

"DEAR OLD MOTHER AND ME."

We lived in a cottage, years ago,
A cottage down by the sea,
There were only two of us living there,
Just dear old mother and me.

Daddy had gone on his last long cruise,
And Biddle was off at sea,
"Sis" was married, and so there were left
Just dear old mother and me.

The home was plain, but then it was
"Home."
And a living we got from the sea;
We were happy together, I want you to
know,
Just dear old mother and me.

But, an end must come to sorrow or joy,
And so, like a storm on the sea,
A shadow passed over the house where
I lived
Just dear old mother and me.

A beautiful boat appeared, one night,
And anchored off shore, at sea;
At dawn it sailed, and carried away
My dear old mother from me.

And now, a lone watch each night I keep,
Looking out toward the sea;
Hoping, some day that boat will return
With dear old mother, for me.

But no, a boat I must prepare,
For a cruise on the Crystal sea,
A beautiful trip, to last away
For dear old mother and me.
—William R. Savage, in *Sailor's Magazine*.

A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

(Copyright 1900, by Francis Lynde.)

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"By Jove! but she is a magnificent strong type," he mused, lying flat on his back and staring absently at the flitting shadows among the deck beams overhead. "Her face is as readable as only the face of a woman instinctively good and pure in heart can be. Any man who can put her between the covers of a book may put anything else he pleases in it and snap his fingers at the world. If I am going to live in the same town with her I ought to jot her down in words before I lose the keen edge of the first impression."

He considered it for a moment, and then got up and went in quest of a pencil and a scrap of paper. The dozing night clerk gave him both, with a sleepy malediction thrown in; and he went back to his engine-room and scribbled his word-picture by the light of the swinging lantern, thus:

"Character-study: Young woman of the type Western-Creole—not the daughter of aliens, but born in the West of parents who have migrated from one of the older States. (I'll hazard that much as a guess.) Details: Titian blonde, with hair like spun bronze; the complexion that neither freckles nor tans; cool, gray eyes with an under-depth in them that no man but her lover may ever quite fathom; a figure which would be statuesque if it were not altogether human and womanly; features cast in the Puritan mold, with the lines of character well emphasized; lips that would be passionate but for—no, lips that will be passionate when the hour and the man arrive. A soul strong in the strength of purity, which would send her to the stake for a principle, or to the Isle of Lepers with her lover. A typical heroine for a story in which the hero is a man who might need to borrow a conscience."

He read it over thoughtfully when it was finished, changing a word here and a phrase there with a craftsman's fidelity to the exactness. Then he shook his head regretfully and tore the scrap of paper into tiny squares, scattering them upon the brown flood surging past the engine-room gangway.

"It won't do," he confessed, reluctantly, as one who sacrifices good literary material to an overweening sense of the fitness of things. "It's nothing less than cold-blooded sacrilege. I can't make copy out of her if I write no more while the world stands."

CHAPTER VI.

Charlotte Farnham's friends were wont to say of her that she was as sensible as she was beautiful. She was, as Griswold had guessed, of New England lineage. Her parents had migrated for the health of the wife, but the migration had been postponed too long. The mother died in the early Minnesota days, but the daughter lived to grow up unspoiled and beautiful.

She had been spending the winter at Pass Christian with her aunt, who was an invalid; and for the invalid's sake the return passage was taken on the "Delle Julie." On the morning of the second day out, when the New Orleans papers came aboard, the two of them were sitting in the shade of the hurricane deck aft. Charlotte bought a paper and read the account of the bank robbery with a little gasp of belated horror.

"What is it, Charlotte?" asked the invalid.

Charlotte read the reporter's story. "Dear me! How shockingly bold!" commented Miss Gilman.

"Yes; but that wasn't what made me gasp. The paper says: 'A young lady was at the teller's window—Aunt Fanny, I was the young lady.' 'You? Horrors!' ejaculated the invalid.

"It's true. And I had no more idea—why, it seems incredible."

"I should think it would."

"There wasn't anything about it to suggest a robbery," Charlotte went on. "The man was smiling, and he had a good face—a face that one would trust almost intuitively."

"Charlotte!" exclaimed her aunt. "I do hope they can't trace you by your father's draft."

"What if they could?"

"Don't you see! You'd be dragged into court to identify the robber. And that would be simply dreadful."

"I shouldn't want to be dragged. It would be a simple duty to go willingly. More than that, I think I ought to write to Mr. Galbraith and give him my name and address."

But at this the invalid protested with what authority there was in her, and Charlotte agreed finally to wait until the matter of duty had been submitted to her father.

Here the subject was dropped, and Charlotte went to her stateroom to get a book for herself and a magazine for the invalid. It was a full hour later, and Miss Gilman was deep in the last installment of the magazine serial, when Charlotte gave up the struggle with the book. Do what she could, the scene in the bank would thrust itself between; and at length she let the thought have its will of her.

From where she was sitting she could see the steamer's yawl swinging from its tackle on the stern-staff. In the midst of the reminiscent thought, she saw that the ropes were working loose; that the yawl would presently fall. When she rose to go and tell some one, a man came aft to make the tackle fast, and she stepped aside to let him pass.

It was Griswold. She saw his face as he passed, and there was something strangely familiar in it. When he had fastened the rope and was returning, she had a fair look at him and for an instant was fain to grip the back of her chair to keep from crying out. For in that instant she recognized him.

Now, this young woman was wise beyond her years, and she knew what she had to do. None the less, she was a true woman, with a heart full of tenderness and pity. So it is not wonderful that for a moment conscience turned traitor, and was dumb. But it was only for a moment. The simple and obvious thing to do was to go to once and tell the captain what she had discovered; and she was deterred from so doing only by the reflection that a less terrible alternative would be the sending of a letter to the New Orleans bank people.

This she determined upon, telling her aunt nothing of her discovery, but merely saying that upon second thought she felt that she must write to Mr. Galbraith at once. Miss Gilman withdrew her objections reluctantly.

"If you must, Charlotte. But it seems like a very dreadful thing for you to have to do."

"It is very dreadful," said Charlotte, with a sob in her voice. Nevertheless, she went away quickly to write the letter which should set the machinery of the law in motion.

CHAPTER VII.

In yielding to the impulse of the moment which prompted him to borrow the identity of John Gavitt, Griswold was not without some forebodings of the event. He knew that the river steamers were manned by pick-up crews assembled at the last mo-



HE LIFTED HIM BODILY.

ment, and reasoned that the officers of the "Belle Julie" would not yet have had time to individualize the members of the crew.

But, apart from this, he was not unwilling to add another chapter to his experience among the toilers; and as to this, he immediately found himself in a fair way to acquire the coveted need of it. From the hour of his enlistment, it was heaped upon him unstintingly. Without having specialized himself in any way to the bullying chief mate, he fancied he was made to bear the brunt of the man's wrath. Curses, tongue-lashings without mercy; contumely and abuse, with now and then at the night landings, when no passengers were looking on, blows.

All these buffetings, or at least his share of them, Griswold endured as became a man who had voluntarily put himself in the way of such things. And, fortunately, he was not hopelessly unequal to the physical trial. Physically, as intellectually, the material in him was of the fine-grained sort in which quality counts for more than quantity. None the less, the first night with its uncounted plantation landings, tried him sorely, and he was thankful when the second day brought fewer stopping-places and more time for rest.

It was in one of the restful intervals that he had been sent aft to readjust the tackle of the suspended yawl. He had come upon Miss Farnham and her aunt unexpectedly, and so was off his guard; and he made sure the young woman had recognized him. If so, what would she do? He recalled his written summary of her character, and decided that she would be sexless and just before she would be womanly and merciful. At least he hoped she

would. Heals are much too precious to be shattered by mere considerations of personal safety.

But while he theorized upon the probabilities, he was fully alive to the necessity for prompt action. If Miss Farnham had discovered him, she would doubtless lose no time in giving the alarm. She might even now be in conference with the captain, he thought.

At this he had his first shock of genuine terror. Up to that moment he had suffered none of the pains of the hunted fugitive; but now he knew that he had fairly entered the gates of the outlaw's inferno; that he should never again know what it was to be wholly free from the terror of the arrow that flieth by day.

The force of the Scriptural simile came to him with startling emphasis, bringing on a return of the prickling paralysis of fear; but he shook it off and ran aft to rummage under the cargo for his precious bundle. For the whistle was sounding for a landing, and it was high time that he was afoot and fleeing. But when his hand reached the place where the bundle should have been, the blood surged to his brain and set up a clamorous dinning in his ears. The niche under the coffee sacks was empty.

CHAPTER VIII.

While Griswold was grappling afresh with the problems of escape, Charlotte was sitting behind the locked door of her stateroom, trying to write her letter.

She knew it would be hard, but it proved much harder than she had feared it would be. Try as she might, she could not eliminate the factor of personality. Truly, this man was no more to her than any stranger in the passing show, an impersonal unit of a class with which society is at war; and yet, at the end of every effort, the point of view shifted, and in the whole world there were but two persons; a man who had sinned, and a woman who was about to make him pay the penalty.

Nevertheless, conscience was not to be denied; and after many futile beginnings, the fateful letter got itself written, and she went out to mail it at the office. As it happened, the "Belle Julie" was slowing for a landing, and the office was closed. And since she would by no means entrust the letter to the outside mail box, she waited till the clerk should return.

The doors giving upon the saloon deck forward were open, and she stepped out. The crew was grouped about the uptilted landing-stage, and he was there—this man for whose future she was about to become answerable.

One glimpse of his face, haggard and woe-begone beyond any imaginings of hers, slew her resolve on the eve of its accomplishment, and she turned and ran back to the stateroom, saying over and over to herself as she fled: "Oh, I can't! I can't!—and yet I must!"

It was noon before she opened her door again at the luncheon call, and went aft to bring her aunt to the table. What she had endured in the interval, none might know; not even the sympathetic invalid, who more than once looked askance at the troubled eyes with their downcast lids.

At their end of the table, the talk rippled about the bank robbery; and when Capt. Mayfield mentioned the fact of the \$10,000 reward which had been offered, Charlotte was moved to say:

"That seems dreadfully barbarous—to set a price on the head of a human being."

A gentleman across the table took it up.

"But, Miss Farnham, would you have us turn thief-catchers for the mere honor of it?"

"For the love of justice, or not at all," she rejoined.

The gentleman demurred and went into details to prove his position; and the details only served to affront Charlotte's sense of the fitness of things.

"Do you mean to say that you would accept the reward, Mr. Latrobe?" she asked.

"Certainly I should; anyone would."

She knew the frank admission stood for public opinion, and went dumb. She might call the reward blood-money and refuse to touch it, but only those of her own circle would know and believe the truth. And the wretched man himself would always believe that she had sold him for a price.

That evening, after dinner, she sought the captain to ask a question.

"Do you know the law in Louisiana, Capt. Mayfield? This man who robbed the bank; what would his penalty be?"

"I don't know, precisely. Twenty years in the chain-gang, I should say."

The "Belle Julie" was pausing at a small hamlet on the west bank of the river, and the captain pointed to a squad of prisoners in chains, repairing a breach in the levee.

"That's where he'll land when they catch him," he added. "He'll have to be pretty tough to outlive his sentence."

And Charlotte turned away with a sob at the catching of her breath.

CHAPTER IX.

In any conflict between duty and inclination it is only the final step which is irrevocable; and in Charlotte's case this step was the mailing of her letter. All through the long afternoon she had tried vainly to screw her courage to the sticking point, and had failed. But when she went to bed with the thought that she would surely do it in the morn-

ing, she had overlooked the fact that an outraged conscience fights best in the night watches.

That was why she had got up at midnight and dress, and go out to have the dreadful thing over with before ever sleep would come, if haply it might come then.

But once again fate intervened.

While she was hurriedly dressing, the whistle sounded for a landing; and when she reached the office, it was again closed. As before, she stepped out on the saloon deck to wait. The great electric searchlight just over her head made the landing as light as day, and when she reached the rail the landing-stage was just coming aboard for the departure.

Two men whose duty it was to cast off ran out on the tilting platform and dropped to the ground. One of them fell clumsily; but the other ran up the bank and loosened the mooring line. The steamer began to swing off, and the man ran back to his companion, who seemed to be unable to rise.

"Get a move on youse!" bellowed the mate.

Then Charlotte saw that the fallen man was disabled in some way, and that the other was trying to lift him. The mate swore out of a full heart. "Come aboard, or I'll skin ye alive, ye skulkin'—"

Charlotte put her fingers in her ears to shut out the clamor of profanity; but the man on the bank was deaf, to it. Running to the mooring-post, he took a turn of the line around it, and snubbed the steamer's bow back to the bank. Then, casting off, he darted back to the disabled one, lifted him bodily to the guard, and climbed aboard himself.

Charlotte held her breath while it was doing, and was near crying out in sheer enthusiasm when it was done. Then she saw the face of the chief actor in the red furnace glow; it was the face of the man she was constrained to denounce.

She turned away at the sight, but the harsh voice of the mate called her back. There was trouble afoot for the rescuer, who was facing the mate and trying to explain.

[To Be Continued.]

KNOW HE WAS FROM TEXAS.

New Man in an Office Makes a Break That Marks Him as a Lone Star Product.

"An unusually quiet sort of a chap was the new man in the office," said a railroad man recently, relates the Chicago Chronicle, "and, as he didn't seem disposed to take any of us into his confidence, we didn't question him much. A slight southern flavor in what little he had to say led us to believe that he was from down that way somewhere, but we curbed our curiosity as to where he came from, at least as far as he was concerned, and took it out in speculating on it among ourselves. One day, when we were all digging into things on our desks, the tire on a bicycle in the rack outside burst with the report most of us were familiar with. Up jumps the new man, and, rushing toward the door excitedly, shouts:

"Somebody's shot!"

"When we told him what it was, and quieted him down, I walked over to his desk and asked:

"What part of Texas did you come from, sir?"

"Belmont," he said. "What made you think I came from Texas?"

The Composer.

Compositors on newspapers have to run up against fearful and wonderful orthography that will slip into their domain despite the argus eyes of the editors; and chirographes blunt and chunky, "fine Italian" and the "low Dutch" and all the gradations between, make them a tired lot. Sometimes they are provoking—for instance, when it was reported in the press dispatches some time ago that a train ran into a cow and "cut it into calves." William J. Bryan was once described as the "spout" of his party when "spirit" had been the compliment intended. As these errors have some wit in them, one naturally concludes that the wily compositor knew better, but couldn't resist the fun and a chuckle in his own sleeve. But it was too, too much, when a New York paper announced recently that Miss — wore, in addition, of course, to other apparel, a "magnificent job lot of sable." "Jabot" was the feature meant.—Detroit Free Press.

Gave Them Their Names.

Some years ago a good story was told, in which Prince Munster was concerned. He (then only a count), together with Count Beust and Count Schouvaloff, was attending a foreign office reception in London. Their names afforded no slight difficulty to the thoroughly English footman, who announced the guests by shouting their names up the great staircase. Count Schouvaloff arrived first, and the footman duly announced him as "Count Shuffeloff." Then came Count Beust, whose name in the servant's mouth became "Count Beast." Lastly, Count Munster appeared, and the footman, evidently feeling that a supreme effort was required, finished off by calling out "Count Monster."—London Globe.

Natural to Him.

"Your husband," said Mrs. Oldecastle, as she again availed herself of the privilege of inspecting the splendid library of the new neighbors, "seems to have a particularly fine taste for articles of vertu."

"Yes," her hostess replied, "I know it. But then it's only natural he should have. Josiah's one of the virtuouslest persons—for a man—that I ever seen."—Chicago Record-Herald.



INVALID'S GREAT WORK.

By Her Own Exertions Suffering Illinois Girl Supports Ten Missionary Workers.

It has been said that suffering often liberates and reveals the forces of the soul. A phenomenal instance of this is found in the little city of Casey, Ill., in the person and life of Miss Lizzie L. Johnson. Her struggle for 18 years with mortal disease is something more than impressive.

At about 13 years of age severe illness came upon her which developed into a permanent affliction of spinal character extending to all the nerve centers. For 18 years she has been laid on her back wholly unable to leave her bed. She has the free use of her arms and head, also some use of the limbs, but her body is confined to one position.

Those who have known her from her childhood, especially from the beginning of her affliction, find it difficult to realize the magnitude of the work she is now doing and has been doing for a number of years. They feel that they have never seen suffering and weariness and the monotony of lying in one position continuously so entirely overcome and treated as if they were not.

The nature of her affliction renders her at times intensely sensitive to the slightest noise or the presence of persons in her room, or any touch of her bed. This painful acuteness is not constant; there are times of comparative rest from this, though at all times the sense of touch is abnormally developed.

She has a magnetic personality, a fine, receptive mind, large originality and a beautiful Christian spirit. Not a word of complaint or touch of rebelliousness escapes her lips. The theme that lies nearest her heart is Christian missions, and in this field she is doing a great work. She began in 1894 on \$60 borrowed capital. Up to date the gross receipts aggregate \$5,900. She supports in India five pastor teachers, besides two Bible women. She provides the money to support three scholarships for three young men in Chinese seminary, Nagasaki, Japan. She provides for two Bible



LIZZIE L. JOHNSON.

women in China and one native pastor in Africa.

She does not forget home institutions and causes, as the Cunningham deaconess' home and orphanage and other beneficiaries can testify. It is a constant wonder how much work Miss Johnson does. She attends to all her correspondence, not infrequently receiving a hundred letters a week, and whether they be letters of inquiry or remittances of money she allows no letter to go unacknowledged, and attends to this herself personally.

How does she secure the money to carry on her mission work? By the sale of silk bookmarks, which she makes, and on which she has printed choice selections of Scripture, gems from favorite poets, birthday notes, etc. These marks she mails to any Christian workers who will superintend the sale of them. She receives orders from individuals, Sunday schools, leagues, women's foreign missionary societies and other organizations.

This consecrated soul and the work she is doing are worthy of publicity, both for the good accomplished in the mission fields and the inspiration it gives to other workers. None can enter her room and hear her cheery words, see her illumined face, but to go away with new inspiration and courage to help in the world's work.

Her father is a retired business man of Casey; he and his entire family of wife and five children reside in the city, and are held in high esteem by all those who know them best. To some of her pastor teachers she pays \$100 per annum, to others \$60, \$50, etc.; to her native workers and Bible women from \$20 to \$50 per annum. There are no scales on this earth fine enough to weigh the work this shut-in child of the king is doing.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Art in Home Decoration.

Artiste decorators agree that the purpose for which a room is to be used is a large factor in deciding upon its wall covering. Decidedly plain wall coverings are more restful than figured ones and therefore are more appropriate for living or sitting rooms. Of course self-toned stripes give the effect of solid wall, so this does not apply to them. Again for variety and because the big-flowered papers are now so attractive in design and coloring, they may be used in a guest chamber with good effect, but always with a plain, pale-tinted ceiling.

EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE.

She is Said to Believe Firmly That She Will Live to Be a Hundred Years Old.

Empress Eugenie has been pretty nearly everywhere in the course of her exciting life—to Egypt and the opening of the Suez canal; to the far east, to the land of the midnight sun; to South Africa. More than all else, though, she has had a hand in shaping the destiny of France. Raised to dazzling heights of power by her marriage with Napoleon, the girl, Eugenie Montijo, of noble, but not royal, birth, became the most courted and the most influential woman in Europe. She had brains and rare beauty with which to fortify her position as empress, and she used both royally. To-day, the whimsical-looking old lady who does her simple shopping in the unfashionable parts of Oxford street, wanders



EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE.

(As She Looked While on the Throne of France.)

about looking for bargains on her occasional visits to town—all traces of grandeur departed.

Eugenie has one odd expectation. She is said to believe firmly that she will live to be at least 100 years old.

"I have nothing to live for," the sad-faced woman of 74 says, "hence I shall just keep on living."

And so she will, probably, for she has no illnesses as yet, is active and fond of all outdoor exercises. Eugenie has been so much on the water that she has acquired the sailor's ruddy color, and much of her strength in old age is due to her love for bracing sea air. People who saw this lady in the days of her prime will remember her strangely beautiful eyes, "Eugenie eyes" they were called. An unusual type they were, and are, the eyelids drooping so low as to give an arched look to the dark eyes, which are bright, almost glowing still. Eugenie's eyes were always her marked claim to great beauty, although she is described at the time of her marriage as having been lovely beyond words in every line of face and form.

Empress Eugenie lived for many years at Chislehurst, but she has recently moved to Farnborough, farther inland. A pretty place is Farnborough, not more pretentious, however, than the homes of many less historic personages. Three rooms in the house are kept as shrines. Relics of the first Napoleon fill the one; belongings sacred to the memory of Eugenie's husband are kept in another; the playthings of the prince imperial and the trappings of the horse from which he fell to die, together with little childish things of eternal importance to mothers are the occupants of a third large apartment in the Farnborough home. Eugenie herself scarcely realizes that her boy, had he lived, would be to-day a man of 45.

A life of contrasts, indeed, is that of Eugenie, empress of the French. She has seen all that is brilliant in the court life of France and has known what it means to be a childless widow, remembered occasionally, but more frequently forgotten. The mother of the empress must herself have been amazed at her daughter's career. She, the mother, was the child of an Irishman who settled in Spain and dealt in wine. A Spanish duke came along and married Miss Maria Kirkpatrick, the wine merchant's daughter, and it was the child of this marriage, the beautiful Eugenie, who completely infatuated Napoleon III.

WOMAN'S SOCIAL POWER.

When Exercised in the Right Direction It Affects the Welfare of an Entire Community.

The power and influence that woman possesses socially is something for which she should be grateful and use to the best advantage. To some tasteful woman with a truly social spirit may be given the credit of making many a community what it is. Passing a massive city church, thronged with worshippers, and noted for being exceedingly social in spirit, Rev. William J. Peck, in writing for the *Ledger Monthly*, recalls the fact that the building is accredited to a socially inclined, cultured pastor's wife, who had the gracious gift of kindness. She had a winning way, and noticed that a great many strangers came to the church never to return. She made up her mind that she would make them feel at home. She took her position at the close of service near the door and greeted the strangers with a cordial handclasp and explained she was the pastor's wife and that he would gladly call on them if they would leave their addresses. She had a charming personality, and followed successfully this plan till the old church, which was almost dead, became filled with a strong social and spiritual power, and people recognized it as a social "hand-shaking church," and soon this magnificent edifice, built from the contagion of an irresistible ecclesiastical handshake, stood as a monument of humanity at its best.