

WILL NOT BE THROWN OUT.

The Southern Pacific Will Treat the Settlers Fairly.

Fresno and Tulare County Ranchers Have Nothing to Fear.

The Company, It Is Learned from a Reliable Source, Will Not Act Hastily—The Land Will Be Sold to Settlers Very Low.

The Herald yesterday copied a two-column article from the Examiner of the 3d to the effect that 1000 settlers in Fresno and Tulare counties had lost their homes and all their improvements by the recent decision of Judge Ross.

A Herald reporter yesterday discussed with a well-informed person the probable outcome in those counties in those counties in the event the railroad was finally decreed to own the land.

The Herald's informant, as he fondled a copy of the Examiner giving a highly-colored account of the affair, said: "It is patent on its face that the entire article is inspired by some squatter who had probably been subpoenaed to appear in the circuit court in Los Angeles.

"But how about the settlers who have lived on their holdings for years, made improvements upon them, and now hold United States patents for these same lands?" quired the reporter.

"Yes, I was just coming to that point. You see there are two sides to this question.

"Within one week of the time the settler filed his preliminary papers in the local land office, he was notified by the railroad in writing that it was entitled to all the odd sections in the 10-mile indemnity belt back in the '60s; that the railroad then claimed such lands and warned all settlers that sooner or later it would contest their titles.

"The great mass of people settling on the odd sections took warning from the railroad, and either recognized their rights and purchased from the company or else moved off the land altogether. Only about three or four hundred of them remained and contested the railroad's title, with the well known result."

"How is it that the United States government granted patents to these homesteaders, when according to your story congress granted these same lands to the railroad many years before? What relief has the settler, and from whom must he obtain it? That is what the average person would like to know."

"I can only tell you for it is the theory that the local land office, (backed by the general land office in Washington), favored the settler, and they acted on the assumption that the railroad was not actually entitled to such indemnity lands until they had approval, and that, too, right in the teeth of numerous decisions by the United States supreme court that the railroad was entitled to all odd sections in the indemnity belt, and that such lands were reserved to it and the railroads right at once as soon as one mile of road was built opposite the land in controversy, and the constructed parts of such roads approved and accepted by the government.

"In other words, it was simply the blunder of the department of the government that has brought about all this trouble and the government will no doubt indemnify the settlers by refunding their money.

"All these lands of the Southern Pacific have been conveyed to trustees and bonded, but the railroad will surely not be so blind to its own interests as to refuse to sell to the settlers at a small price per acre. In fact, it has already announced its policy to sell to those now on these disputed lands at from 50 cents to \$1.50 per acre, as was spoken of in the Examiner as being to be had by his land from Jerome Madden, the land agent, on the same day he was served with a subpoena by the United States marshal to appear in court in Los Angeles, was of course refused, because the matter having been referred by the department to the law department for adjustment, he could not tell at once what the accrued costs were; or it may be, that the land never having been appraised by the field agents of the company, by reason of the delay in the possession of the settlers, Mr. Madden could not tell whether or not it was worth 25 cents or \$2 per acre.

"You might also say that the railroad has not got a host of United States marshals in that country to evict or annoy settlers. The marshal for this district generally assigns one of his men to serve railroad papers and that is all.

"Such has been the policy of the marshal's office ever since the southern district was formed, and it has never been changed. That is all."

Nature Demands a Tonic.

We ought never to forget, even those of us who possess vigorous health, that we are wearing out—that the vital clock work, so to speak, must eventually run down. This, of course, we cannot prevent, because it is in the ordinary course of nature, but we may retard the too speedy arrival of decay by the use of an invigorant which takes rank of every other—namely, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This country has not witnessed a parallel in success to this famous medicine, which not only sustains health by promoting vigor, but overcomes constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, nervousness, rheumatism and other disordered conditions of the system, induced by weak and an impoverished condition of the blood. The feeble, person convalescing after exhausting disease, will derive the most immediate benefit from the use of this helpful and efficient tonic.

The Watch, the World, and the Herald. The New York Weekly World is the leading American paper, and is the largest and best weekly printed.

The Columbia watch is an excellent time keeper, with clock movement, spring in a large steel pinion, clean free train and a good timekeeper. It is 2 1/2 inches in diameter, 1.32 inches thick, and requires no key to wind.

You can have the DAILY HERALD one year, the WEEKLY HERALD one year, the WATCH, the WORLD and the COLUMBIA for \$3 in cash. This is a splendid offer, and can be taken advantage of by any subscriber of the HERALD. Send cash to Ayers & Lynch, Los Angeles, Cal.

Wagon umbrellas, summer bag dusters, Fresno and Tulare County, 310 N. Los Angeles.

THE KEATING.

A Good Wheel That Is Fast Becoming a Great Favorite.

A little over a month ago the Keating bicycle was an unknown and untried wheel in Southern California. Today it is recognized as one of the strongest and best wheels in the market.

It was first brought into prominence in this section on July 4th, when Wm. M. Jenkins, riding it, won time prize in the Santa Monica road race, in 58 minutes, 19.45 seconds. In that race he rode a 25-pound, model E, wheel. The course was 15 1/2 miles in length, and in places was as rough as could be found. But through it all the Keating was as rigid as any road wheel fifteen pounds heavier. The majority of the wheels in that race were from five to ten pounds heavier, but with all their extra weight they were not one particle stronger than the 25-pound Keating. The bicycle was put to a severe test and stood it.

After such a demonstration of the good points of the wheel it was natural that the public should bestow some attention upon it. The result of this attention is seen in the number of new Keatings to be seen daily on the streets. The wheel, in all of its four models, is as perfect and as practical a piece of bicycle work as can be turned out by any factory.

It is a very easy riding wheel, and has been tested a number of times recently, and in every case has proved itself to be a first-grade wheel. Hawley, King & Co., 210 and 212 North Main street, are the local agents for the Keating.

THAT SALT WATER WELL

COL. R. S. BAKER'S PLAN TO MAKE A FINE NATATORIUM.

It Will Be Located in the Baker Block, and Will Be the Finest to Be Found in the United States.

Soon all Los Angeles will be in the swim, literally, if it so desires. And it will all be owing to the enterprise of Col. R. S. Baker. The Colonel will soon have in operation the handsomest, largest, most complete salt water natatorium in the county, and it will be located in this city.

Some months ago the Colonel commenced to bore an artesian well in the rear of the Baker block, and he soon struck a magnificent flow of water which sparkled merrily as it bubbled over the pipe, and the Colonel for a few moments thought he had a bonanza.

Some one, however, tasted the water. Pah! It was salt as the sea, and apparently of nearly pure. But the Colonel is used to thinking thoughts, and adapting circumstances to himself, so he only said a few semi-tropic words when the saline taste of the water was noticed, and set his idea evolver to work with as usual a most desirable result.

So Architect Corlett has drawn up the plans for changing the Baker block into a magnificent natatorium, with an elegant big swimming tank, and all the latest appliances, together with hot and cold salt and fresh water baths.

There have recently been received at the Mexican border two carloads of government freight consisting of the new line monuments and other necessities for the work of definitely marking the boundary line between the United States and Mexico. On the old monuments iron plates are to be affixed by means of bolts, on which is inscribed in raised letters: "Repaired by the boundary commission, created by the treaties of 1852-1859. The destruction or displacement of this monument is a misdemeanor punishable by the United States or Mexico."

The new monuments are of iron, 6 feet high from base to top of square, and 6 feet 6 inches high from base to apex. The shafts are tapering, being about 12 inches square at the base and 10 inches at the top of square, the crown tapering to a point. On one side of the shaft in raised letters is the following: "Boundary of the United States (under which an American eagle appears), treaty of 1853, re-established by treaties 1852-9. The destruction or displacement of this monument is a misdemeanor punishable by the United States or Mexico." These latter monuments will be based on the concrete base, 2 feet thick by 3 feet square and placed about two miles and four-tenths apart.—Dallas News.

Wholesale Vaccination. A few weeks ago the sultan of Turkey had his wives vaccinated. As no female doctor had yet found her way to the Bosphorus there was nothing for it but to admit a medical man to the apartments of the imperial ladies. The devotees of Mohammed need be under no apprehension. The laws of the prophet were not transgressed, nor were the odalisks exposed to the gaze of any other man except their august lord and master. A partition was erected in a room of the palace in which a hole was cut out. Through this hole 167 of the most beautiful arms in the world were thrust forth in succession. There were arms of snowy white and ebony black—in short, arms to suit all tastes—but the doctor, an Italian named Muraczi, saw nothing beyond these arms.

The operation was effected in the presence of a crowd of eunuchs, including Manour Ali and Desly Mar. The latter is a stalwart Abyssinian, who covered the head of the doctor with a black cloth at every change of the arms. Later advice from Constantinople inform us that 19 of the prettiest young ladies have suddenly died from blood poisoning consequent on the above operation.—Neue Freie Presse.

HOTEL ARRIVALS. THE HOLLERBECK. R. B. Calley, R. Watson, H. M. Read, R. W. V. Kelly, D. Vandenberg, E. A. Ackers, J. J. Kelly, San Francisco; G. W. Jordan, Petaluma; M. D. Styles, Yuma; G. C. Tilden, J. B. Budget, Denver; G. E. Wallace, Chicago; St. Louis; C. E. Latham, Wilmington; W. B. Lawson, San Antonio; C. C. Carson, Kansas City; W. A. Seaton, Chicago; C. G. Yates, Ventura; T. S. Eckelhoe and wife, Hamburg.

Wall Paper at Cost. Closing out sale—Eckstrom & Strassburg 307 and 309 South Main street.

Wild Doves! Wild Doves! First of the season, at Fred Hanlin's, Mot Market, Telephone 188.

Strands at the Head. The light running Domestic E. E. Memory, 353 South Brand street.

BALANCE.

I fear no more the coming years, What they may bring.

Days will be sunless, nights bereft of stars, Mayhap the brightest blossoms of the spring Shall first be bound with winter's icy bars. But still beyond the cloud is always light, The stars are in the sky all night, And deepest snows are they which hide the bright Green heart of spring.

Not all of life is dreamed away In summer skies. Time holds a loss, a loneliness for me, But hope is strong and faith dare not be weak. And love holds the greatest of the three. Enough of sweet tomorrow will repay The disappointment of today. Light follows darkness, seas ebb away Again to rise.

And if the rugged road of life Doth wind around The mountainside where heavy clouds hang low, And a climb the pilgrim staff be changed Into a cross still onward would I go! The peaks of old highest mountains rise, Above the clouds to bluest skies, And round the strangest things hang the prize, The brightest crown.—Amy Seville Wolf.

A LUCKY ONE.

Many years ago there lived in Tokio a certain nobleman renowned for his wealth and his great philanthropy. It was his delight to wander about the streets at night unattended and disguised as a simple samurai (knight or retainer), and so he was envied by rank or dignity enter the theaters and taverns of all classes.

One night he was sitting in a tea garden in a humble portion of the city when three young men dressed as laborers sauntered in, and seating themselves near him called for refreshments of the cheapest kind.

"Will you not honor us by joining in our humble repast?" said one, addressing him with the courteous humility which distinguishes all classes of Japanese. "I see by your two swords that you are a samurai and far above us in rank, but you seem lonely, and we should feel honored if you will join us."

The nobleman, pleased by this cordial invitation, immediately left his solitary square of matting and seated himself near the speaker.

"What daimio (feudal lord) do you serve?" they asked him when the formalities of welcome were at an end.

"None," answered the nobleman. "I am a ronin (wandering knight), a free and independent samurai, having left by my own will the service of the Duke I-su," mentioning his own name.

"I have heard that he was a very kind master," said one of the young men. "Why did you leave him?"

"Oh," said the duke, "he had many strange and undignified habits which kept me in a constant state of mortification. He would wander about the streets of Tokio at night, entering into the commonest tea-houses and talking familiarly with persons of the lowest rank. I do not doubt that he has been on this very spot."

"Oh, no!" cried his listeners in some excitement: "he surely would not come to this cheap place."

"I wish that he would come," said one of the three, with a sigh. "I would beg a favor of him."

"What is it that you would ask?" said the nobleman with great interest.

"My own wish," answered the speaker, "is to ride a horse. I have dreamed many times of being on horseback, and it was delightful beyond words, but I expect to die without ever gaining my desire."

"And what would you ask if the duke were here?" said the nobleman, turning to the second youth.

"My great wish," answered he, "is to eat a dinner exactly like the one the duke eats every day. If I could have one such dinner, I would ask no more."

"And now tell us your desire," said the nobleman, addressing the young man who had first given the invitation for him to join the party.

"I would not be satisfied with either of their wishes," said the young man slowly. "I would desire to live a whole day and night as the duke lives—to eat from his dishes, to ride in his kago (palanquin) and at night to sleep in his bed. Then would I be contented and happy."

"But I have no heir to perpetuate my name. I shall fall like a lone pine tree beside the river, and none shall come after me."

For that day the young nobleman was given the name of Yomei (yo-may), which means one day spending, and through all of the ceremonious and observances of rank he conducted himself with such modest dignity that all of the court officials were filled with wonder and whispered among themselves, "He is born to a high position."

That night he was given the ducal sleeping apartment.

After the castle was still and dark he cautiously arose, and lighting a candle prepared to examine the wonders and beauties of the room. Hanging in the boko-mono (shallow alcove) he found a box of ancient workmanship and a sheaf of arrows such as the old heroes once used. Fitting one to the bow, he gave it a backward pull, when to his dismay it slipped from his grasp and went whizzing through the rich and painted made (inner sliding walls).

He heard a low cry, followed by the thud of a falling body, and then all was again silence.

"Unhappy wretch!" he cried to himself. "My day of triumph has ended in murder! I have killed some one with my ignorant stupidity, and in the morning I shall be beheaded."

He blew out the candle and went to bed, where he lay shivering and trembling until the day broke.

Then the sound of the moving curtains came to him, and the coldness of despair filled his heart, for he knew that the discovery of his deed might come with every second.

Presently he heard a cry of alarm, and then indeed did he give himself up for lost.

"Here is a dead man!" exclaimed one in frightened tones.

"Who is he? Who is it?" "Who killed him?" came a mingling of voices as other servants ran crowding in.

"Why, it is the traitor Gujiwa, who has thrice attempted to kill our master," "Oh, blessed deed!" "What a beautiful shot. The arrow has pierced his left eye to the skull." "It is an ancient arrow from the duke's chamber."

"The young stranger sleeps there to-night. He must have seen the deadly shaft." "Ah! A hole in the mad! He must have shot through the mado." "What skill! What wonderful power, to shoot an enemy without seeing him!" "Wonderful! He has saved the master's life!"

Yomei, listening to all this, became almost crazed with delight.

The sudden transition from despair to hope intoxicated him like strong wine. He threw his rich kimono (robe) about him, pushed aside the pierced mado and strode toward the servants.

"Have you found the traitor Gujiwa, whom I slew last night?" he asked haughtily. "Cut off his head and carry it to your master with my compliments. I suspected that this attempt would be made and obtained an entrance to the castle by disguising myself as a laborer."

The servants groveled at his feet.

"Fit, honorable lord," implored one, an old man who had been in the family for half a century, "how could you take such aim when the mado was closed?"

"Tut!" said the young man, with a gesture of contempt. "I do not need both sight and hearing to take good aim. I can shoot any portion of the body by hearing alone. This time I selected the villain's left eye, just as he was winking it."

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" they whispered in awestruck tones, and he walked through their covering ranks with the air of a conqueror.

He marveled and admiration of the duke knew no bounds. Indeed, so pleased was he with the beauty, skill and courage of his young protégé that he took measures to formally adopt him. So Yomei was raised from the rank of a bamboo cutter to that of son and heir to one of the most powerful daimio of the empire.

He led a life of ease and luxury and improved from day to day, so that his fame went abroad to other cities, and his adopted father grew to love him deeply.

But no life can be all happiness, and so for Yomei there was the thorn, the one dark spot.

This was in the person of his adopted mother, the duke's wife, who from the first had been his bitter enemy. Having no children of her own she was ungenerous enough to hate the innocent adopted son, who by his very presence reminded her that she had given no heir to the duke. She also suspected that his skill in slaying the robber was not entirely genuine, and she had learned beyond all doubt that his antecedents were of the humblest. At first she tried in every way to turn her husband against him, but finding this impossible she set to work to find other means of disposing him.

Soon there came a rumor of a band of robbers who infested a hill in the suburbs of Tokio and were so fierce that even the soldiers dared not attack them. The mikado had offered a title and great wealth to any one brave enough to attempt their capture, but up to this time none had been found.

The evil stepmother, without consulting her husband, sent a letter to the court saying that her noble son Yomei was thirsting for the opportunity to display his skill and courage and declared that he was able to vanquish the band single handed.

The mikado, highly pleased with so much bravery, immediately dispatched a royal document to the young man accepting his services and ordering him to start forth the following morning.

Poor Yomei was again in despair.

"Alas, the end of my dream has come!" he mourned to himself. "There are 11 arrows and 11 robbers, and so I must kill a robber with each arrow. Oh, why did I not keep to my bamboo cutting and leave ambition for the rich!"

His father grieved deeply to see him set forth, but in spite of his sadness was buoyed up by his evident anticipation of his son's success. The envious stepmother, affecting equal regret, offered to arrange a basket of lunch for him with her own aristocratic hands. She prepared all of his favorite articles of food, and then, for fear that some lucky accident might save him from the robbers, put a small portion of deadly poison in each piece of food as she laid it in the hamper.

Yomei, unconscious of this double danger, bade them all a sorrowful farewell and rode away with his eyes bent upon the ground. At one time he thought of turning his horse and making his escape, but then he reflected that death would be no worse than disgrace and the old life of toil, and so listlessly kept on toward the infested mountain.

He had reached the foot of this when he heard loud, hoarse shouts, as if of triumph, and filled with terror he sprang from his horse and rapidly climbed a tree. In a few moments the robbers were upon him. "Where is the rider?" called out one, looking about him with an aspect of such fierceness that Yomei well nigh fell to the earth.

"The horse is mine!" cried another. "This is my saddle!" exclaimed a third. "See! It is heavy with silver."

"Ah!" from a fourth as he tore open the hamper. "I have found the dainty fellow's lunch. Let us feast upon it before we find and kill the owner."

Yomei, knowing nothing of the hidden poison, thought these moments his last. With the apathy of despair he gazed upon them as they portioned out, with many a rude jest and remark, the food which had been destined for him.

"What carrion the aristocrats do eat!" cried the captain, throwing from him the remains of a small devilish stuffed with rice, sugar and vinegar. "The thing is filled with medicine! It is bitter! By all the devils of earth and sea! It is poison! We are tricked!"

"It is poison! It is poison!" they all shrieked, running frantically past one another with horrible exclamations and contortions of physical agony. "Where is the man?" they cried. "We are poisoned like frogs in a well! Where is he who has tricked us?"

"There he is!" called the dying chief, who had just caught sight of the cowering Yomei. "Shoot him! Up after him! Burn the tree! Ah-h-h!" But it was too late. They lay about on the lush mountain grass in various attitudes of violent death, and their glassy eyes were all turned upward toward Yomei. The fears of that valiant youth, however, were at an end. He descended with a bold and careless air, and walking from one to another stuck an arrow deep into the left eye of each. Then mounting his horse he rode home.

The first person to meet him was his stepmother. At the sight of him she fell to the ground, faint and stricken with fear.

BOOHI.

On afterwards, when baby boy has had a splendid nap And sits like any monarch on his throne, In nurse's lap, In some such wise my handkerchief I hold before my face, And cautiously and quietly I move about the place: Then with a cry I suddenly expose my face to view, And you should hear him laugh and crow when I say "Boo!"

Sometimes that racial trick to make believe that he is scared, And, really, when he first began, he stared and well nigh fell to the earth. And then his under lip came out, and farther out it came. Till mamma and the nurse agreed it was a "truel shame!" But now what does that same wee tottling, lisping baby do? But laugh and kick his little heels when I say "Boo!"

He laughs and kicks his little heels in rapturous glee and then In shrill, despotie treble he cries "Do it all again!" And if of course I do, for, as his progenitor, it is such pretty, pleasant play as this that I am for! And it is, oh, such fun, and I am sure that I shall never tire of it. The time when we are both too old to play the game of "Boo!"

—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

ANOTHER'S SISTER.

Let us all pray to be delivered from the sin of hasty judgment. When I first beheld four or five modern comedies adapted from the French language, wherein the situations were all due to somebody, chiefly a she, entering somebody else's apartments, chiefly a he, I scoffed audibly. The thing was absurd, outworn and cheap. But now that has happened which has caused me to know a great deal more about French comedies and critical situations than all the most successful playwrights put together.

In the first place I occupied (and still do occupy) chambers which consist of two rooms connected by a tiny hallway giving on to the landing by one door. Therefore it will be plain to the majority of mind that once the hallway is occupied by the enemy, the only other exit is from the window by way of the gutter pipe—a vertical distance of three stories. There should always be two ways, not including the window, out of every set of chambers.

This need had never presented itself to me until one memorable afternoon, when without knock, word or warning a maid in an astrakhan faced jacket, a gray skirt and a black velvet hat charged into my room after the most approved fashion of all the comedies, crying, "Dear old Joe!"

My name was not and never will be Joe. There was no need for explanations. Sister, and only sister, was stamped all over the face of the maiden. Everybody who has been possessed of an only sister understands the manner in which one of the tribe enters a brother's rooms.

The maiden gave a little scream as I turned. She apologized. Could I tell her whereabouts Mr. Joseph Rupard's chambers were?

I could not—for you may live 17 years in chambers without knowing the face, life or occupation of any one of your fellow convicts. I suggested that she should speak to the housekeeper and escorted her to the tiny hall aforesaid.

You will observe that there was nothing whatever in these proceedings to bring a blush to the thinnest cheek. The imp of perversity, who is generally playing about on the landing for 6 shillings a week, met me in the hallway, saying, "Lady, say, gentleman to see you, sir."

Behind him stood two figures that I knew, and at any other time would have received with joy.

The maiden at my heels lost her singularly pretty head, and whispering "What shall I do?" bolted back into the sitting room.

All this was strictly in accordance with the rules of the stage, but why it should have taken place in my chambers I could never understand. And yet I was deeply thankful that she had not gone forth, like Una, under the noses of my visitors. Uncle John—yes, it was an uncle, even as is the case in a comedy—would have laughed, and since she was another man's sister that would have been even worse than Aunt Alice's hawk-eyed inspection of the maiden, and subsequent description of her face, figure and dress to all her righteous world.

I received my people in the hallway. An inspiration told me to get rid of my coat and rumple my hair. Desperate fear made me very wise, most courteous and genial to excess.

"Oh, so glad to see you," said I, "but I'm afraid you've come to a regular camp in the wilderness. Fact is, my sitting room is upside down—that fool of a housemaid has been doing something to the fire that has filled the place with smuts, and I've made her dust everything out again. But come into the bedroom, since you've taken the trouble to climb all these stairs." Even as I spoke in the hall, I heard the heavy armchair wheeled up against my sitting room door, and there was a sound of emphatic dusting. I thanked heaven that was pleased to afflict me that it had sent at least "one heart still ready to play out the play."

Into my humble bedroom I led those relatives, and my aunt, after the manner of women, made scorching inventories with her eye and inquired as to whether I was well looked after. But it was the antipathetic hiss and the remark that followed—"My boy, how hot you are! Aren't you well?"—that scared my perfectly innocent soul like hot iron.

Perfectly crime must bring with it a sense of ease and rest. It is the unmerited imputation of evil, that strains the nerves.

My aunt would fain have had tea, "when that girl had finished cleaning your rooms." The bedroom door was of course open. I assured my aunt that the folly of that housemaid prevented her from finishing anything this side of doomsday, and that the dust would not settle down till 20 minutes after that.

There was a crowing, choking "That might have been a smothered chuckle, from the sitting room, whereof the faintest above the door was open."

"Impossible," I said. "She's not in a sweet temper today because I made her do the rooms twice. We'd better not disturb her, or she'll break my ornaments." This, meseems, could not have been excelled by the most hardened profligate on the stage.

My aunt left very slowly and deliberately, mourning for the loss of her tea. I escorted her and Uncle John down to the first floor. How could I tell her how heartily I zeal for her nephew could have led her to bestow of the housemaid, who was Fan of the Teeth, a few hints on the best management of fires and the proper care of the room, which the fellow servant was even then supposed to be cleaning?

"You see, it all means more work for you in the end," said my aunt. I dashed into the sitting room to find, helpless with suppressed laughter, the maiden with the black velvet hat. I was coatless, as has been recounted—people never stay long with a man who lacks a coat—my hair was on end, and I was flushed. But there was no resisting that infection of mirth. I laughed aloud. The air was dense with dust, and all the furniture was out of place. "That fool of a housemaid" had lived up to her reputation.

"Haven't I done the room beautifully?" she said, with a wicked giggle. "Thank you—thank you, oh, so much for helping me!"

"Not in the least," said I. "I've got a sister of my own. But hadn't you better—"

"I'm gone," she said, and vanished at the word to hunt for her brother's chambers.

Entered, her cap over one eye, Fan of the Teeth, boiling with rage. She was an austere woman of 35, not to be trifled with.

"And I'm sure me and Lucy, too, we takes all the trouble that we can with 17 sets of chambers to be gone through, and the bells ringing on every landing all day long. 'Tisn't as if I was afraid of my work, for I've kept myself ever since I was a little girl of thirteen, nor Lucy neither. But when that lady on the staircase spoke to me a tole me that I was inattentive an Lucy, too, an smuts all about your room, sayin that I was to take extra care of you, sir, I was put out."

"Do you would be done by, I thinks, an show no favor to any chambers more than another, for some one must lose by it, and if it isn't you it will be some other gentleman. An there aren't no smuts in your room not to be seen, an Lucy, I know she's been on the fourth floor since I come down with the slops, but I didn't say nothink to that lady when she said what she said—an Lor, sir, what 'ave you been doin to the furnichure—all pulled across the room? An you 'avin to see your friends in your bedroom—as if it was our fault!"

"Fanny," said I, "if there has been any fault, that fault is mine. Take, oh, take these tips away, and—here's a half sovereign."

It was a damning confession of guilt, received as such. Fan removed herself with an unholy light in her eye.

I hated Fan, and this still further shook my nerves. Worn with a thousand conflicting emotions, I fled to the sideboard and pulled myself together with the necessary liquids. Men never seem to do that on the stage after any unusual crisis. They do in the prosaic world of real life.

Re-entered Fan, the half sovereign in her hand, and placed it on my table. "I've took them in their teeth," she said sarcastically, "an she was tellin little lady, she is, an I don't want no 'arf sufferin for that."

No comedy that I could think of had any mention of the sobrette—to be sure, Fan was rather too angular for the sobrette—refusing a tip.

"And you're a lady, too, Fan," said I. "Keep it. Few people return money. Still fewer demiss preconceived suspicions."

She withdrew slightly alarmed. I stepped into the hallway to set down the empty soda water siphon in the place appointed. The door leading to the landing was half open. I heard voices descending the stairs.