

A LULLABY.

You go to sleep, young feller,
This ain't no time of day
To set up straight and solemn,
An' stare around that way.
Them moonbeams on the carpet
Ain't nothin' you can git.
Them just to show the angels
Has got their candles lit.
You want 'em? Well, to-morrow
I'll get 'em, if they keep,
But now it's nearly mornin',
So you jus' go to sleep.

No, sir! You can't be hungry,
You needn't jerk and fret,
I'm certain sure it wasn't
An hour sence you et.
There, now, I ketch you smillin',
You little rascal. Shame!
To try to work your daddy
With such a low-down game.
No, never mind explorin',
You ain't no call to creep;
You stay here an' be quiet,
An' try an' go to sleep.

You see them stars out yonder?
Well, all of them is eyes
That belongs to little angels
Way up there in the skies,
An' all them little angels
Ain't got a thing to do
But jus' set up in Heaven
An' keep them eyes on you.
They'll see your eyes wide open,
An' starin' when they keep
In through the window at you—
You better go to sleep.

I don't know what you're sayin',
Your lingo's Greek to me,
But you know what I tell you,
That's easy for to see;
An' I'm jus' gettin' tired
O' rockin' you all right,
An' talkin' while you listen,
A-smilin' with delight.
I got to work to-morrow,
An' 'tain't fur you to keep
Me up all night a-tryin'
To make you go to sleep.

There, there, don't feel that way,
I jus' soon do it, Gee!
I know there ain't nobody
To love you 'ceptin' me,
You set up all you want to,
You needn't close an eye,
Fur dad is mighty sorry
He made his big cry.
You need your ma, poor feller,
But she's a-lyin' deep
Beneath the trees out yonder—
There, there, now go to sleep—
—J. J. Montague, in Portland Oregonian.

My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

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PART III.—CONTINUED.

An hour later the stranger was so far recovered as to be able to join his hosts at their evening meal. Between them they had managed to fit him out with a somewhat composite set of garments. He had shaved off his beard, had reduced his hair to something like order, and in consequence had now the outward resemblance at least of a gentleman.

"Come, that's better," said Gregory, as he welcomed him. "I don't know what your usual self may be like, but you certainly have more the appearance of a man, and less that of a skeleton than when we first brought you in. You must have been pretty hard put to it out yonder."

The recollection of all he had been through was so vivid that the man shuddered at the mere thought of it.

"I wouldn't go through it again for worlds," he said. "You don't know what I've endured."

"Trading over the border alone?" Gregory inquired.

The man shook his head.

"Tried to walk across from Peking," he said, "via Szechuen and Yunnan. Nearly died of dysentery in Yunnan city. While I was there my servants deserted me, taking with them every halfpenny I possessed. Being suspected by the mandarins, I was thrown into prison, managed eventually to escape, and so made my way on here. I thought to-day was going to prove my last."

"You have had a hard time of it, by Jove," said Dempsey; "but you've managed to come out of it alive. And now where are you going?"

"I want, if possible, to get to Rangoon," the other replied. "Then I shall ship for England as best as I can. I've had enough of China to last me a lifetime."

From that moment the stranger did not refer again to his journey. He was singularly reticent upon this point, and feeling that perhaps the recollection of all he had suffered might be painful to him, the two men did not press him to unburden himself.

"He's a strange sort of fellow," said Gregory to Dempsey, later in the evening, when the other had retired to rest. "If he has walked from Peking here, as he says, he's more than a little modest about it. I'll be bound his is a funny story if only he would condescend to tell it."

They would have been more certain than ever of this fact had they been able to see their guest at that particular moment. In the solitude of his own room he had removed a broad leather belt from round his waist. From the pocket of this belt he shook out upwards of a hundred rubies and sapphires of extraordinary size. He counted them carefully, replaced them in his belt, and then once more secured the latter about his waist.

"At last I am safe," he muttered to himself, "but it was a close shave—a very close shave. I wouldn't do that journey again for all the money the stones are worth. No! not for twice the amount."

Next morning George Bertram, as he called himself, left Nampoung for Bhamo, with Gregory's check for 500 rupees in his pocket.

"You must take it," said that individual in reply to the other's half-hearted refusal of the assistance,

"Treat it as a loan if you like. You can return it to me when you are in better circumstances. I assure you we don't want it. We can't spend money out here."

Little did he imagine when he made that offer, the immense wealth which the other carried in the belt that encircled his waist. Needless to say, Hayle said nothing to him upon the subject. He merely pocketed the check with an expression of his gratitude, promising to repay it as soon as he reached London. As a matter of fact he did so, and to this day, I have no doubt, Gregory regards him as a man of the most scrupulous and unusual integrity.

Two days later the wanderer reached Bhamo, that important military post on the sluggish Irawaddy. His appearance, thanks to Gregory's and Dempsey's kind offices, was now sufficiently conventional to attract little or no attention, so he negotiated the captain's check, fitted himself out with a few other things that he required, and then set off for Mandalay. From Mandalay he proceeded as fast as steam could take him to Rangoon, where, after the exercise of some diplomacy, he secured passage aboard a tramp steamer bound for England.

When the Shweyadagon was lost in the evening mist, and the steamer had made her way slowly down the sluggish stream with the rice-fields on either side, Hayle went aft and took his last look at the land to which he was saying good-bye.

"A quarter of a million if a halfpenny," he said, "and as soon as they are sold and the money is in my hands, the leaf shall be turned, and my life for the future shall be all respectability."

PART IV.

Two months had elapsed since the mysterious traveler from China had left the lonely frontier station of Nampoung. In outward appearance it was very much the same as it had been then. The only difference consisted in the fact that Capt. Gregory and his subaltern Dempsey, having finished their period of enforced exile, had returned to Bhamo to join the main body of their regiment. A Capt. Handiman and a subaltern named Grantham had taken their places, and were imitating them inasmuch as they spent the greater portion of their time fishing and complaining of the hardness of their lot. It was the more unfortunate in their case that they did not get on very well together. The fact of the matter was Handiman was built on very different lines to Gregory, his predecessor; he gave himself airs, and was fond of asserting his authority. In consequence the solitary life at the ford sat heavily upon both men.

One hot afternoon Grantham, who was a keen sportsman, took his gun, and, accompanied by a wiry little Shan servant, departed into the jungle on shikar thoughts intent. He was less successful than usual; indeed, he had proceeded fully three miles before he saw anything worth emptying his gun at. In the jungle the air was as close as a hothouse, and the perspiration ran down his face in streams.

"What an ass I was to come out!" he said angrily to himself. "This heat is unbearable."

At that moment a crashing noise reached him from behind. Turning to discover what occasioned it, he was just in time to see a large boar cross the clearing and disappear into the bamboos on the further side. Taking his rifle from the little Shan he set off in pursuit. It was no easy task, for the jungle in that neighborhood was so dense that it was well-nigh impossible to make one's way through it. At last, however, he hit upon a dried up nullah, and followed it along, listening as they went to the progress the boar was making among the bamboos on their right. Presently they sighted him, crossing an open space a couple of hundred yards or so ahead of them. On the further side he stopped and began to feed. This was Grantham's opportunity, and, sighting his rifle, he fired. The beast dropped like a stone, well hit, just behind the shoulder. The report, however, had scarcely died away before the little Shan held up his hand to attract Grantham's attention.

"What is it?" the other inquired.

Before the man had time to reply his quick ear caught the sound of a faint call from the jungle on the other side of the nullah. Without doubt it was the English word help, and, whoever the man might be who called, it was plain that he was in sore straits.

"What the deuce does it mean?" said Grantham, half to himself and half to the man beside him. "Some poor devil got lost in the jungle, I suppose? I'll go and have a look."

Having climbed the bank of the nullah, he was about to proceed in the direction whence the cry had come, when he became aware of the most extraordinary figure he had ever seen in his life approaching him. The appearance Hayle had presented when he had turned up at the Ford two months before was nothing compared with that of this individual. He was a small man, not more than five feet in height. His clothes were in rags, a grizzled beard grew in patches upon his cheeks and chin, while his hair reached nearly to his shoulders. His face was pinched until it looked more like that of a skeleton than a man. Grantham stood and stared at him, scarcely able to believe his eyes.

"Good Heavens," he said to himself, "what a figure! I wonder where the beggar hails from?" Then addressing the man, he continued: "Are you an Englishman, or what are you?"

The man before him, however, did not reply. He placed his finger on his lips, and turning, pointed in the direction he had come.

"Either he doesn't understand, or he's dumb," said Grantham. "But it's quite certain that he wants me to follow him somewhere."

Turning to the man again, he signed to him to proceed, whereupon the little fellow hobbled painfully away from the nullah in the direction whence he had appeared. On and on he went until he at length came to a standstill at the foot of a hill, where a little stream came splashing down in a miniature cascade from the rocks above. Then Grantham realized the meaning of the little man's action. Stretched out beside a rock was the tall figure of a man. Like his companion, he presented a miserable appearance. His clothes, if clothes they could be called, were in rags, his hair was long and snowy white, matching his beard, which descended to within a few inches of his waist. His eyes were closed, and for a moment Grantham thought he was dead. This was not the case, however, for upon his companion approaching him he held out his hand and inquired whether he had discovered the man who had fired the shot?

To Grantham's surprise the other made no reply in words, but, taking his friend's hand he made some mysterious movements upon it with his fingers, whereupon the latter raised himself to a sitting position.

"My friend tells me that you are an Englishman," he said, in a voice that shook with emotion. "I'm glad we have found you. I heard your rifleshot and hailed you. We are in sore distress, and have been through such adventures and such misery as no man would believe. I have poisoned my foot, and am unable to walk any further. As you can see for yourself I am blind, while my companion is dumb."

This statement accounted for the smaller man's curious behavior and the other's closed eyes.

"You have suffered indeed," said Grantham, pityingly. "But how did it all come about?"

"We were traders, and we fell into the hands of the Chinese," the taller man answered. "With their usual amiability they set to work to torture us. My companion's tongue they cut out at the roots, while, as I have said, they deprived me of my sight. After that they turned us loose to go where we would. We have wandered here, there and everywhere, living on what we could pick up, and dying a thousand deaths every day. It would have been better if we had died outright—but somehow we've come through. Can you take us to a place where we can procure food? We've been living on jungle fruit for an eternity. My foot wants looking to pretty badly, too."

"We'll do all we can for you," said Grantham. "That's if we can get you down to the ford, which is about five miles away."

"You'll have to carry me, then, for I'm too far gone to walk," said Grantham. "At any rate we'll try."

Turning to the little Shan he dispatched him with a message to Handiman, and when the other had disappeared, knelt down beside the tall man and set to work to examine his injured foot. There could be no doubt that it was in a very serious condition. Tramping through the jungle he had managed to poison it, and had been unable to apply the necessary remedies. Obtaining some water from the stream Grantham bathed it tenderly, and then bound it up as well as he could with his handkerchief.

"That's the best I can do for you for the present," he said. "We must leave it as it is, and when we get you to the station, we will see what else can be managed."

He looked up and saw the little man's eyes watched him intently. There was a look of almost dog-like affection in them for his companion, that went to the young soldier's heart.

"By Jove," he said, "I'm sorry for you fellows. You must have suffered agonies. The Chinese are devils. But yours is not the first case we have heard of. We only come up here for a month at a time, but the man we relieved told us a strange tale about another poor beggar who came into the station some two months ago. He had been wandering in the jungle, and was nearly at death's door."

The blind man gave a start, while the little man seized his hand and made a number of rapid movements upon it with his fingers.

"My friend wants to know if you are aware of that man's name?" he said. "We lost a companion, and he thinks that he may be the man. For heaven's sake tell us what you know. You have no idea what it means to us?"

"Since you are so interested in him I am sorry to have to say that I do not know very much. You see he had very little to do with us. As I have said, he turned up while our predecessors were here. From what I heard about him from Gregory, he gathered that he was a tall, thin man, who had come through from Peking by way of Yunnan."

"Are you sure it was from Yunnan?"

"That's what they told me," said Grantham. "Since then I have heard that he was on his way from Peking to Burma, and that his coolies had robbed him of all he possessed."

"You don't happen to remember his name, I suppose?"

The blind man tried to ask the question calmly, but his voice failed him.

"As far as I remember his name was George Bertram," Grantham answered.

There was a pause for a few seconds, after which the blind man began again—

"He didn't tell you, I suppose, whether he had any money about him?"

"He hadn't a red cent," said Grantham. "The Chinese cleared him out. They lent him the money to get to Rangoon. I happen to know that because he cashed my friend's check in Bhamo."

There was another and somewhat longer pause.

"You did not hear whether he had any precious stones in his possession?"

"Good gracious, no! From what they told me I gathered that the man hadn't a halfpenny in the world. Why should he have been likely to have had jewels? In point of fact I'm sure he hadn't, for I was given to understand he was about as woe-begone a customer as could be found anywhere."

The blind man uttered a heavy sigh and sank back to his former position upon the ground.

An hour and a half later, just as the shadows of evening were drawing in, a party of Sikhs put in an appearance, bringing with them a dhooly, in which they placed the injured man. It was almost dark when they reached the station, where Grantham's superior officer was awaiting their coming.

"What on earth's the meaning of this?" he asked, as the cortege drew up before the bungalow. "Who are these men? And where did you find them?"

Grantham made his report, and then the wounded man was lifted out and carried to a hut at the rear of the main block of buildings. The little man watched everything with an eagle eye, as if he were afraid some evil might be practiced upon his companion. When the blind man had been placed on a bed, and his foot attended to as well as the rough surgery of the place would admit, Grantham did something he had not already done, and that was to ask them their names.

"My name is Kitwater," said the blind man, "and the name of my friend here is Codd—Septimus Codd. He's one of the best and stanchest little fellows in the world. I don't know whether our names will convey much to you, but such as they are you are welcome to them. As a matter of fact, they are all we have with which to requite your hospitality."

Why it should have been so I cannot say, but it was evident from the first that Capt. Handiman did not believe the account the refugees gave of themselves. He was one of that peculiar description of persons who have an idea that it adds to their dignity not to believe anything that is told them, and he certainly acted up to it on every possible occasion.

[To Be Continued.]

CRUSHED BY BERNHARDT.

How the Famous French Woman Discomfited a Persistent Artist.

When Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was in one of our western cities a few years ago an artist exasperated by persistent invitations to visit his studio to see a portrait of herself, relates the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. He had made it, he said, from a painting which he had seen and studied in Paris some time before.

Finally, after repeated urging on his part, she went to the studio. Standing before the canvas she simulated the keenest rapture as she looked at the portrait, and she complimented the man in extravagant French.

"It is beautiful, grand!" she declared. "It is magnificent!" Then suddenly, to the utter discomfiture of the persistent artist, she added:

"And of whom, pray tell me, sir, is this a portrait?"

One of Mme. Bernhardt's best portraits was painted by M. de Gandara. The actress had come to his studio to make the preliminary arrangements. As she was leaving she half turned at the doorway to make her adieux and unconsciously fell into an admirable pose, of which the artist took immediate advantage.

Knew Too Much.

A young man employed in an oyster shop has lost his situation, and this because he gave prompt answer to his employer's eager question. The employer had six lively little land turtles, which attracted much attention as they wandered aimlessly about the window. He painted a large white letter on the back of each of the shells, and put up a notice to the effect that, whenever the turtles got into such relative positions that the letters spelled "oyster," he would present half a dozen natives to everyone who was looking on. Then he became frightened lest the mystic word should occur too often, and covered reams of paper figuring out the odds. He gave it up at last, and was about to remove the turtles when his most accomplished oyster opener informed him that the odds were 720 to 1 against the combination. The turtles are still in the window, but the oyster opener has gone. Such knowledge of odds, the employer thought, could have been acquired only by years of betting experience. It is not wise to be too wise.—London Chronicle.

Unexpected Erudition.

An absent-minded professor of languages dropped into a restaurant one day for a luncheon.

"What will you have, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Fried eggs," replied the professor. "Over?" said the waiter, meaning, of course, to ask whether he wanted them cooked on both sides or only one.

"Ova?" echoed the professor, surprised at his apparent familiarity with Latin. "Certainly. That is what I ordered. Ova gallinae."

This the waiter interpreted as meaning "extra well done," and that is the way they came to the table.

Made It Boiling Mad.

It probably made the kettle boil when the pot called it black.—Chicago Daily News.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



"GOOD MORNING, EZRA. WHAT ARE YOU READING?" WHO IS SPEAKING?

THE FIGHTING MATE.

Decisive Action of a Pleasant-Faced Sailor at a Critical Moment.

A ship at sea is an isolated world. Not only does the little floating village depend on the stoutness of the planks beneath it, but the safety and comfort of those on board depend on obedience to intelligent orders. The man who rules must rule often, as does a chieftain of a half-savage tribe, by physical force. Mr. Frank T. Bullen, author of "The Men of the Merchant Service," is no advocate of violence on the part of officers, but, as he explains, if there is no weight of force behind an order, men will always be found who will disobey. One of Mr. Bullen's earliest recollections of sailor life is of an incident on board the East Lothian.

"The men had been demoralized by a cowardly second mate who was finally discharged at Bombay. His successor was a splendid specimen of a seaman, not too tall, finely proportioned, and of a very pleasant face. "The first morning he was on board we were washing decks. Mr. Eaton, the new second mate, was having a look round the ship, and stayed forward, where two men were passing water out of the big wash-deck tub. As Mr. Eaton passed, one of them, carelessly slinging a bucket toward

the other, dropped it and cut the deck badly with its edge. With a glance at the new officer, he burst out into furious cursing at the other man for not catching it. Mr. Eaton turned quietly to him and said:

"If you don't shut that foul head up, I'll shut it for you!"

"The man, a huge New York non-descript, deceived by Mr. Eaton's pleasant look, strode up to him, swearing horribly and threatening to kill him. For answer the second mate leaped at him and seized him by the throat and waistband, and the next minute he was flying over the rail into the sea.

"Mr. Eaton turned swiftly, and was just in time to catch the other man in mid-rush at him with a squarely planted blow on the chin, which landed him a clucking heap in the scuppers.

"By this time the other men had seen the fray and rushed forward, shouting: 'Kill him!' Presently Eaton was the center of a howling gang threatening his life. But he armed himself with a 'norman,' a handy iron bar from the windlass, and none of them dared face him with that terrible weapon. The skipper and the first mate came rushing forward, and ranged themselves by the side of the second mate. In two minutes the whole tone of the ship was altered. It was never again necessary to resort to violence."

The Club Woman Does Not Neglect Her Home

By MRS. WM. TODD HELMUTH
President of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs.



Perhaps the objection most often urged against the club woman, so-called, is that she neglects her home and family.

I must say that I have not seen any of those neglected homes and families. On the contrary, my observation has been that the women who are the most enthusiastic in women's movements are usually the best wives and mothers. Their rooms are not kept in disorder. Their children are not neglected. They know everything about a house. They can cook anything, from oatmeal porridge to terrapin, and can make beds and iron shirts, as well. And yet they can find time to give to the movements in

which they are interested.

All this, you say, is mere statement. No, it is a correct statement, based upon the observation of a lifetime.

WHY, THE LEADING AIMS OF WOMEN'S ORGANIZATIONS ARE THE ENCOURAGING OF DOMESTICITY AND THE FOSTERING OF HOME TIES.

Woman has always been a little queen in her own home. She cannot be anything else. The home is her domain. All her interests are centered there. It is to improve herself, to give herself a better equipment for her mission in the home that she frequents the club.

The club gives her a broader outlook. It makes her more charitable and more considerate of the feelings of others. It teaches her that there are other women besides herself and other things besides her own little personal affairs. This alone is of incalculable value to herself, her children, her husband and her friends.

Here is another remark which is not mere statement. WOMEN DO NOT MEET IN THEIR CLUBS TO GOSSIP. That is one thing that is particularly avoided. If you give the matter one moment's consideration you will realize that the difference between the conversation of clubwomen and other women is noticeably to the advantage of the former.

THE CLUB IS AN EDUCATOR AND THE CLUBWOMAN HAS HIGH AIMS. She is ACTIVELY for everything that is good. She is ACTIVELY against everything that is bad. She is forever seeking to broaden her field of labor and her usefulness to humanity and in this she renders herself the best friend of her sex.

Of course there are fanatics in women's movements as there are in men's movements. But every great movement needs fanatics. These earnest spirits do not accomplish all they strive after, but the results achieved are a happy medium between their ideals and those of the lukewarm advocates of the cause they are engaged in.