

AN ISLAND PEARL

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CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"A hundred, if you'll pay for them. They're as thick as sprats here and there in places."

He gave me a sour look, and turned off to a laugh almost as sour.

"You sailor fellows like to have your joke. Look here, now. I lend money, and am fond of a bargain. You're a bold, strong man. Get some of them pearls and feathers, or anything foreign and curious, and bring them home to me, and I'll pay you handsomely for them."

"I tell you I've enough else to do. They don't come in my way." And I turned and opened the gate, for there was something in the man made me dislike him—something that seemed to say, "I'd buy your blood if I could make money out of it."

"Think it over," said he, detaining me.

"All right; I'll think it over. And that's all I will do," said I to myself. "There's money in it, I tell you—money. You're not rich enough to turn your nose up at that. We'll talk about it again. I see you're in a hurry now. Good evening, Mr. Becroft."

He held out his hand.

"Good evening, Mr. —"

"Druce," said he, "that's my name." His hand lay in mine like a parcel of bones. I dropped it quickly, and spit into my palm and rubbed it on my trousers. He looked at me angrily, and I saw in his face, which had grown white and livid at my action, the likeness to that white and livid face which formed part of my childish remembrance. The face of the other man, too, the man who had been wronged, with the blood trickling down it came before me again.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked.

"This," I answered, hotly; "that I want no more of your words or your company. I know you, Mr. Druce, and what stuff you're made of."

I am aware that it was most unreasonable in me to speak to him in this way. If his father had done a wrong, what kind of justice was it to make the son accountable for it? But the name and all that belonged to it were detestable to me, and what was in me was bound to come out.

He seemed as though he were about to speak passionately in reply, but he altered his mind, with a shrug of his shoulders. He walked away, and I was glad to be rid of him.

CHAPTER III.

WELL, then, I followed the sea, as it was my fate and my pleasure to do; and the usual experiences of a sailor's life were mine. What portion of my pay I could afford to allow my mother was not quite sufficient for her wants. She eked it out by earning some small sum herself—never mind in what way; sufficient that it was in an honest way.

Jack ashore, in the person of Amos Becroft, was a home-bird, believe me. It was one of my great pleasures when I returned home from a voyage to walk from the docks to the little house of shells in Brixton, and to peep through the window at my mother, bustling about, making preparation for me, or, all the preparation being made, and there being nothing else for me to do, to see her sitting in her chair, pretending to work, while all the while her heart was in her ears, as she listened for my step. I never told her the exact day I was coming, and indeed I never knew, for the elements baffle man's judgment, but what I mean is, if I had known, I should not have told her. It pleased me to give her a surprise. Therefore, if, as I turned the corner of the street, I saw her standing at the little cottage door, or by the little garden gate, with her hand to her eyes looking out for me, I would dodge about, and wait till she was inside. When all was safe, I would walk gently to the house, and would look up above the little low window to see that there wasn't a shell missing in "Becroft, Mariner," and would creep to the window and peep through. Then I would softly turn the handle of the door, and cry out in my heartiest tone, "Yo, heave, ho!" as was my father's custom before me when he returned home; and the next moment, or the same moment, or the moment before—for I never knew exactly how it came about—her arms would be round my neck, and she would be crying over me, while I, with something in my eyes, too, that made them dim, would fondle and pat her shoulder to soothe and calm the good old soul.

When I was a man full grown, having passed through thirty changes of the seasons, I came home—from India this time—and, peeping through the window of our cottage, I saw that my mother was not alone. A little girl was with her, seven or eight years old, maybe, and my mother was talking to her, pointing with her finger, nodding her head gently, after the fashion of elderly women when they are interested in what they are saying. The child sat, open-eyed and sunken in the old woman's gossip, looking not that it was of me

she was speaking, for when I gave out my lusty, "Yo, heave, ho!" she started to her feet, crying, "And here he is!" and before we knew where we were, we were kissing and crying over each other. When she recovered herself a little, she turned to the child, and said, as she wiped her eyes:

"This is my son—my Amos!"

The little maid nodded, and stared at me solemnly. I drew her to me, and she stood at my side with her hand in mine; a pretty little fairy she was, with her blue eyes and fair face and light auburn hair which hung in wavy curls to her shoulders. Her name was Mabel. She was the child of a neighbor, and between her and my mother quite a fond friendship had been struck up. The old mother lived all alone, and I was glad to think that she had obtained such a pretty little companion to spend an hour with now and again.

"I shall call you 'mother's fairy,'" said I, smoothing her hair.

Her eyes sparkled. "Have you seen any?"

"Fairies, my dear? No. But I've seen what's almost as good."

We soon became friends, and I did not quarrel with the little maid because she was inclined to place a higher value upon me than such a common fellow as I deserved. It was not her fault; she looked at me through my mother's spectacles, which the old woman had placed on her eyes. It did neither of us any great harm. She child-like, was very curious about the shells, regarding them as the most precious possessions; and I told her a great deal about them, and about the coasts on which they were gathered, never suspecting until now that I had so much to tell worth listening to. I would pause sometimes, doubtful whether it was worth listening to, but she invariably would me up again by crying, softly and eagerly, "Go on; go on!" and on I would go, as well pleased as she was herself.

At sea again, I thought much of her and of her fairy ways, which were a new and delightful experience in my rough life. On my return, I found her as before in my mother's cottage, and I made a kind of castle with the shells, with windows and turrets in it, and a place inside for candles; and if I had not already won her heart, I won it on the presentation of this toy. But a child's heart is not hard to win.

So the years went by, and I reached the age of forty. I had been on my longest voyage, and had gone through some dangers unnecessary to relate, and it was with more than ordinary satisfaction that I walked with a light step to the cottage of Becroft, Mariner. My heart glowed as I drew near to the old familiar spot, noting little signs by the way which, insignificant though they might be, were to me enduring landmarks. Nothing was changed! not even my old mother, who pressed me once more to her faithful heart, with tears and words of joy.

"And Mabel?" I asked. "My little maid!"

My mother looked with a smile across my shoulder, and I turned and saw her. But it seemed to me that I was gazing on a fairy vision in a cloud, and for a moment or two I was spell-bound. Was this fair and beautiful creature the Mabel I had left behind? Was this lovely vision my little maid? Yes, it was she, and no vision that would vanish at a good rub of the eyes. She came toward me with smiles and outstretched hands. I took them and held them in mine, and we stood gazing at each other, I in wonder, she with smiles upon her face. Hitherto I had always kissed her, and she had kissed me, but either my wonder, or the new light in which she appeared to me now, caused me to hold back. And after the first moment or two, the opportunity was gone. I can't tell you how badly I felt over it. Something sweet seemed to have gone out of my life, leaving behind an aching feeling in my breast. She did not appear to feel as I felt, for she was full of eager words, while mine came slowly and awkwardly. Perhaps to all but myself the change was natural, meeting now, as we did, as man and woman; but to me it was an unexpected and uncomfortable experience. Mabel could not stay with us long, having home duties to attend to.

"I saw you coming down the street," she said, "and threw on my hat and ran after you to shake hands with you."

"That was good of you, Mabel," said I.

"Good!" she exclaimed. "See what a time you have been away—so long—so long! I have been looking every day for your return."

"And if I had never come back, Mabel?"

The first answer she gave me was a reproachful look. Then she said:

"There are some things we should not speak lightly of. Death is one."

"A sailor looks it in the face very often, Mabel, and grows to think more lightly than landfolk. You have really missed me, then?"

"Indeed I have."

"And thought of me?"

"Indeed I have. And spoken to you, and seen you."

"Why, Mabel?" I cried, in surprise, not understanding her.

Her hand was lying lightly on my arm, for these words interchanged between us as I walked with her to the end of our street.

"You forget," she said, "that the shells you gave me have voices, and that when you put them to your ears and close your eyes, you can see and hear things."

"Ah, that's like my little Mabel, like my little maid that I have always loved. Look at me, Mabel, am I changed?"

"Not a bit. I should have known you anywhere. Am I?"

She put the question laughingly, and with the prettiest little toss of her beautiful head. I gazed at her in full admiration.

"It's well I met you here instead of in foreign lands; for then I should have wondered, 'Can this be the little Mabel I left behind me?' I should have doubted until you spoke to me. For your voice is not altered."

"Nor my heart," she said, softly.

A sweet and sudden joy stirred within me at these simple words. In the endeavor to set down my feelings here, I am not sure that I shall succeed in making myself understood, especially when I remember that Mabel was a girl of seventeen, and I a man of forty. I had never given much thought to women; I had been satisfied with my old mother's love, and for the last ten years with the love of a child. They were enough for my thoughts to turn to during my voyages, and they formed, as it might be, a star which shone brightly for me during the darkest night and through the fiercest storm. But now that I came home, and, without forewarning or thought of it, found in the place of the child a woman, with all a woman's soul shining out of her eyes, and proclaiming itself—at least to my fancy—in every graceful action of her beautiful form—now it was different, and it opened new channels for my thoughts to wander in. Why, when I caressed the child Mabel, and played with her fingers, I had no other idea but that we two were good friends, and would forever remain so, she always a child, and I always a rough man. Now the pressure of her soft fingers remained upon my hand for hours, the light of her beautiful eyes was ever before me, the sound of her sweet voice lingered in my ears like the faint music of a harp which needs but the whisper of a summer's breeze to awaken its sweetest melody. How often during my next two voyages these new impressions came upon me I cannot say.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HE BOUGHT FIVERS.

But It Took Him a Good While to Say So.

"Dearie," said Mrs. Loveydovey, looking up from the woman's page, says the New York Journal, "I have just read an account of a man who gave up smoking 25-cent cigars and was able, in consequence, to buy his wife the handsomest sealskin to be had. It was frightfully interesting."

"Was it?" inquired Mr. Loveydovey lazily, opening one eye. "In what way was it interesting?"

"Oh (petulantly) don't be so stupid! It was interesting because she—got the sealskin."

"Was it?" inquired Mr. Loveydovey. And he closed the eye again.

"Dearie!" ejaculated Mrs. Loveydovey blithely, "if you gave up smoking them you could buy me a sealskin."

"I'm afraid not, my dear."

"Oh, nonsense. How many do you smoke a day?"

"Sometimes one, sometimes two, sometimes three, sometimes four. It depends."

"Four a day," said Mrs. Loveydovey conclusively. "Think of that. That is \$1 a day. Why, in less than a year you would have saved over \$300. That would buy me a beauty. Now, dearie, I want you to start in right away and—"

"The fact is, my dear," interrupted Mr. Loveydovey, opening both his eyes this time, "I—"

"You can't argue it out with me, Mr. L."

"Perhaps not. But as I was going to say, the only time I ever smoke 25-cent cigars is—"

He bit off the end of a choice perfecto as he spoke. "—when they are given to me."

SUNDAY BAD HABITS.

To replace our three regular meals at morning, noon and night, by late rising and abstinence, followed by gluttony on Sunday, is declared to be a "vicious system." The gastric secretions, according to a medical authority, know nothing of a seventh day of rest. They are prepared for the usual week-day breakfast hour, but no food comes to them and they are consequently absorbed.

Later in the day the process is repeated, and then insult is added to the stomach's injury by loading it unusually full of food, when the secretion is no longer there in sufficient quantity to digest it. The regular Sunday afternoon discomfort follows, with a disinclination for the evening meal, and all the horrors of "Blue Monday."

The dyspeptic is advised by his physician to take his meals at absolutely regular intervals, and frequently follows the instructions six days of the week, only to disregard them entirely on the seventh. Nine out of ten American families "issue an invitation to dyspepsia every seventh day," regardless of the fact that a normal stomach is almost unknown in this country.

Man's digestive organs resemble those of the carnivora more than of the herbivora.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES

A Romance of the Amanita Community in Iowa.

What led Herr Schewpe to join the Amanites no one knew but the elders. The Amanites did not gossip about it. They were not given to gossiping about anything. Work, duty, God—these were all their thoughts. But the visitors to the close-lying Amanita villages seldom failed to notice that Herr Schewpe was a gentleman and to wonder how he came to join the Amanites, with their plain clothes and their lives of toil. The mystery was hid in the books of the elders. There was once a visitor who claimed that he had a glimpse of the page and saw "Bismarck" written twice on Herr Schewpe's record. The name was Von Schewpe," too, this visitor said, though it was only Schewpe now.

Be that as it may, Herr Schewpe's daughter, Annie, bore the traits of noble German birth. She was a dark-haired, dark-eyed maid, appearing among the other girls of the community like a bit of Sevres ware surrounded by pieces of useful but homely plain white china. Little did the thrifty, godly Amanites care for such beauty. In Amanita a yard of blue calico was accounted as worth far more than a dimple.

The sorrows of exile killed Herr Schewpe when Annie was a child, before she had grown so beautiful. Annie had never seen a mirror, and no one told her of her beauty. Her mother gloated over it in secret. She loved Annie far better than the elders would have sanctioned, but when the child was near she was silent and cold. The life of repression had had its effect on poor Mother Schewpe.

In Amanita the elders discouraged love-making. Men and women entered the church by different doors, and a line of sawdust box cuspidors marked off the men's side of the house. But among the girls at the Amanita gathaus were two persons who did not have the law of Amanita in their hearts. They were not Amanita girls, but came from outside, for no Amanite would have permitted his daughter to be subjected to the gaze of the strangers in the gathaus. It was Madge and Nora, alas! who put all the mischief into Annie's mind.

June moonlight was falling over the yellow wheat fields, and the fragrance of grapevine blossoms on the wall half intoxicated Annie as she leaned out of the small, square window next the slanting roof of her mother's cottage. It was while Annie was still thinking of the land that might lie outside of Amanita that Madge and Nora came



WHO DOES THE BABY LOOK LIKE?

along and asked her to go with them to their "party." And Annie stole away, and went.

A ghostly little "party" it was, of Madge and Nora and Annie and only three others, in the hotel kitchen, but as they sat in the glare of the oil lamp reflector it seemed to Annie the widest dissipation. Two sheepish young Amanites slouched on the bench at one side of the kitchen, nervously pulling their straw hats over their faces if any one glanced at them. The third young man was entirely unlike these. Annie, big-eyed and timorous, gazed at him in wonder. He wore such clothes as fitted him; his ruddy hair was brushed back from his ears, not over them, in the fashion of the Amanites. His face was clean-shaven, his figure lithe and sinewy, and his merry eyes roved hither and thither while he regaled the company with music. It was a mouth-organ which he played, but no matter. To Annie it was heavenly. She had never before heard music of any kind, for the Amanites attached a penalty even to whistling. Suddenly Annie was trembling and sobbing, and the player, conscience-smitten, ceased his melody.

He was not a great stranger to her, as Annie had thought. He had, not so very many years ago, worn the blue jeans and straw hats of the community. He was none other than Hermann, the son of Herr Tappan, whom Annie had often seen in church when a child. The community had permitted Herr Tappan to send his son away to a college, for Hermann was to be the physician of the community, their Herr Doctor, as they called him.

Hermann understood the timidity of Annie. He, too, had once been restrained till all his thoughts were sadness. He bade the girls take her at once to her mother's cottage, and he

watched them till Annie had disappeared through the window.

But why should the young Herr Doctor come to Mother Schewpe's cottage next day, asking for her famous wine for his patients?

"Knowest thou not I have disposed of it long before this time?" cried Mother Schewpe.

"I thought, perhaps, thou mightst be making it again," faltered Hermann. "Make wine in June? What sort of a man!" and Mother Schewpe laughed loudly and unmelodiously, much as one of her cabbages might have laughed.

And while her dull eyes were closed in mirth, Hermann crushed into Annie's hand a bit of paper, and Annie, child though she was, hid herself among the grapevines before she dared to open it.

"Thou art most beautiful! I love thee." That was all.

After that it was easy for Annie to climb down by the grapevine from her window, and once she went alone with Hermann, far down the solitary railroad track. But Madge loved Hermann, too, in her way, and, being jealous, she told Annie's mother.

The next day the elders came to Mother Schewpe's house. No one smiled, and the interview was full of long silences. Annie was taken down the street, an elder in front of her and an elder behind her. They put her in a house, far away from her mother, and gave her a double portion of work. Hermann, too, was taken to a cloister, though he went laughing.

Six months' separation; six months' fasting, prayer, and hard work were required, and if after that ordeal the two still wished to be married, the elders would consider the matter.

A week passed. Hermann and Annie had sat in their places at the morning service, and it chanced that they, with meekly folded hands, emerged from the two doors of the church at the same moment. Suddenly each one advanced to the other, they met, and walked away together. The elders were so astounded that for a moment no one could speak. There had never been such an audacious breach of the rules. Even the most venerable members of the community were dumb-founded.

The whistle of an approaching train awoke them all to action. "Disobedience!" the chief elder cried, and all the elders hurried down the street to the railway station. Here they found Hermann and Annie, impenitent and defiant. There was a brief storm of angry words.

"We give you but one year to consider," said the long-faced chief elder. "You may never show your faces here again if you come not back within the year."

"Thou, Hermann, leavest thy aged father, and thou, Annie, thy mother," said another, more kindly.

Annie looked down at her blue calico gown and her rough shoes. "What have they done for us?" she cried.

They ascended the steps of the car. "Give them good-by" called Hermann, petulantly. "We come back no more," and the train pulled away.

"All the world loves a lover," said Herr Tappan to Mother Schewpe, sadly, "but the lover loves no one but himself and his sweetheart."

So Hermann and Annie went to the city. They were happy, and there seemed to be no ghosts at their bedside. "Father and mother think more of their carrots than they do of us," they would say, merrily, when they spoke of Amanita at all.

In May their baby was born. He was a beautiful child, and Hermann and Annie never tired of watching him. Hermann could scarcely tear himself away from baby to attend his patients. Contagious diseases he refused to treat. Baby might catch them. Annie's face grew softer as she looked at the child. For hours they would amuse themselves watching him clasp a lead pencil in his chubby fingers. They cut off a lock of his baby hair and saved it in the Bible.

"Whom does the baby look like, Annie?" asked Hermann, carelessly, one day.

"Like you did when you were a baby," I suppose," answered Annie, gayly. Suddenly a startled look came into her eyes. The thought came to Hermann at the same moment. He dropped on his knees before the child. "Did they think of me as we think of our baby?" he whispered. Annie was sobbing. "God may yet forgive us," she cried. "The year is not ended. We may still return."

The good God had not ended Mother Schewpe's life. Herr Tappan, too, was still trudging among his vegetables, when Hermann and Annie came back.

"It would have been a year tomorrow, already," Herr Tappan said, stolidly, but his withered lips went trembling, and he embraced Hermann and Annie and blessed them.

And Mother Schewpe paddled back to her cell with a sly smile, returning full-handed. "I have all this time since last autumn kept six bottles of wine for thee, Hermann," she said.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Better Job Than a Judge's.

It seems hardly credible that a designer of dresses should be receiving a bigger salary than one of Queen Victoria's judges. It is stated, however, on good authority that a fashionable dress designer in the west end of London makes on an average between \$25,000 and \$30,000 a year.

Germany Leads in College Men.

In Germany one man in 213 goes to college; in Scotland, one in 520; in the United States, one in 2,000, and in England, one in 5,000.

BONBONS OF ANCIENT ORIGIN.

Sugar Plums, Pastilles, and Burnt Almonds Date Back to 177 B. C.

The most popular and most ancient of bonbons are sugar plums, pastilles and burnt almonds, but how many persons know their history? Sugar plums date from Roman times, for the Romans were the first to think of covering almonds with layers of sugar. The inventor was a certain Julius Dragatus, a noted confectioner, who belonged to the illustrious patrician family of Fabius. He made this great discovery, which has wrought so much damage to our teeth for twenty centuries, in the year 177 B. C.

These bonbons, called dragati, after their inventor (dragates in French), remained the exclusive privilege of the family of Fabius. But at the birth of the marriage of one of that family, a great distribution of dragati took place as a sign of rejoicing. This custom is still observed by many of the nobility of Europe.

The pastille is of far later origin, having been invented and introduced into France by an Italian confectioner, the Florentine John Pastilla, a protégé of the Medici. When Marie de Medici married Henry IV. of France Pastilla accompanied his sovereign to the French court, where his bonbons had a tremendous vogue. Everybody wanted the Florentine pastilles, and, strange to say, they were perfection from the beginning. He made them with all kinds of flavors—chocolate, coffee, rose, violet, mint, wine, strawberry, raspberry, vanilla, heliotrope, carnation!

Burnt almonds are purely of French origin, owing their inception to the gluttony of a certain French merchant. One day Marshal Duplessis-Pralin, an old gourmet, sent for Lassagne, his chief confectioner, and promised him a great price for some new sweet that would please his palate, dulled as it was by all the pleasures of the table. Lassagne, who had already invented many a toothsome dainty, was a man of resource. He searched, he reflected, he combined, until finally he conceived a delicious bonbon, which he baptized gloriously with the name of his master, Praline, the French for burnt almond.

This is the history of the invention of bonbons, for all others are mere combinations or developments of these three—the sugar plum, the pastille and the burnt almond.—New York Herald.

PERSONALITIES.

Mrs. Navarro—or Mary Anderson, as her admirers still love to call her—is a devout Roman Catholic. Her sister, who is known as Mother Dominica, is a nun at the Convent of the Assumption in Kensington square, London.

The foreigners to whom congress will extend the privilege of admission to the West Point academy this year are Luis Yglesias of Costa Rica, and Andres Ponte-Ruego of Venezuela. Ricardo Yglesias, brother of Luis, and Albert Valencia Montoya of the United States of Colombia will be admitted to Annapolis.

On July 3, the second day of the battle of Santiago, Sergt. Frank Kennedy, of the First volunteer cavalry, was serving as mounted orderly for Col. Lawton. Early in the afternoon, while carrying a dispatch to Gen. Wheeler's headquarters, he blundered into the Spanish lines several times and received nineteen wounds. He is now in Kansas City and walks with crutches, since his right leg, broken six times, is still a little tender. However, he hopes soon to be able to discard them, when he intends to enter Uncle Sam's service as a regular.

Senor Don Francisco Silvela, the new premier of Spain, is an eloquent orator, and was minister to France some years ago. In 1897 he was the leader of the political group known as the dissident conservatives. His policy, as set forth in January last, calls for the development of Spain's industrial resources, electoral reform, the establishment of a ministry of public works and commerce, an increase of indirect taxes and the exclusion of politics from the administration of justice.

It looks as if ancient lineage had gone down before new dollars, judging from the fact that many historic houses in London have ceased to belong to the families whose names they bear. The duke and duchess of Marlborough are now tenants of Arlington house; Chesterfield house is not owned by a Chesterfield, but by Lord Burton, of old fame; Bute house knows the marquis of Bute no more; Dudley house is no longer the home of Lord Dudley, but of John Robinson, the South African millionaire; Cambridge house, where the father of the duke of Cambridge lived and where Lord Palmerston also lived, is now the Naval and Military Club; Lady Wimbome is to give up Wimbome house to Mrs. Ogden Goelet this season, and Spencer house is still held by the Barney Barnato estate.

Mrs. Frances E. Parker.

Mrs. Frances Stuart Parker, wife of Col. Francis W. Parker, principal of the Chicago normal school, died recently at her residence, 6640 Parnell avenue. Mrs. Parker was 51 years of age. The funeral will be held next Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.

Deepest Spot in the Ocean.

The deepest ocean sounding on record was recently made by the British ship Penguin during a cruise in the Pacific. A depth of 4,762 fathoms, or about five miles, was found between Auckland and the Tongan archipelago.