

CAPTAIN JIM'S COURTSHIP

By A. E. RICE, Portland

(Continued from Last Week.)

The meaning of the whole strange proceeding flashed through Barbara's mind, and it appeared so ridiculous, so grotesquely comical that the child placed the lamp on the floor and burst out in wild laughter. Captain Jim looked at her severely, which had the effect of checking a second spasm.

"I know it," remarked the child, her eyes sparkling with merriment. "I'll just bet it's that old tree a-scrappin' agin the shed."

He scowled at her. He could scarcely believe his senses. The idea of this child ridiculing his assertion.

"I tell you it be a wild beast, that's got in thar. Most likely drove down from the heights by the snow. Didn't it spring on tew me? Look here." Some faint marks showed on his face. "Jist the tips of them ferocious claws tetcht me, as I sprung back."

Barbara's eyes expanded. She took up the lamp and looked at his face. He stooped low to facilitate the examination. "Well," she said, feigning astonishment, "I said as how that old tree would scratch somebody some day."

He didn't relish the way Barbara laughed at his experience. Angerily seizing a rocking chair he jammed it against the table, then turning to her he said "I should think yer ma'd be skeert some, tew be a livin' here alone."

"I should opine," replied the matter-of-fact young miss. "She wants to go away, but ain't got no rocks."

Barb, she kin a hev all the rocks she wants," said Captain Jim, with a tinge of settled determination.

"She kin?" asked the astonished child.

"She kin!" reiterated he.

"Do yer really mean it?" asked Barbara, still doubting him.

"Sartin," replied Jim.

At that moment three distinct knocks were heard on the front door.

"The's the old gal herself; I knows the taps," exclaimed the child. She placed the lamp on a chair, then unlocked and opened the front door.

Captain Jim had come prepared, anticipating the possibility of trouble with MacDonald. His imagination pictured him as a powerful, passionate individual. Had he made inquiries he would probably have discovered that MacDonald was a mere creation of Barbara's, or rather the joint creation of her ma's and Kitty's brains, for the purpose of hoodwinking him. His conscientious scruples checked any leaning toward doubt of MacDonald's existence. His belief in Barbara's story, at the time of Captain Tom's surprise party was absolute, so that when the taps sounded on the front door he fished up a pistol from his back pocket.

"Jest as a precaution," partly to show MacDonald, in case it was he and not Annie, who was about to enter, that he (Jim) was armed, and partly to assure Annie, should it really be her, that he was prepared to protect her and the "chillun."

"Captain Jim here," said Annie with evident satisfaction, upon entering. "I hurried home to welcome you."

She looked about the disordered kitchen, as though astonished. "Why, what is all this about?" He flourished the pistol and frowned because he imagined that under the present circumstances it conveyed an impression of courage.

"Annie," said he, "don't you be skeert. You an the chillun be safe."

She was about to laugh, but checked herself, and appearing terrified, quickly asked, "Why, what is the matter? Why are these things piled against the door? And that pistol?"

"Jest a precaution, that's all my dear. There be cats in the shed," replied Jim seriously.

"Oh, Jim, you frighten me!" said Annie, and she added timidly, "are they tom cats?" Ma turned her back on Jim to conceal her effort to suppress a laugh. Captain Jim replied, "they be wild cats or cou-jars, I'm sartin, but I be a-goin' tew drive 'em off, though," wiping his brow with a blue handkerchief.

"No, no, Jim," pleaded Annie, her face still averted from him. "They'll kill you. How many are there?"

"I swan thar whar two. I felt the fur when they sprung on tew me," replied the dauntless captain.

"Oh, Jim dear, are you hurt?" inquired Annie, with admirably affected concern.

"Jest a few scratches, but they ain't nuthin' tew what I'd go through fer you dear."

"I guess the old gal claw'd him," said Barbara, in an undertone. The remark was heard by ma, who cast a sharp, meaning glance at the child. Barbara understood it and added softly, "but I'm mum, I is, 'cause he's goin' to come down with the rocks."

Annie could not control herself longer, and she burst out in a fit of laughter, which she concealed from Jim by turning her face and wringing her hands as though in anguish. "What shall I do; oh, what shall I do. And my poor children." She rushed off to the bedroom and shut herself in.

Captain Jim rushed after her, but too late, the door was closed. He shouted through the keyhole, "you best be calm now, my dear."

Barbara watched the maneuver and remarked to herself, "the old gal is a-playin' on him slick."

Jim paced the floor in an agitated manner. "It's no use; I hev got tew tackle them critters myself, an' tew cut 'em." Barb, bring me a carvin' knife."

"Ain't got no carvin' knife. Got a bread knife." She took a knife from a small cupboard near the stove and offered it to him. He grasped it, saying, "thet'll do." He glanced at its carving dimensions, tested its stiffness and felt its edge, but his agitated mind was evidently incapable of determining its formidable character.

Barbara suggested the use of an umbrella. "What fer?" asked Jim.

"Why, to skeer them cats away," replied the surprised child. "Open it sudden like, an' they'll jest scamper off, worse than whipped monkeys."

"Peers sort o' possible," reflectively remarked Captain Jim, "give me the umbrella." Barbara handed him an old umbrella, and asked if he didn't want something to tie about his neck, adding ominously, "them cats 'most allus do go fer a feller's juglar."

Jim laid the knife and pistol down on the floor, and proceeded to examine the umbrella, saying, "yes, I reckon you be right, Barb. I shud a-think so."

With the remark, "I'll git somethin'," Barbara tripped lightly into the bedroom and quickly returned with one of ma's old colored walking skirts.

"You jest wrap this 'bout yer neck an' I'll hold the lamp."

Captain Jim wrapped the skirt about his neck, much as he would a large muffler, and feeling some confidence in his armor he said, "Barb, you was born smart, you was."

Barbara grasped the lamp and impatiently remarked, "Air you ready? Oh, I forgot, them things must be pulled away." She replaced the lamp on the floor and removed the chairs and table, piled against the door.

Jim gripped the knife between his teeth, held the umbrella with his left hand, and pistol with his right, then said quietly, "I be ready."

At that moment ma looked out from the bedroom. The sight of Captain Jim in his war paint sent her back with screams of laughter.

Barbara angrily shouted to ma, "if you don't stop that you'll scare them cats away."

Jim looked at the child aghast. "Damned if the gal ain't a-thinkin' it be a picnic."

Barbara having pushed the barricade away, again picked up the lamp. "Now," said she, "now, when I open the door you jest bounce right in there like a bolt o' lightning. Come closer."

Jim began to realize his danger. It must be remembered that he acted from conscientious motives. It had not occurred to him that he encountered any but wild animals in the woodshed.

Barbara's ridicule seemed to him the very essence of innocence, and it had the effect of making him very determined to drive the animals away. He was also urged on by the secret desire to be regarded by Annie as a hero, yet now, at the moment he is about to carry out his determination, a quailing feeling came over him, for he said softly and quite seriously to himself, "don't reckon thet I dass tackle them fro-cious critters with them weepens alone."

The child heard him and stared at him. "What, air you skeert already?" said she astonished.

Captain Jim returned the child's stare for a moment, then pulled his hat down over his eyebrows. He humped his back and bowed his head low for a rush. "Count three, Barb. I be a-goin' tew do or die fer Annie. I shud a-think so."

Barbara seized the door knob with her right hand, then slowly said, "one, two, three, go," and pushed open the door.

Jim rushed into the shed, spreading the umbrella and discharging the pistol right through it, and yelling in the most frantic manner.

ed! Thet leetle drap of brandie'll come in handy now. I shud a-think so," he then added in an undertone. "Barb, bring me the lamp." She did as requested, but he could not find the flask. He carefully scraped away the snow, looked behind the woodpile, and exclaimed, "Damned, if in ain't gone." His astonishment mingled with anger was plain. He cast a sharp, meaning look at the child. She returned his gaze and said slowly, "wot's gone?"

He smartly flung the umbrella on the woodpile, put the pistol in his pocket and proceeded to the kitchen, saying a bit sternly to Barbara, "come in."

Captain Jim at once turned to Annie who was doubled up on the chair, doing her utmost to control and conceal the wild fit of laughter that had seized her. He believed she was "scared tew fits." His stern, fixed expression of countenance relaxed, softened, and gave place to anxiety.

"My immaculate Annie," he endearingly exclaimed, "I 'low'd it wud come night a prostratin' you." He tenderly lifted her up, carried her across the room and gently laid her on the lounge. Then thrusting his hand in his vest pocket, produced a silver dollar. "Barb, go tew the nighest drug store fer some brandy," so saying, he laid the money on the table.

Barbara replied, "must go tew First street. Aint no drug stores out this way. Want me to go now?"

"Yes," answered Captain Jim, "an' git back quick as you kin."

"All right," said the child, as she picked up the coin from the table. "I'll jist git my coat an' fly."

"Barb," exclaimed he, fixing his eye meaningly on her, "a two-legged critter played that game on me."

"Must a-bin one of them cou-jars," responded Barbara.

"Mum! understand?" cautioned Jim, at the same time he slipped a four-bit piece in her hand. "Thet's fer Christmas sweets, you an' the chillun."

Barbara smiled her sweetest and exclaimed, "all right, papa, mum air the word." She then hastened to the bedroom for her coat.

Captain Jim then removed the skirt from around his neck and laid it on a chair and placed his hat on top of it. He then placed his hand on Annie's forehead, and exclaimed, "my poor darlin'."

Annie opened her eyes, sat up and said, "Oh, Jim, I'm so glad you are safe."

He was so pleased that he at once sat beside her. "Your own Jim be alive yet, my dear."

"I was so frightened. You will not go away just yet, will you?" appealed Annie, as she again averted her face, fearing another burst of laughter.

He pressed close to her. The invitation to stay a while with this fascinating creature was rapture itself. He answered with enthusiasm: "Annie, I'd be a-stayin' with you 'till resurrection day if you'd let me. I shud a-think so." And he gently encircled her waist with his arm.

"Oh, Jim, you are so good and brave, I do not know how to thank you."

"Jest give me one and I shud think you thanked me a thousand times tew much," he replied, leaning over for a kiss.

She suspected he would attempt to snatch one, and was not deceived, but she forestalled him by artfully lifting a small phial, so that it accidentally rubbed against his nose.

He was immediately seized with a violent fit of sneezing. Upon partial recovery he said, "Annie, thet be a powerful smell."

Annie repressed a smile and explained, "only ammonia, Jim, my head aches so."

Barbara, having meanwhile entered from the bedroom, was a witness to the little checkmating move by her mother. She softly coughed.

Ma turned quickly and exclaimed in a surprised tone, "Barbara."

The child replied pertly, "you needn't 'pol-gize old gal."

Ma frowned and sharply rejoined, "Barbara, how dare you." She however, quickly altered her tone, for she saw the child was dressed to go out, and with unexcelled artfulness, said, "Why, where are you going?"

The answer appeared to astonish her, for Barbara replied stiffly, "ask dad number two," nodding toward Captain Jim.

A dead silence ensued, which was at length broken by Jim coughing. He turned and discovered Annie looking askance at him, "now, don't you be askin' any questions, dear," anticipating her speech and speaking in his most suave and affable manner. "Thet be my affair. You jest go right on, Barb," and he waived his hand for her to go.

"I'm a-movin' gov'nor," replied the child.

"I am afraid to let you go alone. Wild animals about, too," said ma, and she looked at Jim.

But Jim did not heed the hint and remained discreetly silent, with his eyes cast to the floor.

Barbara proceeded to the front door, stopped and looked back at ma, "oh, I'm not skeert any," replied the child.

"Well, hasten home as soon as possible," commanded her mother.

"All right," and Barbara passed out into the darkness.

"Be you a-feelin' better, dear?" asked Captain Jim.

"Yes, Jim, but I am in dread of that hateful MacDonald," replied Annie.

"Be he a worryin' of you much?" "Yes, Jim," and then with a cough, added a little "fib." "He followed me tonight, I think."

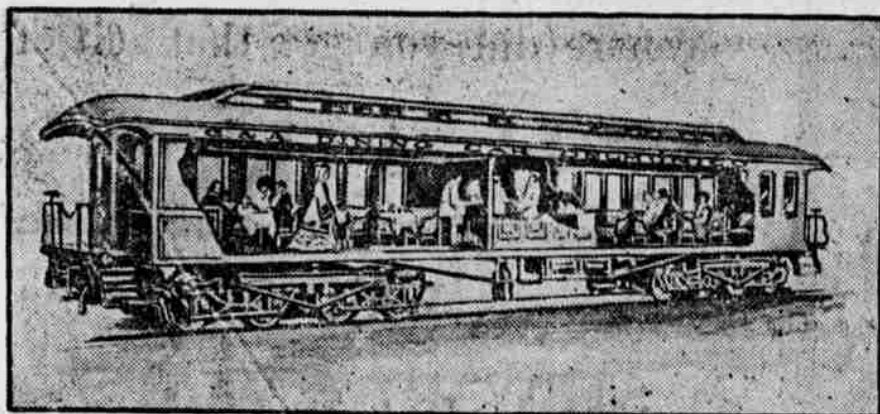
Captain Jim frowned and looked straight at the opposite wall, saying in an undertone, "he be the villian thet took thet drap o' brandy."

Annie instantly assumed most singular contortions.

Jim became alarmed, thinking she had taken a fit.

(To be Continued.)

FIRST DINING CAR IN THE WORLD.



THE DINING CAR DELMONICO.

The first dining car ever operated in the United States, or, for that matter, in the world, was built in 1868 and placed in service between Chicago and St. Louis on the Chicago & Alton Railway. The first dining car was called the Delmonico, and its exterior and interior appearance are reliably reproduced in the above illustration. The Delmonico was sixty feet long. The present vestibule platform in those days not having been invented, the entrance to the car was made from the uninclosed platform, and there was no interior vestibule or lobby, the car door opening directly into the dining-room. The dining-room comprised not quite one-half of the car and was finished in walnut, except the ceiling, which was canvas, with decorative designs painted upon it. In the dining-room were six tables, each table seating four guests. The seats were upholstered in morocco leather and were immovable, being similar, with the exception of the upholstery, to the seats at present in use in sleeping cars. In one corner of the dining-room of the Delmonico there was a walnut side-cupboard for wines and liquors and groceries; this cupboard was hinged to the side of the car, thus enabling the car cleaners to fold it back and clean the end windows, in front of which it stood. The car was lighted with candles, which were placed in fixtures secured to the roof of the car, and candles were also placed in metal candlesticks on each table. The floor of the car was covered with oilcloth, and in the aisle between the tables there was laid a strip of carpet. At night time the crew slept in the car, the cushions being pulled down upon supporting cross-bars in a similar manner to that which is at present done in sleeping cars.

The kitchen of the Delmonico was in the center of the car. The kitchen was eight feet long by seven feet wide, the remaining width of the car being used for a passageway between the dining-room and the rear half of the car, which was finished in similar style to the dining-room, the forward half being used as a dining-room, the rear half being used to furnish parlor car accommodations, the tables being removed for this purpose. The kitchen contained a charcoal range and cupboards containing cooking utensils and non-perishable provisions, the perishable provisions being stored in a refrigerator or store-box under the center of the car. There was no pantry, the viands being delivered by the cooks to the waiters through an aperture in the wall of the kitchen. Below this aperture was a little door in the side of the partition, by which the cooks entered the kitchen. Notwithstanding the difficulties under which the crew worked in the early days, the bill of fare was elaborate, and passengers were enthusiastic over the meals, which were served table d'hôte at 75 cents each.

COUPLE MADE VOWS IN THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

The most remarkable wedding that was ever celebrated in all probability took place recently in Philadelphia. The ceremony was entirely in keeping with the well-known quietude of the Pennsylvania metropolis, for not a word was spoken during the entire performance. When it is known that the contracting parties were both deaf mutes the reason for the silent celebration is understood.

Lewis Ash of Phoenixville, Pa., is the man who, though his lips uttered no sound, won the heart of Miss Bella Remmey, daughter of Edward Remmey, 627 Snyder street, Philadelphia.

The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Koebler, pastor of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, and most of the wedding guests were from that church.

At the close of the service the wildest confusion ensued when friends offered congratulations. The hubbub of rapidly moving fingers and wildly gesticulating arms was something a layman will never forget.

It is a mystery that we see things right side up when the picture that is formed in the eye, by which we see them is upside down.

A very interesting experiment can be tried with a visiting card and a common pin. Take the card and puncture it with a pin. Hold the card about three inches away from your eye, and with the other hand bring the pin between card and eye. The picture of the pin before the card will disappear and will appear upside down through the opening made in the card, as shown in the corner of our illustration. Of course, we have to hold the card against the light of the window or against the light of a lamp.

Rare Old Editions. There are several rare old editions among the 1,000 books which, on account of being duplicates, are to be sold by the London county council out of the Horniman Library.

When a man tells a woman he loves her, she ought to hear what he told the rest, and how soon he got over it.

MAIL CARRIER 67 YEARS.

Appointed by President Jackson and Has Recently Resigned.

Sixty-seven years as a mail carrier is the record held by Samuel Gibbons, of Hodgenville, Ky., who has just retired from service. He is

78 years old. Mr. Gibbons began his career as mail carrier under the administration of President Jackson in 1836, when he was but 11 years old, and he has seen service under every administration since that time. He

made the acquaintance of President Jackson at Greensburg, Ky., while the latter was on his way from Nashville to Washington. The President took the lad upon his knee, and at his solicitation promised him that he should be appointed a mail carrier. A few months after the President's arrival at Washington the lad received his appointment, and was given the route from Greensburg to Hodgenville, a distance of thirty-five miles. Since then he has carried the mails on nearly all the prominent routes in Kentucky and has the remarkable record of never having missed a day or met with a mishap.

Wealth of the United States. Mulhall's estimate of the wealth of the United States in 1895 was \$16,350,000,000 (\$78,480,000,000), or \$234 (\$1.123) per capita. It was distributed as follows: Farms, \$4,142,000,000 (\$19,881,000,000); railways, \$2,600,000,000 (\$10,848,000,000); houses \$4,446,000,000 (\$21,340,800,000); merchandise, \$1,563,000,000 (\$7,302,400,000); sundries, \$3,939,000,000 (\$18,907,200,000). A monograph on "The Progress of the Material United States in Its Industries," issued by the treasury bureau of statistics in 1902, estimated our money and property in 1900 as \$94,300,000,000, against \$65,037,091,197 in 1890, an increase of \$29,000,000,000 in ten years. In 1900 the value of farms and farm property was \$20,514,001,838; of manufactures, \$13,039,279,566. The percentage of wealth per capita in 1900 was \$1,235.86, against \$1,038.57 in 1890. On June 30, 1900, the public debt, less cash in the treasury, was \$1,107,711,258, or \$14.52 per capita, against \$890,784,371 in 1890, or \$14.22 per capita. On October 31, 1902, the percentage of debt per capita was about \$12. Of all the important nations the United States has the smallest debt per capita.—Guntton's Magazine.

"How was the show last night?" we heard one man ask another. "Well," the man replied, "some liked it, and some didn't." That's the way it is with everything.

"Spring has come!" cried the iceman, jubilantly. "Nay," sighed the coal man. "Winter has gone."—Newark News.