







#### CHAPTER XI. VIRTUES OF NECESSITY.

At this point in Mr. Drane's adven- naturally to pieces. tures he ought to have met the emer-He had certainly experienced quite back burst. enough of encounters with the police; but, law-abiding citizen that he was, the tramp, in an undertone; "and having an innate and cultivated respect speaking of that, how do you think banks, the more he encountered their yours fit me?" power the weaker he was to resist them. the good old parson's study he went afternoon," whispered Lawrence. with a blind acquiescence to cruel fate, mens conscia recti, but very much cast lots of money fell into this plan, and down nevertheless.

however, he pulled himself together But not so Jimmy. Jimmy hung on unand demanded the cause of his arrest. The policemen were by no means willing to explain; they really Nolieved that they had a dangerous maniac on hand, and Jimmy, the reporter, was on the qui rice to get a good news item and a reward at the same time. However, as Mr. Drane resisted, Jimmy finally produced this telegram from a New of copy to his newspaper for the last York newspaper:

"Rush interview with Drane. Man held here proved to be sane and not the right one.

Just one ray of joy shone against the dark background of Mr. Drane's prospects in this dispatch-the tramp, improperly confined as insane at his instance, had been released. Thinking of that as of one sin which had been forgiven, Lawrence bowed his head and accompanied the policemen out of doors. An officer was at either elbow and Jimmy pranced along behind: As Mr. Drane was very quiet no especial at-tention was attracted until they came to the door of the Beaver House. There a man was slowly descending the steps, looking vastly worried and out of sorts. It was the tramp. He had Mr. Drane's clothes on and he appeared to be in hard luck. When he saw the officers and their convoy sailing down the street he stopped suddenly and locked hard at the prisoner with a wildly

gan to peep choigh his trousers. His economical suit was coming rapidly and

"Does it look very bad?" he whispered gency with calmness and a ready wit. to the tramp, as he felt a seam in the "It looks like bloody murder," said

for the guardians of the peace and faro these Kansas City made pantaloons of

'Tell 'em you'll give 'em a check at Therefore, when he was hustled out of the Beaver House at three o'clock this

The tramp knowing that Lawrence had the police, knowing that they had no In the hallway of the parson's house, authority, immediately disappeared. til the tramp assured him that he and Drane were going to the parson's house to elucidate together one or two problems that were not yet clear to either of them. During all the conversation that this involved, Lawrence discreetly kept his mouth shut, and presently Jimmy dashed off presumably to give a column edition. After this the two men paused on the sidewalk and Mr. Drane began:

"My dear man, there is something about you, in addition to my clothes, which makes me think that you are or

ought to be a gentleman." "Sir," responded the tramp, "there is something about you' besides that illfitting Bowery suit that makes me regard you as destined to better things than you have endured during the past week.

Then both men laughed and after that they shook hands heartily.

"1 say," said Lawrence, "what is your name, and how the unmentionable fiend did you get into a tramp's life?"

"My name," responded the other, "is plain Johnson, baptised Richard J. I was at one time a country schoolmaster, which may account for my lapses into fairly correct English when I talk. Schoolmastering, I found, did not pay for a man who had acquired champague tastes on a beer income, and so I determined to travel. Experience of an unusually severe nature undermined my convictions respecting meum et tuum and I therefore descended to theft. But it is only fair to explain that this descent in morality came from the fact that soon after I gave up school-teaching I went into politics." "Unfortunate," murmured Mr. Drane. "I was an alderman," continued the tramp, "and I voted various franchises to railroad corporations and escaped indictment I, never knew how. Then, having my hands in the public treasury, otherwise the people's pockets, for two or three years, I lost all sense of decorum and honesty."

## SCIO, OREGON, AUGUST 9, 1890.

"Dear me! dear me!" he kept saying, softly, "I have seen nothing like this since the donation parties in good old Podunk. I'm sure you're all quite welcome. I've been out with the two ladies looking for you, but we failed to find you. However, we encountered a young man called Jimmy, who is connected with the press, and he told me to return home and wait for you. Now I do hope that all this quarreling is over, and that you, sir"--pointing to Drane-"have decided to be a man."

"Such is my present intention," said Drane. "I am getting a little tired of being a lunatic."

"You seem to have suffered some violence since you were here before," continued Mr. Knowles. "I trust that you are not seriously hurt. It often happens that harsh experiences of this kind are wholesome, and necessary to bring us to a proper state of mind. Indeed, they always are, if we could only see it."

Meanwhile the other members of the party were looking askance at each other. Johnson was beginning to realize that the new-comers were the Kansas City relief expedition, and that his own usefulness and opportunities were nearly over. He was meditating a quiet and inoffensive exit when he chanced to catch Nellie's eye, and it riveted him to the spot. She was looking at him with a real tenderness of expression, and a certain admiration, too. Indeed, Johnson in Drane's clothes was worth looking at. He had an intelligent and not uncomely visage, which had been much improved of late by the effects of more food and less drink. And Nellie looked at him, thinking of the words which had joined their hands: and she grew quite pale, but not with fear or regret.

Bessie was pale, too, for she felt a very painful interest in the scene. She knew that the strange men must include those who had known Drane in the West, and she took Johnson to be a distin guished representative of the family whose words would be a full explanation of Drane's mental condition. She tried to attract his attention; to call him to her side, and ask him whether it was true that his unfortunate kinsman was unbalanced.

Mr. Sanford Drane, the genuine, was the first to break the silence which had fallen upon the party.

"I beg your pardon," said he to Rev. Mr. Knowles, "but. I really do not see why we have all invaded your house. Has this unhappy young man-" point-ing to Lawrence-"had any dealings with you during his recent wanderings' I should tell you that I am his uncle and that I have come to take him home with me, where I trust that rest and medical treatment will restore him to the full command of his faculties." "And is he, then, deranged?" asked Mr. Knowles. "Ah! that explains much which had been dark to me. I fear that I have done serious wrong. I should have made more careful inquiries be fore I married him to this young lady. "Married?" cried Uncle Sanford. aghast. "Oh, Lawrence, I did not think your wretched fate would have led you to this."

girl's character to associate with such people. They make you do an awful lot of lying for them. And then there's the uniform-the servant's dress. That's the thing that does the real mischief. It's all the time saying to the girl that wears it: 'You're only a slave. What difference does it make how you behave? You can't go to Heaven in such clothes, anyhow.' I got to thinking that I wasn't as good as the other women because I couldn't dress as well; and so when I saw the chance to steal your dresses I said to myself that it would make a good girl of me."

Rev. Mr. Knowles held up his hands in horror.

"Young woman," said he, "the obliquity of your moral vision is really shocking. Did you think that stolen clothes could make you good?" "Yes, sir, I did," replied Nellie, firm-

ly, "and what's more, I was right; they have. Since I've worn them I haven't had an envious or wicked thought in

my mind, except when this man dis-covered me and I saw the prospect of big cuffs and a cap again. I tell you that if I'd had another week in Mrs. Harland's dresses not even that temptamake me do wrong."

trust, if Mr. Drane doesn't take this suit away from me, that I may yet reform and entirely before it wears out. I feel better now. Already I have discarded the language of a tramp, and the mendacity of a politician. A few days more and I shall be as good a man as Drane himself; and Larry, old boy, let me tell you that if you don't get rid of that Bowery suit I'm ready to stick to it." before it falls to pieces altogether you'll be a moral wreck. Every time a button falls off the finger of Satan is stuck

through the empty button-hole. "And as to this marriage," he continued, "I am proud to say that I was the bridegroom. I confess with shame that I married Nellie believing her to be rich, but now-now-Nellie, I have nothing in the world that I can call my own. Even my clothes, as you know, do not belong to me. But if you can love me, if you truly wish to be my wife, I will do the best I can to make a home somewhere for you-for us-in which whatever dress you wear will be the robe of a queen, and I a humble, but a

faithful subject always." "Dear Richard," said Nellie, laying her head upon the breast of Lawrence's late coat, beneath which the heart of Mr. Johnson was beating very hard indeed if one might judge by the expression of his face.

"But you forget, Richard," she said, at length, "we must both go to prison first. We can not expect to be reformed without paying the penalty "Well, I am ready," said Johnson. "My dear fellow," cried Lawrence, 'you need have no fears of me. I have too much to thank you for. But for you and your amiable wife I might have gone through the wide world from one end to the other, and yet have missed the one woman for' whom my heart was waiting. Bessie (taking her hand in his), shall we forgive them?"



"And to-morrow will be the twentysecond?"

"Of course." "Well, in that case, I would avoid extremes and suggest the twenty-first."

"You mix me all up with your arithmetic," said Bessie, frowning prettily. "Oh! dear; why, it's to-day. No, I really can't think of such an awful hurry. You tion would have been strong enough to 'know I've given away all my dresses, Lawrence. But on the twenty-first of

"You have discovered a great moral • next month, if you please—" principle." said Johnson. "I too, stole "Lawrence." said Uncle Sanford, a chance to begin a better life, and, I "when I look at the woman you will marry I cease to doubt your sanity,

> "And begin to doubt hers, I suppose," Lawrence broke in. "You are mistaken, uncle. She is the only woman I ever met who was level-headed enough to recognize a truly good man under a ragged coat. I say this modestly, but

\* \* \* \* \* \* It may be interesting to record, in conclusion, that the pension which Drane had promised to the reformed couple was always paid promptly on the first of every month. Within a year, however, a series of inheritances raised them far above the necessity for any such charity. But they kept right on drawing it just the same, and thus by a little harmless dishonesty varied the monotony of their otherwise exemplary lives, wisely avoiding that excessive virtue to which progressive good fortune is the only real temptation in this world. THE END.

## A BRAZILIAN LUXURY.

Apt to Kill If Eaten and to Burn If Randled, Yet Very Refreshing.

A Sun reporter found himself in a crowd that stood staring into a fruit store window the other day. In the window, hanging by a string, was something that locked like a big Bartlett pear, except that its color was deep red. On the big end of the fruit was a pulpy into the store and pointing to the strange fruit in the window, the reporter asked the dealer:

to be a man of judgment. Do you understand?' "Yes."

NO. 11.

"I don't want any namby-pamby fellow about me. I want a man to catch my ideas at once, and in expressing them to my correspondents to use as few words as possible."

"Think I'm your man, sir. "I don't want any scollops, understand. I want plain words-want a spade to be called a spade.'

"All right, sir, and if I don't suit you I don't think there is any body that can."

"What is your name?" "Spires."

"Very good, Mr. Spires, you may go to work.

When the old man took up the first letter that Spires had written, he looked at it a moment and then uttered an angry exclamation. "Why, what do you mean here? After signing my name you have put the word 'Sweats.' What did you do that for?"

"Why, to carry out your idea of calling a spade a spade; for, instead of saying *per* Spires, I have simply added Sweats, which, you know, means the same thing, expressed in a simpler

way." "Mr. Spires," said the old man, and his voice trembled, "I shall take you into full co-partnership at once. Mr. Spires, I have a beautiful daughter, sir. Come with me to my home."-Arkansaw Traveler.

# GENERAL NEWS.

Here's a few census returns so'far: New York city, 1,627,227. Brooklyn, 810,000. Philadelphia, 1,040,000. Milwaukee, 235,000. Minneapolis, 185,000. St. Paul, 130,000. Kansas City, 160,000. Denver, 120,000. Omaha, 134,742. Lincoln, Neb., 55,000. San Francisco, 300,000, and she kieks.

Boston, 417,720. Indianapolis, 125,000. Columbus, Ohio, 113,707. Louisville, Ky., 180,000. Detroit,109,000-claims41,000 short. Pittsburg, 240,000. Cleveland, Ohio, 248,000. Baltimore, 442,500. District of Columbia, 229,796: The row in Buenos Avres was looking protuberance. Pushing his way caused by the bad administration of the Jourista party, and as the next presidential election does not come off until October, 1892, the people would not wait for a new election to rectify their wrongs. In fact the anti-Jourista party had little hope of winning the elections, and therefore resorted to force. In other words, hard times and discontent are the . main causes of the present crisis. The fighting on Monday was feroclous, and the insurgents seem to have been the winners. The fire at Wallace, which started at 5 o'clock Sunday night, destroyel every business house in towneight or ten blocks. The fire burned everything so clean that there is no debris to remove. The indomitable citizens have refused all outside offers for aid, by telegraph and otherwise, and many of them have started in to rebuild in a more solid and substantial manner. The losses, as far as report: d, foot up \$412,450, with a total insurance of \$38,750. The Argentine Republic covers an area of over a million square miles, with a population less than four millions; a regular army of 10,000, with war footing of 375,000 men, a navy of 40 vessels and 2,000 men. The revolution will be settled in Buenos Ayres, which has a population of 467,000.

angered expression on his face. It was but a moment that the tramp stood thus, but in that moment his reasoning faculties went through a tremendou operation. This was about the substance of it:

"Hello! there's Lawrence Drane! I stole his clothes and his name and married in both of them an awfully rich widow. He got back at me by stealing his clothes again and getting me in hock. He even inveigled me into an insane asylum. He is even now suc pected of being a lunatic. Now I know that he is not only sane, but that I have been the cause of his misadventures. further know that the Kansas City me who declared this morning that I wa not Drane, will be here by the nex train from New York and will free thi man from all his troubles. He is tre mendously rich and good-natured. Dme if I don't do him a good turn."

This chain of reasoning was so speedi ly accomplished that by the time La rence and the policemen were oppos the Beaver House door, the tranp resolved upon his course of action. ] ran down the steps pell-mell, seized Lawrence by the hand and exclaimed: "Well, wellt to see you again and in this shape! I'm delighted and everlast-

ingly relieved!" "Oh! you are, are you?" responded Lawrence, as the policemen paused. "I see that you are at the upper end of the teeter-board at present.

He would have said more in expression of his bitterness, but the tramp interrupted:

"Officers, I don't think you have any right to hold this man. I know him. He is my only brother. His name is Lawrence Drane, of Kansas City, and I am his brother John, come on to take care of him. I demand that you show me your authority for arresting him before you take him any further.'

This, of course, was a stumper for the policetien. They had no authority whatever.

"But," said one of them, "how about that reward?"

At this moment a button in Mr. Drane's Bowery suit gave way.

Jimmy, of course, had explained the prospective reward to the policemen and had held out its terms as induce-



### THE ALLEGED JOHN DRANE.

ments for their action. Neither Mr. Drane nor the tramp knew exactly what to do

"Well, the fact is," began Mr. Drane. "You understand " said the tramp at the same moment, "Mr. Drane is not a crazy man; he is my friend and rela-Live.

"But," interrupted again one of the policemen, "that reward? We don't propose to stay out all night looking for this gent and the reward without some return.'

"You are to be pitied, not condemned," said Mr. Drane.

"So," continued the tramp, "I am not altogether bad. That, with your kindness, you seem to see: but the fact is that if I had always worn as good clothes as these of yours, I would not have been tempted to commit the crimes that have brought trouble upon vou."

"That is doubtless true," answered Mr. Drane, dubiously recalling his pe-culiar adventures; "but it was very wrong of you to take away not only my garments but my name and credit as well.

"Ah, sir," replied Mr. Johnson, smiling, "it is an old saw that 'necessit knows no law.' But let us not wasto time in argument. 1 camhere to seek my wife, and where I have found her you shall be fully repaid in money for the misery which I have caused you."

They had been walking along indeorminedly, and here Mr. Drane stopped. "Johnson," he said, "you are in a bad

ix. Your wife is not only poor finanially, but so badly off that she wants to laim me for a husband."

Johnson opened his mouth wide with amazement, and as he knew not what to say, Lawrence continued:

"Whatever claim she had to riches she bstracted from another person, as you whe my clothes. I have seen her this erning. She claims to be Mrs. Drane,

"You infernal scoundrel!" exclaimed hnson, and he seized Mr. Dranc by collar. "Rich or poor, she is my ife, and if you have gone and got her way from me I'll break your back and it you in the asylum again to boot." Mr. Drane shook off his antagonist

easily. "Don't you call me names," he cried, "or I'll have you arrested for theft!"

Johnson cooled down at once. "Where's my wife?" he asked presently.

"Come with me," said Mr. Drane, "and I'll show you," and he forthwith led the way to the parson's house. Just as they arrived at the door two men hurried up who greeted Lawrence effusively. They were relatives of his from Kansas City, arrived by a way train from New York, Johnson having caught an express at the same hour. The relatives looked at Lawrence sharply and seemed to wonder whether he was all right or not, but he refrained from explaining himself until they had come again into the parson's study.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE REWARD OF THE WICKED. Rev. Mr. Knowles was nothing if not hospitable. When this uninvited company invaded his humble but comfortable dwelling he bustled about with And here Mr. Drane's right knee be- genuine anxiety for their entertainment.

"My very dear, but deplorably muddled uncle," said Lawrence, "do not distress yourself unnecessarily. I am not



THE MAN WHO WAS MARRIED. married. This whole complication re-

sults from an inexplicable error of Rev. Mr. Knowles, who married this man"indicating Johnson - "to that young woman in the corner."

"Poor fellow!" said Rev. Mr. Knowles, "he is wandering again."

"I am not wandering," said Lawrence. "The fact is that this woman, taking advantage of Mr. Knowles' error, now claims me as her husband because she knows me to be rich."

"Rich!" put in Uncle Sanford, "if money is all that is needed, perhaps we may yet rescue my misguided nephew

from these perplexing entanglements. Young person," he continued, approaching Nellie, and shaking his finger in her face, "what do you want?"

"I don't want you, you old bear," said Nellie, beginning to cry nervously, "not even if you're richer than Croesus." Johnson laughed.

"Come, Nellie," said Bessie, somewhat sharply, "explain this matter fully and you will do much to atone for vour conduct towards me.' "I didn't know he belonged to you,"

sobbed Nellie, "or I'd never have tried to catch him.'

Here Johnson laughed again, but Lawrence blushed and looked foolish. "I'm sure I had no ill will against you," Nellie continued. "In fact, I always loved you ever since I've been your maid. I was sorry after I'd stolen your things and would have taken them all back to you only I was afraid.

I'm going to tell the whole truth now, and 1 don't care what happens. I was not a bad girl to begin with, but when my aunt died and I had to get my own living, I became a servant, for there was nothing else to do. I couldn't teach, because I didn't know any thing-"

"That is not always an impediment," Johnson interrupted; "I have been a teacher myself."

"I couldn't write novels, as some women do," Nellie continued, "because I'd been brought up quiet and proper and hadn't seen any of these horrid, frantic things they write about. So I just got a place as a maid. It was with a rich woman in high society, and I've been thrown in just such company for

"Indeed, indeed, we will," cried Bessie, heartily. "Nellie, I owe you a debt such as only a woman can understand, and-and-I can't tell you how much I thank you; but if a whole Saratoga trunk-full of dresses can serve as a symbol of my gratitude I-ah, you dear gir!

Bessie closed the sentence somewhat hysterically and fell on Nellie's neck. Lawrence, too, was overpowered with

"Dick, cld boy," said he, "cheer up. I'll give you carte blanche with my tailor, and you shall wear as many suits a day as a society belle on a week's visit to a watering place. And that isn't all. I'll give you-"Only a chance to work, Larry; it's all

I ask," said Johnson. "Work?" cried Lawrence: "not if I know it. A man who can't find any

thing better to do in this world than work is defective in imagination. I'll give you a pension of two hundred dollars a month for as long as you need it-I-I-old man, my feelings overcome

And he fell on Johnson's neck just as Bessie had done on Mrs. Johnson's. There was a crash over in the corner

of the room, and the voice of Jimmy the reporter, was heard, saying:

"I didn't quite catch that last remark What was the amount of that pension?" They looked up and saw the enterprising young man's head sticking through the face of the tall, old-fashioned clock. His right hand, with a note book, presently appeared. also. Ho had evidently been improving his time. "I've got every thing down straight

up to that point," he said. "It'll be the greatest work of my life." "But, my young friend," said Rev.

Mr. Knowles, in some trepidation, 'what have you done with the works, of my clock?" "They're down at the bottom," Jimmy

explained; "I'm standing on 'em. See? He kicked the machinery, and the clock struck twenty-seven. "I fear that you have seriously de-

ranged the delicate and costly mechanism," said Mr. Knowles. "I must regard your conduct as reprehensible."

"Forgive him, sir," pleaded Bessie, "and I will have the clock repaired as good as new. I do not like to think that any body should be reproved upon so

as an occasion of rejoicing," said Mr. Knowles; "nevertheless I will grant

Jimmy, climbing out of the clock. 'But, Mr. Drane, if you really have any soul about you, drop me a postal-card when you've fixed the date of your wedding. It won't be any trouble at all; and, for Heaven's sake, don't let me get

beaten on my own story." "What date shall we put on the card,

"I don't know," protested Bessie, hid-ing her face. "I never was good at dates when I went to school. You'd

years. It's an awful strain on a young ively; "yesterday was the twentieth?" 'Yes,'

"What kind of a poar is that?" "It's no kind of a pear," replied the fruitman. "It's a Brazilian caja." "Oh, indeed!" said the reportor.

"Yes," replied the dealer. "that's caju, and it's the only one in the city. guess. It's a curious kind of a fruit, too. for while it is one of the most delightfully cool and refreshing of delicacies it will make you deathly sick, and may be kill you, if you eat it. The Brazilian caju wasn't made to be eaten. You have to drink it to properly enjoy it." "Ah!" said the reporter. "What are

the habits of this peculiar fruit?"

"Well," said the custodian of the caju, "that one in the window is what they call a garden caju because it is a cultivated one, but it grows wild, very wild. They make a claret wine out of the wild caju down in Brazil that the natives dote on. It will stand you on your head in less than ten minutes. The cultivated fruit sometimes turns out red like that one, but it is also apt to be yellow, and perhaps pink. The ways of the caju are in no way influenced by its color, though. A red one can't discount a pink one, and a yellow one is as much of a thoroughbred as either of the others. The pulp of the most luscious orange isn't half as tempting as the inside of the caju, but the caju pulp is poison. Juice is what the caju is for. I'll bet that red one yonder has more than a pint of juice in it, and if you ever tasted it. you'd never let go until you engulfed the whole of it. There's nothing finer. The swell Brazilian sucks the juice out of a caju every morning before breakfast."

"What does the caju wear that rosette for on its big end?" asked the reporter.

"Well, that isn't exactly a rosette," replied the fruit-dealer, "but it looks like one, doesn't it? That is the seeds of the fruit. They are put on the outside to make room for more juice inside, I suppose, and for another very important reason. If they grew on the inside the sucking of a caju would be followed by the instant and complete annihilation of the sucker's stomach. You can't see the seeds because they are covered up by pulp. That pulp has a juice of its own, and wherever it happens to touch your flesh a big blister will rise up and burrow itself into the flesh like the burning head of a parlor match. They don't seem to mind it down in Brazil, though."

"Do you intend to introduce the caju in our markets?" asked the reporter.

"Well, we had thought of it some," said the fruit dealer, "but I have an idea that we can't hope to make a luxury popular up here that is liable to kill you if you eat it and burn you up if you handle it. I'd like to have a quart of caju juice right now, though, all the same."-N. Y. Sun.

### THE MAN HE WANTED.

How a Bright Young Fellow Won His Employer's Heart.

Old Simmonsly advertised for a secretary, and when a young man presented himself, the old fellow looked at him sharply and in a gruff voice asked: "Well, sir, what can you do?"

"Don't know, exactly-haven't sized myself up in a complete way yet, but I think that I can manage to hold my end up.

a man to do my writing, and I want him the war with Mexico.

and a second second second

According to Geronimo Fou, agent of San Salvador at City of Mexico, eleven battles have been fought by the Salvadorans up to July 29th, in which they were victorious over the Gautemalans, who are fleeing in all directions, not a soldier being left on the frontier.

Two workingmen's trains collided on the Manchester ship canal, thro' some unexplained stupidity of the switchman, on Monday, killing four men outright and injuring sixty others. of whom, it is feared, thirty are fatally hurt.

Kreemer, secretary of the Johnstown flood relief committee, has issued his report, showing that \$2,912,-346 30 was received by the committee, and \$2,845,140 83 was paid out, leaving \$67,205 47 cash still on hand.

It is reported that an ex-colonel of the 7th Missouri infantry has offered to raise and equip 3,000 recruits, in two weeks, for Gautemala, if \$30,000 was placed in a New York bank to the credit of the trustees.

A private telegram to a commercial house in the City of Mexico, states that in Saturdays's battle the Gautemalans were victorious, killing 60 Salvadorians, wounding 200, and taking a large number of prisoners.

On Monday the Senate passed the bill pensioning all the officers and men of Powell's battalion of Missou-"Yes, you think so. Now, sir, I want ri mounted yolunteers, raised during

better fix it yourself." "Let me see," Lawrence said, reflect-

happy a day." your request."

"I have not looked upon it hitherto

"I suppose I've got to go now," said

Bessie?" asked Lawrence.

