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Marooned In London.

By FRANK CLIFTON.

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"I'm sorry, miss," said the agent politely, "but there is not even a berth left."

"Perhaps I might get in the second cabin," suggested Madge, with a sudden accession of hope. The agent smiled.

"There are more persons going back second cabin than there are who want firsts," he explained. "You see, lots of those who come over first cabin only have enough for the second cabin on the way home. Some of them discount their return ticket for the little extra money they can get that way. Of course some one might decide not to go at the last moment, but there are 137 applications in ahead of yours, and there would have to be 138 passengers not going before I could fix you up on that boat."

"But the next?" she persisted.

"Just as bad, if not worse. I am afraid that I shall not be able to book you before the end of next month."

With a sigh, Madge turned away from the counter. She had lingered on in Europe after the rest of her original party had returned. She had joined the Worthingtons after that, but now they were starting for the Nile trip, and it was important that she should get home. There had been no hope of obtaining passage on the French and Hamburg liners, and she had run over to London supposing that there would be a better opportunity.

But everywhere the same story was told. The rush of westbound traffic was unexpectedly heavy and there would be no chance for a stateroom for weeks to come. Aunt Clara was fretting at the delay, her father had written her that he was not well and he wished her to return at once, and yet they would probably be forced to remain in London for five or six weeks.

Madge always thought better when she walked, so she dismissed her cab and started to walk back to the Cecil. The busy London streets quickened

"ISN'T THAT THE RICHEST JOKE?" HE CHUCKLED.

her thoughts, but these only served to show how unpleasant was her situation. It was a very blue face that crossed Tom Manning's line of vision.

"Miss Howard!" he cried, starting forward. "This is indeed a surprise. I had supposed that you returned long ago."

"Returned," she laughed dismally. "Why, we are marooned here. We cannot get a berth for love or money."

"If misery loves company you have lots of it," he laughed. "Let's go and have some lunch. That may cheer you up a little. I'll telephone Mrs. Twomey."

Madge nodded gratefully. She had always liked Tom Manning, and they turned their steps toward the Carleton. She waited while he went off to telephone her aunt.

He ordered a capital lunch, for he had a rare sense of gastronomic proportions, and she really enjoyed the dainty meal, though she caught herself wondering how much more glad she would have been had it been Frank Roper whom she had encountered. He was a business man, where Tom was a mere society butterfly. Frank could have found some way of getting her out of the trouble; Tom was only a momentary diversion.

Almost as though in answer to her question Roper entered the dining room and came toward them. His alert bearing was in marked contrast to Manning's rather boyish pose, and yet somehow she did not feel so glad to see him as she had been to greet Tom.

He took a seat at their table in response to Manning's invitation and listened gravely to her recital of her troubles.

"I regret that I cannot be of assistance," he said when she had concluded. "I made every endeavor yesterday to arrange a similar matter for the relatives of some business friends, and the case is hopeless. Even the freighters are booked far ahead."

"Then you are marooned, too," she laughed gleefully.

"I never permit such a situation," he said complacently. "My interests are too large to admit of a delay. My room was booked before I came over I am going day after tomorrow."

"I guess we exiles shall have to charter a steamer," laughed Manning. "If you are done, Miss Howard, shall we go?"

She left the table with relief. Somehow Roper's attitude of complacent satisfaction was positively hateful. She had always liked him before. Down in her heart of hearts she had vacillated between the two men ever since her coming out ball. Her preference had been for Roper until now, but at present Tom's mercurial temperament suited her mood better, and she was glad that she had met him first.

"Since Frank has refused the request, may I take it up?" he asked as they parted at the hotel. "I may be able to sandbag some unwary tourist and take his stateroom from him."

"If you only could!" she cried impulsively. "Father is in poor health, and I am so anxious to get to him."

"Can you sail at once?" he asked.

"I'd like to go this minute," she cried.

"Consider it done," he said, with mock dramatics. "I will work the sandbag persuasion this very day."

Madge went upstairs oddly comforted by the assurance, though her sense told her that Manning could not succeed where Roper with his influence had failed.

It was with misgiving that she opened the note he sent her that evening, but a delighted cry escaped her when a ticket fell out. She let it flutter to the floor when she read the letter. It ran:

Dear Miss Howard—I am called out of town and am mailing these to you. You can fix it up when I see you in New York. Hope you will have a pleasant passage. With regards to your aunt and yourself, THE SANDBAGGER.

Roper called that evening to explain that he had heard of a berth that she might obtain four weeks later and seemed much relieved to find that she had been provided for.

"I should have offered you my room," he said, "had it not been that it was imperative that I should be in town next week. We shall be fellow passengers."

Madge could not arouse great enthusiasm over this fact. A few weeks before she would have been glad. But since the luncheon she had changed. It was unreasonable to expect him to give up his stateroom, yet the complacent way in which he had dismissed that possibility had irritated her.

It was not as pleasant a trip as Roper anticipated. Madge was pleasant, but there was no chance to get a chat with her, and they were nearing home before the opportunity came to put his fate to the test.

He had regarded her acceptance as a matter of course, and her prompt and emphatic negative put him out of sorts with himself. He did not come near her again until they lay off quarantine and the steerage passengers were being transferred to the Ellis island boat.

The cabin passengers were hanging over the rail watching the odd characters as they trooped on board the little steamer. Roper leaned on the rail beside Madge.

Suddenly he grasped her arm and pointed to the gangway. "Isn't that the richest joke?" he chuckled. "There goes Manning. He probably got strapped and came over steerage because it was the best he could afford. This is rich."

In a flash Madge solved the situation.

"I am afraid," she said, "that we are occupying Mr. Manning's stateroom. That is probably his reason for coming third class. He knew how anxious I was to get home, and that is the way he solved the problem. Had I known I should never have consented."

Roper's mirth changed to a sickly smile. "I congratulate—Mr. Manning," he said as he turned away.

That evening Manning presented himself at the Howards' in response to Madge's note. "I was going to arrive officially in a couple of weeks from now," he explained sheepishly. "I did not want to see you two left alone in London, and I had to get back on a big deal I was working. I'm sorry you saw me, though."

"I'm not," she said decidedly. "I used to think you were just a society butterfly, and I'm glad to know differently."

"Oh, I work," he said lightly. "Only I don't bring my business to 5 o'clock teas, and I rather like the teas—that's all."

"Just—the teas?" asked Madge meaningly.

"Do you mean"— he stammered.

"Yes," said Madge. "Since you are afraid to appear to take advantage of your action I suppose I shall have to force you to propose."

"It won't take much forcing," he laughed. "Will you?"

"Gladly," said Madge.

A Profitable Inheritance.

The boatman, stolidly bending to his oars, looked up quickly and said, "Illustrissimo, my grandfather was the boatman of the Signor Shelley, drowned in this bay." Saying Shelley's name, he lifted his hat as if he had mentioned one of the saints.

The quick mist of emotion rose to Carducci's eyes at the boatman's simple gesture of reverence. "I salute thee, my friend," he said, stretching out his hand. The rower drew in his oars and, bending forward, shook hands with Carducci, then rowed quietly on, driving out into the blue waters.

I have since been told—but I refuse to believe it—that every boatman in Spezia tells the same grandfather story when Shelley's name is mentioned by visitors to the bay. "It is our little story for the English," they say, with a gleaming, irresponsible smile. "They like it much. It is worth a lira or two lira—sometimes five." In our case, I remember, it was worth five and a clasp of Carducci's hand.—Fortnightly Review.

A Quick Cure

[Original.]

Mrs. McGinnis was not expected to live through the day. For a year she had been an inmate of St. Luke's hospital, gradually growing worse till at last she had been given up by the house physician, and now he pronounced the end very near.

"Has she any relatives?" asked the physician.

"She's married and has children."

"Well, notify the husband."

Now, it so happened that Pat McGinnis, having to work hard all day, with no one to take care of four young children during his absence, had called in a comely young woman for housekeeper and nurse. It was not long before Miss Mulcahy, who occupied the position, had drawn a promise from Pat that after his wife's death he would marry her. Mrs. McGinnis was well acquainted with Miss Mulcahy, but did not know that she had been installed in her place as housekeeper and had been promised that when it should be possible she would be installed as wife and stepmother. Pat in his visits to the hospital had been warned by the doctor not to say anything to his wife calculated to worry her. Since this accorded very well with his inclinations, he had refrained from doing so.

On the day Pat was summoned to the bedside of his dying wife he had taken a half holiday to go shopping with Miss Mulcahy, who, it having been reported to her that Mrs. McGinnis could not last long, was quietly picking up a trousseau. He took his conditional fiancee with him to the hospital to wait in the reception room while he bid his wife a last farewell, after which they were to continue their shopping. Mrs. McGinnis was lying in a ward on the ground floor, from which she had a fine view of the approach to the hospital. She saw her husband coming in with Miss Mulcahy, and it was a revelation to her. A man, whose intuitions in such matters are sluggish, would likely have died before the revelation had broken in on his stupid brain. Not so Mrs. McGinnis.

The story of her husband's relations with Miss Mulcahy was not only as plain to her the moment she saw them coming in together as it has been recorded here, but a great deal plainer. Indeed, her mind shot out little radiations of intelligence, giving her minute pictures which have been necessarily omitted in this bald statement of facts. When Pat entered the ward and was conducted to the bedside of his wife his face wore a very solemn aspect. Nor was it assumed. Mrs. McGinnis was the mother of his children and had been a good wife to him till disease deprived him and them of her attention. Indeed, he felt so deeply that it was not easy to open a conversation. She spared him the trouble. There were a flash in her eyes and a drawing down at the corners of her mouth not at all becoming to one about to enter paradise. Instead of lying on her back she raised herself and supported herself by an elbow.

"Pat," she said, "y'er a good man. Y' never lied to me. Now tell me who's been tendin' the childer'?"

"I got Mary Mulcahy to do it."

"And who's goin' to do it when I'm gone?"

"I suppose she'll stay on."

"What y' been doin' with her this afternoon?"

Pat started.

"Don't lie to me, Pat. Y' niver did it, and y' niver'll do it unless some woman persuades y'. What y' been doin'?"

"Mary was doin' some shoppin'."

"And what's Mary's shoppin' to you?"

Pat stood stolidly silent. His eyes rolled everywhere; his tongue moved not.

"D'y' think the banns 'll be published next Sunday?" asked his wife.

Still Pat was silent. His thoughts were tumultuous.

"And the weddin' the day after the last banns?"

Pat signified his distress by changing the leg that supported the principal part of his weight.

"Have y' said anything about this at confession?"

"Niver a worrd. But how did y' know 't all?"

"Pat, you go right out and sind that woman away and don't y' let her go back to my place. Tell her Ol'll be there the night mesel'."

"Howly mother!" exclaimed Pat, crossing himself.

"Sind her away, I say."

Pat went out and told Miss Mulcahy that his wife had gained a supernatural knowledge of their intention, warning her not to go to his house, since his wife had threatened to be there in ghostly form. Miss Mulcahy made a hasty departure, and Pat compelled his rebellious legs to take him back to his legitimate partner.

"Has she gone?" asked Mrs. McGinnis.

"Yes."

"Now, go get a hack."

"For the love o' heaven, Bridget, what y' goin' to do?"

"Goin' home to the childer'. D'ye suppose Ol'm goin' to die an' l'ave 'em to the mercy o' that hussy, who can't wait till Ol'm dead before prepartin' to take me place?"

Within an hour the patient was driving up to her own domicile, into which she walked, and she has long ago completely recovered her health. The case is noted in the medical books as one especially illustrating the influence of the mind over the body.

F. A. MITCHEL.

PHONETIC VARIATIONS.

How They Broke Up Latin Into the Romance Languages.

What led to the breakup of Latin into the various romance languages of the Mediterranean basin? Simply the fact that in centuries of almost universal illiteracy there was no check upon the phonetic variation which is always going on in every language, but which was in this case hastened no doubt by the frequent irruptions into the Roman empire of barbarian invaders and settlers. The standard language existed, indeed, but was inaccessible either to the ear or to the eye of the vast majority of men. Pronunciation, then, shifted from decade to decade and took a different trend in every geographical section of the Latin speaking world. Slovenlinesses and corruptions entirely supplanted standard forms the very existence of which was forgotten, and it was only when the vernacular literature arose to give relative fixity to a certain number of the innumerable dialects that the process of degeneration was checked. But to give every man the means and to concede to him the right of spelling exactly as he pronounces would be to remove the checks on degradation as completely as if he neither wrote nor spelled at all. Phonetic individualism would presently result in a state of sheer linguistic deliquescence.

This, of course, is an absolutely unthinkable eventuality. Even if a truly phonetic system could be introduced it would be impossible for every parish or every country to have its own literature and its own transcription of the English classics. Linguistic crystallization would take place over larger or smaller areas. We might have, perhaps, five languages in Great Britain—the languages of Wessex, of East Anglia, of Mercia, of Northumbria and of Caledonia. But each of these languages would represent a compromise between various subdialects and would be, in fact, an only quasi phonetic standard language. And if any one imagines that the Bible or Shakespeare spelled quasi phonetically for the use of the west of England could be read without difficulty and disgust by a Yorkshireman or a Scot, not to mention a Californian or a Queenslander, all I can say is that he imagines a vain thing.

The other day in a Scotch railway train I listened to a conversation between a cockney of the shopman class and a Perthshire grazier or gamekeeper. They had quite amazing difficulty in understanding each other. Not a single vowel sound did they produce alike, and it seemed evident to me that the process by which they did arrive at mutual comprehension was a speculative mental translation, often very slow, of the spoken into the printed word. Thus the visual word "game" formed a sort of bridge or halfway house between the cockney's "gyme" and the Scotchman's "gaame."—Fortnightly Review.

A Dazzling Prospect.

A poor Mexican laborer who chanced upon pay ore returned after his fortunate find to the doorway of his miserable hovel and sat down to enjoy at leisure the prospect of riches. At first, he confided afterward to his old employer, his thoughts were hardly thought at all; they were a vague, delicious golden vision in which details were ignored. After a time, however, it occurred to him that he might as well make up his mind definitely what he would do with his money when he got it. He could decide upon but one thing, but with that he was quite contented. Screens in that region were unknown and insects troublesome, but he had heard of a remedy. He would apply it freely where it was most needed.

"When I get my money," he told himself proudly, "I will go to the store and spend it. I will spend generously. I shall have no need to be mean. I will buy fly paper—good sticky fly paper. Sheets and sheets of it will I buy. Then I will return to my house and paper the walls with it, and I shall be no more troubled with flies. Ah, saints, but it is indeed a noble thing to be the owner of a gold mine!"

Profitable Bouquet Sending.

A Russian grand duke, finding himself with a few days to spare in Paris, went one evening to the theater and, being a person of importance, thought himself bound to send a bouquet to the principal actress. A month afterward, being in the same apartments, his servant announced that a lady wished to see him. Going to the room, he found an unknown lady before him.

"I am afraid your highness does not recognize me," she said. "I am Mariquita, an actress, and I have come to thank you for your numerous kind attentions."

"I recognize you now, madame," replied the duke, "but I think you are mistaken. I only sent you one bouquet."

"But it was your servant who brought them each evening," she said.

Accordingly the servant was called, and eventually, with much confusion, he said to his master:

"When I took the first bouquet, your highness, the lady gave me a tip of 5 francs, and as the bouquet cost only 40 sous I made 3 francs over it. So I repeated the performance, with the same result each time. I pray your highness' pardon."

Lucky Dog.

Benevolent Lady—But, my poor man, if you have been looking for work all these years, why is it that you have never found any?

Tramp (confidentially)—It's luck, mum; just sheer good luck.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.

Reduced Round Trip Excursion Rates To Pacific Coast in 1907.

During the summer season of 1907 reduced round trip excursion rates will be in effect from The East to the Pacific coast, Montana, British Columbia and Arizona points.

Rates from Chicago, via. direct lines to North Pacific coast points will be $75, and from Missouri river common points, Council bluffs to Kansas city inclusive, and St. Paul and Minneapolis, rates will be $60. St. Louis, Denver, Colorado springs and Pueblo $50. Rates to Spokane and points effected, will be $5 less than to the coast. Rates one way, via. California, will be $13.50 higher than those above mentioned. Tickets will be on sale daily, June 1st to Sept. 15th, with final return limit of October 31st.

Account of 23d International Ch Endeavor convention Seattle, July 10-15; Convention of Baptist YPU Spokane, July 4-7; Grand lodge of IOGT Seattle, July 16-22; rate of one lowest normal 1st class limited fare for round trip for direct routing with $12.50 additional one way through California, has been named to North Pacific coast points and Spokane from Chicago, St. Louis, Missouri river and Colorado points. Sale dates east of Colorado points, June 20th to July 12th, west, June 21st to July 13th, final return limit Sept. 15th.

Account of Mystic Shrine convention Los Angeles, May 9-11, and conference of German Baptist Br. Los Angeles or Long Beach, May 16-23; and National Eclectic Med. Association Long Beach, June 18-23, one lowest 1st class fare for the round trip has been authorized to Los Angeles and San Francisco with $12.50 additional for tickets routed one way, via. Portland. Sale dates, Mystic Shrine and German Baptists April 26th to May 19th final return limit July 31st, and for NEM association, sales dates June 8th to 15, with final return limit August 21st.

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