

OUR STORY TELLER

SAVED AND LOST.

G RIMED with dust and sweat of his work at the foundry, Peter Gurney wearily plodded his way home. A great longing for the rest and comfort of his lodgings came over him, and braced his tired muscles into activity again, as he turned down the dingy street in which he lived. There was only one redeeming feature in Worship lane, and that was No. 27, and before its gate Gurney stood with admiring eyes. Bright green paint shone on door and railing—a row of sickly flowers struggled to show their bloom in a box on the front window, and neat window curtains hid the room within.

"It do look wonderful smart, but not half smart enough for her," he muttered as he pushed open the gate and opened the door.

Carefully wiping his boots on the tiny mat, he went straight to the kitchen.

"Where's Dick?" said a voice from the scullery beyond.

"He's got some errands—he'll be back in a bit," he answered, as he sat in an arm chair before the fire and gazed approvingly around. Bright oleographs were neatly fastened to the paper; the wooden chairs and table were spotlessly clean and the grate was as bright as labor could make it.

"Well, Peter, how do you like my pictures?" said a pleasant voice; and Mrs. Dart, drying her hands, came into the kitchen. Her trim, neat figure, her refined accent and her sweet, pale face, all proclaimed her foreign descent, and, together with her tidy house and smart dress, brought down upon her the scorn and hatred of her neighbors.

The big man looked at her with a wistful look, which she seemed to find embarrassing, for she began getting ready the supper.

"Lass," he said, turning his back to her and leaning over the fire, "I'll not be saying as how I haven't been well cared for here, or that my lodge ain't comfortable, but—I'm going to find another, lass, if I can."

The girl's face grew paler yet, and her eyes contracted and dilated in her agitation.

"Going to leave us, Peter? When we've been such good friends. Why, what have Dick or I done that you should go away?" A little catch in her voice and the tremble of her chin warned him that tears were near at hand, and he sprang up and turned toward her.

"Ah, lass, you don't understand. Can't you see I musn't stop here no longer?"

"I've offended you, Peter," she said, wilfully, not seeing his meaning.

"No, lass, you ain't offended me, nor couldn't if you tried; but it's—well—I must tell it. The first day I come here I loved you, lass, and as it was, so it is, and I can't stay here; don't you see I can't?" His voice rose and trembled with passion. "Ah, lass, you can't tell how I've longed for you, how I've hungered for you, night and day. Your



"GOING TO LEAVE US, PETER?"

face comes in front of my work—your face is with me always—for I love you."

Maddened by his grief, he threw his scruples to the winds, and strained her to his breast with a force that frightened her; she tore herself away and stood panting in front of him. A heavy footstep sounded on the flagstones outside, and a loud, cheery voice called out, "Is Peter in, Missis?"

The pair stood looking at each other, and, with a heartbroken sigh, Gurney turned away and went silently to his room.

At half-past 5 the two men left the house for their day's work in gloomy silence. A fierce hatred for his chum, nursed by the evil thought of a sleepless night, filled Peter's mind, leaving no time for idle talk. Come what might he had resolved in some way to thrust his chum out of the way. "Sup-

pose he tripped when carrying a bucket of molten iron?" whispered the tempter; "it wouldn't be your fault. Supposing you pushed him into the pit of molten steel, who would suspect you, his chum?"

With these thoughts racing through his mind, Peter began the afternoon's work of shell casting. Groups of men, each carrying a long iron pole sheathed at the end with wood, approached a large furnace; a hole was knocked in the end, and a small stream of molten hissing steel flowed out, sending showers of sparks in the air. With a long hook the foreman pushed iron buckets under the flowing rivulet of metal; each one, when filled, was slung by its carriers on the pole, and was borne shoulder-high to the shell molds and there emptied. Peter and Dick started at length with their load, with the latter in front, and once more murderous thoughts filled the former's mind. A trip on his part would send the molten metal streaming over his chum's back, and another accident would be added



INTO THE YAWING DEATH BELOW HIM.

to the long list, and—the girl he worshiped would be free.

Little did Dick Dart suspect how many times that afternoon Azrael with his flaming sword stood over against him, or how many times the wretched man behind him drew back from his ghastly task.

At length the shells were all cast, and Peter, with what strength of mind he had, thanked God that his trial was over, but as the men were leaving the foreman said to the two friends: "I wish you two would stop for a bit beside the casting pit in the other shop. We were late running the metal in, and it must be raked for at least an hour before it settles."

"All right, sir," said Dick, cheerily. "Peter and I will stay, never fear."

The workmen streamed out, leaving the two men and the watchman the only living beings in the vast works. Peter shivered as he followed his mate to the great pit which radiated a burning heat on all sides. With long iron rakes they cleared the molten sea of scum that dimmed its glowing surface, and watched the blue flames that flickered from time to time on it. Although the sweat was running down him, Peter felt an icy coldness creep over him as he drew nearer to Dart, who stood looking keenly at the liquid mass before him. He raised his rake to thrust him headlong to an awful death, but he was unable to move, for there stood plainly, between him and his victim, the shadowy form of Dick's wife, with hands uplifted. He flung down his rake with a curse and came and stood close to his friend, who was stretched out over the pit gathering the fresh rising scum. Whether the fumes overcame him, Dick Dart will never know, for he felt himself falling forward and uttered a sharp cry. Instantly Peter flung out his left arm and with a mighty effort buried the falling man back, but lost his own balance as he did so and fell with an awful cry into the yawning death below him. His scream of mortal agony rang through the building as he lay for an instant on the liquid fire. Then the flames burst out around him and in a few seconds not a trace of Peter Gurney remained.

Gone to an awful death, it is true, but with the fresh glory of a hero's crown upon him—and who shall judge him?

Papa's Estimate of Willie.

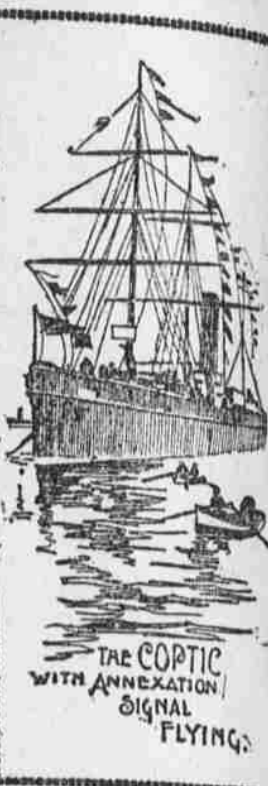
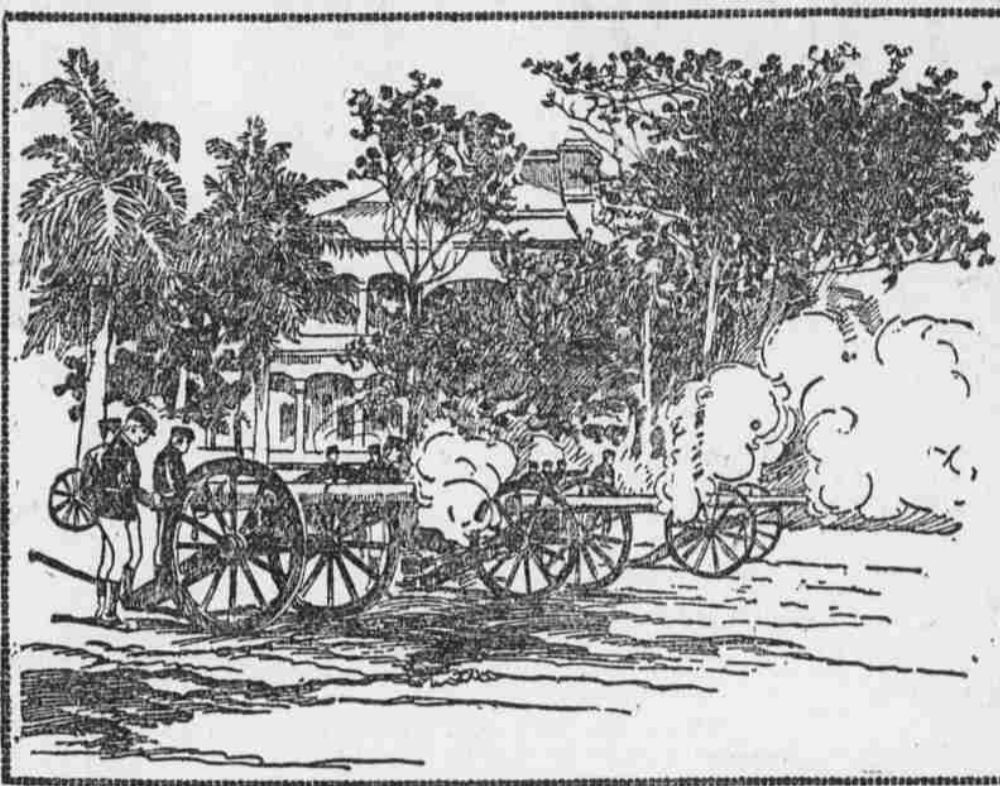
Marie—I told papa, Willie, dear, that I thought you were just too lovely for any use.

Willie—And what did he say, darling?
Marie—He said he feared as much. Now what could he have meant by that, Willie, dear?—Detroit Free Press.

English-Speaking People.

One-fourth of the land surface of the globe is occupied by English-speaking people.

FIRING THE ANNEXATION SALUTE AT HONOLULU.



THE COPTIC WITH ANNEXATION SIGNAL FLYING.

OUR NEW POSSESSION.

Facts About the Hawaiian Islands, Over Which Our Flag Now Floats.

Hawaii is of small area, being less than that of a single Congressional district. But nineteen nations keep representatives at Honolulu to watch their interests in the islands. The only reason for this is that the islands hold the key of the Pacific Ocean, the largest body of water on the globe, and control the defenses of the western coast of the United States.

For several years the people of Hawaii have been living under the influence of American civilization, speaking and studying our language, recognizing the stars and stripes as familiarly as their own flag, copying the laws of the



A GLIMPSE OF HAWAII.

United States and calling to the assistance of their rulers men of American birth or ancestry. Even among their holidays there are those of the Fourth of July, Memorial Day and Washington's birthday. The group has been under the virtual protectorate of the United States for two generations. The influences which have developed its commerce and made it a civilized region have all emanated from this country.

The essential public interest attaching to Hawaii grows out of its central position in the commerce of the Pacific Ocean. Honolulu is in the track of all steamers sailing to Australasia from San Francisco or Puget Sound. Even

crossroads of the north Pacific. This port is wholly alone in its commanding position. It has absolutely no competitor. From the Marquesas to the Aleutians Hawaii is the only land in that tremendous ocean expanse west of America where a ship can call within a space of 4,500 miles from San Francisco, and 6,200 miles from Nicaragua. By the geographical necessity of the case everything centers at Honolulu not merely as the most convenient port of call, but as the only one.

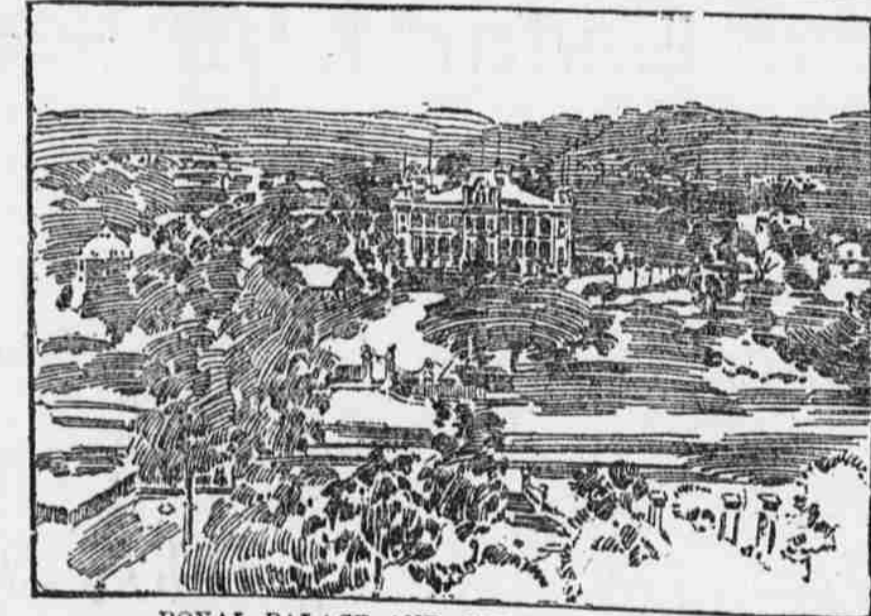
Honolulu will have to provide for the accommodation of from twenty to thirty large steamers per month, together with that of the colliers supplying them. This will be a formidable increase of business and must materially affect the commercial, and with them the political, relations of Hawaii.

The favorable position of Honolulu will be materially enhanced by the absolute necessity of using those islands as the intersecting point for telegraphic cables across the Pacific. It is obvious that all cables between Australia and the North American Pacific coast must make Honolulu their first station.

Eight of the islands in the group are inhabited occupying a line of about 350 miles, beginning at Hawaii and running west northwest to Kaula and Niihau. They receive a cool ocean current from the northeast, with trade winds from east northeast, that temper the climate with a cool breeze but lightly charged with moisture. The population is composed of pure Hawaiian, mixed, foreigners of Hawaiian birth, Americans, British, Germans, Scandinavians, French, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese and others.

The total commerce between Hawaii and the United States in 1891 amounted to \$19,002,800. Of this sum the imports into the United States were valued at \$13,895,597, while the exports to Hawaii amounted to only \$5,107,212.

The census of 1890 shows that the exports of Hawaii "are now and have been for some years past larger in pro-



ROYAL PALACE AND GROUNDS, HONOLULU.

more precisely is Honolulu in the direct route of one part of that enormous traffic from Atlantic to Pacific ports which awaits the cutting of the Nicaragua ship canal to flow in a steady tide through the isthmus. All the trade with China and Japan from American ports on the Atlantic must take the Nicaragua route. It is this large movement of ocean commerce impeding in the immediate future which lends the most serious importance to the political relations of the Hawaiian Islands. Every ship from the Atlantic crossing the Pacific to Asia will naturally sight the Hawaiian Islands, and every steamer will be likely to replenish her coal bunkers at Honolulu. This fact will render the political condition and international relations of Hawaii of importance.

Honolulu is a convenient port of call for steamers on the route between California and China. This tendency will increase with the coming growth of Honolulu as a general calling and coaling station. It is also a natural port of call and supply for ships to China from Callao and Valparaiso. Honolulu is thus the great crossroads of the Pacific commerce.

More than this, Honolulu is the only

portion of its population than those of any other country in the world, Australia standing next on the list. In the last ten years we have, with an average population of not more than 8,000, exported produce worth, in round numbers, \$90,000,000, or an average of nearly \$125 per annum for every man, woman and child in the country."—Detroit Free Press.

Measurements in the Klondike.
Citizen—By the way, I have been told that the Klondike gold is not worth so much to the ounce as some other brands.

Returned Klondiker—I couldn't say as to that. We never measured by less than a ton. I haven't any idea as to ounce values.—Odds and Ends.

Easy Way of Balancing the Books.
"Bridget, you've broken as much china this morning as your wages amount to. Now, how can we prevent this occurring again?"
"O! don't know, mum, unless yez raises me wages."—Pearson's Weekly.

Museum Diversions.
"What alls the glass-eater?"
"He got a bit of bone in the turkey hash."

A FATAL SPOT.

Place Where Mary Queen of Scots Lost Her Crown.

Three hundred and fifty years ago on the 13th of May Mary Queen of Scots stood on a grassy knoll near the village of Cathcart watching with feverish interest the movements of three bodies of troops about a mile off in the field round Langside. Eleven days before she escaped from the castle of Lochleven and now the day had dawned when she was to decide whether she would ever rule Scotland again. What the fate had decreed is written at large in the pages of history and that story through a glamour of pathetic romance round the spot on which Mary learned her doom. For many years "Court Know-



MARY LOST HER CROWN HERE.

as the knoll is called, was marked by a throne tree and when that decayed Gen. Sir George Cathcart, who fell at Inkerman, replaced it with a rough field-gate stone, on which he carved with his own hands a crown, the queen's initials and the date of the battle. Later still, the General's nephew, Earl Cathcart, built this monument, which is of red granite and repeats the inscription of its predecessor. It may be that Mary's life was a failure, but she has her recompense now. Her story still greatly stirs the hearts of men and draws the sympathetic pilgrim such shrines as this; Elizabeth, successful in life, is regarded afar off with emotionless respect.

Theater-Going in Japan.

It will interest many to hear that the Japanese laws now prohibit a theatrical performance lasting more than eight hours. The plays in the first class theaters begin at 10 or 11, and are not ended until after sunset. There are intervals, of course, for refreshment, and a recent innovation is a terrace-yard for exercise, lined with eating booths and fancy stalls. Boxes are reserved three or four days beforehand from a neighboring tea house, where arrangements are made for attendance and refreshments during the day. No dress is never worn.

The following articles, unless otherwise ordered, are brought to each person: A program, a cushion, a tobacco fire box, a pot of tea, cakes, fruit and sushi, a sort of rice dumpling flavored with vinegar and topped with a piece of fish. Valuables may be left at the tea house, and the inclusive charge (excepting the waiter's tip) is not more than 1.80 yen a head. The gallery is the most aristocratic place, but the space unreserved, occupied by the Japanese "gods," is quaintly called "the deaf gallery."—Westminster Gazette.

Monster Sunfish.

A sunfish weighing 488 pounds was recently captured off the south side of Nantucket by a party of fishermen and brought into town, where it was placed on exhibition.

"What are you crying for, Bobby?"
"Boo-hoo—Willie's broke his arm, and if I lick him all the fellers will say I'm a coward." "Why don't you wait till he's well?" "Boo-hoo—I-I can't lick him then."—New York Press.