PARIS TO NEW YORK

HARRY DE WINDT IS GOING TO DO IT BY LAND.

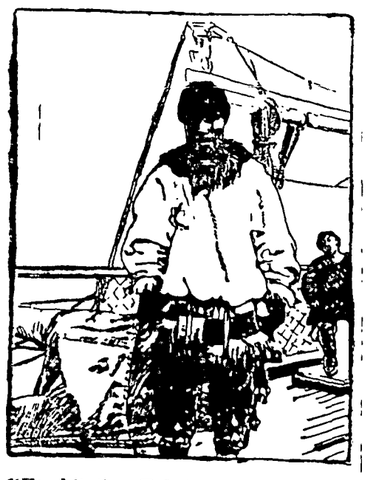
A Perilous Journey in Store for Him Has Traveled Nearly a Million Miles on Land —Some Strange People He Has Met in His Journeyings.

Harry de Windt is a young man yet, but he has seen about as much of travel and adventure in eerie places as he cares for, and so he is getting ready to close his wanderings with a little final outing, and after that he says he is going to quit. Of course he might run over to Vladivostock or Pretoria or Honolulu now and then; but nothing worth mentioning, you understand.

This final outing will be nothing more serious than to go from Paris to New York to look up a little matter of bridge building. The peculiar feature of it is that he is arranging to go by land—all but some twenty miles—and that his bridge interests are up Bering Straits way.

Million Miles Overland.

De Windt ought to know whereof he speaks, for it is rather probable that no man living has seen as many of those portions of the globe that the Cooks' tourist wots not of as this trim young clubman. Before he was seventeen he was serving as aid-de-camp to his brother-in-law, Rajah Brooke, of Sarawak, in Borneo. Ten or twelve years ago he traveled from Pekin to Paris overland, chiefly by horse, camel and mule. Two years later he rode in the same fashion from Russia to India by way of Persia He spent a good deal of time



"Koarl," the Tchuktch Chief Who Made Mr De Windt Prisoner for Forty-one Days.

after that roaming around in remote corners of Siberia, inspecting the Russian political prisons and disputing with George Kennan about the way they were conducted. In 1895 he set out to travel from New York to Paris overland for the Pall Mall Gazette, and nearly brought the story of his strange adventures to a premature close After that we heard of him up in the Klondike, and he went from there on to Bering Straits and got fairly well acquainted with the route by which he will return from the journey.

This trip will finish for him nearly a million miles of overland traveling. His record stands at 950,000 now. He has been at it almost steadily for fifteen years.

Dream of a Great Syndicate.

"I tell you candidly," he said, "that although I am commissioned by a syndicate of great financiers in Paris to look up the possibilities of connecting Asia and North America by rail over Bering Strait, I don't believe the thing can be done. Yet you would at once recognize the names of some of the members of this syndicate if I could give them, and they are impressed so seriously with the idea that they are sending an engineer with me. So, in spite of my incredulity, you may yet travel from New York to Paris by rail.

We may find that Mackenzie river is to be the river of the future. There is the same gold seam at the mouth of the Mackenzie that there is at Cape Nome. With open water all the way from Winnipeg, the facilities of communication are much better than they are on the Yukon. At Herschel Island there is already a big trade in furs, and if regular communication were established with Sredne Kolimsk there is no telling what might not happen up in that region. "So, while I don't promise to provide you with a through train from New York to Paris, I am confident that my trip may lead to some important results

His Route.

The explorer goes by rail to Irkutsk by way of the Siberian Railroad from Moscow, thence 13,000 miles to Yakutsk, where he fits out and waits till the sleighing season, for north from Yakutsk stretches away the Tundra, as dismal a swamp as ever found its place on the map, and wholly impassable in summer. But when the winter comes you can whisk over it in a dog sleigh. It is a rather long whisk, though, from Yakutsk some thousand miles to Sredne Kolmsk, the last town on the north coast of Siberia. There the explorer fits out again and then works along the forlorn Siberian coast to East Cape, the furthermost tip of Asia only a pin point, as the maps go, from Alaska, and in winter separated by only six miles of open water and not more than thirty fathoms deep at that, with two islands at the half way point.

"It will take us three or four months to get from Yakutsk to East Cape," said De Windt, "and we may have to wait at East Cape some time to get a whaler to take us around to the mouth of the Mackenzie river, 500 miles away. But there will be no trouble about it, for those whalers are good fellows, as I have reason to know. They saved my life up there once—Americans they were, too—and you will never get me to say a bad word about Americans.

a lot more people who also insisted on eating. There is a good supply station at the mouth of the Mackenzie, and we can prepare there for thorough study of the coast around Behring Strait, to which we shall return as soon as we are fitted out.

Railroad Along a Belt of Gold.

By the time we have finished in that district we ought to know pretty definitely about the possibilities of that all-rail route from Paris to New York. Bridging the Behring Straits would not be a serious obstacle, compared with the difficulties presented by the Tundra. But you never can tell what can be done with piles, especially if expenses are cut down by convict labor."

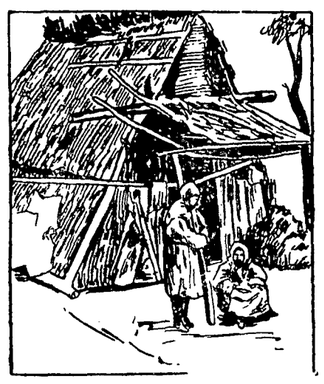
Although De Windt refuses to commit himself to the railroad idea, the French capitalists have taken it seriously enough to spend a good bit of money in planning it out.

De Windt expects to be gone eighteen months or two years, leaving the mouth of the Mackenzie for home next summer and getting most of the way back to Winnipeg by sleigh. And he fully expects to get back home. "Danger!" he exclaimed. "I don't see what particular danger there is, and if I did I wouldn't go; I'm a married man. I shall start out without any other luggage than the clothes I stand in, some medicines and a rifle, and I shall not require much additional luggage until we get to Yakutsk. It may be rather a grim journey from Yakutsk to East Cape, but I don't see that there is much to be afraid of. I have from the Russian government an imperial podetojna, which gives to me the right of the road and empowers me, if I wish, to take the horses out of the shafts of any vehicle I might overtake on the road and drive on with them myself. Our little procession from Yakutsk will consist mostly of twelve dog sleds loaded with provisions."

De Windt will be accompanied by his servant, George Harding, who has traveled with him for fifteen years in all of his expeditions. Harding was with him when he so narrowly escaped death in his previous attempt to go from New York to Paris overland. He had hoped to get across Behring Straits on the ice, but the current in the middle was too swift, and the United States revenue cutter Bear took him and Harding across and landed them 120 miles south of East Cape, in what turned out to be as choice a tribe of villains as could be picked out from among the human races. They were a slimy lot, numbering 2,000, and after stealing all that De Windt and his servant had, they evidently figured out that it would be cheaper to let their guests die than to keep them from August till November, when it would be possible to get away over the swamps in dog sleds. They were too cowardly to attack their guests outright, so they gave them some skins for clothing and let them have a little seal and walrus meat to eat.

Now, a steady diet of seal and walrus meat has its disadvantages, especially if your hosts have no way of cooking it. You get a skinful of diseases and death soon has no terrors.

"We spent forty-one days among these people," said De Windt, "most of the time helpless on our backs and waiting for the slow-coming death. They treated us with great cruelty, and were the lowest and nastiest people I have ever seen Although exactly resembling the people a few miles away on the other side of Behring Strait, they were as different as possibe in language and manners. I found several Turkish words in their language, but couldn't guess how they got there. Their chief was a comparatively young man named Koari, who apparently reached his position by virtue of owning more skins and having heavier fists than his fellows. He was a choice rascal, and I'll send you a



good photograph that I took of him on board the revenue cutter Bear. He treated us pretty well for the first few days for fear the Bear might come back."

Just as the Tchuktchis were about to achieve the end of their hospitable efforts in the death of their guests the American whaler Belvidere, Captain Joe Whiteside, of New Bedford, came along and rescued the two unhappy men, who, after a long struggle with disease, finally managed to pull through with no permanent disablement except the loss of their teeth, most of which had rotted away or fallen out.

A Life Full of Adventure.

The explorer had a somewhat similar experience in Servia in 1876, when he and a friend were captured by brigands, robbed of all they had and left to get back to civilization the best way they could.

It was a passion for getting to places overland that moved De Windt to ride from St. Petersburg through Persia and Beluchistan into India. He had a jolly visit to the Kahn of Khelat, and was admitted into terms of such intimacy that the Khan's Prime Minister even condescended to steal his revolver. It was some comfort for De Windt to know that a few weeks afterward the Prime Minister and his royal master had a little difference of opinion, which resulted in the Prim. Minister's head being cut off.

THE HEART OF THE TREE

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants a friend of sun and sky;
He plants the flag of breezes free;
The shaft of beauty towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh
For song and mother-croon of bird
In hushed and happy twilight heard—
The treble of heaven's harmony—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and bush again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage;
The harvest of the coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaves and wood,
In love of home and loyalty,
And far-cast thought of civil good—
His blessing on the neighborhood
Who in the hollow of his hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.
—The Century.

A Matter of Comparison.

The manager of the theatre attached to the Casino at Rochersles-Bains was well satisfied with himself and his affairs.

His present programme was a success, and the theatre was well-filled nightly. The special feature was an idea of his own, and it had "caught on" at once. It was called "The Dream of a Salad," and the dresses were especially designed to represent the component parts of a very comprehensive salad.

"Queen Lettuce" was a trifle too plump, and her accent was detestable even for a variety artist. But she stepped higher than any of the others, so her accent did not matter.

Some one knocked at the door. He gave permission, and, at the first glance, his customary "Well, my dear, what is it this time?" was strangled in utterance.

The woman was young, very dainty looking, with the unmistakable cachet of the Maison Doucet or Worth stamped upon her attire.

"Please excuse me, monsieur, for calling without an appointment. I will explain my visit." The voice was clear and the intonation refined. It, quite as much as her appearance, proclaimed the owner to be as far removed from the members of the manager's company as the Rue de la Paix at 6 P. M. from the Quartier Latin at midnight.

"I am listening, madame."

"It is my wish to play in your theatre to-night."

The manager waved his hands and shrugged his shoulders.

"Let me finish, please. It is absolutely necessary that I play to-night——"

"But it is imposs——"

"The part of Queen Lettuce in 'The Dream of a Salad, as played by Mademoiselle—what is her name? Louise Coudert, I believe?"

"Yes; but really, madame——"

"If you will do me this favor, you will have something besides thanks. I will pay one thousand francs just to play that part to-night."

She drew a note from her purse with the slenderest of fingers, covered with pearl-gray suede, andplaced it at the manager's elbow.

"There will not, I think, be any difficulty about that," said the lady, significantly glancing at the note; 'although it is necessary that she should not know until an hour beforehand; and, if you will accompany me on that piano, I will go through the lines. Queen Lettuce follows the radish, I think."

She unfastened her long, light cloak of shimmering gray, lined with silk of a pale-rose shade, and revealed such an enchanting vision that the hardened manager was completely bewildered.

The lady was dressed as Queen Lettuce, with the difference that her costume was of real silk and lace and the finest gossamer, instead of the coarser materials used by the costumier to the theatre.

"Play the opening bars, please, and I will take my entrance from the door."

The manager went to the piano and struck some chords. The visitor fluttered gracefully into the centre of the room, curtseyed to an imaginary audience, and began the first verse of Queen Lettuce's song in a voice which though not powerful, was deliciously sweet and well trained.

"There," she smiled brightly after the first verse, "I need not finish now; but I know it by heart, I assure you."

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The musicians were beginning the overture to the second act.

"Has it begun yet?" a gentleman asked, handing his overcoat to an attendant.

"Not yet, monsieur," said the girl, with a smile and a nod of recognition. "I have kept monsieur's seat."

M. le Comte d'Allier was a handsome man of about two and thirty. In his well-cut and easily fitting evening dress, and with his broad shoulders, he was conspicuous among the other short, stout Frenchmen.

From the opening night of the Grand Theatre the Comte had occupied the same fauteuil, always, when alone, appearing in time for the second act. And the other habitues smiled at his constancy, and observed to each other that Louise Coudert was extremely lucky to have such a distinguished admirer. Inclined to be stout, this young woman had the usual appearance and manner of the cafe-chantant artists. Her bold black eyes singled out the Comte immediately, and she gave him a dazzling smile.

The orchestra started a fresh motif, and a dance was performed which proved highly satisfactory to the audience.

At its conclusion a very stout lady, clad in scarlet tights and a scarlet, sleeveless bodice, came forward and announced natively and with an undulating movement of the hips——

"I am the lobster, juicy and fresh."

"And I the crisp little cress," chirped a second. "And I the mayonnaise," sang a third. "And I the luscious beetroot," declared a substantial fourth "And I the garlic," "and I the chicory," "and I the radish," and so on until the whole gamut was reached. At this point a radiant apparition appeared, approached the root lights, and, with a smile and a most graceful curtesy, broke into the song of Queen Lettuce.

The count looked stupefied.

There was not the slightest doubt in Queen Lettuce he recognized his wife! And standing there, in the blaze of the footlights, with her lovely hair and sparkling eyes, her charming costume, her exquisitely proportioned and rounded limbs, he appeared so pretty, so fascinating, so mischievous, that involuntary applause rang out from every part of the theatre, and it was some moments before she could commence her song.

This passed off with a success which was phenomenal, and the Comte found himself making comparisons between his wife and Mlle. Coudert, which were certainly not in favor of the latter.

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On coming out of the theatre the lady was confronted by her husband. He was looking very grave and cold, and she burst out laughing.

"Oh, there you are!'

"So you have decided to go on the variety stage?" he said quietly.

"Oh, no! I have merely tried an experiment. When a husband deceives his wife there are two courses before her—either to sit down and cry, which is silly; or to laugh, as I have done, in any case she ought to compare her self with her rival,"

'And your experience?"

"Has taught me that I have the advantage. Has Mlle. Coudert ever gained such a success as I have gained to-night? You know she never has."

"And what is your decision, then?"

"This. Had you given me a rival who was my superior I should not have excused your fault, but it might have been compromised. As it is, I have eclipsed Mlle. Coudert. You have humiliated me and I shall obtain a divorce. Good bye!"

"The brogham is waiting'. Will you let me take you to the hotel?" he said.

"Oh, very well!" she answered, indifferently, and, disdaining his arm, got into the carriage, squeezing herself up in a corner, where she remained silent and motionless.

His principal feeling was a desire to strangle Mlle. Coudert—to blot her out from his memory. His eyes rested always on that delicious little figure in the corner, dressed so perfectly, so becomingly, and in his ears rang still the delighted applause of the theatre given to Queen Lettuce. Heavens! What admiration she had received!

And there she was, close to him, the delicious perfume of white lilies, which she always used, delighting his senses.

He moved nearer, but she appeared to be asleep.

He coughed slightly. She did not stir.

He took her hand, and, as it was not withdrawn, put his arm round her waist. Then she awoke.

"Stupid! You are making a mistake."

"I am making no mistake.'

She took away her hand, pushed his arm from her waist, and drew her cloak around her as though to mark a boundary between them.

But he got possession of her hand again and the next minute his face was touching hers.

"No, no! Let me alone! It is ended! I do not care for you now!'

But he persisted gently though decisively, and she cried petulantly: "How silly you are! You worry me! Oh, Raoul, my hat! Take care! Don't you see it is impossible to kiss me? My veil"—

And whilst she was speaking she was laughing inwardly at the success of her experiment.

After all, it was easy enough. Simply to make a comparison. And she had triumphed—completely. Her resistance gave her an added charm, and as she looked into her husband's eyes, brilliant with love and admiration, she laughed aloud.

After all it had only entailed a little trouble.

"You must understand," she said, as the carriage stopped at their hotel, "that to-night's entertainment has cost me a thousand francs. Do not put me to this expense every day, for my dot would not hold out!'

But she was not obliged to repeat her experiment.

There is one significant fact which bears on the question of a college education for girls. It is that all the American women who have won distinction in original work of any kind, received the old-fashioned training. College-bred women, so far, have been successful only as teachers. Is this because the woman in one case was suffered to develop naturally like a growing tree, and in the other was moulded artistically the same as is one brick in a heap of bricks? I cannot answer this question.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The oldest known law report has recently been discovered by Prof. Sayce in the Tigris and Euphrates valley. The tablet tells of a suit by a widow to recover her husband's property, which was tried in Babylon before six judges in the ninth year of Nabonidus, and decided in favor of the plaintiff.