



BY THE DOCTOR'S ORDER.

"HOP-PICKING," said young Durell, as he took a rosy August apple from his pocket, and fed it leisurely to the beautiful horse against which he leaned. "Why, yes, it is a rather romantic business, if you look upon it from a romantic point of view. You're an artist, eh? Come to sketch our little bits of romantic scenery? But there's nothing particularly picturesque about our hop fields. Just sunshine and the gold-green of the clusters, and the curling tendrils reaching out for something to grasp at, and the air so blue and clear that one can almost see the straight lines of the sunshine. Of course, it looks pretty to me, for I was born and brought up upon it; but—excuse me—I can't see what there is specially worthy of an artist's pencil."

"Do you see those long perspectives of green alleys," said he; "with figures running in and out, and the old woman sitting among the fragrant heaps, with the scarlet cloak, and two little toddlers at her feet? And yonder feeble, bent old man, with water cans on his shoulders? Why, there are a hundred bits of genre here, to say nothing of the background."

And Raymond took out his millboards and color boxes, set up an impromptu easel, and began diligently to paint.

Squire Durell's son looked on with an amused smile. To him, the machinery of the great hop farm was the real business of life. Artists and such like were merely pleasure seekers who distorted themselves airily on the outskirts of creation.

"You will find some very pretty faces here," said Durell, "if you care for sketching that sort of thing. People come here from all parts of the country in hop-picking time. Gypsies, tramps, respectable poor workers who don't object to turning an honest penny, young people who come here for the frolic of the thing, and poor old wretches who think that every season will be their last. It's healthy, the doctors say. At all events it's profitable. In hop-season there isn't a cottage, a farmhouse, a garret, nor even a barn untenanted. There are tents, a white sprinkle of them, down in the meadow by the vines, where people sleep at nights. You can see them from here. You are staying in this part of the neighborhood? No? My father will be very glad to see you up at the house, if you will honor us by becoming our guest to-night."

And raising his light straw hat, Daniel Durell went his way, the beautiful, satin-skinned white horse following like a docile kitten at his heels.

"Hugh," he said to a servant who had come down with a hamper from the house, "take a cup of coffee and two or three of these white rolls, with my compliments to that gentleman in the white linen coat who is sketching under the trees. And, Hugh!"

"Sir?"

"Did you carry the sardine sandwiches and the basket of apricots and the fresh milk to the young girl in black?"

The man nodded.

"She didn't want to take 'em, Mr. Durell," said he. "She was all for calling me back, but I minded your order, sir, and made off as fast as I could, pretending not to hear."

Durell smiled.

"That's right," said he, "and don't forget the cold meat and slices of new bread for old Dunstable. He grows weaker and weaker every day, and there was nothing but the heel of a loaf and a black-cherry rind in his dinner basket, for I saw it myself."

"It's all right, sir," said Hugh.

And then Durell, going up to the great house, shrewdly noticed all the hop pickers as they sat and lay around under the shadow of the vines, in the dolce far niente of the noon intermission, and finally came into the great, cool room where the scent of cheese-making filled the air, and the muslin curtains fluttered to and fro in the breeze.

The squire himself sat there, gouty but content. Feed claret and cold chicken were on the table; forced hot-house peaches scented the atmosphere; a plate of deviled tongue, with curry sauce, supplied the fiery element, and delicate cutlets, breaded and fried in egg, were brought in. The old gentleman's face brightened at the sight of his son.

"It has seemed a long day without you, my boy," said he. "Sit down, sit down. Do you know, Daniel, I've been thinking all the morning that I wish you'd bring a wife home to the old place. She would be company for me when you are gone. Why don't you think of it, my lad?"

"I have been thinking of it, father," said the squire's son. "But what would you say, sir, if I were to marry a poor girl?"

"The squire set down his glass of feed claret. Evidently this was entirely a new view of the matter.

"A poor girl, Daniel?"

"Yes, but a poor girl, father, and as sweet and lovely as yonder half-opened rosebud. You will perhaps laugh at me," he added, "but I have lost my heart to one of our hop-pickers."

"Daniel?"

"Her name is Mary Ravenel, sir. I never saw her before this season. She is picking hops with her aunt, or some elderly relative—a pale, fragile looking girl, but as beautiful as a dream. And I—love her."

The old squire shook his head.

"I can trust you, my son," said he "and whoever you choose to bring here will be as welcome as the flowers in May."

While all this time the artist, strolling idly along to observe the various groups, came upon a pale faced girl in black—a girl with large, melting, wine-brown eyes, straight, pure features and soft dark hair, overhanging her forehead like a mist of jet.

"Miss Ravenel!" he cried, in a tone of utter amazement.

"Yes, 'Miss Ravenel,'" she smiled back. "You are astonished to see me here. But the doctor declared that hop-picking would be the very thing for me. So Aunt Verna brought me, and here we are. And I am really accomplishing wonders in the hop-picking line! Sit down here and eat some of these delicious hothouse grapes. They are sent to us daily by an unknown benefactor. That is," as Aunt Verna smiled meaningly, "not exactly unknown. It is Squire Durell's son. He will persist in sending all these delightful things, although I tell him over and over, that I have no need of them. I believe he thinks I am a starving dress-maker, or something of the kind," with a blush and a smile. "But, oh, he is so good! And I like him so much! Now show us, please, what you have been sketching."

Mr. Durell came down, in the warm, red glow of the summer sunset, to the



"I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU."

willow-shaded curve in the river where Miss Ravenel liked to sit when her day's work was done.

"I have brought you some of the rare orchids from the conservatory," said he. "You told me the other day you liked flowers."

"I am much obliged to you," said she, gratefully. "But, Mr. Durell, I have something to tell you."

"Stop a minute," he said. "I have something to tell you—that I love you, that I want to make you my wife. Dear Miss Ravenel, you are surprised at this? Have you not seen it growing out of my heart by degrees? My father is old and infirm, but he is ready to welcome you with all paternal love, and—"

"You really love me?" she cried, with wide open eyes. "Me, a poor, pale, little hop-picker?"

"You, my queen and my ideal!"

"Then," she said, all smiles and blushes, "I think I ought to repay you by loving you a little. And I think I do—nay, I am quite certain of it."

"My darling! Oh, my darling," he murmured.

"But wait; you have not heard what I am," she urged.

"You are Miss Ravenel."

"I am General Ravenel's daughter. I am here by the doctor's order, not because I need the daily wages of a hop-picker. But you won't like me any the less, will you, for that?"

Mr. Durell stood amazed. Miss Ravenel the great heiress!

"We are stopping at the Clanciff Hotel," said she. "I have my phaeton and ponies there. I will drive up to the

house to see your father, since he cannot come to me."

"But I thought you were a poor girl, hiring one of these tents at so much a night," said Daniel in perplexity.

"That's where you were mistaken," said Miss Ravenel, smiling. "But hop-picking has done me a deal of good. Aunt Verna says my cheeks are redder than they used to be; and I must be better, because—"

"Well?"

"Because I feel so happy," said Mary Ravenel, coloring like a rose.

And so Daniel Durell found his life's treasure out among the garlanded hop-poles.—Hearthstone.

A VICARIOUS SACRIFICE.

A Georgetown Boy Who Owned Up to Another's Offense.

That the days of chivalry are not over and that the spirit of Damon and Pythias is not dead is demonstrated by an incident that occurred at Georgetown University and has just leaked out. A poor young man who had worked his way through college passed his examination and had alluring prospects of employment as soon as the graduating exercises were over, went out with a party of students for a lark one night and got into mischief, as young men often do. It was not a disgraceful act, but it was a violation of one of the most serious rules of discipline, and expulsion was the penalty. The culprit was unknown, except to his companions, and they being scrupulous in the observance of the code of college honor, sealed their lips. But the Jesuit fathers, who compose the faculty, were unusually energetic in their investigations and the evidence was closing around the poor young man in a manner that made him tremble, when Robert A. W. Walsh, a sophomore from St. Louis, entered the office of the president and said: "I did it." Walsh was a quiet, well behaved boy, popular with the faculty and the students, and his confession created a sensation, for he had not been suspected. Nevertheless, discipline must be enforced, and with reluctance and regret he was expelled from the institution. He left Washington, escorted to the railway station by a large body of students, returned to his home at St. Louis and the next fall entered Princeton University. The poor young man received his diploma and went his way rejoicing, but it was noticed that he never spoke of Walsh without emotion. As the young men are no longer students at Georgetown there is no necessity of preserving the secret, and the faculty and the students are all aware that Walsh, being an under-class man and the son of wealthy parents, and having nothing at stake, voluntarily offered himself as a sacrifice to save the reputation and the prospects of his friend, who otherwise would have been turned out of the institution in disgrace. The act was done without consultation and without the knowledge of the student who was saved, and has received absolution, and Walsh can return to the university whenever he desires. He prefers to remain at Princeton, however, and the publication of the story now will not injure his reputation.—Chicago Record.

Mixing Affairs.

"Gracie," said Mr. Nipperson, "I think your father ought, in some way, to be given to understand that he carries his business as a contractor altogether too far."

"What makes you think that?" the fair girl asked.

"When I went to him this afternoon and told him that I wanted you for my wife, he told me to submit a sealed proposal and he would consider it in its proper order."

Good Evidence.

Lawyer—Why did you discharge that man arrested for scorching?

Judge Pedals—Scorching! That man wasn't scorching. Impossible! Why, he only rode a last year's model of a low grade wheel. Now, if he had been riding a Crackadoom, as I do—

But right there the lawyer interposed, and the same old endless discussion on the merits of different wheels was resumed.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Rides Only on Green Cars.

There is an Irish woman in Kansas City so patriotic that when she comes down town she will never take any but a green car, no matter how long she has to wait, though the yellow and red cars would serve her just as well. The red signifies to her the crimson color of the hated British, while the yellow is the symbol of the odious Orangeman.

A Pleasant Task.

Insurance Agent—Before filing the claim, will you be kind enough to give me a certificate of your husband's death, madame?"

The New Widow—With pleasure.—Life.

There used to be an old fashioned woman who made a great deal of joy for her family by shaving the raw corn off the cob, and mixing it up with a batter and frying it. Does any one know where she may be found?

By the time a man has learned to speak with discretion and weigh his words carefully, a younger generation springs up, thrusts him in a corner, and will not let him speak at all.

SOLDIER CLARKE RIDES DOWN A PRECIPICE.



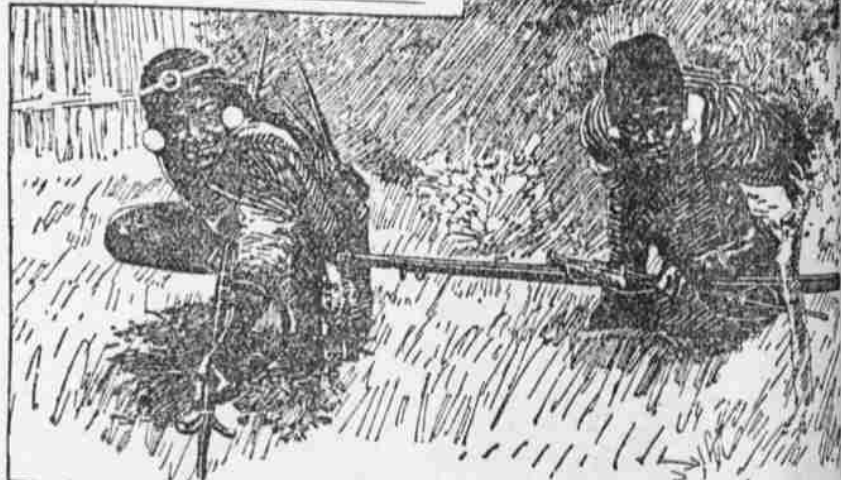
Deeds of daring are characteristic of the war with Spain. American soldiers and sailors only want opportunity to perform acts of heroism that become history. For the lack of a better cause the spirit of bravery occasionally shows itself in performances more daring than necessary. The steepest hill around Santiago that of San Juan. That was the hill that the Americans captured on those days in early July when so many of our boys laid down their lives. It was steep enough, but nothing to the precipice on the other side. No man had ever gone down it. Of course no horse had ever tried it. After the famous charge Private Clarke of the rough riders made the blood of his comrades run cold by deliberately riding his horse Dandy to the brink. Dandy never faltered. He put his forefoot into a pocket of stone and started. The next foot was as carefully placed. Two more strides and he was on the face of the cliff. Clarke leaned back as far as he could and talked reassuringly to his gallant steed. Dandy came back on all four legs and slowly picked his way. The men on the crest of the cliff were afraid to cheer as they watched horse and man picking their way. They were afraid of startling the horse. Down, down they went. From up on the heights horse and man looked like flies. Rocks rolled and slipped and crashed down to the plain below. But never once did Dandy lose his foothold and never once did Private Clarke lose his nerve. Inch by inch the two picked their way, though looked as if the horse were standing on his head, and as if the man would fall on his head any moment. At last the daring pair reached the bottom. A mighty cheer went up.

CHINA'S "BLACK FLAGS."

In Formosa They Follow the Horrible Practice of Head Hunting.

The Black Flags are again in revolt in China against the authority of the melancholy and feeble emperor, who sits on the dragon throne. These Black Flags are numerous in the southern provinces of the empire and are the most savage of the races living in China.

In Formosa, now a Japanese possession, the Black Flags are strong and practice head hunting. All that the head hunter need carry is a spear to kill, a knife to cut and a bag to put the head in. The spear is twenty feet long, of bamboo, and has an iron, arrow-shaped head eight inches long. The knife, which is carried in the belt, is eighteen inches long, of iron, with a keen edge and point. The bag is of cord and opens and shuts like a net, and is carried over the shoulders. It is large enough to hold two or three heads. Sometimes the head hunter carries a bow and arrows, and occasionally a matchlock gun. If a month goes by without someone in a tribe bringing in a head, the tribe grows restless, and a



CHINA'S FEROCIOUS "BLACK FLAGS."

foray on a Chinese settlement is planned. When, on rare occasions, they start out in the daytime, they go singly. Creeping up behind the workers in the fields, they slay with the spear, and then, the victim being dead or disabled, they finish with the knife. But at night the hunt is conducted in companies. A house is selected and surrounded and the attack is made. Sometimes one hunter, less of a coward than the others, creeps up and sets fire to the thatched shelter. At other times damp grass smudges are thrust through the chimneys, and the occupants are smoked out.

When the raid has been successful,

and all the heads possible to get are in the bags, the hunters return to the villages to whoop it up. All those who have stayed behind come out of doors to welcome their braves. Everyone shouts and shrieks and howls, making more noise than the village dogs, while is saying a good deal. The story of the raid is told amid great excitement and gesticulation, and the bags are opened for inspection.

The heads are placed in an open space, and the whole village gathers round. Beside the heads is placed a vessel with liquor distilled from the mountain rice. This liquor is believed to be the spirit of the victims, and if it is asked the favor of putting the hunters in the way of getting more heads.

Everyone drinks, men, women and children, and everyone gets drunk. Their yells, so far as they can be produced in English, sound like "Hi-yah! Hi-yah! Hi-yo-heigh!" The demonstrations are kept up three days.

Sometimes the heads are put on trip poles, and at other times they are left till the flesh drops off, and then are put up on the poles. Sometimes the heads are boiled and the flesh eaten, and invariably the brains are boiled in a jelly and devoured with a relish.

You will find as you grow older that a good many who claim to have their coats off working for you, have them rolled up for pillows and are sleeping on them in the shade.

At every picnic, every guest secretly believes that every other guest also brings her share.