WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

The Ancient Home of Robert the Bruce.

The Poet Traveler Chances Upon a Scottish Gypsy Camp in Lovely Annandale—Picturesque Scenes and Groupings—An Outcast Gypsy Prince Becomes Our Correspondent's Companion in a Visit to the Olden Home of a Scottish Patriot King—Lochmaben Burgh and Lakes—Ruins of the Mightiest of Border Castles.

Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION. Copyright 1893.]

LOCKERBIE, Scotland, Sept. 1, 1893.

Tramping over the hills which separate the Land of Burns in Ayrshire from the Land of Burns in Dumfriesshire, on a vague and indolent sort of pilgrimage to the birthplace of Carlyle in Annandale, I came upon a little band of Scottish gypsies among whom were some old and prized acquaintances. I found them in the nest-like hollow of a winsome brae beside the winding Annan River. They were between Jardine Hall and the ancient clachan, Applegarth, where Edward I., on his way to the siege of Caerlaverock, made oblations at the altars of St. Nicholas and Thomas a Becket, in the once noted but now extinct Applegarth Church, and could just see, as I was tramping southward along the great turnpike road from Carlisle to Glasgow, the hoods of their tents and their "whummeled" or upturned carts in ragged outline against the blue sheen of the gentle river below.

My impulse was to press on to Lochmaben or Lockerbie for the night, but there is, I fear, that taint of gypsy blood within me that ever draws me irresistibly to this outcast, vagabond race. I resolutely turned my face to the south. After a little I halted. A tiny coppiced hillock had hid the brown tents. Where I stopped the road wound with the river bank. I looked back along the brae. I I saw now the campfires, the pots hanging from the kettle-sticks, the bairns romping among the donkeys and dogs, some men stretched lazily upon the sward, and swarthy women crooning over their daily gossip together. This banished my resolution. All my own vagabond sentiment for the life of the tent and the road swept in upon my heart like a tide of home-coming cheer. In a moment more I was being hugged, actually hugged by a score of gypsies, men and women, receiving royal greetings of welcome, and soothing, as best I could, shrill reproaches for having had the thought to pass them by. And I set this down in simple recital, for it led to my being conducted by a Scottish gypsy Prince to the ancient home of a Scottish patriot King whose ancestral habitation was here in the very heart of beauteous Annandale.

Between Eskdale on the east and Nithsdale on the west lies this sweet and pastoral Annandale. Though not among the most noted, yet it is still one of the most lovely valleys of the Scottish border. To the leisurely and sentimental pilgrim tarrying among its pleasing scenes, it appeals with goodly fascination. It is but a tiny vale thirty miles long, the River Annan, from which it takes its name, having its source in the Hartfell Mountains, and winding with gentle flow through and between characteristic Scottish villages, its banks dotted with humble crofts, larger farmsteads, and all the lang syne features of Scottish country homes. Though the valley is accorded no special fame among the Scottish people themselves, and is scarcely ever visited by tourists, to me it seems that in a few particulars it possesses extraordinary interest.

Within the distance of one day's tramp across five parishes, through which winds the gentle Annan, can be seen one of the most ancient, and certainly one of the most historic, castle ruins of Scotland, the first home in Scotland of Robert the Bruce, at Lochmaben; the birthplace at Annan of the greatest and most unfortunate of all Scottish preachers, Edward Irving; the wonderful phenomena of the tides of the Solway Firth, which are, perhaps, better observed from the great Annan Viaduct, connecting England with Scotland, than at any other spot along the Solway shores; and the birthplace and burial place of the one philosopher, critic and essayist who has undoubtedly left a deeper impression upon intellectual minds in Great Britain and America than any other individual who ever adorned and perplexed this country—crabbed, crafty, mighty and glorious old Thomas Carlyle.

It was in the middle of the afternoon when I found my gypsy friends. Many of the band were absent. Those who remained were chiefly old men left to mind the camp and pother at all manner of tinkering upon broken donkey carts, donkey gear that required mending, and pans, pots and kettles which were being renewed in true tinsmith style for peasant housewives and round about; many young chuvies (gypsy children) at all sorts of children's rustic games, fairly dressed and roysteringly happy, and the gaunt old spae-wives, too far advanced in years for the labors and artifices of the road, who still always serve to hold the reins of good government in any gypsy camp well in hand, while bravely preparing the evening meals against the younger wanderers' return.

During the interval I had leisure for examination of the picturesque camp and time for learning much of the ways and annual journeyings of this single community of Scottish gypsies. There were twelve tents and half a dozen "whummeled" carts. The whummeling of a Scottish or northern English gypsy cart means the turning of the same upside down. This, with the addition of a blanket or some fir branches, makes a capital roof under which to pass a summer night. Altogether there was accommodation for from two to three score gypsies. The hollowed brae chosen for the camp always had its patch of sunlight, which gypsies dearly love. Larch, fir and a few fine ash trees were at either side, and the purling river, convenient for campside needs for men and beasts, from which a luscious fish could occasionally be legally taken, as their camping place was duly rented from the laird of the manor, was almost at their feet.

Here were representatives of all the Scottish gypsy families of note—the Dunbars, Faas or Falls, Baileys, Boswells and Blythes, most of them descendants from Clydesdale and Yetholm gypsies, whose progenitors figured, if not in the history, in the ballad and romantic literature of Scotland. They were all originally potters, packers and tinkers. Their olden capital city was the now deserted village of Yetholm, by Bowmont-side, where the Teviot Hills shut out from Scotland's view the wild Northumberland moors and the hated field of Flodden. In olden times they made much of the rude delft ware used by the Scottish peasantry. They still journey into Staffordshire, England, over the old Liverpool, Carlisle and Glasgow coach road, dealing in the cheaper and "faulty" porcelains, and occasionally trading with the gentry in "Mintons" and "Wedgewoods." Now they have their winter homes in Dumfries, Annan, Lockerbie and Glasgow, and before the snowdrops fade from the roadsides and braes are back here in their old haunts. The men trade and dicker at the horse and cattle fairs, some pursuing their olden calling at tinkering and osier work, while the women sell willow ware and trinkets and dukker (tell fortunes) among the guidwives and lasses of the Scottish peasantry.

Wanderer that I am, it was like a delicious home coming to see the genuine gypsy belongings that were here. There were the rude forges that could be slung under the creaking carts. There, innumerable odds and ends of the real tinker's craft. There, the campfires, which, low as they may smolder, are never allowed to wholly go out, because they represent a lingering loyal trace of olden Aryan fire-worship. There, crouching by cart or tent or fire, or on haunches at the camp entrance, as if sentineling the glad eventide return of absent masters, were the brave, loyal, gaunt and voiceless gypsy dogs. Here and there were the kettle-sticks—not the stage tripods which burlesque gypsy reality, but the strong, sacredly-prized, crooked iron kettle-sticks—with their sizzling pots beneath. While here and there, but always facing each other, and the fires between, were the real tents of the Romany, hoods rather than tents, woolen blankets, like our grandmothers' stout old sheets, stretched over bows of ash and fastened with polished oaken skewers, all so snug and strong that no ordinary storm can wreck these tiny gypsy homes.

By and by, as the shadows lengthened, the camp gradually began to awaken with returning life. The fires which had smouldered the day through were renewed by the now bustling old gypsy women, and the pots and kettles sung merrily of good things to come. Gypsy men and women began coming into camp from all directions, and nearly all came single, or in groups, to the tent I had been allotted to emphasize the welcome I had been given as the Gorgio Chal (the non-gypsy friend to the gypsy) who was already known for his wanderings with their "brothers and sisters" in the far-off wonderland America. Nearly all brought trophies of the day's outing. Women who had been among the outlying farms were laden with poultry, butter, eggs and cheese, knots of homespun yarn, and many an article representing hours of toil which had been exchanged for a bit of gibberish and a "fortune."

On the morning of the second day I left my gypsy friends by Annanside with vagabond Prince Robert for a companion. Some discourse among the Romany crew touching upon Scottish gypsy family lines and their antiquity prompted the remark from an old spae wife that outcast Prince Robert's blood had the strain of the Bruce in it, through his mother, Esther Blythe Rutherford, late Queen of all the Scottish gypsies.

"Then ye micht weel gae t' your forbear's, King Robert's, auld castle hame, at Lochmaben, an' tak arles (pledge) t' mend your ways, or ye'll na ha' straedeath (a natural death) at t' eend!" tauntingly replied another.

The whim seized Prince Robert to do it. I had never seen the old castle ruins, and it easily came about that we should go together, and we departed after many solemn adjurations from the gypsies that I should refuse all pleadings of Prince Robert for liquor, or, in the event of yielding to his certain demands for drink I should see him "weel lickit, or weel lockit in Lochmaben gaol," rather than to permit him to return to the Annanside camp.

Less than an hour's walk brought us to the ancient royal burgh town of Lochmaben, beautifully situated on the shores of one of the nine tiny connecting lakes of the same name. Prince Robert told me the name was Gaelic and meant lake of the fair women, and when I asked him how he came to know a Gaelic signification, he said, with a shrug of his fine, ruffianly shoulders, "Oh, I ken'd frae t' *ceilidh*," which means auld wives gossiping. But "the white, clear lake" is nearer the true Gaelic. The silence of decay is upon ancient Lochmaben burgh. Two long, straggling, silent streets intersect each other at a huge, plain, crumbling market cross. It is a burg of quaint old granite homes, with thatched roofs, inhabited by quaint old granite-faced Scottish folk. Great square houses, great square doors and great square windows, with great square blanched faces in them, tell the story of olden opulence, older border prowess and present indolence and decay. The place was once full of handlooms and thrift. To-day so deserted and lifeless seems the burgh that your own footfall on its ragged and uneven stones impels you onward with an almost startled sense of fear.

About a mile from the ancient town, on a tongue-shaped peninsula which extends into the lake called the Castle-loch, we found the ruins of the grandest fortress the border ever knew. The lake upon the shores of which the ruins stand, as well as all others of the pretty group, have low, sedgy shores. In these are found the vendace fishes, from five to six inches in length, nowhere else discoverable in Great Britain, of a brilliant silvery appearance, and in anatomy and flavor much resembling those famous American ciscoes, which in June attract such hosts of anglers to the shores of Lake Geneva in Wisconsin. They are the most delicate fish known to the British gourmand. Their heads are extraordinarily marked, in a puce-colored transparent substance, with the perfectly defined figure of a heart, through which, when freshly caught, the brain may easily be seen. Prince Robert disclosed a curious bit of superstitious folk-lore concerning this heart-shaped figure in the head of the vendace. Every one remembers the pious pilgrimage of James Douglas with the heart of the dead King, in an effort to reach Jerusalem, that the precious relic might be buried in the Holy City, and that after the tragic death of Douglas and his friends, Sinclair and Logan, the silver casket containing the King's heart, was recovered and given sepulture in Melrose Abbey. There is a lingering belief with the superstitious among the Annandale peasantry that the figure of the heart in the head of the vendace fish of Lochmaben is of miraculous origin, to perpetuate the pious act of King Robert the Bruce and the heroism of his loyal friends.

Along the haughs and moss-banks of the lochs the deadly adder lurks, and the peasantry will tell you that these dreadful reptiles are kept down by their implacable foes, the herons, which are certainly continually seen dodging in and out among, and hovering over, the surrounding reeds and mosses. Whether or not it was the original residence of the Bruces, granted by David I. in 1124, or an enlarged successor built in the thirteenth century, it covered sixteen acres of ground, and is known to have been absolutely impregnable before the invention of gunpowder. It was a stupendous and magnificent pile, and the care and perfection with which it was built attested in the immense walls still traceable, and in the fact that though its masonry has been exposed to the elements for 600 years, one will to-day as often break the stone itself as separate by strokes of sledgehammer the stone and mortar with which the walls were constructed.

A mighty host of reflections and historic memories crowd upon the onlooker here. For not only has the fiercest of border battles raged round about the castle's once mighty walls, but it was on this very spot the compact between the two claimants for the Scottish crown, which led to Scotland's eventual greatness, was made. It was to this spot Bruce came in his flight for his life from Edward's court. And it was from here, after Red Comyn's perfidy was discovered that he sped to Dumfries to avenge that treachery with Comyn's life, before the very altar of ancient Gray Friars Church. Then came his coronation at Scone, his first defeats, almost the extinction of his family, his own wanderings and skulkings like a beast of the forest, his brilliant recovery of his patrimonial castle here, and then all the glorious victories from Glenesk past Bannockburn to Inverury, and Scotia's long-time splendor, power and peace.

It seems unfortunate that so noble a ruin could not have been given better care and preservation. One-half of the structures of Lochmaben have been built from the material in the majestic stone pile. Cow-houses and byre-walls for half a dozen miles in every direction disclose the source from which their material was ravaged in protruding molding, splendid ashlar work or grinning gargoyles. It is said that a citizen of the burgh warms his shins at the identical pair of jams which once rested on the paternal hearth of Bruce, and the old key to the outer gate of the splendid pile in which had been nurtured the proudest line of Scottish patriot Kings, on being discovered a half-century since by the leaden-headed hinds of the district, was regarded as such an antiquarian prize, as it weighed several pounds, that it was at once turned over to the Lochmaben blacksmith for conversion into a pair of utilitarian turf-spades!

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Aristotle says that money exists not by nature, but by law.

UNDER THE PINES.

Mary Fenton was turning over the leaves of the latest summer novel in a listless fashion, as she sat on "The Tavern" porch. The glory of an early June day was about her. Cedar, sugar-pine and dog-wood gleamed fresh in their different shades of green from the shower of the day before. Shasta lilies, wild roses, yellow violets, and myriads of other flowers, clustering in close brotherhood with the timothy grass in the meadow beyond, filled the clear air with a penetrating fragrance. The meadow lark trilled in the tall pines, and a small boy reported the finding of a flock of young grouse in the cornfield. The trout were beginning to jump in the Sacramento, and the early anglers were gathered in small groups a little distance from her, discussing with deep intentness the respective merits of brown hackle versus royal coachman.

Mary Fenton loathed the tone of the place. It reeked of fish; fish that had been caught or hooked, and fish to be landed. The atmosphere was monotonously fishy. It generally is on the Sacramento, where the trout are wary and men are loyal to flies.

A case of nervous prostration was the ostensible cause of Miss Fenton's removal to the bracing mountain air; if the family Galen had but known it, she was more truly suffering from a severe attack of indecision of mind. Richard Drake was the subject of this wavering, whereby her cheeks were paled and her nights made sleepless.

The hum of the refrain, "When I was on the McCloud in '76," "Dolly Varden weighing ten pounds," sounded on her ear like gibberish as she laid her book down in her lap and fell to thinking and arguing with herself, the same old story. Mary Fenton had not been of the toilers of this life, nor did she aspire to that honor. She had been bred in a selfish sort of way, with deepest regard for the great ego. Happiness meant to her smooth sailing; a ripple on the stream, unpleasantness; and unpleasantness—disaster.

In her trim tailor-made gown she formed a natty picture, as she rocked to and fro in a low chair, under the shadow of the hop vines that clambered up the pillars of the piazza. Even the fishermen gave her a little of their admiration, together with the speckled beauties—and the fishermen were not young. The pucker of thought on her brow was rather becoming. In her unconscious pose she presented a picture of the best-nineteenth-century cultivation.

The world was very serene to her when Richard Drake drifted into her life. She liked him. He was well introduced, belonged to the Drakes of Boston, was handsome, a trifle unconventional, which she rather censured, and lastly, was a bank clerk with no fortune and cared little for amassing one, a lack of ambition that she could not quite comprehend.

At first he startled her in her quiet, measured existence, then amused, then interested, and finally was the cause of the nervous prostration and mountain trip out of the season.

The Fentons had only a fair supply of this world's goods. Young sisters were growing up, and with marriage Mary knew that she had her own way to make. Richard Drake grew more fascinating, but she could not yet decide whether life was worth living with poverty constantly in the foreground; whether things she prized dearest could be given up for one man's sake. This was the problem that troubled her as she sat in deep reflection, until she heard some one address her timidly:

"Would you like some flowers, ma'am?"

Startled, she looked up and saw a young girl, with hands extended full of the wonderful pitcher plant that grows in abundance up the slope of Castle Crags.

"Where did you get them?"

"'Bout five miles from here."

"Did you go yourself?"

Miss Fenton looked curiously at the young girl, who flushed slightly as she replied:

"'Course. I thought maybe you ladies at the hotel might like to buy some, as the walk's too rough for you."

"I will take them," she said.

The girl was a picturesque figure, tall and slender, with a crop of short reddish curls clustering around her head and straggling over the brim of an old cigarette hat, which was faded into a dull bluish gray, and set well back on her head, leaving the sun a good chance to tinge her face with the rich brown color of health.

She wore an old navy-blue blouse with collar turned low at the throat, showing a superb curve. Her short calico skirt was drenched from scrambling through underbrush, and clung close to her figure. Her old canvas shoes were a trifle large for her, and seemed relics together with the hat.

Mary Fenton's face lighted up with new interest as she looked at the lithe, well-poised young figure.

"Why, you've been ten miles this morning, and it is so wet, and they say there are rattlesnakes on Castle Crags."

The girl laughed. "Rattlesnakes!" she exclaimed scornfully. Her large gray eyes looked at the speaker in indignant protest. "You don't suppose I'm such a baby to be skeered of a rattler. I've killed many of 'em round our cabin door in Oregon. I've got twelve rattles and a button down at the camp I'll fetch up to show you, if you like, some day."

The fresh voice and honest soul looking out from her great earnest eyes fascinated Mary Fenton, as she drew out her purse to pay for the orchids, and she tried to keep her for awhile. Enthusiasm was not good form in Miss Fenton's world, but it might be permitted to another class, and the mountains, rivers and fishermen were so full of ennui to her just then.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Kit—Kit Jones," she replied, moving away.

"Do you live in the camp across the road with the campers who came last week?" Miss Fenton asked with interest.

"Yes," she answered in a lower tone of voice. "There's only me, mother, and Bill. I must go now. I'm the head of the shebang. Bill is sick;" a shade passed over her merry, childish face.

"May I come over and see the rattles some day, and will you bring me some Shasta lilies?"

"The white kind that smells?" Kit questioned. "Bill likes them best. Yes, I know the best place for them, up the ridge."

She started away on a quick little run, then looked back, shouting: "You might come this evening; maybe company will do him good."

She was as graceful as a young deer as she ran across the road and disappeared into a clump of pines, from the midst of which ascended a blue curl of smoke.

The day wore on and Miss Fenton had not written the letter that she had almost decided was to send Richard Drake to his fate. The long afternoon was coming to a close. Mrs. Pendragon, Mary's aunt and chaperone, had repaired to the spring with her chums for her after-dinner glass of soda-water. The fishermen, after stealthily watching each other's movements, had slunk off, one by one, in different directions, rods in hand, to whip the stream.

Mary Fenton declined all invitations, as she sat watching the blue smoke among the pines, and resolved to stroll over to the camp.

She thought of the invalid and took some choice fruit, which had been sent her the day before, and sauntered across the road.

Before she reached the camp she heard a dry, hacking cough, which foreboded too well the nature of the malady. She stopped a minute before the campers saw her and surveyed the scene.

There were two tents pitched close together under two big sugar pines, and a little to one side four young saplings had been cut off and roofed over with a covering made of rough grain sacks sewn together. Under that, on a couch made of pine boughs and covered with two or three patchwork calico quilts, lay a young fellow, who looked scarcely twenty-two or three, coughing as if his very soul was racked with pain. It needed but a glance at his sunken cheeks and hollow eyes to tell her that he was doomed. She had seen so many hopeless cases in San Barbara and San Diego.

Kneeling before a very small fire, blowing as if her life depended upon it, knelt Kit. Her hat was thrown on the ground, a red shawl was pinned across her shoulders, and she looked like a young dryad as she puffed at the dull embers. An old woman, with care-worn face and gray hair twisted into a hard little knob, was standing near an improvised shelf cutting thick pieces of fat bacon into a frying-pan.

Mary Fenton felt in a flash that she knew them—"Me and Mother and Bill"—and felt in sympathy with them. The minor chord in life is very fascinating when it does not vibrate for ourselves.

Kit saw her at last, and sprang up hastily, her cheeks aflame from the exertion, and her short curls, tossed and tangled by the evening wind, standing up like a halo about her head. Kit was hardly more than 17, but well developed for her age, showing the effect of mountain air and training.

"Glad to see you!" She extended her hand, grimy with ashes and charred sticks.

The old woman looked up without any interest at the arrival—no light in her faded gray eyes.

"Mother," Kit waved her hand by way of introduction, in the direction of the frying-pan.

The old woman grimly nodded.

"Bill." Her voice softened as she stepped near the couch. The man looked up with a gleam of interest as Mary Fenton came forward and offered him the fruit.

"Thanks." He spoke in a fretful voice, broken by coughing. "I'm powerful tired of bacon. Them cherries look cool."

Kit's hands hung listlessly by her side. A look of distress crept into her soft eyes. "I know, Bill, it's powerful hard. The bacon is salt and hard; but it's all I can do just now. May be to-morrow—" her face brightened—"I'm going to get some lilies for Miss Fenton, and they'll let me have a little beef, just for you, at the hotel."

With a shrug of fretful impatience the man turned his face away from them, and lay silently munching the fruit.

"Your brother is quite ill," Miss Fenton said as Kit accompanied her across the road.

"My brother! Why, it's Bill!" Kit looked up into her face with surprise, and then said in explanation: "I forgot—everybody knew about us in Oregon. Bill and I are sweethearts—have been since we were little kids. We are going to be married," she straightened herself up with a comical air of dignity, "when Bill gets well." Her voice faltered. "Miss Mary—mayn't I call you that? I heard the old lady at the hotel say your name, and I liked it. Will you walk up the road a piece with me this evening, the way you see Shasta? We see the white mounting at home, and when a lump comes into my throat and I feel a bit down, it does me good to see it up there in the sky, looking down upon me just as it does at home. All the time when we were coming I kept looking over my shoulder, and the white mounting kept following us, as if it was going to take keer of all of us." She drew her sleeve across her eyes, as if to brush away a little moisture, then pulled the old cigarette hat down low over her face, giving it a sort of rough pat. "It's one of Bill's old ones," she said in a half aside.

It was growing dusk. The long shadows of the pines on either side lengthened quite across the road, until their tips were lost in the wild azaleas and bracken by the wayside.

The Sacramento kept up a gurgle and a rush just below, which blended in with the soft soughing of the pines. Mary Fenton walked close by Kit's side and waited for her to speak.

"Well, Miss Mary, you are so good to him I'll tell you just from the beginning, and I think, Miss Mary, I knowed the first minute that I saw you settin' there in that rocking-chair that you was an angel, and maybe could help Bill.

"Mother and me lived all alone in a cabin in Southern Oregon. Father was killed when I was born—spree," she explained shortly. "Mother has always had a sort of a misery since. She's never happy, even here. She didn't want to come. Bill's folks lived next to us, 'bout two miles away. Bill's older than me, but he was always sickly; didn't like boys; so when I was big enough we played together and Bill was good to me, and I used to fight for Bill.

"Bill's folks went home to Missouri, and Bill stayed. He's a wood-chopper, and me and Bill, we've always loved each other. Me and mother farmed our ground ourselves and we've always been dirt poor; but me and Bill was always happy. You see, Miss Mary, if folks have got each other in this world, they've got all that's wanted. Then Bill took cold, last winter—had a fever. I took him home and nursed him. He was pretty bad. It was a hard winter, wet, and I thought it never would stop. Bill got punier and punier. Mother said it was the way of the Lord, because I was so set on Bill; but, Miss Mary, I knowed better."

They reached the view of Shasta, and walked to a little spot away from the road. Kit picked out a smooth log, folded Miss Fenton's shawl over it, and made her sit down, while she stood facing the great white mountain.

"It kept on raining, and I rode to the doctor's, ten miles from our cabin, and he said to bring Bill here, where the air was dryer, and give him a chance, so I didn't wait, but hitched up to our little wagon and we came. It has rained here, but it ain't going to any more, and he will get well; I know it." Her voice grew more cheerful with hope.

She stood silent for a moment, with face uplifted in thought, and, then, noticing the stars beginning to come out, one by one, above Shasta, she said: "Why, Miss Mary, it's getting cold. You'll have a chill. We must be going home."

All the way back Kit chatted cheerfully, telling little stories of her home, all entwined with anecdotes of Bill and full of his praises.

As they neared the camp the same hacking cough broke the stillness of the night. Kit started as if it hurt her.

"I shouldn't have left him. Wait a moment, Miss Mary, I must give him his medicine, then I'll see you home."

Miss Fenton declined her offer, as it was only a short distance to the tavern, and as she turned away she heard the querulous tones of the invalid scolding Kit, who answered him with cheery tenderness.

One of the fishermen joined her as she neared the tavern, showing her his basket of two-pounders. Her thoughts were uplifted, and she half absent-mindedly admired his booty and sought her room.

Poor little Kit, ignorant, half-formed child, had raised Mary Fenton to hights she had not dreamed of. If Richard Drake had been there that night to press his suit she could have put herself in the background and been ready to face the world with him.

Daylight often brings us down from our pedestals; so it was with her. She was not quite so sure in the morning. It is easier to be heroic by the glamor of moonlight than in the clear rays of the midday sun.

The letter was still unwritten, but the mountains possessed a new interest for her.

Mrs. Pendragon wrote privately to Mrs. Fenton that Mary was gaining color and appetite, and never mentioned the objectionable young man, but turned her attention to a "dirty lot of Oregon campers."

Kit ran in for a few minutes every day, bringing white Shasta lilies, rare ferns from "away up Sody Creek," or burning tiger-lilies, regal in brown and gold; and Miss Fenton kept the invalid, who was rapidly failing, supplied with dainties.

She found out very soon that Bill was commonplace and selfish. He had a rather handsome, weak face, and Kit was blind to his weaknesses and faults. He grew so much worse that Kit could hardly leave him at last. The weather was warm, and she worked all day, and often sat up all night to watch by his side and humor his fancies. He was not able to walk; the dry air could not help. And then Kit never came to the tavern, and Mary Fenton went to her every day.

Mrs. Jones fretted to go home. "Bill's as good one place as another," she grumbled; but Kit clung to the belief that there he must get well.

As the days passed on the sick man grew weaker and weaker and more fretful. Kit sat by him all the time, his hand in hers. There were dark rings widening under her eyes from sleepless nights, and the young cheeks were growing hollow. Mary Fenton saw with a pang that the slender fingers which she ran through the curly crop were growing pitifully thin.

Kit had become very dear to her. She could not bear to see the bright young life merged into this dull sadness, and she felt helpless. Kit would not believe what was shortly coming. Every time that Miss Fenton came with something tempting and the sick man refused it, she would say, with a ghost of the old merry laugh, "You've spoilt him, Miss Mary, nothing's good enough now."

The gay tavern life went on. Mary Fenton joined in the drives and walks, danced and moved on with the balance of the summer guests, but her heart was with Kit, under the pines.

"What do you see in that little curly-headed Oregon girl?" one of the fishermen asked laughingly.

"My better self," she answered, and and passed on.

The weather was very sultry. The jagged peaks of Castle Crags stood bare and gray against the deep-blue sky. Not a breeze stirred. Even the river moved sluggishly, like oil. July had been ushered in by a north wind, and that always means dry, enervating, lifeless heat.

The ladies lounged about the tavern piazza in cool white muslin, with palm-leaf fans and iced lemonades near at hand, and growled vehemently. The fishermen wiped the perspiration from their foreheads, assorted their flies, and each tried to outvie the other in new fish stories.

Mary Fenton sat a little to one side, overcome by the heat, and giving up the idea of seeing Kit that day. Again her book lay idly in her lap, and she sat dreaming.

Coming up the road in the hot, dazzling sun, Kit walked slowly through the dust, her hands clasped together and her eyes staring intently down at the ground. She walked so slowly she seemed hardly to move.

"Miss Mary." She spoke in hollow tones, without looking up. "Miss Mary, I've come to tell you. Bill's gone—last night——" Nothing but dull apathy in her face, not a sob to break the silence. She stood full in the heat, a broken, lifeless figure.

Mary Fenton started. "I did not think that it would be so soon, dear." She went down the steps, close to the girl, and took her hand. "Come out of the sun. Come."

Kit raised her eyes, a depth of sad reproach in them. "Do you think I would leave him now, Miss Mary?" She continued in the same monotonous tone, as Miss Fenton hastened to get her hat to accompany her. "Don't come, Miss Mary. I would rather you would not. I must be alone, for this little while," she faltered. "Mother 'lows we must get along home day after to-morrow, and we must leave him. I came to you—to fix things."

Mary Fenton pressed her hand warmly in hers in assurance of help.

"If you wouldn't mind, Miss Mary, couldn't it be where he might see the mountain? You know, I can see it at home, and it would be something for us to have together."

"Yes, dear child, I will do anything for you."

Mary Fenton's eyes were brimming over with tears, as she stood still in the sunshine and watched the young figure, bent with grief, disappear slowly among the pines.

"Such devotion, such unselfishness, such bravery, is godlike," she murmured to herself. "She asked for nothing and gave everything—poor child!"

Miss Fenton attended to Kit's request, and the day after Bill was laid at rest on a hillside, where the gleam of Shasta could always be seen.

The next morning she went to the camp and found Mrs. Jones busily packing up, more cheerful than usual. The tents were down, and Kit was lifting the heavy things with her strong young arms and tying them into the wagon. She wore the same old blouse and cigarette hat, but all the buoyancy was gone from her face. She was very quiet as she called Miss Fenton aside and untied an old stocking.

"I want to pay you for—everything."

"No, child, I can never repay you, Kit."

Kit gazed at her with a look of dazed inquiry, then went on harnessing the old raw-boned horse and hitched him to the wagon.

"It will be lighter drivin' home," Mrs. Jones observed, as she tucked the last blanket around the frying-pan.

Mary Fenton never forgot the look of mute agony that crept into Kit's soft eyes as she looked at her mother. The she pulled her hat further down over her face with the same old gesture, as she clambered into the high seat of the wagon and took the reins, while her mother got up beside her.

"You will have a long, hot drive," Miss Fenton said stupidly.

"Oh, we'll stop with folks over night and it will be real pleasant," Mrs. Jones answered, tying her sun-bonnet strings.

Mary Fenton climbed up on the wagon-wheel and kissed Kit warmly and whispered, "I'll take some Shasta lilies to his grave. I will remember."

Then a cracking of the long willow switch that served for a whip, the old horse started up and they were gone.

Mary Fenton watched the bobbing of the short reddish curls amid the clouds of dust until a turn in the road hid them; then she sat down under a pine, covered her face with her hands, and cried.

She sat there for some time. At last she heard a footstep crackling the dry pine needles and looked up.

"Dick!" she exclaimed with a start, and began, womanlike, smoothing the ruffled hair on her forehead.

"I thought you were never going to write, so I came to you." He held out his hand to her. "I came on the morning train, missed you at the tavern, and was told that you were over in this direction, helping some proteges of yours. Crying! little woman!" He caught sight of her tear-stained face, then taking it between both his hands, he said tenderly, "Now, Mary, tell me, have you decided?"

The answer came very faintly. "Yes, Dick." Then half to herself she repeated Kit's lonely words, "If folks have got each other in this world, they've got all that's wanted. Oh, Dick," she continued, with the new enthusiasm shining in her eyes, enthusiasm that she had always voted bad form—"the noblest soul I ever saw has gone from me to-day."

Mary Fenton's life was blessed by Kit's unconscious hand, and poor little Kit, far away on her Oregon land, toiled loyally, looking up at night at Shasta's white peak, and praying that she might soon fold her hands, and that she and Bill could be happy together, somewhere above the great white mountain.—Mary Willis Glascock in the Overland.

Using Live Geese as Decoys.

The manner of using live decoys may prove of some interest. The geese are genuine wild ones, taken when young or possibly hatched and raised by the owner. The birds have the first joint of their wing taken off, making it impossible for them to fly any great distance. Around the leg, just above the foot, they wear a leather strap made into a slip-noose. This is never taken off. To this is tied, when using them, a rope eight or ten feet long, with a stake attached. When placing these decoys we wade, using hip-boots, of course, to about two feet of water, pushing the stake well into the bottom and placing a tuft of sod near by about six or seven inches from the surface, so that they may stand on it and not become too wearied from constantly floating or swimming. It is surprising how accustomed these birds get to the gun being fired over them. It is somewhat similar to a hunting dog; they know what they are there for, do their duty and never flinch at the report.—Forest and Stream.

Mr. Diefenbach is a Bavarian painter who refuses to wear modern clothes and prowls about the streets of Munich in a sort of toga. He is coming to this country with the hope of converting a number of Americans to his ideas and expects to establish a sort of colony, of which he shall be the head. If Mr. Diefenbach can introduce any novelties in the way of costume that will outshine those in the Midway Plaisance he may have some show of success, but as that seems doubtful his prospects of success looks very small.

Julius Cæsar was the first man to put his own image on a coin.

RADWAY'S PILLS

ALWAYS RELIABLE — PURELY VEGETABLE.

THE GREAT LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY.

Cures all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Piles, Etc., and renders the system less liable to contract disease.

DYSPEPSIA.

RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They tone up the internal secretions to healthy action, restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TROLLY ACROSS THE OCEAN.

Something of That Kind May Give Increased Speed in the Future.

It is pretty well understood that the limit of speed in ocean steamers is about reached if the present models are adhered to, and that if there is to be any gain in swiftness it must be by the trial of a new form. The difficulty is to devise a vessel of which the structural strength shall be great enough to carry the massive engines requisite for increased speed and at the same time to resist the force of the ocean storms. If the sea were calm there would be no difficulty in increasing the speed of the "ocean greyhounds," but with the tremendous force of waves and storms it is not possible to do this with the present models. The Boston *Courier* thinks it is not impossible that the solution of the problem lies in the submarine ship, and that the passenger steamer of the future will go under water instead of across its surface. The advance made in the planning and working of submarine boats in the last ten years makes this seem not wholly impossible, as it must have looked once; and there is no doubt that the freedom from the effects of the surface storms would allow a swiftness which could hardly be arrived at on the surface. It might also solve the question of seasickness, as it is probable that submarine locomotion would be much smoother and less disturbing to the stomach than the present method of traveling. All that one can say, however, is that we shall see what we shall see.

Perhaps the steamer of the future will be operated on a trolley by means of a submarine cable. The advantages of this plan would be great, as it would prevent the necessity of carrying immense quantities of fuel and of keeping the vessel loaded down with enormous engines. All the delay and difficulty and expense of managing furnaces and engines on board ship would be done away with by the oceanic trolley system, and the ships could go whizzing across the ocean in a couple of days. Danger of accident could be brought to be no greater than it is at present by having a sufficient number of repair steamers on the route, which could keep the cables in repair, and in case of any accident to the trolley could bring the passenger boat into port, or put it again in connection with the cable. There can be no question that the proper means of crossing the Atlantic quickly is by some system which will allow the motive power to be applied from the shore, either by a trolley or a cable. The limit of speed for ships that carry engines and fuel is certainly practically reached on the surface, and there are difficulties in the way of submarine navigation which it would be hard to conquer. The trolley system is capable of great extension, and we may yet live to get to Europe by its means.

HOUSE BOATS IN ENGLAND.

Many Extravagantly Fitted Out, But Economy is Easily Possible.

The house boat is a comparatively recent invention, and, being unpatented, its multiplication and improvement go on yearly, until now some of them are veritable floating palaces, and a prince might envy the London sybarites who live in this style "upon the river" during the season. Lovers of fast yacht sailing will, perhaps, fail to see much to admire or desire in the commodious and slow-proceeding house boat, but, according to *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, the seeker for genuine enjoyment and luxury will find more comfort "to the square inch" aboard one than on the swiftest-speeding and most perfectly appointed yacht. An average Thames house boat may be twenty, thirty or forty feet long "over all," as yachtsmen say, and is drawn like a canal boat by horses plodding along a towpath by the river. Small-sized house boats are drawn by hand, which requires some skill on the part of the substitute for equine labor, and also are propelled by poling. The boat itself is a sort of barge, a large flat boat upon which is constructed the "house," a cabin of several apartments, comprising, according to the dimensions of the house boat, one or two sleeping-rooms, a dining saloon and sitting-room, kitchen, bath and necessary offices and a roofed veranda, front and back. A flight of steps leads from the forward deck up on to the flat top or "roof" of this one-storied house, and here, as on an upper deck, sheltered by a gay, multi-colored awning, the passengers sit and amuse themselves variously, reading, chatting, sewing, sketching, singing, as pleases individual fancy.

Some of these Thames house boats cost a "pretty penny," and are fitted up with every elegance and luxury that a fastidious and extravagant taste can require and modern art and ingenuity supply; yet, "house-boating" is not necessarily an expensive luxury. A renovated old canal boat or barge, with the hold planked over, is sometimes made to do duty as a house boat. Upon the body of the boat a long room, some 15 or 20 by 7 or 8 feet, is built, allowing passageways of about two feet each side, so that the coxswain may pass safely from bow to stern of the boat. Lockers, which also serve as seats, are built around the inside. In the center the dining-table, with folding leaves, is secured to the flooring, and at either end of the cabin or saloon are contrived staterooms of moderate size, with hinged berths, wire frames for washstands, and square, cushioned seats, which are lockers in disguise. When the house is built and the roof tinned the whole boat is painted a glossy white or some attractive light color, her name lettered in bright colors across the stern, and the national colors run up the towpole, which rises about five feet above the roof.

A WOMAN 102 YEARS OLD.

She is Mrs. Jane Bramble of Lodi, and is One of Five Generations.

At the home of her son, in the town of Lodi, overlooking the pure waters of Seneca Lake, Mrs. Jane Bramble is passing the declining years of her life, surrounded with all the comforts of a quiet country life.

Mrs. Bramble was born in Smith's Cove, Orange County, N. Y., February 14, 1791. Her maiden name was Prindell and she was about 10 years old when she went to the town where she now lives. Her husband's name was David Bramble and he died about twenty years ago, leaving a son and daughter, both of whom are still living. The son's name is Riley, aged 81, still as vigorous and active as a man of 50, and who, with his wife and family, is giving his mother all the attention possible. The daughter's name is Anna Van Vleet, and she, too, is vigorous and active for one of her years. There are five generations of the family living within a mile of each other—Mrs. Jane Bramble, Riley Bramble, Caroline Lamoreaux (Bramble) C. B. Witham and George Witham.

Mrs. Jane Bramble is a little below medium hight, of slight build, but is as erect as a miss of 16, active in her movements, of keen intellect, and in the full possession of all her faculties, except that of hearing, and it is by no means difficult to carry on a conversation with her with but a moderate elevation of the voice. There is nothing about her actions to convey an impression of her great age. Her eyes are clear and bright and her cheeks have a fresh look lacking in ladies many years her junior. She is an early riser, many mornings being up before any other member of the household, and does her share of the ordinary home duties. On the occasion of her one hundredth birthday a party was held in honor of the event, and the old lady was up at 4 o'clock in the morning, flying around and getting ready for the gathering. She did not once sit down to rest during the day, and stayed up as late as the youngest that night. She has never been afflicted with a serious sickness but once and that was about two years ago, when a severe attack of la grippe came near terminating her earthly existance. She pulled through, however, and seems now to be good for many years of life.

REPAIRING AN OCEAN CABLE.

Many Difficulties Have to be Overcome in Splicing the News Conductors.

It has always been a matter of speculation and wonder to most people as to how a marine cable once broken in midocean is ever got together again. The explanation is thus given by the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*: First, it must be known that the cable practically rests everywhere on the bottom of the sea. Of course there are places where sudden deep places coming between shallow ones will cause the cable to make a span as over a ravine or gully. In other places the ocean is so deep that the cable finds its specific gravity somewhere in midwater, so to speak. In that case it rests quite as firmly as if it were on solid ground.

When a break occurs the first step, of course, is to accurately locate its position. A conductor such as a cable offers a certain amount of obstruction or "resistance" to the passage of an electric current. Apparatus has been devised for the measuring of this "resistance." The unit of resistance is called an ohm. The resistance of the average cable is, roughly speaking, three ohms per nautical mile. Resistance practically ceases at the point where the conductors make considerable contact with the water. Therefore, if when measuring to locate a break it be found that the measuring apparatus indicates a resistance of 900 ohms the position of the fault will be known to be 300 miles from shore.

With this information the Captain of the repairing ship is able to determine by his charts of the course of the cable the latitude and longitude of the spot where the break occurred, and can proceed with certainty to effect the repair. When the approximate neighborhood of the break is reached a grapnel is dropped overboard and the vessel steams slowly in a course at right angles to the run of the cable. On the deck of the ship there is a machine called a dynometer, which, as its name implies, is used to measure resistance. The rope securing the grapnel passes under this.

If the dynometer records a steady increase of strain it indicates that the grapnel has caught the cable. If, on the other hand, the resistance varies from nothing to tons and from tons to nothing again, it is known that the grapnel is only engaging rocks or other projections of an uneven bottom. It is frequently necessary to drag over such a ground several times before the cable can be secured. Having secured one end of a parted cable, the vessel moors it to a buoy and proceed to search for the other end. When both ends are brought together on deck the electrician holds communication with the shore on both sides to make sure that there are no other defective places and that the cable is perfect in both directions. This having been satisfactorily determined, all that remains is to splice the ends together and drop the cable once more back into the sea.

Telephones in a Storm.

A celebrated English oculist warns the public against the use of the telephone during a thunderstorm, and relates an incident that occurred to a friend of his who went to the telephone for the purpose of acquainting the central exchange at a distant city that a storm was approaching and the instrument would not be available until it was over. The moment he put his ear to the telephone a flash occurred, and he received a blow of such severity that he was sent across the small chamber against the opposite wall. Otherwise—beyond the temporary but very rude shock, which he described as "a severe box on the ear"—he was unhurt. In this respect he was more fortunate than an artilleryman, who, while using the telephone in the field during some recent military maneuvers, was struck dead by a powerful current of electricity which passed over the telephone.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Substantially Unchanged.

Rivers—There's that graceless young Caxby again. Marrying a wealthy widow doesn't seem to have made much change in him.

Banks—Not a bit. She never trusts him with any.—Chicago Tribune.

Convenience and Economy

effected in every household by the use of

Liebig Company's Extract of Beef

The best way to improve and strengthen Soups and Sauces of all kinds is to add a little of this famous product.

HUMPHREYS'

Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success. Every single Specific a special cure for the disease named.

They cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system and are in fact and deed the Sovereign Remedies of the World.

NO.	CURES.	PRICES.
1	Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	Teething; Colic, Crying, Wakefulness	.25
4	Diarrhea, of Children or Adults	.25
7	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25
12	Whites, Too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25
16	Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague	.25
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.25
20	Whooping Cough	.25
27	Kidney Diseases	.25
28	Nervous Debility	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	.25

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL, "The Pile Ointment."—Trial Size, 25 Cts.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. DR. HUMPHREYS' MANUAL (144 pages,) MAILED FREE.

HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

SPECIFICS.

EPILEPSY OR FITS.

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—*I* say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.