

BUSKERS AT BAY

BY ARTHUR MORRISON.

Copyright, 1901, by Arthur Morrison.

That roused her, and she fell to reproaches bitter than all, for she was the angrier because he had let her cry alone and had made no overtures toward conciliation—overtures she had been expecting as her right. Rejoinder followed quick and cruel on reply, and at last, when he talked desperately of sleeping outside, she answered with a gesture borrowed of her trade: "Go, then! Go! If you can't give me food and shelter, as other women's husbands do, go and let them cry for themselves! I can do without you!"

"And you shall, too," he retorted, throwing down the rug and snatching his hat. "You shall too." And in a second he had flung out into the night and the snow.

They had done it all before, and it was scarce more than another kind of raving. But this time the quarrel was a trifle sharper than common, and he could not go back and make it up with any self respect for an hour at least. Meantime it was a cold night and he strode off straight ahead to be an ill used and homeless outcast for an hour, or, at any rate, for three-quarters of an hour.

Another snowfall had begun, though it was sparse and light, making itself felt now and again by a moist spot upon the face. The carolers had struck up "Noel" some little distance away, and between their verses the chapel party could be heard at the farther end of the town. Indeed it was scarce the best possible night for Hendy's petulant adventure. The snow declared itself in the weak spots of his shoes as he had gone 200 yards and the wind was in his teeth, biting his face and coming little short of cutting off his nose.

Thus he came to Cavworth, where lived Baring Spencer, esquire, that illustrious invisible, and the high priced hedge, like a massive black wall, was so good a wind screen that Hendy turned up a side lane and followed it, walking close, with bowed head and shoulder brushing the twigs. The hedge took a wide curve and, following this, he came plump against a small wooden gate, which swung inward at the shock. At this he stopped and looked about him. Without a doubt this was the kitchen entrance. Here was a narrow path, with a tall hedge at each side, a short path ending in a door with a pent roof.

He took a step back and another forward. The wind was as sharp as ever and there was a wetness in the snow-drops, now more frequent, that told of coming sleet. To follow the lane were to emerge presently in open country; here was shelter under the lee of a good sized house, with a pent roof to make it better. More, there was a "situation." The homeless outcast, wronged by all the world, would seek shelter, for half an hour at least, on the doorstep of the proud and laughing capitalist, who, if only he were awake



"Go, then! Go!"

and aware of the trespass, would probably send his paupered minions to drive him forth into the bitter night. The fancy accompanied with the outcast's mood, and truly for one bent on wallowing deep in the paths of his predicament this was the most promising spot thereabout, and one not at all exposed to the weather.

He let the gate swing behind him and walked quietly to the kitchen door. All was silent, and as he stood under the pent roof he saw that the path he had come by went farther and skirted all the back premises, dividing them from the kitchen garden. As he looked, a projecting frame caught his eye, like that of an open window, but nearer the ground than he would have expected. It was but a few yards away, and he went lightly toward it. It was a window, no doubt left open by the carelessness of a servant. There was a stain on the snow below it which betrayed the occasion. Plainly the servant had flung out coffee grounds or the like and taken no care to shut the casement. The house was rather old, and for a moment he wondered vaguely what room it might be whose window was so near the ground. And then the answer came to his hungry senses from the window itself. Clearly it was the larder, and no smaller larder either. Pickles could be emptied—pickles plainly and something else, something of fulsome steamedness and sweet recollection—Christmas puddings.

No doubt it was a large larder, though a mere blackness in sight now; no doubt, crammed to the ceiling with a superfluity of the Christmas fare that Hendy saw no chance of tasting. Was it really so large as he fancied? He felt his pocket and found a matchbox with a few matches still remaining. At least it was no sin to take a peep. Everybody was in bed. He struck a match in the shelter of the window frame and held it within.

A larder it was, indeed, with both windows—wire within and glass without—left open; a long, brick paved place—the floor was a yard at least below the path he stood on and fitted round with shelves everywhere. And on the shelves—

was it six or seven—at any rate six) in a row, in china molds, with cloths tied on top; a cut ham on a dish, and three whole ones, hanging; two birds—geese—hanging also; a mass of cold sirloin, half cut away; another mass of sirloin, uncooked; a large dish of mince pies, a tub of water in a dark corner, with oatmeal spilled about it—oysters, no doubt; rows of jam pots, butter, cheese—everything. The agony of it!

Was it six puddings or seven? No harm in counting, at any rate. He struck another match.

Six plum puddings! And what could one man—a bachelor—want with six plum puddings, to say nothing of all the rest of this extravagant provision? Probably the housekeeper or the cook was swindling her master and preparing all this to regale herself and her friends. Would she serve her right if somebody were to walk off with one of those puddings and, say, one ham—a mere act of justice, indeed. Not that he could do such a thing as that himself, of course, though, indeed, it would be rather a lark—the sort of joke you could tell your friends of years after—how the rich company monger supported the drama, after all, without knowing it.

It would be the easiest thing in the world to get in, too—as easy as going down stairs. Nobody would know, of course, and it would really seem a capital joke afterward. And, while this would be a joke, going without a Christmas dinner would be a serious matter. Were they oysters in that tub? The spilled oatmeal would seem to indicate as much, though you couldn't tell with certainty at this distance. And then—

Mr. Baring Spencer sat late, with a box of cigars and a decanter. It was a florid, heavy jowled man of forty-five or thereabout, and it was probable that in his time he had emptied more decanters than this one. A few draft prospectuses and such papers lay about the table, but they were done with hours ago. He had discovered a very excellent port in the cellar, and now, the decanter being empty, Mr. Baring Spencer, after a look at his watch, decided that on the whole he would see about another bottle. The rest of the household was in bed, so he took his candle and went down stairs himself.

He was on the cellar stairs when he heard a slight noise in the direction of the larder. Perhaps a cat had got in to it.

Joe Hendy had burned his last match and, with a pudding dangling by its cloth from one hand, was feeling along the shelf with the other in pursuit of the cut ham when the door flew open behind him, and his heart flew up into his mouth. There were a fight and a crash and two hands on his collar, and at that, with a shout and a curse, Hendy twisted about and fought wildly with both hands. The candle went over and out, the pudding mold smashed against a shelf and the cloth, still gripped in his fingers, shed cool, moist pudding about the heads of thief and financier alike.

But Hendy was the weaker, and the shock had spoiled him of wind. Presently he was dragged through the door and released in abject terms. He was starving, and the window was no food for her, disgrace would kill her, and so forth.

"Come," said his captor, hard of breath himself; "you just come along, and we'll see about that." And he pushed the captive, now all terror and submission, up stairs before him in the dark, tripping and stumbling. For it struck Mr. Baring Spencer for reasons that possibly, if no particular harm were done, it would be better to terrify the intruder and send him about his business, rather than engage in troublesome business at a police court. So at the top of a short flight Hendy found himself pushed first across a dimly lighted passage and then through a study door.

begin. But there was another consideration. Mr. Baring Spencer was at a critical stage in his present operations, but his name just now stood good for anything; whereas, Mr. Trevor Fitz-Howard was a notorious swindler. So anything that might reveal the fact that the two names stood for one financial operator would mean a crash indeed. So Mr. Baring Spencer, like a man of business, went to the root of the matter straightaway.

"Look here," he said. "Well, fool about no longer. How much do you want?"

Hendy sat down again. "For me," he said, "say four weeks at thirty bob, and say nothing about the boots. Miss Beaumont, four weeks at thirty bob, and say 'Teddy Norton' a fortnight at the same. That's fifteen quid."

The sum seemed enormous in these lean days, but he was dealing with a capitalist and the estimate was honest enough. "An' then," he went on, "you might give poor old Leatherby a lift on the road."

"Never mind all that," the other said, unlocking a drawer. "You don't expect to make me believe you're interested in all those people, do you? Or that you'd give them a cent? I ain't a baby, no more are you. See here." He took a small parcel of notes and counted, "One, two, three, four, five—a pony; £25. Take it and clear out, and keep your mouth shut. As for getting the show on the road, do it anyhow you please and as soon as you like. Only mind"—and he raised his finger—"if any of those others get on the scent and come here I shall tell them you've got their money. Now you can go as soon as you like."

But, indeed, Mr. Baring Spencer was just a trifle too clever. He was much too clever, in fact, to suppose that Hendy—a man just caught stealing pudding—would part with any of that money unless he were obliged. He assumed, of course, that Hendy would use every exertion to get the show off of the neighborhood, because of the threat to set the others after a share of the notes if he Spencer were troubled by them. Indeed, he judged it a very cunning shift to shut Hendy's mouth and clear away the players from the town at one stroke. He was never safe from recognition among players.

But he miscalculated, for Leatherby's company signaled Christmas by two dinners at the Crown, one at midday and one at 7, and Leatherby gave the health of Baring Spencer, founder of the feast, with great fervor and proclaimed him an ornament to the theatrical profession, which he had so lately left, for Hendy had made no secret of whence he had the money or of the debts it was to liquidate, and so, of it he represented as subscription toward a Leatherby benefit designed to set the show on its legs again in the next town. And the company called Mr. Baring Spencer a noble fellow and, moreover, insisted on tearing the butcher from the bosom of his family (the drover was not to be found) and making him drink Mr. Spencer's health, to a great many times, so that they were all mighty merry together that Christmas and every hour was an hour of joy and feasting. And at last, to cap everything, all the male part of the company, with the butcher in the midst of them, stood in the early evening on Mr. Baring Spencer's lawn roaring "For he's a jolly good fellow!" at the top of their voices, to the amazement and scandal of all Crowbridge, and the speechless fury of the jolly fellow himself, till at last he found his voice and, throwing open a window and shaking his fist, flung out such a shower of the rhetoric that Hendy so well remembered that the play-boys went off mightily astonished.

"It is his modesty," said Leatherby, "outside, with tears of gratitude trembling in his eyes; 'just his modesty. Truly he is a noble fellow!'"

But the story spread about Crowbridge, and ere long it was very generally known that Mr. Baring Spencer was Mr. Trevor Fitz-Howard and that Mr. Trevor Fitz-Howard probably had half a dozen other names as well. And it was even said in the end that the thing hastened his arrest by three days. He had bought the house at Crowbridge, had managed to pay for it in worthless shares and had mortgaged it instantly for hard cash. His companies were timed to burst just after the new year, and he was laid by the heels just a day before his appointed steamer left Liverpool, a sad victim of his own excess of cunning and the misplaced gratitude of others.

The Seal and the Bear.
The seal does not stop his search for food until he has completely satisfied his excellent appetite; then he takes a good nap, lying upon the very edge of the ice or as close as possible to the breathing hole. The slightest sound will awaken him and without waiting to flout out the source or direction, he rolls into the water. He can stay under for only thirty-five minutes, but where he will come up none can tell. This no one knows better than the bear, and if the bear realizes that it is impossible to steal up on the leeward side of the seal, having his black nose covered with his paw and his bloodshot eyes closed, when the seal has his open and on the watch, he looks about for a favorable point of departure, dives under the ice, and in a direction he comes up at the very spot where the seal has expected to go down. The seal's fate is thus settled, and the bear's shrewdness earns its reward.—St. Nicholas.

The One That Chose to Pay.
Three men had been out on a spree, and on the way home late at night they made a wager that the one who did not do as his wife told him should pay for a champagne supper the following night.

The first one returned home, and his wife greeted him thus: "Hello, you beauty! That's right, knock all the ornaments off the mantel-piece!"

The second returned and on going into his house fell against the piano, whereupon his wife said: "Go on; get a chopper and smash it up!"

He did so.

The third returned, and on going up stairs his wife said: "You miserable scamp, fall down stairs and break your neck!"

Needless to say, he paid for the supper.—London Spare Moments.

The Solemn Quaker.
At the funeral of a lawyer of state reputation who lived and practiced in a town not far from Philadelphia and who was known among his friends throughout as an unbeliever an eminent gentleman from Philadelphia reached the house after the minister had begun the sermon. Not knowing how far the services had progressed, he accosted a well known Quaker of the town, who was a friend of the deceased and who was noted for his great sense of humor, and, leaning over his shoulder, asked in a whisper: "What part of the services have they reached which the Quaker, without a smile, replied: "Just opened for the defense."—Philadelphia Times.

Colorless Varnish.
Colorless varnish for use on fine labels or other prints, as well as for white wood and other spotted articles, is made as follows: Dissolve two and one-half ounces of bleached shellac in one pint of rectified alcohol, to this add five ounces of animal boneblack, which should first be heated, and then boil the mixture for about five minutes. Filter a small quantity of this through filtering paper and if not fully colorless add more boneblack and boil again. When this has been done, run the mixture through silk and through filtering paper. When cool, it is ready for use. It should be applied with care and uniformity.

WOMAN AND FASHION



A Pretty Blouse.
Blouse of white silk tucked all over and trimmed with ecru lace insertion. The collar and sleeve caps are of sky blue panne trimmed with the insertion and finished with applique lawns and ecru lace and insertion. The blouse fastens invisibly on one side.

White Is Still Popular.
There is absolutely no waning in the popularity of white. Never before was so much white worn. Cloth, alpaca, homespun, white china crape and other materials are much in demand, while inevitably for summer wear white muslins will be all the rage, dividing popular favor with white pique, which will be exceedingly smart made up with tiny gilt buttons and touches of gilt trimming.

Among the favorite combinations are black and white and green and white, both of which are striking. Particularly in foulards these combinations are noticeable. The prettiest among the new silks are the white ground foulards with black spots and the white foulards with green foliage designs running through them. The latter are often trimmed with a touch of black galpore edging a tounce of net or one of white or ecru galpore. The effect is strikingly original.

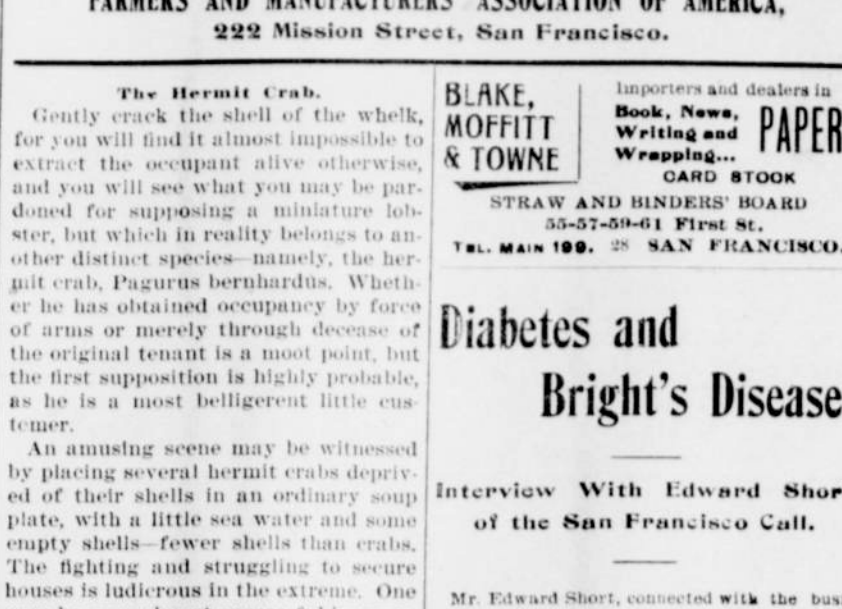
French and American Women.
The American woman is first of all neat. She likes things snug and trim, and all this fancy and theatrical business does not appeal to her. Her critical faculties are free, and when she sees a thing she asks, "Why is it made so fanciful? Why not more simple?" This is the reason why French hats lose much of their grotesqueness when identified with the better class on this side. In fact, good taste is pretty much the same the world over, and the really stylish American women are similar in their tastes. The difference is in figure, the association, and the conditions of life and necessities are really accountable for the difference in dress. The American woman in the same position as the French woman would probably dress similarly, and the French woman under similar conditions in America would bring herself undoubtedly to our standpoint.—Chicago Tribune.

A Picturesque Hat.
This picturesque hat of white leg-horn has the edge of the brim draped with Irish lace. A wreath of shaded hydrangeas and foliage covers the upper brim. There are strings of black ribbon velvet.

The Taffeta Jacket.
The taffeta jacket of this season is not an Eton. It is more like a blouse, it is absolutely covered with trimming, is broad across shoulders, loose across bust and drawn snugly into the waist with a broad, stitched belt of silk that has ornamental tassels hanging from the back.

It is usually laid in a great number of large and small plaits. Between these are stitched bands or pieces of velvet ribbon that float to the waist line finished with fringe tassels of the silk.

CLARK'S LATEST AND BEST.
Furnished with solid Disc if you want them. Wood Extension Head if you prefer it.



The Hermit Crab.
Gently crack the shell of the whelk, for you will find it almost impossible to extract the occupant alive otherwise, and you will see what you may be pardoned for supposing a miniature lobster, but which in reality belongs to another distinct species—namely, the hermit crab, Pagurus bernhardus. Whether he has obtained occupancy by force of arms or merely through decease of the original tenant is a moot point, but the first supposition is highly probable, as he is a most belligerent little customer.

An amusing scene may be witnessed by placing several hermit crabs deprived of their shells in an ordinary soup plate, with a little sea water and some empty shells—fewer shells than crabs. The fighting and struggling to secure houses is ludicrous in the extreme. One may be seen almost successful in mooring himself within a shell, which, by the way, is effected by means of his shelly plates at the extremity of his soft and twisted tail, when another seizes him by the nape of the neck, as it were, and he is dragged reluctantly forth. The evictor still holds him struggling at claws' length, and not until he himself is safely ensconced does he relinquish his grasp.—Chambers' Journal.

The Bellet in a Devil.
A maidservant belonging to one of the women's colleges had been out with her lover without leave from her mistress and was returning late along my road, at the top of which lived the lamented Professor Nettleship. Now, the latter had a large yellow dog that took the usual canine delight in seeing cats scatter and flee, and, the better to pounce on them when they were stealthily crossing the street, he would perch himself on the top of the professor's garden wall, surrounded and half hidden in the foliage. As the truant maidservant passed beneath him he caught sight of a cat in the middle of the road, making a spring at it, collided with her and knocked her down. She picked herself up and ran screaming home, almost mad with terror, because, as she said, the devil had jumped on her back and thrown her down.—International Monthly.

Have Courage.
You must have courage, my boy. No matter what band of circumstances array themselves against you, if your purpose is right you will succeed. Life is a beautiful thing. The chance to fight is a great blessing. No matter how hard the situation may seem, keep on doing right, bravely face the future, set your standard high, work and wait, be patient and thankful, and you will win. You may never be rich as the world goes—not rich in money or rich in power—but you may be rich in the knowledge of the truth that you have made the best of your chance to be a man. Don't set your standard by the men who have achieved great wealth. That is nothing compared to the riches that belong to him who has struggled to enlarge and ennoble the circle of life in which he is cast.—Schoolmaster.

Eyesight of Spiders and Scorpions.
Spiders have wonderful eyesight, but I am quite sure that the scorpion's vision, notwithstanding his six eyes, is far from being acute, says an English naturalist. It is very difficult to catch a spider with a pair of forceps, but a scorpion can easily be captured if no noise is made. Spiders see their prey before they are caught in the web, but the scorpion makes no movement whatever to seize flies or cockroaches until they indicate their whereabouts by movements. This being the case, it can readily be understood how easily the scorpion may be roused into motion by the vibrations of music.

If a tuning fork be sounded on the table on which I keep my caged scorpion, he at once becomes agitated and strikes out viciously with his sting. On touching him with the vibrating tuning fork he stings it and then coils himself up, as scorpions do when ledged in.

An Adroit Answer.
The celebrated physician Zimmerman attended Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day, as the story is recorded in 'Essays for the Social,' the king said to him: "You have, I presume, helped many a man into another world." "This was rather an unexpected thrust for the doctor, but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery: "Not so many as your majesty nor with so much honor to myself."

A Man and His Heart.
Once upon a time there was a rich old man who had a heart so weak that his faint beatings could hardly be heard; yet, in the metaphor of our time, that same heart was filled with love for a fair lady.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE
Importers and dealers in Books, News, Writing and Wrapping PAPERS
CARD STOCK
STRAW AND BINDERS' BOARD
35-57-59-61 First St.
Tel. Main 100. 25 SAN FRANCISCO.

Diabetes and Bright's Disease.

Interview With Edward Short of the San Francisco Call.

Mr. Edward Short, connected with the business department of the San Francisco Call interviewed:

Q—You are reported to have been cured of diabetes?

A—That is right.

Q—Are you sure it was diabetes?

A—Yes, I was. I was reported for insurance, and later falling rapidly, our physician told me I had diabetes and to put my affairs in order.

Q—Have more than one physician?

A—Yes, I had another confirm it. He told me I could not live long. I had dropped from 200 to 125 pounds and was very weak. A neighbor told me of the Fulton Compound.

Q—How long did you have to take it?

A—About a year before I was perfectly well.

Q—Did you physicians then test for sugar?

A—Both did. Both reported normal. They were very greatly surprised at my recovery, for they had told me I was incurable.

Q—Know of any other cures?

A—Several. I told my friend, William Martin, an S. P. conductor of Stockton, about it. He had diabetes, and was about to give up his position when I told him. He got the same results I did, and was well when killed a year or so later.

Q—Any others?

A—I told William Hawkins of the Custom House and Captain Hubbard of the barquentine S. N. Castle, upon hearing they had diabetes. Both of them were cured. I also told a neighbor who had dropsy. In a month it was eliminated. I can't recollect all I've told.

Q—Did it fall in any case?

A—Not one. It is a positive cure in Bright's Disease and Diabetes. Go over and see Hawkins and he will tell you the same thing.

Medical writers agree that Bright's Disease and Diabetes are incurable, but 97 per cent are positively recovered under the Fulton Compound. Common forms of kidney complaint offer but short resistance. Price, \$1 for the Bright's Disease and \$1.50 for the Diabetic Compound. John J. Fulton Co., 429 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, sole compounders. Free tests made for patients. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free.

SHORT SERMONS.

Think of time as the doorstep to eternity.

Thorus last in wreaths when the roses die, yet few regret having been crowned.

Think not about thy sin so as to make it either less or greater in thine own eyes. Bring it to Jesus and leave it to him to judge thee.

Be thy longing desire to see God, thy fear to lose him, thy sorrow to be deprived of him for a time, thy joy that he can draw thee to himself, then wilt thou live in profound peace.

Since God is love, love is the supreme law of the universe, and man's first duty and highest perfection is to love God and all men. This is the gospel, the glad tidings, arousing millions from sleep in the shadows of death.

Breaking It Gently.

In the opinion of H. Henrick, noted for its superior breed of cattle, the country people are not only very thrifty but exceedingly fond of their cows, as may be gathered from the following characteristic story:

Farmer Jan was walking sadly down the road one day when the village pastor met him.

"Why so sad, Farmer Jan?" said the pastor.

"Ah, I have a sad errand, pastor," said Jan.

"What is it?"

"Farmer Henrick's cow is dead in my pasture, and I am on my way to tell him."

"A hard task, Jan."

"Indeed it is, but I shall break it to him gently."

"How will you do it?"

"I shall tell him first that it is his mother who is dead, and then, having opened the way for sadder news still, I shall tell him that it is not his mother, but the cow!"

The Evil Eye.

The Corsicans are not the only people in the world who believe in the evil eye, for the Turk is so affected by it that he thinks it extends its influence to whatever animals belong to him. Strings of coral are sold on the streets and said to be a preventive against the evil. It is very curious to see the donkeys, crosses of which are found in the streets, with strings of coral twisted in their tails.

When he gets in a violent rage, the very worst thing that a Turkish gentleman can threaten his donkey with is the taking away of the jewels which protect him from the evil eye, for in this way he will give him over to all kinds of cruelty and the possession of the demon. In the markets bits of coral are laid among the purple grapes or green vegetables with the hope that good luck will come to them and they will bring a higher price.

Irish Inconspicuous.

It was in 1743 that the Dublin society offered premiums for the competition by laecmakers. But there does not seem to have been a combined effort to place the industry on a commercial basis until 1829, when a Mr. Walker, having married the daughter of a lace manufacturer in Nottingham, brought over to Ireland some twenty girls to teach the peasant women about Limerick the art of lacemaking, and from this small beginning arose the great Limerick lace industry.

His Good Behavior.

Mother—I don't like the looks of that boy I saw you playing with in the street today. You mustn't play with bad little boys, you know.

Son—Oh, he ain't a bad little boy, mamma! He's a good little boy! He's seen to the reform school two times, and they've let him out each time on account of good behavior!