

Tragedy of Yet Wing

By Julia Truitt Bishop.

IT WAS a gray day, with rain about to fall. Miss Harvey fluttered in at the door of the Chinese Mission clad in gray and pink, and with a bewitching childishness in her eyes which she hoped might not lead to the undoing of Fung Yet Wing, who was waiting for her at his own special deal table. Yet Wing had a smile of his own, and greeted her with it. What Yet Wing's smile meant Miss Harvey did not know, for she had been teaching him only two years, and to learn anything about the pupils of the Chinese Mission one must take time.

Yet Wing's books were in a neat little pile before him; his white cuffs were linked with gold buttons, his immaculate collar was brought to gether with a satin tie, which was adorned with the pretty wishbone pin she had given him for a Christmas present. Miss Harvey always looked him over complacently, until she came to the braid of long black hair which was coiled in a neat little coil at the top of his head, with a shaved area all around it. Miss Harvey always felt that her hold on Yet Wing lacked something of complete ness while that coil of hair topped him off so conspicuously.

"Oh, you are always early, Yet Wing!" she cried, looking at him just a little. These Chinese were so peculiar, and she was in a flutter where she thought of the danger. It would never do to encourage anything like that—but now, were they to be blamed so dreadfully, if once in awhile—they well, if they really learned to love some pretty girl who chanced to be their teacher? Neither was the girl to blame for being pretty.

Not that Miss Harvey would have this happen to her—oh, not for a thousand worlds. She would die of mortification, she said to herself as she puffed out the pink silk vest a little more and glanced at Yet Wing. "Yeh—me come ea'ly," he said with the same smile. "Me lakkee lea'n."

In another minute Yet Wing was laboriously getting through the Bible lesson for the day, each word going off with a sharp explosion, not unlike a train of fireworks:

"An—Jesiss—entled—an—pass—fiou—Jelicho.

"An—bee-hol—dewass—a—man—Zacchou—us—whiss—wass—de chief—amoung—de—pullicans—an—he—wass—leh."

The fireworks exploded all along down to the end of the lesson.

"Now do you know what that means?" asked Miss Harvey.

"No—me not unnestan' English," said Yet Wing with calm readiness.

Miss Harvey did not understand what it meant, either, so she put her head to one side and cried archly:

"Oh, Yet Wing, what shall I do with you if you don't try to understand? Well, here is your reader—come now, read this."

Yet Wing bent his celestial countenance over the book and set another train of explosions going:

"Once—dewass—a—man—who—had—a—"

"Now spell that next word," commanded Miss Harvey, in the cooling, kindergarten voice she had found so effective with him.

"P-l-e-t-y," spelled the pupil.

"And do you know what that means?" chirped the teacher.

"Yeh—like you," said Yet Wing, his smile widening into a grin.

"Like me! The ideal!" cried Miss Harvey. It had come at last—just as she feared. This was the Chinese method of informing a girl that she was beloved. She had unwittingly ruined Yet Wing's peace of mind.

How anxious she had been to avoid this, all the Sundays she had come here against her brother's wishes, to sit beside the little deal table and teach Yet Wing to read Bible lessons he did not understand.

But while Yet Wing's poor little foolish dream was destined to be crushed, why should she wound him unnecessarily? Why should she not be as kind to him as she could be under the circumstances?

She looked at him gently, yet with melancholy. Perhaps she would ask him next Sunday for her sake to cut off that braid of hair. It would make her glad, and yet sorrowful, too, to know that he would do it without a moment's hesitation. There was something so pathetic about this hopeless love—a Chinaman—for a lady of her station—and she must be so careful not to encourage him. Her brother would be so angry—and he had such a high temper, and was so disgustingly brutal when he began to talk about—about the things she did. But she would always say that it was not her fault, and it was not Yet Wing's. It was simply one of those things that could not be helped.

"It lakkin'!" said Yet Wing, whose

oriental eyes were turned toward the window.

"It rains every Sunday," said Miss Harvey, gently. "I shall have to wait until my maid brings my umbrella and cloak."

"What he name?" asked Yet Wing, with the guileless directness of his race. She smiled sadly. He was interested in everything that pertained to her.

"Her name is Annie," said Miss Harvey, softly. "Here is the hymn, now, Yet Wing—'At The Cross.' Now sing your best—for my sake."

In response to which timid plea Yet Wing was presently throwing great unctious into:

"A-l-a-a-at an' did, my tiavleed, An—did my slovel die? Would he leote lat sacled head Fo' sluch a wollas? Atte closs, atte closs, wha'ee fluss saw lellite—"

Yet Wing frowned mightily while he sang, for this English was truly a devilish language, and was not to be sung without great enlargement of the mouth.

It was all gone through with, even to the jerky concert of "On Fader—who aht—in—heben—" and Miss Harvey and her maid were hurrying homeward through the rain. Miss Harvey justly felt that she must concede in some one or die.

"It has come about just as I feared, Annie," she said, tragically. "My pupil has—has lost his mind, I suppose—and is half crazy about—about Me! Did you ever hear of anything so absolutely preposterous? Think of it! A—Chinese laundryman! Wouldn't my brother be furious?"

"Well, faith, an' it 'ud be a great savin' of laundry bills," said Annie, who was from up Belfast way, and could see a bright side to everything.

Miss Harvey's just indignation kept her scornfully silent until they had reached home and gone into the side door. While Annie shook out the wet umbrella and stood it in the rack, Miss Harvey glanced out of the window and suddenly screamed and sat down, clasping her hands.

"Look, Annie!" she cried; "look out of the window! Can that be—is that—Yet Wing?"

"It looks like the bilious heathen," said Annie, indignantly, after a hasty inspection of the figure that stood pensively under an awning on the opposite side of the street. "A pretty subject he is, to stand himself up in front of people's houses! Shall I go out an' shoo 'im away, Miss?"

"Oh, that would be too cruel!" moaned Miss Harvey, walking up and down and wringing her hands desperately. "Oh, what shall I do? Was there ever anything so unfortunate? He may begin to follow me about town—and perhaps sing under the windows—he has a very good voice—but think how it would look. Oh, how unfortunate I am, to have—perhaps if I had worn plainer clothes to the Mission—but now the harm is done, and I will never forgive myself, never!"

"Well," suggested Annie, with an eye at the crack of the curtain, "your brother'll be home pretty soon, an' it's my belief that he'll throw the brassy heathen over the courthouse. An' anyway, the neighbors are raisin' the windows, now."

Miss Harvey screamed.

"Oh, Annie," she cried, "go and call him over and tell him that he must not stand there, looking at the house that way. Tell him that it troubles me—Me—and then I know he'll go."

Annie's trim figure disappeared; and Yet Wing's teacher heard a sound of voices, which presently grew louder. She listened. Annie was saying with spirit:

"You just wait till I get Mike Flinney a-holt o' you, you slantin'-eyed—"

And at this point Annie came back, her face crimson.

"Them that wants the Chinaman can have him," she cried, indignantly. "He's settin' there on the steps like he meant to wait for the crack o' doom, an' if your brother comes he'll think doom's cracked."

This horrible possibility decided Miss Harvey. She puffed out the pink vest, dabbed both eyes with a little lace handkerchief, and went drooping to the door. Yet Wing still sat enthroned on the steps, placidly looking at the rain.

"Yet Wing," she murmured, weakly. Yet Wing arose and smiled.

"Sie comee back?" was his enigmatic question.

"Yet Wing, you must go away," whispered Miss Harvey. "You must not come to my house any more. I am very sorry for you—I hope we will be friends—I shall still teach you, Yet Wing—"

"You go alay!" retorted Yet Wing, whom the gods had made mad. "Me come mally pretty gu'—An-nee—she fleach me. Me no likee you fo' teachee—you too old. Me lait fo' Annee."

When Miss Harvey went back into the house where Annie was holding the fort behind the sofa armed with a broom, she walked very straight and her look was severe.

"Has he gone?" questioned Annie, tremblingly.

"He has gone," replied Miss Harvey, drily. "Annie, you need never come to the Mission after me again

—never again. I find that you have a most unfortunate influence over those men. That poor, ignorant Yet Wing—there is no telling what harm has been done to him. He seems quite demented. Tell my brother he needn't wait dinner for me—I have a headache."

And Miss Harvey went to her own room, and locked the door, and sat down in the corner furthest from the mirror.

Wounded Vanity.
A woman cries ten times out of wounded vanity where she cries once out of really wounded feelings. And each one of the ten times does her good. Let your wounded vanity smart all that it will, for vanity is a kind of "proud flesh" of the human soul that has to be treated with sharp caustic every little while to keep it from becoming an excrescence that will disfigure the whole character.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Feminine Sincerity.
Ted—He stutters so badly it took him over half an hour to propose to her.
Ned—What did she say to him?
Ted—Oh, this is so sudden.—Judge.

WARNING TO AMERICANS.
United States Consulate in London Issues Circular Showing the Vanities of Guests After Estates.

The United States consulate in London has issued a circular warning Americans who seek English fortunes and landed estates that most of such claims are spurious. The dreamers are of three classes in general, the object of their quests being landed estates, money supposed to be lodged in the Bank of England and unclaimed chancery funds. The circular says:

"As to land, no action to recover real estate in Great Britain can be brought after 12 years from the time the right accrued, or, in case of disabilities or infancy, after 30 years. It is a prodigious error to think that there is unclaimed property deposited in the Bank of England and earning fabulous interest. The bank keeps a record of unclaimed stock and dividends and nothing else. Anyone who thinks himself entitled to these must furnish precise details respecting the name of the stockholder, the amount of the holding and the date of issue.

"The total amount of unclaimed chancery funds is only about £100,000. Not more than half that sum exceeds £150 per account, and not more than one-seventeenth of these exceed £1,000."

Consul General Osborne said recently: "We consider that we have a dull week when less than eight or ten of our fellow countrymen apply for million-dollar fortunes. Ninety-nine per cent. of the cases submitted are entirely visionary. Advertisements for alleged heirs or next of kin are the source of many of these great expectations. A thriving business is done by some alleged agents who thus traffic in Yankee trustfulness."

THE SHIP'S COW BOOED.
It Heard the Foghorn and Mistook It for a Relative—The Mystery Explained.

The captain of an English steamer spun a yarn the other day of the mysterious "Boo-o-o" which answered his foghorn. He was steaming down the channel, when the thick fog came on. At such times he never leaves the bridge, and sounds the foghorn himself. On this occasion, after sounding the signal, he heard a foghorn in reply right ahead. He turned the ship's head a point to avoid collision, and then sounded again. Again the reply came "Boo-o-o," right ahead as before.

The vessel's head was put back to the same position as at first, and once more the foghorn was sounded. Still the reply came, as before, right ahead, "Boo-o-o."

"It was very strange; I could not make it out," said the captain, telling the yarn. "I tried again; still the same 'Boo-o-o' right ahead. A feeling of superstition began to creep over me, and I was giving myself a mental shake to pull myself together, when the lookout man forward called out: 'It's the old cow, sir.' And so in truth it was—the milk cow kept on the forecastle for the use of the ship. She, no doubt, took the 'boo-o-o-ing' of the signal for the cry of a companion in distress, and gave a sympathetic response."

Caught by Aniline Dyes.
A detective was recently employed by one of London's West end clubs to discover a certain pilferer who had caused much annoyance to the members by helping himself to cigars and other articles from their overcoat pockets. The disciple of Sherlock Holmes smeared a number of cigars with aniline dyes, placed them in the pockets of several overcoats and next morning carefully scrutinized the mouths of the club servants, with the result that the culprit was found and persuaded to confess.

Matchmaking.
Matchmaking, one of the most perilous of handicrafts, has become perfectly safe through the discovery of amorphous phosphorus.

OSTRACISED FOR HUMANITY.

Prince Alphonse, of Bavaria, Given the "Blue Letter" for Being Too Gentle.

As a penalty for being too humane Prince Alphonse, the nephew of the regent of Bavaria, has been given the "Blue Letter." In American slang vernacular this might be interpreted to mean that he will hereafter receive the "marble heart" in select official circles. The "Blue Letter" means official degradation. He is, it seems, too humane for his uncle and the military commanders, and he has been called upon to suffer for his humanity.

He was asked to resign from the Bavarian army for no other reason than that he was too gentle and easy-going with those under his command. He is not severe enough to please the military, and the mistake he made was to manifest too much consideration for the horses under his charge. It was during the last maneuvers. On reaching a steep and stony descent, Prince Alphonse ordered the men to dismount, so that the horses might be spared. It is said that the order completely upset the plan of action. Popular feeling is intense against the authorities who have brought about the prince's dismissal, for he has always been popular with the subjects of his uncle. It is believed to be the first time a Bavarian prince has received the "Blue Letter."

WHY IT IS THE WHITE HOUSE.
How the Name of the President's Mansion at Washington Originated.

The question is often asked why the president's mansion at Washington is called the white house. It has been so called for years and years, and now no one thinks of using any other name, although executive mansion is the official term. The term white house is a reminder of the second war with England. August 24, 1814, the British army captured Washington and burned the public buildings, the president's mansion being among those to suffer. It was damaged to some extent, and to hide the fire stains was painted white, and white it has been painted every year or two since. The home of Washington's mother was called white house, and this may have suggested the name, but the fact that the mansion was assiduously painted white after the war of 1812 doubtless brought the term into popular use.

DEVICE TO SCARE WOLVES.
Automatic Gun Recently Invented That Will Protect Sheep from Natural Enemies.

Examiners in the patent office have learned by experience that it is a mistake to jump at conclusions regarding the usefulness of inventions. A contrivance at which they were inclined to poke a good deal of fun, designed to frighten wolves on western prairies, was patented less than three months ago, and already it has come into considerable use in the sheep-growing districts in that part of the country, says the Presbyterian Banner.

The device is an automatic gun which goes off at regular intervals, scaring the wolves away from the flocks. It consists of a sort of box which contains a clockwork attachment, with a small steel barrel projecting from one end. A magazine, also with the box, is loaded with blank cartridges, which are fired by the clockwork once in ten minutes or so. By the help of a simple mechanical attachment the intervals between the discharges are made as long or as short as may be desired.

Wolves do not attack sheep in the daytime, and the gun needs to be in operation only from sunset to sunrise. It is the period of lambing that the flocks are in danger, the fiercer wolves raiding them and carrying off the lambs, and hence the apparatus described is intended to be employed exclusively during that season. It may be that the wolf, which is a decidedly intelligent animal, may learn the deception after awhile and realize that the automatic gun has not a man behind it. In Russia it has been found that wolves are afraid of the humming of telegraph wires.

Snow in Lochnagar.
There is an old tradition in the highlands of Scotland to the effect that the owner of Balnoral dies when the snow lies on a particular spot of Lochnagar, which is rarely covered, even in the severest winters. In fact, according to the local report, the snow has lain there this winter for the first time during the reign of her late majesty, Queen Victoria.

The Masonic Bond.
The strong bond that unites members of the masonic fraternity showed itself in several places in South Africa, where the Boers ransacked and destroyed property belonging to the hated Britisher. Invariably masonic lodges were left undisturbed. Indeed, the marauding visitors generally signed their names in the visitors' books.

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5:23 p. m. Daily Local train to Richmond, connects with R. F. & P. for the North and with F. F. V., carrying Pullman, for Cincinnati and Louisville.

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10:24 a. m. Daily to Old Point, Norfolk and Portsmouth. Parlor car to Old Point, connects at Norfolk on sailing days with M. & M. T. Co., and with O. D. S. S., except Sunday for New York.

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