

COLONEL QUARITCH, V. C.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

He colored again, he could not prevent himself from doing so.



"Good-by," and she went on. "What a coward!" said Belle to herself.

"He does not even dare to tell me the truth." Nearly an hour later she arrived at the castle, and, asking for Ida, was shown into the drawing room, where she found her sister reading.

"Ida rose to greet her, not without warmth, for the two women, although they were at the opposite poles of character, had a friendly feeling for each other.

"In a way they were both strong, and strength always recognizes and respects strength.

"Have you walked up?" asked Ida. "Yes, I came on the chance of finding you. I wanted to speak to you."

"Yes," said Ida, "what is it?" "This forgive me, but are you engaged to be married to Edward Cossey?"

"Ida looked at her in a slow, steady kind of way, which seemed to ask by what right she came to question her. At least so Belle read it.

"I know that I have no right to ask such a question," she said, with humility, "and, of course, you need not answer it, but I have a reason for asking."

which he seemed to find constant reference necessary to a tin box of papers labeled "Honnan Castle Estates."

Next morning, about 10 o'clock, Edward Cossey was sitting at breakfast in no happy frame of mind. He had gone up to the castle to dinner on the previous evening, but it was not said that he had enjoyed himself.

Now most men would in all human probability have been dismayed by this state of affairs into relinquishing an attempt at matrimony which it was evident could only be carried through in the face of the quiet but none the less vigorous dislike and contempt of the other contracting party.

Edward Cossey thought for a moment, and then said: "I will sign. Let me see the papers." Mr. Quest turned aside to hide the expression of triumph which flitted across his face.

"You will observe," said Mr. Quest, "that if you attempt to contest the validity of this assignment, which you certainly could not do with any prospect of success, the attempt will result upon your own head, because the whole essential will be null and void."

"Well," said Mr. Quest, with a faint smile, "I have to do with the Honnan castle mortgages, but I have a good deal to do to say perhaps I had better wait till the things are cleared away."

"All right. Just ring the bell, will you, and take a cigarette?" Mr. Quest smiled again and rang the bell, but did not take the cigarette. When the breakfast things had been removed he took a chair, and placing it on the further side of the table in such a position that the light, which was to his back, struck full upon Edward Cossey's face, commenced to deliberately untie and sort his bundle of papers.

"Will you kindly read this, Mr. Cossey?" he said quietly, as he pushed the letter toward him across the table.

"Thank you," said Belle, "but I have done with Mr. Cossey, and I think I have him too. I know that I did hate him when I met him in the street just now, and he told me that he was now engaged to you. You say that you detest him; why then do you marry him? You are a free woman."

IS IT A BIT OF ROMANCE?

A Meeting in an Elevated Car Arouses a Man—He Would Like to Know More.

"I plead guilty to a good deal of curiosity," said an old man with a rather florid face, kindly, twinkling eyes, and friendly, good natured lines around the mouth.

"I could not resist the temptation to take a good look at my near neighbor. He was tall and dark, and in his black hair was a fine sprinkling of gray.

"And then," one of the story teller's hearers broke in, "two lovers met after long years, etc."

"They were divorced and this was their first meeting in a long time," ventured another with a laugh.

"Wrong again, so far as I know," declared the first speaker.

"Well, the story, then," in chorus. "Good. She shot a glance at my neighbor and took her hand, while her face blushed like a school girl's."

"I wish I knew" said the inquisitive man, plaintively.—New York Tribune.

Remember that there are few things one is so loth to loan as books—if we except money. It is curious, too, that a book, like an umbrella, is commonly reckoned public property.

When he had gone, Edward Cossey gave way to his feelings in language forcible rather than polite, and what they were may be more easily imagined than described.

DOGS AND THEIR TRICKS.

Most Any Dog Can Be Taught Some Trick and He'll Never Forget It.

Professor Burton, who has a troupe of clever dogs, is an old circus man. He used to be tumbler in the ring. There comes a day in the life of every circus tumbler when he must quit the business and go into something else.

"A dog should be at least a year old before training. I select different breeds for different acts. The greyhound is a natural leaper. The spaniel is a trickster. The spitz is the clown."

"Under ordinary circumstances the average dog will learn his trick in five weeks. Then the test comes when he goes on the stage the first time. Talk about people having stage fright! I've known dogs when brought on the stage for the first time make a break and run away and tremble like a frightened child."

"These trick dogs know their places on the stage and take their cue from my looks. They are as eager for the show to begin as children are eager for play. This, I think, is instinct, for anybody could go on the stage with them if he knew the words to speak and the motions to make, and the dogs would go through the same programme they go through with me."

"I remember that there are few things one is so loth to loan as books—if we except money. It is curious, too, that a book, like an umbrella, is commonly reckoned public property.

"The fifteen years spoils my divorce theory," said No. 2, in disappointed tones.

"Sister and brother," repeated No. 3, with deep conviction.

"I wish I knew" said the inquisitive man, plaintively.—New York Tribune.

When You Borrow a Book. Remember that there are few things one is so loth to loan as books—if we except money.

RANCHING OUT WEST.

PUPILS ON THE FARM WHO PAY FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF WORKING.

Younger Sons of English Gentlemen Who Come to America to Learn How to Drive a Plow and a Bargain—Winding Up as Hotel Dishwashers.

In some of the northwestern towns like St. Paul, Minneapolis and Winnipeg, it is an every day sight to see a young Britisher land from the train, with one eye-glass screwed into his face (in order that he may not see more than he can comprehend, some one has been unkind enough to say), a corduroy suit of blouse and knickerbockers, bright yellow leather gaiters buttoned up to the knee, a fore and aft cap, two guns, that he may shoot all the buffalo he expects to find just outside the town, a dog and about 500 pounds of baggage. He has come to learn farming. He is a gentleman's son, accustomed to comparative luxury and ease all his life.

Arrangements have been made for him by some English firm, of whom there are a good many in this business to do "chores" for his board, and to pay \$100 down to "learn farming"—that is, to master the mysteries of harnessing a horse, to milk a cow, to drive a sulky plow, to drive a seeder, to drive a mower, to drive a harrower and, possibly, to drive a bargain. As soon as he has mastered the last accomplishment, he generally sees that he has been duped, leaves his teacher and strikes out for himself.

"The coarse food of the farmer's table and the rough society of his hired help, who get good wages, while he gets nothing, generally disgust him, however, long before he reaches the stage of education last mentioned, and the young man starts for the nearest town, hoping to find more congenial employment. He goes to the hotel, and by the time he has discovered that there is no demand for any class of unskilled labor, save on the farm, he is in debt to the landlord, and in a great many cases brings up in the hotel kitchen as a waiter or dishwasher, or even a stable boy."

"One of the peculiar things about this class of young fellows is the longing all of them have to go home again and their evident inability to gratify that wish, although most of them receive sums of money from their friends in the old country at regular intervals. The fact seems to be that they are not wanted at home. Their parents seem glad, or at least willing, to have their boys undergo considerable hardship, with dangers to morals and health, rather than to have them meet the inevitable evils of idleness in England. For the prejudice against any form of trade or business, outside the professions, is strong there yet, and many an English gentleman would rather have his boy washing dishes in America than standing behind a counter in England. Of course it is not heralded from the houseposts that dear Reginald is washing dishes in America; oh, no, he is "ranching it in the west."

"I remember the case of two young lads," said a Dakota lawyer, "fresh from a famous boys' college in England. What struck me particularly when first I saw them was their cheerfulness and their boots."

"Their boots were amazing. The boys were short for their ages, 15 and 16, but the boots would have reached half way above the knees of the tallest man in the settlement, and were big in the foot in proportion. Walking was difficult in them. The boys almost seemed to take one step up into the toes first, and then pull the rest of the boots along after them at the second stride. In answer to questions about the reason for such roominess, they replied that they had been led to believe that the cold was so intense in the northwest that it was customary for people to wear all the socks they had at the same time."

"Then they produced their shoes from their trunks. Splendid shoes they were, but the heels were about with great plates of iron, and the soles were full of brass pegs with protruding heads as big as peas. The shoes must have weighed five pounds each. Extra hob nailed, the lads called them, and used they would be no doubt on the stony, flinty English roads and fields, but on the soft loamy prairie lands of the west, where you could not find one stone to throw at a bird in a ten acre lot, they were about as regarding to locomotion as the suction boots of those artists who walk on the ceiling."

"Well, they went out to the 'teacher' who had secured them and I lost sight of them for a while. One day I came across such a thin, sorry, disgusted little chap, sitting on the back steps of a hotel, that I barely recognized him as one of the rosy, smiling boys I had laughed at a few months before."

Queer Boston Husbands.

During a visit to one of the suburbs of Boston a few facts came to my notice which I thought might strike some of your readers as rather odd. Surely woman's rights prevail here to a great extent, at least in one direction—that is, as regards the weekly washing. I called on a lady one afternoon and she complained of being "so tired." Her husband, she said, had had the grip and had done the washing the night before, but he really was too ill to hang out the clothes, and she had done it that morning, and was totally used up. It was so surprised that I suppose I must have shown my feelings.

I finally said it was the first time I had heard of the men doing such things; that is, American men. But she informed me that a great number of men in the place did the washing, and other work, too, which I had always considered belonged to woman's domain. This is how it was managed: The husband did the washing in the evening, and if the weather was at all dubious in the morning would go to work as usual. But if, in the course of the morning, it should clear off he would ask for a little time off, and rush home and hang out the clothes. And no one seemed to think it either funny or odd.

"The wife can outwalk any woman I know; and was always ready for a day's shopping in Boston, which is so wearing to most ladies."

"But then," she said, "Fred was sure to get home by a little after 5 and have a nice hot cup of coffee ready, and an oyster stew, or something else nice and warm, knowing I would come home cold and hungry. And that man was not considered a first class fool, either, strange as it may seem. I thought the twenty-sixth verse of the fourth chapter of Ephraim very appropriate to him. I am not interested in any laundry, but will mention that it only costs thirty-six cents per dozen here to have clothes done up very nicely. One lady informed me that her sister said it was such a trial to her to go over the clothes, and if they were not clean throw them back in the tub for her husband to rub again. I don't think I could ever get up a particle of respect for a man like that."

These are not the only cases in this place that I know of, as one lady informed me that not only her husband did the washing on their street, but there was only one man who did not.—Cor. Hartford Times.

The Imprisoned Duck. A young duck, by some accident, had its leg broken, and the wounded limb having been put in splints, the duck was placed under a small crate, or railed coop, to prevent it, for a time, from running about. The poor prisoner looked very forlorn in this cage, and was evidently an object of pity to its brothers and sisters around. They tried to release their companion by forcing their necks under the crate and so lift it, but the effort was beyond their strength. On ascertaining this, they held a consultation and then they marched away in a body. Presently they reappeared with all the ducks belonging to the farm yard, amounting to about forty.

After a great deal of quacking they surrounded the crate, and every neck was inserted under the lowest rail; they then made a united effort to raise the crate, but alas! in vain; their strength was not sufficient. Another consultation was now held, and, after another storm of quacking, the whole of them came to one side of the crate; as many as possibly could now thrust their necks beneath the rail, the rest pushing them forward from behind. This time they succeeded; the crate was raised, their imprisoned friend was liberated, and noisy were the greetings he received as he limped, once more free, into their midst.—New York Mail and Express.

Wonderful Mechanism. The Bank of England's doors are now so finely balanced that a clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the great metropolis from robbing this famous institution. The bullion departments of this and other great English banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the managers' sleeping rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near that person's head. If a dishonest official, during either day or night, should take even as much as one from a pile of a thousand sovereigns the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, beside letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.—St. Louis Republic.

An Extraordinary Beard. Philip Hensen, a planter, residing near Corinth, Miss., is believed to be the possessor of the longest beard in the world. He is a man of unusual stature, standing nearly 6 1/2 feet in his stockings; this notwithstanding, his beard reaches the ground when he is standing erect. A German residing in Chicago a few years ago boasted of his 60 inches of beard, but Hensen goes him several feet, having many threads in his beard which measure over 70 inches. This remarkable growth is but fourteen years old.

Nothing to Steal. New Father-in-law—Well, sir, the ceremony is over, and now that you are the husband of my daughter I want to give you a little advice. What would you do if you should wake up some night and find burglars in the house? Groom—I should tell them that my father-in-law forgot to give my wife a wedding dowry, and they'd go away.—New York Weekly.

Should Say So. Miss Minnie—Was the play pathetic? Mr. Banker—I should say so. Why, even the seats were in tiers.—Harper's Bazar.