

The Master's Mistake

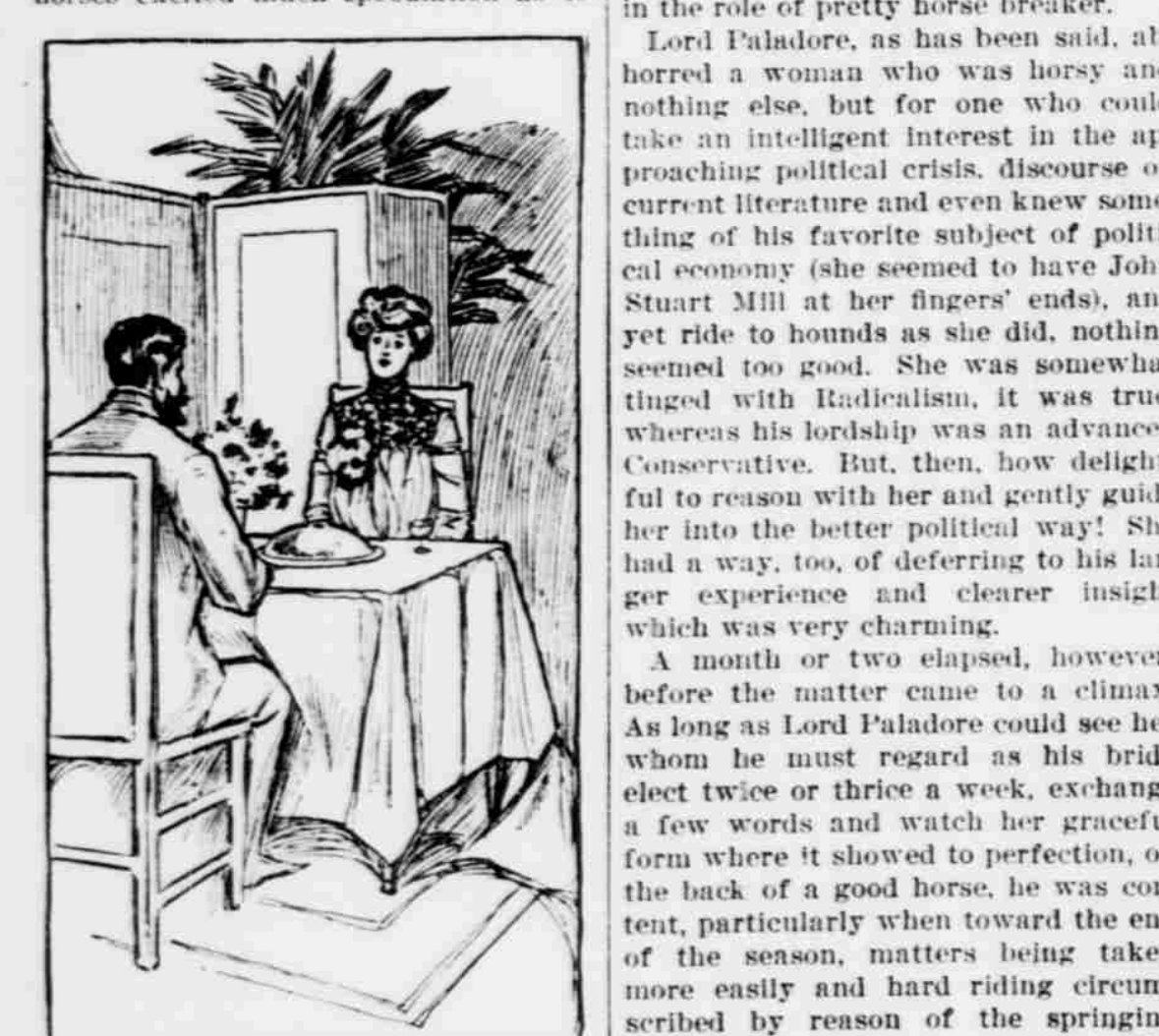
By Frederic Adye

CHAPTER II

THE next day after his little adventure the hounds did not meet. The mare came back in the morning, with a polite message of thanks, but no note, and Lord Paladore sent his groom to inquire for the injured horse, which was still at the farm. For an hour or so he tried to persuade himself that it was his duty to ride over to Sherburnton and inquire for the lady as well, but his own bashfulness and the reflection that she had sustained no injury restrained him. Usually he was glad of a non-hunting day to get through some work, but this morning he did not get on. The blue books palled, and when he tried some writing instead he found himself, having some little gift that way, making sketches on his blotting pad of a young lady jumping extravagant fences on a remarkably free riding horse. This also failed—the young lady was not pretty enough. Later in the day he took his gun and shot round an outlying covert or two; but though his spaniels worked well and found him plenty of birds, he did little execution among them. Yesterday's quick gallop had in some way unsettled his nerves. It was a curious coincidence that his father that evening after dinner, the family having dined alone, should have tackled him on the subject which was now nearest his heart—namely, his son's marriage.

Now, generally this was a subject upon which Lord Paladore had little to say. It was not so much that the idea of marriage was distasteful to him (he recognized the abstract obligation, but not the urgency of its concrete fulfillment) as that as yet he had seen no one who sufficiently attracted him or who seemed to possess all the excellencies requisite to such promotion. This evening, however, for some undefined reason, the topic of marriage was less repulsive to him than it sometimes was. He suffered his father to urge upon him the attractions of a certain Lady Sarah without demur, but it was not Lady Sarah that he thought as he stretched his legs to the cheerful glow of the great gleaming fireplace and sipped his claret. His fancy strayed from her ladyship's cold style of beauty and austere correct manners to a more piquante personality, whose presence he considered might add warmth and color to the great chill house in which he lived with his elderly parents. His father, entirely unconscious of this defection, mended on about Lady Sarah to his heart's content. She was not, by the way, at all the sort of woman who would have attracted himself in his own youth, but he imagined she was and chuckled over her charms with infinite zest.

This fair stranger was out the next day and on most hunting days after that. Her nerve was unshaken by her fall, and she went brilliantly whenever the hounds gave her the chance. Her youth, her good looks and her splendid horses excited much speculation as to



He had tea with the young lady alone, her identity. Some thought she was an Austrian princess (one had hunted a few seasons before from the same hotel, which may have given color to the surmise), but there were no signs of foreign extraction in her appearance, nor had she any attendance suited to such rank. She was accompanied at the Digby Grand by an elderly lady whom she called aunt and was attended in the field by a neat but unadorned groom. Others affirmed that she was a Mrs. Compton, a fine horsewoman well known in the shires; others, again, that she was a famous skirt dancer from a London theater.

The season was an open one and proved one of the best the hunt had ever enjoyed. Excellent runs were obtained, in all of which the fair unknown performed in such a way as delighted the Crackmore Vale. Besides being splendidly mounted, though generally on young horses, the girl seemed to have a natural aptitude for crossing a country. She rapidly became a great favorite with the men, and even the ladies, who are accustomed to look askance at a pretty intruder whom nobody knows, were forced to confess that her conduct and form were irreproachable. The elder ladies of the hunt, men of weight in the saddle and county, jostled each other in their eagerness to greet her at the covert side or to open a gate for her when such service was required, while, as for the young men, they rode as jealously as could be, not for the honor of giving her a lead, a form of politeness she disdained, but to keep her in sight when the hounds were running and if possible to get a word with her at a check. Some of the wealthier bought horses of her and were well satisfied with their

DRY BONES VALLEYS

PLACES WHERE DEAD BODIES ARE PRESERVED BY THE CLIMATE.

In Chile, for instance, the air is so dry that it is almost impossible for an unburied body to decompose in the ordinary manner.

Among the most curious things in this queer old world perhaps the weirdest is the "valley of dry bones" which continually crops up in various parts of both hemispheres.

In Chile, for instance, the air is so dry that it is almost impossible for a body to decompose in the ordinary way. Here and there in the mountains or on the plains one may discover a body that has been dead for several centuries, but has no more returned to dust than to life.

There is literally a "valley of dry bones" not far from Valparaiso where a battle was fought during the Balmaceda troubles. Here may be seen today bodies of men and horses scattered among the rocks that are like nothing so much as Egyptian mummies, shriveled by the fierce sun and embalmed by the natural dry atmosphere.

This is not, strictly speaking, a "valley of dry bones," but there is a valley of dry bones in Ceylon one who has visited that island can doubt for a moment. It is a peculiar fact and one which is borne out by the testimony of the English planters in Ceylon that when an elephant feels its last hour approaching it will if permitted to do so escape into the jungle to die. Once the sick elephant gets away it is never seen again. Where they go to is the problem.

It is absolutely certain that they must go somewhere, and therefore as they vanish so mysteriously in the hour of death one cannot but give credence to the tale which is often brought down from the hills by the Tamils and Cingalese.

According to these people, there is a "valley of dry bones" near Talawakele, which is about twenty-five miles south of Kandy, the old capital of the island. This valley, to be correct, is said to be a vast underground tunnel, with numerous but difficult to find entrances and exits. Such places are common in Ceylon, but the particular cave where the elephants go to die has never been discovered, though numerous expeditions have sought for it.

In view of the fact that the elephants do disappear when they are about to die it seems probable that some such place does exist on the island, for it is certain that the great unwieldy beasts do not swim across the gulf of Manar. The person who finds this elephant sepulcher will probably reap a fortune in ivory.

Another strange place exists as a real "valley of dry bones" in the island of Jamaica, West Indies. Of course there is a legend attached to it, but here are the hard facts and an actual description of the valley itself. It is situated near the Cucunaga gap, in the Maroon country, at the eastern extremity of the island. This region is clothed in primeval forest, and the fact that rain falls on an average twelve hours a day all the year round gives the jungle a luxuriant green vegetation that is to be found elsewhere. But this valley, though situated right in the heart of the "wet country," is bare of leaf and life.

The limestone rock is white and hot. Giant trees that seem to have been blighted suddenly stand up all gaunt, white and dead. The valley is sheltered from the wind and the first force of the rainstorms. As a consequence this strange ravine is silent, unlighted and quite dry.

The weird vegetation that is to be seen here in former years, nothing will grow now. Nature has come to a complete standstill. During the hot season the temperature of the valley is almost unbearable, and it is visited by seismic disturbances that cause the dead trees and dry hot stones to rattle like dry bones; hence the name the valley has acquired.

The legend of this "valley of dry bones" can hardly be taken without a pinch of salt, but let us be nothing if not complete. Many years ago, says the negro story teller, a woman lived on a plantation in Cuba. She was notorious for her cruelty to her slaves. She used to throw cayenne pepper in their eyes and afterward stick cactus needles into their bodies just for sport. One night the slaves revolted and burned the plantation house to the ground. The woman managed to escape in an open boat to Jamaica, where she sought refuge from her enemies in the heart of the jungle.

Here she developed a mania for collecting all sorts and conditions of cats. When she had procured a multitude of the feline tribe she amused herself by torturing them. The legend has it that every night the demoniacal shrieks of the woman and the cries of the cats were to be heard even in the Maroon villages. But one night a severe earthquake came and swallowed up the cats, their tormentor and her home.—New York Herald.

Forbidden Fruit.

A request was once made to the authorities of one of the colleges at Cambridge that room might be found on the spacious lawns of their garden for the lady students of Girton college to play lawn tennis. Guessing clearly enough what would be the result of the admission of these students of the fairer sex among the undergraduates, the master replied that it was ordered in the statutes of the college that the gardens must be devoted to the purposes of floriculture and must not be used for husbandry.—Spare Moments.

The Real Reason.

"How did that prima donna come to lose her voice?"

"Well," answered the impresario, "some people say she sang too much, but my personal opinion is that she lost it arguing about salary."—Washington Star.

Quick Dispatch.

A bill was once stuck on the shop window of a tradesman in the Friedrichstrasse, Berlin, setting forth that "these premises are temporarily closed owing to the marriage of the proprietor; to be reopened in twenty minutes."

The Other Way.

"Did I understand you to say that Skadchase was suffering from heart trouble brought about by financial embarrassment?"

"No, I said he was suffering from financial embarrassment brought about by heart trouble. The heiress he was engaged to has killed him."—Eccentric.

Burgess—Oh, yes; Charley is all right; a little eccentric, though. I've noticed several times when he has borrowed a lead pencil, instead of putting it into his pocket, as any one else would do, he hands it back to the owner.—Boston Transcript.

Eclectic.

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FRENCH MIDDLE CLASSES.

They Are Passing Rich on a Thousand Dollars a Year.

A French lady, widow of an officer, once said to me, says the writer, "that she always traveled first class because she was rich, afterward, explaining that her income was exactly £200 a year. But she was rich because most likely she never spent more than £170, and the explanation, I dare say, applies to the medical men in the country. They are rich, in all probability, on three or four hundred a year—rich just because they make much more than they spend. In order to comprehend French life and character we must bear one fact in mind. Appearance is not a fetish in France as in England; outside show is not sacrificed to Mrs. Grundy's is no twentieth century ideal. On the other hand, good repute is sedulously nursed; personal dignity and family honor are hedged round with respect.

"We must not take the so-called realistic novelist's standard to be the true one. Frenchmen, I should say, as a rule, spend a third less upon dress than Englishmen. It does not follow that the individual is held in slight esteem, personality discounted. These provincial and country doctors do not outwardly resemble their spick and span English colleagues, nor do they affect what is called style in their equipage—in most cases the conveyance is a bicycle—and manner of living. How can they upon an income derived from one and eight penny fees? The many are doubtless rich in logic, accepting the word—that is, they live considerably below their income and save money."—Chambers Journal.

STARFISH AND OYSTERS.

Mistake That Was Made by a Planter of the Bivalves.

"A few years ago," said a Long Island oyster planter last week, "one of the planters here made a big mistake that nearly cost him his whole year's oyster crop.

"You know, I suppose, that the worst enemy of the oysters is the starfish. We catch them with an instrument called a tangle in great quantities and pile them up ashore, where the sun dries and kills them. But that, as you may imagine, is not an operation calculated to make the neighborhood of the place very fragrant, for the star has a fearful odor after he dies.

"Now, this planter of whom I am speaking had a plan to avoid all this. He told one of his men off with an ax, and as fast as the boats brought in a load of starfish the ax was piled, and the pieces were then dumped overboard.

"He rubbed his hands over his good idea, but he wasn't so pleased a month or so afterward when the starfish began to devour his oysters again, and investigation with the dredge and tangle showed that there were more of them than ever on his beach.

"About this time an expert from the fish commission came snooping around for curiosities, and he heard, of course, about the stars. He began to laugh.

"All that you succeeded in doing," said he to the oyster planter, "when you chopped up the starfish was to increase them. Don't you know that starfish can cut into as many as six pieces and still not only survive, but form a new starfish from almost every piece."—New York Press.

Getting a Good Start.

"Miss Sophie," beloved benefactress of half the poor of New Orleans, sat at her desk writing when an elderly woman who had made many previous demands upon her was ushered in.

"Oh, Miss Sophie," she said breathlessly, "I want to borrow a dollar, please, right away."

"What do you need the money for, Ermengarde?"

"Well, now, you see, I'm going to get married, and I need it for the license."

"If the man you are to marry cannot pay for the license how is he going to support you?"

"That's just what I want to explain to you, Miss Sophie. You see, tomorrow is Thanksgiving, and we are coming to your free dinner. Then you always give us something to take home, and in the evening the King's Daughters are going to have a basket distribution, and we shall each get one. That will keep us a week easily, and by that time we'll be on our feet."

England's Oldest Railway Station.

The railway station in England that can boast of being really old is that at Bourne, Lincolnshire, which is an ancient Elizabethan mansion, formerly in the possession of the Digby family, some members of which were implicated in the gunpowder plot. When the Great Northern and Midland railroads came through this district, a memorial was sent from the inhabitants of Bourne asking that instead of pulling the old landmark down it might be converted into a railway station, for which purpose it answers admirably now. Part of the house is used as a residence by the station master.

Lengthening Life.

The difference between rising every morning at 6 and 8 in the course of forty years amounts to 29,200 hours, or 3 years, 121 days and 16 hours, which are equal to eight hours a day for exactly ten years. So that rising at 6 will be the same as if ten years of life (a weighty consideration) were added, wherein we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds and the dispatch of business.

When Cats Were Scarce.

In a curious collection of ancient Welsh laws, dated 943 A. D., appears the following sentence, from which it would appear that cats were rather scarce at that time: "The worth of a kitten until it shall open its eyes is one legal penny; that from time till it shall kill mice, two legal pennies; after it shall kill mice, four legal pennies, and so it shall always remain."

Analognes.

"I understand your friend Jenkins has resigned that city clerkship he held."

"Designed? H'm?"

"Oh, wasn't it voluntary?"

"Well, it was just as voluntary as his contributions to the campaign fund were."—Philadelphia Press.

WOMAN AND FASHION

Waist For Young Girl.

No style of waist suits girlish figures more perfectly than this one, with its box plaited bolero at the front below a deep yoke. The model is made of porcelain blue messaline satin, the yoke being overlaid with motifs of lace, and is trimmed with silk braid.



MISS' BLOUSE WAIST.

but there are a host of materials that might be suggested. The pointed yoke, together with the sleeve caps, gives the broad line of the season, while the bolero, with its soft folds, provides just the fullness required for slender, unformed figures. The sleeves are full and ample, with cuffs that form deep pointed extensions over the puffs. To make the waist for a girl of fourteen years of age will be required 4 1/2 yards of material 21, 3 3/4 yards 27 or 2 3/4 yards 44 inches wide.

New Styles In Corsets.

A new corset has a twelve inch clasp, with the material extending below it for several inches. Over the hips the depth from the waist line to the lower edge is sixteen inches. This section of the corset is boned with fine single whorlbones. From the waist up the corset is formed of four horizontal shaped bands, ranging from one inch and three-quarters to three inches wide, the upper band being finished at the top by plaited net lace. This is especially adapted to long waisted, full figures. Many, and in fact most, of the new corset models show the higher bust line, but not over an inch higher, with the dip as deep as ever below the waist line.

Summer Millinery.

The new turbans are decidedly smart with the tailored or street gown, the color of which they should match. There are straw turbans in striking color combinations and two toned effects that lend themselves to this style. They require very little trimming, a breast, quill or straw buttons being sufficient.

Some of the season's smartest models are the broad brimmed flat hats. The brims are soft and easily made to conform to individual becomingness. Folds of tulle, shirred chiffon, silk or lace form the brim facing of nearly all the new models.

Ribbons Popular For Trimmings.

Ribbon trimmings become more and more popular. The dowered gauze trimmings set with fagot stitching are a most charming addition to a summer gown, while the Louis or Pompadour bows are to be seen on almost everything. For the adornment of the full dress toilet nothing is more charming than the gold and silver gauze ribbons, on which are embroidered designs in delicate faded tones.

For Summer Wear.

This chic little girl's frock is of white linen, with the skirt composed of three flounces of hand embroidery. Two ruf-



GIRL'S WHITE FROCK.

fles of the embroidery are effectively arranged below the small tucked vest of insertion. A broad shaft of soft satin ribbon is worn with this.

The New Rain Coat.

The latest in rain coats is the pure white one. It is made of a spotless satin surfaced water proofed fabric that is very handsome in itself. It is one of the very new ones, it is loose and buttons all the way to the feet, with large pearl buttons.

Japanese Gods.

It is said that there are no fewer than 8,000,000 gods worshipped by the Japanese. Praying is made very easy. In the streets are tall posts, with prayers printed on them and with a small wheel attached. Any one passing by can give the wheel a turn, and that counts as a prayer. The people in the second largest of the 8,850 islands of which the empire is composed worship the bear and reverence the sun, moon, fire, wind and water.

MADNESS OF THE DESERT.

Effect of the Monotony of Silence Upon Human Beings.

"The silence of the desert has a maddening effect upon the human brain," said a traveler whose experiences are not often paralleled. "Monotony is more severe than anything else deriving its entire pain from mental effort. The monotony of silence is worse than any other kind.

"Take a man away from the hum of the work of men and send him out on the alkali deserts, and the deep silence becomes awful and is sometimes unbearable. All at once, without any previous symptom, some member of the party may stop suddenly, with a dazed look on his face and a wild expression in his eye. He is dangerous. His reason is torn in wild confusion. Anything or anybody familiar infuriates him.

"He must be disarmed and bound at once or he will deal death to the whole party. He is possessed of 'desert madness,' brought on by the monotony of silence. He suffers excruciating mental anguish. He needs to be relieved by being brought back to his accustomed surroundings.

"On this account men used to the desert refuse to go out with those with whom they are well acquainted. The mad man is not likely to attack a stranger. If there is no friend in the party his madness is likely to assert itself in running rather than in fighting. It is a fearful disease not yet understood."—Birmingham News.

FEMININE LANGUAGE.

An English Criticism of the Use of Words by Women.

You may talk to a woman for an hour or more and understand every word she says. Meat, bread, money, motor cars, drains, the ace of trumps—there is really no space at my disposal to give a list of the words that are common to both languages. In fact, most of the solid, concrete things of life may be left out of the question. It is the verbal mess beyond the concrete that the real misunderstanding arises. Take a couple of very common words used equally by both sexes. A man will say that so-and-so is a "nice" girl. I should know what he meant. A woman will reply that the girl is pretty, agreeable and all that sort of thing, but that she is "not quite nice." The two are using the same word to express different ideas, and they will never agree as to whether that girl is nice or otherwise until they can talk the same language. Again in the feminine dictionary the opposite of "nice" is "horrid." A man will talk of a "nice scoundrel" and a "horrid bore," and I can understand him. But when a woman tells me that a man is wealthy and clever and good looking—"but I'm sure he's horrid!"—she has dropped into her foreign language. I can only be sure that she does not mean what I mean when I speak of a "horrid girl."—London Outlook.

The Name Tibet.

Many forms of the name Tibet sprang from the Chinese T'ubar (fifth century) through the variations of Tuet, Toet, Tibet (1165), Tiet (1285), to Tibet (1720). The origin of the name has been variously accounted for, but the weight of historical evidence indicates that the word is derived from Tubat, a famous family name proper to several ancient Tartar dynasties, extensively used in the sense of "chief."

Hodgson asserts that before the arrival of Indian teachers the people had no name for themselves or their land, and though the present name is not, as some say, unknown in the country itself, the modern Tibetans call their lands Bod-pa and their land Bod-yul. Bod being a Buddhist appellation suggested by the Sanskrit bodhi, or bat, so working back to the Tartar name.—London Spectator.

Wood Pulp Paper.

Despite all man's ingenuity he has not yet been able to use wood pulp newspapers over again. After the daily is read and thrown aside it is useless for the press again. Instead, the junkman carries it off and disposes of it in various ways. Waste paper, for instance, is steamed, washed and pressed into a sort of wood, which is used for floors. By the addition of a little clay the surface can be made smooth enough to resemble metal. Under pressure paper is also turned into car wheels, buckets, plates, penholders, paperweights and statuary. The street fakir who wishes to sell you a Venus de Milo, which he assures you that you can drop and it "won't break any more," holds in his hand the combined product of a half dozen old newspapers.—New York Tribune.

Irish Nomenclature.

Irish names have often a knack of being frankly pugnacious, so that even a peaceful lord chief justice has had to bear the inciting to murder sobriquet of Killowen. But the mountains from Lismore to Claghren, known as the Knockmadowen range are capable of an entirely pacific interpretation, for we commonly say we are knocked down all in a heap by this or that which takes us by surprise, and these mountains surprise all by their beauty. There is no lovelier sight in Ireland, and if an air of melancholy prevails it is because the scene is "somehow and by excess of serenity," to use a phrase of Henry James it would be difficult to better.—London Chronicle.

Eskimos' Appetites.

The Eskimos have enormous appetites. An arctic explorer relates that he saw a boy eat ten pounds of solid food and drink a gallon and a half of liquid with much gusto. This same explorer observed an adult eat ten pounds of meat and two cakes at a meal. Sir F. Phillips tells how a lad of seventeen years ate twenty-four pounds of beef in twenty-four hours.

Explained.

"Here is another example of faulty English," said the teacher of the class in rhetoric. "In this essay you have written 'her sight broke upon a landscape of entrancing loveliness.' How could any one's sight 'break upon' a landscape?"

"She might have dropped her eyes," finally ventured the young woman who had written the essay.—Chicago Tribune.