

# He Who Listened.

BY MARY KING EMORY.

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) He sat by the roadside, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, gazing at the sunlit hills before him. The afternoon was hot, and he was tired and hungry. He had walked many miles since morning, and the dirty face beneath the torn hat-brim was streaked and smeared with perspiration. It was a careworn, hopeless face; a face upon which want and privation had left their marks, a face which childish pleasures had hurried by; but in the eyes there was an expression of defiance, mingled with uncertainty.

Before him the sandy road stretched southward; behind him rose the rugged hills, with their scanty covering of stunted oak and pine trees and a meagre sprinkling of scattered houses. Moving uneasily, he glanced anxiously over his shoulder at the clay-daubed house in the clearing, halfway up the hill behind him; then his eyes wandered back to the hills again. "I dunno what ter do," he muttered, at last. "It were bad afore Mammy went away, but et's worse since 'Liza Snow an' th' new baby come. Yest-day her knocked me over, an' th' day afore Dad beat me, an' now I got th' chance I'm a-goin'."

His hand clinched and the shrill, childish voice had a defiant ring. The sun was sinking in the west, flooding the hills with gold, while from somewhere out of the pines came the tinkle of a cow bell. The boy shuddered. "I dun th' best I knowed fur youns, Mammy," he whispered; "but fur little Tildy Ann—"

His voice ended in a sob, and tears trickled unheeded down the dirty little face. The hills, the houses and the trees faded away. He saw again the room in the house on the hill behind him, with its few battered cooking utensils, its splint-bottomed chairs and worn deal table. Lying on a bed in the corner was a woman, her eyes bright with a feverish light, her wasted face turned toward the window, through which she watched the setting sun.

"Joe," she said at last, wearily turning her head. "I'm a-goin' Home tonight, an' I wants yer to promise zfore I go th' yer'll take care o' little Tildy Ann. I dun the best I could fur ye," she continued, brokenly; "though, Gord knows, 'twan't much. Yer dad won't care when I'm gone, and more'n like he'll take ter beatin' ye, when he ain't got me." She looked yearningly at the child beside her. "So I wants yer ter promise that yer'll alius stan' atween him an' Tildy; then I ken rest easy."

And, kneeling there in the gathering darkness, he gave his promise to the dying woman. That night all was over, and the clay-daubed house perched on the rocky hillside was filled with the silence which comes only when life has flown. Early the next day he had helped his father and some of the neighbors bury her, in the grove beneath the hill, where the pines chanted a requiem and the withered oak leaves moaned through the long winter nights. For two years he had been faithful to his trust; for two years, and now—

"I dunno what ter do," he sobbed; "I dunno what ter do!" He had lost sight of the ugly clay-daubed house and the familiar hills that morning for the first time in his life. Long before sunrise he had crept from the house and followed the road as it wound around the hills like some great snake in the purple morning light toward the distant town. He walked until the rugged mountains rising above his home grew hazy and indistinct; until strange scenes and new faces met him at every turn. Once or twice he had been given a "lift" by some friendly mountaineer, to whom he boldly "lowed he were a-goin' ter th' circus." But when he reached the town, with its unaccustomed sights and sounds, he felt alarmed and uncertain as to what to do. Hesitatingly he followed the hurrying crowd toward the circus tent; but as he neared it the strangeness of the scene, the music and the noise frightened him. Pushing his way through the crowd he looked anxiously about for some means of escape, when suddenly he determined to run around to the back of the tent, for there all seemed quiet.

Unnoticed and alone he crouched in the grass until, gaining courage with



"Well, I'll be gol-durned," the passing moment, he crept nearer the tent. Looking timorously around, he cautiously raised a corner and proceeded to crawl under the canvas. Succeeding at last in getting through, he scrambled to his feet and hastily looked about him.

The tent was filled with shabbily dressed women and rough-looking men, one of whom grabbed him as surprised and frightened, he started to crawl back under the canvas. "Well, I'll be gol-durned," the man

said good-naturedly, "whar'd yer come from? Look er here, pals," he shouted, "here's a brat what's dared ter inter th' private apartments o' th' actors o' 'Th' Greatest Show on Earth.' Lifting the boy to his shoulder, he carried him to the center of the tent, where the other occupants quickly gathered about them. Somehow the tired, unchildish face seemed to arouse the sympathy of the rough-looking men, for they showed him the animals and gave him food, until, happy and contented, he forgot his timidity and unhesitatingly answered their questions.

"So yer dont like Mis' Snow an' th' baby, an' yer dad beats yer?" the big man said, handing the boy another hunk of bread and meat. "Wall, how'd yer like ter come wid us?"

The boy looked at him in amazement. "I 'lows I'd like ter," he said at last.

"Wal, yer can er yer wants ter. Yer looks honest, an' we needs a boy ter



"I been a-lookin' fur youns," rub down th' 'orses an' things. Yer'll get enough ter eat, an' nobody won't beat yer. An' maybe," persuasively, "yer can ride a 'orse an' wear fine clothes, like these gent'lmen some day," waving his hand toward his companions.

The boy's eyes sparkled and the unchildish face flushed with excitement. Enough to eat, and no beatings! He caught his breath.

"I 'lows I'd like to go fust rate," he said, "ef—ef I ken take Tildy." The man looked at him in surprise.

"Who's she?" he asked, good-naturedly; "your dawg?"

The boy hung his head, abashed. "No," he said at last, with dignity; "her ain't no dawg. Her's my sister."

The men looked at one another in silence, they at the child. The big man whistled softly.

"We can't take no gals," he said, kindly. "But ef yer goes wid us maybe yer'll come back some day wid heaps o' money, an' then yer can take her away. Come on, boys," he shouted; "et's time fur th' show ter begin. Good-by, sonny," he said, turning to the boy; "an', recollect, ef yer goes wid us yer'll have ter be on han' by 'leven ter night, fur then we moves."

The boy looked at him searchingly for a moment, then nodded his head. "I'll be back afore 'leven," he said gravely.

Crawling under the canvas again, he ran across the fields to the road beyond, where he commenced the walk back over the mountains to tell Tildy good-by.

At first the weary miles seemed short to the boy, whose mind was filled with happy visions of the future. But now, as he sat by the roadside below his home, in the fast-gathering darkness, he felt miserable and uncertain as to what to do. He had just come from the grave beneath the hill, after covering it with vines and wayside flowers; but somehow the red clay mound seemed to reproach him for faltering in his trust. When he started up the path to the road again he had determined to go away without seeing Tildy. Yet he still waited, though the shadows were lengthening and the katydids were beginning to call. Thoughts of the child that he had "taken care of" for two years haunted him, while the remembrance of his promise kept ringing in his ears.

"I dunno what ter do!" he moaned, covering his face with his hands; "I dunno what ter do!"

The dark chieftain night crept up the hills, while vanquished day, followed by his banners of crimson and gold, slowly disappeared. A light shone from the cabin on the hill and harsh voices floated out on the quiet evening air. The boy heard footsteps coming down the path from the house and a timid, childish voice called, "Joe!"

The boy, sitting in the shadow of the oak trees, started.

"I been a-lookin' fur youns every-whar!" the child sobbed. "Whar is youns, Joe?"

The boy rose slowly, his mouth set, his eyes filled with a look of determination. Hitching his suspenders over his shoulders and pulling his hat farther over his face, he turned slowly toward the rocky path.

"All right, Tildy," he called cheerfully, "don't cry; I'm a-comin'!"

**Terms.** "Sir!" exclaimed the legislator who had been "approached," feigning indignation in the hope of a raise, "how dare you offer me this gross insult?" "Pardon me," replied the lobbyist, who knew his man, "but this offer is absolutely net."—Philadelphia Press.

**The Object of Attention.** "I see that your wife takes great interest in manual training." "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton gently, "and I'm the man."—Washington Star.

## NOVEL-WRITING INDUSTRY.

Over 200 Published Recently; 5000 Declined by Publishers.

There were more than 200 new novels published in the United States during the fall. There have been perhaps 5,000 written that the publishers have declined. The phenomenal success of a few writers of fiction during the last few years—some masters of their craft and some mere stage carpenters who set up spectacular scenes—has had the effect of making novel writing appear to be an industry. Few persons used to make it a business; for, regarded as a labor it required. But now it is regarded by many as a way to fortune. Lonely women, disappointed teachers, impetuous preachers—these, but not these only, try their hands at it. You never know whom to suspect. Your physician, even your broker, men in public life, ladies in society—your own grandmother or your own granddaughter for all you know—all these have taken to the secret practice of the craft.

For instance, one publishing house which does not publish many novels has within a given period received 800 volunteered book manuscripts, of which 650 were novels. Of these, four were accepted for publication. A few such facts as these indicate the extent of the delusion about the profits of the industry. "Father," said a boy of 14 the other day, "I want you to buy me a copy of the 'Century War-Book.' I'm going to write a novel of the civil war." There are other books that the world wants more than it wants novels—histories, biographies, social studies, adventures. These seldom yield sudden fortunes. But there have been men who have made very considerable incomes as historians and biographers. Their incomes have as often come to their children as to themselves; but almost every important historical work has brought a fair reward at last. As a gainful industry novel writing is not worth the labor it costs. As an art it is one of the noblest and most difficult and only those who regard it as a great art have any right to undertake it.—The World's Work.

## GIANTS AMONG THE SEALS.

Habits of a Group of Amphibia of the South Pacific.

Professor C. Chun, a German scientist, has begun making a study of the sea elephants, the gigantic seals found in many portions of the south Pacific ocean. He has been assisted in his work by Robert Hall, a learned naturalist, and the two investigators have gleaned many new facts relative to their habits and life. These interesting seals are only found in the southern sea, and mainly in the vicinity of the Kerguelen Islands, where they go in August for the purpose of pairing. They remain there until February or March. During the winter they are very dull and apathetic, but as spring approaches they become more lively. Of human beings they are not in the least afraid. Mr. Hall says that he went several times through a herd of forty or fifty animals while they were dozing, and only a few were disturbed by him. These seals live in communities, and in a single bay may often be seen from five to ten colonies. Hitherto it has been supposed that there is never more than one male in a single herd, but there now seems to be abundant proof that each herd contains seals of only one sex. Thus, in one bay there will be five or six herds of males and in another five or six herds of females. Professor Chun, who has studied the seals thoroughly in their native haunts, says that for a long time after the animals return to the Kerguelen in the autumn they do not take any food, but remain torpid in beds which they form until they have shed their old hair and put on a new coat. During the winter he saw several seals killed, and not a particle of food was found in their stomachs. Mr. Hall, on the other hand, says that the seals during this period feed once a day, going down to the water to obtain a supply of fish. In any case, it is certain that these animals can live without food for a long time, since they have under their skin a layer of fat which is fifteen centimeters in thickness.—Chicago Chronicle.

## As to the Next "Multi."

Marmaduke writes in the London Graphic: What will eventually be the limit of individual wealth? Half a century back "ten thousand a year" was considered to be a vast fortune. Then "fifty thousand a year" was the phrase commonly used to describe the income of fabulously rich men or women. Later we took to speaking of "millionaires." In quite recent times the "multi-millionaire" with twenty millions had reached the limit of private wealth; then forty millions; now the limit has risen to a hundred millions, and already the word "billionaire" has come into use in the United States. Will the multi-billionaire ever replace the multi-millionaire?

## World's Greatest Pigeon Farm.

The largest pigeon farm or ranch in the world is situated on the outskirts of Los Angeles, in California. It has over 12,000 flying pigeons. These live in three large tiers of coops or houses, and in numerous smaller ones. The largest of the houses contains 3,000 coops inside, and 749 outside. The other two principal buildings are made up of 2,000 and 1,000 coops respectively. A remarkable fact in connection with this place is that the pigeons never leave the ranch, and it is very seldom that one ever gets beyond the large wire fence that surrounds the place. They are fed on assorted grain and screenings, at a cost of about £2 a day.

# Wonderful Blue Diamond

## Excites Americans

Americans are much interested in the recent importation of a wonderful blue diamond and speculation is rife as to the probable purchaser. The largest and most valuable diamond in the world, the Koh-I-Noor, is one of the crown jewels of Great Britain and will be worn by Queen Alexandra at the coronation in June next. Besides its great size, beauty and value, this gem has had a history with which romance has had something to do, and seas of blood have been shed for its possession. It came into the possession of the British crown as a part of the spoils of the conquest of India and it will doubtless remain as one of the English royal jewels as long as the empire shall last, for such jewels are inalienable and can only be wrested from Britain by force of arms, an event that is exceedingly improbable of occurrence.

Where this greatest of diamonds originally came from no one can tell. All that is authentic regarding it is of comparative recent date. It was in 1783 that its existence first came to the notice of Englishmen through the visit of a British ambassador to the mogul court of the Rajah Jehanji. Jehanji's grandson, Aungzeb, wore the stone in his turban and handed it down to Shah Alum. This monarch and his two successors were murdered and the mogul empire was fast going to pieces.

In 1849 a mutiny of two Sikh regiments gave the English an excuse to interfere, and the Rajah Dhillip-Sing, a mere boy, was induced to sign a treaty, which provided for the annexation of his dominion to the British possessions and for the transfer of the Lahore treasure to the East India Company to reimburse it for the war expenses. There was a proviso that the Koh-I-Noor should be presented to Queen Victoria.

Thus in 1850 the great diamond of India reached England and became one of the crown jewels. It then weighed 186 carats. Other diamonds have acquired a world-wide celebrity. For many years

mond in the world—the Pitt or Regent diamond.

The list of famous diamonds might be stretched out much longer. There is the Nassak, which was stolen from a temple of Shiva, and now shows its eighty-nine-carat beauty in the duke of Westminster's sword hilt. There is the Hastings diamond, which was part and parcel of the Warren Hastings scandal and inspired many a street ballad. There is the great Austrian yellow, weighing 139½ carats, among the Austrian crown jewels.

There is the Darya-I-Nur, which is the shah of Persia's chief pride. It is the finest jewel in his regalia, weighs 186 carats and is set in a bracelet, with the Taj-e-Mah for companion. The bracelets are valued at £1,000,000.

The Pasha of Egypt, a forty-carat stone, is the finest diamond in the Egyptian treasury. The Green Dresden, in the Green vaults at Dresden, weighs 48½ carats and is Saxony's boast.

The Nizam belonged to the nizam of Hyderabad and weighed 340 carats, but nothing certain is known of it now. The Pigott diamond, like the Regent and the Hastings stones, was connected with the Anglo-Indian scandals. An English merchant finally sold it to All Pasha, who treasured it mightily. When mortally wounded he ordered his favorite wife killed and the diamond destroyed in his presence. He would leave neither to another man.

The first order was not carried out, but the second was obeyed, and that diamond vanished from history.

## MARRIAGE IN FRANCE.

Some striking Facts and Difficult Problems Presented.

It is a mere truism to say that the welfare of the individual, of society and of the state is best served by marriage, and by early marriage, too. The fact has been established for forty years that the death rate among all married men over twenty years of age



the Hope Blue, as a blue diamond in the collection of Henry T. Hope is called, has held a unique place as being by long odds the finest blue diamond in the world. It weighs only 44½ carats, but is of a beautiful sapphire blue, excellent in shape, and absolutely flawless.

Mr. Hope bought it for £18,000, but it is valued today at about £30,000. The origin of the stone has been wrapped in some uncertainty, as is the case with most great diamonds, but it is practically certain that the Hope Blue is one of three fragments into which the famous French Blue was divided after being stolen with the other regalia from the Garden Meuble.

Shah Jehan had owned many of the most famous jewels of the Orient, among them the Great Mogul. The Great Mogul weighed 909 carats in the rough and was a true diamond of fine water, shaped like an egg cut in half. The Orloff diamond, which ornaments the Russian royal scepter, is larger than the Moon of Mountains, but not so pure, being slightly yellowish. It, too, was an Indian cut stone and weighs 193 carats.

Another famous diamond is the Eugenie. Catherine II. of Russia had this fifty-one-carat jewel in a hairpin. She gave it to Potemkin, who was then her lover. It was in his family until his grandniece sold it to Napoleon II., who gave it to Eugenie. It was the center diamond of the famous necklace which was afterward sold to the galkwar of Baroda.

The French royal jewels have had varied careers and many of the best were lost before Eugenie, the diamond lover, came to power; but France has what is, perhaps, the most perfect dia-

is less than that among unmarried men; and that the death rate among all married women over twenty-five years of age is less than that among unmarried women. The home being the cornerstone of civilized life, society is enriched by the multiplication of homes, and impoverished when they are not in normal proportion to the total population. Only within the past few years has world-wide attention been drawn to the startling fact that the well-being of a mighty nation is menaced by the predominance of celibacy. More than half the men and half the women of France are unmarried. The foreign immigration into France is today greater than the natural increase of its own people.

The excess of births over deaths in any year among those many millions amounts to only about one-half of the population of Newark, N. J. The result is that while other nations of Europe are rapidly increasing in population, France is almost stationary. While, a century ago, Frenchmen comprised a fifth of the European population of the world, they now form only a tenth of it. The importance of their country as a world power is not growing. Their international commerce lags far behind that of other leading nations. How empty is the boast of rattled orators that France will some day gloriously avenge Sedan, when she can add only 300,000 conscripts a year to the army, while 500,000 recruits are annually enrolled across the Rhine! We shall speak later of the mistaken motives, the policy ruinous alike to the citizen and the state, that induce many of the French to restrict the number of their children, and half of them to go through life unmarried. France is to-

ing here?" said Bill yesterday when he met Jim coming out of the same apartment house. "Why, I live here, Bill. What are you doing here?" "I live here, too, Jim." This would appear an incredible story to some of the Sun's friends who live in country towns and villages.—New York Sun.

## Tobacco the Best Insecticide.

Most of the insects common to house plants dislike tobacco as much as he does the cleanly housewife. The best way to use it as an insecticide upon window plants is to secure a good

day an object lesson from which the whole world may derive warning and instruction on the questions of marriage and the family, those greatest of social influences.—Ainslee's Magazine.

## Cured a Bad Club Habit.

The visitor from Milwaukee was talking about the disrespect shown by the speakers at a recent big dinner which he attended in this city. "In my club in Milwaukee the same conditions used to prevail," he said, "but now it is different. By the time cigars were around there used to be a number of men who would not refrain from talking and laughing while the answers were made to the toasts. The speakers would be embarrassed and 96 per cent of the men at the table annoyed. But a few weeks ago an attorney began to speak. Then he stopped for a moment. 'Mr. Chairman,' he said, 'I move you that a committee be instructed to take down all the names of those who have persisted in talking and laughing during the speeches tonight, and that charges be preferred against them if they are members of the club. If not members I ask that they be excluded from future dinners.' When the applause subsided the chairman said he thought there would be no further interruption. And there was none."—Philadelphia Times.

## Presidential Chair.

The chair which President McKinley occupied at sessions of the cabinet is now the property of Secretary Cortelyou. It has been the custom for the retiring president to present to some friend the chair used by him while presiding over the meetings of the cabinet. President Harrison gave his chair to Executive Clerk Crook, and the latter regards it as one of his most valued possessions. President Cleveland presented his chair to his private secretary, Daniel S. Lamont. There is a law which requires that government property shall not be given away, but that



it must be formally condemned and disposed of at auction. No one has ever questioned the right of the president to give away his chair, however. Secretary Cortelyou was very anxious to get the chair which his chief had occupied for so long, and it was accordingly officially condemned, put up for sale, and bought in by the devoted secretary.—Buffalo Commercial.

## Architecture in Japan.

European architecture is gradually gaining a foothold in Japan and must sooner or later dominate, just as European styles of dress are soon to dominate in the big cities. In Tokio and other large centers of population all the new business houses are built on European plans. They are found to be more practicable. The residences are still of the Japanese style. Some of the larger and finer residences in the cities are built like American houses, but most stick to the old customs. The government does not own its buildings, but rents them, and these, without exception, are of European design. The Europeans and Americans never stop at the Japanese hotels, because they can not do without chairs. Our hotels have nothing but couches.—Correspondence Washington Post.

## Snails a Favorite Dish.

As is well known, certain species of snail form a favorite dish with French gourmets, and the cultivation of these land mollusca is conducted on a large scale in the outlying suburbs of Paris, particularly in the department of Aube, where there are large snail gardens, with plantations of thyme, mint, parsley, and chervil for the animals to feed on. When a Frenchman takes snails wild he leaves them, if prudent, a few days to digest their last meal, for there is a current belief that they may be dangerous if they have recently fed on poisonous plants.

handful of tobacco stems, place them in an old basin, pour boiling water upon them and let them stand for several hours. Then drain off the liquid in a basin or tub deep enough for immersing the tops of your plants in, and dilute it with warm water until it shows only a faint tint of brown. Then take up the plants one at a time, and hold them, tops down, in the water, washing them clean.—Ladies' Home Journal.

He who avoids temptation avoids sin.