6

IF LOVE WERE & SONG.

If Love were a Song, I would borrow his singing with notes of gold.

ild carry his messages, passing sweet, the hearts of the young and the old. the tones of my song should be borne

along Like the chiming of bells afar; And my voice should be heard like a lonely bird,

Or the gleam of a falling star, If Love were a Song.

If Love were a Flower, I would borrow his

And softly his heart unfold

To the whispering sigh of the scented wind Sweeping over the hills of gold. And the blue in the eyes of the morning

which the order in the cycle of skies skies More radiantly fair should shine; And the crimson streak on the mountain's cheek Should deepen at sight of mine, If Love were a Flower.

But if Love were a Song, he would languish

With the effort that gave him birth And if Love were a Flower, he must and fade, withe

And hade, And his glory must fall to earth; ut his spirit is bright, like the shaft of light That shines out in the heart of a storm, And love doth last an eternity past,

An eternity still to come! For Love is our Home! Jessie Acheson, in N. Y. Weekly.



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

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PART IV.-Continued.

"There's more in the case than meets the eye," he said, suspiciously; "and I fancy, if only we could see the bottom of it, we should discover that your two proteges are as fine a pair of cals as could be found on the continent of Asia."

'I don't know anything about that,' Grantham replied. "I only know that they were a miserable couple, and that I did the best I could for them. You wouldn't have had me leave them

in the jungle, surely?"
"I am not aware I have said so," the other answered, stiffly. "The only thing I object to is your treating them "The only as if they were martyrs, when in all probability they deserve all the pun-ishment they received."

Grantham was too wise to carry the argument any further. He knew that when Handiman was in his present humor the best thing to do was to Meave him alone in it. He accordingly returned to the hut where the two men were domiciled, and attended to their comfort, as far as lay in his pow-er. His heart had been touched by their misery. He did not give as a rea or the trouble he took the fact that the face of the elder man remind ed him of his own venerable father, the worthy old Somersetshire vicar; it was a fact, nevertheless. For a week the unfortunate couple domiciled at the ford, and during that time Grantham attended to ewants with the assiduity of of blood relation. Meanwhile Handiman scoffed and bade him take heed for the valuables, lest his new-found friends should appropriate them. He did not believe in honest gratitude, he de-clared, particularly where homeless wanderers in the Burmese jungle were concerned. At last, however, they were so far recovered as to be able to they

we have to thank you for our lives, said Kitwater to Grantham wir.' when the time came for them to say good-by to the ford. "Had it not been for you we would probably be dead men now. I don't know whether we shall ever be able to repay your kind-mess, that is with Allah, but if the opportunity should ever arise you may sure we will not neglect it. What ever we may be now, you may take i that we were gentlemen once. There's just one favor I should like to ask of

sir before we part

of the man whom they had helped. English rain pouring down upon them, a satisfactory account of their ac-The schedule was in a great measure satisfactory, but not altogether. There were so many English in Burmah who soon as possible." were tall, and who had dark eyes and broad shoulders. Little Codd leant leant towards his companion, and, taking his hand, made some signs upon it. "That's so, my little man," said "That's so, my note man, sale mine cases out of ten, a mine tasks out o continued: "Perhaps, sir, you don't

wrists?" Gregory replied that he had not no ticed anything extraordinary, but Dempsey was by no means so forget-

ful. "Of course he had," he answered. "I remember noticing it for the first time when I pulled him out of the ford and afterwards when he was in bed. An inch or so above his left wrist he had a tattooed snake swallowing his own and was as nice a piece of work as ever

I have seen." "I thank you, sir," Kitwater re-plied, "you've hit it exactly. By the living thunder he's our man, after all. Heaven bless you for the news you have given us. It puts new life into me. We'll find him yet Cody mybor." "Very well," said my father, when plied, "you've hit it exactly. By the Heaven bless you for the news you have given us. It puts new life into me. I thank you, sir, again and again." He held out his hand, which Dempsey felt constrained to shake. The man was trembling with excitement. "I tell you, sir," he continued, "that you don't know how we loved that prefer man. If it takes the whole of our more.

lives, and if we have to tramp the whole world over to do it, we'll find him yet! "And if I'm not mistaken, it will be

a bad day for him when you do find the captain's name was Fairweather. an observant spectator of the scene. 'Why should you hate him so?

"How do you know that we do hate him?" Kitwater asked, turning his could not have discovered a set of sightless face in the direction whence the other's voice proceeded. "Hate mate, who would have been better him, why should we hate him? We calculated to instil in a young man's have no grudge against him, Coddy, my heart a distaste for Father Neptune boy, have we

Mr. Codd shook his head gravely. No! they certainly had no grudge. Nothing more was to be gleaned from them. Whatever their connection with had not expected to have the misfor-George Bertram or Gideon Hayle may tune to be bound aboard a vessel of have been, they were not going to commit themselves. When they had in- to undergo the experience. ing Bhamo, they dropped the subject self, each of whom had paid a large altogether, and, thanking the officers for the courtesy shown them, with- youngest. drew.

able them to reach Rangoon in com- and done he could not have ited the residence of a person with er whom it was plain they were well ac- In



ON A SUNDAY IN THE INDIAN OCEAN KITWATER HELD A SERVICE ON THE DECK.

have to do is to find Gideon Hayle as struck me that I should like to take up the case, and with the confidence of youth I applied to the commis-

CHAPTER I.

sioner for permission to be allowed to try my hand at unraveling the It has often struck me as being a remarkable circumstance that, in mystery. nine cases out of ten, a man's suc-cess in life is not found in the ca-remains that my request, after being

continued: "Perhaps, sir, you don't happen to remember whether he had any particular mark upon either of his sponsible for this, and no better should prove no more successful than be found than my own case. I be-I be- however, I came upon the murderer, lieve my father intended that I who, seeing himself very neatly should follow the medical profession, trapped, placed a revolver to his right while my mother hoped I would enter temple and, before I could prevent the church. My worthy uncle, Clut-terfield, the eminent solicitor of Lin-terfield at the conclusion of this case I recoln's Inn Fields, offered me ny articles, and would possibly have eventually taken me into partner-ship. But I would have none of these northern colony, and joined the detec-

service a good deal of queer life and to be and the standard and the standard

We'll find him yet, Coddy, my boy. he realized that further argument was hopeless, "since you must go to sea, go to sea you certainly shall. But you mustn't blame me if you find that the life is not exactly what you anticipate, and that you would prefer yourself on dry land once

I willingly gave this promise, and a month later left Liverpool as an a promitice on the clipper ship Mail to enlarge my experience, and to qual-of Normandy. Appropriately enough ify myself for any work that might company were originals. Had my fa-ther searched all England through he men, from the captain to the cook' and his oceans. In the name have en-various books of the sea I have enand his oceans. In the number of the countered was one entitled: "A Floating Hell." When reading it I this type. It was my lot, however, We car sum for the privilege. I was youngest. The eldest was the the son of a country parson, a mild, decent

Their manifest destitution, and the misery they had suffered, had touched the kindly white residents of that far off place and a subscription off place, and a subscription was was washed overboard when we were raised for them, resulting in the col-lection of an amount sufficient to en-voyage. Poor lad, when all was said been parative comfort. When they arrived much worse off, for his life on board at that well-known seaport, they vis- was a disgrace to what is sometimes with erroneously called "human nature." whom it was plain they were well ac-quainted. The interview was presum-ably satisfactory on both sides, for the sea. In those days, few years

go as it is, sailors were not so well protected even as they are now, and on a long voyage aboard a sailing ship it was possible for a good deal to happen that was not logged, and much of which was forgotten before the vessel reached its home-port again. When I returned from my first voyage my family inquired how I liked my profession, and with all truth, I informed them that I did not like it at all, and that I would be willing to have my indentures can-celed and to return to shore life once more, if I might be so permit-My father smiled grimly, and ted. seemed to derive considerable satisfaction from the fact that he had prophesied disaster from the outset. "No," he said, "you have made your bed, my lad, and now you must lie upon it. There is still a considerable upon it. There is still a considerable portion of your apprenticeship to be served, and it will be quite soon enough for us at the end of that time to decide what you are to do."

A month later I was at sea again, bound this time for Sydney. We reached that port on my nineteenth

ship. Accordingly, one day having obtained shore leave, I purchased a

new rig-out and, leaving my sea-togs with the Jewish shopman, I made

tracks, as the saying goes, into the bush with all speed. Happen what

might, I was resolved that Capt. Fairweather should not set eyes on

From that time onward my career

was a strange one. I became a ver-

itable Jack-of-all-trades. A station-

hand, a roustabout, shearer, assistant

to a traveling hawker, a gold miner,

and at last a trooper in one of the

finest todies of men in the world. the Queensland mounted police. was in this curious fashion that

arrived at my real vocation. After a considerable period spent at head-

quarters. I was drafted to a station

in the far west. There was a good deal of horse and sheep stealing go-

It

George Fairfax again.

POST CHECK MONEY.

A New Suggestion for the Easy and Safe Transmission of Currency Through the Mails,

A clear-headed business man has put his practical mind to work and evolved a sensible plan for postal currency which has been embodied in the Mc Millan-Gardner bill now before congress. It seems to be altogether the best suggestion yet put forth for securing a safe and convenient method of sending money through the mail.

In brief, it is proposed to re-issue all one, two and five-dollar treasury notes, coin or silver certificates now in circuation and have the faces of the new bills provided with blank lines. This would be the ordinary money of the day. When one wishes to send money by mail, say \$2.00, he takes such a bill from his pocketbook, writes on its face the name of the person or firm to whom it is to go, the city and state, affixes and cancels a two-cent stamp in the square indicated (one-cent stamp for actional bills), and signs his name on the back. The bill which previously was negotiable money now becomes a peronal check on the United States government for \$2.00, as safe for transmission as any bank check. It is enclosed in a letter to the person or firm desired and is collected by the receiver upon identification at the post office named, a new bill being given for the

old one. The scheme would be of great benefit to farmers, business men and publishers; ladies would appreciate its con-venience. Business houses now receive large quantities of postage stamps through the mails. One Chicago pub lisher reports the receipt of \$350,000 in stamps in one year, nearly \$1,000 per day. Others have this same experience on a smaller scale. With post check money this nuisance is avoided as well as the tiresome and time-consuming trip to the post office to secure a money order; a convenient, safe and instantly available form of money is supplied with which the public can safely transact mail business which now aggregated in small sums upwards of two The small fee billion dollars a year. charged would probably aggregate a larger revenue to the government than is received from the present money order system. The continual retirement and re-issuing of these bills would insure clean money and keep the circulation at par.

The financial policy of the government is not disturbed, the only change being in the form of printing upon the bills. The inventor offers the government his patent free of cost upon adoption. The acceptance of this system would be hastened if all who desire it would write their senators and repreentatives in Washington urging its adoption.

A CASE OF PROVIDENCE.

Jones Had Everything Fixed All Right So There Was No Blame Coming to Him,

"I have heard more or less about the ways of Providence," said a Deroiter who was in a reflective mood the other day, relates the Free Press, 'and I can cite what looks like a fair instance of it. I was in the western part of the state this last winter, and business took me out to a farm where a portable steam engine was sawing wood. Things were running at high pressure, with half a dozen en at work, and I sat down on a og with my man to talk business. An ngineer might have noticed by the iss of the steam that the water in the boiler of the engine was low, but of course I had no suspicions. I had been talking for perhaps ten minutes when a big rat ran out from under a pile of wood and made for the barn. Some one raised a yell, and we all jumped up and grabbed clubs and started after the rodent. The snow was deep enough to bother him, and we overtook him about 200 feet from the engine. We were in a circle and whacking at him when

THE "WATER CURE."

Gen. Funston Describes a Method of Torture Said to Have Been Prac tleed in the Philippines. Gen. Frederick Funston, in discuss

ing the "water cure." a form of torture charged against the soldiers in the Philippines, said that he had never seen the "water cure" applied, but he had heard it described. victim is bound and a canteen forced into his mouth," said the general. "His head is thrown upward and back and his mose grasped by the fingers of the torturer. Strangula-tion follows as a matter of course. When the victim is about suffocated the application is released and he is given a chance to talk on recovery or take another dose of it. The operation is brutal beyond a doubt, but hardly fatal.

'The charges which I have just re-"The charges which I have just re-futed at the request of the war de-partment was most vague. It was made by 'a soldier' and to the effect that he had 'helped administer the water cure to 160 natives.' That is the kind of rot a soldier is apt to write home when business is dull and he has three or four beers un-der his jacket to help his imagina-tion. Nothing of the kind ever oc-curred with the knowledge of the of-ficers or ever occurred at all, for that matter."

Possibility of the Future.

If Eastern Siberia grows in the next 50 years as our western states have grown in the last half century, remarks the Chicago Inter Ocean, the people of Siberia and the United States will be singing "Hands Across the Sea" to a new tune.





THE SIGN OF THE FISH NEVER FAILS IN A WET TIME. THE FISH as a The rish as a history. This is told in an interesting booklet which is yours for the asking.

ALE

CAMERON COUNTY PRESS, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1902.

What they thought of my

ting up for myself. I did so, and soon

had more work upon my hand than I

could very well accomplish. But I was too ambitious to be content with

small things, and eventually came to

the conclusion that there was not enough scope in the colonies for me.

After 15 years' absence, therefore, I returned to England, spending a year

in the further east en route in order

January I reached Liverpool from the United States, and took the train for

my old home. My father and mother had long since died, and now all that remained to me of them was the stone

slab that covered their resting place in

the quiet little churchyard at the foot

"Well, here I am," I said to myself,

33 years old and alone in the world.

Nobody knows me in England, but it won't be my fault if they don't hear of

George Fairfax before very long. I'll

be off to London and try my fortune

[To Be Continued.]

WHAT HE WANTED.

The Man with the Fluent Fount of

Tears Was Ready to Weep

Anywhere,

life of a photographer. A man came in the other day and looked over all

the samples, asking the price of each,

"Do you want a sitting?" I asked. "I don't see nothin' like what I want," he replied.

what he wanted, that I might ar-

"for I don't see nothin' at all like what I want."

He asked me to sit while he told me. "You see, it's like this," he began.

was going to git married. She had

her things made up, and we was all but ready, when she was taken ill and died. And what I wanted was

a picture of me sittin' on her grave

I was touched at the homely story

of grief, and told him I could send

have the picture taken as he de-

"It's some distance," he said. "It's

over in Ireland. I expect it 'ud cost

a lot to send over your traps for what

"I thought," he answered, "that

mebbe you could rig up a grave here

in your shop and I would weep on it, and it would do just as well. It's no

trouble for me to weep anywhere."

a man with him to the grave

"I had a girl that I loved, and

I repeated what I had already said.

"I don't know as you can," he said,

if he would indicate

says the Edinburgh Seotsman.

told him,

range it.

weepin'."

sired.

want?"

I said it would.

There are funny incidents in the

of the hill.

there."

come to me from that quarter. On a certain bitterly cold day

end,

"What is it?" Grantham inquired.

"I want you, sir, to give me a letter of introduction to the gentleman in your regiment who looked after the stranger you told me of, when he came here out of China. I've got a sort of notion in my head that even if he is not our friend, that is to say the man we are searching for, he may happen to know something of him." "I will give you the letter with pleas-

ure," Grantham replied. "I am sure Gregory will be only too pleased to help you as far as lies in his power.'

The letter was accordingly written and handed to Kitwater, who stowed it away in his pocket as if it were a price-less possession. Then, when they had bade their protector farewell, they in their turn set off along the track that Hayle had followed two months before, and in due course arrived at Bhamo. Here they presented the letter they had obtained to Capt. Charles Pauncefort Gregory, who, as may be supposed, received it with manifest estonishment. "Well," said he, "of all the stories I

have heard since I have been in the east, this is the most extraordinary. I thought that other chap was about unfortunate a beggar as could well be, but you beat him hollow at every turn. Now, look here, before I go any further, I must have my friend with me. He is the man who discovered the other chap, and I'm sure he would like to hear your story.

Dempsey was accordingly sum-moned, and his wonderment was as great as his friend's had been.

"Now," said Gregory, when Demp-sey had been made familiar with the other's story, "what is it you want to know about the man we picked up Ask your questions, and we'll do the best we can to answer them."

Kitwater's questions, in reply to Kitwater's questions Gregory and Dempsey described, as dar as they were able, the appearance ! together at the wharf with the pitiless | charged on being in a position to give

birthday, and by that time I had made up my mind. Articles or no artiwhen they left the house Kitwater squeezed Codd's hand, saying as he cles, I was determined to spend no did so: more of my life on board that hateful

"We'll have him yet, Coddy, my boy, mark my words, we'll have him yet. He left in the Jemadar, and he thinks we are lying dead in the jungle at this moment. It's scarcely his fault that we are not, is it? But when we get hold of him, we'll – well, we'll let him see what we can do, won't we, old boy? He stole the treasure and sneaked away, abandoning us to our fate. In consequence I shall never see the light again; and you'll never speak to mortal man. We've Mr. Gideon Hayle to thank for that, and if we have to tramp round the world to do it, if we have to hunt

for him in every country on the face of the earth, we'll repay the debt we owe him.' Mr. Codd's bright little eyes twinkled

in reply. Then they shock hands sol-emnly together. It would certainly prove a bad day for Gideon Hayle

should he ever have the ill-luck to fall into their hands.

reached Liverpool.

ing on in that particular locality, and a large amount of tact and ingenui-Two days later they shipped aboard the mailboat as steerage passengers for England. They had been missionty was necessary to discover the riminals. I soon found that this was aries in China, so it was rumored on board, and their zeal had been repaid a business at which I was likely to be successful. More than once I had the good fortune to be able to bring by the cruelest torture. On a Sunday in the Indian ocean, Kitwater held a service on deck, which was attended to book men who had carried on their trade for years, and who had been entirely unsuspected. Eventually my

by every class. He preached an elo-quent sermon on the labors of the reputation in this particular line business became noised abroad, until missionaries in the far east, and It came to the ears of the commis

from that moment became so popular on board that, when the steamer reached English waters, a subscription ioner himself. Then news us that a dastardly murder had been was taken up on behalf of the suffer-ers, which resulted in the collection of committed in the suburbs of Bris bane, and that the police were unable an amount sufficient to helv them well to obtain any clew as to the identi on their way to London as soon as they

ty of the person accountable for it. Two or three men were arrested on "Now." said Kitwater, as they stood suspicion, but were immediately disReciprocity Limited.

In May and June steamers laden with green peas and strawberries leave Brittany daily for England. These are the spoils of the rich lands about Brest. After Fashoda and the Dreyfus affair, when an anti-English feeling was rampant, a grocer of this district, tinguished in his abuse of the British.

denounced the whole race as "despicable preserve-merchants." "Why 'despicable pre-chants?" some one asked. preserve-mer

"Because they make the jams they

sell to us. They have no sugar and no fruit. Despicable? Why, they take fruit. Despicable? our sugar and our fruit, and they make

us buy their jams!' A story as slight as this from Rev. S. Baring-Gould's "Book of Brittany" would be overweighted by the addition of a moral, but it may be hinted that to err peasants and politicians-of a certain stripe-are liable alike.

Turned Over to Mary,

A recently published story of the ate Lord Morris illustrates his scorn of red tape and petty details.

A question had arisen as to the cost of heating the Irish law courts, and a consequential treasury official was sent over from London to Dublin on purpose to investigate the matter.

When he introduced himself and explained his errand, Lord Morris smiled ith suspicious blandness and said: "Certainly, I will put you in munication with the person immedi-ately in charge of that department." Then he sent out a messenger, and presently there entered an old char-Lord Morris arose and left voman. the room, saving as he did so:

"Mary, here is the young man to see about the coal."

Brings Him Out Every Time. You never really know a man unless you allow yourself to owe him money. -Chicago Daily News,

there was a roar like a every man was knocked flat. The boiler had barst, and if we had kept our places not a man of us would have escaped death. As it was, no one was even hurt. A justice of the peace came along just then and said he thought he'd better hold an inquest.

"'As no one has been killed, what's the use of an inquest?' was asked.

"To fix the blame for the burstup,' he replied.

"'But how are you going to do it?" "'You'll see. Now, then, Jones, you vas running the engine?"

'I was.

"'You know all about engines and boilers?

" 'I do.'

"'Steam wasn't too high nor water too low in this case? " 'No, sir."

"'Everything just as it should be when she took a bust, and you can

swear to it?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'All right. When a biler busts either Jones or Providence is to blame for it, and as Jones has cleared himself there's nothing to do but to lay it on to Providence and be durned glad it was no worse!

Dummy Weapons for Officers,

The new war office regulations will iag down that an officer is still to carry a revolver in his belt, but is also to be equipped with a carbine. Some wiseacre has induced the authorities to add that no carbine am munition whatever is to be allowed. The carbine is to be merely a dumm weapon, the idea being to make the officer as little distinguishable from his men as possible, but at the same time to prevent him from yielding to the temptation to shoot when he should be looking after his men,-Allahabad Pioneer,





Superintendent of Immigration to JOSEPH YOUNG, 515 State Ohio; H. M. WILLIAMS, 20 L4

