A LUCKY ERROR

By G. V. Stuart.

THE INTERIOR of the "Circle H" ranch was typical of the housekeeping attempts of the college graduate who, with light-hearted ignorance and boyish enthusiasm, has embarked on that dubious pleasure termed "roughing it."

The bungalow built of rough boards without was innocent of plaster within, and the joists and scantlings which formed the framework of the house furnished the moral decorations, also convenient places for driving nails on which to hang six-shooters, lassoos, sombreros, spurs, rifles, etc., which formed the personal possession of the occupants. But, rough as it all looked, there were ample evidences that it was not the abode of native cattlemen.

The board walls were covered here and there with colored pictures from Christmas numbers of magazines.

Photographs of pretty women in ball-gowns were shied or hung on the line, according to their temporary standing in the hearts of the hanging committee.

Only one photograph was framed, and that picture, taken by the best photographer in New York, an edition de luxe, framed in massive silver, was given the entire mantel-shelf for a kingdom. Perhaps, as there was a candle on either side, it was meant to be a shrine. The photograph and the frame were such as a loving woman who is rich gives to only one man. It was a sweet, steadfast face that looked out of the silver frame, the picture of a girl with all her emotions unspent, and an infinite capacity for love and suffering in the spending of them.

But, while there was only one girl on the mantel, there were two men in the room—Dick Carstairs and Hugh Trafford, joint owners of the ranch.

None of the men who rode from the other ranches had ever been able to satisfy their curiosity as to which of the twain that elaborate photograph belonged to. There are some women about whom men know instinctively that they must refrain from saying, "That's a lolly girl; who is she?" Helene Overdale was one of them.

Dick Carstairs and Hugh Trafford had finished their midday meal, though the remains of it were in full evidence on the deal table in the middle of the room.

When men do their own cooking, they become excessively economical in the matter of crockery, and the transfer of food from saucepan to dish seems a meaningless function when you have to wash the dish.

At the "Circle H" ranch they had adopted the simpler and more direct method of placing the saucepans on the table. Also the big coffee-boiler, which helps men in their fight against the Braros river malaria.

Trafford, the elder of the two, was cleaning a rifle. He was one of those men who share with women the necessity of always doing something with his hands. In every other respect he was intensely masculine, sun-burned and bearded, though the latter was neatly trimmed to a point. As he worked away with the oil rag, he sang in a pleasant voice, slightly out of tune, the refrain of a well-known song:

"Oh, no, it wasn't human sound I heard.
Who's that a-calling?
'Twas loved ones' voices from dear old home,
That were calling so sweet."

The younger man, who would have been unusually good-looking if his dark, clean-shaven face had not been ravaged by an attack of fever, accentuating a certain spoiled petulance in its expression, looked irritably at his companion as though the cheerfulness of his singing interrupted his own gloomier mood. Then he gazed straight in front of him, drawing dejectedly at a pipe.

As Trafford seemed inclined to sing the refrain over and over the younger man burst out impatiently: "I know your singing is all right, Hugh, but—"

"Don't go well with chills and fever, eh?" interrupted his companion amiably. "Not to mention—"

"Oh, don't harp on my love affairs again," broke in Carstairs irritably, as he threw his pipe violently on the table, causing the bowl and mouthpiece to part company. "Beastly thing, tobacco; can't think how I ever thought I liked it!"

The silence which violence always causes fell between the two men. The insect chorus from a nearby swamp drifted in at the door like an accompaniment.

Trafford looked up at the photograph in the silver frame, then put the rifle in the rack, and, coming over to his friend, put his hand almost tenderly on his shoulder.

"Baccy gone back on you now?" he asked, with assumed cheerfulness. "That's bad, very bad. Well, look here, old man; you're half dead with fever; you've got so thin, you hardly throw a shadow."

"That's right—rub it in!" exclaimed Carstairs morosely.

"You're crazy with love for a girl you're too proud to propose to, just because she is rich," went on the other, ignoring the interruption. "Hang it all, man, she can't propose to you."

"She wouldn't if she could," replied Carstairs, fiddling with the bowl of the pipe on the table. "She hasn't written for three months—three eternities of hell! Plucky lot she cares for me."

"You must have written her a brute of a letter, old man, to bring about such a silence," observed Trafford with conviction.

"Suppose a man does write things which he—well—regrets. A girl, if she really cared, would understand how this beastly climate sets a man's nerves on edge. I used to think she cared; now I know she doesn't!"

"Don't say that, Dick," urged the other, restraining the impatience in his voice. "Helene loves you; she would marry you tomorrow. You have won her heart, and you have no right to let your obstinate pride break it."

The other man, driven by his nerves, rose to his feet and began tossing the bowl of the pipe and catching it as though to give vent to his feelings before he answered.

"Break it! Women's hearts don't break so easily. Besides, I never spoke to Helene of love, not in so many words. Of course," she added, with a pathetic attempt at cynicism, "if I'd made the fortune I promised to make she'd be glad enough to share. I know women. They have no use for a man when he's down."

Trafford glanced again at the photograph in the silver frame and his look was the look of a devotee before a Madonna.

"Helene is not that kind," he said gently. "It's just because you're down that—"

"O, I'm down, right enough," interrupted the other. "The cattle that the blizzard didn't kill last winter are dying like flies in this cursed drought."

"There's not enough of the poor brutes left," sighed Trafford, "to start a dairy farm in a New York suburb. You're beaten. Give it up, man; go home and marry Helene!"

"And live happily on her money ever after. What?" answered the youth, flinging himself down into the chair again. "No, I'm not through yet. There's always mining—Klondyke and that sort of thing. I tell you I'll make my pile before I ask Helene to marry me. Do you hear?"

Trafford shrugged his shoulders as he turned away.

"Nothing more to be said then, is there?"

"Suppose," said Carstairs, with curious insistence; "suppose you love Helene?"

"Suppose I loved Helene," repeated the other dreamily, looking again at the photograph in the silver frame.

"Of course, I know you don't, but—"

"Yes, of course you know I don't."

"But for the sake of argument," insisted Carstairs, "would you go home beaten?"

Trafford turned on his friend almost in anger.

"Look here, Dick; if I loved a woman I'd love her well enough to put her happiness before everything—silly pride masquerading as self-respect, obstinacy disguised as tenacity? my love for her before my love for myself any day; at least, I hope so. Well, I can't stay here to preach. I promised to ride over to the Tenderfoot ranch and lend a hand with the marking and branding. I won't be back till after dark."

Carstairs watched his friend in silence, as he tightened his spurs, took down a stock whip from the wall and strolled out onto the veranda. He didn't like having the marks and brands of the qualities which went to make up his self-esteem altered and rechristened. That useful possession swelled and smarted under the sting of the truth.

Trafford put his head back through the door.

"I brewed some more of that ague mixture, Dick. In case your chills come on while I'm away, you'll find the bottle up on that shelf."

"Thanks," growled Carstairs. "I expect I'll need it."

Trafford came back into the room.

"And, Dick!"

"Well?"

"Think it over, old chap. Write to her—tell her—"

The young man rose to his feet defiantly.

"I'll tell Helene I love her when I've made my fortune—or when I'm dying."

"Well, then, wash up the dishes," rejoined his friend impatiently as he left the room.

"It's your day to do that," retorted Carstairs querulously. "Your day."

"Oh, all right," came the answer from the veranda. "When I get back tonight."

There are times when humanity in any shape or form gets on our nerves. The sulky, overwrought expression died out of the young man's face as he heard the thud of his friend's horse loping across the prairie.

"Good old Hugh," he thought, "a better loser than I am. Somehow I can't help making faces over my medicine."

He went over to the mantel, and gazed into the face in the silver frame.

"Helene," he whispered; "I wonder are you the sort of girl who loves a man when he's down?"

A violent shiver went through him, and his teeth chattered like the fall of dice.

"Those beastly chills again," he muttered. "Ninety-five in the shade"—he pointed a wobbly finger at a thermometer which hung near the mantel—"and shaking like a lemon jelly. What a country!"

The shelf to which Trafford had pointed when he told his friend the whereabouts of the ague mixture was above the mantel. Carstairs reached up and took down the bottle. Without even a glance at it he poured some of the contents into a tumbler on the table. In spite of the ravages of malaria, he presented a graceful, gallant figure as he stood there in his polo-boots and breeches, a white silk shirt revealing the perfectly modeled outline of an athletic American. He held up the glass with a whimsical look on his drawn face.

"Nothing like medicine for drinking a health in," he muttered. "To the men who have lost, and the women who haven't gone back on them!" He nodded to the photograph in the silver frame, and drank down the contents of the glass. "Bitter brew, that, but warming," he thought, as he idly turned the bottle around.

His hand darted away from it as quickly as if it had touched a rattlesnake. He passed both hands across his eyes, as though trying to erase some horrid vision.

"Strange tricks a man's eyes play on him when he hasn't slept for a week. Of course," he spoke in a hoarse whisper, "it couldn't—it couldn't really be laudanum." He reached out his hand fearfully towards the bottle and then snatched it away again. "It would be silly to look."

He tried to think and stood there mocked by the furious beating of his heart and the derisive insect chorus from the swamp.

Slowly he pulled himself together. Inch by inch he dragged himself out of the quicksands of fear.

"Are you going to funk it, Dick?"

He didn't know whether it was he himself or the insects in the swamp who said it, but he made a quick snatch at the bottle and held it before his eyes.

"L-a-u-d-a-n-u-m." He spelled it out letter by letter, like a child, and replaced the bottle on the table.

The room swam before him for a moment and the insect chorus seemed to change to the Dead March in "Saul" he had heard the regimental band play over a dead comrade. He listened, beating time with his foot, while he waited for the numbness, which the approach of death had brought, to pass away.

At last he laughed very loud in hopes of drowning the dreadful chorus from the swamp, and began to speak to himself in broken sentences, the fear of death driving him to self-expression.

"Well, Dick Carstairs," he said, "you're done for now! Brace up and take your medicine like a man. I wonder what a chap ought to do when he has only a few minutes left to live. It's funny"—he laughed again—"when a man is confronted with death he knows little what to do with it as he did with his life." He went over to the photograph in the silver frame and devoured it with his eyes. "What was it I said: 'When I make my fortune, or when I'm dying.' Well, I'm dying now, Helene, so I can tell you, if I have time—I can tell you everything."

He went over to a side table and began to write very hurriedly, with the picture in front of him.

"My darling"—after he had written those two words he took a look at the photograph—"I have called you that a thousand times before in the silence of my heart. I swore I would never say it aloud until I had made my fortune or until I was dying. I have gained the right by the last and easiest method. I took laudanum by mistake. On my word of honor, dear, it was by mistake. How can I tell you in a few minutes how much I love you, when a whole lifetime would have been too short? I have only time to say good-bye."

He signed the letter, put it in an envelope and addressed it.

Then he wrote again:

"Dear old Hugh—I took medicine out of the wrong bottle, same as I've been doing all my life. I've written and told Helene everything. See that she gets the letter. As we don't lie to one another, you'll take my word that I took the laudanum by mistake."

Of the action of laudanum Carstairs was very nearly ignorant. He had a general idea that he would soon begin to feel very sleepy.

He had been sleeping very badly of late, and the idea of rest had a certain fascination for him after his long insomnia. When he had finished the letters he yawned, stretched himself, and imagined the slight drowsiness he felt was the beginning of the end. Then his eye fell on the unwashed dishes on the table.

"It's Hugh's day to wash up, but I'd like to leave things looking tidy. Hanged if I don't try to get them done before the stuff bowls me over completely!"

He set to work collecting the plates and cups into the washup tin, yawning from time to time, and wondering why he did not feel queerer than he did. But he was getting very sleepy before the things were all washed. He looked askance at the saucepans.

"I'll never be able to do them; they will have to go unfinished, like my life. I must keep a little time to look at Helene, too, and to pray."

He had put the photograph in the silver frame on the table in front of him and gazed at it intently, getting more and more drowsy. At last he murmured in a sleepy voice:

"All I want is this: If there are any dreams where I am going let them be of Helene. I have nothing else to pray for, darling—nothing—"

His head fell forward on his arms across the table and the insect chorus from the swamp was the only sound left in the room.

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Then the soul of Dick Carstairs took a holiday. From the long fever of wakeful nights, tormented by memories of better things; from the heat-scarred days, the insects, the monotonous food, the everlasting prairie, where flames grow instead of grass, he obtained surcease.

The body of Dick Carstairs had hardly fallen across the table before his spirit was at the lodge gates of Overdale. The one-legged lodgekeeper greeted him pleasantly as he passed through. The coolness of the chestnut avenue up which he went to the old manorial hall was Nirvana after the fevered life he had left behind.

In dreamland—perhaps on account of the footman—no one ever goes through the hall door. It was to the window of Helene's boudoir that the soul of Dick Carstairs went. The girl who owned Overdale was sitting at the piano, the face in the silver frame looked very pensive, the eyes gazed far away to the setting sun.

"Oh, heart of my heart, on the cliffs by the sea,
In the Garden of Sleep I am waiting for three."

The words of the song they had both loved drifted through the open window, then a few notes of the accompaniment.

"Oh, heart of my heart," she began again, but changed her mind, and took down a young man's picture from the piano. "Dick," she whispered—and her voice was the voice of one calling across the world—"if you are anywhere on the earth, broken or in health, rich or poor, come back to me."

She kissed the face in the picture, and spoke to it again.

"Dick"—and her voice was the voice of one praying across the stars—"if you are anywhere in the universe, alive or dead, send me a message."

A maid entered with a letter on a salver.

"It's from him," cried the girl ecstatically, and the maid left the room with the smile of understanding on her face.

"Perhaps it's to say he's coming home," whispered the girl, holding the letter to her breast. "I'm almost afraid to open it."

The thing at the window tried to tell her not to open it, but the speech of every day does not pass current in Dreamland, so the girl opened it.

"My darling," she read—and kissed the words over and over—"I have called you that a thousand times before in the silence of my heart."

"Oh, Dick!" murmured the girl rapturously.

"I swore I would never say it aloud till I had made my fortune."

"Silly darling. As if that mattered!" murmured the girl.

"Or till I was dying."

When she had finished reading the letter it fluttered to the ground.

"To have been so near a great happiness and then to have—"

The remaining words never got through the window, the swaying figure suddenly vanished and this is the reason.

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When Trafford returned to the ranch after dark, he was surprised and rather alarmed to see no light in the house.

The refrain of his song, "Twas loved ones' voices from dear old home," which he had been singing to keep up his spirits died away on his lips, as he saw, by the light of a match which he had struck, the form of his partner collapsed upon the table. He lit a candle with rather trembling hands, and put it on the table. As he did so a stentorous snore made him laugh relievedly.

"What an idiot I was to let my imagination play such a trick on me!" he thought. "Why, what's this?" as he saw the note addressed to himself.

When he read it he laughed again.

"Well, I'll be——. What price imagination? I clean forgot to tell him I put the ague mixture in the old laudanum bottle."

Then he looked about on the table, and saw the letter to Helen.

"By gad, he has written to her!" he thought. "And if I can get the letter off before he wakes up I'll bring those two together, in spite of his pride and her diffidence." He looked at his watch. "Half-past eight. The express rider can't have passed yet."

He picked up the photograph in the silver frame.

"Helene, Helene! Is it fair to tempt a man this way? If I wake Dick up he will never send that letter, and there's nobody but Dick between you and me. I did my best to make him write, but his selfish pride wouldn't let him; and now, by an accident—"

He stood there playing with the temptation, and the insects in the swamp, the ones that chipper at night, mocked his irresolution like little demons from some nearby hell.

"Dick's such a selfish chap," he reflected—and his thought came echoing back from the swamp—"such a selfish chap.

"Not the sort of man to make a woman happy. I'm his partner. I know what he's like."

"Such a selfish chap!" The insects echoed back.

"Wouldn't even wash up." Then, for the first time, he noticed Dick's pitiful efforts at tidying up. "By gad, he has, though! He's not so selfish after all. He is worthy of Helene."

And he slipped the letter into his pocket in case the sleeper awoke.

Then far across the prairie he heard the sounding of a loping pony, and sitting down at the table facing the sleeping man, he dashed off a letter.

"Dear Miss Overdale—It was all a mistake about the laudanum, but the rest is all true. Dick is still asleep, with your photograph by his side. The obstinate, pig-headed old brute needs you very badly, like the rest of us."

The sound of the pony's hoofs were very near now. Trafford stole out on the verandah with the letters.

"Keep your face shut, Pete," he whispered to the express rider. "There's a sick man inside. Ride off softly, and then go full speed! This is a love-letter, Pete, and it's got to get there."

"Hit'l get thar, pard. So-long!" came the answer, and soon the sound of the pony's hoofs was a vanishing sound.

Trafford came back into the room, and stood looking at his sleeping partner; then he picked up the photograph in silver and kissed it.

"If all was fair in love, Helene, I might have played this game very differently," but, he murmured, as he put the photograph back very gently between the two candlesticks, "that's no motto for an American gentleman. Here, wake up, Dick! And he shook the sleeping man violently, as though trying to thus rid himself of some emotion. "Confound you! will you wake up?" as the form of his partner flopped limply in his grasp.

"Don't drag me away from the window," muttered Dick Carstairs after much shaking. "It was so cool there and she looked so—"

But his soul's holiday was over, his partner was dragging it back from Nirvana.

He staggered to his feet, looked round and muttered "Back in this hole again!" then collapsed limply in the chair once more.

In response to further shaking he remarked:

"Hello, Hugh! How did you get here? Laudanum bottle, too, I suppose?"

"Laudanum nothing!" yelled his partner into his ear. "That was only the label. You've been had by your imagination."

"Mean to tell me I'm alive" exclaimed Dick, getting on his feet. "Then I've had the deuce of a dream. I wrote to Helene. I'll swear I did and I saw her get the letter; and—oh, Hugh, you—you were right! She does love me and I've been a beast! If you are anywhere in the world only come back to me! Those were her very words, and she cried when she got my letter. I tried to stop her opening it but I couldn't speak and I never wrote any letter after all."

"Yes, old chap, you did write to her," answered his partner. "What's more, the letter has gone, and you are going to follow it. Do you hear?"

"I suppose I've been making a picturesque darned fool of myself—what?" admitted Dick. "When I believed I was dying I thought that if I could live my life over again I wouldn't put my pride before her love; and I won't, Hugh—I'll crawl home. But," he added almost fiercely, "my fight's not over yet. I'll finish it in New York. Do you hear, Hugh? I don't admit I'm a failure."

"My dear old chap," answered his partner, putting his hand on the younger man's shoulder, "your fight has hardly begun yet. This"—and he looked around the rough shanty—"is only education."

"And how about you?" asked Dick. "Come home and be my best man."

"No, not that. I couldn't manage that, Dick. Besides, I had an offer this afternoon. You know Harkaway, who bought the Fleur de Lis ranch in New Mexico. He wants a manager. He offered me the job. I won't"—he stole a glance at the photograph in the silver frame—"come back to New York for a few years yet. And, look here, Dick," and he wrung the younger man's hand—"thank you for washing the dishes!"

"L-A-U-D-A-N-U-M."

"THE WINTER WE SPENT IN THE ARCTIC"

Continued From the First Page of This Section

counts, was short and formal. The settlement, they discovered, was less attractive than Godheaven, and the people indescribably poor. They sold birds' eggs, a quantity of which the party purchased.

From this place the ship steamed to the Duck Islands. Within half an hour the party shot about 300 ducks and gathered about three barrels of eggs. They also filled several bags with eiderdown, secured from the nests.

Much of the time after this was spent making observations. While at sea one morning they witnessed the collapse of a colossal iceberg a mile distant. So great was the agitation of the water that it rocked the ship heavily, despite the distance. The same afternoon the party came in sight of Devil's Thumb, a grotesquely formed mountain of the Greenland coast, which marks the entrance to Melville's bay. There the ship got jammed in the ice pack.

The ice was found to be about six feet thick and the ship was at a standstill. "As no night ushered in the Fourth of July," wrote Dr. Keely, "we fired the ship's cannon and a volley of musketry. We then run up the American flag at the fore and mizzen masts, dipped the ensign and gave three hearty Cheers."

The following day some progress was made. Whenever the ice loosened, the ship would back and go ahead at full speed, plowing through the congealed ice. At times long spaces of water were made and a slow progress secured. At these times the ship got stuck for days.

About them was a world of ice. The weather was cold, the temperature averaging 31 degrees, the sky was cloudy, the air foggy. Under the party paced with their pets occasionally espying a guillemot, which was the object of a volley of shots. No more were killed.

On July 11 land was sighted. The temperature went down to 25. About 15 miles' progress was made. That evening Lieutenant Peary was standing near the rudder chains when the York. A large mass of ice struck the rudder violently. The tiller was thrown to the side and the wheel was wrenched from the hands of the helmsman. Lieutenant Peary's leg was caught between the chains and the wheelhouse and both bones of the right leg were fractured. For the rest of the journey the lieutenant was disabled. A number of the party earnestly advised giving up the trip and returning.

"No; dont talk to me of going back," declared the lieutenant impatiently. "The leg will knit, and by next spring I'll be strong and well and able to execute my plans."

The ship made slow progress through the ice. On one occasion it was necessary to blast the ice ahead of them with gunpowder. The party tried to relieve the monotony by getting off the ship and gamboling about on the ice, shooting birds and taking pictures. One night, which was as light as day, about 10 o'clock, one of the sailors whispered the thrilling news of the approach of a bear.

"In an instant all was confusion, for we were all anxious to view the greatest game of the Arctic region," declared one of the party. "Each one made a jump for his rifle and then rushed to the door. The bear was about 300 yards off. He was coming nearer, with a lumbering slow gait.

"We crouched behind the bulwarks of our ship and rested our rifle barrels on the rail. He continued his approach, stopping more frequently to regard the ship, and then alternately walking and loping in a playful manner, evidently determined to investigate the curious monster.

"When he was about 50 yards from the ship some of our party out on the floe shot at some birds. The bear reared on his haunches. One of the party on board got excited and let his rifle go. The bear staggered and fell. We thought he was dead, and jumped from the side of the vessel to examine him. But before we could reach him, he arose and made a staggering rush for the water.

"Those on the ice fired repeatedly after him, but vainly. If he reached the water, we knew we must loose him. These bears can swim faster than a boat can row. Besides, if he were seriously wounded we knew he would sink. Some of the party continued to shoot wildly. The bear had almost reached the end of the ice when one shot rang out. He staggered and fell. He had been hit at the base of the skull, and belonged to us.

"When he was examined, his body was found to be full of bullet holes. As Peary wanted meat for provisions his hide was removed and the flesh cut up into quarters and stored."

After this, there was a chase after bears, which was unsuccessful.

After the excitement of the killing of the bear," wrote a member of the party later, "the monotony of the voyage was again felt. On the next afternoon snow fell in quantities larger, in fact, than at any time since we had started north, and the day looked like a midwinter one at home.

"We steamed ahead at the rate of four knots an hour for 24 hours. Many drift ice and enormous icebergs were passed, but by careful steering we avoided collisions. It is difficult to estimate the size of the great bergs set free from the glaciers of the far north. Those we saw surpassed in size any seen before."

One was estimated as being more than six miles in length and 200 feet above the water.

On July 20, the fog clearing, the party saw Cape York, seven miles distant. The congestion of ice prevented a landing at this point, which was planned. While wandering on the ice, the second mate found a piece of board several feet long. Imagine the conjectures this provoked. The board, according to a party relieved the monotony for an entire day. Where it could have come from was a topic of animated conversation.

Of course there was plenty of hunting. But this had lost its original zest. There were thousands of birds, and every day seals were shot. Bears, too, there were in plenty, and fresh meat was daily on the table.

On July 23 the ship forged through the ice and emerged into open water. A visit was paid to an Eskimo village on Whale sound. There many curios were secured. One of the most curious exploits was that in a graveyard. The party discovered that the Eskimos buried their departed in full costume under piles of stones. This is done because of the frozen condition of the ground.

Skulls and bones were secured from this necropolis. Many of the buried bodies were visible, stones having rolled away. A mummified body was found during the investigations. By careful maneuvering this was wrapped up in coats and carried aboard the vessel. From the trunk of the mummy were secured a little sledge and harpoons.

On the way to Murchinson sound several stops were made at Herbert island. Eskimo huts were located, with stone piles containing blubber. Small rectangular boxes built of stone were also found while exploring the land. These were fox traps, ingeniously arranged to lure the fox inside after nibbling at the bait.

Finally, however, the destination of the boat was reached. In McCormick bay, an arm of water running northeast from Murchison sound, the party went ashore at a spot for Peary's winter quarters. A good beach ran up from a cliff about 20 feet, where the land rose in a wide rampart of cliffs. The beach was covered with poppies, daisies and forget-me-nots. Yet there were only 22 miles from the pole.

The location of Peary's house, the materials of which had been brought in the vessel, was in a flowery knoll, 40 feet from the beach.

A little stream ran nearby, and there were signs of Arctic game in the neighborhood. Hereafter there was plenty of work. The timber for the house, a ready cut, was carried ashore and the construction began. The work was done entirely by the crew.

The scientists made observations of the land, gathered specimens of birds, eggs, insects, plants, stones, while Professor Sharp dragged the bay to get samples of marine life in the north. Peary's provisions were unloaded, and on the sixth day after the arrival in the bay the academy party and Peary made one another farewell.

Their trip north had been completed. Peary was left to begin his quest which was to be repeated eventually in after years.

On their return the academy men stopped along the coast, securing many curios, especially from the natives at Cape York. They engaged in fighting the walrus which was intensely exciting. Professor Hedgpeth made an ascent of the Iron mountains.

On August 21 the party sighted Newfoundland, and at 7 o'clock on a charming Sunday morning came in sight of the harbor of St. Johns. There they remained for five days, and then took passage for Baltimore. Peary was in the north, to be relieved a year later.

Dr. Hughes, now one of Philadelphia's leading physicians, said recently that to his mind a Polar trip is rather delightful. "The hardships," he says, are usually exaggerated. I remember our trip well. It was most satisfactory.

"Tedious? Well, rather at times. Day after day on board ship was one monotonous routine. But we read novels and played cards, and then when we got to Greenland our observations kept us busy.

"I can well see the value of an automatic piano on board Peary's ship. The long night in the north is most depressing. Each day there is work—lots of work. You must keep the vessel in shape, you have your scientific observations to make, but a game of cards is a relief at times.

"But regarding the perils of the north—there are perils, but it often depends upon the man."

Wolfe and Montcalm.

(The Plains of Abraham, 1759.)

They are forever dear to me,
The very brothers of my soul,
Two foemen brave as brave could be—
The first on either battle roll.

On the high Plains in morning's eye,
Each fell—in onset, or defence;
Each held back death the while the cry
"They run!" aroused his fading sense.

Each held back death to ask "Who runs?"
And unto each his death was sweet;
To this, because his flag had won;
To that, because of sheer defeat!

Immortal each in word and deed—
Of either cause I little reck,
Not yet can I their story read,
And keep the stinging tears in check.

I mourn for both, and such as they
On every hateful army's roll;
Shame, shame, on causes all that slay
Through war the brothers of my soul!

—Edith M. Thomas.

Traffic on the Nile.

It is a curious fact that the Nile and most of the canals in Egypt run north and south. The wind blows nearly all the year from the north, and thus furnishes the cheapest propelling power for boats going south. When the boats return north the rapid current of the Nile is the motive power. The regularity of the wind and the steadiness of the current are two reasons why boats propelled by any other power are so little used. Time is not so important an element in business in Egypt as in some other countries, and it does not matter, therefore, that boats propelled by wind or current are slow. But not so much use is made of water transportation in Egypt as one might think, in view of the possibilities offered by the Nile and the many canals throughout the Delta. The Nile is navigable for many hundred miles. The first cataract is at Assouan, but there is no interruption of traffic until Wadi Halfa is reached, 850 miles from Cairo. The primary object of the canals is to distribute water for irrigation, but they are really broad and deep water courses, easily navigable by sailing boats and small steam tugs. With Egypt's awakening the value of these canals will soon be realized.

RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTS FOR INCORRIGIBLE CHILDREN--By Mrs. John A. Logan

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DEGENERATE sons and daughters of wealthy parents have more than once shocked society by their profligate conduct. Inpumerable critics have poured out their maledictions upon these unfortunate heirs of great fortunes. Their perversity has been dwelt upon and condemned severely, while their parents have received the sympathy of their friends and acquaintances, with never a word of pity for the unhappy victims of a vicious inheritance. No one can deny that there are instances of exasperating degeneracy and that in some cases they have apparently defied every effort that love, patience and charity could devise for their reclamation.

But how many have thoroughly investigated these cases or tried to find some extenuating grounds upon which to base excuses for the reprehensible conduct of wayward children? They are generally written down as incorrigible and are banished or allowed to follow their own inclinations until they reach ignoble ends.

No one can do much toward reclaiming the recalcitrant young men or women but their own parents, and they must not undertake it armed with parental authority and a demand of submission to that authority. Such a course begets resentment and defiance. Parents should never relax their watchful care of their children from their birth to their majority, by which time such comradship should have been established between parents and children that no temptation would be strong enough to win the children from their parents. They should be bound together by the strongest possible ties. Inseparable in all their aims and ambitions of life. This can be done if parents would look upon their children as the greatest blessing of life, the mother consecrating herself to her children in their infancy, and the father supplementing the mother's vigilance as soon as their children are out of the nursery, both uniting their efforts to keep their children pure and undefiled by being left to the care of hired servants, tutors, governesses and teachers, who are rarely worthy of the trusts that are constantly confided to them.

The mother who has no time from her "social duties," devotion to amusements, and the frivolities of society to give to the homelier ones of caring for her children and training them for usefulness in life, can blame no one but herself if they go astray. Furthermore, a mother should make it her conscientious duty to try as far as in her lies to avoid the transmission of evil propensities or idiosyncrasies that are destined to afflict their offspring probably through life.

A father is sometimes cruelly unjust, especially to his sons, on account of discovering in them some vicious trait or evil disposition, when if they would carefully and dispassionately study the characters of their children nine times out of ten they would be obliged to admit that these troublesome predilections had been inherited, not from grand or great-grand sires, but from themselves. They rarely confess, even to themselves, that they are responsible for the unhappy inheritances bestowed upon their children. They are more likely to undertake drastic methods to endeavor to change what has been "born in the bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh."

Far too many men in this country have devoted every hour of their lives to the accumulation of fortunes, to the entire neglect and training of their families, seemingly laboring under the impression that if they furnished them with abundant money to gratify their desires, they have discharged their duties. Their minds have been absorbed with the details of great enterprises to the entire exclusion of thought about or the cultivation of good fellowship with their children, who, being made to feel that they were in the way, have sought companionship outside of their homes. Manifesting no enjoyment in their children, nor giving them any attention, never listening to their childish talk or taking any part in the plans and projects of their rapidly developing children, before they realize it a wide breach has been made and numerous obstacles have sprung up between them. Habits have been formed and friendships made that can rarely be broken off.

Forgetting their responsibility, fathers of incorrigibles attempt to undo the mischief they have done by some imperious, heartless measure. Many and stories could be told of the irrational measures adopted by their guilty fathers to punish their wayward children, and of designing detectives, relatives or outside influences which have succeeded in widening the gulf between parents and children for their own mercenary ends, and the final tragic end of prodigal children who might have been saved if Christian means had been adopted.

We have just read in the papers the melancholy story of Joel Kinney, son of the late Francis Sherwood Kinney, which, if true, convicts his father of the cruelist inhumanity toward his son. It seems the boy incurred the displeasure of his father, who sent his disobedient son around the world on a sailing ship accompanied by detectives, whose duty it was to see that he did not return to New York." Think of a sane man condemning his own son to such a life with companions more to be dreaded than any the young man could possibly have found himself. The reports are that these hirelings kept the poor boy under the influence of liquor in order to carry out the compact they had made with his unnatural father. Two months ago the father died and has gone to be judged by him who knoweth the secrets of all hearts.

The heirs to the $12,000,000 estate then began a search for the long neglected exile, who, curiously enough, seems to have been spirited away after he was discovered in Los Angeles, Cal. Probably his custodians will attempt to extort a large ransom before delivering the fated heir of a malicious parent to his friends.

One can hardly conceive of so dastardly an act as that perpetrated by Francis Sherwood Kinney. No act of his baseness son, no matter how criminal, could justify such treatment of one's own flesh and blood. It is to be hoped that humanity may interpose and bring Joel Kinney into his rightful inheritance and that love and tenderness may speedily cure the wounds inflicted upon his soul and body by a selfish, brutal parent, who was probably responsible for the weakness or wilfulness which led the boy inherited and which caused him to commit the offense which brought upon him his father's vengeance.

Most incorrigibles become what they are through parental neglect or children.

FIXED FRENCH MASHERS

An American Girl's Wit Works Better Than a Strong Right Arm.

American girls, whose ideas of independence do not agree with those of the French people, are bothered by mashers whenever they attempt to go about unescorted in Paris. No French girl whose parents have a proper regard for her is ever allowed to do such a thing and the idea has become implanted in the native mind that any young woman who appears alone is at least unconventional.

It did not take a young and attractive American girl long to learn this fact this summer when she traveled around Paris as she was accustomed to in New York. All manner of men smirked at her, lifted their hats, tried to act as her escort and endeavored to begin conversations.

But every one faded suddenly when she gave him her anti-masher treatment, which worked better than a strong right arm. To each she extended her hand, palm up, with one of those minute bits of fractional currency that they have over there balanced on her palm.

"Poor man," she remarked in hesitating French, "I'm so sorry you're so poor you have to beg. Here's all the money I have."

No masher ever persisted after that.

Removes Ink, Not Pink.

From Harper's Bazar.

"I had a sheer pink silk waist, on which I unfortunately spilled some ink. I took some peroxide of hydrogen and wet the goods with it, then put it in the sun for a little while.

"In about half an hour ink spots were gone and the color remained intact. Peroxide of hydrogen can be used on the most delicate color and it will take stains out admirably. I have also used it with great success on my fine lawn waists."

Emergency Measures.

From Judge.

Husband—But why did you dismiss the cook this morning, when the Higgses are coming to dinner tonight?

Wife—Because at 11 a. m. we had only exactly enough dishes left to set the table.