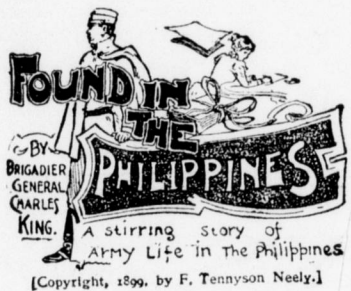


THE WILD GOOSE.

A hawk a trackless depth that curves In God's majestic lines. We wing a course that never swerves For man or man's designs. No need have we for chart by day, Or compass rude by night. A Mind that made us gives us way, And guides our steady flight. The buildings of a million hands Lie growing far below. Created at proud man's commands, Whose lust, as well, we know. Be his the earth. Be ours the blue That veils eternally. From whence beneath our pinions true His sprawling home we see. Be ours a frozen South and North Unmarred by tread or word; Where naught of midness issues forth, Nor human voice is heard. And ours the secrets of the green That cloaks the wide morass. Where 'neath a tropic sun we preen 'Mid wastes of sedgy grass. From zone to zone, from goal to goal, Within a day we fly. Our limits stretch from pole to pole— Our path the boundless sky. And when to glut your appetites We yield our bodies, slain, Know well we've seen a thousand sights For which you long in vain. —Edwin L. Sabin, in Saturday Evening Post.



CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Again the blood rose guiltily to Billy's cheek. Not yet had he made his peace with his conscience and that valued counselor and invaluable friend from whose good graces he seemed to have fallen entirely. Not once had opportunity been afforded in which to speak and open his heart to him. As for writing, that seemed impossible. Billy could handle almost any implement better than a pen. But even in the few minutes left him in which to think he knew that now at least he must "face the music," like the man his father would have him be, even though it took more nerve than did that perilous dash on the Tagal works that Sunday morning. Billy would rather do that twice over than have to face Armstrong's stern, searching eyes, and hear again the cold, almost contemptuous tone in which the colonel said to him the day the doctor led his vanquished and hysterical charmer from the room: "Don't try to thank, man; try to think what you risk—what you deserve to lose—for putting yourself in the power of such a woman." From that day until this, here on the banks of the swift-running Pasig, they had not met at all; and it seemed to Gray as though Armstrong had aged a year. There was a lump in his throat as he went straight up to the colonel, his blue eyes never flinching, though they seemed to fill, and bravely spoke. "Col. Armstrong, I have an explanation that I owe to you. Will you give me a few minutes on the gallery?"

"Certainly, Gray," was the calm reply; and the youngster led the way. It was a broken story. It told of his desperation and misery through Canker's persecution, of his severe illness, then of the utter weakness and prostration; then her coming, and with her comfort, peace, reassurance, gradual return to health, and with that, gradual surrender to his nurse's fascinations. Then her demand upon him, her plea, her final insistence that he should prove his gratitude and devotion by getting for her those dangerous letters, and his weakness in letting her believe he could and would do so. That was the situation when they went on to Manila; and Armstrong knew the rest—knew that but for his timely aid she might have triumphed over his repentance; but Armstrong had come, had vanquished her and poor Latrobe's last wishes were observed. The fateful packet containing the three letters that were most important was placed in his uncle's trembling hand.

"But how was it—what was it that so utterly crushed her?" asked Billy, when the colonel had once more extended his hand. "The evidences of her own forgery, her own guilt," said Armstrong gravely. "One was the order she wrote in excellent imitation of her husband's hand and signature, authorizing the changing of guard arrangements on the night the evening Stewart sailed. The other was a note in pencil, also purporting to come from him, directing old Keeny—you remember the general's Irish orderly—to search for a packet of letters that had come by mail, and must be in the general's tent, either about his desk or overcoat, and to bring them at once to room number so and so at the palace. Of course, neither the general nor Garrison was there when he arrived with them; but she was, and with all her fascinations. She got the Irishman half drunk, and told him a piteous story and made him swear he'd never tell the general or anybody. If questioned he could plead he had gone out, and—got a little full with the boys." She gave him money—a big bit, too; and he got more than full. The very vehemence of his denials made me suspect him," said Armstrong; "but he was firm when examined. The general never required him to remain at the tent at night. He could go to town any evening he wished; and to cover his appearing at the Palace where the general long had a room, and where he was well known, he could say he was only in to have a word with one of the housemaids, and to give Mrs. Garrison a handkerchief one of the ladies must have dropped. But one thing she failed in—getting the letter back. Keeny had left it at camp in the pocket of his old blouse, and

when he sobored up and all the questions were asked he hung onto it in case the truth came out, in order that he might save himself from punishment. But it broke him—he got to drinking oftener, and the general had to send him to his regiment; and then when he heard of Canker's charge against you, I saw the way to wring the truth out of him. He worshipped your father, as did every Irish dragoon that ever rode under him; and I told him you were to be brought to trial for the crime. Then he broke down and gave the truth—and her penciled order—to me."

In the silence that followed the soldier of 40 and the lad of only 21 sat looking gravely into each other's face. It was Armstrong who spoke again: "Gray, it was mainly in you to tell me your story and your trouble. I could help you here; but—who can help you when you have to tell it—next time?"

"Next time?—father, do you mean?" queried Gray, a puzzled look in his blue eyes. "I hadn't thought, do you know, to worry dear old dad—unless he asked."

Armstrong's grave face grew dark. "You ought to know what I mean, Gray. This story may come up when least you think for, and—would you have it told Miss Lawrence before she hears it from you?"

"Miss Lawrence," answered Billy, flushing, "isn't in the least interested."

"Do you mean that you are not—that you were not engaged to her?" The colonel had been gazing out over the swirling river; but now, with curious contraction of brows, with a strong light in his eyes, he had turned full on the young officer.

"Engaged to her! Do you suppose I could have been—been such an ass if she had too much sense? No! She—she had too much sense."

It was full a minute before Armstrong spoke again. For a few seconds he sat motionless, gazing steadily into Gray's handsome, blushing face; then he turned once more and looked out over the Pasig and the scarred level of the rice fields beyond. And the long slant of the sunshine on distant towers and neighboring roofs and eaves and wall, and the unlovely landscape seemed all tinged with purple haze and tipped with gold. The glare of a bugle summoning the men to suppressed softened by distance, or some new, strange intonation, and gave to the ugliest of all our service calls the effect of soft, sweet melody; and there was sympathy and genuine feeling in the deep voice as he once again laid out his hand to Billy.

"Forgive me, lad, for I judged you more harshly than you deserved."

One lovely summer-like evening some five weeks later, in long, heaving surges the deep blue waves of the Pacific came lazily rolling toward the palm-bordered beach at Waikiki, bursting into noisy foam on the pebbly strand, and softly hissing, swept like fleecy mantles the slope of wet, hard-beaten sand, then broke, lapping and whirling, about the rocks—some of the many luxuriant ones that dot the curving line of the bay to the east of Honolulu. Dimly outlined in the fairy moonlight, the shadowy mountains of the Wai'anai range lay upon the western horizon. Eastward the bare, bold, volcanic upheaval of Diamond Head gleamed in bold relief, reflecting the silver rays. Here and there through the foliage shone the soft-colored fires of Chinese lanterns and, distant away, along the concave arc, distant electric lights twinkled like an answering signals to the stars in the vault of blue, and the "riding hits" of the few transports or warships swinging at anchor on the tide.

From a little grove of palm-trees to the low sea wall came the soft rattle of guitar, and now and then a burst of joyous song, while under the eading roof of the broad portico, or in the murmur of voices, the occasional ripple of musical laughter, the float haze of cigarette smoke, told what party of worshippers were gathered, basking in the loveliness of nature's light.

It was a reunited party, and in the welcome of their winsomest, in the soft, soothing influence that summer clime, and through the tonic of the long sea voyage, that had been saddened by deep any but a few weeks gone smiled glad into one another now. A tall gaunard man reclined in an easy lounge chair, his eyes intent on the clear face of a young soldier in trim white uniform, who, with much animation, telling of an event in the recent campaign. By his side, her humid eyes twinkling in every gesture, sat a dark, stylish girl, whose hand from time to time crept forth to caress his evident case of sister worship; at hand another young fellow, lithe and white, his curly head bent forward, his elbows on his knees, his tips joining, was studying silent of feign of his comrade's story other—a fair girl whose sweet fare and composed, was fully lit by the silvery light of the unclouded. "Coming by transport, via Hap—" "Go's" eabled message hadght father and sister to meet hisse famed "Cross-roads of the Paand whither they journeyed Amy see, too, must go, said they; and, opportunity to see the land of fial bloom and sunshine, and weith long, long months of labor inrvce of the Red Cross, the girlillngly accepted their invitation and provisioned, the transand pushed on for the seven-day san Francisco; but the soft, reatmosphere of the lovely yet hisland group had so benefited her that in family council it haddecided wise for them to sperk or ten days longer at the Ma-wai'an; and the boys had foufiently in "holding over," for-gwick, that followed swift uponsof their own ship. Five joyoun

they together, and this, the fifth, had been spent in sightseeing beyond the lofty Pali of the northward side. The "O. & O." liner was coming in from Yokohama even as they drove away; and as they sat at dinner on the open lanai, long hours later, it had been mentioned by their host that the Sedgwick, too, had reached the harbor during the afternoon, and that army people were passengers on both liner and transport. Billy Gray, for one, began to wish that dinner was over. He was eager to get the latest news from the Philippines, and the Sedgwick left Manila full a week behind their slower craft.

"Did you hear who came with her?" he somewhat eagerly asked, "or on the Doric?" he continued, with less enthusiasm.

"I did not," was the answer—"that is, on the Sedgwick;" and the gentleman halted lamely and glanced furtively and appealingly at his wife. There was that embarrassing, interrogative silence that makes one feel the futility of concealment. It was Miss Lawrence who quickly came to his relief and dispelled the strain on the situation.

"I should fancy very few army people would choose that roundabout way from Manila when they can come direct by transport, and have the ship to themselves."

"Well—er—yes; certainly, certainly," answered the helpless master of the house, dodging now the warning and reproach in the eyes of his wiser mate at the other end of the table. The crack of a coachman's whip and the swift beat of trotting hoofs on the gravelled road in front could be heard as he faltered on. The gleam of cab lights came floating through the northward shrubbery. "Except, of course, when they happen to be—er—already, well, you know, at Hong-Kong or Nagasaki," he lamely concluded.

There was an instant hurried glance exchanged between Gray and Prime. Then up spoke in silvery tone their hostess:

"Other officers, you know, are ordered home. We have just heard today that Col. Frost comes very soon. His health seems quite shattered. I believe—you know—of them—slightly that is to say, Miss Prime, did you not?" But even with her words she cast an anxious glance along the dim



"She had too much sense."

reach of the lamai, for the pit-a-pat of footfalls, the swish of feminine draperies was distinctly heard. Two dainty, white-robed forms came floating into view, and, with changing color, their hostess suddenly arose and stepped forward to meet them. Just one second of silence intervened, then, all grace and gladness, smiles and cordiality, both her little hands outstretched, Mrs. Frank Garrison came dancing into their midst, her sister more timidly following.

"Dear Mrs. Marsden, how perfectly"—kiss, kiss—"delicious! Yes, this is the baby sister I've raved to you about. We go right on with the Doric; but I had to bring her out with me that you might have just one glance at her. Why! Mr. Prime! Why, what could be more charming than to find you here? And 'Gov' too—you wicked boy! What won't I do to you for never telling me you were in Manila? And Mildred!"—kiss, kiss—"despite a palpable dodge and heightened color on the part of the half-dazed recipient. "And you, too, Miss Lawrence?" Both hands, but no kiss—one hand calmly accepted. "Ah, then I know how happy you are, Mr. Willie Gray!" beaming arched smiles upon that flushed and flustered young officer. Then, turning again to twine a jeweled arm about the slim waist of their hostess, to whom she clung as though defying any effort to dislodge, yet pleading for protection. "Who on earth could have foretold that we of all people should have met out here—of all places? How long did you say you had been out here? A week? And of course, dear Mrs. Marsden has done everything to make it lovely for you. I should have died without her." And so the swift play of words went on, the rapid fire of her fluent tongue covering the movement of her allies and drowning all possibility of reply. It was an odd and trying moment. Mrs. Marsden, well knowing, as she in Honolulu did not, of Mrs. Frank's devotion to the young lieutenant, barely six months ago was striving to welcome the shrinking little scare-faced thing that blindly and helplessly had drifted in in the elder sister's wake. The introductions that followed, after the American fashion, were as perfunctory as well-bred women can permit. The greetings were almost solemn, smileless, and, on part of Nita, fluttering to the verge of a faint; and nothing but Witchie's plucky and persistent support, and the light flow of airy chat and laughter, carried her through the ordeal. The two young soldiers stood stiffly back, red-faced and black-browed; the father, pallid and cold, could hardly force him-

self to unbend, yet his lips mumbled the name "Mrs. Frost," as he bowed at presentation; Miss Prime stood erect and trembling; Miss Lawrence, with brave eyes but heightened color. To leave at once was impossible; to remain was more than embarrassment. Most gallantly did they battle. Mrs. Marsden and Mrs. Frank, to lift the wet blanket from the group and relieve the strain. Reward came to crown their efforts in strange, unlooked-for fashion.

[To Be Continued.]

THE LITTLE MAN.

He Ticked a Crowd of Passengers on a Cable Car with His Bluffs.

The Gilbert avenue car was slowly sliding down Walnut street to Fifth one rainy evening lately. It was wet and soggy on the rear platform, where several men stood, as usual, thinking more of their cigars than the comfort of being inside the vehicle, and every man looked as irritable as he felt. Every few paces a wet umbrella would be swung around the guard, to be immediately followed by its owner, who, being a regular patron of the Gilbert avenue line, knew that if he got standing room on the car he must needs get in ahead of the crowd at Fifth and Walnut. Half way down the block one of those arrogant, authoritative individuals so often met with jabbed his umbrella against a little man just in front of him, and rudely bumped him as he scrambled up on the platform, growling about people being so slow, and asking the little man, with fine sarcasm, if he was paralyzed. "No, I ain't," said the small fellow, who was well dressed and apparently a gentleman, "but some one else will be in about a minute." He was getting red in the face as his indignation swelled, and glared savagely at the lordly one. "Don't go to jabbing me with your cheap umbrella, you big stiff, or I'll smash your face. I got out of your way as quick as I could." The lordly one was plainly surprised, as well as bluffed, and hastily asked the other's pardon, not, perhaps, for his rudeness, but for underestimating the small man's spirit. "Yes," said the little man, still glaring threateningly, "pardon—pardon. You're one of those big bluffers who insult people, and then when you're called you sneak behind excuses." No more was said, but everybody looked admiringly at the little man and smiled contemptuously at the lordly one, whose arrogance had been transformed into two-spot humility.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

QUEER TITLE PAGE.

Whose Awful Author Adopted Alliterations Artful, Amazing and Appropriate.

A book of extracts from various authors many years ago adopted a peculiar alphabetical and alliterative title page, on which the contents of the book were displayed in a most ingenious way. Every line began with a successive letter of the alphabet, upon which the whole line alliterated in a most extraordinary and grotesque fashion, as may be seen from these few examples culled from the mass: Astonishing anthology from attractive authors. Broken bits from bulky brains. Choice chunks from Chaucer to Chauncy. Jewels of judgment and jets of jocularity. Kindlings to keep from the king to the kitchen. Magnificent morsels from mighty minds. Numerous nuggets from notable noodles. Prodigious points from powerful pens. Quirks and quibbles from queer quarters. Tremendous thoughts on thundering topics. Wisps of wit in a wilderness of words. Yawnings and yearnings for youthful Yankees. Zeal and zest from Zoroaster to Zimmerman.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Guided by Wisdom.

A public notice was given in Leamington, England, not long ago, which seemed to indicate that the parish of St. Paul's had some confidence in its own perspicacity as well as an unwavering trust in the wisdom of Providence. "A special prayer meeting will be held on Saturday next, at half past eleven o'clock, to entreat the Lord to give us a man of His own choosing for the pastor of St. Paul's. Such we believe the Rev. H. Linton, of Birkenhead, to be."—Youth's Companion.

Social Gravitation.

Returned Tourist—What became of that fool, Saphead, who had more money than he knew what to do with? Business Man—I don't remember him. Was he much of a fool? "Perfectly idiotic." "I presume he has dropped into society."—N. Y. Weekly.

Nothing But Draw and Paint.

Visitor—I hear you've had the celebrated Mr. Abbey, the artist, staying with you down here. Proprietor of Old-Fashioned Inn—Yes, sir; and he be the laziest man I ever come across. He do nothing but drow and paint all day.—Phil May's Album.

An Explanation.

Mrs. Chicory—That detestable Mrs. Hashem was boasting to-day about how long she keeps her boards. Mrs. Pruner—Oh, she keeps them so thin that they look longer than they really are.—Philadelphia Record.

No Change.

"What is your full name?" asked the census-taker. "Eb'nezer Jagway," replied the man of the house. "But it's jus' same w'it 'a'm' full."—Chicago Tribune.



QUEEN OF SWAZILAND.

Next to Power This Savage Potentate Loves the White Man's Rum and Scotch Whisky.

The crafty and cruel dewager empress of China has a very striking counterpart in Nabo Tsebeni, the ruler of the Swazis. Along with the war news from that part of the world have come recently many accounts of the high-handed doings of the Swazi queen. Swaziland is an independent native kingdom under the protection of the South African republic. As the Boers have just now enough to do protecting themselves, Nabo Tsebeni is not interfered with in her little diversions. Only the other day news was received of how Queen Nabo had cleared the political atmosphere of her dominion by eliminating in the most approved Cromwellian manner a number of objectionable court officials, one among the number being her own son.

Queen Nabo is about 50 years old, and is not handsome according to the debased standards of the white man, but in Swaziland she is accounted "a fine figger of a woman." When she was married she was a slim young woman and was a great belle. She looks taller than she really is, owing to the method by which she, in common with the other women of her country, dresses her hair. By some mysterious process the royal tresses are made to grow, trellis fashion, over a wickerwork arrangement of circular shape. Round the forehead she wears the royal insignia, a band of wood possessing innumerable medicinal virtues, attached



THE QUEEN OF SWAZILAND.

to which in the center of the forehead are a snake's bladder and a brilliant red feather of the laurel bird.

Like other monarchs, Queen Nabo can be very suave and nice when she pleases, and she can also be exceedingly haughty and frigid of demeanor. It is a harsh thing to say about a royal lady of Nabo's ability, but the truth is that, next to power, her majesty loves rum, or drinks that go under that generic term. She drinks no native distillation, but the white man's good imported liquor, and lots of it. In fact, Nabo Tsebeni is a great drunkard. Her enemies say she is "fuddled" most of the time. She does not seem to let rum interfere with business, however. Apart from the firewater, the queen has no particular regard for the products of civilization. She prefers the native rug or blanket as a costume to the finest creation of Worth, and her food and manner of living have never changed, but remain as they were in the days when Umbandine first took her, a slim young girl, for wife.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

CURE FOR IVY POISON.

Of the Many Remedies Suggested None Are More Efficacious Than the Simple Ones.

Probably no poisonous plants are more dreaded than poison ivy and poison sumach, and probably no other one plant has so many remedies, said to be good, recommended for it. The poisoning principle in these two plants is the same and can be combated with the same remedies. But few of the people who are poisoned take this into consideration. They use often the first thing that suggests itself.

The cause of the trouble is a recently discovered non-volatile oil called toxicodendrol. It is very irritating to the skin in a manner only too well known. Since it cannot be dissolved in hot water, washing is of little use. It can, however, be dissolved and converted into a soap by the action of alkalies such as ammonia, washing soda and caustic potash or soda. It is also readily dissolved in alcohol. All these may be used in case poisoning should occur, but there is a better remedy which may be made as follows: In a bottle of alcohol put and shake as much acetate (sugar) of lead as will dissolve; then add a little more lead, so that when shaken the mixture is milky. When needed rub the shaken mixture upon the parts affected several times a day until all irritation ceases. If too strong the mixture may be diluted with water, but more lead should be added. Should poisoning occur and this preparation not be obtainable, hot soapsuds, with some soda or other alkali added to it, may be used. This should not be relied upon unless the poisoning is very fresh; advanced cases should be treated with the above remedy.—National Rural.

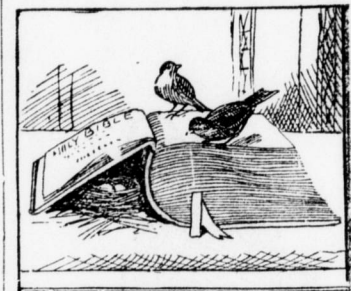
The varieties of stamps now current in the world number 13,811.

QUEER BIRD HOMES.

The Astonishing Places in Which Some Birds Have Elected to Build Their Nests.

In a quaint old village in England there is a sleepy little stone church which has stood for more than one century. It is a great place for feathered songsters, and many birds attend service every Sunday during the summer. One Sabbath the vicar on going up to the reading desk was astonished to see that under one cover of the open Bible was a newly-constructed nest, in which reposed a robin redbreast.

Early in the week she and her mate must have settled on this place as a congenial home and during the days following had worked might and main to get things in shape for housekeeping. The vicar could not bear to disturb the robins, and so he procured another Bible, allowing the pious birds



ROBINS' NEST UNDER A BIBLE.

to reside in their chosen home for the rest of the season.

Still another robin tried housekeeping in a disused teakettle, which had been flung out in a corner of the garden.

Birds who shirk their natural duties are quite as apt to suffer as their human brethren.

The cuckoo makes no nest of her own, but watching her chance, lays her relatively small eggs in the nest of a more industrious member of the bird family. Once a mother cuckoo managed to insert an egg in the nest of a redstart which was in a small hole in a wall. The aperture was large enough for the redstarts to go in and out of, but when the baby cuckoo burst from his shell and was strong enough to try and shift for himself, he found he was too big to get out and so was a prisoner for life. His foster parents fed him till they thought he was old enough to earn his own living and then they left him, so the poor cuckoo, through the laziness of his mamma, perished miserably.

Perhaps the most absurd place for a nest ever discovered was in a cannon box, located at an army post. A sparrow was the bird to make this choice, and though the cannon was fired twice a day, it did not deter her from bringing up a healthy family of young sparrows, none of whom seemed to mind a home which was even noisier than a New York flat!—Detroit Free Press.

PERFUMES IN AGAIN.

Society Dames Have Returned to the Use of Fragrant Extracts After a Season of Sachets.

Perfumes are again used by the smart set after having been long tabooed. For several years extracts of any kind have been considered vulgar by those who set the fashions.

Sachet powders and scented amulets were scattered in profusion in trunks and wardrobes, and to the apparel of fashionable women clung a faint, sweet, indefinable odor. It did not resolve itself into the perfume of any flower. Often a gown was hung in a case prepared for that purpose and costly oils burned under it until it was saturated with a sort of incense.

That was an expensive fad, however, and only within the reach of a favored few. Mrs. Howard Gould had a gown perfumed in this manner.

Now a particular flower is selected and the real extract used by women of the most fastidious taste. Violet is not so great a favorite as lily-of-the-valley.

The sweet, spicy fragrance of the carnation is also in high favor. One of the newest of these perfumes is a rose extract that breathes the sweetness of a handful of shattered rose petals. But some people with sensitive nerves find this perfume nauseating. Newmown hay, once so popular, is seldom used. Of course nothing that in any way suggests musk is permissible.

These perfumes are never poured on the handkerchief. They are sprayed on the entire costume with the most delicate of atomizers. They must be used sparingly. One society leader in New York has her clothes receptacles lined with quilted sachets of orris root and lavender. She always suggests the faint, clean odor of the linen chest of the grandmother of long ago. She has never used any other perfume.—N. Y. World.

The Anti-Cigarette Fight.

An English school board has prepared a circular on the evils of cigarette smoking, which is to be distributed among the parents of the school children. It points out that smoking by boys impairs the eyesight, upsets the nerves, disturbs the digestive organs, and stunts growth. Local doctors are to be asked to go to the schools and address the boys on the evils of smoking.

Oilecloth as a Hanging.

The possibilities of oilecloth seem never to have reached their limit. The last use to be made of this fabric is the "papering" of the kitchen ceiling and the bathroom walls. Its smooth surface affords no lurking place for germs, and dust and smoke can be readily wiped off.