

A Million Dollar Fire

By H. L. Dawes.

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WHEN Thomas Proctor entered my office one October morning ten years ago, I little thought the day would prove to be the most eventful in the lives of three men.

I had aided Proctor financially in several promising business ventures, and they all wound up in disaster, which was not due to any mismanagement on his part, but to a combination of unfortunate circumstances.

After the last collapse Proctor obtained a situation at a salary which barely supported his family. This went on for about two years, when his employer failed, and Tom was again stranded. He had been without employment about a month when he called at my office on the following morning.

I gave him some good advice and encouragement and, what to him was more substantial, some dollars to relieve his immediate necessities.

Proctor expressed his gratitude in his blunt, homely fashion and added earnestly, "Perhaps this is the turning of the tide, Mr. Burrows," and I replied, "I hope so with all my heart."

At that time I was a director in a large transportation company, and, thinking that possibly I might secure a position there for my young friend, we started on a search at once.

On the way down town we stopped at a wholesale house to buy a ham-mock to send to a friend in Florida.

The clerk informed us that as the ham-mock season was over all their stock had been packed away on the top floor, so we ascended to the fifth floor in the elevator and then climbed two flights of stairs, entering a room occupying the whole area of the building.

A clerk was busily engaged with a gentleman whom I recognized as Hon. Moses Oglethorpe, multimillionaire, the richest man in the state.

The clerk went downstairs for something, leaving us alone a millionaire, a merchant and a poor man.

Suddenly we were startled by the clanging of gongs, a tooting of bugles and a commotion in the street.

We all rushed to the window, drawn thither by the natural desire inherent in the breast of the average American to witness the rush of the fire engines.

"Great Scott, gentlemen," exclaimed Tom excitedly, "the fire is in this building! I smell smoke. We must get out! We all rushed to the door, Proctor reaching it first. As he swung it open he was driven back by a sheet of flame and smoke.

"No chance to escape by the stairs," said he. "Perhaps there's a fire escape. You stay here while I take a look."

And with that he ran to the front, side and rear windows. When he rejoined our little group, the answer was plainly written on his face, "No fire escapes anywhere on the building."

In that time of awful peril and danger Tom Proctor was cool and collected, so we naturally looked to him to find some avenue of escape. Ten minutes before he was the most insignificant person in the room, a penniless bankrupt, realizing his own insignificance more keenly because of the presence of a modern Croesus.

A few moments had changed the standing of the two extremes of our trio, and Proctor had jumped to the head of the class, for we were in a situation where brains were of more account than dollars.

He carefully examined the room, hoping to find a skylight, but was unsuccessful. Then he sought the windows again, thinking he might discover a coping or cornice by which we could reach some adjoining building, but with the same hopeless result.

Then we ran to the windows to see if there was any chance of help from the firemen. A cry of horror reached our ears as the crowd in the street caught sight of us.

The firemen raised ladders against the side of the building, but our hearts sank, for the ladders reached only the window of the fourth floor.

One cry reached our ears, but it sounded like a death sentence. Some one, evidently a fire chief, roared through a trumpet, "Jump—it's your only chance!" at the same time pointing to a group of men holding a large blanket directly beneath us.

"My God!" jumped Oglethorpe. "It's suicide to jump from this height. It makes me dizzy to think of it."

Proctor was as cool as the proverbial cucumber and talked to us as calmly as if discussing a business scheme in my private office.

"It's a case of roast or jump," said he as we came together for a final conference. "That's the whole thing in a nutshell. The only redeeming feature in the case is that each of us can choose the way it suits him best to die. Personally it makes little difference to me. Death by fire isn't really so horrible as it appears, and, as for jumping, you will lose consciousness long before you reach the ground. After all, my case is much worse than yours, gentlemen. Your families will be well provided for, but God only knows what will become of my wife and children when I'm gone."

"See here, young man," Oglethorpe exclaimed, grasping Tom by the arm. "I can't be roasted like a rat, and to jump is still worse. God, man, isn't there some escape? We can't die like this. Why, man alive, I'd give a million dollars to be landed safely on the ground!"

As he spoke he emphasized his words by shaking Proctor's arm almost roughly, starting into his face with a fierce, desperate expression. I glanced at Tom, for the instant forgetting our perilous situation, and noted that, unmindful of Oglethorpe, he was gazing intently to one side. Then suddenly his face lighted up with a gleam of hope. Turning quickly to the millionaire, he exclaimed, "Do you make that as a bona fide offer, Mr. Oglethorpe?"

"Certainly I do."

"All right, I accept the contract. No time now for any business formalities. Shake hands on it. You witness this, Mr. Burrows," said he, nodding his

head in my direction, at the same time extending his hand to Oglethorpe. They hastily grasped each other's hand, and I bore witness of the strangest business transaction on record.

"That's as binding as if drawn up by a regiment of lawyers," exclaimed Oglethorpe when the simple ceremony was completed. Then he added, "My word is good for that amount, never fear, if I get out of this place alive."

A wave of hope and courage took possession of me, and I watched eagerly for the next move in that exciting drama which a moment before looked more like a tragedy.

"Pushing the millionaire aside roughly, Proctor ran to a case of drawers under the counter a few feet away. On the upper drawer was tacked a white card which bore the simple legend, "Fish Lines." It was only the work of a second to pull the drawer out and select a heavy, strong line about the size used in codfishing. The drawer underneath was labeled "Sinkers," and from this he grabbed a lead sinker, which he deftly fastened to the end of the line. From the wall he tore down a sign which read "No Smoking Allowed." On the back of this card he wrote in plain letters, "Hitch on a rope, quick!"

Making the card fast to the line near the lead, he rushed to the window, followed by Oglethorpe and myself.

When the crowd in the street spied us, they yelled excitedly, waved their arms, shouted and groaned until they saw that we were about to make a move of some kind. Then all was quiet, and the only sound we heard was the whir of the engines and the occasional call of a fireman.

We watched the descent of that white messenger with breathless interest, for our lives were in the balance, and time was precious. Think of it—three souls hanging to a cod line and a piece of common everyday cardboard!

A man on the ladder seized the card and read its message. Waving his hand upward to signify that he understood, he ran nimbly down the ladder, darted across the street to a ladder truck and with the help of a comrade seized a coil of rope, which they flung on the ground directly under our window.

"Fastening the end of the rope to his belt, the fireman climbed to where the end of our precious cod line was swinging to and fro.

To prevent the line from chafing on the stone trimmings under the window sill Proctor leaned far outward and carefully obeyed the command to haul. He was in a happy mood, probably from the fact that he was earning a million dollars and also that he was working for his own dear life and ours too.

"This is a kind of fish worth fishing for," cried he with enthusiasm—"sort of goldfish, hey, Mr. Oglethorpe? Ah, my beauty, now I've got you fast!" he exclaimed as the end of the rope slipped into his hands.

I believe that Tom had been to see a couple of voyages when a youngster, and evidently the old sailor instinct returned the moment he got hold of that rope.

He yanked it in over the window sill hand over hand till it fairly hummed. Sailorlike he couldn't refrain from

chanting the peculiar "Yo, he, O!" with-out which, I believe, no seafaring man is able to do anything in the way of pulling and hauling.

When the last tathum fell at our feet, Tom grabbed it and with a quick turn of the hands tied a loop, which I think sailors call a bowline. Slipping this bowline over Mr. Oglethorpe's head and down to the hips, he said to him tersely: "Now, then, Mr. Oglethorpe, you're to sit in this bowline. Hold on to the rope with a death grip. Don't be afraid. You can't fall out if you try. Mr. Burrows and I will lower you down, and all you have to do is to keep yourself away from the building with your feet. You may look your shins, but that's nothing. Lively, now! There's not a moment to lose."

Even then the millionaire hesitated. The prospect of dangling from a seventh story window on the end of a rope appalled him. Proctor almost dragged him to the window, and after a few more instructions and no little urging the man of money laboriously crawled over the sill. We slacked away on the rope, and his head disappeared from view. We had a turn of the rope and a stark pipe and had no difficulty in holding Oglethorpe's weight, although he was a heavy man.

Presently we heard a tremendous cheer from the crowd below, which told us that Oglethorpe was safe. Running to the window, we saw him descending the ladder with the help of a fireman.

Tom hauled up the rope again, and in an instant I was ready to descend. His instructions to me were the same as to Oglethorpe, only he added: "If I don't get out of this alive, Mr. Burrows, you see that Bessie and the baby get that million." He glanced un-blingly over his shoulder to the rear of the room, where the flames were just beginning to break through.

I made a feeble protest—and meant it, too—that it was only right that he should go next. The rope was his idea and he ought to reap the benefit and save himself before it was too late.

He replied almost angrily, "Stop your nonsense, Mr. Burrows, and get out of that window. I'll take two turns

around this steam pipe, so as to hold you all right, and you'll be on the ladder in a jiffy."

My descent to the ground is still like a hideous dream. I have a dim recollection of twisting and turning, at the same time falling down, down, till it seemed as if I was dropping into a bottomless pit in the infernal regions.

There was more shouting by the throng of people, more tooting of the engine whistles, and before I knew it I was standing on Mother Earth once more with Oglethorpe shaking my arm off.

We looked upward, expecting to see Proctor climb down the rope. To the surprise of every one, he pulled it up a third time. "What's the fool doing?" exclaimed the fire chief, standing near by. "Why doesn't he slide down that rope? Guess he's lost his head."

"He knows what he's about," said the millionaire. "Look!"

To our amazement, the rope dropped from the window with knots in it about six feet apart.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the chief. "That's a trick worth knowing. Wonder how he did it in such a short time."

We saw Tom's feet come through the window, where he had to maneuver a moment to wind his legs around the rope. Then he slid down from one knot to the next easily and gracefully, disdaining to use the ladder, and finally landed within our midst with the cheerful salutation, "All present or accounted for."

There is little more to tell. I heard Oglethorpe whisper to the chief a contribution to the firemen's relief fund of a thousand dollars for the possession of that rope, which was duly accepted, and it was afterward generously divided with Tom and me.

Then he said to the former that he was in the habit of settling his contracts promptly and there was just time before the banks closed.

Tom called to see me the next day, smiling and happy.

"I've got the million all right, Mr. Burrows," said he, "and have been walking on air ever since; have to pinch myself to make sure I'm not dreaming. It's a mighty queer feeling, and I haven't got acclimated yet. The papers laid it on so thick that I had to sneak through the back streets to get here, people stare so at me."

In the quiet of my private office he explained to me some of the details of the escape from the burning building, which show that brains count in an emergency.

"It was this way," said he. "When our position seemed hopeless and it looked as if we were doomed to a horrible death, Oglethorpe lost his head and acted half crazy, and you, Mr. Burrows, were in a trance, dazed like."

"Twice before in my life I had looked death square in the eye and learned by experience that one stands the best chance for his life by keeping cool, with his wits alive to take advantage of any favorable method or means of escape."

"I was working out a problem and finally arrived at the answer—a rope. Unless the fire was got under control within a short time a rope was our only hope. Then I remembered a story. You may think it a queer time to think of such a thing as a story. Nevertheless it did its part toward our salvation. It was the tale of a prisoner confined in a high tower. A friend outside shot an arrow through the window. Attached to the arrow was a silk thread, to the thread a cord and to the cord a rope. All these the prisoner pulled up successively, and when he secured the rope his escape was easy."

"About the instant that story was running through my brain Oglethorpe offered the million dollars, and I caught sight of the sign, 'Fish Lines.' That solved the problem. You know the rest. But right here I would like to justify myself concerning that million. I don't want you to think I took advantage of Oglethorpe because his life was in danger. I merely profited by his generous offer. It was a matter of business, pure and simple, and the fact that he paid up like a man is proof that he considered it a square deal."

"How about that string of knots in the rope?" I asked. "I'm very curious to know how you did it, and so are some of the firemen."

"Oh, that's a simple trick I learned at sea," he replied. "You make a coil of half hitches, pass the end of the rope through the center of the coil, and it comes out with knots about a fathom or so apart."

"By the way, Mr. Burrows, that was the turning of the tide, after all."

And I answered, "Well, I should say so!"

For Art's Sake.

Mr. Boughton, the English artist, while sketching in the Alps, was one day in search of a suitable background for a picture he had planned. He found at last the precise situation he was seeking, and best of all, says *The Bits*, there happened to be a pretty detail in the figure of an old woman in the foreground.

"I asked the old lady," said Mr. Boughton, "to remain seated until I had made a sketch of her. She assented, but in a few minutes asked me how long I should be. 'Only about a quarter of an hour,' I answered reassuringly.

"Three minutes or so later she again asked me—this time with manifest anxiety—if I should be much longer.

"Oh, not long," I answered. 'But why do you ask so anxiously?'"

"Oh, it's nothing," she sadly answered, 'only I'm sitting on an ant hill!'"

The Phoenix of Arabia.

In olden times a bird called a "phoenix" was thought to live in the deserts of Arabia. His lease of life was said to be 500 years, at the end of which time he built a nest of spices and found it into a flame with his wings. The flame reduced the bird to ashes, out of which he sprang to live another 500 years. Richardson says that he had fifty orifices in his beak, through which he sung melodious airs.

His Limit.

Wife—How did you get along while I was away?
Husband—I kept house for about ten days, and then I went boarding.

Wife—Boarding? Why didn't you go on keeping house?
Husband—Couldn't. All the dishes were dirty.

HUMAN HEAD HUNTERS.

The Savages of Polynesia Still Fly This Horrible Trade.

In the scarce known islands of the Pacific sea—New Guinea, Borneo, Ceram, Gilolo and others too numerous to mention—man still exists in the primitive state, and that most horrible of practices, head hunting, is still indulged in in spite of all efforts of various governments and missions as well as philanthropic societies who have come in contact with the people.

Just as the scalp lock on the belt of the young buck Indian was a token of manhood, so the gory head impaled on a tall pole over the hut of the would be young warrior, Papuan or Dayak, proclaims to all the prowess of the youth, henceforth a man and eligible for the council and the wooing of the maidens. It is immaterial how the trophy be obtained, whether by ambush or in fair battle. Generally it is the former.

The candidate for martial honors simply waits for his chance by night in some deserted village as craftily and patiently as a leopard on the prowl, the kris or a poisoned arrow does the work time and silently, and the severed head has ample time to cool before the deed is discovered and calls for retribution.

Thus an incessant vendetta and carnage go on, and only by living in inaccessible forests and strongly stockaded places is it possible at all for the tribes to save themselves from annihilation. Of the vast island continent of New Guinea the western or Dutch part is the worst looked after, and it often happens that numerous raiding parties in their great canoes come swooping down the coast before the northwest monsoon and carry death and desolation into the comparatively quiet British port on the mighty Fly river, opposite Torres Strait. By the time the news is carried to Thursday Island and the gunboat starts away in pursuit it is generally too late, and the marauders have vanished.

The writer was present once at the capture of a war party, and forty-eight heads were taken from the canoes. Hanging and deportation to penal servitude seem to be but a slight deterrent, for the terror recurs almost as regularly as a plague of locusts. These Papuans are a hardy, warlike people and expert bowmen, and they rely on their skill with this potent weapon solely, using their clubs for the dispatch of wounded foes.

The Dayaks of Borneo and their neighbors, on the other hand, are in favor of the "sumpitan" or blowpipe, shooting little diminutive but very cunningly poisoned arrows. The "sumpitan" has often a spear head attached to the outer end, the barbed end on a musket. For close fighting they rely on the dreaded "parang," a heavy, hollow ground broadsword about two feet long, with the handle often carved of ivory and ornamented with gold and pearls, the wooden scabbard covered with human skin and hair.

They count him a poor warrior who cannot sever a head clean with one blow delivered backhanded. Even in a mountainous part of the Malay peninsula, north of Malacca, in the Dindings and Hegri Sembilan, there is to this day a remnant tribe of head hunters called the Sa-Ki.

Orpheeus Held the Stage.

A very remarkable theatrical fad raged in Paris sixty or seventy years ago. The journals of the period show that the writers of plays had an especial fondness for the representation of bodily deformities and infirmities.

It was well known, of course, that Victor Hugo made a hunchback and the hero of a tragedy and that one of Scribe's heroes stuttered. But the many forgotten plays by the forgotten authors of the period also swarm with hunchbacks, stutters, the lame, the halt, the blind and the deaf and dumb.

Sometimes as many as a dozen of these cripple plays were performed on the same evening in the theaters of Paris.

In one year eighteen plays with blind characters were produced and probably three or four times as many were written. The first of the "blind" plays was Ancelet's "Un Regard," which later furnished the book of an opera for which Halevy, the composer of "The Jewess," wrote the music.—*New York Herald.*

Glacier Ice.

Glacier ice is not like the solid blue ice on the surface of the water, but consists of granules joined together by an intricate network of capillary water filled fissures. In exposed sections and upon the surface of the ice can be observed "veined" or "banded" structure veins of a denser blue color alternating with those of a lighter shade containing air bubbles. The cause of this peculiar structure has been the subject of much theorizing among investigators, but hitherto the greatest authorities consider that the explanation of the phenomenon is yet wanting.

Scorpions in Jamaica.

In Jamaica the negroes believe that scorpions know their name, so they never call out, "See, a scorpion!" when they meet with one on the ground or wall for fear of his escaping. They thus indirectly recognize the scorpion's delicate appreciation of sound. But if you wish to stop a scorpion in his flight blow air on him from the mouth, and he at once coils himself up. I have repeatedly done this, but with a spider it has a contrary effect.—*London Spectator.*

Eating an Orange.

When oranges are cut across and eaten with a spoon somewhat of their naturalness seems gone. It is an artificial way of eating this fruit, but often proves the most convenient. The way in which the juice flies is one of the drawbacks to this method. By taking a knife and cutting a little circle around the core in the center this tendency of the juice to fly is largely counteracted. Some fastidious people never cut their oranges across and never use a spoon, but instead cut them in eightths with the skin on and sip the juice from these little portions.

A Question of Pride.

"She thinks she is entitled to a divorce, but she won't seek it."

"Religious scruples, I suppose?"

"No; family pride."

"How is that?"

"She's afraid it would make a genealogical tangle that would destroy the value of the family tree for future generations."—*Chicago Post.*

Proud Positive.

Timkins—I'd get married if I could find a sensible girl.

Sinkins—I know a nice girl, but I don't think she wants to marry. At least she refused me.

Timkins—By George, she must be a sensible girl! Introduce me, will you?

Willing to Help.

"John," she whispered, "there's a burglar in the parlor. He just bumped against the piano and struck several keys."

"You don't say! I'll go right down," said he.

"Oh, John, don't do anything rash!"

"Rash? Why, I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can remove that piano from the house without assistance, do you?"—*Philadelphia Press.*

His Talk.

"What will I talk about?" remarked a man who had been called on unexpectedly at a banquet and mentally groped for something to say.

"Talk about a minute!" was the rejoinder that came from a nimble witted chap at the other side of the dining room.—*Boston Journal.*

FLOATING ISLANDS.

One Island, Covering Two Acres, Seen in the Gulf Stream.

Of all passengers carried by ocean currents floating islands have the most interesting. Many of them have been found voyaging on the Atlantic. These islands were originally parts of low lying river banks which broke away under stress of storm or flood and floated out to sea. The Orinoco, the Amazon, the La Plata and other tropical rivers often send forth such pieces of land area of large size and carry animals, insects and vegetation, even at times including trees, the roots of which serve to hold the land intact, while their branches and leaves serve as sails for the wind. Generally the waves break up these islands shortly after they put to sea, but sometimes, under favorable conditions, they travel long distances.

The longest voyage of a floating island, according to government records, took place in 1833. This island was first seen off Florida, and apparently it had an area of two acres. It bore no trees, but it was thickly covered with bushes, and in one place there was thirty feet high above the sea level. It was in the gulf stream, traveling slowly and with occasional undulations to show where the ground swell was working beneath it. Probably it got away from its river anchorage in the spring of the year, for toward the latter part of July it had reached the latitude of Wilmington, Del.

No large animal life had been seen on it, though there must have been myriads of the small creeping things which abound in the tropics. By the end of August it had passed Cape Cod and was veering toward the Grand banks. It followed the steamer lane routes quite accurately, and several vessels reported it. One month later it was in midocean northwest of the Azores, and its voyage evidently was beginning to tell on it. It was much smaller and less compact. It was not seen again, and probably it met destruction in the October gales. But it had traveled at least 1,000 miles, and if, as was thought, it came from the Orinoco, it must have covered twice that distance.

It is quite possible that floating islands larger than this one, under more favoring circumstances, might during past ages have made the complete journey from America to Europe or Africa and so brought about a distribution of animal species. Of course it is not absolutely certain that this island went to pieces in October. It might, though this is not probable, have floated down into the region of calms and seaweed, where it would be longer preserved.—*Theodore Waters in Ainslie's.*

AN ANECDOTE OF WHITMAN.

How the Poet Was Trying to Cheer Up a Friendless Boy.

One day I was stopped on Washington street, says J. T. Trowbridge in *The Atlantic*, by a friend who made this startling announcement: "Walt Whitman is in town. I have just seen him!" When I asked where, he replied: "At the stereotype foundry, just around the corner. Come along. I'll take you to him." The author of "Leaves of Grass" had loomed so large in my imagination as to seem almost supernatural, and I was filled with some such feeling of wonder and astonishment as if I had been invited to meet Socrates or King Solomon.

We found a large, gray haired and gray bearded, plainly dressed man, reading proof sheets at a desk in a little dingy office, with a lank, unwholesome looking lad at his elbow listlessly watching him. The man was Whitman, and the proofs were those of his new edition. There was a scarcity of chairs, and Whitman, rising to receive us, offered me his, but we all remained standing except the sickly looking lad, who kept his seat until Whitman turned to him and said: "You'd better go now. I'll see you this evening." After the lad had gone, Whitman explained: "He is a friendless boy I found at my boarding place. I am trying to cheer him up and strengthen him with my magnetism," a practical but curiously prosaic illustration of these powerful lines in the early poems:

To any one dying thither I speed and twist the knob of the door.
I seize the descending man; I raise him with restatious will.

Every room of the house do I fill with an armed force, lovers of one, buffers of graves.

Points About a Good Horse.

There are some points which are valuable in horses of every description. The head should be proportionately large and well set on. The lower jawbones should be sufficiently far apart to enable the head to form an angle with the neck, which gives it free motion and a graceful carriage and prevents it bearing too heavily on the hand. The eye should be large, a little prominent and the eyelid fine and thin. The ear should be small and erect and quick in motion. The top ear indicates dullness and stubbornness. When too far back, there is a disposition to mischief.

They Wanted a Rest.

A Scottish congregation presented their minister with a sum of money and sent him off to the continent for a holiday.

A gentleman just come from the continent met a prominent member of the church and said to him:

"Oh, by the bye, I met your minister in Germany. He was looking very well—he didn't look as if he needed a rest."

"No," said the church member very calmly; "it was not him; it was the congregation that was needin' a rest."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

A Reproof.

"Pa," said Willie, "what does it mean to say a man is 'one of nature's noblemen?'"

"One of nature's noblemen," my son," replied the old gentleman, with a significant look at his better half, "is a man who smiles when he gets some ridiculous cheap gift for his birthday and exclaims: 'How nice! Just what I wanted.'"—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Getting Even.

In the crowd that filled a Mulberry street auction room were two Italians who watched the sale with interest and enjoyed the badinage for which the auctioneer is noted. One of the Italians bid on some household article, and it was instantly accepted.

"What's the name?" asked the auctioneer as he opened the salesbook.

"Pietro Dionozella," answered the buyer.

"Oh, that's too much! I'll put down 'Peanuts, 50 cents.' You're on," said the auctioneer as he rattled off the next article. The other Italian bid enough to secure the article, and his name was requested.

"Patricia O'Sullivan," quickly answered the Italian.

"Well," mused the auctioneer, "that's a good old name for a dago. Come, that's not yours, though."

"You beta it isa nota mine," was the quick reply, "but ita is agooda as Peanuta. You maka de fun wid ita!"—*Newark Call.*

A Warning.

Whatever be your talents, whatever be your prospects, never speculate away on a chance of a palace that which you may need as a provision against the workhouse.—*Balver.*

POPPING THE QUESTION.

Curious Methods That Preval in Some Foreign Countries.

In this favored land of the free every lover of swain has his own way of making love and popping the question, but in some foreign countries the peasantry has peculiar and traditional ways of performing those pleasing functions. Among Hungarian gypsies cakes are used as love letters. Inside the cake is a coin, which is baked in it. The cake is hung to the favored object of one's affections. The retention of the cake signifies acceptance, but if it is hung back with force it signifies rejection.

The Japanese lover wishing to make known the state of his feelings throws a bunch of pale plum flower buds into his loved one's litter as she enters it to go to a friend's wedding. If she tosses the blossoms lightly out, the suitor knows that he is rejected, but if she fastens them to her girde it is "oh, happiness!" with him.

In some parts of Spain the young peasant looks unutterable things, but never tries to speak until he has been accepted. The girl neither looks nor speaks, but she sees. Late in the cool of the evening the youth knocks at her father's door and asks for a gourd of water. It is of course given to him. Then comes the crisis. If he is invited to take a chair within the porch or a seat in the garden, he is an accepted suitor, but if this civility is not extended to him he goes away knowing that he is rejected. There has to this time been a general celebration by the family of the bride to be in honor of her betrothal.

When the Eskimo goes a wooing, he walks to the house of his loved one's parents and, seizing the object of his affections by her long, strong hair or her furs, carries her away by his bit of snow or tent of skins. No matter how much the girl may reciprocate her suitor's affections, she always makes a show of resistance and tries to run away from him, this for the sake of preserving the conventionalities of Eskimo society.

BLAKE