THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK.

BY GEORGE HORTON.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Curtis, a young American, who chances to be in Athens at the outbreak of the Græco-Turkish War, joins a filibustering expedition to Crete. The little vessel is wrecked, but Curtis, Lieut. Lindbohm, a soldier of fortune, and a native Cretan, Michail, reach the island safely. They arrive at a village and are cared for by the inhabitants. Curtis has injured his foot on a sea urchin. He is nursed by Panayota, the priest's daughter. In a few days word comes of the advance of the Turks under Kostakes toward the town. The Cretans gather in the pass, the men fighting and the women and girls keeping up beacon fires. Thirty Turks are killed, but Michail is badly wounded and Panayota is captured by Kostakes. The Cretans retreat to the sea. Kostakes plunders the town, taking the old priest and Panayota along as prisoners. Curtis, representing himself as a newspaper correspondent, also accompanies the Turks. Kostakes has the old priest murdered. Curtis kills two of the guards, wounds another and escapes with Panayota. They meet Lindbohm and friends and attack the Bashi Bazouks, who recapture Panayota. Curtis and Lindbohm each discovers that the other is in love with the Cretan captive. Kostakes now imprisons her in his harem in Canea and tries to persuade her to marry him. The American and Swede rejoin the Cretans and assist in the capture of a blockhouse. The allied gunboats begin to bombard the nearby fort.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Men, still running, were disappearing into the distant hills. The Swede and the American were entirely alone. The toy ships continued to launch their polyphemian missiles.

"Are they firing at us?" gasped Curtis.

"Yudging from appearances, I should say they were," replied his companion.

Four Cretans had turned back and were running toward the ruined blockhouse. One was the color bearer of Lindbohm's company, and he was carrying the Greek flag. Straight up to the house he ran, and, handing the standard to one of his companions he climbed upon the wall. As he stood there a shell dropped so near that he was for a moment obscured in a cloud of dust. When the air became again clear he was jamming the flagpole into the soft mortar. Then he jumped down and ran away, together with his comrades. Another shell exploded thirty feet from the four Cretans, and only three ran on.

"What killed him?" asked Curtis.

"A flying piece of rock, probably," replied Lindbohm. "When it is raining 6-inch shells a man must just take his chances."

The bombardment did not last much longer. The Greek flag was also brought down by a shot which elicited unbounded admiration from the Swede, a shell striking the corner of the house where it was planted.

Curtis realized now for the first time the peculiar sensations of a soldier of fortune. He had been risking his life for that flag, yet he saw it fired upon without the thrill of horror and rage which would have surged through his heart had it been the American emblem.

"They are shooting at the flag!" he exclaimed, noticing that the ships in the bay had become silent.

"Yust so," observed Lindbohm, "and that is why they commenced in the first place. They mistook the Turkish officer's shirt for the Greek flag. But here he comes now."

Hassan Bey was powdered as white as a great moth. He advanced with a sprightly step, the scabbard of his sword jingling among the cobblestones. Greeting Lindbohm respectfully with a military salute, he turned to Curtis and bowed low, his hand upon his heart. He spoke as one who had hastily prepared an address.

"Monsieur, in my own behalf and that of my little band, I thank you for saving our lives. Your heroism and magnanimity do credit to the nation which you represent. I beg of you to accept this sword as a pledge of my undying gratitude." And he grasped with both hands his curved scimitar in its richly mounted case and held it impulsively toward the American, who looked amazedly at Lindbohm.

"Better take it," said the latter. "Needlessly offend a brave man if you don't."

"But what for? Why the deuce should he give me his sword?"

"Very graceful act, seeing you yumped in front of the Cretan guns and saved his life."

"Did I do that? I don't remember anything about it."

"Better take it," repeated Lindbohm. "He is beginning to feel embarrassed."

Curtis accepted the scimitar, but could not find appropriate words. The occasion seemed to demand a set speech.

"Merci! Merci!" he stammered. "My father will be glad to get this. He is fond of this sort of thing. He already has a pair of pistols and an old Turkish gun."

And he fell to examining the hilt, which was embossed with silver, and the scabbard, adorned with flowers and various animals. An awkward silence ensued, broken at length by Hassan Bey, who addressed himself to Lindbohm.

"And now, if Monsieur does not consider me a prisoner of war, I will take my leave."

Again saluting Lindbohm and salaming to Curtis, he turned and walked away.

"What'll we do now?" asked Curtis. "Get the band together again?"

"To hell with the band!" exploded Lindbohm. "I'm sick of them. They fight all right, but there's no way to enforce discipline. I think I'll go to America. There should be some beautiful fighting between the Americans and Spaniards," and he looked dreamily across the sea.

"We weren't fighting Kostakes after all," mused Curtis.

Lindbohm came to earth with a start and glanced sharply after the slender, erect figure of the departing Turk, whose body was now cut off below the arms by a ledge of rock.

"Monsieur!" shouted the Swede, and started in pursuit. The Turk turned slowly and waited.

"Monsieur will pardon me," said Lindbohm, when he had overtaken Hassan Bey. "I wish to ask a question on behalf of my friend here, which you will use your own discretion in answering."

Hassan bowed gravely.

"My friend is interested in a young Cretan girl, Panayota Nicolaides, whom Kostakes Effendi has abducted. We have been following Kostakes, but he has disappeared. Do you know anything of him or the girl?"

"I know it all. He and the Bashi Bazouks passed by here with the girl, who is now locked up in Kostakes's harem at Canea. He has gone daft over her. That is why he was not here to-day with his band to support the blockhouse as he promised. He cannot be depended on. He passes half his time laying siege to the affections of a girl who is already in his power. Bah! Kostakes is no good. He is only half a man—he is half Greek."

Hassan had grown suddenly voluble. Kostakes, with his incomprehensible doings, was evidently a thorn in his flesh. Rage, indignation, pity, swooped down upon Curtis like a flood, now hot, now cold, as he thought of Panayota, restrained in the house of that square-jawed, cruel, supercilious Turk, subject to his vile solicitations, perhaps his insults.

"You do not think he would dare to do her violence?" he cried, as the thought that he knew where Panayota was and might yet save her, seemed almost to lift him from the ground.

"And why not?" demanded Hassan. "But bah!" (with indescribable scorn). "It is the Christian blood in him, I tell you. He wants her to love him—bah!"

Curtis's face was flushed and he was trembling with eagerness. Lindbohm, pale as death, was leaning against a rock, biting his lip. A bugle sang out sweet and clear, in the distance.

"It is the Cretan trumpeter," remarked the Turk. "So, once more au revoir, and a thousand, thousand thanks."

"I am done with the troop," said Lindbohm. "I cannot control them, and I am a soldier. I will not fight where discipline is impossible. My friend and I wish to go to Canea. We—we—desire to take ship and leave the island."

"Then come with me," cried Hassan gayly. "I will pass you through the lines, and I may be able in some way to prove my gratitude to this gentleman who has saved my life. Voila, we are comrades!" and stepping between Curtis and Lindbohm, he grasped each by the arm. Again the bugle sounded.

"They can fight," mused the Swede sadly, stopping and looking back over his shoulder, "but no discipline, no discipline! Allons, monsieur!"

CHAPTER XXX.

Kostakes had something of importance to say to Panayota—something unpleasant, to judge from his perturbed appearance. The door to her room failed to open at the first turning of the key, the lock was old and worn and the bolt did not always respond. But Kostakes did not calmly try again, like a sane man. He threw his weight pettishly against the unyielding barrier and kicked noisily at the panels. Having thus given vent in a slight degree to his boiling passion, he again tried the key, swearing to himself meanwhile in Greek—that language being in every way more satisfactory than Turkish in a crisis demanding profanity. Almost falling into the room, he brought himself up with a jerk and stood glaring at the unhappy girl. To Panayota, who had always seen him hitherto in a gentle and persuasive mood, he seemed like a man who had put off a mask. Somehow he did not frighten her, for his looks now corresponded with her idea of his real character; that scowling brow, those glaring eyes, that protruding under jaw trembling with rage, well befitted the murderer of her father and of her young companions, and the despoiler of her home. She was not afraid, because, with a woman's quick perception, she understood that the passion which had taken possession of her persecutor for the moment was not the one most dangerous to her honor. Death she did not fear; it was one of the doors of escape which she counted on to rid her of the terrible risk which she felt herself to be running every day—a danger more dreadful than death to a Sphakiote maiden and the daughter of a priest. If Kostakes should come into her room some time when he was drunk! But now he was only angry, seemingly speechless with rage. She had been peering through the grating of her window watching a rat that was running to and fro in the sunless court below; he was so fat and his legs were so short that he seemed to be sliding over the pave like a toy mouse that her father had once brought from Athens. When she first heard Kostakes's key in the lock she grasped the iron bars to keep herself from falling and, leaning against the wall, stood looking at the door. And thus she stood now, a smile of scorn faintly curling her pale lip. Kostakes strode across the room and, seizing her wrist, wrenched her hand loose from the iron bar.

"You won't marry me, eh?" he said. "Eh? I'm not good enough for you, eh? I suppose I'm old or ugly, or you prefer somebody else? Is that it, eh? Well, now I'm going to tame you. You wouldn't have me as a Christian, you shall have me as a Turk. There aren't going to be any more Christians, do you hear? Eh? Do you hear? We're going to kill the whole cursed brood of them—English, French, Italians, Cretans. There wont be one left. Islam is aroused. We'll cut their throats—" he shouted, flinging the wrist from him and making an imaginary slash at his own neck. "The streets will run blood. Every dog of an unbeliever in Crete must die—men, women and children—except you."

The blood of the Turkish father had prevailed, and Kostakes had been overwhelmed with that form of religious mania which cries for blood. He had joined a band of young Turks, who had planned a grand coup, to save Crete, and his Christian love for Panayota was fast turning into Turkish love. It needed but a riot of blood and rapine to make the change complete.

"You would not have me as a Christian," he said, with his hand on the doorknob; "this night you shall take me as a Turk," and he went out.

Panayota, being left alone again, was frightened, and it is proof of the girl's nobility of soul that she thought not of herself, but of her fellow Christians, whom she believed to be in imminent danger. If she could only escape and give them warning! But she dismissed that thought, for she had tried every possible means again and again. She might stand at the window and scream, but she had already done that with no effect. Kostakes's house was right in the centre of the Turkish quarter, and the screams of a hysterical or angry woman attracted little attention. A girl shouting in Greek for "boethia" (help) was a time-honored legend of Turkish rule; as old as Islam and as natural as murder. Besides, her window looked out against a blank wall, and her voice would be stifled in a closed court. No, there was no use in shouting. So, as a last resort, she fell upon her knees and besought the Virgin to help and save the people, to pity the mothers and the little children and to turn away from them this danger. Now, while she was praying a conflict had been taking place within the breast of Kostakes, of which he felt the effects, but of which he was entirely unconscious. The blood of his Greek mother had been making a last stand against that of his Mohammedan father, and while he was even yet breathing out curses against the Christians and muttering: "She shall have me as a Turk," he turned about automatically, as it were, and retraced his steps to Panayota's room. The girl rose from her knees.

"I am praying the holy Virgin to save my people," she said in a solemn tone. Her eyes were streaming with tears. Kostakes shuddered, and involuntarily raised his arm, restraining himself with difficulty from making the sign of the cross. This Virgin of his mother could be a very terrible being when angry.

"Panayota," he said, "I—I—was too rough with you just now. But you are very obstinate. Listen. I tell you the truth. The Young Turks have planned a grand coup, and I have joined them. But I would do anything for you if you would only let me. Say that you will marry me, and I will give the foreign officers warning, and the Christians will be saved. I will then turn Christian—O, Panayota, won't you marry me?"

But the Virgin had comforted Panayota and given her courage. She pointed superbly to the door.

"Go," she cried, "God will save his people without this sacrifice. He will not connive at the pollution of a Christian maiden!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

Kostakes went to the bazaar of his friend, Mehemet Effendi. Mehemet was of about of an age with the Captain, and had attended school with him. He was young and handsome, with red cheeks, thin, large nose, and thick lips. He affected European costume, but, being a full-blooded Turk, was a sincere worshipper of the Prophet, and an enthusiastic member of that society of youths who believed that Islam was about to be rejuvenated and purified, after which it would rise and overwhelm the unbeliever in a series of victories greater than when it swept Asia and the isles of the sea with the besom of fanaticism and carried its one star to the gates of Vienna. Mehemet's partner was a black-bearded, pale-faced Persian, 40 years of age, who wore a blue vest, blue trousers that were full about the hips and tight at the ankles, carpet slippers and a red fez. Hassan Bey Sabbah was a Mahometan by profession, but his belief was colored and weakened by the secret influence of an ancient religion. His soul was haunted by the unrecognizable ghosts of the dead gods of Mardonis and Masistius. He was prudent in business and mildly deprecatory in speech. The bazaar into which Kostakes now walked was a tiny room, fronting upon the kaleidoscopic square. The greater portion of its stock was piled in the capacious windows, brass candlesticks, Cretan knives and revolvers, Byzantine silver jewelry, antique earthenware, Turkish and Persian embroideries. The only furniture consisted of a round-topped wooden table, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, that stood in the middle of the floor; a divan and a couple of chairs. Side by side upon the wall, in cheap frames, hung the sad, cruel, blasé faces of Abdil Hamid and the latest successor of Xerxes.

Mehemet was standing under his awning watching the shifting throng, and occasionally casting expectant glances at the bay. His eyes were bright and his face was pale from nervousness.

"Any news, Kosta? Any news?" he demanded in a cautious tone. Kostakes made no reply, but flinging himself into one of the chairs inside the shop, began to beat a lively tattoo with his riding whip on the top of his boot. Hassan, who had been pretending to sleep on the divan, rose to a sitting position and yawned.

"Don't betray your feelings so," said Mehemet; "the hour when the faithful shall triumph is almost at hand. Be patient."

"I'm sick of the whole cursed spawning of Christians," cried Kostakes, making the whip crack on his boottop like a pistol shot. "I want to see the throats of the last them slit. I—"

"Now, Kosta, Kosta, in the name of the Allah," protested Hassan, springing to the door and looking to right and left.

Mehemet patted the excited man on the shoulder soothingly.

"He cannot help it," he explained. "It is Islam rising. Patience, Kosta, but a little longer, and you shall have your fill of slitting. We shall spare no one, eh? No Christian sluts to breed more litters of Christians; no babes to grow up into Christians!"

"Merciful Allah! If you should be heard!" whispered Hassan in an ague of fear.

"You can't make anything out of a Christian, try how you will," continued Kostakes. "They don't appreciate kindness. Now, take that girl of mine, Panayota—"

"You are not trifling with her yet?"

"I have treated her with the greatest kindness, I have humbled myself to her, but she despises me, she abhors me—me!"

And rising to his full height he smote his expanded chest.

"Never mind, never mind," said Mehemet, "you shall have your house full of Christian girls to-morrow."

"I've offered to make her the head of my harem, to—to—do everything in fact, but still she is obstinate. Oh, I am through with kindness now. This is a fine state of society when it is possible for a Christian slut to despise a Turkish gentleman and an officer to boot!"

Under ordinary circumstances some of Mehemet's Christian neighbors would have heard Kostakes's ravings from afar, and would have stolen near. At the present moment, however, the entire population of the square were surging down to the water's edge watching an English ship that was rapidly and noiselessly sliding into the harbor. Evidently it had been expected and its mission on this occasion was supposedly favorable to the Christians, for they were noisily jubilant and addressed many facetious but insulting remarks to their Mohammedan neighbors. The latter remained silent and gazed at the approaching vessel with scowling brows.

"Here it comes!" cried Hassan from the door, as the masts and funnels of the Hazard suddenly drifted into the background, above the heads of the throng. Mehemet grabbed Kostakes by the arm and dragged him to the door.

"See there!" he cried, forgetting all restraint. "There comes the disgrace of Islam, my brother—they have come to enslave us. Those English are Christians and they hate us. But your time has come, dogs, your time has come!" and he shook his fist toward the ship.

"But in the name of Allah!" expostulated Hassan. "These English are our best customers. Only yesterday I sold a piece of Rhodes embroidery to an English Lieutenant for four times its value. And we can't fight the English; they take the most terrible revenge. Look at—"

"Bah! Look at nothing! Look at our most glorious Sultan, the light of the world and the defender of the faith. Has he not been keeping all Europe at bay for the ast ten years? There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

"We must not interfere with the English, I tell you," protested Hassan, in great alarm.

"A Christian is a Christian—all dogs, froth of the spittle of dogs. Kostakes, they have come to install the new Christian officials and to collect the tax. The money of the faithful goes into Christian hands. Your old enemy, Platonides, is to be made deputy collector. How do you like that?"

"Curse his Virgin!" growled Kostakes, again resorting to Greek. "But he won't live long to enjoy it. I'll see to that—despise me!"

"Now you're talking sensibly," interpose Hassan, admiringly. "There's a way and a time to do all things, of course. But to oppose the English by force—it's the veriest madness."

The metallic burr of the chain, paying out rapidly as the Hazard's anchor plunged, came to their ears with startling distinctiveness. Mehemet groaned.

"Our slavery dates from this moment, unless we nip this tyranny in the bud, unless we strike a terrible blow. They will be coming into our houses next and taking our Christian wives away from us."

"Not into mine while I have 200 Bashi Bazouks at my back!" cried Kostakes. "Curse the Christians!"

"Have they not given them the privilege of trading in the town? Have they not denied to Mahometans the right to go out and visit their farms and gardens? You will see what their next move will be."

The sharp, clear tones of an English officer could be heard, and the rattle of oars as they were unshipped and boated by the crew of a man-of-war's boat. The crowd at the wharf surged back, with groans and cheers. But the wharf was not destined to be the chief centre of attraction. The scrannel drone of a bagpipe sounded faintly in the distance, and grew rapidly more distinct—a waving thread of sound that led the measured tread of many feet, marching to quickstep, out of the silence, and nearer, nearer. The three Mahometans fixed their eyes upon the opening of a street that debouched not far away into the square. The bagpipe turned the corner, and its defiant wail came straight to their ears. The throng at the wharf turned and looked, then turned back again, like the distracted spectator at a modern circus, where the prodigality of attractions prevents the enjoyment of any. But they were not long in doubt as to the principal attraction, for the street ejected from its mouth at that moment the most devil-may-care, picturesque, obstreperous, robust, business-like compound of wailing wind and true courage on earth—a Scotch bagpiper. Tamas Macmillan flung across the square, looking neither to right nor left. His hair was red, and his face flamed in the tropic sun. Every time that he puffed his cheeks full his head shook with the effort, and the streamers of his Scotch cap leaped on the breeze. He was a tall, gaunt, awkward Scot, whose projecting kneecaps played in front of the sinewy knees like round shields. On he fared, with chest thrust out and face thrust up, squeezing the bag under his brawny arm and letting out its protesting squeals in the notes of "Bonnie Prince Charlie." Behind him at a distance came a small body of Seaforth Highlanders and a few bluejackets, bound straight for the Custom House. The throng scrambled out of the way to right and left, as though from a bayonet charge. In fact, the natives did not wait for the troops, but melted away before the flaming countenance of Tamas Macmillan.

One of Kostakes's Bashi Bazouks, a great, splendid fellow, with a blue and yellow turban about his head and a gaudy sash about his waist, in yellow Cretan boots and blue Cretan breeches of a baggy sort, appeared beneath Mehemet's awning and salamed:

"Your men are going up to the custom house," he said.

Kostakes was fretting to and fro in the shop like a big lion in a small cage, gnawing his upper lip, twitching at his mustache. Every moment his passion grew, and the snorts of indignation became more and more frequent.

"Doesn't want me, eh? The slut. What does she want? Wouldn't have me on any terms? Ha, ha. We'll see about that."

"Effendi," said the man in a louder voice.

The Captain whirled about with a jerk and glared at the speaker.

"Well, what do you want?"

The man retreated a step. Kostakes's face was purple and his eyes looked uncanny in the half light, like a cat's.

"Your men, I said, are going to the custom house."

"Bah. Tell them to go to the devil."

The Bashi Bazouk salamed and started away, but Mehemet caught him by the arm.

"The effendi is in a terrible rage about Platonides. Tell the men to go up in twos and threes, and—an—to keep out of mischief."

"We are not armed, effendi," replied the man, smiling grimly, and laying his hand upon the butt of one of the large, old-fashioned pistols in his belt. Beside these weapons, he carried a long Cretan knife in a leathern sheath, tipped with silver.

"We are not armed," he repeated, "except for dress."

"There will surely be trouble," whined Hassan, "and these foreigners are our best customers."

"What are the Christians doing now?" sneered Kostakes, standing in the door. He had passed into one of those periods of calm which manifest themselves in violent ebullitions of rage, like the fearful silences between thunderclaps.

Mehemet pointed. The British troops and the marines were drawn up in front of the Custom House. Red jackets and gleaming helmet tips on one side; bare knees in a row, kilts and little caps with frisking tails on the other. Numerous Bashi Bazouks were seen standing among the throng, several of them upon its outer edge. Kostakes caught sight of the hated Platonides in company with a British officer. The guard saluted, and the Cretan raised his hat, as though the military courtesy were intended for him.

"If there is a row," chuckled Kostakes, "my men will attend to you. They'll install you!"

And he started briskly across the square, accompanied by Mehemet.

Hassan retired into the shop, trembling with fear.

"Our best customers," he muttered, "and they never forgive nor forget!" But he could not restrain his curiosity, and so, after another moment, he peeped from the door again. Every thing was proceeding quietly and in order.

"Bah! There will be no trouble, with all those English there."

He tiptoed across the open space in front of the door, ready to scurry back at the least symptom of alarm. He reached the edge of the throng, and, forgetting his fear in the midst of so many friends and neighbors, pushed boldly through, arriving at the further edge just in time to receive a bullet in his breast. Clutching at the air, he staggered a few steps into the open and fell dead, with one loud cry to Allah for help. Like many another peaceful and inoffensive man he had fallen the first victim in a scene of violence.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Kostakes himself had been the indirect cause of Hassan's death. This is what had happened: He and the impetuous Mehemet were standing close to one end of the line of Highlanders, making insulting remarks in Greek for the benefit of Platonides and their Christian neighbors. Stung beyond endurance the excitable Greek pulled the English officer's sleeve and pointed to his tormentors with raised arm. Kostakes stepped boldly forward and shook his fist in the direction of his enemy, whereupon one of the statues in kilts came to life and dropped the butt of his musket on the Turk's toes. The latter sprang back with a cry of pain and the exclamation in Turkish:

"Death to the Christians!"

A Bashi Bazouk, enraged at the insult suffered by his commanding officer and taking the exclamation for a command, drew his knife and plunged it to the handle into the Highlander's back. As the unfortunate man fell his gun was discharged, causing the death of Hassan Ben Sabbah and awakening the demon of massacre that for many years had lurked in the towns and villages of Crete, feverishly and fitfully sleeping. And what an inconceivably horrible demon it is! Here is the sweetly wimpling sea with the Grecian sky above; here are vineyards and pastures on the hill sides and the ancient pipe of the shepherd boy; here are white villages that should hear no sound save such as harmonize with the vesper chime of some monastery bell drifting across the waters or the choiring of the Cretan nightingales. And yet, nowhere on earth has hate, irresponsible and pitiless, found so congenial a home as among these idyllic scenes. Mehemet whipped an English navy revolver from beneath his coat, and shouting: "Allah, il, Allah!" fired point blank at the Lieutenant in charge of the guard, who sank to the earth, gasping.

"Steady, boys; steady."

Kostakes's Bashi Bazouks came plunging through the press from all directions, gathering about their master. Knives twirled in the sun and flashed above the heads of the people—horrible knives with concave edges, made for the cutting of throats. And now, from the mob, from windows and from the roofs of houses, commenced a sporadic sputtering of guns against that gallant body of men standing in front of the Custom House, statues yet, save when now and then one sank to earth—brought to life by death. Their officer lay dead at their feet and his last words had been: "Steady boys, steady!"

The beardless boy who stood there now in command, a trifle pale, but firm as a stripling oak, was for one moment at his wit's ends. He could not give the order to fire into the crowd, killing Turk and Christian alike. That certainly would not be obeying the last command of the man whom he had loved, who had been his model soldier and gentleman. At any rate, he could die bravely; he was not in doubt about that part of it for a single moment. But his hesitation did not last for long. A gun boomed out in the bay louder than all the pandemonium that was increasing here on shore every minute, and a shell dropped on the roof of a house from which several Turks had been firing at the British. He would get his men to the wharf, as close under shelter of the guns as possible.

They arrived at the wharf just as the steam launch from the Hazard drew up to take them off, and two sailors held her fast with grappling poles. Other boats were creeping across the narrow strip of sea, their oars moving rapidly, like the legs of frightened centipedes. The little sub-Lieutenant drew up his company facing the rioters. He then detached a squad to put the wounded into the launch . The fall of the first two or three shells had caused a momentary panic in the town, during which the British succeeded in getting into the boats, save one wounded man, who had been overlooked somehow in the excitement.

"Shove off!" cried the little sub-Lieutenant, standing in the stern of one of the boats, whither he had leaped last of that gallant company.

"Shove off!" repeated the middy in charge, and the boat drifted a foot or so from the wharf, as the grappling poles were lifted. But at that moment the brave boy, with a man's heart, saw the wounded Highlander, lying helpless upon the cobblestones. Even as he looked, the man rose to his knees, swayed a moment and fell over upon his side, a bundle of bright tartan on the gray cobblestones. It was Tamas the piper. Without a moment's hesitation, the little sub-lieutenant sprang to the wharf and ran to the rescue. The place was clear, as the rioters had drawn back from the threatening guns of the British, and were pouring a galling fire into the boats from windows and corners of houses. As the young hero advanced, all these rifles were turned upon him, and he was aware of a continual "zip! zip!" of bullets about his ears. His own men now, assisted by the marines, were answering the fire, shooting at the Turks as they stepped slyly out from the shelter of buildings, or arose at the edge of roofs to take aim. Tamas was clutching one of the pipes of his musical instrument with an unloosable grip. His rescuer vainly attempted to open the bony hand. Seeing that the effort was useless, he knelt by Tamas, and seizing his two wrists, drew the fainting man's arms about his neck; rising to his feet, he staggered toward the wharf, with the Scotchman upon his shoulders. The bagpipe dangled like the limp body of some animal held by one leg. Strong arms lifted Tamas into the boat, and again the little sub-lieutenant leaped in and cried "Shove off!" The sheath of his sword was badly bent by the impact of a bullet and a shot of blood appeared near his groin, and grew larger.

"My God, sir, you're wounded!" almost sobbed a burly Scot. But the sub-lieutenant was young and familiarity is the death of authority.

"Be quiet, Ferguson," he said, sternly, without deigning to look at the flesh wound in his side, which was beginning to smart like a burn.

"Did you bring off my bagpipe?" asked Thomas Macmillan, wounded to the death. "Tis the sweetest instrument in a' Scotland."

A laugh of derision greeted the question, and even the little sub-lieutenant smiled as he fainted away into the arms of Ferguson, who muttered fiercely, "If they don't give him the Victoria cross for this I'll desert."

Mr. Ferguson is still with the army.

The arrival of the ship's boats showed the captain of the Hazard how serious was the uprising on shore. Twelve of the soldiers had been killed and four sailors, and there were fifty wounded. He therefore determined to drop a few more shells into the town.

To be continued.

MAINE'S OLDEST MAN.

Edward Spencer Is Nearly 104—His Story of His Third Marriage.

LINCOLN, Me., Aug. 22.—The oldest of the five men of Maine who have passed the century mark and are still on earth is Edward Spencer of this town, who is almost 104 years of age, and who has been married four times, and is the father of twenty-five children, nineteen of whom are living. He was born in the town of Orland, Me., on Jan. 2, 1797, and was baptized two weeks later, as the church records show, though the writing is very pale and hardly decipherable. In 1813 he enlisted as a private in the war against England and served fourteen months, when he had some words with a Lieutenant of his company as to how much liquor a soldier should take when on leave of absence, and was put in the guardhouse to think it over. When he was let out next day he took his gun and a few rations and ran away to the woods.

"If it hadn't been for that little trick," said the old man, "I might have drawn more than $10,000 in pensions from the United States, but I guess I can stand it now, having been without any Government help for more than eighty years."

Long after the war was over he came to Lincoln and took up about 2,000 acres of wild land and settled down as a lumber operator. He was living with his second wife and was worth more than $100,000 before he was 50 years of age. On the death of his second wife he took to hanging about the taverns and spent most of his earnings in drink. He married a woman who, he says, ruined him and shortened his days. The termination of his third matrimonial venture was unusual. The old man tells the story as follows:

"Been stuffin' yer erbout 'Tilda Jane, hev they? Jest like 'em, jest like 'em. Lots uv folks know more erbout my business than I do myself, and most uv 'em live right here in the village. Fact is, 'twas a trade, a good square trade, and that was all there was to it. 'Tilda Jane married me 'cause she liked me and 'cause I wanted her to. She was an uncommon good cook and neat and good enough to work, too, but she wouldn't stay at hum, jumped the fence to go visitin' ez soon ez I went out to work, and when I come home the supper was never ready. I hed to eat cold vittels or go without, and it got so it was go without most of the time. I walloped her ez often ez twict a week, but it didn't seem to do any good. Jest ez soon ez I'd go away she'd be out agen a-cavortin' and a-cahootin' erbout as if a lickin' was no mor'n a picnic to her. I took the question to the minister, who prayed with her and me, and tole us to be good and love each other, and that very night she was gone agin and got the wust walloping of her life when she came hum. Bime by Jerry Cook, the tin pedler with one leg, came to me and sez:

"'Ed,' sez he, 'Ed, what'll you take fer your wife?' sez he. I seed he'd been drinkin' and spoke back quick like:

"'I'll take $10 spot cash,' sez I. 'Give yer er bar'l of flour,' he sez, 'and flour is wuth $5 er bar'l now.' 'Ten dollars or the trades all off,' sez I, and turned to go away. 'Hole on,' sez Jerry, 'er trade's a trade, and ef I agree to give you er bar'l uv flour and two gallons uv rum I ain't er man to go back on my word, and you ought to know it by this time.' 'Do you pertend to say that you do make that offer to me a-settin' here afore the store with these witnesses present? Ef you do, I'll be forced to tell you that I'll take it. So bring on your flour and stop your chatterin'.' 'I must hev er bill uv sale,' sez he. 'Bill uv sale be darned,' sez I. 'She's my wife, ain't she? And can't I sell her or swap her, I'd like to know? Ef I sold you my dog Rose, would you be askin' me for er bill uv sale?' Jerry allowed that he wouldn't. Then, I sez to him, 'Trot out your rum and your flour, and let's drink to bind the bargain.' We all wet our whistles over the hotel bar, and that night 'Tilda Jane went to live with the pedler. Anybody who has told you a different story from what I've told you is tryin' to injur' my character, and you mustn't listen to what he says."

When he was nearly 75 years of age Mr. Spencer married his fourth wife without going to the trouble of getting a divorce from his third one, which act involved him in legal complications that took the last of his property. Twenty-six years ago he had an attack of rheumatic fever and was compelled to call on the town for help. As he grew better and was able to do a little work it was noticed that his health was so feeble that he could not be trusted to look out for himself, so the Selectmen hired his wife to care for him, and he has lived in comfort from that date. Whatever money he earns from tapping shoes and doing odd jobs goes to purchase liquor, but as his ability is small he seldom gets enough to do him any harm. The doctors who have atttended him say that he will outlast the century by several years.

CABBY MEETS A GENTLEMAN.

One at Least Who Knew How to Behave When Run Over in the Street.

"One day while I was hustling along Lexington avenue wid me hansom," said the New York cabby, as a smile lighted his face, "a pedestrian, as they calls 'em, starts to cross in front of me and is knocked down and rolled to the curbstone.

"'Hello! Are you kilt?' says I, and I holds up and looks down at him.

"'Not at all, sir,' says he as he rises and bows to me as nice as you please.

"'Then are you much hurted?'

"'Only a bruise or two, thank you kindly.'

"Wid that he limps off and I drives on. Half an hour later, over on Fifth avenue, a galoot saunters out in front of me and is knocked down and run over by two wheels.

"'And pwhat's the matter wid you, me laddy-buck?' says I as I comes to a stop.

"'Kindly excuse me, sir,' he says as he stands on his feet and bows to me like a lord.

"'But ain't you the chap as I runs over on Lexington avenue half an hour ago?'

"'The same, sir, and I'm begging your pardon for the trouble I'm making.'

"Wid that he walks away wid the marks of the wheels showing on his body, and I drives on. I goes down to the arch and across to Madison avenue and up again, and it isn't over twenty minutes before me horse knocks somebody down at a crossing and I feels the kerridge go bump! bump! I stops and looks around, and a man gets up from the wet pavement and bows to me and says:

"'Really, now, but I beg of you to overlook me carelessness.'

"'Whoop!' says I, 'but it's you again! Didn't I run over you on Lexington avenue?'

"'Thanking you kindly, but you did.'

"'And on Fifth avenue?'

"'It's true, begging your pardon.'

"'And now it's the third time?'

"'It is, sir,' says he, as humble as you please, 'but I'm a man as is willing to do the right thing. Here's a couple of dollars for your trouble, and if I puts you to any more it's five.'

"And off he goes with a limp in both legs and six muddy wheel marks showing like rings around his body. And I did not see him again. There was a man for you, sir—there was a man as was a man and a gentleman, and I only wish that I could meet the likes of him a dozen times a day!"

THE JUMPING KANGAROO AND THE APPLE BUTTER CAT.

The Ant's Aunt Gives a Picnic.

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The ant's aunt had to give a picnic because she had been invited to so many places by all her relatives, and she thought it was time to pay back some of the invitations.

"But it will be such a bother," said the ant's uncle when he heard about it.

"Don't be foolish now," replied the ant's aunt. "We cannot go in society without going to some trouble."

So the ant's uncle said that it would be all right, for he always said something of that kind when his wife talked about giving a party.

He was sleeping early the next morning, when his wife woke him and said: "Benjamin, Benjamin, did you remember to get the lemons and the sugar?"

"No," replied the ant's uncle, as he rolled over again in bed; "the grocery store was closed."

"Then you will have to go into the kitchen of the man's house and get as much as you can carry before the cook gets up."

"The last time I was there," muttered Benjamin, "I nearly got blown up with the kerosene can."

By the time the ant's uncle got back to his house he found more than a hundred ants of all kinds walking up and down and carrying all kinds of provisions.

"You are very late," said the ant's aunt. "What did you do about the swing, Benjamin? Did you stop and see the spider about it?"

Benjamin had forgotten all about the swing, so he had to go back to where the spider kept a shop, and he came back after a while with a wheelbarrow loaded down with rope. The ant's aunt was lame and she had to walk with a cane. She was at the head of the picnic party, and Benjamin, the ant's uncle, came last of all with his wheelbarrow filled with rope and baskets and sugar and lemons and tubs and glasses and everything which might be used on a picnic. The ants went to Deacon Jones's woods, and as they got nearer they heard all kinds of strange noises. All the animals and all the birds came out to see the picnic go by. The ants walked on until they came to a bare spot in the middle of the woods, and there they stopped and put down their bundles and baskets.

"This will be a nice place to set the table," said the ant's aunt. "Now, Benjamin, while I am doing all the work, suppose you go and put up the swing for the children."

The ant's uncle said something underneath his breath, and then he took the rope and the boards and things and put up 153 swings. He hurt his knee and sprained his back and cut his fingers. He also stubbed his toes.

"You needn't feel so badly about hurting your toes," said a centipede who was going fast. "Suppose you had toes on 100 feet to stub, then you could afford to talk."

The ant's uncle returned to the place where the table was being set. He threw his hat over on the grass and sat down, saying, "I am very tired and a little rest would do me a great deal of good."

"Benjamin, Benjamin," cried the ant's aunt, "how could you do such a thing?"

"Why, just you see what Uncle Benjamin did," cried all the small ants at once.

"You ought not to be so careless," replied Benjamin, "how was I to know that it was a custard pie? I thought it was a nice cushion you put there for me."

The ant's uncle started to get his hat and walk away. He had not gone very far before he became red in the face with anger.

"Get off my hat," all the ants heard him say. "How dare you sit on a poor ant's hat like that? Haven't you any manners?"

"What is the matter, Benjamin?" asked the ant's aunt, picking up her cane and hobbling toward her husband.

"This miserable man," yelled the ant's uncle, "has had the impudence to sit down on my hat and he wont get up."

The man looked in the direction of Benjamin and then yawned and got up and walked away.

"Benjamin, Benjamin," cried the ant's aunt, a few minutes later, "little Betsy Ann has come back and she says that nearly a dozen of the children started to climb a mountain and the mountain got up and walked away. Wont you please go and try and find them?"

The ant's uncle jammed his crushed silk hat down over his eyes, picked up a big switch and went to find the children. He walked and walked until he came to a place where a whole lot of men and women were sitting in a circle while the mosquitoes ate them. The men and women were eating pickles and dry sandwiches and trying to look happy. Uncle Benjamin hurried down the middle of the tablecloth calling, "Children, children," at the top of his voice. Everywhere he went he met some of those miserable little children who had run away from their own picnic. He found them sitting on the edge of a sponge cake, dangling their feet and kicking holes in the icing. They were perched on loaves of bread, and up on top of a plate of sliced ham they were playing hide and seek. Some of them had climbed up into a great big tin reservoir. There were all their clothes on the edge and they were having a swim.

"Didn't I tell you not to go near the water?" asked Uncle Benjamin, shaking his cane "Now where do I find you?"

"It isn't water," said all the children ants; "it's lemonade."

It took the ants' uncle more than an hour to get all the children together.

"Why don't you come away from here?" he said "Don't you hear all the men and women talking and saying that it would be such a delightful place here if it were not for those miserable ants?"

"They didn't say a word," replied the children, "until you came."

This made uncle Benjamin so angry that he swung his cane and chased all the children before him back to the place where the table for the ants' picnic had been spread. Away over to one side was the ants' aunt all alone. She had her handkerchief to her eyes, and was crying as though her heart would break.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Uncle Benjamin "What in the world has happened?"

"Why, can't you see?" replied the ants' aunt. "A miserable man came this way and stepped right on the table, and when he lifted up his foot everything was ruined."

"Come on, children," said Uncle Benjamin. "Let us all go back to the man's picnic. After he has treated us this way, he deserves that we should tease him and all his family."

That is the reason that when men and women give picnics all the ants in the neighborhood go and plague them.

VAN DE HORN AND THE SNAKE.

A Farmer's Fight in Chicago on a Load of Hay Behind a Runaway Team.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

Crushed in the coils of a six-foot black snake, Andrew Van de Horn fought for his life on the top of a load of hay while his team was running away yesterday afternoon. He had almost given up the struggle, when two naval militia boys saw his struggles, stopped the horses and killed the snake after he had thrown it off.

Van de Horn, who is a farmer at Liverpool, Ind., was driving a load of hay into South Chicago, where he hoped to find a good market, but when he was through with the snake he was so exhausted that he turned his horses' heads in the other direction and went home for repairs. The farmer's horses had been jogging along in Indianapolis avenue so comfortably that the farmer had almost gone to sleep, when he suddenly felt something squeezing one of his legs. He looked down and there was a big blacksnake. His first movement made the snake tighten its coils. Then he jumped up, gave a yell that frightened his horses and began to try to pull the snake away.

He had no sooner dropped the reins than the horses went careening full tilt down the road. High up on the swaying load of hay the farmer cared little about the horses. The more he pulled the tighter the snake wound its folds around him. It was working itself higher up his body. He did not know what moment it would strike him with its fangs and perhaps poison him fatally.

Van de Horn had fallen to his knees and was hardly able to fight any more when his rescue came. Cockswain R. E. Bussey and Yeoman G. E. Brown of the First Division, First Ship's Crew, in camp near by, were on the road near 102d street. They saw the shrieking man and the racing horses, and though they thought the former must be crazy they quickly stopped the horses. Each seized the bridle of a horse, and after being dragged a couple of hundred feet they brought the team to a standstill.

Then the farmer got his breath and began the struggle with the snake once more. Brown started to climb up to him, but before he got there Van de Horn had wrenched himself loose, and had thrown the snake to the ground, where Bussey quickly killed it. It measured full six feet, and Van de Horn was only too glad to let the sailors carry it away as a trophy to camp.

When he had been assisted to the ground he found a scratch on his hand that he feared was a snake bite, but after the wound was cauterized he went home.

If You Are Conducting

A really first-class summer resort, either at seashore or mountain, make its locality known through THE SUN'S advertising columns. SUN readers seek such places.—Adv.

AN ADIRONDACK HOME.

Summer and Autumn Scenes That Charm on an Island in a Lake.

In one of the smaller Adirondack lakes is a wooded island of three or four acres, nearly circular in form, but varied by the pleasing irregularity of tiny capes and bays, rising on all sides from the shore to a little mount twenty-five or thirty feet above the level of the lake. Voyagers on the lake by day see from afar through the fringe of native shrubbery and forest trees, poplar, birch, pine and hemlock, the exquisitely green slope of a tiny tennis lawn, looking like a bit of turf from fields elysian. Those who draw near catch glimpses of white tents with rustic verandas set amid the shade of delicious greenery, and on the very apex of the island, the low shingled gables and bark-clad walls of a rambling cottage, seen in silvery patches through the trees. At another point, a low rustic boathouse seems just stooping to drink of the lake, and close beside it winds an easy stairway leading upward to the interior of the little island world. Those who visit the lake by night see upon the island twinkling lights of blue and green and red and yellow, catch glimpses through the trees of ruddy firelight reflected from the interior mellow pine walls of the cottage, and are saluted by a hospitable gush of soft lamplight from every window.

The fortunate inhabitants of this blessed isle watch all summer long, in pleasant ease, the majestic progression of the season. They see the island clothe itself in all the pomp of its summer foliage. They see its blueberries ripen, and its tiny kitchen garden flourish under sun and shower. All day long they hear the pleasant lapping of the waters, which threaten with each wave to break into articulate melody. Whoso raises eye from book or work of any kind straightway has a soothing vision of the lake mantling into silvery ripples beneath the wind, of cloud-flecked skies and distant purple mountains. The lake itself is of all moods and always beautiful. It is splendid with the pomp of sunsets. It soothes itself to glassy stillness and mirrors its neighboring mountains. Lashed by the wind, it breaks into angry whitecaps, and beneath tempestuous skies its inky surface is slit with a thousand mouths that seem to gnash and grind merciless foaming teeth.

When moonlight comes the island is translated out of any known geography into fairyland. The moonlight falls in great soft snowy patches through the foliage and floods the tiny tennis lawn with unearthly radiance. The tents gleam white and soft from their leafy nests. The inhabitants looking from their wide verandas see the lake rippling on every side into broad silver sheets.

The torrid heats of summer never visit this favored isle, and whether it be warm or cold, or wet or dry, the charm of isolation and of calm security refuses to be broken. When cold nights come in July or August or September great logs burn upon the wide cottage hearth, and the inhabitants gather about the huge red brick chimney piece with a delicious sense of comfort and of safety.

Now and then, by night or day, a faint halloo comes to the island from a rude landing half a mile across the lake, and the camp is upon tiptoe in expectation of visitors. A little boat puts forth in answer to the summons and ten minutes later some inhabitant of the everyday world is admitted to the privacy of the elysian island. Such visitors are almost the sole touch with the outside world of civilization and convention, for the wilderness lies all about the island, and the sights and sounds of wild life come daily to its inhabitants. Ducks with outstretched necks scud by overhead. Morning and evening a delicious chorus of bird music is borne across the lake from the forests that clothe its shores. The wild deer themselves at rare intervals swim the lake and land upon the island.

When the summer is done and the day of the homeward flight to urban civilization has come, the island has a perverse habit of clothing itself in its most entrancing guise. As the retreating inhabitants stand amid their trunks upon the landing they look back with sick hearts to see their loved island clad in the splendors of a cool September twilight. The still lake laid in dusky purple reflects the soft outline of the mountains, and there under a pale sky, soon to burst into spangles of stars, lies the dim and dimming island, like no earthly habitation, and seeming in its delicious loveliness a thing for lifelong regret, but too beautiful ever again to be visited by mere human kind.

STEELED AGAINST A TYPEWRITER.

Precaution Taken by One Business Man Who Had a Letter to Dictate.

She is known as a public stenographer, from the fact that she is not dependent upon the work coming from one or two individuals, but from the public in general, those who come along, just as they may happen to be in her vicinity. Varied indeed are the work and experiences of such a girl, and very much is expected of her. She must be keen-witted, alert, dignified yet not prudish, as the average business man does not seem to fancy that sort of thing; ready to believe about one-tenth of all the general talk that comes to her from the men whom she meets; she must know how to deal with the whims and moods of the business man; have the ability to smooth down the ruffled feathers of the cranky man with a few timely and wise words; be ready to protect herself from the unwise and foolish remarks coming from a certain class of men, who forget that the business woman has one object in view, and that is self support, and is not at her office for their amusement. Patiently and kindly she must help out the man with little or no education who wants long letters written and depends largely upon her for the successful completion of his task; respectfully must she receive the courtesies of the average business man, who is sensible and kind, ready to be reasonable, a quality lacking in many men; she must be well qualified to be an expert reader of handwriting, as she has to contend with copying manuscripts of all sorts, sometimes beautifully written, but more often nothing but a hasty scrawl, almost illegible and she knows full well that she will have all the blame, unless she can decipher these twisted strokes.

After she has served a certain length of time in the capacity of a public stenographer she is able to meet almost any emergency for the rest of her life. Then, too, her life is often made very pleasant by the kind, encouraging words of her customers, and they little know what a kind and courteous word may mean to her, as over tired and straining her nerves to their utmost, she must keep at it, smiling and seemingly happy all the time, else they will designate her as cranky.

Again there is much of the comical side of life that comes to her; one day there came into the office of one of these public stenographers a man, evidently a foreigner, with a grizzled beard and of almost forbidding appearance. He seated himself at her side, and much to her annoyance, turned his face from her so that she could scarce understand what he was saying, which was a difficult matter at best, as he spoke in very broken English. After two or three gentle remonstrances from her, telling him of her inability to catch his words, much to her amusement he turned toward her and said:

"Vell, do you want me to tell you vhy I don't look at you?" Without waiting for her reply, he went on: "Ven I left mein haus dis morning, I promised mein vife dat I don't look at no girls."

To say she was nonplussed, is expressing it mildly; she could say simply nothing—as there seemed to be nothing to say. She told it as a good joke to many of her friends, and then she pitied him for his lack of common sense, for the man was really in earnest, though she had to look at him pretty hard before she could make up her mind to this. She thought it would have been better for him to leave his sentiments at home, with that good little wife, who evidently thought him a great prize, and unfit to be trusted. "And such a looking man, too," she remarked, as she told her friends about it.

It is indeed well for her that such experiences come, if for nothing more than to vary the tiresome weary hours which the public typewriter spends over the keyboard. In return for this, she receives a good income—that is, on her books; for it is strange how many dollars go up into the winds that should otherwise find their way into her purse.

UNUSED RAILROAD TICKETS.

It Is an Easy Matter to Obtain a Refund for Them Even If the Value Is Small.

Some men with unused railroad tickets on their hands sell them to scalpers, while others go to the railroad company that issued them and obtain their value in money. Most persons, however, do neither and accept the loss when the ticket is worth less than a dollar. Indeed, many persons do not realize that the railroad companies stand ready to redeem unused tickets even of small value, so that the companies must be richer by many thousands of dollars a year through this ignorance.

Every railroad ticket bears the name of the general passenger agent and of the general manager of the road. It is a simple matter to enclose the ticket with a letter directed to the general passenger agent asking him to refund the money paid and explaining the reason why the ticket is left unused in the hands of the purchaser. It is courteous to enclose a stamped envelope in which the money may be returned.

When all these things have been done the company generally acknowledges the receipt of the ticket holder's communication and promises to investigate the matter. The investigation consists in the proper identification of the ticket by the agent who sold it, and a little bookkeeping to set the accounts right. Then the purchaser receives a check for the amount due from the railroad company, along with a letter requesting acknowledgment.

RUSSELL'S GREATEST FEAT.

THE CROSS-EXAMINATION IN THE PARNELL TRIAL.

How Sir Charles Showed Up Houston's Credulity—His Daring Trap Set for Pigott, Which Made the Forger Convict Himself.

From the London Daily News.

In the memorable trial which began on Oct. 22, 1888, and came to an end on Nov. 22, 1889, there were many scenes which those who witnessed them will never forget. In these scenes the chief personages were Sir Charles Russell, as he then was, and Richard Pigott, the forger, and Houston, Pigott's employer and dupe, and Le Caron—that strange, sinister figure, the ablest by far of the witnesses for the *Times*. One remembers those scenes, not merely for their dramatic interest of the moment, but also for their revelation of the many-sided character of the great advocate who shattered the fabric of lies laboriously built up as an obstacle against the effort of English Liberalism in the cause of Ireland. Of all those scenes the most stirring was, of course, Russell's cross-examination of Pigott, which began on Feb. 21, 1889. During the whole of the preceding day and the first few hours of the 21st Sir Charles Russell had been making his last preparations for his onslaught. He had turned Houston inside out, so to speak. And he had been quietly taking stock of Richard Pigott during the forger's long-winded, plausible story to Sir Richard Webster. Who can forget his treatment of the prim, priggish, composed, bandboxical Houston? Composed, I mean, until Mr. Houston became demoralized by the merriment caused by his own admissions in answer to abrupt little questions, delivered in a sort of confidential undertone, curiously at variance with the sudden, searching gaze that accompanied them. After eleven years I can see Mr. Houston, in the flesh as it were, coming miserably to grief in that cross-examination about the black bag in which Pigott and his alleged confederates brought the Parnell letters to their purchaser in the Hotel des Deux Mondes, Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris. I can hear the laughter in the densely packed court—laughter promptly suppressed by the usher—while Mr. Houston told how he waited "upstairs" while the bargaining for the letters was going on "downstairs," and how he refrained from going "downstairs," or seeing who was there, or taking any part whatever in the bargaining—"because," said Mr. Houston, "I wished to keep myself aloof; I wanted to keep myself in ignorance of the source of the letters." I can hear Sir Charles's "aye"—"aye"—"aye," uttered at intervals, quietly, encouragingly as it were, while the smart Mr. Houston was laying bare his own extreme simplicity—or worse. Sir Charles looked at the ceiling. Then down again, in an absent-minded sort of way. He unpockets his snuffbox. He taps the lid. With his right thumb he helps himself to a pinch. "You didn't go downstairs?" he asks quite casually. "No." The snuffy brown handkerchief half way up to Sir Charles's nose stops. The keen eyes look Mr. Houston through and through. "No?" "No." Laughter—and furious rebuke in the usher's eyes.

At half past 1 on the following day Sir Richard Webster's examination of Richard Pigott came to an end. Almost before Sir Richard sat him down Sir Charles was up. The loud murmur of talk that broke out after Pigott's "evidence" came to a dead stop. You could hear a pin fall as Russell and Pigott stood there confronting each other. "Take that"—the words rang out sharply in the breathless silence. "That" was a sheet of paper which Sir Charles Russell held out. Pigott took it—gazing the while at Sir Charles in blank bepuzzlement. Everybody in court glanced at every other. "He has him," a barrister whispered, turning round to me. "Write down 'livelihood,' 'likelihood,' your own name, 'proselytism,' 'Patrick Egan' and his initials and 'hesitancy.'" Which Pigott did, smiling the while, foolishly, and with a flushed face. It will be remembered that in one of the forged letters Pigott had spelled the last word "hesitency." It has often been said since, and by experienced members of the bar, that Sir Charles's initial tactics were a mistake. Was it not probable that Pigott, warned by the early discussions about the forgeries, would have taken care to spell the word aright? Pigott might have done it. But he didn't. Sir Charles Russell had taken stock of his man and considered the effect of a surprise. The subject suggests a military analogy. By "the rules of war," Wellington, say the military critics, "ought" to have been beaten at Waterloo. But he wasn't—and there an end on't. An ordinary advocate would not have started with "Take that." Sir Charles Russell was not an ordinary advocate—he was an advocate of genius, and that first shot of his was decisive. I can see Pigott's round, broad back as he bends down (after screwing his eyeglass into its place) to scrawl the word "hesitency;" and when he stands up again, a short, stoutish, round-shouldered man, with a bald, shiny head, bushy white whiskers and mustache, large, irresolute mouth, big, fleshy nose and smallish eyes far apart. Many an amusing scene occurred in the cross-examination which showed how Pigott had tried to swindle both sides—Parnellites and anti-Parnellites. But the most amusing of all were caused by Pigott's admissions as to his persistent efforts to sell "information" to Mr. Forster, to cajole and even bully Mr. Forster, and by his excuses for not emigrating to America with the help of the money which, he said, kindly Mr. Forster had given him more than once for the purpose. Sir Charles Russell, quietly helping himself to a contemplative pinch now and again, Pigott making himself more ludicrous every instant with his story of excuses to Mr. Forster, and the three Judges trying hard to preserve a severe composure—made an ineffaceable picture. The three Judges were not equally successful. Sir James Hannen compressed his lips. Sir Alexander Smith thrust his hands into his pockets and stared hard at the ceiling. Mr. Justice Day laughed outright—reddened and laughed at each fresh recital of Pigott's failure to emigrate with poor Mr. Forster's money. The only absolutely self-possessed man there was Russell himself, now seemingly lost in a brown study, now tapping his snuff-box as if in search for an idea, now taking a pinch and then darting a searching look at his victim, with a brief, half-confidential question. The emotional side of Russell's nature, his inborn tenderness, his deep humanity, revealed themselves in all their unconscious strength on the magnificent, historic speech in which he summed up his case, not merely for the Parnellites, but for the Ireland of his birth.

THEN HE QUIT.

When a Washington Thought He Saw Spontaneous Lobsters He Reformed.

From the Washington Post.

The Seventeenth street man who is always promising his wife to be good was out again on Saturday night last. Along toward 11 o'clock he passed by a well-known downtown fish and oyster store, and the display of lobsters in front of the establishment caught his eye. He bought one that weighed about eleven pounds, and he packed it around with him for a few hours until he could find just the right liner he wanted to take him home. He got home after 2 in the morning, and he carried his lobster up to his wife's room, probably with the idea of appeasing her righteous wrath with the present. He turned up the gas and then clomped over to the foot of her bed and held up the lobster.

"M' dear," said he, grinning greasily, "wash mar'r this f'r to-morrow'sh din'r?"

She opened her eyes and gazed at him calmly.

"What's the matter with what for to-morrow's—to-day's, rather—dinner?" she asked him, looking him straight in the eye.

"Thish," said he, holding the huge lobster still higher and regarding it with pride.

"What, your hands?" she asked, still looking him steadily in the eye.

"Thish lobsht'r—aint it a babe?" he asked, switching the weight to the other hand.

"O, a lobster, you say?" said his wife, complaisantly, and never taking her eyes off his face. "So you fancy you are showing me a lobster, do you? Do you know what condition such a hallucination on your part betokens?"

He rested the big lobster on the bedroom matting, scratched his head in a puzzled kind of way and looked at his wife strangely.

"D'ye mean t' shay I haven't got lobshter here?" he asked her, weakly.

"You may have a million of them in your mind—I don't doubt that in the least—but you are to remember that I do not get myself into such a rum-soaked condition that they are visible to me," said she, cooly turning over.

He gazed at her with alarm for a moment, and then he stumbled into the bathroom and let the cold water run on his head. While he was thus engaged his wife jumped out of bed and threw the lobster out of the window into the back yard. Then she got into bed again. When he returned to the room, wiping the water out of his eyes with a towel, he looked all over the room for the lobster. Failing to find it, he bent over his wife, took her hand and said:

"You're ri'. Ish all off. Never 'gain. W'en I get sho I shee lobshters ish time t' pash out an' quit. I quit."

She was up early the next morning to bury the lobster in the ash barrel, so that he wouldn't see it from his window when he got up.

All of which explains why the Seventeenth street man, who is always taking promising his wife to be good, has been taking only seltzer lemonades and vichy and milks with the ginger on Saturday nights.