

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

From out the mist-clad meadows, along the river shore. The night express-train whistles with eye of fire before. A trail of smoke behind her enclouds the rising moon. That glides the sighing poplars and floods the wide lagoon. Through yellow fields of harvest and waving fields of corn. The night express-train rumbles with whistle low and horn. The silent village harkens the sound it knows so well. And boys wait on the siding to hear the engine bell. While lads who used to loiter with wistful steps and slow. Await to-night a comrade who comes, but will not go. The train that brings to mothers the news of sons who roam. Shoots red from out the marshes to bring a wanderer home. With restless heart of boyhood we watch that headlight when The whistle seemed to call us to dare the world of men; To leave the plow and herd-whip for lads with hearts of clay, And while our blood was leaping be up and far away; To find the great world somewhere, to wander wide and see If men of coast or mountain were better men than we. We heard the hoarse throat whistle, we heard the engine bell, We saw the red eye blazing, we knew the hot heart well, But little could we reckon, gay-hearted boys at play, The horse that took us out to men would bring us home one day. That took us out at morning, with shining wheels a hum, Would bring us home at evening, when we are glad to come. Ah! let my fight be fiercer, the little time before They bring me still and weary along the river shore. Then may the wheels turn swiftly behind the eye of fire, And may the bell ring gayly that brings me my dear fire. The boys I used to watch with will all be there to see, When I come home to rest me in the ground that nurtured me. To earth I digged in boyhood, through fields I used to keep, The lads who wrought beside me shall bear me home to sleep. From out the mist-clad marshes, along the river shore. With trail of smoke behind me and eye of fire before; And youths will watch with burning to seek the world of men, And thrill to hear the whistle that brings me home again. —VILLA S. Cather, in Youth's Companion.

MYSTERIOUS MISS DACRES

By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"I haven't any room for you, Glorianna," said I. "Don't make no difference. We've got a good one to him. You can hev us both, or you can lose us both. I reckon whar Baldy lives is good enough fer me." "I will have no scandal," said I, "and if you stay you will have to work for your board." "You don't want to hire me then?" "No," said I. "I can't afford to do that. But if you wish to stay for a week or until I get rid of an unpleasant complication, you may. Come now, Glorianna, do relieve my mind, and tell me that it was you up in my bedchamber." "Hain't left this blessed seat since I come in here," declared Glorianna. "Then who could it have been?" "Yer aunt, prob'ly." "My aunt! You know well enough Glorianna, that my aunt cannot move from her bed. Everything that is done for my aunt I have to do." A bright thought struck me. "Now, why shouldn't you take some of the care of my aunt off my shoulders while you stay?" "Guess she wouldn't hev me," replied Glorianna; "but I'll see about it when I've done a-stirring of this mess." "There's one thing I won't ha' in this house," said I, looking at a cowhide, "and that's—" "Lor," said Glorianna, following, my eyes with hers—"he likes it." "Do you, Baldwin?" said I. He was peeping in at the door. "Pshaw," said he, "she can't hurt a fly." "We'll see," said Glorianna, still stirring. "Haven't you the spunk of a flea?" said I, starting up in a rage. "Baldwin, why don't you have her bound over to keep the peace?" "Pshaw, she don't hurt none. I'd jess as I'llves she'd amuse herself's aunt." "Do you know who was up in my room just now, Baldwin?" His wife gave him a quick glance, whether of caution or threat I could not decide. "How sh'd I know? I've be'n a-splittin' wood ever sence I got up." "Baldwin," said I, "I must go to town. See to things until I get back, will you?" And again I started with the broken parasol and walked quickly on my way. When I got nearly into the village, I saw a man coming towards me on a bicycle. As he neared me, he slowed his wheel and jumped off. "Here are my certificates," he said. "I saw that it was my lower-back, and put out my hand to take the papers, which he held towards me. I opened them, standing in the middle of the sunny road. The first read: 'This is to certify that Holdsworth W. ton is perfectly reliable and trustworthy. He has been in my employ for years, and there is no one in

my office whom I consider more faithful to my interests." "Walton F. G. Haight, Editor of the Star Union." Of course I knew that Mr. Haight was the editor of the Star Union. I turned to the other, which was written very differently from the first. Mr. Haight's recommendation was in a strong, heavy hand, an upright hand which wobbled first this way and then that. The second recommendation was written in a fine, thin hand, almost a lady's hand, and certified, very much in the same language, that Mr. Beldon was to be trusted with almost anything that this or any other world possessed. This was signed "John Everett." Somehow the names gave me much comfort, for I knew all about their owners, and felt confidence in the young man, my prospective boarder, from that moment. "Very well," said I. "Go on to the house. I will be back soon. I'm just going in town for a locksmith." "Indeed?" he laughed. "What has happened? The young woman hasn't locked herself in the cellar, has she?" "No," said I, "but I've broken the lock of my desk. By the way, the young woman won't trouble you for long. She's going away." "Going away?" His look was one of incredulity. "That's—that's better than I expected. What's the reason?" "Well, I don't like some things about her." "I hope I haven't frightened her away," said my new boarder. "I should be sorry to make you lose the rent of the room on my account. What's she done?" "Well, I don't want to prejudice you—" "Oh, you can't prejudice me. I always judge for myself. What's she done?" "Well, she was out at the gate last night—it must have been all of 12 o'clock—with some other man. She says he's her brother, but I do not believe it." "Don't!" said the man. "I wouldn't. No one with a particle of sense could. The idea of a girl talking at the gate at 12 o'clock with her own brother! Why, it's beyond reason. It's a waste of raw material. I wouldn't believe a word she says if she tells such stories as that. You see, if that man was her own brother, he might as well have been at some other gate with some other fellow's sister, and the other girl's brother might as well have been at your gate with your young woman. Well, I hope you'll get rid of her. I won't say by fair means or foul. I suppose she's got her living to make as well as the rest of us, but I'd rather she'd make it elsewhere than in your lower front, if I'm to have the lower back." "She's very quiet thus far," said I, thinking regretfully of the money spent and the bills locked up in the desk. "I'm glad of that! No cackling girls yet, eh? Well, I'm sure I don't mind her talking with her brother, or any other girl's brother, at your front gate at 12 or one in the morning. I am secure in my lower back, and then I'm in town always at night, you know. Now, I'm going home—that is, if you'll have me—to turn in. Don't wake me until five or six o'clock. Then I should like a bite of something, and I'll be off. You'll see that I'm not a great eater." "Thank heaven for that," I murmured, and proceeded on my way. The young man jumped upon his wheel, and was off. A minute had passed, when I heard some one calling to me. I turned. It was Mr. Beldon coming back. My heart felt. Had he decided not to take the room? Had anything in my manner— "I can come back to ask you how I can get into the room without the young woman seeing me. I just want to crawl in, you know, inco, as it were. Is there a side door, or a back door, or anything, where I—" "Lock your wheel," said I, "and when you have opened the gate walk right round the left side of the house. Go on the grass. I hate to have you, but this time you may. You'll find my man servant there, unless his wife has inveigled him up to the loft. If you hear groans, go up at once and protect him." "Hear groans?" "Yes, if she's beating him. If she isn't—" "What a mysterious household!" exclaimed Mr. Beldon. "Really, you frighten a quiet man like me, a simple, helpless journalist. I don't know that I'll come, after all." "Oh, there's nothing to be afraid of," returned I. "I only hope that if you hear Baldwin calling for help—" "I am to go up and beat his wife?"



"HEAR GROANS?"

"No," said I, "not at all. Go up and beat him for being such a fool, and I turned away." "Oh, one thing more," I called. "Don't forget it's the left side you're to go round, if you don't want her to see you." "Who to see me?" "Miss Daeres." "Who's she?" "The new boarder—J. A. Daeres. Those are her initials on the dress suit case." "Are they?" said he. He repeated the name, "J. A. Daeres, J. A. D. Oh, yes, I see, I see. Clever, very clever indeed! Well, I'll go along. Round to the left, you say. Presumably she's on the right side of the house. Good-by," and he was off. I walked toward the village, pondering what he meant by those words, "Clever! very clever, indeed!" CHAPTER III. I plodded steadily on towards the town. As I neared the village I saw a carriage approaching me. As it passed I perceived that it held two occupants that I well knew. They were Miss Elizabeth and Miss Evelyn from the Hall, or, rather, they used to be from the Hall and would now be again. They were in deep black, and were evidently on their way to the old Darlington place, where their brother had died. It seemed strange that I had almost forgotten all about the sensation of the hour because of my own troubles. The truth is, I had been thinking very deeply of the ladies when Miss Daeres came up to the gate the day before, and I had also been thinking very deeply of my own affairs. I really had not known where to turn until I found that I could let the rooms, and the completion of my arrangements had put everything else out of my mind. It seemed strange too that I should have been so forgetful of all that happened at the Hall. I had been so at home there, in days gone by, as governess to Mr. Eugene's little girl and as friend to the older ladies, that I felt the death of the Squire very much, but poverty is a master who drives away our tenderest thoughts, taking possession with his grim presence of the place which harbored them, and I was all at once aware that my anxiety as to how I was to get out bread and butter had made me somewhat forgetful of my duty. These thoughts flashed rapidly through my mind as I went onward, and then I heard the carriage stop and turn. I faced about at once. "Isn't that Sophronia?" I heard, and in a moment the carriage door was thrown open and I was drawn inside to Miss Elizabeth's kind arms. They had both thrown up their veils, and first one kissed me and then the other. "Drive a little way back with us, Sophronia, dear," said Miss Evelyn, "and tell us all about it." "Gladly," said I, as I took the place into which Miss Evelyn, being the younger, pushed me, on the back seat beside her sister. I sighed as I thought of the lock unpicked and the boarder's dinner to get, but I could do nothing but go with them. These dear ladies had been my friends when I most needed friends, and when the Judge married me, though he was no judge then, they gave me my wedding from the Hall. Since they and their brother had quarrelled about his changing his religion, and they left the Hall for a home of their own, I had seen little of him, though he always gave me a pleasant enough bow when I passed him on the road. The ladies had now come from their home at Springborough, called hither by telegrams, no doubt, and I could see that, having heard the news only yesterday, they could not have arrived before. "Tell us all about it, dear," said Miss Elizabeth. "Did he suffer very much? Was it sudden? Poor David! I little thought when—but tell us, my dear, what you know." "I can't tell you anything at all," said I gloomily, "or very little. I know almost nothing." "What! Sophronia, that isn't like you. Never went near poor David in his last illness? Why, how could that be? So unlike—" "I went, over and over again," said I. "When I found I couldn't get in at the front door, I went around to the back to old Margot. Yes, she is still there. But there was no hope for me. I only heard each day that he was no better." "But how perfectly absurd! Why couldn't you get in?" "The priest wouldn't allow it, and there was no one to prevent. You know your brother had quar—was at odds with his old friends down in the village and over at Marchbank, and they none of them felt like interfering." "Who took care of him?" asked Miss Elizabeth with tears in her eyes. "A Sister of Charity, I believe. Margot told me so." "Margot would hardly like that," said Miss Evelyn. As I recalled the old Scotch woman's stern face, and her anger at the priest dominating herself and everyone else in the house, I shook my head. "No," said I, "Margot was very indignant, but what could she do? She could have gone off and left him with them, but that she would not do. She could not desert Mr. David, she told me, no matter how he had treated her. She would not go and leave him in the hands of his self-appointed friends, strangers to everyone about here. I promised the old gentleman," she said, "that I would never leave Mr. David, and I won't—not for the Pope himself." "She is a very bitter Protestant," said Miss Evelyn, who had leanings towards Rome.

"She had excellent reasons for being one," returned Miss Elizabeth. "She was brought up as we all were, in the Scotch Presbyterian church, and why should she change at her age?" She looked as unutterable things at Miss Evelyn as her sweet face would allow. "We won't go into that, dear Elizabeth," said Miss Evelyn very gently. "Let us hear what we can from Sophronia before we reach the Hall." "When did—did—my brother pass away?" "It was night before last," said I. "Baldy Towner told me at about seven o'clock in the morning, when I went to get the eggs." "And you went up at once, of course?" "Of what use?" said I. "I had been so many times. They would not let me in when he was living. How should I have got in when he was no more?" "Who nursed him?" asked Miss Elizabeth with a tremulous voice. "She told us a Sister of Charity," said Miss Evelyn. "They say she never left him night or day," added I. "What was his illness, Sophronia? We have heard nothing, you see." "The Squire broke his leg while hunting. Haven't you heard even that? It was only two weeks ago. Fever set in, I believe. He sent for that doctor he had at the seashore, a Doctor LeStrange. He thought there was nothing equal to Dr. LeStrange. Of course, Dr. Williams did not like to interfere. I believe that he did once pay him a friendly visit, but Dr. LeStrange was so distant, and your brother seemed so completely under his thumb, that Dr. Williams never went again. Margot said the Squire wasted so fast, she couldn't see how it came about. He was a healthy man. Just a fractured leg, and he had a good constitution too." "Has anything been said about a will?" asked Miss Evelyn. "That makes little difference," said Miss Elizabeth. "He had but a few personal effects to will away." "Not that I have heard," said I, answering Miss Evelyn. "Margot told me, the last time I was up there, that she had heard a good deal that wasn't intended for her to hear. One day she crept up the back stairs and listened at the door. The Sister of Charity was soothing him and talking in a very intimate way, much more so than you would suppose possible for a Sister, and he said to her, 'How can I ever repay you? No—there! Let me hold your hand, it can't do any harm. Shall I leave you something in my will?' 'Oh, no!' she said, 'oh, no! We can hold no property, you know, Squire Darlington. Perhaps if you were to give me some money, I might convey it to my sisterhood.' 'How good, how pious our Sisters are,' Margot heard him say. 'If I should put into your hands something valuable—very valuable—what would you do with it?' 'Oh!' gasped Miss Elizabeth, 'not that! Not that!' I looked at her. She was very pale. 'Go on, Sophronia,' said Miss Evelyn. I continued, 'I would turn it into money, she said, and give it to the church. But I should have to have a deed of gift from you.' 'There are some jewels,' said your brother." [To Be Continued.] His Sermon Reached Them. When the Rev. Madison C. Peters, at one time a popular Philadelphia divine, was a very young man, he was invited to deliver the sermon in a rural church on a Sunday in June, says an exchange. The day was extremely warm and a window behind the pulpit had been raised in the interests of ventilation. Mr. Peters laid the rather voluminous manuscript of the sermon he had prepared on the desk of the pulpit, and began; but the third word had not passed his lips when a breeze from the window caught the manuscript and blew its hundred odd pages of note size paper scattering over the expectant congregation. Mr. Peters looked frustrated for a moment, then, recovering himself, he smiled and said: "Well, perhaps that sermon has reached more of you than if it had gone from the pulpit in the usual manner." Perfectly Good. A horse dealer in a Scotch town having hired a horse to a solicitor, the latter, either through bad usage or some other cause, killed the horse, when the dealer insisted upon payment by bill if it were not convenient to pay cash, says the Scottish American. The lawyer had no objection to grant a bill, but said it must be at a long date. The dealer told him to fix his own time, when the man of law drew a promissory note, making it payable on the day of judgment. An action was raised, when the solicitor asked the presiding judge to look at the bill. Having done so, the judge replied: "The bill is perfectly good, and as this is the day of judgment I decree that you pay to-morrow." Getting Even. A man having had the worst of an argument with a friend, decided to get even with him. Waiting till the man had gone to bed one night, he proceeded to his house and banged at the door. Roused from his slumber, the man inside jumped out of bed and, opening the window, inquired what was the matter. "Wey," said the man outside, "one of thy windows is wide open!" "Which one?" inquired the other. "Wey, that one thoo has thy head through," chuckled the tormentor as he marched off.—Chicago Journal.

TRAVEL IN MOROCCO.

A Country Full of Strange Sights and Strange People.

Tourists Are Beginning to Invade Its Principal Towns—Independence Seriously Threatened by France.

[Special Correspondence.]

OF ALL the semi-barbarous countries which are gradually opening up to European travel, none, perhaps, presents more interesting features than Morocco, if one happens to be sufficiently fortunate as to view some of the not easily accessible scenes outside the regular paths trod by foreigners. The fact that the inde-



STREET IN MARRAKESH.

pendence of this state is seriously threatened from all directions adds to the interest awakened by its oriental customs. The affairs of the country are progressing in a manner causing great anxiety to the local government. Its promise of mineral wealth is great. Gold has been found in large quantities. It is considered the finest grain producing country in Africa. Germany possesses about two-thirds of its trade and England the major part of the remainder. The army is largely commanded by non-commissioned English officers, while France is slowly advancing its Algerian boundaries, paying slight attention to the French-Moorish boundary commission. Deep distrust of France is felt at court, where the English are strongly favored. The energetic colonial administrator, M. Revoil, seems to be furthering plans tending toward establishing French empire over northwest Africa. The sultan, while considerably disturbed by affairs of state, finds time for pursuits which show him quite a progressive gentleman. Electricity will light his palace, which is being renovated and furnished in magnificent style, and provides the motive power for the launches which glide over the artificial lake in the grounds. He obtains much pleasure from his cinematograph, camera and motor cars. Billiard playing and bicycle polo are favorite amusements. In fact, the bicycle manufacturers have found him a most profitable customer, some 300 of his wives, et cetera, enjoying a spin with him in the palace grounds, which are, however, so well protected from the profane gaze of outsiders that not even a glimpse of them may be obtained. The court is accompanied on its journeys by five Englishmen and some ladies, the latter of whom, in order to avoid insult, must, in public, con-

comparative speed without dislocating the limbs of their riders. Long journeys may be taken across bright, orange-colored sand wastes, dotted with rocks and arched over by a turquoise sky. The guides seldom leave the beaten track, which they follow with great skill, however dim it may be, but if this be lost, they exhibit great confusion and experience much difficulty in making their way. Forests and hills are found in certain portions of the country. All along the route, through the fertile lands, grain cellars and water tanks may be seen. These appear on the surface to be merely shallow holes in the ground, but, on entering, a large subterranean chamber is discovered, used for storage of either grain or rain water.



GRAIN MARKET, MOGADOR.

The little market town of Flata Sid Abdullah Ben Oasmin consists of mud and reed huts, and the tomb of the saint from whom it derives its name. His remains rest beneath a gilded dome in a white mausoleum. The country is decorated on all sides with these tombs of saints, who are respected as such by reason of acts which have immortalized their memory or by direct descent from the great prophet. A wedding in Morocco furnishes a rather noteworthy scene. Music is a somewhat trying feature of the entertainment. The singing voice of the Moor is not always pleasing, and the pounding of brass plates and popping of guns adds to the uproar. The guns form an interesting adjunct to the dress of the men, with their flowing robes and gayly decorated saddles, upon which they may most frequently be found. The appearance of one of these gentlemen in native attire upon the street of one of our American cities would attract much unwelcome attention, but the Moor, by nature a gentleman, apparently bestows no notice upon the dress of a traveler which may be quite as unusual in the interior of his own land. The great national dish is cusksoo, a mixture of meat, fowl, vegetables and argan oil, covered with dough and bread crumbs mixed, to a depth of one or more inches, the whole served on a wooden platter standing on three legs and covered with something resembling a beehive. Tea, the favorite beverage, is prepared with sugar, mint and boiling water. The people are charmingly hospitable, and urge strangers to share the comforts, more or less problematical, of their homes. But if the wayfarer, as is usually the case, prefers to rest in his own tent, gifts of meat, sugar, tea, mint, vegetables and other edibles are sent for his delectation.

One would think the city in a ruinous condition, if only the exteriors of the buildings were seen, but the interiors are, in many instances, luxurious beyond description. Rich rugs and hangings, fountains, flowers and palms are seen on all sides. The daintiest cakes are served with tea in the finest china by black slave girls. In winter the wind blows, bitterly cold, from the mountains, while in summer the intense heat, often 110 degrees in the shade, causes fearful odors to arise from the refuse heaps, producing typhoid, cholera and smallpox, from which diseases the city is seldom free. Mogador is the most southern trading port in Morocco and presents a very attractive appearance from the sea. Shining beaches and a lagoon form a foreground for miles of yellow sand dunes. A promontory of rock and sand is surmounted by a mosque tower and many odd-looking white houses, the whole surrounded by walls with picturesque battlements from which old iron guns peer out. The winding, narrow streets are arched over at intervals. A mere footpath, in many instances, extends on either side of reeking cesspools and heaps of decaying animal and vegetable matter. It is only in the beaten track that one may journey safely through Morocco. Should one wish to travel through those portions closed to foreigners he must be thoroughly disguised, and even then an insurance company would require a large premium for taking a risk on his life. In penetrating the interior of the country guides are, of course, desirable. They will advise regarding stores necessary for the journey, but it will conduce to one's comfort to add many little things which are, to us, necessities, and, to the average Moor, almost unknown luxuries. It is also desirable to have a soldier along, if possible. The Moors are full of jokes and laughter, and are, altogether, very pleasant traveling companions. They are not especially religious, although, like other people, they have fanatics among them. Their piety seems to consist chiefly in outward observance. Camels and mules furnish transportation facilities. The latter are taught to pace, and thus travel with



MOROCCAN WAYSIDE GROUP.

EDWARD JULIAN.