

# MASTER OF THE MINE

By Robert Buchanan.

## CHAPTER III.

Madeline Graham faded at once and forever out of my boyish existence. I neither saw nor heard from her directly; but some months after her arrival in her distant home, there arrived a wonderful parcel, full of dried fruits, nuts and other foreign edibles, addressed, in the hand I knew, to "Master Hugh Trevelney," at Munster's. My schoolmates laughed wildly on its arrival. I distributed the more perishable fruits among them, reserving a very little for myself—for I had no heart to eat. I stored up many of the nuts in my trunk, till they were quite moldy and rotten. When I was obliged to throw them away, I seemed to cast away at the same moment all my hope of seeing my dear little love again.

I remained at Munster's until I was fourteen. In all these years I never forgot Madeline, never ceased to mention her name every night when I prayed by my bedside, never relinquished the thought of some day sailing across the ocean, and looking on the dear bright face again. I found myself reading imaginative books and writing verses—of which early compositions, be certain, Madeline was the chief and never-wearying theme.

I had taken tolerable advantage of Munster's tuition, and was sufficiently well grounded in the details of an ordinary English education. I had, moreover, a smattering of Latin, which, in my after struggle for subsistence, turned out very useful. I should have progressed still further under the care of my schoolmaster, but at this period one morning I received the startling intelligence that my father was dead, and that I was left alone in all the world.

Mrs. Munster came into my bedroom and handed me a packet with a crepe band on the left arm; she also pointed to a cap which she had brought in with her, and said:

"You must wear this one now, Hugh." I ventured to inquire whether I was to see my poor father in his coffin or to follow him to the grave. The tears came into the woman's eyes, and she took my hand.

"You will never see him again," she said; "never. He died in America, and was buried before we received the news. But you are a brave boy," she added, "and must not grieve."

"Mrs. Munster," I said, piteously, "what is to become of me?"

"I don't know, my dear," she replied; "your poor father has not left you a sixpence. . . . Hugh," she added, suddenly, "have you any relations?"

"No, I replied, "not one."

"No uncles, or aunts, or cousins?" persisted Mrs. Munster; when suddenly I exclaimed:

"Yes, Mrs. Munster; now I remember, I've got an aunt. At least I had an aunt; but she may be dead, like father."

"Let us hope not," said Mrs. Munster. "Well, my dear, tell me where she is to be found."

"I've heard father speak about her. She was my mother's sister, and her name is Martha Pendragon and she lives at St. Gurlott's, Cornwall."

"Mrs. Munster wrote it down."

"Mrs. Martha Pendragon, St. Gurlott's, Cornwall." It looks promising, as I dare say St. Gurlott's is a very small place. Make yourself as contented as you can for a few days, my dear. I will write to the lady and ask her what she means to do."

I could do nothing else but wait, and accordingly did so. At the end of four days I saw Mrs. Munster receive a letter, open it, read it and glance strangely at me.

"It is from your aunt, my dear," she said, "from your Aunt Martha."

I wanted to hear more, but Mrs. Munster again turned her attention to the letter. Presently her husband came into the room, and she handed him the letter. I saw him start at sight of it, read it twice, and then glance, as I thought, half pityingly at me.

"I suppose it's all right," he said, turning to his wife; "the boy must go."

"Well," she said to me, "I suppose your Aunt Martha is better than nobody, my dear—she seems a good-natured sort of person, and is quite willing to give you a home; but it seems a pity to take you from school before your education is complete, and if we could find another relation who would let you stay here it would be much better for you. She has fixed Thursday as the day on which you are to go to her; therefore, my dear child, I see no help for it; you must leave us!"

Thus it was settled. On the Thursday morning, I, accompanied by my small stock of luggage, started on my travels, and saw the last of Munster's.

## CHAPTER IV.

I journeyed by a small steamer as far as Falmouth, and thence by road to St. Gurlott's-on-Sea. I was conducted to the boat by Mrs. Munster. On arriving at Falmouth I was met on board by a rough-looking person, who informed me that he had been deputed by "Missus Pendragon" to convey me and my belongings to St. Gurlott's.

What manner of man he was I could scarcely tell, beyond realizing the fact that he was of tremendous height, that he wore a white beaver hat, and that his figure was wrapped in an enormous frieze coat. He gave a glance at me, and then said in a peculiar pippy voice:

"Come, lad, gie's the tip about your boxes, and we'll move on; the mare's got a journey afore 'un, and we'm best nawt be late!"

I moved aft, and pointed out to him my little trunk. He looked at it in much the same way as a giant might look at a pebble, but it quietly under his arm, and moved off again, inviting me to follow. We crossed the gangway, and came on to the quay. The wagon was roofed with black tarpaulin, and on the side was painted, in large white letters, "John Rudd, Carrier, St. Gurlott's."

On coming up to the vehicle, my conductor paused and disposed of my trunk, then, turning to me with a "Come, young master, jump in," he gave me a lift which summarily placed me inside and on the top of my box; then, before I had time to recover myself, I felt that the wagon was jolting along.

We soon left Falmouth behind us, and were moving cumbrously along the high road. Looking to the right and to the left I could see nothing but undulating sweeps of land, bleak and barren, with the stony highway stretching before us. We were traveling westward, evidently, and, as far as prospect went, we might be going forward into the Desert. There was not a cart or horse or human being to be seen anywhere.

It was past midday, and the sun was as hot as it had been any day that summer. As I felt it scorching my face and head, I looked at my companion, and marveled again. His huge ulster coat was buttoned up to his chin, and his great round face was shaded by his broad felt hat. He was by no means a bad-looking man, and he was still young—only five-and-thirty, or thereabouts. His skin was tanned and weather-beaten, and his eyes were fixed upon the mare with his habitual dreamy stare. Suddenly he turned his glance slowly upon me, and said:

"I reckon you know a deal? I wonder now, whether you can write?"

I answered with some decision that I certainly could, at which I thought his face fell.

"Poetry, naw?" he inquired. "Wareses like?"

I replied that though I was able to write a capital hand, I had only once or twice aspired to original composition; at which he chuckled delightedly, then, fixing his eyes with a fascinating glare upon my face, he repeated in a high, shrill voice the following lines:

"To Missus Pendragon, who's always so pleasant,  
John Rudd, of St. Gurlott, brings this little present.  
May her life be as sweet as best sugar can be,  
And the only hot water be mixed w' her tea!"

"What do you think o' that?" he asked anxiously.

"Very good," I replied. "Where did you read it? In a book?"

"I didn't read 'un, master, I wrote 'un," he replied. "Leastways, I should ha' wrote 'un if I could write. Naw, you'm a smart chap, p'raps you could take them lines down?"

"Of course I could," I replied. Whereupon I produced a pencil from my waistcoat pocket, and, asking Mr. Rudd to repeat the verse again, I transcribed it on the back of an old letter.

"Do you make much poetry?" I asked.

"A goodish bit," he replied, "leastways, I should if I'd allus a smart 'un like you at hand to take 'un down. 'Tis a gift. It all began when I were a lad, a-driving up and down Falmouth way w' father. Then I used to hear the old wagon go 'tum to tum' alawing the road, and the wareses they came and kept time. To think o' the thousands of bootiful pomes I ha' made; they'd make a waulum, and I've got 'em all here in my head, thick as bees in a beehive, all a-buzzing together, one atop a' t'other."

"Do you live at St. Gurlott's, Mr. Rudd?"

"Yes, young master; I drives this here van three times a week to Falmouth and back."

The warm day was succeeded by a cold evening, and with the darkness had come rain. I was glad to follow John Rudd's example, to wrap myself well up in my overcoat. We jolted on, covering what seemed to me an interminable space. The darkness rapidly increased, the rain continued to fall, and, worn out with fatigue, I fell into a fitful doze.

I was dimly conscious of the wagon rolling on, of occasional disjointed remarks, rhythmical in character, when John Rudd's voice aroused me.

"Waw! up, young master," said he; "we'm gettin' pratty nigh your place."

I roused myself and looked about me, but there was nothing to be seen. Darkness encompassed us on every hand; the wind was sighing softly, making a sound like the distant murmur of the sea. Presently the wagon stopped. The carrier jumped down; then he gave a peculiar whistle as he went round to the back of the wagon to haul out my trunk. The darkness was suddenly penetrated by a light, which seemed quite close to us, and a man's voice called out in a broad country dialect:

"Be that you, John Rudd?"

"Yes, mate," returned Rudd. "You ketch hold o' the young gentleman. I ha' gawt the baww."

"Be this the lad?" asked the voice, as I felt a heavy hand laid upon my shoulder.

"Waal, my lad, you be welcome to St. Gurlott's."

The hand kept hold of my shoulder and led me along. The next thing I became conscious of was standing upon the threshold of an open door, and of the voice of my guide saying heartily:

"Yar he be, Martha!"

I found myself standing in the middle of a quaint Cornish kitchen. The individual who had led me was a tall, broad-built man, dressed in a red-stained suit of coarse flannel. His hands were big and broad and very red, his head was thickly covered with coarse black hair, and he spoke the broadest of Cornish dialect in a voice of thunder. Having finished my inspection of number one, I glanced at number two—namely, my aunt. She was a comely looking woman, of forty, very stout and motherly in appearance. She wore a cotton dress, a large coarse apron, and a curious cap.

My amazement at the sight of these two individuals was so strong that I could scarcely force my lips to utter a word; but if my surprise was great, theirs seemed greater. After the first glance at me, they looked uneasily at one another, the genial smiles faded from their faces, and the words of welcome died upon their lips.

A pleasant interruption to all this was John Rudd, who at this moment came in with my trunk upon his shoulder and he made a dive into the voluminous folds of his coat and produced a packet.

"That be for you, missus," said he; "a little present, w' a suitable inscription o' my awn making."

"Thank you Mr. Rudd," returned my aunt, taking the packet. "You'm very kind."

"Read the wareses, missus; read the wareses!" said Mr. Rudd, whereupon she proceeded to do so.

It was a proud moment for John Rudd; he seemed to expand with pleasure. And though to all intents and purposes he was gazing upon Mrs. Pendragon, he rolled one eye round my way, as if to watch the effect upon me. When the reading was done, he smiled affably, while my uncle brought down his open hand heavily upon his knee.

"Waal done, John, waal done!" cried my uncle, heartily; while another voice one which I then heard for the first time, said:

"Oh, Mr. Rudd, what beautiful poetry you do write!"

At the sound of the voice, all eyes, mine among the rest, were turned upon the speaker, whom I discovered to be a little girl somewhat about my own age, so pretty and so quaintly dressed, she looked like a little Dresden china shepherdess.

"Wah, Annie," said my aunt. "I declare I'd forgot all about 'ee!" my uncle added. "Come yar, my lass, and say how do ye do to yer cousin!"

At this, the little girl came forward, and, gazing earnestly at me, timidly offered me her hand.

Suddenly, John Rudd, who had been fumbling about his coat again, produced another packet, which he this time, handed to my cousin. She opened it, and found it contained a brightly colored shawl and a sheet of foolscap, on which some lines were penned. Knowing Mr. Rudd's weakness, Annie proceeded to read the lines:

"To Annie Pendragon, who charms all beholders,  
John Rudd, of St. Gurlott's, sends this for her shoulders;  
That she'll always be happy, in sunshine and in flood,  
'Tis the wish of her friend and admirer,  
J. Rudd."

Having read the verses, Annie fell to volubly admiring them and the shawl; but Mr. Rudd, feeling the praise too much for him, gleefully took his departure. He paused at the door, however, to give me a last look, and to express a wish that we should become better acquainted.

The moment he was gone, attention was again concentrated upon me. My aunt took a good-look at me, trying to find traces of my mother and father in my face. My uncle discovered I was both wet and cold; while Annie said:

"Why don't you give him his supper, mother? I'm sure he must be hungry after that long ride w' Mr. Rudd."

Annie's suggestion was adopted, and we all sat down to supper. While I ate, I had leisure to look about me. The kitchen was large and homely in the extreme, with a clean stone-paved floor beneath the great black rafters above, from which hung fitches of bacon, bundles of tallow candles, and divers articles of attire. The ingle was great and broad, with seats within it, formed of polished black oak, and the fire burned on the open hearth. In one corner was a recess, with curtains, containing a bed, which I afterward discovered was to be mine for the night.

Very little was said or done that evening. If I was astonished at the sight of my relatives, they were equally so at the sight of me. A sort of constraint came upon us all. I was not sorry to find that they were very early people, and that at ten o'clock they retired, and left me to make myself as comfortable as I could in the press-bed in the kitchen.

(To be continued.)

## ONLY A HOUSEKEEPER.

With the freedom of youth the girls were discussing their elders. It was not gossip, exactly, for the Sunshine Club was preparing to give an entertainment, and found it needful to weigh the accomplishments of friends in order to decide who should be asked to aid. But the comments were frank, if friendly, and Aunt Eleanor, at work in the pantry, found occasion to smile sometimes as the gay voices rattled off.

"Mrs. Marston to play our accomplishments, Mrs. White to sing, and Mrs. Lee to read," finally summed up one of the girls, a comparative stranger in the town. "How about that charming Mrs. Webb? She's so sweet I'm sure she'd do anything we asked her. What can she do?"

There was a moment of silence. Then, "I don't believe she has any what you may call public gifts," one of the girls answered. "She's a heaven-born creature, as you say, but she isn't a bit conspicuous outside her family, and we think of her just as a perfect housekeeper—only a housekeeper."

Only a housekeeper—as if housekeeping were as simple a task as digging a ditch! Aunt Eleanor's smile was tinged with bitterness now, as she thought of the things a perfect housekeeper had to be and do.

Caterer, cook, laundress, dressmaker, nurse, chambermaid, teacher, milliner, waitress—these were only a few of the trades that the housekeeper was expected to master, pursue or direct—and she must pursue them all at once. She might have a faculty for nursing or a taste for millinery, yet she must not gratify either at the expense of the cooking and scrubbing. She must plan largely to have a well-ordered home, yet if she had not a genius for details, too, everything would soon go awry.

Only a housekeeper—only a Napoleon, carrying in one small head that countless "things to be attended to" in order that her house may be neat, her children tidy, her husband comfortable, and the bills kept down! Credit for successful generalship is all too seldom accorded her. Yet such qualities as she displays would win her distinction in any public field.

"These girls will learn better by and by. But the men, these men who take their comforts as a matter of course, and never give their wives a word of praise! Oh," sighed Aunt Eleanor, "if such men could be condemned to keep house for a month or two, how the profession of housekeeper would advance in esteem!"—Youth's Companion.



A Medical Clay.—The latest improbable discovery in medical mineralogy is a clay containing a small per cent of the silicate of aluminum which is said to have curative properties. It is claimed that no mineral known to scientists is purer than this. It is nine times finer than the finest starch. The discoverer claims he can drink four gallons of water without any discomfort after using the new material as a medicine and that his weight has increased as well as his strength. He claims he can cure with this clay any case of typhoid fever or diseases of that kind within an hour, but of course all these things have to be taken with the grain of traditional faith.

Leg-Ache in Children.—These pains, so common in children, are probably of neuragic nature and are associated with a disproportion between the amount of waste matter formed and that exuded. A few heavy meals, or even one such eaten during dry, cold weather when the child is active and drinks freely, will have no bad effect. The same quantity of food, however, taken during damp weather, when elimination is less active, may give rise to these growing pains. The cause then in a word is uneliminated waste and the treatment giving best conditions for prevention and relief is care of the diet, free exercise and water drinking and more than all else care of the excretions by baths, sweat baths, enemata and so on.

## ON THE STREET IN JAPAN.

Some of the Experiences of the Foreigner in Mikado's Land.

When one's work is done there is left the mild excitement of walking up the great artificial canal of Nikko, says a writer in The World To-day. All that is done in Nikko may be seen. On the veranda of a house madam is having her bath, her head sticking up above the steaming water. The youngsters in their original suits are hailing you, "Sinko san, ohyo!" "Mr. Stranger, good-day." An array of great gilt lotus flowers and leaves on long stems shows that a member of the family is dead. In the front room, unprotected from the street, one sees the square kagolike box in which, with knees against the breast, the last journey is taken. A bevy of gayly dressed geisha girls, with attendants carrying kotos and samisens, are bound for some dinner or entertainment, their hair black and shiny and filled with bright ornaments, their faces and necks white with rice powder and their lower lips bright with scarlet paste. They are chattering in the shrill, penetrating voices which are peculiar to them.

The merchant steps from his shop to tell you he has some new kakemono or carving to show, antiques from 300 years old to those so recent that the lacquer is hardly dry. "Step in, sir," cries a young man waving his hand in the air as he paints with an imaginary brush an imaginary picture, "and see how Japanese artist uses his brush." He hands you his card and you are pleased to read the motto of his house is "Earnest is the best policy." "I was waiting for you," says a pretty girl, smiling. "Will you please come in my shop? I have brack racker and red racker trays. Yes, very pretty." She spends all her time in front of her shop between the two bridges. If she sees one cross either bridge she is already waiting when he has crossed. No one escapes.

Synonym for Tail.

A pedigree undoubtedly adds to the value of an animal, but all pedigrees are not so much in evidence as the one herein described. When little Major heard that the Maddens had an Angora cat "with a splendid pedigree," the child was naturally desirous of beholding a quadruped with such an unusual attachment; she had known and loved many kittens, but never one blessed with a pedigree. At last her curiosity was satisfied, she saw the favored animal in the flesh, and returned home in a great state of excitement.

"Oh, Mother!" she cried. "You should see the Maddens' cat! It has a pure white pedigree that measures six inches around and looks exactly like the ostrich plume on your Sunday hat!"

Wheat in Algeria.

Practically all the wheat grown in Algeria is hard wheat. The total product in 1902 was 21,000 metric tons. Of the annual crop all but a very small portion is consumed in Algeria. The native population use only the Algerian wheat, which is made into bread, semoules and couscous. The latter is a dish highly esteemed by the Arabs, and very extensively used. The flour used for breadmaking and other cooking purposes by the European population is imported.

Usual Method of Calculation.

"How old would you say she was?" "Well, let's see: When we were in high school together she used to snub me because I was a kid. Now, I'm 37, and, um—um—um, well, I should say she was about 28 by this time."—Town and Country.

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## Algy's Ambition.

Algy—Aw—can you spare me a few hundred to win osh to Lunnon?

Father—What's the object?

"Golf."

"Good! If you learn how to play golf, it may—"

"Oh, I don't want to play it. I want to learn how to pronounce it."

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## Contaminated.

"You are an authority on history, I believe?"

"No," replied the scholar, sadly. "I used to be before I began reading historical novels."—Chicago Post.

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