THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

BILL NYE'S TRAVELS.

He Utilizes a Cracker Man's Back for Writing Purposes and

LIST TO THE SOPHOMORES' SONG.

William Would Fly to the Rescue of Helpless Female.

HE REFRAINS AND LEARNS A LESSON

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

ON THE ROAD, WITH MY SCRATCH BLOCK RESTING ON THE BACK OF A CRACKER MAN FROM NEW YORK CITY.



my lithe and blithe sweet of legs. It also gave me a chance to rate a few times for write a few lines for

At West McGinty a fat man with a box of sample crackers in one hand and a sand bag in the other came into the car, and seeing that I had an air of comfort which sent the hot blood mantling to his marble brow-his marble mantling brow, as it were—he whopped that front seat over in such a way as to fracture my leg a little, but I did not get mad. It does not pay for one to get mad, or even two for that matter, so I went on

writing, though, of course, the incident gave a tinge of sadness to my work. I have a large, valuable, new fur top cont which I bought in Montreal in November. I got it in order to insure an open winter. This cost hung against the window, and, as the train moved swittly forward, sometimes on the track and then again on the rough and frozen prairie, this court would ever and anon joyiully knock out the eye of this great coarse mao. It is doing so yet. And I am making a writing desk of his back. A friend of mine is thoughtlessly using his overshoes as a receptacle for his apple cores, and the rest of the people are enjoy-

A MODEST FAMILY. That is, everybody except a family who got on at Dead Man's Crossing. They consist of a father, a mother and a grown daughter. They have not been accustomed very much to travel, as one can see at once, for they evidently think they are only entitled to one seat among them, and the whole three of them are sitting together in great pain, for the mother is quite robust and the father will do for market by February. So, while the rest of us are trying to hold a whole section apiece, these gentle creatures

are acrouging and suffering. In another part of the car some young men, on their way home from college, are singing. They do not sing well. They are the kind of college boys who do the hazing and hire their speeches written for them by



Utilizing the Cracker Man. Riley says he would like to borrow it to scour knives with. The voice of the tenor, he claims, has a ferule on the end of it, and when the rollicking sophomore strikes C on fourth added line above his mouth looks like a stab in the dark.

The small boy in the back seat grows pale

as the song proceeds, totters to the icewater tank and drinks it dry, draws his overworked jacket sleeves across his dripping mouth, and, going back to his seat, finishes up the last round of candy ammunition from a glass revolver and a red rolling pin. We now pull up between two long lines of cars loaded with hogs, and wait for orders. The eracker man ahead of me starts violently every time the other ones squeal. So he is not entirely devoid of heart after all. He certainly sympathizes with the lardy da passengers in the other train, and blood, after all, is thicker than water.

The pennutter now comes to ask me i! I would not like a pair of embroidered moccasins with colored bends on them, or some other literary work. He shows me some nice gum arabic figs, while I hold his large basket for him. I tell him I do not care for figs, especially the elastic or non-corrosive fig made at the Pullman Car Works. Then he tries to sell me the holi-

from the smoking car and says that by a good deal of scheming he has bribed the boy to get him a DISPATCH. Would I like to look at it? The boy has sold him my DIS-PATCH

There are a good many tragedies going on almost beneath our very eyes of which we know little till the papers tell us the de-nouement. I think it is denouement, is it I heard the sobs of a woman in the room

I heard the sobs of a woman in the room next to my own at a hotel last week, and was going to ring for a boy and ask him to find out about the cause of the trouble, but just then I heard the low voice of a man who was evidently trying to hush her up. I thought then, of course, if it resolved itself into a domestic spat or curtain lecture I would not interfere. I would also try not to listen. So I went on with my book, entitled "Light, More Light, There's Danger in the Dark."

ECHOES OF A TRAGEDY.

SHORT time ago I got in this car to use it for riding purposes. There were only seven people in it, and so I picked

ECHOES OF A TRAGERY.

Pretty soon the woman gave a little smothered shriek. But the man tried to quiet her, though I could only get his tone and not his words.

"You are drunk," she wailed, "and you are going to kill me."

Please do not kill me."

the lock of the seat ahead of me, thus could hear him step to the dresser, I thought, giving full scope to Now she cried more pitifully, but not so

> not sure that he would not stab her in his drunken fury. I rang. Two or three years afterward, it seemed to me, the boy came, but by that time it was all still in the next room, so I sent a letter down to mail by the boy and said nothing.

> > A Peep at the Tragedy.

pon on the marble top of the dresser.

I did not want to scare the man away en

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

S. MARATHON WELLS, D. D. S.,

PRACTICAL SURGEON DENTIST.
Teeth Extracted Without Pain.
Laughing Gas, Ether, Coconine, Chloroform, etc., etc., administered without risk to either the patient or the operator. We

give either, eyether, ether or neyether.

wot not. That's wot I wot. For the chan

have maimed me the first shot and then

GOING AROUND THE WORLD.

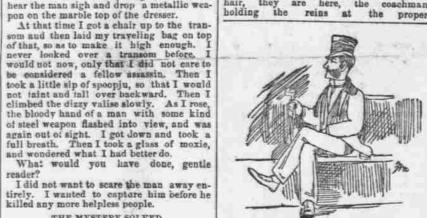
state as follows:

of solemnity.

A PARADE OF BEAUTY. For the modest sum of a penny we secure chairs in the front row, and sit down at ease to watch, to use the language of the country fair bills relative to the grand procession of prize horses and cattle which winds around

the race track on the last day, "Blooded Beauty's Proud Parade."

It is certainly there—both blood and beauty. Along the drive pass four lines of carriages, two going each way, at little faster than a walk, and frequently coming to a deadlock. Slowly, almost sadly, the procession moves by, and the birth and rank and wealth and fashion of almost all England, for, as we have said, the London season is at its height, are on exhibition to all who care to gaze. Barouches, landaus, broughams, dogcarts, every variety of fash-ionable carriage is there, drawn by one horse, two abreast, or tandem, the mettlesome steeds champing their bits and fret-ting at the slow pace, the gold and silver unted harness, and the crests and costs



A Shabby Genteel Orator.

Just touching my lips to the speopju again, I tried slowly once more to ctimb the chair, with my own revolver at full tension, and the whip at the nost aristocratically fashionable cock, for I had determined that if I waited I would be no longer innocent. As I got up a little higher I could see the face of the while the footman on the box beside him. frequently with two others behind, sits with olded arms and a face from which every brute. It hardly betrayed the true nature shade of expression has utterly vanished. Can there be "within the periphery of this terraqueous ball" a being whose features of the man, though the lips were tightly compressed, and there was a slight pallor on can assume such a perfectly inane stolidity as do those of the British flunky when on As I rose a little higher I saw a placard on the door of the room, which went on to duty? No shadow of emotion plays over that wooden face. No gleam of intelligence lights those leaden eyes. He sees, hears, feels, nothing. One might almost fancy that Hyde Park, with its trees and flowers and fountains, was a desert, its thousands of gay idlers mere grains of sand, and every flunky a sphynx regarding the scene with changeless, sightless look. It is there one recalls with renewed pleasure those delight-ful passages in "nigh life below stairs" described by Dickens and Thackeray, when He was pulling her teeth while she was under the influence of some of these drugs. We should gradually, each and all, learn Jeems and Tummas and John give vent to

THEIR CONGEALED EMOTIONS from this little incident to mind our own business, such as it is. Supposing it had been as I supposed it to be. A frenzied man beating out all the brains there were in to the cook and the maid and mercilessly dissect Lord Tommy Noddy, Lady Clars Vere de Vere, the Veneerings, the Pod-snaps and the Mr. Dombeys for their delectation. The volcano of emotion pent the house, viz., those of his wife. Would I have been safe even then in interfering? I up under these wooden faces must have its vent some time. But we are forgetting the are more than ever that when I exclaimed masters and mistresses in the servants.

What a panorama it is! How many faces, through my elenched teeth, "Villain, avaunt!" instead of avaunting he would how many types of character. In this car-riage, a crest on its panels, is a dowager old pblled me through the transom.

He would then have knecked out my enough to have made her peace with God and bade farewell to earthly vanities years most desirable brains and with her dying breath the wire would have encouraged him and cheered him on, meantime denouncing me as a great big prying, meddlesome, nasty wild with envy. She regards the passing show with a cold stare, occasionally placing Whom God hath joined together, let no and when her long-handled glasses to her eyes and unbending into a chilly smile ordinary amateur undertake to put asunder.

BILL NYE. is a "managing mamma," her plain but rich attire serving as an elegant foil to the radiant garments of the two girls who

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JANUARY 5, 1890.

Henry Hall Describes the Brilliant Scenes in Rotten Row When

FASHION'S TIDE IS AT ITS FLOOD.

Some of the Peeple Who Help to Form the Procession.

A TALK WITH ONE OF THE UMEMPLOYED

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

ASHION'S tide is at its flood as we enter the great stone gates at Hyde Park Corner and go down by the "Drive" with the gay fithrong that presses along "on the proper side, as the golden sun'is setting." It is the height of the London season, Rot-

horsewomen, the latter, fair haired, rosy cheeked English girls, riding their long necked, long legged, thin flanked steeds with the grace of an Amazon, and apparently enjoying the gallop to the full, while their male escorts look the very incarnation

Between Hyde Park Corner and the Queen's Gate, on both sides of the drive, gueen's trate, on both sides of the drive, strolling along the board walks, or sitting in the chairs that are placed five and six rows deep, are thousands of people, the women arrayed in garments that go far to disprove the old assertion that all English women are dowdies. The men in closely buttoned frock coats and light trousers, or those doubled-breasted sack coats with the lower button fastened, with cane in one hand and a pair of yellow kids in the other, while from the buttonhole blooms a rose, a lily of the valley or the primrose which proclaims the wearer's adherence to the politics of Disraeli—who ever thinks of him

and nire their speeches written for them by a poor boy who wears paper collars. They sing gaily the chaste and beautiful sentiments entitled "Youpiden I die," a song, I may truthiully say, which no man can listen to in the right spirit and not go away a better man.

One of the voices is quite piercing. Mr.

Then I heard a muffled groan come over the transom just as one might groan after a long, hard struggle as life went out and the flunkeys! What a gorgeous, awe-inspiring sight they are! Clad in every style of livery, cut in every fashion, in colors somber and gay, with wigs and powdered hair, they are here, the coachman pon on the marble top of the dresser.

BEAUTY'S BLUNDERS.

types mentioned above, for, leaning grace-fully back in the cushioned seat, bewitch-ingly dressed, bolding a gay parasol between the sun and her fair cheeks and yellow hair, comes Alma Stanley, "the handsomest woman on the London stage," someone tells us. Her admirers are on every side, and ahe almost holds a levee from her carriage. She is indeed beautiful, but her beauty is soon equaled, if not cellpsed, when in a dainty little carriage comes Agnes Huntingdon, the fair American who is charming all who hear

little carriage comes Agnes Huntingdon, the fair American who is charming all who bear her in the opera of "Paul Jones," at the Princess of Wales theater, and close behind comes little Geraldine Ulmer, whom we knew with the Boston Ideals, but who now sings in the "Yeomen of the Guard" at the Sayoy, and who, someone else tells us," is the worst little flirt in Lendon"—with an especial penchant for married men. And so the procession passes. Rank and wealth are not all that we see, for in the throng are men who bear honored names, who have won renown in literature and art, in the field and at the bar, and in both who have won renown in literature and art, in the field and at the bar, and in both Houses of Parliament. Bright, fresh-faced young girls, as innocent as they are joyous, tall, broad-shouldeted young men, their manly faces aglow with health and vigor, handsome matrons, who adorn and bless happy homes. The phantoms of care and ambition and greed and sin do not hover over correct the property of t ambition and greed and sin do not hover over every carriage, nor have pride and rank and wealth stified the good in every heart. It is, indeed, a panorama of life, and shows all sorts—except the poor and ignorant. But under all the gayety and glitter, beneath the veneering of rank and wealth, are mere men and women as good and as bad, as wise and as foolish, as grave and as giddy, no better, no worse, than their brothers and sisters in any other walk of

A SHABBY GENTEEL CRATOR. By and by we tire a little of watching the By and by we tire a little of watching the apparently endless procession, and we strike up a conversation with a gentleman who has just edged into the seat next us. He fairly comes under the head of "shabby genteel." His clothing is suspiciously shiny, his linen gives the impression that his laundress has been off on an extended vacation, while his hat looks as though a cow had trodden on it. When the floodgates of his eloquence are once fairly opened he deluges us with the When the floodgates of his eloquence are once fairly opened, he deluges us with the rankest kind of socialism, and his denunciations of the ruling classes and of the rich are too lurid for reproduction here. "Hi ham one hof the hunhemployed, who 'ave nowhere to go,'" he says, "hand Londou's full hof us. Hi ham a carpenter and joiner by trade, but we're ground down huntil hi can't get more nor four hand sixpencea day, hand, blow me! hafore hi'll work for that hi'll starve." The proverbial "half-loaf" remark would

have hardly been appreciated by this de

An Eloquent Denunciation termined individual, so we refrained from its use, and he proceeded, with witherin

"See 'em go by! Look hat the hold duffers a-layin' back hin their kerriges looking hat us has hif we was dirt hunder their feet"—which, indeed, they were not doing at all. "See their 'osses hand gold-mounted 'armaes' hand the bloomin' flunkeys a-sitting hup there like bleedin' hold himages. There they hare. Ry'al 'ighnesses, yer Graces, yer Lordships, me Ladies, hall a-livin' hon the fat o' the land hand never doin' a 'and's turn, hand hall hover London there's thousands o' men hand women hand children has 'asn't one penny to rub hagin "See 'em go by! Look hat the hold duffers dren has 'asn't one penny to rub hagin hanother. Hand 'erë we hare, taxed to keep hup a hold Queen has his a-goin' to live forever, hand her children hand grandchildren to the third hand fourth generation-has the hold catechism they used to cram hinto me when hi was a kid says-taxed to keep hup Bishops hand Harchbishops and parsons, taxed to keep hup a harmy to shoot us down hif we hasks for harmy to shoot us down hif we hasks for hour rights, taxed to keep hup a lot hof hold men-o'-war has sinks like bloomin' teakittles hif they 'its a rock, taxed to keep Russiar hout hof Hindia, Germany hout hof Hafrica, Portygal hof the Congo, Hamericar hout hof Canada, taxed to fight the Boers hat the Cape of Good 'Ope, the Zulus hin Hafrica, the Habysinnians hin Hasia, the Harabs hin Hegypt, the Haighans hin Hindis-blow me! hir hit doesn't look has though Hin gland was nothin' but a bloomin' hole

liceman hand 'er beat the 'ole world!" SOLVED LIFE'S PROBLEM. When he had run down we asked how ong he had been out of work.
"Hit's four months since hi've done and's turn." "And how do you live?" we venture to



Solution of the Wor Civ., I say no, I do not used it. He then urges me to buy a copy of a book entitled, "Hounded to the Sonthwest Corner of Perdition and Back," by the author of "Where is My Girl Dr. and a linguistic state of a Day.

New York Tribunal

A fair lady wribe: "Gan't you explain but rich at their purses, and it behoves the see them married, if not maked. Who is this old beau, sitting bolt upright in his literature, He finally admits, after I have hold him how I and the world? "Jailes Verse modeling the marked what is astronged to the state of the see and a long, and long a day when you go round the world? "Jailes Verse modeling the marked, who is this contraction of the long, and long,

Some of the Amusing Mistakes Made by New York Society Women.

EXPLODING HYGIENIC THEORIES. The Little Lunch Devoured by a Young and Pretty Blonds.

PECULIAR HOBBIES OF A RICH BELLE

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) NEW YORK, January 4. HEanniversory cele bration of Sorosis called wide-spread attention to that company of New York's bright women, and it has since become quite a fad among the lesser lights of feminine metropolitans to afand habits. Little delubs and cateries of women have sprung up all over the city which designate them-

selves by the name of some master in literature and make a show of studying his works. Women and girls are now seen running about with books in place of shoppingbags, with lists of references to be hunted up in libraries, with absorbed airs and studious frowns, and faces all but "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," till they bid fair to make our city as blue stockingy Some of these societies may do sincere and hopeful work, but occasionally the reneer of the fad is so thin and transparent

that even the sables and diamonds, with which the fair students invest themselves, cannot blind the observer. As, for instance, when one of them bewailed in this style: "That dear delightful Browning is dead Ah, we shall have no more autocrats on our

breakfast tables!" SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

In fact these literary Partingtons are very numerous, but are so delightfully unconscious and on such agreeable terms with themselves it would be absolutely wicked to disturb such comfortable serenity. A party of newly-fledged students were gathering in a West End mausion for an afternoon's study and in the interim the lady of the house was showing her guests through the beautiful rooms. She casually remarked: beautiful rooms. She casually remarked:
"I have the finest abasement in my house of
any house in town. Do come and see the abasement.

They went, and after the survey a gor-geous dame declared: "A good abasement is an indispensable perquisite to a house." They all agreed to that and the study of Goethe was taken up with great enthusiasm But the great names do suffer, and mor than that, they are in danger of losing their identity on the lips of their disciples. "I belong to a—a—Shakespiamy Club and an Aspasia Club," announced a little lady to a party of acquaintances outside of her par Her listeners were aghast for a moment

till one whispered behind her handker chief: "She doesn't mean Aspasia, you know, she can't mean that; it is probably Hypatia." Then aloud: "You belong to the Hypatia Club?" "Oh, yes, and we have such elegant times, such beautiful lunches, and cunning teas,

you never saw!"
Well, there is one comfort for us. The New York woman, whatever her fad may be, will never be a dowdy. She will never become the abominably dressed, uncorseted, uncorseted ungraceful being that the Boston literary woman is. If she cannot get at the true in-wardness of Browning or Goethe she will always be nest and charming, taut and trim from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, bless her! So if she does say of a bon net or of a poem that "it is sweet pretty," or of the weather, that it is "elegant," shall forgive her.

NO CHANCE FOR THEORIES. There is among your acquaintances, no doubt, the young girl who will not drink coffee because it makes her complexion yel-low, who eats stale bread, wheaten grits, chopped rare meat, and abjures all sweets and starchy vegetables because that regime is conducive to a lustrous white skin and sparkling eyes. Society is filled with girls who are cranks on diet and exercise simply because they will make any sort of a fight and even sacrifice their comfort for a beautiful complexion. I have often wondered how far this strict attention to one's self would

purify the skin texture. Now, I chanced to run across an old friend of mine at lunch time, and sat down with her and her daughter, a young lady of 18, who is to make her social debut during the present winter. The girl was one of the fairest examples of perfect blonde beauty I have ever seen. Her skin was dazzling, it was so pure in its whiteness. I will venture to say that the carefullest examination in the strongest light would not reveal a blemish on the lustrous, healthy flesh. Her eyes, also, were as brilliant as stars, the blue of them warm and clear, the white like snow. The fruity perfection of this girl was so extraordinary that I was at once struck with the fancy that if diet had anything to do with producing a beautiful skin, this lovely creature must have been reared on the dew from the hearts of honeysuckles. Therefore I was interested in what she chose from the lunch card that the waiter handed to her. It can be imagined how shocked I was when I heard the order. Here it is: "A Welsh rarebit, a bottle of beer, and, afterward, mince pie, cheese and a large cup of black coffee."

A BELLE'S PECULIAR HOBBIES. The best turnout in dogs is now being who is employed by a thoroughbred young lady in the double capacity of dog trainer and boxing professor. The girl is 20, is built handsomely, avoids the routine celebrations of society, though she is received in e choicest houses, 1s a good swordswoman, and has recently taken up boxing as a pastime. She brought home from Europe this summer two black French poodles, and her negro servant trots them the length of Flith avenue twice each day. The dogs are chained together, and are caparisoned ex-actly alike. On each is a broadcloth blanket. Then both wear silver bangles, bright bows of ribbon on the tips of their They run perfectly straight down the center of the sidewalk, never turning to right or lett, disdaintul of all the attention they attract, but obedient to every word ad-dressed to them by their attendant. I am told that these dogs have a room of their own fitted up almost as luxuriously as that of their mistress, and that all the pictures and ornaments are appropriate to canine taste. As the young lady owning the little beasts is handsome and rich she-naturally comes in for a great share of attention from

comes in for a great share of attention from the men, but at present there is no promise of any serious result from it all.

A young fellow observed of her: "It is all very well to get a girl who is a crank on dogs off in a corner, but you had better let the other fellow marry her. She ties ribbons on her poodle's tail and takes boxing lessons. Well, that is magnificent, but it is not love." I think that young man's head is quite level.

CLARA BELLE.

BEATRICE.

RIDER HAGGARD,

THE FAMOUS NOVELIST'S LATEST AND GREATEST WORK.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]



It had been cloudy weather, but the clouds had softened and broken up.
Now they were lost in slowly darkening blue. The sea was perfectly and utterly still. It seemed to sleep, but in its sleep it still waxed with the rising tide. The eye could not mark its slow increase, but Beatrice, standing upon the furthest point of the Dog Rocks, idly noted that the long brown seaweeds which clung about their sides began to lift as the water took their weight, till at last the delicate pattern floated out and lay like a woman's hair upon the green depth of sea. Meanwhile a mist was growing dense and soft

light, making the silence yet more silent

and blotting away the outlines of the land.

Beatrice gave up studying the seaweed and

watched the gathering of the fleecy hosts.

to find a girl of nobler mien than Beatrice

Granger as she stood and gazed, on this her

22d birthday, into that misty sea.

Of rather more than middle height, and modeled like a statue, strength and health

seemed to radiate from her form. But it was her face, with the stamp of intellect and

power shadowing its woman's loveliness that must have made her remarkable among

women even more beautiful than herself. There are many girls who have rich brown

hair, like some autumn leaf here and there just yellowing into gold, girls whose deep gray eyes can grow tender as a dove's, or flash like the stirred waters

of a northern sea, and whose bloom can bear

comparison with the wilding rose. But few

can show a face like that which upon this

day first dawned on Geoffrey Bingham to

his sorrow and his hope. It was strong and pure and sweet as the keen sea breath, and

looking on it one must know that beneath this fair cloak lay a wit as fair. And yet it

was all womanly; here was not the hard sex-less stamp of the "cultured" female. She

who owned it was capable of many things

She could love and she could suffer, and i

need be she could dare or die. It was to be read upon that lovely brow and face and it

the depths of those gray eyes—that is, by those to whom the book of character is open,

and who wish to study it.

But Beatrice was not thinking of her

lost everything, and found nothing, and loves nobody. I wonder what it wall be like

in another seven years."
She covered her eyes with her hands, and

She covered her eyes with her hands, and then, taking them away, once more looked at the water. Such light as struggled through the fog was behind her, and the mist was thickening. At first she had some difficulty in tracing her own likeness upon the glassy surface, but gradually she marked its outline. It stretched away from her, and its appearance was as though she herself ware lains on her hack in the water.

were lying on her back in the water, wrapped about with the fleecy mist. "How curious it seems," she thought; "what is it that reflection reminds me of with the white

Next instant she gave a little cry and turned sharply away; she knew now. It re-called her mother as she had last seen her

CHAPTER II. AT THE BELL ROCK. A mile or more away from where Beatrice stood and saw visions, and further up the coast line, a second group of rocks, known

all round it ?"

seven years ago.

] just out between half and three-quarters of a mile into the waters of the Welsh bay that lies behind Rumball Point. At low tide these rocks are bare, so that a man may walk or wade to their extremity; but when the flood is full, only one or two of the very largest can from time to time be seen projecting their weed-wreathed heads through the wash of the shore-bound waves. In cer-tain sets of the wind and tide this is a terrible and most dangerous spot in rough weather, as more than one vessel has learned to her cost. So long ago as 1780 a three-decker man-of-war went ashore there in a furious winter gale, and, with one exception, every living soul on board of her, to the number of 700, was drowned. The one exception was a man in irons, who came safely and screenly ashore seated upon a piece of wreckage. Nobody ever knew how the shipwreck happened, least of all the survivor in irons, but the tradition of the terror of the scene yet lives in the district, and the spot where the bones in the district, and the spot where the bones of the drowned men still peep grimly through the sand is not unnaturally supposed to be haunted. Ever since this catastrophe a large bell (it was originally the bell of the ill-fated vessell, and still bears her name, H. M. S. Thunder, stamped upon its metal) has been fixed upon the highest rock, and in times of storm and at high tide scade its solemn note of warning

GEOFFREY WADING AFTER THE DEAD CURLEW.

to the splash as he falls into the deep water 50 yards away. And then the mist closes in so densely that the sport is done for the day. Well, that right and left has been worth three hours' wait in the wet senweed and the violent cold that may follow—that is, to any man who has a coul for true sport.

Just such an experience as this had be yeard. is, to any man who has a soul for true sport.

Just such an experience as this had befallen Geoffrey Bingham. He had bayged
his wild duck and his brace of curlew—that
is, he had bayged one of them, for the other
was floating in the sea—when a sudden increase in the density of the mist put a stop
to further operations. He shook the wet
seaweed off his rough clothes, and, having
lit a short brist pipe, set to work to nunt for
the duck and the first curlew. He found
them easily enough, and then, walking to
the edge of the rocks, up the cides of which
the tide was gradually creeping, peered into
the mist to see if he could find the other.
Presently the fog lifted a little, and he discovered the bird floating on the oily water
about 50 yards away. A little to the left
the rocks ran out in a peak, and he knew



Signaling for Assistance

from experience that the tide setting toward the shore would carry the curlew past this peak. So he went to its extremity, sat down upon a big stone and waited. All this while the tide was rising fast, though, intent as he was upon bringing the curlew to bag, he did not pay much heed to it, forgetting that it was cutting him off from the land. At last, after more than half an hour of waiting, he caught sight of the bird again, but, ar bad luck would have it, it was still 20 yards or more from him and in deep water. He was determined, however, to get the bird if he could, for Geoffrey hated leaving his game, so he pulled up his trousers and set to work to wade toward it. For the and set to work to wade toward it. For the first few steps all went well, but the fourth or fifth landed him in a hole that wet his right leg nearly up to the thigh and gave his ankle a severe twist. Reflecting that it would be very awkward if he sprained his ankle in such a lonely place, he beat a retreat, and bethought him that unless the curlew was to become food for the dogdish he had better strip bodily and swim for it. This—for Geoffrey was a man of determined mind—he decided to do, and had already taken off his coat and waistecat to that end, when suddenly some sort of a boat—he judged it to be a cance from the slightness of its shape—loomed up in the mist before of its shape—loomed up in the mist before him. An idea struck him. The cance, or its occupant, if anybody could be insane enough to come out canceing in such weather, might fetch the curlew and save

him a swim.
"Hi!" he shouted in stentorian tones "Yes," answered a woman's gentle voice

"Oh," he replied, struggling to get into his waistcoat again, for the voice told him that he was dealing with some belogged lady, "I'm sure I beg your pardon, but would you do me a favor? There's a dead curiew floating about there not ten yards from your boat.

A white hand was put forward, and the cance glided on toward the bird. Presently the hand plunged downward into the misty waters and the curiew was bagged. Then, while Geoffrey was still struggling with his upon the quiet waters. It was not blown up down the bartels of the double ten-bore gun waistcoat, the cance sped toward him like a dream boat, and in another moment it was from the west, it simply grew like the twibeneath his rock, and a sweet dim face was

dark peaked beard and strong features, very powerful and very able. And yet there was a certain softness in the face, which hovered around the region of the mouth like light at the edge of a dark cloud, hinting at gentle sunshing. But little of this was right.

watched the gathering of the fleecy hosts.

"What a curious evening," she said aloud to herself, speaking in a low, full voice. "I have not seen one like it since mother died, and that is seven years ago. I've grown since then, grown every way," and she laughed somewhat sadly, and looked at her own reflection in the quiet water.

She could not have looked at anything more charming, for it would have been hard to find a girl of nobler mien than Beatrice

around the region of the mouth like light at the edge of a dark cloud, hinting at gentle sunshine. But little of this was visible now. Geoffrey Bingham's dead curlew. Immediately after the unpleasant idea recorded in the last, or, to be more accurate, in the first chapter of this comedy, had implicately after the unpleasant idea recorded in the last, or, to be more accurate, in the first chapter of this comedy, had implicately after the unpleasant idea recorded in the last, or, to be more accurate, in the first chapter of this comedy, had implicately after the unpleasant idea recorded in the last, or, to be more accurate, in the first chapter of this comedy, had impossed itself upon Beatrice's mind, she came to the conclusion that she had seen enough of the Dog Rocks for one afternoon. Thereupon, like a sensible person, she set have the proposed in the last, or, to be more accurate, in the first chapter of this comedy, had impossed in the first chapter of this comedy, had impossed in the first chapter of this comedy, had impossed in the first chapter of this comedy, had impossed in the first chapter of this comedy in the first chapter of this comedy had impossed in the first chapter of this comedy, had impossed in the first chapter of this comedy had impossed in the first chapter of this comedy had impossed in the first chapter of this comedy had impossed in the first chapter of this comedy had impossed in the first chapter of this comedy had impossed in the first chapter of this comedy had impossed in the first chapter of this comedy had impossed in the first c see nothing, not even an oyster catcher. Then at last from miles away comes the faint wild call of curlew on the wing. He strains his eyes; the call comes nearer, but nothing can he see. At last, 70 yards or more to the right, he catches sight of the flicker of beating wings, and like a flash they are gone. Again a call—the curlew are flighting. He looks and looks, in his excitement struggling to his feet, and raising his head incautiously far above the



GOODBY! SHE CRIED, CLINGING TO HIS HAND.

This is bad, but the ardent sportsman sits down with a groan and waits, listening to the soft lap of the tide. And then at last virtue is rewarded. First of all two wild ducks come over, cleaving the air like arrows. The maliard is missed, but the left barrel reaches the duck, and down it comes with a full and satisfying thud. Hardly have the cartridges been replaced when the wild cry of the curlew is once more heard—quite close this time. There they are, looming large against the fog. Bangl down goes the first and lies flapping among the rocks. Like a flash the second is away to the left. Bangl after him, and caught him, tool Hark!

The right, but some way off. She paddled on vigorously, but now no more shots came to guide her, therefore for a while her saw something looming through the mist shead; it was the Red Bocks, though she did not know it, and she drew near with caution till Geoffrey's shout broke upon her ears.

She picked up the dead bird and paddled toward the dim figure, who was evidently wrestling with something, she could not see what.

"Here is the curlew, sir," she said.

"Oh, thank you," answered the figure on

heltering rock. There they come, a greats flock of 30 or more, bearing straight down on him, a hundred yards off—80—60 now. Up goes the gun, but alas and alas! they catch a glimpse of the light glinting on the barrels, and perhaps of the head behind them, and in another second they have broken and scattered this way and that way, twisting off like a wisp of gigantic snipe and vanishing with melancholy cries into the depth of mist.

This is bad, but the ardent sportsman sits down with a groan and waits, listening to

what.
"Here is the curiew, sir," she said.
"Oh, thank you," answered the figure en