THE SOUL OF CROESUS

BY GERALD VILLIERS-STUART.

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CHAPTER VI—Continued.

The young man rose to his feet and caught up with him. "I tell you, I accept!" he cried, putting his hand eagerly on von Tarsenheim's arm. "Can't you see I'm desperate—as desperate as any man could be! I put myself in your hands absolutely."

"And you ask no more questions?"

"I will question nothing."

"Then come home with me. We live not far from here, me and my daughter Elsa—my nice daughter, Elsa, who cook the Rinder Brust so fine."

They passed out of the square together, a queer couple—one so strangely strong, so suggestive of mysterious force, that he might have swooped down from another planet on his companion, the weary, runted youth with the Christchurch cap and the tattered clothes.

No one in the square looked up as they passed out, or they might have thought of an eagle flying off with a hare in its claws. Fabian followed von Tarsenheim through the maze of small, dingy streets behind Leicester Square, so much given up to foreigners, dust heaps, and the rears of music halls. They halted in front of a shop which seemed to make a specialty of very pale yellow wigs, that unnatural tint so dear to dolls and to youths at the music-hall age. Fabian thought of the barmaid who had helped his decision, and reflected that she must deal at this shop. Von Tarsenheim took out a latch-key and opened the narrow door to the right. A staircase showed dimly at the end of a dark passage. It should have seemed palatial to Fabian, after the doss-house life, and the smell of cooking should have added an additional charm—yet he shuddered as he left the London street and passed into the commonplace dwelling, as condemned criminals shudder when they pass their own grave on the way to the gallows.

Von Tarsenheim had not spoken since they left the square. He seemed to be absorbed by thoughts which carried him into remote regions. His action with the latch-key was quite mechanical, but he seemed immediately conscious of the young man's state of mind and his hesitation at the door.

"Ah, ha! my friend, the ills we know not of, eh? Those streets have not been so kind that you should cry to leave them. Wait till you see my daughter Elsa, who cook the Rinder Brust so fine. Can you not smell the good cooking?" He sniffed appreciatively through his long nose.

"No," replied Fabian, "the streets were not kind. I ought to be glad enough to see the last of them; but I expect my nerves are a bit off color."

"Oh, yes, the nerves—the poor nerves! But wait till you have a good warm dinner, and a long black cigar in the mouth, while Elsa play us music on the violin—then you will be glad you have the nerves. They are like children—the nerves," he continued, in his insinuating voice, as they mounted the stairs. "When they cry, we are hungry, we are cold, we are tired, we wish we had them not; we would slap them and send them to bed. But when they carry messages of the beautiful girl from the eye to the brain, of the grand music from the ear, of the good taste from the palate—then we are pleased with them, and pat the head."

And when they are being tortured by some weird experiment? thought Fabian; but he did not say anything. He did not want to express fear, lest his strange captor liberate him.

Von Tarsenheim opened a door at the first landing, and they entered a room, commonplace and shabby—a table laid for three, with a cheap lamp in the center, cane-seated chairs, and a small sideboard. All in keeping with the street and the shop below, but not with the strange man who had brought him here.

Fabian had vaguely expected a chamber of horrors or a patatial Arabian Nights apartment.

"Elsa! Where are you, Elsa?" called von Tarsenheim.

"All right," answered a voice from an inner room, with a very slight foreign intonation of the "r."

"I have brought him—the young man I told you of—and we are hungry."

"All right. Coming."

There was something soothing and delicious in the voice. The young man felt that he would like to follow the sound-waves back to their source. He watched the door eagerly.

Von Tarsenheim took off his long, badly-made frock coat and put on a smoking jacket, a richly-embroidered, Oriental affair, that harmonized far better with his general appearance than the one he had discarded. "That is better," he said, as he hung up the frock coat in the closet. "That is much better."

"Tell me," said Fabian, anxiously, "does your daughter know about this—this experiment? Does she know what I am here for?"

"I tell Elsa I bring a young man home as assistant. She think you help me in my experiments."

"That's all right, then. I say! could you lend me a clothes brush?"

"A clothes brush I have not, but," reaching under the sideboard, "here is a fine blacking brush. Ah! but the young are vain," he laughed, as Dare made pathetic efforts to set his clothes to rights.

"By the way, you don't know my name yet. It's Crawley—Peter Crawley."

"Peter Crawley. Ah, yes, the introduction—the sacred introduction! It is a nice name," and he smiled mockingly.

The young man threw the brush under the table as the girl entered with a tray which held some covered dishes. He faced the door by which she entered. Her appearance and personality registered themselves on the retina of his mind as swiftly as pictures are recorded on a sensitive film when the light is strong. Her beauty made his breath catch perceptibly, as though the ordinary mechanism of life had halted to allow him to absorb it.

Some strict lovers of the classical might have denied that Elsa von Tarsenheim was even good-looking. Her features tilted at an angle which was all wrong, and her cheek bones were too high and too wide. Greuze might have conceived such a face, but would not have dared to paint the picture. Celt, Teuton, and Circassian had gone to the making of it.

The looseness of her dress hardly sufficed to conceal the feminine curves of her figure, accentuated as she leaned over the table. With her hands still resting on the handles of the tray, she looked at the young man with surprised curiosity, which blended into pity as she noted his strained effort to appear natural, and unconscious of his rags. The gallant pose of his head, and some glimpse she had of the smoldering flame of genius behind his haggard looks, made their appeal to her imagination. She remembered having seen a copy of one of Byron's pictures which had been dimmed and weather-beaten. Fabian's face reminded her strongly of that picture.

Von Tarsenheim leaned forward in his chair, noting the effect of these two, one on the other, in the impersonal, yet interested, manner of a scientist watching the action of two new chemicals in a tube.

"Elsa, my dear, this was the young man I tell you I find to help me in my so great experiment, the experiment that will so rich make us that you will no longer cook the Rinder Brust and the Kartöffelin.

"Ah! but I shall never, with all that money, find so good a cook. I teach her as a child," he added, for Fabian's benefit.

The young man had stepped forward eagerly at the introduction, as though hoping that Elsa would shake hands; but the girl, still keeping her eyes on his face, had made an unconscious movement backward, as though from some unseen danger. Then she said gravely, "You are very welcome," and went on distributing the dishes about the table.

Fabian never forgot that meal, though he was too famished to appreciate the excellence of the cooking. His efforts were directed toward not appearing to devour either the food or the beauty of the girl who had cooked it. He was more successful in the former effort than the latter. Von Tarsenheim devoted his attention exclusively to eating, much to Fabian's relief. He felt like a butterfly which has had the pin taken out.

After supper, Elsa cleared the table, while the two men smoked. Von Tarsenheim seemed absorbed in some reflection or calculation, which caused him to ignore the other's presence, and yet he could not help feeling that he was in some way concerned in what his host was thinking of. That hideous experiment, no doubt. He began to wish he knew the worst.

When Elsa returned she carried a violin.

"What sort of music do you wish to-night, my father?" She spoke as though this music was a matter of course between them.

"Ah! the music—yes, it must be of triumph, for with this young man I shall succeed; and after much work, and many years of disappointment, it is fine to succeed."

Elsa began to play the War March of the Priests, from "Athalie." Fabian did not know much about music, but he was aware that there was a force and fire about her playing such as he had never heard before. And how lovely she looked, with her up-tilted face bent over the instrument, and her figure vibrating to the irresistible swing of the music! Soon she left the original, and wandered away into the realms of improvisation. She played as though she was playing on an army to victory, sweeping the earth before it, continuing its conquering course across reeling worlds, till it was stopped by some dark brink, some chasm which the music could not bridge. There were no final chords. The girl simply stopped playing and walked out of the room.

"My God!" murmured the young man.

"Elsa makes the good music—yes? I teach her that, too."

"You! Are you a musician?"

"I am more than musician—I know where the music comes from, and why it come to some people. And I know more—how to bring it to the people who have it not—like Elsa had it not."

"Why, you must be a wizard—a magician!"

"Magician? Ah, yes. The magi, the great ones, they knew much—and in the library of Alexandrine—but it was burnt. At your schools they will tell you it was all burnt. Yes?" He questioned Fabian more directly than he had hitherto done.

"Of course it was burned. The Christians and Omar and——"

"My friend," said von Tarsenheim, impressively, "what was carried off into the desert was not burned. My mother's tribe——" He began muttering in some strange tongue, as though quoting. Perhaps it was only his imagination, but von Tarsenheim seemed to change before his eyes. Everything that was European seemed to be gathered up, like a curtain, leaving him face to face with an Oriental. And he was in the power of this man, the evil-looking Oriental. But how ridiculous he was! In the heart of London, he had only to walk out of the room, out of the house. If he was stopped, put his head out of the window and call a policeman. And he would do it, too. This thing was getting uncanny. Then he thought of Elsa, and he knew he would fight a policeman if he tried to drag him out. But one thing he would know, and that was how long he was to hang suspended between some grewsome death and £10,000.

Von Tarsenheim had stopped muttering, and was regarding him curiously. He was once more the smiling, cosmopolitan bird of prey.

Fabian gathered up his courage. "Look here, von Tarsenheim! I know it's in the bargain that I am to ask no questions, but I do think I have a right to know when this experiment is coming off."

"Ah, yes—the suspense—it is not nice. When is your birthday?" Fabian told him, and he noted it down.

Von Tarsenheim went over to the sideboard and took some papers from a drawer, which he spread out on the dining-room table.

Fabian noticed one of the papers had a diagram on it, like a cart-wheel; there were figures and strange symbols here and there between the spokes. Von Tarsenheim took up a paper which had a similar diagram on it, but no symbols. He wrote down Dare's name on it, also the date of his birth, made some calculations underneath, and began filling in, with symbols between the spokes. When he had finished he compared the two, and made some more calculations.

"I will hypnotize you to-morrow, my friend," he observed. "Every day, for a week, I will hypnotize you, and then"—he rubbed his hands—"then you will be ready for the experiment."

CHAPTER VII.

Lady Donoyle had already given a ball during the season for her daughter Kitty—a coming-out ball. She was winding up the season with another, which she called a bringing-in ball. For, as she truly observed, "It is so much easier for a girl to wind up her little affairs in her own house, where she knows all the best sitting-out places."

She was more than ever glad that she had planned to give it when she found than Vandraken was coming. She had decided that this young multi-millionaire was by far the best thing on the market, and she felt that the beauty and esprit which her daughter had inherited entitled her to the very best. A certain wild pallor of health, ever so faintly tinged with pink, made an ideal setting for eyes which were supposed to be blue, but whose luminous quality defied any fixed definition of color. They were set far apart, under brows carefully pencilled by Nature herself. Eyes in which an infinite capacity for sympathy warred for the right of expression with mischievous merriment; yet there was a suspicion of pathos in the curve of her delicately chiseled lips, which was not entirely dispelled by a rather impertinent nose, and the riot of red-gold hair which made such an appropriate frame for her delicate features.

Lady Donoyle's own beauty, from which thirty-seven years had taken nothing, and only added the charm of experience, was on exhibition, as a guarantee that the article she was offering was wearing and durable. As far as rank went, the best the millionaire could get would be a Lady Something Vandraken; and in that respect, when offering her daughter, a duchess would not hold out any more inducements than a countess.

In competing for this matrimonial prize, Lady Donoyle realized she had one great advantage. Ancester was a great friend of hers, and a friend of Vandraken's. She knew well the effect of a few well-chosen words from one man to another when matrimony is hanging in the balance.

Lady Donoyle whiled away those dreary moments while waiting for the inevitable, nervously apologetic early bird, in making certain suggestions to her daughter.

"I am quite sure, Kitty, dear," she observed, as she caressed some straying lace on her daughter's virginal white dress into place, "that 'Dumbdale, M. P.,' means to propose to-night. It will be his last chance this season."

"I'm afraid—that is to say, I shouldn't wonder, mamma."

"Do you know, I'm beginning to think that I may have exaggerated the importance of that young man's wealth and—um—political prospects. I managed to draw the prime minister on the subject the other night, at dinner, and I gathered from all the things he didn't say that they feel they can rely on Mr. Dumbdale's support, both political and financial, without giving him a cabinet position, or even a title. You see, Kitty, he has failed to create that feeling of brilliant insecurity which is so necessary to political advancement in these days of practical politics."

"Yes, mamma. But if it is on my account you are trying to let Mr. Dumbdale down easily, you needn't bother—you needn't, really! I haven't a single illusion about his brains."

"Of course, I don't mean you are to entirely discourage him, Kitty. Brains are not essential in a husband, unless he is a bread-winner. Mr. Dumbdale, for instance, is always revoking at bridge, but I have noticed that those kind of men, while making the worst partners, make the best husbands. Dumbdale, M. P., in spite of certain defects, is entitled by his wealth to consideration at these little hands." Lady Donoyle caressed her daughter's hand playfully. "Your attitude toward Mr. Dumbdale should be one of optimistic evasion. Be gayly indefinite—you understand, don't you?"

"Yes, mamma, I understand," answered Lady Kitty, wearily.

"Dear child! It is so pleasant to be able to avoid brutal candor in speaking of these things. The modern tendency to strip the clothes off every subject and lead it through the streets, like Lady Godiva, is, to me, most distressing."

"It's abominable, mamma!"

"Richardson!" Lady Donoyle called to the butler, who was cruising in the offing. "There is not enough light in the ballroom. I wish you would speak to the electricians."

"Yes, your ladyship."

"What were we talking about, Kitty? Oh, I know! The Lady Godiva attitude. And do you know whom I hold responsible?"

"It's the lack of poetry in modern life, mamma," answered Lady Kitty, with conviction.

"That's all part of it—but that new playwright—what's his name?—sounds like Jaw, but it isn't—I consider that he is the ringleader; and he talks so loud, every one listens to him."

"He amuses me ever so much," said Lady Kitty, enthusiastically.

"Of course; but he shouldn't! The child who pushes down the house of cards is always more amusing than the child who builds it, yet one oughtn't to laugh—one really oughtn't—because sooner or later that child is encouraged by the laughter to believe that he, too, can build a house of cards. Then he becomes a worse bore than the other child. But it's only one sign of the disintegration going on all about us. I'm ever so glad, Kitty, that I'm nearly twenty years older than you are. This sort of thing"—and she swept her arm round in a gesture which included the luxurious surroundings, and ended with a light touch on her tiara—"won't last your time. When the history of these days is written, they will be called the last days of the aristocracy."

"I shall never marry, mamma dear," laughed Kitty. "I couldn't bear to leave you. You amuse me so much."

"Do I? I have always tried to be a good mother to you, Kitty, and you have been a good daughter. Your hair is a different shade of red—deeper than mine—and your eyes are not so pale. Had your hair turned out the same shade, it would have been shocking—unfilial. One of us would have had to make up. Yes, you are the best of daughters, Kitty."

Tears almost threatened the luster of Lady Kitty's eyes. She turned suddenly and put both hands on her mother's white shoulders. "Mamma," she breathed, "I wish—I wish you were less amusing, and more—and more—— Oh, you know what I mean!" She adjusted an imaginary lock of her mother's hair.

"I suppose so," sighed her mother, "but when you have put bandages over your wounds, you must always keep them on—always—till the wounds heal. You mustn't even take them off in the nursery. But here comes Mr. Slimsmore! However does he manage to arrive exactly two minutes ahead of the next man at every dance? He is wonderful! But keep your dress close round your ankles, Kitty, or he will have the flounces off before he has finished shaking hands."

"It makes no difference, mamma. If he doesn't do it now, he will manage it during a dance. I believe that man is in the pay of dressmakers."

"Mr. Slimsmore!" announced the butler.

"How good of you!—how very good of you!" murmured Lady Donoyle, reaching her hand well out to a pale, high-nosed youth, who looked as if he had faded in the wash.

"Yes; we were beginning to think no one was coming," said Lady Kitty, with an apprehensive glance at his feet, as he circled nervously round her, suggesting a flame-drunk moth. He was in love with Lady Kitty, in a hopeless, anaemic fashion, that expressed itself in shy, nervous spasms, which Lady Kitty's good-natured efforts to allay only accentuated.

She was sweet and gracious to all the moths which circled about her. The smell of singed wings was no incense to her tender heart. One of the greatest difficulties which life presented to her was how to be nice to men without being too nice. She only meant to be sympathetic—to laugh with those that laughed, and weep with them that wept—but the results were not always as she had planned.

"Mr. Dumbdale!" announced the butler.

There was nothing nervous about this young man's approach. He came up to his hostess as though weighty measures were involved in the procedure. He had a solemn face, with a beard on it. The latter served to add dignity to a chin with recessional tendencies, and, in conjunction with his Christian name of John, made him solid with the Nonconformist vote.

"How wrong of you, Mr. Dumbdale, to let our little frivolities come between you and your duties to the nation! What will the prime minister say? I know, from what he let drop the other night, that he relies on you to an extraordinary extent."

"You are most kind, Lady Donoyle; but, of course, I cannot stay long. So, may I hope, Lady Kitty, that you will give me some of the earlier dances? As you know, I don't dance; but I have so much to say to you."

"I can give you the first two, Mr. Dumbdale," answered Kitty, smiling all the more radiantly at her stodgy admirer to stifle the sighs and foreshadowed yawns she felt at the prospect. "He will be dull even when proposing," she felt. Even the exercise of the finesse necessary to optimistic evasion would not compensate for the prosy condescension with which he would offer the great wealth and political importance of Dumbdale, M. P., to a penniless beauty. She would be lucky if he didn't use the "wife and mother of my children" formula. She knew it was to be apprehended from pompous civilians with beards.

Lady Kitty knew that she might have to marry him in the end. Her mother had explained their circumstances to her. By spending a large slice of their capital, they could do two seasons, and do them well. Then, unless Kitty had made the right kind of marriage, they would have to drop out. Dumbdale had fifty thousand a year, and didn't seem to be any worse than other young men who had similar incomes. The light-hearted, irresponsible young men with whom she could imagine life might be joyous were all hard up. Her ideal of a frivolous millionaire, with a dash of poetry, was too remote a conception ever to be realized.

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

WRITERS KILL MANY

Commenter Discusses Methods of Noted Authors.

LOSING FAITH IN WOMEN FOLK

High Tension of Heroism Not Lifelike—No One Cares to Read of Impossible Characters—Books Should Be True to Nature—Ghosts Should Come Back to Torment Novelists.

After a decade or two of steady novel reading, during which time the reader is blindly willing to regard the writer as Wisdom high mounted on Pegasus and is perfectly content to watch his flights and his vagaries wherever it pleases him to spur, there comes a moment when the blindest follower calls a halt, tears the bandage from his eyes, and demands to know why he is being hoodwinked and put upon.

"You led me on to the deepest admiration for this book man and that book woman. You made me admire to the point of fancying them an ideal toward which I myself might strive, and then you made this man do a dastardly and cowardly thing, you made this woman responsible for the total wreckage of another's life, and you did it merely because the power was yours and because they were your creatures, your puppets, to move at your whim and pleasure. For that you have deprived me of my faith in book women and book men forever."

It is a nice question, this of the rights and the responsibilities of the novelist. Whether he may assume the power of creator and deal as he pleases with the fate of those he has created, or whether, having brought them into the world of literature, he should not rather leave them to work out their own salvation according to the virtues and vices with which he has endowed them, says the New York Times.

Mrs. Wharton Should Repent.

Surely, Mrs. Wharton must have felt some compunction, some twinge of conscience, when she tempted Lily Bart beyond her strength of resistance just as the Three Tricky Sisters were beginning to weave a golden thread into the web of her life. Or, if not then, most certainly Pegasus should have balked when she led the finely tempered Justine to murder her friend and over her dead body to marry the husband.

As Robert Ingersoll used to say: "That is the weak spot in the Macbeth case." What actual right had Mrs. Wharton to create for us a woman who possessed every quality of the highest type of surgical nurse, a woman who by her severe training was accustomed to the sufferings of a surgical ward, whose instinct was to battle to the very last breath for the life of her patient, and who, when that patient was her friend whom she could not bear to see suffer, "mercifully" put her out of her misery by administering an overdose of morphia, acknowledging in her act no sense of shame or of injustice or wrongdoing, yet keeping the fearful secret from the man she married? It almost seems as if the author of the hideous crime shuddered to think what she had done, for she no sooner married Justine to her unheroic John than her interest in the tale flags and the book is finished half-heartedly as though repenting in gray ashes for her sinister climax.

High Tension Not Lifelike.

Of course, a high tension of heroism is not lifelike, and no one cares to read of the impossible character, but certainly one has every right to expect and demand that the characters of a book should be true to themselves as their authors have made us see and love them. Was George Meredith ever quite satisfied with himself or comfortable in his own mind after he had betrayed his spirited, splendid Diana into selling a state secret for a paltry sum of money? And do not the ghosts of these wronged bookfolk come back to haunt and torment their creators? Surely if there is justice in the patron saint of literature some such arrangement should be made by which the sufferers might retaliate and their perjurers be made to expiate their sins.

Benson, a favorite of the hour, lowers the vitality of his readers by treating constantly of sickness and disease. His invalid books have made him famous, yet each is composed in a minor key on a dull gray background. Depression is their theme, the half sick fancies of the invalid or convalescent their only variation. Few readers fancy such literature, though for the exquisitely simple language in which the books are written and their intimate, almost autobiographical, nature there is some fascination about them. Yet here, too, comes the question of the author's right to create an invalid and keep him on the tenter hooks of suffering through all his life of several hundred pages. Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Eleanor" is of the same type, an exquisite woman who is, however, so long time a-dying that the reader instinctively guards against tuberculosis germs that gather thick and fast as book and invalid near their end.

Shaw Is a Sinner.

Bernard Shaw is an abominable sinner in his sinister creations of book women. Not one of the lot is lovable, not one is womanly. Each represents a type, a phase of womanhood; whereas, in actual life, one woman—any woman—combines in her personality all of its phases. Even history and historians are at fault. That demon in a toga, Nero, whom we have been taught to regard in the light of a livid and magnificent devil, is now acknowledged to be merely an up-to-date health officer who gathered his people of the slums into a huge pavilion, furnished them with all the necessities of life, and then set fire to their squalid and miserable quarters only that he might rebuild them on the most practical and health-promoting plan.

What right—to go a little deeper still into the subject—has an author to compel his heroine to fall in love with a lantern-jawed, beetle-browed, taciturn hero whom, in real life, she would never look at a second time, and certainly not consider marrying? Was Rochester the type of man to appeal to a real Jane Eyre in actual life, or Romeo the complement of Juliet's sentiment and bubbling freshness, or the athletic and absurd Orlando the proper match for witty, enchanting, sprightly Rosalind? Propinquity seems to work with book creatures as it does with human beings, but must the author be allowed quarter on such a score?

And yet, fret and fume as we may and do at the irresponsible attitude of authors to their brain children, we go on piling up royalties for them quite as if we were on the best of terms. Only now and then we have a chance to have the last laugh, when some aspiring playwright in his dramatization of a "best seller" plays the part of the kind fairy and marries the right man to the right woman and sees to it that they live happily ever afterward.

Freaks of the Male Animal.

From the Boston Transcript.

"Funny, isn't it?"

"What?"

"Call a man level-headed and he's pleased; but call him a flat-head and he'll knock you down."

UNCOVERED BABYLON.

The Work of the German Orient Society.

From the Scientific American.

The interest of archaeologists obviously centers round the African Orient and Western Asia, which is the cradle of humanity and its civilization. As private initiative is unable to cope with the political and financial difficulties besetting their work, the leading nations have organized special societies under the auspices of their respective governments and sovereigns. The German Orient Society, founded just ten years ago under the patronage of the Emperor, and which boasts among its members the foremost scientists, as well as leaders of society, has been successful is contributing to a large extent to our ever increasing knowledge of ancient civilization. Mesopotamia, the old Two River Land, situated in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, forms the main center of the work of the society. The city of Babyon, with its walls and canals, and the royal citadel of Nebuchadnezzar and Nabopolassar, his father, have now been excavated almost entirely. Esagila, the national sanctuary of the Babylonians of old—the temple of Marduk, their supreme deity—has been restored to light, as well as the majestic double gates of the goddess Ishtar. After having been hidden by the earth for thousands of years the towers of the gate now again rise to a height of forty feet, and the reliefs of bulls and dragons decorating its walls, with variegated enamel tiles, still give an idea of the ancient splendor of its colors. It is mainly due to the indefatigable work of Prof. Koldeway, who for about ten years has lent the society his valuable assistance, that the complicated and extensive plans of this giant city, which had been so long the ruler of the world, will soon be reconstructed in their entirety.

ALIVE IN CAPSIZED VESSELS.

Miraculous Escapes of Men Entombed in Sunken Ships.

From Pearson's Weekly.

A striking example of one among the many strange accidents that befell sailors was reported the other day from Newcastle, New South Wales.

The barkentine Kate Tatham turned turtle in a gale, and one of her crew was shut up in her hold. The survivors, who had climbed on her keel as she heeled over, naturally took it for granted that he was drowned. What was their surprise, therefore, presently to hear faint knockings from beneath their feet, evidently made by their imprisoned comrade.

Help was at hand, and a hole was cut through the ship's bottom, when the man was hauled out, little the worse for his terrible experience. He had, it appeared, been kept alive by the air which had been imprisoned in the hull when the vessel capsized and which, becoming compressed as the water rose, had eventually stopped its further encroachment. He had used a balk of floating timber to support himself.

His imprisonment lasted for two hours, and in the cabled reports sent to this country the incident is characterized as unparalleled. This, however, is by no means correct. There are several cases on record of men having lived in similar circumstances in the hulks of capsized ships not hours only but days, the most remarkable authenticated instance being that of Capt. Engallandt, of the Erndte, who was rescued alive after an entombment lasting altogether eleven days and eighteen hours.

During this period the derelict, drifting bottom uppermost, was sighted by the masters of several vessels, all of whom, however, passed nonchalantly by, none imagining for a moment that the semi-submerged and capsized hulk contained, shut up in its vitals, a living man.

Eventually the Erndte drifted ashore near Danzig, and Capt. Engallandt was taken out alive, although greatly emaciated.

JAPANESE POPULAR SONGS.

Some of the Songs that Are Sung on the Street.

A very interesting little volume has been issued called "Trumpet Songs," many of which are very popular in the streets, says the Yokohama Press. The words are given in English and Japanese, with a Tonic sol-fa arrangement intelligible to the Japanese reader.

In glancing over the production one is struck with the simplicity and amusing character of some of the verses, as the following, for instance:

Walking out at night I saw
much to my surprise,
Lying on the tram-car track
a purse of wondrous size.
Joyfully I picked it up,
but found it was a sham;
Nothing but a lifeless from
flattened by a tram.

The youth who warbles this in the streets of Tokyo sings:

Watasha yopopdo
awate mono,
Gamaguchi hirote
yorokonde;
Dento no hikari de
yoku mireba,
Densha ni shikare ta
hiki-kaeru.

There is only one verse of a tragic character, and the gentleman who has given us the English is not unacquainted with the tragic-heroics of the music hall stage. It is as follows:

Resting in his comrade's arms
a fallen soldier lay,
Low his friend bend down his head
to hear what he might say.
Smiling bravely through the tear
that glistened in his eye,
Whispered he with failing breath
but one short word, "Banzai!"

The foregoing examples show the English part of the production to be the work of a practical rhymster. The collection is the work of Prof. Chishi Murai, of the Language School.

Marriage in India.

From Tit-Bits.

In India, with its teeming and poverty stricken myriads, parents often find it no easy task to marry off their daughters, for a wife has to be bought by the suitor. Widows are cheap, and when a father finds his daughter getting on in years he makes a widow of her by the simple process of marrying her to a bunch of flowers! When the flowers are dead she is technically a widow, and can be offered at a bargain price.

SUNSHINE, RAIN, AND ROSES.

(Written for The Washington Herald.)

The lips of red roses are moist with Rain's kiss;
The jealous old Sun says, "We'll have none of this;
The roses are mine, I am filled with desire,
I will draw their hearts open with my rays of fire."

So the Sun melted all of Rain's kisses away,
The roses are dancing 'round Sun's May pole to-day;
The little green katydids, full of sparkle and life
Have joined in the frolic with fiddle and fife.

There's a lot of amorous kissing in the branches of the trees,
All around the clover beds the singing of the bees.
The sweet, red roses have not said their prayers in vain,
For all the world is beautiful after God's refreshing rain.

Sweet songs to sing, sweet love to tell,
The rain to make the red buds swell;
Songs and love, and red roses, too,
Need a touch of fire to make them true.

So with soul aflame and blood afire
The sun kissed the red roses into mad desire;
He clasped them, and crushed them, with sweet delight,
And ne'er grew tired until day grew night.

Then I heard them whisper, "We've not lived in vain;
We've been crowned with sun's fire, grew sweet with his flame.
And now out of the flood-tide of passion and pain,
With bowed heads we pray for 'the cool' of the rain."

ALICE SHARPE BALCH.
1326 Euclid street, Washington.

CAPITAL SIDELIGHTS

GOSSIP OF MEN AND EVENTS IN WASHINGTON BY "ONE WHO KNOWS."

"There was a time," said a householder in the West End, discussing the emigrant question at his club the other night, "when if you called any one to do a bit of repairing he was sure to be an American, an Irishman, or a German. Now the sons of these nationalities seem to have entirely disappeared from among the smaller workmen, and the lockfitters, paper hangers, painters, electricians, plumbers, or stove fitters who are sent to fix our home up come from Hungary, Bulgaria, Southern Italy, Greece, Arabia—from every land under the sun. The other afternoon I went home about 6, to find a big, dark, black-bearded man in my hall who looked as though he was the chief of a den of thieves. All he needed was a scarlet turban and a long dirk to make him fit, in appearance at least, to lead the band that Ali Baba worsted. I frankly confess that I shuddered at first sight of this bloodthirsty looking creature; but summoning my courage, I asked him in my deepest bass what he wanted there.

"'I fixa da electric lighta,' my bandit replied, and a smile, childlike and bland, overspread his fierce face. 'I fixa da electric lighta; he alla righta now,' see,' and with that he turned on the switch, explaining in a sweet and gentle voice just what he had done. Here was a lamb, indeed, disguised in a lion's clothing; and because the fellow inspired a liking in me, and to make up for my hasty judgment, I took out my case and offered him a cigar. Again that winning smile illumined his face as he took one in his dirty fingers.

"'Ah! grazia, multa grazia, senor,' he said as he disappeared through the doorway, bowing to me as low and with as much grace as though I were a king and he a courtier.

"The next day a beautiful Greek came to attend to some plumbing. Such a creature! He might have been a model for a statue of Apollo, so tall and straight, well modeled, and graceful was he. My wife and daughter have been talking about nothing since but that man's beauty, for no other word suits his exact kind of good looks. Since his brief visit we have had a couple of Poles, a Moor, an Armenian, and a Swede sent to do odd jobs, but never an American, an Irishman, or a German. Now, what has become of these latter?"

"They have farms of their own, shops of their own, factories of their own, and they hire the foreign fellows to do the work," replied one of his companions. "In a few years the foreigners who are working for them to-day will be no longer foreigners, but American citizens, and they in turn will hire some of the unfortunates who have just come over. Which makes me think of an amusing incident that happened in my family two or three years ago. I brought over from Italy some ten years since one of the cleverest and most amiable Italians I have ever met. He was major domo of the whole establishment—chef, butler, valet—and while he had control of things we never heard the creaking of the wheels in our domestic machinery. Our friends said it was too good to last, and my wife and I used to admit this to each other when we were in a pessimistic frame of mind; but that was not very often, and we enjoyed life under Marchetti's regime as never before or since. But it was too good to last. One morning Marchetti requested a few moment's conversation with me before I went down town. The interview, he insisted, should be private, which surprised me, as he always spoke quite openly with my wife about his affairs. The reason, however, was soon apparent. With tears in his eyes and his mobile face showing the emotion he felt, our faithful major domo informed me that he had become an American citizen—I must confess that his chest swelled a bit as he said it—and that it did not behoove an American citizen to work as a house servant. Such labor was quite beneath the dignity of an American citizen; and so, very regretfully, he was compelled to leave our service. I argued with Marchetti, I pleaded with Marchetti, I cajoled Marchetti, and I then and there offered to double Marchetti's wages, but to no purpose. The newly fledged American citizen remained obdurate; he would not be convinced, he would not be bribed, and he would not talk to the signora, for Marchetti knew he was only human, and he could never have withstood her appeal. It all ended by my paying Marchetti his money, fifteen hundred dollars of accumulated wages, and his taking a tearful farewell of my wife and myself. The same afternoon he left for the West, and every now and then I get an affectionate and grateful letter from him. He owns a ranch, is a person of political importance, and was recently appointed postmaster of his town. And that is what becomes of the thrifty emigrants that come to our shores. Before many years you will find Marchetti or Marchetti's children in the House of Representatives making laws for you old Puritans."

The Fashionable Promenade.

Years ago Pennsylvania avenue, which was then known as the Avenue, was the fashionable promenade. Connecticut avenue was its successor. Twenty-five years ago this popular street, just after church and at 4 o'clock of an afternoon on Sunday, was literally packed. Massachusetts avenue now attracts the fashionables, and the most popular walk in the city is from Dupont Circle to the Naval Observatory. It is the most fashionable thoroughfare for riding and driving, too, and there is hardly a smart person in town, from the President down, who is not seen there during some part of the day, and of a pleasant afternoon the street is gay with handsome equipages freighted with exquisitely dressed women, spirited horses guided by dashing riders, and a long line of pedestrians, which includes all sorts and conditions of men, bare-headed schoolboys, young lovers, society belles and beaux, crabbed spinsters, decrepit veterans of the military service, not to mention the blooded dogs that are faithfully exercised every day by their owners or attendants. And it is a pleasant place to walk in, this broad avenue which takes its name from the Bay Tree State, for it is lined with handsome residences, shaded by stately trees, and far away from the noise and turmoil of business. It is gradually becoming as famous as the Champs Elysee, Unter den Linden, or the Pincio. Certain it is that one rubs elbows against more noted men and women when walking on this avenue than at any other place in town.

Notables Seen in an Hour.

There passed within an hour over the long stretch from Dupont Circle to the Tennallytown road the other day at least a half hundred of people who are constantly in the public eye. The President led this procession on his handsome chestnut in the uniform of a Rough Rider, his favorite costume, and one that suits his burly frame, and was surrounded by his little cortege, which generally includes the Secretary of State and the senior Senator from Massachusetts, who rides as well as he does everything else. Shortly afterward came the British Ambassador and Mrs. Brice in their handsome Victoria, drawn by blooded horses, and their smart coachman and footman in the embassy liveries with the diplomatic cockades on their hats. Two of the secretaries of the British Embassy, Mr. Beresford Hope and Mr. Chateris keep bachelor's hall in Massachusetts avenue, just west of Sheridan Circle, and are among the constant strollers on this avenue, as are nearly all of the young men of the diplomatic circle who are given to walking. The Cuban Minister and Mme. Quesada were out in their Victoria on this especial afternoon, and, strange to say, unaccompanied by the charming group of children that compose their family. Mr. Quesada has grown older and, alas, fatter than he was when he was the unrecognized representative at this Capital of Cuba, struggling for her independence. In those days this patriot worked ceaselessly in unremittingly for the liberation of his beloved country and his ambition then, when his strenuous labors allowed him time for day dreams, was to be her first representative to the United States. This has already been realized; now it is said he hopes and expects to be elected President of the Cuban republic when the United States surrenders her protectorate of the Pearl of the Antilles.

Gen. Oliver, despite his fondness for the saddle, is a strenuous walker, and, as one of his friends who often finds it difficult to keep up with his long strides, sprints along like a four-year-old—but it is useless to name all of the famous people who walk, drive, and ride out Massachusetts avenue on these pleasant days, for it is the fashionable thing to do and the people of the Capital are nothing if not fashionable.

A Diplomat's Bon Mot.

It was after the laying of the cornerstone of the Bureau of American Republics, where the President had signaled out his Secretary of State that one of the South American diplomats made a bon mot.

"Root, Root!" he exclaimed; "why, no one has a right to call him a root, for he's a whole tree, root, trunk, branches, leaves, and fruit."

A Maryland Story.

Some one who read in this column last week the story of the lazy old negro who refused to pick cotton for one-fourth of the crop because he had looked over the field and found there wasn't "one-fo'th dar nohow," sends the following story of a Montgomery County farmer, whose pride is in his fields, although their harvest never quite meets his expectations because of the pilfering of the negroes in the vicinity. The chief depredations are upon his corn fields, and hoping to save these from the hands of the destroyers he sent for his foreman, to whom he said:

"Solomon, I am making some experiments for a chemist this year, and all the corn I have planted is of a poison variety. If any of the darkies around here touch it they will surely die. Don't you think you had better warn them?"

"I sho' do, Marse Charlie, I sho' do," replied the old negro.

"Well, do you think it will make them quit stealing?" asked his employer.

"What I thinks 'bout it is jess this, Marse Charlie," said the wary Solomon. "I think dar'll be a heap o' daid niggers 'round hyre, dat's what I thinks, sho'."

An Ante-room Episode.

An evident Blue Stocking, fierce of visage and austere of dress, determined to interview one of the President's Cabinet not long since, but the Cerebus at the door had evidently had his orders and refused to take her card in. She insisted, but the doorkeeper was unmoved.

"Indeed, madam, I would like to oblige you," he said, "but I know the Secretary is engaged and it would be as much as my place is worth to disturb him."

"So you refuse; you absolutely refuse to take my card in?" queried the lady.

"It would be against my orders, madam, and I don't dare to."

The visitor turned away, boiling with resentment, but before she had gone many steps a bright idea seemed to strike her, and, returning to the messenger, she offered him 50 cents. "Here, my good man," she said coyly, "here's some change. Now will you take my card in?"

"Indeed not," replied the official, "I'm paid a much higher salary than that to keep your card out."

A Tie for Bryan.

Some nimble Democratic fingers, whose owner knows more about the complex stitches in crochet and knitting than she does about politics, are busily at work on a tie for William Jennings Bryan. It is a lovely lavender affair, and is to be tied in the four-in-hand fashion. "For you see," explains the fair maker, "I just know that it is that dreadful little black string tie that has brought Mr. Bryan such bad luck, and just to think of his wearing it now after he has been all over the world. Brother says that if London doesn't improve a man's taste in dress