

The Derelict.

Jim Bannister jumped out of the boat, his black bag in his hand, and his eyes went ranging up and down the platform in search of his wife and children. They generally were there to meet him when he came down from town on Friday evening. Finding that they were not visible, he left the station and took the road that led away from the town and the harbor towards the new suburb which had of late years set up in business as a watering place. It was cheap and healthy, and the boys liked to go down to the harbor and see the ships and talk to the sailors. Bannister soon got out of town, for he was walking fast, but as the road began to rise his pace became slower. As he neared the bend where the road turned toward the cluster of red brick villas, he was going quite leisurely. A man was sitting on the stile at the corner—a tramp, he seemed to be. Bannister frowned. He was a hard-working man himself, and he did not like tramps—perhaps envied them a little. His face assumed a stern look as he went along.



As he approached the man got up and came slowly toward him. Yes, he was a tramp, there could be no doubt as to it. His rough pilot cloth trousers were worn and stained. He wore no shirt, for the old tweed jacket was buttoned up to the neck. On his head was a battered soft felt hat, on his feet a pair of coarse seaman's shoes. He stopped as he drew near the respectable man with the black bag, but he did not say a word. Bannister looked at him. Their eyes met, and the unspoken appeal was more eloquent than any words could have been. Fully the man was a derelict. So clear was the expression in the man's face that Bannister answered him as if he had spoken. "Sorry I have nothing for you." The man's swarthy cheeks flushed. "Would I ask you for anything?" he asked. Then the next instant: "I beg pardon, I am wrong, I did not look at you in so many words." "You look as if you needed help," said Bannister. "When my looks only tell the truth," said the derelict, and as he spoke he smiled. The smile startled Bannister. It was the face of a cultivated man, what one calls a gentleman, dirty and unshaven as it was. He felt that he could not offer this tramp a copper, and he said hastily, "but don't stop to hear your story to-day. I offer to tell it," said the man. "No. Yet I should like to hear it." "Don't see the object of my telling it to a very common one. I quarrelled with my best friend, an uncle, treated me unjustly, or I thought so. So I ran away to Australia to seek my fortune, and I found—this." He ended with a rueful downward glance at his tattered raiment. "So you made your way back to the country?" Bannister said, absently turning the coins in his trousers pocket. "Yes—and to the old town. And now I have got here I can't find the way to speak to a soul. You see, I asked my passage home, and I really think any of my old friends would now be pleased to see me." He gave a short, bitter laugh. "But you must have some relatives?" Only the uncle I told you of. He is dead. I have seen his grave in the graveyard. And the old house is in the hands of strangers. By this time they were moving on by the side, for Bannister was anxious to get home. "I should like to ask your opinion about one thing," said the derelict, abruptly. "Well, what is it?" "In books, when a man goes off as I have done, there is generally some one that is likely to wait five years, do you think?" "Jim Bannister could have laughed at that. He could have laughed at the

idea of any girl waiting five years for an absent lover, without a word to show that he yet cared for her. He could have laughed at the idea of any woman waiting for the human wreck at his side. He could have laughed at the eager look on the man's half-savage face as he put his absurd question. But there was a pathetic look in the brown eyes, and Bannister did not laugh. He kept on looking the inclination to laugh died away altogether. Instead, he gave the answer that seemed to him at the moment the only possible one to give. "A girl would wait ten years—twenty years—for the man she loved. I am certain of it. I know it by my—I mean I am sure of it, from women I have known. Time makes no difference in their love. And absence only makes them love more strongly." "You really think so?" asked the tramp, in a choking voice. "I do." The tramp stood still. "I am glad to hear you say that," he said, huskily. "I am glad I asked you the question. You have put new life into me. Good-night, sir." And he was turning away. "This will get you a bed and some

supper," said Bannister, handing him a silver coin. The tramp looked from the money to the giver. "I should like to send this back to you when I can," he said. "Will you tell me your name?" "You needn't mind, but my name is Bannister. We are staying here for the rest of the month. Good-night." He waved his hand and was gone. The tramp leaned over a gate, thinking. He could see the chimneys of the house that had been his uncle's, the house he had hoped would one day be his own. It belonged to Charley Hudson now. So he had been told in the town. But Margaret had preferred him, though some called him a ne'er-do-well. Was it possible that she had been waiting for him all these years? The very thought made his heart burn. It seemed impossible. It was too much to expect from any girl. Yet that man—what was his name? Bannister—he had seemed to think it quite likely. He must find out. He must get some decent clothes so that he might make inquiries. Some one in the town must know what had become of her. Another thing—he must send back that money to Bannister as soon as possible. But how was he to find him? He knew the man's name, but not his address; and he was only a summer visitor. He might not be able to repay the money for weeks. He turned and began running after Bannister as well as his clumsy shoes would let him. A little ahead there was a bend in the road, and he felt sure that once around that corner he would catch sight of him. He turned the corner, and saw Bannister, but he was not alone. A girl in a light gray costume was coming rapidly to meet him. Two children darted from her side, and outrunning her, threw themselves into their father's arms. The two, the man and the woman, came close together. She held up her face, and he stopped and kissed it. It was not till then that he saw her face, Margaret! His heart stood still. He would not believe it. Had not the man said—? But, of course, he could not know. Was it Margaret? He did not feel quite sure, now that her back was turned to him. But he felt that he must know at once. At one side of the road there was a thick hedge, and a field on the other side of it. The tramp ran back to the gate, climbed over it, and then ran, under cover of the hedge, so as to pass beyond the little group. There was no difficulty about it. The hedge screened him completely. He could see them coming slowly along. The woman had her hand on her companion's arm, and she smiled into his face as they talked. It was Margaret her-

self. He could hear the man's voice now, and he crouched lower, lest he might be seen. "The poor fellow actually asked me if I thought a girl would wait five years for an absent lover, and I hadn't the heart to say what I thought. I said: 'Yes—twenty years!' Poor chap, I suppose he fancies somebody is waiting for him." The voice ceased; and the tramp, peering out from his hiding place, saw that Margaret had withdrawn her hand from the man's arm, and was walking a little apart from him. "So she hasn't told him anything about me. Naturally!" said the tramp to himself. He got back to the road, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, his fingers closed on the piece of money. In another instant he had dashed it down on the road, and was hastening back to the harbor. That night he spent in an outhouse. The next day, driven by hunger, he went to a farm house, asking for work, but hoping to get some food. The farmer, by way of a joke, offered him a job, and seemed surprised when he jumped at the offer. By degrees the tramp began to assume the appearance of a decent working man. He wore moleskins instead of his old rags; on week-days he worked hard, but on Sundays he went and lay on the sand and listened to the surf breaking on the beach, and dreamed. One Sunday afternoon, a little mite, three or four years old, got surrounded by the tide as she was building a castle on the sand. There was not a shadow of danger, but it was impossible to reach her dryshod. The tramp waded through the water, picked up the child, and looked around for her mother. It was Margaret who dropped her book and came flying over the sands—Margaret! He put the little one down gently, and turned away. In a moment there was a pattering of soft footsteps behind him. "Won't you let me thank you—? Oh, Alan, it is you! Don't you know me?" "Yes, Margaret, I know you, but I thought I had better keep away from you. I've treated you badly, precious badly. But I can't stand by and see you another man's wife." "Aunt Margaret! Auntie! Me want 'oo!" piped a childish voice. Alan Dean gave a great start. His heart beat wildly. "What?" he cried. "You are not Mr. Bannister's mother? You are not Mr. Bannister's wife?" "No, no, Alan. Jim Bannister married my sister. I—I knew you would come back, and I waited!" "Your uncle found out after you had gone," Margaret said, as they made their way slowly homeward a good hour afterwards, "that he was quite wrong. He had made a mistake in the accounts, and you were perfectly honest. He bitterly repented his words to you and would have written if he had known where to address you. He told me so himself. And to show that he was convinced that he had misjudged you he left you a half share of everything he had. The house is yours, and the farm with it." "Why, I thought, Charley Hudson was to have that. He was the favorite, you know." "Yes, but your uncle thought he owed you some reparation for thinking you had cheated him, and so driving you away from home. He died almost four years ago. My sister had been married some time before that." "And you, my dearest? What have you been doing?" "Oh, I live in London now. I have pupils. And, I have been—waiting." He turned suddenly and caught her by his breast. "Please God, my little girl, he whispered, as she strained her yet closer to him, "our waiting days are nearly over!"

CAMERON'S WATERLOO.

And This is a True Newspaper Story of Washington.

When he came into the office even the Angel Child knew he was looking for a job. It was written all over him from the brim of his rusty hat to the tips of his well-worn shoes. And this is a true newspaper story of Washington.

The city editor knew what was coming, but refrained from signifying it until the request had been made. "Nothing doing," said the city editor, "unless you can help out on sports. We need somebody there just now." "Well, I can do a little of that," Cameron said, and so he came to work on The News.

Nobody knew where he hailed from, and the Bohemian spirit which rules the newspaper profession prompted no one to ask. Somebody noticed his shabby clothes, concluded his bank account was not in working order, and a "silent fund," subscribed by the staff, went to pay his board bill for two weeks and to put him on his feet.

He wrote sports, and soon aroused the newspaper fraternity by his wide knowledge of athletics and his supreme command of a vocabulary of slang the like of which had never been heard before, and which formed the basis for to-day's wonderful dictionary of sport terms.

His first distinguished self by a daily series of baseball paragraphs which soon made the sport page of The News one of the most conspicuous features of the paper.

A still more brilliant achievement was in store for him, and a still greater surprise for the public, when one night the dramatic editor became ill and for sheer want of some one better to fill the gap, the city editor told Cameron to cover Irving's performance of "Robespierre" at the National Theatre.

To the utter amazement of the entire staff, The News carried the next day a review of the performance which was a masterpiece of English in all its purity and splendid scope. Cameron was the only man who was not surprised in the sensation the review caused. He knew he could do it; the others didn't.

Cameron's versatility was marked. In unremitting and far-reaching use of profanity Cameron found no takers. It just did not suit those who got to know Cameron best attempted nothing that savored of reform. He had not been on the paper two weeks before his reputation for profanity had left all others at the post, and the occasional expressions of disapproval on the part of others sounded like the tinkle of a cow bell beside the rumbling flow of chosen words from Cameron when he was annoyed.

The boys didn't mind, but they qualified to think of what might happen if demure little Mrs. Parish, the social editor, ever heard Cameron swear. They dreaded the consequences, although nobody could really tell just what the result might be.

Cameron was a confirmed woman hater. He declared women to be the supreme nuisances of the earth and absolute impossibilities in business. That they should intrude into newspaper work and so hamper man's performance of his duties in a worthy calling he regarded with sincere contempt and unbiassed scorn.

Mrs. Parish, on the contrary, was a gentlewoman to the tips of her fingers. Her slow, deliberate manner of speech bespoke her gentle Southern ancestry and gave some indication of her fine womanly character.

Despite his profound antagonism toward the gentler sex, Cameron thought enough of his position on the paper not to offend Mrs. Parish.

One day, however, he came into the office from a baseball game. The home team had lost, the day was hot, and as he walked to Cameron's ill humor, he found Mrs. Parish at the big table in the center of the room, her exchanges completely covering what little space might have been left for anyone else. With one sweep of his arm Cameron sent the papers flying to every corner of the room, saying: "To hell with all this rot!"

Everybody heard. Every man in the room held his breath, expecting a scene. Mrs. Parish, manifestly surprised, looking calmly, first at the papers, then at Cameron, and in her slow, gentle voice, as if she were repeating her charming "Good afternoon!" she said: "That's what I say, Mr. Cameron. 'To hell with all this rot!' But you know if I don't get my dinner. But just the same, I feel as you do, and when I go to some of these society people's houses and they compel me to talk with their servants rather than see me themselves, I say, 'To hell with them!'"

Cameron looked like a man overboard. He gathered up the papers from the floor one by one. A sheepish look that had never been there before came over his face, and when he had carefully piled the papers on the table before Mrs. Parish he said, loud enough for the entire room to hear: "You keep your papers here when and as long as you please, and the first fellow who interferes with you I'll kick him full of holes."

SHE WORE ONLY SANDALS.

Pittsburg Society Shocked at Eminent Singer Who Does Not Believe in Wearing Stockings.

It is not considered proper to enter high society in Pittsburg without stockings on. Because she appeared without stockings at a reception given by society women of the East End, Madame Maria Sandal-Bransen, head of the vocal department of instruction at a fashionable musical school and wife of F. Celoste, of the Pittsburg Orchestra, has set the tongue of gossip wagging.

Mme. Sandal-Bransen does not believe in wearing stockings, and has not worn them since, when a girl of fourteen, her singing caught the fancy of King Oscar of Sweden, who paid for her education in the Conservatory of Music at Christiansia. Mme. Bransen came to Pittsburg with her husband six weeks ago.

Since then she has been in popular demand at society functions, but no one ever suspected her antipathy to stockings until this reception at the Musical Institute, when a careless little movement of the singer's gown disclosed a bare and dainty little foot inclosed in a sandal of ancient pattern.

THE DANGER OF FILTH.

Crusade of New England Women to Encourage Cleanliness in Streets, Houses, Bodies, Clothes, Food and Drink.

The Woman's Health Club, of Boston, is doing an excellent work in the interests of public health by the publication of its booklets on hygienic subjects, and particularly by those which teach the great doctrine of cleanliness. They are written in a plain style, which can be understood by everyone who makes an attempt to read, though it is to be confessed that they will never reach the great mass of freborn, naturalized American citizens who never read anything—not even a yellow newspaper. Yet they will accomplish much in the direction of educating and enlisting leaders and teachers of the future work for civic and household cleanliness, and other organizations could with profit emulate the Boston example. It would awaken more people to the theory that they have a right to prevent injury from the uncleanness of others. Clean streets, clean houses, clean bodies and clothes, and, most of all, clean water and food—these are the prerequisites of public health, and they are privileges which everyone should enjoy. It has well been said that we have God's own country, man's own back yard and the devil's own cesspool. We have not yet emerged from the conditions of medieval cities—indeed, it is but a century since London itself was worse than a barnyard. At the rate that we are pouring filth into our rivers there will soon not be a clean stream east of the Rocky Mountains. By all means let the crusade go on, and let the woman's health clubs receive our blessing and perchance some more substantial assistance.

Pussy Cat Rhyme.

Can you tell me why
A hypocrite sly
Can better desecry
Than you can or I
On how many toes
A pussy cat goes?

A hypocrite neat
Can best counterfeit,
And so I suppose
Can best count her toes.

The Value of an Acre.

According to a statement prepared by a statistician, to sustain one person on fresh meat, 22 acres of land are required. If, however, this same amount of land be devoted to wheat culture it would feed 42 people; if to oats, 88; and if to potatoes, Indian corn and rice, 176 people.

A Happy Problem.

Pardon me, but I ought to tell you that Jones has run away with your wife.
Husband (bored)—Why run?
Goldfield, Nevada, has 250 incorporated Mining Companies, and instead of the barren desert of four years ago, is a bustling, bustling, up-to-date city of 8,000 inhabitants.



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Beats Hanging.

"James," said the teacher, "do you know what capital punishment is?" "Yes, ma'am," said Tommy. "It's when a fellow is naughty, and his mother shuts him up in the pantry where she keeps the cake and jam."

It is calculated that there are 2,196 women journalists in the United States, 1,200 in Germany and 600 in England. Contrary to general impression, only 7 per cent of these are engaged in writing or editing fashion news.



Mother of Captain Gridley, of Dewey's Flagship, Holds Reception.

Mrs. Ann E. Gridley held a reception at her home in Washington, in December, in celebration of her eightieth birthday anniversary. The parlors were decorated in red with palms distributed about the rooms, making a pretty appearance.

Although an octogenarian, Mrs. Gridley is a well-preserved and active old lady, and discourses interestingly upon the events of her life.

"Oh, I live in London now. I have pupils. And, I have been—waiting." He turned suddenly and caught her by his breast. "Please God, my little girl, he whispered, as she strained her yet closer to him, "our waiting days are nearly over!"