



Smith's Castle by Luke Sharp.

I had more than one invitation from my friend Smith to spend a week or two with him at his castle of Hoenzegwaldergrabenstein, and so at last I journeyed across the North Sea to find out how the son of the American lumber baron was getting along in the stronghold of an old German robber baron.

Smith wrote me that his castle stood about six miles from the Rhine, but was not visible from that celebrated river. He told me at which spot to leave the steamer, and said that if I would let him know on what day and on what boat I would arrive he would be at the landing to meet me, as otherwise I might have some difficulty in finding Hoenzegwaldergrabenstein. I thought by this that Smith was kidding, and that his boasted castle would be a very small affair, otherwise the guide-book must have had something to say about it.

On inquiring, I found that the boat stopped in mid-stream, and that I would have to be taken off in a small boat. As we approached the place, the captain said to me—for his eyes were sharper than mine, and he could see distinctly objects ahead on the shore which were practically invisible to me:

"There's that bad American and his gang."

"In what does his badness consist?" I asked, for I suspected he was referring to my friend Smith.

"Oh, you'll take it all right," said Smith confidently. "Riding on horseback is the only method of progression for a gentleman. I assure you the world has degenerated since carriages, coaches and railway trains were invented, not to mention steamboats and other modern abominations."



"Smith Led Me into a Large Room."

"I imagine he will have the Emperor William down upon him before he knows where he is, and then he will wish he were somewhere else; for the emperor is not a man to be trifled with, and allows no man to swagger around Germany except himself."

Saying which the captain bowed low, as every official is bound to do on the mention of the emperor's name.

"Have you ever met the madman?" I asked.

"Hush-sh-sh!" whispered the captain. "You must not allude to the emperor in that way."

"My dear captain," I said, "I was alluding to the owner of Hoenzegwaldergrabenstein."

"Ah, quite so," answered the captain, evidently much relieved. "Yes, he has been on my boat a number of times, and only the other day he asked me what I would do if I ran the nose of my boat against a chain stretched across the Rhine. I told him I would go back to the next town and send on the police."

"Then the young man replied, 'I shall probably be compelled to go to the expense of two chains, one of which will be sunk in the river until the steamboat passes over it; then we can pull it taut, so we can have the boat in a trap, as it were.' He sighed as he said this, and he added: 'That is the trouble with modern inventions. Steam gives you the power of turning around and going back, which the men in the olden days could not have done!'"

"Don't you think," I said to the captain, "that he was joking with you?"

"Oh, no," answered the captain, who was a very serious man. "The trouble with him is that he is merely crazy, that's all."

By this time the captain's attention was taken up with slowing and stopping the steamer. A small boat manned by two rowers threw a line



"I Mounted into the Empty Saddle."

up to us, and swung alongside. Into this boat I stepped. The captain waved his hand from his lofty position on the bridge, the steamer proceeded up the Rhine, my two rowers led their backs to the work and headed the boat for the shore. I saw that Smith had not come down to the landing with a vehicle for me, as I expected, but recognized him seated exactly on the back of a powerful black charger, while standing at some little distance behind him stood a squad of about a dozen men, all on horseback, and I thought each man had a fishing rod, but I found, on coming closer, that the rods were long, thin lances, which, with their butts resting upon the ground, stood up with their points several feet above the heads of the men on horseback. Standing near Smith was a saddled horse, somewhat similar to his own, which was held by a somewhat fantastically-dressed page, and, still further along, was a donkey with panniers, evidently intended to carry the luggage. Smith himself was clad

in a leather doublet, or jerkin, or whatever they call it, with an ancient German cloth cap, somewhat like a Tam-o-Shanter, set jauntily on his head. I must say that I never saw Smith looking better or more starwarty than when he sat easily on his black horse, with his knuckles pressed against his hip, waiting for me. He greeted me with the utmost cordiality, and I must confess it was with some hesitation and not a few misgivings that I mounted the empty saddle waiting for me.

"I am not sure," I said to Smith, "that I shall shine as an equestrian. I haven't been on a horse for some years."

"Oh, you'll take it all right," said Smith confidently. "Riding on horseback is the only method of progression for a gentleman. I assure you the world has degenerated since carriages, coaches and railway trains were invented, not to mention steamboats and other modern abominations."

We turned our horses' heads toward a valley that opened out on the Rhine. The road was winding but good. The horsemen behind us wheeled through several evolutions and formed into little companies of three men each, the

center was a cowed monk who took the stool at Smith's left. He pronounced a benediction on the repast and then every one fell to. The meal was plentiful but rough, and consisted of a huge baron of beef with mashed potatoes. I waited for a plate to be handed to me, and did not understand until Smith called my attention to the fact, that the square piece of plank on the table in front of me was my trencher from which I was to eat. He very kindly showed me how I was to build an embankment on this with the mashed potatoes and receive the beef and gravy in the center. It required some care not to eat too ravenously of this embankment, otherwise a breach was made in the walls and a tide of gravy flooded forth which was difficult to stem unless a man were prompt and expert.

TALE OF AN ARISTOCRATIC TRAMP

Slept in Astor's Bed and Loaned Money to Dewey.

Otto Ferdinand Lionel DeCuyper, a bronzed, blistered and odoriferous knight of the tomato can, was up before Judge Morrison this morning on the charge of vagrancy. The great, the aristocratic man, was gathered in last evening while enjoying a can of stale beer and a rest from his weary pilgrimage. After wringing the superfluous extract of hops out of his clay-colored Vandikes he fell in line with the ceps and accompanied the ceps to Mr. Sully's sanitarium. He exhibited a nonchalant ease in police court this morning that would have graced the Prince of Wales at his best. After the judge had fined him \$5 and costs DeCuyper said:

"It's jus' dis way, judge. I ain't always been a littin' do rag. At one time I was jus as big a mug as Charney Dewey, or Willie Astor, or Billy Vanderbilt or any of dem swell guys dat have got money enough now to burn a wet dog. Charney Dewey an' me used to go to school together, an' when he wuz a young feller I lent him \$5 one. Of course, dey don't know me now. It was me dat slept in Astor's bed in New York an' got run in. I tell ye, judge, I've got blue blood in dese yere veins o' mine, and I feel right at home among millionaires and aristocrats, dough I never had much of a chance to make money. I've been waitin' around now for thirty years for my ship to come in, an' I guess she's run into a reef. What knocked me out, judge, was love. I once was wifed with a maiden fair, but feared dat she loved me for my prospects of future greatness, so I trim her overboard. De girl died of a broken heart, and I've been a wanderer ever since. Some places I work de healer racket, and, besides laying my hands on sick people, I also try de same thing on any grub that's layin' around loose. If I could get to Freeport now, dat's what I would like to do. I know a feller dere dat works in a brewery. All right, judge, I'll go, dough I ain't bug-housed, if you do say so."

And Otto Ferdinand Lionel DeCuyper was led out into the wide world by a stern copper and given a drink of water—and a tip to Freeport.—Rockford Republican.

TESTS OF ENDURANCE FOR LOVERS.

Methods in Vogue in Africa of Trying Man's Fitness for Marriage.

No other country offers such opportunities to those desiring to marry as America. In that respect it is truly the home of the free and the land of the brave, not to say the foolhardy. In some countries those matrimonially inclined have to get the parents' consent, in others the prospective bridegroom has to show that he can support a wife. Uncle Sam throws no such obstacles in the path of true love. He regards a man's right to marry a woman if she is willing, and provided one can raise the bill, and provided the license, there is nothing to hinder him getting married if he can find a woman of the same mind. In South Africa the savage tribes put the matrimonial candidate through previous to his entering the holy estate. His hands are tied up in a bag containing fire ants for two hours. If he bears unmoved the torture of their stings he is considered qualified to cope with the nagging and daily jar and fret of married life. Such a man would make an admirable husband. He would not be upset by the thoughts of a spring bonnet, or grow irritable every time the steak was overdone. The idea of having a patience trial for a man about to marry is a good idea that civilized people might adopt.—Pleasure.

A Knitting Bag.

To make a useful knitting bag, twist two rounds of zinc wire; a small one for the bottom of the bag and a much larger one for the top or shoulder. Stretch some effective colored silk—either striped or broad-cord—from one ring to the other, allowing for the bag to be about ten by twelve inches in length; sew securely to the wire rings, and here add frills of silk in a contrasting shade. The lower frill is merely required to ornament the bag, and should be a couple of inches wide finished with a twist of ribbon and a bag bow to hide the joints. The upper frill is much more important as it fastens the actual mouth of the bag, and should be allowed quite six inches deep. Fix one edge to the large ring, and about two and one-half inches from this insert a reeving string of brightly colored ribbon, which shall act as a draw-thread for opening and closing the reticule. The rest of the frill will stand up and form a dainty finish, while I could suggest that this frill be lined with a twist of some delicate color. Yellow with white lining, green with pink lining and heliotrope with lemon-colored lining, are each and all dainty and effective, while the material used for such bags may be of any of the art colored broadweaves now so fashionable. Bags of the same shape, but on a larger scale, could be used for work satchets, or again, small open bags to match the wearer's gown, made in this style, would be effective and novel.

Uncle Tom, what is even to admit.

It's knowing how to make other people work without doing anything yourself.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A BOY'S GRIM PATENT.

The close of the great war between the North and South made it necessary for certain bands of lawless men to withdraw into the mountains.

At the darkest part of that short but memorable period of doubt, terror and suspense, a stranger came to the home of Wenby Dilbert, which was deep-set in the wildest part of Northern Georgia. It is not quite accurate to say that the man came, for he was carried, in an unconscious state, by Wenby Dilbert and his son, Hank, from where Hank found him, pale, still and bloody, beside a spring in the wood a quarter of a mile from the house. He was sorely wounded through the left shoulder, where a bullet hit him, and he had fainted from loss of blood.

The Dilbert family consisted of Wenby, his wife and their only somewhat sickly son, Hank. They were poor but honest mountain folk, and they lived in a comfortable cabin, remote from other houses. They were frugal, and during the war had hoarded up the silver and gold "Yankee" money that they could get, so that now Mr. Dilbert had hidden under a rude hearthstone a squirrel-skin bag containing \$485 in coin and paper money. This financial fact was kept as closely as possible, a secret of secrets; for the mountain outlaws would murder the whole family to handle a quarter of that amount.

With tenderest care the Dilberts



Hank as Nurse.

nursed the unknown man; but it was not without misgivings; he was so hairy, so rough of feature, so powerfully built and so grim in the expression of his countenance. Moreover, when he regained consciousness, his silence and mysterious actions generally wrought upon the imagination of his benefactors. It was plain to see that he was no common man. A certain magnetic force, a ray from within, struck like keen lightning from his narrow, deep-set gray eyes.

Hank Dilbert, aged sixteen, did most of the nursing. One day his patient suddenly sat up in bed and asked for ham and eggs. Hank called his mother. She came; but she turned pale, for the man's ferocity, invalid as he was, frightened her, but she said, slowly:

"They ain't no aigs," she said.

"The man's gray eyes glistened between the closed lids.

"No aigs!" he growled. "What's yer hens been or der?"

"Ner they ain't no ham, nother," Mrs. Dilbert went on. "Yer have ter take sidemeat an' taters."

"No ham! Wat'd ye eat it all up fer, wen ye knowed 'at I'd want some?" He smiled at her in a way that made her blood clog her heart. "Well, hustle an' git me w'at ye have got, fer I'm onto starved."

After he had eaten heartily, the man called for his clothes and dressed himself. Meantime, night fell with a drizzling rain and a chill, blustering wind. It was pitch dark in the deep little mountain valley. Hank made a pine-knot fire on the hearth in the man's room. The fellow filled a

spring up, tore up first one board and then another from the cabin floor, and, squeezing himself into the opening so made, said:

"Kiver me, quick—lay them boards over me!"

Hank obeyed, and just as he had completed his task there came a knock at the outer door that burst it open, and then Hank heard his mother scream.

"Shet erp, quick," a stern voice commanded, "an' jes' git the ole man's money fer us in a hurry."

"Lor—"

"Don't ye squeak nother time. Git ye do I'll shoot ye full o' holes. Ef that money, an' git it quick!"

Hank was a mere boy; but he had in him the spirit of ancestors who were Revolutionary soldiers and Indian fighters. Hearing his mother threatened sent along his nerves the thrill of true heroism. Quick as a steel spring he leaped to the partition door and flung it open. In his right hand he held a pair of heavy iron tongs, which he swung furiously against the first man he saw. The man's back was toward Hank, and the blow was a lucky one, landing hard on the side of the fellow's head. He staggered and reeled against the wall, clutched at the logs and fell heavily.

At the same instant another of the men—there were three, all masked—struck Hank with a pistol, a blow which would have killed him, but for the tongs. The barrel of the weapon hit one prong of the tongs, and so was somewhat parried.

Mrs. Dilbert was now screaming at the top of her voice and struggling with the third robber—up from the floor rose the one that Hank had knocked down.

"Yer a goin' ter die awful quick," he gnashed forth, flourishing a large knife and lunging madly at the boy, who just then was dodging and leaping, this way and that, to save his head from his first assailant's blow.

The outside door was open, and the wind and rain came in. The ashes were whirled from the wide fireplace and filled the room; the lard lamp on Mrs. Dilbert's little table was blown out. The one light was a wavering flare from the pine knots on the hearth in the other room.

"Murder! Help!" Hank cried, as loud as he could.

Suddenly the cabin trembled. There was a rending noise. The floor in the other room was heaved high and the boards fell aside with a mighty clatter. A pale giant loomed in the uncertain light, his hair disheveled, his grim face distorted with passion. A post was wrenched from the bedstead and some heavy blows fell right and left. Two or three pistol shots rang spitefully in the midst of the struggle.

Next morning at 1 o'clock Col. Miller Wofford arrived at the lonely Dilbert cabin. Five picked men of the revenue service were with him, and they were guided by Mr. Dilbert, whose description of the wounded stranger at his house had satisfied the colonel that it was Glen Hires, the most terrible of all the mountain outlaws, who had been nursed so tenderly by Hank. There was a large reward for his capture, dead or alive, but recently he had escaped, badly wounded, by fighting his way through a posse of Federal officers.

They came only to rescue Hank. Mrs. Dilbert had been shot in the attack on the house, but her death had been avenged. Within and without the cabin lay the bodies of the outlaws. Glen Hires, whose giant strength had felled them, one by one, was slowly bleeding to death on the cabin floor. On the bed, unconscious, lay poor Hank, and the last words of the man he had nursed were:

"The youngster won't die, will he?"

Glen Hires never heard the answer; but his wish was granted. Hank lived through it, and to-day is a leading man near the Tennessee line in North Georgia.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Satisfied With the Security.

The other day a little girl was seen by one of the clerks standing outside

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