

THE DRYAD.

BY HORACE BUNYON.

Where is the joy we meant In our first love, the joy so swiftly spent? It glows forever in her sacred breast, Untamed to languor's ebb, not by hot passion rent.

O pure abstaining Priestess of delight, That treasurest apart love's sanctity, Art thou but vision of an antique dream, Mated with a song's flight, With beckoning western gleam Or first rose fading from an early sky? Yet we, that are of earth, must seek on earth Our bodied bliss. Nay, thou hast still thine hour;

And in a girl's life-trusting April mirth, Or noble boy's clear and victorious eyes, Thou shinest with the charm and with the power Of all that wisdom loses to be wise.

THE BLANK FILE.

From Punch. "Durin' the next hour nothin' seemed to be stirrin' under the Southern Cross. The nosentry either didn't see anything to challenge, or didn't want to, and some of the men had even begun to snore. I was just droppin' off to sleep myself, when a snorer at the other end of the tent suddenly raps out an oath, and his head comes whizzin' down the gangway.

"The next swab as plays me that trick," he grumbles, "will 'ave to take off his toonik to me in the mornin'." "What trick, chum?" I asks, chuckin' him back his boot.

"Puttin' his icy cold foot on my face," he says, indignantly. "It didn't sound nice, some'ow, and my 'eart commenced to beat a devil's tattoo under the blankets. But nobody said nothin', and if it 'adn't been for the thumpin' of a dozen gallant 'earts besides mine you might 'ave 'eard a pin drop.

"Presently, 'owever, the drummer, who sleep next to the corpril, calls out somethin' beneath his bedclothes. "What is 'sticks' a-sayin'?" asks one of the men anxiously. "He's only talkin' in his sleep," says the corpril.

"No, he ain't," pipes the boy in his 'igh treble, "but somebody's a-walkin' in his." "This statement was received with a most uncomfortable silence of several minutes. Then the man next to me begins 'urriedly to scramble to his trousers.

"The kid's quite right," he says, "and I know 'emin' well who the sleep-walker is." "Who?" inquires a dozen voices at once. "The Blank File," says the man, "and he's 'on for a sleepin' billet, that's what he's 'on for. But he ain't goin' to doss next to me," says, and with that he bolts out of the tent.

"In another minute there was nobody—so far as we knew—left inside it. We all wanted to go to the sentry company till daylight." Mr. Pagett paused to refill his pipe, an operation he effected with characteristic absent-mindedness from my pouch. I feigned to be reading his last words.

After such a night of horror," I hazarded, "the daylight must indeed have been a welcome sight."

"I slipped the pouch, with charming naivete," he said, "You mark time a bit," he said, "I haven't finished with that night of 'error yet." "I murmured an apology.

"Pr'aps," says I, after thinkin' 'ard for some moments, 'they were born with the bloomin' baby." "You're a fool, Pagett," says he, "and you'd better go and fall in with the rest."

"Now, as I was carryin' my wounded feelin's back to my comrades, it suddenly struck me that the dawn wasn't breakin' as quickly as it usually does in those latitudes. The black patch over the day's eye had covered the entire face of the eastern sky, and was spreadin' to the zenith faster than the daylight itself. It was plain, from the incessant twinklin', that a tropical thunder-storm was comin' up with the sun, and you may take my word for it that a bare rock in midocean ain't the safest place to see one from.

"The detachment 'ad already undressed, and were bein' mustered by the color sergeant, so I slipped off my clothes and joined them. "Before the muster was over the mornin' 'ad grown much darker than the night had ever been, and the sky above us was like a great velvet pall with its borders trailin' in the sea. Long zigzag rents were torn in the pall about once every second, nor was there any interval in the 'orrible din o' the thunder. Luckily we escaped the rainfall, but we could 'ear 'is hiss in the sea a mile away like forty thousand locomotives blowin' off steam.

"As it was too dark to bathe, and too dangerous to go into the tent where the arms were, Jannaway fell us in two deep in rear of it. Before very long, 'owever, the eastern edge of the pall began to lift, and a streak of crimson sky appeared beneath it. Then the streak widened; orange showed above the red, primrose above the orange, till presently we could see the bright blue o' the zenith. The velvet pall had rolled away as quickly as it 'ad spread."

Mr. Pagett removed the pipe from his mouth and laid it upon the table. "You've been in the tropics yourself, sir?" he observed, looking into the fire. "I nodded. "Did you ever see one o' them lightning' photographs?" "I've heard of them," I admitted cautiously. "It is said that they cannot yet be accounted for by science, though they are undoubtedly electrical."

"I saw one that mornin' on the island," he mused; "the flash over the Tor just now 'minded me of it." "The first thing we noticed after Jannaway dismissed us and we'd moved away from the tent was the double line of our shadows still fixed upon the curtain, where it 'ad been thrown by the lightning'."

"Yes," I admitted, "that was quite possible." "Quite possible. But 'ow about this?" The drummer, who was startin' at the phenomenon from the front o' the group, suddenly turns round. "I thought," he squeaked, "that countin' Mr. Jannaway, we were thirty-three all told."

"Then, for once in your sinful young life," says the corpril, "you thought right, my son." "Well," says the boy, "edgin' into the middle o' the crowd, 'ow do you account for there bein' thirty-four shadows on the bloomin' tent?" "Nobody attempted to account for it; nobody even wanted to account for it. What everybody did want, 'owever, was to get off that cursed island without another minute's delay. Like one man the detachment turned and bolted for the pinnace in which we 'ad landed, and which was moored a few yards from the beach. It was the stampede of the previous afternoon over again, with the difference that this time we, an' the color-sergeant, an' Jannaway were in it as well.

"We splashed through the water, shinned over the gunnel of the big boat, got out the oars and gave way like a crew possessed. But we'd barely put a hundred yards between us and the Blank File's shadow on the tent before the sea began to bubble about the pinnace like water round an egg in a saucepan. "For the Lord's sake," cries one o' the men layin' on his ear, "look at the bloomin' island!"

"Then we saw a most curious thing. The island was gradually growin' smaller—in other words, it was sinkin' before our eyes! Presently only the tops o' the tents and the jackstays were visible above the water, and then only the Union Jack itself. When that 'omey bit o' buntin' 'ad gone, too, the drummer burst out a-cryin'.

out with a pair o' baggy trousers apiece. If there were any ladies on board they must 'ave been sent below before we got alongside, and the officers and men didn't matter. Mr. Jannaway told the admiral that we were pore castaways from a wrecked emigrant ship, and the admiral, with one eye cocked on me, said he'd had the pleasure of meetin' one at least of the pore emigrants before. Then, with a chronic twinkle in the same eye, he carried us back to Batavia, and put us on board our own ship.

"Before reportin' ourselves, 'owever, Mr. Jannaway addressed us in a few kind words. "If you mention that there Blank File," he says, "you will get the credit of bein' bigger 'ars than what you really are. Therefore," he says, "I shouldn't."

"And you may lay to it that we didn't." From a battered Service ditty-box on the mantelpiece Mr. Pagett produced a crumpled half sheet of note paper. "That inscription," said he, "was sent me by Lieutenant Jannaway a year after we were paid off. He copied it off an old brass in the tower of a church at Sandwich."

I refrained from commenting on the remarkable resemblance of the writing to Mr. Pagett's own cramped caligraphy, and read it aloud: "Sacred to the Memory," it ran, "of Beltshazzar Farwig, Private in the Marines, and sometime a Bellinger of this Church. Who died on the 29th Dec. 1770, on board His Majesty's ship Endeavor (commanded by the famous Navigator, Captain James Cook), and was buried at sea in Lat. 9° 13' S. and Long. 104° E."

"Wasn't it a most extraordinary thing," asked Mr. Pagett, regarding me out of the tail of his eye, "that the pore feller should 'ave come to the surface again on the middle of a volcanic island?" "Most extraordinary!" I murmured. "And that, after all them years, he should 'ave drilled once more with his old regiment and been photographed with them by lightning'?"

"I never heard anything like it before," said I. "And that he should 'ave tolled that onearthly bell to warn them that the island was goin' to sink?" "Wonderful indeed! Yet to me, Mr. Pagett, the most wonderful thing of all is your own marvellous power of inven—of memory, I mean."

Mr. Pagett stared at me in pained surprise. "I was afraid," he said reproachfully, "that you were goin' to use another word, in which case, Mister, me an' you would 'ave 'ad to part brassags!"

SOME IRON AND STEEL RIDDLES. CHANGES IN TENSILE STRENGTH AND ELASTICITY. Paul Kreuzpointner, in Cassier's Magazine.

In view of our apparently extensive knowledge of the nature of iron and steel, it may seem strange to still speak about riddles wrought in these metals. Nevertheless, in everyday practice, we are constantly confronted by riddles of one kind or another, when dealing with iron and steel, particularly the latter.

Why is it that we can raise the strength of soft staybolt iron of, say, 17,000 pounds per square inch, to 60,000 pounds per square inch either by heat treatment or by repeated application of stress? Why is steel coming from the rolls or hammer weaker, and less ductile, than the same steel is after lying a day or two, or better still, a week?

"SAM" LEWIS. THE MOST NOTED ENGLISH MONEY LENDER, HIS PERSONALITY AND METHODS. From The London Mail.

Samuel Lewis might have been called the "prince of usurers." He belonged to a profession deservedly unpopular, but he was at the head of it, and was not to be confused with practitioners of the Gordon type. He did not prey upon the poor and needy, but lived upon the follies of his time.

He said once that he had a million of money on paper, and every name on it in "Debrett," and there is little reason to doubt the statement. He was the society money lender, and few of the young spendthrifts who have dragged honored family names into the bankruptcy and other courts got there without a little friendly assistance from "Sam" Lewis.

He stuck to his own line of business. Time and again he was offered trading bills—trading bills of the most unimpeachable character—to discount. He absolutely refused to have anything to do with them. That class of business was not in his way.

He was not entirely rapacious, nor altogether heartless, but when once he had established a monetary connection with a man it was not his fault if the intimacy, usually so satisfactory in its results to "Sam" Lewis, were broken off. When once he had made an agreement with a man he kept him to it to the very letter.

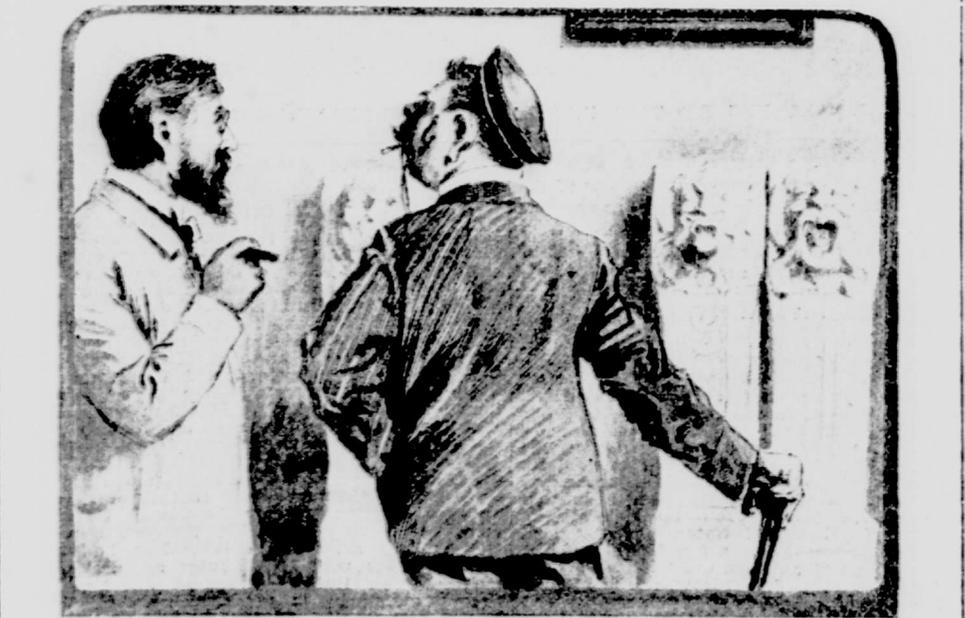
An excellent instance of this is to be found in a letter which Sir George Lewis addressed to "The Times" in April, 1898, on the subject of "West End Usurers."

"In the year 1884," wrote Sir George, "a rich Australian sent his son to England to be educated at Cambridge. He had an allowance of £300 a year. He was twenty years old. In December, 1884, he made the acquaintance of Samuel Lewis, of Cork-st., to whom he gave three promissory notes for three months, one for £750, dated December 4, 1884; one for £500, dated January 17, 1885; and one for £250, dated January 27, 1885; together, £1,500. Samuel Lewis gave him £550.

"Directly the father heard that his son was in the hands of a money lender he telegraphed to the manager of one of the Australian banks in London to send his son back by the next boat. This was done, but the young man's university career was ruined. The bank manager then came to me, and I saw Samuel Lewis and offered to repay him the amount he had advanced, with 5 per cent interest. He refused the offer, and I then told him that as the undergraduate was under age the claim could not be legally enforced against him. Samuel Lewis replied: 'I have his letter, in which he states that he is of age, and I can prosecute him for obtaining money by false pretences.' I said that was not possible, because he was not now in the country. On January 5, 1886, I forwarded to Samuel Lewis £550, together with £100 for interest, and he returned to me the undergraduate's promissory notes for £1,500, together with the incriminating letter."

Such was Samuel Lewis's methods, yet no less an authority on money lending questions than the late Lord Chief Justice—and Lord Russell of Killowen was a severe critic of the business of usury—once gave him no mean testimonial. It was at the close of the famous Spender-Clay case.

The action, it will be remembered, was brought by Mr. Lewis to recover from H. Spender-Clay, at that time a wealthy subaltern in the Life Guards, the sum of £11,000 odd on two promissory notes which he had signed at the request of Lord William Nevill, the son of the Marquis of Abergavenny. The defence put forward by Mr. Clay was that he was not liable, because he was induced to sign the bills without knowing their nature by means of a fraudulent trick practised by Lord William Nevill, who, as indeed it was afterward proved, had covered the main portion of the bills with blotting paper.



AT THE SCULPTOR'S. "MR. BUMMELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THESE MODELS FOR WATER SPOUTS?" "VERY UNNATURAL. HOW COULD A FELLOW LAUGH WITH ONLY WATER IN HIS MOUTH?"—(Pictogene Blatt.)

UNRECONCILED. From The Washington Star. "Have you made any effort to reconcile your professions of principle with your practical procedure?" "No," answered the sordid politician. "I haven't made any effort to reconcile them. I never posed as a peacemaker. I just let them fight it out."