

Rob Cleverdale's Adventure.

By Seward W. Hopkins.

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CHAPTER XVI.

"Those who are with me to the death, come behind me!" said Starné. Less than half the crew obeyed. There was a shout from those who remained. "No kill the boy, we all go," said one. "The cub must die. Stand aside!" The pistol was raised again, and at the same moment a dozen other pistols came into view. Starné's men had come, and Rob's men the rest.

"This is mutiny!" yelled Starné at those who stood by Rob. "I will have you all in prison."

Back in the group there was one of lighter shade than the rest. He had quite an intelligent face. He had as yet said nothing. In reply to Starné's last threat this man stepped forward.

"You lie," he said. "This is not mutiny. A crew cannot mutiny only against its officers. You have no business on this schooner. You have killed our captain. We will not stand by you."

"Then take this!" said Starné, firing his pistol at the man.

The ball took effect in his arm, and he uttered a shout of rage. In an instant a half dozen shots had been fired. Several of the crew were wounded. And Lemuel Starné lay writhing on the deck.

It was over in an instant. The crew as if suddenly bethinking itself of what it was doing, stopped and looked at Rob.

"Men," he said, "this could not be avoided. This man is a wicked man. He killed Torrevo, and he would have killed me. I never did anything to him. He wanted to kill me to get my uncle's wealth. As for that cause he spoke of, it is as dead as Torrevo, dead as a dead fish. If you stand by Elvin

"Horton, the millionaire? I should say I did. What do you want with him?"

"I will tell him that," said Rob. "There is nothing to be taken ashore from this vessel but me. If you think I am contraband, come with me. But I warn you not to delay me."

The inspector was impressed, and his curiosity was aroused.

"Come along," he said.

They were soon ashore, and Rob was amazed at the fine streets and buildings he saw. They got on an electric car—something that Rob had supposed was limited to New York—and then got off before a splendid residence of brick and stone.

"Horton lives here," said the inspector.

Mr. Horton was with his wife and Elsie eating supper, when a servant announced that two persons wanted to see him on important business. He went into the wide hall where the two sat waiting, and looked at Rob curiously. Rob was worth looking at just then. His face was flushed with pride and happiness, and the spirit of American youth gleamed in his eyes.

"What can I do for you?" asked Mr. Horton, kindly.

"Uncle David! Uncle David! Don't you guess who I am?" burst out Rob. "I am Rob Cleverdale."

Mr. Horton turned white and stepped back.

"You thought I was drowned, but I was not," said Rob. "Lemuel Starné threw me overboard, but I was picked up."

A great sob of joy—undoubting, blessed joy—welled up from Mr. Horton's bosom.

He clasped Rob to him, and tears

Justice, and the stores in the cave at Black Cat bay were seized. Richard Elvin was shot and Lemuel died of his wound.

Not only was Rob received with enthusiasm by his uncle, aunt and cousins, but he was the hero of Buenos Ayres. The president gave him a gold medal, on which was the date and the story of the valuable services Rob had rendered the government. The "Black Cat" was now the property of the government, and the president used his influence, and this was also given to Rob. It was a very handsome little schooner, none too large for a yacht, and Mr. Horton accepted it for Rob, and at once placed a reliable crew on it.

Many a good sail has Rob had on that schooner since that day, and many a stirring adventure has he had while off on business for Mr. Horton.

Mr. Horton is delighted with Rob's quickness in grasping the details of his large business enterprises, and there is no doubt that if Rob lives, he will be not only a true, brave man, but a rich one as well.

(The end.)

Ancient Coffee Houses.

The coffee house is every night crowded with men of parts, says the Connoisseur. Almost every one you meet is a polite scholar and a wit. Jokes and bonnets are echoed from box to box; every branch of nature is critically examined and the merit of every production of the press or performance at the theaters weighed and determined. This school—to which I am myself indebted for a great part of my education, and in which, though unworthy, I am now arrived at the honor of being a public lecturer—has bred up many authors, to the amazing entertainment and instruction of their readers. Buttons, the grand archetype of the Bedford, was frequented by Addison, Steele, Pope and the rest of that celebrated set who flourished at the beginning of this century and was regarded with just deference on account of the real geniuses who frequented it. But we can now boast men of superior abilities—men who, without any one acquired excellence, by the merit of a happy assurance, can exact the same tribute of veneration and receive it as due to the illustrious characters, the scribblers, layers, fiddlers, gamblers, that make so large a part of the company at the Bedford.

Bolting Our Food.

There is undoubtedly a great deal to be said in favor of the opinion that a considerable portion of the illness in this country is caused by the unpleasant habit of eating too rapidly. Of course we all know, and have at times a very painful experience of, the fact, that this is a high-pressure age, and all is done at express speed, but this surely ought not to be the case with our meals. It is interesting, but not pretty, to watch the business man when he goes into a restaurant for his luncheon. It is with him looked upon in the light of a duty and not a pleasure. He must eat, and he feels that he has only a few minutes to devote to the operation, so that he may be back at his office with all possible speed. He attacks his food savagely, gulps down his beer or wine, and when the last sad rites are over he pays and bolts—in fact, it is a case of bolting from beginning to end. Every doctor will tell you that people should eat slowly, and occupy the time pleasantly with conversation. In this way we shall live longer and enjoy better health and greater ability to cope with the world.

Made Her Account Good.

It was only a dainty little note from a woman depositor, but it caused a gentle ripple of merriment among the accountants and tellers of an uptown bank. The institution caters to women, and the president has often remarked that the women depositors were in some respects more careful in their business methods than the men. A few days ago the discovery was made that the account of one of the women depositors had been overdrawn a few dollars. The usual notification in such cases was sent to the depositor, with the request that the account be made good. A prompt and polite reply was received from the delinquent. She apologized for the overdraft, thanked the bank officers for informing her of the fact so courteously—and inclosed her check on the same bank for the amount of the overdraft. It is needless to say that an explanatory note was sent to this depositor reminding her that an overdraft was not a credit to be drawn upon.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Looking Out for the Family.

"Dear," she said, during an interval of comparative sanity, "promise me one thing."

"Anything," he answered with the recklessness of love.

"After we have been married a reasonable time, if we decide a divorce is desirable, promise that my brothers, who are struggling young lawyers, shall represent us."—Philadelphia North American.

Better Girl Now.

"I am so thankful," said good Mrs. Upjohn, "for the change that seems to have taken place in Bessie. Ever since the first week in December—it was the first week in December, wasn't it, Clarence, we got that new sealskin collar for Bessie—she has gone to church regularly. Hasn't missed a Sunday."—Chicago Tribune.

There's nothing certain in man's life but this: that he must lose it.—Owen Meredith.

All the conspirators were brought to

MME. CALVE'S "OPHELIA."

The Great Actress Has Made a Triumph in the Mad Scene.

(By William Judson.)

One of the greatest creations of the lyric stage is Emma Calve's Ophelia. Of course, her triumph was reached in the famous mad scene, which has been used as a piece of vocal fireworks in the concert room so frequently that its dramatic possibilities were not known until Calve showed the world that this mad scene was one of the opportunities of a dramatic singer's career.

The many technical difficulties she overcame in a manner which proved that as a vocalist pure and simple she had few equals and no peers.

But her conquest lay in her ability to imbue every measure, every note, with emotional eloquence, while she accompanied her flight of song with look and action suited to the word.

Calve's Marguerite is one of her striking characterizations, though the majority of opera-lovers know her as Carmen. Her Marguerite approaches the heroine of Goethe more than that of Gounod. Her Sappho, after Daudet's heroine, is her last creation, which she has sung successfully in Paris.

Others would prefer to have her confine herself to the narrower list and wider range of highly emotional roles upon whose complexity of feeling she might better expend the splendid resources of her temperament. It remains, however, a fact that no artist who has appeared before New York audiences has so "got the start of the majestic world" without the use of a large repertoire. The name of Calve is in the public mind indissolubly united with Carmen and Santuzza, and the impresario of the Metropolitan opera house, M. Maurice Grau, naturally gives the public what it demands. But it will not be possible to circumscribe the genius of Emma Calve. She has expressed herself as weary of Carmen and eager to conquer new worlds. She will explore and she will discover. Whatever she does, she will not fail.

Many pretty stories are told of her methods. Perhaps most of them are apocryphal. It is said that she went to Spain and spent much time in studying the Spanish gypsies at short range. She herself has sanctioned this story by permitting it to stand uncontradicted. The story, indeed, is to her credit. It shows that she went out to see whether there was anything in a Spanish gypsy that might help her to make an illusion for her public. In all human probability she found nothing. Certainly there is nothing of the coarse and cheap nomad of the peninsula in her Carmen. She did better when she spent some of her days and nights in the study of Prosper Merimee's story. There she found a complete, concrete personality. But Calve's Carmen is a creature of her own imagination. Frequently she is the exhalation of a passing mood.

This Carmen is in the main the result of study and artistic composition; but sometimes she is only a pouting Carmen and at other times she is as stormy and as fathomless as are the seven seas. But, after all, if one goes often to study the impersonation, he realizes that it is always in the mass the same Carmen. There is a difference only in detail. It is a better Carmen always when there is a Don Jose of equal note, for Mme. Calve requires the restraint of an art equal to her own to prevent her from giving free rein to the impulse of the moment. That she is the greatest Carmen that ever trod the stage is indisputable. Her dramatic temperament is overwhelming and her means of expression are beautiful and eloquent.

But remember that Mme. Calve is not simply a lyric actress. She is a singer, and within her field a great one. Her voice is not one of the notable organs of operatic history, but it is a very good one, and has the loveliness of a distinct musical indi-

viduality. The very quality of her voice is in itself embodiment of her warm and magnetic personality. And Mme. Calve possesses in a marked de-

for fun. All the gaiety has developed within a few years. Fifteen years ago a shrewd man opened a big hotel at Grindelwald in winter and the inhabitants around about were filled with amazement at the wild idea, for nobody ever imagined it would be anything but a big failure. Yet last winter guests had to be turned away. New roads are being built, new hotels springing up for the express accommodation of the winter travelers. Skating and tobog-



MME. CALVE AS OPHELIA.—THE ACTRESS HAS MADE ONE OF THE GREATEST TRIUMPHS OF THE LYRIC STAGE.

gree the admirable faculty of coloring her tones to meet the emotion of the words. Listen to her singing in the second act of "Carmen." Note how the quality of tone changes when she ceases to storm at Don Jose and begs him to fly with her to the gypsy camp. There one finds an art of song that lies far beyond the methods of the schools.

Winter in Switzerland.

There is no doubt that the plan of taking a winter holiday in Switzerland is being more largely adopted of late years, for all who try it discover the country is more lovely in winter than in summer. During December, January and February in the high Swiss altitudes there are never any stormy days, and winter sports, such as tobogganing, skating, hockey on ice and sleighing all offer ample opportunity

Onions and Garlic as Perfume.

In Tartary onions, leeks and garlic are regarded as perfumes. A Tartar lady will make herself agreeable by rubbing a piece of freshly cut onion on her hands and over her countenance.

Hops in Cold Storage.

A novelty is the cold storage of hops. This is done in several places. Several systems are employed, notably the Linde, Pontifex and De la Vergne.



"UNCLE DAVID, I AM ROB CLEVERDALE."

and his gang, you will probably be shot. If they should by any chance, win, what can you expect—after this? You will be shot by either side. Now, if you stand by me, and call this schooner to Buenos Ayres, I promise you not only safety, but money besides. My uncle is rich. When I tell him what has been done, the government must know it also. You will come in for a reward. The smuggling counts for nothing. You are going to save the government. You will be rewarded for that, and all else will be forgotten. What do you say?"

Some of the crew understood all of this, some a little, and a few none at all. But they talked rapidly among themselves. Those who had stood by Rob had the best of the argument. Those who had been with Starné saw their leader lying on the deck—probably dying. What could he do for them? They gave in, and joined Rob's half.

"We go," said the light-colored fellow who had been shot in the arm. "We go with you, Torrevo dead, you our young captain. You tell your uncle we all good men. No one get in prison."

"Not one of you," said Rob. "Hurrah! Now see to those fellows who are wounded. Then let's get to Buenos Ayres."

In a short time the "Black Cat" was swung around, and went speeding up the river. Rob was, of course, not able to give any orders to navigate the vessel, but he felt that the crew could be trusted. He had frightened them when he spoke as if the letter to Mr. Horton had not been the only letter he wrote giving the plot away to the government.

As they passed the entrance to Black Cat Bay, Rob smiled. It was not so long ago that he had been in that bay, lugging bales of cotton, casks, kegs of powder, and feeling the sting of blows; and now he was sailing past it, the master of the "Black Cat" and her swarthy crew.

The "Black Cat" sailed into the harbor of Buenos Ayres, and an inspector came on board.

"Well!" he said, "it's a long time since the 'Black Cat' sailed into this harbor. What's the cargo?"

"None," said Rob. "I am here on service for the government. I must get at once to Mr. David Horton. Do you know him?"

rolled down his cheeks. He was so glad to see Rob alive that he even overlooked his statement about Lemuel Starné.

"I have important news for you," said Rob. "I want to see Aunt Anita and Cousin Elsie, then I want to tell you something."

The earnest air of the young fellow impressed Mr. Horton, and he led the way to the dining room. The inspector, readily seeing that there was nothing for him to do there, had the grace to depart.

Rob was greeted with overwhelming caresses by his aunt and cousin, who had expected—before they heard he was drowned—to see a childish boy, over whom it would be necessary to keep a constant watch. Here was a manly young fellow come to them after strange adventures—not to be watched over, but to save them and the government.

Rob soon told his story, and his uncle hurried him off to see the president. Rob soon told his experience, and was listened to with great eagerness.

An officer in uniform was called in, and the story was told to him.

Rob went home with his uncle, and they sat up late that night listening to his recital, over and over again, of his adventures with Starné and Elvin, and on board the "Black Cat."

What pained them most was to learn that Lemuel Starné, the man whom they had trusted, and who had almost succeeded in winning the regard of Elsie, was such a villain.

Rob told his uncle of the promise he had made to the crew of the "Black Cat," and Mr. Horton assured him that it would be substantiated by the president.

There was little need of proceeding to any extent to identify Rob, for Mr. Horton recognized him from the photograph sent from New York. And if any further identification should prove necessary, there was time enough for that in the future.

Mr. Horton had taken all Rob's things from the "Royal Mail," and he was soon clad in a trim New York outfit. As he was taking leave of the now soiled Spanish jacket he felt in the pockets, and there he found the three lists of names given him by Elvin. These were used by the president at the trial.

All the conspirators were brought to