# MASTER OF THE MINE

By Robert Buchanan.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Thus it was that poor Annie returned to her home and was received once again as a member of the little circle at St. Gurlott's. But things were sadly changed for her, poor child; and sometimes as I watched her patient endurance my heart rose in revolt, and I blamed myself for having been the means of bringing her home again.

But when people have poverty before them they cannot afford to exaggerate sentimental troubles, and I soon came to the conclusion that the best way to help Annie was to help myself—to obtain a situation, in fact. As all hope of obtaining employment in St. Gurlott's was out of the question, I turned my attention to other quarters. After many heart-rending disappointments and endless correspondence, I obtained a situation as overseer of a copper mine in Devon.

I was in the midst of my preparations, half happy in the thought of being able to inhabit a part of the globe where my misfortunes could not find me out, when I one day heard a piece of news which killed at one blow all my hopes of the future, and made my life mere Dead Sea fruit.

A report spread over the village that George Redruth was about to be married forthwith to Madeline Graham.

When Annie heard the news, she cried bitterly; and I, blind as usual, believed she cried out of sympathy for me.

"It is a shame, Hugh!" she said, "after having made you love her, that she should wile away another man."

"Don't say a word against Miss Graham," I returned, "for she is an angel."

"Iss, hold your piece!" cried my aunt. "'Tis nawt to us, and why should you interfere? And, after all, 'tis better as it is. She could never have wed wi' Hugh."

There was sound sense in my aunt's words, though at the time, with the fiercest jealousy and hatred raging in my heart against the man who had supplanted me, I could not listen to them. A few days' reflection, however, brought me to a better state of mind—showed me that I was a fool, and that the news which had wrought such an astounding effect upon me was only what I might have expected.

It was a fine bright night, clear and still, though the shifting clouds in the sky predicted storm. I had strolled out, and found the sea as calm as a mill-pond, fringed with white where the edge lapped the stones upon the shore. The moon was shining radiantly upon it; also upon the boat house, which I looked at tenderly, remembering how I had carried Madeline there. With a heavily drawn sigh I was about to move away, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and turning, I found myself face to face with Madeline herself!

Yes; there she stood, looking more like a spirit than a thing of flesh and blood—her face was so white, her eyes so sad. She was wrapped from head to foot in costly furs, while a black hood was thrown lightly over her head and tied under her chin.

"Madeline!" I said; "Miss Graham, you here at this hour?"

"Yes," she answered calmly, smiling a little; "it is a strange place to find me, is it not? But then you know, Mr. Trelawney, I am a strange creature. * * * I may as well confess the truth. I followed you here to-night." After our dinner this evening, I came out with Anita, intending to pay you a visit at the cottage. When we came within sight of the gate, I saw you standing there. I paused a moment before stepping forward to speak to you, and you moved away, striking across the marshes toward the sea. I sent Anita back, and followed you here."

I was not altogether glad that she had done so. It was torture to be near her, to look at her, and to know that she had come straight from the caressing arms of another man. However, I commanded myself sufficiently to say:

"It is not right for you to be here, Miss Graham. Will you let me take you home?"

"You shall do so presently," she answered, not looking at me, but keeping her eyes fixed upon the sea. "Now I want to talk to you. Is it true you are going away?"

"Yes; it is quite true."

"And you will be glad to go," she continued—"to leave your home?"

"Yes," I replied; "I shall be glad to go. As to my home—why, I have no home now, all is so sorely changed. There will never be happiness for me here again!"

"You talk very bitterly," continued Madeline. "What do you mean, Mr. Trelawney?"

"I mean," I answered, utterly losing my self-control, "that, through all these months of darkness and trouble, I have been sustained by one thought, one hope. Miss Graham, we are alone together to-night; there is no one but you to hear me. I may never see you again in this world, therefore I will say it. I love you. I have loved you all my life!"

She put up her hand and said, hurriedly, "Mr. Trelawney, please say no more!"

But it was too late; I took her hand and kissed it.

"I loved you," I continued, "in those far-off days when we were boy and girl together. Then years afterward the sea gave you back to my arms. Once again I had looked into your face, my darling, I had but one hope, one thought. I knew I was a madman. I knew there was a gulf between us broader than the sea from which I snatched you, and yet, fool that I was. I lived in my paradise, and refused to see the pitfalls which were looming ahead. It was enough to know that I loved you, and that sometimes I was gladdened by a sight of your face."

I paused, and dropped her hand; she was crying.

"Miss Graham," I cried, "don't cry, for heaven's sake! You have a right to hate me for what I have said."

She quickly brushed away her tears, and turned to me, smiling sadly.

"Don't say so, please. I honor and respect you more than I can say—more than I can confess, even to myself. I shall pray always for your welfare and happiness, and I shall never forget you as long as I live!"

Suddenly I said, "Miss Graham, when are you to be married?" She started, hesitated for a moment, and then replied:

"I don't quite know. I am going up to London shortly. We are to be married there."

Every word she uttered seemed to stab me to the heart. Up to this I had clung to a wild hope that the reports I had heard might have had no foundation—now that hope was gone.

"Why," I asked desperately, "are you going to marry your cousin?"

She started again, and trembled slightly. "Why do people generally marry one another?" she answered. "Still, there is a very grave reason why this should be. My cousin is comparatively poor, while I am rich; he has grave difficulties before him which I can relieve if I am his wife."

"Did he put all this before you?"

"No; he does not even know that I am aware of it. Ah! Mr. Trelawney, we have all our troubles, and my poor aunt is breaking her heart over hers. Things have been going wrong ever since my uncle died."

"And you are to be sacrificed to set them right again!"

"Where does the sacrifice come in?"

"Did she ask you, if you loved her son?"

"No! She asked me if there was any one else whom I wished to marry, and I answered her truthfully: I said there was not."

We walked back over the marshes, Madeline leaning lightly on my arm; but we never spoke a word. Having reached the road, we walked on toward Redruth House, and paused at the gate.

"Good-by, Miss Graham;" I said, holding forth my hand.

Before I knew what she was doing, she had seized it and raised it to her lips.

"Good-by, dear friend," she murmured, "and may God bless you!" then, with a sob, she turned and was gone.

I stood petrified, watching in a dazed kind of wonder the figure as it moved up the moonlit avenue and disappeared among the trees; then, with a sigh, I turned away. Bitterly as I had suffered through my love for Madeline, I did not for one moment wish that the episode in my life had never been.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Soon after daybreak the next morning I took the road. All I carried was my staff and a small knapsack on my back; my other worldly possessions had gone on, days before. My aunt and Annie watched me from the door; my uncle walked with me through the village, and a short distance up the highway.

At daybreak next morning I reached my destination—a mining settlement on the very borders of Cornwall and Devon. I found it to be a lonesome place, situated on the banks of a small river, and surrounded on every side by the wild blocks and tors of the moor. I reported myself in due course, and was forthwith installed in my position. The miners were a wild lot, and the last overseer, an elderly man, had more than once gone in danger of his life. As a person still suspected of violent proclivities, I had been chosen to take his place. The truth was, the place bore the worst of names, and few men would have accepted the situation, at any price.

The agent, during our first interview, hinted that the miners needed an iron hand to rule them. That very afternoon I inspected the place, and found myself inspected in turn by as villainous a set of faces as I had ever encountered. There was much muttering and murmuring, for the fellows wanted to be under the direction of one of their own number, one Michael Looe, a red-haired giant.

The next day, the first after my installation, I found out the sort of opposition with which I had to reckon. As I stood by the open mine, giving some directions, Looe ran up against me, with a pick-ax on his shoulder, and almost capsized me. A hoarse laugh greeted this performance.

"Can't 'ee look where you'm gaun, Measter?" cried the fellow, grinning savagely.

I looked him steadily in the face, as one looks in the eye of a furious bull. What I saw there did not daunt me. The follow was a bully, and I had dealt with bullies before. If I was to retain my authority in the place, I must bring him to his senses.

"What's your name?" I said, quietly.

"My name?" he repeated, leering round at the others. "Mike Looe, if you maun knaw. As good a name as yourn, I'll wager."

"My name is Hugh Trelawney; and, as I am master here, I'll trouble you to remember it. If you don't, my man, I'll find a way to impress it on your memory."

"You will, will 'ee?" said the giant. "And so you be measter? Mates," he added, looking round, "d'ye hear 'un? Take off your hats to 'un!"

And suiting the action to the word, he bowed mockingly before me. My blood was now up, and I faced him resolutely. "Go back to your work," I said. "No more words. Do as I bid you."

"Who'l make me?" he said, brandishing his pick-ax.

Before he knew what I was about, I wrenched the weapon from his hand, and flung it on the ground. He clenched his fist and made a rush at me. I waited for him, and landed him a blow which made him stagger back, dazed. The men flocked round us, murmuring and threatening.

But Michael Looe had confidence in his own prowess. He weighed fifteen stone, and had the fists of Anak; so that I, though a tall, strong man, loked no match for such a giant. He uttered a fierce oath, and bade the men stand back.

"Fair play, lads!" he cried, grinning again. "Lea' the new chap to me. Don't 'ee see, he means fightin'?"

With that the men made a ring, while their champion stripped off his waistcoat and began quietly turning up his sleeves, showing an arm with muscles like iron bands. At this juncture, an old man, one of their number, but superior in manner to the rest, whispered in my ear:

"You'd best bolt, Measter. He'll smash 'ee like an egg, as he did chap afore 'ee."

My answer was decisive. Off went my coat, down went my hat on the ground, and, clenching my fists, I faced the giant. This rather turned the tide of feeling in my favor; at any rate, it elicited a feeble cheer. The men prepared themselves for enjoyment; a real "stand-up" fight was imminent.

Mike Looe came at me like Goliath, but at the first encounter I discovered that he had no science. I myself had a little, and though far his inferior in weight, possessed muscles and sinews of steel, due to my healthy life and constant exercise, from boyhood upward, in the open air. The result is easily predicted. In matters of fistiana, science, combined with pluck, is everything. Before many minutes had passed, Michael Looe had received as sound a thrashing as man could desire. He lay on the ground, his head supported on the knee of one of his comrades, and looking stupidly up into my face. I turned to the men, with as much good humor as I could assume under the ornaments of a black eye and a bleeding forehead.

"Well, my lads," I cried, "you see I've paid my footing. If any of you think I haven't paid enough, let him stand up, and I'll give him a little more."

This speech, quite in the humorous manner of my late opponent, completed my victory. It was greeted with an uproarious laugh and a cheer. To my astonishment, the men crowded round me, and began shaking hands. Then Mike Looe, rising slowly, held out his enormous fist.

"Shake hands, Measter," he said. "If you can lick me, you can lick any two o' us. You may sack me to-neet and willing, but I'll go bail you'm the right sort to be measter here!"

So we shook hands, and from that moment my physical supremacy was undisputed. Instead of dismissing my late opponent, I kept him in his place, and he afterwards became my right-hand man. After that day, I had very little trouble in retaining my due authority as overseer of the Gwendorey mine.

(To be continued.)

## TRAFFIC OF THE PACIFIC.

**Some Advantages of Puget Sound as the Gateway to the Orient.**

Puget Sound, according to a writer in the Review of Reviews, is the logical gateway of the United States to the Pacific orient, by reason of the fact of its geographical position. The short cut from the United States to the orient, as one will see when he consults his globe, is northerly by way of the Aleutian islands. The average map presents the coasts of North America and of Asia as if they faced each other and were almost parallel, whereas the spherical contour of the globe in fact makes the Asiatic shore line almost a continuation or projection of the American shore line to the other side of the globe. Thus, the most direct route from either San Francisco or San Diego, Cal., to Japan or China, instead of being westerly by way of the Sandwich islands, is northerly past Puget sound and the Bering sea. It is 1,250 miles farther from San Francisco westerly via Hawaii to Yokohama, Shanghai or Hongkong than from Puget sound northerly to the same destinations. In other words, the San Francisco round trip to the orient via Hawaii is 2,500 miles longer than the Puget sound round trip via Bering sea, which is equivalent to a week's voyage for a fifteen-knot vessel and nearly nine days for a twelve-knot vessel. This advantage of a week to ten days in the length of the voyage is the logical basis for the faith in Puget sound as the gateway of oriental commerce.

In the second place, the Puget sound route for American commerce with the orient is about one-half the length of the New York route via the Suez canal; the haul is 11,575 miles, as compared with 5,830 miles from Seattle to Hongkong. From New York via the Suez canal to Yokohama the distance is over 13,000 miles, as compared with 4,240 miles from Puget sound to Yokohama. Why should the United States circumnavigate the globe to reach the orient by way of Europe when it has a short cut of its own with one-half the length of haul?

Another definite and convincing advantage which American commerce will enjoy in taking the direct trade channel from Puget sound to the orient is the avoidance of $2 a ton charge levied upon it by the Suez canal. In view of the facts that within the past year steel rails have been carried from the Mississippi valley to Yokohama and that within the past sixty days flour has been transported from Minneapolis to Manila and Hongkong, in each case at the low rate of $8 a ton, it is patent even to the layman that the $2 a ton handicap via the Suez canal is sufficient in itself to transfer future American commerce to Puget sound.

**Josiah Allen's Wife on Farmers.**

"And no one," sez she in a tragic manner—"no one that boasts of descendin' from an old genteel family wuz ever a farmer."

Almost insensibly to myself I mentioned the names of George Washington and my own Josiah, and sez I, "Adam, for instance, is from an old family."

"Adam who?" sez she.

"Why, jest plain Adam, Eve's husband," sez I.

"Oh, shaw!" sez she. And I didn't contend with her, but knowed farmin' wuz a honorable occupation or the Lord wouldn't set the first man he made at it.—Lippincott's.

**The Old Lady from Dover.**

There was an old lady of Dover
Who baked a fine apple turnover,
But the cat came that way,
And she watched with dismay
The overturn of her turnover.
—St. Nicholas.

**Of the Same Family.**

The man who talks about his yacht when he owns a sailboat is in the same family where his wife calls the chore boy the coachman.—Tits-Bits.

## AFTER THE THIRD ATTACK ON NANSHAN HILL.

*Every man who took part in the third attack on Nanshan Hill fell before the Russian fire; and in the lull which preceded the advance of the next Japanese line, the Russians could be seen peering over their earthworks at the scene of awful stillness.—London Illustrated News.*

## THE SORROWING MOTHER.

Last night I dreamed he came to me;
I held him close and wept and said:
"My little child, where have you been?
I was afraid that you were dead."

Then I awoke; it almost seemed
As though my arms could feel him yet,
I had been sobbing in my sleep;
My tears had made the pillows wet.

I cannot think of him at all
As the bright angel he must be,
But only as my little child
Who may be needing me.

Do not make him grow too wise,
Angels—ye who know;
I am dull and slow to learn,
Toiling here below.

Do not fill his heart too full
With your heavenly joy,
Lest the mother's place be lost
With her little boy.

Those may dare to doubt who have
Their loved ones here below;
For me, I do not now believe,
I do not hope—I know.
—Katharine Pyle in Harper's Bazar.

## A Little Palmistry

"WHAT is your particular line of robbery?" he asked as he approached her small, canopied table at the charity bazaar.

"Palmistry," she returned smilingly. "Shall I read your hand? It costs half a crown."

"I'm afraid you might discover my true inwardness. Let me read yours. I'll pay you just the same."

"Very well," she said readily. He sat down opposite her at the little table and she placed her hand on the small velvet cushion.

"A dark gentleman loves you," he began promptly.

"Which one?" she inquired demurely.

"Several. They are all villains. Avoid them."

"Thanks. That is very important. What else?"

"A blonde gentleman also loves you. He is about my height and color."

"I shouldn't call you a blonde, exactly."

"Well, then, I shouldn't call him a blonde, exactly."

"Is he a villain, too?"

"Not at all. You will be very happy if you marry him."

"He hasn't asked me," she said.

"No; but he's going to."

She studied her own hand.

"I see him," she cried. "How wise you are! He is now far from here."

"He isn't!"—indignantly. "He is very near."

"Oh, then it can't be the same one."

"The one I mean is the one you should marry," he said.

"Oh, yes, now I see the one you mean," she said. "There, on that cross line. But he is very attentive to a short, blue-eyed lady."

"Not at all. She's only a———"

"Sister to him?"

"No; not even that. Just a calling acquaintance."

"But he calls her by her first name."

"That's what I meant by a calling acquaintance. But how do you know he does?"

"I've heard him," she said with positiveness.

"I thought this was palmistry?"

"Oh, so it is. Well, I find it in the line under this finger."

"Well, they're old friends, you see."

"But you said she was only a calling acquaintance."

"I was looking at the wrong line," he said hastily. "Let's go on. This not exactly blonde gentleman is going to be very wealthy. He will give you every luxury."

"How about all the dark gentlemen?" she inquired. "Some of them are wealthy already."

"They will lose it all—last winter you were quite ill."

"You know that, anyway," she remarked.

"I am judging by a small break in the life line. The not-exactly-blonde gentleman sent you flowers."

"Yes. It was very kind of him. So did the dark gentlemen."

"Theirs meant nothing."

"What did his mean?" she quieried.

"Undying devotion."

"How nice! That must be the blonde gentleman who is so far away."

"It isn't either! It is the one who is very near."

"You seem to read a good deal about other people in my hand," she observed.

"Maybe I wasn't looking at it as altogether your hand," she said audaciously.

"Whose would it be, pray?"

"Suppose we call it mine. One ought to be able to read one's own hand pretty well, you know."

She withdrew her hand.

"It's possible that you read more in it than I do," she said.

"In my hand?"

"In mine."

"Is it the same thing?" he begged.

"How about the blue-eyed lady's hand?"

"She can give it to one of the dark gentlemen."

"Well, that might be good arrangement. But as to giving mine to the blonde gentleman———"

"Yes?" eagerly.

"That," she said mischievously, as she arose, "isn't a question of palmistry. Besides, you've had your money's worth already. Here comes one of the dark gentlemen."—Home Monthly.

## RIVER MONSTER IN AFRICA.

**Amphibious Animal Is Between an Elephant and Hippopotamus in Size.**

If Sir Harry Johnston had not recently returned from Uganda with the first skins of the okapi there would be more reason for receiving with incredulity the story of a French traveler, says M. Trilles, writing from Njole, that while exploring the northern Congo three years ago he heard from the natives of "an enormous amphibious animal something between the elephant and the hippopotamus in size, and in nature very ferocious toward man.' 'Unbelieving, he paid little attention to what had been told him.

"However, later, when in the neighborhood of Djali, near the Great falls, the accounts were given with more detail. The animal in question, or at least one of its species, lived near the source of the Mourk; it lay in wait for the canoes, upset them, and in preference attacked the women and children. Twice the natives fetched me to see it as it slept on the sandbank. But on each occasion it had disappeared when I got there.

"On returning from my travels I asked many questions about this animal, but it was unknown. On the coast I never heard it spoken of. But since my arrival here I have had repeated descriptions of it. The people of the upper Ogne give it the name of the nzemedzin (the water tiger). Sergeant Sans of the Njole tirailleurs shot one recently at less than twenty meters, but, unfortunately, the wounded animal escaped him.

"The people here make out that the nzemedzin is smaller than the description given by those of the interior. Its color is a light tawny gray, dotted with black spots; the hair rough, instead of smooth, as in the otter; the tail long and powerful, the paws short and webbed and fitted with very sharp nails six or eight centimeters in length. The nail is horny, as in the tiger. The animal only lives near waterfalls and is carnivorous. It snatches women and children as they bathe and defies even the crocodile."

## ATHLETIC GAMES IN SYRIA.

**Customs of the Orientals Undergoing Gradual Transformation.**

Oriental peoples are very averse to physical exercise of any kind, says the World To-Day. Their idea of enjoyment is to sit under an awning and play backgammon. That a man should go out and run around a track in shameless nakedness and this with a hope of gain, only confirms them in the belief that all Americans are mad. But they are imitative people, and years ago the influence and example of the younger teachers got a few of the preparatory boys out for footraces. That day, for Beirut at least, the death blow was struck to the picturesque dress of the Orient. You can't run a 100-yard dash with long, baggy drawers and a silk gumbez that flops around your ankles. Even if you "gird up the loins," by tucking your skirts into the sash, the effect is more startling than speedy. So, one by one, the students ordered trousers from the city tailors. At first they were poorly cut and viewed with suspicion; but to-day there are not three men in the collegiate department who wear the old costume, and many of the students dress with taste and an elegance that their professors cannot afford to emulate.

Tennis and basketball soon won their place in the students' favor; and now we have gymnastic apparatus and a regular graduated athletic director, who has learned physical culture and boy nature through a long experience in the gymnasiums of America. But it was football that did the most toward unification. The value of teamwork is a new idea to eastern college men. The old ideal was that of "every man for himself." It has been so since the time of Alcibiades and Absalom. If it had not been so the history of the world might have been different. It was comparatively easy to see the joy of winning a footrace or a tennis match; but to play an untheatrical part in a football game, obeying a captain and working for the good of the side, that was a very different thing. We always play the "association" game, and it used to be the ideal of every player to get the ball and carry it down the field all by himself, while the audience cheered "Bravo, Jurjy!" So we arranged matches with the crews of visiting British frigates, and from sad experience our boys learned the value of back plays and frequent passes, and began to see dimly the truth that good football is played, not with the legs or the mouth, but with the head, and that hard teamwork is far better than grandstand plays. That lesson may change the map of Asia some day.

**The Advantage of Being Ill.**

One of the greatest difficulties in life is illness when the hands are full of work, and of business requiring attention. In many cases the strain and anxiety, which causes resistance to the illness, is even more severe, and makes more trouble than the illness itself.

Suppose, for instance, that a man is taken down with the measles, when he feels that he ought to be at his office, and that his absence may result in serious loss to himself and others. If he begins by letting go, in his body and in his mind, and realizing that the illness is beyond his own power, it will soon occur to him that he might as well turn his illness to account by getting a good rest out of it. In this frame of mind his chances of early recovery will be increased, and he may even get up from his illness with so much new life and with his mind so much refreshed as to make up, in part, for his temporary absence from business. But, on the other hand, if he resists, worries, complains and gets irritable, he irritates his nervous system and, by so doing, is likely to bring on any one of the disagreeable troubles known to follow measles; and thus he may keep himself housed for weeks, perhaps months, instead of days.—Leslie's Monthly.

**Confidential.**

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a remote period?

Pa—A remote period, my son, is the period due at the end of your mother's remarks. Remember, however, I am giving you this explanation in strict confidence.

**In an Assured Position.**

Mrs. Cobwigger—So your husband thinks his position in society is now secure?

Mrs. Newrich—Yes. He is so sure about it that he has stopped hiring a dress suit and is having one made to order.—Judge.

He who serves his friends is a busy man.