

THE END OF HER WAITING



It was a new sensation to Dolly—this perfect, beautiful happiness. It seemed to her that some wonderful new brightness must have settled down over the world.

And it was only this morning that she had austed the old brown dress and tried to brighten it with a fresh collar and pink bow. Only this morning—scarcely twelve hours ago—she had pinned on the brown hat, with its dejected "droopy" bows, and wondered if she must walk about under it all the summer. And now it was all away back in the pitiful past.

For at noon a telegram had come for her. She was eating her lunch, so daintily put up by Aunt Harriet, when the messenger-boy came into the little back room of the millinery store and handed her a yellow envelope.

"It is all right. Coming to-morrow, Robert."

That was all; but oh, the meaning of it! It meant an end to the years of weary waiting. It meant comfort and happiness and rest and the fulfillment of countless lovely dreams.

And it meant that an heir had been found at last by the puzzled lawyers, and that the fortune of the old Western miner would no longer go begging for some one to use it. For the miner's will had called for "the son of my friend Garrison Brent," and Robert was the fortunate man.

Dolly's hands were not quite steady that afternoon, when she fitted one after another of the pretty hats over her cousin Kitty's yellow bangs, and Kitty was hard to please.

"You ain't interested, Dolly; your eyes are dreamy. Do you know Robert is coming home? Amy told me; they had a telegram. He is the heir; isn't he rich? But he's had a hard time taking care of his mother and sisters and Mrs. Brown's children. That one is a little too close; try a flaring brim."

Dolly bought another hat and patiently laid the blue feathers around it.

"Maybe you'll be getting married now," Kitty said, smiling under the drooping plumes, "now that Robert is a rich man."

Dolly flushed and bent over the hats on the counter.

"It looks like it's time," Kitty went on, "if you are engaged, as people say. But long engagements rarely ever end in marriage, mother says. Yes, this one will do. Get it ready by Sunday, Dolly; and I nearly forgot—mother told me to ask if Aunt Harriet is through with her headache."

But it was not of her pretty cousin that Dolly thought now, as she lay in the hammock under the low spreading magnolia-tree down by the gate. She was resting and thinking of the blessedness of this new world that had formed itself about her—the world that held Robert all her own, and a home that she would make beautiful for him.

It was twenty years since Robert, standing by her under this very tree, all in blossom then, had told her the sweet story that every maiden must



"IT'S AGAINST THE RULES, MISS DOLLY," HE SAID.

hear. Twenty years! She had been a slip of a girl then, awkwardly conscious of her first long dress; and Robert, a boy scarcely older than herself, had blushed and stammered over the story that is never easy to tell.

And then his father had died, and his mother and sisters; and, later on, a family of little orphaned nephews and nieces had been left to him.

Dolly was the first to say they must wait. She could see how impossible it would be for Robert to take care of them all. He left school and worked bravely on the old farm, and the waiting had gone on.

So twenty years crept away. Dolly had remained in her aunt's home, helping with the children at first, and afterward working down town; for her aunt's daughters needed everything, now that they were grown up, and Dolly was used to looking out for herself.

And now the waiting was over at last, and she would be Robert's wife. She would rather have waited for this

than to have been a queen long ago. It seemed to her that the very leaves knew and trembled, as she did, with joy; and the stars twinkled down between them as if they, too, knew all about it.

The town clock struck ten and Patty and Ben came in from the reading club. They always lingered a little at the gate, as the manner of lovers is, you know.

Dolly smiled at the soft murmur of their voices came to her. She wondered if the poor young things would ever be as happy as she was then! And then, as they walked slowly up the path, words began to grow out of the soft murmur.

"Bob Brent has struck it, they say," Bob remarked in his elegant way, and Patty replied mournfully:

"Ah, yes. How sorry I am for Dolly! Poor faithful, loving Dolly!"

"Sorry? Why isn't she in it? I thought they were—"

"Why, Ben," Patty broke in, with tears in her little babyish voice, "can't you see that Dolly is only a faded, middle-aged woman now, while Robert is in his prime—the handsomest man in town? And haven't you noticed how he admires Kitty? It was all well enough when he couldn't marry; but now—"

But the words were indistinct again Dolly heard no more.

She had risen from the hammock and was standing, white and still, in the glare of the electric light. The stars were mocking her now above the lower light, and the breezes were whispering of the twenty years that had rolled over her, carrying her freshness away.

Ben saw her there when he came down to the gate, and bowed with a cheery, "Good night, Miss Dolly," and went whistling his newest favorite down the street.

Then Dolly crept up to her room.

"And I would have let him do it! never would have thought of the change. Oh, the shame, the humiliation of it! To think that I, a faded middle-aged woman, would have held him to the promise made to a fair young girl twenty long years ago! He was too true and noble to let me know, too tender to hurt me. If only I had seen! It is all so different with women, but I never thought of it before. It would not matter to me how changed Robert might be; I'd love him only the more, if he needed more. But he is grandly handsome—and he must have a young, pretty wife. It is best, I see that—best for Robert and for her and for me; for I couldn't bear to have him sorry—or ashamed."

She loosened her dress at the throat and pressed her hands against her temples.

"He mustn't be ashamed of his—wife, dear, faithful Robert. He must be happy, now that the world is brighter for him. I can bear it—for him."

And then she wrote a letter, and, when it was finished, she knelt by her bedside; and the stars twinkled in and the breeze fanned her pale, calm face. Faded? Oh, the beauty of it as she knelt there giving up all she held dear. What are dimples and all fresh prettiness compared to a beauty like that? You only get the soul after these are gone.

In the morning before any of the household was awake she took the letter and carried it out to the mailbox on the corner; and then she went to the hammock under the magnolia and watched the sun rise down at the end of the cross street.

Presently the gate latch clicked, and then a pair of strong arms folded themselves about her and her head was on Robert's broad shoulder, and he was telling her how he had longed for her, and what an age the last week had been.

"You would have been sorry for me, Dolly," he was saying; "for in my hurry getting off, I left your last photograph in the pocket of the coat I'd been wearing, and there was only the childish little thing taken twenty years ago. Forgive me, dear, but it's more like your little silly-faced Cousin Kitty than like you. There, don't be vexed—I know you are not very like her now; but, between us, I believe you were in those first days, though it is hard to think of my beautiful full-blown rose as anything less lovely and sweet than she is now. But you will soon be my very own, Dolly, and I shan't be missing a photograph when I have you."

Dolly drew her breath. She was in the new world again.

"Do you really want me, Robert?" she asked, a glad light in her dark-blue eyes.

"I'll show you pretty soon. Want you? Oh, Dolly!" and then he went on, laughing happily as he told her of his plan.

"I'm coming to-night with Mr. Sims, and I'm going to claim my wife and take her away with me. What a tour ours shall be! Yes, I know there is always trouble about clothes and things; but we won't let that make the waiting longer. Put on the little blue frock and come away with me. I want you, and I've waited twenty years; and now I must hurry to mother and Amy and the small army of young people. I'll come for my wife at 9, Dolly. Will she be ready?"

What could she say but yes.

And then how her happy eyes followed him as long as his broad shoulders were in sight!

She stood by the gate until the postman came to take up the mail, and then she flew out to him and begged for the letter she had dropped through the slot an hour ago.

"It's against the rules, Miss Dolly," he said; but she held out her hand and lifted her pleading eyes to him, and he laid the letter across her palm.

Then the breakfast bell rang, and Dolly went in to tell them that her wedding day was come.

CHINA'S WARRIORS.

THEY ARE 200 YEARS BEHIND THE TIMES.

Antiquated Weapons, Banners With Dragon Pictures, Huge Umbrellas, Gongs and Gongs—Chinese War Junk.

The Chinese have not yet gone to war with modern firearms and fought according to modern Western methods. When they fought the English to stop the opium traffic their arms were not dissimilar to those the English had used 200 years before. Their bows and arrows were probably more effective than their firearms, says the New York World.

But their equipment was at least picturesque. They carried banners bearing representations of green dragons and other terrible creatures, and also huge umbrellas. Many of the soldiers had colored pennants attached to their persons. Their shields were also painted with alarming things. They went into battle with a tremendous beating of gongs and agitation of dragons and umbrellas.

The stink-pot was a very effective



Member of China's Bow and Arrow Brigade.

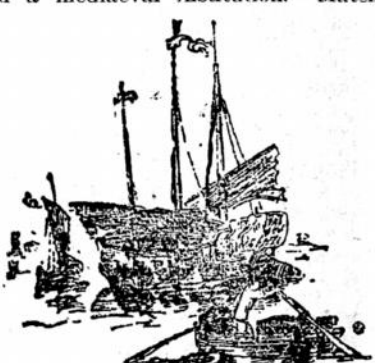
missile. It was an earthenware vessel containing sulphur and foul-smelling substances. It was very effective against wooden ships. An improved form of this missile is likely to be introduced in European warfare if the bullet-proof cuirass comes into general use.

The Chinese army at present consists of three divisions. The first is the eight banners, comprising "all living Manchus and descendants of the Mongolian and Chinese soldiery of the conquest." These furnish guards for the palace and garrisons in different principal cities and other places.

The second is the provincial army of the "Green Standard," comprising the land and marine forces. This numbers about 500,000 men and is used principally for garrison and police duties.

The third division consists of the braves or irregulars who are enlisted and disbanded as required, and have been much used in real warfare.

Considerable bodies of troops have been drilled and armed in European fashion, but the bulk of the army is still a mediaeval institution. Match-



A Chinese War Junk.

locks, gongs, bows and arrows, spears and lances are the usual weapons. Sometimes foreign arms are put into the soldiers' hands without instructions as to their use.

The Chinese soldier wears a uniform similar to the dress the Chinese laborer in America commonly wears. He has a conical bamboo hat, and on the front of his coat the service to which he belongs and on the back the word "brave" is inscribed. The Chinese have proved themselves to be capable of great and sustained bravery under competent leadership, such as that of Chinese Gordon.

The Manchoo Tartars, men of the



Soldier of the Tiger Guard.

race of the reigning dynasty, are the fighters of the Chinese army. Certain of them composing the Tiger guards, are dressed in yellow—the imperial color—striped in imitation of a tiger's hide, and having ears also to their caps. This cap is made of split bamboo, capable of resisting a heavy blow. The shield, also of bamboo, is painted with a monstrous head, calculated to terrify the enemy. Every soldier has a silk flag flying from a

small staff attached to his back. This gives a very gay appearance.

The military policeman says a British writer, wears a placard on his breast, inscribed "robustious citizen." It is impossible to imagine anything more whimsical and comic than the evolutions of the Chinese soldiers. They advance, draw back, leap, pirouette and cut capers, crouch behind their



A Tartar of the Chinese Army.

shields as if to watch their enemy. Then jump up again, distribute blows right and left and then run away with all their might, crying "Victory! victory!"

The Chinese muskets had no stocks, and the soldiers held them against their hips. The men who acted as gun-carriages had their ears stuffed with cotton wool.

The war-junks composing the Imperial Navy were invariably built to represent some alarming animal. The centipede was the name of one with three rows of oars, representing the feet of that insect. The Hawk's Beak was made at each end like a hawk's beak. There were also wheeled vessels, which



A Chinese Flag Bearer.

have been used in China for many centuries.

The men were usually supplied with rattan shields painted with tiger's heads. The heavy troops wore cuirasses of quilted cloth covered with iron plates, and helmets of polished steel.

Their matchlock was of wrought-iron worked like a fowling piece. The match was a cord of hemp or cotton, and the pan had to be uncovered with the hand, which prevented its use in wet weather. The gongal is a swivel gun from six to fourteen inches long, resting on a tripod. The artillery consists principally of weapons like this.

A writer says of the navy: "The greatest ships they have are called junks, which are very great and are made for the wars with castles very high on the poop and prow, like to the ships of the Levant. There are so many of these that it is easy for any general of the sea to gather in a little time a navy of from five hundred to a thousand of them of the same making and greatness."

COD-FISH THAT ARE TAME

The Place in the Irish Channel Where They Seek to be Fed.

At Logan, near the Mull of Galloway, there is a most interesting tidal fish pond. A rent in the cliffs facing the Irish channel admits the salt water through a narrow fissure, protected by a grating, into a circular rock basin, some thirty feet in diameter and twenty feet deep.

The cliffs rise high all around; stone steps descend on one side to a ledge leveled into a footpath at the water's edge. No sooner does the visitor's footfall resound on the stairs than the green water, hitherto motionless and apparently lifeless, becomes peopled with large brown fish, rising from the depths, gliding and dashing about in a great state of excitement. These are cod, lythe and saithe, which, caught on lines in the sea, have been transferred to this pond to be fattened for the table. They are fed daily by the keeper, and experience has taught them to connect the sound of footsteps with their mealtime.

Formerly, a clapper used to be rung to summon them, but this was no more than a stage trick; the footfall on the stone is quite enough to awaken them to activity. Most of the cod, being deep-water fish, become totally blind in captivity from excess of light; but they become so tame and accustomed to their keeper as not only to feed out of his hand, but some of them allow themselves to be lifted out of the water. One may witness the strange sight of a huge cod, more than an ell long, dangled on the knee like a baby, his mouth stuffed with mussels and limpets, after which he is returned to the water with a mighty splash. On the table these fish, thus tended and fed, prove much better than fish brought straight from the open sea.

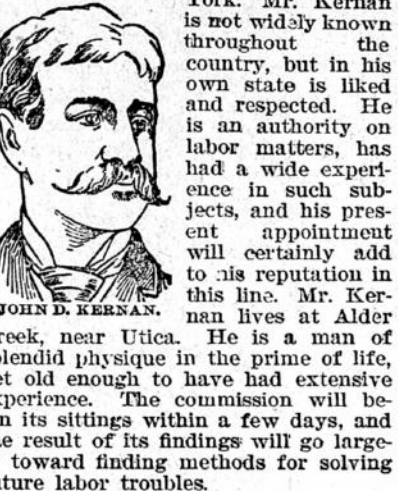
WELL KNOWN PEOPLE.

SOME OF THE WORLD'S NOTABLE MEN.

Men in Various Walks of Life Who Are Attracting the Attention of the Public—Celebrated Personages Far and Near.

John D. Kernan.

President Cleveland's appointment of John D. Kernan as member of the commission to investigate the recent strike is one that gives much satisfaction to the people of his native state, New York.



JOHN D. KERNAN.

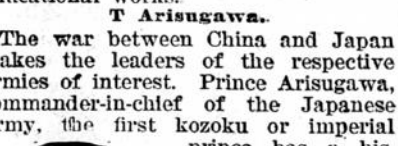
Green, near Utica. He is a man of splendid physique in the prime of life, yet old enough to have had extensive experience. The commission will begin its sittings within a few days, and the result of its findings will go largely toward finding methods for solving future labor troubles.

John M. B. Sill.

John M. B. Sill, United States minister to Corea, attracts considerable attention, owing to the present troubles in that country. Mr. Sill has been minister to Corea since January 8th of the present year. He is a Michigan appointee, and has for years been one of the best known men in the state's educational circles. Mr. Sill was born in New York in 1831, and began life by teaching a country school in Hillsdale county, when he was but 18 years of age. In 1854 he graduated from the Michigan state normal school, of which he afterwards became principal. Since then his time has been about equally divided as superintendent of the Detroit public schools, president of the Detroit female seminary, and principal of the Michigan State normal school. He has published several well known educational works.

T. Arisugawa.

The war between China and Japan makes the leaders of the respective armies of interest. Prince Arisugawa, commander-in-chief of the Japanese army, the first kokoku or imperial prince, has a history, and he has helped to make one. Sixty years old, he looks less than 50. Dignified in bearing, and insisting upon the respect due his rank, he is affable to those with whom he is acquainted. He was commander-in-chief of the imperial army during the war of the restoration



T. ARISUGAWA.

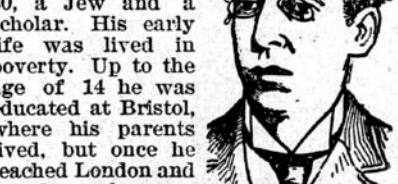
(1868) and as such decided the fate of the Bakufu leaders after the battle of Ueno. In 1878, in the same capacity, he subdued the Satsuma rebellion. It is believed that the present trouble is the outcome of the recent activity of Japan in forcing Corea to adopt a number of reforms unfavorable to the Chinese. Japan's interests in Corea are much greater than those of China. The rebellion in the interior, which at one time threatened to lead to the fall of the king, gave Japan the opportunity to increase her prestige. Recent reports are to the effect that the king was forced to the adoption of a treaty disastrous to Chinese trades.

Isaac Zangwill.

Isaac Zangwill, the young English writer, who has become so popular, is said to be the wildest man in London and yet some of his stories show great strength, and a power of somber presentation which places him among the very first of new English writers. Mr. Zangwill is under 30, a Jew and a scholar. His early life was lived in poverty. Up to the age of 14 he was educated at Bristol, where his parents lived, but once he reached London and found a place as teacher of a board school in the East end. He started to read by himself for a University of London degree, which he secured before he was 21, though he had but a few hours to devote to the work each day. His fame and growing fortune are the reward of hard work. He is the owner of one of the finest private libraries in England.

Robert D. Wrenn.

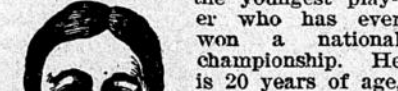
The tennis champion of America, Robert D. Wrenn, will be called upon to defend his title at the Newport tournament, Aug. 21, against some very expert players. Robert D. Wrenn is the youngest player who has ever won a national championship. He is 20 years of age, and in college circles is universally popular as an all-around athlete. He entered Harvard college, having fitted in Cambridge, with the class of '95. With a bound he jumped into college athletics immediately on entering college. Two years ago was his first real season on the tennis court. After weeks of more or less brilliant playing he was officially ranked as eighth player in the United States. Last year he won the American championship with ease at the Newport tournament.



R. D. WRENN.

N. E. Worthington.

Judge N. E. Worthington, whom Pres-



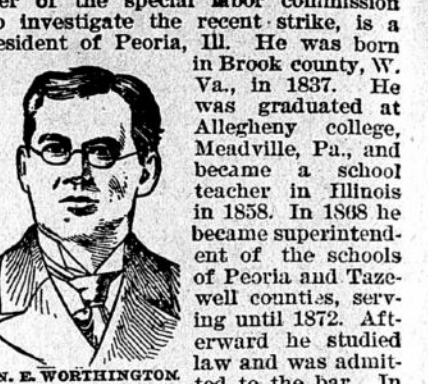
N. E. WORTHINGTON.

ident Cleveland has appointed a member of the special labor commission to investigate the recent strike, is a resident of Peoria, Ill. He was born in Brook county, W. Va., in 1837. He was graduated at Allegheny college, Meadville, Pa., and became a school teacher in Illinois in 1858. In 1868 he became superintendent of the schools of Peoria and Tazewell counties, serving until 1872. Afterward he studied law and was admitted to the bar. In 1882 he was elected to congress by the Democrats, and served several terms. He was elevated to the bench of the circuit court in 1891, and has still several years to serve. Judge Worthington was one of the delegates at large to the last Democratic national convention. He has the gift of eloquence to a marked degree.

Rudolph Weber.

An interesting scientific exploring expedition to the island of Sumatra is being arranged by the American Museum of Natural History and the New York Herald. Mr. Rudolph Weber, of the American Museum of Natural History, is the learned gentleman who will be in charge of the expedition. Sumatra lies in the East Indian archipelago; is almost as large as Texas, and some of its natives are very warlike. This will be the first scientific exploring expedition in its history. Mr. Weber is only 36 years of age, but has already distinguished himself in several departments of science. He has been in the Museum for three years and was five years in Princeton. He was born near Zurich, Switzerland; studied at the Zurich university and also at Munich. He believes he can prove that the East Indian archipelago was at one time a vast continent connected with Asia, and that he can there find traces of the aboriginal man.

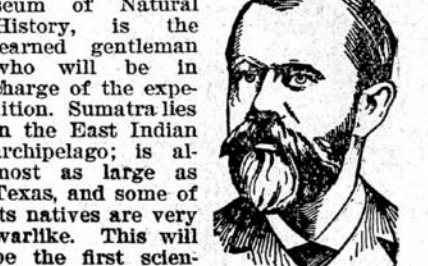
Gov. H. B. Cleaves of Maine, who was recently renominated by the recent Republican convention, was born in Bridgeton fifty-three years ago. He was educated in the public schools and at the Bridgeton academy. He worked on the farm and as a lumberman, and in 1862 enlisted as a private in Company B, of the 23d Maine volunteers. At the expiration of his term of enlistment he re-enlisted in the 30th Maine veteran volunteers, and a few months later was commissioned first lieutenant of Company F. He was mustered out of service at the close of the war, having won the reputation of being a brave and useful officer. He returned to his native state, studied law, and has since practiced his profession. In 1875 and 1876 he was a member of the legislature and for two years thereafter was city solicitor of Portland. From 1880 to 1885 Mr. Cleaves served the state as attorney general. The government is unmarried.



H. B. CLEAVES.

Maj. W. H. Upham.

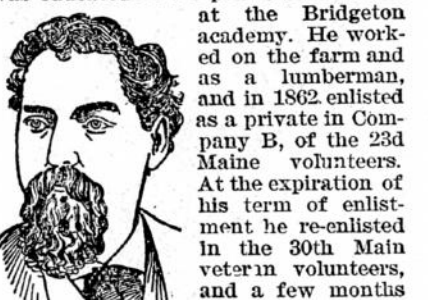
Maj. W. H. Upham, the Republican nominee for governor of Wisconsin, is a native of Massachusetts, fifty-three years of age. He is one of Wisconsin's best known citizens, and he has a career peculiarly striking. He enlisted in the 2nd Wisconsin regiment at the age of 18, and was terribly injured and taken prisoner at the first battle of Bull Run. The report reached his home at Racine that he had been left dead on the battle field and a funeral service was held for him. After eight months in Libby prison he was exchanged and returned to Washington in a shattered condition, his wounds never having been properly dressed. President Lincoln became interested in him and appointed him a cadet to West Point. He completed his course with honor, and served with distinction in the regular army. Some years after he became a civilian and engaged in the lumbering business at Marshfield, where he has been remarkably successful. He is a member of the Loyal Legion and of the G. A. R.



W. H. UPHAM.

Charles F. Johnson.

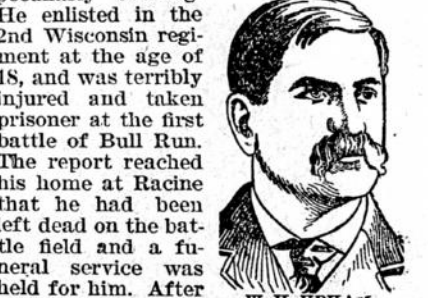
Charles F. Johnson, the Democratic candidate for governor of Maine, was the unsuccessful opponent of Gov. Cleaves in the last campaign in that state. He is but 36 years of age. His early education he received in the public schools of his native town of Winslow. In the year 1874 he graduated from the Coburn classical seminary at Waterville, after which he taught school and continued his studies at Colby university, and in 1877 entered Bowdoin college, where he graduated at the age of 21. He then filled a clerkship in a Boston railroad office for two years, and was principal of the high school at Machias for four years. In 1886 he was admitted to the bar, and has since been in the active practice of his profession at Waterville and also a prominent politician.



C. F. JOHNSON.

An Impracticable Hat.

When a girl gets one of those impracticable, impossible flat hats perched on top of her coiffure she is unhappy until she gets aboard an open electric car and lets that impracticable, impossible flat hat blow off into an adjacent township. Then all trace must stop until the precious noddle has worked that egregious, preposterous and damnable flying machine



C. F. JOHNSON.