

A SUNSHINY WOMAN.

She always seems so pleasant that I often wonder what good fairy, by magic of some wand's fiat, decreed her moods and manners shy; and smiles—I marvel much thereof. When care's great cross is hers to carry, yet, be dull grief or gladness present, she hath the art of seeming pleasant.

To beauty slight would be her claim. Likewise to grace and lofty station. And, though she bears an honored name, her heart's never felt that quick pulsation.

That comes with picking fruits of fame and earning critics' sweet oblation. Her placid life hath known no wimple, yet smiles keep ever her cheeks a-dimple.

I think the fates or fairies must have, when with graces they endowed her, bethought how beauty flies as dust, and fame doth crumble into powder, while smiles live on, and being just.

This greater boon than all allowed her—A grace most sweet in queen or peasant, the one of always being pleasant!—Roy Patrell Greene, in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

THE steward knocked, and put his head in at the door. "Captain passenger, No. 16," he reported, with a business-like brevity. "Very bad."

Dr. Yalden glanced up from his desk irritably. "What's the matter with him?" "Dunno, sir. Uncommon bad."

"Usual thing, I suppose?" "No, sir. Not seasick. Queer when he came aboard yesterday, I thought. Been in bed all day. Wouldn't let me get him anything—till just now he asked me to fetch you."

"No, 16, you say? All right." The steward withdrew, and the doctor only delayed to finish the first paragraph of a letter he had been writing when he was interrupted.

It was not precisely an urgent letter, for he had no intention of doing anything with it until the ship arrived at Liverpool; but it was a letter that required a deal of consideration, and, though he was in most things phlegmatic, he was impatient to have it all ready to post immediately he landed, for it was to contain much that he knew he could not possibly put into speech, and it was to tell the recipient that he would arrive less than half a day behind it.

Few of the passengers were in bed yet, for the night was young; the sea was quiet and the outer air pleasantly warm, and through the rhythmic throbbing of the engine he could hear chattering and laughter and footsteps pacing overhead as he made his way between decks to his patient.

The lamp that shone from the wall of No. 16 showed him a haggard man stretched on the bunk apparently asleep. He was a youngish man—not much over 30, anyway. His features were gaunt and lined with hard living and rough weather, and his hands were encased as with manual employments. He slept uneasily, and his breathing was stertorous and difficult.

While the doctor was taking this preliminary survey he coughed and awoke. "Steward!" "I'm the doctor. You sent for me. What's wrong?" "Oh, thanks. * * * I don't know, doctor. I've felt awfully knocked up for days past, and thought I could throw it off—but I can't. My head's all afebrile, and my hands, too. Feel that."

The doctor took his hand and laid a finger on his pulse. The hand was hot and dry, the pulse was galloping furiously and a brief examination was sufficient to diagnose his ailment. "A touch of pneumonia," said Yalden. "You must take more care of yourself than you've been doing lately. You were not fit to travel; you must have felt ill before you started."

"I wanted to get home," the other answered, wearily. "I've been away—a long time." "We must see what we can arrange about nursing," the doctor concluded. "I'll give you some medicine; you've got a good constitution, and, with care, you'll pull round all right."

"Think so?" "Oh, yes. * * * He mustn't be left, Barrow." The doctor turned to the steward. "Somebody will have to sit up with him to-night. I'll see him again before I turn in; and I'll get the captain to let you have assistance."

After fulfilling which latter duty he retired to his cabin and resumed the laborious composition of his letter. A glimpse of what he was writing would have amazed any man who knew him. For to everybody who knew him, with one possible exception, Dr. Yalden was a matter-of-fact, rather unsympathetic, wholly unromantic man, of nearer 50 than 40; whereas the letter that was slowly developing under his pen might almost have been written by a sentimental youngster in the rapturous agonies of first love. Nobody would have credited the doctor with possessing the smallest streak of sentiment anywhere in his robust, substantial person. He never suspected it himself even until three years ago.

They were poor and prouder, but what did all that matter either? He loved her, and cared for nothing else she could only love him. He had been impelled to tell her so; for his ingrained hardness and self-restraint had failed him at the first touch of this bewildering passion that, so long a-coming, subdued him utterly at last. She heard him with pity in her eyes, but not love; and she told him, with only pity in her tones, that the man she loved was dead and her heart was buried with him.

Later, he learned the story that lay behind her words, and saw more hope in it for himself than she had given him, for surely his living love of her could, in due time, win her away from the memory of a dead rival. Beginning to flatter himself that she was already relenting toward him, he had appealed to her again before he last left home, and she had seemed to waver—she silenced him tremulously and had seemed to hesitate; and feeling that each new day put a new barrier between her and her past and removed one from between himself and her, he would not take her answer then, but begged her to think of all it must mean to him and let him ask her for it, once for all, when he came from his next voyage.

He was spending his time now, and the letter was to prepare her for his coming. He wrote it with so many pauses for reflection that by ten o'clock it was still unfinished when, mindful of his patient, he rechecked it in his desk. No. 16 was awake, but drowsy with sheer weakness.

"The chest's still troublesome," he answered, with a feeble cheerfulness, "but I'm a trifle better, thanks." The doctor was not so sure of that. "We've got to keep your strength up somehow," he said; adding to the steward, "Get some beef tea for him, Barrow. I'll stay here while you're gone."

The dim, stuffy little cabin was silent for awhile, except for the labored respiration of the sick man, who presently, becoming aware of the doctor's ruminant scrutiny, roused himself to speak. "If I don't pull through this, doctor—"

"Don't worry about that; you will." "But if I don't—I'm not afraid of dying. I've been near it too often for that; and yet, now, it seems harder than it ever did before."

"You'd better not talk. I don't want you to excite yourself." "Not me! What I mean is, it would be hard luck to die on the way home. I've been away nearly nine years. I went away as poor as a rat, and I'm going back rich. That's something, isn't it?"

"It's a great deal." "To me it is. I didn't go out just because I'd got the gold fever. * * * It's out to the Klondike I've been, doctor; away beyond Dawson City, up the Yukon—Lord! it's the kind of country you see in nightmares. I've been seeing it over and over in nightmares ever since I've been ill."

"Don't think of it—"

"I wish I couldn't!" He laughed, but there was a feverish brightness in his eyes, and his voice quavered with suppressed excitement. "I haven't had time to think of it till now."

He went on talking, and Yalden listened absently, with strange doubts troubling his mind; and, so listening, he half-unconsciously fashioned from the other's words visions of vast snow wastes stretching into the night or the day, now silent and lonely as death, now blurred, and swirling and howling with the fury of a storm, and, always deep in the desolation of it, a desperate little band of adventurers struggled forlornly, chasing a dream, starving, and falling, and dying, some of them, in the track of it; and here, at last, with the unimaginable terrors of that bleak wilderness left behind him, one of the few survivors had emerged triumphant, with his dream realized.

Triumphant, so far. The doctor eyed him gloomily from under a frown. "And I'm not dead yet, though I'm supposed to be!" the other chuckled grimly. "One everlasting, terrible winter we were snowed up miles away from anywhere, and we were put down as done for. The wonder is that we were not. Only two of us managed to worry through, and we wandered Heaven only knows where, and we lived—well, we didn't live. But we worried through—and I'm going home." His eyes closed and he rambled on dreamily: "Nine years! but she'll be waiting. I told her that it wouldn't be more than two—and she said, 'It's till you come, Ned; and if you never come I shall wait, till I meet you, at the end.'"

He lay quiet a minute, and then opening his eyes and finding the doctor regarding him intently, he continued: "We've never written to each other. We promised her people we wouldn't. She was to be free to change if she would; they said it was best. I had no money and no prospects, but if I went back a rich man and she had not changed. * * * I knew she never would. Whether I lived or died, she said she would never change—and she won't."

"Did you say your name was Edwin Ashton?" The doctor was startled by the alien sound of his own voice. The sick man nodded, and, pointing across the cabin: "Her portrait's in my bag, doctor," he said. "Do you mind getting it for me? My will's in there, too. I made it as soon as I struck my first luck, in case. * * * Oh, what I wanted to ask you, doctor, was—if I don't pull round, will you have my bag and

everything sent her? You'll find her address—"

"Yes, yes. But not now," Yalden interrupted harshly. "You've talked so much already. * * * Come along, Barrow," he hailed the advent of the steward with ineffable relief. "Call me if he is worse in the night."

He was dazed and stupefied by the knowledge that had come upon him so unexpectedly, and yearned to get away and be alone where he might think of it.

Yet he could not think of it even when he was alone, for every thought as it touched his brain flamed into madness and became an incoherent flicker that dazzled and baffled him. One thought only burned to a clear and fiercely steady blaze—a sinister, hellish thought that he dared not face and could not distinguish.

"My God!" he muttered, pacing his cramped room like a caged animal. "It's more than I can bear!"

He lost all count of time, as a man goes when he sleeps, but when the steward summoned him hurriedly an hour after midnight he had evidently not been in bed; a light was burning in his cabin, he was still dressed, and his face was wan and his eyes heavy as if he were in pain.

"Mr. Ashton's worse, sir. Edwards is with him, and called me to fetch you. He can't sleep. Keeps sitting up, Edwards says, staring as if he could see people, an' talking very singular. Delirious, I expect, sir."

"We must try a sleeping draught," said Yalden dully. "I'll be there directly." Barrow being gone, he busied himself in the medicine cupboard, and hastened after him, carrying something in a glass.

Drawing near to No. 16 he could hear the sick man babbling monotonously, and the very sound of his voice stung him and quickened that fire of hell to a fiercer flame within him; till so— he caught a word of what the man was saying—merely a name, but the utterance of it checked him instantly, as if a hand had plucked at his sleeve.

He stood trembling, and in that same instant saw, shaping white in the darkness before him, a sweet, sad face, grown pale with weary years of longing—the pure, wistful eyes looked into his, and their calmness calmed him, and their sadness made him ashamed.

He was sane again; he could not go on, but yielded to gentler impulses as readily as if the utterance of her name had conjured her there in very reality to turn him back, and he had regained his better self in her presence.

With a something breaking like a sob in his throat, he swiftly retraced his steps, pausing in the unlighted saloon to open one of the portholos and fling the glass he carried far out into the dark.

Thenceforth, he sat well into the day watching and tending the man she loved and had loved so long. He shrank from trusting himself alone with his own thoughts again yet; and, because she loved him and her happiness was bound up in his life, all that unhappy night he fought with death for the man he hated.

Going on deck in the morning he leaned over the side to tear up the letter he had written and scatter its fragments into the sea.

It was the burial of a great hope that had died in the night. As he walked away, the captain, coming from breakfast, met him and lingered to make inquiries. "Morning, doctor; how's the patient? You're not going to make a funeral of it, I hope?"

"Not quite," Yalden laughed carelessly. "He has taken a turn for the better."—Black and White.

MOORISH BATHS. Were Used in Connection With Religious Rites of Islam and Destroyed by Spaniards.

In Spain, while the Moors were in the ascendancy, luxurious hot baths were established, says Medical Talk. They were used in connection with the religious rites of Islam. The Islamites were required to bathe frequently. The manner of bathing was as follows: After undressing, the bather is wrapped in a woolen coat, sandals are put on, and he walks to the hot bath. After a thorough hot bath, all parts of the body are rubbed. The soles of the feet are rubbed with pumice stone, then the body is anointed with oil and sprinkled with perfumed powders.

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TO TEST NEW JERSEY GAME LAW Philadelphia Fined \$143.40 For Carrying Rabbits Out of the State. Camden, N. J., Nov. 17.—Former Judge Carrow instituted certiorari proceedings in the Camden county court to compel Justice of the Peace Barr to show cause for fining Dr. J. H. O'Connor, of Philadelphia \$143.40 for carrying game out of New Jersey.

SITES FOR ZION CITIES. Dowie is Offered 4,000,000 Acres For One and Another Near New York. Chicago, Nov. 16.—"I have just received an offer of 4,000,000 acres of land on which to build another Zion City, but the site must be kept secret at present," said John Alexander Dowle, speaking to his followers in Shiloh Tabernacle, Zion City.

Resigns Pulpit to Go Into Business. Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 16.—Rev. Richard S. Holmes, for 16 years pastor of the Shadyside Presbyterian Church, one of the leading churches of that denomination in the city, has tendered his resignation, to take effect June 30, 1904. Mr. Holmes will not discuss his action further than to say that he intends to go into business after his retirement from the pulpit.

FOUND DEAD IN BATHROOM. Chevalier Petich, Ex-Italian Ambassador to Mexico, Died of Apoplexy. New York, Nov. 16.—In the bathroom of his home in Ninth avenue was found the body of Chevalier Luigi Petich, former ambassador of Italy to Mexico. He had been dead for three days, and apoplexy is said to have been the cause of death.

BANK CASHIER MISSING. J. H. Downing, of Portsmouth, Confesses Shortage and Disappears. Portsmouth, Va., Nov. 17.—John H. Downing, cashier of the Portsmouth Dime Saving Bank, is missing and the board of directors of the institution are in possession of his confession to defalcations extending over a comparatively recent period.

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Treasury Department Office Controller of the Currency, WASHINGTON, D. C. WHEREAS, By satisfactory presentation to the undersigned, been made to appear that the National Bank of Swineford, in the Village of Swineford, County of Snyder, and State of Pennsylvania, has complied with the provisions of the Statutes of the States, required to be completed before an association shall be allowed to commence the business of banking.

Now, therefore, I, Thomas J. Deputo, Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the First National Bank of Swineford, located in the village of Swineford, in the County of Snyder, State of Pennsylvania, is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section Fifty One Hundred and Nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

IL Testimony whereof was taken and seal of this office, at the City of Washington, D. C., this tenth day of October, 1903. [SEAL.] T. J. Deputo, Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency.

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