

MAJOR RUMSEY.

It was the proud boast of Mrs. Maltworth, widow of the late Captain Robert Maltworth, of the 13th Cavalry, proprietress of the Esmeralda Hotel, Seabreeze, that in each of the twelve years during which she had owned and managed the establishment on the shore at Seabreeze she had successfully brought two young people into relations with one another that had resulted in matrimony. To tell the truth, Mrs. Maltworth was a born matchmaker, as many a young lieutenant could have witnessed.

Mrs. Maltworth was one of those rare individuals who can sink their own discomforts and smile on the pleasures of others. It was largely due to this fact that the Esmeralda had prospered, and during the season its rooms were flooded with young people bubbling over with holiday spirits, who joked and laughed together as if the office and the counter were nothing more than mere imaginings which would not reappear at the expiration of a brief fortnight.

But Mrs. Maltworth and her two daughters were growing desperate. The season was rapidly growing to a close, and as yet no two young people had been attracted to each other. To be sure, there had been one or two mild flirtations which had excited considerable expectation, but they had not "developed" and had expired before the participants left Seabreeze.

"Here's a letter from a Major Rumsey, my dears," said the widow one morning. "He wants to come next Monday with his son and daughter to stay—why, he doesn't say how long he will stay?"

"Who is he?" inquired the elder of the Misses Maltworth, a prim young lady of 25, whose living interest was centered and circumscribed in the cutting down of expenses at the Esmeralda.

The widow passed the letter to her. "He writes from Shoreham, you see, and that is very select. We shall have to put him and the son in the second floor front and his girl in the room opposite ours."

The younger daughter nodded approval. She was a pretty girl, who had all her mother's amiability and tenderness, mixed with her father's soldierly pride.

Major Rumsey duly arrived with his son and daughter. He was a middle-aged gentleman whose hair was generously sprinkled with gray, labeled military from head to foot, and possessed of a bluff, hearty voice that instantly won the widow's heart.

"I always feel thoroughly at home with army gentlemen," she confessed to him ere he had been in the house half a dozen hours. "You see, I'm a soldier's daughter and married a man who carried a commission."

"Madam," replied the Major, "you surprise and honor me."

"Yes, my poor husband, Captain Maltworth, of the 13th Cavalry—"

"What!" roared the Major, springing from his chair. "Your husband—old Bob Maltworth of the 13th?"

"The same, sir."

"My dear Mrs. Maltworth, this is indeed a pleasure. I and old Bob—er—Captain Maltworth, were mates together before—Have you never heard him speak of his old friend Rumsey?"

"Bless my soul, my dear lady," continued the excited Major, walking to the window. "Fancy coming across the widow of my old friend. The world is, after all, quite a little place; now, isn't it?"

The opening of the door and the entrance of Mabel caused him to turn round.

"Mabel, my dear, this is Major Rumsey—and—and he is an old friend of your poor papa's."

The Major bowed to the fair young girl before him, while she blushed and murmured, "How d'y' do" in so pretty a manner that the Major was on the instant charmed and captivated.

That evening there was a merry party in the widow's little drawing-room, which excited considerable curiosity among the other boarders. There was much laughter and just a few tears on the part of the hostess, and that night young Harold Rumsey dreamed of a blushing blue-eyed girl who had called him "Mr. Rumsey" no end of times, although he would have given anything to have been called Harold.

The visit of Major Rumsey, Mr. Harold Rumsey and Miss Eleanor Rumsey (to quote the Seabreeze News) was decidedly a time of unqualified enjoyment. The happiness of the three suffused through the whole of the Esmeralda Hotel, and the proprietress was heard to remark that never in all her life had she seen so jolly a company as her boarders at this period. The visit lengthened from a fortnight to three weeks, then to a month, and still the happy trio said nothing of leaving.

"It does my heart good to see these young people living so happily," said Mrs. Maltworth. "It makes me feel young myself, I confess."

The Major was standing at the casement, looking away over the sea. Outside the promenade was almost deserted, for the days were growing cold and sunless, but at the end of the thin line of beach, where it was cut off by the cliff that jutted out, he could see a woman and a man seated. Her hand was clasped in both of his, and as the old soldier watched he saw her head droop lower—lower.

"Mrs. Maltworth," he said, scarcely above a whisper, "come here. You see those two young people away there? They are our young people."

Together they watched the two, who, all unconscious that they were observed, were telling one another the sweetest story in the world.

The widow was the first to speak. "I felt sure it would come," she cried. "Fancy, this is the thirteenth year without a break!"

"The thirteenth year!" thundered the Major. "Do you mean to tell me that the girl has for thirteen years—"

"Major Rumsey!" interrupted the little woman. And then she explained, and explained so well, that her listener became as enthusiastic as herself, and swore with a characteristic military oath that he could have desired no better mate for his lad.

Suddenly the widow started up. "O, dear!" she cried in dismay. "It mustn't be. I was forgetting it's the 13th, and that would be unlucky. It was on the 13th that my poor Robert—"

"P'ossense, my dear madam," growled the listener. "Surely you don't believe in that old woman's tale!"

"But Robert—on the 13th—"

"—Robert," the Major thundered, and immediately apologized. "I forgot



"YOU SURPRISE AND HONOR ME," SAID THE MAJOR.

myself. What I wanted to say is this: Why should we risk the happiness of our boy and girl?"

"Why, indeed?" murmured the lady. "Suppose, for instance, two other people found they could join forces with advantage and advance on the enemy's line better together than singly. Suppose, I say—Mrs. Maltworth—Helen—what do you say to taking me?"—and here the Major flopped down on his knees in most unimilitary style—"me—an old half-pay officer without a friend in the world. Now, what shall we say?"

And like the soldier's daughter and the soldier's widow that she was, the blushing proprietress of the Esmeralda answered "Yes" with precision.

This is how it is that the Esmeralda is "under entirely new management," and the young people who congregate there in the summer speak regretfully of the old days—the days that are no more.—Buffalo News.

Tried as a Venture.

Owls have a mission to perform in Chicago. One sent to a commission merchant proved so successful in ridding the warehouse of rats and mice—having been freed at night with the idea of making an experiment in this direction—that other commission men began to look for owls, and from the commission firms the idea gradually spread to the grocers, butchers and market keepers generally of the city. Now a large percentage of these men keep an owl down in the cellar during the daylight and bring it up to the store when darkness falls. It is said that the expense and care of maintaining owls are more than repaid by their services in vanquishing the rats and mice. The owners and janitors of the large apartment houses in the city are also beginning to realize the value of possessing an owl when rats, mice, cockroaches and vermin generally are to be exterminated.

A Cheerful Convalescent.

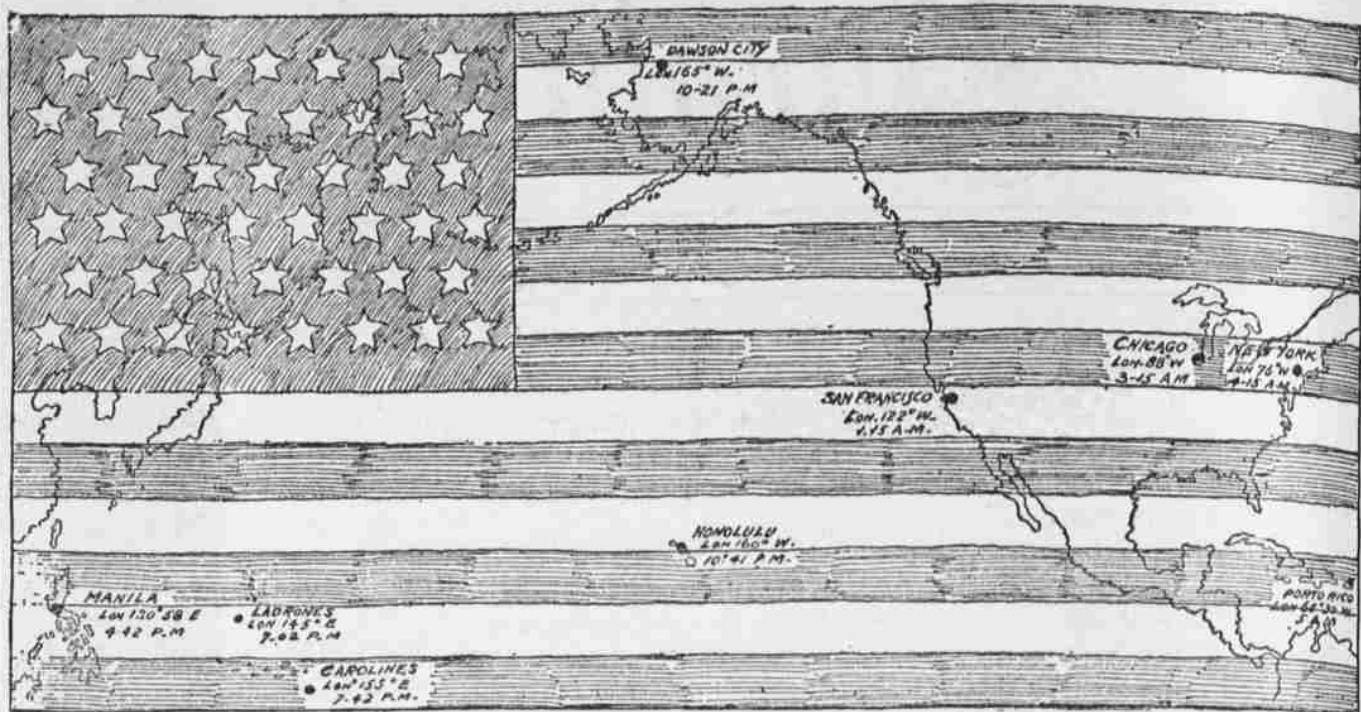
Frayed Feeny—Wot's Sauntering Sweeny doin' dis winter?
Happy Hoskins—Takin' de "rest cure."
"Wot fer?"
"Dat tired feelin'."—New York Journal.

In the Churches.

In one of the churches of Cincinnati the women now remove their hats during the service, the innovation being regarded with general favor.

The wise man gets a lot of free instruction from fools.

The canal-boat mule would never get along if he didn't have a pull.



IN THE race against time the United States beat out the sun by two minutes. In other words the sun never sets on the territory of this land. Before it can set in one extreme its face peeps above the ocean at the other, and on the longest day of the year the flag beats the sun and has two minutes to spare. Sixteen minutes are added as the extreme limit to any day in the equation of time; the flag has eighteen over the half of the twenty-four hours. It is a narrow margin, but it will do, as the following demonstration will show.

It was not necessary for the United States navy to take the Canaries in order to extend the territory eastward. The taking of Porto Rico put the extreme eastern borders just ninety minutes of longitude farther east and six minutes of time in the same direction. Eastport, Me., which for all the life of the nation before the Spanish war, held the honor, must now yield the palm to Porto Rico. But the difference is comparatively trifling. Porto Rico commences—just out of the Saragossa sea—in longitude 65 degrees 30 minutes west. Eastport is within half a mile of 67 degrees west. This makes the difference ninety minutes of longitude in favor of Porto Rico. Fifteen minutes of longitude equal one minute of time, so the island wins by six minutes in time.

With Porto Rico for the extreme eastern starting point, the flag runs with the sun to the Philippines. Taking Manila as the western point—although it is not the extreme point—and these United States extend over 184 degrees 32 minutes and 4 seconds of longitude. That is nearly five degrees more than half the circumference of the earth. The difference in time between Porto Rico's eastern point and the cathedral in Manila is twelve hours and eighteen minutes. In other words, when it was 5 a. m. in Porto Rico Saturday morning it was 4:42 p. m. Friday in Manila. This is, of course, reckoning all from east to west. Of course out somewhere in the mighty Pacific they play fantastic tricks and take their time from Tokio, Singapore or some other oriental city and lose a day, but that is another story.

But the sun pays no attention to the fantasies of man; he just goes on and shows his face as the earth revolves on its axis. So it will be seen with this wide variation of time covering thousands of miles, the sun will not set in Manila on Friday before it has made the Atlantic ruby red in the vicinity of the eastern coast of the western continent. In Porto Rico it will have lifted its disc above the tumbling waves for several minutes in the summer and not be far away in the dead of winter. So the flag is never wholly in the dark these days, as the sun flashes on its ensign and stripes somewhere in the earth every minutes of the day.

These United States did not need to go beyond their original limits—that is, their transcontinental limits—to be larger than any other land on earth. The United States on this continent, excluding Alaska and measuring in degrees of longitude only continuous territory, covers 55 degrees. This limit is taking San Francisco as the western objective, although the California city is not as far west as some others farther north. The difference in time between the extreme eastern coast at Eastport and San Francisco is three hours and forty minutes, quite an extent of territory. From the seat of government the time difference is just three hours.

Westward the star of empire, etc., has been exemplified in nearly all that the United States have done. Most people would believe that when Hawaii and the rest of the Sandwich group were taken in by treaty that the westward limits were extended, yet this is far from being true. Honolulu is 10 degrees in longitude, or forty minutes in time, east of Dawson City, Alaska, and over an hour east of the extreme western limits of the northern territory. But a big jump was made to the west until longitude began to read east when Dewey licked Montefijo in Manila bay.

Incidentally these United States cover a large amount of distance in latitude. They run from the arctic circle

to within hailing distance of the equator. If an enormous flag were spread out so that it would take in everything over which it now floats the accurate measurements would just about bring all within its borders. The Philippines run down to within five degrees north of the equator; the northern cape of Alaska goes well up to 72 or 73 degrees north latitude. So it will be seen that a man must do a power of sailing north, south, east and west to get away from parallels of latitude and longitude from which the flag of America is absent.

Climatically the country now runs the entire gamut of the earth. It has possessions in the torrid climes very near the central belt; it runs for degrees into the frigid at the top of the scale. It takes in every phase of atmospheric manifestation and disturbance from a typhoon to a blizzard. It ranges from climes where ice is never absent to those where it is never known. In some of the new posses-



BROOKLYN GIRL IN A TURKISH HAREM.

sions ice could scarcely be maintained with ammonia process, while in some parts of Alaska it would scarcely yield to electricity.

This is the chart which the nation offers in its race with the sun. Starting with the eastern limits of Porto Rico in longitude 65 degrees 30 minutes west, with the time fixed at 5 a. m., the territorial limits, longitude and time of day follow this schedule:

New York, longitude 76 degrees west, time 4:15 a. m.
Chicago, longitude 88 degrees west, time 3:15 a. m.

San Francisco, longitude 122 degrees west, time 1:15 a. m.

Honolulu, longitude 155 degrees west, time 10:41 p. m.

Dawson City, longitude 165 degrees west, time 10:21 p. m.

Caroline's, longitude 155 degrees east, time 7:42 p. m.

Ladrones, longitude 145 degrees east, time 7:02 p. m.

Manila, longitude 122 degrees 58 minutes east, time 4:42 p. m.

In the majority of these cases the longitude is taken from government charts. The others are approximated, but so nearly that exact measurements will not show substantial variation. It will be seen, therefore, with the exact west longitude of Porto Rico set down against an equally exact east longitude, counting both from Greenwich, for Manila, the total distance in degrees, etc., and hours is fixed. The intermediate points outside of the continental limits are estimated from their location on the charts and may vary as much as a couple of degrees. This, however, would not make more than eight minutes in time variation.

What London Funerals Cost.

London funerals cost over a million pounds annually.

Nearly every man thinks it a great joke to claim to be poorer than he really is.

FAVORITE OF A HAREM.

Beautiful Brooklyn Girl the Wife of a Pasha in Morocco.

For two years past a lovely Brooklyn girl has been the favorite wife of a rich Moor living at Tangier. She claims to be perfectly happy, and declares that not on any account would she leave her present home. Some facts regarding this remarkable young woman have just been brought to this country by Mrs. Halder, a member of the law class of New York University. She and her husband have returned from an extended wedding tour, in the course of which they visited Tangier. While there Mr. Halder secured for his wife permission to visit the harem of an enormously wealthy pasha living in that quaint old place. In one splendid apartment of the palace Mrs. Halder found the most lovely woman she had ever seen. A guide in a whisper informed the visitor that this was the reigning favorite. The beautiful creature did not look like an Oriental, and Mrs. Halder asked her a question in French. The favorite smilingly replied in English, saying that was her native tongue. The accent suggested American education, and Mrs. Halder hinted as much. Thereupon the



beauty said she was a native of Brooklyn. The visitor expressed a desire to rescue her from degrading slavery and was astonished to hear the girl say as she nestled more luxuriously among her cushions:

"Why, my dear, I wouldn't change my position for that of any other woman in the world. I am perfectly happy—as happy as a queen."

"But," said Mrs. Halder, "how did you ever get here? Were you stolen by the pasha's people?"

"Oh, dear, no," was the reply. "I am the daughter of a Brooklyn merchant. My father was a widower and was in the habit of making a yearly European trip. I accompanied him twice. The second trip we came to the far east. While we were in Morocco—and quite accidentally—the pasha saw me and (here she hesitated and smiled)—well, fell in love with me. I cannot tell you how I became aware of the honor he showed me, but I deliberately chose my life here as his wife. I have been the favorite of the harem ever since I entered it, more than two years ago, and I would not be anything else for the world. Don't pity the American wife of the grand pasha. It's a mere waste of sentiment."

His Idea.

A prominent Spaniard, who knows both this country and his own, attributes the superior vigor of the United States to the strength in mind and body of our women. "Give American wives," he says, "to a million young men of Spain, and the nation in half a century will take its place among the great nations of Europe."

Vegetarian Restaurant.

Boston is to have a restaurant where in only vegetable productions will be cooked and served.

Any woman who is genuinely loved by her husband, is a great woman.