

# Marjorie's Sailor Lad.

**G**OOD-BY, Marjorie, my darling; write often to your 'boy in blue,' and may heaven bless you for the promise you have given me. You little know what it means to me, to have felt myself alone in the world, to know that there is one heart beating in response to my deep love, and a dear face watching for my return. As heaven bears me witness, you shall never have cause to regret it.

"Good-by, Herbert. I shall pray for your safety and speedy return. Take care of yourself, for with drooping lids and an almost inaudible voice you are my life."

Herbert Lord drew the beautiful girl to him in a closer embrace, and the last moments of their parting, though silent, were full of eloquence.

Marjorie had watched her handsome lover as he mounted the hill. When he reached the summit he turned, and she stretched out her arms to him in mute entreaty for his return; then she summoned her courage and gayly kissed her hand to him. He raised his cap, returned her salute, and with head still bowed, disappeared from view.

Marjorie leaned against the tree and covered her face with her hands. She felt a loneliness that she had never before experienced. All unconscious that their parting had been witnessed, the young girl sat musing until she was startled by hearing a voice almost in her ear:

"Why these tears, Miss Marjorie? Surely no one has less cause for unhappiness than the beautiful Miss Gardiner."

Marjorie turned and saw before her Thomas Braeme. How she loathed him at that moment! Yet, why? She knew him to be immensely wealthy; he was considered a great catch by mamma with marriageable daughters; he was lionized by society; and yet Marjorie voluntarily shrank from his sunny smile and tongue and persistent attentions. She had once refused his offer of marriage, and this act on her part had been the cause of many bitter reproaches from her family.

When she heard his voice she drew herself up, and ignoring his outstretched hand, replied: "Fardon me, Mr. Braeme, I am not unhappy; and if I were I feel to see how it could possibly concern you."

His eyes flashed angrily, but he controlled his anger and replied: "Anything that affects you concerns me, Marjorie. No; hear me. You know that I have loved you—that I still love you, and I now come for the second time with your parents' approval and good wishes for my success. Marjorie, marry me and you shall have everything that makes life worth living. I will be your husband and no other."

"Husband! At the thought of Thomas Braeme as a husband her face grew white and a shudder shook her frame. She answered, coldly:

"Mr. Braeme, I can only answer you as I did before, and I ask you to accept this as final. Your persistency in this matter annoys me, and I beg of you to cease."

She turned to go, but he stopped her. "There is some one else—you cannot deny it."

"Neither does that concern you," she laughingly replied.

In his anger he cried: "And do you imagine that I do not know your little game? You have heard Herbert Lord against your parents' wishes and many of your clandestine meetings have been witnessed. A common sailor! Where is your sense of honor that you stoop so low?"

Marjorie was thoroughly aroused by this attack, and her reply, though uttered in anger, carried conviction.

"I will tell you. My idea of honor lies in the fact that when a man responds to his country's call and is worthy to wear its glorious uniform, poor man though he be, he has reached a degree of honor which a rich aristocrat can never attain. Let me tell you, Herbert Lord is poor, you are rich; but one button on his coat is worth more to me than all your piles of hoarded gold. I respect him, and if he lives to return I shall marry him. Now, if you have one atom of the honor for which you are looking in others you will never mention this subject to me again!"

Marjorie Gardiner turned and walked away.

Every argument was used to induce her to change her decision, but Marjorie remained true to her promise, and when she was married a year later it was a quiet affair, as befitted the bride's future station as the wife of Herbert Lord.

After a brief honeymoon they went to reside in Derwent, where Herbert owned a cottage. At the station they were met by a smartly liveried footman, who touched his hat respectfully, as Herbert Lord and his bride alighted.

"Everything all right, Matthew?"

"All right, sir," with another touch, as he led the way to an elegant carriage drawn by handsome bays. As they rolled comfortably along, tired after their journey, Herbert Lord thought it time to prepare his bride for the surprise in store for her; so, drawing her to him, he remarked: "This is rather more comfortable, isn't it, dear?"

Marjorie looked at him with a look of unutterable content as she replied: "Yes, Herbert, but I fear you have indulged in another bit of extravagance as a wedding to our month of luxurious living."

"No, my little wife, I can afford to do what I have done. I have practiced a little deception which I hope you will not find it too hard to forgive. I am not the poor sailor you thought me, although I am proud of my connection with Uncle Sam's navy. I have won the trust little woman in the wide world for my wife, and it will be the one great pleasure of my life to give her the luxuries that she so bravely fought against sharing with Thomas Braeme. Here we are. Welcome home, my darling wife, and may you be as happy as you have made me."

They drew up before a colonial mansion of fine architectural design, and as they reached the steps the massive door was thrown open and the pleasant though respectful expressions of greeting from the servants bespoke the love and esteem in which their master was held.

Father and Mother Gardiner spent several weeks of each year at the Lard mansion, and loud and long were the praises they sang of their son—Herbert. To Marjorie he was the same—her gallant, true-hearted sailor lad—Boston Post.

**Small Estates.** In describing his journey through the forests of Africa, says that the most formidable foes he

encountered, those that caused the greatest loss of life to his caravan and least loss to defeating his expedition, were the Wanabuti dwarfs.

These diminutive men had only little bows and arrows for weapons, so small that they looked like children's playthings; but upon the tip of each tiny arrow was a drop of poison which would kill an elephant or a man as surely and quickly as a rifle. Their defense was by means of poison and traps.

They would stalk through the dense forest, and waiting in ambush, let fly their arrows before they could be discovered. They dug ditches and carefully covered them over with sticks and leaves. They fixed spikes in the ground and laced them with poison. Into these pits and on these spikes man and beast would fall or step to their death. One of the strangest things was that their poison was mixed with honey.

The account of these small people and their successful warfare influences one to remember the small enemies we are apt to encounter in our habits, secondarily harmless, but dangerous to welfare and happiness.

**SOME QUEER VOCATIONS.**  
What Was Unearthed by the New York Census Enumerators.

There can be no better illustration of the truth of the moss-grown expression that "one-half the world does not know how the other half lives" than is found in the discoveries made by a number of census agents in this city.

Occupations that were never known to exist have been unearthed by the students of odd jobs and unique livelihoods food for much thought.

For instance, a man's sole business is the making of monstrosities. He turns out sea serpents and mermaids as readily as the tailor cuts a pair of trousers.

One of the New York census takers found a professional spanker. His advertisement in a German paper said: "Unruly and wayward boys disciplined at parents' residences."

There was discovered close to Fort Greene Park in Brooklyn, a man named Brenner, with a sign reading: "Cockroach killer to the United States navy." The cockroach killer made his "reputation" when he removed twenty-one barrels of cockroaches from the old, wall-sided Pensacola. He does it with a sort of paste and is an expert.

Another queer occupation discovered is conducted by a man who "calls" people. His chief customers are those who have got up at unusually early hours, such as bartenders, policemen, motormen and the like.

The woman whose business is to collect corks, and who is said to make \$10 a day, is another queer one on the long list of oddities. She gathers all the whisky, champagne and mineral water corks, through a number of employes, and sells them to the firms that originally cut them.

Close to Bellevue Hospital is a woman who sells bottles. The poor who go to the dispensary for medicines usually fail to take bottles along.

"Bottle woman" sells for 1 cent or 2 cents each glass bottle, and she has a one big enough for the horse liniment.

Still another odd business is that of an East Side firm, which is down in the books as an "ejection company." The firm does nothing except get rid of tenants.

Up on Broadway, near 57th street, is a man whose business it is to bite a man's "does." He says the animals must be of an age at which their tails are tender. He doesn't believe in a knife, because every dog's tail has a worm in it, and the only way to remove it is to bite the tail off.

A man named Killy charges \$2.50 for destroying a rat. A woman named Hamilton trains college men for plays. Three firms furnish clean jackets for bartenders and charge them from 50 cents to \$1 per week. Even the women on the East Side make a business of lighting fires on holidays as remembered in the list.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**MARRIAGES IN THE ARMY.**  
Stringent Regulations in Force in Russia.

The restrictive conditions at present in force with regard to the marriage of officers of the Russian army, says a writer in the Brooklyn Citizen, forbid this privilege under any circumstances in the case of officers under the age of 23. Between the ages of 23 and 25 the dot of an officer's wife must amount to a sum representing the minimum amount of 250 rubles yearly.

In comparison of these conditions with those regulating the same question in other European armies, it can be noted that in the Austro-Hungarian army the number of officers authorized to contract marriage is limited by a fixed proportion assigned to each grade, and these totals being reached all further marriages must be deferred pending the occurrence of vacancies in the married establishments.

The Italian army regulations, which fix the income of the fiancée at a minimum of from 1,200 to 2,000 lire, would appear to be more rational in their operation. Italian officers, however, apply a somewhat liberal interpretation to this law, with the result that the number of marriages occurring under actual provisions does not exceed more than one-eighth of the total number, seven-eighths of the officers being united under the conditions of a religious ceremony only, and thus exempt themselves to all the inconveniences which attend a marriage not recognized by civil law.

Similar disabilities would now appear to be incurred by the Russian officers, and suggestions have been made by the press in Russia that a general revision of the law is necessary. The question is assuming more importance from the fact that Russian officers, reaching a total of nearly 40,000, represent one of the most important classes in the state.

**Few Novels in Japan.**  
The Japanese do not care much for novels. Among 27,000 new books printed last year only four were works of fiction.

When women talk of an "ideal husband," they mean one who believes it hard work himself, but who thinks work in a woman is degrading.

So long as a woman is not interested in any man, she doesn't care so much if told that she is looking older.

## MAN, WIFE AND 15 CHILDREN LIVE ON \$1.50 A DAY.



With fifteen children in the family, Henry Moore and wife of Monroe Falls, Ohio, manage not to be lonesome. Aside from this they keep tolerably busy in keeping up the household on \$1.50 a day. How they do it is one of the secrets of making both ends meet. But they did it when there were seventeen children in the house and when the father earned only \$1.20 a day. Mr. Moore works in a paper mill. He mixes the brown paste that is rolled and pressed into sheets and turned out as wrapping paper. At present he gets \$1.50 a day. Mr. Moore has reduced economy to a science. Until recently he only made six meals a day and one day for each member of his family. The children are all healthy and happy, too, and according to the word of the father, get plenty to eat. The family eats three or four loaves of bread at a meal. Coffee must be made by the gallon; soup by the kettleful, and a large kettle at that. The number of children that are used is alarming, and to look at them would make the average hired girl

Fifteen lively children in one house at one time are disconcerting, as a general proposition. The Moores are fond of children, however, and they have got used to the stock's coming. They have been married twenty-four years and the oldest child, Nora, is married and 23 years old. In their order, the children, Hugh, child, Nora, is married and 23 years old. In their order, the children, Hugh, child, Nora, is married and 23 years old. In their order, the children, Hugh, child, Nora, is married and 23 years old.

The Moore house is a five-room frame house in the heart of Monroe Falls, Ohio. Inside everything is neat and clean, though the furnishings are modest, as would befit the home of a man who receives small wages. Mrs. Moore is stout and of pleasant manners. She has her hands full in looking after the children at night to see if they are quiet and safe. If one arch in misbehaving a search must be made. It is also hard work to see that none of the little ones sneaks out surreptitiously and goes fishing. Every child in the family has a life insurance policy kept up by the father.—Chicago Tribune.

## TORNADOES ARE TOO SLOW.

Even a Western Cyclone Could Not Overtake This Train.

England seems to be taking the lead of the United States in the matter of developing the possibilities of electricity as a motive power on railways. The suburbs of London are now reached by means of electric railways that make much faster time than those in this country and greater improvements are in contemplation.

One of the greatest of these new enterprises is the construction of an electric railway connecting the cities of Liverpool and Manchester. A bill for its incorporation was recently rejected by the House of Commons, but the projectors are not discouraged and propose to renew the effort for a franchise, and in the meantime are "educating the people" on the subject of rapid transit.

The rejected bill authorized Mr. Blair to construct a decided novelty in its line. He hoped to achieve a new result by the combination of old and well-known principles. What he promised to do was to propel a train by means of electricity at the rate of at least a hundred miles an hour. He selected for his experiment the cities of Liverpool and Manchester because they are sufficiently far apart to make the advantages of a high speed obvious, and sufficiently close in their commercial relationship to make constant intercourse a necessity.

The observations of earth currents at Greenwich observatory have been made practically useless for several years by the electric railway from Stockwell to London, modern instruments being so sensitive that indications of the current of this railway have been detected more than 100 miles away. An early effect of the railway was to be a funny experience. The generating station was visited by the magnetic superintendent of the observatory, and on his return to work the tracings of his magnets showed a curious deflection, which continued day after day, but only during the hours of his attendance. The idea that he was magnetized was a startling one. But one day he left his umbrella at home and there was no disturbance, the umbrella having been a permanent magnet since the visit to the power station.

**Bold and Sleepy.**  
The boldness of wolves and coyotes in the presence of man is well known. "It is not uncommon" says the author of "Adventures in Mexico," "for these animals to gnaw the straps of a saddle on which your head is reposing for a pillow."

One night, says Mr. Buxton, when camped on an affluent of the Platte, a heavy snow-storm falling at the time, I lay down in my blanket, after first heaping on the fire a vast pile of wood to burn till morning.

In the middle of the night I was awakened by the excessive cold, and burning toward the fire, which was burning bright, what was my astonishment to see a large gray wolf sitting quietly before it, his eyes closed and his head nodding in sheer drowsiness. I looked at him for some moments without disturbing him, and he closed his eyes and went to sleep, leaving him to the quiet enjoyment of the blaze.

**His Hat to Do.**  
It was an aristocratic house. The well-trained butler had left, and the newly engaged man, a Swede, was in process of breaking in. Callers came, and he took the cards to his mistress in his unglazed hands, leaving the silver tray resting quietly in the hall. "When you bring things in here, Swenson," said she, "use the tray. It is not proper to bring them in your hands."

"Yas," he replied.

Mrs. H. Park had a new toy terrier. The guests wished to see it, and she sent for Swenson to fetch it. Soon there was a succession of sniffs, sniffs and whines. The door opened, a very red-faced Swenson appeared with the silver tray in his left hand and a tiny dog terrier held firmly down on it with the other.

**A Venerable Piece of Furniture.**  
What is probably the most venerable piece of furniture in existence is now in the British Museum. It is the throne of Queen Hsiao, who reigned in the Nile Valley some 1,600 years before Christ.

There are lots of people who look as if they had spent the day sitting on a wharf waiting for their ships to come in.

If you missed punishment for your sins, don't rejoice; it often happens that a rooster's life is spared, that he may be saved for the pot another day.

## THE YOUNGEST DEER HUNTER.

California Man a Six-Year-Old Slayer of Wild Game.

There is a six-year-old slayer of wild game in California. His name is Austin Ota, and he can bring down a deer with as clean and pretty a shot as any veteran hunter in the country. His home is in the wooded hills, about fifteen miles back of Cazadero. He has lived among these hills all his life. Until the other day Austin had bagged no game larger than rabbits and squirrels. Now, however, he is the most talked-of youngster in the country, for around Cazadero are some of the finest shots in all the state. Having been refused permission to join a hunting party with his father, he shouldered his gun and started by himself down the creek. He tells of his adventure this way:

"I was wishing awful hard that I could see a deer," he said, "when all of a sudden, after I had gone about 500 yards along the creek, what should I see but a beauty of a deer with its nose to the stream, taking a drink. I had followed the creek on purpose, 'cause I knew that deer always come down toward the creek, but I could hardly believe that my wish had come true so quick. I stopped short and looked at him. I thought sure he would jump into the brush before I could take aim, but he

didn't seem to hear me. Pup, my dog, understood just the same as if he was a man, instead of a dog, and stood perfectly still, except that he wagged his tail, but I could sense and didn't spoil things by barking. I lifted my rifle, but my hand and arm shook and I couldn't seem to see straight at all. I was pretty much scared that the deer would get away, so I lifted the gun again and took good aim. I remembered that papa always said about holding the sight on the point of the deer's shoulder. Then I fired. The deer gave an awful big leap up in the air, then ran. I guess he ran about forty jumps down the creek. My dog ought to have seen Pup run after him! I didn't know I had shot him until Pup caught up with him and he dropped. I ran as fast as ever I could, and when I was within a few feet of the deer, I didn't seem to hear me. Pup, my dog, understood just the same as if he was a man, instead of a dog, and stood perfectly still, except that he wagged his tail, but I could sense and didn't spoil things by barking. I lifted my rifle, but my hand and arm shook and I couldn't seem to see straight at all. I was pretty much scared that the deer would get away, so I lifted the gun again and took good aim. I remembered that papa always said about holding the sight on the point of the deer's shoulder. Then I fired. The deer gave an awful big leap up in the air, then ran. I guess he ran about forty jumps down the creek. My dog ought to have seen Pup run after him! I didn't know I had shot him until Pup caught up with him and he dropped. I ran as fast as ever I could, and when I was within a few feet of the deer, I

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