissed in a paragraph.

She was an American girl, married to an English officer, who had been wounded in the late outbreak in northern India and had retired from the service. His father had died, leaving a considerable property in Canada. Captain Gordon's wound had apparently healed rapidly, and he had come to Montreal to look after his inheritance, and with the expectation of taking up his residence there. It presently turned out that a cousin of his father, a lawyer of large local practice, advanced a claim to the estate, on the ground partly of private treaty and partly for professional services rendered. Matters were complicated by the fact that Gordon senior had left no will. Tom was his only child and would inherit in the natural course of things, but this unexpected claim made fair to be disastrous to his hopes. Mr. Graham, the lawyer-cousin, had not the reputation of being an easy man. It was necessary, then, to bring suit. Graham filed an answer, issue was joined and a date set for the trial. At this juncture a calamity happened. Captain Gordon's wound, which was in the apex of the right lung, broke out afresh. His physician informed him that a winter in Canada would be the death of him. Following this, the baby caught the gripple and lay at death's door for a week. It then rallied, but a relapse would be fatal. "They must both go south," said the doctor, "or—!" But the trial was fixed for the middle of January: it was then the middle of November, and the livelihood of the little family mainly depended upon their winning their suit. It was now that Kate Gordon came out in her strength. She had an interview with their counsel, the issue of which was that Tom's deposition was taken, and it was arranged that he and the baby should go south at once, while she remained behind to prosecute the suit. It was no use the captain remonstrating and objecting; she was a woman to have her way; she carried all before her, and showed such a command of herself and the situation that her lawyers were caught by the contagion of her spirit and her confidence, and Tom, assailed by the combined forces of her, them and the doctor, was constrained to yield. It was their first parting and the circumstances did not conspire to diminish its pangs. We have had an outside glimpse of it and will now resume our narrative.

## III.

On the first day of December everything in Montreal was white, gray and black; it was snowing furiously, and a north-east gale was carrying the flying snow horizontally, and piling up that which had fallen in drifts twenty feet high. The river was frozen solid and there was a railroad track laid on it. Kate Gordon, awakening from an uneasy dream, got up, slipped on her wadded dressing-gown and fur slippers, and went to the window, which looked towards

the south. It was quite dark. Snow was heaped up against the window-pane, leaving only a semi-circular opening near the top, and that was covered with frost. She scratched the snow from the top, and that was covered with darkness she could just discern the swirl of the flying flakes, rather than the flakes themselves. She heard the venomous scream of the wind; it shook the window in its frozen sash. It was deadly outside. She shuddered. Then, the eyes of her body being unavailable, she looked with the eyes of love and imagination, and perhaps beheld, through the wintry darkness, some such scene as this.

The hush before dawn in the tropics. All around is the broad, polished flow of the sea, gray, but opaline with latent color, awaiting the signal of the sun. Polished is the surface, yet not motionless; a rhythmic undulation breathes through it—the long, long, quiet sighs of slumberous peace. The air is fresh but warm and tender; impalpable, crystalline, stretching upwards to the clear morning stars, and outwards to the pale regions of the mysterious horizon, it is invisible life in the nostrils, soothing, healing, inspiring; an air forever innocent of ice and snow and harshness, the pure medium of joy and love.

Yonder to the left dwains a faint brightening, the semi-halo of approaching splendor. Faintly over the sea the hues of the rainbow begin to awaken, mingling and changing. A tiny marvel breaks the surface and drifts on a wayward course—the little mariner who marshalled Columbus to the unknown shores. Another and another, a fairy fleet, glittering white, with trailing, sinuous oars. And what is this leaping and fluttering and low skimming and shallow diving, close at hand?—iridescent birds of the deep sea, leaving their depths to quaff the morning! The brightness gathers and widens, dissolving the stars into light, and darkening the eastern profile of the leaning world. Ah! now the wonder comes, helmed in intolerable splendors, the magician creating and enchanting the earth. For an instant he poises, dazling, on the brink, then ascends his everlasting path. To him, from him, flow aerial rivers of life and color. The heavens are azure

where he has walked upon them: streams of glory palpitate across the waters, breadths of pearl, tremulous passages of anethus, and fountains of liquid ruby. Life and beauty, passionate yet calm, vibrate and teem above and below.

The light of endless summer glows and kindles in nature, and in the veins of him who contemplates her. Away to the south what slender stems arise, with feathered crowns: what low white cliffs, and sparkling arcs of beach! There are isles fit for the dwelling of immortals. These are the shores first seen by the named discoverers of Spain, four centuries since; here swarmed the quest for gold and empire, and here lurked and reveled the blood-stained buccaners, and murder, lust and robbery made their abode, and scarce known they were not still in heaven.

But the heroes and the incarnate devils are at rest now, and the Spanish main is no longer swept by high-pooped caravels. The fiery gleam of El Dorado has faded, and in its place are drowsy peace, and commerce tempered with indolence, and annual pilgrimages of valetudinarians, seeking what remains of the elixir of life and the fount of youth. Hark! the steady throbb of the screw, speeding the dark, narrow bulk of yonder steamer through the magic calms. Here come the pilgrims of 1891! The mounting sun shines on the long decks, fresh from the morning holocaust. And up the companion-way, with an elastic step and a bright eye, comes Captain Gordon, with the Buster in his arms. The Buster's cheeks are rosy, and she coughs no more.

"Look, baby! By Jove! I see the pretty white houses over there, and the ships, and the big hotel, and the castle on the hill! That's where we're going. Isn't it fine? By Jove—if mamma were only here!"

Mamma shivers and draws back from the black and icy windows: yet she smiles in the midst of her shivering.

"Bless my darlings! It's sweet to think that they are there. Pray God all may go well, and we be together again soon!"

## IV.

On Christmas Eve there was a marooning party to one of the little islets within an hour's sail from Nassau. A marooning party is West Indian for a picnic; the memory of the buccaners has its much influence still. The party was small but select. Captain Gordon was its get-up and leading spirit. The captain, during the three weeks or more of his sojourn, had acquired a great popularity. He was the life of the place—he and the Buster. From the governor down to the negro boys who took them out fishing, everybody was delighted with them, and everybody felt the greatest curiosity to see Mrs. Gordon: a woman must be worth seeing; it was argued, whose husband was so utterly in love with her, and who was the mother of so enchanting a little daughter, for anything in the shape of childhood more enchanting than the Buster



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and never been seen. And people pleased themselves with the anticipation of Mrs. Gordon's pleasure, when she should witness the astonishing amendment in the health of her belated one—their robust and abounding health. The Hon. Mrs. Mallet, a person of quality, who was a guest at the governor's house, and who had known Captain Gordon's family when the captain was a little boy at Rugby, was already the cordial friend and admirer of the American wife whom she had never seen. She praised the gallant courage and devotion of a woman who would not only send those she loved better than herself to a place of safety, while she remained behind to fight a death-battle with the enemy in the icy and hostile North; but who, having nursed her baby at her own breast from the hour of its birth, could have the self-abnegation and the trust in Providence ("and in New Providence," added, *sette* two, young Jack Mallet, her nephew by marriage, who had been her escort on her travels), to entrust it to a negro foster mother. She was a real heroine, the old lady declared. She was the chief of the Buster's subjects. She was actually jealous of the faithful Drusilla's more intimate relations. When the Buster was not at her meals, she was very apt, therefore, to be riding roughshod over the Hon. Mrs. Mallet. The Lady of Quality revelled in her servitude, and wooed her tyrant to be tyrannical. The two were together for hours every day; and when Mrs. Mallet had succeeded in persuading the Buster to call her "G'an'ma," her felicity was complete. She had no children or grandchildren of her own. She commended Drusilla's faithfulness and zeal, but anybody could see that she believed the Buster to be much safer in her hands than in Drusilla's. These facts, though not in themselves remarkable, had their bearing on the catastrophe, as we shall see.

The small but select marooning party consisted of Captain Gordon and the Buster, with Drusilla; of the Hon. Mrs. Mallet and Jack Mallet; and of two or three other young gentlemen and ladies with whom we will not concern ourselves. The little white yacht was sailed by her owner, Captain Samuel, the elderly, the respectable, the genial, the resourceful; and it was he who saw to the provision of fishing lines and hooks, of conch-shell balls, of water telescopes, and of other conventional paraphernalia. The luncheon was got together by Gordon and Mrs. Mallet, and included, among other delectable things, three or four bottles of champagne.

They embarked at eleven o'clock. It was an exceptionally warm day—81° in the shade. The harbor, between the town and Hog Island, was as smooth as oil, and the yacht, with all sail spread, made but slow headway.

"We'll get a bit of a slant of breeze once we're outside," Captain Samuel remarked, with his eye on the tell-tale, and working his tiller.

The Buster, wound about by Drusilla's long arms, craned over the side of the boat and stretched out her small tapering fingers for the coral fronds and tinted fishes three fathoms below, but which, through the invisible medium, seemed within easy reach. "Be careful, girl!" Mrs. Mallet warned her; "she jumps so unexpectedly. Hadn't I better take her? Look, darling! G'an'ma, watch!" But the Buster glanced disdainfully out of her full, despic, translucent agate eyes, and returned to her submarine longings. "How deliciously natural she is," murmured the old lady adroitly. "She'd rather have a fish, or a flower, than all the gold and jewels in the world!"

"She inherited the fish love from me; the flower love from mamma," said Gordon.

As they drifted along, Jack Mallet, leaning against the mast, in an immaculate white flannel yachting suit, got his banjo out of its case and began to

troll out a bold buccannering song in resonant baritone. The others fell in at the chorus. The Buster listened with the aspect of a rapt seraph, for a space, and then frowned horribly, and sent forth stentorian yells whenever there was general laughter, and Jack brought the flat of his hand down on the strings. The music stopped. Drusilla arrayed herself discreetly, and became a dining-room, at whose mahogany the Buster was the only feeder. Then someone asked Captain Gordon a question relative to the assault on Nilt, and the battle with



the mountaineers of the Huma Niger. The captain narrated well and modestly, and with humor as well as wisdom; and the first thing they knew they had doubled the point and were leaping off with a good breeze, close-hauled on the starboard tack. Their destination—a shadow of green crowning a gleam of white—lay a few miles off to windward, over the starboard bow. The Buster, having banqueted, slept. The young people talked sentiment perhaps. Gordon and the Lady of Quality discussed the trial which was soon to take place among the drifts and glaciers of latitude 46°. Captain Samuel smoked his pipe con-

tently, and, after hauling in another inch on his peak halyards, settled himself with his left foot braced against a stanchion and humored the sheet. He fetched the islet in four tacks. By two o'clock they were safe ashore, and properly hungry.

## V.

"I will take care of her, Drusilla. Captain Samuel has your supper ready for you there in the gorge. Baby and I will stay here and entertain each other—won't we, pet?"

Thus spoke the Hon. Mrs. Mallet. The torrid sun of Christmas Eve had blazed and set. It had been a day of glories. Such a luncheon, such a fishing, nature and human nature no Christmas Eve had ever surpassed. The Buster had been in the thick of it all, except for two hours, during which she had slept in the curtained bedstead into which the unfeeling Drusilla had transformed herself. Now she was awake and ready for business. But the poor bedstead, being after all human, was very sharp-set, and had as yet had a chance to eat nothing beyond a fortuitous banana or two and a bit of sponge cake. So Mrs. Mallet, being weary of ordinary social delights and her receptivity of subliminal enchantments having been finally exhausted by the sunset, stepped into the breach with her kindly and yet not entirely altruistic proposition. She would much rather commune with the Buster than sit and listen to nephew Jack thrum his banjo yonder at the other end of the islet, three hundred yards away, where he sat like Orpheus beneath a palm tree, with the other young folks ringed about him, and played and sang with his face to the new moon, which was modestly following the sun to his bedchamber in the west. It was the season for love and *l'été-à-tête* meditations—a season in whose delights Mrs. Mallet could no longer personally participate. It had occurred to her that it would be a good plan to engage

reach any mischief in it. Why not remain here forever? If the trial went against them they could hardly find a spot at once more luxurious and more economical. If they won their case, on the other hand, could wealth be housed more fittingly than here? The main thing was to get here—to establish themselves on some such Calypso's Isle as this very one on whose beach the captain now stood leisurely dressing himself. Would that Kate were come! The trial was set for January 13th. She might start by the 13th and arrive five or six days later, say on the 20th. In a month, then, less four days. The captain looked northward with his heart in his eyes. He had heard from her but once since his departure. He was a little anxious; if he had allowed himself to think about it he might have made himself intolerably so. But his profession had taught him discipline and patience, and his mother, perhaps, had taught him a reverent belief in the Divine goodness. He and the Buster had been sent down here to get well and they had faithfully applied themselves to the task and had accomplished it. The rest was in God's hand; worrying would not help it. But he looked northward towards the Canadian shores, and sighed as he turned to climb the coral cliff and relieve the faithful Drusilla of her charge.

It was dusk as he approached the spot where he had left Drusilla and the Lady of Quality with the Buster; but the atmosphere was still quite clear. It was only color that had been withdrawn, leaving objects to fight and shadow merely. He saw Mrs. Mallet sitting there; but Drusilla and the Buster were absent. "Do you know which way they went?" he asked, as he came up, and looked down upon the daughter of a lord.

The reply was a frank, well-developed snore. At the same moment, from a distance, came a laugh. No one but Drusilla laughed like that. It sounded from the ravine at the eastern side of the island. He smiled, partly at the snore, partly at the laugh. He took out his watch—ten minutes past five. They were to embark for the return trip at half-past. He was just turning to the east when his eye happened to catch a white object on the verge of the cliff to the westward. The cliff at that point was about thirty-five feet in height and precipitous. The sea washed its base. The white object, hanging on the verge, was perhaps forty paces from where he stood. He could not distinguish it very clearly, but he remembered that Mrs. Mallet had a white shawl, and he thought it must have been carried by the breeze to the precarious position while she slept. Another puff would carry it over, so he stepped off to secure it.

Before he had gone a fourth of the distance, he stopped and gazed with a terrible intensity. It was as if his soul had left his body stiffened there and gone forward. Pulse, breathing, paused. The action of his bodily senses ceased. The soul, behind senses, perceived and felt immediately, and with an unimaginable agony of keenness. He was at once dead, and poignantly, exquisitely alive.

The Buster, in her white frock, had crawled away from unresponsive g'an'ma, and, pursuing now a hopping insect, now a flower, and now her own despotic whim, had finally reached the overhanging edge of death. Then she squatted, with her back to destruction, busily pulling to pieces with her strong, tiny fingers the bud of a plant which she had found growing there. A movement, a breath, and she would lose her balance and topple over into the other world. Should she raise her head to look at him, she would be lost. Every immeasurable instant might be her last. To speak was death. Gordon availed! Whether or not he prayed, he never knew. There he stood.

Suddenly, the Buster lifted her eyes—but not on him. She looked off diagonally towards her right. A moment, and she dropped the bud with a coo of pleasure. She leaned forward, pitched upon all fours, and began to crawl lustily in the direction of her gaze. Slowly, stiffly, Gordon glanced thitherward. With an emotion of relief and thankfulness so overwhelming as to make his knees tremble and his whole frame shake and sink, he saw Kate Gordon, his wife, her mother. She was kneeling on the turf, a dozen yards to the left of front of her dress, and with her left hand held her bosom, a fountain of nourishment, open to the Buster, while with her right she beckoned, nodding and smiling. Gordon felt no wonder, scarcely surprise. A dim memory of some old legend of a similar event passed distantly through his mind. But all he could be conscious of then was that Kate was there, and had saved her baby. With a gasp of joy unutterable, his soul reanimated his body, and he staggered towards them. Just as the mother's arms enfolded her darling, he stood beside them; and the Buster was there, but Kate had vanished.

The Buster tumbled forward flat, and sat up with a shout of indignation. "Mamma! Mamma—come! Mamma—!"

Gordon caught her up, kicking and yelling. She, thank God, was no phantom! He stumbled off, breathless, in a whirl, and came plump to the ground almost on top of the Lady of Quality, who awoke with a jumpy. "God gracious!—ah!—how you startled—Mr. Gordon—how—what's the matter?"

Gordon's face was buried in the Buster's little chest; she screamed and pulled his hair. He was sobbing violently. "O God—God—my baby—O God—be thanked! And the Buster belloved, "Wan! mamma! Mum—mum—a!"



the Buster with the story of the first Christmas Eve; she might regard it now, though she could scarcely have done so a year earlier in her career. The Hon. lady felt moved to do good. She had eaten well, laughed much, done her share with the champagne, and was at peace with the world. She was sure the Buster's mamma would thank her for leading "Now, dearie, listen to g'an'ma. Once, a great many years ago, in a place a great way off—"

But the Buster had her own convictions as to what was divine. In her opinion this quality attached to g'an'ma's lace-trimmed parasol, which, temporarily relieved from duty, lay on the grass beside her. She laid hands on the trimming and began trying to separate it from its foot-hold. G'an'ma was obliged to interrupt her tale to interfere. The Buster, indignant, required propitiation in some form. Finally the watch-charms were surrendered to her. Her examination of them was prolonged and earnest. G'an'ma watched her with dreary satisfaction. Her little legs were stretched out straight in front of her, at a divergent angle. Her little hands were busy. Her little face was washed heaven had made her such a baby. She fell into a train of vague memories, which she pursued with closed eyelids. Far off the banjo tinkled. The lapse of waves against the base of the cliff hard by was soothing. The crescent in the west stooped seaward, a silver phantom. Nature and g'an'ma subsided.

Captain Gordon, heated by the day and defiant of sharks, had sought a secluded inlet and gone in for a swim. Secure in Drusilla's watchfulness, he took his time, reclining luxuriously on the warm yet refreshing transparency, undulating dolphin-like beneath and above, rejecting in the sensation of recovered health and strength. What an ocean of bliss was this! What a climate! You could try it with any extravagance or recklessness and never

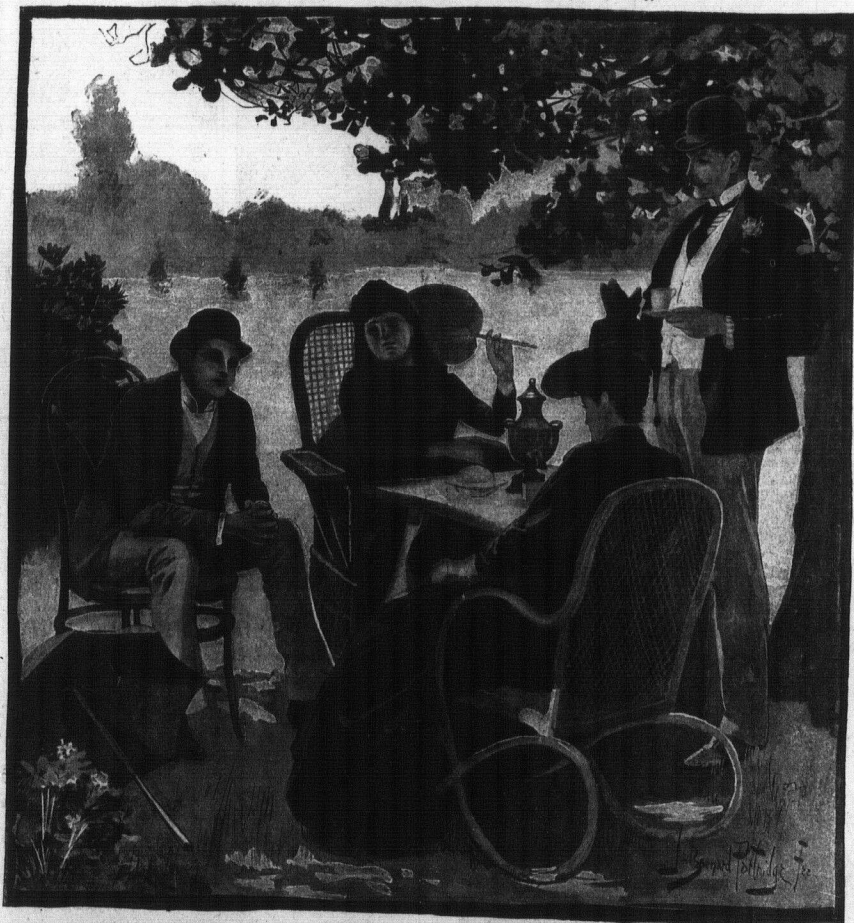
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## VI.

Next day the semi-monthly steamer was due. Gordon was up at dawn, hoping for a letter. The event of the previous evening had its anxious side. He had seen the spirit of Kate. How was it with her, then? A disembodied spirit means death. Was the Buster saved to him and she lost? He paced the wharf restlessly. At last, beyond the back of Hog Island, he saw the smoke of the steamer. She rounded the point and came into the harbor, picking her

and at the same moment was seized violently by the shoulder. He faced about, half resentfully, and Kate—the real, flesh and blood Kate this time—was in his arms. He was a hundred times more astonished than when he had beheld her phantom the night before, and for a while he could do nothing but exclaim monosyllabically, and clutch her arms and shoulders interrogatively, and goggle in her face as if in misgiving of his own eyesight.

"Tom—oh! Is it—nothing has happened—?"



way smoothly, the passengers on deck. Gordon saw the boat which was to carry the line reach her side. To his impatience everything seemed to proceed with intolerable slowness. Would that letter come? The line was brought ashore finally, and the big vessel began to push and pull herself into the wharf. Meanwhile a crowd of people had joined him, white and black. There were chatter, laughter, calls, orders given and answered. In she swung. Gordon, after all, couldn't get his letter until the mail had been sorted at the postoffice, but he was killing time at any rate. He stood in the crowd, staring abstractedly, but seeing nothing. He was away in Montreal, wandering knee-deep in snow, seeking for Kate. The gang-plank was down; the passengers were emerging. Well, he would go to the postoffice now and wait there. He turned

"Kate! By Jove! No—but the—you know—the trial?"

She gave a little warble of laughter and turned. A small gray-haired gentleman with a broad ruddy face stood at her elbow. "Tom, let me introduce Mr. Graham, your cousin, our best friend. He was so good as to escort me down here."

"Hem! Glad to know you, cousin Gordon. Wish you happy Christmas!" said Mr. Graham, extending a short, stout hand, which Tom shook as one in a dream.

"But—" he began; and looked from Graham to his wife. Graham grinned.

"Here are your title deeds," quoth he, producing a bundle of papers from



## THE CANADIAN ANNUAL

his pocket. "You married a good woman, sir. I happened to meet her and—well, the trial began and ended there. Which side might have won in court I don't know and don't want to, but hope we're friends. That's man fights by instinct, you are questioned, but I'd rather lose all I've got than give a woman like that the right to call me enemy. We'll talk it over another time. I must see after my luggage. Meet you at the hotel." He nodded and was gone.

Tom started after him, then at the tide deeds, then at Kate.

"He's the dearest old fellow in the world, but one," she said.

"But, Tom"—she eyed him piercingly—"you look so well . . . it can't be that anything . . . the baby!" She uttered the last words with a strange sinking of the voice; she paled and her hand went to her heart. "Tell me!"

"The Buster is a Bull of Bashan. She's just about having her bath now. Come on and see her. What's the matter?"

She covered her face with her hands and when she removed them she was all tears and smiles. It was several moments before she found a voice.

At last she said, "I'll never heed a presentiment again! But I could have sworn, Tom, I was actually . . . Oh, it makes me tremble now to think of it! Last evening I was sitting on deck, and Mr. Graham had just left me to go below. It was about five o'clock; I was as broad awake as I am now. I was looking at the new moon that was just setting. All at once, I was on shore. Not anywhere where I had ever been before. The sea was all around; it was a little tiny island, I thought. Somewhere in the distance there was music and singing. But oh,

the baby was right on the brink of the cliff, just ready to go over backwards if she moved. I was afraid to go to her or speak. Tom, I remembered a story of a mother and her baby in just such a terrible . . . I knelt down and—"

"I know," said crawled over to

Tom; "and the Buster you; and when you disappeared, she set up such a row. Look at the scratch on my nose!"

"What do you mean?" She stopped still, and her lovely mouth gaped.

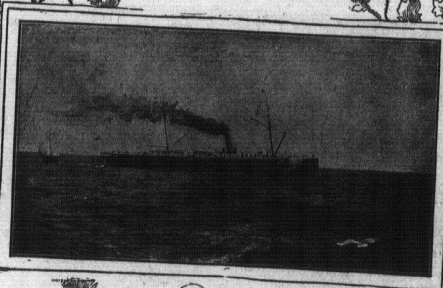
"Kate, I don't know: that is, I don't pretend to explain. But you were there, sure enough; and I saw you save the baby, when nothing else could have saved her. And now I remember you said, just as we parted in the car, that your soul went with us. I fancy it did; and became visible at the right moment. As for the Buster, she will never believe that it wasn't you in flesh and blood; and you will never get her to forgive you for taking her supper right out of her mouth, after offering it to her—at any rate, unless you can give her a breakfast! Come on. The queerest thing is, you should have heard Jack Mallet strumming his banjo!"

"Don't laugh, Tom," said she, laughing and crying both. "It is something sacred and holy: I want to kneel down: I want to be in church!"

"And not see the Buster till afterwards?"

"Ah!" she quivered, wiping her eyes and turning up to him a heavenly look. "It's Christmas, Tom—the time of the great miracle. And I am the most blessed woman in the world!"

"So am I, Kate," returned he, absurdly. "Look! There comes the Buster to meet you!"



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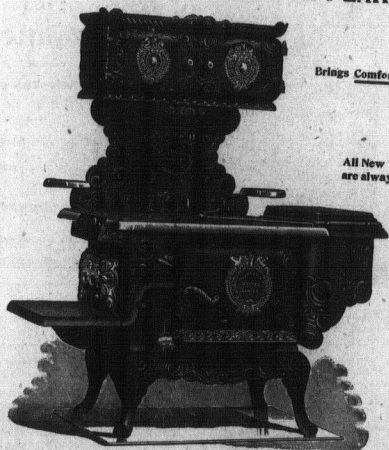
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## BIGGEST ON EARTH

*Fact With Which Your Can Astonish Your Neighbors Who Think They "Know It All."*

A block of coal exhibited at the Iowa State Fair is thought to be the largest ever mined; it weighed 7,000 pounds.

The longest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India over the river Kistnah. It is more than 6,000 feet in length, and is 1,200 feet high.

Queen Victoria has the largest bound book ever made. It is eighteen inches thick and weighs sixty-three pounds. It contains the jubilee addresses of congratulation.

The largest ship in the world is the Great Eastern. She is 680 feet long, 83 feet broad and 60 feet deep, being 28,627 tons burden, 18,915 gross and 13,334 net register.

The largest coal-breaker in the world is in operation at Edwardsville colliery, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania. It prepares for market 4,000 mine cars of coal every ten hours.

The largest theater in the world is the new Opera House in Paris. It covers nearly three acres of ground; its cubic mass is 4,287,000 feet; it cost about 100,000,000 francs.

The largest suspension bridge is the one between New York City and Brooklyn; the length of the main span is 1,595 feet 6 inches; the entire length of the bridge is 5,980 feet.

A single sheet of paper six feet wide and seven miles and three-quarters in length has been made at the Watertown (N.Y.) paper works. It weighed 5,207 pounds, and was made and rolled entire without a single break.

The loftiest active volcano is Popocatepetl—"smoking mountain"—thirty-five miles south-west of Puebla, Mexico; it is 17,748 feet above the sea level, and has a crater three miles in circumference, and 1,000 feet deep.

The greatest elevation ever attained by balloonists was 37,000 feet—about seven miles. The aeronauts were James Glaisher, F.R.S., and Mr. Coxwell. The ascent was made September 5, 1862, at Wolverhampton, England.

The two largest castings in the world are in Japan, one at Nara and the other at Kamakura. Both are statues. The one at Nara is 53 feet and 9 inches from the base to the crown of the head. It was first cast in the eighth century, but was afterward destroyed and recast in the year 1253. The Kamakura statue is 47 feet high.

The largest library is the Bibliothéque National, in Paris, founded by Louis XIV. It contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins and medals. The collection of engravings exceeds 1,300,000, contained in some 10,000 volumes. The portraits number about 100,000.

The Sydney (Australia) lighthouse is provided with the largest electric light in the world. It has a power of 180,000 candles and may be seen from ships fifty miles at sea. The next largest is in the Palais d'Industrie and has a power of 150,000 candles. San Jose, Cal., has the most powerful electric light in the United States, one of 24,000 candle power.

The longest tunnel in the world is that of the St. Gothard, on the line of railroad between Lucerne and Milan. The summit of the tunnel is 900 feet below the surface at Andermatt, and 6,600 feet beneath the peak of Kautlehorn, of the St. Gothard group. The tunnel is 26½ feet wide, and is 18 feet 10 inches from the floor to the crown of the arched roof. It is 9½ miles long!

The following is the seating capacity of the nine largest churches in the world: St. Peter's, Rome, 54,000 persons; Milan cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul's, London, 25,000; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame, Paris, 21,000; Florence cathedral, 23,000; Pisa cathedral, 13,000; St. Mark's, Venice, 7,000; St. Patrick's cathedral, New York, 2,500, with standing room for 8,000.

The biggest cavern in the world is the Mammoth Cave, in Edmonson County, Kentucky. It is near Green River, about six miles from Cave City, and twenty eight from Bowling Green. The cave consists of a succession of irregular chambers, some of which are large, situated on different levels. Some of these are traversed by the navigable branches of the subterranean Echo River. Blind fish are found in its waters.

The largest desert is that of Sahara, a vast region of Northern Africa, extending from the Atlantic Ocean on the west to the valley of the Nile on the east. The length from east to west is about 3,000 miles, its average breadth about 900 miles, its area about 2,000,000 square miles. Rain falls in torrents in the Sahara at intervals of five, ten and twenty years. In summer the heat during the day is excessive, but the nights are often cold.

The biggest trees in the world are the mammoth trees of California. One of a grove in Tulare County, according to the measurements made by members of the State Geological Survey, was shown to be 276 feet in height, 108 feet in circumference at base, and 76 feet at a point 12 feet above the ground. Some of the trees are 376 feet high, and 34 feet in diameter. Some of the largest that have been felled indicate an age from 2,000 to 2,500 years.

The largest bell in the world is the great bell of Moscow, at the foot of the Kremlin. Its circumference at the bottom is nearly 68 feet, and its height more than 21 feet. In its stoutest part it is 23 inches thick, and its weight has been computed to be 443,772 pounds. It has never been hung and was probably

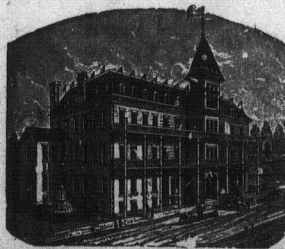
east on the spot where it now stands. A piece of the bell is broken off. The fracture is supposed to have been occasioned by water having been thrown upon it when heated by the building erected over it being on fire.

The stone pavement in front of the residence of the late William H. Vanderbilt, in New York City, is made up of the largest slabs of flagging stone ever put in a single pavement. The stones were taken from quarries in Pike County, Pennsylvania, west of Port Jervis, N.Y., and from the Bigelow quarries in Ulster County, N.Y. The large slab immediately in front of the residence is the largest slab of its kind ever transported from any quarry and cost the millionaire \$9,300; the entire cost of the pavement was \$47,000.

Wilson Waddingham, who in 1887 purchased 163,000 acres of land in San Miguel County, New Mexico, is the greatest individual land proprietor in the world. His present landed interests amount to 1,500,000 acres, about 500,000 acres more than are claimed for the Duke of Westminster. A year ago the largest producing farm in the world was one of the same number of acres (1,500,000) situated in the southwest corner of Louisiana. This immense farm is operated by a northern syndicate, with J. B. Watkins as manager. The fencing alone cost over \$50,000; enough to buy half the farms in a common county.

The greatest fortress, from a strategical point of view, is the famous stronghold of Gibraltar. It occupies a rocky peninsula jutting out into the sea, about three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. One central rock rises to a height of 1,435 feet above the sea level. Its northern face is almost perpendicular, while its east side is full of tremendous precipices. On the south it terminates in what is called Europa Point. The west side is less steep than the east, and between its base and the sea is the narrow, almost level span on which the town of Gibraltar is built. The fortress is considered impregnable to military assault. The regular garrison in time of peace numbers about 7,000.

What is the largest weight of a baby at birth on record? Twenty-three and three-quarter pounds is the weight of the largest infant at birth of which there is any authentic record. This remarkable prodigy was born in Ohio, January 13, 1879, and was the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Bates—the father being the "Kentucky Giant," and the mother the "Nova Scotia Giantess." The new-born boy was 32 inches in height and had a foot six inches in length. The head of the child was 19 inches in circumference, larger than that of the average five-year-old. Prior to the birth of the Bates wonder, the London Hospital Museum boasted owning the largest child ever born. This claimant was 24 inches in height, and had a head that measured 13½ inches. On October 2, 1881, the wife of a prominent Washington citizen gave birth to a child of the following extraordinary proportions: Weight, 22½ pounds; length, 24½ inches; circumference of head, 13½ inches. At a baby show held at Batertown a few years ago, a large twelve-month-old boy was exhibited. He was 3 feet high and weighed 58 pounds; chest, 30 inches; arms, 11½ inches at the elbow; legs, 20 inches. The smallest child at birth weighed only 8 ounces; at ten days it increased to 1½ pounds. In Great Britain the average weight of the newly-born male child is 7½ pounds; of the female, 6½ pounds.



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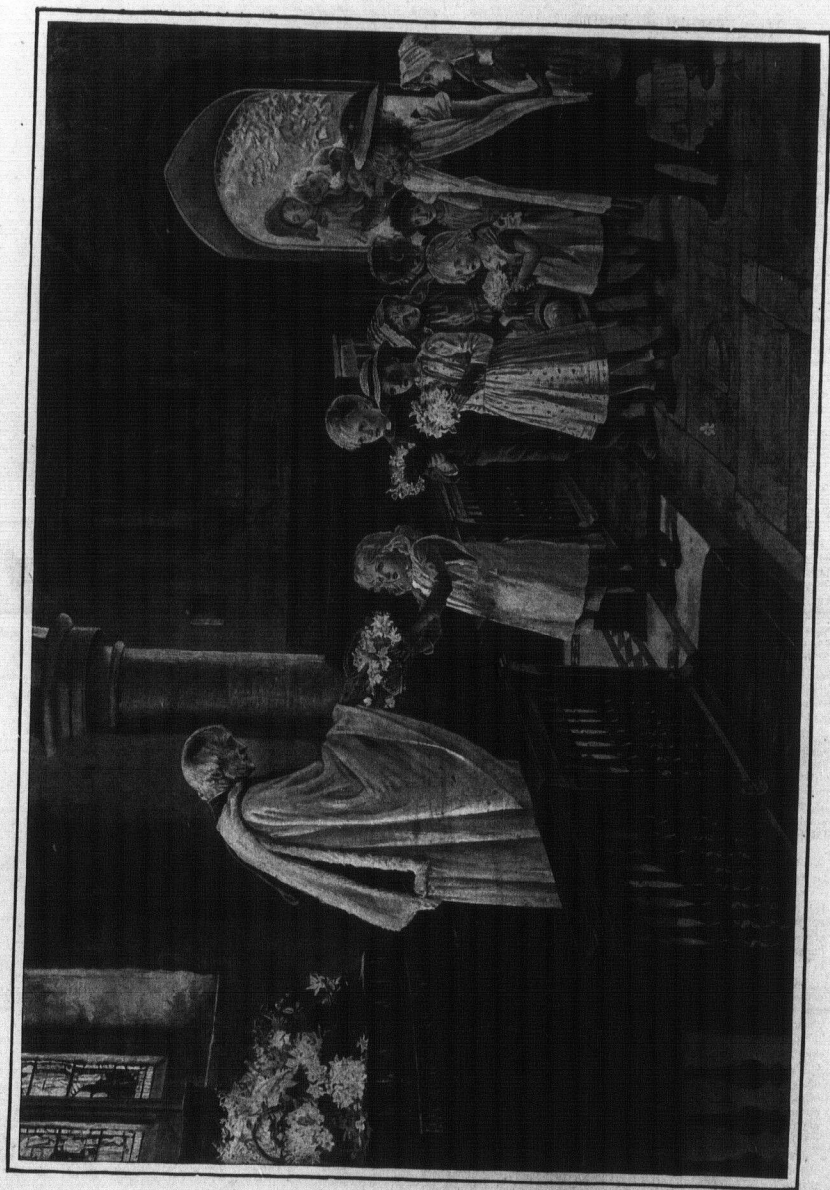
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## A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

Truth is stranger than fiction. In these days, when detective stories are flooding the book-shops, it may not be uninteresting to recall as strange an event as any they record, and one which actually took place within time of mind. I cannot give you the names for fear of violating professional reticence, but I will tell you all I know about an occurrence which can never be forgotten by any of those concerned in it. It made perhaps a deeper impression on me than it might on some men, for I am conscious of belonging to that dull and comfortable class of the community to whom nothing ever happens. There are people for whom the book of life is written in bald and unadorned prose; page after page is turned for them by fate, and always with unvarying monotony—they travel with adventurously security, or stay at home in uneventful ease, for the dramatic element has no affinity for them and refuses to appear in their company. This had been my case through life when, in the summer of 18—, I went to stay with a friend of mine in Ireland, who was a very active magistrate there. He had detected more crime and brought more offenders to justice than any man in Ireland, and had taken a considerable part in resisting, on his own account, the tyranny of the Land League, and in encouraging and supporting any of these landowners who were courageous enough to combine against it. There had been an outrage in the neighborhood shortly before my arrival there; a very brutal murder had been committed. Major Browne had in vain requisitioned the publicans in the neighborhood for cars to convey the police to the scene of the tragedy. Not a car was in order, not a horse was sound in the whole countryside, and had it not been for one young tenant-farmer, Michael Finlay by name, no soul would have come to his assistance. Finlay owed a debt of gratitude to the magistrate, who had cleared his character from a serious accusation that had been brought against him, and ever since that event a tie of gratitude on the one side, and of affection on the other, had united the two men. Owing to his action in the matter of the cars, Finlay shared the disfavor with which Major Browne was regarded by all the patriots in the neighborhood; but he was a cool and determined young fellow, with a healthy indifference to the opinions of his neighbors.

On the evening on which my story opens Major Browne and I were sitting together in that grateful, contented mood produced by a combination of coffee and tobacco. The tables were strewn with boxes, letters, paper-weights, flybooks, pamphlets, and all hoarded rubbish of single life. The twilight was rapidly deepening out of doors, but the air which blew in through the open window was so warm and still that I almost fancied there was in it the hush of an approaching thunderstorm. Suddenly we heard a confused sound of voices in the hall and the sitting-room door was flung hurriedly open. A young Irish-woman, white to her very lips, stood before us, struggling to speak, but her utterance seemed choked by terror. "Oh, Major!" she stammered at last, "for God's sake come! They are killing Michael Finlay down the road." The Major needed no second telling; he had dashed past the girl, and, seizing a heavy shillelagh from the hall, was out at the garden gate and running down the road before I had time to realize the meaning of her words. I followed him hastily, and as I ran I thought that I caught sight of a man's figure in the distance, stealing along the hedge in an opposite direction to our own. A black shadow lay across the whiteness of the moonlit road, and when I came up with the



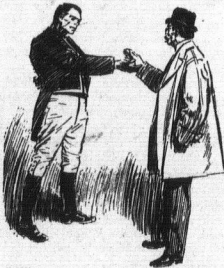
"O, Mike, dear fellow, have they killed you?"

Major had been kneeling down, beside it and had raised his fist in his arms. "O, Mike, dear fellow, have they killed you?" he said; but no answer came from the form he was supporting. It was a lifeless one. Michael Finlay was lying before us, stabbed to the heart, with only the stars overhead to witness how he had come by so foul an end.

Major Browne had the dead man carried home and registered an oath that he would rest neither by day nor by night till he had tracked the murderer down and requited him according to his crime. As soon as it was daylight he made a careful examination of the scene of the tragedy, and drew certain conclusions from the traces of conflict which were to be found on the ground. A wound on the back of the murdered man's head indicated that he had first been struck from behind. He

and it was hardly possible that any outcry could have escaped our ears; also, we knew of no motive sufficient to account for Finlay's murder; and, indeed, he had been mistaken in the dark for the Major, as, although a younger and more powerful man, he was somewhat of the same height and appearance.

This idea was, however, so painful a one for my friend, that I forebore to do more than hint at it, although it may well be that it assisted to stimulate his desire for justice. The girl who gave the alarm was examined, but in vain; she was going home across the fields when she saw Finlay fall, and a man



"What ails your hand?" said he sharply.

"I think I have a clue," said he. "I am going to D— this morning" (naming a small town about five miles off). "Will you come with me?"

I readily agreed, and after breakfast we started together. On the way my host informed me that a man had been arrested whose character had lain for some time under suspicion, and whom the police had traced to the neighborhood of our house on the very evening of the murder, but they evidently feared that an utter absence of proof would render it impossible to bring the crime home, whatever suspicions they might have; under these circumstances the Major was anxious to see the man himself, and we accordingly drove to the police-court where he was detained. Major Browne could get very little out of the prisoner, he gave a plausible enough account of himself and his movements, and I began to doubt if indeed he was open to serious suspicion, when suddenly my friend turned upon him.

"What ails your hand?" said he sharply. "Hold it out to me!"

The man suddenly complied, and we saw a curious wound—a small piece of flesh was entirely missing from the side of his hand.

"That is a nasty hurt—and pray how did you come by that, Pat Ryan?" said the Major.

"Well, now, your honor, I did it with a scythe, so I did, a week ago," replied the man.

"And what were you doing with a scythe?"

"Sure it was mowing a bit of grass for the widow Maloney I was, and the devil got into the thing just as I was trying to sharpen it, and it slipped unawares in my hand—worse luck to it!"

The Major heard him without a comment, then drew out a pocket-lens and examined the injury long and carefully. After a few more questions the man was remanded, and we left the place and remounted our car.

"I am going to Dublin at once," said my friend as we drove off together. "I must go to the castle myself to-night, and I may not be back till late."

"Do you see your way clear to having that man up for trial?" said I.

He answered me by another question. "Do you know what caused that wound on Ryan's hand?" he asked, "and would you like me to tell you its history? That wound was caused by a bite—it was inflicted in a struggle by a man who was lying underneath his assailant on the ground; the man who inflicted it did not leave go, but the hand was torn from his clenched teeth. What I have to find now is that missing fragment of flesh, and when I have found that I shall know what Pat Ryan was doing on the night of Michael Finlay's murder."

Some time had already elapsed since that night, but the imaginative conviction of the investigator was so strong and clear that he succeeded in impressing it upon the authorities, and he returned from Dublin with permission for the exhumation of the body of Michael Finlay.

This was carried out the next morning. "If I am right," said the Major as we stood by the coffin together—"and I would almost stake my life on the issue—that missing fragment of flesh will be found between the teeth of the corpse."

On opening the dead man's mouth his strange and terrible deduction proved correct—the silent witness to Pat Ryan's crime was there, and he was convicted and hanged.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

The Russian soldier is more heavily burdened than any other. A foot soldier in the army of the Czar carries over 68lb. The weights borne by the foot soldiers of the other principal European nations are as follows: French, 62lb.; British, 62lb.; German, 67lb.; Swiss, 59lb.; Italian, 53lb.; Austrian, 47lb.

## MATRIMONY.

Clergymen were not allowed to marry in England till 1547.

In Russia, as in many other countries, both husband and wife have a ring in testimony of their nuptials.

Prince Alexander of Prussia, cousin of the late Emperor William, who is seventy-six years of age, last year quarried an actress aged eighteen.

The last census shows that there are no fewer than 3,000,000 men over thirty years of age in the United States who have never been married.

An engaged couple recently ran a foot-race. The young woman won, and immediately discarded her lover, saying that she would never wed an inferior.

A German statistician has stated that if the present order of things does not change, three thousand years hence there will only be one man to every two hundred and twenty women.

It has hitherto been the law in Japan that if a woman was not married by a certain age, the authorities picked out a man and compelled him to marry her. The Mikado has just abolished this usage.

The Marebale have a singular marriage custom. The husband does not buy his wife, therefore, remains the property of her father, and when children are born their own father has to buy them from their mother's father.

Queer weddings occur out west sometimes. Elder Ekin recently stood on one bank of the Cuivre river, which was too flooded to cross; Henry Vivian and Etta Wylie stood on the other bank, and the elder yelled the ceremony across the raging flood.

When a Chinese girl is married her attendants are always the oldest and ugliest women to be found in the neighborhood, who are paid to act as foils to her beauty. Some exceptionally ugly old women make their living by acting as professional attendants at weddings.

It has transpired that a young woman in Germany, in the hope of softening the heart of an offended lover, had herself photographed in a coffin and dressed in grave clothes. She then forwarded the photograph to her erstwhile lover, who was so moved by the sight that he went waving mad.

A gentleman of Denver and a young lady of West Virginia met on a railroad train one day lately, and by the time they reached Chicago they had been made man and wife. But even that speed record has been broken. A lady was granted a divorce in Tacoma (Wash.) within three minutes after she filed her petition.

Evidently the Hottentots do not consider that marriage is a failure, for even widows are willing to marry again, although the penalty for doing so is heavy. It is the rule amongst these people that before re-marrying, a widow must cut off the joint of a finger and present it to her new husband on the wedding day.

American women are yearly growing more independent. The statistics show that over 3,000,000 women are earning independent incomes in that country. There are some 2,500 practicing medicine, 6,000 managing post-offices, 275 preaching the Gospel, and in New York City alone 27,000 of them are supporting their husbands.

A girl and boy, aged respectively six and nine, have been tried in India on a charge of bigamy. They were indicted for marrying, the bridegroom being aware at the time that the bride was the wife of another under the barbarous custom of child betrothal. For three days the infantile bigamists stood side by side in the dock, but ultimately a verdict of "not guilty" was returned.

A statistician who has been looking into the matter of divorce has found that the proportion of divorce to population is least in Ireland—only one divorce to every 400,000 inhabitants. In the United States the proportion of divorces is ominously large, 88.71 to every 100,000 of population, the largest known, in fact, save in Japan, the figures for that happy empire being 608.45 divorces to every 100,000 of population.

Colonel Henry Edward Colville, C.B., who has been selected for special services in Uganda under Sir Gerald Portal, can boast of one feat in which he has had few imitators. On the occasion of his marriage, in 1878, with Miss Alice Daly, a niece of the late Lord Dunsandle, and sister of Mr. James Daly, Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary, the happy pair started for their honeymoon in a balloon. The adventure was successfully carried out.

Siam looms so largely on the public vision that special interest is being taken in the customs of the people who dwell there. One of the most curious is that each year is named after an animal, and only certain animals are allowed to intermarry. A person born in the year of the elephant, for instance, cannot marry a person born in the year of the tiger; neither may the lion mate with the lamb. The law imposes dire penalties upon all who give false ages, or who represent that they are gay gazelles when, in fact, they are mischievous monkeys; and therefore it is a law which would not be welcome in Western lands.

A German woman left her husband in America for her own country to take possession of \$90,000 left by a relative, intending to return to her husband at once. A former suitor, hearing of her arrival in Germany, hatched a diabolical plot. He caused letters to be written to the wife to say the husband had died, and to the husband intimating his wife's death. Thinking herself a widow, she eventually married the villain, who quickly ran through her fortune. Meeting with a fatal accident, before dying he confessed the plot. The wife at once

opened up communication with her husband, and the couple have been reunited after believing each other dead for twenty years.

During the past six months there were joined in wedlock, before the Glasgow sheriff, three hundred and sixty couples. This method of marriage, although technically known as "irregular," daily increases in popularity with certain classes of the people. It is cheap—the whole ceremony costing less than thirty shillings—and it is understood to be as efficacious as any other. There is no delay, "no waiting," the actual function before the sheriff occupying not more than thirty seconds. In the presence of two witnesses, who swear that there are no encumbrances in the shape of existing wives or husbands, and that the parties have resided in Scotland three weeks, the lovers agree to take each other as man and wife.

Asked as to the cost of fashionable weddings, a London modiste says: You remember the big Jewish wedding which recently took place? Well, I shouldn't like to say how great was the bill which the bride's father paid for all the expenses connected with the function. I should be well within the mark when I left you to think that it was considerably over \$12,000. Of course, when you are given carte blanche in these matters you don't stint yourself. I remember arranging the one smart wedding of 1890. The father told me to procure everything that was necessary. I did. I even arranged about the cake and the waiting at the breakfast. Well, my bill for that wedding more nearly approached \$15,000 than \$10,000.

The Rev. Martin Madan wrote a book called "Thelyphthora; or a Treatise on Female Ruin, considered on the basis of Divine Law." He was born in 1726, and was chaplain to the Lock Hospital. His brother, Samuel Madan, was successively Bishop of Bristol and Peterborough, and died in 1813. In his work the author justified polygamy, taking his stand on the Mosaic law, and elaborately arguing that it is in accordance with Christianity properly understood. When the book was published it raised a storm of indignation, criticism, and opposition. Madan subsequently resigned his chaplaincy of the Lock Hospital, and retired into private life at Aston. He died on May 2, 1790, at the age of sixty-four, and was buried at Kensington.

A novel foot-race came off at Chattanooga recently, the prize being nothing less than the hand of a mountain maid, Polly Andrews, the belle of Waldens Ridge. Tom Mitchell and John Vanleet sued for her favor, and she was unable to decide between them. They being in earnest, proposed a duel, to which the girl demurred, realizing that if one were killed and the other a fugitive she would lose both. As the crucial test she decided upon a foot-race from the Tennessee River to Faimont, on the summit of Waldens Ridge, a matter of ten miles, much of it a steep climb. The men started at 2 p.m., and at 5.10 Vanleet reached the goal, a country post-office. His rival came in a bad second, fifteen minutes late. The beaten man accepted the situation, and Miss Polly accepted the winner.

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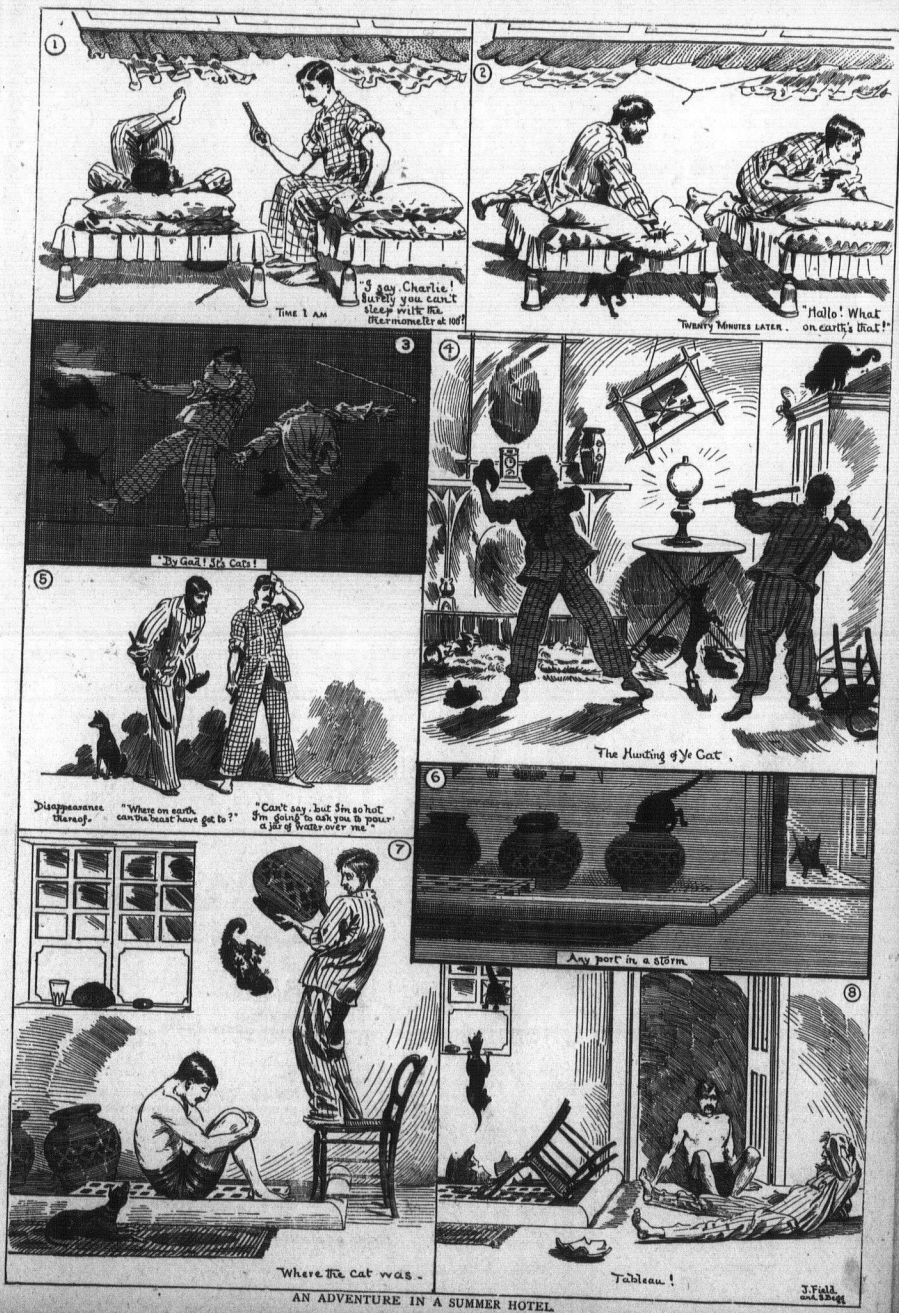
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## THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

I had finished my toilet, and was loitering with Frank Bracebridge in the library, when we heard a distant thrashing sound, which he informed me was a signal for the serving up of the dinner. The 'Squire kept up old customs in kitchen as well as hall; and the rolling-pin struck upon the dresser by the cook, summoned the servants to carry in the meats.

Just in this nick the cook knock'd thrice,  
And all the waiters in a trice  
His summons did obey;  
Each serving man, with dish in hand,  
Marched loudly up, like our train band,  
Presented, and away.

The dinner was served up in the great hall, where the 'Squire always held his Christmas banquet. A blaring crackling fire of logs had been heaped on to warm the spacious apartment, and the flame went sparkling and wreathing up the wide-mouthed chimney.

We were ushered into this banqueting scene with the sound of minstrelsy; the old harper being seated on a stool beside the fireplace, and twanging his instrument with a vast deal more power than melody. Never did Christmas board display a more goody and gracious assemblage of countenances; those who were not handsome, were, at least, happy; and happiness is a rare improver of your hard-favored visage.

The parson said grace, which was not a short familiar one, such as is commonly addressed to the Deity in these unceremonious days; but a long, courtly, well worded one of the ancient school. There was now a pause, as if something was expected; when suddenly the butler entered the hall with some degree of bustle; he was attended by a servant on each side with a large wax-light, and bore a silver dish, on which was an enormous pie's head, decorated with rosemary, with a lemon in its mouth, which was placed with great formality at the head of the table. The moment this pageant made its appearance the harper struck up a flourish; at the conclusion of which the young Oxonian, on receiving a hint from the 'Squire, gave, with an air of the most comic gravity, an old carol, the first verse of which was as follows:

Caput apri defero  
Refectus laudes Domino,  
The boar's head in hand bring I,  
With garlands gay and rosemary.  
I pray you all engage merrily  
Q'nd eat up convivia.

Though prepared to witness many of these little eccentricities, from being apprized of the peculiar hobby of mine host; yet, I confess, the parade with

which so odd a dish was introduced somewhat perplexed me, until I gathered from the conversation of the 'Squire and the parson, that it was meant to represent the bringing in of the boar's head—a dish formerly served up with much ceremony, and the sound of minstrelsy and song, at great tables on Christmas day. "I like the old custom," said the 'Squire, "not merely because it is stately and pleasing in itself, but because it was observed at the college at Oxford, at which I was educated. When I hear the old songs chanted, it brings to mind the time when I was young and gamesome—and the noble old college hall—and my fellow-students loitering about in their black gowns; many of whom, poor lads, are now in their graves!"

The table was literally loaded with good cheer, and presented an epitome of country abundance, in this season of overflowing larders. A distinguished post was allotted to "ancient stirrion," as mine host termed it; being, as he added, "the standard of old English hospitality, and a joint of goody presence, and full of expectation." There were several dishes quaintly decorated, and which had evidently something traditional in their embellishments; but about which, as I did not like to appear over-curious, I asked no questions.

I could not, however, but notice a pie, magnificently decorated with peacocks' feathers, in imitation of the tail of that bird, which overshadowed a considerable tract of the table. This, the 'Squire confessed, with some little hesitation, was a pheasant pie, though a peacock pie was certainly the most authentic; but there had been such a mortality among the peacocks this season, that he could not prevail upon himself to have one killed.

When the cloth was removed the butler brought in a huge silver vessel, of rare and curious workmanship, which he placed before the 'Squire. Its appearance was hailed with acclamation; being the Vassail Bowl, so renowned in Christmas festivity. The contents had been prepared by the 'Squire himself; for it was a beverage, in the skilful mixture of which he particularly prided himself; alleging that it was too abstruse and complex for the comprehension of an ordinary servant. It was a potation, indeed, that might well make the heart of a toper leap within him; being composed of the richest and rarest wines, highly spiced and sweetened, with roasted apples bobbing about the surface.

The old gentleman's whole countenance beamed with a serene look of indwelling delight as he stirred this mighty bowl. Having raised it to his lips, with a hearty wish of a merry Christmas to all present, he sent it brimming round the board, for everyone to follow his example according to the primitive style; pronouncing it "the ancient fountain of good feeling, where all hearts met together."—*Washington Irving.*

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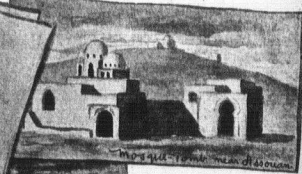
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# RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF A NILE VOYAGEUR BY CHARLES LEWIS SHAW



always respectfully referred to me as No. 113. Whenever he accused me I always placed myself in an erect attitude, shoulders square to the front, heels at an angle of forty-five degrees, chin slightly drawn in, arms hanging straight by the sides, thumbs along the seams of the trowsers, and listened in dignified silence. We are proud, we Lewises.

I always treated the other officers, from Lord Wolseley down, in the same haughty manner. I found things ran smoother when I thus preserved my dignity. Wolseley and I were never very intimate, and as he seemed to be awfully busy most of the time I was over there and got along with his soldiers all right, I didn't interfere with him.

You may think I was too exclusive. I intended two or three times giving him a few pointers on running the campaign, but wisely thought supposing my suggestions should not be promptly carried out, the disasters that might ensue I would be immediately blamed for and my reputation would be irretrievably ruined.

One cannot be too careful.

The Canadians began active work on the river at the second cataract above Wadi Halfa. We worked about ten days, when the operations of the campaign along the whole line from Dongola to Alexandria were suspended until, as we heard, Mr. Gladstone had completed an essay on a new edition of Homer and had entirely efficacy of prayer for rain.

We were not idle. Oh no! The naval brigade and an English regiment lay with us and with that thirst for knowledge which has made the British people what they are, they sought to be instructed in the mysteries of the great national game of America—draw poker.

We taught them. Yes, we taught them. It came high but they would have it.

It is a small thing like this that goes far to show that Imperial Federation is something more than a dream.

There we were, soldiers, sailors and voyageurs, all subjects of the same Queen and united in the same glorious enterprise; thrown together in a strange land in a state of enforced idleness. That we Canadians should attempt to remedy the defects of a narrow and insular education we looked upon as a sacred duty—immediately after pay day. The instruction took time and trouble but was not expensive—for us.

Occasional rumors would be heard that the Welsh parson still held out and Mr. Gladstone would have to devote an indefinite time to his enlightenment. The sailors and soldiers had played their last piastre on the altar of knowledge, the commercial value of their clothes could never be accurately decided upon, and as we were rapidly changing a Cockney regiment and a brigade of sailors into a hybrid species of Highland corps, contrary to the rules of the service and the articles of war, in such case made and provided, we grew weary waiting.

In a city far away to the south, separated from us by sterile deserts and roaring cataracts, surrounded



GENERAL GORDON

"But that's all above  
we'll see."

Long ago and far away,  
An' there ain't no 'busses  
runnin'."

From the Benk to Man-  
day;

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in  
London.

What the ten year  
soldier tells,

'If you've 'eard the east  
a-calls'

Why you won't 'eed  
nuthin' else."

—KIRKING.

**W**HETHER it was the thought of flaunting banners, flashing swords, "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war;" whether it was the desire to see the Egypt of the Bible, the grand Cairo of the Arabian Nights, the land of magic and of mystery, that induced me to serve my

Queen and country, doesn't matter to you. Enemies have insinuated that it was the \$30 a month and found, and a suit of clothes, that made me so patriotic, especially the clothes.

However, in September in the year of grace 1884 there sailed from Montreal about four hundred as reckless and devil-may-care Canadians as the Ottawa and Red River Valleys produce, to act as voyageurs in the

Gordon Relief Expedition, then being organized on the River Nile.

Very few at the outset had a clear idea who or where Gordon was, or what on earth they were going to rescue him for, but with occasional slight assistance from the British army every man was firmly determined to rescue him at the rate of \$40 a month as long as the British Government wished the ill-fated general rescued.

Col. F. C. Denison and I went along.

I always called him "Fred." Certainly, whenever we were together he always did the talking, so he didn't know that I unbent sufficiently to speak of him simply as "Fred." There was no undue familiarity between us. He

# Veiled Beauty.

Am Arab.

Donkey boy.

A Fellah Woman.

More Slaving.

Slaving Women.

by treacherous friends within and the fanatical followers of a false prophet without, a man fighting almost single-handed to vindicate his country's honor and his country's God grew weary waiting.

Who would attempt to fathom the thoughts of him in his lonely vigils on the walls of Khartoum? Who can say how often would burst from the overburdened heart the prayerful cry, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

Even the thoughtless boatman from the far-off pineries of the Madawaska and the Bonnehore cursed the grand old polemical rounder of periods, the guardian of Britain's honor, who had thus far deserted in his hour of need and now shilly-shallied in rescuing the man who had ventured into the heart of the Soudan at his country's command.

Never to be forgotten is the night we heard the news that the Expedition would advance up the river.

Seated in the open hold of a beached dahabieh, the sides of which hid the light of the flickering candles from the sentry of the boat guard, was a motley group of soldiers, sailors and Canadians intently engaged in playing cards. I had been practically convinced of the fact that two aces and a pair of fours do not beat three queens, and had "gone broke." I had left the circle and was seated on the high poop of the boat enjoying the intense quiet of the Egyptian night. The crescent moon and myriad stars lit up the waters of the river

suspenders, in fact for all his currency. Play was suspended. After a few words with the sentry, whose usually monotonous "Pass, friend, all's well," had now an exultant ring, Burney was in our midst.

"Orders in Wadi Halfa that the whole outfit go on at once. The —th regiment and MacDougall's gang of Canadians move up the river in the morning."

Who thought of poker now? A wild cheer that awakened the whole cantonment burst forth from the group. That jack-pot was never opened. There was no sleep to amount to anything for us that night. Kits were packed, the state of the river above discussed and stories told. The Three Rivers gang made the scene melodious with the martial,

"Allois, redans de la patrie,  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

or were joined by a hundred lusty voices in the lively refrain, "En roulant ma boule roulant," that had timed our paddles on many a long day's journey in the upper waters of the Ottawa.

Someone during the night had permanently borrowed various articles from my kit, with a total disregard of the eternal fitness of things, for when I paraded next morning before a general officer and his staff I strove to be sublimely unconscious of the fact that I had a beef-skin moccasin on one foot and an am-

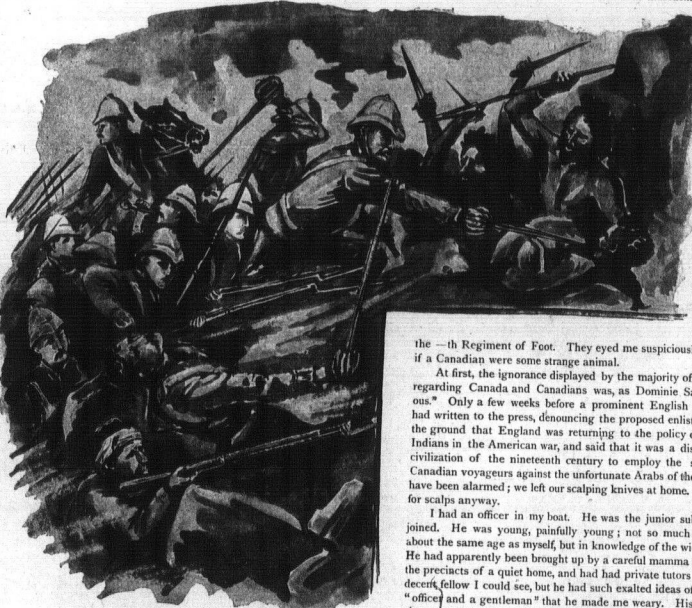
munition boot on the other, and hoped that like the lyronic collar they would put it down to the eccentricity of genius. I hadn't quite made up my mind what part I ought to take in the expedition, when the foreman kindly relieved me of all doubt by saying, "Lewis, get into 714 and be — quick about it." I should have reproved him for the tone he used towards me, but didn't. I went and took my place in the business end of boat No. 714, manned by ten men of "B" company of

the —th Regiment of Foot. They eyed me suspiciously as I took my seat, as if a Canadian were some strange animal.

At first, the ignorance displayed by the majority of both officers and men regarding Canada and Canadians was, as Dominie Sampson says, "prodigious." Only a few weeks before a prominent English member of parliament had written to the press, denouncing the proposed enlistment of Canadians, on the ground that England was returning to the policy of George III. with the Indians in the American war, and said that it was a disgrace to the Christian civilization of the nineteenth century to employ the scalping knives of the Canadian voyageurs against the unfortunate Arabs of the Soudan. He hadn't have been alarmed; we left our scalping knives at home. It wasn't a good year for scalps anyway.

I had an officer in my boat. He was the junior subaltern and had lately joined. He was young, painfully young; not so much in years, for he was about the same age as myself, but in knowledge of the wickedness of the world. He had apparently been brought up by a careful mamma and adoring sisters in the precincts of a quiet home, and had had private tutors and such. He was a "decent fellow" I could see, but he had such exalted ideas of his importance as an "officer" and a gentleman that he made me weary. His only vice apparently was smoking, for he soon got rid of his private supply of scented cavendish and students' mixture, and had to come down to the common black strap ration. It nearly broke my heart and I would frequently in pity give him a pipeful of Middle Navy, with which we Canadians were served out. He still continued so confoundingly exclusive that I determined that if he wouldn't talk I would shut down on the T. & B. The black strap made him ill several times, but he held out like a little man.

One day a stiff north wind was blowing and we had unbroken water before us for fifteen or twenty miles. What a streak of luck this was, no one not on that trip can realize. Oars had been shipped and we ran merrily along against the current under full sail. With the exception of my bowman, Tommie Atkins had gone to sleep in the shadow of the sails, and Lieut. B. — and myself sat silently together in the stern. As it was lonesome steering in total silence I thought I would have a smoke, and pulled a new plug, large and yellow, out of my haversack and, with my elbow on the tiller, proceeded awkwardly to cut a pipeful. I saw Mr. B. — gaze longingly at the rich golden flakes as they slowly fell into the hollow of my left hand, but I was merciless. I carelessly let half a handful fall into the bottom of the boat, but the look of horror in the junior subaltern's face restrained me from repeating it. I had assisted the quartermaster



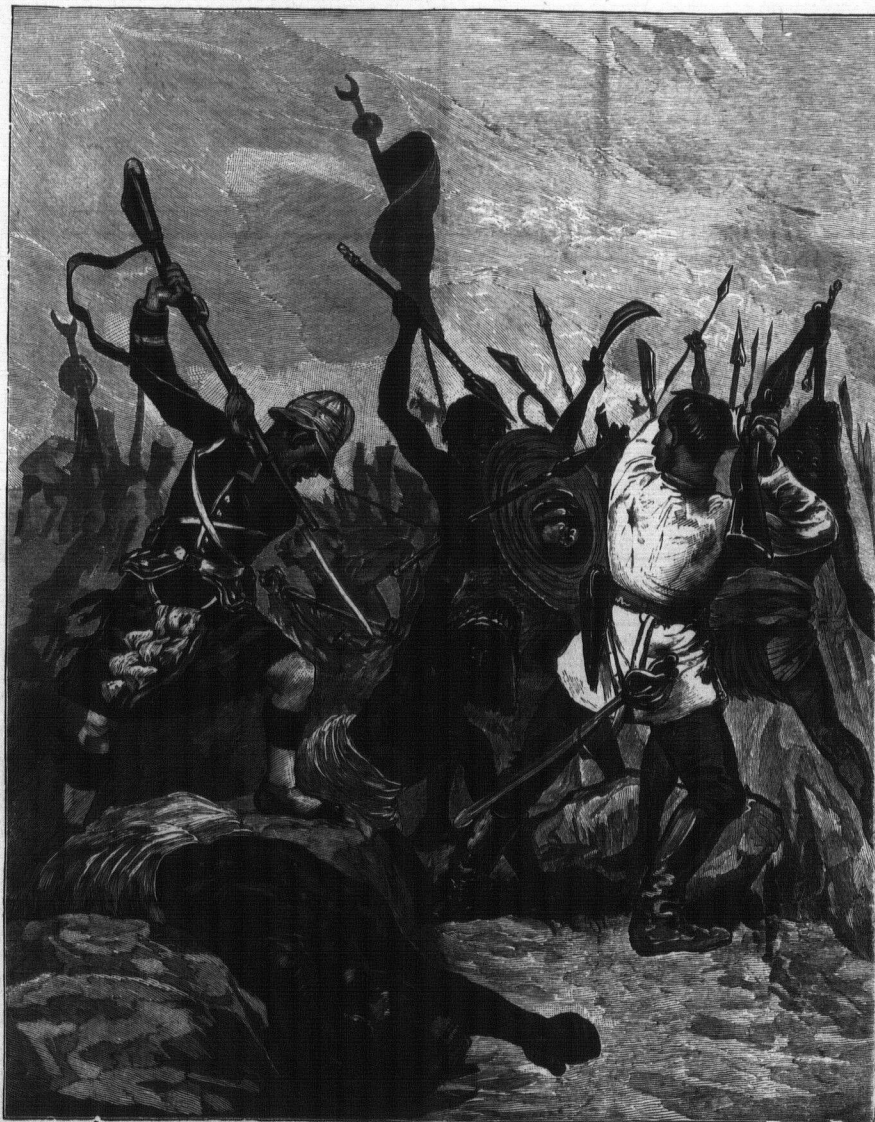
HE FELL, GALLANTLY LEADING HIS HALF-COMPANY UP THE HEIGHTS OF KIRBEKAN

that a few days before had lapped the walls of Khartoum and now seemed to whisper sad tidings on their journey to the sea. Across the river the great desert shone like a sea of gold in the reflected light. The gray and timeworn pillars of an ancient temple raised by a forgotten people to a forgotten god cast their shadows at my feet. Occasionally would be heard from the French-Canadian camp on the bank above my head the voice of some homesick voyageur humming Le Brigadier, or the old sweet song of his native land, La Claire Fontaine. The spirit of the scene possessed me. Were we in this land of dreams, but to dream? Would we never advance? All at once I heard a cry down the river like the combined war whoop of a Blackfoot and the command of a foreman in a rapid. I knew the voice. It was Jim Burney, as daring a river man as ever rode a stick of square timber through the Ragged Chute, returning from Wadi Halfa, where he had gone in the morning. I had carefully investigated that town a few days before and was enviously wondering where Jim had managed to strike the grog, when another yell close at hand, quickly followed by the challenge of the sentry, "Halt, who comes there?" interrupted my reverie and the game in the dahabieh. A soldier was opening a jack-pot for a pipe, a jack knife, a plug of tobacco, a pocket comb and a pair of



LIEUT. B. —





THE DEATH OF COL. BURNABY.

in the last issue of tobacco, so somehow or other had a large supply on hand. The requisite quantity was nearly cut when Mr. B— grew desperate. He fixed his glass in his eye that a certain amount of dignity might still be maintained, and in a conciliatory tone said:

"By the way, Canadian, I've noticed you speak English very well. How did you manage it in Canada?"

Good heavens! did I hear aright? Had all the birchings and years of education been in vain? Had that tutor been dismissed on account of a provincial accent that I should hear this from the lips of a stripling just united from his mother's apron strings? I looked at Mr. B— enquiringly, but he seductively and innocently beamed on me and the plug through his eyeglass. He hungered for knowledge and tobacco. I would give him the former anyway.

"Oh yes," I said, "I managed to pick it up. I often acted as guide for English hunting parties and things like that."

"Splendid shooting in Canada, I believe?"

"Yes, pretty fair. It's not so good in Toronto and Winnipeg, Indian names, you see. The last few years, the large game, particularly bear, are to be found principally in the mountains around Hamilton. In fact, when a man goes there for a few days he generally goes, as they say, 'loaded for bear!' He never smiled."

"You must have a jolly, strange life, you Canadian Indians." I gasped for breath. Shades of my ancestors! The man took me for an Indian because I was a Canadian.

"I wish you would tell me something of the life and customs of your people in Canada."

I knew what he wanted and in order not to disappoint him I gave him a revised version of the Last of the Mohicans, with extracts from Parkman's Jesuits in Canada, highly spiced with incidents from the life of Sixteen Toed like the Rough Rider of the Rocky Range. He choked a little when I located the Blackfoot sun dance in Montreal, but finally swallowed it.

"And you say that the Indians have quite a knowledge of the fine arts, painting, music and that? Sing me an Indian song like a good fellow, do."

I hesitated and told him that I never sang without my music. I thought a lyre was about the only thing I could bring any music out of just then. He insisted, and I had gone so far that I couldn't consistently refuse, so with the feeling that I surely would be caught, I sang the song of my alma mater in pure Attic Greek.

I thought of the horror of the venerable and learned dons of old Trinity at Greek iambs being taken for a Cree war song, as the Nubian Hills re-echoed the old familiar chorus of my college days.

"Why, how strange! I thought the Indian language was a jargon, while I see there is a sonorous loftiness about it I little expected."

"Yes, learned men whom I have chanced to meet have tried very hard to convince me of that. By the way, Mr. B—, would you care for a few plugs of tobacco? I have plenty."

Poor B—, he fell shot through the breast while gallantly leading his half company in the charge up the heights of Kirekan, showing as so often has been shown that the "curled darlings" can fight, and do fight, with the old Teutonic pluck.

As I stood by the little mound that marked his lonely grave, under the solitary dog palm in the great Bayuda Desert, a lump rose in my throat as I remembered the photograph of the family group he so often looked at in the long days on the river, and thought of the life-long sorrow of the mother and sweet-faced sisters in the little English parsonage for the young life that had been given up in vain.

Kismet—but often at night when the winds are sighing through the pine woods the leaves of memory seem to make a mournful rustling in the dark, and the thought of the graves of our comrades abandoned to the awful loneliness of the desert tinged with sadness the recollection of the scenes and incidents of the Expedition of the Nile.

## II.

"He was the mildest mannered man  
That ever scented ship or cut a throat."—DODD JUAN.

If you have ever had upon your return from a trip to England an intelligent friend beam sagely upon you and say, "Well, how's England?" and pause expectantly for a reply, you can faintly realize the difficulty of giving intelligent or interesting answers to questions respecting the land of the Mummy and the Moslem, its history and its people. People are perfectly oblivious of the fact that whole libraries have been written about Egypt and its

rares, that intellectual men have devoted their lives to acquiring merely a rudimentary knowledge of what is a recognized science, Egyptology. They expect you, off hand, to fill up a blank of 1,500 years in its history, and in fifteen minutes to thoroughly explain the pyramids, which took E. Piazza Smith, astronomer royal for Scotland, two years of personal residence and three volumes to say must have been built by direct divine inspiration. And then a man is so thoroughly misunderstood.

A lady, president of a society for the conversion of the Chinese, once tackled me, in default of a Chinaman, after I had incidentally referred to being lost on the desert, and in a feeling manner spoke of my lying on the wild waste of sand with the scorching sun burning upon my defenceless head, far from home and Sunday school. She asked, in a rather personal manner I thought, if all my sins didn't rise before me like an awful vision and propounded the cheerless question, did I realize at that time, that I was doomed? She finally almost shrieked, "How did you feel, young man, how did you feel?" I naturally told the truth and said, "Hot, madam, awfully hot." Now this lady said afterwards that I was wicked. By all that is truthful, did the woman expect me to say I felt cold?

Another time, during one of those unexplainable silences that will occur during a "quiet evening," a young lady with an appealing look in her frank blue eyes that almost caused me there and then to cast myself and \$50 a month at her feet, said: "Do, Mr. Lewis, tell us all about the dresses of the ladies of the Soudan." With an ingenuous blush which I used for occasions of that kind I hesitatingly replied that I was not a lady's man, and anyway I didn't think there was much to be said about their dresses, they were not what the tailors called "dresses." I heard subsequently that this young lady thought I was the most unobtrusive young man she had ever known, for I had never noticed the Soudanese ladies' dresses. Bless her innocent little heart, neither I had, and I have good eyesight, too.

I soon observed that a description of an Egyptian scene liberally sprinkled with camels and crocodiles, bored people; a battlefield would cause the ladies to murmur, "How horrible!" a sketch of an ancient temple without any modern improvements would produce nothing more than a yawn, and a narration of life on a campaign where the superficial varnish of life is not used and God's creature Man shows himself in all his littleness and all his greatness, would make the storekeeper's daughter hiss, "How vulgar!" but if you wished to be listened to with an interest intense, all that was necessary was to mention a lord. At once there would be a flutter of expectancy. As the Nile Expedition was probably the most aristocratic campaign since the famous one under the Duke of York in the Low Countries, I had a considerable number of earls and barons in my repertoire. When these ran out—as they did, for the appetite for them was insatiable—I would create a peerage with a celebrity that rivaled James I's creation of baronesses or Mr. Gladstone's proposed recommendations of peers on the House of Lords throwing out the Home Rule Bill. Why it is that a certain class in Canada who have made their money by good, honest, hard work and trade persist in talking like "Jeemes" and "Chawles" the jargon of the servants' hall, is beyond my ken. These people cannot know when they are spuriously imitating a state of things, admirable though it may be, of another social system and another country, that these fondly talked of lords have a placard on their London residences reading, "Servants and Tradesmen's entrance." I have an impression that a people whose forefathers abandoned their homes of comfort "for God and for the King," who turned the forests into smiling fields, who dammed the rushing streams and Yankees with equal industry, who shouldered a musket at Queenston Heights and Chateaugay for a sentiment, have no more reason to be ashamed of their race than the descendants of Norman barons and modern brewers.



LEWIS, GET INTO 714.



An idea became so prevalent that I was on terms of intimacy with so many titled and celebrated personages, that I was recommended to write a book entitled *People I Have Met*. They were sure that I had met nicer persons than Archibald Forbes, who wrote about Napoleon III., whose grandfather was a nobody, and that highly improper gentleman, the Sultan of Turkey, who, report said, had one hundred and seventeen wives.

As my relationship with the man who so pluckily ran his gunboat, the Condor, under the guns at Alexandria and dismantled several ports, the man who when his steamer ran aground at Khartoum and the engine and boiler broke down, whilst "stormed at with shot and shell" by a terrific cross fire from both banks, with one other man daringly exposed himself and repaired the damage, has been misunderstood, and as paintings have been made of the meeting of Blücher and Wellington, descriptions given of the meeting of Napoleon and William after Sedan, I might as well accurately narrate my meeting with Lord Charles Beresford.

One hot December afternoon in the year 1884 a solitary figure might have been seen slowly wending his way in a northerly direction, toward the foot of the great Cataract of Dal, about fifty miles south of Wadi Halfa. To even a casual observer it would be apparent that the lone figure was in dire straits as to his apparel. A piece of grey rope and two nails suspended precariously a material portion of his raiment, which altogether consisted of a "looped and windworn raggedness." By the quick, nervous manner in which he lifted his feet from the burning sands it was evident the lone figure was barefoot. Although not wishing to thrust my personality too plainly before you, I may say that I was the lone figure that so picturesquely adorned the landscape. At that time I was one of the pilots on the cataract, in which employment I had ruined my clothes, perfected myself in the utterance of strange oaths, and lost my boots. Afterwards I procured another pair from a dead man who didn't require them any more, and as long as the boots held out I remembered that poor fellow with pain, for it was just my luck that he should have worn seven and my number was large eights.

After a boat had been piloted up the cataract the voyageur returned on foot two or three miles across the desert for another trip. It was on one of these constitutional that the casual observer might have seen me wending "the world forgetting and by the world forgot." It is one of the beauties of military life that another man is paid a high salary for doing your thinking. You needn't bother. I had proceeded about half way when I saw slowly emerging from a defile in the mountainous rocks on the other side of the plain a solitary figure mounted on a camel, coming towards me. Everything looks solitary in the Soudan, still a man can hardly be said to be solitary on the hurricane deck of a camel. Its undulating walk, a combination of earthquake and bucking broncho, makes itself plainly, oh so plainly felt, and its individuality is so aggressively asserted under your very nose that you are never lonesome and the thought of *Eau de Cologne* is paralysed. I could recognise even at a considerable distance one whose face was already well known on the river, the handsome *débonnaire* sailor, Lord Charles Beresford. As we approached each other he stopped his camel and exclaimed in the same tone, strange to say, that an ordinary man uses: "Hello, Canadian."

We had never been introduced, so he didn't know my name. I halted and with a graceful wave of my right arm bringing my hand one inch above the right eye, palm outward, acknowledged his presence.

"Would you kindly give me a match?" said the hero of the Condor, who knew full well by that time that there was nothing going on the river that a Canadian hadn't his own share and generally somebody's else. From the band of my shabby hat, where I kept my matches out of the wet, I gave him, seeing he was a lord and a pretty decent fellow, three. Not being in the habit of meeting members of the aristocracy, I was slightly put out as to the manner in which I should address him. The only person of title I had ever known was the mayor of my native town, and I had always

called him Bill. "Charlie," I must say, would seem slightly familiar for the first interview anyway. I remembered Sir Walter Scott's characters when similarly placed said, "My liege lord" and "Most valiant knight." "My liege lord" didn't seem exactly the proper term to use to a fellow stuck "like a bump on a log" on the back of a consumptive-looking camel, smoking a two-for-a-quarter cigar, which he had lighted with an E. B. Eddy match, struck in the ordinary, old-fashioned way; it didn't harmonize with the surroundings.

The heat of the sand on my naked feet necessitated my "marking time" in slow cadence, seventy-two beats to the minute. He apparently was attracted by my general picturesqueness, for he looked at me long and earnestly and at last said, "Well, you are the most disreputable-looking specimen of humanity I have seen on the Expedition. Haven't you any clothes?"

My unselfishness in not agitating the British Empire regarding the condition of my wardrobe and the opportunity withheld from the late Mr. Bright of making a thrilling speech on the horrors of war, I never mentioned. Overlooking the strong personal nature of Lord Beresford's remark and in order to put him entirely at his ease by showing that I was accustomed to the ways of good society, I said, "It doesn't make much difference, my lord; you see I am not going out to any five o'clock teas this winter." He apparently

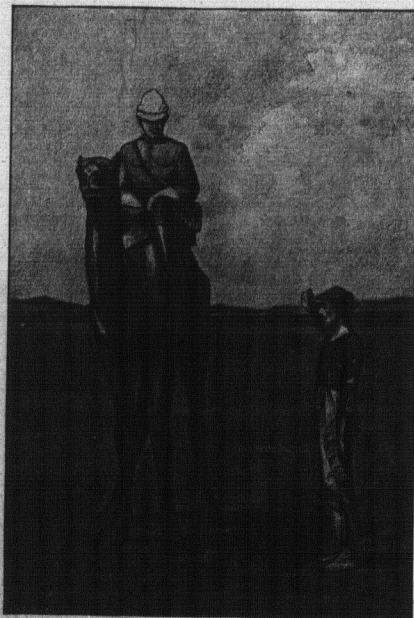
seemed to think there was something comical in the idea of my going out to a five o'clock tea, for he burst out laughing. He laughed so long, and if he weren't an admiral I would say so uproariously, that even the phlegmatic camel gazed at me enquiringly but with a startled blush immediately turned his head and modestly looked the other way. The noble lord seemed to have a keen appreciation of my social gifts, for he managed to say midst his laughter, "Nice sort of a young man for an old maid's tea party." It may have been flattering but it was kind of him to say a pleasant word to a perfect stranger. Pulling his pocket-book out, the future Lord of the Admiralty wrote for a minute, tore out the leaf and said abruptly, "Can you read?" I just escaped giving the orthodox answer of the melodrama, "Born of poor but honest parents in a cottage hard by, I cannot read." I answered instead that I could. "Well then, take this as directed." It sounded very much like a doctor's instructions, but before I could ask if it had to be well shaken he had moved on. Without having even asked my opinion on the plan of the campaign, the effect on European politics of the Triple Alliance and whether a man does really feel the cold in Manitoba, he had gone. Well, well, it was his loss. But there was the note. What did it say? Could it be? Yes, it must be. The office had sought the man. My worth and talents had been observed and at last appreciated. I was to be offered a position which nature intended me for. Was it to be on the staff or as general supervisor? My heart beat high and with trembling fingers I opened the note and read:

"TO THE OFFICER IN CHARGE, ORDNANCE STORES, DAL:  
"Give bearer (Canadian) pair of trousers."

"BERESFORD."

I looked reproachfully along the trail he had taken and all the trace I could see of Lord Beresford was the gentle wave of a camel's tail as it disappeared behind a hillock of sand. I put my pride and the note in my pocket, which would have otherwise been empty, and in two hours was the envy of every Canadian on the cataract. A few days afterwards I again saw Lord Beresford, but my new clothes must have transformed me to quite an extent, for he never recognized me and I was just as cool as he was.

He was standing on a jutting point of the high rocky bank overlooking one of the worst rapids in Dal Cataract with Col. Fred Burnaby. With a natural interest I had drawn near to see at close quarters two of the most typical as well as the most gallant representatives of Her Majesty's land and sea forces. An expression of good-humored recklessness on the handsome, high-bred face of Lord Beresford made it easy to understand how he was the idol of the British sailor. As I heard one of his brigade say, they would follow him into hell. They came as near to doing it before Khartoum as could be done on earth. The towering height and wonderful physique of the author and actor of the



"HELLO, CANADIAN."

"TO THE OFFICER IN CHARGE, ORDNANCE STORES, DAL:  
"Give bearer (Canadian) pair of trousers."

"BERESFORD."



Ride to Khiva impressed one with the fact that to this knight errant of the nineteenth century, deeds impossible to other men were possible to him. The determined-looking chin and resolute mouth showed the spirit that had overcome the dangers of the Siberian steppes and the duplicity of the Russian agents. When I afterward heard of the manner of his death, how when the corner of the square was borne back at Aboukha he stood his ground, refusing to retreat an inch, and single-handed faced the Arab horde and fought while fight he could, I thought that his death was characteristic of his life. Like the old guard he would die but never surrender.

Ravings of peace societies to the contrary notwithstanding, the protecting flag of Britain, in whose shadow the mission churches teach the old, old story of Calvary to Moslem and to Buddhist, was first planted in the far-off places of the world by the Beresfords and Burnabys of our race.

They were watching the different boats of a Highland regiment, the Gordons, if I remember aright, being piloted one by one over the bad water beneath them by the Caughnawaga Indians. The British officers to a certain extent treated the voyageurs in the same manner as jockeys, and their special favorites were the Indians. The water was very fast, the rapid had to be skilfully worked and the Caughnawagas had been assigned to it. It is almost impossible to describe a Nile cataract intelligently. I have never heard of it being done. The rocks in the districts in which the cataracts are, show evidences of being of volcanic origin, and it always seemed to me that the river, normally about two hundred yards wide, was pursuing the even tenor of its way one day when a volcano underneath, which no one suspected of being loaded, went off and scattered the sacred stream all around the neighborhood without any judgment, and it remained scattered and thus formed a cataract. Sometimes the distance from one main shore to another would be nearly a mile and sometimes the whole force of the river would rush through a gorge only forty yards in width. A cataract might be any length and any breadth. There would be small islands, rapids, falls and submerged rocks on all sides, which with the muddy color of the water rendered it very difficult for the Canadians to steer, accustomed as they were to the clear streams of their own country.

Dal—"The place where a child can live," meaning, I suppose, on account of the wreckage—was the first really bad piece of water we had yet struck. At this particular part it was about half a mile wide. A boat took advantage of a back water along the shore caused by the promontory on which Beresford and Burnaby stood. A little further up, about thirty yards out, was a large rock and a heavy fall of water between it and the shore. After making the eddy caused by the rock, another piece of swift water had to be gone over to catch the eddy of a small island a considerable distance still further up, about which the main force or body of the current swept. This accomplished, it was comparatively easy to cross the river, where a certain amount of tracking could be done, which was impossible on the eastern bank. The only progress that could be made was by taking advantage of the eddies, and if a boat failed in making either it was swept down over another rapid that had taken the previous day to get up. Many did not succeed on a first attempt.

The next boat had been lightened and was ready for the trial. The bank was lined by soldiers of several British and Egyptian regiments, and every attempt was applauded or derided according to its success or failure. Apparently Jackson, the chief of the Caughnawagas, was doubtful about sending the two voyageurs whose turn it seemed to be. They were brothers and mere boys. From the time of their affecting farewell with their old mother, who had followed them to Montreal from their little village, whence they had run away, and vainly endeavored to dissuade them from crossing the Great Salt Lake, I had often noticed them, not only for the affection displayed towards each other, which display is phenomenal in an Indian and their youth, but they were perfect types of what I supposed the Iroquois of our early history to be. They seemed to be anxiously pleading for the chance to take the boat, and at last their chief consented, for they both bounded towards it amidst the ironical laughter of their older comrades. There is no more pitiless rivalry than in river work. After a few words of instruction in broken English to the grim-visaged old Scotch sergeant who rowed stroke, the elder with his paddle took his place in the bow while the younger probed his rudder and tiller, and the boat was shoved off. Keeping close to the shore, a good way was got on. Every inch of the back water was utilized and they took the first swift water in a most workmanlike manner. The bowman's paddle caught the water at the exact time and held her nose well up against the stream, and with the impetus already obtained and a few powerful strokes from a good crew, the first eddy was made. "Two pounds to one," I heard Col. Burnaby say to Lord Beresford, "that they make it." "Done." For even the vice-admiral had a little of the sailor's prejudice against the voyageurs for having usurped them in work which they thought they could do as well. They got over it when they had to ask the Canadians to take their boats with the Galtins gun down some of the cataracts.

Now came the crucial test. The steersman half rose in his seat that

he might clearly see the rock ahead; the soldiers bent to their oars with a strength that made the whaler spring at every stroke through the eddy; I seemed to see the bowman quiver with excitement as he stood erect, his paddle poised ready to catch the water the moment the boat struck the rapid. Keeping so close to the rushing water that the starboard oars almost touched it, in order that the boat might strike the fall with head well on, the Indian lad for the rock. Nearly a thousand men were looking for the rock. The sound of many waters, the rock the boat was rushed, her bow was within of it. "By heavens, they'll strike," I heard someone with a quick turn of the tiller her nose grazed the rock she took the rapid almost dead on, the spray drenching crew. The prettiest work of the day. There was a cheer from the spectators which was unfortunately heard by the crew when they were in the middle of the swift water, exposed to the full force of the current. They began to lose ground. The voyageurs saw it but their broken English seemed to bewilder the men. The old sergeant, looking over his shoulder, at last understood what was the matter and roared, "For God's sake pull, lads, pull together." A moment later it would have been too late. As it was, the bow merely caught the eddy of the island and the stern swung into the seething cauldron formed by the confluence of the two currents. The counter-currents held it as in a vice. The safety of the boat, if not the lives of the men, now depended on their getting ahead. Immediately below them were a number of sharp-pointed rocks that if they did not make the island it would be impossible to avoid being dashed upon, the boat lost, and probably several drowned. Those on shore quickly realized the situation. The interest was intense. The different currents and boiling whirlpools confused the rowing, but the broad-backed Highlanders seemed to set their teeth and tenaciously held out with the same dogged determination that their regiment and race had shown when they hurled back Ney's cavalry at Quatre Bras and covered the retreat of Wellington's army. It couldn't have been many minutes, although it seemed hours, when I thought I saw the boat move slightly forward. A moment after she was in the back water of the island, and waving his paddle above his head the Iroquois bowman gave a yell that could be heard above the roar of the cataract, a yell of defiance and victory to his rival voyageurs. The next rapid was taken and in a few minutes they were across the river, a line was thrown out, and they went on to the cataract.

"Pretty close shave," said Col. Burnaby.

"Yes," said Beresford, "but here goes another boat."

"I can't wait; I am going on to Dongola by camel to-day. I want to get these traps of mine up to my tent. I wonder where my man is? Here, Canadian," to this me, "would you mind carrying this bag for me?" There was a "Good-bye, old fellow, see you at the front," and the last of the Lewises shouldered a particularly heavy Gladstone bag and followed the long strides of the prophet of Jingom.

"Thank you very much," said he when we arrived at the tent.

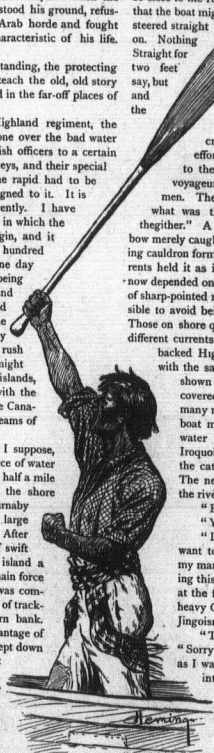
"Sorry I can't give you a glass of beer." He wasn't half as sorry as I was. He then quietly and unobtrusively slipped a half-crown into my tapering fingers. I know that I was wrong. I know that I didn't show proper pride. I know that I should have drawn myself haughtily up and said that the Lewises were a poor but proud race and scorned the menial fee; that I had a maternal uncle who was a town councillor, and a second cousin who had failed for \$18,000. I should have done so, but I had a lurking idea that I would make a consummate ass of myself by kicking up a fuss about nothing and—and—and, well, an English half-crown is

sixty cents, Canadian currency, and that bag was heavy.

I kept that half-crown for about three weeks as a souvenir of my first and last tip, but if my memory does not belie me I bought pan-cakes in the bazaar at Dongola with it from a dark-eyed young lady with whom I endeavored to flirt with only nineteen words of choice Arabic. She admired something about me I know; my chum cruelly said it was my capacity for the unromantic pan-cake.

However, in the years that have rolled by since the Sudan war many times have I longed for some memento of the sunshine and the palm trees, the mysterious river and its strange legends, the half-buried temples and their unknown gods, the gallant deeds and gallant men; many times have I wished from the bottom of my heart that I had not parted with that half-crown souvenir as my hands explored the recesses of my pockets without pecuniary success.

Yes, it is a strange thing, that quality which we call pluck. Whether it is that physical courage is a distinctive and inherent mark of our manhood, and we foster it for that—it is provocative of that admiration which all men unconsciously seek for, the admiration of women—or whether it is that the feeling begotten in the times when personal prowess was the most essential quality our forefathers could possess dies hard within us in these days of galoshes and law courts, still the fact remains that there is no more hateful English word than



THE IROQUOIS BOWMAN GAVE A YELL.

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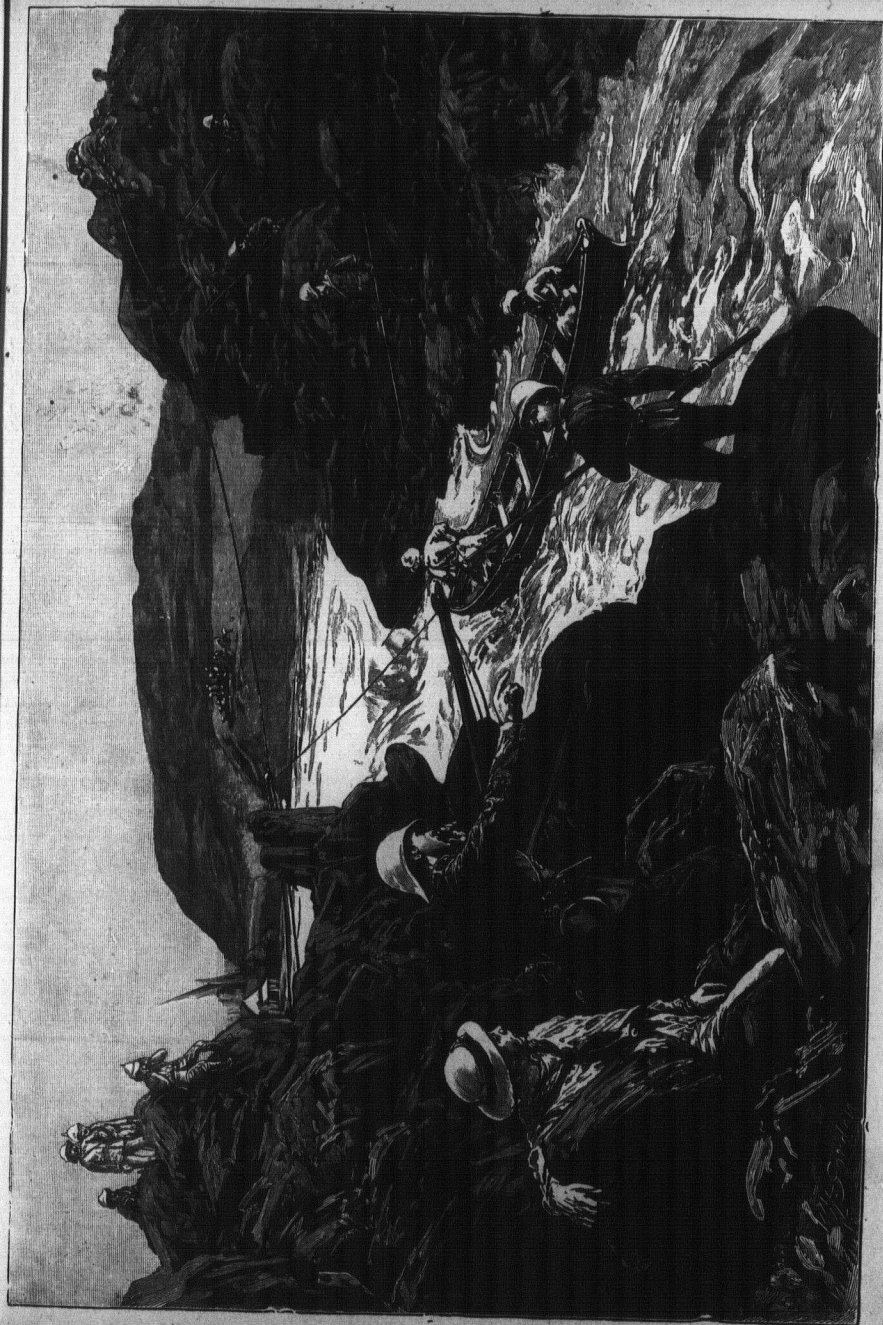
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Importers and  
Wholesale Dealers in

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The body of this Corset is made of a single thickness of Coutil, is therefore lighter and softer than our regular Coraline Corset. It is elegant and graceful in shape, very serviceable and boned with our improved Spring Steel.



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coward. That man is naturally a fighting animal, I suppose, must be admitted. When a boy, the most impressive lesson of Holy Writ is the particulars of David's overthrow of Goliath. His homage is equally divided between the cock of the school and the Duke of Wellington, his only historical argument that the British would have thrashed the French at Waterloo if Blucher had never been born. Education and time, however, change all that to a great extent; David and Goliath become merely an incident, and the text bearing upon the divinity of the call of a minister to a wider field and higher salary, or the sanctity of the laying on of hands on an embryo bishop, after a holy contested election between High and Low, is the one dwelt upon. His school-boy hero is now peacefully spinning cotton, warranted to wash, in a dry-goods store. The Duke of Wellington he now looks upon as an unreasonable old Tory. The battle of Waterloo was the means of opening up the markets of the world to British commerce.

And courage is a contradictory thing. There was a school-fellow of mine that knocked the historic chip off a big bully's shoulder and stood a thrashing that kept him in bed for a week, and who now turns pale every time he is compelled to use the elevator. Who has not known the strong man tremble with fear in the dentist's chair while his wife, who nearly frightened the life out of an innocent little mouse by her screams from the top of the library table, will unflinchingly attempt to flirt with the dentist between the operations? President Cleveland during the war paid a substitute a thousand dollars to do his fighting, and as president defied his party and appointed a Republican to the Cabinet. Why, I remember myself, since the days when as a boy of fifteen I donned the red coat as a Canadian volunteer, I had a wild longing to go into battle, a march in quick time made the blood course madly through my veins and a martial poem would thrill my heart. I would long for dashing charges and withering volleys with a most blood-thirsty longing. During the Turco-Russian war I would eagerly read the reports and despise all battles where less than a thousand a side were killed. I think I was the bloodiest-minded youngster I ever heard of. I mentally waded in gore and my desire for a battle-field was almost fierce. I am changed now—I don't hunger any more for battle-fields with myself in a cocked hat and jack boots placed artistically in the foreground, yelling "In column charge!" I prefer charging by the column now. I saw a battle-field; it was not much of a one, but it satisfied me.

As I stood alone on the heights of Kerbeka, surrounded by over two hundred of the most courageous warriors in the world—they were all dead, I may remark; the battle had taken place the day before, for, strange to say, they me—I became convinced that a nation was probably the most healthy determined that as long as men shilling a day for that sort of thing most willing tax-payer. There

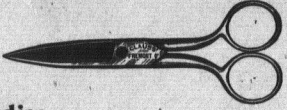


THE GREEKS HAD WINE SHOTS AT ASSOUAN.

absence of the accessories of the battle-field my boyish mind had pictured. After Kerbeka I found it infinitely more comfortable to sleep inside the square every night. The commanding officer and those conversant with Arab warfare believed that the soldiers should sleep on their arm, formed in square, with a hundred rounds of ammunition each, and should stand to their arms an hour before daybreak. As I would sleepily hear the command, "Stand to your arms," in the cold of the early morning I would gather my blanket closer around me for my beauty sleep, lazily look at the four walls of British bayonets guarding myself and the other Canadians and feel that the action of the Brigadier General was most commendable. We would have liked them to have stood there all night but we didn't wish to impose on good nature, so didn't insist on it.




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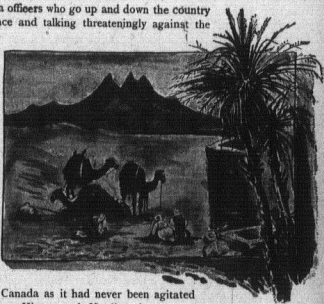


**Adams' Pepsin Tutti Frutti**

Allow No Imitations to be Palmed Off on You

Those war-like militia officers who go up and down the country breathing war and defiance and talking threateningly against the

United States, must not let their imagination run away with the idea that war consists of nothing more serious than a twelve days' drill, a perfectly fitting frogged coat, whisky and water and three cheers for the Queen. However, this fictitious blatherskite and warlike loyalty is their only stock-in-trade. The volunteers who so pluckily went to the North-West to put down a foolish rising, of a most insignificant class, in our midst, but which agitated Canada as it had never been agitated before, realized, as they saw Kippen and Hensley borne past them at Batoche, that that sort of thing wasn't altogether a joke. As I looked on that scene of death in its most awful form, on the Soudan rocks, where in one heap sixteen forms lay, where a shell had done its fearful work and marked in all old and young, the clenched fist, set teeth, the torture-drawn face, that even in death retained its unconquerable fierceness, I also realized that it was no joke. I remember Jim Burney calling me to where he was looking at a primitive fortification on the side of a precipitous ridge where three figures were lying in the position in which they had died. There was no more careless fellow on the trip, but the sight before us impressed even him. That they had died hard the empty cartridges beside him whose hand still held the Remington in his death grip and the blade of the two-handed sword of the eldest, plainly showed. They were apparently of the same family, father, son and grandchild; the three generations had fought and died together. The youngest was a mere boy, his Madhist uniform adorned with all the vanity of youth, or it may be a mother's pride. A terrible thrust from a bayonet had caused a hideous wound in his little chest, but his hand still grasped the small spear which the secluded post had prevented the search party from finding after the fight. Burney turned to me after throwing a piece of cloth over the dead boy's face and said in a husky voice, "It's a shame, a damnable shame to come here with their Martinis and murder these poor devils who never did them any harm."



"Well, you see, Jim," I said, "it cannot be helped. Gordon and the garrison at Khartoum have to be rescued and—"

"Gordon be ———. What did the Government send them for without enough support? These people are men like you and me; I look at them now, look at that little boy—they were fighting what any man would fight for, their religion and their home." He stopped and turning around looked over the hopeless, weary waste of black rock, while the oppressive silence was unbroken save by the sullen roar of the cataract and the flapping of the wings of the vultures from the surrounding rocks, impatient for their fearful feast. As far as the eye could reach there was not a sign of tree or plant or living thing; of all the scenes of desolation in the desolate Soudan that was without doubt the most awful. With a wave of his arm more eloquent than words can express, the voyageur said in a low tone, "And, my God, what a home!"

I had thought of that story about the Iron Duke weeping when crossing that death-cumbered plain of Waterloo, as a tale of womanish weakness which must be a libel. I faintly understand it now.

I have seen so many evidences of men who were everlastingly making aggressive speeches and writing ridiculous paragraphs, deeming it loyalty, in order to get an easy living, that in the opinion of a humble Canadian boatman it's rot. Canadians are all right and there is no doubt will fight, if there is any necessity for it, but there's no blooming necessity, and we have no time to spare from our work for luxuries; it is hard enough making an honest living as it is, without taking a long vacation, fighting Yankees, who only try to do us up in trade.

Talking of courage, I am beginning to think that I am a coward; well, not exactly a coward, but I am beginning to think that in default of a family motto I am assuming that about discretion being the better part of valor. For instance, on the return trip of the Canadians who had volunteered to go on with the troops—but I may as well tell you now that when the Canadians first enlisted it was for a period of six months. As the time had nearly elapsed before we entered the enemy's country, Lord Wolseley called for volunteers to re-enlist for such time as the campaign should last and go on with the troops up the river to Khartoum. He said that those who stuck to the letter of their first engagement would be returned home safely to their anxious friends. About eighty volunteered, and three hundred gallantly commanded by Capt. Amund braved the dangers of the broad Atlantic, returned home and were banqueted—some of them wear their medals.

We had arrived at Assouan, the border city of Egypt; the Greeks had wine shops there. An hour after the Canadians arrived the citizens of Assouan were sorry, very sorry the Greeks had wine shops in Assouan. You all know the gentle, loving, playful nature of the riverman on his return from the drive,

when he receives his pay. You have heard of home-drafts and sailors being paid off; well, combine that with what you know about river-drivers, mix that up with a consciousness of duty done and cheap French brandy, and you may have a faint idea what the citizens of Assouan ran up against. They were surprised, for it was the nearest approach to a Western cyclone they had ever seen. There's no doubt about it for one night at any rate we owned that town. History tells of the taking of Detroit by Canadians, but few are aware of the capture of a town in far-off Africa by only sixty of their countrymen.

Possession of the town was given up the next day, and we re-embarked in barges for Assiout. There seemed to be a strange prejudice against the Greeks, probably on account of the Trojan war, for there was a strange unanimity in the pillage selected, which was entirely of the wares of the descendants of Alcibiades. Unfortunately there was a large supply, and it was conclusively shown that there was more trouble in a quart of French brandy than a barrel of Gooderham & Worts. Within the narrow precincts of the barge things waxed merry all day, old feuds were settled, and the question as to who was the best boatman was proven by half knocking the life out of your opponent. Tired of the pandemonium, I was reclining in a retired corner during the afternoon, intensely interested in a headache and a French novel, both of which I had succeeded in procuring in Assouan the day before. I was in anything but a Christian mood, for I was bothered by the headache, the French verbs and the hero of the novel, who had just discovered his intimate friend embracing his wife and had sought a public café to tear his hair, drink *rouge de mer*, and weep on the shoulders of his acquaintances, to whom he had confided his loss of honor. I was just at the part where the duel had been fixed for the next afternoon on account of the dangerous character of the morning dew, and the injured husband had made the desperate resolve never to again even speak to the wreck of his life's happiness, when Jim Burney reeled towards me. He hadn't eaten anything for a day or so, and having a little spare time on his hands after an interesting argument with a comrade, whereby the said comrade had retired with some bandages, to compose his features, which had become disarranged in the argument, he had boiled some tea. In passing behind me with the teapot he lurched, and about a pint of the boiling liquid went down the back of my neck. I have heard of cold shivers running along the spine, but it is nothing to hot tea, so I may be excused for not repeating the remark which dropped feelingly from my lips and concluded with the kind intimation that I would punch his blooming head. I sprang to my feet with the intention of carrying out my proposal, hot inside and out, intoxicated with rage and the cup that cheers but does not inebriate. The blood of a long and illustrious line of Scottish farmers flowed madly through my veins, while the tea in a "flow gently, sweet Afton" manner pursued its downward way outside. The dauntless spirit of my ancestors who had fought with Bruce for freedom at Bannockburn and died with their king beside the standard on Flodden Field, burst forth. I am not dead sure about having had any ancestors in those times, but if there were any they were there; and the Lewises always were hunting for trouble. Burney carefully put the teapot to one side as if fearing to waste any more. I could have told him that he hadn't wasted a drop; I had it all by that time carefully stowed away in both boots. He said in a matter-of-fact tone, "Sorry to have to do it, Lewis, but if you want me to, I can mop this scow with you in about two minutes."

There was a tone of conviction about Jim's words that started me thinking. It is astonishing what an amount of quick thinking you can do when facing a man six feet high, fighting weight one hundred and ninety pounds, heavy ammunition boots, and with just enough bad alcohol aboard to make him thoroughly enjoy kicking your ribs in. As a piece of information I may say that I am not altogether a fool, and I began to think that it was not really necessary to convince me of a self-evident truth and be compelled to constitute myself a search party after several teeth that would probably disappear in the excitement of the moment. I am not much to look at, but I strongly prefer to remain as I was originally constructed. By this time I could feel that the tea had got quite cool; so had I, but I honestly believe that if that tea had remained at the temperature it went inside my collar at, I would have fought now in wild-cats, and it was all on account of a few degrees of heat that I reluctantly told Jim that I guessed he could, and sat down. With a muttered "Guessed right first time, Charley," he betook himself to his own quarters. But that was no reason that Charley Manchard should come up and laughingly say, "I have known you for four years, Lewis, and 'pon my soul that is the only sensible thing I ever saw you do." A far-fetched joke about a tempest in a teapot did not prevent me then feeling what I have already told you, that I am considerable of a coward.

## IV.

The Christian church does not, *ex cathedra*, declare her position as to supernatural visions; theology vaguely speculates as to the transmission of

thought and communion of souls, but students of psychology endeavor in a dozen different ways to explain that, though it may be under different conditions or in another life, a certain present scene has been witnessed by him before. The idea has possessed everybody. The indescribable, almost ghost-like familiarity that strikes you, though it may be indefinite as to details, is positive, while the feeling that it begets is uncomfortable and uncanny.

On the steamboat journey through Lower and Upper Egypt, whether it was on the river with its curious dahabieh and nuggars or on the banks where the fellahen with their primitive implements were engaged with ox and ass in agriculture; whether it was in the narrow streets of the crowded bazars of the various towns with their money changers, bearded merchants and ever changing groups of motley dressed Greeks, Copts, Jews and Arabs, or in the desert where might be seen the heavily laden caravans with Sheik trudging at the head with pastoral staff in hand, again and again would I be possessed with the idea that I had at some time or other been there before.

Many phases even of the everyday life of the people, although met with for the first time, did not strike me as strange. In a dreamy and undefinable past I would sometimes think I had walked those streets and talked with those people. The idea became oppressive. I began to entertain the most grotesque and jumbled up notions of immortality. I wondered in a hazy sort of way about the possibility of a previous existence. I hovered around the Brahmin theory of the transmigration of souls and was even haunted with the ludicrous thought that a camel or a donkey might turn out to be a poor relation. It was harrowing in the extreme when mounted on a donkey to run up against the thought that your long-eared steed might turn out to be a seventh or eighth cousin of your own. Although I believed that I had had an existence in some shape or other in the land of the Pharaohs, I never flattered myself that I had hovered around in angelic form or had been some lovely bird. I wasn't built that way. Neither could I bring myself to think that I had been a camel. The idea that a Canadian voyager could in any existence have gone nine days without a drink was inconceivable.

At what period of Egypt's history I had existed I could never determine, and would rack my memory to find out if I could remember the departure of the Israelites, the building of the Great Pyramid, or the gossip of the day about Mark Antony's historic flirtation with Cleopatra. One day I confided my feelings to a friend.

Jack Boyle was a type of the Canadian rafterman now fast disappearing, a curious combination of toughness and tenderness; tigerish almost in his fierceness in the bar-room rows that took place when the river-drivers were paid off in the spring, but gentle as a woman in the idle days of the summer when the little children of the backwoods village would cluster around to hear the quaint old-world stories of fairs and bushees his mother had told him when a boy. He thrashed a man within an inch of his life on the road to the bush one autumn and single-handed nursed him through small-pox before Christmas. There are several men in Ottawa and Quebec that will carry the mark of Jack Boyle's fist or corked boots to the grave, and there are many poor women that will never forget his kindly aid and many children who even yet look forward to a visit from Shantymann Jack's fairs as a reward for good behavior.

As I described the impressions I had, a look of relief stole over his face.

"So you've been seein' them, too. Do you know, Charley, I've had the damdest scare about those things. You know for quite a time there I'd been hintin' the wine shops pretty hard and makin' the bazars howl generally, when I began to feel just as you've been tellin' me. In Canada rats and snakes might be expected on the programme, although I didn't think I drank enough for that."

JIM BURNAY.



But this is such a confoundedly strange sort of a country that I thought a fellow mightn't have that kind here—didn't grow them. So I began to think that that was another kind I was havin', a sort of Oriental jim-jams, so I swore off and have stuck to Nile water for a week. Heavens, Nile water for a week! Let us go up to the bazaar. Come on."

The steamer and barges were tied up to the bank for the night and Jack and I set out. Beside a well in the shadow of an enormous palm tree immediately outside the gate of the walled town, a desert caravan had camped. The burdens had been removed from the camels, donkeys and horses, and the wearied beasts were lying down enjoying their well earned rest. The patriarchal-looking Shiek, with long, flowing white robes, had that look of innate, unconscious dignity that only the high-born Oriental possesses to its full extent. It was sunset and as the last "declining rays" tipped with gold the hillocks of sand, the Ishmaelites of the desert with faces turned toward the glowing west prostrated themselves, on the sand in evening prayer. The perfume of the mimosa trees and gardens scented the evening air with almost intoxicating sweetness; the brilliant glare of the day had given place to the uncertain hazy light of the hour that dimmed the surrounding objects with a semblance of unreality; the ceaseless murmuring of the great river with its strange, strange story could still be heard, and as I looked on the upturned face of the old man and as I listened to his reverent cry of "Allah, Allah," I forgot the prophet of the sword, the heresy of Islamism, and remembered only that the God he worshipped was the God of Isaac and of Jacob.

With almost solemn intensity I was impressed with the familiarity of the scene. Along a narrow street in the direction of the bazaar Boyle, who was unusually silent, and I, still possessed with the scene I had just passed, proceeded. Bret Harte's humorous lines kept inconspicuously jingling in my brain:

Do I sleep, do I dream?  
Do I wonder and doubt?  
Are things that they seem,  
Or are visions a-out?

From the other end of the silent street we saw a tall Egyptian coming in our direction. His turban was green, showing him to be of the family of the prophet and he appeared to be a man of wealth and position. As he approached I noticed that his face had a look of treacherous malevolence unusual even in an Egyptian Pasha, and as he passed he favored us infidel British with a look of such concentrated hatred that Boyle whispered to me in a tone of conviction, "Judas Iscariot, so help me God!" Like a flash it occurred to me that it was in the Bible that I had met with these scenes before. The wonderful word pictures of the Book of Books, known in my boyhood, had unconsciously imprinted themselves on my youthful mind to such an extent as to form mental photographs of Eastern life and scenes, and although unfortunately half forgotten in the hurry-burly of life, when seen with the actual eye seemed strangely familiar. Throughout the journeyings on the Nile the lessons of the Bible were taught with a forceful understanding the mind was incapable of grasping when seated in a cushioned pew, and it seemed that the Voice that spoke on Sinai could yet be heard midst the rocks and silent places of the wilderness, and its echo seemed still to linger in the night wind of the desert and the mighty flow of the river.

Understandable as that feeling of familiarity was, explainable as was the sense of dreamy unreality and mysticism that so pervades Oriental life that the tales of the Arabian Nights did not seem outlandish or improbable and perfectly in harmony with the life of the people, still, to describe the wonderful, awe-inspiring ruins of temple, monolith and sphinx, that rise in their stupendous, weird majesty throughout Egypt as impressive monuments over the grave of a buried world, and the emotions they conjure up, is impossible for anyone—except, perhaps, a certain class of minister.

A congregation can never refuse its minister leave to go to the Holy Land with salary running on the same; it would seem like refusing him leave to go to church or to heaven. He is generally run through Egypt by contract in so many days on a Cook's tourist ticket and a guide book. When he returns, what he doesn't know about Ramses, Sesostris, Isis, etc., isn't worth knowing. He knows all about the hieroglyphics and can tell to within ten feet where Moses was found in the bull-rushes. In the lecture which he invariably gives he glibly explains the reason, date and manner of erection of the mysterious great pyramid with the same easy, dogmatic certainty that the Sunday before had settled the question of the creation of the world. The explanation of the marvelous ruins with their array of hieroglyphics, of Luxor and Karnak, which Homer speaks of as "hundred-gated Thebes" and which is supposed to have been as large as modern London, presents no more difficulty to him than the doctrine of original sin. Somebody has said somewhere that to visit the ruins of ancient Egypt with a guide book is like placing yourself face downwards at midnight in the middle of the desert with the outlines of astronomy in one hand and a candle in the other, imagining you are understanding the mysteries of the stars. That idea never strikes the average minister. I once heard a lecture on Egypt and the Holy Land given by an ultra-respectable reverend gentleman who fairly revelled in ruins. He handled pyramids and obelisks in a careless, easy manner and simply toyed with monoliths and sphinxes. He cheerfully gave an accurate guide book description of the temple of Abydos and applied it to the temple of Edfo. They were located a few hundred miles and erected a few hundred years apart and in honor of different gods, but he went cheerfully on, and in order to be perfectly fair applied the description of Edfo to Abydos and then merely changed gods. He handled the thirty-three ancient dynasties as an expert gambler would shuffle a pack of cards and whenever he

wanted a king or queen would simply draw one, perfectly regardless of the suit or dynasty. He ascribed the building of the magnificent temple of Karnak to Amehotep IV. instead of to the famous king Thothmes III., but the audience did not seem to mind this injustice and there was no kick coming from me. Thothmes III. was no friend of mine.

He fearlessly tackled the kings, and I looked for trouble. In the most imperturbable manner possible he made one Pharaoh's son his great-grandfather, and contrary to the explicit rules of his church hurriedly married one unfortunate king to his own grandmother. However, he very nearly did get into was on the stage or platform the views were shown, and on a temporary stand slightly to one side and in advance of the platform of the darkened hall, with his back towards it, stood the lecturer with a small shaded lamp with which to read his copious notes. A magnificent view of the sphinx by moonlight was thrown on the canvas. (It would be impossible to give an uninteresting description of it, and what with the beauty of the view the lecturer's remarks were loudly applauded by the large audience. The reverend lecturer paused for silence.

Unfortunately, the stereopticon man thought he was through with the sphinx, withdrew the slide, slipped in the next in order and threw it boldly on the canvas. It was a picture of a handsome Bedouin girl of the village near the sphinx. The minister never noticed the change. Gratified by the applause, he waxed eloquent. "This is a mysterious as well as beautiful figure. There is a mystery surrounding it that is indescribable. For centuries men have endeavored to understand this wonderful puzzle, this marvelous enigma. The intellect of the scholar as well as the experience of the man of the world are alike confounded by this gigantic riddle. It has become a synonym for anything incomprehensible." ("That's so," said an old married man beside me as he gazed at the girl. There was applause from the back benches and a flutter among the ladies.) "As I gazed at the beautiful face, beautiful in spite of the disfigurement" (the audience looked at the roguish-eyed girl but could not see anything wrong), "I marveled at its calm beauty, I felt its strange charm growing upon me to such an extent that I believed I could have looked upon it forever."

The young woman was good-looking and there was sympathetic applause from the young men, while the deacons looked grave and the ladies became slightly agitated, for as usual the minister had a wife and nine children. "From the shoulder, where after considerable trouble I placed myself, I could easily notice the contour of the beautiful chin and mark the artistically chiseled lips."

This was getting startling and the coughing became pronounced. On account of a sermon against dancing to young women, who foolishly thought their hearts beat merely in unison to music and that their little feet naturally would persist in responding, until he explained otherwise, the reverend lecturer had a great reputation for piety and learning, but this was coming it rather strong, and in the presence of his congregation too. I know that there was a mental resolve made in the minds of many of the married ladies present never to let their spouses loose in that horrid Egypt if that was the effect it had on their pastor. A few students in the rear of the hall created a diversion by flatteringly singing, "He's a Daisy," and the Arab maidens, despite the unkind things already being whispered about her, still beamed sweetly on the audience. The lecturer went on: "The Persian, the Greek, and the Roman in their turn have felt the influence of that impenetrable smile. It seems decreed to be forever a mystery. No man can explain it and the reputed age even can never be relied upon." ("Right you are," said a voice in the dark.) "There is no doubt that it must be over three thousand years." That was too much. If a woman is only as old as she looks that girl was not a day over twenty, and the back benches whistled and caterwauled in disapproval of the attempt to ring in a Rider Haggard yarn on this, even if he was ten times a minister. "You can judge of the impressive effect of this figure in its perfect proportion and symmetry when I say (luckily the magic lantern fellow just then replaced the sphinx on the canvas) that it is over fifty feet at the base." There was a sigh of relief from the audience that nearly blew the minister's light out, at the narrow escape from a church investigation the pastor had had.

No, no. The ordinary lecture on the ruins of Egypt is sacrilege. Let these people take their little hammers and knock off chips from temple and sphinx and place them on their mantel-pieces, it cannot be helped, but for heaven's sake let them not lecture about it. Sir William Butler repeats this story, referring to ancient Thebes, "When the French army under Desaix in the last year of the last century came in sight of these vast temples, an instantaneous emotion spread through the ranks. Chiefs and soldiers hailed by a common impulse, and with uplifted swords and presented arms the whole army saluted Thebes. Such was the homage paid by the young army of Napoleon before the relics of Sesostris." It should be so with us. We cannot understand them. Their magnitude and mystery confound us. Let us salute them. It is vandalism for the ordinary man to presume to explain them.

V.

That human nature is the same in hot or cold, black or white, it doesn't require me to say, but I say it display itself once most forcibly.

That Mr. Gladstone is Prime Minister of England and I am not, does not prevent me agreeing with him on one point. Any man can generally do that with the venerable G. O. M. if he is only sure of his duties. It is his opinion of the Bashi Bazouks.

You more elderly people remember the exciting tour he made through England and Scotland at the time of what was termed the Bulgarian



Atrocities, and when that kind-hearted old spinster remarked that she didn't see why Mr. Gladstone should be so hard on those bashful Bazouks, she didn't understand the question. I don't think Mr. Gladstone did either, but he was right about the Bashi Bazouks. They are not the sort of people one would ask easy; that is one of their distinctive peculiarities. I noticed it when I saw a regiment of them at El Debbek, a point fifty miles north of Korti, the base of operations during the last Sudan war.

Their free-and-easy character was shown when *en route* the previous spring to their present outpost by killing their colonel, sacking an Egyptian town and carelessly carrying the heads of the mayor and town council (or whatever corresponds to that) around on the points of their bayonets. The people

accordingly didn't like them. They are generally put on outpost duty, as near the enemy as possible. Their service, their habits and their pay are irregular. They then got into the habit of calling on the neighborhood for their pay. They were essentially neighborly. They were the off-scourings of the East, the scum of the Levant, who merely sought this service as a refuge from their crimes or as a means of gratification of their viciousness. They were refugee Greeks, Circassians, Nubians and Turks, their only bond of union crime and their only object pillage.

My friend B—— and I called at their post. There had been a battle a few weeks before around the fort. The white skeletons of the enemy yet glistened in the sun. It seemed to me that battles always took place just before I got there. Whether they hurried the disagreeable things up because I was coming I know not, but during the whole campaign I never had an opportunity of drawing anything besides my pay. I have got medals, but everybody nowadays has those. As I say, we called at an ordinary afternoon call. The majority of the gentlemen were engaged in playing cards. We didn't disturb them. There is

Lieut.-Col. F. C. Denison, M. P.  
Officer in Command of Canadian Voyageurs.

something about a scimitar, two pistols, a rifle slung on the back and a villainous countenance that causes you no anxiety to disturb people. They apparently always were these things; I don't think they had confidence in each other. A considerable portion of the fort was devoted to the women's quarters. B——, who was always polite and something of a ladies' man, said as we were calling it would be rude not to call on the ladies. Ladies are looked on differently in the Orient to what they are in Canada, and especially those of the Bashi Bazouks. The majority had been captured from the neighboring villages, but with the peculiar resignation of Eastern women had accepted their lot. A dazzling pair of black eyes from a window with an inviting glitter convinced B——. We would call. A few steps to the main entrance, and two gigantic Nubians and two bayonet points within three inches of our chests led us to believe that the ladies were not receiving that day. Their day was probably Friday. This was a Monday. We didn't even leave our cards.

But that is not the grudge I have against the Bashi Bazouks, neither is it the fact that I was badly scared by a Bashi Bazouk a short time afterwards. The dash across the desert had been determined upon, the battle of Aboukhia fought and Earle's column was moving up the river. We were in the enemies' powerful Bishareen tribe, the most powerful on the banks of the Nile, had arisen against us. We were not scared, but we had a certain wholesome regard for everything that appeared on the banks; we respected everybody with a musket, especially. The Mudir of Dongala had contributed his troops to the Expedition, of whom our friends the Bashi Bazouks were a component part. Their duty was to skirt along the banks. They skirted. The fathers and husbands along that route yet curse them. One day we were going through fast water where tracking was impossible. My boat was separated to quite an extent from the others. The bowman was pulling forward oar and the officer, a captain, was reading a two-month-old *Times* in the stern. I was steering. Looking up, I saw about two hundred yards ahead what seemed to be an Arab, armed and lurking amidst the high rocks of the shore.

He saw us and crouched down behind a rock.

Now I'm in for it, I thought. He will pot the steersman first. The

soldiers' backs were towards him and the officer was reading. If I told the men, oars would be abandoned and rifles seized. The water was swift and we had to go on. What was I to do? It is all right enough to talk about fearlessness and utter disregard for death, but that captain was drawing soc. a day more than I was, and I think when I placed him in the direct line of fire between the enemy and myself I was justified. I wasn't afraid. Oh I no. But there were several biscuit-boxes piled high in the stern, and when the stroke oar said, "Where is the Canadian?" capricious critics might imagine that I was in a cowardly manner secreting myself behind them. I was not. I was merely not asserting myself. Some of those Sudanese fellows are good shots, and the steersman is the most important man in the boat.

I am naturally modest and as I was not well dressed there was no necessity of displaying myself before the whole continent of Africa *en dishabille*. The anxiety of the men grew urgent. They were working hard against the swift current and they would like to have a glimpse of the man who was supposed to be running their hard worked efforts. From behind a biscuit-box and the officer, in a tone of confidence I said, "Oh, I'm all right." The officer was peacefully unconscious. I hated to see him sacrificed. But I hated infinitely worse to do the sacrificial act myself. Officers are easily procured. Sandhurst plucks men by the hundreds but Canadian boatmen are precious. That officer must go. I wondered where he would be hit.

The campaign was to be proceeded with. I certainly couldn't sacrifice my life. There is no finer man on this green earth than the British officer. I know him. But this fellow had to go. *Delicjar niente* sort of thing; he had to do it. The Arab had a long rifle. I knew the kind. It wouldn't penetrate a biscuit-box and was a muzzle loader. There were no two shots, and everything looked happy. The officer in the stern was to be the chosen one. The leader in the *Times* was particularly complicated and was settling the affairs of the earth in its usual style, and the captain was immersed. He swam out and said, as his eyes caught sight of the Arab on the bank: "There is one of those beastly Bashi Bazouks." I arose equal to the occasion and superior to man. I am no coward, but biscuits have again appeared before my fellow-men.

But as I said before, that is not what I have against the Bashi Bazouks.

This is it. The town of Birti was to be taken. Birti wasn't a large town or a fortified town, but the articles of war had to be observed and extensive preparations had been made for its capture. A large body of the enemy were supposed to occupy it, and a fierce fight was anticipated. Even in Korti, before the Nile and everybody had talked about it for weeks, and when a detachment of Bashi Bazouks brought in word that all the fighting men had left for Berber, and that they had fired on the few old men, women and children who had fled on their approach, it didn't make any difference; the "theories," as Private McLooney says, had to be carried out. The town had to be taken properly. If the brigade had marched in and taken a town without conforming to the rules and regulations, they might find after they had gone a couple of hundred miles farther on that the Commander-in-Chief would order them back to do it over again and do it properly. Accordingly the artillery was planted on one height, covering the approach of the infantry, who were to march, counter-march, deploy, skirmish, etc., along another. The cavalry were to outflank the possible enemy and the Egyptian Camel Corps were to do something else.

The Canadians were supposed not to be in it and no orders were given them. However, while the soldiers were manœuvring and prancing all around the neighborhood, we fearless Canadians quietly and unobtrusively strolled out and took the town. There was no human being in it, but there were other things, and when the gallant but unfortunate Lord Avonmore said that there was nothing too big or too heavy on the river for a Canadian to loot, he had lived with us for four months and knew whether he spoke. There is nothing very much in an ordinary Arab village, but we were not epicurean and would take anything.

As a detachment of cavalry and a regiment of infantry, drawn up in martial array, watched us going through the town in the most workmanlike and thorough manner, their souls were sad within them. They looked on white bags of dates, durra, meal, etc., were calmly taken possession of, and all right, title and interest therein transferred to the non-combatants without a scratch absentees Arab's abode and only found one small bag of durra. I don't like durra and was referring in disparaging terms to the character of a man who conducted a household on such a penurious scale, when I saw in a species of back yard, strutting with all the dignity of a Canadian militia officer, a dilapidated specimen of an Arab rooster. I could hardly believe my eyes. There before me was a prize to dream over. I was always fond of fowl and corn beef and hard tack, and months strengthened the fondness. As if to add fuel to my love he crowed, an ordinary, everyday sort of crow, and although my soul has been uplifted by the rendition of the music of Beethoven, Wagner and others, never did a note strike such a responsive chord in any heart as did that high-pitched cock-a-doodle-do in mine.

My heart went out to him.

He would be mine. He didn't seem to want to be, for when I instinctively moved towards him he in the most marked manner resented my advances by walking haughtily away. If it were to be done it had better be done quickly. Some other fellow might come along any minute and seize the opportunity and the rooster. By his retiring manner I at once made up my mind that there was only one way to capture him—run him down. Campaign notes and hard



work had put me in good condition, and I was fairly fleet of foot. The rooster looked as if he had had careful dieting and hard training, and in sporting parlance was in the pink of condition. I made for him; he ran down a side street with a wall at the end of it. I chuckled. "I have got him now," I said, as my mouth watered. But no; he took an unfair advantage and used his wings. I may remark that Canadian Voyagers haven't wings. Over the wall I vaulted, still holding on to the bag of durra. The rooster was heading straight for the open desert, using both legs and wings most vigorously. I buckled down to work, and with elbows well in and head thrown back kept on his trail. He had a good start by this time, but I was getting angry and made up my mind that no Arab hen in the Soudan could do me up if Charles Lewis knew himself, and I thought I did. Great heavens! how that bird could run! I have heard of the fleetness of the Arab horse, but did this fleetness run through the whole live stock? I am willing to confess that I might have given up the chase if it had not been that at that moment the rooster deployed slightly to the right, crossed a ridge, and in a minute the pursued and pursuer were in full view of the British Army, that is, that part of it known as the Nile Column. There was no enemy, and naturally the attention of officers and men was centered on the rooster and myself. The 56th, the old Pampalpus, one of the crack regiments of the service, was nearest. Everything at that minute, except myself and the rooster, seemed to be at a standstill.

He made straight for the lines, and when within fifty yards swerved and made directly before the alignment of the whole brigade. "Now," I said, as I threw the durra bag away, "I will catch that rooster or die." The honor of my country depended upon it.



"Canada! 'tis for thee," I cried.

clapped him to my bosom. There was a sympathetic murmur from the 56th as I wrung the bird's neck. The general and staff had their glasses and saw the whole affair, so there was no necessity of telling them that I was through and that they could go on with the battle.

The ground, badly broken in places, had already been skirmished and the Black Watch moved forward in quarter column to take up a new position. I paused to look at them marching past with the peculiar swinging stride of the Highland march. Their war pipes were madly screaming the Garb of Old Gaul, and "their bonnie green tartans" waved as if belonging to one body. It was a proud sight. Bronzed, bearded, and hardened by the river work, the grim Scotch faces had a determined look that impressed me as I had never been before with the power of disciplined Britons.

There was some badly broken ground ahead which could not have been carefully inspected by the skirmishers, for behind a rock about forty yards in front of the advancing column a small Arab boy suddenly sprang, and with clenched fists faced alone and unarmed his people's enemy. There was a slight hitch in the music and an almost imperceptible pause in the onward march. A few hurried commands were given, a change of formation made, the 42nd swept past and a sergeant of the 56th with a dozen soldiers advanced on the boy. I followed them. As we approached, the gallant lad looked anxiously at something behind the rock, and a look of hopeless pain came into his face as he saw the fruitlessness of any effort of his against the advancing party. In a minute the boy was in the soldiers' hands, and looking behind the rock in a natural cavity we saw an Arab woman. She was fearfully wounded by a musket ball fired the previous day by a skulking Bashi Basouk, and had managed to crawl like a flea to bleed to death. Her little son had remained with her and had striven with childish courage to defend his mother. A soldier's blanket was procured and the woman carried as carefully as possible to the village. In one of the largest huts we placed her. A surgeon would be useless, and we feared to remove the primitive dressing of the wound. It was evident to all that she was dying, and we stood and watched her life-blood slowly ebb away. The boy stood at his mother's feet and gazed into the dark face of the only being he had yet learned to love. The end was fast approaching and the poor creature opened her eyes and in a doubting, wondering way looked at the strangers and then at her boy. We were silent, and as her eyes rested on her son the wonderful look of mother-love suffused her dark face and her eyes were filled with a yearning, lingering sweetness that brought the soldiers' hearts back to the first memories of life in their far-off homes, where the same look had beamed on them in their cradles from the blue eyes of their English mothers, the look that men carry with them as the one pure memory in their life, the

look that men think of on their death-beds. Lips that were never opened except to give vent to an oath tightened, and hearts that were hardened with the hardness of the world, softened. The woman raised herself slightly and with arms outstretched towards her son muttered a few words in Arabic, and with a long sigh fell back dead. The boy's head fell forward on his breast, and with the peculiar inflection of his religion he said slowly and distinctly, "God is great, and Mahomet is His prophet."

And that is the reason I hate the Bashi Basouks.

## VL

Because a man holds Her Majesty's commission it doesn't naturally follow that he is a gentleman as well as an officer. Major Gorman was an officer of the Nile Voyagers. That is neither his rank nor name, but every Nile Voyager will recognize him, and as the world may be fastidious I won't introduce him. How on earth he ever got his appointment the lords-in-waiting at Rideau Hall only know. It may be that he was permitted to go for the same reason that I was—the haste with which the Canadian contingent was organized.

I have nothing essentially personal against Gorman, and never had, and don't wish to say anything harsh against him, but he was the sort of man that gave you a bad taste in your mouth when talking about him. He was rather a good-looking fellow, looked well in uniform and knew just enough to hold his tongue and, in voyager parlance, travel on his shape.

If he didn't know a thing he looked wise and said nothing. He had also the gift of being insufferably insolent by not saying a word, and that most galling of all snobbery would never give a man a chance at retort or defence by not opening his mouth.

Still I don't hate Gorman, often as I chafed at his manner and, let me call them, his idiosyncrasies. I had my revenge for any ungraciousness to me. I saw him not long ago on parade with all the fuss and feathers of jingling spurs, tossing plume and the two Soudan medals, and I laughed. He caught my eye, and by the change of his face I saw he recognized me. He didn't laugh. Although I am no mind-reader, I am as sure as I am of anything in this uncertain world that within the space of thirteen miles his mind travelled over half a continent, an ocean, a sea, about eight hundred miles up a river in Africa, and located itself in an inner chamber of a wonderful temple three thousand five hundred years old. When I remember the scene that took place there I feel that I should have no ill-will against Gorman, for things between us were evened up there, and I think we both understood why I laughed and he didn't.

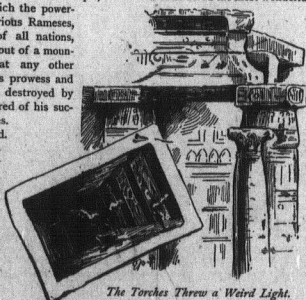
If anyone is careless about whom they meet, and particularly desirous to know who Gorman is, let him get a list of the Canadian officers on the Nile, see them individually and ask each: "What sort of time had you in the Temple of Abu Simbul?" You will recognize Gorman at once. If you wink one eye in a knowing way, look mysterious and ask him to lend you \$10 until the day after to-morrow, he'll lend it. He won't tell you anything about his adventures in Abu Simbul, but I will.

It was at the out-set of the campaign. The Canadian contingent were being towed in the thirty-foot whalers by steamer through Nubia, where our actual work was to begin. A British officer came to us one evening and said that the wonderful temple of Rameses the Great was a short distance away, and asked for volunteers to row some whalers with the officers to it. I was anxious to go and was graciously permitted. I remembered vaguely having read something somewhere about this temple, which was considered the most wonderful in the world, which the powerful and vain-glorious Rameses, the conqueror of all nations, had constructed out of a mountain, fearing that any other monument of his prowess and power would be destroyed by the envy and hatred of his successors or enemies.

He succeeded.

As long as the everlasting hills stand, as long as the earth remains in its present form; when the puny erections of the last one thousand years return to their original dust; when St. Paul's, St. Peter's and Westminster are merely matters of history, this evidence of the pride and power of a wonderful people and a wonderful civilization will remain to confound investigation and provoke wonder.

A half hour's hard pull against the current in the moonlight and we were in the shadow of a cliff rising almost perpendicularly from the water's edge. There were some exclamations from the officers in the stern. I looked up. I may be impressionable; Celtic blood may cause me to be superstitious; a Highland nurse's weird stories may have had their influence, but the first sight of those four colossal figures carved in the facade of that cliff comes to me



The Torches Threw a Weird Light.

again and again as I am sinking into the semi-oblivion of sleep or when I contemplate the awfulness of immortality. Immortal they were to me then, as in weird majesty they seemed to gaze over rock, desert and river with that wonderful calm of Egyptian art.

I then seemed to feel the littleness of self and the brevity of earthly time. There was silence in our boat as we landed, and every man as he looked at the gigantic figures which were now basked in moonlight seemed fascinated with their strange beauty and impressed by their awful calm. All around was a desolation unspeakable; the vast silence of the night was unbroken, save by the murmur of the storied river that laved the face of the cliff.

Across the sands that drifted over the graves of a buried world, the four mammoth figures gazed with a cynical calm that was almost godlike in its seeming scorn of the progress of time and the lightness of human efforts. Their awe-inspiring effect is indescribable, their smile of supernatural majesty cannot be conveyed. Descriptions may be written and measurements made, but they cannot possibly give even a faint idea of the emotions conjured up by that wonderful combination of grandeur and desolation. The storms of ages had drifted the sands almost to the feet of the colossi, and it was with considerable difficulty that we found the entrance. Candles were lighted and we found ourselves in a marvelous hall running far into the sandstone hill. The walls were carved with arrays of hieroglyphics and pictures of ancient wars—scenes, we are told, in the life of Ramesses. Off the hall were various chambers on the principle, apparently, of chapels in a cathedral, the walls of which were lavishly illustrated with all the gorgeousness and incomprehensible charm of Egyptian art. A chamber which led from the extreme end of the hall seemed to have been of special importance, for not only were the paintings on the walls more profuse, but there were two statues, beautiful in design and perfect in every particular, seated on their respective thrones. Before these figures was a stone table which had apparently been used for sacrificial purposes. The figures, I believe, represented Ramesses and his Queen. The feelings of awe inspired by the colossi had been intensified at every step through this wonderful work of departed greatness, and here in the heart of the mountain these figures seemed by the half-light of our candles like beings from another world. We spoke in whispers and almost reverently looked on the mysterious statues and the incomprehensible legends on the walls.

I noticed that Gorman had thrown himself at the feet of Ramesses. I for a moment thought that I had misjudged the man and that the influence of the scene had so possessed him that in a species of hysteria or ecstasy he had



*I put my arm around the late Queen's waist.*

prostrated himself in adoration before the statue of the ancient king. Oh, no, I didn't misjudge Gorman; he was not of the worshipping kind. There was no such sentimental nonsense about him; Gorman was essentially practical. He probably thought that as the former owner of the dug-out, as he considered the temple, had died in the neighborhood of 3,349 years ago without any legal heirs, some statute of limitations must operate and that he had as much right to it as anybody else. The click, click of the small rock which Gorman held in his hand and actually pounded the foot of the perfect figure with, attracted the attention of the other officers and they curiously clustered around him.

"May I ask what you are doing, Major Gorman?" said a young English officer politely.

Gorman never missed a blow and in a matter-of-fact tone said, "Knocking one of the toes off this old image."

"For God's sake, man," another officer burst out, "what are you going to do that for?"

I will always remember the look of horror and disgust on the faces of officers and men when Gorman impudently answered, "Why, I am going to take the toe back to Canada as a curio."

Everybody fell back. Gorman kept on pounding. No one said anything. The Canadian officers were in a sense the guests of their British fellows and we bostmen were not engaged for the purpose of correcting militia-men in matters of taste. We wouldn't have had time for our work. Apparently the English and the Canadians were disgusted at the vandalism, for they left the chamber.

I was anxious as a mere study of human depravity to see how Gorman got along with his work and the feelings that he might display, so I remained. We were alone. Gorman had placed his candle on the knee of the sitting monarch, so I seated myself on the lap of his wife and watched the efforts of the amateur stone-cutter.

"How are you getting along, Major?" I said, as I reclined against the

stony bosom of her deceased majesty and proceeded to light my pipe. The amputation of the toe was apparently going to take time. He gave a thundering whack at the foot and said, "Slowly; it's terribly tough."

"Any corns on it?" I said. "Maybe the humiliated king wore his sandals too tight. What toe are you after anyhow? Have you any particular one in view, any one your soul specially yearns for? The little one, eh? I'm not much of a connoisseur in toes, but I think your judgment and taste are correct. The favorite toe is generally the little one, that is among the best people. You will be quite popular in society when you return with it. Just think of taking a lady into the conservatory between dances and producing that little toe from the tail of your evening coat. You will be the lion of the season. But why restrict yourself to toes, Major?" I continued. "You might pack home a varied assortment of ears, fingers and noses. They would be interesting."

Gorman here told me to hold my tongue, and I was silent for a short time as I changed to the other side of the Queen's lap. Stone laps are not comfortable. Gorman still pounded on.

"Fardon me, Major," I said as I lit a match on the left knee-cap of my couch. "Why didn't you get some of the toes of the kings around Luxor, Edfoi and other places in Egypt? Why are you specially after Ramesses? Are you down on him or have you got something against him particularly? Remember the man is dead—very dead—about thirty-four hundred years, they say. Time, the healer of all wrongs, has had, goodness knows, chance enough to get in its work. It is cruel; it is unchristian to bear a grudge against a man who has been in his grave for thirty-three and one half centuries. Ramesses II. was tyrannical, unscrupulous and despotic, but because he was ambitious there is no necessity for knocking the little toe off his statue."

Gorman here said he would have me put under arrest for insolence. He was mad. He hit the foot a fierce blow and his object was attained. After fondly grasping the small piece of rock he took the candle in his hand and was about to proceed to rejoin our party. They had apparently been exploring some of the other recesses of the temple, for at that moment a whole army of scared bats flew through one of the entrances, and in the reckless manner that bats have, knocked up against everything and knocked the candle out of Gorman's hand. The darkness was so intense you could almost feel it. Gorman, in a kindly, conciliatory tone, said:

"Have you got a light, Mr. Lewis?"

That was the first time I had been called "Mister" on the trip, and as I felt the candle and the matches in my pocket I recognized the important strategic position I now held.

"No," I said, "you d—n vandal; you heathenish Goth." I told him a lot of other things, but no one would print them. "From my throne I talked over the condition of affairs. He told me he had Ramesses by the right leg, but that he was reluctant about letting go to hunt for the candle, as he would surely lose himself. As for looking for the others in the dark, that was impossible, on account of the numerous passages leading, it might be, into the bowels of the earth. I endeavored to console him by saying that the boats would probably leave shortly and our party would think we were with the others and go without us. At any rate, if we were to die we would have a sepulchre even a Canadian ought to be proud of. He then asked me if I would try to find the way out and, if successful, return for him. I exacted a solemn promise that there would be no further discussion about arrest, insolence or unpleasantness. I told him if he did that I would tell every officer on the expedition about the funk he was in. I took ten accurately counted steps from my statue and said in a far-away voice, "I think this is the way. Good-bye!"

I then took ten steps straight back to the place of beginning, as the lawyers say. Gorman breathed heavily and occasionally would shout at the top of his voice:

"Have you found it?"

He was needlessly ruining a fine bass voice, for I was not more than five feet away and I could hear his teeth chatter.

When I was a youngster a favorite game was what we called playing Indian. I had carefully cultivated a species of war-whoop which was the envy and admiration of my school-fellows. I hadn't tried it for years. I thought I would try the effect of it on Gorman. I was half-scarred myself at the fiendish yell as it echoed through the vaulted roof and along the passages. As for Gorman, he at first seemed paralyzed with fear, but in a minute he began yelling like a half-starved coyote. I was so overcome with silent laughter that to support myself I had to place my arm around Mrs. Ramesses' waist. It was in the dark. In a few minutes we saw lights approaching and several of our party appeared. When Gorman saw me seated a few feet from him intently engaged in lighting a candle, he didn't say anything. He seemed to be doing a lot of thinking as he walked to the boat, but he held on to Ramesses' toe.

## VII.

When a man assumes more than he really is possessed of he is burdening himself with a useless and unnecessary load. The world in a rough-and-ready way generally sires up a man at his true worth. Despite the necessarily autocratic character of army life, there is nothing like a career sign for quickly getting at the true inwardness of human nature. An officer may jingle his spurs, clank his sword and fiercely shout "Eyes front," but before a campaign is over his men generally know whether he should be relied on in time of need or not. The democracy of common ratios, heat, danger and hardships brings about a recognition of the fittest. The fuss and feathers of dress parade are



dispensed with, and the fierce struggle for life or death does away with the superficial affectations of dandyism or the self-satisfied assumption of a smug. It is worth going to all the inconvenience and bother of a war just to see some fellows brought down to their proper level with a jerk. In civilian life it takes about two years of systematic snubbing before some people recognize that an accurately cut coat or a well assumed drawl is not all that is required in social life. On a campaign it takes about two minutes and a half at certain stages of the game.

As a class, I believe there are no finer men in the world than British officers, but I remember one fellow in the infantry, I think, who was terribly war-like on parade. The way he would fiercely order his men about when deploying strategically around an ash-barrel in a barrack-square was soul-inspiring. I thought for several weeks that the festive Arab that happened to meet him would be a most unfortunate being; he had a voice like a Stentor, a waist like a Falstaff and his word of command sent a thrill through half a battalion.

We were working the unknown cataracts above Merawi. Jack Boyle, in whose boat this sturdy-voiced major was, with the hard luck that occasionally strikes the best of boatmen, got his craft in a certain amount of trouble one day. I was in the same company and was immediately following him. The current was swift and his boat had drifted back against a sharp sunken rock and the keel had caught about 'midships. It swung across the current and half capsized. The cargo began to shift, oars became entangled and the men got "rattled." Jack grabbed his pole, jumped on the gunwales, and with his enormous strength and consummate skill attempted to right matters. He was as cool as if he were discussing bull beef and hard tack at supper. Our major was disturbed. He and a plethoric biscuit-box wrestled for supremacy all around the stern sheets. A face which years of active service at mess had transformed into an expensive vermillion, showed spots of white.

I could hear him gasp in a wheezy voice, "For God's sake, Canadian, she's going to roll. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Jack merely turned the quid in his mouth, tightened his grip on the pole, and said in Canadian vernacular, "We'al. Major, when she starts a-rollin' I guess you'd better start a-climbin'. I'll be busy myself about that time."

The major said nothing further. He took another round with the biscuit-box, overcame it and looked wretched.

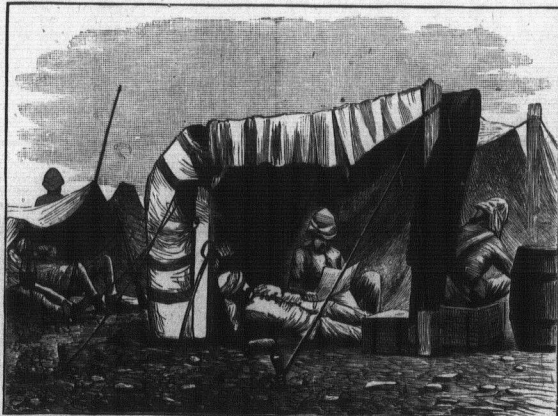
There is another instance attended with more serious consequences that I may as well tell you of.

Ever since the days when Caesar harrowed our schoolboy souls by describing at length the crossing of a river in ancient Gaul, military authorities have vied with each other in explaining the best manner in which an army should cross a river. When I was knocking around the far West, no matter how large the party was, the most skilled inspected the ford or current and then we simply crossed it. It is different with military people. The books lay down all sorts of things to be done, and no matter what the inconvenience may be they feel themselves bound to carry them out. General Brackenbury, after Earle's death, felt impelled to carry everything out according to Hoyle. He had never commanded a brigade before, and wouldn't move from the lines laid down in the books. We Canadians didn't lose any sleep over the matter. There were the cavalry, baggage camels, together with the donkeys, goats, etc., which were part of the spoil taken *en route*, making about eight hundred four-footed animals in all which had to be crossed. A celebrated desert rider with a conveyance was expected to communicate with us from Korosko on the right bank. We were then on the left. The place of crossing was the now historic village of Hebeh, where Colonel Stewart, Gordon's friend, Colonel Power and the Austrian Consul had been murdered. One of Gordon's steamers, all riddled with bullets from running the gauntlet at Berber and Metemneh, lay a short distance below us among the rocks of a bad stretch of river. On our landing at Alexandria we had heard of the massacre of Stewart and his companions, and every paper at the time was full of the incidents of the escape from Khartoum and the treacherous character of the murder. The sight of the steamer made one feel that we were at last getting within touch of the object of the expedition, that the goal of our efforts was near at hand and that also, although rescue was our object, cruelty and murder inflicted on some of our race was to be avenged. Many a man, as he saw the few sad relics of that tragedy and remembered its treachery, thought little of adulation or pity for a brave and unfortunate people, but made the often expressed determination that in the next fight the Arab should have what he always gave, "no quarter."

All sorts of preliminary marching, counter-marching, manoeuvring and dashing around of *aides-de-camp*, entirely beyond my ken, took place. The artillery covered our crossing and an infantry regiment was placed on the other

side to protect our landing. The boats of two regiments were unloaded and these were to tow our live stock over by successive trips. The current was comparatively strong, and it was advisable for fear of confusion or entanglement that the boats should follow each other successively. The goats and donkeys could frequently be taken in the boats, but the horses, camels and sacred cows were tied to the stern by the sailors of the naval brigade and had to swim for it. There was a nasty rapid a short distance below, and a certain amount of care had to be exercised in steering. We in the lightened boats were sitting waiting for the order to move and get our animals attached, while the general and staff, all mounted, took a position that commanded a view of the crossing. With the exception of the two regiments which were to do the transporting, the rest of the column was under arms and interestingly watching us.

At that moment a young officer of the Life Guards, one of the special staff whose duties were particularly in connection with the boats, shoved out from the shore. These special staff officers—about nine of them—were generally, I believe, young fellows who through family or political influence had been allotted special work in order that they might take part in the campaign, although their regiments did not. They were not bad fellows as a rule, but in a short time some of them believed that what they didn't know about river work was not worth knowing. They got cocky. They occasionally came in collision with us Canadians, but we very seldom had an opportunity of getting even, as they steered their own boats, which were not loaded like ours, a major portion of the time. We were to have our revenge at last. This Life Guardsman was the cockiest of the lot. He was the nephew of a famous statesman and had the prettiest West-end drawl imaginable. As his boat with his picked oarsmen swung past along the stern of our boats, the eyes of the whole Nile



An Hour of Luxurious Ease.

column, from general to drummer boy, were upon him; he seemed to realize it. Here was the opportunity of his life. The crossing would be immediately detailed and he would be mentioned in despatches. His would be the first boat that directed the brigade that successfully made the passage of the Nile.

Now, this is where he began to go in for unnecessary fuss and feathers. About the center of the boat alignment he rose in his seat and extending his arms in a Napoleon-crossing-the-Alps manner, said in a voice that was a combination of "May I have the next waltz?" and "Up Guards, and at them!" tone: "Steersmen, remember all boats follow my boat!" The silence was such that his words could be distinctly heard throughout the whole brigade.

"All boats follow my boat be damned!" I heard Jack Boyle mutter. I could hear various disparaging remarks from the Canadians at the order. Captain P— moved on to the place where the animals were herded on the shore, and in a commanding voice ordered the sailors to tie an animal to his boat. Whether the sailors had anything against Captain P—, or whether they thought that the first crossing should be fittingly made, this deponent sayeth not; but I saw four Blue Jackets with infinite difficulty attempt to persuade a gigantic camel to enter the water for the purpose of being properly annexed to Captain P—'s boat. There was a small and select number of camels which had been procured on account of their size and strength to carry the battery of artillery Krupp guns, and it was one of the most colossal of these that the sailors had selected for Captain P—.

The most ardent admirers of "the ship of the desert" will not say that the ordinary everyday camel is beautiful. This one was simply the incarnation of

ugliness and obstinacy. He ran principally to neck and hump and he had a beard under his chin like a Presbyterian elder. He was not pleasant to look upon. Captain P— shouted his commands, the sailors swore and the brigade resigned prayer-meeting sort of expression. In his eyes the camel submitted to be tied. The general, who had become impatient, sent an aide with orders to move at once. Captain P—, with a half-injured look in his face, seized his tiller, shouted against the command "Remember all boats follow my boat," and gave the word to pull out.

The camel was jerked off his feet. It seemed to have been taken by surprise and looked as if it were doing a lot of thinking as it moved off. They were nearing the middle of the river and the next boat with a cavalry horse was about to follow, when the artillery camel seemed to have got through with his thinking and began to make himself felt. I don't know his motives, but judging by his actions the camel apparently did not want to cross the river. What influences a camel po man can tell. There is nothing on this side of the Atlantic that at all approaches a camel in pure "cussedness," unless it may be the "Cayuse" or Indian pony, and even he gives a very faint idea of the unadulterated black-heartedness of a camel when he wants to be disagreeable. When that camel showed signs of not going into the Manassir country on the right bank, he meant it, and made it evident. Believe, science to the contrary notwithstanding, that if a camel wishes to swim tail first, if it thoroughly makes up its mind to do it, it can; anyhow this one did, and the survivors of the Nile column will back me up. The boat paused in mid stream. Captain P— looked anxious, gazed at the peaceful, patient countenance of the camel a few feet astern and exhorted his men to fresh exertions. The perspiring oarsmen redoubled their efforts, but the camel merely shook the water from his beard, waved his long legs the wrong way and held his own and the boat. The general and the brigade looked on. By this time Captain P— was seriously perturbed, the strong current was drifting them downwards to the rapid; he probably thought that it would be impossible in the face of the whole column to cut the most valuable of the artillery camels loose on the brink of a dangerous cataract. What could he do? In river work he who hesitates is lost. There was a cruelly satirical yell from a Canadian throat, "Remember, all boats follow my boat," and Capt. P—, joat, crew and camel swept over the rapid. The boat was smashed, Capt. P— and several of the crew were nearly drowned, and the camel, oh! the camel, just out of spite was drowned. Camels will do that just to be mean.

We disobeyed orders; we didn't follow Capt. P—'s boat. Now, I am not actuated by any feeling of enmity against Captain P— in telling this story, for he was a decent fellow; it is the fuss and feathers I am after. If there is any enmity it is against the camel.

I hate camels and I believe that any well balanced human being who has been thrown into close relationship with camels hates them also. Sunday school books talk endearingly about camels, and when I first went to Egypt I was prepared to take them to my bosom. But a look at an ordinary camel causes a healthy-minded man, as a rule, to want to crawl under the nearest mimosa tree and take a rest. In other words, it makes him tired. Well, let a man picnic with a few thousand of these festive, hump-backed creatures of sin for seven months and there is begotten in his heart a hatred that only death can still; let him ride one for two days and the feeling is murderous. I have often tried to analyze the reasons that cause this unchristian feeling and I have failed. One of the reasons, however, is that he is so confoundedly virtuous and useful, and still is such a terrible hypocrite; he is painfully virtuous and patient. He never runs away or is an habitual drinker, and he looks so innocent all the time that unconsciously you begin to dislike him. He seems a living reproach to your using him. In the desert you are so dependent upon him that you resent the dependence; and as for his hypocrisy, when he is lying down to be laden if you place your hat on him he groans as if you were using him, while he is perfectly able to carry half a ton. He is devoid of affection and gratitude; his walk, I believe, he assumes to torture mankind; he smells painfully; he chooses to do the wrong thing at the wrong time; he is—he is—he is simply a beast of burden.

The memory of that crossing of the Nile is a perpetual nightmare to me. I saw more of the true inwardness of camel nature in those two days than a traveler would in a year. It seemed to me that I could get nothing but camels to transport. After infinite trouble in getting three of the hump-backed brutes across, I mildly protested at the fourth, for my heart was very within me. I asked for a horse. No; I had to take a camel. Then I became more modest and begged for a sacred cow, a few goats and a donkey; in fact, for anything but a camel. But no, I had to take camel right along. They would try to drown themselves, strangle themselves, swim over the cataract with you, turn on their backs and float feet upwards; in truth, do anything but behave the way any self-respecting animal should. And they did it all in such a quiet, unassuming way. People who know say that it requires a certain amount of judiciously assorted blasphemy to drive them. It may be, but I know that the swearing vernacular of the English-speaking people of two continents was insufficient to express our feelings those two days. Even the soldiers hated camels. Now when the ordinary Tommy Atkins lets his mind wander sufficiently far away in his leisure moments from beer and baccy to have anything, you may rest assured it is bad. But there is no useless emotion ~~and~~ and feathers about Tommy even in his dislikes. On one trip across I noticed that the camel attached to the boat ahead of me, which was steered by a soldier, was in serious trouble; in fact, it was dead; had been drowned in

transit. The sergeant who was steering—there not being enough Canadians for all the boats—calmly smoked on and never noticed that it was a corpse that he was hauling. The crew were also unaware of the death and they also smoked. A soldier, if permitted, would always smoke I think, with a few short intermissions for sleep and meals. Their boat struck the shore; mine closely followed. Their stroke oarsman leaned forward, looked at the deceased camel and between his whiffs said calmly, "I believe the blooming camel's drowned."

The sergeant slowly turned. He never missed a whiff as he, after a short look, took out his clasp-knife and cut the rope, and as a few thousand pounds of British taxes floated off he quietly muttered, "Yes, the bloody thing's quit kickin'."

And that is what I meant when I said at the outset that there is no useless fuss and feathers in the actual work of a campaign, and instead of burying the late lamented camels with military honors and holding a court-martial extending over four days on Captain P— and the sergeant, the work was too serious to permit of bothering with Captain P—'s swagger or the sergeant's indifference. Captain P— was silent the rest of the campaign and the sergeant will never get his company's colors. They were sized up.

## VIII.

If this ever comes to any of our fellows, not one of them will forgive me. But history must be made; so it must be told. Were you ever on a drunk? I am not talking about one of those common Saturday afternoon drunks—bars closed at seven—but a drunk. I have heard—heard, mark you—of only one real soul-satisfying drunk in my life. Some people believe that placing the left arm, *en negligé*, on a hotel mahogany, and ripping out, "What'll you have? Everything goes and everybody drinks!" is a drunk. It is not. That is merely toying with a serious thing. In fact, it is a disagreeable, brutal and degrading thing. As I have before said, I have heard it, and in the silent watches of the nights, which unfortunately are not silent, but will talk. Well, this particular drunk, one which is about to rattle down the corridors of time, was witnessed by myself in a place called Cairo in Egypt, about April or March, I'm not sure which; I wouldn't swear to a month at that time. I shouldn't have been present on the solemn occasion only I happened to have been the recipient, with about sixty-five other Canadian boatmen, of ten pounds advance pay, and also the thought that my presence was positively necessary. That's straight. It was at Kasr el Nil barracks, where we filed before Col. Kennedy—God rest his soul!—and the ten coins and the four words of gold. "Be careful my lad," were given each of us. Unfortunately, the latter went first. Kasr el Nil is a large barrack—the Cairo barracks. The Cairo garrison were there. Tommie Atkins has a devouring thirst, and we endeavored to satiate it. Ten "quid" to him was untold wealth. The guard-rooms must have been satiated, or my estimate of sergeants' guard diets is out. Our outfit provided for a regimental tailor, who succumbed in the stitch in time, which, fortunately, was the last stitch necessary; a glass of seltzer with the canteen sergeant, and with a fairly good running start in every way considered, Frankie Manchard and I started to view the points of historical interest in historic Cairo. Cairo is an historic city. The British Government, with a keen appreciation of merit, had covenanted and agreed in the most solemn manner, at a most trying point in the Sudan campaign, to see us through Cairo, with twenty dollars a month additional pay. Outside our desire to rescue Gordon, that had its influence on us self-sacrificing patriots who had volunteered. We had looked forward to it; it had prompted us to many a fresh effort throughout the campaign, and it had made us have a keener outlook for sunken rocks, snailpox and other things. No one liked to die with the prospect of Cairo before him, with its citadel, petrified forest, and mosque of alabaster.

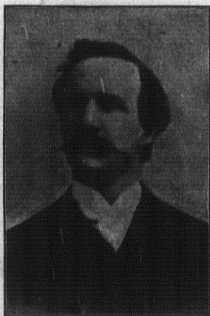
Speaking of that mosque reminds me of an incident that occurred. We spent our time and ten pounds there. Frank Ritchie was one of the handomest, cleverest, most lovable and most dissipated old comrades we had. He had had a most fortuitous career; a soldier of fortune in the American war, a Canadian detective in the time of the Fenian Raid, and he had been in every phase of life from cowboy to a writer in a lawyer's office. In a curious way he was wonderfully well read. He had run across in his readings something about this alabaster mosque. He was bound to see it; nothing could prevent him. The alluring inducements of canteen, wine shop, song and story, which were painfully strong, could not restrain him after an ordinary amount of recreation in thrashing a soldier and drinking a gallon of beer from going in pursuit of knowledge. He was always after beer and knowledge. He could hunt an old temple or a beer shop with equal persistency and facility. As officer trifling with Egyptology or a soldier suffering from a self-inflicted drought would find in Frank their refuge and their strength. Seizing an opportunity and a flask, and with the aid of a guide and an antiquarian real, he hied to the mosque. That is the word. He was that in the past tense. Mohammedans, like other denominations, have peculiar ideas. They didn't object to Sunday street cars, but they did insist on a man removing his shoes and hat before entering their mosques. Now some of our people would be slightly put out by that. Their claims to religion rest to a great extent on the shininess of their shoes. Frank, being a man of cosmopolitan ideas and an adaptability to circumstances, begotten from the fact of his having belonged to both an Orange and Fenian lodge at the same time, conformed to the rule and with "O, so light a foot" reverently entered.

He held on to the flask.

You cannot buy drinks in Mohammedan mosques, and this was no church

fair as far as he could see. He rested in the lobby, had a drink in the side aisle, and fell asleep in the chancel. He would probably be there yet if a deputation of what looked like a bishop, two archdeacons, a sexton and a churchwarden had not waited upon him and asked him if he was through with the mosque. They wanted to use it; and in choice Arabic informed him that that was no hotel. Frank was always polite and said that while he was a Christian and could lick anything they could turn out in about three minutes and a half still, it would be better to have a drink all round and they could have their mosque back; he didn't want it. With the aid of the churchwarden and the sexton he reached the door. Frank once confided to me that if there was any tenderness in his disposition it lay in his hind feet. He looked anxiously for his shoes, which he had confidently left outside. Frank had had optical delusions in his time, but this struck him as strange. If there had been four number nine ammunition boots that would have been on the programme, but there were none. So he turned anxiously to the archdeacon and said, "For heaven's sake, what's your liquor in this country?" But there were no shoes. It was two miles to bazaar or barracks, and Government socks at sixpence a pair are not good running gear. I met Frank an hour afterwards. His faith in Christianity was intensified, but whether the archdeacon ever recovered I know not.

Manchard and I intended to do the respectable. Surprises are pleasant things in life. Everybody that knows anything knows Shepherd's Hotel. A Turkish bath, a shave, a *recherche* dinner at Shepherd's, a drive through the bazaars, an evening at the opera, and then bed. We expected to be slightly shocked at the opera, but we intended to stand it under the circumstances. All the items took place. If anybody leaves you any money and you go to Cairo, go to Shepherd's and ask for Manchard or myself. They will remember us. Describe two young men dressed in polyglot uniform, who, through the imprudence of their guardians, could speak fair English, and on account of their large talk and the fact that they were the first arrivals from the extreme front of the seat of war, gave the impression to everybody that they were generals at least. They will know us.



Charles Lewis Shaw.

Author of the Random Reminiscences of a Nile Voyageur.

You can travel far on ten pounds in Egypt if you know the people. We traveled as far as the water was cut.

We went there in a carriage. Being accustomed to meet all sorts and conditions of men, the request to have a private dining-room was diffidently declined. Dining-rooms are high at Shepherd's, and cash *table* *photo* would be tolerated that evening. We would consider the matter again. We had no baggage, so the matter was not pressed, and whether we were to confer and sleep at the houses of the Ministry was left in a state of beautiful doubt.

I hate to use the word "heavy swell," but it seemed that everybody around Shepherd's was built that way. A fellow blacked my boots the day I left, and when the last sixpence I had was deposited in his hands, I wondered from his manner whether he was a baronet or not. He was not. He stole my helmets, and that is not the characteristic of a baronet. We dined *table photo*. I confess it; although I have sometimes congratulated myself that I have been able to dine at all on account of the practical failure of the British Expedition.

The Egyptian question bothered the nations of the earth at that time, and Cairo was full of diplomats, ambassadors, Canadian voyagers and other envoy extraordinary. An English lord sat at Manchard's right, the place of honor, and I was *vis-a-vis* with a French count. I had harbored the thought that he was a duke on account of his eating fish with a knife. No ordinary count can do that. Flotboobing with him was Jack Boyle. With the confidence begotten of four sherries and bitters, we had invited Jack. Jack was ill-at-ease at first, but a bottle of the count's claret brought confidence. The *camaraderie* of a *table photo* broke down all reserve, and the desire for information from the front was strong. They heard it. A Bulgarian attaché began surreptitiously to take notes on his cuff at Jack Boyle's third bottle. Jack's opinions on Lord Wolesley, Mr. Gladstone, the Suez Canal, Egyptian bonds, were, to say the least of it, remarkable. The lord, who happened to be a Jingo and sympathized with Jack's assertion that the whole blooming continent of Africa should be at once taken possession of, was rather startled after a timorous invitation to a glass of wine by a heavy slap on the back and a "I don't mind, old bird, seeing it's you!" The refined sensibilities of a Russian invalid tourist were, I fear, wounded when Jack wanted to twist wrists with him for five pounds and the drinks for the house; and the people of the house wondered at the foreign generals.

I want to say right here, the only thing against Manchard was that he was

too aristocratic. Because it happened to be a habit in that country to have a runner with a wand before your carriage, there was no necessity when the post-prandial drive was being arranged for that he, hearing that prices and fall ambassadors always had two, should order that extravagant number. We certainly were not ambassadors if we were full. Jack had disappeared. The carriage with all ceremony was drawn up at the main entrance and the commissariat department looked after by myself; to have a thing attended to well one must do it himself. There is a swagger drive in Cairo, the Rotten Row as it were, called the Mahomet Ali drive. The best people go there. We went. Charlie always loved horses, and those Orientals are beasts with animals, so when a vicious lashing and an uncalled-for jerking on the poor brutes' mouths occurred he couldn't stand it. A spring to the driver's seat, one hand grasping the Levantine coward by the throat and the other the reins, and hurling him backwards to the floor of the carriage he said, "Hold the hound." It is not pleasant holding one of that ee-like sort of hounds. You are kept employed. What sort of peculiar appetite must have possessed that fellow I know not, but the only way I could prevent him from destroying the contour of a well proportioned calf was by holding his windpipe gently but firmly until his eyes rolled and he had been persuaded that that rig was hired and paid for by the hour. It is hard to make some people understand.

We were nearing the fashionable drive when Charlie turned to me. "They want a whirl. Horses are like men; they want to cut themselves loose occasionally." I'm going to give them their heads. The Bois du Boulogne for the world; level as the prairie and straight as an arrow. Hold on to the sherry, but never mind if you spill the 'true believer.' I was too busy to expostulate. My chances of again appearing in Highland uniform were imminent. The Oriental had got a fresh grip.

We were in the drive. There was a bound, and the old Arab blood and the old sense of desert freedom asserted itself. They were no longer cab horses. They were free. What were collars and traces? Their heads were free; and with a wild toss of their noses they were off. It was the hour when everybody was out. Oh! for that one minute of freedom and power again. A brute under your feet and the titted, moneyed lacquies of a modern civilization flying from you and the first utter recklessness of freedom. When that day comes, as come it must, when man bursts forth in his first mad intoxication of freedom, what mind can conjure up the result? The sailor confined for months to the discipline of the fore-castle, the soldier to the irksome pipe-play of the service, and the shantymen to half a year of isolation and poor pay, have obtained only a reputation for brutality and vicious drunkenness, while it is mere human nature asserting itself when the explosion takes place. Take the instance before us. Six months' deprivation of everything that is ordinarily supposed to make life worth living; a sudden acquisition of comparative wealth, and a knowledge that you have been poorly paid in comparison with other mercantile work, although the Queen—God bless her—I paid us well, and what is the result? An effort to even up the condition of things by a hurried, reckless plunge into the strongest of pleasures. It is the thraldom, the deprivation of everything that man was constituted to hold dear. Since the days of man's fall woman has had her hand in the making and unmaking of the world. Imagine, then, being deprived of her divine influence for half the months of your life. Don't blame us; we cannot help it. Burns wrote:

What's done we partly may compute  
But know not what's our mind's retired;

and God knows he knew!

Who held the bayonets at Waterloo, or the cutlasses at Trafalgar, and changed the map of Europe? Whereby has the past wealth of Canada come, but by her shantymen? Have temperance lectures done anything but talk? The temperance lecture that has the greatest of influences, the God of Nature, preaches in the early morning,

Before the dawn wind softly sighing,  
Refers to burning specks sleep.

But to return. Although our half-bred Arabs knew not the rein was upon them, it was, and when Manchard saw advancing towards him a glittering cavalcade—a mixture of Oriental splendor and European regularity—a standard upraised proclaimed it the staff and escort surrounding the carriage of the Khedive of Egypt. Gathering the reins, with a quick sever he drew to one side. We're loyal, Charlie, if we're nothing else. It's our ally the Khedive. We will give him a cheer. Just at this moment, coming down the drive towards the advancing pageant, there was a sound of advancing hoofs, accompanied with yell—yells encouraging, yells threatening, but withal strangely peculiar to our ears. We turned and saw advancing at full speed in martial phalanx forty of our comrades mounted on Arabian donkeys. If anyone imagines the long-eared Arabian donkey cannot run, let him try it. He can. Impelled by the spirit of the race and the heels of the shantymen, he was outdoing himself. With knees firmly grasping his steed, with determination in his eye and two full bottles in each pocket and an empty one waving in his right hand, the representatives of Canada's chivalries came on. Before them were the flower of Eastern military. Their standard was waving, their epaulettes glistening, and the sacred person of their sovereign to be preserved. What cared the Canadian voyageur? Who can doubt the power of Canadians now? Unswerving, undisturbed, with a devotion their ancestors had shown at Lundy's Lane and Chateauguay, they hesitated not, but with a full now charged maddly on while the donkeys' ears waved bravely in the breeze.

The spectators' faces, I suppose, paled at the thought of the conflict. But the action was short. The horses of the escort snorted and turned tail, and the



horses of the carriage wheeled to one side. Our countrymen swept past the victors of the field. With faces glowing with national pride and East India sherry, Manchar and I took off our hats and greeted the discomfited Khedive and his hussars.

The thought then occurred that, considering the Khedive was our ally, an explanation might be necessary that that was one of the Canadian shantymen's playful ways, but as neither of us were intimate with him and the staff and escort were busy collecting themselves, we went on. Yes, we went on.

But all things and ten pounds must have an end, and about ten o'clock the following night the cold, pale moon looked unpitifully down on two travel-stained individuals moving through the European portion of Cairo towards Kasr el Nil barracks. That suited our financial condition. We were passing before a quaintly built house that still bore the indefinable marks of an English home.

All at once the notes of a piano were heard and soon the air was distinguishable. It was the old, familiar, much-laughed-at *The Maiden's Prayer*, sound of the long unheard familiar piano struck a responsive chord in our hearts, and as the old music of bright-faced, bread-and-butter, and much loved cousin and boyish sweetheart was listened to Manchar said, "Let us sit down." We listened, and never had a pathos in the very mistakes. It was about two miles to barracks and the way was hard. We slept right there, lulled to sleep by the airs of our boyhood played by a girlish hand.

In the early morning we arose and sought a fountain. Water comes out of fountains. We wanted water; wanted it badly. Fountains are generally such intense horticultural tastes. In the bountiful generosity of previous rulers of Egypt, Cairo had been plentifully supplied with magnificent gardens. May the shrubs of tropical luxuriance, enjoying the sweetness of our surroundings and the cool morning air that fanned our fevered brows, we saw before us an artificial grove formed with all the poetry and imagination of the Eastern mind. We paused, struck with its beauty. A moment after we noticed that the grove had an occupant—a young girl. She was reading. Desirous of her had come there to read *Lalla Rookh*, as we discovered afterwards. I have showed her to be of our own race, the first we had met for months. There was the purity, goodness and nobility of mother, sister and sweetheart all borne to us in that first glance of an English girl. Under the influences of shattered nests and surroundings we could have fallen down and worshipped her.

A branch is twisted by Manchar under the influence of his feelings. The girl turned, saw us, and with a startled cry ran away. A maid of our race affrighted at two brutish, worshipping men! "We're brutes," Manchar managed to whisper. I managed to hiccough "Amen."

## IX.

How the memories of that Nile trip crowd thick and fast on a fellow! How the charm of that river, with its narrow fringe of palms and gardens, still possesses one! Always changing yet always the same, winding its way from its mysterious source through rock and desert, by ancient temple and modern mosque; now roaring in harmony with the rocky desolation through which it passes, now softly murmuring by the fertile fields which it has caused to bloom.

How the scenes and incidents of the campaign are crystallized in one's memory, and how the recollections of that winter in Egypt and the Soudan stand out in sharp contrast to the work-a-day life of the present! It seems a long time ago now. We have forgotten the heat and the glare of the sun and palm grove. The turbulent roar of the cataracts seems now to have been merely the accompaniment of exciting work and triumphs achieved. Forgotten now are the little jealousies of river work, the petty enmities of the different gangs and the maddening inexperience of the soldiers, and remembered only are the kindnesses exchanged, the true comradeship among soldiers, Canadians and officers, the pluck and endurance met with on all sides, and the stories and fun around camp-fire and in bazaar. Reckless and devil-may-care they may have been, but "I've wandered much this weary mortal round" and I ask for no more leaf friend or trustier comrade than the soldier or voyageur of the Gordon Relief Expedition.

The Canadian contingent has long since disbanded. They are scattered all over the world. The love of roving had apparently been fanned into life by that trip and one hears of them from every part of the globe. Some few have settled down. Charlie Manchar, who drove at full gallop through the swell drives of Cairo, is now a solid business man in an Eastern city. Tommie A— is now a pillar of the Church in the West, and I—well, I am telling this story.

Did you ever hear how Charlie, Tom and myself stole some bacon and tins. In fact if they hear this they will deny it, but it's true all the same. It was at Korti, the base of operations during the active part of the campaign, the

place whence Sir Herbert Stewart's column made the dash across the desert and whence General Earle with the River Column proceeded toward Abu Hamed.

The ordnance stores of all kinds for the supply of the whole army were there and were continually being replenished by the native craft, the line of communication being protected from Korti to Cairo. There was a terrible lot of stuff, and we three, after a few qualms of conscience had been stilled, resolved that, as the campaign would not be seriously interfered with, as off, and as we were heartily tired of corned beef and hard tack three times a day, we would endeavor to procure something from the said stores for our private use. Some people call that by a very ugly name, but they have never lived and worked on corned beef and hard tack for three months. A daily ration of one pound of corned beef and one pound of hard tack has a tendency to deaden one's conscience, if it does keep you in good training, and by this time we were as hard as nails and as ravenous as wolves. Many a day I would for pork, for fresh beef, for bread, for anything but corned beef and hard tack.

We hadn't yet struck any sacred cows, being merely on the borders of the enemy's country. When we did, I appreciated them. The fact that the sacred beef had to be boiled all night long in order to make it tender enough for use, did not detract from my liking. Whether it was on account of their sanctity or the change I know not. I liked them.

Things were at a tension in Korti in those days. The fight for the possession of Gat-dul wells had just taken place and the Nile column was about to the next day might bring forth.

Gordon's last letter had been received: "I have done the best for the honor of our country. You send me no information although you have lots of money. I am very happy. I have tried to do my duty. God rules all. His will be done. Good-bye."

I wonder does that letter affect Mr. Gladstone as much as that piece of ginger-bread he caught in the eye, or the anxiety he felt when he dodged that irate leifer around the tree in his park.

One hundred days' rations per man were to be taken by the Nile column, and the moment we left Korti any extra grub was not to be thought of, as no man would be capable of the meanness of stealing from his comrades. But the general stores were different. It was a rather serious business, for some soldiers had been sentenced to two years in jail, and we were not sure about our status under the Queen's Regulations, but one evening just before tattoo we determined that something besides the everlasting corned beef and hard tack should be obtained. I was deputed to keep the sentry engaged in intellectual conversation while Manchar and Tom should select the luxuries from the acres of stores. My ability as one of the most indefatigable talkers on the expedition was recognized. I don't wish to boast, but I have a record of having talked two companies of the Royal Irish and seven Canadians sound asleep one night.

They took large gunny sacks in which to place the spoil, with which they could deceive suspicious guards, etc., into the idea that they were their own kits. They approached the stores in a direction that could only be seen by the sentry at one end of his beat. My business was to prevent him getting to that end. The Black Watch furnished the guard that day, and a stalwart Highlander was the sentry. It was not long before I had placed myself near the dangerous end of the beat which would cause his making a detour to completion on the part of Horse Guards and a Liberal Government of doing away with the Highland costume in the army. If there is anything the Highland soldier loves it is the kilt. The discussion took time, as I took strong objection to men not wearing breeks, and the beat had to be paced by him every few minutes. I held my ground in both. The sentry's name was Campbell and he was from the wilds of North Argyleshire. He grew excited at my condemnation of his national garb. When I told him that the government of a civilized people in the latter part of the nineteenth century couldn't possibly let their soldiers go around in such a disreputable shape, arrayed like barbarians, and that after this they would have to fight like Christians, with their trousers on, he waxed indignant and said in a fierce whisper "that he would fight in trows if ta Duke o' Argyle was to order it."

Just then I heard a whistle, the signal of success. The argument was concluded there and then, and Private Campbell from Argyleshire snorted defiance at my ignominious retreat.

Behind a hillock of sand we inspected the spoil, while the pine boxes were



I distracted the attention of the Highland Sentry.

buried in the sand. One box contained bacon, but about the other we were doubtful. The inner tin box was opened. There was no longer any doubt.

"Cheese!" I said to Tommie.

I was a short distance away burying the last fragment of the boxes, but I was always passionately fond of cheese, so I yelled, "I'll take the cheese for my share." I was surprised at the cheerful manner with which they answered, "All right." My companions in crime had coyly retired a short distance from the box, but I approached my prize. I knew it was cheese when I was twenty feet away, and when I looked at it I said, "Seems old."

"Venerable," said Charlie. "I say, we'll have to move farther off or the whole army will catch on to that cheese."

The cantonment was half a mile away.

That cheese must have been terribly old, but I thought that its long confinement might have caused it to make its presence so violently felt by our olfactory organs, and as I had gone to considerable trouble about the matter and was fond of cheese I conquered my feelings, wrapped it up in a puggaree and slipped it into my almost air-tight kit bag.

"You will have to throw it away in a day or so," laughed A—, "it's spoilt," but that cheese went through the major portion of the campaign with the Nile column under Earle and Brackenbury, and despite the hardship was stronger at the end than at the beginning.

After this lapse of years I cannot understand why I held on to that cheese so persistently. Whether it was that I had nearly starved to death in the Rocky Mountains one summer and had to boil a deer skin, which had been used as a saddle-cloth, into soup, and feared that I might possibly require that cheese in the exigencies of the campaign, or whether it was the morbid criminal habit of keeping evidences of guilt around one, I know not. Whatever was the reason, I held on to it, but left it in its solitary possession of my bag. I never ate any of it. I am no epicure and can tackle pretty nearly anything, but that cheese was too much for me. I think I would have attempted it at the beginning if it had not been that after the River column had left Korti a few days I was transferred for a time to an English regiment. I had been with the Highlanders heretofore and hated to leave my old comrades, but had to do it. The reason of the change was that the particular boat to which I was transferred was in the habit of daily lagging behind and seriously interfering with the progress of the whole regiment. There were only about sixty Canadians with the Nile column, and there must have been over two hundred and fifty boats, so a great many of them were steered by officers or sergeants, except in very bad water, when Canadians would take them one after the other through the cataracts.

This particular boat had for a crew, with a strange fatality, the laziest, most ill-conditioned backguards in the regiment; and it was ordered that a Canadian should take charge of it. I didn't know them well and had to abuse them so terribly that I hesitated about taking out my cheese for fear they might inform. I had no ambition to pick oakum in a military prison for a few years; it is too monotonous.

But I got even with that crew.

There was an officer in the boat, and the second morning after I was installed he rather cheekily made several suggestions on steering. No Canadian could stand that, so at noon I opened the mouth of my bag and placed it at his feet among the boxes in the stern, where he was sitting. He got the full benefit of it. In half an hour he wearily said to me, "For heaven's sake, Canadian, where does that horrible smell come from?" I pointed to the commissariat camels on the bank about a quarter of a mile away and said, "I guess it's the camels." He seemed satisfied.

"Awful brutes, aren't they?" he said. He was in a half-fainting condition when we drew up to the night.

You can blame anything on a camel and be believed. Anyone acquainted with the animal which Kipling describes as "a devil and an ostrich and an orphan child in one," believes him capable of any enormity. Why, one morning at daybreak, when the brigade was standing in hollow square, as was the daily custom, in readiness for an Arab attack, I had been, thoughtlessly left my kit bag open—I had been searching for something—and the whole windward side of a British square seemed to waver as they never did before the onslaught of the Arab. The language that was muttered along that line was painful to the ears of the chaplains. But they blamed it altogether on a demure-looking artillery camel that was fast asleep in the center of the square.

When my boat was being hauled up a bad pitch one day the kit bag and cheese were drenched with water. Then it became fearful. *Assaefida* was heaven-scented compared to it, but I still clung to it.

I had succeeded by dint of hard work and harder talking in bringing the boat in every night in fairly good time, but once the whole column were ordered to make special exertions, as a particular point had to be made before night. I was doubtful about my crew, and when a light breeze came up and sails were hoisted and they let their oars merely fall in the water without putting strength into their strokes, I was in despair. Unless the sails were helped by the oars we would be left far behind. Something must be done or we would have to be on the river half the night to catch up, and the Nile is not a pleasant river to navigate in the dark. Reproaches, threats and oaths were of no effect.

I suddenly bethought me of the cheese. The wind was dead astern and I would have my revenge at any rate. I quietly opened the bag, placed it where

I was safe, while the wind blew dead on the soldiers. In about four seconds the stroke oar gasped for breath and the others were gazing furtively around the boat to see if anything had crept in and died on their hands. A soldier asked me if I thought there was a glue factory in the neighborhood. I told them I thought it was the boat behind. The stroke oarsman said they would have to get out of reach of that boat or typhus fever would break out. They rowed. They rowed with a desperation that surprised boat after boat that we passed. That night we were the first of the regiment at camp. I was congratulated on my success, but I strapped up my kit bag and said nothing, but the men had a hunted look in their eyes.

That cheese, closely confined, traveled with me through the unknown cataracts, past the heights of Kibbekan, and night after night lay within the four living walls of a British square. When within twenty miles of Abu Hamed, where the Arabs had gathered 15,000 strong to contest our further progress, we received the news that Gordon was dead and were ordered to return to Korti. The cheese returned with the column; but I had to part with it at last.

Manchard was ill. In fact, he had had fever for weeks, but with indomitable pluck refused to "go sick," and although scarcely able to walk stuck to his tiller as long as he could sit up and see. I believe that cheese was the cause of his recovery. We had safely run the cataracts near the celebrated Shukook Pass, a few of the enemy's scouts merely shaking their shields and spears in defiance as we dashed through, and another day's journey through the rapid water placed us out of touch of the enemy. The square that night was formed on broken, rocky ground. A short distance away there was a beautiful palm grove, a perfect oasis of loveliness, where, there being no fear of an enemy, the general, staff and a few of the field officers made their quarters for the night. I had been in the habit of carrying Charlie's kit, making down his "dog-head" giving him a hand generally, for he could hardly walk, and sleeping with him for warmth every evening, and that palm grove looked so inviting that we determined we would sleep there.

I was making down our couch in "a cool, sequestered glade," when an officer's servant appeared and said in a consequential sort of way:

"You can't stay in this place. Colonel Butler is going to sleep here."

"Colonel Butler?" I said. "Who is he? Are you sure he is a colonel?"

"Yes," he said, drawing himself up with a sort of reflected dignity, "and a full colonel."

"Full, eh?" Those fellows never could understand our chaff. "Well, he's in luck. How did he manage it? Break into a medicine chest and get the brandy, or how? Is he noisy?"

"No," he said with scorn, "a colonel of full rank."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Oh, well, tell your colonel that there is nothing stuck up or proud about us Canadians. We don't mind his sleeping here; in fact, he can bunk in with us and we can keep my chum, who is sick, warm on both sides. We don't mind a colonel, but we draw the line at anything below a major or an acting adjutant."

"Colonel Butler," the servant said indignantly, "is chief of General Brackenbury's staff."

"Oh, he is, is he? Well, well! But you see, we Canadians are accustomed to colonels. We grow them in Canada. We have whole families of them, and, between ourselves, that is the beauty of a democratic country. We let them prance around and don't look down on them. Oh, no! we don't mind sleeping with a British colonel."

Just then Colonel Butler's tall figure appeared on the scene. With a curious smile he said, "So you don't mind sleeping with a British colonel, Canadian?"

Although I was knocked into a cocked hat, as it were, I managed to stand to attention, touch my hat and say, "I beg your pardon, sir." Manchard and the soldier grinned and I desperately continued, "But I think that the author of *The Great Lone Land* understands the chaff of the Canadian of the Far West."

He smiled differently now and said, "You will find a place to sleep on the other side of the grove. Good night."

The opinion that I held that Colonel Butler was one of the most gallant soldiers in Her Majesty's service was confirmed. We went to the other side of the grove. In the darkness my bag with the cheese was placed under Manchard's head. As I was dropping into sleep Charlie asked in an anxious tone, "Is there anything the matter with you, Lewis?"

"No," I sleepily said, "except that I'm tired."

"Well," he said, "then I believe I'm going to die after all. I think decomposition is already setting in. Don't you notice it?"

I chuckled. I knew it was that cheese, and he had had the bacon. I took it from under his head, however, and, yielding to his persuasions and the fact that there was no danger now of short rations, proceeded to throw it away.

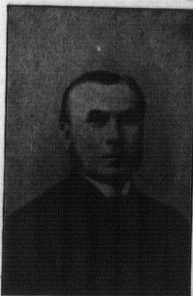
On the other side of the palm tree under which we slept, concealed by the undergrowth at the foot, I noticed an officer's bed all ready prepared for its owner. By various accoutrements near I saw that it belonged to Colonel R—.



That laugh broke the back of the fever.

# The Independent Order of Foresters

## Benefits Given by the I. O. F.



E. BOTTERRELL, P.S.C.R.

In addition to the Social and Fraternal Benefits which a Forester enjoys by virtue of his membership in this great Fraternal Order, he secures the following substantial benefits:

### For Himself,

1.—Free medical attendance Benefit in the person of the Court Physician, within whose jurisdiction the brother is taken ill. Some Courts, in addition, furnish medicines free, as well as trained nurses, if thought necessary by the Court.

2.—Sick Benefit of from \$2.00 to \$5.00 per week.

3.—Total and Permanent Disability Benefit of \$50, \$100, \$1,000, or \$5,000.

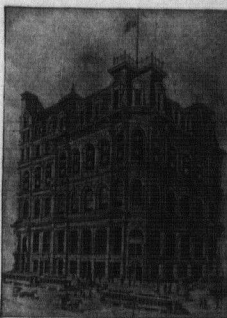
4.—An Old Age Benefit of \$50, \$100, \$200 or \$500 a year.

5.—A Benefit payable on reaching his Expectation of Life of \$50, \$1,000, \$5,000 or \$10,000.

### For His Beneficiaries,

6.—A Funeral Benefit of \$50.

7.—A Mortuary Benefit of \$50, \$1,000, \$5,000 or \$10,000.



HOME OFFICES OF THE I. O. F., TORONTO, CANADA.



ORONHYATEKHA, M.D., S.C.R.

### Fees Payable on Joining an Existing Court.

A Candidate for initiation into an existing Court, and taking \$1,000 of Mortuary Benefit, must pay the following fees:

1.—The Deposit Fee, which must accompany his application for membership, \$5.00

2.—The Initiation Fee, which must be at least \$5.00

3.—The Registration Fee, which is 50 cents for each \$500 of Mortuary Benefit taken (say) \$15.00

4.—The Certificate Fee, which pays for the Policy and a beautiful Certificate of membership, \$1.00

5.—The Medical Examination Fee, which is as above, must also be paid for by the applicant. (say) \$15.00

6.—The

7.—The

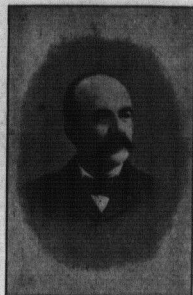
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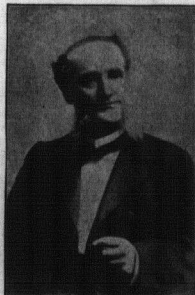


HON. D. D. AITKEN, M.C., &amp; V.C.R.



T. G. DAVEY, S. TREAS.

JOHN A. MCGILLIVRAY, Q.C., S. Sec.



HON. JUDGE WEDDERBURN, S.C.

## Phenomenal Growth of the I. O. F.

The I. O. F., from its organization in 1874 to the year 1881, was, like all the other Societies, a Mortuary Assessment Organization. In 1881 the present leaders came into power, who changed its Constitution and Laws and placed the Order on its present foundation. From that time it has enjoyed a continuous and constantly increasing prosperity.

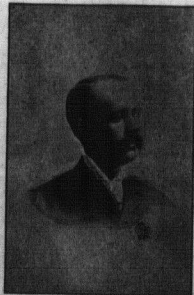
The following tabulated figures will show the marvellous growth of the Order since its re-organization:

Month.	Year.	No. of Members.	Balance in Hand.	Month.	Year.	No. of Members.	Balance in Hand.
January,	1882	1,019	\$ 2,555 47	January,	1891	24,466	\$ 283,967 90
"	1883	1,124	2,700 68	"	1892	22,803	408,798 18
"	1884	2,216	12,070 85	"	1893	25,024	690,897 85
"	1885	2,528	20,992 30	"	1894	64,494	858,867 89
"	1886	3,648	31,982 02	July,	1894	62,736	985,434 08
"	1887	5,804	60,325 02	August,	1894	63,526	1,018,484 02
"	1888	7,611	86,102 42	Sept.,	1894	64,080	1,053,557 44
"	1889	11,018	117,200 85	October,	1894	64,889	1,079,570 70
"	1890	17,026	188,130 86				

The cause of this unexampled prosperity and growth of the I. O. F. is due to the fact that its foundations have been laid on a Solid Financial Basis, and every department of the Order has been managed on business principles, thereby securing for all Foresters large and varied benefits at the lowest possible cost.

Though the I. O. F. has already paid over two millions and a half dollars in benefits, as well as a large sum for management expenses, yet it will be noted that the accumulated funds of the Order stood, on the 1st October, at over One Million Seventy-Nine Thousand Dollars.

Another remarkable circumstance is that the death rate of the Order for 1903, being the twentieth year of its history, was only 1.47 per 1,000, showing the great excellence of the I. O. F. system of medical selections.



THOMAS MILLMAN, M.D., S. Pres.

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a red-faced, big-waisted old Anglo-Indian with a liver. He had a fearful temper, was a strict martinet, and had been disagreeable to me several times.

I told Charlie.

"Give the old Bombastes the full benefit of the act in such cases made and provided," he said. Manchard had at one time studied law.

I carefully scattered the fragments of the venerable and much traveled cheese around the bed of the splenetic colonel, taking particular care to reserve the lion's share for under his pillow, and returned to my doss. In a few minutes we heard the puffing of the corpulent colonel as he approached his bed. There was the sound of unbuttoning, and we could hear a sort of satisfied grunt as he pulled his blankets over him. That campaign caught those fat fellows hard. It wasn't long before we could hear prolonged *whew-ew-ew-ew* and muttered oaths. Those Anglo-Indians express themselves forcibly. At last he rose to his feet and bellowed, "Wheeler! Wheeler!" That was his servant.

"Yes, sir; coming, sir," we could hear Wheeler say.

The colonel was at a white heat, but in a comparatively calm tone he said: "Is there anything dead around here?"

"Nothing, sir, as I know of, except some dead trees," sir. Oh, yes, sir, one of the wounded of the 42nd died to-day, sir."

"Oh, he is dead, is he, and buried, too," said the colonel. "Wheeler, you have been my servant for four years, but you have missed your vocation. Your place is in the ranks with a rifle. A servant that will make a bed over the half-buried body of a dead camel shouldn't be allowed out of the ranks. You will return to your duty in the morning."

He was satirical was the colonel.

"Move my bed a hundred yards away from this graveyard."

Charlie and I were convulsed. That laughter broke the back-bone of the fever and Charlie began to improve immensely afterwards. The colonel heard us. He came to where we were lying and as he looked at us shaking with merriment, he growled:

"I believe you d— Canadians are at the bottom of this. Wheeler, you needn't report for duty to-morrow."

And Manchard and I laughed; but we were youngsters then.

#### X.

Proverbs are proverbially untrue, but that no man is a hero to his own valet is an exception that proves the rule.

What a pity it is that experience, investigation and companionship dispel in the majority of cases that illusion we all cherish, hero-worship.

Nelson couldn't have been a hero to the wife whom he cursed and insulted as only a wife can be insulted. Lady Hamilton couldn't have thought the Victor of Trafalgar worthy of a monument in a London square when she knew that the compass by which the fleet of Britain was guided in the Mediterranean for a time was her own bright eyes. When I saw in the Soudan an officer whose name was emblazoned on the roll of fame make everyone around him uncomfortable for days because of a cut finger, and a soldier on whose breast was the red ribbon of the Victoria Cross flagrantly shirk his work for fear of wetting his feet, my opinion of the roll of fame and the V. C. deteriorated. But the principal reason I have for being disillusioned about the hero business is that I was a hero myself for a few weeks. I had to go among strangers, get seriously ill and go to bed in order to succeed in the *role*. However, in my own defence I may say that the greatness to which I was not born and which I did not achieve was thrust upon me. This is how it happened. The Soudan campaign was over. The sixty-five or seventy Canadian voyageurs who had volunteered and gone through the campaign had embarked at Suez on the Red Sea on the largest troop-ship afloat, the *Serapis*, which was bound for England with over one thousand invalids and time-expired soldiers from China, India, Aden and Egypt on board. Col. Denison was ill in Cairo with typhoid and Col. Kennedy was in command. I may tell you some time about that home-bound trip. It is worth telling. When we entered the Atlantic the change from the extreme dryness of the African climate to the moisture and rain of Western Europe knocked some of us out of mesh. I would have been all right though if the last lingering remains of hero-worship had not been in my composition. The *Serapis* was steaming along the shores of Portugal one evening when a ship's warrant officer informed me that the battle-field of Corunna could be seen at day-light next morning. Sir John Moore had been my ideal of a soldier hero, and next morning I left my hammock and went on deck amidst a drizzling rain to gaze on the place which had been the scene of British shame and British glory. I had been looking for half an hour at a part of the country which seemed especially adapted for battles, had recalled as well as I was able the various incidents of the heroic repulse of the chivalrous Soult, had located Sir John's grave and was conjuring up in my mind's eye the weird "burial at dead of night with the lanterns dimly burning," when I was informed that I was about fifteen miles out in my calculation and that I was waiting a lot of sentiment on the wrong side of the country. I was disgusted, and, having no more sentiment to spare and, thinking it was not worth while to return to my hammock, threw myself with only "my martial cloak around me" on the deck in the drizzling rain. There I made a hero and a fool of myself at the same time. The fever then got a good "holt" and stayed with me. I gave up eating. My friends, who were accustomed to see me polish off my own rations with ease and hustle for more, became of the opinion that I was seriously ill. Harry Oswald, who had a heartfelt belief that alcohol was the

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panacea of all ills, said he could fix me up in a few minutes. What I wanted was a good drink of brandy and I would be as right as a trivet.

"Don't let on," he said, "but I have squared things with the officers' steward, and although I've only two shillings left and each drink costs a shilling, I'll save your life if it does cost a 'bob.' Come on."

Watching our chance we slipped into the steward's quarters. A bottle of brandy was produced, a liberal horn poured out and the shilling paid. "I don't believe it will stay with me, old man," I said, "but here's 'how.' As once my internal motion was depicted on my face, Oswald got excited. It was an anxious moment and he impudently whispered:

"Stay with it, Charlie; hold on to it; get both feet on it. It is good Hennessey, remember. For heaven's sake get a grip on it."

It was no use. The look of heartfelt sorrow on Oswald's face was pitiful. He looked fondly at the last shilling carelessly held in his hand, and in an apologetic tone said:

"By George, Charlie, but I hate to chance the other quarter. He didn't chance it."

I have a blurred and hazy recollection of landing at Portsmouth; there was the oblivion of delirium at Wellington Barracks, London, and I awakened early in May to find that I was an occupant of a cot in a ward in Grenadier Guards' Hospital, in which were other Canadians suffering from various complaints. There is no necessity of speaking of the kindness and attention we received from the nurses and doctors. A man's feelings regarding that are too deep to be talked about. Sufficient to say that we all began to show signs of convalescence about the same time. Then we began to be heroes. The war had been chivalrous in its object and peculiarly tragic in its conclusion. We were the first arrivals from the seat of war and were volunteers from a far-off and comparatively unknown part of the Empire, and we were all strangers in a strange land. I don't mean to say that the great heart of England throbbed in sympathy for us, but that particular part of fashionable feminine London which is addicted to fads in the way of "slumming," converting costermongers and canonizing reformed drunkards, marked us five invalid Canadian savages for their own. We were decidedly more interesting than a bleary-eyed, whining hypocrite from Ratcliffe Highway, or a crossing-sweeper who required a pound of tea a month and numerous aspicines to remain in a state of grace.

Mile End road and Whitechapel must have been neglected to quite an extent when the number of enthusiasts that called upon us is considered. Ladies of title who thought they had a mission, daughters of city nabobs who had nothing else to do, and gushing young ladies who pitied the poor dear Canadians, so heroic and so self-sacrificing (I may mention that we volunteers got \$60 a month and found), all called, and as the nurses took care of our temporal wants they displayed terrible anxiety regarding our spiritual welfare. The fact that there were lots of persons of creeds that would suit the most fastidious scattered around the premises and drawing salaries therefore, didn't deter them; they kept right on. I was warlike in the first stages of convalescence, and I remember Tom Leo, who had lungs like leather, one afternoon, after three consecutive and separate interviews regarding the state of his soul, on being asked by Lady — in a fashionable drawl, "What is the matter with you, my poor young man?" worked off an old joke by saying in a faint, husky whisper, "My left lung is all gone," and as she drew near with sympathetic words he impatiently roared in a voice that made the curtains wave, "But the right one is all right." As near as I could calculate the noble baroness jumped over one foot and a half in the air. She apparently was surprised at the strength of Tom's right lung. However, we grew stronger. In order to dispel the monomania I one afternoon essayed to combat the ideas of the aforesaid white-handed young lady as to the doctrine of justification by faith. Her eyes brightened at the apparent interest I displayed. She gathered hope. All that was necessary was to convince me of a few facts and I would be a trophy of her bow and spear, a brand plucked from the burning. Her attention became assiduous. Not content with argument and exhortation, she used the material possessions of hot-house flowers, jellies, magazines, Devonshire cream, etc.

I remember one morning as I inhaled the perfume of several bouquets on my table, negligently slipped some delicious calf's-foot jelly and with an ivory paper-knife cut the leaves of the latest *Graphic*, Tom Foote querulously said, "How on earth do you manage to get all those things, Charlie?" I said, "My boy, be in a lingering state of doubt like myself and everything will come to those who wait. I claim a monopoly of justification by faith, but there are any amount of things you fellows can get in a state of doubt about, and I conscientiously believe that we can keep about twelve ordinary ladies, with a marchioness and a countess thrown in, busy for two weeks keeping up with us. They have lots of money and they would be disappointed if we discouraged them."

Leo was a Roman Catholic, Foote was a Presbyterian, and the other fellows were not particular, but in about two days Leo was terribly concerned about the efficacy of good works, Foote was bothered about predestination, and another fellow was in a harrowing state of doubt about the condition of the soul immediately after death, and so on. My people had originally intended me for the Church. They changed their minds. I didn't know much about theology, but I knew enough to tangle up any ordinary fashionable "slummer," not to speak of the marchioness and countess. It worked. The North American savage, in his own words, began to live high. Devonshire cream and jelly were present at every bedside and the ladies looked worried. They had to burn the midnight oil to keep up with us, and as we remarked to me, what a strange thing that such a terribly polemical spirit should pervade an uncivilized colony like Canada.

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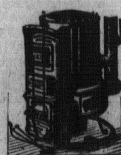
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It was a shame. It was ungrateful, but they were rich and seemed to like it, and I know we did, and as the ward orderly would announce the approach of ladies, five voices could be heard pathetically singing the only hymn we all knew—Pull for the Shore, Sailor—and then the arguments began and the jellies were bestowed. It got so bad and had such an effect on Tom Foote that one day when he was half-asleep and a strange lady enquired what was the matter with him, he startled the kind-hearted dame by sleepily saying, "Inflammation of the bowels and predestination." The sisters (our nurses) God bless them, disapproved of these goings-on, but were practically powerless to prevent it.

Fun aside, in our heart of hearts, although reckless and thoughtless as we were then, there is not one of those five Canadians whenever the Motherland is spoken of, whenever a slur may be cast at the home of our fathers, but what will

remember as long as life shall last, with heart-felt gratitude, and feel himself bound with an indissoluble tie to the people who within their gates. Forgotten probably by this time are we

five scapegraces by those kind-hearted enthusiasts, but in our hearts there is a considerable corner reserved for England and Englishwomen, and a half-humorous regret for our pious frauds.

With my usual luck I was the last Canadian in hospital. Jack Boyle came up to see me before he sailed for Canada. It was the height of the London season and in knocking around the parks Jack had observed the orthodox dress of the fashionable man about town. He liked it. He had money and he purchased what he considered the correct and proper thing, with the exception of a pair of long boots which his shantymans' heart clung to and which he wore. "A strange gentleman to see you, Lewis," said the sister, with a slight accent on the word "strange." With a phenomenally tall silk hat, worn rakishly on one side of his closely shaven head, a remarkably tight-fitting morning coat closely buttoned, a blue handkerchief protruding from the pocket, yellow gloves on his enormous hands, a small cane, a cigar in his mouth, and his long boots, Jack's six feet of muscular manhood with the old familiar raffishness rolled appeared. He had been dining.

"A few of the best of us are going to Liverpool to-morrow to take ship for home," he said; "cash is getting short. I thought \$400 would go pretty far in this country, but when a fellow starts in to paint a settlement like this London, red, he finds he has bit off more than he can chew." There was a regretful cadence in his voice. "He wants more than \$400. I brought you a few things I thought you would want when you were lying here. I didn't think you could get them in the hospital." Jack from his pockets produced a package of cigars, a pint flask of whiskey, and a novel entitled *Pitiless Pete*, the Red Handed Avenger. The sister who had observed the transfer swooped down on us and Jack's gifts were confiscated.

"Strange," he said, "she won't let you have them. Why, when I was laid up one spring on the Madawaska with a broken leg, those were just the things I wanted and I believe they helped to pull me through." Jack rambled on, relating the incidents of his life in London, and in my weak state I was half lulled to sleep. I remember in a disconnected sort of way his saying, "The finest funeral ever man had and he deserved it, God bless his soul. Regiments of soldiers, the Queen and the Prince of Wales sent their noblemen, and thousands crowded the streets; old England doesn't forget a man that served her. Canada would have been proud to have seen one of her soldiers receive such honors from their Queen and from the old country." I remember his voice dropped here.

"Twelve of his own boys carried him and I was one of them." I was slightly aroused by the earnestness of Jack's manner and said, "Who was it, old man?" He looked surprised and before the sister could prevent it he said, "For God's sake, didn't you know that the colonel was dead? Colonel Kennedy died ten days ago." I remembered nothing more for two weeks. It knocked me out. I had a relapse. They pulled me through and when consciousness returned, in the long weary hours of convalescence I thought of him, we all had loved so well, of him with whom we from the far West had listed and whom we had followed throughout the campaign, the gentle, kind-hearted man, the manly Christian, the gallant soldier; "Le bon colonel" of the French-Canadian and the personal friend of every Nile voyager. In those days, with mind chastened by suffering, memory recalled the sparing meal shared by him when I was weak and hungry midst the toil of Ambigo, the words of encouragement during the hardships and difficulties of the cataracts above Handah, the kindness to the sick and wounded after Kitchikan. There was not one of the wild and reckless band who returned with him but loved him as a friend and respected him as a Christian gentleman. The curse and oath that were all too frequent on our lips would be hushed when

the word was passed, "The colonel's here, boys." Yes, our colonel. It seemed a long time ago, but I remembered the scene at Montreal on the eve of sailing for Egypt, when it was rumored that he would return to Winnipeg, and Chief Prince and the St. Peter's Indians, as good boatmen as ever worked in eddy, positively refused to sail without the man whose influence had induced them to serve and in whom they trusted. If he hesitated on account of personal affairs before, that with his high sense of duty decided him; he came. Again on the Nile when volunteers were called for, there was hardly a man prior to his re-enlistment but would say, "Is Colonel Kennedy going?" In the shanties of the Upper Ottawa, in the plineries of Michigan, along the mountain streams of British Columbia there are Canadian rivermen to-day who, when thinking of the heat and toil of the Soudan, will recall the kindly voice that oft-times cheered them with hope and courage in many hard days' work, and will remember with gratitude kindnesses received from the man who had died in saving one of their comrades. Yes, died a true hero that if amidst the shot and steel of battle he had given up his life. Few know what caused our colonel's death. On the Serapis one of our men showed unmistakable symptoms of small-pox. There were hundreds of invalid soldiers on board, and the hospital part of the ship was crowded to overflowing. To place a man suffering from such an infectious disease in hospital would result in such terrible consequences that it was not to be thought of. The matter was kept quiet, and Colonel Kennedy at his own request got the Canadian placed in his own cabin, and there, isolated from the rest, personally nursed him. The man recovered, Colonel Kennedy contracted the fearful disease and died. That is all it takes only a few words to tell it, but there has been many an epic written about smaller things. That is all that yet causes me to have a belief that hero-worship should not be banished altogether from our hearts.

Again and again comes to me the memory of the last long talk we had, when I understood him as I never did before. The steamer and barges were tied to the bank just before sundown, a few miles from Assiout, where we were to proceed by rail to Cairo, on *route* homeward. It was our last night on the Nile. We noticed that before darkness came on, heliographic communication was being made upon our "doss" for the night, when Colonel Kennedy came hastily on board and told us that news had just been received that war had been declared against Russia and that a rebellion had broken out in the Canadian North-West.

A cheer greeted the announcement of the war with Russia, for by this time every man of us was a Jingo at heart, and a shout of derisive laughter the idea of a rebellion in Canada. The news was exciting and the men gathered around in groups and talked about volunteering for Afghanistan, whether Canadian regiments would go, etc., and, very few thought of the rebellion, and none dreamt that there would be a Fish Creek or a Batoche. Colonel Kennedy thought otherwise. As an old first expedition officer he knew the North-West, Kief and the character of the Half-breed and Indian, Charlie Marchand, Tommie A., and I, who all knew him in Winnipeg in civilian life and were favored thereby with a certain amount of intimacy, with him and talked far into the night.

"The goh will be at the front. That's my regiment, you know, boys," I remember his saying. "I wish I were with them or knew what was going on."

Our talk then gradually drifted into recollections of Canada, of Winnipeg and of home. The subtle charm of the Egyptian starlight night had its influence, and the knowledge that this was the last night on the mysterious river that has had for ages such a strange fascination to traveler and to Arab; the river that was our all-in-all during its life thereon; the river that we fought and conquered in its angry moods, and on which we had sailed to a hoped-for triumph. The strange feeling of companionship which the Nile, flowing through its miles of rock and sand in its long journey, gives, is indescribable and made us faintly realize why the ancient Egyptian worshipped it as a god, and its murmuring flow could be heard around us, and the colonel, reluctant though he usually was, talked to us then as I never heard him before. When we were about to part he spoke of our adopted home on the banks of the Red River in far-off Manitoba, the home where all he held nearest and dearest was, and about which only a few of us knew how often he thought. He said:

"Well, my lads, we will return with the purest pride that man can have—a consciousness of duty done. Good night."

But to his last home he was called, and God knows it was after duty had been done. May it be with those that heard him that night that Whitlier's beautiful lines may apply as they did to him:

And when the sunset of shadow rests its feet on wave and shore,  
And our eyes grow dim with weeping and our hearts faint at the tear,  
Beware of the bells of the Holy City the chiming of eternal peace.







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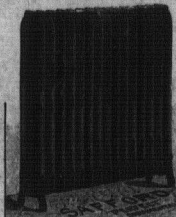
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