

THE LITTLE ARMCHAIR.

Nobody sits in the little armchair. It stands in a corner dim; But a white-haired mother, gazing there, And yearningly thinking of him, Sees through the dust of long ago The bloom of the boy's sweet face, As he rocks so merrily to and fro, With a laugh that cheers the place.

-N. Y. Times.

A CASE IN EQUITY.

BY FRANCIS LYNDE.

[Copyright, 1895, by J. B. Lippincott Co.]

XVII.

IN A STRAIT BETWIXT TWO.

For two whole days, shame kept the young engineer from returning to the farmhouse on the Little Chivawsee, but the urging of the same wholesome emotion made him tireless in his efforts to find Thorndyke. He accepted his own theory of kidnapping, and, after learning from the hotel-keeper at Glenco that Philip had set out to ride to Allacoochee, and that the horse had returned riderless the following day, he was confirmed in the belief that the young attorney had been waylaid and carried off to some isolated cabin on the plateau. Acting upon this conclusion, he began a systematic search on the mountain; and since his occupation had made him familiar with every spur and ravine within ten miles of Allacoochee, it would have been singular if he had failed to discover Thorndyke's asylum. It was late in the afternoon of the second day, however, when Philip heard the welcome sound of approaching hoof-beats, and his satisfaction was not lessened when he found that the rider was Protheroe. He laughed when he hobbled to the door and saw the engineer coming up with a Winchester held at the ready.

"You needn't be alarmed," he called out; "I don't want to fight, and I can't run."

Protheroe was mystified, but the bandaged ankle was held up in evidence. "Then you're not a prisoner, after all?" he said.

"Oh, yes, I am—very much so; but not by the ill will of my good friends here. All I need is an ambulance, or the loan of a gentle horse."

"We were afraid you'd been kidnapped," said Protheroe, and, seeing Philip's look of inquiry, he added: "I'm in the secret; Duncan has told me all about it."

"But I don't understand yet. I wrote Duncan two days ago and sent the letter in your care. Didn't he get it?"

A sudden light broke in upon Protheroe. "Two days ago? that was Wednesday. How did you send it?"

"By messenger to you at Allacoochee."

"Duncan didn't get it, and I never heard of it. It probably fell into the hands of the enemy. Sharpless went to Duncan Wednesday afternoon with a story about your having gone to New York; and ever since, he's been turning heaven and earth over to find Kilgrew."

"Unsuccessfully, I hope?"

"Up to date, yes; and I think there's no chance for him. Duncan warned the old man at once."

"Good! then everything's all right yet. By Jove! old man, I've been having a horrible time cooped up here when there's so much at stake and every day is precious."

Protheroe smiled. "I can imagine; but you needn't worry. Allacoochee hasn't run away yet, and, so far as I know, the company is still solvent. Are you ready to go back to civilization?"

"Indeed I am, if you'll tell me how to do it."

"Nothing easier; you can ride my horse, and I'll walk."

When Philip had taken leave of his entertainers, and had narrowly missed a quarrel with the Bedouin in the effort to make him take payment for his hospitality, he was helped into the saddle.

"You want to go to Allacoochee, I suppose," Protheroe said.

"I'd rather go to Duncan's, if we can get there."

Protheroe's heart misgave him, but he answered unhesitatingly: "It can be done," and they were soon out of sight of the cabin in the windings of a trail leading diagonally across the plateau.

For some miles they pushed on in such silence as the narrowness of the path made compulsory, but when the trail broadened into a wood road, Protheroe dropped back beside the horse and they began to speak of the missing letter. The talk reminded the engineer that he still had Thorndyke's mail in his pocket, and he passed it up and, considerably went on ahead again while Philip read the letters. There was one from Helen, and, yielding to something like a suggestion of moral cowardice, Philip left it until the last. When he opened it, he saw that it had been written on the same day as that about the marriage portion, and the first words proved that it was an after-thought.

"I have just mailed one letter to you," she wrote, "and it was hardly out of my hands before I began to be sorry that I had sent it. As I remember it now, it

was all about the money, and I ought to have known that you would do what was just and right without any urging from me. What I want to say now is what I should have said then; that I cannot endure this separation much longer—that the love which I have tried so hard to keep out of my letters for fear I should make you come back to your hurt refuses to be hidden under meaningless and commonplace phrases. "Oh, Philip, if you love me, please don't let this misfortune raise any barrier between us! You know what Aunt Bellam left me—you know that it is mine in my own right, and I entreat you not to turn my gratitude into misery by refusing to share this money with me. But you will not, I know you will not; and if we had nothing else, we should still have each other, and what more could we ask?"

"In some respects, I know you better than you know yourself; and I know that if you can have your health you will yet win a place among those who have fought their way into the foremost rank. Be good to me, Philip, dear, and let me share the battle and the triumph with you. Come back to us if you are well enough, and if you are not, please let me come to you."

Protheroe heard something between a groan and an imprecation, and he stopped and waited for Philip to come up. "Did you say anything?" he asked. "Nothing worth repeating; I think I was tempted to swear a little at the crookedness of things in general. I wish that cursed horse that threw me had broken his neck or mine, or both."

"Does your ankle hurt?"

"Everything hurts."

Protheroe did not attempt to drive the conversational nail any farther. He was preoccupied with his own concerns, and he had been trying to determine what he should do when he reached Duncan's. Would his part in the affair be ended when he had seen Thorndyke safe in the house of his friends? or would he be expected to help his rival in the fight with the company? How would Elsie receive him after his late transgression? How could he endure to meet her in the presence of the man she loved?

They were troublesome questions, but the engineer's perplexities were as serenely itself compared with the tumult of conflicting emotions which had slain the peace of mind of his companion. Before he had read three lines of Helen's letter, Thorndyke was sinking into the nether depths of self-abasement; and when he had finished it he felt that it would be a comfort if he could get down into the road and strew dust upon his head. This was the love he had put aside for the sake of a mere impulse born of a sick man's fantasies; the fine gold that he had tossed contemptuously into a melting-pot heated by the remainder of the simile was drowned in a submerging wave of self-contempt. And now, at this present moment, when he was cursing his reckless inconstancy, and wishing from the bottom of his heart that he had had the decency to die quietly in the odor of good faith, she had his letter and she had learned at his own hands upon what a broken reed her love had been leaning.

After the storm came the calm of desperation. He had wrecked Helen's life and his own, and Elsie's happiness trembled in the balance. He could at least save Duncan's daughter, and in the riot of distracting thoughts this was the only one that offered a grain of comfort. He would expiate his folly by devoting himself, body and soul, to the task of making Elsie as happy as she deserved to be. And he would speak to her as soon as he could find the opportunity—before he had the time to sink still deeper in the mire of fickleness, he told himself, bitterly.

By the time Thorndyke had reached this conclusion, Protheroe was leading the horse down the trail on the Little Chivawsee side of the mountain, and an hour after dark the small procession stopped at Duncan's gate.

"You're heavier than you used to be; I don't think you're going to die of consumption," said Protheroe, remembering another time when he had helped Philip dismount at the farmer's gate.

"No; more's the pity," rejoined Philip, ungraciously. "It would be better on all accounts if I should."

As not infrequently happens when the probable course of events has been carefully prefigured, nothing came about during the evening to verify Protheroe's fears or to add to Thorndyke's misery. They were all unfeignedly glad to welcome both of the wanderers; and while Mrs. Duncan was principally concerned in doctoring Philip's ankle, Elsie tried to induce the young engineer to lay aside the shroud of reserve which he conceived to be the proper penitential garment for the occasion. How had he found Mr. Thorndyke? Had he ridden far? How had they ever managed to get down the mountain with the horse? Weren't they both dreadfully hungry? These and many more questions Protheroe had to answer, and at length he was obliged, for very shame's sake, to compel himself to be oblivious to that which Elsie was so evidently bent upon ignoring.

And neither that night nor the next morning before they left for Allacoochee did either of the young men find an opportunity for private speech with the girl; though Thorndyke abused himself, as was his wont, for not having made one, and Protheroe went away leaden-hearted because he had been denied the privilege of confession and absolution.

As to the necessity for going, Thorndyke was peremptory and obdurate. He insisted that Sharpless must not be given another day; that there had already been sufficient delay to enable the crafty and unscrupulous attorney to entrench himself behind mountains of chicanery. No, he said, there should be a settlement that day, or else he would have the manager and the attorney in jail before night.

"I wouldn't be too precece about

the exact sum, Master Thorndyke," was Duncan's parting injunction. "Feefty thousand dollars is a fearful deal o' money to ding oot at ane clatter."

"I've been thinking that over since we spoke of it," rejoined Philip, "and I've changed my mind. They'll pay a hundred thousand, or go to jail."

Protheroe laughed heartily at Duncan's dumb show of amazement when they were out of hearing. "I hope you'll win," he said. "Do you want me to go with you?"

"No; I fancy I can manage them better alone; but I'm much obliged. I'd be glad to have you with me afterward, though. I imagine Sharpless will be in an assassinating mood if I do win."

XVIII.

A BATTLE ROYAL.

Allacoochee the wonderful was never more alive to the fact of its own importance and prosperity than on a certain day in September which had been set apart and marked with a red letter as the herald of a new epoch in the history of the city. It was to be "blowing-in" day at the Chivawsee furnace; and the throbbing pulse of the great blast-engines would thereupon open new arteries of industry, flowing with currents of molten iron to strengthen and invigorate the thews and sinews of the many-handed giant of labor. There was to be an industrial parade and a monster meeting in the afternoon at the furnace, where a platform had been built for the orators, and where the train load of capitalists and excursionists to arrive at noon would be welcomed as the guests of the city.

At an early hour in the morning the streets were thronged with visitors moving in unique crowds under the gayly decorated awnings, or stopping in admiring groups to stare at the elaborate display of bunting and flags ornamenting the company's offices in the Guaranty building. In the anatomy of Allacoochee, the Guaranty building was the brain; and in one of its comfortably furnished cells, isolated by thick walls and deadened floors from the out-of-door turmoil of this morning of expectation, the twin souls of the urban monster sat facing each other in morose silence. Four days had elapsed since the terrified notary had burst in upon them with the information that the forged deed had been found, and for three days an evil-doer's providence had given them an opportunity for which they would have been willing to pay in the coin of crime; and yet, in spite of the warning and of the removal of their chief opponent, they were still as far as ever from a haven of safety; the forged deed was still in existence, and bribery and search-parties had alike failed to reveal the hiding-place of the old mountaineer. The threatened danger cast its shadow upon the two men each after his kind. Sharpless sat erect, scowling and indomitable, while Fench covered in his chair, clasping and unclasping his lean fingers in the nervelessness of dismay.

"I tell you, Sharpless, it's no use talking—it never was any use talking; it's time to run. We might have been in Mexico by this time if you'd had any sense."

Fench's voice was querulous with fear, and the last sentence ended in a snarl, but the reprimand served only to deepen the frown on the brow of the lawyer. In the silence that succeeded, they heard a curious thumping in the corridor, which was explained when the door opened to admit an unannounced visitor. It was Thorndyke, on crutches, and he stopped to close the door carefully before limping to a chair from which he could see both of the conspirators. In the twinkling of an eye the scowl on Sharpless' face melted into a suave smile of welcome, and his greeting was cheerful and genial.

"Good morning, Mr. Thorndyke. You're quite a stranger."

Philip ignored the proffered civility and went brusquely to the point. "I didn't come here to measure polite phrases with either of you, as you probably know. I am here as the legal representative of John Kilgrew, upon whose farm you have taken the liberty to build a city."

The smile of welcome on the lawyer's face disappeared as quickly as it had come, and the thin figure of the manager seemed to shrink into a still smaller compass.

"You'll have to be more explicit, Mr. Thorndyke," said Sharpless, tilting easily in his chair.

"And I will be, simply to show you what I am prepared to prove. On the 9th of February in the present year you purchased of James Cates a tract of land which you had good reason to suspect was stolen from John Kilgrew. To quiet the title, you forged a deed from Kilgrew to Cates and had it recorded. For some reason which I don't pretend to understand you omitted to destroy this deed, and, as you know, it has lately fallen into my hands. The facts in the case have been carefully collected and verified, and it remains for you to say whether my client shall be compelled to seek satisfaction in the courts."

The lawyer's face brightened at the implied alternative. "You mean a compromise?"

"I mean payment in full for what you have stolen."

"That is a harsh word, Mr. Thorndyke."

"Possibly, but it has the merit of truth."

"Are you prepared to act for your client in this matter?"

"I am his attorney in fact."

"What is your proposition?"

"I will execute a quit-claim on the part of my client, and I will surrender the forged deed, upon the payment of \$100,000 in cash or in bankable funds."

Sharpless sprang to his feet with an oath, and Fench had almost reached the door when Philip stopped him. "Don't go just yet, Mr. Fench; there's an officer in the corridor, and he has his instructions."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Unkind Retort.

Mr. and Mrs. Yerger had an unusually lively matrimonial row the other night. As Mrs. Yerger was getting the worst of the argument, she burst into tears and exclaimed: "Oh, how I wish I had never met you!" "You do, eh?" he replied, sarcastically. "Yes, now that it's too late, you begin to sympathize with me. Why didn't you think of that before I married you?"—N. Y. World.

A Lover's Bon Mot.

He was a witty lover—he Who made this turn so fine; He called his best girl Postscript; for Her name was Adelina!—Up-to-Date.

A PLEASANT DREAM.



Bumm de Way—Dat wuz de most delightful nightmare I ever had, Willie. Willie Worknit—What wuz it? Bumm de Way—I dreamed I wuz sand-bagged fer me money!—Up-to-Date.

Knew All About Them.

She had been to the seashore and was deeply interested in all that pertained to it. "Did you ever see a shark?" she asked.

"Well, I should say so," he answered. "I bought a house and lot of one once on the installment plan."—Chicago Post.

A Resemblance.

"Death and the people of Germany are alike in one respect."

"Name it."

"The people of Germany like to use money direct from the mint." "Go on."

"Death loves a shining mark, too."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Harmless Habit.

A gentleman living in the neighborhood of Addington tells how he found that his stablemen were not in the habit of attending church, and spoke to the coachman about it. "They ought to go," he said. "That's just what I say myself," was the rejoinder. "I says to them: 'Look at me; I go, and what harm does it do me?'"—Tit-Bits.

The Reason.

Lawyer Hooks (in the bosom of his family)—Well, my dear, I have given up the Bagrox case, after having been engaged in it so long.

Mrs. Hooks—Then you have exhausted every legal expedient? Lawyer Hooks—No, but I have exhausted Bagrox' money.—N. Y. Journal.

Fatal Curiosity.

Visitor (to attendant friar at the refectory of a convent)—Are we allowed to smoke here? Friar—No, sir.

Visitor—Then where do all these stumps of cigars come from that I see lying about? Friar—From those gentlemen who didn't ask.—Odds and Ends.

So Persevering.

Mrs. Gummy—Miss Broadway is to come out this season. Mrs. Glanders—What a persevering little thing she is. "What do you mean?"

"She has come out regularly for the past six or seven seasons."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hurt His Pride.

Mrs. Smidelle—Georgy, come right into the house this minute, and don't let me catch you out again this evening. Georgy—You hadn't oughter boss me around before folks in that way, ma; folks'll think I'm your husband.—Boston Transcript.

Agreed.

"He takes a fence very easily," said Miss Gilfoyle to Miss Tenspot, after the hunt was over, and speaking of Mr. Fosdick.

"He does," replied Miss Tenspot. "I don't know of a man more ready to take offense."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Only a Blossom.

"'Twas but a little faded flower, But fraught with tears and woe; He would not tell where he got it— And she was bound to know."—Chicago News.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The city of Philadelphia has 3,349 teachers employed in its public schools, and their salary list for the next year aggregates \$2,439,400.

—It is calculated that if the children under the care of the London school board were to join hands they would reach from London to Carlisle, a distance of 300 miles.

—St. James' churchyard, Pentonville, in which were buried Joe Grimaldi, the clown, and Tom Dibdin, the nautical song writer, has been turned into a public playground.

—About six weeks ago Rev. T. C. Hanna, of Plantsville, Conn., fell on his head while getting out of his carriage. The shock caused an entire loss of memory; he could not recognize his relatives or anyone who knew him. His relatives are endeavoring to teach him to read and write.

—Queen Adelaide, widow of Dom Miguel, king of Portugal, has taken the vows at the convent of the Benedictines, at Solesmes, France, after having passed through a novitiate of one year's duration. Queen Adelaide was born in France on the 3d of April, 1831, and was married in 1851 to King Miguel. She is the mother of seven children.

—Florence Nightingale has just entered her seventy-eighth year. She has never recovered from the hardships she endured in the Crimean war. Since 1855 she has rarely been totally free from pain. She received her Christian name from the town in which she was born—Florence, Italy. Her family name is not Nightingale, but Shore, her father being a Nottingham banker, who inherited the estates of Peter Nightingale on condition that he assume the name.

THE PIE RECORD.

No Performer Has Determined How Much One Man Can Eat.

The capacity of the human stomach has never been accurately determined. Public interest is occasionally aroused in eating contests, but these are confined chiefly to specialists who are seeking to establish records as consumers of pie, cakes, watermelons, etc. What we lack is an all-around performer.

A comparison of the averages of many noted professional and amateur eaters reveals that none has reached that of Oakley Stanton, of Derbyshire, Eng., who lived in the last century. Mr. Stanton on a certain occasion, in one hour, ate a single meal of four dishes, composed as follows:

The first dish was an amalgam of two quarts of milk, 30 eggs, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, three penny loaves, a quantity of ginger and nutmeg and an ounce of mustard, all boiled together.

The second dish was a pound of cheese and a pound loaf of bread; the third, half a pound of bacon, a penny loaf of bread, a quart of ale, three halfpennies' worth of gingerbread and a pint of ale; the fourth, a custard of two pounds, an ounce of mustard, some black pepper, a pint of milk and three pints of ale.

As a proof that Mr. Stanton suffered no inconvenience from this repast, it is stated that he passed the balance of the evening drinking copiously of ale and liquor.

This feat was for some time considered unapproachable, until a porter of Truro, on a bet of five shillings, ate two pairs of worsted stockings fried in train oil and half a pound of yellow soap.

Success inspired this man to another effort. The wager on this occasion was that he could not eat as much tripe as would make him a jacket with sleeves. He took the bet and was regularly measured by a tailor, who cut the tripe into the exact size and shape of the garment. The porter ate it all in 20 minutes.

As a pie specialist the record of a Scotchman of Dundee is not without distinction. He consumed nine large two-penny pies in 14½ minutes.

This feat aroused much enthusiasm, and induced betting men to lay odds against him that he could not devour 12 pies of the same dimensions in 25 minutes. The Scotchman won, with eight minutes to spare. He offered to occupy the remaining margin of time by eating half a dozen more.

It is alleged that this establishes the record on pies; but it is safe to say that it has been surpassed by some professional of the east side.—N. Y. Sun.

Uses of Bamboo.

The attention of builders is being drawn to the value of bamboo as a building material. The great strength of bamboo poles is not at all understood by the majority of persons. It is stated on excellent authority that two bamboo poles, each of them 17-10 inches in diameter, when placed side by side, will support a grand piano slung between them by ropes, and that they will neither sag nor break under the burden. Bamboo will form poles 65 to 70 feet long and from 8 to 10 inches in diameter. A derrick 26 feet high, made of four-inch bamboo poles, raised two iron girders weighing together 424 pounds. The wonderful lightness of this material in proportion to its strength has excited comment of late, and new uses are constantly being made of it. Scaffolding of bamboo has the advantage of lightness and strength. It is predicted that this material will come in general use for such purposes. An additional advantage is that bamboo resists decay in water as well as in earth, that the older and drier it gets, the more solid it becomes, and that it can be grown for an incredibly small sum.—N. Y. Ledger.

He Couldn't Furnish It.

"Yes," he said, with some show of temper, "you're just the kind of a woman to spend \$10,000 a year on dress alone."

"Oh, no, I'm not," she replied, sweetly. "If I were I would have married a different kind of a man."

And the more he thought of it the more satisfied he became that it was a hot one.—Chicago Post.



Uncle Sam—Dangerous jugglery.

Love's Power.

Willy—Say, auntie, what did Uncle Bob marry you for? Aunt—Why, for love, of course! Willy (meditatively)—H'm! Love will make a man do almost anything won't it, auntie?—Puck.

Alloy.

"Now that you and your husband have kissed and made up, I suppose you are happy." "Except when I think of some mean thing I might have said."—Detroit Journal.

Much in a Name.

"Is your new pony fast?" "Yes; so fast that I've named him What Ma Says."

"That's a queer name." "Yes; but what ma says goes."—Boston Traveler.

Good State for That.

Galligaskins—The state geologist of Kentucky says there is no gold in that commonwealth. Skingullet—But I should think it would be a fine place for bichloride of gold.—N. Y. Journal.

A Scheme of Reform.

If for one day I were let loose To boss things on this mundane shore, Watermelons would have less juice And bananas would have more. —Chicago Record.

Just the Opposite.

Kilduff—I hear that Tenspot is cultivating his garden religiously this year. Mullins—The report is wrong. I heard him swear while weeding the other day.—N. Y. World.

A Situation at Sight.

Miss Craik—Er—really, Mr. Prun, I must refer you to papa. Prun—Why, bless me! my dearest girl, anyone with a face like yours needs no references!—Brooklyn Life.

Stood by Him.

"Perhaps he isn't all he might be, but he stood by me in my hour of trial, and—"

"What was he, an officer of the court?"—Chicago Journal.

Fortifying Himself.

Mr. Hojack—Tomdik, old boy, do you know that you have taken four cups of coffee already.

Mr. Tomdik—Well, I'm going to call on Miss Chin, and I want to be able to keep awake.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Where the Rub Comes.

There are flying machines and flying machines. And aerial boats by the score; But the sorest part for the air marines Is that each one refused to soar. —N. Y. World.

CRUSHED AGAIN.



Willie—Why do you never ask me to call Sundays, Miss Tart? Violet—Because that is a day of rest, you know!—N. Y. Times.

The Right Sort.

Briggs—Do you know, I never thought much of Baker until yesterday.

Griggs—What changed your mind? "I learned that his wheel is the same make as mine."—Detroit Free Press.

He's Sorry.

"When I married my wife I loved her so much that I could have devoured her."

"And now?" "And now I'm sorry I didn't do it."—L'illustre de Poche.