

CHAPTER XI. VIRTUES OF NECESSITY.

At this point in Mr. Drane's adventures he ought to have met the emergency with calmness and a ready wit. He had certainly experienced quite enough of encounters with the police; but, law-abiding citizen that he was, having an innate and cultivated respect for the guardians of the peace and faro banks, the more he encountered their power the weaker he was to resist them.

Therefore, when he was hustled out of the good old parson's study he went with a blind acquiescence to cruel fate, *mens conscia recti*, but very much cast down nevertheless.

In the hallway of the parson's house, however, he pulled himself together and demanded the cause of his arrest. The policemen were by no means willing to explain; they really believed that they had a dangerous maniac on hand, and Jimmy, the reporter, was on the spot 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 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 policeman out of doors. An officer was at either elbow and Jimmy pranced along behind. As Mr. Drane was very quiet no special attention 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 conveyance sailing down the street he stopped suddenly and looked hard at the prisoner with a wildly 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 tremendous 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 hook. He even invited me into an insane asylum. He is even now suspected of being a lunatic. Now I know that he is not only sane, but that I have been the cause of his misadventures. I further know that the Kansas City man who declared this morning that I was not Drane, will be here by the next train from New York and will free this man from all his troubles. He is tremendously rich and good-natured. Do me if I don't do him a good turn."

This chain of reasoning was so speedily accomplished that by the time Lawrence and the policeman were opposite the Beaver House door, the tramp had resolved upon his course of action. He ran down the steps pell-mell, seized Lawrence by the hand and exclaimed: "Well, well! to see you again and in this shape! I'm delighted and everlastingly relieved!"

"Oh! you are, are you?" responded Lawrence, as the policeman 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 stunner for the policeman. 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 policeman and had held out its terms as inducements 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 relative."

"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." And here Mr. Drane's right knee be-

gan to peep through his trousers. His economical suit was coming rapidly and naturally to pieces. "Does it look very bad?" he whispered to the tramp, as he felt a seam in the back burst.

"It looks like bloody murder," said the tramp, in an undertone; "and speaking of that, how do you think those Kansas City made pantaloon of yours fit me?"

"Tell 'em you'll give 'em a check at the Beaver House at three o'clock this afternoon," whispered Lawrence. The tramp knowing that Lawrence had lots of money fell into this plan, and the policeman, knowing that he had no authority, immediately disappeared. But not so Jimmy. Jimmy hung on until 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 of copy to his newspaper for the last 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 ill-fitting 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. "I 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 champagne 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."

"Unfortunately," 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."

"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 you."

"That is doubtless true," answered Mr. Drane, dubiously recalling his peculiar 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 'necessity knows no law.' But let us not waste time in argument. I came here 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 indifferently, and here Mr. Drane stopped. "Johnson," he said, "you are in a bad fix. Your wife is not only poor financially, but so badly off that she wants to claim 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 abstracted from another person, as you took my clothes. I have seen her this morning. She claims to be Mrs. Drane, and—"

"You infernal scoundrel!" exclaimed Johnson, and he seized Mr. Drane by the collar. "Rich or poor, she is my wife, and if you have gone and got her away from me I'll break your back and put you in the asylum again to boot."

"Dear me! dear me!" he kept saying, softly, "I have seen nothing like this since the Union parties in good old Poland. 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 quarrelling 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 effects 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 distinguished 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—pointing 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 before 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."

"My very dear, but deplorably muddled uncle," said Lawrence, "do not distress yourself unnecessarily. I am not married. This whole complication results 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 your conduct towards me."

"I didn't know he belonged to you," sobbed Nellie, "or I'd never have tried to catch him."

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, firmly. "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 discovered me and I saw the prospect of big cuffs and a rap again. I tell you that if I'd had another week in Mrs. Harland's dresses not even that temptation would have been strong enough to make me do wrong."

"You have discovered a great moral principle," said Johnson. "I too, stole a chance to begin a better life, and I trust, if Mr. Drane doesn't take this suit away from me, that I may yet reform 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 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?"

"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 girl!"

Bessie closed the sentence somewhat hysterically and fell on Nellie's neck. Lawrence, too, was overpowered with joy. "Dick, old 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—old man, my feelings overcome me!"

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. He had evidently been improving his time. "I've got every thing done 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 deranged 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 happy a day."



"I DIDN'T CATCH THE LAST REMARK."

"And to-morrow will be the twenty-second?"

"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 know I've given away all my dresses, Lawrence. But on the twenty-first of next month, if you please—"

"Lawrence," said Uncle Sanford, "when I look at the woman you will marry I cease to doubt your sanity, and—"

"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 I'm ready to stick to it."

THE END.

A BRAZILIAN LUXURY. Apt to Kill If Eaten and to Burn If Handled, 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 looked like a big Bartlett pear, except that its color was deep red. On the big end of the fruit was a pulpy looking protuberance. Pushing his way into the store and pointing to the strange fruit in the window, the reporter asked the dealer:

"What kind of a pear is that?"

"It's no kind of a pear," replied the fruit man. "It's a Brazilian *caju*."

"Oh, indeed?" said the reporter. "Yes," replied the dealer, "that's *caju*, and it's the only one in the city, I 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."

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

"Yes."

"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?"

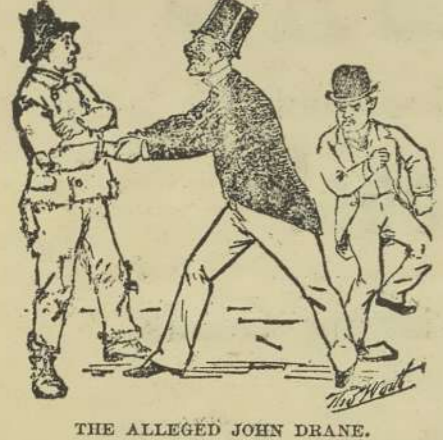
"Why, to carry out your idea of calling a spade a spade; for, instead of saying *per Spires*, I have simply added Sweats, which, you know, means the same thing, expressed in a simpler way."

"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."—Arkansas 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, 169,000. Denver, 120,000. Omaha, 134,742. Lincoln, Neb., 55,000. San Francisco, 300,000, and sho kicks.

Boston, 417,720. Indianapolis, 125,000. Columbus, Ohio, 113,707. Louisville, Ky., 190,000. Detroit, 109,000—claims \$1,000 short. Pittsburg, 240,000. Cleveland, Ohio, 248,000. Baltimore, 442,500. District of Columbia, 229,796.



THE ALLEGED JOHN DRANE.



THE MAN WHO WAS MARRIED.

"I DIDN'T CATCH THE LAST REMARK."

THE MAN HE WANTED.