case made for it, and wear it always and always, and when I open it, the per aind me of you and of our walks together, and the evenings in that litle par But instantly she had pulled off he

your necklace?-and I will get a small gold

gloves, and with busy fingers unclasped the necklase; then she touched it with her lips, and placed the whole of the warm and scented treasure in his hand. "I only wanted one of the beads, Maisrie."

said he, with something of shamefacedness.
"Take it, Vincent—I have not many things to give," she said, simply. "Then—then would you wear something if I gave it to you?" he asked. "Oh, yes, if you would like that," she an-

"Oh, well, I must try to get something nice—something appropriate," said he. "I wonder if a Brighton jeweler could make me a small white dove in ivory or motherof-pearl that you could wear just as if it had alighted on your breast—a pin, you know, for your neck—and the pin could be made of a row of rubies or sapphires-while the dove itself would be white.

"But, Vincent," said she, doubtingly, "if I were to wear that?" What would it mean? Is that what you ask? Shali I tell you, Maisrie? It would mean a betrothal!

She shrank back "No-no," she said. "No-I could not

wear that !" 'Oh, are you trightened by a word?" said he, cheerfully. "Very well-very well-it shan't mean anything of the kind! It will only serve to remind you of a morning on which you and I went for a little stroll down a breakwater at Brighton, when the Bright-on people were so kind as to leave it all to ourselves. Nothing more than that, Mais-riel-if you wish it. Only you must wear the little white dove-as an emblem of peace and goodwill—and a messenger bringing you good news—and a lot of things like that, that I'm too stupid to put into words. For this is a morning not to be forgotten by either of us, all our lives long, I hope. You think you have not said anything?-then you shouldn't have such tell-tale eyes, Maisriel And I believe them. I don't believe you when you talk about vague impos sibilities. Well, I suppose I must let you go; and I suppose we cannot say goodbye-

"But you are coming, too, Vincent-"As far as ever you will allow me," said "Till the end of life, if you like-and

But that was looking too far ahead in the pre-ent circumstances. "What are you going to do to-day, Mais rie?" he asked, as they were leaving the breakwater and making up for the Marine Parade, Oh, I lorgot; you are going out walking at 11."

She blushed slightly. "No, Vincent; I think I shall remain a "On a morning like this?-impossible!

Why, you must go out in the sunlight. Sunlight is rare in December." Then she said, with some little embarrass ment, "I do not wish to vex you any more, Vincent. If I went out with grandfather,

we should meet Mr. Glover-"
"Mr. Glover?" he said, interrupting her. "Dearest Maisrie, I don't mind if you were to go walking with twenty Mr. Glovers-I n't mind that now. It is the sunlight that is of importance; it is getting you into the sunlight that is everything. And if Mr. Glover asks you to go driving with him in the afternoon, of course you must go-it will interest you to see the crowd and the carriages, and it will keep you in the fresh air. Oh, yes, if I'm along in the King's road this afternoon, I shall look out for you; and if you should happen to see me, then just remember that you have given me your sandal wood necklace, and that I am the proudest and happiest person in the whole town of Brighton. Why, of course, you must go out, both morning and after noon," he continued, in his gay and generous fashion, as they were mounting the steps toward the upper thoroughfare. "Sunlight is just all the world, for flowers, and pretty young ladies, and similar things; and now you're away from the London fogs, you must make the best of it. It is very wise of your grandfather to lay aside his work while the fine weather lasts. Now be

a good, sensible girl, and go out at 11 Vincent," she said, "if I do go with grandfather this morning, will you come down the town, and join us?"

"Oh, well," said he, rather hesitatingly, "I-I do not wish to inflict myself on anybody. But don't mistake, Maisrie: 1 shall be quite happy, even if I see you walking up and down with the purveyor of bad sherry. It won't vex me in the least; something you told me this morning has made me proof against all that. The important thing is that you should keep in the sun-'I ask you to come. Vincent."

"Oh, very well, certainty," said he-no knowing what dark design was in her mind. He was soon to discover. When he left her in St. James' street, whither she had to go to get the morning newspapers for her grandfather, he went back to the hotel, this priceless treasure of a necklace she had bestowed on him, and to wonder how best he could make of it a cunning talisman that he could have near his heart night and day. And also he set to work to sketch out designs for the little breast-pin he meant to have made, with its transverse rows of rubies or sapphires, with its white dove in the centre. An inscription? That was hardly needed: there was a suffleient understanding between him and her. And surely this was a betrothal, despite timid shrinking back? The avowal of that morning had been more to him than words during that brief moment it seemed as it heaven shone in her eyes; and as if he could see there, as in a vision, all the years to come-all the years that he and she were to be together-shining with a soft celestral radiance. And would not this small white

dove convey its message of peace?—when it lay on her bosom, "so light, so light." Then all of a sudden it occurred to him why, he had been talking and walking with an adventuress, a begging-letter impostor, a common swindler, and had quite forgotten to be on his guard! All the solemn warn ings he had received had entirely vanished from his mind when he was out there on the breakwater with Maisrie Bethune. He had looked into her eyes—and never thought of any swindling! Had this sandal wood necklace-that was sweet with a fragrance more than its own-that seemed to have still some lingering warmth in it, borrowe from its recent and secret resting place-been given him as a lure? The white dove -significant of all innocence, and purity, and peace—was that to rest on the heart of a traitoress? Well, perhaps; but it did not appear to concern him much, as he got his

hat and cone, and pulled on a fresh pair of gloves and went out into the open air. Nay, he was in a magnanimous mood toward all mankind. He would not ever seek to interfere with Sherry, as he mentally and meanly styled his rival. If it pleased the young gentleman in the cover-coat to walk up and down the King's road with Maisrie Bethune-very well. If he took her for a drive after luncheon, that would amuse her, and also was well. The time for jealous dread, for angry suspicions, for reproachful accusations, was over and gone. A glance from Maisrie's eyes had banished all that. Sherry might parade his acquaintanceship as much as he chose, so long as Maisrie was kept in the open air and the sunlight; that was the all-important point. By-and-bye he went away down to King's road, and very speedily espied the though as yet they were at some distance They were coming toward him: in a few min-utes he would be face to face with them. And

going along to the Chain Pier, to get out of e crowd. Won't you come?"
"Oh, yes, if I may!" said be, gladly enough-and he knew that the other young man was staring, not to say scowling at this nwelcome intrusion.

Now Maisrie had been walking between

her grandfather and young Glover; but the moment that Vincent joined the little party, she fell behind.
"Four abreast are too many," said she. "We must go two and two; grandfather, will you lead the way with Mr. Glover?" It was done, and dexterously done, in a moment; and if the selection of the new comer as her companion was almost too open and marked, perhaps that was her intention. At all events, when the two others had moved forward, Vincent said in an un-

"This is very kind of you, Maisrie." And she replied, rather proudly—
"I wished to show you that I could distinguish between old and new friends."

Then he grew humble.

"Maisrie," said he, "don't you treasure up things against mel It was only a phrase.
And just remember how I was situated. I And just remember how I was situated. I came away down to Brighton merely to catch a glimpse of you, and about the first thing I saw was this young fellow, whom I had never heard of, driving you up and down among the fashionable crowd. You see, Maisrie, you hadn't give me the sandalwood necklace then, and what is of far more consequence, you hadn't allowed your sees to tell me what they told me this morneyes to tell me what they told me this morning. So what was I to think? No harm o you, of course, but I was miserable;—and—and I thought you could easily torget, and all the afternoon I looked out for you, and all the evening I wandered about the streets, wondering whether you would be in one of the restaurants or the hotels. If I could only have spoken a word with you! But then, you know, I had been in a kind of way shut off from you, and—and there was this new acquaintance—"

this new acquaintance—"
"I am very sorry, Vincent," she said also
in a low voice. "It seems such a pity that
one should vex one's friends unintentionally; because in looking back, you like to think of their always being pleased with you; and then again there may be no chance of making up-and you are sorry when it is

"Come, come, Maisrie," he said with for some people had intervened, and the other two were now a little way shead, "I am not going to let you talk in that way. You always speak as if you and I were to be separated 'Wouldn't it be better, Vincent?" she

said, simply. "Why? "Why?" she repeated, in an absent kind

of way. "Well, you know nothing about us, Vincent."
"I have been told a good deal of late, hen!" he said, in careless scorn. And the next instant he wished he had bitten his tongue outere making that hap-hazard speech. The girl looked at him with a curious quick scrutiny—as if she were afraid.
"What have you been told, Vincent?" she

demanded, in quite an altered tone.

"Oh, nothing!" he said, with disdain. "A lot of rubbish! Everyone has good-natured friends, I suppose, who won't be satisfied with minding their own business. And although you may laugh at the moment, still, it should happen that just at the same time you should see someone you are very fond of-in-in a position that you can't ex plain to yourself-well, then- But what is the use of talking, Maisriel I confess that I was jealous out of all reason, jealous to the verge of madness; but then I paid the penalty, in hours and hours of misery; and now you come along and heap coals of five on my head, until I am so ashamed of myself that I don't think I am fit to live. And

that's all about it; and my only excuse is that you had not told me then what your eyes told me this morning." She remained silent and thoughtful for a little while; but as she made no further reference to his inadvertent admission that he had heard certain things of herself and grandfather, he inwardly hoped that that unlucky speech had gone from her memory. Moreover, they were come to the Chain Pier; and as those two in front waited for them, so that they should go through the turnstile one after the other, there was then no opportunity for further confidential talking. But once on the pier, old George Bethune, who was eagerly discoursing on some subject or another (with magnificent emphasis of arm and stick) drew ahead again, taking his companion with him And Vin Harris, regarding the picturesque figure of the old man, and his fine en-thusiastic manner which at all events seemed so sincere, began to wonder whether there could be any grains of truth in the story that had been told him, or whether it was a complete and malevolent fabrication, His appearance and demeanor, certainly were not those of a professional impostor; it was hard to understand how a man of his proud and blunt self-assertion could manage to wheedle wine merchants and tailors. Had he really called himself Lord Bethune; or was it not far more likely that some ignorant colonial folk, impressed by his talk of high lineage and by his personal dignity, had bestowed on him that title? The young man-guessing and wondering-began to recall the various counts o that

"Maisrie, you know that motto grandfather is so proud of: 'Stand Craig-Royston! Have you any idea where Craig-Royston is?"
"I? No, not at all," she said simply.

sinister indictment; and at last he said to

his companion, in a musing kind of way-

"You have never been there?"
"Vincent!" she said. "You know I have never been in Scotland." "Because there is such an odd thing in connection with it," he continued. "In one edition of Black's Guide to Scotland, Craig-Royston is not mentioned anywhere; and in another it is mentioned, but only in te. And I can't find it in the map. You don't know if there are any people of your name living there now?"

"I am sure I cannot say," she made nawer. "Grandfather could tell you; he is answer. always interested in such things." "And Balloray," he went on, "I could find no mention of Balloray; but of course

there must be such a place?" "I wish there was not." she said, sadly, "It is the one bitter thing in my grand-father's life. I wish there never had been any such place. But I have noticed a change in him of late. He does not complain now as he used to complain; he is more resigned; indeed, he seldom talks of it, And when I say complain, that is hardly the word. Don't you think he bears his lot with great fortitude? I am sure it is more on my account than his own that he ever thinks of the estate that was lost. And I am sure he is happier with his books than with all the land and money that could be given to him. He seems to fancy that those old songs and ballads belong to him; they are his property; he is happier with them than with a big estate and riches."

"I could not find Balloray in the index to the Guide," Vincent resumed, "but of course there must be such a place-there i the ballad your grandfather is so fond of-"The Bonnie Milldams o' Balloray." She looked up quietly, with some distress

"Vincent, don't you understand? Don't you understand that grandfather is easily taken with a name-with the sound of itand sometimes he confuses one with another. That ballad is not about Balloray, it is about Binnorie; it is "The Bonn Bonnie Milldams o' Binnorie.' Gran Grandfather forgets at times, and he is used to Balloray; and that has got into his head in connection with the ballad. I thought perhaps you knew."

"Oh, no," said he lightly, for he did not attach any great importance to this chance confusion. "The two words are not unlike; the had made up his mind what he meant to do. Maisric should see that he was actuated no longer by jealous rage; that he had confidence in her; that he feared no rival new. And so it was that when they came noar, he merely gave them a general and pleasant "Good-morning!" and raised his hat to Maisric, and was for passing on. But he had reckoned without his host—or hostess rather.

"Vincenti" said Maisrie, in expostulation.

Then he stopped.

There's year coming with us? We sre

be going their several ways home, he a bold stroke. "Come, Mr. Bethune," said he as they

were successively passing through the turnstile, "I want you and Miss Bethune to take pity on a poor solitary bachelor, and come along and have a bit of lunch with me at the Old Ship. It will be a little change for you, won't it?—and we can have a private room if you prefer that."

The old gentleman The old gentleman seemed inclined to close with this offer; but he glanced toward

Maisrie for her acquiescence first.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Glover," said she, promptly; "but I have everything arranged at our lodgings; and we must not disappoint our landlady. Some other time, perhaps, thank you! Good morning!" Then the moment he was gone, she turned

o her companion. "Vincent, have you any engagement? No? Then, will you be very courageous and come with us and take your chance! I

can promise you a biscuit at least."
"And I'm sure I don't want anything more," said he, most gratefully; for surely she was trying her best to show him that she distinguished between old and new

And then again, when they reached the rooms, and when the three of them were seated at table, she waited upon him with a gentle care and as iduity that were almost embarrassing. He wished the wretched things at the bottom of the sea: why should commonplace food and drink interfere with his answering Maisrie's eyes, or thinking of her overwhelming kindness? As for old George Bethune, the sharp air and the sun-light had given him an admirable appetite; and he allowed the young people to amuse themselves with little courtesies and attentions, and protests just as they pleased. Cheese and celery were solid and substantial things: he had no concern about a drooping eyelash, or some pretty, persausive And yet he was not unfriendly towards

the young man.
"Wouldn't you like to go to the theater this evening, Maisrie?" saked Vincent. "It is the 'Squire's Daughter.' I know you've seen it already; but I could go a dozen times-20 times—the music is so delightful. And the traveling company is said to be quite as good as the London one; Miss Kate Burgoyne has changed into it, you know, and I shouldn't wonder if she sung all the better because of the £3,000 damages that Sir Percival Miles has had to pay her. Shall I go along and see if I can get a box?" "What do you say, grandfather?" the

"Oh, yes—very well, very well," said he, in his lofty way. "A little idlenes: more or less is not of much account. But we must begin to work soon, Maisrie; fresh air and sunlight are all very well; but we must be-gin to work-while the day is with us, though luckily one has not to say to you as yet—jam te premet nox, fabulæaue Manes et domus exilis Plutonia."

"Then if we go to the theater," said Maisrie, "Vincent must come in here for a little while on his way home; and you and he will have a smoke together; and it will be quite like old times."—And Vincent looked at her as much as to say, 'Maisrie, don't make me too ashamed: haven't you forgiven me yet for that foolish phrase?'

The afternoon passed quickly enough; to Vincent every moment was golden. Then in the evening they went to the theater; and the young people were abundantly charmed with the gay costumes, the pretty music. When they reached their lodgings the servant girl, who opened the door to them, paused for a second and looked up and down

"Yes, sir, there he is," said she.

"Who?" George Bethune demanded.
"A man who has been asking for you, sir and said he would wait." At the same moment there came out of the gloom a rather shabby-looking person.
"Mr. George Bethune?" he said,

"Yes, that is my name," the old man answered, impatiently; probably he sus-"Something for you, sir," said the stranger, handing a folded piece of paper—

and therewith be left. It was all the work of a second; and the next instant they were indoors, and in the little parlor; but in that brief space of time a great change had taken place. Indeed, Maisrie's mortification was a piteous thing to set; it seemed so hard she should have and to endure this humiliation under the very eyes of her lover; she would not look way at all; she busied herself putting things on the table; her downcast face was overwhelmed with confusion and shame, For surely Vincent would know what that paper was? The appearance of the man-his hanging about—her grandfather's angry frown—all pointed plainly enough. And that it should happen at the end of this long and happy—this day of reconcilia-tion—when she had tried so ussiduously to be kind to him—when he had spoken so confidently of the future that lay before posed to say to him: "Now you see the sur-roundings in which this girl has lived; and do you still dream of making her your wife?" them! It was it some cruel fate had inter-

And perhaps old George Bethune noticed this shame and vexation on the part of his granddaughter, and may have wished to divert attention from it; at all events, when he had brewed his toddy, and lit his and drawn his chair toward the fire, he proseeded to deliver a sort of discursive lecture -a lecture on the happy case of the poor man. This was no rhythmic chant in praise of la bonne deesse, la deesse de la pauvrete; but a rambling, shrewd, good-natured, paradoxical discourse on the Possessions of John Smith-or rather, what might be the Possessions of John Smith, if John Smith had only the wit to reflect.

And so he went rambling on; while Maisrie sat silent and abashed; and Vincent, listening vaguely, thought it was all very fine to have a sanguine and happy-go-lucky temperament, but that he—that is, the younger man—would be glad to have this beautiful and pensive creature of a girl removed into altogether different circum-stances. He knew why she was ashamed and downcast-though to be sure, he said to himself that the serving of a writ was no tremendous cataclysm. Such little inci dents must necessarily occur in the career of any one who had such an arrogant disdain of pounds and pence. But that Mais-rie should have to suffer humiliation; that was what touched him to the quick. looked at her-at her beautiful and wist ul eyes, and at the sensitive lines of her profile and under-lip; and his heart bled for her. And all this following upon her outspoke avowal of that morning seemed to demand some more definite and immediate action on his part—when once the quiet of the night had enabled him to consider his position. When he rose to leave, he asked them what they meant to do next day. But Mais-rie was listless, careless, indisposed. She would hardly say anything; she seemed rather to wish him to go, so distressed and disheartened she was. And so he did, presently; but he bore away with him no hurt feeling on account of his tacit dismissal He understood all that; and he understood

her. And as he went away home through the dark, he began to recall the first occasions on which he had seen Maisrie Bethune walking in Hyde Park with her grand father; and the curious fancies that were then formed in his own mind—that here apparently was a beautiful, and sensitive, and uffering soul that ought to be rescued and cheered and comforted, were one found worthy to be her champion and her friend. Her friend?-she had confessed he was some thing more than that on this very morning Her lover, then?-well, her lover be her champion too, if only the hours of the night would lend him counsel.

Too Much Feigning.

City Swell-I fain would have thee my very own. Country Maiden-Well, you can just get You're not the first by several that's feigned the same thing, an' I'm still doing the housework for ma."

Where Kansas Editors Are. Kau., Record.1

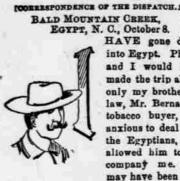
It is said of the 800 convicts in the Kansas penitentiary that not one is an editor. But just wait till the poorheuse statistics are

Our Lady Correspondent Finds a

INTERIOR OF A TYPICAL HOME. A Revengeful Young Hero Who Was Hoisted

Rough Carolina Corner.

by His Own Petard. WADING IN ICE-COVERED WATERS



HAVE gone down into Egypt. Phobe and I would have made the trip alone, only my brother-inlaw, Mr. Bernard, a tobacco buyer, was anxious to deal with the Egyptians, so I altowed him to accompany me. It may have been that

I was influenced in my decision to allow him to come along by a talk I had with a mountaineer up country.

"I reckon it's called Egypt," he said, because it's a place of heathen darkness: and the reason that you, or any lady, can't go is that it's the wildest, roughest and most inaccessible mountain country, inhabited by the toughest, savagest and most lawless community anywhere to be found in the State. They average a man a week killed up there—shot or stabbed. Officers can scarcely be found to go in there for the purpose of serving warrants. It is a regular haunt of illicit stills. Revenue men don't trouble them much, from the fact that, if one bolder or more zealous than most of his fellows gets in there he's seldom heard from again. The men-not all of them, of course, but the majority—are a rough, wild, reck-less, devilish set, fine-looking often, and sometimes with a certain dash, bravado and attractiveness about them that the more humble and decent grubbers of the soil

WOMEN DO ALL THE WORK. They hunt, fish, drink whisky, loaf around the little stores of the settlement, gambling and fighting, while the women—some of them ill-used slaves, but many no better than the men-do such work, in house and field, as is done. I heard some fellows up there discussing a brutal shooting affair, in which one man had killed another in cold

ood, "Was he arrested?" I asked. "'Naw,' responded the narrator, with a surprised circumflex, 'he never killed but

one man. Well, we reached the southern edge of Egypt about noon. The landscape and surroundings here underwent a gradual change as we progressed. The country grew wilder and more rugged, but was much more thickly settled. Just at dusk we rode up to a big rambling house, consisting of a number of small ones, evidently built at different times, and joined together in irregular formlessness by open passages and porches, some one or two being entirely detached. While some one came out and "minded the hounds off" us, my brotherin-law remarked: "Now, my lady, I think you'll get enough of this thing right here. This is about the toughest place and the nardest lot we have to encounter;" and upon the heels of this we went into the house, without my having time to reply. I was braced to the point of mental and

moral rigidity, and it was well, AN INTERIOR VIEW. It was a Rembrandt interior. No light except a big open fire, where the supper was being cooked, and around which hung a number of shock-headed, vacant-eyed children and the whole gang of gaunt, hungry looking hounds - the latter kicked and cuffed away every few minutes, with much tumult and riot. As my eyes grew accusomed to the light I examined the surround ings. There was a bed, I thought, in each of the four corners of the room, made by boring a hole in a log at the right distance from the corner on each side and inserting poles, these two poles being supported where they met at the outer corner by a post. Then a framework of withes is woven across, and

the bedding laid on. I found, when a light was made by means of a ray floating in a small pan of grease. that the fourth one of these primitive structures was our dining table; and in the log at my corner was bored an auger bole, which served as salt cellar. The supper of corn bread, sweet potatoes, possum, rabbi and coffee (with sorghum) was not bad, and I ate, notwithstanding the repulsive—not to say disgusting—looking children and the reproachful glances of the hounds.

DIDN'T SLEEP ALIKE. When the tobacco business had been set-tled, Mr. Bernard asked about the sleeping arrangements, and the woman showed us two rooms with real beds in them. I was so tired I slept soundly. The next morning, after a breakfast which was an exact reproduction of the last night's supper, rabbit



possum, snuffling children and all, we rode away northward. Mr. B. eyed me awhile after we started out, and finally inquired in an ironical tone: "Well, how did you en-joy your night's sleep?"

"Why, very well," I answered, "didn't

"I didn't have any," said he; "do yo mean to tell me you slept all night, and heard nothing? Well, either you've got pretty good nerves or you don't know what I mean when I say those folks are a hard lot, even for Egypt. Nearly everybody I ever knew to stop with these people was robbed, more or less. Three times I heard them up, prowling around, last night; and every time they would come within hearing I would cough or flop over noisily in the bad and mutter. Finally, about 4 o'clock I must have fallen into a doze; for I was suddenly awa ened by some one sneaking into my room. "Must be about morning, ain't it," I called out in a brisk, cheerful tone, as thoug : I was entirely accustomed to reseive call: at that hour.

THE OLD LADY'S DUTY.

"There was a pause, and then the old woman's voice replied, "I reckon hit's a gittin' to'ds mornin'." So it was she and not the old man that had been going to attend to the little job of searching my clothes. She went up to a chest that stood near the bed and presented to sumble awhile in it, mumbling something about some pain-killer, and then shambled out. "That was the last I heard of any of

them, for it began to grow light in an hour -how do you like it as far as you've I didn't like it at all, but I would have perished in a great variety of painful ways rather than say so, and as I elt slightly depressed and couldn't think of any cheerful or witty remark to make, I said nothing.

Well, we continued down the Caney river. The tobacco buying business proceeded satisfactorily all day and we met with nothing of particular interest till we rode no to a little store in a sattlement about o'clock, and saw there, standing on

porch, a hero.
"By George! there's little Johnny Higgins," exclaimed Mr. Bernard; and he explained to me that Little Johnny was a sort of "king bee" of that whole region, the ringleader in all deviltry, hunting expeditions and wild frolies, or, as he himself phrased it, "head devil in these parts."

THE TERROR ON RELIGION. He was a really magnificent looking man, about 6 feet 2 inches tall, straighter (as are all these hunters and fishers up here in Egypt) than one out of a thousand of the ordinary mountaineers, with handsome, broad shoulders, hands and feet small and well formed, and a rather classic, unintelectual head, well set and well carried, cov ered with close curling black hair, his face lit up by a pair of bright dark eyes, rather close together. He was bare-footed, and clad in the ordinary jeans trousers and checked shirt, but a fine cartridge belt was round his waist, and a fine rifle leaned be

side him. While Mr. B., who was hailed somewhat enthusiastically by the crowd, talked to-bacco with a couple of men, I listened to a religious discussion that was going on, in which Little Johnny maintained, with vehement and picturesque profanity, that man never did anything-not the smallest thing-of his own will and volition, but only as the creature of Providence; that not on our ultimate destiny, but every step toward it, and every deed, good or bad, committed by the way, is controlled and guided by the direct hand of God. His opponents were "Free Will Babtiss'," but they made small headway against Little Johnny's intense sarnestness and overwhelming personality.

JOHNNY'S PECULIAR VIEWS. Afterward I told Mr. Bernard about it He laughed and said: "I guess Johnny thinks he bears about strong evidence of the truth of that doctrine in his own person. You noticed he had lost his right arm? Well, he and Jim Broddy were on very bad terms about ten years ago, and Johnny got a



Deciding a Whisky Bet. dynamite cartridge, such as is used in blast ing for mining and excavating, and went one dark night, accompanied by his hopeful son Zeb, to blow Jim and his family up as they slept, thus probably setting a new style among the bloods of Egypt.

"He lit the tuse, and was just in the act of throwing the cartridge, or bomb, under Jim's cabin, when it burst prematurely,

shattering his arm clear to the shoulder, and putting out Zeb's eyes. He was very much impressed by the accident, accepted it as an intimation from the Almighty that he was to let Jim Broddy alone, and has been peculiar and pronounced in his religious views

These people-the Egyptians-differ from their neighbors very materially in one re-spect; they have a strong sense of humor, nd are inveterate perpetrators and retailer of jokes. This sense of humor is rather savage and archaic, more robust than fine; a city club man might not see the point of their jokes, and a few bloody noses, black eyes and broken heads are not rare concom tants.

A QUESTION OF ENDURANCE. Little Johnny, as I before stated, is the hero of several exploits I heard related, and of which I shall have space but for one. It was a Christmas frolic. Bitter cold often is up in these mountains at Christman the thermometer lingering in a depress frame of mind, in the small numbers belo zero. Little Johnny was not an illicit dis tiller, but was always a dealer in the moon With him at his house were John and Huts Fletcher. After telling big yarns awhile, Little Johnny offered to bet that neither of the men would follow where he would lead. They both declared they would, and it was agreed that either one that failed to do so should pay five galons of whisky, Johnny to pay the same to each if he succeeded.

Out sailed Johnny through the deep snow o the river, running about 30 yards in from of the house, and now covered with ice about an inch thick; and into it he plunged, closely followed by John and Huts. Down stream he walked and walked, crashing brough the thin ice at every step, and wading the marrow-congealing water often to to his thighs. Still the men followedthough their teeth rattled.

LIKE OLD NORSE HEROES. This cheerful sport was kept up for tw miles—no one being willing to turn tail— when the pond above the mill dam was reached. Here, from there being very little current, the ice was thick enough to and Johnnie stalked across it toward the dam, reached a thin place and went souring and crashing through, followed by Huts, who was close at his heels. They could both swim like fish, and, in spite of the tey water, and the long chilling they had un-dergone, scrambled out all right, and went home veiling hooting gibes at the more cau-tious John, who held back at the pond and shirked a ducking at a temperature severa

degrees below zero.

Johnny and Huts both had whisky there but wouldn't sell any to John, and started him out peremptorily to walk three miles after his five gallon forfeit, which being procured and little Johnny having paid John his, they all proceeded to get gloriously drunk.
Now, doesn't it remind you of a Norse

saga? The splendid physical vigor and endurance, the contempt or suffering and discomfort, the impatience of ordinary bounds and restraints, the delights in hardship, and the elephantine sun and horse play, like the amusements of aboriginal giants? It certainly, to me, has a flavor of the O-whoopee-O-yow-yow, big bow-wow style of Amatric and Wulf and Altoe, and other Norse and Scandinavian worthies, whose doings alternately tickled and offended ALICE MACGOWAN.

A HANGTOWN DURL

The Parties Pecked Away at Each Other Until One Gun Missed Fire.

One of the best story tellers in Congress, ays Frank G. Carpenter, is Senator Sanders, Montaua. The subject of duels came no the other night, and he told a number of varus about the affrays of the Montana min ing regions. In one of the duels which he described, the parties fought with revolvers in a trench four feet wide and six feet deep. This trench was just 30 feet long, and the duelists stood at either end of it and fired at ach other until one of them dropped. "One of the most remarkable character

of the Montana mining regions," said Sen-ator Sanders, "was a fiddler named Kelley. He was a good-for-nothing rascal, but popu-lar on that account. One night Kelley got into a fuss with an Englishman nam Speare, and he challenged him to fight a duel. Speare accepted. The affair took place at Hangtown, but the camp was in a narrow gulch and they could not find a place level enough for the duel.

The terms and weapons were decided upon and then they marched in procession up the ravine for about five miles before they could find a level spot. The weapons were revolvers, and the understanding was that the men were to fire at one another men were to fire at one another until one or the other dropped. At the first fire neither was hit. It was the same at the second shot, and at the third Speare's gun failed to go off. There were about 500 of Kelley's Irish triends looking on. They had come up to see him kill that blanked Englishman, Speare, but he replied that he would not shoot a man who couldn't shoot back, and that ended the duel."

Force of Habit. "My queen," said he to his wife, an ex-

typewriter.
"My dictator!" she whispered, as she nestled closer to his manify bosom.

KNEELING NATION

Though Not Overly Religious, the Japanese Spend Much Time

IN THE ATTITUDE OF DEVOTION. Bad Air and Bad Water Are the Crying

Evils of the Orient.

HOME COMFORTS NOT APPRECIATED CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. 1 YOKOHAMA, September 10 .- Although the Japanese are the most irreligious people in the world, few of them ever getting on

almost everything on their knees that we do sitting or standing.

arrives at an inn, the host and his wife and all the servant girls drop down on their knees simultaneously and lower their heads till the nose almost touches the floor. The same is done when he leaves the inn. In this respect Japan has not changed except in a few large hotels in Tokio, Nikko, Kioto and other cities which are kept by Japmese proprietors almost exclusively for foreigners, since few natives are able or willing to pay \$3 to \$3 50 a day, when they can be comfortably housed and led in a genuine Japanese inn, for about a dollar. In such an inn, again, it would be considered a great breach of etiquette if the servant girl, on being called to a guest's room by clapping the hands, did not get down on her knees be-fore inquiring what is wanted. And when a Japanese eats his meal from the little lacquer table three inches high and a foot square, not only does he himself kneel, but a girl also kneels opposite him, waiting to fill up his rice bowl from the big vessel standing by her side, till he has had enough.

RECEIVING A VISITOR. Nor is this kneeling habit by any means confined to innkeepers and their servants. Shopkeepers greet their customers similarly, and at home people of all ranks get on their knees to receive visitors, who also knee down, both parties touching the floor with their head two or three times, while exchanging some excruciatingly elaborate and formal Oriental compliments, in which each one calls himself an unworthy being (much as Christians call themselves miserable sinners in church), and exalts the other. Indeed, in Japan it would be considered as rude to receive a visitor standing as it would in America to receive him sitting-one o the instances of topsy-turvydom which Prof. Chamberlain forgot to add to his long

and amusing list in his entertaining new volume called "Things Japanese." Ir you engage a few music girls to play for you while you eat your dinner, they will kneel opposite you while they play their banjo and small drum; and a young lady at home, when she plays on her koto (the Japanese piano), places it on the floor and the theater, she does not sit on a chair, but kneels during the whole performance in an attitude which to a foreigner would prove a racking torment in ten minutes. But she i so accustomed to it that she actually finds it more comfortable to kneel and sit on her beels than to sit on a chair or bench, as is proved in the cars, where you often see a woman or girl dropping her slippers and putting her feet under her on the seat.

THE LONG SILE TROUSERS. A few weeks ago I attended a theatrical performance in Tokio, at which some of the performance in Tokio, at which some of the actors wore trailing silk tronsers, such as were worn 30 years ago. I asked a Japanese friend what he thought was the original object of this strange costume, and he replied that it was to give the impression that the Tycoon's subjects were on their knees even when walking. It seems, however, that the nobles compensated themselves for this homiliation (if so they considered it) by making their inferiors go down on their knees before them even in the street. It has been suggested that the docile subits explanation in the great license allowed during the feudal age to the samurai, or two-sworded military men, who, on return-ing from a nocturnal carousal, could with impunity slash and stab not only dogs that into their way, but inoffensive and shopkeepers, who thus learned to conside polite submission the better part of valor But this theory does not account for the remarkable courteousness which prevails in the aristocratic circles as well as among the people, and has made genuflection the national attitude of the Japanese. It is universally admitted by foreign visitors ous and kindly people in the world, and that whereas the insinuating politeness of Frenchmen and Spaniards is often a mere surface polish, that of the Japanese springs from true kindliness of disposition shows itself continually in their toward each other and still more toward foreigners. I have myself had numerous experiences of this during the last two months, but will mention only one incident

which, for the very reason that it is of such a privial nature, is all the more eloquent.

AN EXAMPLE OF COURTESY. One day, while at Otarn in Yazo, I went with a friend just outside of the town limits to take a bath in the sea. There was no sandy beach, but the shore was rocky, and some workmen were digging away the hill side to make room for more houses. When we had had our swim and returned to our clothes we found that these workmen had spread a clean new mut over the rocks so that we might have a place to dress comtortably. In what other country would such an act of gratuitous courtesy enter the minds of common workmen?
It is to be hoped that this national cour-

tesy, as well as the love of art and nature, of flowers and scenery, and the contempt for vulgar displays of wealth, which now char-acterize the Japanese, may ever continue to remain among their cardinal virtues. But the manner in which this courtesy is manifested is too Oriental to hold its own against the inroads of Western civilization, and it is probable that in a lew decades Japan will cease to be the Kneeling Nation. no one would dream of getting on his knees when an official passes along the street, and even when the Mikado appears in public his attendants and the people either stand or sit on foreign chairs. Now, just as the man who bought himself a new hat, soon found that he had to get an entire new suit in order to match it, so the Japanese, if they adopt a single article of foreign furniture, will be bound to build an entirely different kind of house and change their way of liv-ing. Say it is a table with chairs. As soonas you eat off a table instead of on the floor, not only will you cease kneeling, but it would appear absurd for the tenhouse maid to kneel by your side to fill up your rise bowl. This is so well understood that at the foreign and semi-foreign hotels in Japan the waiter girls do their waiting in the same way as they would in other countries. When once you have a table you will want knives and forks instead of chopsticks, and this implies changes in cookery. More-over, Japanese rooms are so low and small that a table seems as much out of place in them and as clumsily big as a foreigner; hence you must build different houses to harmonize with the table—Q. E. D.

DIFFERENT FROM THE CHINESE. But are not the common people too con-

servative to submit to such changes and in-novations? Not the Japanese, I think. Contrary to the prevalent opinion they are not, like the Chinese, a conservative people. On the contrary, they are the most protean of all nations with the exception, perhaps, of the French, and they have been apticalled the Frenchmen of the East. Twice within historic times have they adopted a toreign set of ideas and customs by whole-sale—once Chinese Confucianism with its moral and social code, another time Indian Buildhism, so that there is no reason for doubting that American and European ideas and practice, which are now being imported

systematically, will effect another and even a more radical change.

Japan, in her present attitude, is a good deal like America. She imports whatever is best from each European country, and thus hopes like America, to lay the foundation for a civilization higher than that of Europe. And if seal and enthusiasm of Japanese students may be accepted as a prognostic, there is reason to believe that these hopes may be, in part at least, realized. I have been told by several foreign professors engaged at Japanese universities and schools, that they have never, either in America or Europe, known a set of students America or Europe, known a set of students so uniformly industrious, intelligent, inquisitive and ambitious as the Japanese. As for the common people, they share at least the curiosity of the students, and this makes them willing to give foreign things a

AMERICA IN THE LEAD.

The changes now being introduced in the Island Empire are usually described as their knees before a deity in a temple or a "the Europeanization of Japan," but I think "the Americanization" would be a home, they may yet be described appropriately as the Kneeling Nation, since they do more accurate term. In a previous letter I gave some details showing the predominance of American influence, and to these may be added the significant fact that the Whenever a guest, be he native or foreign. education of young Japan is largely in American hands; or according to the latest official statistics (1888) the corps of loreign instructors in the public schools includes 126 Americans, 77 British and 19 Germans, these being the three principal nations represented. And there is a special reason why America should appeal the Japanese fancy, not only because in America the latest scientific discoveries and industrial improvements are most rapidly adopted and utilized, but still more because America is the direct antipodes of Japan in regard to

During the last two months I have visited

umerous cities, villages, summer resorts and rural districts in various parts of the Island Empire, from Sapporo to Kioto, and if I were to Kioto, and if I were asked what, in my opinion, Japan needed most !urgently, I should reply more comfortable houses and domestic arrangements, and public instruction in hy-giene and sanitary matters in general. There are certain things in and about Jap-anese houses which cannot be sufficiently commended; but in other respects they are a delusion and a snare, because they promise shelter from the weather and comforts which they do not yield. There are no stoves or fireplaces to dry your clothes in the 140 rainy days each year, or to get warm on the numerous cold days and chilly evenings.
On such occasions the inhabitants crowd around the miserable little fire-box in the center of the room, filled with glowing charcoal that roasts their hands and feet (while the rest of the body is freezing), and fillis the air with poisonous gas. Sometimes a quilt is fastened to a pole and spread around the group like a tent to keep the warmth in, and it is a sober lact that one reason wby the Japanese take so many hot baths—some-times four or five a day—is because that is the only way they can get comfortably warm all over.

BAD AIR AND WATER,

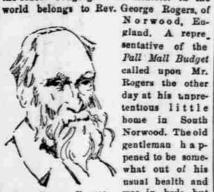
In a word, Japanese houses afford no comfort in winter. For summer use they are better adapted, with their sliding lattice frame screens or translucent paper, which can be bodily removed, so that two sides of the house are completely exposed to the air. But the benefits thus derived from this arrangement in the day time are completely neutralized by the absurd custom of hermetically sealing up the houses at night by means of the thick wooden amados, or outer sliding doors. These are put into place at 11 o'clock P. M., with a most infernal noise, which wakes every sleeper in the house, and the same noise is made in the morning at 4, when they are put away again.

But this noise is not the worst part of it.

There are no windows in these sliding doors so that not a breath of air gets into the room on hot, sultry nights. Nor is this the worst yet. A malodorous oil lamp is kept burning all night in each small room, and in cold weather a charcoal fire box, both of which poison the unrenovated air. And in in such a poisoned room from two to six and even ten Japanese will spend the night! No wonder they are so small and many of them day time in summer as well as winter air in Japanese houses - especially inns—is moreover vitiated by the horrible stenches, owing to the primitive closet arrangements and the absence of sewers. In this respect the Japanese cannot even claim to rank among emi-civilized nations, and it seems incomprehensible how people who are so refined in their artistic sensibilities, and so cleanly in regard to ther persons, can be so utterly indifferent to vile unhealthy odors which fill the houses at night, while the fresh air is carefully shut out by the amade. A few cities have water works, but in others open wells are still used into which sewage can drain and dust fly from the streets. In some villages I have even seen them use water run-ning along the streets which had partly come from the rice fields that had manured with the sewage of the same village. No wonder the cholera makes such fear ul havoc in Japan. But this is all the result of ignorance and reform will come. The fact that there are five crematories in

Tokio alone shows that the people are ready for any advance as soon as they learn that it is an advance. HENRY T. FINCE. PREACHED SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS.

thing About the Oldest Congregation Minister in the World. Since the Rev. Dr. Carrothers died in the United States the proud distinction of being the oldest Congregational minister in the



Pall Mall Budget called upon Mr. Rogers the other day at his unpretentious little home in South Norwood. The old gentleman happened to be somewhat out of his usual bealth and

Rev. George Rogers. was in bed; but he cordially received the representative and gave him some facts about his long life. Mr. Rogers, who is now in his 92d year began to preach when he was 17 years old. He was born at Ardleigh Hall, Essex, one of 12 children, all carefully educated in the Calvinistic creed. The young man studied for the ministry at Rotherham College. He was afterward connected with chapels in various parts of the kingdom; his most memorable work being done as co-pastor at the famous King's Weign House Chapel, and as paster for no less than 36 years of Albany Chapel. From this latter charge he retired in 1856 to become the first theological tutor of the Pastors' College, Hundreds of students passed through Mr. Rogers' hands, and often they expressed heartfelt admiration of him. years ago Mr. Rogers retired to Norwood preaching occasionally in various chapels in the locality. The last time he preached was two years ago. In his sermons on that oclief with which he had started.

In 1873 Mr. Rogers celebrated his golden wedding, and ten years later Mrs. Rogers died. To-day Mr. Rogers has four sous and two daughters living, and is able to boast of great grandchildren. He is very slightly deaf, and suffers somewhat, as is natural in a nonogenarian, from deficient circulation but his intellect is unclouded.

A Little By Play. Argonaut.]

Moritz Saphir, the witty Austrian journa ist, was once standing in a crowded theater. Some one leaned on his back, thrusting his head over his shoulder. Saphir drew out his handkerchief and wrung the man's nose violently. The latter started back. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Saphir; "I thought it was mine." AN ALLEY MYSTERY

How the Denizens Were Agitated by a Lonely Young Woman

WHO REFUSED TO BE SOCIABLE.

Theories of Photographer and Rhymster and the Denouement.

LAST OF THE SERIES OF SKETCHES

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY Hard by the attic gable of the opposite

tenement in Our Alley survives a solitary rose sprig in a weather-beaten flower-pot How long the sprig has existed none can tell. It has never been known to blossom, and the faded green trellis on which the sprig is supposed to climb into the glorious sunlight far above Alley grime and Alley sorrow, seems just as far away as when it was first erected. The children of the Alley call the sprig "rosemary," apparently because Mary is the name of the person who occupies the room at the house's gable end. And this brings us to the real hero-

ine of our story-Miss Mary herself. In the misty times when the Atley was a goat-ridden hillside it is supposed that this Miss Mary had a family name to distinguish her from other Marys. But none in the Alley now remember that name. The world has forgotten Miss Mary, and she does not

care to jog its memory. THE HEROINE'S ADVENT.

Our heroine is, comparatively speaking, a newcomer in the Alley. We can recall her first arrival, and the sensation which her tall, spare form, with its rusty black robe, created among us. Miss Maude Muldoon glanced at the cold, withered face, and forgot her fears of rivalry. The poet's bachelor intentions were frozen in his soul. The Alley tossed its head and thought very little

of Miss Mary.
She brought with her one small trunk and the rose sprig aforesaid—the latter bound in brown matting, and very carefully carried. With these poor Penates she en-tered into possession of the gable room. Of course alley courtesy led us to make advances to her. But our very first overtures of Intimacy were quietly but forcibly re-pulsed. We were rather annoyed at this, particularly Mrs. Muldoon, who expressed herself in no measured terms about the people who were "afraid to let decent vis-itors inside their dures." Finally we appealed to our friend, the sea captain. "Houks! ye turnpike sailors," exclaimed the doughty one of Neptune, " nae doubt ye fly from a woman's wee tongue. I've stood with bullets whistlin' round me like hail, ye ken, so maybe I can face this here

THE BRAVE CAPTAIN. So the "captain" hied himself to the door of the gable room, convinced that he could bring the lunely occupant to reason. We waited in hopeful expectancy, for we had a large idea of our "captain's" powers of admiralship. Soon, however, we heard the warrior returning, whistling "Tom Bowling," as he always did when woefully disappointed. He had failed in his mission. "Eh, sirs!" he thundered as he emerged into the Alley—"Eh, sirs! but there'll be a wind to-night that'll blow the teeth out o the ship carpenter's handsaw." And though we did not see the captain for the remainder of that day, we could hear only too well the mighty sea-oaths which he swore. For some time no further attempt was made to force ourselves on Miss Mar But as she refused to accept us, we, with a natural perversity, accepted her, and began even to be awed by her lofty austerity and uncontrovertible spinsterhood. Here it was

ality of the lady in the gable room. The Alley caught eagerly at the idea, and for some weeks it held undisputed sway.

that the poet began to get romantic, as he

always does about anything stall susceptible of romance. He wove a woeful legend of dis-appointed love around the mysterious person-

AN AWFUL SUSPICION. But then the malicious sea-captain suggest a horrible alternative, "Ye dinna ken." he said -"but she hae done some black crime-murder, perhaps, and is here in hidin'." Of course this theory at once overthrew that of the poet, Everybody in the alley—the Philosopher and

Everybody in the alley—the Philosopher and Rhymster excepted, really believed that they had a fu-tive criminal in their midst. Little Mike Muldoon, who was then in the third volume of a gory nickel-novel, spread the story far and wide, and Our Ailey began to acquire quite a villainous reputation, all on account of Miss Mary.

The Philosopher protested against the unjust belief that Miss Mary was either a heroine or a murderess, but he was scoffed at, as philosophers always are scoffed at in this unbelieving and sensational world. Day by day the alley grew more excited about Miss Mary. The "Marching Through Georgia" Club took up her case and argued it hotly, finally deciding that she was all that she was alleged to be, and probably more. Then came the crisis!

A SUSPICIOUS BLACK BAG. Miss Mary was seen to go forth carrying an uncanny looking black bag, with which she returned in the dusk of evening. This operation she repeated day after day, Sundays alone excepted. The black bag was the last straw! The alley could stand no more! A hurried meeting was held, at which the war party proved to be in the ascendant, and it was finally decided to take Miss Mary's stronghold

finally decided to take alies hary recognitive to the posterior of the weaptain" at our head we burst into the opposite tenement, rushed up the creaking stairs and thundered at the frail door of the suspected occupant. In answer to our strenuous summons the door was opened and Miss Mary looked out at us, her pale face and tall this flaure seeming half-ghostly in the dull light of the tenement lobby.

"To what," she sternly exclaimed, "am I indebted for the honer of this visit?"

There was dead silence for a moment and then the Philosopher stepped forth. "You see, madam," he explained, "these good people's curiosity is too much for then seen you carrying a mysterious black bag to and fro. Your strange unsociability has alarmed them. They fear that you are—well, that you are at least a fugitive from the eyes of the

THE PHILOSOPHER EXPLAINS.

law."

For the first and last time during her life in the alley, Miss Mary laughed.
"It is very kind of you," she said harshly, "to take so much interest in a crabbed old maid. I shall be pleased to give you all the information you require."

Then going back into the dim rece

Then going back into the dim recesses of ner foom she produced the awful black bag, above alluded to. Opening it, hastily, she took therefrom a number of gaudily covered volumes, evidently of the cheapest kind of literature. "Will you allow me." she continued, "to put your names down for the first number of this very elegant life of Hon. George Washington?"

So ended the romance of the lady in the gable room. Epilogue.

So ends-thanks to editorial shears-the alley series. With the due amount of regretful tears in his eyes, the Rhymster composed the following roudesu as an epilogue-the rhymes for the same being supplied by the Philosopher:

When day is done—the lamps below, Gleam dimly through the afterglow, Great wavering mist-wraith's townward roll'd Around the roofs their forms enfold Against our brows the bre

Our song is sped, our story told, The sunlight tricked it out with gold 'Tis but a grain of alley mould When day is done!

Yet reader, when your fire's aglow

n some warm nook, where dreams think sometimes of this alley old llong whose stones your fancy strolled And alley folk you used to know When day is done. PHILOSOPHER AND RHYMSTER

Big Waste of Power. Detroit Free Press.]

Every time a cow moves her tail to switch fly she exerts a force of three pounds. In the course of the summer a single cow wastes 5,000,000 pounds of energy. The cows of America throw away power enough to move every piece of machinery in the world This is exclusive of kicking milkmaids of the stools.