

THE OTHER ONE

"My dear Gustav, there is only one possible course—"

"Well, what is it?" (Impatiently.)

"You must either marry her or forget her."

But he would not, or could not, follow this advice, and grew worse weekly.

One day as I was beginning my dissertation he sprang to his feet in great excitement, and snarled: "I know what I am about!" and made for the door.

I restrained him, and when he had become calmer he explained that he had an appointment and must go. So he went without my advice, and left me much hurt. Such is gratitude!

A few days afterward I saw him in the street—or rather, I saw a young lady who was so exceedingly pretty that I had no eyes for the gentleman by her side. It was not until I had passed and turned to get another glimpse of the lady that I recognized Gustav, and then only because he turned and waved his hand. I had never seen him look so happy. No wonder! This girl with the smile of a child and the eyes of a woman had bewitched me with a glance. Whether he could marry her or not I had no means of knowing, but that he could not forget her became suddenly clear as day. A few days after this I met him again. It was a fine warm summer evening, after a shower, one of those rare, delightful evenings when life seems light as air, when everybody one meets is smiling and apparently strolling for pleasure. But Gustav had on his tragic mask, and looked wretched and troubled. He greeted me with a melancholy nod, and said: "Come with me." We walked along in silence. From time to time I turned to look into his rueful countenance, and at last I said very decidedly, "Gustav, you are a fool!"

Instead of showing resentment, he merely said, sadly, "What do you know about it?"

"I know this," I replied. "When a man has so charming a sweetheart as you have, and yet goes about with such a face as yours, he is a fool—there is no other word for it."

"Why, do you know Kitty?" he exclaimed.

"I saw her walking with you the other day. She was so lovely that I didn't see you at all. Don't you remember?"

"But that was not Kitty?" he said.

"What? Not Kitty? Then who on earth was it?"

He hesitated, then smiled and replied: "The Other One."

"The Other One?" I echoed.

"That is my name for her," said Gustav. "She was christened Emma."

By this time we had reached the Volksgarten and turned in. As we walked along the crowded path my friend pulled out his watch.

"Quarter past 7," he said. "I have an appointment with her at 7, but let us sit down and have a chat. She can wait."

"You are speaking of the Other One, I suppose," said I, seating myself beside him.

"Obviously. It is one of the most admirable characteristics of the Other One that she can wait. At this moment I am quite sure that she is sitting on the veranda of the restaurant at the other end of the garden, patiently awaiting my coming. As we walk on you will see that I am right. You will find her sitting at one end of the little green tables, as near the entrance as possible, in order to catch the first glimpse of my approach, with a plate of ice cream, melted and untasted, before her, and looking back over her shoulder in the direction of the Bellaria, whence I shall presently be seen coming, with a slow step and weary, listless air, as a man goes to a function where he is sure of being bored."

"You impudent puppy!" I exclaimed.

"If she bores you, why do you seek her society?"

"For the sake of equilibrium," he answered calmly. "She is an excellent counterpoise. The Other One is a compensation for the One. If I did not have Emma, how could I endure the intense bliss in Kitty's love?"

"Hold on a bit!" I cried, irritably. "I can't keep all this straight. The One, the Other One, Kitty, Emma—they are too many for me. This girl who is waiting over there, is she the girl you can neither marry nor forget?"

"Most self-evidently not! If she were, do you suppose I would keep her waiting in order to listen to your nonsense? Let me explain; the case is more typical than you imagine. The girl you can neither marry nor forget is the One. You never think about either marrying or forgetting the Other One. She is the counterpoise of the One in many ways. In the first place—in my case—she is actually only twenty, and she looks, while the One, between you and me, is much nearer thirty. They are both pretty, but if I were not in love with the One I should think the Other One the prettier. The Other One is an angel of goodness. She has only one fault, but that is an unpardonable one—she loves me! The One, if she is an angel at all is a very despot one; she has many faults, and yet—I love her! The Other One you see, gives us everything and thanks us for accepting it. The One demands everything and expects us to be grateful for the privilege of giving it. She drives us to despair with her caprices and then the Other One consoles us without asking why we need consolation. Once, indeed, she said sadly: 'You love another. It is not impossible!' I replied faintly. She forced back her tears and never mentioned the sub-

ject again. I would not advise you to give such an answer to the One. With her there is no jesting. She has the power and she knows it. She insults you and calmly waits for you to come and beg her pardon.

"With the Other One you may do as you will, you cannot shake her off; but the One does with you as she pleases, you cannot leave her. She has poisoned my youth but I cannot give her up."

"Yesterday I met her for the first time after a serious quarrel—"

And the shameless wretch went on talking about the One, while the Other One was waiting for him.

I cut him short and he walked on. Presently he plucked my arm and whispered: "Kitty!"

I looked up and saw dimly in the twilight a lady past the first flush of youth, dressed expensively and, in poor taste, looking sharply at my friend. In an instant he was at her side kissing her hand and that of her mamma, who did not appear particularly pleased. In a few seconds he returned and said in a voice that betrayed a thumping heart: "You must go to Emma and make my excuses. Say—anything you choose."

He darted back to the ladies and walked off with them, laden with Kitty's jacket and a little parcel of her mamma's.

I found the Other One exactly as he had described. The little green table, the melted ice, the sad eyes on the Bellaria—not a detail was lacking. I felt deep compassion for the poor, young beauty, sitting alone among the merry throng on an evening made for love, and dreaming of one who thought not of her.

A handsome young fellow passed close by her table and ogled her, but she did not seem to see him. Then she thought came to me. What an opportunity for me to become the Other One to the Other One! But I knew the attempt would have failed; besides, I was Gustav's friend.

As such I introduced myself, and as I told a tale of relatives arrived unexpectedly I saw her eye glaze with tears.

She thanked me weakly and I hurried away—none too soon for the first drop hung on her long lashes, ready to fall.

As I said at the beginning, I thought her a little fool, but still I was very sorry for her.

A week later I met her returning with Gustav from an excursion. She had her hat in her hand and beath roses in her brown hair, and was radiant with the joy of a whole afternoon spent with her lover.

"I couldn't help it," Gustav explained to me afterward. "To please her I took her up the Kahlenberg, but I was thinking of Kitty all the time."

I met them together occasionally after that. She did not always look so happy as on that day but whether merry or sad, it was plain to see that she took her mood from him who was her all and to whom she was nothing. And when he frowned she looked up to him with loyal, submissive woman's eyes that seemed to say: "You may beat me if you wish."

Suddenly Gustav vanished from his usual haunts. He had begun to study for Kitty's sake and was working hard for his degree. About this time I happened to meet Emma alone, and looking like an angel in a decline.

"How is our friend, Gustav?" I asked.

"I don't know," she replied. "I see him very little now."

Not long after this I received a note from Gustav, in Palermo, asking me to send Kitty on her birthday, some flowers in his name. In a postscript he added that the Italian journey was a desperate attempt to forget her.

A long time elapsed before I saw Gustav again. Once I met Fraulein Kitty in the Prater. Two years had passed since our first meeting in the Volksgarten and they had not made her younger or more beautiful.

This time she was accompanied, not by her mamma, but by a gentleman with whom she was conversing familiarly.

This was very sad but, after all, it was no business of mine and I resolved to trouble myself no further about Gustav's love affairs. But the next day I received a letter from Berlin in which he announced his irrevocable determination to shoot himself, for the love of Kitty. Of Emma, not a word. A month later I heard that he had returned to Vienna. Inferring that he had not yet shot himself I went to see him. The door was opened by—Emma! She was prettier than ever, and looked supremely happy. I smiled but kept my thoughts to myself. Then Gustav appeared, looking happier than I had ever seen him before. He embraced me kissed me on both cheeks and introduced the blushing Emma as:

"My wife."

He said this quite simply and naturally, and seemed surprised that I could not, at once, find words to reply.

The situation was relieved by Frau Emma discreetly leaving the room. Gustav laughed and said: "We met again in Berlin, you know."

"And so you married her—the Other One?"

Gustav was addicted to epigrams. "My dear fellow," he said, "we all marry the Other One."

At that instant Emma returned. She must have heard the last words, but she gave no signs of it.

Smiling, she filled three little glasses with brown Madeira, raised her glass and said: "Long live Fraulein Kitty!"

"Ah, she must be very dead if you can drink her health," said I.

Emma's sly laugh, in which her

husband joined, convinced me that Kitty was indeed quite dead.

I looked hard at Emma and she laughed again. Then suddenly I understood her, and her long, silent, but persistent struggle, and I appreciated the greatness of her love and her victory.

And with it I realized that the Other One was no fool.—From the German of Raoul Auerheimer, by Lawrence B. Fletcher, in the Boston "Budget."

JAPANESE DWELLINGS.

Where White Paper Screens Take the Place of Windows.

The houses are built upon unwholesome stones or large beams, placed at regular intervals upon the ground. One or two of the four sides of the house are made of panels of wood, or posts of bamboo filled in with plaster. The remaining sides are inclosed by screens made of white paper to let the light through; for windows, such as we have, are unknown in native Japanese houses. These screens are frail, and the rains in Japan are often drenching downpours; therefore, on these unsubstantial sides of the house verandas are built, which are closed in at night, or during severe storms, by wooden shutters that slide easily to and fro in grooves in the floor, as do also the white paper screens. The roofs are thatched, shingled or tiled. The interior of the house is divided into rooms, mainly by screens covered with thick colored paper that forms the background for exquisite decorative work.—Florence Peltier in "Good Housekeeping."

Arizona's Unique Jail.

Graham County Jail, at Clifton, Ariz., is probably the most unusual in America. It comprises four large apartments built in the side of a hill of solid quartz rock. The entrance to the jail is through a boxlike vestibule, built of heavy masonry, and equipped with three sets of gates of steel bars. Here and there in the rocky walls holes have been blasted for windows, and in these apertures a series of massive bars of steel have been fitted firmly in the rock. The floor of the rockbound jail is of cement, and the prisoners are confined wholly in the larger apartments. In some places the wall of quartz about the jail is fifteen feet thick. Some of the most desperate criminals on the southwest border have been confined in the Clifton jail, and so solid and heavy are the barriers to escape that no one there has ever attempted to make a break for freedom. The notorious Black Jack was there for months.—Times in Phoenix.

The United States as Others See Them.

One brother is a rich merchant in the Straits Settlements on the Malay peninsula. He is a very good fellow, until a few weeks ago, when he took in a cheap restaurant on South Clark street.

The merchant sent to the cook a draft for sufficient money to pay his expenses out to Asia, and the cook gave up his job and has started for his brother's home. The interesting thing about the whole incident is the letter, written by the wealthy merchant, which accompanied the draft.

In the first place the draft was made payable in New York.

"I send you the money in a draft payable in New York," wrote the brother from far-off Asia. "You can go over and get it cashed there. On the way I wish you would stop at Texas and see brother Thomas. I haven't heard from him for two years now and I'd like to know how he's getting along."—Chicago Tribune.

California's Relics.

The expedition conducted by Prof. John C. Merriam, of the geological department of the University of California, exploring and excavating the caves of Shasta County, has made several new finds of interest to science. Two new caves discovered have proved very rich in paleontological remains, yielding up bones of animals now extinct, and of a species hitherto unknown to scientists. Bones of mountain lions, bison, wolf, porcupine, cave bear, and ground sloth were found with all the bones of the extinct porcupine, and also an almost complete specimen of small cave bear. In one of these caves an old tradition had it that an Indian woman wandering about had stumbled into a well, the bottom of which could never be reached. This well was explored and at the bottom was found the skeleton of a woman fairly well preserved, whom they judged to have fallen or been thrown into the well about 1,000 years ago. All the specimens will be shipped to the university.

The Best of Three.

Lord Brampton tells a story of the late Sir Frank Lockwood. After a criminal case in which Sir Frank had secured an acquittal for the prisoners, Lord Brampton—then Sir Henry Hawkins—privately congratulated him on the excellent way in which he had conducted the case, and remarked especially on the alibi that had been established. "Yes," was the characteristic reply, "I thought it was pretty good—anyhow, the best of the three I had offered to me!"—Golden Penny.

The Most Expensive Street.

The most expensive street to rebuild during the last century was the Rue de Rivoli. It cost \$14,300,000.—Exchange.

As Big as Cheops.

Plymouth breakwater contains the same quantity of stone—3,800,000 tons—as the great pyramid of Cheops.—Exchange.

THE DANCING HOURS

"Maybe it's true," sighed Dangan. It was very early on a summer morning, so early that the sun-dial took no count of time; but there was light to see words cut in the gray stone, and Dangan traced the letters yet again. "Love leadeth ye Dancing Hours," so they ran.

"Of course it's true," said Dangan, and, leaning his elbows on the dial, began to watch for the rising sun. If lately for him the hours had not dragged weary limbs, with garlands withered, at least they had not danced. Recalled from world wandering to brighten the lonely life of his father, he had come in the spring of the year to the beautiful old house, with its orchards and grassy lawns sloping down to the river, and had lived there some two months, writing—as he loved to write—songs of women, and stories of men, and been passably content.

But, as he leaned on the sun-dial that morning, he recognized a change: he had come to an understanding of the words he had read idly so often before. For the hours to dance, love must lead them.

And yesterday she had said she hated him. Oh, Dangan was very hopeful!

He had often imagined the coming of his Queen to the dream palace he had built for her. From the sky, as an angel? No; Dangan would not have cared for an angel. He had early set aside the things no gentleman may do; for the rest he had laughed at the world, flirted with the flesh and nodded to the devil, having a great charity and a rare gift of smiling.

Now she had come—not from the sky nor from the land, but from the water.

A few days before at the same early hour of the morning, he had been wandering by the river when a measured beating of the water and a gentle splashing had roused him from a reverie. A breast of him a dark head floated and a white arm gleamed in the early sunlight. A girl was swimming with the stream gracefully, with the ease of long practice. Dangan, among the willows stood still and watched her. He recognized afterward—indeed the lady herself urged it on him that he should have gone away at once. But he told her that, at the time, the idea did not occur to him, also that if Diana had had the sense to wear such a charming bathing costume poor Artemus need not have suffered, and many other arguments of a like nature.

Presently as he watched, the arm disappeared and the swimmer rolled over lazily and floated on the still water, only the face visible, with a dark shadow below the surface, and past that a soft quivering gleam of white. Then the head sank farther back, the dark shadow took form more distinctly, and Dangan fled with a memory of the white toes appearing out of the water, to be kissed by the rising sun.

It was a chance mention of these that had caused Claire, the owner of them, to announce on a future occasion, that she hated Dangan. He promised never to mention them again, even said he would try to forget them. He was very anxious to please, was Dangan.

But a man's memory is his master, and on this particular morning it was a beautiful profile, a perfection of fine carving, and ten sun-kissed toes that occupied his mind, to the exclusion of all else.

Even to the exclusion of Miss Marjorie Paget-Lumley, although she had lately returned from the continent to the big house half a mile away, and twice he had visited her.

It was the dearest wish of his father that Dangan, his only son, should marry Marjorie, the only daughter of his old friend and neighbor, Col. Paget-Lumley, and so join the properties. On the arrival of Miss Marjorie, Claire had learned of this arrangement from her aunt, and, in consequence, had been mightily cold to Dangan, and put many subtle questions to elicit details of the personality of the heiress. Afterward, she had informed a distracted aunt that she wished to go away, and asked her to leave the little house by the river they rented for the summer months. But the aunt was old and the aunt was comfortable.

"You said it was the most delightful place in the world, only yesterday," she objected.

"I hate it!" exclaimed Claire.

But she had said that—yesterday.

There can be no doubt that her aunt would have yielded, had not Claire soon after ceased her entreaties as suddenly as she had begun them. Her aunt recognized a mystery, but said nothing; which was very thoughtful of her.

Miss Marjorie Paget-Lumley was a tall, dark girl, handsome enough, and quite aware of it. A course of badly digested reading had led her astray, and she had early joined herself to the Order of the People who take themselves seriously. Her emotions were all analyzed; love itself she longed to resolve to a formula. She would drag life from the sunshine and the scent of the flowers into the laboratory and the smell of chemicals. She forgot that Aphrodite rose from the sun-kissed foam of the sea; she would have dived deep to seek her, and found there only ugly, blind fish, and cold, dead water.

"She's grown a fine, handsome girl," said Mr. Comerford to Dangan, as they walked home by the moonlit river after their first visit.

"Yes, she's handsome," assented his son.

"And clever, too."

"Very clever, I should think."

Dangan scarcely spoke as of a virtue. "I hardly know her yet." "It will come in time," said his father, cheerfully.

"I dare say," said Dangan.

"You'll not disappoint me?" asked the old man, affectionately pressing the arm on which he leaned. Dangan did not reply; they were passing the very spot which his queen had first appeared to him in the water.

But presently he said: "No, sir; I will try not to disappoint you."

And they walked on silently.

On this particular morning Dangan had leaned on the sun-dial and considered the situation. He was in love with Claire—and she with him. If this latter were wanting in confirmation he recognized that to assume it helped an orderly marshaling of circumstances and the growth of a decision.

Dangan, watching for the rising sun, decided to assume it.

But his father earnestly desired his marriage with Miss Paget-Lumley, and Dangan had visited her, weakly, under some such understanding. He shrank from the idea of paining his father in his last years; he would not desert him and go away again; and both ladies resided within a mile, one on each side of Mr. Comerford's estate. The sun came over the trees and woke the sun-dial; the black line began to travel and mark the hours, and still Dangan reviewed the situation, thinking sometimes of its perplexity, but much of the pleasant premises on which he based his arguments. It was only the evening before, steeped in the witchery of the moon in summer time that he had learned perhaps halfheartedly only—that he might assume such a thing.

He was at last roused by the voice of Mr. Comerford announcing breakfast as an established fact.

"I am sorry," said Dangan; "I forgot the time."

"It's under your nose," laughed the old man, pointing to the sun-dial.

Dangan, still full of his arguments, pointed also, but to the words cut below the dial.

"So were those," said he.

"Humph!" grunted his father, looking at him sharply.

"I've been thinking they're true."

"Well?"

"Are they going to dance for me? Suppose I won't marry Miss Lumley—what then?"

"I'll cut you off with a shilling!" said the old man, fiercely. "Only his eyes, unnoted by his son, were laughing."

"Give me the shilling," said Dangan, quietly holding out his hand.

"You're an obstinate fool for nothing!"

"I'm a man in love."

Mr. Comerford grunted on a deeper note and turned away.

"Won't you ask me to breakfast?" plaintively asked the good for nothing.

"I have guests," growled his father. "But you can come."

"Guests—to breakfast?"

"Miss Manning and her niece were like myself, taking an early walk, and consented to breakfast with me."

"Claire!" cried Dangan.

Mr. Comerford turned on him and took him by the shoulders. They stood on the edge of the lawn under the trees.

"I've treated you well, Dan, these thirty years—been a good father—eh?"

"There was never a better, sir."

"And you think I'm going to play the tyrant now, with only a few more years to live? You're a young fool, and I'm an old one, and the breakfast is spolling."

Dangan, astonished, found no words as they crossed the lawn.

"Did you think," continued Mr. Comerford, "that sweet creature has lived within a stone's throw for months—yes, last summer when you were away—1-?- If I were twenty years younger you shouldn't have her. I'd marry her myself."

They were close to the windows now, and Dangan heard Claire's voice. At last he found something to say: "You don't really care on which side of the property I marry?"

His father looked into the room, then back at Dangan.

"I am on the side of the angels," said he.

So Dangan knew the hours would surely dance, for love would lead them.—Harold Ohlson, in Sketch.

Sir Mortimer Durand.

"I will try to give a brief character sketch of Sir Mortimer Durand," writes one who served under him. "He has always been my beau ideal of an English gentleman and diplomat, without fear and without reproach. Sir Mortimer is a tall, handsome man of superb physique, and with the bearing of a well set-up soldier. It has been said that he is one of the few men who can wear the diplomatic uniform without looking ridiculous in it. With strangers he has a grave, dignified, and very polite though somewhat distant manner, but in reality he possesses a most genial disposition, and is gentle and tender-hearted as a woman. I have often thought he assumed this rather haughty demeanor in order to protect his too vulnerable good nature from being constantly assailed. In any case it stood him in good stead in his relations with Orientals of the first rank, who despite levity of manner in high officials, Sir Mortimer loves sport and outdoor exercise, but when he has important work in hand will devote himself to it for fifteen hours a day, if necessary, and for weeks together.—M. A. P.

REVOLUTION A PROFESSION

Latin-American "Struggles for Liberty."

BANDITS BID FOR EMPIRE

Conducted on a More Magnificent Scale in Colombia Than Anywhere Else—Venezuelans Manage Differently; There It is Usually a Strong Man Who Leads.

Scarcely a month passes without the American public being informed by cable of some new revolution in one or other of the Latin-American States.

In Colombia revolutions are conducted on a more magnificent scale than anywhere else, and are the work of a great political party, the Liberals. They try to win the government through a general election, but the Conservative administration retains its majority by garrisoning the polling booths and refusing to let any Liberals vote. There is nothing left for them to do except to appeal to arms. That is the simple history of the last three or four revolutions in Colombia.

In Venezuela, as a rule, the thing is managed in a very different way. Some strong man, like the late Guzman Blanco, or the present President, Cipriano Castro, takes into his head that he would like to be President. He gathers together a few friends who have a craving to become government officials with unlimited perquisites, and then issues a "pronouncement." In this formidable document he appeals to the shades of Bolivar and Miranda, "snow-white, heroic, stainless souls who battled gloriously for our independence," to hover over the country and observe the havoc wrought by a grasping, despotic government. While Bolivar and Miranda are presumably hovering, he sets to work with his little band of machete men, surprises a village somewhere in the foothills of the Andes and easily overcomes the half dozen officials and soldiers stationed there. Then he goes ahead and captures a town, and then another town, and yet another, gradually working his way through the country toward the capital. En route, he catches all the Indians he can find working in the fields and impresses them into his army, which grows like a snowball. Plenty of disgruntled personages who have been unable to get jobs under the government, and who had honest work impossible to a "habilitado" to get, join his standard. His little army of sixty or eighty men has begun to grow to thousands, and the government works up to the fact that it will be necessary to send a big force against him.

During his triumphal progress the conquering hero has undoubtedly managed to collect a good deal of loot, and captures some who are unable to obtain concessions from the existing administration flock to his aid with big campaign contributions. He is thus in a position to offer to the government's general of the army excellent reasons why the government should be turned out of power. It is level betting that that general has his own private grievances against the government, and is quite willing to hear reason. If so, there is a bloodless victory, and the united armies march on to the metropolis. The President and his ministers flee, not altogether penniless, and rest from the cares of state in Paris—that paradise of deposed dictators—and the revolutionist leader and those who have fought by his side from the first talk their places.

This is the story of how Gen. Castro and many another Venezuelan dictator like him have come into power. Of course, many revolutions are nipped in the bud before they have a chance to gather strength. The last revolution engineered by Senor Matos was of a different type. It represented the ineffectual protest of the business community against Castro's predatory methods of government. But, generally speaking, the Venezuelans inurrection is simply a bandit's bold bid for empire.

Some of Joe Chamberlain's Allies.

A correspondent of the Birmingham Daily Post has culled from the columns of five radical newspapers a number of epithets used toward Mr. Chamberlain, of which we give a few samples.

The Artful Dodger, Imperialistic Knave, Political Hamstringer, Miserable Trickster, Great Pan Jandrum, Mugwump, Smug Face, Imperial Bagman, Imperial Trickster, Hungry Nook, Brummagem Bagman, Impudent Trickster, Lie Factor, Crafty Muddler, Lying Campaigner, Little Loafer, Vulgar antler, Red Herring Trailer, Colossal Humbug, Arch Diddler, Redheaded-Despot, Bankrupt Statesman, Slippery Fellow, Republic Smasher, Crafty Animal, Red Herring Joe.

Shot the Weathercock.

A cockney went into a restaurant in Dublin and ordered a roast chicken for dinner. The bird was only prepared and placed before him. After a strenuous effort to dissect the dainty he called the waiter. "What's the matter with this confounded bird?" growled the cockney. "I'm sure I don't know, sir," the waiter replied; "it always was a peculiar bird, that one. We tried to kill it several times, but never could manage it, so at last we got a gun at it. When the bird saw us coming, sir, it flew up on the house-tops." "Yes, that accounts for it," was the sarcastic comment; "you must have shot the weathercock by mistake."—V. C.