

IN THE OTHER DAYS.

When hearts turn back to the other days, where youth ran on in flowery ways...

Clearly before him doth arise a vision dear to boyish eyes: A slender girlish figure stands...

Fate's hour flies. They lightly part, with sad-sweet yearning in each young heart...

A dream, perhaps, of a glorious land, where two might wander, hand in hand...

Widely apart lie the paths they took: Yet she, at home in her quiet nook...

For a fleeting glimpse of the other days, Frank Putnam, in Chicago Times-Herald.

THE MISTRESS of the Mine.

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CHAPTER XXV.

When Edith Longworth entered the office of George Wentworth, that young gentleman somewhat surprised her.

"Then you have heard from Canada?" said the young lady.

"Yes, a short message, but to the point." He handed her the cablegram, and she read: "Mine purchased; shall take charge temporarily."

"Then the money got there in time," she said, handing him back the telegraphic message.

"Oh, yes," said George, with the easy confidence of a man who doesn't at all know what he is talking about.

"I am glad of that; I was afraid, perhaps, we might have sent it too late. One can never tell what delays or formalities there may be."

"Evidently there was no trouble. And now, Miss Longworth, what are your commands? Am I to be your agent here in Great Britain?"

"Have you written to Mr. Kenyon?" "Yes, I wrote him just after I sent the cable message."

"Of course you didn't." "No, I didn't say a word that would lead him to suspect who was the mistress of the mine. In my zeal I even went so far as to give you a name. You are hereafter to be known in the correspondence as Mr. Smith, the owner of the mine."

Miss Longworth laughed. "And—oh, by the way," cried Wentworth, "here is a barrel belonging to you."

"A barrel!" she said, and, looking in the direction to which he pointed, she saw in a corner of the room a barrel with its head taken off.

"Is this the mineral?" she asked. Wentworth laughed. "Think of a person buying a mine at an exorbitant price and not knowing what it produces! Yes, that is the mineral."

"Very well, then; it seems to me that the best thing you could do over here would be to get what orders can be obtained in England for the mineral. Then I suppose you could write to Mr. Kenyon, and ask him to get a proper person to operate the mine."

"When he comes over here you and he can have a consultation as to the best thing to be done after that. I expect nothing very definite can be done until he comes. You may make whatever excuse you can for the absence of the mythical Mr. Smith, and say that you act for him. Then you may tell Mr. Kenyon, in whatever manner you choose, that Mr. Smith intends both you and Mr. Kenyon to share conjointly with him. I think you will have no trouble in making John—that is—in making Mr. Kenyon believe there is such a person as Mr. Smith, if you put it strongly enough to him. Make him understand that Mr. Smith would never have heard of the mine unless Mr. Kenyon and you had discovered it, and that he is very glad indeed to have such a good opportunity of investing his money, so that, naturally, he wishes those who have been instrumental in helping him to this investment to share in its profit. I think you could make all this clear enough, so that your friend will suspect nothing. Don't you think so?"

"Well, with any other man than John Kenyon I should have my doubts, because as a fabricator I don't think I have a very high reputation, but with John I have no fears whatever. He will believe everything I say. It is almost a pity to cheat so trustful a man, but it's so very much for his own good that I shall have no hesitation in doing it."

"Then you will write to him about getting a fit and proper person to manage the mine?" "Yes, I don't think there will be any necessity for doing so, but I will make sure. I imagine John will not leave there until he sees everything to his satisfaction. He will be very anxious indeed for the mine to prove as great a success as he believes it will be, even though at present he does not know that he is to have any pecuniary interest in its prosperity."

"Very well, then, I will bid you good-by. I may not be here again, but whenever you hear from Mr. Kenyon, I shall be very glad if you will let me know."

"Certainly, I will let you know everything that happens. I will send you all the documents in the case, as you once remarked. You always like to see the original papers, don't you?"

"Yes, I suppose I do." Miss Longworth lingered a moment at the door, then, looking straight at Wentworth, she said to him:

"You remember you spoke rather bitterly to my father the other day?" "Yes," said Wentworth, coloring, "I remember it."

"You are a young man; he is old. Besides, I think you were entirely in the wrong. He had nothing whatever to do with what his nephew had done."

"Oh, I know that," said Wentworth, "I would have apologized to him long ago—only—well, you know, he told me I shouldn't be allowed in the office again, and I don't suppose I should."

"A letter from you would be allowed in the office," replied the young lady, looking at the floor.

"Of course it would," said George. "I will write to him at once and apologize."

"It is very good of you," said Edith, holding out her hand to him, and the next moment she was gone.

George Wentworth turned to his desk and wrote a letter of apology. Then he mused to himself upon the strange, incomprehensible nature of women.

"She makes me apologize to him, and quite right, too, but if it hadn't been for the row with her father, she never would have heard about the transaction, and therefore couldn't have bought the mine, which she was anxious to do for Kenyon's sake—lucky beggar John is, after all!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

After the business of transferring the mine to its new owner was completed, John Kenyon went to the telegraph office and sent a short cable message to Wentworth. Then he turned his steps to the hotel, an utterly exhausted man. The excitement and tension of the day had been too much for him, and he felt that, if he did not get out of the city of Ottawa and into the country, where there were fewer people and more air, he was going to be ill. He resolved to leave for the mine as soon as possible. There he would get things in as good order as possible and keep things going until he heard from the owner. When he got to his hotel he wrote to Wentworth, telling the circumstances under which he secured the mine, rather briefly, and dealing with other more personal matters. Having posted this, he began to pack his portmanteau preparatory to leaving early next morning. While thus occupied the bell boy came to his room and said: "There is a gentleman wishes to see you."

"Quite so, but now I want to know who gave Wentworth the money?" "You will have a chance of finding that out when you go to England by asking him."

"Then you won't tell me?" "I can't tell you." "You mean by that, of course, that you won't?" "I always mean, Mr. Longworth, exactly what I say. I mean that I can't tell you. I don't know myself."

"Really?" "Yes, really. You seem to have some difficulty in believing that anybody can speak the truth."

He imagined at once that it was Von Brent, who wished to see him with regard to some formality relating to the transfer, and he was, therefore, very much astonished, in fact, for a moment speechless, to see Mr. William Longworth enter and calmly gaze round the rather shabby room with his critical eyeglass.

"Ah," he said, "these are your diggings, are they? This is what they call a dollar hotel, I suppose, over here. Well, some people may like it, but I confess I don't care much about it myself. Their three or four-dollar-a-day hotels are bad enough for me. By the way, you look rather surprised to see me. Being strangers together in a strange country, I expected a warmer greeting. You said last night, in front of the Russell house, that it would please you very much to give me a warm greeting; perhaps you would like to do so to-night."

"Have you come up here to provoke a quarrel with me?" asked Kenyon.

"Oh, bless you, no. Quarrel! Nothing of the sort! What would I want to quarrel about?"

"Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me why you came here, then?" "Very reasonable request, very reasonable indeed, and perfectly natural, but still quite unnecessary. It is not likely that a man would climb up here into your room, and then not be prepared to tell you why he came, in the first place, to congratulate you on the beautiful and dramatic way in which you secured the mine at the last moment, or apparently at the last moment. I suppose you had the money all along?"

"No, I had not." "Then you came in to Von Brent just as soon as you received it?" "Well, now, I don't see that it is the business of anyone else but myself. Still, if you want to know, I have no objection to saying that I came to Mr. Von Brent's room at the moment I received the money."

"Really! Then it was sent over by cable, I presume?" "Your presumption is entirely correct."

"My dear Kenyon," said the young man, seating himself without being asked, and gazing at John in a benevolent kind of way, "you really show some little temper over this affair of ours. Now here is the whole thing in a nutshell—"

"My dear sir, I don't wish to hear the whole thing in a nutshell. I know all about it. All I wish to know."

"Ah, precisely, of course you do, certainly, but nevertheless let me have my say. Here is the whole thing. I tried to—well, to cheat you. I thought I could make a little money by doing so, and my scheme failed. Now if anybody should be in a bad temper, it is I, not you. Don't you see that? You are not acting your part well at all. I'm astonished at you!"

"Mr. Longworth, I wish to have nothing whatever to say to you. If you have anything to ask, I wish you would ask it as quickly as possible, and then leave me alone."

"The chief fault I find with you, Kenyon," said Longworth, throwing one leg over the other, and clasping his hands around his knee, "the chief fault I have to find, is your painful lack of a sense of humor. Now, you remember last night I offered you the managership of the mine. I thought certainly that by this time to-day I should be the owner of it, or, at least, one of the owners. Now, you don't appear to appreciate the funniness of the situation. Here you are, the owner of the mine, and I am out in the cold—left, as they say here in America. I am the man who is left—"

"If that is all you have to talk about," said Kenyon gravely, "I must ask you to allow me to go on with my packing. I am going to the mine to-morrow."

"Certainly, my dear fellow, go at once, and never mind me. Can I be of any assistance to you? It requires a special genius, you know, to pack a portmanteau properly. But what I wanted to say was this—why didn't you turn around, when you had got the mine, and offer me the managership of it? Then you could have had your revenge. The more I think of that episode in Von Brent's office, the more I think you utterly failed to realize the dramatic possibilities of the situation."

Kenyon was silent.

"Now all this time you are wondering why I came here. Doubtless, you wish to know what I want."

"I have not the slightest interest in the matter," said Kenyon.

"That is ungracious, but nevertheless I will continue. It is better, I see, to be honest with you, if a person wants to get anything out of you. Now I want to get a bit of information out of you. I want to know where you got the money with which you bought the mine?"

"I got it from the bank." "Ah, yes, but I want to know who sent it over to you?" "It was sent to me by George Wentworth."

He would have some little curiosity to know from whom the money came."

"I haven't the slightest." "Nevertheless, I will tell you who gave the money to Wentworth. It was my dear friend Melville. I didn't tell you in New York, of course, that Melville and I had a little quarrel about this matter, and he went home decidedly huffy. I had no idea he would take this method of revenge, but I see it quite clearly now. He knew I had received the option of the mine. There was a little trouble as to what each of our respective shares was to be, and I thought, as I had secured the option, I had the right to dictate terms. He thought differently. He was going to Von Brent to explain the whole matter, but I pointed out that such a course would do no good, the option being legally made out in my name, so that the moment your claim expired, mine began. When this dawned upon him, he took the steamer and went to England. Now I can see his hand in this finish to the affair. It was a pretty sharp trick of Melville's, and I give him credit for it. He is very much shrewder and cleverer than I thought."

"It seems to me, Mr. Longworth, that your inordinate conceit makes you always underestimate your friends, or your enemies, either, for that matter."

"There is something in that, Kenyon; I think you are more than half right, but I thought, perhaps, I could make it advantageous to you to do me a favor in this matter. I thought you might have no objection to writing a little document to the effect that the money did not come in time, and consequently I had secured the mine. Then, if you would sign that, I could take it over to Melville and make terms with him. Of course, if he knows that he has the mine, there will not be much chance of coming to any arrangement with him."

"You can make no arrangements with me, Mr. Longworth, that involve a sacrifice of the truth."

"Ah, well, I suspected as much, but I thought it was worth while to try. However, my dear sir, I may make terms with Melville yet, and then I imagine you won't have much to do with the mine."

"I shall not have anything to do with it if you and Melville have a share in it. And if, as you suspect, Melville has the mine, I consider you are in a bad way. My opinion is that when one rascal gets an advantage over another rascal, the other rascal will be as you say, left."

Longworth mused over this for a moment and said: "Yes, I fear you are right—in fact, I am certain of it. Well, that is all I wanted to know. I will bid you good-by. I shan't see you again in Ottawa, as I shall sail very shortly for England. Have you any messages you would like given to your friends over there?"

"None, thank you." "Well, ta ta," and the young man left John to his packing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WORTHILY BESTOWED.

Captain Who Would Not Desert a Wounded Seaman Rewarded by the Queen. The queen lately conferred the decoration of the Albert medal of the first class on William John Nutman, late master of the steamer Aidar, of Liverpool. The following is an account of the services in respect of which the decoration has been offered: At two a. m. on January 19, while the steamer Staffordshire of Liverpool was on a voyage from Marseilles to Port Said, signals of distress were observed to be proceeding from the steamer Aidar, also of Liverpool, and the Staffordshire immediately proceeded to her assistance. As the Aidar was found to be sinking fast, three of the Staffordshire's lifeboats were at once launched, and, with great difficulty, owing to the darkness and the heavy sea, succeeded in rescuing her passengers and crew, 29 in number. At 6:30 a. m. the only persons left on the Aidar were Mr. Norman (the master) and an injured and helpless fireman whom he was endeavoring to save, and whom he absolutely refused to abandon. The steamer was now rapidly settling down, and as it was no longer safe to remain near her the officer in charge of the rescuing boat asked Mr. Nutman for a final answer. He still persisted in remaining with the injured man, choosing rather to face almost certain death than to leave him to his fate. The men in the boat were obliged to pull away, and immediately afterward, at 6:17 a. m., the Aidar gave one or two lurches and foundered. After she disappeared Mr. Nutman was seen on the bottom of an upturned boat, still holding the fireman. Half an hour elapsed before the rescuing party could approach, but eventually Mr. Nutman and the fireman were picked up and taken on board the Staffordshire, where the injured man was with difficulty restored by the ship's surgeon.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A Seacrow for Mosquitoes. John Habberton states with the solemnity of firm conviction that mosquitoes are extremely frightened by dragon flies and will not come within yards of them. He says that one or two dried dragon flies suspended from fine silk under the roof of an open porch infested by mosquitoes will scare all of the little pests away, and they will not come back while the dragon flies are there. This, he says, he has tried with surprising results. It is a well-known fact that dragon flies are predatory and voracious insects, and that they subsist largely upon gnats, midges and mosquitoes, and it is but natural that the mosquito, who is a wise insect, should regard the "spindle," "darning needle," or dragon fly as the small bird regards the hawk.—Newark Call.

His Mission in Life. "This boy is an incorrigible liar," said the father, regretfully. "What would you advise me to do with him?" "Turn him over to me," replied the worldly professor, "and I will educate him for a political career."—Chicago Post.

MANY BUTTERFLIES.

These Are What the Winter Girls Particularly Like to Wear. The butterfly is in evidence everywhere. On hats, on gowns, on sleeves, on stationery, on linen, on decorations of all kinds. Society girls are exhibiting the collections of butterflies made or bought during the summer, and there is even a rumor that some of them have a few live ones, which have been carried back from the south.

Pressed and dried specimens are very artistic and lovely, and there are countless pretty ways of arranging them to the best advantage. One Chicago girl, lucky enough to start collecting butterflies early in the summer and to have the assistance of a great many people in her search, has a row of them pinned up on her bedroom wall. The pretty border extends quite around the room, the insects being arranged at wide intervals, and the result is very pretty, if one can only forget the hundreds of tiny things that died prematurely to furnish it.

Girls who have only a few butterflies arrange smaller panels or draperies, and she who has only half a dozen or so mounts them as decorations on a picture frame or pins them promiscuously upon the window curtains or door draperies.

Next to the real butterflies in popular favor come the delicate French imitations which are being placed upon the brims of the large velvet hats. Velvet and furs, with snow and ice in perspective, seem hardly fitting in connection with such especially summery things as butterflies, but fashion has decreed that they go well together, and the thing is done. Sometimes the artistic imitations are caught in the folds of a lace or chiffon jabot to be placed underneath milady's pretty chin; as a finishing touch to the new ruches of velvet fashions they are more than delightful.

In jewelry the butterfly appears everywhere. The newest thing in this direction is the butterfly bracelet, a circle of elastic gold, which is intended to be worn midway between the elbow and the shoulder, and which has a great, scintillating, jeweled butterfly on the outside. The wings open and close with every movement of the arm, and the effect is lovely. Quite as pretty and more easily within the reach of the average woman are the butterfly hair ornaments. These are mounted on top of long pins or combs, and are as elaborately jeweled as the purse of the wearer will permit. Sometimes these ornaments are made of plain enamel, studded with the tiny chip stone, which are cheap and pretty. These are quite as attractive as the more costly ornaments.—St. Louis Republic.

CHILD GOVERNMENT.

Objectionable Tendencies May Be Easily Overcome. Does the child appear so volatile that it seems almost impossible to hold him to stability or soberness? Because of the variety of his inheritance, let the mother look for assistance in the reasoning faculty which surely is latent. Exercising patience and tact, it can be employed to control, not destroy, the light-mindedness so that it shall become a cushion easing the burdens which time lays upon every individual. Undue seriousness or a tendency to despondency may be relieved, may be overcome by the cultivation of the humorous element which exists in some form in the child, and which will help to carry him over hard places or lighten dark ones.

Obstinacy and fickleness are often found together, and the former, if worked with, not against, the grain, can be transformed into perseverance and aid in converting fickleness into steadfastness. A tendency to moods, great buoyancy and depression, call for the exercise of the dormant power of self-control. The child unconsciously admits that quality, and can thus be stimulated to its increasing exercise, and we find an even nature produced. A child of impulse, sympathetic, intense, imaginative, generally possesses a hard vein of common sense or matter-of-factness; these qualities recognized and wisely directed form a wholesome, strong, well-balanced character. It is not necessary to multiply examples. We know the power of love to change a selfish nature into a self-sacrificing one, and there is hardly an attribute of character that may not be greatly changed.—Elizabeth Lord Condit, in Washington Home Magazine.

A Novelty in Portieres. An agreeable change in the conventional portiere is to have for a door that is not constantly used a set of hangings, consisting of two side curtains and a deep valance, the former hung upon rods, so that they may be opened, if need be, but which are for the most part kept closed. These should be of some heavy material, of which there is a wide choice, running up and down the scale of cost. Among the more expensive fabrics velvet or some one of the thick plain-surfaced goods of the broadcloth order may be satisfactorily used.—Leisure Hours.

New Effect in Revers. For many seasons past if a gown was made with revers, the number used was always two. One large revers is regarded as very chic. It is usually of the same material as the bodice, and is richly braided or covered with lace.

When three revers are used they are always graduated in size. The first revers is the smallest, the other two acting as its background.

They look best in three tints of one color, but all sorts of very pretty color effects are possible with them.—Chicago Record.

Spitful. "Don't you think, Mrs. Spitely, that this hat is a little too gay for a matronly woman like me?" "Not at all, my dear. You know that you're years younger than you look."—Detroit Free Press.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—In the Art School.—"Say, old man, have you any thumb tacks?" "No; but I have some finger nails."—Yale Record.

—"I found a lead pencil this morning." "That isn't very remarkable." "Well, but it had one of those safety pocket holders on it."—Yale Record.

—He Richly Deserves It.—May we venture to express the hope that the man who writes it Xmas will have a Xappy Xew Year.—Chicago Daily Tribune.

—"Hello, Handle Bar, what was your hurry when you came in on your wheel to-day? I never saw you on your hard." "I wanted to get home before my cyclometer got up to 50 miles. I never permit myself to ride more than that in a day."—Truth.

—A new and interesting light is shed on the disputed authorship of the Homeric poems by the delightful answer given by a schoolboy in a recent examination, and quoted in the Daily News: "It is said that writing was not invented when Homer composed his poems. He must, therefore, have lived a good deal later."—London Tablet.

—Lawyer.—"Now, Mr. Thrift, describe to the court the chickens that you charged my client, the defendant, with stealing." Farmer Thrift goes into the details, but is interrupted by the lawyer, who exclaims: "I have some chickens like those myself." Farmer Thrift (resuming).—"The chickens he took are not the only ones I have had stolen!"—N. Y. Herald.

—An old Scotchwoman was dying. The storm was raging without, the wind was howling and the rain dashing against the window panes. They were gathered around her bed. "I maun dee, doctor—I maun dee." "Ay, ay, I'm mickle fear ye're gaun." "Weel, weel, the Lord's will be done. But it's an awful night to be gaun skirrin' through the clouds."—Spare Moments.

A VOLCANIC WONDER.

The Largest District of This Sort Located in the Northwest. The entire absence of easily-recognized volcanic craters in the eastern part of the United States has tended to create the impression that in volcanoes this country is below the average. But to dispel this notion it is only necessary to make a trip through the northwest. In Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada and Idaho is the largest volcanic district in the world. The Lassen peak volcanic ridges, the most general feature in the district, resulted chiefly from superficial accumulations of material thrown out from within the earth and piled up in mountain masses about the point of exit. From the summit of Lassen peak, looking northeast, a dark and desolate lava field and crater are pointed out as the "Cinder Cone." This may be comfortably reached on horseback, but a camping outfit is necessary, as there is no settlement near the place.

Approaching the region the traveler first encounters a sprinkling of the fine volcanic sand and small bits of dark brown pumice spread on the ground. This increases as he goes, until the sand gives character to the whole landscape, imparting a dull dark blue to the soft earth, and rendering travel difficult. When first seen on nearer view, Cinder cone gives the impression of newness. One looks in vain for steam rising from the crater, and feels disappointed at seeing none.

Charred trunks of trees attest the great heat of the place in recent times, but one cannot find on the living trees a trace of volcanic sand that might have lodged in knot holes as it fell. The dull, somber aspect of the slopes is greatly relieved on the southeast side by the carmine and orange-colored Lapilli, so that from a distance it has the pleasing hues of a sunset.

The strangeness of the scene is greatly enhanced by the almost complete absence of vegetation. Only two small bushes cling upon the outer slopes to give life to the barren cone. No white man or Indian now living is known to have been an eye witness to the eruption, and it must be remembered that such an eruption would not leave the people of that region in doubt as to what was happening.

A number of persons now living in the Sacramento valley, who crossed the emigrant trail at the base of the cone in 1853, say that the lonely bushes growing near the summit were apparently as large as now. Whatever may be the historical testimony as to the time of the eruption, the geologic evidence clearly shows it before the beginning of this century.—N. Y. Journal.

A Battery of Eyes.

A method of repressing the spitting habit, against which they are now making a crusade in Baltimore, is suggested by a Baltimore woman. This is her plan: "Whenever a male passenger on a street car begins to expectorate let every woman aboard just look steadily at him. There need be no special severity expressed by the look, nor an excess of indignation or rebuke, for too much feeling shown in a glance, if the guilty fellow were inclined to be coarse, might subject one to an insulting remark. But each female face should wear a well-bred air of offended delicacy and surprise. There is not a woman out of ten in this city, I will venture to assert, who will not understand how to express all these emotions in a single look and not overdo it."—N. Y. World.

Logic That Won. The Doctor—Here's the bill for your husband's treatment. I'll be glad to allow you 20 per cent. off for cash. The Widow—But you said that you would not charge anything if you didn't relieve him! "So I did. Have you heard him complain lately?"—Cleveland Leader.

The Boss.

"Will you mind the baby, Jack, for a little while?" asked Mrs. Elmore. "I shall have to, I 'spose," replied Elmore. "The kid won't mind me."—Buffalo Times.