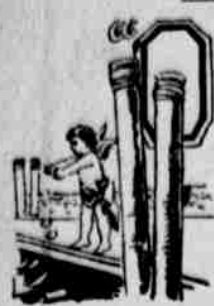


THE QUAY AT VEVEY.



"Of course, I am going to the hop tonight," says Mrs. Darby, gayly. "So little happens at Vevey in October one really must take in everything. Her companion, a man some few years younger than the pretty widow, bows absent-mindedly to an English girl who walks briskly by them, armed with a tennis racket. "I may hope for a few dances, then?" he questions. "A few?" arching her delicate brows. "I know you dance awfully well. But the American colony talks so in Vevey." "They have nothing better to do," answers Dick Templeton, glancing contemptuously at the many idlers along the quay. He is too lately from college and the active life of American summer resorts to feel himself at one with the Americans who lead a purposeless, care-free existence in the little Swiss towns which dot the banks of Lake Geneva. "The people here do nothing," he reiterated, the contempt in his voice deepening. "Some of them study," murmurs the widow apologetically, lowering her parasol slightly. Then she adds a moment later: "Why do you stay here, Mr. Templeton, if you do not like the life?" Mrs. Darby knows the young American is staying solely on her account, but she wants him to tell her so. As the couple pause to speak to a group of their acquaintance she is inwardly debating as to whether she will let Dick Templeton propose to her now or wait until tonight at the Townsends' hop. She decides it would better be now, as she intends devoting the greater part of her evening to Senator Sevard, a handsome Spaniard who has made love to her all autumn in his charming, open, foreign fashion, saying, perhaps, in his broken but delightful English, more than he had meant to say. He had been told one could say anything to American women up to a certain point, and he found Mrs. Darby very interesting. It had been a new experience to Mrs. Darby and she had grown more interested in him than she would care to own. So as Mrs. Darby and Dick Templeton continued their slow promenade, she looks up at him in evident expectation of an answer to her last question. "Mrs. Darby," replies the young man, earnestly, his eyes avoiding her face



"YOU ARE A FLIRT," and fixed on the distant mountains, "you know why I am staying." "I? Mr. Templeton, indeed I do not." He glances at her suddenly, but she, too, has her eyes fixed on the blue white distance. The man pauses abruptly and leans against the parapet. They have reached the end of the quay. Mrs. Darby stops, perforce, with a wish that the next few moments were well over with. The frank admiration of her young countryman has been very pleasant to her and she has encouraged him until even the most unobservant matron in the American colony has coupled their names together. But a slight feeling of regret comes to her now that she sees him so much in earnest. "I am staying," Dick Templeton goes on, "because you are here, Mrs. Darby, and because I would rather be where you are than anywhere else on earth. Last week when I went to Geneva I thought I could do without you, but I was mistaken. I came back in three days. Every moment had been an hour to me. Ah, Marion, I thought you were glad to see me when I returned. You cannot have been trifling with me, Marion. I love you. I have never loved another woman. I ask you to be my wife." Mrs. Darby's face expresses some regret but more annoyance. Why need he be so serious? She knows that he will reproach her, and she hesitates a few moments before answering, trying to think of something natural to say. "Dick," she says at last, softly, "I am truly sorry this has happened. I think so much of you. I thought we were such good friends. I never—" "Stop!" interrupts the man hastily. "Do not lie to me. You knew from the first that I loved you." "Sir!" she repeats, her eyes flashing angrily. "Mr. Templeton, you insult me. You forget yourself strangely." "I forget nothing but that you have used me for your amusement. There is no insult for such as you. You are a flirt!" He is looking directly at her now, but she is looking up at the quay at a tall, dark man who is approaching them indolently at some little distance away. It is Senator Sevard! This scene must be over before he reaches them.

She turns passionately to the man who has dared to address her like this. "You fool," she hisses, "because I have accepted your flowers and books; because I have walked with you, driven with you and allowed you to carry my wraps, is that a reason why you should fancy I love you? Your intense conceit has deceived you." Dick Templeton looks at her scornfully, making no reply. Then, following the concentrated gaze of her baffling eyes, he sees Senator Sevard, but a few feet off. "Here is a new toy for you," he says, brutally. "I dare say the senator will spare me the very disagreeable duty of accompanying you home." Mrs. Darby turns white. "Senator," addressing the newcomer, "this man has insulted me. Will you take me to my hotel?" The senator eyed the young American curiously. He had lent the Spaniard 500 francs the night before, and after such generosity the suave foreigner could not believe him capable of insulting a lady. He turns to Mrs. Darby. "Since when, madame, have I had the right to protect you from your own countrymen?" Then, holding out a small packet to Dick Templeton. "Here is the money, monsieur, you so kindly lent me at cards last night. I am leaving for Lausanne on the 5 o'clock train." He shakes hands cordially with Dick, bows formally to Mrs. Darby and, crossing the road, is soon lost to view in a narrow side street. Templeton, thrusting the money in his pocket, turns his back to Mrs. Darby and again leans over the parapet. "Dick," says Marion in a low voice. Suppressing an oath, Dick, without turning, says coldly: "Are you going on, Mrs. Darby, or shall I?" The woman sees she cannot retrieve what she has lost. A moment later Marion Darby is walking up the quay alone.

WHERE MARY LAMB DIED.

The Little Dreamy Old Lady's Famous Visitors. Apropos of the recent celebration of Charles Lamb's birthday at the Urban Club, John Hollingshead writes as follows in London Sketch: The house in which Mary Lamb died, after surviving her devoted brother, Charles Lamb (who died in 1835), thirteen years, has been swept away with the bulk of Alpha road by the new Sheffield railway works. After Mary Lamb had murdered her mother in a fit of insanity it became a question what was to be done with her. Her brother and friends came to the rescue to prevent her being imprisoned as a criminal lunatic. My two great aunts—Miss Sarah James and Mrs. Parsons—as friends of the family, offered to be responsible for her safety and conduct, and Mrs. Parsons, who lived at 29 Alpha road, the northwest side, about eight houses from the main road, fitted her up a comfortable room on the ground floor, with a French door window opening into the orchard garden, which in the later '30's and '40's was full of apple trees. This room was her sitting room and library, every inch of the walls being filled with books, some of them presentation copies, in paper covers, from Wordsworth, Keats, Coleridge, Southey, John Clare, William Goodwin, Tom Hood and others, with the folios and old dramatists which Charles Lamb had gleaned from many bookstalls. I spent many afternoons with the little, dreamy old lady, who often looked over me rather than at me, and tried my best to amuse her by playing a very irregular game of whist. Visitors sometimes came in and I was allowed to watch them from a corner. William Goodwin, Miss Kelly, Tom Hood, William Hazlitt and many others passed before my boyish eyes, and I am sorry to say I often left them to go out in the garden and feast myself on the apples.

Hotels in Greece. Professor Gildersleeve writing in the Atlantic Monthly of hotels in the interior of Greece, says there is no common sitting-room. There is no office, but that does not seem to interfere with the presentation of the bills. The ground floor is given up to a cafe or restaurant, if the innkeeper goes into that line of business. Very often, however, the master of the Apollo has only rooms to let. The sleeping apartments on the floor above are often approached by an outside stairway, and, as is to be expected in a southern climate, they are scantily furnished. Over-furnishing is a vice anywhere. Under a southern sky it is a crime of which the Greeks are not guilty. There is usually a mirror, though that tribute of human vanity is sometimes lacking, and, like the Turk, the solitary Turkish towel bears no brother near his throne. The bedstead is invariably of iron. As in primitive United States within my memory, single rooms are rare. Two, three, four, five beds are put in one room or strung along the corridors. A fastidious person who desires to occupy a room alone has to pay for all the beds therein. In some places special charges are made for sleeping in the daytime, and there is a fixed rate for sleeping on the floor.

Golfers in the South. Although golf may be played all through the winter, as has been the case at Lakewood this year, many ardent golfers prefer to follow the swallows south of Mason and Dixon's line. There is a very smart colony at Aiken, S. C., this year, and the links at Hampton Roads have been played on regularly. These latter have the advantage of being within reach of the officers' quarters at Fort Monroe, and there is much rivalry between soldiers and civilians.—Exchange.

THE HISTORY OF A SONG.

"The Vacant Chair" and Its War-Time Origin. Almost every American is familiar with the song called "The Vacant Chair," though comparatively few know the name of the author of the verses or the circumstances which gave rise to their composition, says the New England Magazine. A recent writer has given a sketch of Henry Stevenson Washburn of Boston, who wrote the words of "The Vacant Chair" and of Lieut. John William Grout of the Massachusetts volunteers, whose heroic death they commemorated. John William Grout was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1843, son of a well known and wealthy manufacturer. From the earliest age the boy manifested intense love of things military and distinguished himself at the Worcester military academy, where he studied. At the outbreak of the war his ability was at once recognized by the authorities and he was commissioned second lieutenant in company D of the 15th Massachusetts volunteers. He became very popular in the regiment and was in great demand as drillmaster. In the field the young lieutenant displayed conspicuous coolness and bravery, but his career was unfortunately very brief. He lost his life in the disastrous engagement which took place in October, 1861, near Poolsville, Md. Young Grout was intimate with the family of Mr. Washburn, being a warm friend of that gentleman's son and on the Thanksgiving following the young man's death Mr. Washburn, sympathizing with the family, which would feel its bereavement doubly at that festive season, was inspired with some verses, which were afterward published under the name of "The Vacant Chair" in the Worcester Spy and signed H. S. W. These verses met the eye of Mr. George Root of Chicago, who set them to music without any correspondence with the author, as the lines were not copyrighted. The song appeared as "The Vacant Chair," words by H. S. W., music by George F. Root, and at once appealed to the public, selling in enormous numbers. Mr. Washburn, who has been a prominent business man and was for some years in the house of representatives, is now 84 years old and lives in a beautiful home in the Aberdeen district of Boston. He has written many pretty and touching verses besides "The Vacant Chair" and not long ago published a volume containing his principal poems.

A COUNTRY OF SURPRISES.

Coal, Lead, Silver and Tin in South Africa. While there is little doubt that with proper development of its agricultural and pastoral resources South Africa could be made practically self-supporting, the successful development of these industries depends nevertheless upon the creation of local markets through the stimulus given by mining operations, says the North American Review. With the exception of mining gold, diamonds and coal there have been no considerable exploitations of its mineral resources. Coal fortunately exists in many parts of the country, and it has been estimated that the known coal fields represent an area of 56,000 square miles, which is equal in extent to the state of Iowa. There exist in some parts of the country large deposits of iron contiguous to the coal fields. But as yet the economic conditions have not favored the development of that industry. Lead, silver, cinnabar, tin and other metals are also found in many parts of the country, but have not been remuneratively worked. Among the mining countries of South Africa the Transvaal is facile princeps, and is in all probability destined to maintain its paramount position, though, as is well known, South Africa is "a country of surprises," and it is possible, of course, though not probable, that within its great extent other equally important districts may be discovered.

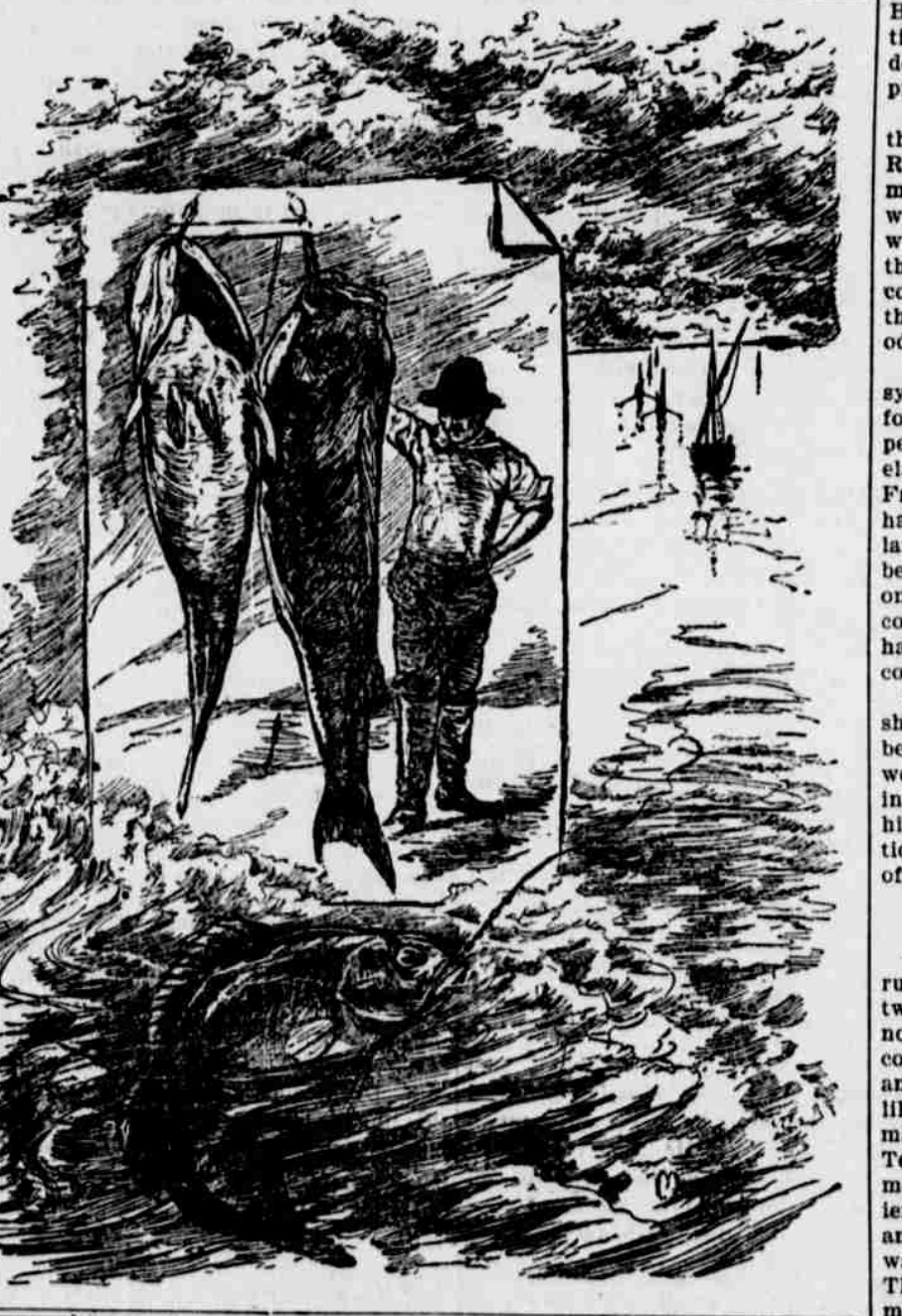
Sudden Restoration of Speech. A child who had for some years been speechless from what appeared to be paralysis of the vocal chords had been under treatment at an institution for deaf mutes in the hope that something might be done to restore her lost faculty. The physicians had failed to produce any effect, and the little one was to be sent home as incurable. The children who were recovering their powers of speech were singing a favorite and inspiring hymn, when the child, without the slightest warning, joined in the chorus and sang heartily and with tolerable enunciation. Later she pronounced several words and spoke with tolerable ease. The doctors are somewhat puzzled and can give no satisfactory explanation of the curious circumstance.

Old-Bicycle Tires. That the second-hand bicycle, or its tire, has its uses is evident from the fact that for some time ingenious persons have used the older inner tubes as water or ice bags. The tube is cut off at the valve and the long section is filled as may be desired for heat or cold. In order to avoid the weight of pressure at one end of the tube ribbons or tapes are tied around the tube at intervals, suggesting a string of sausages. As a hot-water bag this arrangement is most desirable. If one requires small bags the tube can be cut in sections, one end sealed with ordinary cement and the other, after filling, may be tied with the string.

It is an extraordinary fact that only two presidents were born between April and October. The record by months is as follows: January, two; February, three; March, four; April, four; July, one, August, one; October, three; November, four; December, two.

A PACIFIC GIANT

In former years a singular fishery flourished on the island of Santa Catalina, Southern California, known as the boneless cod. Scores of Italian fishermen, who could not speak a word, or but few words, of English, made the attractive island their headquarters, and any one familiar with the bay of Naples or Palermo might have thought that they had been transported to those places, as here were the same boats—double-enders, low in the water, thick and heavy, with picturesque lateen sails, which dodged in and out of the bays in a suspicious way that suggested piracy, or at least smuggling. But all these boats were fishing for the Los Angeles market, and the boneless cod constituted an important item. The first time I saw the meat of this cod I was struck with its fine appearance; and the evident size or bulk of the fish and a desire to see one caught induced me to take passage on one of the fishing boats. The fishing ground was on the southeast end of the island, near a huge bed of kelp that stretched along shore, forming a perfect barrier against the heavy sea that came pounding in to break and wear away the rock-bound coast. Instead of anchoring, the men hauled aboard a long branch of kelp and made it fast, and by this seaweed cable the craft swung in the tide. Small lines were then thrown out, baited with crawfish. I soon hooked a fish, and had it fairly at the surface when I distinctly saw some large black object dash upward from the depths below. A violent wranch, and my fish, hook and line were gone. The fishermen laughed at my confusion, and handed me another line. A few moments later my nearest companion jerked in a fish, when the same big object appeared, flinging itself partly out of the water in its eagerness to capture it, then, turning as it descended, literally drenching me with water, at which the Italians laughed uproariously. and cut deep furrows in the side of the boat; and when the fish turned and made a side rush the force and power of the creature were almost irresistible. But gradually the struggles became less and less, and a final effort brought a huge body of rich color alongside. I caught a momentary flash of great eyes, then a ponderous tail again drenched me with water, and the fish made a last and futile plunge, then lay on its side pounding and beating the water with its tail and rolling about from side to side. It was finally hauled up so that its head was out of the water—a magnificent creature fully six feet in length and bulky in proportion; a black bass in general shape, elaborated and grown out of all semblance to itself, so that it weighed nearly five hundred pounds, a type of power and strength among fishes. "You want see boneless cod?" said one of the fishermen; "that's him." So, then, the secret was out. Boneless cod was neither cod nor boneless, but the famous Santa Catalina black sea bass that was caught by the wholesale, cut up into great slices or steaks, and salted down as cod—a very good description. Our first capture was, after it was killed, fastened astern, and later several other fish were hooked, some of which must have weighed several hundred pounds, as they carried off the lines and straightened out the big iron hooks. Sometimes they would follow up the small fish that were being caught for bait, and would strike heavily against the bottom of the boat. We had struck a school of these giants of the bass tribe, and nearly a dozen of them were taken, ranging from one hundred and fifty to five hundred pounds in weight. Late in the evening the heavily-laden craft came to anchor in the little bay, and the great fish were towed ashore, cut up and salted down without their bones, to be sent out later as boneless cod.



The small fish which had been sought was now placed on a hook almost as large as a whale hook, with a powerful line, and thrown over. Hardly had it struck the bottom before the line began to run slowly out, at which the fishermen became greatly excited. When about twenty feet had gone over the rail a lusty Genoese seized it, and when it came taut jerked it with all his force. As a response came a jerk that nearly threw him upon his face, and the line, torn from his grasp, rushed over the side with a force that made it smoke and hiss. Out it went, the coils leaping into the air like living things, the men rushing from side to side to avoid them. Ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred and more feet went smoking and hissing over the gunwale before the fisherman dared to touch it, and then, when he did, his arms went down, elbow deep into the water, so deep, in fact, that his companions seized him by the legs to prevent his utter disappearance. By the greatest exertion the Italian stayed the progress of the big fish and gained twenty feet or more of line; then, in a magnificent rush, the gamy creature rushed out again, to be finally stopped by a turn taken about a belaying pin; even then the big line creaked and groaned ominously. For half an hour this struggle went on, the line being handed around from man to man as they grew weary, and finally it fell to me. The big fish even then was more than I could manage. When it made a rush the line burned my hand

The Bellman's Little Joke. Kirriemuir, in Forfarshire, the "Thrum" of Mr. Barrie's delightful studies of Scottish life and character, once possessed a humorous bellman. On one occasion he was instructed to make the following announcement on the day of the local fair: "Notice! All persons driving cattle through the lands of Logie, to or from the market, will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law." Then, seeming to be sorry for the harshness of the order, and anxious to clear himself in the eyes of his neighbors, he added: "Ye needna mind a' this, lads; it's only a haver (nonsense) of the grievance (the farm overseer)."

HE DIDN'T DESERVE THE GIRL.

Was Assent-Minded to the Last Degree. There is something at once amusing and pathetic in the fact that Robely never married, says the Detroit Free Press. He was a bright, healthy, cheerful young man twenty years ago. Under these conditions it was inevitable that he should fall in love and his affection was reciprocated by a beautiful young lady, who was as happy as he in building air castles. In everything they were fitted for each other, unless in the fact that Robely was the most absent-minded young man that ever went a-wooing. Occasionally he would start to see his girl and wander in some other direction, forgetting his dereliction until it was too late to make amends. Twice he called for the special purpose of proposing and left without attending to the matter. Even when the time came to appeal for a parental consent and blessing the matter escaped his mind until the indignant old gentleman appointed a special conference and curiously insisted that failure to meet the date would prove disastrous. Theater engagements and parties were overlooked in the same way, and it was all passed happily over because it was Robely. It was not expected that he would comply with any special code of conduct. But when the church chimes were pealing the bride was in a flutter of anticipation, the bridesmaids and groomsmen were on hand, the minister was ready, the families were there and the wedding festival needed but the presence of the bridegroom. He was missing. This was different. There was no way of doing without him. He had been urged, warned and cautioned, but he was allowing that absent mind of his to drift him down the river in a rowboat unmindful of the penalty fate would exact. The pitcher had gone to the well once too often, and the wedding was never celebrated.

THE POPULAR IDEA.

But They Are Not All Innocent Men Who Go to Siberia. There was a popular idea that the wastes of Siberia are peopled with men who have been unjustly exiled from Russia and that the criminal is really as difficult to find as the traditional needle in the bunch of hay, says Tit-Bits. Facts, however, do not substantiate this theory any more than they do the large majority of popular impressions. A great sensation was created two or three years ago by the finding of seven Russian exiles or prisoners who had made their escape from Siberia. They were in an open boat in the Pacific and were taken to San Francisco, where they became the objects of popular commiseration, as well as the text for the denouncing of the Russian methods of dealing with political offenders. The Californians, ever ready with sympathy, gave them clothes and found them work to do. It now appears that during the interval that has elapsed between their arrival in San Francisco and now every one of them has been punished by the law of the land. The last of the party has just been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for burglary, while one of his comrades only a short time ago was hanged for two murders which he had committed. Investigations which have been made show that every one of these men had been sent to Siberia for reasons which would have earned him a corresponding period of exile from the haunts of his fellow-men if not absolute deportation from the country in any other part of the world.

Wedded on a Trolley Car. The conductors and motormen who run on the electric cars which ply between Council Bluffs and Omaha look nowadays with suspicion upon young couples who seem only casual acquaintances. They don't know when they are likely to get roped in as witnesses to marriage, says the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph. Conductor Thorne and the motorman of car No. 55 had this experience several days ago. A young man and a woman boarded the car at Broadway and Pearl street in the morning. The fare to Omaha was paid by the man. Neither the man nor the woman seemed to take much interest in life until the car neared Omaha. When the car reached the crossing near Twelfth and Douglas streets the man looked out anxiously, and in a few minutes the Rev. Mr. Overton of Omaha came puffing in. There was a big crowd on hand and as the electric car sped back to Council Bluffs the nuptial knot was tied. At Broadway and Pearl street the car stopped and the husband and wife disappeared in the snowstorm. The minister carried back to Omaha a good-sized fee, nor was the car crew forgotten.

On the House. "Talk about trained dogs," said Larry Phillips recently, as he was standing before a down-town mixed-goods restaurant, "they ain't in it with Mike. Come here, Mike!" he shouted, and Mike, a three-legged bull terrier, walled-eyed and lopsided, with an upper lip like a County Kerry squire's, sauntered up. His owner walked into the saloon and laid a quarter behind a cuspidor. "Mike," said he, when he returned, "I left a quarter in the room yonder. Go in and get it." Mike looked up intelligently and ran into the room, coming back presently empty mouthed. "That's the first time he ever failed me," said Larry, with some chagrin, as he walked in and picked up the coin. Then, looking at it closely: "Why, no wonder, the dog wouldn't touch it. The blamed thing's a counterfeit. Who changed that quarter?" But the bartender only remarked: "Guess they're on the house, Larry."—Philadelphia Record.