

The Girl In The Case

It was common talk in the camp that Herriott's life had been spoiled by a woman, but in that he was an exception from most of his mates, and save for Snowy Pete, who was supposed to have a family somewhere in the East, and Bradley, his mate a green boy who wasn't old enough to have any past worth speaking of, the same reason might have been given with more or less truth for every one present at Daylight Camp.

One day the stage, creaking wearily crawled in from the plain and drew up before the ragged shanty, which was the store. Then Herriott looked up and saw the flutter of a white dress, and heard the accents of a pretty young voice: "Can you tell me where my father lives?"

He gave a start as he met her eyes. She bit her lips and blushed.

"If you will tell me his name," he stammered.

She regained composure as she saw half a dozen sun-tanned miners looking at her curiously.

"Oh, of course. How stupid of me! It is Mr. Peter Desmond."

Herriott's brain was blank a moment, and then his thoughts flashed to the girl.

"Can you tell me where Snowy Pete, my father lives?" He had never heard his family name before.

"If you will come with me I will show you the way," he said, "but I'm afraid he's not expecting you."

"No," she replied with a smile. "You see I wanted to give him a surprise."

The man thought of the rough tumble-down shanty that was Snowy Pete's home, and reflected that a little of the surprise might fall to her part.

They walked in silence down the tent lined track and then when they reached their destination Herriott stopped and said hesitatingly: "I am sorry that I got in your path again, but you must admit that it is hardly my fault. After all, I won't be staying much longer here, and we can pretend we never met before."

"I guess that would be best," she replied.

Then they went their different ways, and Herriott was absolutely silent that night when he met at the shanty with the rest of his chums to play poker, as was their custom.

Only once when Walter Davis made a remark, did he show some interest. "I know what brought her here," the miner said. "She came to marry Bradley."

"What!" Herriott blurted out. Walter chuckled.

"Don't get rattled, Herriott; it's a matter much to any of us, but I happened to hear Snowy Pete say something about it once, that's all."

Things went on as usual until one night Herriott found an excited crowd in the shanty when he left his day's work.

"Did you hear the news?" Walter B-wh shouted as he opened the door. "Mike Healey and his gang have pitched their tents about a mile from here, and I guess they are up to nothing good; there are about twenty of them and they say they are set on jumping our claims."

Next morning Herriott felt trouble coming and his mind flew to Tillie. The thought of her was uppermost in his mind. When he met her riding down the track near the camp, she blushed as he approached her.

"Miss Desmond," he said, speaking very slowly and very earnestly. "This is not the place for you. There is bound to be some ugly fights here very soon and—well, you would be better off in the city."

"Do you think that I'm afraid?" she said.

"I guess not," he answered quickly; "still Healey's boys are a nasty lot."

"Anyway," she said slowly, "I'm only staying a few weeks longer here than I—I mean we are going away. You see, I'm going to—marry Mr. Bradley."

Herriott turned on his heel and his face was deadly white. He did not know that her lips quivered as she spoke these words.

"It was two days later that Snowy Pete struck it rich. Looking across the plain to where Mike Healey and his gang were camping, Pete said abruptly to his mate: "Look here, Bradley, we have fought hard enough for this streak of luck, and we're not going to let it be taken from us. Those fellows over there are only waiting for a chance to jump our claim."

"But what are you going to do?" asked Bradley weakly.

"I'm going to ride around to some of the other camps and bring in every able-bodied man that I can get to clean them out. You will have to sit tight here till I come back."

Next morning before dawn he left, and the boy sat horribly alone when

he had gone. All morning he worked with his heart in his mouth, while the air was heavy with heat, and noon found him strolling slowly down to Herriott's tent. His lips were twitching.

"They have given me notice to quit," he said.

"Really," said Herriott dryly. "And what do you mean to do?"

"I suppose I'll have to go. I'm not going to risk my life for all the gold in the camp."

Herriott's lips curled. "I see, you are going to run away."

"I'm only doing what any one else would do."

"Look here, Bradley, if you are going to shirk the trouble that is coming, you'd better stay here and look after my claim. I'll fix up the rest."

Ten minutes later he was working thick and shovel in Snowy Pete's shaft, and for a whole hour nobody disturbed him; then he heard the stamping of heavy boots and a voice: "Come on, get out of that!"

He went on working as if he had not heard a word.

"No bluff now," Mike Healey shouted. "We won't stand any of that nonsense. Come on out."

"I'm very comfortable in here," Herriott replied very slowly.

A shower of loose granite descended on his head. Then he made a dash for the ladder, but at that moment a large rock hit him full in the chest and he fell back with a low groan.

"That setled him," said Mike Healey with a chuckle. "Come on boys, haul him out; we will teach him to monkey with us when he comes 'round again."

They dragged him to the top. Herriott's eyes opened and he made a weak effort to resist, but they quickly tied a rope around his wrist, rendering him helpless. At that moment a voice rang out, "You horrid cowards, step back, or I'll fire."

They looked up to see a slim girl racing them, her eyes flashing and a revolver in her little white hand. Instinctively they fell back—there was a moment's silence and the score of men looked at one another awkwardly.

"Now, then, Miss," said Mike Healey. "We ain't got no quarrel with you and we would thank you to clear out."

The girl's dimpled chin was tilted up resolutely. "Make one step forward and I'll shoot," she said.

Mike Healey smiled, but it wasn't the smile of a man who felt good; there was something in the brown eyes that didn't mean trifling, and the little finger nestled too close to the trigger to be comfortable. He was in a fix.

"I'll give you one more minute to go, she said firmly. "After that"—But she didn't finish her sentence—for across the plain a dozen figures came galloping and even the naked eye could see that they were troopers. Blank dismay spread itself over the faces of the men, and before the minute rang out they had turned about and were racing down the track toward their camp.

There was a little flutter as the girl lunged herself down by Herriott's side. Her face was flushed, as she bit at over him, and her eyes looked into his. At that moment whatever had stood between them was brushed away, laying their love bare as day. Bradley left the camp next day, never to return.

Napoleon's Secret. Napoleon understood human nature. He recognized the great truth, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

A French soldier carried a despatch to Napoleon. Just as he delivered it into the hands of the emperor his spent horse dropped dead. Napoleon wrote an answer to the despatch, then, dismounting from his own horse, handed the despatch to the soldier.

"Take his horse and ride back, comrade," he said.

"Nay, sire," stammered the soldier, gazing at the blooded horse and its trappings. "It is too magnificent and grand for me, a common soldier."

"Take it," commanded Napoleon. "There is nothing so grand and magnificent for a soldier of France."

The soldier mounted and rode away on his perilous business, ready and willing, and Napoleon's words repeated through the ranks and columns of the army, gave to his tired troops fresh inspiration and energy.

"Nothing so grand and magnificent for a soldier of France!" they said, and the thought that they were worthy of the best inspired them to the mighty deeds which followed.

Edward VII. a Doll Collector. The greatest number of dolls owned by a single person is the property of King Edward VII, who has made a wonderful collection of all those possessed by his mother. The dolls are stored in Buckingham Palace. The King enjoys revising his collection because nearly all the specimens were dressed by his mother. At his death he gave some of them to his grandchildren.

Twice Told Tale

Mr. Gillingham proposed to me before he left for Australia, when I had just turned seventeen, he being ten years my senior. I went direct to my father as was my wont at any trouble or perplexity, and told him, my arms about his neck, my head pillowed on his shoulder. For a while he did not speak, then he said fervently: "Thank God!"

That decided me—that and the sudden clearing of his haggard, careworn face as he clasped me in a close embrace and spoke in flattering terms of all men, the one he would have chosen for a son-in-law.

"His father is my oldest friend," said he. "Jack is like him, brave as a lion, true as steel and honest as the day. God bless you for the news you have brought, my child; now I shall die happy."

I clung to him in a passion of tears and protested that he should not die, and that God would never be so cruel as to take him from me.

"No, no, not for many years yet, I hope," answered he, returning my caresses and comforting me as he alone knew how.

Soon after this Mr. Gillingham left with the understanding that in three years' time I should go out to him accompanied by my father. His voice shook as he bade me good-bye, there was even a suspicion of moisture in his eyes; mine were tearless. I was sorry, of course; we had been capital friends all through the summer, but since our engagement there appeared to be something strained in our relationship.

At seventeen, one is not, as a rule, much addicted to self-analysis, but it did occur to me that in choosing a husband, a girl should be influenced by other motives than the desire to please a parent, however good and wise that parent may be.

Suppose that when I went into society I should meet some one else I liked ever so much better?

Nothing of the kind occurred; I returned from every ball I attended quite convinced that Mr. Gillingham was superior to any one whom I had met.

Meanwhile, each mail brought me long, loving-like letters, to which I responded in the frank, friendly fashion it seemed to me only natural that he should write as he did, for I, for my part, was not—at least so it seemed—at all sentimental, and it was contrary to my disposition to make any pretence.

Nevertheless, I was really sorry for him when, as the three years grew to a close, I found myself compelled to write and tell him that, owing to the state of my father's health, it would be impossible for me to keep my promise.

I felt for him in his loneliness, and grieved for his disappointment, all the more so because he strove to keep it in the background and to comfort me.

"I can wait," said he, "and will be patient."

He had need for patience, poor fellow, for my dear father lingered on, and two more years passed before death touched him. Then my summons came, a manly, affectionate letter, and withal, clear and business-like. I was to take my passage on board the *Oriental*. A friend of his—his dearest friend—would travel in the same vessel, and would be happy to do all, in his power to be of assistance to me on the voyage.

I was glad to go; glad to turn my back on the familiar scenes amid which my life had been passed. Home was home no longer now that my father was dead. I stood on the deck of the vessel and watched the well-known shores recede from view, straining my eyes to catch the last glimpse of them.

Then, turning suddenly, I confronted Mr. Gillingham's friend. He was very tall, very bronzed, but for all that, good to look upon.

I know now, as I look back through the mist of years, that there is such a thing as love at first sight, but in those days I should have ridiculed such an idea. But Mr. Gillingham's friend was the means of demonstrating its reality. Hour by hour, without misgiving, I sat and listened to his words, at first interrupting him by questions relating to Mr. Gillingham, but only at first.

Day by day he waited on me sedulously, anticipating my every want. Week by week I learned the silent language of the eyes, the hidden secret of a fleeting smile, and yet remained ignorant of my knowledge. He was so much older than I; besides I was engaged, and had been so for nearly six years. There could be no danger.

Thus I dreamed on until the awakening came—came with a fierce flash of pain, an agony of self-abasement. It happened one morning, when in the midst of a pleasant chat that he fell back in a dead faint. He had

had a severe illness recently, so he told me later, and had been subject to such attacks since then. But I did not know this at the time and was terribly frightened.

I remember kneeling at his feet, frantically chafing his hands, sick at heart and trembling. At length his eyes opened slowly and rested on me. I think we both knew then how it was. In my mind at least, there remained no shadow of uncertainty.

I knew now what love meant. It was no calm, friendly feeling, but a great, unquenchable passion. Shame-stricken, I fled from his presence, and fought out my battle alone; the strength of my own feeling was a revelation to me. I had at least sufficient honor to despise myself.

Next day I feigned illness, and it was not until the voyage came to an end that we met again, and he stood at my side once more, helpful as ever, but reserved and distant. It made my heart ache but sympathy possesses the rare tact that pierces through on intentionality.

The vessel had arrived a day earlier than was expected. Mr. Gillingham was not there to meet me, and I was conducted by his friend to the house of his aunt, who had offered to receive me as a guest. She was a model hostess.

"My dear," she said, after we had dined, "you wish to be alone, you are in no mood for talking."

I was about to reply as politeness dictated, but she only smiled and shook her head as she led me to the cozy library, settled me comfortably in the armchair by the fire and left me. How I blessed her for her kindly consideration! Left to myself, I could at last try to think.

I would be true to the promise I had given so many years ago, but I would not deceive the man who loved me—I would tell him all.

So I sat there in the dark room and waited until out of sheer weariness I fell asleep.

A slight sound awakened me. I rubbed my eyes and peered through the gloom. Surely that was a man seated at the table, his head buried in his hands.

"Mr. Gillingham," I whispered, "is it I?" he replied in a strange, hollow voice. "And so my wife has come to me at last, after six years of weary waiting."

The word "wife" stung me into acute self-consciousness.

"Yes," I answered slowly. "I have come, but do not come near me, do not touch me till I have heard all."

"This time, thank God, you have heard all."

He appeared little inclined to do so. He might have been a figure carved in stone, still and rigid, cold and hard. "Listen, I cried, flinging myself at his feet: you will be a faithful, loving wife, to you who have waited so long and so patiently; but I will not come to you with a lie upon my lips. I have not been true to you."

"Not true!" he cried, rising to his feet; "not true! Child, do you know what you are saying? Who has come between us?"

"Your friend, and that by no fault of his own. I alone am to blame; he never tried to win my love; he was only kind—oh! so kind and thoughtful."

"So kind and thoughtful!" My words were re-echoed mockingly, but I paid no heed.

"It's all over now," I continued; "trust me; I will never see him again. From this time forth I will put him out of my heart forever."

"No, no," cried my lover, "not forever, I hope. Surely there is no need for that."

Then he clasped me in his arms and covered my tear stained face with kisses. It was good to know myself forgiven, good to know those strong arms about me.

For a space I hid my head upon his shoulder; when I had courage to lift my eyes to his I understood.

"Sweetheart," he said, "it is for you I ask forgiveness, for you to forgive. I am both John Gillingham and his friend. You gave me your promise so long ago that strange doubts and fears beset me, and I was fain to do my wooing over again. This time, thank God, I have won."

Ancient Marriage Contract. A marriage contract over 2,000 years old, discovered in a tomb near Cairo, Egypt, and now in the collection of the Museum of Art, Toledo, O., has, it is announced, been deciphered by the Egyptologist at the University of Strasburg, Germany. George W. Stevens, director of the Toledo museum, says: "From the translation it is established that in case the wife repudiated the husband she allowed him to take back half of her dowry. The Egyptian husband not only received nothing from the wife, but had to put up a bonus to make himself a matrimonial possibility. The document showed that in case of a separation he was allowed by the wife to take but one-third of the moneys they should have married."

Some people never foot a bill without a kick.

LURED AWAY

Through the long brilliantly lighted ball room the music of Monsieur Reve floated sweetly. The dancers danced and the moments flew, and I, standing in the embrasure of a window, watched Guy Winfield waltzing with Clarice Dalmar.

How beautiful she was! A golden-haired divinity, with eyes like blue velvet, and a complexion of rose and snow. A bewitchingly beautiful woman was Miss Dalmar—queen of the ballroom and favorite belle of the season—although she was poor.

And there was Guy Winfield, my bosom friend (my name is John Lancaster, and Guy and I had been college mates together), waltzing away with the siren and so wrapped up in her that he had evidently forgotten all about Alice Leighton, who sat watching the pair with a very pale face, her brown eyes full of a griefed surprise, which she was not woman of the world enough to control. For she was betrothed to Guy Winfield and had a right to disapprove the very marked flirtation going on under her eyes between Guy and Miss Dalmar.

And as I watched Alice I could not help saying to myself: "She is worth a hundred such butterflies as the beautiful Circe upon Guy's arm!"

The waltz was ended now and the two had started away together, quite like a pair of lovers. I saw the look of sorrow and a hint of tear-drops in a pair of brown eyes not far away and I made my way to her side, and began to converse with sweet Alice Leighton. It always did me good to

talk with her, she was so sweet and womanly and withal highly cultured.

Guy and Miss Dalmar were seen no more for an hour, all at once I observed the lady promenading with old Stapleton—the millionaire—and I could not fail to observe the look of eager interest with which she listened to his platitudes, as though she were both entertained and edified. Or could she be playing a part?

There was a rumor that old Stapleton had sworn to win Miss Dalmar for his wife, but Guy would never believe it possible that the golden-haired divinity would ever listen to the old man's suit. I said nothing to Alice in regard to the conduct of her betrothed husband, but I could see the sweet face grow paler and paler, and at last she seemed so overcome that I proposed to take her home. She started with a perceptible shudder.

"Oh! no, no!" she cried, "I am not ill! Indeed, I am not, Mr. Lancaster! And then Guy would think it very strange if I were to go away!"

Once more Miss Dalmar was missing, but old Stapleton sat alone in a corner, glancing comfortably in the direction of the conservatory, where I shrewdly guessed Clarice Dalmar had gone. The reception was at Mrs. Winston's elegant house, and the conservatory was situated in a wing of the building.

It took but a few minutes for me to make my way through the crowd, and at last I entered the dimly-lighted, perfumed conservatory, where a silvery fountain splashed odoriferous sprays in glistening perfumed showers; and beside a huge date palm I caught a glimpse of Clarice Dalmar and Guy Winfield. I made my way to where the pair were standing, so engrossed with each other that they did not hear my footsteps.

"One could never forget you, having once seen you, Clarice!" I heard my friend's voice say.

She lifted her beautiful eyes to his face, with a soft seductive smile.

"But, Miss Leighton is—"

I stepped forward. I am always outspoken, blunt and abrupt.

"Miss Leighton is not well!" I interposed. "I beg your pardon a hundred times, Miss Dalmar, but I am looking for Guy." Then turning to him I added swiftly: "Alice is not well, Guy, and I think you ought to take her home!"

He stared, like one suddenly aroused from a dream.

"I am sorry," he stammered; then turning to the charmer at his side he added: "I will see you tomorrow at 5, with your permission, Clarice."

And as I turned hastily away I heard him add softly:

"When I see you again I shall be free."

I hastened from the spot faint and heart sick. I only waited to see Guy on Alice, and soon after they left Mrs. Winston's; and then I, too, took my departure. My heart was full of aches; I could see trouble ahead—for poor Alice.

I called upon her the following day; and then because we have been like brother and sister all our lives, he told me that she had broken her engagement with Guy Winfield. I understood. He was free now to win Clarice Dalmar.

I went straight to Miss Dalmar's house—a plain old house in the midst of large grounds, whither I made my way at once, as the servant informed me I would find Miss Dalmar there.

My heart was full of a mad resolution to lay the whole truth before her, and beg her, in mercy to poor

Alice, to give up her hold upon the man whom she had lured from duty and honor. But as I approached a small rustic summer house I heard the sound of voices and saw Guy inside the building with Clarice Dalmar. He had her hand in his and was pleading in low, lover-like tones, I came to a halt in dismay, just as these words reached me:

"You know, you must know, that I love you, Clarice! For your sake, with the hope of winning you, I have freed myself from my engagement to Miss Leighton. My love for her, as compared with this adoration of you, was like moonlight unto sunlight, like water unto wine!" Oh, Clarice, my queen! say that you are not indifferent to me. I love you, Clarice, with all my heart; I am desperate, maddened for your sake! If you do not give me some hope, I shall die or go mad!"

A low laugh floated across the silence. She withdrew her white hand from his fierce grip with a little shiver.

"Oh, you have hurt my heart, Mr. Winfield, you foolish, idiotic boy. Love you? Ha, ha! Why, you must be daft. I have flirted a little with you, to be sure; one must have some diversion, you know. But I'm engaged to Mr. Stapleton. My God!" falling back with a groan, "what would you do?"

For the gleam of the silver barrels of a revolver flashed in the sunlight; a moment more and Guy Winfield would have fallen to her feet a corpse—a suicide; but with a stifled cry I dashed into the summer house and, with a sudden gesture, I knocked the revolver from his hand. Then I took his arm and led him away.

Knocked the revolver At the door from his grasp of the summer house I halted and glanced into Clarice Dalmar's face.

"But for the mercy of God you would have been a murderess!" I said in a tone of scorn; "but you have slain neither his life nor his soul, Clarice Dalmar. He shall be saved—I swear to that!"

One day a month afterward I was astonished at the apparition of Clarice Dalmar in my digny office. She extended her hand but I merely bowed.

"You wished to see me, Miss Dalmar?" I asked frigidly. I distrusted the woman and greeted her as one dreads a painted snake. She glided over to where I stood and grasped my arm, while her pale face and soft blue eyes full of tears were uplifted to my own.

"You can help me if you will," she sobbed. "Mr. Lancaster, save me from myself. I love Guy Winfield, and he is—"

"Going to marry his own first love; for after all, 'first love is best.'" I quoted with a grim smile. "You are too late, Miss Dalmar. Guy was for a time lured away by your beauty and wicked wiles, but he has returned to reason and his first and only love, and only wonders now that he had ever strayed. He loves Alice dearly, and I think prizes her more for the contrast between her purity and you. They are to be married tomorrow. Good morning, Miss Dalmar."

I bowed her out. A week later, Guy, Alice and myself were recipients of the elegant wedding cards of Clarice and Rufus Stapleton. They reside now in a distant city. She is a leader of fashion, a thoroughly heartless woman of the world; wealthy, flattered and admired. Let us hope that she is happy.

African Snails are Musical. African snails are as big as a man's fist and their eggs are as large as pigeon eggs and have the same color and texture. When travelling together they produce scolian music, apparently by the movement of the shell over the bark of the trees as they travel in search of food. Large as they are, the eggs of this remarkable snail, those of a near ally; known to snail scientists as *Borus Maximus*, are still larger, approaching the size of a bentam-fowl's egg. Because of the big eggs, there is no larva stage. When the snail emerges at the time of hatching it is like the adult in everything except size.

Carlyle's "Grand Evening." Who that has wandered through the Carlyle house Embankment can forget it—the story which the old Scotch keeper rehearsed so punctiliously day by day, and yet ever with fresh gusto? says a writer in Harper's weekly. "In this room it was, sir, that Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Tennyson spent a long evening, each smokin' his pipe, and neither of them speakin' a word. And after three hours when Mr. Tennyson rose to go, Mr. Carlyle said to him: 'It's a grand evenin' we've spent, Alfred, a grand evenin'.' And Mr. Tennyson he just said, too, 'A grand evenin', and went out.'"

Celuloid. Evidence is not wanting that celluloid is a very dangerous material, and its increasing use in the arts and manufactures suggests that the storage of this extremely inflammable substance should be placed under stricter conditions of control than are apparently required at present.



Can you tell me where Snowy Pete, my father lives? He had never heard his family name before.



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I confronted Mr. Gillingham's friend in the same vessel, and would be happy to do all, in his power to be of assistance to me on the voyage.



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