

...her hand and tried—but no, I could not say 'twas better; I could not say, dear heart, sign—O Father, what if it were not!—
—Kathleen Kavanaugh in New Orleans Pleasure.

THE SMUGGLER.

In 1834, when I was yet a youngster before the mast, I took a trip to Tampico in a little trading schooner called the Ella, commanded by a jolly skipper from Florida, one Nat Martin, a dark-skinned Spanish creole, who, "for short," was always called by his friends "Nig." The schooner generally carried out her dry goods and provisions on her owner's account, but I always had an idea that she "toned" more than her register made her responsible for.

We were only nine days in our run from New York out to the mouth of Tampico river, and about noon on the tenth day we stretched in over the bar with a leading wind that would easily have carried us with a flowing sheet up to the town, which was nearly twelve miles above; but, for reasons best known to himself, the captain anchored as soon as we passed the fort and rounded Point Tampico, just above and out of the teeth of its guns.

The revenue boat from the guarda costa came on board before our sails were furled, and the custom house officers overhauled our papers and manifest. They seemed a little suspicious, and one of the officers was left on board to watch us, while the rest went on board their own craft, which lay nearly half a mile farther down the river, under the guns of the fort.

As soon as dinner was ready the captain invited the revenue officer down in the cabin to dine with him, and as they went below the former winked his large, laughing blue eyes at the mate, and I knew well there was fun in the wind.

As soon as the captain and Mexican had got below, the mate slipped into the small boat and sculled ashore. In the meantime, I could tell by the lively voices in the cabin that the officer and captain were getting along very well together, and once in a while the tinkle of meeting glasses and a jolly song spoke of a "spirit potential" that was playing upon the hearts and senses of both parties.

At last, a little after dark, with a real Havana in each of their mouths, they came on deck, the skipper and the watcher. Both were decidedly and equivocally drunk; if one might judge from their walk and conversation; but I could see at a single glance that the captain was shamming, although the "spiritual reality" was visible in the Mexican. He seemed, however, to retain some notions of his duty and to know that, as night was over us, if we intended to smuggle it was necessary for him to keep his eyes open. So he seated himself on the taffail with an air of drunken dignity, and as he hummed a Spanish barcarolle, kept watch over the movements of the crew about the deck, glancing now and then up and down the still river.

As the night advanced I saw that Captain Martin began to look uneasy and anxious, although he pretended to be even more drunk than his guest and spy.

At last, when it was near midnight, the Mexican became less frequent in his matches of song, and the "liquor drowse" seemed to be coming over him.

Captain Martin now lay down beside the Mexican and pretended to fall into a sound sleep, attesting the same by a long, loud and regular snoring. This threw the Mexican completely off his guard, and wrapping a watch coat closer around him he allowed suit, and then the twain seemed to be trying which could snore the loudest.

When the senior Mexican had got fairly under way the captain arose lightly from the deck, and passing forward took a lantern from the binnacle and held it for a minute over the bows. Presently he saw several dark objects coming from under the shadow of the land, and in a few moments more six large, five canoes were alongside of us.

In the meantime a merchant, whom I well knew to belong to one of the first houses in Tampico. The boat came noiselessly alongside and their crew crept stealthily aboard. Without a sound the hatches were raised and package after package rich dry goods was passed up from the hold and over the side into the boats.

of sight instantly, could hear him splashing and gasping in the water and trying to shout. Then all was still again. We knew not whether he had sunk or gained the shore, nor, to tell the truth, did we care much.

"Bear a hand, boys!" said the captain: "tumble in these packages; get

the rest of the goods into the boats and let them get ashore. If that dago has not drunk too much water, he may give us some trouble about this matter yet."

In a few moments the last package to be smuggled was passed into the boats, the "patron" who had made the purchase counted out the pay in doubloons, the canoes pushed off and soon vanished up the river. In a few moments our hatches were replaced, the deck cleared up as before and the crew retired to their berths with orders to be sound asleep and not to wake up on any account.

All this was scarcely arranged, when the dash of oars coming hastily up the river was heard, and in another moment an armed boat from the guarda costa was alongside. At the first sound of the approaching boat Captain Martin had laid down where he first pretended to go to sleep and he was now snoring louder than ever. Even the curses, many, loud and deep, of the Mexicans failed to arouse him from his deep slumber.

The officer who had been thrown overboard, still dripping from his involuntary bath, rushed aft and with no gentle means tried to arouse the sleeper. At last he yawned and scratched his head and coolly asked what was the matter and what was wanted. Then came a scene!

All the Mexicans, cursing and swearing and threatening and carradoing at once, pointing to the officer who had been taking a midnight swim all alone to himself, who, with a voice louder than all the rest, swore that he would have drowned if St. Antonio hadn't made the sentinel hear his voice aboard the guarda costa and caused them to send him a boat.

The captain could not be made to understand what was the matter, and when he was charged with having thrown the revenue officer overboard and with having smuggled goods alongside, he raised his hands in holy horror toward the stars and indignantly replied:

"It's all a contrived lie. Why," said he to the other officers of the guarda costa, "that gentleman dined with me, we drank pretty freely, and then came up from the cabin, when both of us lay down here to sleep. I did not wake up until now; he must have been dreaming and have fallen overboard in his sleep! You all saw that I was sound asleep when you came aboard, how then could I have thrown him overboard? The idea is absurd, nonsensical, the whole story improbable—yes, impossible—see, my hatches are all battened down, just as they were when you were on board when I came in from sea today; nothing has been moved; my crew are all asleep. He must have been dreaming, and while he dreamed of smugglers and the like of such he must have fallen overboard. He knows very well that he was as drunk as a lord."

The story of the captain was well conceived, and told with better effect among all the revenue officers, save the victim himself, who called upon every saint in the calendar to come down and swear that his story was true. But the perfect order and quietude of our vessel; the crew all sound asleep; the hatches all battened down, just as they were in the morning; the honest indignation of our sleepy captain, and the acknowledgment of the victim that he had been very drunk, compared badly with his own story, and the yarn of Captain Martin was believed. The soaked official was taken back to his own vessel, to be tried and punished for sleeping on his watch, while another officer was left in his place to keep us from smuggling. When daylight came we weighed anchor and sailed up to the town, where we honestly discharged the cargo per manifest, paying honorably all charges and duties thereon.—Ned Buntline in New York News.

The Way to Save.

"The way to get rich is to save money by regular system," said the president of a savings bank to the writer. "One of our depositors early in the existence of this institution was a newsboy. He sold papers on Pennsylvania avenue. Every day he came in and deposited two or three cents. He never missed a day. His bank was open, and after awhile he accumulated over a thousand dollars. He drew out the cash and of it with it. Now he



THE NEW COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

but also in the leadership of English fashion. It is difficult to know which of these two things affects more strongly the princess.

Then, too, Lady Brooke is a very brilliant woman. Her conversation is of the most sparkling brilliancy, and besides this it is marked by a freedom from conventionalities which horrifies the somewhat straitlaced princess, who has inherited all the love of etiquette of her mother, old Queen Louise of Denmark.

The Prince of Wales is most easily bored. The one thing of which he stands in the greatest dread is ennui, and if there is any one person more than another in England who is capable of driving dullness away it is the beautiful and witty Countess of Warwick.

The Prince of Wales has, during his married life of over a quarter of a century, had many of those flirtations which the French so appropriately term adventures, and on one memorable occasion he has even been brought into court as the correspondent in a divorce case. Notwithstanding this, and notwithstanding the fragrances of his liaisons both in England and on the continent, the princess has never condescended to manifest any signs of jealousy until the Countess of Warwick appeared upon the scene.

Should the queen die at the present moment and the prince ascend his mother's throne there is no doubt that the Countess of Warwick would become quite as important and as influential a personage in shaping the will of the monarch and the destinies of the nation as were the Marchioness Cunningham in the case of King George IV and the Duchess of Portsmouth in the case of King Charles II.

The friendship between the Prince of Wales and the Countess of Warwick dates from the period of her marriage in 1881. The latter took place in Westminster abbey, and was the only ceremony of the kind in which a son of the queen has acted the part of best man to a commoner, for such the present Earl of Warwick was at the time. The prince who officiated in this capacity was the youngest brother of the Prince of Wales, the late Duke of Albany, who was mentioned at one moment prior to her marriage as likely to become the Lady Frances Evelyn's husband.

The Prince of Wales likewise attended the marriage and was the first of all present to sign the register. It was a very notable function, for the bride was at the time the greatest heiress in London, having inherited the whole of the fortune of her enormously wealthy father, the Hon. Colonel Maynard, whose widow subsequently married the late Earl of Rosalyn.

Almost immediately after her marriage the countess—Lady Brooke, as she was then—began to assume a very prominent place among the leaders of society, and especially of that particular circle of the London great world which is known as the Marlborough House set, the one object of whose members is to amuse the prince, that constituting their particular form of loyalty.

The new countess is far more beautiful than even the best of her photographs make her appear. Her friends say that they have never yet seen a portrait that did her justice. With her wealth of chestnut brown hair, her violet blue eyes and her exquisite complexion, she has always seemed the perfection of fresh, delicate and lilylike English loveliness. In one thing, however, she is entirely un-English, and that is in her taste for dress. There are few women in London whose toilets are more perfect in every way and more in harmony with their wearer than those of the Countess of Warwick. She is one of the best whips in England and drives a four-in-hand, handling the ribbons in a delightful manner.

Good With Pork, Goose, Etc.

Sage and onion sauce gives the finishing touch to goose, and not infrequently it is liked with pork. Here is a recipe for it: Fry together for about a quarter of an hour, or till soft, 2 or 3 chopped onions and 2 ounces of butter (or less of clarified dripping), then season with salt and a teaspoonful of flour. Add 2 ounces white

She is doubtless a very strongly constituted. In fact, as a rule, hold in comparatively few of his admitted, act on principle. Woman is monogamous; fact male animals general monogamous. Monogamy is but a fancy for constancy, as polygamy stancy.

Whatever man may assert not believe that women, generally, are unstable. His attitude and conduct toward them demonstrate such was his conviction, he marry; he would not jeer, honor, his peace of mind, himself love. Marriage would, cease to be a custom; for majority, civilization, depend absolutely woman's fidelity to the matrimonial bond, not as a theory alone, but as a sacred truth. Man thinks, with that some, perhaps many, women disloyal. But it always seems to surprise him; it is different from his expectation, otherwise he would not raise such a clamor about it. The inconstancy of women generally is a conscious and shallow pretext, more so today than ever. Nature, society, science, law, men, all demand the exact contrary, and their demand is fully met.—Junius Henri Browne in Ladies' Home Journal.

Indians Going to Market.

A remarkable sight is a band of Canadian Indians going to a post with furs for barter. Though the bulk of these hunters fetch their quarry in the spring and early summer, some may come at any time. The procession may be only that of a family or of the two or more families that live together or as neighbors. The man, if there is but one group, is certain to be stalking ahead, carrying nothing but his gun. Then come the women, laden like packhorses. They may have a sled packed with the furs and drawn by a dog or two, and an extra dog may bear a balanced load on his back, but the squaw is certain to have a spine warping burden of meat and a battered kettle and a papoose, and whatever personal property of any and every sort she and her lodge lord own. Children who can walk have to do so, but it sometimes happens that a baby a year and a half or two years old is on her back, while a newborn infant, swaddled in blanket stuff and bagged and tied like a Bologna sausage, surmounts the load on the sled.

A more tatterdemalion outfit than a band of these paperized savages form it would be difficult to imagine. On the plains they will have horses dragging travois, dogs with travois, women and children loaded with impedimenta, a colt or two running loose, the lordly men riding free, straggling curs a-plenty, babies in arms, babies swaddled, and toddlers afoot, and the whole battalion presenting at its exposed points exhibits of torn blankets, raw meat, distorted pots and pans, tent, poles and rusty traps, in all eloquently suggestive of an eviction in the slums of a great city.—Julian Ralph in Harper's.

The Steamship of the Future.

As to the size of the steamship of the future, financial considerations must determine it. Any addition to size means greater displacement and greater power to get a high rate of speed. A small craft, similar perhaps to a torpedo boat of the Thornycroft or Yarrow build, would give results satisfactory at least on the debit side of the ledger. But what of the credit side, which, after all, is the more important in a merchant ship of the Atlantic greyhound type?

In the case of British ships there are only two sources of revenue—from passengers and for the transport of cargo and mails. In a vessel of the torpedo type there is not room for either. So also with high speed cruisers, where a very large proportion of the length, in some cases 40 per cent., is given up for machinery. Indeed, only in exceptional cases could a cruiser carry fuel to cross the Atlantic at full speed, and certainly no torpedo boat would essay to do so.

In the modern high speed passenger steamer the cargo capacity of the vessel is limited, and so valuable the precious cargo is carried at a pretty high rate.

An Artilleryman In Skirts.

The village of Southall was the scene of an incident the other day. A 3rd artilleryman who had exceeded his limit and had been classed as a deserter, had been arrested, was being conveyed and escort to the railway station en route to the military depot, when he suddenly bolted and quickly disappeared. For upward of an hour the sergeant and two privates scoured the neighborhood in search of their prisoner, but all in vain, and were making their way back to the station, when their attention was directed to what was apparently a closely veiled female of remarkable figure who was hurrying along a short distance ahead of them. The suspicion of the sergeant was at once aroused, and, ordering his men to "double" the escort, he pursued the "lady" as she was about to enter a meadow leading into the open air. The sergeant unconsciously stepped well, beneath which he discovered a well-tanned, the face of the deserter.

Facts About Caves.

Caves have in all ages excited the awe and admiration of man and have been the centers around which many queer legends and fictions. They were the abodes of the nymphs of Roman myth in Greece they were the early T. Pao, Bacchus, Pluto and the moon were also the places where famous were delivered.

Their names not infrequently survive of some superstitions of the earlier world, for example, "Dragon's" and "Devil's" are so numerous all over the world that they outnumber any other words which form a habit the forests, and localities still believed to be "cave elf's"—Philadelphia.

Starving and V.

A young English girl, of considerable amount of money, succeeded in ridding herself of it without following the regular way of getting it in the morning and taking fore breakfast.

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