

THE HIGHWAYMAN

How a Bracelet Became a Keeper
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By EDNA L. SWIFT

One evening in the year 1685 a coach lumbered along the main highway between Glasgow and Edinburgh toward the latter city. It was the year that Oliver Cromwell, having closed the war with the parliament, defeated the Scotch royalists at Preston and ended the war. In those days the roads were unpaved and, being the only means of land transportation, were much used and consequently in the worst condition possible. Two persons within the coach, a gentleman and his daughter, were tossed about as it lurched in the ruts and mudholes which the driver could hardly have avoided even had there been something better than an oil lamp on each side of the vehicle to light the way. Presently a rear wheel went down to the axle, and the coach, careening on that side, came to a stop. For some ten minutes the driver lashed the horses in a vain effort to force them to pull it out and, after a rest, was about to begin again when by the dim side lights the travelers were able to discern the figure of a masked man on the road beside them.

That he was a highwayman was evident from the concealment of his features, but his first words were not in the least terrifying. "Wait a bit," he said to the coachman. "I'll bring a ladder with which to get the wheel on to dry land." And with that he disappeared in the darkness, returning in a few minutes with a fencible post, one end of which he placed under the rear axle and the other end on his shoulder. Then, calling on the driver to apply the lash, the coach was lifted on to firmer ground.

"Now," said the man who had secured this result to the gentleman in the coach, "the laborer being worthy of his hire, I shall have to trouble you for your valuables. It pains me to do this; but the war being over and the king no longer able to pay his soldiers, I must needs get a living the best way I can."

"Alas," replied the gentleman in the coach, "that is a case of one beggar calling on another for help. The Duke of Hamilton in order to pay the troops that Cromwell had so ably defeated has taken everything I possessed except my home. I am on my way to Edinburgh to try to make a tour on that which will tide me over these strenuous times."

"In that case," replied the highwayman, "please accept my services gratis."

While this brief dialogue was being spoken the lady in the coach sat concealed in a corner so that the highwayman did not see her. But as he, having mounted his horse, was about to ride away she leaned forward and, taking a bracelet from her wrist, extended it toward him, saying:

"It is not meet that one of the king's defenders should go unrewarded for a service. Take this, and may the day soon come when his majesty shall be able to take care of his own."

There was sufficient light from the coach lamp for the man to see that she was a young girl and beautiful. He sat so absorbed in the vision of her loveliness before him that for a moment he did not heed her words; then, taking the bracelet, he said:

"I shall return it in person."

"If you do," said her father, "you shall be hanged for what you are—a robber. My daughter and I are not agreed upon these troublesome times. I am with the parliament. I understand that many of the king's hirelings, now that their occupation has gone, have taken to the road. Cromwell will soon be our ruler, and he will then clear our highways of these gentlemen robbers."

"Kindly tell me who you are," said the other, "that I may give Old Nell an opportunity to stretch my neck. He will doubtless bring his vengeance on the block, and I would not deprive him of the pleasure of bringing one of his majesty's loyal subjects to the halter—then, if you can turn me over to him."

"I am Donald MacIvor, and my home is on this road midway between Glasgow and Edinburgh. But I warn you to keep away, for I shall surely turn you over to the hangman if you come upon my grounds."

The highwayman made no reply to this, but lifting his hat to the lady, disappeared in the darkness. This was his first attempt at robbery, and it ill accorded with his rank or his inclinations. He was a younger son of a Scotch laird who in order to save his estate had taken neither the side of the king nor the parliament. He left the travelers, but felt very despondent for his first effort at a highwayman's career was not to his liking, and he knew of no other occupation unless he went to France and became a hireling soldier of the French king. One thing he was decided upon—that sooner or later he would take the bracelet he had received and clasp it with his own hands upon the wrist from which it had been removed.

King Charles II was brought to trial and beheaded at the beginning of the following year. The fortunes of the royalists were at a low ebb and were not destined to improve till King Charles II. was restored to the throne more than a decade later. Meanwhile the young Scot, who had made one attempt at a career on the highway being proscribed by Cromwell's government, went to France, where he found Prince Charles, who secured him a commission in the French army. One evening there was a ball in progress in the manor house of Donald MacIvor. He had profited by Cromwell's success and was disposed to win over as many of his neighbors to the new regime as possible. The guests were a young man who was not known and had not been invited to the ball. But amid so great a throng the presence of the stranger was not noticed. Presently he approached the oldest daughter of the house and said: "I must ask you to pardon my intrusion here, for I have not been invited. I have returned to Scotland after several years' absence on being advised of my older brother's death by my father, Sir Malcolm Douglas, who lived beyond the Grampian mountains died two years ago, and my brother died recently. I am therefore Sir Walter Douglas."

"And why?" asked the lady, whose cheek paled at the sound of his voice and whose bosom was heaving, "did you not obtain an invitation, which is as sure as my father would have it?" She paused, and the young man replied to her question before she had finished: "Because I am a proscribed royalist."

Placing her hand on his arm, she led him to a window seat where they would not be noticed. They were scarcely seated before he clasped a bracelet about her wrist.

"Go away from here," she said under her breath. "My father may not like that you are a stranger and in quite who you are. Should he recognize you by your voice, as I have done, your life will pay the penalty of your rashness."

"My life is worth little to me, nor has it been of value to me since the night I saw your face lighted by a coach lamp, for I have been an exile. But recently I have inherited the estate which my father saved by remaining neutral in our troubles. Yet besides my loyalty to our rightful sovereign, there is but one act in my life to keep me from enjoying my heritage, an act of highway robbery. I have returned the booty taken on that occasion, and crave your forgiveness."

"It is granted. But my father—he will never forgive you."

"There is a chance. He may not recognize me as the highwayman. Should he not there is no reason why I should not make myself known as a Scotch laird recently come into an estate, for the war has for some time past been over, and there are, I understand, to be no more persecutions for loyalty to the king."

"But in the event of my father recognizing you as the highwayman, would not give a farthing for your life. He has often spoken of that episode and vowed that should you make good your words to return my bracelet he would see you hanged high as Haman. Keep it," she added, taking it off; "I would not dare wear it."

"As a keepsake?"

"Yes."

"I am resolved," said the young man after a pause, "to take the one chance that deprives me of being open to your quest. I am going to make myself known to your father. If he does not recognize my voice my troubles may be at an end, and I may be with you."

She pleaded with him not to take the risk, but in vain. When she found it impossible to dissuade him she put her arm within his and led him to her father and said:

"Father, this is Sir Walter Douglas of northern Scotland. He has recently returned from abroad and, finding himself near us tonight, has made bold to come unbidden to join our festivities."

The host looked at Douglas inquiringly. Despite his siding with Round heads he had a Briton's respect for rank.

"You are welcome, Sir Walter," he said. "I trust you are one of us, meaning a supporter of the parliament."

"My father," said the young man clearing his throat while speaking to disguise his voice, "took neither side. Now there is but one side to take."

The speaker glanced at the girl, fearing that she would betray him by her emotion rather than that he would be recognized by his voice. Fortunately her father was looking at Douglas and did not see her efforts to repress it. But at this noncommittal reply MacIvor turned away to his duties as host. His daughter gave a long sigh of relief and led her guest to another part of the house. After another interview behind window curtains he left her with her assurance that he would be always welcome.

That part of Scotland lying beyond the Grampian mountains was in those days a wild country. Sir Walter Douglas went to his estate and, taking no part in the later futile attempts of the Stuarts to regain the throne of England and Scotland, was not disturbed by the parliamentary government. Later he made a second appearance at MacIvor's home to ask for the hand of the old man's daughter. It was gladly bestowed upon him, and after a wedding ceremony during which the father gave his daughter away to the man who had robbed him—Sir Walter had the keepsake in his pocket when being married—the knight took his bride to his remote home. When Charles II. was restored to the throne the pair were prominent at court, and Lady Douglas often told the story of the bracelet, wearing it openly on her wrist, to the merry incoherence of the guests. It is needless to add that his majesty Charles II. was restored to the throne

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Leaders Who Changed Their Names.
Jeremiah Jones Colbrath was the original name of Henry Wilson, who was elected vice president with Grant in 1872 and who had served long in house and senate. How would Grant and Colbrath have sounded as a campaign cry? Why Wilson made the change is not explained by his biographer.

Grant had his name changed from Hiram Ulysses. The representative who appointed him to West Point got the name Ulysses Simpson, the latter being the maiden name of his mother. So Grant let it remain as the government had made him officially.

The Year of the Sudden Change.
One of the most remarkable stories of sudden cold weather is to be found in a famous biography of Abraham Lincoln. The year 1836 was long known as "the year of the sudden change." At noon on Dec. 30 of that year, after a warm, rainy morning, the temperature suddenly fell 40 degrees. A man riding into Springfield, Ill., for a marriage license found the raindrops dripping from his bridle and heard changed "in a second" into jangling ice-chains. Geese and chickens were caught by their feet and wings and frozen to the wet ground. A drove of 1,000 hogs being driven to St. Louis rushed together for warmth and formed a huge pile. Those inside smothered, while those outside froze, and the gnat-like pyramids remained on the prairie for months. Men caught on the prairie and killed their horses, disemboweled them and crept into the cavity of their bodies to escape the murderous blizzard.

Trick of a Flash of Lightning.
Lightning plays some peculiar tricks at times, but we have never heard anything to come up to the following, which the Melbourne Age property is called "Extraordinary Incident."
"A young man, while riding through the timber country at Willing during a recent storm, had a remarkable escape from death in peculiar circumstances. A large tree directly in front of him was struck by lightning and split in halves. The horse he was riding, becoming terrified, started to plunge and jumped through the gap between the halves of the tree. At that moment the halves came together with a snap like a rabbit trap and crushed off a length of the horse's tail, which can still be seen protruding from the tree. The young man received a severe shaking, but otherwise came through the ordeal safely."

His Special Treat.
The vicar of an east end parish is telling a queer little story that illustrates the relation between husband and wife in that quarter of London. He was returning home late one night when he overtook a man who was violently abusing and ill using a woman. The poor woman was coming off very badly and she had already got a very angry eye when the clergyman went up and remonstrated with the man on his behavior. For a moment the blows and abuse were stayed, the man being too surprised at the interruption to continue. Then, to the astonishment of the peace-maker, the ill used woman signed to him to go away. Wiping her eyes with her shawl, she informed him soothingly:

"It's all right, sir. Let 'im be. 'Im 's wife, and it's 'is birthday!—London Answers.

An Opening For an Angel.
One of Oscar Hammerstein's scene painters came to him at the Hammerstein London Opera House one day when Hammerstein was in the midst of his difficulties and said:

"Oh, Mr. Hammerstein, I have just painted a beautiful scene, a most exquisite scene!"

"What is it?" demanded Hammerstein.

"It is a sylvan dell—a most charming landscape!"

"Bah!" shouted Hammerstein. "What do I want with a sylvan dell? Paint me a banker! Paint me a banker!" Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

On a Needle Point.
Indirectly Pasteur solved the famous medieval problem. "How many angels can stand on the point of a needle?" Sir W. Crookes said that altering the word "angels" to "devils" he had found that of one of the deadliest diseases that had ever scourged mankind 500 of the malignant microbes—veritable devils—could, without overcrowding, find place on the point of the finest needle.

Not Worthless.
Patience—Why her husband is absolutely worthless. Patience—Oh, you shouldn't say that! You know it has been proved that a man weighing 150 pounds contains enough grease to make seventy-five candles and a pound of soap.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Real Hero.
From boyhood every man wears in his heart the image of his ideal woman. Then he marries the substitute, eats her burnt biscuits and says nothing.—Florida Times-Union.

Simply Didn't Do It.
Mother—Now, Willie, tell me the truth. You forgot to wash your face this morning, didn't you? Willie—No, mother, honest, I didn't forget.—Judge.

Woman's Study of Man.
That the race of husbands knows its wives may be doubted. That the race of wives knows its husbands is undoubted. The man goes bounding forth on his path of many interests. The woman sits at home and broods over her single interest—the man. Her diet of brooding she absorbs and accepts or rejects him. No man can hope to escape from the serious study of a woman, continued for sixteen hours daily. Every piece of evidence that her senses have observed is scrutinized, analyzed, classified. Her mind seeks the man as liquor seeks a lump of sugar. The sugar is dissolved; the man is solved. Most men, it is true, are simple enough. But the most complex man becomes simple when subjected to the concentrated and continued scrutiny of brooding woman. They are cooked with the duster; they are washed up with the crockery; they are pitched into the children's pinnettes. From that prolonged observation to man's anatomy can hide its secrets.—Bookfellow (N. B. W.).

"Living Their Parts."
A good deal is said from time to time about an actor living his part. In the course of some remarks on this subject Walter Pritchard Eaton, in the American Magazine, tells the following:

"Once a great actor as Brutus in 'Julius Caesar' came to a second great actor, as Cassius.

"'Tell me, my noble friend, show upon this.'"

"and pressed a plug of tobacco into his palm. Sarah Bernhardt, as a wagner, once played a fearful and stirring scene in an American theater, reciting instead of the words of the play an impromptu tirade against American heels, and the audience—all save a few who could understand her rapid French—were duly carried away. It is even recorded that many women wept. Sarah was most assuredly not 'living the life' of her stage character, then, yet her acting remained effective, and no one has yet denied that she knows how to act."

Where Did You Get That Kitten?
"Where did you get that kitten?" asked Willie's mother.

"I traded a top to Pappy Johnson for it."

"What that Pappy Johnson with whom I saw you playing a little while ago?"

"No; that was Piggie Davis."

"Dear me! What dreadful names! Come here. How did you get that bear in your coat?"

"I caught it on a wall when me and Ratty Robinson were mixing it up this morning."

"Mercy! I don't want you to have anything to do with those boys any more. Their families must be low or they wouldn't have such names. How in the world did they ever get them?"

"I don't know. They call me Pimpie Kenworth because one day I went to school with a pimpie on my nose."—Chicago Herald.

The Dyspeptic Ostrich.
Long ago the phenomenal power of the stomach of the ostrich was immortalized in the fable of all the world's great languages. To have the "stomach of an ostrich" is the synonym for incomparable digestive power, the supreme flight of gastrical adulation. These omnivorous beings of the dime museum who devour hardware in public for so much per week are always down on the bills as "human ostriches." Well, to make a long story short, the whole thing from beginning to end is nature's fake, pure and simple. As a matter of fact, the ostrich, if not a confirmed dyspeptic, has a most delicate digestion. The largest single entry in an ostrich mortality records is acute indigestion. The successful feeding of ostriches in captivity requires constant care.—Argonaut.

Early England's Animals.
Ilford, in Essex, England, is famous in the annals of geological research, discoveries there giving an idea of the dangerous state of the Thames valley at an early date in its history. The elephant, the rhinoceros and the bear roamed wild, and the prehistoric traveler, who dodged them still, ran the risk of encountering the tiger or lion. The number of teeth discovered at Ilford shows the elephant to have been particularly common.

Didn't Half Try.
Father—How's this, Harold? I hear you have been as bad as you could be today. What have you got to say for yourself? Small Harold—Please don't believe all you hear, papa. I could have been a whole lot worse.—Chicago News.

What a Woman Says.
Singleton—I want to ask you a question, old man. Wedderly—Come on with it, Singleton—Does a woman always mean what she says? Wedderly—During courtship she doesn't, but after marriage you bet she does.—Chicago News.

Possibly.
Henry—Do you think she would accept me if I should propose? Ethel—Why, of course. She has accepted lots worse looking chaps than you.—Exchange.

Next Step.
Kulcker—Children are now raising their parents. Becker—The next generation will engage in parent study.—New York Sun.

He that voluntarily continues ignorant is guilty of all the crimes which ignorance produces.

THE Bad Man

Did He Deserve the Name?

By CLARINA MACKIE

He rode past Fancher's place in a cloud of dust from the sun behind him. Nan Fancher, standing in the shade of the wide veranda, saw the horse and rider disappear in the distance. "He lives all alone in a little hut over near the mountains, and he has been named 'Bad Man' ever since."

"The bad man?" shrieked Little Peter Fancher from his post near the gate. "Which Peter?" admonished his aunt severely. "You mean't say any naughty things."

"But he is bad," whispered Peter to the horse and rider disappeared in the distance. "He lives all alone in a little hut over near the mountains, and he has been named 'Bad Man' ever since."

"The bad man?" shrieked Little Peter Fancher from his post near the gate. "Which Peter?" admonished his aunt severely. "You mean't say any naughty things."

"It's Gay Ransom that's the one I mean about this. He's a shrewd lawyer for Black beyond the mountains. The boys give him a bad reputation, and his appearance certainly bears them out."

"Mrs. Fancher sent the Chinese cook into the kitchen on some errand, and spoke in a low tone. 'Go along and find me that best black chicken that's left, Dick, and he is positive that Ransom is responsible for their disappearance.'"

"'Anno domini,' exclaimed Nan, 'that man didn't look like a chicken thief, however.'"

"I believe I'll ride over to the school's hut and see if I find any chicken bones," remarked Dick as he left the house. "You'll be back in a moment, and the chap's away. Want to come, Nan?"

"Yes," said the girl solemnly. "The reward was not exactly to her liking, she would have preferred that her son ride across the brow which had a more agreeable object than the scrubbing out of a chicken thief, but she said nothing as she looked at a wild gray fox hat and drew on soft leather gaiters over her white blouses."

As they rode along over the hills, Dick Fancher gave his sister brief sketches of the neighboring ranches and their owners.

"And, best of all, there's Black's place over the mountains. Black is an excellent rider with notions who came out here a year ago, bought the place, picked up a few men in charge and then went home to raise sheep from the office of a New York newspaper."

"And this Gay Ransom is one of his herd?" asked Nan.

"Yes; dropped on the country one day from nobody knows where, with a ready-made reputation which was chased far and wide by Black's foreman, Peterson. He says Ransom is a fire eater—shoots first and argues afterward."

"How dreadful!" murmured Nan. "And to think he would steal chickens!"

"See any feathers?" asked Dick as they approached the door of the hut. "Nary," said Nan in the vernacular. Dick rode close to the hut, suddenly swooped from his saddle and picked up the limp and yellow foot of a chicken.

"Not so far wrong there, my girl," he said to his sister, dangling the foot before her averted face.

The door of the hut opened suddenly and the bad man stood before them. He plucked off his hat and held it in his hand, revealing a white forehead between the thatch of his unkempt dark hair and the tan of his face.

"'Howdy,'" he said amiably. "Will you come in?"

"No, thanks," drawled Dick with all the insulting emphasis he could summon. "I'm just collecting chicken feet—that's all. I've found two familiar ones right here. Maybe the rest of 'em are still holding up the chickens, eh?"

"If it's a joke I've missed it," said the other quietly. "Why are you looking for chickens around here? This isn't a chicken ranch."

"See here, Ransom, Johnnie spoke to me about you. He says you're a bad man. I've found a pair of my chickens here. I mean here in your yard. How the dickens did they come there?" He darted the foot in Nan's direction. "I mean here in your yard. How the dickens did they come there?"

"I'm not surprised they came here," said Ransom calmly. "I mean here in your yard. How the dickens did they come there?"

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