

# The Courtship of Janet and Jane.

A LOVE TALE OF THE ENGLISH FISHER FOLK.

**Cincinnati Enquirer.**  
 "Well, Jan," said Quillan, jerking his thumb in the direction of a group of fishermen who were chatting on the quay, "it's no more'n half an eye ye'll need to see what's up with Jan yonder."

"Ay, ay, it's nothin' but the old story—lasses, lasses."  
 "An' you're no lookin' far to see what lass it is, neither, Gorry."  
 "Augh! not at all," replied the other. "Why, it's just Jane, it is."

"Janet," cried Quillan, scornfully, "why it's Janet, ye idiot! Haven't ye seen her wearin' them blue beads Jan fetched her over from Kinsale? An' what for 'ud he be bringin' her blue beads, an' him lovin' Jane—eh?"

"Man alive," retorted Gorry, "there's no man in beads at all. Now, I'll tell you something, Jan went over to Castle-town the other day, an' I'm blowed if he didn't bring a bonnik back with him, an' Jane's wearin' that very bonnik these days now. Augh! there's a lot more in a bonnik than there is in all the beads as

they often did, of Jan—Jan—Jan the other do-well—as Janet called him.  
 "Janet," she said, with asperity, "ye'll never be so foolish as to marry that ne'er-do-well."

Jane looked up mischievously from her knitting. "Eh, Janet, but I think it's you'll be for marryin' him an' not me at all."

"Ye're just silly. Ye-know I'm no for marryin'—married lasses is no that easy."  
 "Ay, ye talk so, Janet, but it's terrible fond o' Jan ye are."

Janet clicked her knitting needles fiercely.  
 "It's twice as terrible fond o' him you are, Jane."

"Eh, well," answered Jane, coloring, "we's no need to be makin' such a fuss about it—it's praps not axed well at all."

A sigh escaped her, and Janet looked up with a world of love in her eyes.

"Ye needn't fear that, Jane, you're so bonny. He'd I don't want to see you unhappy and fretted 'er an' idle husband—an' I'm thinkin' Jan might be a fine lover,

mighty little fortune I've made—just none at all, for I'm poorer than ever—but I'm danged if I'm going to let fate beat me again. I'm off to Afriky this time, and I'll come home rich or be food for fishes."

After hearing all he had to tell him of himself, she looked at them thoughtfully. "An' so ye're not married at all, at all," he said, slyly. "Augh! it's just the right man ye're waitin' for. Well, well, he'll be turnin' up one of these days."

"They say after tomorrow, Jane, an' I'm off to Liverpool in the mornin'."

"But ye'll not be away so long, this time."

"Just as long as it takes me to make a fortune, an' then it's back to Ellen Yanan I'll be comin' to get a little Menx wife. It's terrible wishful I'm to settle down."

"They say a sailor's got a wife in every port," said Janet.

"Nary, Janet, don't you believe it; though I'll be comin' to get a white man those black beauties are. But it's a Manx lass I'll be with me if I ever see her."

"When it o'clock struck Jan got up, 'I promised I'd be down in Port Erin before midnight, but I'm afraid an' my old mates are goin' to have a grand old spree. Good-bye, me dears."

So with a flourish and a flourish he took farewell of them for the second time. Jane sobbed in his arms, and as he neared the door he turned back to her neck, he said softly to Janet: "Take care of her."

Life soon took on its accustomed sober hues again, and the years stole on monotonously.

But changes came. The vicar died, and his widow left the island, and thus Janet and Jane were again faced with the problem how to live.

They were unwilling to go into fresh service, and with their savings they furnished a little house in Castle-town and took lodgers. It paid them very well during the spring and summer, and they were glad to be quiet in the winter, for they were now middle-aged women.

Jane's hair was turning gray, and she was scarcely so sprightly as used to be. The winter had tried her, too, of late, and successive attacks of pneumonia had weakened her considerably.

Instead of getting better she got daily worse. Inflammation of the lungs set in, and Dr. Kennagh began to look very grave. At last he said to Janet: "I'm afraid Miss Madrell. A few days will decide, but you must be prepared for the worst."

When he had gone Janet went softly back into the sick room and sat down by the bedside. Never before had she realized the depth and beauty of the love that existed between herself and Janet. Beside the prospect of her being buried in a grave, she felt a great deal of love.

"Janet," he cried in a great, hearty voice, but Jane put her finger on her lips and drew him gently into the kitchen. There, when she had seated herself in front of the blazing fire, she knelt at Janet's feet and wept bitterly.

"An' if she dies, Jan, I think it'll be a blessing," she said.

Jan was about to answer when Janet herself entered the room. Over her nightgown she had slipped her Sunday dress, and round her neck she wore the blue

doebloons. Numerous attempts have been made to recover the treasure, and one syndicate actually rescued £40,000 from the sea; but the bulk of the wealth remains untouched to this day, and at low tide there is only a foot of water over the scene of the wreck. The ship, however, is buried in the sand; but one day a mighty gale might scoop the sand away and reveal the lost treasure, and then some person will find himself rich beyond dreams of avarice.

Some places in Neptune's domains where treasure ships went down.

Over \$400,000,000 lost.

Ship After Ship Laden With Ingots and Cologne Has Struck on Britain's Shores and Gone to Pieces.

There is a popular belief that vast wealth is buried deep between the sand and rocks of our coasts, says The Bits. Ship after ship, laden with ingots and cologne, has struck on the British beaches and gone to pieces during the last 500 years. From time to time hundreds of pounds' worth of gold has been showered on the seashore and picked up and used; yet there still remains untold millions sterling in gold and silver under the sea.

When the Jonkheer Meester Van de Wall, a Dutch East Indianman, struck the beach of the Lizard many years ago, she went to pieces before anything could be done to save her. Some fishermen from Penberth Cove, who engaged in fishing up blocks of tin which formed part of the vessel's cargo, found a tin box lying in six fathoms of water. Being opened, it was found to contain coins to the value of £10,000. It is said that there are other boxes of gold, silver and banknotes lying among the rocks and sands where the ship sank.

In 1874 a Spanish galleon went ashore near the Lizard, having on board many thousands of pounds' worth of bar gold and money, which were being carried to London for sale. The vessel was unscathed until she struck the beach, when she broke in, and the shaft had to be abandoned. Another syndicate soon afterward dragged the bottom of the sea in the Lizard district, and the importance was found. The treasure is undoubtedly there, for coins and ingots are being constantly washed ashore on the beach.

Treasure to the value of a million and a half sterling, which went to the bottom of the sea with a Dutch galleon, lies awaiting recovery somewhere on the Chesil beach, a long, narrow tongue of shingly land near the great convict station of Portland. This Dutch treasure ship was returning from the West Indies when she struck the beach, and when coming up the channel was caught in a gale and driven into Portland Reach, where tremendous broken seas rage when there is any wind. Gradually she was carried toward Chesil beach, and it did not take her long to dissolve into matchwood. The entire freight of gold and silver went to the bottom. Occasionally the fishermen reminded of its existence by finding a silver or gold bar or two on the beach.

The Aberavenny, which was lost in a storm of Weymouth, about the year 1850, had on board several thousand pounds' worth of specie and jewels. In 1856 a syndicate was formed, and by means of a diving bell, six chests of gold, to the value of £70,000, were raised up.

Treasure of vast amount is supposed to lie under the sea in the Saru Badrig, a sunken causeway running miles out to sea from the Welsh coast. The story runs that a French treasure ship, the Bretagne, struck on this death-trap of ships, and caught by one huge wave, hurled completely over, to sink with all hands in deep water.

Another case of total loss, involving four and a half millions in gold coins, was the striking of the Infanta, a noble Spanish galleon, on the rocks of Mizen Head, near Bantry bay, in November, 1783. The nature of the coast renders investigation difficult, and not a single coin has been brought to the surface. In all probability the treasure will remain in the sea for centuries.

The Czarina, valued at \$2,000,000 in gold on board, founded in Elroy Bridge, on the Yorkshire coast, and another galleon was lost a few miles farther south, near Bridlington Quay. Thirty thousand pounds have been drawn from the sea's clutches at Bridlington Quay, and the remainder lies awaiting the person who is able to rescue it.

The Gunfleet bank, off the Essex coast, is thickly strewn with gold and silver, in coin and ingots, for the Vrouwe Polder, a Dutch vessel, emptied its cargo of half a million sterling in gold and silver there.

About a century ago a Spanish treasure-ship, carrying a freight of one million sterling, was caught in a storm near Beachy Head, and sank with all on board. The treasure lies in a deep hole over which a strong current runs, making it impossible for divers to descend.

Much treasure-troves lies off the coast of Ireland. Many Spanish galleons have shed their riches there, and several ships of the great Armada, with all their wealth on board, came to grief in the district. Three millions are scattered off a point near Tralee, or rather its equivalent in

**CASH OR CREDIT**  
 BUCKINGHAM

YOU don't have to feel squeamish about buying goods on time. Everybody does it. You're not the only one. Doctors, lawyers, clergymen, mechanics, common laborers, everybody buys that way. It is a convenient, common sense way in which to provide yourself with the necessities and some of the luxuries of life.

**We Furnish Homes on Time.**

It is the biggest and most important part of our business. We have started hundreds of young people in housekeeping, who, if it hadn't been for our easy payment plan, would still be making "goo goo eyes" at each other in a state of single cussedness.

**Our Carpets Are Admired**  
 By hosts of people every week. From early Monday till late Saturday this department is kept busy. If you are going to buy Carpets this spring you owe it to yourself to look at our assortment. It won't cost you anything. We don't expect you to buy unless you find just what you want and are ready to get it. Take your time to pay for it.

**Try Our Plan: Pay as You Can**  
 No Notes or Interest.

**"Cold Blast" Refrigerators**

Are the best because they are built along lines of strict economy. They save ice because the system of refrigeration is the most direct. They save food because they are the most perfect. Every Refrigerator or Ice Chest we sell is accompanied by our unqualified guarantee. It must give absolute satisfaction or we will either exchange it or refund the money.

**Monarch Gasoline and Oil Stoves.**

It is our purpose to carry such goods only as will give absolute satisfaction. Good goods mean pleased customers, and pleased customers mean good advertisement. In pursuance of this policy we have sold only MONARCH Gasoline and Oil Stoves for the last three years. They have three points of superiority. They're durable, safe and inexpensive. \$1.00 down and \$1.00 per week.

**Try Our Plan: Pay as You Can**  
 No Notes or Interest.



She—Now that papa has lost all his money, do you still wish to marry me? He—My darling, can't you see that I do?

was ever made. Ay! it's Jane, it is!"

Jan had been listening to the conversation, and now he drew near with a rolling step.

"Ye're just a bit free w' your tongues, mates!" he said, with a twinkling eye. "Ye seem to know more about it than I do myself. I love a' the lasses; but it's no for marryin' I am, for it's about as much as I can do to keep myself, let alone marryin'. But I will say Janet and Jane's mighty swate gells, an' that's as much as I'll say."

And so saying he sauntered off toward the "Eagle's Nest" amid a general chorus of laughter.

Meanwhile Janet and Jane sat chatting together outside a cottage on the hillside, just above the bay. They were cousins, but had been brought up as sisters, for Jane's parents died when she was a small child, and since then her uncle, old Tom Maddrell, had been like a father to her, and Janet a sister. Poor sickly Mrs. Maddrell had when both the girls were almost too young to remember her, and the rough-and-ready help of his neighbors' busy wives had been the only care Tom Maddrell's luckless charges had ever experienced. But they had grown up into fine, strapping young women, and their great love for each other had gained for them the nickname of the "twins," though Janet was really five years older than Jane.

On the particular evening of which I am writing they were "y'king, as indeen,

but it's a mighty poor husband he'd be makin'."

"Ay, Janet, maybe you're right," said Jane, thoughtfully.

One day Jane was seen hastening to Tom Maddrell's cottage.

"Well, me dears," she said, seating himself on the cobble stone wall. "It's surprised ye'll be to hear the news."

"What news then, Jan?" asked Jane.

"Augh, just a little trip I'm thinkin' o' takin'."

"Ye're aren't ye out with the boats this evenin'?" said Janet, reproachfully; "that's the best sort o' trip you can take, Jan Cregeen, instead o' gallivantin' to town as ye do spendin' a yer money."

"Janet, ye're always scoldin' me," he answered with a laugh. "If I was the worst sinner in the island it's not much craver ye have to be to hear the news."

"What news then, Jan?" asked Jane.

"Augh, just a little trip I'm thinkin' o' takin'."

"Ye're aren't ye out with the boats this evenin'?" said Janet, reproachfully; "that's the best sort o' trip you can take, Jan Cregeen, instead o' gallivantin' to town as ye do spendin' a yer money."

"Janet, ye're always scoldin' me," he answered with a laugh. "If I was the worst sinner in the island it's not much craver ye have to be to hear the news."

"What news then, Jan?" asked Jane.

"Augh, just a little trip I'm thinkin' o' takin'."

"Ye're aren't ye out with the boats this evenin'?" said Janet, reproachfully; "that's the best sort o' trip you can take, Jan Cregeen, instead o' gallivantin' to town as ye do spendin' a yer money."

"Janet, ye're always scoldin' me," he answered with a laugh. "If I was the worst sinner in the island it's not much craver ye have to be to hear the news."

"What news then, Jan?" asked Jane.

"Augh, just a little trip I'm thinkin' o' takin'."

"Ye're aren't ye out with the boats this evenin'?" said Janet, reproachfully; "that's the best sort o' trip you can take, Jan Cregeen, instead o' gallivantin' to town as ye do spendin' a yer money."

"Janet, ye're always scoldin' me," he answered with a laugh. "If I was the worst sinner in the island it's not much craver ye have to be to hear the news."

"What news then, Jan?" asked Jane.

"Augh, just a little trip I'm thinkin' o' takin'."

heads he had given her long years ago. He rose hastily and caught her in his arms, for she swooned as if she must fall.

"Jan," she whispered close to his ear, and he could not resist the temptation against his and the hot breath. "I do give ye a real good welcome this time. I was always—cold, but wasn't he cold—I don't love ye, Jan."

As she said the last words her face became as white as paper.

"Jan, Jan," cried Janet, "take her back to bed, I'll just kill her with my hands if she dies!"

He did as he was told and laid her down as she was—in her fiery-drawing the bedchamber where her wasted form had lain in helpless tenderness.

It was long before Jane could take up the broken threads of her life; longer still before Jan dared to speak to her of marriage, and when he did she laid her hand on his and looked into his eyes with an earnest, half-reproachful glance.

"Why, Jan," she said quietly, "it's odd we are to be thinkin' of marryin'. It's best we should just go on being friends—'I can't get it into my head that Janet's ever some how, an' I'm thinkin' if we got married I'd be terrible lonely she'd be leavin'." Let's stay as we are, Jan."

**UP-TO-DATE FARMING.**

**One Agriculturist Who Tills Soil Without Manual Labor.**

Persons with mild bovine aspirations will wonder and despair as they read Mr. Walter E. Andrews' account in the World's Work of "Actual Equal Independence." Mr. Russell owns eighty acres in a central state and runs to dairy products and fruit. He gives \$200 a year and a house to a hired man and wife. Four miles off by electric car passing the farm is a good market town with a creamery and canning factory.

Five m. automatic electric alarm goes off in hired man's house. Hired man gets up, goes to the barn, feeds and grooms the cows, cleans out. Boss

ages and does errands. Here is the country with city comforts, urbs in rure. The boys and girls are contented and sick to death. They would be lunatics to do otherwise.

**HOW TEXAS LOOKS TO A NEW YORKER.**

Leslie's Weekly.

The Texas of today is not the Texas of yesterday. The prosperity of Texas, her business growth, has brought the

business man in the ascendancy, and has negated the argument of the capitalist, lawyer and demagogue, and the populist. Men engaged in profitable, legitimate business pursuits have no time to waste on theories or theories. Prosperity is having a tendency to conduct

by the thinking public, and is being retarded accordingly. His counsels seem to be no longer needed, and he sits on the magazine circle seeking admittance, but being denied recognition in the counsels of men.

Individuality is at a premium in Texas, and one is not sure but that the masses are being undermined by the so-called anti-trust laws of Texas, which was a defiance thrown out to the world against the suppression of individualism by aggregation or combination in any shape, amount or principle, possibly with an excess of language and a redundancy of words, but always emphasizing the doctrine, in contrast to the individualism of the man even to the detriment, as some would think, of the state as a whole.

## HELPING HIM OUT.



Old Hoop (he detected) "For a decent, eye-witness have I searched for a scunt, out in vain."



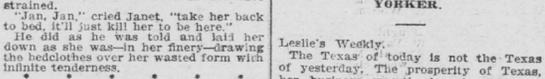
"Gracious! Had no idea you were so hard up. Here's one."



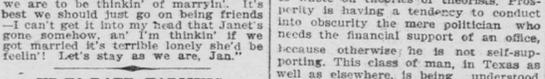
"Oh, no, thanks, old man. Pay it back some time when you're flush. No hurry."



"MRS. MURPHY GOES OUT CALLING."



"HOW TEXAS LOOKS TO A NEW YORKER."



"UP-TO-DATE FARMING."



"One Agriculturist Who Tills Soil Without Manual Labor."



"MRS. MURPHY GOES OUT CALLING."



"HOW TEXAS LOOKS TO A NEW YORKER."



"UP-TO-DATE FARMING."

## FORTUNES UNDER WATER.

SOME PLACES IN NEPTUNE'S DOMAINS WHERE TREASURE SHIPS WENT DOWN.

OVER \$400,000,000 LOST.

Ship After Ship Laden With Ingots and Cologne Has Struck on Britain's Shores and Gone to Pieces.

There is a popular belief that vast wealth is buried deep between the sand and rocks of our coasts, says The Bits. Ship after ship, laden with ingots and cologne, has struck on the British beaches and gone to pieces during the last 500 years. From time to time hundreds of pounds' worth of gold has been showered on the seashore and picked up and used; yet there still remains untold millions sterling in gold and silver under the sea.

When the Jonkheer Meester Van de Wall, a Dutch East Indianman, struck the beach of the Lizard many years ago, she went to pieces before anything could be done to save her. Some fishermen from Penberth Cove, who engaged in fishing up blocks of tin which formed part of the vessel's cargo, found a tin box lying in six fathoms of water. Being opened, it was found to contain coins to the value of £10,000. It is said that there are other boxes of gold, silver and banknotes lying among the rocks and sands where the ship sank.

In 1874 a Spanish galleon went ashore near the Lizard, having on board many thousands of pounds' worth of bar gold and money, which were being carried to London for sale. The vessel was unscathed until she struck the beach, when she broke in, and the shaft had to be abandoned. Another syndicate soon afterward dragged the bottom of the sea in the Lizard district, and the importance was found. The treasure is undoubtedly there, for coins and ingots are being constantly washed ashore on the beach.

Treasure to the value of a million and a half sterling, which went to the bottom of the sea with a Dutch galleon, lies awaiting recovery somewhere on the Chesil beach, a long, narrow tongue of shingly land near the great convict station of Portland. This Dutch treasure ship was returning from the West Indies when she struck the beach, and when coming up the channel was caught in a gale and driven into Portland Reach, where tremendous broken seas rage when there is any wind. Gradually she was carried toward Chesil beach, and it did not take her long to dissolve into matchwood. The entire freight of gold and silver went to the bottom. Occasionally the fishermen reminded of its existence by finding a silver or gold bar or two on the beach.

The Aberavenny, which was lost in a storm of Weymouth, about the year 1850, had on board several thousand pounds' worth of specie and jewels. In 1856 a syndicate was formed, and by means of a diving bell, six chests of gold, to the value of £70,000, were raised up.

Treasure of vast amount is supposed to lie under the sea in the Saru Badrig, a sunken causeway running miles out to sea from the Welsh coast. The story runs that a French treasure ship, the Bretagne, struck on this death-trap of ships, and caught by one huge wave, hurled completely over, to sink with all hands in deep water.

Another case of total loss, involving four and a half millions in gold coins, was the striking of the Infanta, a noble Spanish galleon, on the rocks of Mizen Head, near Bantry bay, in November, 1783. The nature of the coast renders investigation difficult, and not a single coin has been brought to the surface. In all probability the treasure will remain in the sea for centuries.

The Czarina, valued at \$2,000,000 in gold on board, founded in Elroy Bridge, on the Yorkshire coast, and another galleon was lost a few miles farther south, near Bridlington Quay. Thirty thousand pounds have been drawn from the sea's clutches at Bridlington Quay, and the remainder lies awaiting the person who is able to rescue it.

The Gunfleet bank, off the Essex coast, is thickly strewn with gold and silver, in coin and ingots, for the Vrouwe Polder, a Dutch vessel, emptied its cargo of half a million sterling in gold and silver there.

About a century ago a Spanish treasure-ship, carrying a freight of one million sterling, was caught in a storm near Beachy Head, and sank with all on board. The treasure lies in a deep hole over which a strong current runs, making it impossible for divers to descend.

Much treasure-troves lies off the coast of Ireland. Many Spanish galleons have shed their riches there, and several ships of the great Armada, with all their wealth on board, came to grief in the district. Three millions are scattered off a point near Tralee, or rather its equivalent in

## BEST SHOES FOR WALKERS.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"The best foot covering in the world for men who have to walk about in all sorts of places," said a professional hunter in the employ of a local market man, "is the cloth used in the German army in place of soles. A friend of mine sent me a couple of samples last fall, and I gave them a thorough trial. The result is that I'm never going to wear anything else when I'm out on a hunt. The cloth is made of medium weight woolen goods and is about the size and shape of an old-fashioned red bandana handkerchief. It is simply folded about the foot and then tied around the ankle with a piece of tape. At first blush, the hunter went on, "that would seem to be a very uncomfortable arrangement, and I felt certain that the clothes would make the thing a torment to wear, but I can only say that they do nothing of the kind."

"Of course, a great deal depends upon the way the cloth is folded, and I found, after some experimenting, that the best scheme was to place the foot in the center and then cross the sides diagonally over the top. The principal advantages of the foot-cloth over socks are these: When a hole is worn in it, all one has to do is to make a shift; then it is very easy

to wash, and if it gets wet it can be spread out and dried in a few moments at a camp fire. All these are important considerations on a hunt, when a man may be in the woods and marshes for a week or more and can't afford to be encumbered with much besides cartridges. I'm surprised that the cloth hasn't been more widely known and popular long ago. Hereafter I shall be the Jerry Simpson of the shotgun fraternity."

**GYPSY LULLABY.**

Rest, my little fledgling, close-cradled on my arm;  
 Nothing but the greenwood tree breathes to do thee harm.  
 Weary of the mossy bank, weary of the sun,  
 Droop thy tangled head and sleep, laughing, lucky one.  
 For the wind a dream will bring,  
 While the brook sings ever low,  
 And the fairy bells shall ring,  
 And the rainbow fountains flow.  
 Bylo, my baby brown, bylo.

Sleep, my brier rosebud; all the west goes gray;  
 In the fold the sheep are penned; now the shepherds play  
 On their pipes a merry tune for the lassies' feet;  
 From the starlit pasture-land fluting echoes fleet.  
 Prompt the wind a dream to bring,  
 While the brook sings ever low,  
 Now the fairy bells shall ring,  
 Now the rainbow fountains flow.  
 Bylo, my baby brown, bylo.

Slumber in my scarlet cloak, for the night comes chill.  
 Hush! Four-footed forest friends browsing pass.  
 Love for thee the stars forecast, love and gold and ease.  
 Shut thine eyes, quietest one, thou art hard to please!  
 Till the wind a dream shall bring,  
 While the brook sings ever low,  
 Till the fairy bells shall ring,  
 Till the rainbow fountains flow.  
 Bylo, my baby brown, bylo.

Sleep, to be abroad at dawn, with the bird and bee,  
 Kindred by thy birthday bond—Freedom's ecstasy  
 Nursing of the open glade, hedge-row, gay and wild.  
 Round the moon I'll follow thee; so then sleep, my child.  
 That the wind a dream may bring,  
 While the brook sings ever low,  
 And the fairy bells shall ring,  
 And the rainbow fountains flow.