

MAKING THE WEDDING GRAB.

When I was weeping, in my pain I said: "I weary of my life—would I were dead, in silence sleeping. Where troubles are no more, nor cares, nor fears. Nor visionary hopes, nor fears like dark-night shadows all around us creeping— Would I were dead!"

At 8:45 that night I reached London. At the same moment Mr. Gideon Hayle was sitting down to a charming little dinner at the Cafe des Princes, and was smiling to himself as he thought of the success that had attended the trick he had played upon me.

CHAPTER VII.

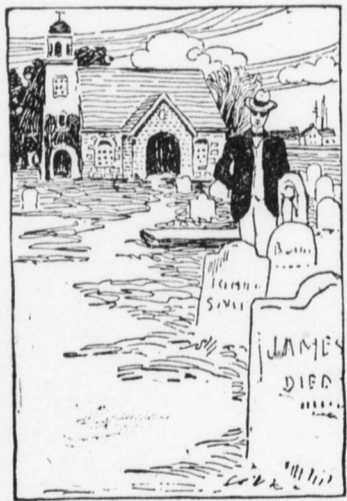
When I reached the charming little Surrey village of Bishopstowe, I could see that it bore out Kitwater's description of it. A prettier little place could scarcely have been discovered, with its tree-shaded high road, its cluster of thatched cottages, its blacksmith's shop, rustic inn with the signboard on a high post before the door, and, last but not least, the quaint little church standing some hundred yards back from the main road, and approached from the lychgate by an avenue of limes.

"Here," I said to myself, "is a place where a man might live to be 100, undisturbed by the rush and bustle of the great world."

That was my feeling then, but since I have come to know it better, and have been permitted an opportunity of seeing for myself something of the inner life of the hamlet, I have discovered that it is only the life of a great city, on a small scale. There is the same keen competition in trade, with the same jealousies and bickerings. However, on this peaceful Sunday morning it struck me as being delightful. There was an old-world quiet about it that was vastly soothing. The rooks cawed lazily in the elms before the church as if they knew it were Sunday morning and a day of rest. A dog lay extended in the middle of the road, basking in the sunshine, a thing which he would not have dared to do on a weekday. Even the little stream that runs under the old stone bridge, which marks the center of the village, and then winds its tortuous course round the churchyard, through the Squire's park, and then down the valley on its way to the sea, seemed to flow somewhat more slowly than was its wont.

Feeling just in the humor for a little moralizing, I opened the lychgate and entered the churchyard. The congregation were singing the last hymn, the Old Hundredth, if I remember rightly, and the sound of their united voices fitted perfectly into the whole scheme, giving it the one touch that was lacking. As I strolled along I glanced at the inscriptions on the various tombstones, and endeavored to derive from them some notion of the lives and characters of those whose memories they perpetuated.

"Sacred to the memory of Erasmus Gunning, 27 years schoolmaster of this parish. Born 24th of March, 1806, and rested from his labors on September the 19th, 1876." Seating myself on the low wall that surrounded the churchyard, I looked down upon the river, and while so doing, reflected upon Erasmus Gunning. What had he been like, this



AS I STROLLED ALONG I GLANCED AT THE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE VARIOUS TOMBSTONES.

knight of the ferrule, who for 27 years acted as pedagogue to this tiny hamlet? What good had he done in his world? Had he realized his life's ambition? Into many of the congregation now worshipping yonder he must have driven the three R's, possibly with the assistance of the faithful ferrule aforesaid, yet how many of them gave a thought to his memory! In this case the assertion that he "rested from his labors" was a trifle ambiguous. Consigning poor Erasmus to oblivion, I continued my walk. Presently my eyes caught an inscription that made me halt again. It was dedicated to the "Loving Memory of William Kitwater, and Susan, his wife." I was still looking at it, when I heard a step on the gravel-path behind me, and turning round, I found myself standing face to face with Miss Kitwater. To use the conventional phrase, church had "come out," and the congregation was even now making its way down the broad avenue towards the high-road.

"How do you do, Mr. Fairfax?" said Miss Kitwater, giving me her hand as she spoke. "It is kind indeed of you to come down. I hope you have good news for us?"

"I am inclined to consider it good news myself," I said. "I hope you will think so too."

She did not question me further about it then, but, asking me to excuse her for a moment, stepped over the little plot of ground where her dear ones lay, and plucked some of the dead leaves from the flowers that grew upon it. To my thinking she was just what an honest English girl should be; straightforward and gentle, looking the whole world in the face with frank and honorable

simplicity. When she had finished her labor of love, which only occupied her a few moments, she suggested that we should stroll on to her house.

"My uncle will be wondering what has become of me," she said, "and he will also be most anxious to see you."

"He does not accompany you to church, then?"

"No," she answered. "He is so conscious of his affliction that he cannot bear it to be remarked. He usually stays at home and walks up and down a path in the garden, brooding, I am afraid, over his treatment by Mr. Hayle. It goes to my heart to see him."

"And Mr. Codd?"

"He, poor little man, spends most of his time reading such works on archaeology as he can obtain. It is his one great study, and I am thankful he has such a hobby to distract his mind from his own trouble."

"Their coming to England must have made a great change in your life," I remarked.

"It has made a difference," she answered. "But one should not lead one's life exactly to please one's self. They were in sore distress, and I am thankful that they came to me, and that I had the power to help them."

This set me thinking. She spoke gravely, and I knew that she meant what she said. But underlying it there was a suggestion that, for some reason or another, she had not been altogether favorably impressed by her visitors. Whether I was right in my suppositions I could not tell then, but I knew that I should in all probability be permitted a better opportunity of judging later on.

We crossed the little bridge, and passed along the high road for upwards of a mile, until we found ourselves standing at the entrance to one of the prettiest little country residences it has ever been my lot to find. A drive, some 30 yards or so in length, led up to the house and was shaded by overhanging trees. The house itself was of two stories and was covered by creepers. The garden was scrupulously neat, and I fancied that I could detect its mistress's hand in it. Shady walks led from it in various directions, and at the end of one of these I could discern a tall, restless figure, pacing up and down.

"There is my uncle," said the girl, referring to the figure I have just described. "That is his sole occupation. He likes it because it is the only part of the garden in which he can move about without a guide. How empty and hard his life must seem to him now, Mr. Fairfax?"

"It must, indeed," I replied. "To my thinking blindness is one of the worst ills that can happen to a man. It must be particularly hard to one who has led such a vigorous life as your uncle has done."

I could almost have declared that she shuddered at my words. Did she know more about her uncle and his past life than she liked to think about? I remembered one or two expressions he had let fall in his excitement when he had been talking to me, and how I had commented upon them as being strange words to come from the lips of a missionary. I had often wondered whether the story he had told me about their life in China, and Hayle's connection with it, had been a true one. The tenaciousness with which a Chinaman clings to the religion of his forefathers is proverbial, and I could not remember having ever heard that a mandarin, or an official of high rank, had been converted to the Christian faith. Even if he had, it struck me as being highly improbable that he would have been the possessor of such princely treasure, and, even supposing that to be true, that he would, at his death, leave it to such a man as Kitwater. No, I fancied if we could only get at the truth of the story, we should find that it was a good deal more picturesque, not to use a harsher term, than we imagined. For a moment I had almost been tempted to believe that the stones were Hayle's property, and that these two men were conducting their crusade with the intention of robbing him of them. Yet, on maturer reflection, this did not fit in. There was the fact that they had certainly been mutilated as they described, and also their hatred of Hayle to be weighed in one balance, while Hayle's manifest fear of them could be set in the other.

"If I am not mistaken that is your step, Mr. Fairfax," said the blind man, stopping suddenly in his walk, and turning his sightless face in my direction. "It's wonderful how the loss of one's sight sharpens one's ears. I suppose you met Margaret on the road?"

"I met Miss Kitwater in the churchyard," I replied.

"A very good meeting place," he chuckled, sarcastically. "It's where most of us meet each other sooner or later. Upon my word, I think the dead are luckier than the living. In any case they are more fortunate than poor devils like Codd and myself. But I am keeping you standing, won't you sit down somewhere and tell me your news? I have been almost counting the minutes for your arrival. I know you would not be here to-day unless you had something important to communicate to me. You have found Hayle?"

He asked the question with feverish eagerness, as if he hoped within a few hours to be clutching at the other's throat. I could see that his niece noticed it too, and that she recoiled a little from him in consequence. I thereupon set to work and told them of all that had happened since I had last seen him, described my lucky meeting with Hayle at Charing Cross, my chase after him across London, the trick he had played me at Foxwell's hotel, and my

consequent fruitless journey to Southampton.

"And he managed to escape you after all," said Kitwater. "That man would outwit the master of all larks himself. He is out of England by this time, and we shall lose him."

"He has not escaped me," I replied, quietly. "I know where he is, and I have got a man on his track."

"Then where is he?" asked Kitwater. "If you know where he is, you ought to be with him yourself instead of down here. You are paid to conduct the case. How do you know that your man may not bungle it, and that we may not lose him again?"

His tone was so rude and his manner so aggressive, that his niece was about to protest. I made a sign to her, however, not to do so.

"I don't think you need be afraid, Mr. Kitwater," I said more soothingly than I felt. "My man is a very clever and reliable fellow, and you may be sure that, having once set eyes on Mr. Hayle, he will not lose sight of him again. I shall leave for Paris to-morrow morning, and shall immediately let you know the result of my search. Will that suit you?"

"It will suit me when I get hold of Hayle," he replied. "Until then I shall know no peace. Surely you must understand that?"

Then, imagining, perhaps, that he had gone too far, he began to fawn upon me, and what was worse praised my methods of elucidating a mystery. I cannot say which I disliked the more. Indeed, had it not been that I had promised Miss Kitwater to take up the case, and that I did not want to disappoint her, I believe I should have abandoned it there and then, out of sheer disgust. A little later our hostess proposed that we should adjourn to the house, as it was nearly lunch-time. We did so, and I was shown to a pretty bedroom to wash my hands. It was a charming apartment, redolent of the country, smelling of lavender, and, after London, as fresh as a glimpse of a new life. I looked about me, took in the cleanliness of everything, and contrasted it with my own dingy apartments at Rickford's hotel, where the view from the window was not of meadows and breezy uplands, but of red roofs, chimney-pots, and constantly revolving cowls. I could picture the view from this window in the early morning, with the dew upon the grass, and the blackbirds whistling in the shrubbery. I am not a vain man, I think, but at this juncture I stood before the looking-glass and surveyed myself. For the first time in my life I could have wished that I had been better-looking. At last I turned angrily away.

[To Be Continued.]

THE MAN WHO WAS ROBBED.

A Fable with a Moral That Will Be Very Generally Coincided With.

A stranger in a strange land once fell in with thieves, who found him on a lonely road, beat him, robbed him, and then tied him to a tree.

After a long wait another traveler came by, and the stranger, in a weak voice, pleaded for help, says Judge.

He told the story of his wrongs, and the traveler said: "How sad!"

"I cried out, but my voice is not strong, and my cries were of no avail," said the victim.

"How unfortunate!" said the traveler.

"And the robbers tied me so fast I am utterly helpless."

"How interesting!"

"Interesting? Do you think it interesting to have been beaten and robbed? Why, the thieves took all my money except a small sum in my inside pocket."

"How careless!" commented the traveler.

Then, having satisfied himself that the stranger's story was true, that he was really tied securely, that his voice was weak, and that there was a small sum in an inside pocket, he secured the small sum and went on his way.

Moral—Hard-luck stories are seldom successful.

She Gained Papa's Consent.

A pretty girl announced to papa her engagement to dear Cholly. The old man became very grave at once. Cholly had a good salary, was to all appearances a nice, steady young man, "but then," said papa, "let the engagement be a long one, my dear. In that case you will have time to find out each other's faults and failings, and discover serious defects of character which would make you wretched for life if you marry."

"But, papa," interposed the sweet girl, "I object to long engagements if they are so apt to be broken, don't you know?" And while the old man meditated she rushed off into the parlor to tell Cholly it was all right and resume the yum-yum business.—Louisville Times.

No Thoughts.

"The postman just brought me Aunt Jane's present," said the poet's wife.

"What do you think of it?"

"I don't know," replied the poet, disturbed at work.

"But can't you think?"

"Gee whizz! How do you expect me to think now? I'm writing something for the magazines."—Philadelphia Press.

Up with the Times.

Kind Lady—What is your name, dear?

Little Girl—My name is Mame—M-a-y-m-e.

"And the name of your dog?"

"His name is Fido—P-h-y-d-o-o-g-h!"—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

Flirts and Love.

Flirts laugh at love, and love laughs at flirts. — Chicago Daily News.

ENTERPRISING TRIBE

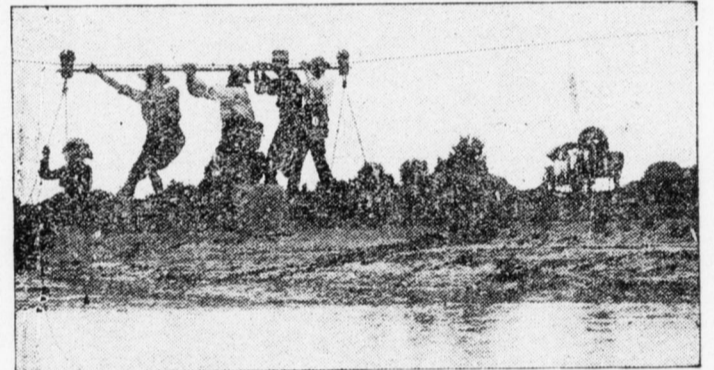
The Chemehuevis Indians Have Faith in Civilization.

Their Leading Men Believe That What is Good for White Men Must Also Be Beneficial to Red Men.

[Special Arizona Letter.]

LOCATED in two places on the Colorado river, is to be found this almost unknown tribe of the North American Indians. One small band is on the California side of the river, near Fort Mohave, north of the Needles, and the other is about 75 miles south of Needles and has small ranches on both sides of the river. Few people know anything about them and strange stories are told as to their origin and classification.

Last February I made a trip down the Colorado river in a boat, from Needles to Yuma, and spent several days with the Chemehuevis. I then found out that they are not a separate and distinct people. They are simply renegade Paintis, who, tired of living in the sandy wastes of southern Nevada, where water was scarce and food often more so, determined to emigrate to a more favorable region. They sent out some of their wisest and best men as explorers to "spy out the land." These men visited the Mohave Indians on the Colorado river, and, finding the two unoccupied regions in the territory practically controlled by the Mohaves, made an amicable arrangement with them, whereby they were to live in peace and security as their near neighbors on condition that when called upon they were to assist the Mohaves in war. For some time they were called Paintis, but the leaders of that people repudiated them. They were not Paintis. They had forsaken the land of their forefathers. They had made friends with the hated "fish-eating Mohaves," and this was



CROSSING THE LITTLE COLORADO ON A CABLE.

proof of their degradation and contemptibility. For the Paintis, like the Navahos, do not eat fish, and regard all fish-eaters with loathing and horror. Consequently they came to speak of these renegades as friends and neighbors of the Achee-Mohaves, a chee meaning fish. The white man, hearing this name, twisted it into Chemehuevi, hence the "new tribe of Indians."

Though small in number, the two bands not counting more than between 200 and 300 souls, they are a much superior people to the Mohaves. In this I was much and agreeably surprised, for, contrary to the Mohaves, they have had nothing done for them by the United States government. The Mohaves have a large reservation, and also two fine schools for their children, one at Parker, and the other at



CHEMEHUEVI STORY TELLER.

Fort Mohave, both on the Colorado river. They receive considerable rations, too, in the shape of beef and flour, and being thus under the direct influence of the Indian department, one would naturally expect them to be nearer to civilization than their neighbors, who have no school, no rations, no influence to help them. Yet the reverse is the case. In talking this over with some of the leading Chemehuevis they expressed the idea very clearly that they saw the advantage to themselves of being "all same white man," so, voluntarily, they adopted his dress and sought, as far as they could, to walk in his ways.

Their houses are, as a rule, very neatly built. A square framework of willows, with sustaining poles of cottonwood at the corners, is constructed, generally square in shape, and on this framework mud is plastered by hand. Here one has in its primitive form the idea of the gigantic skeleton

steel structures of which our city skyscrapers are the latest evolution.

On the top or near by these houses, or "kans," as they call them, there is generally to be found a rude wicker circular construction, called a su-quin. This is a kind of granary or storehouse in which corn, beans, peas and other edibles are kept. Its chief use, however, is for the mesquite bean, of which their drink is made. There are two kinds of mesquites, one which has a pod and beans somewhat similar to our string beans, the other a very peculiar fruit in the shape of a bundle of small vegetable seeds.

Both kinds of mesquite beans are put into a wooden mortar, called mar-r. Squatted down in front of it, the woman takes the Shu-wa, or pestle, in both hands and pounds away until the "o-pi, or beans, are pretty well mashed. Then they are soaked in water for several hours, and the liquor drained off is their chief native drink. It has a peculiar, half-sweet, half-salty flavor, which, however, they seem to relish very highly.

The men are great hunters, deer, and the lesser game, such as rabbits, quail, squirrels, etc., abounding in the mountains and foothills near their homes. The quails, beautiful little creatures, are found on the river banks in great numbers, as are also ducks, geese, wild swans, etc.

When the time comes for corn planting, however, every man of the tribe has his ground in readiness, and he plants his corn, beans, melons, squash, chili and other vegetables, irrigating them when necessary. Their method of planting corn is peculiarly their own. A space of a quarter or half a mile in length, and 50 to 100 feet in width, is cleared of willows. Then small basins or bowls are made in the earth, about a foot or a foot and a half in diameter. In the center of these bowls, the seed corn is planted. The whole field is then surrounded with willows and other brush, to keep out the rabbits, and, to further prevent

degradations, a brush shelter is constructed, under which some one of the family is required to be constantly on the watch.

The women keep their "kans" quite neat, and do all the cooking, grinding the corn on the heavy stone metates, as do the other Indians of Arizona. They are also expert basket makers, although possessed of the Paintis' hereditary ability, they made very few baskets until a few years ago, when they found there was an increasing demand for them at a good price. Accordingly, they began to make them, and, being undisciplined, worked conscientiously and faithfully, and improved upon the baskets of their forebears. In shape, weave and design their baskets are very beautiful, and consequently are much sought after by collectors. Living where river bank, well watered valleys, foothills, mountains and desert are all near by, they levy tribute upon the plant life of all these various and varied native gardens for the best basket making material. The results are seen in the pure white color of much of their work, this being made possible by the toughness of the fiber of the willows or other plants used, and the charm of the colored splints. The most beautiful of these latter is made from the root of a kind of palmetto, which grows on the foothills, looking towards the desert. The cuticle is peeled off and it becomes a rich, dark, un fading brown, when dry.

I succeeded in purchasing 40 of the Chemehuevi baskets, of different sizes and shapes, and ere long they will grace a place in the Carnegie museum, of Pittsburg, Pa.

The children are bright little ragamuffins, timid and shy before strangers at first, but, as soon as they feel safe, full of fun and frolic. I found in one place three orphans. Father and mother were dead, and they had been taken by a widowed aunt, who was caring for them to the best of her ability, aided by other members of the tribe. As soon as I knew the facts in the case, I went down to my boat, and, overhauling some old clothes in my trunk, found stockings, shoes, and a little dress for the girl, and various garments for the two boys. Without a word I began to put them on, and what amazement, what delight, were depicted on their little faces. As soon as they were all "togged out" they rushed off to the next "kan" to show their new possessions, and in five minutes I was besieged with mothers and sisters and brothers, all of whom thought I might manage to find something for them or theirs in the large trunk in the boat.

G. WHARTON JAMES.

Amicably Adjusted.

Mr. Bight—Mr. and Mrs. Bight seem so thoroughly congenial.

Mrs. Bight—Oh, yes. He wants to do all her thinking for her; and she is willing he should.—Detroit Free Press.