

John Floyd's Fishing Trip

Floyd often stopped a week at Turin. It was a rest from town, where there is no rest, and it was difficult to get to, which was one of its charms, and the fishing was good.

But the Crusaders' Arms was the wrong point—an undeveloped inn with a rustic garden and veranda, to say nothing of excellent cooking and a quiet, far-away touch about it which was balm like and soothing for the fever and hurry of the city.

But when Floyd arrived, unannounced, in June, the landlord threw up his hands in dismay.

"No room!" exclaimed Floyd.

"Very sorry, sir," said the landlord. "If you had only written! But they might put you up at the Sheaves left by a lady—Miss Charteris."

"Ah, I will try there," and John Floyd drove, away down the village street and into the country again, for the fyman to pull up at a pretty one and clematis covered cottage.

"The Sheaves is not an inn, sir," said the fyman, as he got down; "but believe it's all right."

And then, a few minutes later, the visitor found himself inside the house, he realized that the driver spoke the truth.

Miss Charteris interested him extremely, but why she took in boarders puzzled him.

"You must be rather lonely, here," he said.

"No," she answered, "there is plenty to interest me."

He nodded shortly.

"No doubt. But is there anything archaeological? We Americans are that way, you know."

"There is the abbey," she said.

"May one go there?"

The girl hesitated.

"I mean with permission, of course. It is not inhabited?"

"No—o, it is not inhabited," she said, slowly.

"You take a great interest in it?" he said.

"Yes, and I fear the Goths and Vandals."

"The Goths and Vandals?"

"You see, the abbey is all I have," he said wistfully. "It used to belong to my family all this part, and it is the only bit left."

"And it's a ruin," he put in thoughtfully, and at that minute as he looked at her he unconsciously bit glad that he liked fishing, and that the proclivity had led his steps to that out-of-the-way corner of the world.

"Yes," she murmured, "it is a ruin, but a very beautiful ruin. If you like I could show you it; they would let me."

The young man wondered who the mythical "they" might be as he accompanied her into the silent pathways of the ancient stronghold, monastic in its solemnity now.

"The staircase is very old and worn," he said.

"Yes," she answered, "the Crusaders did chip the steps a good deal tramping up and down."

He looked up at her, but said not a word.

He could not sleep that night. He rose at last and dressed; and then, just as he opened the door, he saw in the dusky corridor a figure—a phantom of the night. There was a movement below and she descended to follow her into the silent country lane, out into the woodland clearing, hence into the forest, finally into the courtyard of the old chateau, which just then looked more dreamlike still.

He lost sight of her in that maze of moss covered, ivy wreathed archways, where the moonlight fell in liver patches, and he stopped to think before pursuing his way, accented now principally by insight and admiration for what he saw, and realizing that he stood very little chance of finding his involuntary guide, familiar as she seemed to be with the intricacies of the place. He counted stairway after stairway, at length coming to a wing of the castle where ruin was not so plainly marked.

Here music came faintly to the ear, and he stopped to listen before pursuing his way, hesitating finally on the threshold of a large chamber whose walls were still partially draped with torn tapestry; and at the far end he saw the girl who was his ostess at the Sheaves, sitting before an old-time musical instrument laying a forgotten air.

There was something hard in his left foot on the following morning, and he took it off and shook it, finding inside what was evidently the head of a hatpin—a little jewel with a tiny coat of arms. "Strange!" he muttered; and after breakfast, when he saw her at the entrance to the garden, he spoke to her about it.

"Is this yours?" he said.

She took the jewel and examined it attentively and then blushed to the roots of her hair.

"Yes," she said, "yes; it's mine. Annette, the maid, must have dropped it."

Floyd eyed her suspiciously.

"Yes," he said, "Annette or another." She turned quickly away.

"See here, Miss Charteris," he said on the following night, "I want to buy that place."

"What place?" she asked quickly.

"Why Hurst Abbey?"

"But it is not for sale."

"Oh, any place is for sale if enough is offered."

"But—" she began.

"Don't worry about it," he interrupted her; "I have written to the lawyers. By the way, you don't know who owns it?"

"I seem to have heard," she said, "once; but," she went on, as if trying to remember, "I am afraid I can't tell you the name. But why do you want to buy it?"

"Make it useful," he said shortly.

"But how?"

"Pull it down."

"Oh!"

"Turn it into a sugar refinery."

"You dare not!" she cried indignantly.

"I dare," he retorted.

"It is abominable!"

"Well, it's no use at present."

"No use! I—I—" She said no more, but whisked out of the room and shut the door with a bang.

"Spirit!" muttered Floyd, as he looked at the door as though his eyes were Roentgen rays; and he lit a cigar. "I like spirit."

He did not wait for the post on the following morning, but crept early into the silent sunbeam-habited house, where the air seemed to lie in luminous strata.

"Ought to be somewhere here," he said quietly, and he walked noiselessly into the kitchen, where the cat rose, yawned, and looked at him, then at the boots he held in his hand.

"Ah, here we are!" he exclaimed at last, as he descended a step into a little brick-floored room. The bump his head made in the white-washed ceiling is there to this day.

"Brushes—blackening. Clean my own boots? Of course! Well—brush, rub, brush—" "I wouldn't at the Carlton; but I don't like to have jeweled knobs in my boots. Confound it! It hurts. Hullo, puss!" he went on, as he saw the cat sitting on the threshold gazing at him.

Bang went down one boot, and he picked up the other.

"Mr. Floyd!"

"Madam?" And he bowed to her profoundly, and in hand.

"What are you doing?"

"Dirty work makes clean boots."

"But I won't have it."

"Oh, yes, you will, Miss Charteris, till Annette—"

"There isn't any Annette," she said excitedly, and she took a step forward.

"Thought as much," he said grimly.

"But—" she began, and then she turned away sharply for there came a rat-tat at the outer door.

"Postman," he said. "Shall I go."

"No, of course not!" And she darted off, to return in a minute, bearing a letter in her hand.

"You don't trust me," he said as he took it.

"Why should I?" she exclaimed.

"Oh—just because you should."

He read that letter, and then read it again. It began: "Dear Sir—in answer to yours—" and evidently it was not quite satisfactory, since soon after breakfast he started off for the country town whence it came, to return only at nightfall.

"They tell me—" he said.

"Who tell you?"

He looked at her quite calmly.

"The lawyers who have charge of the abbey. They say that it is not to be sold."

"No more it is."

"But—" he continued. "There, please sit down, because I have a lot I want to say." And she obeyed his wish, subsiding into the lounge chair in the corner of the veranda.

"What do you wish to say?"

"I want—" he cried. "I want to buy that place."

"To make it a sugar refinery?" she asked, and there was a suspicion of a smile at the corners of her mouth.

"No, no; I want to hear you play the spinet again, I want you, and the place would be yours, and the land which used to belong, don't you see? And you could repair where you chose and leave the rest. What have I made all my money for out there, where everything is so confoundedly new, if I can't do this—for you? Miss Charteris—Ethel—I am only a rough 'un; but could you not take me—for the sake of the abbey?"

She turned her head sideways a little and looked at him.

"Perhaps," she said softly; "perhaps I could."

And though the spinet of the olden days was far away, he felt that there was music just then which made its cadence dull.

WM. TAFT TALKS ON RELIGION

Has Exerted Unmeasured Influence on Civilization and Could Not Be Dispensed With

ALL RELIGIONS ON AN EQUALITY

Says He Has Been Able to Study Many Different Phases of Civilization, Especially in the Matter of Church Influence.

Augusta, Ga.—To a delegation of Protestant ministers Tuesday afternoon President-elect Taft made a lengthy address, in which he expressed his views regarding the influence of the church upon civilization and its usefulness in aiding governmental development.

The party included Dr. Heidt, presiding elder of the Augusta district, and about twenty of the leading Protestant ministers of the city.

Mr. Taft referred to the "moral awakening" during the past four years, as an indication of the healthful state of our civilization.

In his experiences in the North and South, and in the Philippines, Mr. Taft said he had been able to study many different phases of civilization, especially in the matter of church influence.

"Leaving out the sectional distinctions," he continued, "the indispensable presence of church influence in the improvement of our civilization no one can be blind to who has shared in the slightest the responsibility for government and the responsibility for improvement in a people, as I have. That was responsibility in respect to a race that is now in a state of Christian tutelage, and must be uplifted, in my judgment, by us, and through our guidance before we shall have discharged the obligation that Providence has thrust upon us. An in the study of the development it has been made known to me the enormous influence that the church must exercise in order to make our progress there effective."

"The Roman Catholic church was there for years, and preserved that state of Christian tutelage to which I have referred."

"Now, the ban has been removed from other denominations, and they are all in there on an equality in the spirit of Christian emulation, attempting to uplift those people, and we, for the government, by a system of secular education, are aiding that uplifting; but without the moral influence of the churches there, we could not accomplish anything. It is that sort of experience by which there is borne in upon us the importance of the maintenance of a church and its influence at all hazards."

"It is difficult sometimes to explain to one who has been used to the close union of church and state, such as we preserved in Spain, such as is preserved in some other countries, the real attitude of the American government toward the church. He assumes that if we separate the church from the state it means that the state does not favor the church. I had the honor to represent this country in a transaction of a business character with Leo XIII, at the Vatican, and there I pointed out to him, with all the emphasis possible, that the separation of church and state was in the interest of the church, and that in America he could count on the sustaining of the rights of the church and with encouragement by every legitimate means, on the part of the people, without its assuming any governmental function, or having any governmental right, such as it has in other countries."

THE FAMOUS SWAN DINNER.

Given by the Father-in-Law of the New German Ambassador.

The appointment of Count John Bernstoff as German Ambassador to this country recalls the famous swan dinner which was given at Delmonico's in the early '80s by the late Mr. Luckemeyer, his father-in-law.

This gentleman was a wealthy importer and he received from the United States Government the sum of \$10,000 as a refund of excessive duties exacted from him on importations.

He dedicated this sum to a gastronomic monument, and never in the history of New York restaurants, says Town and Country, has such a gorgeous entertainment for a limited number of guests been rivalled.

Seventy-two friends were asked. There was one table covered with flowers, excepting a space in the center, left for a lake and a border around the table for the plates. This lake was an oval pond, thirty feet in length by nearly the width of the table, enclosed by a delicate golden wire network reaching from table to ceiling, making the whole one grand cage.

In the lake swam four swans, brought from Central Park, surrounded by high banks of flowers, which prevented them from splashing the water on the table. Golden cages with canaries were hung from the ceiling and the entire room was one mass of flowers. It was a dinner at which all the most fashionable women of that day were present.

The menu was done in gold and was long and elaborate, after the fashion of that period. The hors d'oeuvre was timbale a la Conde, and there were two soups, a relve, three entrees, a sorbet, truffled chickens and saddle of mutton for the roasts, two vegetables, a number of sweets and ices.

Where the Apple Came From.

There are two varieties of apples found wild in Europe, but the region adjacent to the Caspian Sea seems to have been the origin of the apple as known in the East. Charred pieces of apples are found in the heaps of refuse left by the Lawe Dwellers, who occupied portions of Europe before any of the present races. These people lived on platforms laid over piles driven into the water—probably to protect themselves from animals, in an era before metal weapons were known. These specimens of apples are generally carbonized by heat, but they show perfectly the internal structure of the fruit.

There are five types of Native American apples, all of them crabs. John Smith wrote from Virginia that he had found "some new crabapples, but they were small and bitter." New Englanders made the same report. The Souldard has the reputation of being the largest and best of these natives. Sorts of this variety, like the Matthews, are improved in size and quality. Selections might probably be made from western thickets of even better sorts than are now known. I believe the blood of the wild crab is in some of our best orchard apples.

Easy Charity.

Frederick Townsend Martin was discussing at a dinner the fund that he is raising for the great campaign against tuberculosis.

"Now, as Christmas approaches," said Mr. Martin, "my fund will grow fast. Christmas opens all hearts and pockets. It finds few Americans like—like the Spaniard."

He shook his head and smiled.

"A man once solicited for a charity in St. Sebastian," he said. "He asked a nobleman to subscribe. The nobleman shook his head and said haughtily: 'I only give, Sir, to the genuine deserving poor.'"

"And whom do you call the genuine deserving poor?" the other asked.

"The genuine deserving poor," explained the nobleman, "are those who are too proud to accept charity."

Tiger Terrorized Korean Village.

A man eating tiger is terrorizing the outskirts of Seoul and parties are out with guns in the hope of finding him in his lair.

Last week Kim Sin, a wife of Mim Tu-eun, living at their home, situated on the mountain slope about five miles northwest of a town called Sangko-no-ong, was attacked by a tiger when she went out to shut the front gate of the house at about 9 p. m. She was killed by the animal and was carried away into the adjoining mountain. It is said that lately tigers have appeared at several places in the town and near about and inflicted damage on people as well as on the cattle.

It Was Fun for the Bear.

Treed by a 200-pound bear after it had hugged him, torn off his clothes and chased him a half mile, William Temple, of Emmons, Pa., was forced to sit in the bitter cold on a small branch for nearly four hours Monday, until a companion, searching for him, came upon the bear and shot it.

Temple had three deep scratches in the face, his clothes were badly torn in the encounter, and he was scared out of about a year's growth.

No Use.

"Anything I can show you, sir?"

"Yes, I want to get some kind of toy for my 3-year-old boy. Have you anything that's indestructible? Something he can't break the first time he plays with it?"

"I think so. We have some toy flat-irons."

"Have they got handles on them?"

"Of course."

"Well, they won't last him five minutes. Show me something else."

DESHABILLE SCENE WAS ATTRACTIVE

Pale Herman Summ Peeped at Twenty-Two Chambermaids All in Nighties

WILL HAVE TO FACE ALL IN COURT

An Unusual Display of Over-powering Attraction—Breaks Padlock on Iron Door and Goes Up on Fire Escape to Dormitory.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Herman Summ, a pale-haired little man with a nervous manner, who is a clerk in the Gunery Department of the Brooklyn Navy Yard and an instructor in the Italian settlement school on First street, Brooklyn, was arraigned in the Adams Street Court, charged with "peeping."

Dancing up and down in a very sly manner, Mr. Summ, who has a wife and three children in a cozy little home at No. 620 Linden street, demanded an immediate trial. It was true that he had been caught peeping at twenty-two chambermaids as said chambermaids were in the act of going to bed in the big dormitory of the Hotel Margaret Annex on Columbia Heights. Some insensate passion had provoked Mr. Summ to scale three levels of fire-escapes and then glue his nose to a window pane.

According to Policeman Germanhauser, who made the arrest, little Mr. Summ has been "peeping" in on the chambermaids as a regular thing for the last week or so. His pale hair, his pale eyes and his pale face have gleamed ghostlike on the dormitory window pane at least half a dozen times, torturing the modest chambermaids into hysterics.

"He scared them women sumpin' cruel," said Germanhauser, to-day, "an' I guess six of 'em faints. They think he's a ghost or a burglar or sunthin', and I guess you could hear 'em holler back of Canarsie."

"But he keeps on comin' back and lookin' some more, jest as if he'd never seen a female in a nightie before in his life. When the girls reported him, Watkins, the porter, puts a padlock where the fire-escape is, an' we're all layin' for him last night."

"He's got his nerve with him, too, for he busts off that padlock, goes right on into the yard and up them fire-escape ladders. He goes up jest as eager as if he thought there was gold an' diamonds on that top landin'." He was in a hurry, 'cause he was a bit late an' didn't want them chambermaids to get into bed before he got a look.

"An' so far as their bein' up was concerned he wasn't disappointed. Fact is, they were waitin' for him. When he shows his face, ten pairs of shoes goes out through the window, an' some o' them shoes wasn't so small."

"He came down the fire-escape mostly slidin', leavin' his coat and parts of his trousers on the different landin's. Then, with a little scream, he faints in my arms and I carries him off to the jug. Say, I'm sorry for a guy like that!"

Mr. Summ was sorry for himself, too, and his lamentations were pathetic.

DRUMMED OUT OF NAVY-YARD.

Band Plays "Rogues' March" While Bogus Workman Leaves.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—With the military band playing the "Rogues' March," and with an escort of police, a man who masqueraded under the name of James Mallen was marched through the Brooklyn Navy Yard yesterday afternoon to the Sands street gate and literally kicked out amid the jeers of a crowd that had gathered. Then the naval constructor in charge closed the gates upon him and the impostor went out, barred forever from employment in Government work. It was the first case of its kind at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Machines with Brains.

Such marvels among present-day mechanical wonders as adding machines, magazine folders and the railway ticket printing machines may be described not inaptly as "machines with brains."

Every one is more or less familiar with the wonderful feats accomplished by the calculating machines. Ask one to divide \$77,406 by 669, and by a manipulation which any child can perform it will give one the correct answer in a few moments. Indeed, this little machine will undertake almost any calculation, from additions running up to millions to the ascertainment of cube and square roots. One kind will solve the most laborious of arithmetical problems, and will work out results even to fifteen places of decimals.

At the mints are machines of almost human intelligence that weigh coins. In one of these machines there may be seen what resembles a small brass box no larger than the pendulum of an eight-day clock. The coins that are to be tested from a tube on to the balance, and according as the coin is full weight or light it is struck by one of two little hammers into its proper receiver, the coins being weighed and their rate of forty per minute. But the operation does not end here. With swift and infallible movements the machine consigns the coins each to one of three receptacles, for those too light, and the third for those of proper weight.

KILLS TWENTY WOLVES.

One of the Few Old-Time Trappers in Michigan Wins Fame and Bounties.

L'Anse, Mich.—Tom Hazel, formerly Bill's Wild West Show, is winning fame in upper Michigan as a wolf slayer and trapper. Making his headquarters in the wilds out from L'Anse he has killed no less than twenty wolves in Baraga and Houghton counties since July last, and in addition he has bagged a number of wildcats and lynx as well as trapped five black otters and other fur-bearing animals. His bounties alone have netted him hundreds of dollars.

AMONG LOUISIANA INDIANS

Ancient Customs That Are Passing Rapidly Away.

The first tribe I succeeded in locating were the Chitimacha, says a writer in the Southern Workman. The old Chitimacha language, which is still spoken by a few, has a peculiar sound to the unaccustomed ear on account of the large number of "sh" sounds. It is especially interesting, however, because it has no known affinations, is like no other Indian language and so forms a linguistic stock all to itself. French is spoken by all the tribe now, and as it has become the language of common use the Indian tongue will soon be lost forever. The old dances and customs have already become obsolete, although still remembered by the older people; and the Indians live as do their French neighbors.

One old art, and one only, is still kept up in something like its original purity, the art of making fine baskets of cane—baskets whose fadeless colors are a joy to all lovers of Indian handicraft. The Chitimacha are compelled nowadays to travel twenty or thirty miles to get their cane for baskets whose faceless colors are a joy to all lovers of Indian handicraft. The Chitimacha are compelled to travel twenty or thirty miles to get their cane for basket making. Once gathered and brought home, it is carefully split and laboriously scraped until only the hard outer shell of the stalk is left, when it is ready for coloring and use. The black color seen in Chitimacha baskets is made with black walnut shells, which are boiled with the bundles of cane splints eight or ten days before the color is sufficiently set. The yellow is secured by soaking the cane splints eight days in lime water made with burned shells of the fresh water mussel; the red is produced by boiling the cane, already dyed yellow with lime, in a mash made of the roots of a wood called "po-ash." The baskets are made in many shapes and sizes, many of them double—two complete baskets, one inside the other, united at the edges. Many patterns are used, to which are given such names as "worm," "snake," "alligator entrails," "perch," "bear's earring," "blackbird's eye" and "muscadine peeling." Blowguns, hand made pottery vessels and silver ornaments had been used within the memory of all the older people, but none could be found at the time of my visit.

I found a fossil shell thought to have the power of making rain. The method of use was to place the "kash," as it was called, in a bowl of water, which would be promptly absorbed into the stone. A storm was supposed to begin within a short time after this was done, the fury of which was bound to increase until the charm was removed from the water and an appropriate formula repeated. When I found the "rain-stone" it was swathed in a large white cloth to keep it dry, and I only succeeded in buying it by promising to keep it away from water.

The Houma tribe, near Houma, Terrebonne parish, is now nearly extinct, only two or three persons being found who can claim pure Indian blood. The Houma language, which belongs to the Muskogean stock and is closely related to the Choctaw, is remembered to-day by two old women only and one of these has forgotten much of what she knew of the Indian tongue. Strange to say, this very woman remembers some characteristic Indian songs. French is the prevailing language to-day, and the Houma live like the white people about them. Even the art of basketry has been lost.

Grandma Was Remembered.

It was a minister's small son, whose habit was to ask God to bless each member of the family after his prayer. Having been put to bed one night in a hurry, he forgot one of them. Kneeling again with hands clasped and eyes closed, he addressed the Lord thus: "Oh, Lord, wouldn't that kill you? I forgot grandma! God bless grandma. Amen."