

WHO KNOWS?

As when the yellow Autumn time is here, Each tree and shrub, not doubtful of the Spring...

THE TWO HIGHWAYMEN.



BEGAN at last to think that the ball would never come to an end. I had looked forward to it with absolute dread...

At any rate, when the hour of our departure had come, his devotion was still unaltered, and Madam looked upon me a shade less likely, I thought...

The drive appeared interminable. I began to think that Dick must have come early and grown tired of waiting...

"I saw a sudden blackness move past the window. A pistol cracked, and as the carriage ceased to move I heard a man's voice speaking sternly to the coachman...

"You ride late, sir," he said, and I wondered at the skill with which he disguised his voice. "I presume you carry firearms, and must ask that you will trust them to my keeping."

"Your purse," he continued politely. Then, when he had received this also: "Sir Richard Courtney's luck at the cards has passed into a proverb. Tell your friends, sir, that you have given their I. O. U.'s to one who will never ask for payment; for I have no doubt I shall find them here."

"He put the purse into his pocket. "There is a diamond ring, too," he said, "and a watch." And these things he also received and pocketed.

All this time my uncle had been cursing him for a thief, and swearing he would see him hanged within a month upon the highest point of the moorland. As for me I had enjoyed the proceedings to begin with, but now I began to be afraid. Perhaps time was being wasted. There were others who must use this road in returning from the ball, and there was the risk of their coming to the rescue of my dear uncle and spoil the plans on which so much depended.

"So-and-re!" said my uncle, angrier than he had been at all. "Do you rob helpless women, also? Oh, but you shall hang high!" "Beauty," quoted the highwayman—"and I am sure the lady is beautiful—Beauty unadorned is best adorned." I must ask the lady to step from her carriage a moment and give me the jewelry of which she surely has no need.

My uncle would have hindered me, but I was passed him in a moment and stepped out of the carriage. "Your necklet," said the highwayman, holding forth his hand. I took the pearls from my neck and

pressed his hand in passing them to him. "Be quick!" I said in a whisper. "Where is your horse?" He paused a moment. "I saw the gleam of a bracelet," he said. "I must relieve you of that also."

Again I obeyed him, but the fear that others would come while he still stopped fooling became more urgent. "I'm ready," I whispered, so eagerly that I wonder my uncle did not hear. "Why do you wait?"

Again there was a pause. He appeared a little disconcerted. "And I think you are wearing a ring," he went on. I took the ring from my finger. As I gave it to him I clutched his hand, secure in the protecting darkness. "Take me!" I said. "Take me!"

Again he was silent for a moment. When he spoke it was in a curiously altered voice, and with a little delighted laugh. "Dost mean it, sweet?" he cried. "Come, then!"

I gave a scream of alarm (a portion of the play we had arranged together) as he caught me around the waist and landed me on his horse. A moment later I was clinging to him for dear life, as we dashed headlong into the black night and went forward across the moorland. I heard his chuckle, as my uncle roared his indignation after us.

We rode on and on through the darkness. At first my excitement was so great as to render thought impossible; moreover, the riding was of the roughest, and I had all I could do to keep my seat. But gradually, as I began to grow more accustomed to my situation, I was overtaken with a most dreadful misgiving. The rider had hitherto seemed like enough to Dick, for I had known he would do his best to change his voice; and as for his foolish robbery, it was just of a piece with his natural love of mischief.

But now I began to feel certain that some impostor had taken his part; that I had eloped with another man—and him a common highwayman. Imagine my distress! I could conceive of no method of extricating myself from the position; a sense of blank helplessness came over me, and I could do no more than cling tightly to the highwayman and await the event.

We had ridden some miles, when he suddenly drew rein and dismounted, landing me lightly beside him. "Upon my soul!" he said, "here is a pretty adventure! Heaven knows that I had always a passion for the unusual, or I should still be a humble usher in Brancaster Academy. But, tell me, what am I to do with you?"

"I suppose I had hoped against hope; to find my fears were justified was a disastrous blow to me, nor could I make any answer. "I would not wish a braver sweetheart," he continued, speaking with an odd and attractive perplexity. "But what have we gentlemen of the road to do with wives? Why, sweetheart, you heard the promises of your guardian. He will surely do his utmost to fulfill them, and how should I dare to go to the gallows if I knew that I left you widowed and alone? I trust a score of maids would weep a little if poor Jack Arthur went the common way, but God forbid that any should remember him at a week's end. It may seem that I am ungallant, yet I protest I do not like my share in this adventure. Kiss me, sweet, and then fancy I am old and very wise, and take my counsel, which is that you permit me to conduct you back to some place near your home. And yet—I would not wish a braver sweetheart."

And then, moved by the kindness of his words and his pleasant voice, I lost command of myself and bust forth into foolish weeping. "Sir," I said, "I am altogether at your mercy. I have done that which will shame me all the rest of my days. But, indeed, I thought you were another, my sweetheart, whom I should have married to-morrow."

I fancied he spoke less gaily than before; perhaps he had not hoped altogether that I would not take his sage advice. "Ho, ho!" he cried, "then my good fortune is but another theft to my account? I do not understand. Your wife to have married your lover to-morrow, and yet you entreat a stranger, and a highwayman at that, to carry you off! This is the maddest of adventures."

"Sir," I said, "my uncle stands to me in the place of father and mother." The highwayman chuckled. "Poor child!" he said, and softly stroked my hand, which, it seems, he had been holding for some minutes. "Poor child!"

"He would have me marry one whom I do not love, and I began to fear that presently he would overcome me and compel—" "The old hulk!" cried the highwayman. "You shall marry whom you choose. Nay, I withdraw my foolish wisdom; come with me, and before the night is here again you shall be Mistress Arthur. Believe me," he added, with a pretty conceit, "believe me, there are many who will envy you."

"But, sir," I interrupted, "you forget what I have told you. Of late I have been closely guarded, for my uncle had discovered that I have given my love to a yeoman of the place. To-night there was a ball at the house of Mme. Trelawney (a great lady, whose son was destined by my uncle and by her to be my husband), and it was arranged that he should stop the coach on our return, and carry me away with him."

The highwayman laughed loudly. "And that is why you did not faint or scream?" he said. "I fell in love with you because of that, and that is why I was so flattered at your suggestion of an elopement. But—what will the real lover do? Will he stop the coach a second time, and find the bird flown? I warrant he will play the part execrably. I should hardly

be surprised to hear he had let himself be captured." "I could not endure his jesting. "Sir," I said, "I am in your hands, and it is small wonder you find my plight only laughable. I have made myself a show for all the country to laugh at. Never a peddler, but will be selling ballads in a fortnight about this that I have done to-night. Yet I could believe you kinder than most. I entreat that you will help me."

He was sober in a moment. "Upon my soul!" he said; "the case is one to puzzle a very Solomon. I would do much to help you, but I am not altogether free to do so as I would. To be frank, my life hangs upon my escaping out of these regions with all the celerity I can command. And my life * * * But listen!"

He broke off, and, kneeling, placed his ear to the ground. Then he arose, with a curious, excited laugh. "The adventure grows in interest," he said. "Here comes the honest yeoman, and in hot haste."

I listened eagerly, and heard far off the sound of a horse galloping furiously along the rough track, which was then the only road across the great moorland. I saw a sudden movement on the part of my companion, and perceived that he was fingering his pistols as he stood silent in the darkness.

"Not that!" I cried, entreatingly. "There will be need of an explanation of some kind," he said; "perhaps you will undertake it. I confess I have not a sufficient gift of words, and I am a little inclined to doubt whether your sweetheart will be in a mood for verbal explanations. Doubtless, as a gentleman of the road, he will ride armed."

The sound of hoofs grew nearer. He was silent now, and listened most attentively to the approaching sound. Presently the rider was quite near. "Dick!" I called. "Dick! all's well, and I am in the company of a friend of yours and mine."

A moment later he was upon us, and, sure enough, he held a pistol in his hand. He jumped from his horse in an instant and caught me to him; but it was the highwayman who spoke first.

"Sir," he said, "I see by the pistol you carry that you take a very proper view of the situation. And yet I believe that everything may be explained. If you will consult the lady—" "Nick," I said, "this gentleman is a friend. He took me with him, very much against his will, because I asked that he would take me; and I did that because I thought that he was you. You know our plan. He is—" I paused. The highwayman laughed. "Farewell!" he cried, and vanished into the night. Nor did I hear again of him until he was hanged, two years afterwards, for a robbery of the most daring."

At least there was one who wept at the news of his death—and she a happy wife.—Strand Magazine.

A Bit of Advice.

Some years ago, while officiating in the capacity of office boy in one of our retail stores, a bit of advice was given to me that I have never forgotten, says a writer in the Great Divide, of Denver.

The establishment being a large one, enough ink was used to necessitate the purchasing of a dozen pint bottles every few months. These bottles had accumulated for a year or more, and as there was scarcely room in the closet for the new lot which had just arrived, the head of the counting-room instructed me to take them to the waste room. I removed the bottles from the closet, but put them in one of the stock rooms in the basement until lunch time came; then I took them to a junk shop in a small street near by, and asked the attendant whether he wanted to buy them. The bottles being of a good size and well made, he offered me two cents apiece for them, which netted me seventy-two cents, as I had in all thirty-six bottles. I returned to the office in high spirits over my deal, but yet a little doubtful as to whether the money really belonged to me, and all the afternoon I pondered over this question, but could not decide it to my satisfaction.

Now, the cashier had always been a good friend of mine, so I concluded to ask him whether I was rightfully entitled to the money. "Well," he said, "naturally you could have had the bottles had you asked for them, but my advice would be to turn the money over to the firm, as little things of this sort often lead one on, and there would seem no more harm in taking a step further than in keeping this seventy-two cents."

I turned the money in—very reluctantly, I must admit—and wished from the bottom of my heart that I had never mentioned it to him, though his advice was calculated to put one on the right track.

But the funny part is yet to come. Not long ago I read of the trial and conviction of this cashier for embezzlement, his depredations having extended over a number of years. Horrible doubts now enter my head as to whether the firm ever received that money; in fact, I feel quite sure that they did not. And to think that he should give me such fatherly advice about it, too, the wretch.

A Heroic Grandmother.

A heroic act was performed by an old French lady at Rodez the other week. The house where she lived with her grandchild took fire. The old woman rushed to the child's bedroom, already in flames, and, carrying the little one to the window, dropped her into the arms of people below. By this time her own retreat was cut off and the brave old woman fell back and perished in the flames.—Chicago Herald.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

NOTABLE MEN OF GREAT FINANCIAL POWER.

They Have Important Dealings With Nations—One Made Millions by Napoleon's Defeat at Waterloo—Other Achievements.

THE recent arrangement with the representatives of the Rothschilds for the protection of the credit of the United States, is not the first time, says the Detroit Free Press, that they have come to the rescue of Governments in financial embarrassment. They are now the most powerful bankers in the world, and the different branches of the family in the various capitals of Europe cordially support one another without being bound in an absolute partnership. They have seen their great competitors in England go to the wall—Overend, Gurney & Co., in the panic of 1886 and the Barings in 1890. So rapid has been the extension of their financial power that one of their enemies has written a book under the title, "The Rothschilds, the Financial Rulers of Nations," in which he seeks to show that they have their emissaries in every cabinet, and have been able to manipulate the stock market for the extinction of their rivals.

One of the early achievements of a member of the house, Nathan Mayer Rothschild, was a hasty trip from the field of Waterloo to London, where he arrived before news of the battle had reached the Government or the bankers. He was on the staff of Wellington and as soon as the battle was over rode at break-neck speed to Ostend, traversed the stormy channel at the risk of his life by a liberal use of gold, and was on the stock exchange the next morning with an air as calm and indifferent as though battlefields played no part in his peaceful trade of financier. The public knew only of the events of two days before Waterloo, when the Prussian Field Marshal, Blucher, had been defeated by a detachment of the French army at Ligny. The gloomy air of Rothschild and the reports which were set in motion of the defeat of the allies caused a sudden tumble in the prices of securities. The secret agents of the house seized the opportunity to make enormous purchases of the English consolidated stocks and Rothschild realized millions when a few hours later the news of the great British victory reached London.

It was not altogether by finesse, however, that the Rothschilds built up the strength of their house. The founder, Mayer Anselm Rothschild, was the son of a poor dealer in furniture and bric-a-brac at Frankfurt, and was a banker there at the time of the Napoleonic invasion. The Elector of Hesse placed in his custody a sum of about fifteen million francs in coin (\$3,000,000), which was transmitted in part to the son in London, the same Nathan Mayer whose hasty trip from Waterloo has just been described. General Marbot, in his "Memoirs of Napoleon," tells of the vain efforts of the Emperor to force the old man to surrender the money. A commission went to his establishment and minutely examined the vault and the books. Menaces and intimidations were in vain, however, in persuading Rothschild to divulge the whereabouts of the treasure and the commission undertook to play upon his religious scruples by demanding an oath. He refused to take it and there was a talk of putting him under arrest. Napoleon did not quite care to venture such an act of violence, and an effort was then made to win the old man by the promise of gain. They proposed to him to leave him half the treasure, if he would deliver the other half to the French officials. They promised him a receipt in full, accompanied by a certificate proving that he had yielded only to force and that he was blameless for the seizure of the entire amount. "But the probity of the Jew," says Marbot, "led him to reject this proposition, and they left him in peace." The elector having returned to power in 1814, the Frankfurt banker returned to him exactly the deposit which had been intrusted to him. The terms of the deposit gave the Rothschilds the benefit of the interest earned by the money while in their custody, and was a large element in the foundation of their fortune.

After the abdication of Napoleon and the general peace, Nathan Mayer Rothschild had charge of the issue through the London market of large loans on account of the kingdom of Prussia, the Russian Empire, the Empire of Austria-Hungary, the Kingdom of Naples, the Empire of Brazil and the Kingdom of Belgium. In the meantime other branches of the house were acquiring a similar position in the continental capital. One of the brothers, Anselm Mayer, continued the business at Frankfurt. Another, Solomon, established himself at Vienna, where he quickly attained a prominent position over the other banking houses and strengthened his hold by the negotiation of public loans. A fourth brother, Carl, established himself at Naples, where forty years he conducted the financial operation of the Governments of the Italian peninsula. But the most important establishment was that founded by James Rothschild at Paris after the close of the Napoleonic era. He was charged with paying to the allied Powers the war indemnities due from France, and as his power grew he acquired a practical monopoly over the issue of French securities.

These five branches of the original house, although formerly distinct from each other, acted in concert and one seldom undertook an important transaction without consultation with

the others. The establishment at Naples was abandoned after 1860, but a son-in-law of the Rothschilds named Lambert, established a bank at Brussels. The New York branch is under the direction of the Belmonts, and the original Belmont was a German Jew named Schoenberg, who, on reaching the United States, gave a Norman form to his name.

Cooling.

The most characteristic feature of this kind of gunning is the string of dories lying out to sea, anchored about a gunshot apart, and usually having two men in each boat. These lines are established at certain points along the coast known to be good stands. The choice "berth" on such a string would generally be the first six from the shore, which coveted places are the prizes which each dory's crew strains to win in the early morning races for positions; as the best are taken, the boats which arrive later must go further out, or can form a second line to the south, etiquette forbidding any boat from anchoring north of the first line. The boats take their places and put out wooden decoys before daybreak, and stay out till about ten o'clock, when the birds stop flying, beginning again in the afternoon, and continuing till sundown. There are thus two trips daily to the shoot-line.

When there are but few cool flying, and these are shy, a cry of "Nor'ard!" runs along the line when a flock is coming, to make the men crouch down in the boats till the birds are over their heads; but when shooting is good, there is no time or necessity for concealment. Nothing seems to check the continual flight of the birds from the north over the boats. They take little notice of the fire of the first line, and give the second a near-risk of equal chance, only rising a little higher in the air. Then the men occupying the choice berths keep their guns hot pouring lead into the flocks as fast as they can fire and load. Sometimes the whole line will fire nearly together, followed quickly by the second, the smoke from frequent volleys hanging in the still air so as nearly to hide the boats.—Harper's Weekly.

Confidences of Clients.

"The matter of confidences between counsel and client, which the Herald has touched upon in a recent article, is one of great interest and importance," said a well known jurist and judge the other day. "As to the duty of a lawyer on the trial of a case where he has been informed by his client that he is guilty, the best and most controlling example is that of Charles James Phillips, the eminent British barrister, who in many directions was rated in his time as second only to Lord Erskine.

"He was defending Courvoisier, who was indicted for the murder of Lord Russell. During the trial, on the examination of a very important witness for the people, the accused was much overcome, and in the intensity of his emotion communicated either to Mr. Phillips or to his solicitor the fact that he was guilty of the crime. "Mr. Phillips immediately asked for an adjournment of the case, and for a consultation with the judges. The consultation was granted, and Mr. Phillips stated to the bench that the accused had confessed his guilt, and requested the judges to point out to him his path of duty. The judges, after deliberation, stated that he would have a perfect right to make such legal and logical deductions from the evidence as he thought tended to the exculpation of the accused, but it would be unprofessional to state to the jury any personal belief of his innocence.

"In his argument to the jury Mr. Phillips, carried away by his emotions and imagination, did state to the jury his own personal belief in the innocence of his client, and this statement of his occasioned much criticism afterward."—New York Herald.

A Novel Idea.

Great interest is taken in France in the plan of M. Bazin, an engineer, who thinks the present form of ocean ships is an incorrect one. His idea is taken seriously by some of the most famous naval men of the Republic, and Admiral Conlonbeaud has written an article in its praise in La Marine de France. Bazin's "ship of the future," as he calls it, consists chiefly of a great platform, on which cabins are to be borne, held above water by huge rollers. These rollers serve as "floaters," and as means of locomotion for the vessel.

Bazin has not contented himself with a plan on paper, but has actually constructed a model five meters long and experimented with it successfully on a lake near Paris. The trials were so encouraging, in fact, that he has decided to build a "roller ship" twenty-five meters in length, eleven and eight-tenth meters wide, with the rollers eight meters in diameter. With this he intends to experiment on La Manche Canal. The construction of a great ship 130 meters in length is proposed.

The inventor declares that his roller ship will be able to make thirty-two nautical miles an hour, and believes that it will prove a much safer means of ocean travel than the present form. Chicago Tribune.

A Chinaman's Tribute.

There was a touching incident at the funeral of Dr. A. J. Gordon in Boston the other day. With the floral tributes that poured in upon the church officers in charge came a letter containing a sum of money. It was from a pupil in the Chinese Sunday-school, and read as follows: "Goon Woy gives the enclosed for missions instead of flowers, as he thinks Dr. Gordon would have desired."—Hartford Courant.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The same letters are in the words "astronomer" and "moon-starer." A small ranch has been started by a farmer of Anot, France, to supply the Parisian market. Grand Duke Nicholas, of Russia, is supposed to be able to eat as much as six ordinary men.

The United States fish hatchery in Green Lake station, Ellsworth, Me., is valued at \$2,500,000. There is said to be a florist in Portland, Me., who makes weekly shipments of flowers to Florida. In the North Atlantic States 51.81 per cent. of the population live in cities of over 8000 inhabitants. It is estimated that two years are required for the Gulf water to travel from Florida to the coast of Norway.

It is said that not long ago there were in Russia more than one hundred persons who were more than one hundred years old. The ditching plow now used all over the country was invented by Charles C. Skinner, of Long Prairie, Minn., who has just died. In 1805 Dr. Baupied died at the age of 117. He married the second time at the age of eighty, and had sixteen children by his second wife. In Zante, one of the Ionian Isles, there is a petroleum spring that is mentioned by Herodotus. It has been known for nearly 3000 years.

The Sahara Desert is crossed by mountains sufficiently high to be at times snow covered, while in other parts it is much below the sea level. Dishes of gold and silver used in table service in 900 B. C. were found at Troy by Dr. Schliemann. One of these was found about the size now employed. Good Friday is a legal holiday in the States of Alabama, Louisiana, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Tennessee. In many others it is informally observed. A large clock has just been erected in the tower of Brill parish church, Buckinghamshire, England, which strikes the hours, chimes the Cambridge quarters and shows time on one dial facing south.

A hunting party in the Olympic (Wash.) Mountains report having seen 500 elk in a single day, but no attempt was made to kill any of them, the pack animals of the party being already laden with game. To the great Temple of Kitzaki, builder of the tree trunks that come floating with the tide sent by the gods that rule the waves from every quarter of Japan, come yearly 250,000 pilgrims from every province. Until the dissolution of the old German Empire, the arms of Austria were the most complicated of any in Europe, for they contained those of Hungary, Bohemia, Dalmatia, Slavonia, Avagion, Sicily, Brabant, Swabia, Antwerp, Flanders, Burgundy, Naples, Jerusalem, Lombardy and Milan.

For as the Japanese are of the plum blossom, a woman's beauty is never compared to it, always to the cherry blossom, or her slender grace to the willow. But her goodness of heart is likened to the plum. These distinctions and refinements make it hard for a foreigner to pay Japanese compliments. On the Boulevards of Paris.

In no other streets in the wide world can one see such varied types as on the grand boulevards of Paris. Why, a trip through them, on top of an omnibus, from the Bastille to the Madeleine—and it takes perhaps an hour—will give you a kaleidoscopic view of life to be found nowhere else. At the Bastille, the Boulevard des Filles du Calvaire and du Temple, you meet the laboring classes. On Sundays in their "bestest best," and on week-days in white blouses and cotton jackets. Beyond the Place de la Republique, the picture changes. Here are the little merchants and shopkeepers, and some large ones, too. Farther on, up near Rue Vivienne, new blood enters this great artery of Paris—it is tinged with a golden sheen, for we are in the heart of the exchanges, among brokers and coal-stokers; aye, among just such types as Zola drew from, for his book entitled "Money." Now the shops are becoming more gay and beautiful, the cafes more elegant; and the siren voices of Paris make its joys even more alluring and more tempting. To appreciate it, you must do more than view it from an outsider's standpoint. You must take part in it, live in it, and for the time being forget that you ever were anything but a confirmed and hardened boulevardier.

There! follow my advice, and I will guarantee that you will see Paris at Paris, and not as tourists see or describe it. Sit down with me at the terrace of yonder cafe, and watch the stream of humanity as it flows by. What a cosmopolitan throng! Rich and poor, merchants and clerks, unmistakable Britishers, blasé journalists, fetching-looking actresses, and little Parisiennes of the petite bourgeoisie, newshy and beggars; aye, and Americans, too—all "touching elbows," as the French say. Is it not dizzy to look upon, in its whirling activity, its abandoned merry-making?—Home and Country.

The Irish "Weapon Salve." The Irish "weapon salve" was an ointment supposed to possess the most extraordinary virtues in keeping with its most extraordinary ingredients. One of these was a powder made from the moss which had grown on skulls lying exposed on battlefields. Unless the skull was of a person who died a violent death the powder was supposed to lose its virtue.—New York World.