

was not a very good job. The druggist laughed when I applied for it. He said he wanted a boy. Still he would rather have a big chap like me if I would be satisfied with the pay. I didn't promise to be satisfied, but I took the place. I was tired of looking for work, and the little money I had was getting alarmingly less. That was the beginning. In two years, by hard study, I was a registered pharmacist and getting fair wages, but I wasn't happy. I don't suppose I'll ever be regularly happy, although I've been nearer that way since I got into this than I ever was before. I never knew before what it was to have any one's face light up with welcome when they saw me coming. I never knew before what it was to have my fellow men cling to me and depend on me; and it's sweet—sweet!"

He drew a long breath, as if inhaling a pleasant fragrance, and there was a far away look in his eyes, akin to rapture.

"I studied medicine after I received my degree in pharmacy," he went on, suddenly recalling himself. "I covered the course in two years, and got my permit to practise; but somehow—the same old reason, I suppose—no one seemed to care whether I practised or not. For a few months I drifted around looking for a location. Of course, I didn't find it. Young doctors have to push in these days, and I couldn't push. I wanted to settle down, but I wouldn't settle in any place where the people weren't glad to see me. Finally chance took me in hand. I saw a placard at the door of a recruiting office, and I went in. It was a matter of sheer impulse. There were vacancies in the medical corps. My credentials were good. I enlisted."

"I am glad you are here, Jones," said the other, and he looked at the tall, sunbrowned surgeon admiringly. This was not the Jones of seven years ago. The old Jones had shown few qualities to inspire respect, and this was a man who had proved himself worthy of many things. He was not to be laughed at now.

"I am glad to have seen you," said Jones, "but I leave here to-night, while you"—he glanced significantly at the low buildings about the parade ground—"will probably remain for some time. I am off on special duty. I may return here and I may not. It makes little difference anyway. Since mother died I have nothing to"—

He turned away his head, and his shoulders shook. His mother had died in the first month of his absence. He had not learned of her death until his letter, written after securing work in the drug store, had been returned to him with the word "deceased" written appropriately in blue across its face. Presently he recovered himself.

"I may as well tell you where I am going," he said. "Possibly some of my old friends will inquire for me. You can tell them, if you wish, that there was a post in the South stricken by yellow fever, and that I went there—to do what I could—at my own request. I would rather do it than not. They will be so glad to see me, you know—those poor chaps from whom the others have run away. Ah, it is worth while to have some one glad to see you! You can't imagine what it means to a fellow like me, who was missed somehow when the qualities of personal charm were distributed. It is so glorious when one's motives are understood and appreciated!"

"I suppose it is," said the other. He was thinking of the time when this man was the butt of the village fun, and he was conscious of a feeling of shame for the part he had taken in the cruelty. "Jones," said he, extending his hand suddenly, "forgive me."

"Forgive you!" Jones was quite astonished. "Yes, for—for not knowing you. You are worth in the sight of Heaven more than all the rest of us put together."

"Bosh!" said Jones. But his lips quivered again, and the clasp of his hand was exceedingly warm. "It is good of you to say so. It is very gratifying to me to have one of my old friends say that, even if it is not true. I am no more worthy than I was seven years ago."

It was not reproof, and yet it was. The other hung his head. "Don't let us talk of it, Jones," he said; "don't let us speak of those times."

"Very well," said Jones. And then, with a suggestion of hunger in his eyes, he said goodby.

Six months later the two men met again. Jones bore the appearance of one to whom physical rest has been long unknown, but there was a sparkle in his eyes that the other had never before seen there, and he carried his chin high, as one who is satisfied with himself. He greeted the other with something like effusiveness, and the other wondered, and said so frankly, whether he was in the habit of assuming a new character twice each year.

"God is very good," said Jones, in explanation of the lightness of his heart. "Those people down there were more glad to see me than I had expected. They actually showered me with blessings—regularly honest blessings, that entered into my life and lifted me up. I shall never look upon yellow fever with horror again. I don't know when I have enjoyed myself as I have during the last six months. There would be little to dread—little of sorrow—in the world were it not for human ignorance. Possibly it is better so. Man would be a wild, dangerous sort of animal if his spirit were not subdued with occasional hot irons. The keenest delight known to us is that which comes with calamity unrealized. Yes, yes, it is well that we are ignorant."

"You are a philosopher, Jones."

"Don't call an old friend names," said Jones gravely. "One day down there word came from out in the country that a family—a whole family—was down with the fever. There was no

one to give them care. The messenger, a negro boy, asked if we could not send some one to them, and it just happened that I was so situated that I could go. It was too good an opportunity to lose. I knew they would be glad to see me. It was worth the long ride under the broiling sun and through the choking dust to meet an honest, heartfelt, fervent welcome from some of one's fellow creatures. It—was—worth—the—while—and—more."

He repeated the words slowly, moistening his lips the while, as one does when the memory of something pleasant lingers.

"It was well that I got there when I did. There were three in the family—a man, a woman and a daughter—a family that had come from the North for the sake of the mother's health. Their small plantation was practically isolated, and they had not feared the fever. They were quite unprepared for it. It is not necessary for me to tell you of the struggle we had; it is sufficient to say that they all lived. And one afternoon, when they were convalescent and I was able to remit the care, which until that time had been constant, I seated myself in a rocking chair, with the family photograph album upon my lap. I did not remain seated long, for among the first portraits in the book was that of a girl—a girl who looked like one I had known—we had known—at home. I rose to my feet excitedly and carried the book to the woman, pointing with a finger that shook disgracefully to the portrait.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"My brother's daughter," she said.

"And her name is"—

"Mary Brown."

"My legs went out from under me then, and my head buzzed. I was tired out, I suppose. I collapsed into a chair, and the woman, in her weakness not noticing, went on talking as some women do.

"My maiden name was Brown," she said. "I haven't seen my brother's folks for ten years or more, but we have never ceased to correspond. Poor Mary was sick a while ago. The doctors called it galloping consumption. But it wasn't. If it had been she'd have died. The doctors don't always know, begging your pardon, sir. 'Twas something else, like a decline, a kind of pining away, that was a mystery. Her mother thinks now 'twas love for a young fellow—one of the harum-scarum sort—that lived in the village once. She thinks so because the girl got into a way after a while of talking in her sleep—repeating over and over the fellow's name, which was Jones. It seems that Jones was her whole life, and yet, after he'd flirted with her for a time he went away, and has never been heard of since. He must have been a heartless scamp. Poor girl!"

"And she isn't married yet?" I asked. My throat was so dry that I had to exert all my strength to make my voice audible.

"No."

"And you think that, bad as he is and shameful as was his treatment of her, she'd be glad to see Jones?"

"There's no doubt of it, poor girl."

"I left the room then. I couldn't stand it any longer. I went and threw myself upon the ground, and sobbed and laughed and kicked up my heels like one gone daft. She had spoken my name in her sleep! She wanted me! She would be glad to see me!"

"The quarantine was raised four weeks later, and I went North. It was all true. She was glad to see me. She reproached me for going away from her, and I was sorry clear down to my feet. But after all—and there's comfort in it, as I told her—I'm more worth marrying now than I was then."

"You are going to remain in the service?" inquired the other.

"No, I'm going home to settle down at last—home—home!"

There was a rapt expression upon his worn face, and he raised his eyes reverently to the sky.

"Home," he repeated softly, "home—home!"

'REO.

A NAPOLEON OF SAMOAN FINANCE.

Louis Becke in The Pall Mall Gazette.

'Reo was a short, squat Malay, with a face like a skate, barring his eyes, which were long, narrow slits, apparently expressing nothing but indifference to the world in general. But they would light up sometimes with a merry twinkle, when the old rogue would narrate some of his past villainies.

He came to Samoa in the old days, long before treaties and Imperial Commissioners and other gilded vanities were dreamt of by us poor, hard working traders. He seemed to have dropped from the sky when one afternoon, as Tom Denison and some of his friends sat on Charley the Russian's veranda drinking lager, he marched up to them, sat down on the steps and said "Good evening."

"Hello," said Schlüter, the skipper of the Anna Goddeffroy. "Who are you? Where do you come from?"

He waved a short, stumpy and black clay pipe to and fro, and replied vaguely, "Oh, from somewhere."

Some one laughed, surmising, correctly enough, that he had run away from a ship. Then they remembered that no vessel had even touched at Apia for a month. Later on he told Denison that he had jumped overboard from a Baker's Island guano man as she was running down the coast and swam ashore, landing at a point twenty miles distant from Apia. The natives in the various villages had given him food, so when he reached the town he was not hungry.

"What do you want, anyway?" asked Schlüter. "Some tobacco, please. And a dollar or two. I can pay you back."

"When?" said Hamilton, the pilot, incredulously.

The pipe described a semicircle. "Oh, to-morrow night; before, perhaps."

They gave him some tobacco and matches and four Bolivian "iron" half dollars. He got up and went across to Volkner's combined store and grog shanty over the way.

"He's gone to buy a bottle of square face," said Hamilton.

"He deserves it," said Denison, gloomily. "A man of his age who could jump overboard and swim ashore to this rotten country should be presented with a case of gin—and a knife to cut his throat with after he has finished it."

In about ten minutes the old fellow came out of Volkner's store, carrying two or three stout fishing lines, several packets of hooks and half a dozen ship biscuits. He grinned as he passed the group on the veranda, and then, squatting down on the sward near by, began to uncoil the lines and bend on the hooks. Denison was interested, went over to him, and watched the swift, skilful manner in which the thin brown fingers worked.

"Where are you going to fish?" he inquired.

The broad, flat face lit up. "Outside in the dam deep water—sixty, eighty, fa'am."

Denison left him, and went aboard the ancient, cockroach infested craft of which he was the heartbroken supercargo. Half an hour later 'Reo paddled past the schooner in a wretched old canoe, whose outrigger was so insecurely fastened that it threatened to come adrift every instant. The old man grinned as he recognized Denison; then, pipe in mouth, he went boldly out through the passage between the lines of roaring surf into the tumbling blue beyond.

At 10 o'clock, just as the supercargo and the skipper were taking their last nip before turning in, the ancient slipped quietly alongside in his canoe and clambered on deck. In his right hand he carried a big salmon-like fish, weighing about twenty pounds. Laying it down on the deck, he pointed to it.

"Plenty more in canoe like that. You want some more?"

Denison went to the side and looked over. The canoe was lo'ed down to the gunwale with the weight of fish—fish that the lazy, loafing Apian natives caught but rarely. The old man passed up two or three more, took a glass of grog and paddled ashore.

Next morning he repaid the borrowed money and showed Denison \$15—the result of his first night's work in Samoa. The saloonkeepers and other white people said he was a treasure. Fish in Apia were dear and hard to get.

On the following Sunday a marriage procession entered the Rarotongan Chapel in Matafele, and Tarreo (otherwise 'Reo) was united to one of the prettiest and least disreputable native girls in the town, whose parents recognized that 'Reo was likely to prove an eminently lucrative and squeezable son-in-law. Denison was best man, and gave the bride a five-dollar gold piece (having previously made a private arrangement with the bridegroom that he was to receive value for it in fish).

'Reo's wife's relatives built the newly married couple a house on Matautu Point, and 'Reo spent \$35 in giving the bride's local connections a feast. Then the news spread, and cousins and

second cousins and various breeds of aunts and half uncles travelled up to Matautu Point to partake of his hospitality. He did his best, but, in a day or so, remarked sadly that he could not catch fish fast enough in a poor canoe. If he had a boat he could make \$50 a week, he said; and with \$50 a week he could entertain his wife's honored friends continuously and in a befitting manner. The relatives consulted, and thinking they had a good thing, subscribed, and bought a boat (on credit) from the German firm, giving a mortgage on a piece of land as security. Then they presented 'Reo with the boat, with many complimentary speeches, and sat down to chuckle at the way they would "make the old fool work"; and the "old fool" went straightway to the American Consul and declared himself to be a citizen of the United States, and demanded his country's protection, as he feared his wife's relatives wanted to jew him out of the boat they had given him.

The Consul wrote out something terrifying on a big sheet of paper and tacked it to the boat, and warned the surprised relatives that an American man-of-war would protect 'Reo with her guns, and then 'Reo went inside his house and beat his wife with a canoe paddle, and chased her violently out of the place, and threatened her male relatives with a large knife and fearful language.

Then he took the boat round the other side of the island, and sold it for \$200 to a trader, and came back to Apia to Denison, and asked for a passage to Tutuila; and the German firm entered into and took possession of the mortgaged land, while the infuriated relatives tore up and down the beach, demanding Tarreo's blood in a loud voice. Tarreo, with his \$200 in his trousers' pocket, sat on the schooner's rail and looked at them stolidly and without ill feeling.

Denison landed the ancient at Leone Bay, on Tutuila, for he had taken kindly to the old scoundrel, who had many virtues and could give points to any one, white or brown, in the noble art of deep sea fishing. This latter qualification endeared him greatly to young Tom, who, when he was not employed in keeping the captain sober, or bringing him round after an attack of "d. t.'s," spent all his spare time in fishing, either at sea or in port.

'Reo settled at Leone, and made a good deal of money buying copra from the natives. The natives got to like him, he was such a conscientious old fellow. When he hung the baskets of copra on the iron hook of the steelyard, which was marked to weigh up to one hundred and fifty pounds, he would call their attention to the marks as he moved the heavy "pea" along the yard. Then, one day, some interfering Tongan visitor examined the pea, and declared that it had been taken from a steelyard designed to weigh up to four hundred pounds. 'Reo was so hurt at the insinuation that he immediately took the whole apparatus out beyond the reef in his boat and indignantly sank it in fifty fathoms of water. Then he returned to his house, bade his wife (he had married again) a sorrowful farewell, and said his heart was broken by the slanders of a vile Tongan pig from a mission school. He would, he said, go back to Apia, where he was respected by all who knew him. Then he began to pack up. Some of the natives sided with the Tongan, some with 'Reo, and in a few minutes a free fight took place on the village green, and 'Reo stood in his doorway and watched it from his narrow, piglike eyes; they being of a magnanimous nature, he walked over and asked three stout youths who had beaten the Tongan into a state of unconsciousness and were jumping on his body not to hurt him.

About midnight 'Reo's house was seen to be in flames, and the owner, uttering wild, weird screams of "Fia ola!" "Fia ola!" ("Mercy!" "Mercy!") fled down the beach to his boat, followed by his wife, a large fat woman, named appropriately enough Taumafa (Abundance). They dashed into the water, clambered into the boat, and began pulling seaward for their lives. The villagers, thinking they had both gone mad, gazed at them in astonishment, and then went back and helped themselves to the few goods saved from the burning house.

As soon as 'Reo and the good wife were out of sight of the village they put about, ran the boat into a little bay further down the coast, planted a bag containing \$700, with the best of the trade goods (saved before the fire was discovered), and then set sail for Apia to "get justice from the Consul."

The Consul said it was a shocking outrage; the captain of the United States ship Adirondack concurred; and so the cruiser, with the injured, stolid faced 'Reo on board, steamed off to Leone Bay and gave the astonished natives twelve hours to make up their minds as to which they would do—pay 'Reo \$1,000 in cash or have their town burned. They paid \$600—all they could raise—and then in a dazed sort of way sat down to meditate as they saw the Adirondack steam off again.

'Reo gave his wife a small share of the plunder and sent her home to her parents. When Tom Denison next saw him he was keeping a boarding house at Levuka, in Fiji. He told Denison he was welcome to free board and lodging for a year. 'Reo had his good points, as I have said.

A RAT SHOWED HIM A MINE.

From The Mexican Herald.

The action of a rat led N. R. Ingoldsby to the discovery of a rich gold mine in Arizona. He named the property the Rat Hole mine.

Mr. Ingoldsby had been spending several months near Mammoth, on the San Pedro River, in Arizona. His purpose was to enjoy the hunting and make a collection of the animals and minerals of the Southwest. He pitched his tent in the canyon of the San Pedro, in the Santa Catarina Mountains.

He had no neighbors, and was for a long time unable to account for the disappearance of small articles that he left lying about his camp. At last he noticed that when anything was taken something was left in its place. This was usually a bit of stone or wood. The culprit he found to be a large rodent of the species known as the trading rat. The habits of the animal made an interesting study for Mr. Ingoldsby, and he often lay awake at night to watch for his visitor.

A silver spoon was missing one morning, and in its place was a piece of quartz carrying free gold. This still more excited Mr. Ingoldsby's curiosity, and after several attempts he succeeded in following the animal to its home. Near by was the ledge from which the gold bearing quartz had been taken. Mr. Ingoldsby made an examination thorough enough to prove that his discovery was of considerable value.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE AND DEATH.

From The Detroit Journal.

Strictly speaking, of course, a man can't be ready to die for two different girls without leading a double life.



MRS. SMITH—THIS IS A VERY UNPLEASANT PIECE, DON'T YOU THINK? THERE'S CERTAINLY A GREAT DEAL TO BE DONE YET IN THE WAY OF ELEVATING THE STAGE.  
MR. JONES (who hasn't been able to get a glimpse of the stage all the afternoon)—WELL—ER—IT WOULD COME TO MUCH THE SAME THING IF YOU LADIES WERE TO LOWER YOUR HATS!—(Punch.)