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AN ISLAND PEARL

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CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

It startled me to hear her speak of my wife in a tone of love, and I noticed that Pearl was listening now with a sudden wonder in her face.

"No mother; she is not here."

"You must bring her to me; promise me, Amos."

"When she comes, I will bring her to you."

"I have something to say to her—"

and to you. I once wronged her in my thoughts, and I want to ask her forgiveness. She has behaved to me like a true loving daughter while you have been away, and has given me money regularly—though I doubt she is troubled in her mind about you. Heed what I say, my son. All the tales whispered about her were false. She is better than gold—she is as true as steel, and I misjudged her."

My breath came and went quickly, and Pearl urged me to lie down and rest.

"I will watch over your mother," she said, with a strange flush on her face.

"Who spoke?" cried my mother, striving to rise in bed. "You told me Mabel was not here."

"Neither is she, mother."

"She is. You can't deceive me, blind as I am, it was Mabel's voice I heard."

The wonder expressed in Pearl's face grew and grew.

"Nay," said I, "there is no one in the room but you, I, and a little maid I'm fond of. Speak to my mother, Pearl."

"Can I do anything for you?" asked Pearl, timidly.

"Give me your hand, my child," said my mother. Pearl obeyed. A pleasant smile came to my mother's lips. "Ah, my son, this is one of your old tricks, to tease and please me. As if I could be mistaken in Mabel's voice! Mabel, my child—her voice grew more solemn here—'I have wronged you. Say that you forgive me.'"

I saw that my dear old mother was wandering in her mind, and I whispered to Pearl to humor her.

"If you think I have anything to forgive," said Pearl, in a low, trembling voice, and with difficulty restraining her tears, "I forgive you."

"The Lord bless you and my son!" murmured my mother; and then appeared to sink to sleep.

I crept softly to the room below, with hope and remorse newly born in my heart. Pearl followed me a moment afterward. She gazed at me timidly, wistfully.

"May I ask you a question?" she said.

"Yes, my child."

"Who is Mabel, and why is my voice like hers?"

"Mabel is my wife, dear child."

"It was my poor mother's name," said Pearl, her tears flowing. "She was a sailor's wife, and my father was drowned. That is why I hate the sea. Hush! I heard a cry outside! It is a woman's voice!"

She was hastening to the door, when I gently prevented her, and bid her go to my mother.

"And if you love me, dear child," I said, as I tenderly embraced her, "do not come down until I summon you. Nay, ask no more questions now. I will explain all to you before long."

After but a moment's hesitation she went slowly upstairs. Then I myself threw open the street-door.

I also heard the cry; and the instinct of affection, or remorse, led me to suspect from whose overcharged bosom it had proceeded.

My instinct guided me aright. Outside by the window a woman crouched, hiding her face from me.

"Mabel," I said.

At the sound of my voice the woman crouched lower and lower, with sobs that might have come from a broken heart.

"Mabel," I said again, "you need not fear me now. My passion is spent."

An unexpected note of tenderness in my voice gave her courage to raise her head—to rise from the ground, and face me.

"Forgive me; oh, forgive me!" she said, holding out her arms imploringly. "But I should have died had I stopped away. You spoke of a child—Pearl—whom you saved from the wreck, and who is here with you! If you were not mocking me, if you have a spark of mercy in your breast, let me see her! Oh, my heart, my heart!"

"Hush! you will alarm her! I have heard strange things to-night, and we must speak plainly to each other, without reservation and without suspicion. Come inside."

I drew her into the room, and once more—oh, thank God! once more!—a single roof covered all I had loved in the world.

I bid her sit down by the fire, and to speak in a low tone.

"My mother is dead, and perhaps at

the point of death. The child I spoke of is with her. Mabel, this is the most solemn moment of our lives. If I have wronged you—and I pray to God that I have!—I will do my best to make atonement. Tell me your story, and as you believe there is a God in heaven, speak the truth!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.



OU whose hearts are more tender, whose wisdom is greater than mine, will have divined much which, until this night, was hidden from me. Briefly let me set down the substance of my wife's sad words.

When I left home after our marriage, she had gone into the country to her mother, who kept her there for months. She did not write, knowing that my mother could not read. When they returned to Brixton, Mr. Druce was the first to meet them, and he filled her ears with the slanders that were in circulation about me. She did not believe them; her mother did.

"If you are not civil to Mr. Druce," said her mother, "I shall have to go into the work house." She knew that her mother owed money to Mr. Druce, and, fearing him, she did not quarrel with him on the first night. But she determined to go to my mother in the early morning, and consult her as to what ought to be done to vindicate my good name. She went; my mother had disappeared. Day after day, week after week passed, and still no news of my mother until it was reported and believed that she was dead. About that time Mabel became a mother, and the child that was born was a girl. She named it Pearl. Then came the news of the wreck of the Blue Jacket, and the loss of every soul on board. She received no letters from me. If any were sent, they were intercepted. Mr. Druce pressed his suit upon her, but she would have nothing to say to him. Still, loathing him, her mother compelled her to be civil to him, and one day proposed that they should emigrate. She joyfully consented, to escape Mr. Druce. They had been at sea two days before he appeared. He had taken his passage on the same vessel and Mabel suspected that it was a planned thing between him and her mother. She then determined to have nothing to say to him, and she disregarded all his attentions and solicitations. When they landed in Australia, her mother insisted on taking another name, saying that she had ill-luck enough with the one they bore, and that a change might bring them better fortune. Thus it was that Pearl did not know the name of Beecroft.

For years Mr. Druce did not relinquish his pursuit of her; but after one last and unsuccessful appeal he left her and she never saw his face again. Then her mother died, and she was left alone with her child. She led a hard life, and when Pearl was ten years of age she determined to come home to the old place. She had saved money enough to pay for her passage, and she took it in the Rising Sun. She had no idea that Mr. Druce was a passenger in the ship. When they left England he was with her by design; but now it was chance—or fate, as I mentally said at this portion of her story. She was too ill to come on deck until the night of the wreck, and then a humane passenger conceived the idea of saving the two children, Pearl and Bob, by lashing them to one spar. While he made Pearl secure, Mabel held Bob, his own mother having been washed overboard during the night; and when the vessel suddenly sunk, Mabel had Bob in her arms. Rising from the water, she recognized me; then the child was snatched from her, and she remembered no more, until she found herself on a rock with two men. Two quarter-boats had been launched from the ship; each supposed the other to be lost—but both were saved. Mabel and her companions were taken from the rock into the boat, and after pulling for two days in a contrary direction from the course we had taken, a homeward-bound vessel sighted them, and the passengers were taken aboard. Arriving home in safety, Mabel found, to her astonishment, that my mother was alive, but blind and in poverty. Mabel told her story, and received an account of my last interview with my mother. From her woman's instinct my mother knew that Mabel spoke the truth, and the two became friends again.

What remains to be said? That Mabel gained hard and miserable subsistence by her needle, and out of her scanty earnings had never allowed a week to pass without assisting the mother of the man whom she had lov-

ed devotedly and faithfully, through good and evil report.

It was enough. Long before the end of the story was reached, doubt had flown from my soul; and when the last words were spoken, I knelt before the good and pure woman, and humbly begged forgiveness for my crime—for it was no less. Need I say how my appeal was met? It is women such as the one I had the happiness to call my wife who purify the world.

"Come, my wife, and see your child."

Softly we stole into the bedroom. My mother and our child were asleep. In an agony of joy, Mabel pressed her lips to Pearl's face, to her neck, to her hands, to her dress; but with such divine tenderness and gentleness as not to awaken our darling. My heart went up to God the beneficent!

Suddenly my mother stirred in her bed.

"Amos!" she cried. Then,

"Mabel!"

We went to her side.

"You are together, my children?"

"Yes, dear mother."

"Thank God! Amos, put your arms round me. Listen! I hear your father calling. 'Ye, leave, ho!' Dear ones, good-bye for a little while!"

To-morrow is Christmas day, and I am alone, writing the concluding words. Tom Wren is coming to spend Christmas with us.

Last night my wife and child and I were sitting together in our little parlor. Holly and mistletoe were already on the walls, garlanding two pictures which I have had drawn, one of my old mother, the other of Beecroft, Marine. The fire was burning brightly, and peace was in our hearts. The only heaven the earth contains was shining upon us and within us, though we saw no glimpse of the sky. We were at home, and it was a Home of Love.

"Mother," said Pearl, "what is the first letter in the alphabet?"

"O, my darling, of course."

"And the next?"

"N."

"And the two next?"

"C and E."

"Once upon a time," said Pearl, clapping her hands. "Now, mother, I am going to read you and father a very, very pretty story."

"Do, dear child. What is it?"

Pearl produced the torn text-book of her island school.

"It is called," she said, with the most delicious little laugh in the world, "Cinderella; or, The Glass Slipper."

She read the story from beginning to end, and we listened in delight.

"Mother," then said our child, "if three pumpkins were to suddenly pop on to the table—"

"Mind, my darling! They might! Strange things happen."

"Well, if they did, and you had a fairy wand, and wanted to make a present to everybody—everybody mother—this Christmas, what would you change them into?"

My wife nestled closer to me.

"Well, mother, what should the first pumpkin be?"

"Faith, my darling."

"And the second?"

"Love."

"And the third?"

"Charity."

A blessed Trinity, indeed!

THE END.

HER SUCCESSFUL SCHEME.

How an Ingenious Aunt Saved Her Nephew from Drunkenness.

It was a striking couple that entered a carriage last Wednesday in front of the Hotel Savoy. Both were tall, of fine figure and easy grace, says the New York Herald. The man looked on the sunny side of 50; the woman, some years younger, was of the Juno type. Their eyes and complexions had a dash of the Spanish, while their talk and manners were French.

"Curious history that man has had," remarked a hotel lounge. "He comes of a rich creole family in the Pontchartrain district of Louisiana. They were immensely wealthy before the war and managed to hold on to most of their estates. His wife, also a creole, was educated with the most expensive polish abroad. Though married now for many years, they're lovers yet. He was a wild young blade, drinking, dueling and gambling. His family tried all means to curb him, but he broke every bit."

"One night he was taken home paralyzed with champagne. His old maiden aunt had an inspiration. She hurried off a trusted negro to New Orleans for a burial casket—silver handles, satin lining. Flowers were picked from the garden and she arranged candles and crucifix. When the casket arrived the paralyzed youth was placed carefully in it, while the dear old schemer stayed up with 'the remains.' It was some time before he recovered enough consciousness to grasp the funeral outfit, but the old lady's artifice did the business. It was the eye-opener he needed. That was his last delirium."

The Supreme Court of North Carolina has decided that photographs are competent evidence in trials for homicide and railway collisions.

HAWAII'S RESOURCES.

FACTS ABOUT THE FAR-AWAY REPUBLIC.

The Strategic Key to the Pacific—Its Trade with the United States—Seventy-Six Per Cent of Its Imports—Unable to Continue as a Republic.



DAY by day the Hawaiian question grows in importance. It is dawn-ing on the general mind that it is no longer a matter to be juggled with, but must be finally decided before many months. Hawaii is at a stage where something must be done. Advice received by the state department, not generally known, are to the effect that the present republic is tottering—not because the people of the islands do not want a republican form of government, but because it is realized that they are at the mercy of the first big power that takes a notion to gather them in, writes a Washington correspondent.

Japan stands like the wolf at the door. The telegraph has told how but for the demonstration of marines from the two United States vessels now at Honolulu the Japanese would have seized the custom house. It is only because the "Yankees of the east," as they are called, are afraid of the United States that Japan has not long ago taken possession of the Hawaiian islands with or without the consent of the so-called Dole government. Japan blusters and says she will have what she terms her rights, but it can be set down as a fact that just as long as it is likely that the Hawaiian islands will be annexed to the United States, just so long will Japan keep on her side of the fence. She may be spunky, but she is not looking for trouble with Uncle Sam.

Few persons in the United States, even newspaper readers, fully realize the conditions which surround Hawaii, or are familiar with the facts that render the islands so important a factor in commerce. How many know that Hawaii last year took all but 23.73 of her imports from the United States? If, as is so often stated, it is trade and commerce which shape our international policy, it would seem a reasonable prediction that the business element of the country is likely to favor the annexation of the islands.

There are, however, as is well known, two sides to every story. The opposition to annexation claims that our famous Monroe doctrine did not contemplate anything in the way of going outside the continent to obtain additional territory. When the land included in Alaska was purchased of the Russian government it was alleged we were stretching a constitutional point. It is rightfully claimed by the anti-annexation element that the constitution says that the president of the United States shall never go beyond the limits

of our possessions. If we annex Hawaii, they say, there will be a portion of the United States which the very constitution will prevent the president from visiting. He could not visit Hawaii without going beyond the three mile ocean limit, and, therefore, San Francisco would be as near as ever he could get to the Hawaiian islands.

Whatever may be argued, pro and con, however, there are a few facts which all of us must consider in order to form an intelligent opinion. For example, American shipping has earned during the existence of the present reciprocity treaty for freights carried to and from Hawaii \$14,182,500. In what is termed the inter-island trade it has earned the further sum of \$1,512,-

islands and the sugar made therefrom, since the execution of the reciprocity treaty, amounting to \$20,861,539.

If the intelligent observer will take the time to consider what this really means to the Sugar trust he will see a point of tremendous importance to the matter of the annexation of Hawaii which the majority of persons are inclined to overlook. What would be the effect upon the internal revenue and what would be the effect upon the receipts from the taxation of sugar if Hawaii became a part of the United States? This is a very excellent problem for the student of finance to consider. There is much more in it than appears at first glance. No accurate figures are obtainable as



KAMEHAMEHA I, THE NAPOLEON OF HAWAII.

102. American commission merchants have received as commission on the sale of the produce of the islands \$4,-464,253. American shippers have built vessels for the Hawaiian foreign and inter-island trade, the profit on which has amounted to \$466,917. The total number of premiums collected by American insurance companies on policies for life, property and freights amounts to \$2,847,136. Americans have made profits from sugar cane raised in the

to the actual profits made by American merchants on goods to Brazil. Estimating that profit at 10 per cent, it would foot up \$8,517,444. The reciprocity treaty under which this pleasing state of affairs has come into existence is, of course, very favorable to the United States. It is the only way of dodging what the diplomats call the "most favored nation" clause, a clause in international agreements which is intended to prevent a country favoring commercially one treaty nation more than another. The chances are that if the United States did not annex Hawaii some other nation would step in and be protector. Naturally in such an event our reciprocity treaty would be abrogated, and away would go our profits. It is likely we would find some way to make up our loss, but the facts stated are those which must be faced.

The figures given regarding profit to United States residents under the treaty are those shown by the custom house records. There are, however, other profits accruing to similar sources, which, by reason of certain treaty provisions, do not appear in the records of the custom house at all. The total sum of these profits is \$52,251,556. Since the execution of the treaty property—sugar interests—to the value of \$37,-108,211 have been purchased in Hawaii by Americans. The present value of American shipping built for and engaged in the Hawaiian trade is \$3,795,-142. The total value of property owned by Americans in Hawaii, exclusive of sugar and ships, is \$42,731,544.

The Hawaiian trade is the direct creation of the reciprocity treaty. It has become enormous in proportions, exceeding in value anything of the kind to be found in any other part of the world, amounting to \$150 per annum for every inhabitant of the islands.

If the United States should annex Hawaii she would be compelled to assume an indebtedness of \$4,000,000. This would be all, as there are no county or city debts to take into consideration. Whether we ought or not to take in Hawaii, it seems very likely that we will. The preponderance of congressional sentiment favors it.

Proving Their Title.

"Who are your leading citizens here?" asked the man who was soliciting for country histories. "Which?" asked the farmer. "Your men of standing." "Oh, there's Bill Bright, Abner Bruntwistle, and—and, oh, a lot more of 'em. They don't do nothin' but stand around the depot all day." —Indianapolis Journal.



AN HAWAIIAN INTERIOR.