

# In the Desert

A Story Illustrating the Horrors of War  
By H. B. WELSH...

## CHAPTER I.

"Of course, 'rare, pale Margaret's name will be on the list tomorrow! Has any one present a single doubt on the subject?"

The speaker was a little red-haired girl, with a small, prettily-tinted face, and a pair of curling, disdainful lips. She was one of a group of girls who stood in the quadrangle of the Medical College for Women in the ancient city of Edinburgh. One of the classes was just over, and the students were filing out.

"Why so positive on the subject, Tottie?" asked another student, a tall and somewhat delicate-looking girl. "It isn't always the most likely who passes."

"Oh, but Margaret Crawford, you know!" exclaimed pert little Tottie, with an uplifting of her fair eyebrows. "Why, the professors all think she's unparalleled in the history of creation! Did you hear old Cormack yesterday, when Mary Cunningham kicked up that awful row? 'Ladies, I am ashamed of you—ashamed of you!' Miss Tottie nodded her ruddy head in imitation of the professor's solemn and ponderous manner. "There is not one lady whom I can trust in the whole class—except, of course, Miss Crawford." That of course put the whole matter in a nutshell. Well, I must say I shouldn't like to be held up as the model girl of any class 'or of any profession!"

"Don't be afraid, Tottie—you'll never have that to fear!" cried another shrill young voice. "But, I say—lowering its sharp tones—"haven't you heard, girls, that there's something odd—well, shady, I suppose, is the word—about Miss Crawford's father?"

"No!" cried half a dozen eager voices. "What is it, Minnie? Do tell us! I always thought there must be some reason for Miss Crawford's aloofness," added one of the voices when the others ceased.

"Well, it was only by accident I heard it," said Minnie Whyte, glad of an opportunity to air her superior knowledge. "It was through a friend of the pater's—never mind who. He began to speak about the big failure of the Western Bank—you remember it, two years ago. They were all a 'bad set connected with it,' said he, 'and the manager of the Glasgow branch was as bad as any of them, though he got off scot-free. His name is James Crawford, and he's now in quite an influential position in a Lancashire town—Bolton, I believe it is.' Of course that Miss Crawford's father—"

"Hush—sh!" ran through the little group, and the speaker sank into suddenly confused silence.

A girl emerged from the door, and was now walking across the quadrangle, close to where the group of girls were standing. She looked at them as she passed and nodded, smiling; but there was something forced and unnatural about the smile, and every girl there felt certain she must have overheard what was said.

"She heard every word," said the little red-haired girl in a low tone. "Well, we can't help it—it isn't our fault. I really don't see that a girl with disreputable connections should put on the airs that Margaret Crawford does. To see her walk across the quadrangle one would think that the whole college belonged to her!"

"It is wonderful how unjust and uncharitable women can be to each other.

For some reason or other Margaret Crawford was not liked at the college, and her fellow-students were ready enough to believe anything to her discredit, or that of her people, without making any effort to find out the truth.

"She thinks at least that Dr. Cleland belongs to her!" said Minnie Whyte, with a little laugh. At which some of the girls frowned, for Dr. Paul Cleland was one of the outside lecturers, and as he was young and not unhandsome—half of the girls were in love with him.

Meanwhile Margaret Crawford walked on.

The girl was proud, as she had been judged; but at that moment her proud heart felt as if it would break in two. She knew she was disliked and distrusted by her fellow-students, and because her position was one which compelled her to keep at a distance from them, and to avoid making any of those friendships which girls are always ready to make, and sometimes just as ready to break. Margaret Crawford knew the aspersions that had been cast on her father's character, and though she believed that they were utterly false—for she loved her father as few children do—yet, in her proud, independent way, she resolved that she would never allow these aspersions to be shared by any one else save only herself.

She walked through the quadrangle and out into the broad, level street. It was a day in April, and balmy and warm with the breath of newly-arrived spring. The sun shone warmly in Margaret's eyes as she took her westward way, and for a moment the girl's heart thrilled with the hope and joy that the mere sense of living brings to all young creatures in spring.

She had gone to the end of Forest road, and was just turning into the meadows, whose budding trees and green grass seemed to Margaret the most beautiful thing she had ever seen, when a rapid step sounded be-

students discussing the point. Whatever he is in truth—and I, his daughter, believe him innocent of the disgraceful crimes with which he was charged—in the eyes of the world he is still looked upon as one who only escaped public disgrace by accident or his own ingenuity."

"Margaret, do you think so little of my love as to imagine I am not willing to take upon myself whatever burden you may have to bear?" demanded Cleland, in a low voice. "My darling, if you know him to be innocent, so do I. Listen to me, Margaret; you have never heard the story of my past. My father was in business for many years. It is now about ten years since he died, and he died by his own hand."

"Margaret uttered an exclamation. "He was in difficulties and foresaw nothing but ruin before him. It was a fearful affair. It killed my mother; she died soon after. I was left, the eldest of three boys. I was just starting my career then, and the knowledge of my father's fearful end nearly unnerved me for the future; but I managed to pluck up courage for the sake of the others. They are both off my hands now; but sometimes it was a hard struggle."

"I am not a rich man, Margaret, but I have sufficient to keep my wife in comfort. My darling, you will not refuse now? I shall not handicap you, Margaret; you can pursue your calling after you come to me if you are set upon it. I love you too much. I respect you too much, to set any restrictions upon you. Only promise to love me, to be for me only—as I will be for you—all the days that we both shall live—and I shall be content."

Margaret stood silent, with drooping head; but a soft color had slowly dawned in her cheeks. Her heart cried out to her to yield. She loved Paul Cleland—oh, surely never woman before had loved any man as she did—and all the womanhood in her longed to cast itself on that strong protecting tenderness of his, which would guard her against all the world. To be his, to have him as her own—it seemed to Margaret no earthly happiness could be greater than this.

As he looked down at the downcast face, and saw the soft color creeping into it, Paul Cleland's heart beat high with hope, and, bending down, he whispered:

"Margaret, answer me only one question, and I shall be satisfied meantime. Do you love me?"

It seemed to both as if the west wind blew more softly, as if the birds ceased singing, the leaves paused in their rustle, until her answer came. It came at last, a low murmur, hardly more than a breath—"Yes."

And then Margaret felt those strong, loving arms about her, and her head bowed to that shelter that, it seemed to her now—or, the pity of it!—was to be her resting place forever. (To be continued.)

## WHITE ELEPHANTS.

Every One Stands in a House Gilded with Gold.

In Burmah, before that country became a dependency of Great Britain, only the king was allowed to own a white elephant. Ralph Fitch, the bold and enterprising merchant of Good Queen Bess' day, was the first Englishman that ever set foot in Burmah. Mr. J. Horton Ryley, in his most interesting book called "Ralph Fitch, England's Pioneer to India," allows the traveler to tell his own story, and quaint indeed is his account of the white elephants. When he was at Pegu in 1586 the king had four of them "very strange and rare," which were housed in a great state at the royal palace. When one was brought to the king, every merchant in Pegu had to pay the monarch half a ducat, "which doth come to a great sum;" but after they had given their present they were free to see them often as they pleased. The king called himself "the King of the White Elephants," and would not permit any other king to own one, even at the risk of war.

"They do very great service," says Fitch, "unto these white elephants; every one of them standeth in an house gilded with gold, and they do feede in vessels of silver and gilt. One of them when he doth go to the river to be washed, as every day they do, goeth under a canopy of cloth of gold or silke, carried over him by six or eight men, and eight or ten men go before him playing on drummes, shawmes, or other instruments; and when he is washed and cometh out of the river, there is a gentleman that doth wash his feet in a silver basin, which is his office given him by the king. There is no such account made of any black elephant, be he never so great."

## Warnings of Mental Fatigue.

Edward Thorndike says that mental work is not a simple matter of mental energy or quantity of positive or inhibitory nervous discharges, but of their direction as well. Mental fatigue is not like physical fatigue and requires different treatment. Its warning signs are more complicated, less efficacious, and therefore more often neglected. The warnings that we do have are not measures of the degree of inability, but indefinite and at present ill-understood signs of danger. The degree of mental inability does not vary proportionately to the amount of work done without sufficient rest, but increases much less quickly up to a certain amount of mental work, and then may increase much faster, so that one straw of mental work may then break the camel's back.

Clara—What a foolish young man that Tom Brown is. Maude—Yes, that's just what I told him when he said he was going to propose to you.

## A MYSTERY NO MORE

AND CLOUD IS LIFTED FROM INNOCENT MAN.

Taylor Barrow Who Has Been Sought Far and Near for Ten Years Lately Discovered as a Paralytic at Portland, Oregon.

Taylor Barrow has been found and the veil of mystery that enshrouded his disappearance ten years ago has been lifted. He lived south of Hamilton, and with two companions on June 14, 1890, went to the Oakley races and was never heard of again, says the Youngstown Signal.

His family and friends thought that he had met with foul play, and his body had been secretly buried to hide the crime. The mysterious disappearance filled many columns of the newspapers at the time, but without avail. He could not be found. But yesterday a telegram was received by his family from Portland, Ore., stating that under the name of Chas. Dumont Taylor Barrow was a paralyzed inmate of the City Hospital and would die. The sufferer wished his family to claim his body. When he left home he was accompanied by Harry Pitzer and Hudson Scott, two prominent citizens living near Sharonville. On the day of his disappearance it was shown that he drew \$2,800 out of the bank and this only made the suspicion of foul play stronger. His companions left him in the city and thought nothing more of him. On Tuesday, June 19, Mrs. Barrow came to Sharonville and going to the Victor Hotel, of which hotel Scott was proprietor, inquired if he had seen her husband. Scott told her that Barrow had left them at the depot and was taken by surprise when informed that he had not returned home. A search was at once instituted for Barrow and the news that he was missing spread broadcast. Days passed, the missing man was not heard from, and ugly suspicions grew apace.

On July 3, 1890, a man named Boyle, a former schoolmate of Barrow's, arrived in Cincinnati and stated that he had met the latter in Chattanooga, Tenn., a few days previously, and that the missing man had assumed the name of Charles Dumont. Scott accompanied Boyle to the office of a notary and had this statement sworn to. Scott then visited Mrs. Barrow and her brother, John Williamson, at the farm, and displayed the sworn statement. Williamson stated that he believed Boyle's statement, but Mrs. Barrow scouted the idea, and said that Scott had paid Boyle to swear falsely. Scott then went to Chattanooga, and, although he heard of Taylor Barrow, or Charles Dumont, the latter had left that city, Scott then offered \$500 reward for the

discovery of the missing man, and news came repeatedly. He was reported seen at one time at Kansas City, Mo., later at Ft. Scott, Kan., and in 1893 word came that he had been seen in Denver, Col. At the time of Barrow's disappearance he was the Butler county agent for W. H. Hill of Cincinnati. Rumor had connected Barrow's name with that of a grass widow some time before his disappearance, and it is said that she also disappeared about the time that he did. But the country folks would have none of these explanations. Taylor Barrow had, in their opinion, been murdered. In the meantime Mrs. Barrow, the supposed widow, and her only son lived on the home farm near Sharonville, amply provided for by revenues derived from property owned by the missing husband and father. The 5-year-old son grew to a stalwart youth, but no message ever came from the missing father, and the wife and boy mourned him as dead. A brother, John Barrows, left the home some years ago to secure a position as motorman on the Vine and Clifton electric road, and at present lives at No. 2833 Falke street, Corryville. A blue-coated messenger boy stopped Barrow as he was leaving his front gate to go to work and handed him the dispatch above referred to. Stopping but a moment to gather the news it contained, John Barrow hurried to a telephone and hastily sent the contents of the message to his sister-in-law at Sharonville. Then, as he paused, he thought of Hud Scott. Another turn of the crank and the telephone exchange was notified to call up Mason, Ohio, where Scott now owns a hotel. A few brief words and the message was delivered to Scott, and he took the first train for Cincinnati, arriving there about noon.

Mr. Scott was seen at the Dennison House in company with Miles Osgood and Col. Jack Frey, and stated that he had been relieved of a load he had been carrying since Barrow's disappearance, and that his wife and daughters had suffered even more than he from the dreadful circumstance. He had acquainted them of the news immediately after receiving it, and he sobbed as he told of his happiness at hearing it. John Barrow was seen yesterday, and stated that he knew nothing of his brother's wanderings; nothing, in fact, more than the news that the long-missing man was dying in the far west. He had thought that the news that he had been located, even if it were on his deathbed, would be as sweet to Hudson Scott as to the bereaved wife and son, and he had wasted no time in letting him know. Mr. Barrow stated that none of the family would go to Portland, Ore., but in the event of his brother's death, which the physicians said was certain, the body would be brought to this state for burial.

## COAL PRODUCTION.

United States Now the Greatest Producer of This Fuel.

The scarcity of coal in Europe and many inquiries about American coal that this has caused, and the new export trade to some extent that has resulted, emphasizes the fact that this country is now the greatest coal producer in the world. The production for 1899 is estimated by the Engineering and Mining Journal to have been 244,581,875 tons. The statistician of the Geological Survey estimates that it was 258,539,650 short tons, which is an amount far in excess of the production of any previous year, and probably greater than the production of Great Britain. In 1889 the production of bituminous coal in this country was 95,685,683 short tons. Ten years later it had risen to 198,219,255 short tons. In 1889 the anthracite production was 40,714,721 long tons. Ten years later it was 53,857,496 long tons, an increase of about 32 per cent. The value of the production of 1899 is estimated at \$260,000,000, about \$51,000,000 more than that of the production of the preceding year. One of the encouraging features of this increase of production and the increase of trade that it indicates both at home and abroad, is that with the exception of Pennsylvania anthracite, the coal deposits of the country are practically inexhaustible; that the known deposits have scarcely been "scratched on the surface." Pennsylvania is still the leading state not only as the producer of anthracite, of which she has almost a monopoly, but also of bituminous coal. Illinois is next, West Virginia is third and Ohio fourth.—Indianapolis Press.

## "Bread Upon the Waters."

The reward of a generous deed seldom comes more opportunely than it did in an instance reported by the Cleveland Leader. It appears that a prominent Cleveland named Cole, who has recently died, was forced to leave Cornell university, at the close of his sophomore year, for lack of funds. He went to New York, and began a canvass of mercantile houses and offices, in search of a position. Among many others, he visited the office of a produce merchant, who seemed greatly taken with his personality. The result of the interview was that the merchant said to Mr. Cole: "Young man, go back and finish your college course, and I will foot the bill." Mr. Cole accepted the offer, completed his course with credit to himself and his strange-found friend, and at once entered upon a business career. It was not long before he prospered in a business venture, and found himself able to repay the sum advanced for his education. He went to New York, sought out the office of his friend, and stepping up to his desk, laid down seven hundred dollars. "Mr. Cole," said the old merchant, "if it were not for this money my credit would have been dishonored today. Maturing obligations would have gone to protest. You have saved me."—Youth's Companion.

## The Crafty Ants Build a Road.

Something new and interesting about ants was learned by a Mount Airy florist. For a week or so he had been bothered by ants that got into boxes of seeds which rested on a shelf. To get rid of the ants he put into execution an old plan, which was to place a meaty bone close by, which the ants soon covered, deserting the box of seeds. As soon as the bone became thickly inhabited by the little creepers the florist tossed it into a tub of water. The ants having been washed off, the bone was again put in use as a trap. The florist bethought himself that he would save trouble by placing the bone in a center of a sheet of fly paper, believing that the ants would get caught on the sticky fly paper while trying to reach the food. But the florist was surprised to find that the ants, upon discovering the nature of the paper trap, formed a working force and built a path on the paper clear to the bone. The material for the walk was sand, secured from a little pile near by. For hours the ants worked, and when the path was completed they made their way over its dry surface in couples, as in a march, to the bone.—Philadelphia Record.

## Packing Was Valuable.

"Here's my bonnet, just come home," said the publisher's wife. He watched her open the box, and remove layer after layer of tissue paper. "Gee whizz!" he exclaimed, "now I understand why it cost so much." He had had some experience with the paper trust himself.—Philadelphia Press.

## A Millionaire Toucher.

By a decree of the supreme court of Mexico the claim of Mrs. Mary D. Grace, principal of the Tompkins school, Syracuse, N. Y., to the Vacas and Bismarck mines in Durango, worth \$7,000,000, is affirmed. The decision puts Mrs. Grace in full possession of the mines, said to be the richest in Mexico.

## Golden Eagle Shot.

Another golden eagle has been shot by a gamekeeper on the Hill of Rottal, Glen Cove, and sent to Kirriemuir to be stuffed. It is stated that there are only two or three more of these birds left in Scotland now.

## The Biggest Sturgeon.

The largest sturgeon on record was caught in the North sea. It weighed 525 pounds, but the delight of the fishermen was tempered by the fact that it did \$750 worth of damage to the nets before it was killed.

It isn't the man who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth who makes the most stir.

## Fearful Fate of Lepers

According to Wellesley C. Bailey, superintendent of the mission to lepers in India, there are 1,500,000 lepers in India and the east. The condition of these afflicted people is terrible and in many places they are treated with shocking barbarity.

In China several years ago a mandarin attempted to stamp out the disease in an atrocious manner. He invited all the lepers to a great feast, set fire to the building, and all who escaped the fire perished by the sword. Within the last few months a terrible story has reached us from one of the missionaries of the Rhenish Missionary society of the burning alive of at least forty lepers in Sumatra.

We are told by lepers from Nepal in the Himalayas that to be a leper there is to incur the death penalty, and in order to avoid this fate they sometimes flee into British territory. Even in some places where the leper is not allowed to be put to death he is treated with great barbarity. In Japan they are called "hinim," which means "not human." In India they are often driven out of house and home, sometimes being "stoned away" from their villages.

## Train Robbing Ended

Train-robbing as a business is now practically a thing of the past, in the west, says an old deputy United States marshal. I remember not many years ago there were 300 marshals patrolling the Indian territory and yet scarcely a day passed without a murder or a robbery. As high as twenty murders were committed in the territory in one day and in the Chickasaw nation alone 138 murders were committed in one month. Between 1880 and 1895 forty-nine trains were held up; mail clerks and express messengers were killed and thirty-nine train robbers shot dead while committing robbery and sixty-seven captured and convicted. Five express cars were blown to pieces and an endless number of safes destroyed and their contents taken. Eleven distinct gangs have flourished, besides numerous lone highwaymen and two or three hatched crowds. The government has spent something like \$500,000 in running down outlaws in Oklahoma and Indian territory in ten years. One of the biggest robberies that ever took place in the Indian territory was at Adair, on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway, when the Cook gang carried away \$142,000 from the express messenger, the mails and passengers. It was the slickest haul ever made. The gang had confederates in St. Louis, who told them the government was going to express \$125,000 on a certain train. It would reach Muskogee on April 1, 1894. The gang selected for the place of hold-up a lonely spot near the water tank, south of Adair. When the train pulled up for water two men jumped into the engine and covered the fireman and engineer. Another uncoupled the train, while the engineer was ordered to pull out. Four men went into the express car and succeeded in opening the safe, while six others attended to the passengers. The gang had sent a man to Adair to cut the wires so no news of the robbery could be sent out. They also broke the coupler on the express car so as to delay the train. With \$142,000 in their pockets the gang escaped into the woods. The money was never recovered, but most of the gang are now dead.