

Fighting for His Own

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"Now, Gay Brooks, if that be your name, for impostors have so many aliases that one doesn't know who they are—"

"My real name is John Gayworthy," I replied, quietly, for I was determined to be cool, for the reason that "cold steel cuts best."

"Ah, indeed? John Gayworthy, is it?" rejoined the baronet. But I saw that he was greatly annoyed at this assumption on my part. "I thought you were the son of Milton Brooks."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Morgan, but you did not think so, for you are fully aware that I am the only son of your deceased brother, John Gayworthy."

"Humph! I regard you as an impostor," exclaimed the baronet, nervously. "You pretend to be my nephew."

"Until this moment I have not pretended to be anything. I have not before put forth a claim of any kind," I replied. "I have not sought your presence. I have not been near you, except when you took forcible possession of my body. Will you be good enough to tell me what I had claimed when you kidnapped me in Southampton Water? Can you show me when I made a claim, either verbally or in writing? Did I ever have any communication of any kind either with you or with any of your agents?"

By the time Sir Morgan evidently saw that he was "giving himself away" when he declared that I was an impostor. He looked at Pallingsrove, as though he expected him to extricate him from his uncomfortable situation.

"The very fact of your coming secretly to England proves all that Sir Morgan alleges," said Pallingsrove. "You came across the Atlantic on special business, and you have worked in the dark ever since the Sleeper came into the port of Havre."

"Have I made a claim of any kind, John Tremble, either in New York or anywhere else?" I demanded, smartly, for I had not as much patience with the spy as I had with his employer.

"Why do you call me John Tremble?" he asked, biting his lip.

"Because that is your name, and I knew it as well while you were staying at the Brevoort House as I do now."

"You knew my real name?" exclaimed Tremble, as I shall call him now, leaping angrily from his chair.

I saw where the shoe pinched him. He had been acting as a professional spy, and he prided himself on his skill in that capacity. He evidently flattered himself that the darkness had concealed all his movements.

"I knew your real name as well as I knew that of my reputed father," I answered, bestowing a dove-like look upon him; for I resolved just then not to waste any indignation upon him. "I knew and understood all your tricks and movements in New York."

"You were not so clever as you thought you were, John," remarked the baronet, with an obvious sneer.

"But I desire to ask you again when I made any claim of any kind, John Tremble, or put forward any pretensions," I continued, returning to the charge.

"Of course you made no claim in so many words, but your actions proved that you and

the same fiction. There was no suit pending then, and there is none now."

Sir Morgan was confounded by my replies, as well he might be, considering that he had been led to suppose I knew nothing beyond what Milton Brooks had told me. He was more in the dark than I had supposed.

"I wish to repeat that Milton Brooks has been faithful in the last degree to you, Sir Morgan, and has told me nothing at all. Your agent in New York was more than stupid, and managed his case very badly, as the sequel will prove."

"What do you mean by that, you puppy?" demanded Tremble, fiercely.



THE CHIEF CONSPIRATOR FELL UPON THE FLOOR, FAINTING OR IN A FIT.

Milton Brooks had agreed to make an assault of some kind upon Sir Morgan."

"I never even heard of Sir Morgan Gayworthy until my arrival in England," I protested, mildly.

"But you told me a falsehood when you said that you knew nothing of my relations with Milton Brooks. You signed a paper to that effect," interposed the baronet, taking the document I had signed from his pocket.

"How could I know anything about your relations with my supposed father, when I never heard of you? What I said, and the substance of the paper that bears my signature, was that Milton Brooks had told me nothing except that he was a witness in a pretended suit, which he knew was false then, as I do now, though you have repeated

"Gently, John," interposed his employer. "If you get into a fight he will get the better of you, as he seems to have done from the beginning."

The spy subsided as Sir Morgan motioned him back into his chair.

"I mean just what I said. Your other spy, Mrs. Falgood, was as blindly stupid as Tremble; and their actions afforded me all the information I needed."

"It is quite impossible for me to understand all this," said the baronet. "I do not know what report Tremble made to you in regard to his operations in New York," I said.

"As one of the questions which you promised to answer before I sent the telegram to Paris, will you tell me what information you

had in regard to the claim you now make that you are the son of my brother John?—a most ridiculous and stupid assumption!" said Sir Morgan, twisting nervously about in his seat on the divan.

"I say again, most emphatically, that I never obtained even a hint from Milton Brooks, and never suspected, till your agents gave me a clue to it, that I was not his son." "That's all very well, but you must have got a hint from some one," persisted the baronet. "Of course I did, and you must charge it this time to your London agent, who signed himself P. Grantham."

Both of the conspirators gave a decided start, assuring me that I had hit the nail on the head.

"P. Grantham! Who is P. Grantham?" asked Tremble, suddenly assuming a look of innocence.

"He is your former employer, John Tremble, and he is known in London as Prince Cry-brock," I answered. "The only wonder is that an apparently respectable family solicitor should be willing to take part in a criminal conspiracy which may yet subject him to imprisonment and transportation."

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed Sir Morgan, rising from his seat and wiping the cold perspiration from his brow.

"Don't be alarmed, sir," interposed Tremble. "This is all twaddle—wicked and reckless assumption. You will soon see that what he says has no foundation."

"I fancy you will find a broader foundation for what I have said than you can possibly imagine," I replied. "You have kidnapped me in Paris and brought me to Havre. I am here as a prisoner on board your steam yacht. I begin to think you have done me a favor in bringing our matters to a crisis, for my friends had about decided yesterday to proceed to London and bring suit against you to recover possession of all the property you have stolen from the legal heir of your dead brother."

"That is all Yankee bluster," sneered Tremble. "Sir Morgan asked you where you got your first hint."

"I am ready to answer," I replied, as I took the copy of P. Grantham's letter from my pocket.

I handed it to Tremble, and asked him to read it aloud.

The first sentence threw the baronet into a violent agitation. Tremble finished the brief epistle, and then the chief conspirator fell from the divan upon the floor, fainting, or in a fit.

We picked him up, laid him on the divan, and sent for his wife. The lady did not seem to be alarmed, and said he was subject to such attacks. The steamer started a little while before, and she was now proceeding to sea.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

Wonders of the Sea

THE sea occupies three-fifths of the surface of the earth, asserts a marine publication. At the depth of about thirty-five hundred feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice of the pole to the sun of the equator. A mile down the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet deep was filled with seawater, and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt two-hundred and thirty feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic.

The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm, one would think the water traveled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes, in storms, these waves are forty feet high, and apparently roll at a rate of fifty miles an hour. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times the height; hence a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water. The force of the dashing on Bell Rock is said to be seventeen tons for each square yard.

Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing the water from the sea. Every year a layer of the entire sea fourteen feet thick is taken up into the clouds.

The winds bear their burden into the land, and the water comes down in rain upon the fields, to flow back at last through the rivers.

The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic was lowered 6554 feet, the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 19,689 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plane on which the great Atlantic cables are laid.

The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. The drying up of 600 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined with Italy. The British Channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves.

It has been found difficult to get the correct sounding of the Atlantic. A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty, and shot weighing thirty pounds carries down the line.

A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar a cap is dug, and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line, and a sling holds the shot on.

When the bar, which extends below the ball, touches the earth, the sling unhooked, and the shot slides off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cap to keep the water from washing the sand out.

When the ground is reached, a shock is felt as if an electric current has passed through the line.

That Solemn Black Crow

By Helen W. Winslow

Three faces at the window,
And what do you think they saw?
An old black crow upon a tree,
And he uttered a solemn "caw!"
"Hal hal!" laughed they;
"Hol hol!" thought the crow;
"They'll give me some breakfast, I know!"

Three children at the door,
And what do you think they did?
Why, carried out plenty of crumbs, of course,
And the crow, do you think he hid?
Bless you, no—oh, no!
That funny black crow
Just said to himself, "Don't you go!"

Three upstretched hands from below,
Do you think he was frightened away?
He reached out a claw and accepted the crumbs,
In a sociable sort of a way.

"Caws they are so kind,
They're destined to find—
Those children," to himself said the crow;
"One bird who will yet
Take all he can get,
And eat it with thankfulness, too!"

So the morsel transferred,
By this very strange bird,
From one to the other blue claw,
Was raised to his beak
And given a tweak,
That plainly said, "Haw! haw! haw!"

"Now, perhaps you don't know,"
Aloud said the crow,
As he flew from one branch to an upper,
"That, wherever I go,
There's nothing but snow,
And no breakfast, or dinner, or supper."

"I do not go south,
In search of a drouth,
Like handsome birds,
Who for nearly two-thirds
Of the year are away altogether."

"No, I stay with you
And see what I can do
Toward making the winter less dreary;
My singing's not bad,
When none else can be had;
So, in a good caws I'll not weary."

"If my voice is not sweet,
It surely is meet
To say it is strong. So, my dears,
The blackest of crows,
As everyone knows,
Has a mission on earth, it appears."

"In these crumbs, I expect,
Lie the caws and effect,
Of my efforts to turn into June
This horrid cold day!
So excuse, if I say,
Your thanks are due me for a tune!"

And, as he flew away,
They could hear him say—
The hypocritical sinner—
"I wonder who'll
Be big enough fool
To bring me out something for dinner!"

Punch and Judy in China

PUNCH and Judy is a familiar sight in the poor districts of London and other English cities, and one or more of these shows are always to be seen at county fairs and on all race courses.

In "Old Curiosity Shop" Dickens gives a capital description of one of these popular shows, and there are many other references in English literature.

Strange to say, a Punch and Judy show is rarely seen in Ireland, Scotland or Wales, and it has never taken firm root in this country, although the funny performance is occasionally given in the minor theatres and during the bathing season at Atlantic City, Cape May and Coney Island.

Yet China has had a Punch and Judy show since the early part of the Hong dynasty (B. C. 900), when puppet-shows were the only kind of Chinese theatrical exhibition. Of course, it differs from the English version, but the resemblance is very striking.

In the Chinese version the dog is always to be a familiar spirit of the evil one, supposed to be the husband of the fiendish acts of cruelty. Judy is devoted to more refinement of torture than our simple application of the club.

She has her hair pulled out, is subjected to the indignity of having her clothes torn off and given a bamboozing, while her face is mutilated in various ways, from the cutting off of her ears to the poking out of her eyes.

In the apotheosis, where she is given in marriage to the virtuous tipao (corresponding to our policeman role), the great Shang-ti appears and restores all these defects.

It is curious to note that in all these ages and centuries the setting of the play and the Chinese showman squawks his dialogue through a precisely similar mouth machine, the characters are the same, and the actions of the puppets alike.

Even to the mouth-reed incidental music and stage fixings the representations are identical. The execution scene in the original has, of course, to be in keeping with Chinese methods, and the decapitation of Punch is much more sensational and effective than our burlesque hanging.

The showman finds very lucrative business from private matinees to the household and women-folk of big mandarins' establishments. The young Emperor Kuangsu is claimed to have patronized a celebrated Punch and Judy outfit at Peking, when his juvenile delight was so boundless that he wanted to create the showman forthwith a mandarin of the blue cotton.

The young monarch's foster mothers, however, interfered to prevent such a blot on the escutcheon of the nobility of China, arguing that a Punch and Judy man is but a play actor, although his voice only is heard, and play actors and barbers in China are pariahs, who live separate from the rest of the community.



DIPLOMATIC REASONING.
Dinner—"Now, my little boy, you must take this just before you go to bed."
Boy (hesitating)—"I'll sit up all night, and then I can't take it."