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A Moorish Wedding

[Original.]

In the city of Tangier there lived a young man, Hamet el Zagel. Hamet was the son of a wealthy father, well educated and possessed of a fair share of manly beauty. Tangier is built on a side hill overlooking the blue Mediterranean directly opposite Gibraltar. There are rows of guns with which to defend the town placed behind batteries on the hillside. One morning Hamet was walking along this fortification looking out upon the sea and the dock, at the end of which a European ship was being loaded with cattle. A rope was fastened around the horns of each and the poor beast drawn up the ship's side kicking and struggling. While Hamet was looking on a young girl came by, her face covered, as is the universal custom in Morocco, and also stood watching the raising of the cattle. The process seemed so cruel that the girl was visibly affected by it. Indeed, so indignant was she that she forgot to hold her head covering over her face, permitting it to fall upon her shoulders. Hamet saw a beautiful face full of sympathy and indignation, unconscious of its loveliness and that it was observed. If a Moor can love, and that at first sight, Hamet loved the girl before him. At any rate, he never forgot the picture of loveliness he was permitted to look upon, contrary to Moorish law. The girl turned and, seeing that her face was exposed to the gaze of a handsome young man looking at her with a lover's gaze, blushed, quickly covered up her face and went on. A moment later she was joined by an attendant and the two disappeared behind the hillside.

When we consider that the girl was affected similarly to the man we might expect the affair to terminate in a happy marriage. But in Morocco courtship is unknown, a betrothed pair never seeing each other till after they have been married.

Hamet was already embarked in the preliminaries of marriage. Negotiations were in progress for a union with the daughter of a wealthy man from the interior who had just settled in Tangier. Of course Hamet and the girl had never met and would not be permitted to meet till after marriage. Hamet had been satisfied until he had seen the girl on the fortress. After that his dissatisfaction was intense. As for the girl, one of her sisters had committed suicide rather than marry a man she had never seen, being in love with another. Hamet's fiancee was carefully watched by her parents for fear of a similar catastrophe, but as it did not appear that she had a lover it was assumed there would be no trouble. A contract of marriage was signed between Hamet el Zagel and Zoraga Hassan and preparations were made for the wedding.

Moorish brides are carried to their husbands at night. On the evening of Hamet's and Zoraga's marriage, it being a marriage in high life, the streets along which Zoraga is to be taken are crowded with people. Presently her father's slaves come along scattering sherbets, sweetmeats and coins. Then comes a fantastically dressed negress leading a white mule. On the mule's back is fixed a sort of cage. When the wedding procession reaches the house of the bride's father the negress takes the cage and carries it into the house. From within lamentations are heard, indicating that the bride is taking leave of those she has loved from infancy to go into the possession of a man she has never seen.

If Zoraga's costume indicated that she was a bride, her countenance did not. In her eye was a faraway look, a look of regret. She reminded those about her of a maiden going to the sacrifice. Her mother looked at her wistfully, anxiously, and asked her to say if there was any one she loved. The loss of one daughter admonished the parent that she might lose another from the same cause. But Zoraga made no reply to the question. She clung about her mother's neck till her father reminded her that her husband was waiting.

On the street the old woman reappeared, staggering under the weight of the box which now contained the bride. Box and bride were placed on the mule, and the negress led them. Heralded by music, friends coming out of houses to offer congratulations, they at last came to the house of the groom. Here the woman took the bride from the box, smoothed her dress and led her into the house. Bidding her goodby, the nurse left the room to the mother-in-law, who approached to have a look at her son's wife.

Considering that Zoraga's sister had taken her life rather than be the wife of a man she did not love, this bride's parents were remiss in not searching her before she left her home. Her nurse had scarcely left her when she drew a little curved knife, a miniature scimiter, from her bosom and was about to plunge it into her breast when her mother-in-law caught her arm and took the knife away from her.

There was nothing now to do but meet the groom. As the mother left the room he entered. Zoraga, according to custom, threw herself at his feet. She did not look up at him, for she did not wish to see him. He raised her with trembling hands and averted eyes, thinking of the girl he loved.

Suddenly their eyes met. Both started. A flood of joy welled in the heart of each, appearing on Hamet's face in every feature, on Zoraga's in a blush mingled with delight. Hamet saw the girl he had seen on the fortress; Zoraga saw the man who had then and there won her heart with a single look.

WILLARD C. IRVING.

TRUE AS STEEL

Just as I was retiring to rest one evening there came to my registry office door a gentle, unobtrusive knock. When my assistant answered the knock and ushered in a poor, bedraggled looking creature, therefore, I was not surprised.

But I certainly was astonished when the broken down looking woman asked me to obtain a situation for her as general servant.

"Have you any references?" I queried.

"No, ma'am, I am sorry to say, I have not."

"Where do you come from and what is your name?"

"I have just come out of—jail. My name is Grace Campion.

"About five years ago," she said, "I took a situation as general servant in the household of the postmaster of ——. The family consisted of my employer, his wife, son and two daughters.

"The postmaster was very fond of company, and every evening at 6 o'clock he went out for a brisk walk, which generally ended at a certain noted suburban hotel. He always returned in time to get off the heavy post and then went out again to the Golden Ball hotel, adjacent, for the remainder of the evening.

"When there was a crush in the postoffice I was called in to help, and, being trustworthy, the money drawers were always open to me.

"Stanley Gore, my employer's son, began to follow his father's footsteps, sadly too soon. His father kept him moderately well supplied with pocket money, but still Stanley often used to borrow a few pounds from me on one pretense or another.

"He generally paid me back again with great promptitude. Whether he meant anything or not, he was very handy with his compliments, and from these we got to kisses.

"Stanley one day spoke to me on the subject of marriage. After some delay I accepted him. His father, when he heard of the engagement, while he received the announcement coldly, raised no barrier.

"Just about this time a curious thing took place in the postoffice. There was something wrong with the cash. A test letter containing marked coins had been sent by a departmental detective, and it had not arrived at its destination. Indeed it had never passed through our office, although the reception of it had been traced to the hands of Stanley Gore.

"I overheard the detective declare that he had a search warrant and that he should forthwith proceed to put it into execution. I almost flew upstairs to his room, and in less time than it takes to tell I found convincing proofs of his guilt. With the intention of destroying the telltale letters I was rushing down into the kitchen with them in my hands when who should meet me on his way to Stanley's room but the detective.

The officer recognized the test letter at a glance and by a quick movement on his part snatched it from me. Before I could recover from my surprise he had my arms pinioned in such a way that I was entirely in his power.

"For Stanley's sake I went quietly with him. When outside he called a cab, and in a few minutes afterward I found myself in a cell at the police office.

"Next morning, when the newspapers, whose reporters had picked up the information at the police office, gave full particulars of the robbery and arrest, public opinion was very much divided on the subject. Some people believed I was guilty, and others inclined to a contrary opinion.

"All doubts were, however, set at rest when I pleaded guilty to stealing the letter and its contents. The other charges were then dropped.

"The Gores took no notice of me, fully believing I was the base woman I had pleaded guilty to being. The day I was sentenced, however, just as the warden in charge was asking me to step down from the dock, I looked round and saw among the crowd in the court the agonized face of Stanley Gore.

"Soon afterward Stanley disappeared after giving formal notice of his intention and making all arrangements to go abroad. He has not been heard of since.

"His family will have nothing to do with me, although I told his father privately the real history of the robbery. He simply said I was lying and that Stanley had left home through being disappointed in not obtaining the hand of a certain manufacturer's daughter, who had, in fact, married a near friend of his.

"Now, then, after hearing my story, will you try to obtain a situation for me?"

"Yes, I will, for somehow or other the conviction forces itself on me that you are telling me the truth."

One day a retired farmer who wanted a housekeeper owing to the death of his wife agreed to take Grace at a small wage. My common sense told me that a woman who could sacrifice so much on the altar of love must be a good and trustworthy sort of person. I was not deceived.

There was a great surprise in store one day when, about two years after Grace had become housekeeper, she invited me to her marriage with her employer. The couple were very happy together, and many a day have I spent in the country since at their joint invitation.

Some time afterward I had a letter from Grace saying that she had received a communication from a solicitor in Canada who had obtained her name and address from the postmaster to say that Stanley Gore had willed the sum of $25,000 to her for her sole use and that he had made a full confession of his crime, which was duly attested.

In Struggling Cuba

[Original.]

During the Cuban revolution all my father's family except myself were strong supporters of the Spanish government. Indeed, my father, Senor Emilio Cardenas, was so open in his advocacy of the Spanish cause that the revolutionists vowed in case they ever came into possession of his hacienda they would burn the buildings. It was a sad day when I bade goodby to my mother to join the Cuban rabble that called themselves an army. The saddest parting of all was with Senorita Margarita Echarte, the governess of my little brothers and sisters. Margarita had descended from an excellent Spanish family, but they had become impoverished, and she was therefore obliged to earn her own living. She was a girl of strong character and at the same time of an amiable disposition. We had long been secret lovers, but our relation had only been discovered the day before my departure. Indeed, my going was all that saved Margarita from being turned out upon the world, for my parents had no thought of my marrying a penniless girl.

A great change came over the cause of free Cuba when the American troops came to help us, or, rather, to take the burden from our shoulders. At the time of their arrival I was in western Cuba and was glad when we started to join them near Santiago, for it was in that province that my father's hacienda lay, and I was anxious to get a glimpse of Margarita. We were marching one morning southeastward within a few miles of my home. Every turn in the road, every wood, every house, was familiar to me, and I counted the miles till I should come to the dear old place.

On reaching a point half a mile distant I descried a camp which from its unmilitary appearance I knew to be occupied by my comrades. We drew nearer to my old home. At the gateway I left the ranks and went up to the house, which I was pleased to see was still standing. As I mounted the steps, who should come out of the door but Margarita, but what astonished me was that she was handsomely dressed in my sister's clothes and moved as if she were mistress of the hacienda.

"Margarita!" I exclaimed.

She put her finger to her lip to impose silence. Then she looked about, and, seeing no one within hearing distance, she said in a low voice:

"The Cubans and Americans came near together, the Cubans first. We feared only the former and had no confidence in the Americans keeping them from wreaking vengeance upon us. Your father fled, and the rest of the family are concealed in the garret."

"Not a safe place," I remarked, "if they had burned the house."

"We had no time to concoct plans. When the Cuban troops came in below the family rushed upstairs and locked themselves in. I lingered and when an officer—he proved to be the commander—came up and asked for the people belonging to the place I thought it best to put on a bold front. 'I am Senorita Cardenas,' I said, with all the dignity I could assume. 'The others of the family are away. What means this intrusion?'

"'Pardon me, senorita. If this is the Cardenas property my orders are to burn it.'

"'Whose orders?'

"He winced at this and, being ashamed of playing the vandal, told me that he would do all in his power to save the property. Since then I have been playing a part. To carry out my character as your sister I am wearing her dresses and conducting myself as mistress of the house."

At that moment a young Cuban officer came up the steps, and, seeing me talking with Margarita, glared at me.

"Colonel Ferrares," said Margarita, "this is Captain Cardenas."

"Captain Cardenas? Your brother?"

"Of course," stammered Margarita, coloring.

"Captain, I am delighted to see you," said the colonel, turning from frowns to smiles. "I have desired to meet some of your family for an important purpose. I humbly ask your sister's hand."

Margarita turned red as a rose. I turned scarlet from anger. Then, upon second thought, it occurred to me that she might have been encouraging the man to protect the family and the property.

"Colonel," I said, "the lady has been obliged to prevaricate, no doubt to save these premises. She is not my sister. She is my betrothed. If, however, she prefers you to me, I will resign her to you. It is for her to choose."

It flashed over him that he had been deceived, and his vindictive feelings got the better of him.

"I shall carry out my orders," he hissed.

"You will carry out no orders to the injury of this family. My regiment has just marched by, and I can recall it in a moment. I will trouble you to vacate the premises."

He half drew his revolver, but suddenly becoming ashamed of his action put it back, raised his hat deferentially to Margarita and went away.

Margarita and I went upstairs, and when the family saw me and knew they had the protection of a Cuban officer they fell upon my neck. They realized also that they were under a far greater obligation to Margarita, who had saved the property. My mother embraced her and told her and me that she would do all in her power to induce my father to give his consent to our union. In this she succeeded, and when Cuba became free we were bound in wedlock's chains.

WENDELL C. M'LEAN.

CAME ALL THE WAY FROM KIEV ALONE

Brave Little Russian Refugee at Last Reaches a Country Where There Are No Cossacks.

Seldom have the immigrant inspectors at Ellis Island listened to a more interesting tale of juvenile courage, hardship and adventure than that told by Joine Chawin, a nine-year-old Russian boy, who made his way alone from Kiev to Rotterdam, where he stowed away on the Holland-American liner New Amsterdam.

The boy said he was awakened in the night by the sound of rifle shots and people screaming, "The Cossacks, flee for your lives."

"My father and I were alone in the house," he said. "We rushed into the street. It was full of soldiers striking at people with their swords and firing off their pistols. One of them shot my father. He fell dead at my feet. I turned and ran, expecting to be shot too. I ran until I got out of the town, and then I hid in a ditch and waited for it to grow light. When day came I was afraid to go back to the city. At last I made up my mind what to do. I would go to America, where my Aunt Jennie lived. I did not know how far it was, but I was sure I could get there if the soldiers didn't kill me."

And so with a stout heart and trust in his sturdy legs little Joine started on his 700 mile journey to the coast. Everywhere he found people only too glad to help him on his way. One look at the handsome, manly looking little lad was enough to make every one he met his friend. In whatever village he came to he found a ready hospitality. In Russia he had only to tell his story to excite the warmest pity and sympathy. People with whom he stayed in one town gave him letters to friends in the next, an endless chain, as it were, of introductions which never failed to procure the plucky little refugee food and lodging.

A great part of the way he walked, but more often than not some one passing in a carriage or wagon would give him a lift.

On the ship coming over he won the hearts of all the steerage, and many inquiries were made by the cabin passengers as to who the handsome little lad with the black hair was.

When Joine was taken with the other immigrants to Ellis Island Commissioner Watchorn, who was greatly attracted by the boy, wrote to the address Joine gave him at 157 East Ninety-ninth street, and Mrs. Jennie Bagrad, the boy's aunt, went to get him.

The Logan Stone of Land's End.

The most celebrated rocking stone in England is that known as the Logan, Loggan or Logging stone. It is situated on the summit of a bold promontory of granite about eleven miles from Land's End, in Mount's bay, Cornwall. It is estimated to weigh about ninety tons. Yet it is so nicely balanced that a child can move it with one hand. The pivot upon which the stone rests is a small, hard protrusion, on all sides of which the whole surrounding surface has worn away, leaving the enormous bowlder standing upon a narrow neck so exactly and evenly poised that a touch sets the whole mass to rocking. In the legendary lore of Penzance there is a prophecy to the effect that the Logan stone will stand until the day of the end of the world, when it will fall of its own accord just before and as a token of the ending of all earthly things. Several years ago a young English lieutenant, who did not believe in prophecies, hired a force of men, who repaired to the spot and with ropes, crowbars and levers threw the great stone from its pinnacle. When the authorities heard of the destruction of the old landmark they forced the young officer at great expense to replace the stone just as he had found it. Some claim that the poise is not so equal now as it was before the incident just related.—Farringates.

"I always said Bumpave was nearsighted."

"How's that?"

"Oh, he can't even recognize his own obligations."

Mathematical.

Teacher—Now, Jane, how many is 3 × 1? Jane—Five. Teacher—No; 3 × 1 = 4. Jane—Aw, g'wan! 2 × 2 = 4.

Joy never feasts so high as when the first course is misery.—Simmons.

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