



A MATTER OF JUSTICE

—BY—
CUTLIPPE MYNE
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IT WAS quite evident that the man wanted something, but Captain Kettle did not choose definitely to ask for his wishes. Overcuriousity is not a thing that pays with officials. Stolid indifference, on the other hand, may earn easy admiration.

But at last the man took his courage in a firmer grip and came up from the Parakeet's lower deck, where the hands were working cargo, and advanced under the bridge deck awnings to Captain Kettle's long chair and saluted low before him.

Kettle seemed to see the man for the first time. He looked up from the accounts he was laboring at. "Well?" he said curtly.

It was clear the Arab had no English. It was clear also that he feared being watched by his fellow countrymen in the lighter which was discharging date bags alongside. He maneuvered till the broad of his back covered his movements, materialized somehow or other a scrap of paper from some fold of his burbanco, dropped this in Kettle's lap without any perceptible movement of either his arms or hands, and then gave another stately salaam and moved away to the place from which he had come.

"If you are an out of work conjurer," said Kettle to the retreating figure, "you've come to the wrong place to get employment here."

The Arab passed out of sight without once turning his head, and Kettle glanced down at the scrap of paper which lay on his knees and saw on it a serial of writing.

"Hello," he said; "postman, were you not conjurer? I don't expect you mail here. However, let's see Murray's writing, by James!" he muttered as he flattened out the grimy scrap of paper, and then he whistled with surprise and disgust as he read.

"Dear captain," the letter ran, "I've got into the deuce of a mess, and if you can bear a hand to pull me out it would be a favor I should never forget. I got caught up that side street to the left, past the mosque, but they covered my head with a cloth directly after and hustled me on for half an hour, and where I am now the dickens only know. It's a collar. But perhaps bear me know who's got my watch. The trouble was about a woman, a pretty little piece whom I was photographing. You see—"

And here the letter broke off.

"That's the worst of these fancy, tight toned tates," Kettle grumbled. "What does he want to go ashore for at a one-eyed hole like this? There are no saloons, and besides he isn't a drinking man, your new fashioned mate isn't. There are no girls for him to kiss, seeing that they are all Moham-medans and wear a veil. And as for going round with that photography box of his, I wonder he hasn't more pride. I don't like to see a smart young fellow like him that's got his master's ticket all now and ready in his chest bringing himself down to the level of a common, dirty haired artist. Well, Murray's got a lot to learn before he finds an owner fit to trust him with a ship of his own."

Kettle read the hurried letter through a second time and then got up out of his long chair and put on his spruce white uniform coat and exchanged his white canvas shoes for another pair more newly piped. His steamer ticket merely for a common cargo tramp, the town he was going to visit ashore might be merely the usual savage settlement one meets with on the Arabian shore of the Persian gulf, but the little sailor did not dress for the admiration of fashionable crowds. He was smart and spruce always, out of deference to his own self respect.

the Parakeet, and Kettle looked upon these with a fine complacency. His tramping for cargo had been phenomenally successful. He was filling his holds at astonishingly heavy freights. And not only would this bring him promotion in due course to a larger ship, but in the meantime, as he drew his 2 1/2 per cent on the profits, it represented a very comfortable matter of solid cash for that much needing person himself. He hugged himself with pleasure when he thought of this new found prosperity. That represented so many things which he would be able to do for his wife and family, which, through so many years, narrow circumstances had made impossible.

The burly Arab on whom he rode pickaback stepped out of the water at last, and Kettle jumped down from his perch and picked his way daintily among the litter of the fore shore toward the white houses of the town which lay beyond.

It was the first time he had set foot there. So great was his luck at the time that he had not been forced to go ashore in the usual way drumming out of his customer's wishes—that he selected to Kettle that he proposed just a trifle for the moment, and his ship's cargo accordingly. So he stepped into the town with many of the feelings of a conqueror and demanded to be led to the office of a man with whom he had done profitable business that very morning.

Of course "office," in the western meaning of the term, there was none. The worthy Rad el Moussa transacted affairs on the floor of his general sitting room and stored his merchandise in the bedchambers or wherever it would be out of reach of pilfering fingers. But he received the little sailor with fine protestations of regard and, after some glances and shuffling as the women withdrew, ushered him into the dark interior of his house and set before him delicious coffee and some luscious sweetmeats.

Kettle knew enough about oriental etiquette not to introduce the matter on which he had come at the outset of the conversation. He passed and received the necessary compliments first, endured a discussion of local trade prospects and then by an easy graduation led up to the powers of the local call. He did not speak Arabic himself, and Rad el Moussa had no English. But they had both served a life's apprenticeship to sea trading, and the curse of the tower of Babel had very little power over them. In the memories of each there were garnered scraps from a score of spoken languages, and when these failed, they could always draw on the untaught vocabulary of the gestures and the eyes, and for points that were really abstruse or which required definite understanding there always remained the charcoal stick and the explanatory drawing on the face of a whitewashed wall.

When the conversation had lasted some half an hour by the clock and a slave brought in a second relay of sweetmeats and thick coffee, the sailor mentioned, and it was incidentally, that one of his officers had got into trouble in the town. "It's quite a small thing," he said lightly, "but I want him back as soon as possible, because there's work for him to do on the steamer. See what I mean?"

Rad el Moussa nodded gravely. "Savvy plenty," said he.

Now, Kettle knew that the machinery of the law in these small Arabian coast towns was concentrated in the person of the call, who, for practical purposes, must be made to move by that lubricant known as palm oil, and so he produced some coins from his pocket and lifted his eyebrows inquiringly.

Rad el Moussa nodded again and made careful inspection of the coins, turning them one by one with his long brown fingers and biting those he fancied most as a test of their quality. Finally he selected a gold 20 franc piece and two sovereigns, balanced and clinked them carefully in his hand and then slipped them into some private receptacle in his wearing apparel.

"I say," remarked Kettle, "that's not for you personally, old tinks. That's for the call."

Rad pointed majestically to his own breast. "Ei call," he said.

"So here," he said, "I'm not a thief, though perhaps you think I pulled out that jewelry case on purpose. It was an accident. Rad so I'll forgive your carelessness. But your worship mustn't pull out jewelry on me. I'll not stand that from any man living. That's right, pull it up. Here goes the pistol into its pocket, and here goes your friend again. Pick up the pistol yourself, and then you'll be certain I haven't grabbed any, and then you'll see one of your men to fetch my wife and do as I want. You're wanting a great deal of my time, Rad el Moussa, over a very simple job."

The Arab gazed at the pearls again into the pouch and put it back to its place among his clothes. The five had grown scarce and lowering, but it was clear that this little spittle of a sailor with his money pistol, dangled him Kettle, and these signs were not unresponsive to the compliment they implied, but at the same time he grow, if anything, additionally cautious. He watched his man with a caustic eye, and when he had called a slave and gave him orders in fluent Arabic he made him translate his commands forthwith.

Rad el Moussa protested that he had ordered nothing more than the carrying out of his customer's wishes—that he selected to Kettle that he proposed just a trifle for the moment, and his ship's cargo accordingly. So he stepped into the town with many of the feelings of a conqueror and demanded to be led to the office of a man with whom he had done profitable business that very morning.

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MATCHES AND MONEY

UNROMANTIC COURTSHIPS ARE THE RULE IN GERMANY.

There are women are obliged to have some financial resources when they marry—the cost of acquiring a military husband.

In Bavaria every girl is expected to get married. Ask a Bavarian, and he will tell you that it is impossible for a portionless maiden to find a husband. If a girl has no money for a dowry, therefore, she sets herself at work to save one.

Marriage in Germany is nearly entirely a matter of business. The father of the girl announces the sum which is to go with her, while the papa of the prospective husband holds out for more. That is the first stage of the negotiations. Little by little each yields to the other. Finally, after a few months of delay, the contract is drawn up with minute specifications by a notary, and then the betrothing may begin. The betrothing is very circumstantial and is probably not altogether satisfactory, for the German maiden is a romantic creature, and the opportunity she has for getting acquainted with her husband before marriage are few indeed.

The parental supervision is so inbred in the nation that even the government takes a hand in it with its servants. A German army officer is a splendid creature to the eye, but his pay is very small, ranging from a matter of \$5 a week for a lieutenant to \$50 a week for a full fledged general. In order to prevent the possibility of seediness in appearance or style of living the government forbids an officer to marry unless he deposits a certain sum—it is \$20,000 for a lieutenant and becomes gradually less for each higher grade—which is doled out to him semi-annually. This is in reality putting a price on the man, because the greater number of German officers are very poor and can get the money required only from their brides.

The money which a wife brings to her husband, unless there is an express notarial stipulation to the contrary, becomes absolutely the husband's property. Woman in the eye of the law has practically no rights except such as her husband may allow her. He treats her very often as merely a piece of live stock. If the woman rebels, which she does very rarely, he displays a very short temper and an aptness for wielding a poker or a walking stick in a way for which they were never meant. In a German newspaper one may always find a column devoted to matrimonial announcements. There is no romance in these advertisements. The man tells how much money he has and how much he wants. The woman names her dowry to the very penny. Very often the man has no money at all and expresses his desire to marry into a business, but the woman knows that it is useless to advertise at all unless she has some money, if it amounts only to \$100 or so, which may be regarded as the lowest sum worthy of consideration as a dowry.

On the other hand, it is the woman's privilege to name the calling which she prefers the man should follow. She usually chooses an official clerk or porter, a policeman or a car conductor, all of whom have tenure of office and an old age pension. She has more of an eye to stability than to ambition. It is in the so-called higher classes of society that one finds the blindest and most businesslike matrimonial transactions. There are few young men of this class who have either money or any prospect of making any otherwise than by a wealthy marriage. When they inherit fortunes, it is the fashion to dissipate them, and when they don't inherit it is against the prejudices of their education and training to seek employment or to engage in any kind of business.

Therefore, most of them enter the army while waiting for a rich bride, daughters of rich brewers and merchants are acceptable to these gentlemen, but their great and persistent dream is to capture an American heiress. They confess the matter frankly to any one and every one who will listen.

Traveling American heiresses are not so plentiful in Germany as in France and Italy; still, they are to be found. It would seem, however, that notwithstanding the fact that German titles are at least a little more valuable than those of the Latin countries they do not possess the same glamour in female eyes, because the German title captures the American heart of gold comparatively rarely. Perhaps it is because the Teutonic wording is more arrogant and supercilious than insinuating.

Of all countries Germany is perhaps that in which romanticism flourishes most. It is distinct in its traditions, in its history and its literature. Yet in the affairs of daily life and pre-eminently in its matrimonial affairs military discipline to the plane of worship.

A blind sale. An exchange tells of a novel plan adopted by an English hostess to secure funds for a charity in which she was interested. She gave a dance, introducing in the cotillon an auction figure. In this the favors were for sale. A table was spread with them, from which selections were made. After the choice the purchaser found the price affixed on the reverse side. This might be a penny or a pound, the limit of cost, and was set without any regard to the apparent value of the article to which it was attached. The most striking article perhaps had the topmost mark, and vice versa, making choice so far as price was concerned pure chance.

The pain produced by a hornet's sting is caused by a poison injected into the wound, and so instantaneous is its effect as to cause the attack of this insect to resemble a violent blow in the face.

Through the liberality of T. M. Baird, Jr., of Victoria, B. C., a tract of land on the coast of Vancouver island, opposite Cape Flattery, has been presented for a seaside botanical station of the University of Minnesota. Preparations are being made to open the work of the station next June.

MICE QUICK TO LEARN.

So Says a Maine Man Who Finds Them Interesting Prey.

Out on Forest avenue is a mouse fancier whose residence, lest he lose caste with his neighbors, is withheld. In a pen he has half a dozen or so ordinary field mice.

"They are the most sociable pets I ever had," he remarked, "and any one of them will rise to attention as he hears my step approach the pen. I have had these young ones about six months. They don't live long when cooped up, and they will come freely to my hand to eat or drink. Some of them are so tame that they will climb on my shoulder and display not the slightest alarm at being touched. They haven't acquired so much faith in all humanity, however, and have refused to trust any one else so far.

"While nice out a great deal for an animal so small when food is abundant, they can exist for a surprising long time with next to nothing. Any one whose house has been infested with mice and who had passed weary weeks when everything that possibly could serve as food was carefully under lock and key, finally calling to service an active ferret, will appreciate this fact. He is a mighty aggressive and tireless forager after food, not hesitating at walls or similar obstructions, through which he patiently gnaws a path. As a test of persistence in this line I hung a basket of food from the ceiling by a rope and after a week's fast placed a mouse at a hole in the ceiling above the basket. He descended some eight feet or more on a slender cord and safely reached his haven, then climbing up again.

"All of my mice I have taken from nests about the premises and notice that they invariably seek shelter below or behind something, never in so exposed a locality as a mouse hole. I have found the way to all my efforts, would be rather after food, not to satisfy, and the exceeding fineness with which it is clipped suggests some mighty artistic work with their teeth."

—Portland Express.

A VERY PARTICULAR BIRD.

If the Bathing Dish Didn't Suit Him, He Went Unwashed.

"Birds have as much character as human beings," said a specialist on birds. "Some are the most ardent little abolitionists, while others are regular little phobias. I had a little fellow, some time ago, who, despite all my efforts, would not bathe. Each morning with his white porcelain tub in my hand, I approached his cage, he would resolve himself into the sulkiest, douriest little ball of feathers you can possibly imagine. I coaxed and pleaded, I even bribed. But he would not. So consistent was he in his determination not to bathe that I named him Tramp. One morning I broke the tub, and in its place I took a shallow blue and white dish of Japanese ware. Tramp eyed me for a moment with all his old hostility, and then as he caught sight of the pretty dish he flew down from his perch with chirps of joy and darted into the water before I could take my hand from the cage.

"I had found the way to his heart, and his morning bath now became a daily source of joy to both of us. But one fatal morning I broke the blue and white dish. In an apologetic manner I brought to Tramp once more the regulation white bath dish, hoping that his dourly habits were by this time so ingrained that he would overlook the prosaic appearance of his tub. No so. An angry flutter of wings, a threatening little beak, a perfect tempest of shrill chirps and twitterings, and then sulkily silence on the topmost perch.

"So it went on till I secured another blue and white dish and then peace and harmony and morning bathing again."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Railroad Man's Prayer.

An old railroad man, having been converted, was asked to read in prayer. The following was the response: "O Lord, now that I have flung these, lifting my feet from the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of all the comforts and pleasures, make all the comforts in the train with the strong link of thy love and let my hand lamp be the Bible, and heavenly Father, keep all scriptures closed that lead off the sidings, especially those with a blind end. O Lord, if it be thy pleasure, have every semaphore black along the line show the white line of hope that I may make the run of life without stopping. And, Lord, give us the Ten Commandments for a schedule, and when I have finished the run on schedule time and pulled into the great dark station of death may thou, the Superintendent of the universe, say, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; come and sit with me on my throne; and receive your crown for eternal happiness.'"—Railroad Gazette.

Turkey Doves in Athens.

The turkey merchant is the most wonderful of street vendors. He arrives with 200 or 300 birds, which he drives about town for a week or two, selling them one by one. He is armed with a long pole, with which he touches up lazy or quarrelsome birds. They gobble continuously, and he shouts above the din. "Gallons, gallapoula, gallopoula!" ("Turkey cocks, little turkeys, little hen turkeys!") When one dove meets another face to face or at right angles, they pass through without confusion, and no bird changes masters. —Stribner's Magazine.

Cream Java Coffee

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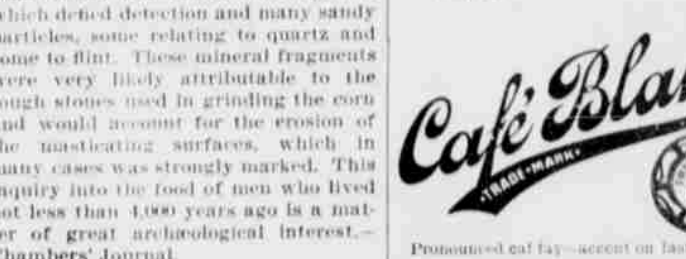
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Pronounced cal fay—accent on last syllable.

How Blaine Remembered Henderson.

It was before General Henderson had been elected to congress, and Blaine was speaker of the house. Henderson was in Washington, and naturally Blaine was one of the statesmen that he much desired to meet, and the opportunity came of a morning just as the speaker was passing through the lobby on his way to the marble rotunda. The formal greetings were exchanged in a brief moment, and General Henderson was left to see the swinging doors close on the form of the Republican leader.

Six years later General Henderson again came to Washington, this time to get Iowa divided into two judicial districts. He put up at Worence's, where Blaine also lived, it being in those days a fashionable and flourishing hostelry. A week or so after his arrival from Iowa, as General Henderson was entering the dining room, he met Blaine after having passed and repassed him many times. The Maine man grasped him cordially by the hand, called him by name and inquired about Iowa. "I had heard of Senator Blaine's wonderful faculty for remembering names," says General Henderson. "When I had seated myself at the table, I beckoned to the head waiter. "'Hasn't Mr. Blaine asked you my name?' I said to him. 'Now think hard and be sure of your answer.' 'Yes, sah,' replied the waiter. 'He asked you me ovah las' night, an' asked yo' name an' all about yo'. I told him yo' was Mistah Henderson.'"—Washington Post.

Origin of the Yosemite Valley.

It is perfectly obvious in the trail far with glacial phenomena that Yosemite is quite an ordinary and necessary product of glacial erosion under the conditions prevailing in that locality. The main glacier came down Tenaya canyon, cutting it to a steep but fairly uniform grade. Yosemite valley is but a continuation of that gorge. The end of the glacier at the time that it was cutting Yosemite extended not far beyond Fort Monroe. It remained there for a long time and therefore plowed out the bottom of the valley to a considerable depth. Branch glaciers joined the Tenaya glacier when it filled Yosemite, coming down the valleys of Yosemite, Little Yosemite, Illwacoche and Hernal Valley and other creeks and forming hanging valleys at the junction points. The formation of the vertical cliffs of the valley may have been due to undermining and may have been aided by the cleavage of the rocks. On the recession of the glacier doubtless the bottom of the valley was occupied by a lake which has since been partially filled by detritus and drained by the erosion of Merced river cutting through the rock wall at the foot of the valley. —National Geographic Magazine.

Over in Sweden.

"Over in Sweden the suburban railway lines have to provide a freight car for intoxicated persons." "I don't suppose they label it that way, do they?" "I don't know. Probably they brand it either 'Spirits in packages' or else 'Hardware.'" "Hardware?" "Yes, Saates."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Shaves of a Lifetime.

Beard refuses to grow at the same rate and to follow the same rules of personal conduct as the hair of the head. So if a man began shaving when he was 16 and lives to be 70 years old he will have cut more than a little bit of the top. If he could keep in position all he has thrown away, a head of hair 35 feet long and a beard 27 feet long, all in one bunch, would enable him to travel with a circus summer and sit in a store window to advertise a hair restorer in the winter.