Incognito

Story of a Ranch Party

By MARTHA V. MONROE

Gardiner MacKnight, a wealthy New Yorker and a member of the smart set, issued invitations to a select few of his friends in the swim to what he called a ranch party. They were all to go west by train to a station and from the station to the ranch by stagecoach. He did not own the ranch, but said he had hired it for the occasion. The ranchman, Patrick Coleman, would remain in charge, MacKnight's guests being in the nature of boarders during their stay at MacKnight's expense.

There was something novel in the plan, and the dozen young men and women who were invited considered themselves fortunate. They arrived at the ranch house in the evening and took possession. MacKnight had assured them that for the period of their stay they were at liberty to do as they pleased, and they did. When they came the owner was out attending to his herds, but they didn't consider his presence of much importance so long as his premises were at their disposal. They wege all, except one lady, representatives of American present day society—that is, they had all come into a good deal of money during a recent date, had climbed into the swim and kicked the ladder away from under them in order that no one should be assisted upward by taking hold of their skirts. The exception was a Miss DeWitt, a scion of an old Dutch family which had managed through many generations to retain some wealth.

On the second day after the party's arrival the owner returned. The guests were somewhat taken aback by the greeting MacKnight and Coleman gave each other, which was quite chummy. Coleman was in ranch costume, rather brusque in his manner, and spoke with a brogue, though in his case it was not as broad as that of the ordinary son of Erin. On the whole, the New Yorkers did not consider that there was anything about him that required different treatment from other men who were not in their set.

It soon developed that Mr. Coleman was not of this opinion. He seemed to expect that he was to be taken in as one of the party. MacKnight treated him as such and seemed to expect his guests to do the same. Miss De Witt, who was a cousin of the host, seemed disposed to accept Mr. Coleman as an equal—at least, while under his roof—but it was supposed by the others that she had taken her cue from the host. It was not long before Mr. Coleman saw that he was persona non grata and drew himself away from all except Miss DeWitt.

MacKnight seemed to be provoked that his guests should carry their New York petty assumptions into the wild west. The men of the party saw at once that their host was displeased and mended their treatment of Coleman, but the women were not so minded. After all, it was quite natural that, having worked their way with so much trouble to a position where they could look down on the multitude, they appreciated what they had gained and did not propose to relinquish any in finitesimal part of it.

There was one young lady, Miss Eileen De Vine—she had only just reached the surface in the swim—who maintained that, whatever be the treatment of Patrick Coleman, she would keep him where he belonged.

"Pat," she said to him one morning, "get me a glass of water."

Coleman colored a bit, but went for the water. When he returned he said

"Are you related to the De Vines of Tipperary county, Ireland?"

It was now Miss De Vine's turn to be red in the face. Michael De Vine, her grandfather, had been steward for the estate of the Earl of Eringough. She pretended not to have heard the question, turning to speak to a girl sitting near her.

It did not take Mr. Coleman long to become used to the treatment of Mr. MacKnight's guests, and, having been assured that they had no use for him, he seemed quite as well pleased as if they had. But such was not the case with MacKnight.

"You were wrong about this matter, old man," he said to Coleman one day "Your plan of bringing these people out here without letting them know anything about you and expecting them to take you in as one of them has been a failure I told you it would be."

"No failure at all," replied the other. "I supposed you would bring Americans such as are admired on the other side of the water for their broad views. Your guests I doubt not are of the commercial aristocracy They are all right, but they have not been brought up to recognize a gentleman or a lady without an adviser. They must have some one to coach them, just as the great bulk of people must have a critic for a painting, a statue or a poem."

"But you wouldn't permit me to vouch for you."

"Certainly not, and I don't regret it. If these persons knew who I am they would nauseate me with their flattery. Don't worry yourself about it, Mac. We are getting such people at home. After all they are better than our own aristocracy was when they drove you Americans out of the British empire. Your American aristocrats are at least harmless."

"Before I leave I shall tell my guests who you are."

"I prefer that you should not, but if you do don't do so till the last moment of their stay here. By the bye, how comes it that your cousin, Miss DeWitt, treats me with so much more consideration than the rest?"

"She comes of a family that was prominent in America when there were few such in the land. Any one of these persons whom I have brought out here could have bought any one of her ancestors many times over. They were rich for those days, but not for now. Their claim to their position was their refinement. Such claims nowadays are based on the possession of wealth. My cousin had doubtless detected in you beneath your sombrero and woolen shirt something akin to herself. But even if she has not done so she would scorn to remain under your roof without treating you with ordinary politeness."

"Have you given her my incog?"

"I have not."

A canter over Mr. Coleman's domain was arranged, and it was necessary that he should conduct them. The young men and women paired off, riding in couples. Miss DeWitt, seeing Mr. Coleman riding alone, spurred her horse beside him with the apparent pretense of asking him questions about his ranch and other matters pertaining to the country. The act was noticed by the others.

"I wonder," said a lady in a low tone to her companion, "how Miss DeWitt, who is so refined, can demean herself by associating with that Irishman."

"Pat isn't bad," replied the other. "He's a bit rough, but you wouldn't expect a ranchman to be a silk stocking."

"I'm told that a number of younger sons of British gentlemen are engaged in ranching."

Miss De Vine, who was riding near and heard this dialogue, informed the speakers that she was of Irish extraction and there was a great difference between the classes in Ireland. The gentry there did not usually come to America. Her grandfather had emigrated, but that was because he had lost his estates and could not maintain the position his family had occupied for many centuries.

Some of the party who were observing Miss DeWitt and Patrick Coleman were puzzled, noticing that when in her company he seemed to lose much of his brusqueness. Indeed, occasionally his bearing toward her would be that of a gentleman, though somewhat antiquated. One of the men declared that if he did not know better he might suppose him to be an Irish gentleman of the old school.

Before the party finished the rounds of the ranch and drew up at the ranch house Miss DeWitt had received a great deal of information as to the methods pertaining to sheep mixing, especially the precautions necessary to preserve the sheep from the blizzards. On reaching the porch before which the party dismounted Mr. Coleman threw himself from his horse and handed Miss DeWitt down from hers in a manner that was noticed by the rest of the party. He seemed to have been born for such purpose.

From that time during the visit of the New Yorkers at the Coleman ranch Miss DeWitt received and accepted marked attention from the ranchman and with the women of the party lost caste considerably by doing so.

The party remained together for two weeks, during which those who wished to hunt hunted, those who wished to fish fished and those who preferred to do nothing lounged. During all this time Patrick Coleman and Miss DeWitt saw more and more of each other, and the ladies, despairing of the latter's disposition to degrade herself by accepting the attention of so ordinary a person as the rancher, left her to her own sweet will. As the fortnight drew to an end it began to look as though the two were going to make a match.

On the day of the departure all the guests had entered the coach except Miss De Vine, who was about to do so. Coleman stood with his sombrero in his hand, while MacKnight stood beside him.

"I think," said the latter to the party, "that I owe it to you to tell you that you have been the guests of two instead of one. My friend here is Patrick Coleman, the son of an Irish peer, the Earl of Eringough He desired to see something of our best American society and proposed that I should bring out a party of my friends. He desires me to thank you for the honor you have done him."

At the mention of the name Eringough Miss De Vine, red as a peony, turned and sprang into the coach. MacKnight climbed to a seat beside the driver, and as the coach disappeared from view a white handkerchief waved from an outside seat by Miss DeWitt repaid the ranchman for the refusal of the others to admit him to the charmed circle.

All this happened many years ago. In due time the Earl of Eringough died, and his son, the ranchman, inherited the title. Lady Eringough, nee DeWitt, is now an Irish peeress and one of the most popular noblewomen.

The members of the party who visited the Coleman ranch have never forgiven themselves for their blunder. Miss De Vine has made several trips abroad with a view to catching a titled husband and has at last succeeded in marrying a marquis. Unfortunately he has had two wives, both of whom he married from the stage of a London music hall.

EQUATORIAL ECUADOR

A Land of Earthquakes Nearly All a Mile Above Sea Level.

The traveler arrives in Guayaquil laden with quinine pills, but he learns that in a journey of a day he can reach the temperate zone. He brings summer clothing for a country crossed by the equator and nearly perishes on the frozen slopes of high mountains. He finds a government as unstable as the volcano shaken soil. He notes important industries that thrive upon these turbulent shores. Ecuador is a land of contradictions.

It is the land where the Incas ruled after they came into Peru. It was the birthplace of Atahualpa, who fell before Pizarro. It was from his capital at Quinoto along the mountains that Gonzalo Pizarro rode out with Orellana to discover the Amazon.

The land which bears the name of the equator rivals her sister republics in variety of scenery and climate. Her feet rest on the dashing chrome green shore of a tropic river; her head wears the fleecy crown of eternal snows. With one hand she points to the wide Pacific; with the other, to the matted jungle of the Amazonian valley. Colombia, Brazil and Peru are her neighbors, but who can say where the territory of the one actually begins and the other ends? Two-thirds of the people of Ecuador are Indians, pure and simple. Nine-tenths of the population live a mile above the sea. Her territory is three times as large as Pennsylvania. Her domain is practically unexplored, but commercially she is forging ahead. —National Magazine.

EDUCATING THE INDIAN.

Difficulties the Student Faces After He Has Left College.

The conditions to which most Indian students return are hard, far harder than the average easterner can realize. Many of the reservations are long distances from railroads, so that supplies are hard to get as well as expensive; while in places water is a real luxury. The standards of the community must also be taken into consideration, and in all too many localities the white people living near are not of a type to prove either helpful or elevating. With all these difficulties, and many, many more, we expect far more of the Indian than we would of a white student who had enjoyed equal advantages.

A white boy who has been in school until he is perhaps twenty and in that time has had to master in addition to the usual studies a new language and accept an entirely strange system of living is not expected to raise the standards of his home community to any very great extent. The Indian is. He must not only have acquired a trade and be able to do skillful work, but he must speak English well enough to act as interpreter, understand the Bible and teach in Sunday school, as well as be prepared to advise in the councils of his people regarding various phases of their legal standing and land questions.

And when he is unable to fulfill all these requirements we hear that Indian education is a failure.—Southern Workman.

Masked Women.

Upper class Swahili women wear curious masks, which are made of leather and beads in a wooden frame. The mask is derived from the traditional usage of Moslem women, who must keep their faces covered in the presence of men. For several centuries Arab traders have frequented this east African coast, and to their influence are due most of the civilized customs found today among the natives of the district. The clothing worn by these prosperous dames is of silk; their shoes are partly of silver, and they wear much silver jewelry. The Moslems in Zanzibar, by the way, are less fanatically strict about religious usages than their brethren in Morocco and Turkey. —Wide World Magazine.

A Big Birdcage.

A very peculiar institution in the New York zoo is what is known as "the flying birdcage." This magnificent aviary is the largest of its kind in the world, being 55 feet high, 72 feet wide and 150 feet long. Large oak and other trees grow in this cage, and the birds live within its wire netting bounds in the utmost freedom. The frame of the cage is built of iron pipes, which are covered over with thin meshed netting.

By Proxy Perhaps.

A well known metropolitan choral conductor was once holding voice trials preliminary to the organization of a colored choral club of jubilee singers. One of the soprano applicants was extremely reticent when asked to sing a scale. Finally the director, becoming impatient, asked, "What's the matter—don't you sing?" "Well," she hesitatingly replied, "not pubsonally."—Argonaut.

Contrary Efforts.

"The man who forged the indorsement of his friend went to the bank to cash the check."

"Well?"

"The friend went immediately after him to check the cash."—Baltimore American.

A Great Principle.

"Forgive your enemies," said the earnest man. "That's good religion."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "and sometimes it's good politics too."—Washington Star.

Too Long.

Maud—Haven't you and Jack been engaged long enough to get married? Marie—Too long. He hasn't got a cent left.—Boston Transcript.

When Tissot Was Surprised.

A charming story is told of Tissot, the great French painter. While in England on one occasion he painted a beautiful religious picture and, showing it to a woman from Paris, asked her opinion of his work. Characterizing it as a work of real art, she gave a remarkably just and detailed appreciation of the various merits of the painting.

"Are you satisfied?" asked a friend. The artist answered in the negative. He entirely repainted his picture, working night and day. When it was finished he sent for his fair critic, who pronounced it admirable, and then she remained silently admiring it with smiling criticism.

"Are you satisfied?" once more asked the friend. "No," replied Tissot as he began work on the picture for the third time. When the lady saw the new painting she gazed at it for some moments with evident emotion and then, without a word, sank softly to her knees and began to pray.

"Are you satisfied now?" whispered the friend. "Yes," answered Tissot.

What the Diver Saw.

While serving on a naval vessel stationed at China an old time seaman had an uncanny experience. He says:

"Our ship's company had been ashore for a route march, and on returning one of our officers in stepping on the ship's gangway let his sword fall overboard. Being a diver, I was sent down to try and recover it, but as I touched the bottom I saw the corpse of a lady dressed in light material gradually rise from her resting place of mud. She faced me as naturally as if she had been a living person. The disturbing of the water by my descending had no doubt moved the body. It was a sight—and also a fright—which I do not wish to experience again. The sword was eventually recovered by another diver, for I can assure you I made a record trip to the surface without seeking further." —London Globe.

A Smart Answer.

The following episode took place in a country village in the north of England: One morning as a schoolmaster was proclaiming to his school he saw a penny. He picked it up, he placed the penny in his pocket, and after the children had assembled in the school the schoolmaster said:

"Has any child lost any money?"

After a few moments a small boy in the front of the class put up his hand.

"Well, Robert, what do you want?" asked the master.

"Please, sir, I have lost a penny," replied the boy.

"And where did you lose your penny, Robert?" inquired the master.

"Please, sir, where you found it."

Robert got the penny amid the laughter of the master and the whole class. —Philadelphia Record.

Her Knowledge of Music.

The names of musical compositions do not always convey the impression that is intended by their composers, as one listener discovered recently at a San Francisco concert. One woman was much interested in the music and sat as close to the orchestra as possible, attentively listening to every note. A popular air had just been played. It was a catchy, melodious bit of music and was received with warm applause. Immediately following it on the program was Dvorak's "Humoresque," and the attentive listener draw back in disgust. "Just think," she said in tones loud enough to be heard by those near by—"just imagine playing something humorous after that other beautiful piece. It ought not to be allowed."—Argonaut.

Amateur Truce Makers.

Toward the end of the last siege of Paris by the Germans in 1870-71, the custom grew up of observing an informal armistice of about an hour's duration at sundown, when the hungry citizens, or some of them at all events, used to come out and purchase sausages from the Prussians and Bavarians in the advanced trenches at about ten times their normal price. After awhile, however, the custom came to the knowledge of Von Moltke, who effectually and promptly put a stop to it by shooting some half dozen or more of the amateur truce makers. —Pearson's Weekly.

An Easier Task.

"Mamma, do you think it is true, as papa says, that teachers do not have to work as hard now as they did when he went to school?"

"I expect it is."

"What do you suppose the reason is?"

"The teachers of today don't have to teach your father."—Buffalo News.

Puzzling All Right.

"It's a bit puzzling, isn't it?" said one man to another who was striving to hold on to his hat and his umbrella at the same time in a high wind.

"Yes," said the man accosted. "It's like a wall paper hanger with the hives."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Overhead Charges.

The Boss—What's this item on your expense account, "Overhead expenses, $4?" The Traveling Salesman—That was an umbrella I bought.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Quite So.

"Longevity, after all, is largely a matter of diet."

"Indeed! I had the impression it was largely a matter of time."—St. Louis Times.

It is our duty to do our best to brighten the lives of the people who live with us or are dependent on us.

The Incendiary

By EVERETT P. CLARKE

I was in a criminal courtroom one day among the spectators when I saw a man sentenced for incendiarism for five years. His wife was in court and her scene between them after the sentence had been passed was heartrending. I saw the man's face but a few moments, and it was distorted by agony, but it was impressed upon my mind.

The crime had been committed in the town of Hilton, which was the county seat. I lived in Hilton, but had no acquaintance with the convict. Several fires had occurred at short intervals. One night a citizen saw a man setting fire to the building. By the light of the newly kindled flame the citizen got a glimpse of the incendiary's face, but before he could reach him he had disappeared in the darkness. A few days later he met the man Mansfield I had seen sentenced in the street and recognized him for the firebug. The result was conviction.

Within a few months after Mansfield had been taken to the penitentiary a series of fires occurred in Allanville, some twenty miles from Hilton. I had meanwhile removed to Allanville and was interested in these fires, naturally connecting them with those that had occurred in Hilton. Had I not seen the perpetrator of the incendiarism in Hilton sent to prison for five years I would have connected him with the fires in Allanville. Indeed, I made inquiries as to where Mansfield was and was told that he was serving out his time.

A number of citizens of Allanville volunteered to watch at night, and I was one of them. There were twelve of us, and we divided our number into three watches of four each. One night or, rather, morning, for it was 3 o'clock, I saw a man walking some distance ahead of me. I followed him, but before I caught up with him I met one of the watchers. On asking him about the party ahead of me, whom he must have passed, he said that he knew him well. His name was Simpson. He was troubled with insomnia, and, not being able to sleep, he would go out and walk the streets.

I was perfectly satisfied with this explanation and went back to my beat.

Notwithstanding our vigilance the fires continued, and we failed to be on the ground when they were lighted. They were not very frequent, and some of the watchers began to think that occurring as they did was merely a coincidence. One after another gave up watching till there were but half a dozen of us left.

I met Simpson on several occasions, but never in sufficient light to see his face. One night when walking with a fellow watcher Simpson passed us. My companion bade him good evening, spoke a few words to him, and we passed on. We were near a street lamp when we met him, and I got a glimpse of his partially lighted face.

Something within me, some psychological working, seemed to connect Simpson with the fires. I said nothing to my companion of my feeling, but resolved that I would devote my future watchings to Mr. Simpson. But I asked questions as to who and what he was and was told that he was a good citizen and the father of a highly respected family.

Acting on an impression for which I could not account, I spent several of my periods of watching near Mr. Simpson's house. On the third night I saw him go out and shadowed him. He walked about aimlessly for awhile, then returned to his home. I was so far satisfied that he was what he was considered to be that I gave up my purpose of shadowing him. But I could not get rid of the impression I had received.

One morning about dawn when I was about to go home from my watch I saw one of our party coming with a policeman who had a man by the arm. I waited till they came up, and, behold, the prisoner was Simpson! I was told that he had been caught setting fire to a building.

The town of Allanville was greatly shocked to learn that its respected fellow citizen was a firebug. He was tried for his crime and adjudged insane on the testimony of alienists, who considered his insomnia the cause of his insanity. He was acquitted on the promise of his family to send him to a private sanitarium.

When I first saw Simpson in the light I recognized—or thought I recognized—Mansfield, who had been convicted of the same crime at Hilton. Then I began to suspect that Simpson was a different person and was the real criminal in both cases. I asked if he had ever lived at Hilton and was told that he had been staying there temporarily at the time the fires had occurred there. This settled the matter in my mind.

I went at once to Hilton, called on Mrs. Mansfield and told her that I thought I had proof of her husband's innocence. The happiest moment of my life was when, on telling her my story, I saw her face light up with a mingled relief and joy.

Mansfield, on his innocence being established, was pardoned by the governor of the state, which was a quicker way to set him free than a new trial.

If the scene of Mansfield being torn from his family was heartrending, my happiness at having reunited him with his family was ecstatic. We are all now bosom friends.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

DEATH ON THE GUILLOTINE

[illegible]

The Coming [illegible]

The Cimbrian sea [illegible] 2,000 years ago, [illegible] no connection with [illegible] scholarly knowing [illegible] impossible to find [illegible] us, however numerous [illegible] such authorities as [illegible] believed, that it was [illegible] the northern coast [illegible] new gulf. [illegible] had a network [illegible] false information [illegible] of Alexander's campaigns [illegible] says that the Caspian [illegible] fifteen days' voyage [illegible] its breadth eight days [illegible] actual figures are [illegible] this shows that a newspaper [illegible] did fifty miles a day.—London [illegible]

Irony of Fate.

Divorce, as well as marriage, has its little ironies.

A society woman, who has [illegible] attributed proceedings for [illegible] the double [illegible] case with a friend.

"I don't think I know the [illegible] who is going to represent you," [illegible] served the visitor, running over [illegible] name in her mind.

"Oh, you must know him," [illegible] the hostess with animation. "[illegible] you remember the good looking [illegible] who sang 'Oh, Perfect Love' at my wedding?"—Lippincott's.

Why She Hurrahed.

During the last G. A. R. encampment there was one woman amid the throng of spectators on the day of the parade who made herself conspicuous by her noisy hurrahs and excited waving of her flag as the old veterans marched past. One of the bystanders told her sharply to shut up.

"Shut up yourself!" she retorted. "If you had buried two husbands who had served in the war you would be hurrahing too."—Everybody's.

Old Fashioned.

"I never see you pay the slightest attention to your children," declared grandma, who had come on a visit. "Don't you love your children?"

"Now, don't be old fashioned, ma," urged the fashionable wife. "That's governess is employed to do that."—Judge.

Would Be Great.

"They say that Mars is not now habitable, but will be soon."

"Gosh, I'd like to help settle it. Think of being among the first families of an entire planet."—Kansas City Journal.

Unfortunately Put.

Nellie—How do you like the new way I do my hair, Jack? Jack (meaning to be complimentary)—Why, it makes you look at least ten years younger.

Cæsar considered nothing done so long as anything remained to be done. —Lucan.