

IF LOVE WERE A SONG.

If Love were a Song, I would borrow his voice
 And, singing with notes of gold,
 Would carry his messages, passing sweet,
 To the hearts of the young and the old.
 And the tones of my song should be borne
 Along
 Like the chiming of bells afar;
 And my voice should be heard like a lonely
 bird,
 Or the gleam of a falling star,
 If Love were a Song.

If Love were a Flower, I would borrow his
 form,
 And softly his heart unfold
 To the whispering sigh of the scented wind
 Sweeping over the hills of gold.
 And the blue in the eyes of the morning
 skies
 More radiantly fair should shine;
 And the crimson streak on the mountain's
 cheek
 Should deepen at sight of mine,
 If Love were a Flower.

But if Love were a Song, he would languish
 and die
 With the effort that gave him birth.
 And if Love were a Flower, he must wither
 and fade,
 And his glory must fall to earth;
 But his spirit is bright, like the shaft of
 light.
 That shines out in the heart of a storm,
 And love doth last an eternity past,
 An eternity still to come!
 For Love is our Home!
 —Jessie Acheson, in N. Y. Weekly.

My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

(Copyrighted, 1901, by Ward, Lock & Co.)

PART IV.—CONTINUED.

"There's more in the case than meets the eye," he said, suspiciously; "and I fancy, if only we could see the bottom of it, we should discover that your two proteges are as fine a pair of rascals as could be found on the continent of Asia."

"I don't know anything about that," Grantham replied. "I only know that they were a miserable couple, and that I did the best I could for them. You wouldn't have had me leave them in the jungle, surely?"

"I am not aware I have said so," the other answered, stiffly. "The only thing I object to is your treating them as if they were martyrs, when in all probability they deserve all the punishment they received."

Grantham was too wise to carry the argument any further. He knew that when Handiman was in his present humor the best thing to do was to leave him alone in it. He accordingly returned to the hut where the two men were domiciled, and attended to their comfort, as far as lay in his power. His heart had been touched by their misery. He did not give as a reason for his conduct the fact that the face of the elder man reminded him of his own venerable father, the worthy old Somersetshire vicar; it was a fact, nevertheless. For a week the unfortunate couple were domiciled at the ford, and during that time Grantham attended to their wants with the assiduity of a blood relation. Meanwhile Handiman scoffed and bade him take heed for the valuables, lest his new-found friends should appropriate them. He did not believe in honest gratitude, he declared, particularly where homeless wanderers in the Burmese jungle were concerned. At last, however, they were so far recovered as to be able to proceed on their way once more.

"We have to thank you for our lives, sir," said Kitwater to Grantham, when the time came for them to say good-bye to the ford. "Had it not been for you we would probably be dead men now. I don't know whether we shall ever be able to repay your kindness, that is with Allah, but if the opportunity should ever arise you may be sure we will not neglect it. Whatever we may be now, you may take it that we were gentlemen once. There's just one favor I should like to ask of you, sir, before we part!"

"What is it?" Grantham inquired.

"I want you, sir, to give me a letter of introduction to the gentleman in your regiment who looked after the stranger you told me of, when he came here out of China. I've got a sort of notion in my head that even if he is not our friend, that is to say the man we are searching for, he may happen to know something of him."

"I will give you the letter with pleasure," Grantham replied. "I am sure Gregory will be only too pleased to help you as far as lies in his power."

The letter was accordingly written and handed to Kitwater, who stowed it away in his pocket as if it were a priceless possession. Then, when they had bade their protector farewell, they in their turn set off along the track that Hayle had followed two months before, and in due course arrived at Bhamo. Here they presented the letter they had obtained to Capt. Charles Pauncefort Gregory, who, as may be supposed, received it with manifest astonishment.

"Well," said he, "of all the stories I have heard since I have been in the east, this is the most extraordinary. I thought that other chap was about as unfortunate a beggar as could well be, but you beat him hollow at every turn. Now, look here, before I go any further, I must have my friend with me. He is the man who discovered the other chap, and I'm sure he would like to hear your story."

Dempsey was accordingly summoned, and his wonderment was as great as his friend's had been.

"Now," said Gregory, when Dempsey had been made familiar with the other's story, "what is it you want to know about the man we picked up? Ask your questions, and we'll do the best we can to answer them."

In reply to Kitwater's questions, Gregory and Dempsey described, as far as they were able, the appearance

of the man whom they had helped. The schedule was in a great measure satisfactory, but not altogether. There were so many English in Burmah who were tall, and who had dark eyes and broad shoulders. Little Codd leant towards his companion, and, taking his hand, made some signs upon it.

"That's so, my little man," said Kitwater, nodding his head, approvingly. "You've hit the nail on the head." Then, turning to Gregory, he continued: "Perhaps, sir, you don't happen to remember whether he had any particular mark upon either of his wrists?"

Gregory replied that he had not noticed anything extraordinary, but Dempsey was by no means so forgetful.

"Of course he had," he answered. "I remember noticing it for the first time when I pulled him out of the ford and afterwards when he was in bed. An inch or so above his left wrist he had a tattooed snake swallowing his own tail. It was done in blue and red ink, and was as nice a piece of work as ever I have seen."

"I thank you, sir," Kitwater replied, "you've hit it exactly. By the living thunder he's our man, after all. Heaven bless you for the news you have given us. It puts new life into me. We'll find him yet, Caddy, my boy. I thank you, sir, again and again."

He held out his hand, which Dempsey felt constrained to shake. The man was trembling with excitement.

"I tell you, sir," he continued, "that you don't know how we loved that man. If it takes the whole of our lives, and if we have to tramp the whole world over to do it, we'll find him yet!"

"And if I'm not mistaken, it will be a bad day for him when you do find him," put in Gregory, who had been an observant spectator of the scene. "Why should you hate him so?"

"How do you know that we do hate him?" Kitwater asked, turning his sightless face in the direction whence the other's voice proceeded. "Hate him, why should we hate him? We have no grudge against him, Caddy, my boy, have we?"

Mr. Codd shook his head gravely. No! they certainly had no grudge. Nothing more was to be gleaned from them. Whatever their connection with George Bertram or Gideon Hayle may have been, they were not going to commit themselves. When they had inquired as to his movements after leaving Bhamo, they dropped the subject altogether, and, thanking the officers for the courtesy shown them, withdrew.

Their manifest destitution, and the misery they had suffered, had touched the kindly white residents of that far off place, and a subscription was raised for them, resulting in the collection of an amount sufficient to enable them to reach Rangoon in comparative comfort. When they arrived at that well-known seaport, they visited the residence of a person with whom it was plain they were well acquainted. The interview was presumably satisfactory on both sides, for



ON A SUNDAY IN THE INDIAN OCEAN KITWATER HELD A SERVICE ON THE DECK.

English rain pouring down upon them, wetting them to the skin. "What we have to do is to find Gideon Hayle as soon as possible."

CHAPTER I.

It has often struck me as being a remarkable circumstance that, in nine cases out of ten, a man's success in life is not found in the career he originally chose for himself, but in another and totally different one. That mysterious power, "force of circumstances," is doubtless responsible for this, and no better illustration for my argument could be found than my own case. I believe my father intended that I should follow the medical profession, while my mother hoped I would enter the church. My worthy uncle, Clutterfield, the eminent solicitor of Lincoln's Inn Fields, offered me my articles, and would possibly have eventually taken me into partnership. But I would have none of these things. My one craving was for the sea. If I could not spend my life upon salt water, existence would have no pleasure for me. My father threatened, my mother wept, Uncle Clutterfield prophesied all sorts of disasters, but I remained firm.

"Very well," said my father, when he realized that further argument was hopeless, "since you must go to sea, go to sea you certainly shall. But you mustn't blame me if you find that the life is not exactly what you anticipate, and that you would prefer yourself on dry land once more."

I willingly gave this promise, and a month later left Liverpool as an apprentice on the clipper ship Maid of Normandy. Appropriately enough the captain's name was Fairweather, and he certainly was a character in his way. In fact the whole ship's company were originals. Had my father searched all England through he could not have discovered a set of men, from the captain to the cook's mate, who would have been better calculated to instill in a young man's heart a distaste for Father Neptune and his oceans. In the number of the various books of the sea I have encountered was one entitled: "A Floating Hell." When reading it I had not expected to have the misfortune to be bound aboard a vessel of this type. It was my lot, however, to undergo the experience. We carried three apprentices, including myself, each of whom had paid a large sum for the privilege. I was the youngest. The eldest was the son of a country parson, a mild, decent lad, who eventually deserted and became a house-painter in the South Island of New Zealand. The next was washed overboard when we were rounding the Horn on our homeward voyage. Poor lad, when all was said and done he could not have been much worse off, for his life on board was a disgrace to what is sometimes erroneously called "human nature." In due course, as we cleared for San Francisco, and long before we crossed the line, I was heartily tired of the sea. In those days, few years ago as it is, sailors were not so well protected even as they are now, and on a long voyage aboard a sailing ship it was possible for a good deal to happen that was not logged, and much of which was forgotten before the vessel reached its home-port again. When I returned from my first voyage my family inquired how I liked my profession, and with all truth, I informed them that I did not like it at all, and that I would be willing to have my indentures canceled and to return to shore life once more, if I might be so permitted. My father smiled grimly, and seemed to derive considerable satisfaction from the fact that he had prophesied disaster from the outset.

"No," he said, "you have made your bed, my lad, and now you must lie upon it. There is still a considerable portion of your apprenticeship to be served, and it will be quite soon enough for us at the end of that time to decide what you are to do."

A month later I was at sea again, bound this time for Sydney. We reached that port on my nineteenth birthday, and by that time I had made up my mind. Articles or no articles, I was determined to spend no more of my life on board that hateful ship. Accordingly, one day having obtained shore leave, I purchased a new rig-out and, leaving my sea-togs with the Jewish shopman, I made tracks, as the saying goes, into the bush with all speed. Happen what might, I was resolved that Capt. Fairweather should not set eyes on George Fairfax again.

From that time onward my career was a strange one. I became a veritable Jack-of-all-trades. A station-hand, a roustabout, shearer, assistant to a traveling hawker, a gold miner, and at last a trooper in one of the finest bodies of men in the world, the Queensland mounted police. It was in this curious fashion that I arrived at my real vocation. After a considerable period spent at headquarters, I was drafted to a station in the far west. There was a good deal of horse and sheep stealing going on in that particular locality, and a large amount of tact and ingenuity was necessary to discover the criminals. I soon found that this was a business at which I was likely to be successful. More than once I had the good fortune to be able to bring to book men who had carried on their trade for years, and who had been entirely unsuspected. Eventually my reputation in this particular line of business became noised abroad, until it came to the ears of the commissioner himself. Then news reached us that a dastardly murder had been committed in the suburbs of Brisbane, and that the police were unable to obtain any clue as to the identity of the person accountable for it. Two or three men were arrested on suspicion, but were immediately discharged on being in a position to give

a satisfactory account of their actions on the night of the murder. It struck me that I should like to take up the case, and with the confidence of youth I applied to the commissioner for permission to be allowed to try my hand at unraveling the mystery. What they thought of my impudence I cannot say, but the fact remains that my request, after being backed up by my inspector, was granted. The case was a particularly complicated one, and at one time I was beginning to think that I should prove no more successful than the others had been. In the end, however, I came upon the murderer, who, seeing himself very neatly trapped, placed a revolver in his right temple and, before I could prevent him, pulled the trigger.

At the conclusion of this case I resigned my position in the police of the northern colony, and joined the detective staff in Melbourne, seeing in their service a good deal of queer life and ferreting out not a small number of extraordinary cases. The experience gained there was invaluable, and led me, after one particularly interesting piece of business in which I had the good fortune to be most successful, to entertain the notion of quitting government employ altogether, and setting up for myself. I did so, and soon had more work upon my hands than I could very well accomplish. But I was too ambitious to be content with small things, and eventually came to the conclusion that there was not enough scope in the colonies for me. After 15 years' absence, therefore, I returned to England, spending a year in the further east en route in order to enlarge my experience, and to qualify myself for any work that might come to me from that quarter.

On a certain bitterly cold day in January I reached Liverpool from the United States, and took the train for my old home. My father and mother had long since died, and now all that remained to me of them was the stone slab that covered their resting place in the quiet little churchyard at the foot of the hill.

"Well, here I am," I said to myself, "33 years old and alone in the world. Nobody knows me in England, but it won't be my fault if they don't hear of George Fairfax before very long. I'll be off to London and try my fortune there."

(To Be Continued.)

WHAT HE WANTED.

The Man with the Fluent Fount of Tears Was Ready to Weep Anywhere.

There are funny incidents in the life of a photographer. A man came in the other day and looked over all the samples, asking the price of each, says the Edinburgh Scotsman.

"Do you want a sitting?" I asked.

"I don't see nothin' like what I want," he replied.

"I told him, if he would indicate what he wanted, that I might arrange it."

"I don't know as you can," he said, "for I don't see nothin' at all like what I want."

I repeated what I had already said. He asked me to sit while he told me.

"You see, it's like this," he began. "I had a girl that I loved, and we was going to git married. She had her things made up, and we was all but ready, when she was taken ill and died. And what I wanted was a picture of me sittin' on her grave weepin'."

I was touched at the homely story of grief, and told him I could send a man with him to the grave and have the picture taken as he desired.

"It's some distance," he said. "It's over in Ireland. I expect it 'ud cost a lot to send over your traps for what I want?"

I said it would.

"I thought," he answered, "that maybe you could rig up a grave here in your shop and I would weep on it, and it would do just as well. It's no trouble for me to weep anywhere."

Reciprocity Limited.

In May and June steamers laden with green peas and strawberries leave Brittany daily for England. These are the spoils of the rich lands about Brest. After Fashoda and the Dreyfus affair, when an anti-English feeling was rampant, a grocer of this district, distinguished in his abuse of the British, denounced the whole race as "despicable preserve-merchants."

"Why 'despicable preserve-merchants?'" some one asked.

"Because they make the jams they sell to us. They have no sugar and no fruit. Despicable? Why, they take our sugar and our fruit, and they make us buy their jams!"

A story as slight as this from Rev. S. Baring-Gould's "Book of Brittany" would be overweighted by the addition of a moral, but it may be hinted that to err peasants and politicians—of a certain stripe—are liable alike.

Turned Over to Mary.

A recently published story of the late Lord Morris illustrates his scorn of red tape and petty details.

A question had arisen as to the cost of heating the Irish law courts, and a consequential treasury official was sent over from London to Dublin on purpose to investigate the matter.

When he introduced himself and explained his errand, Lord Morris smiled with suspicious blandness and said: "Certainly, I will put you in communication with the person immediately in charge of that department."

Then he sent out a messenger, and presently there entered an old charwoman. Lord Morris arose and left the room, saying as he did so: "Mary, here is the young man to see about the coal."

Strings Him Out Every Time.

You never really know a man unless you allow yourself to owe him money. —Chicago Daily News.

Fancies and Frills of the Modes of the Moment

Dainty Garments and Charming Hats Designed for Summer Wear—Some Notable Examples.

SUCH a variety of things there are to talk about that one scarcely knows where to begin, and usually winds up in the end with a rambling dissertation on a little of all lines. I do not know but that such a course is preferable in these days when it is impossible to outline any one mode that is to predominate throughout a season.

Summer frocks, for instance, are seen in the shops and at the modistes in every conceivable variety, but one cannot well imagine a sweeter one than an embroidered lawn, nor one more elegantly economical, since it will clean or wash over and over again, and the soft, creamy, warm tone of its texture takes any and every pretty accessory. An ideal garden party frock would be such a lawn, with twisted round the waist and falling in long, soft sash ends, gleaming Louisiana ribbons of a pale blue or a soft pink, or a delicate pale green or a winsome mauve; whilst, to some tastes, better still would be a mingling of two shades or two colors in the sash. For example, a sash of rose pink and pale green folded together; and with this I would beg to have a hat of burnt straw, with pink roses and much rose foliage.

The notion of a hat and sash in alliance for the completion of an embroidered lawn or any pretty summery muslin frock, appeals to me. I could imagine, for example, under such circumstances, a hat of hydrangea and a sash of the hydrangea colorings—

swollen down present phase is infinitely more graceful than the swollen up former state; and yet in a fashion paper of that few years ago, when we all, sane though we might have been, were trying to look candidates for aerial honors, I was reading a delightful eulogy on its charms.

In describing a charming frock at tea the writer adds: "Who knows but that enfranchisement may lurk in a sleeve." So much for the influence of the moment on our artistic perceptions. The sleeve of expanding persuasion adorns both the costume simple and the costume complex, it matters not, and may be decorative or simple in either case.

Now going from hats to evening costumes I must call attention to two really charming opera cloaks designed for summer wear. Of both of these I show a picture and a few words of description will suffice. One is formed of black lace, strapped with black ribbon-velvet. It is further ornamented by gold motifs ending in tassels. The collar and cuffs are of lace.

The other is of light cloth, trimmed with deep flounces of black and white lace. The collar and long revers are edged with black and white embroidery, bordering puffs of chiffon. The design is completed by black velvet ribbon forming bands, bows and streamers.

An evening gown that is unusually attractive also forms one of the illustrations for this letter, and needs must have a few words of explanation.



TWO ELABORATE MODELS OF MODISH OPERA COATS.

pale blue, mauve and pink, and greenish white.

And speaking of hats reminds me that all New York seems to be mainly concerning itself with hats and sleeves. In hats it is impossible to say that any one shape has things all its own way. The blue and green color whim is ubiquitous, but it favors a dozen different types of hat, hats little and hats big. The poise of the face is common, however, to all hat shapes, excepting the Louis Quinze toque and the Louis Seize picture hat, which both have brims sharply turning down over the features in front. The new poise will puzzle many. It is one that has been introduced from Paris, and the French milliners who have come over to teach it to us are most amusing in their efforts to get us properly educated. They adjust the hat with the greatest delicacy from behind, watching closely the while their every movement in the reflecting mirror.

A French milliner's handling of a delicate hat is a manual on manipulation all ready made. The new poise of the hat is not back on the head, but up from the head. The brim of the moment does not run with the head, but up and away from it; consequently the line of the forehead pouf of hair is left clean and undisturbed in silhouette, and also in the full front. A brim may, and often does, project well forward, but it projects at an upward angle.

It is one thing to have the right hat, another thing to know how to wear it; the barest sailor may be worn properly or improperly, which reminds me of a fascinating sailor I saw recently. This particular sailor had was of moderate size with a prettily rounded-up brim, from the front of which started, one on each side, a pair of wings having cabochons decoratively placed at what we may call the root of each. Around the brim ran narrow plaitings of tulle, each one wedged into the top edge of each straw. The straw was wide, so that gave about three tulle plaitings encircling the brim. It was a sweet little hat, and the whole thing was carried out in a very pretty grassy shade of green, straw, tulle, wings, etc.

The sleeve is running the hat close for originality; it is having one of its spells of greediness, attaching to itself a magnified importance. The last time we noticed these signs of aggression the inflation was all the other way about; it was upward, now it is downward that the pneumatic pump has been at work. Could we say that we are now swollen down, whereas we were once swollen up? It might sound a little illogical, but what matter, language must be new or nothing. The

It is of Alencon lace, twine toned, and white crepe de chine. The skirt is simply three deep flounces of Alencon lace, mounted on white crepe de chine, and the bodice has the lace prettily maneuvered, and dear little tassels of white and gold and silver running down the side fastening.

Boas or ruffles made chiefly of flowers are to accompany floral hats on the smartest occasions. The flowers need not be the same on hat and boa, but must agree in color scheme or harmony. Roses, of course, are first favorites; what can better become a fair young face? But more trailing flowers can be used on the boas than are suitable for the chapeaux; thus, sweet

A light evening gown.

peas and lilac are excellent for the neck decoration. The foundation of a floral boa is leaf-green chiffon, and very often loops of the chiffon or of green ribbon in the same shade are twisted in with the flowers. Chiffon boas are garlanded with strings of pearls, too, in order to match hats.

ELLEN OSMONDE.

Height of Ocean Waves.

Prof. Fleming, in a recent lecture on waves, at the Royal Institution, said that the common notion of the immense length and height of the Atlantic waves was a fallacy. The longest did not exceed 300 feet, and commonly they did not exceed 100 feet. Instead of waves "mountains high," scientific measurement showed that the highest known waves were no more than 40 feet in height.