

AN UNKNOWN HEROINE

By Ethel Brooks.

Major Bently was very jealous of his young and exceedingly beautiful wife; he did not try to conceal the fact from anyone. His daughter Viola, who had been under the care of her dead mother's sister, had returned to her father for the first time since his second marriage and had fallen in love with her stepmother, who was very little older than herself.

Instead of what the major feared, enmity between the two, there sprang into growth a deep friendship, which on Viola's part amounted to almost worship and Mrs. Bently returned the affection as much as her sickle, vain heart would let her.

Viola knew of her father's jealousy, and knew, too, that there was at times reason for it. But she made excuses to herself for her stepmother's ally little flirtations, and let her affection for her blind her as to how vain and shallow that lady really was.

At the time of which I speak the Bentleys were living at Hampton Villa, a beautiful place with a wonderful garden, which Viola spent much of her spare time in. Among his near neighbors Major Bently had few intimate friends, but Viola, who was a fun-loving girl, frequently gave parties, and Hampton Villa would be over-run with young people, mirth and music.

Near neighbors to the Bentleys lived Robert Walte and his invalid mother. Robert was not richly endowed with this world's goods, but was as upright a young man as well—say as I was some years ago, when I'll wager Dick Walters was as dashing a young man as you would care to see. But to keep to my story, Robert joined the army of young people who surrounded Viola Bently, and though he was unusually quiet it soon became noised around that he was very much taken up with that same young lady.

Then upon the scene came Wilbur Blake. His father had been a great friend of the major in his younger

something did not save her from the consequences of her foolishness. Blake had risen to his feet and stood looking at the major, who, speechless with indignation, stood with uplifted arm. Finally the vials of his wrath were let loose upon the young man's head, and a terrible scene must have followed if it had not been for Viola. She stepped between her father and Blake. Mrs. Bently meanwhile sitting pale with fright, and throwing her arms around his neck she murmured softly, "Dear father, you are dreadfully mistaken. Let me explain I am afraid we have acted very foolishly, Mr. Blake and I." Her father looked at her astonished, and then said curtly, "Go ahead," beginning to wonder what Viola had to do with the affair. "Why, father," she continued, "we, Mr. Blake and I, made up between ourselves, and I, and her eyes drooped. "We, that is Mr. Blake and I, love each other very much (Blake started and his eyes stared, but he quickly recovered himself) and we were afraid you would not give your consent as I am so young, and we decided that he would speak to her while we were driving this afternoon, and ask her to intercede for us in case you refused your consent to our marriage."

Mrs. Bently had by this time recovered her wits and with a quick little laugh she said, "Yes, and when I told him I would do my best to win you over the foolish boy went wild with joy." The major's face was a study. He looked from one to the other unable to speak. Then his wife came to his side, and with a smile murmured, "I guess we had better give them our blessing." Then the major found speech. "What a fool I am!" He held out his hand to Blake, who took it but did not lift his eyes from the ground. "Why, my boy, you might have known that I would be willing to accept my old friend's son as my daughter's husband. She is very young, but I am sure you will make her happy. We will announce the engagement tonight. Come, Walters," he said to me, and offering his arm to his wife, "we will leave the youngsters together."

That night the engagement of Viola Bently to Wilbur Blake was announced. Friends showered them with congratulations, and everyone was apparently happy. A short time after Wilbur Blake left Hampton Villa.

A week later I met Viola driving reins hung listlessly from her hands and her head was bent. I laid one of my hand old hands on her soft, white one, and asked: "Is there anything your Uncle Walters can do for you? I know your trouble. I saw that day what your father did not see. Are you going to marry a man you must despise to save your father's wife?" She looked at me in surprise, and then looking into my face with a trusting half smile, said: "I know I can trust you, Uncle Walters. It is not that I am worrying about, for the engagement will soon be broken. It will seem to everyone like a lovers' quarrel. But it is this," and she thrust a letter into my hands. "Read it," she whispered. I read it. It was from Robert Walte. In it he told her of his great love, and that he had been on the eve of asking her father for her hand when her engagement to Blake had been announced. He also said that she would never see or hear from him again, but that he wished her happiness with the man of her choice. I handed back the letter, and said: "That is too bad, Miss Viola, for he is a good, honest young man, but you need not worry about it, he will soon get over it."

She looked at me, and then the tears began to fall. Suddenly she cried out: "Oh, Uncle Walters, don't you understand? I love him! I love him!"

It would give me great pleasure to state that young Walte came back but I am sorry to say that as yet such is not the case, though I am hoping that he will some day win a fortune, and hearing of the broken engagement return to win Viola. The major is still insanely jealous, and his wife is the same frivolous butterfly as before. Everything seems to be the same around Hampton Villa, and only Miss Viola and myself know what sacrifice she made. The major has never been quite able to understand why the engagement between Viola and Wilbur Blake was broken off so suddenly—and he never will.

Terse and Truthful. A despairing debt collector decided the other day to corner his quarry at the bar of the Hoffman House in the presence of a number of his friends, thinking that by this ruse he would so embarrass his man that he would either get his money in rage or a promise in mortification. Advancing gently he tapped the debtor on the shoulder and said: "Pardon me, Mr.—When are you going to pay that small amount you owe my firm?" "I'm no prophet!" he roared. The debt collector retired amid roars of laughter.

Expensive Union Jack. The union jack which flew from Nelson's flagship, the Victory, at the battle of Trafalgar and which covered his body on the journey home to England, was sold the other day at auction in London for \$600.

The African Drum. The African drum appears in varied and often picturesque forms. The natives make drums out of shells, tree trunks, or earthenware, covered with the skin of some wild animal, or sometimes with india rubber. Of the original drums there is probably only one specimen in Europe. Some of the drums are highly ornamented, either by painting or carving. One specimen, indeed, has puzzled travelers, for there is depicted on it unmistakably a cross, and also a head of European type. A drum found in Upper Louisiana has a unique peculiarity in the way of a "sympathetic chord," formed by means of a small tube, ingeniously inscribed in the side of the instrument which causes, when the drum is beaten, a vibration resembling that of the reed pipe.—Southern Workman.

Alexander C. Botkin, who died recently at the national capital, was chairman of the commission charged with the revision of the criminal law of this country.

NOTEBOOK HABIT OF WRITERS

Method Adopted By Celebrities to Refresh Their Memory.

When Sir Walter Scott was driven one day by a friend to look at a ruined castle about which he wished to compose a story or reproduce a legend, his companion observed him to take out a notebook from his pocket and write the separate names of the grasses and wild flowers which grow amid the ruins, and on his friend expressing surprise, Sir Walter said that it was only by such means a writer could be fresh, otherwise in all his stories he would be mentioning the same kind of flowers.

One great secret of the vital character of the descriptions of Macaulay is the zeal with which he made copious notes in his book concerning the localities where many of the events took place which he has recorded. Locke, Parr and Gibbon, the historians, always read with notebooks beside them, and the same method was adopted by Butler, the author of "Hudibras." Pope always carried a notebook and never hesitated to jot down anything which struck him in conversation.

Emerson's habits in this direction are well known. He was accustomed to jot down his thoughts at all hours and places. The suggestions which came to him from his readings, conversations and meditations were transferred to the notebook he always carried with him, and when he desired to write an essay he would transcribe all his paragraphs on the proposed subject, drawing a perpendicular line through whatever he had thus copied.

Among statesmen it is asserted that President Garfield brought the habit of using notebooks to greater perfection than any other eminent politician. In his large memorandum books there were many hundreds of pages filled with scraps, annotations, picked sentences, incidents and witticisms from a collection of authors and newspapers representing the best thought in ancient and modern literature. Besides these quotations there were numerous thoughts of his own upon the innumerable things he had read during the course of his prolonged studies. It was this that made him such a formidable antagonist in debate, for by turning over his memoranda on any subject he was almost sure to find just the thing he wanted, some ugly fact, perhaps, which his opponents had forgotten because they had not taken the trouble to preserve it in the cold exactness of black and white.

Mr. Gladstone contributed to his notebooks almost everything which he liked to be of service, and the exactitude of his keeping in addition to the wealth of personal information contained in them, was of great value to Mr. John Morley when he wrote the biography of the illustrious statesman.

On the other hand the late Lord Salisbury kept few notes of his doings and sayings and this is undoubtedly the reason why such a difficulty is being experienced in producing a really authentic account of his life, which is eagerly awaited by a large section of the community.

What Governs Price of Dogs. The price paid for a dog seems to be governed not so much by the value of the animal as the sentiment of the purchaser in the vast majority of cases, and, as a rule, the sporting dog brings the lowest figure. Doubtless this is due to the fact that the man who wants a gun dog is a practical person, while the seeker after the "show dog" pays for the "show." It is granted right here that many a good gun dog also shows well, but the highest prices go for the show animal, pure and simple.

At a recent sale of pointers and setters at Birmingham, England, one of the most important sales in years, the entire lot—two score or more—sold for 665 guineas. The highest price paid was 65 guineas for the famous female pointer, Coronation, (4 1-2 years), a winner of many championships, while among the setters the choice was light-field bang (4 1-2), a great field trial winner, who brought only 37 guineas. American purchasers would have thought these dogs cheap at \$1,000 apiece.

In contrast with these prices, the bull terrier Woodcote Wonder sold in New Haven for \$5,000 to a San Francisco purchaser. Richard Croker, Jr., paid \$3,000 for his Champion Rodney Stone, and Frank Gould paid as high as \$5,000 for a St. Bernard. These are real prices—unlike many of the amounts running up into the thousands tagged on to bench space of not a few 30 cent dogs exhibited at some of the kennel shows where it is believed necessary to have something attractive.—Baltimore News.

Last Act of Andrew Jackson. One of the last earthly things that Jackson did was to read a note from Polk, asking his advice about the appointment of certain federal officers in the South. Polk had been in office only a few weeks at the time, and he wanted to get the indorsement of Jackson for his administration. In order to win Jackson's favor, Polk was called "Young Hickory" by his admiring friends, but Old Hickory's favorite for the nomination in 1844 was Van Buren, and not Polk, while Van Buren's opposition to annexation was what caused his defeat for the candidacy. Yet, personally, he preferred Van Buren. Polk, after his inauguration, made war on Francis P. Blair, who edited Jackson's and Van Buren's old organ at Washington, the Capital, and thus displeased Jackson, though the latter knew that Blair had been lukewarm toward Polk in the canvass. Blair was forced to get out and the Capital was changed into the Daily Union, with Ritchie of Richmond as its editor. From the hour of his retirement until his death, through Van Buren's administration and in the opening days of Polk's, Jackson remained an influential figure in the Democratic politics of the time.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BURIAL OF HAWAIIAN KING.

Bones Were Carried By Chiefs To a Subterranean Cavern.

The discovery of rare relics of old Hawaii in a burial cave in Waipio Gulch, Hawaii, recalls to Hawaiians advanced in years many of the traditions concerning burials in ancient times, says the Honolulu Commercial Advertiser. "One story which was handed down through a family is to the effect that long before the missionaries arrived in the Hawaiian Islands two native farmers went near Waipio Gulch at the close of a day to look after their potatoes. Darkness came on while they were still working.

Suddenly a light appeared on the summit of the hill. It was a kukui torch. Then another came into view, until finally the summit and the slope were a bubbling mass of lights. The natives knew that a burial was about to take place. If discovered, they, according to law of the times, would be killed. They threw themselves down in the weeds and remained quiet. The procession came close to them and stopped.

In a litter carried by several men was a young girl apparently in the last throes of death. Wailing and the chanting of mele was heard and then the girl apparently died. Retainers left the main body and went toward the stream, which they dammed up thereby diverting the stream. In the old bed of the stream the retainers worked until they uncovered the mouth of a cave. The body of the girl, together with many calabashes, tapas, etc., was carried in, the cave was sealed up again, and the stream was once more allowed to run its usual course.

As to Kamehameha the Great, whose remains, according to rumor may have been discovered by Mr. Forbes in Waipio Gulch, his body was taken by Prince Hoapili and his half-brother, the high chief Hooulu, and hidden in a submarine cave, the secret of the location perishing at the death of Hooulu. Kamehameha's body lay in state at Kamaakohou, Kailua, Kona, Hawaii. His temporary grave there, was named Ahuena and the spot is known at the present day as Kamaakohou-Ahuena.

Hoapili and Hooulu watched the grave, waiting for a time when the high chiefs, who were waving kahilis, and the groups of natives would fall asleep. When the time was opportune the two high chiefs snatched up the bundle of Kamehameha the Great's bones, which had been woven into a net and enveloped in an Ahu'ula cloak (yellow feather cloak).

Prince Hoapili had given his brother, a pistol, once the property of John Young, and commanded him to shoot down any person whom they met. They ran along the sea coast with their royal burden until half way between Kahaia and Waimea. There they met a youth.

When Prince Hoapili saw him he stood perfectly still so as not to attract the youth's attention. Hooulu came right on and met the man, but fearing the report of the pistol if discharged would alarm others he gave the man a blow with the butt end, intending to kill him. The chiefs reached their flight until they reached a place on the shore where a canoe was drawn up. They called along the coast, it is said, until they came to a place which natives assert was Kamehameha's last resting place. Hooulu dove into the water and swam through an entrance into a large cave and there reposed the royal remains. This must have been about May 12, 1819, for according to tradition the oldtime Hawaiians removed human flesh from the bones of their dead on the third or fourth day after death.

According to the Kehaweamuku who resided at Lale, in 1870, the two high chiefs did enter a canoe with the remains of Kamehameha, for he claims that it was his father whom Hooulu knocked down on the beach. After the assaulted man realized what was taking place he followed the chiefs stealthily until he saw them get into the canoe at Kekaha.

If the submarine cave has a long tunnel, as many lava caves have on Hawaii, the cave in Waipio Gulch may have been the land end.

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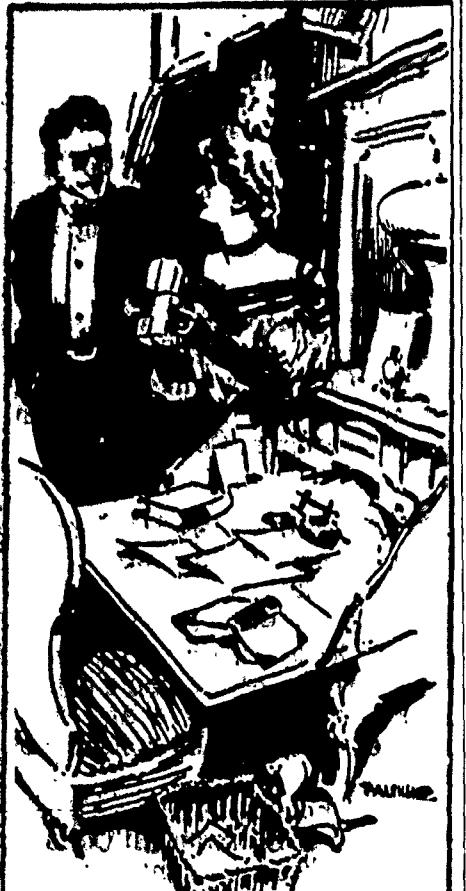
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FRIENDS CONGRATULATED THEM

days, and he came to pay him a visit during his vacation. On this eventful afternoon I was taking one of my customary strolls when I met the major and Miss Viola driving. After exchanging a few words with the major, I started on my way, but Viola insisted that I come with them to the villa. On the way up she talked gaily about the party to be held at the villa that evening, and also informed me that her stepmother had a severe headache and for that reason had been unable to accompany them that afternoon. The major said little, as he was not a talkative man. When we reached the villa the major and I sat on a rustic bench under a tree in silence smoking while Viola left us to go to her stepmother but she came to us shortly and announced that she was not to be found but must be walking in the grounds somewhere. So the three of us started walking slowly through the beautiful garden. Viola pointing out her favorites as we went. We had stopped to admire as unusual red rose when there came floating upon our ears a silvery laugh and then a peal of laughter, which was easily recognized as that of Mrs. Bently. The major started toward the sound and Viola and I went with him. We suddenly came upon them unexpectedly in a cosy little nook, Mrs. Bently and Blake. He was kneeling beside her and was in the act of pressing his lips to her little white hand, and she was looking at him and laughing. The major stopped, as if for a moment and then sprang at Blake, throwing him to the ground. I looked at Viola; she was deathly pale. She looked at me appealingly, for she knew her father's temper, and what trouble would come to her stepmother if