

Fleddie and Fleddis

By H. G. DA COSTA.
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How cold it was in Bleeker Lane! The wind seemed to have a particular spite against an old, ramshackle, three-story frame building that stood on the corner, bumping into it, and sweeping and growling about it until it heaved and groaned, as if crying out against its rough playfellow. The falling snow piled up against it, and the boisterous wind lifted the snow and flung it against the old house, snow-balling it, roaring with glee as now and then a window broke in. Up on the third floor the snow poured in through one of the broken windows as if curious to see the inside, then formed little piles which were whirled around the room by a stray gust from the big wind outside, then piling up against two huddled up figures that lay in the farther corner, revealing a girl, scantily dressed, a rag of a cotton shawl wound round her, an eleven-year-old girl, but with an expressive wisdom and experience in her face that made one shudder, while pitying her. Her eyes were closed and she breathed softly. The other was a dog. The snow kept piling up against the two until the dog moved uneasily, and licked his mistress's hand with a fervor that woke her instantly. She patted his head, and slowly rose, revealing an immense pair of shoes in which her feet were lost, cut and torn, and one latched. The snow, losing its support, flew around the room, then settled down on the floor, making a white covering of purity that hid its dirt. Everyone in Bleeker Lane knew the girl and her attendant, the dog. The dog had been rescued by Fleddis from an immense tin pall which he was regarding aggressively one summer's day, crouching in the sun with despair written in his very tail. Bleeker Lane first knew them as "Fleddis an' the dawg," then as "Fleddie an' Fleddis," putting the dog first. He was a terrier of the ordinary size, but his love for his mistress was so fervent that it was a constant source of wonder to the 'Avenoo,' as it was derisively called, "why some on it wasn't leaking out'n his skin." "Fleddie," she said, "wait 'ere till I comes back," and he curled himself in a corner accordingly. Gathering up her wrap of a shawl, she dragged the shoes down the worm-eaten steps, almost being run down by a half drunken man as she stepped outside. He raised his fist threateningly. "Oh! Fleddis!" he hiccoughed, and lurched on. Poor little girl! How pitiful she looked as she passed up the narrow alley! As she came to the wider street, a shabby house, brightly lit up, caught her attention. It was a children's party going on, but she peered through the half-curtained windows with little gasps of admiration and envy, until some one opened the door and she scuttled away. As she went up the street she begged timidly, and when she finally got a copper from a passing man it was accompanied with: "Children like these begging! Shameful!" The snow was falling lightly, but as she tramped on it got in her shoes and she could barely walk, her feet were so cold. It was getting dark, and she stopped at a friendly baker's and got a roll for her cent, the kind-hearted woman putting some cakes in the bag as she saw how wistfully her customer eyed them. As she drew near the frame house she called home, a light flared up in the sky, bursting through a dense bank of smoke and revealing the alley crowded with a jostling throng, fire lines drawn, and streams of water spattering against the ramshackle buildings, coating the street with ice and freezing on the fire fighters below. A sudden pang seized her. Fleddie! The fire was already circling and coiling around the rotten frame she had left, and it was doomed. The firemen saw this, and trying to protect the other houses, thought nothing of the dog. The room was brightly lit, and Fleddis saw her pet coiled in the corner. It stirred, and then jumped up as the light became brighter. Round and round it sniffed, then ran to the stairs. They were smoking, but the dog went down a few steps, then running back fearfully, sprang to the window and hung there, looking down pitifully. Compassionate murmurs ran through the crowd, and a net was

white figure struggled through them and plunged into the fire lines. On she ran, her head filled with one idea; she must save Fleddie. A burly fireman loomed up before her and stretched out a detaining hand, but she dodged and passed him, and slipping on the ice-covered street he lost his balance and fell. Another plunged at her and held her foot, but she left the shoe in his hand and hobbled on. She had reached the door and jumped through the flame. A burst of flame sprang to meet her, but she did not feel it. A step broke through, licked up by the fire, but she scrambled to the



She plunged into the burning room, groping for her pet. one above, groping her way up the smoke-laden steps. Up, up she went, flaming and reached the top step. She plunged into the burning room, crying for her pet, and groping for him till she felt him in the corner. He licked her hand feebly, then holding him fast, felt her way to the window, her hair on fire, her dress burning, but she did not feel the pain. Up, up to the window, gulfed in by fire, and then roar after roar of horror went up from the crowd below as they saw her reach it, holding the dead dog tightly to her. The fire embraced the whole house now, and it was shaking ominously. What a bright light that was! She could see a long lane of gold reaching far out in the sky, and she was taken up to it, holding her Fleddie closely to her. The fire hurt no more now. How good she felt! The house leaned, then toppled, falling amidst a shower of sparks. A long flame shot up in the sky, left its parent stem reluctantly, and flew into the night. Fleddie and Fleddis were dead.

CHILDREN AT THE CORONATION

Space to Be Set Aside in Westminster Abbey for Them. If the earl marshal carries out his present intention one of the most interesting places in Westminster abbey on the day of the coronation will be the "children's corner," a space which it is proposed to set aside for the youthful little peers and peeresses in their own right, who, though still boys and girls, have a legal right of which they intend to avail themselves—of being present when Edward VII. is enthroned on the "stone of destiny."

There are several boys in the peerage who, owing to the death of their father or some other relative, became hereditary legislators before they gave up the nursing bottle, or soon after, and several little peeresses who succeeded to their titles at an immature age. These little peers and peeresses, in their coronation robes and coronets, it is proposed to corral in one group, which would make a pretty picture; but think of the possibilities, says the New York Mail and Express, should the little folks get to squabbling among themselves! The earl marshal would better provide a "lord high wielder of the birch rod" to keep the children's corner in order during the long ceremonies.

As the ages of the boy peers range all the way from 9 to 19, the older ones may be set as "monitors" over them, the way they used to do at school. A vast amount of property will be represented by these children. There is the Viscount Combermere, 15 years old, and possessed of 14,000 acres, with three great country houses, one of them being the celebrated Combermere abbey; the Baron Carbery, 10 years old, with an estate of value in Ireland, and Lord Holmpatrick, with about 7,000 acres to his estate. Among the big boys is the earl of Caledon, 17 years old, an immensely rich youth, with 50,000 acres to his fortune. Lord Camoys, a year older, has an estate of 6,800 acres.

He Meant Well.

"I was laid up in the cabin of a North Carolina mountaineer with a sprained ankle," says a traveler, "and though he would willingly have provided me with the best, the fare consisted of pones, fried squirrel and corn coffee every meal. On the fifth day I must have felt slip some sign that things were growing monotonous, for he looked over at me and said: "Stranger, I reckoned to make a change in this yere fodder, but it didn't come about." "Oh, the fodder is all right," I replied. "But I don't skassy think it is, and I was gwine to make a change. Sorry to say I couldn't do it, but the dratted woodchuck got clean away!"

EMBARRASSED THE CLERGYMAN

Minister's Makeshift All Right Until the Maid Appeared.

A distinguished Episcopal clergyman was once called on to officiate at a fashionable summer resort church, and, finding only a short surplice and no cassock in the vestry, was very much disturbed at the thought of having to appear in a vesture that to the frivolous would look like a white shirt and trousers. But a happy inspiration came to him. Why not wear one of his wife's black petticoats? The portion that would show below the surplice would look exactly like the regulation cassock, and no one would ever be the wiser. So he hurriedly sent one of the ushers with an explanatory note to his wife in the hotel, and in the nick of time the petticoat arrived. The makeshift turned out to be a perfect success, and no one at a distance could tell that he was not wearing a cassock. After the close of the service he decided to go out to the body of the church without taking off his robes, in order to greet some friends. And he was soon the center of a group of fashionable women, when a green Irish maid from the hotel came up, and in a loud voice said to him: "Yer Riverence, the missus sint me aftter her petticoat that ye do be wearin', an' I wuz to wait till ye take it off."—New York Tribune.

MADE LIVING BY CRACKING WHIPS

Curious Trade Discovered by the Police of France.

The Paris police have recently been informed by one of the fraternity of whip-crackers that such a calling exists and claims recognition as one of the "professions" by the exercise of which men earn their livelihood in France.

Whip-crackers, it appears, are men who possess strong wrists and are willing to crack whips all day long, if required, on receipt of a suitable fee. At the commencement of the shooting season, when the proprietors of neighboring demesnes are not good friends, the one who bears ill-will to the other engages a whip-cracker, whose duty it is to crack a whip so as to frighten away all the birds at the approach of the disliked sportsman and his friends. The whip-crackers are also found useful by farmers afflicted with diseased cattle which they cannot sell. Having engaged a whip-cracker, they turn out the sick beasts on the most frequented highway they can find. The cracker follows with his whip, ostensibly to guide the cattle, really to drive them under the wheels of a carriage, a motor car or a tram. This he does by cracking his whip at the critical moment so as to frighten the beasts and drive them to destruction.

Her Level Head.

"Of course," he said in an offhand way, "it goes without saying that a beautiful girl like you must have had many offers of marriage." She blushed prettily, and her eyes seemed to say "Of course," but she did not answer otherwise.

"And, of course," he went on, "I wouldn't think of asking you any of the men were or anything about them, but I am interested in knowing how they do it." Then she roused herself. "Look here," she said. "Are you trying to get hints how to propose to me or to some other girl?"

Thus it was that she plinned him down, as it were, and brought him to the point.

Napoleon Bonaparte's Wealth.

Napoleon Bonaparte's will, among those of great men, affords the nearest parallel to that of Cecil Rhodes in the fortune it bequeathed. He was surely the richest exile since the world began. From his lonely home at St. Helena he bequeathed to his relatives and friends \$40,000,000. He had been rich, in gold as in power, beyond the dreams of avarice, and there must have passed through his hands a private fortune such as mortal man has rarely dreamed of. His exactions set down at nearly \$375,000,000, which is, after all, but six times multiplying the gift he secured for himself from the Austrian treasury after Austerlitz. He died forty times a millionaire.

Roads Made of Gold.

The people of the two counties south of Lacrosse, Wis., especially near Prairie du Chien, have been for years using gold-bearing quartz for road making and house building, thinking it was common stone. The finding of a heavy, paying vein of gold on a farm of Mrs. N. S. Dousman set them right. By following up the vein it was traced for many miles around, touching, in some places, quarries where rock has been taken for years. Lightning striking in the same place during successive storms led Miss Violet Dousman to think that metal in some form existed there. Her investigations led to the discovery of the gold.

For the Rich Only.

Uncle and Aunt Melcher went to town to buy a new clock. "Now," said the dealer, "here is something very attractive in the way of clocks. When the hour begins, a bird comes out of the top and sings 'Cuckoo!' For instance, I turn this hand to 3 o'clock, and the bird comes out and sings 'Cuckoo!' three times." "Don't that beat all!" cried Uncle Melcher, enthusiastically. "Mother, let's have one." "No, no!" said his wife hastily. "That sort of a clock might do for folks that have got lots of time, but it'd take me half the forenoon every day to take care of that bird."—Youth's Companion.

Of Public Interest

FACSIMILES ARE IN DEMAND.

Few Duplicate Copies of the Declaration of Independence.

Several communications have recently reached the Record asking if the original copy of the Declaration of Independence was in existence, and if duplicate copies could be had. It is a rather curious fact that while facsimiles of the Declaration were common enough several years ago, and were largely used for advertising purposes, they are now very scarce—so scarce that a Philadelphia collector only last week paid \$10 for one bearing the advertisement of a western railroad. The original document, preserved in glass, is still to be seen in the possession of the Department of State in Washington, but it has become so faded as to be nearly illegible by reason of which a photographic reproduction would be valueless. James D. McBride had plates made and secured a copyright on them in 1874, but these plates were later destroyed by fire, and none is now in existence. Consequently the copies that have been preserved are constantly increasing in value.—Philadelphia Record.

OLD-TIME ACTRESS IN WANT.

Miss Ada Gray, of "East Lynne" Fame, Destitute and Ill.

Miss Ada Gray, who was found destitute and ill in a small cottage on City Island, New York, has been practically disabled by disease for several years, in fact, ever since her retirement from the stage. Fifteen or twenty years ago Miss Gray was one of the most popular actresses in America. She won fame by her fine emotional



work in "East Lynne," the only piece in which she achieved any considerable success. She married Charles Tingay, well known in New York as an actor and writer. At present Miss Gray is occupying a room in Fordham Hospital. She will be taken care of by the Actors' Fund.

Limits Fees of Physicians.

By a legal decision the Paris courts have just settled that \$2 is an ordinary fee for the visit of a doctor in Paris. A man and his wife called in a woman doctor, whose bill was afterward made out at a rate of \$4 for the first visit and \$2 for the others. A lawsuit followed and the court gave judgment in favor of the patients, saying that \$2 is the customary fee in Paris for people in medium station of life.

TO VISIT CENTRAL AFRICA.

Mrs. Colcleugh Has Undertaken a Hazardous Expedition.

Mrs. Emma Shaw Colcleugh, a widely known clubwoman and writer, has sailed on a trip at which most women would shrink in terror at the mere thought of it. She is bound on an exploring tour alone into the heart of Central Africa, to regions where no woman has ever been before. Mrs. Colcleugh is an intrepid traveler, who has seen many parts of the world and hence is quite without fear in her present undertaking. She is a tall, slim, energetic looking woman, the picture of health and endurance. She is a clever writer as well as a good



talker and her letters from Cuba during the months that followed the Spanish war gave some of the best and truest pictures of conditions there turned out by any correspondent.

Wants Odd Name Changed.

Ervin Pfuhi, a citizen of West Pittston, Pa., has filed a petition in court asking that his name be changed to Folmer. The petitioner says he desires the change because the name he now bears readily lends its aid to the manufacture of various silly puns at punning, such as "fool" and "full," and besides it is not easily pronounced, all of which is very annoying.

Prominent Statesmen

MAY COME TO WASHINGTON.

Sir F. C. Lascelles Mentioned as Probable British Ambassador.

Sir Frank Cavendish Lascelles, who, it is said, may succeed Lord Pauncefoot as British ambassador to the United States, is at present head of the British embassy to Berlin and a favorite with the kaiser. He is 61



years old, and for more than forty years has been a member of the diplomatic service. The principal posts he has filled are those of minister to Roumania and Persia and ambassador to Russia and Germany. He has occupied his present position since 1895.

Want Depew Jokes.

Prominent men receive all sorts of things by mail, but a letter found in Senator Depew's mail last week will match the most of them. It is from a small town in southern Indiana. "Dear Mr. Depew," it said, "we are getting up a negro minstrel show for the purpose of buying a set of coloured dishes for our church. We are to have four end men, and one interloper you know who I mean (I can't spell it), who sits in the middle. We need a lot of new and decent jokes, so as not to shock. There are lots of old women in our church. Won't you sit down and write us about fifty good new jokes; some things that have never been used before? Make them 'spitters,' as this show is for a new set of dishes for the church. Please grind them out as soon as possible, and send them to me. We will put on the program, 'All these original jokes were made up by Chauncey Depew.' That will pay you for the work."

WILL KEEP HIS OLD CABINET.

Premier of Ontario Finds All His Ministers Re-Elected.

George W. Ross, premier of Ontario, whose liberal government was returned to power in the recent election, will be surrounded by his old cabinet during the new term. All the ministers were re-elected.

The liberal victory is regarded as a vindication. The liberals have been in power for thirty years and the conservatives declared the government



was corrupt and one of their election cries was: "It is time for a change." The liberals were led by Premier Ross and the conservative leader was James P. Whitney.

Fine Clothes His Hoodoo.

Among the possessions of Senator Dietrich of Nebraska are a silk hat and a frock suit. The other day he put the outfit away, he thinks, for good. The senator, who usually dresses much like a farmer, first wore the regalia named on the day he was inaugurated governor of Nebraska. It rained and snowed that day. He wore them a second time when President McKinley was sworn in a second time. It rained heavily. On the day the Rochambeau statue was unveiled he once more tempted fate and got the full benefit of a shower that interrupted the exercises. The following Sunday he again arrayed himself, only to be caught in a heavy thunderstorm. Now he has laid away his suit and hat, convinced that they act as a hoodoo.

Emperor William's Joke.

Chancellor von Bulow of Germany, who is a great favorite with Emperor William, expressed to the latter on Bulow's appointment to office fears as to his wife's objection to the time it would take to clean the chancellor's palace. William interrupted him with the remark that he would contribute his part to the cleaning. Count von Bulow took this to mean that the emperor would have the palace cleaned for him. However, William merely saw an opportunity for a joke and so there arrived at the Bulow household a few days afterward a large parcel addressed to the countess and containing 100 pounds of soap.

People and Events

NEGRO RACE IS DYING OFF.

Ere Many Years the Africans Will Have Disappeared From Cuba.

There is every indication that the negro question will settle itself in Cuba. In a report on the vital statistics of Havana and Guanabacoa, Maj. Gargas, a physician as well as a soldier, says that during the month of January in those cities the native whites showed an excess of 188 births over deaths, that is, the figures were 457 and 269, whereas the native negroes showed an excess of 58 deaths over birth—that is to say, the figures were 128 and 70. The figures for the year 1901 are even more significant. During the twelve months the native whites gained 1,740 and the native negroes lost 513, making a total gain for the natives of 1,227 inhabitants.

The deaths of foreigners brought the difference down to exactly one, although it must be remembered that the number of foreigners dying indicates that the city is gaining rapidly in population by immigration. If this keeps up for a reasonable length of time there will soon be no negroes left in Cuba.

INSPECTS GERMAN ARSENALS.

Rear-Admiral O'Neill Has Special Invitation From Emperor William.

Rear-Admiral Charles O'Neill, who, upon the personal invitation of Emperor William, will visit, with a special escort, all the shipbuilding yards and arsenals of Germany, is now in Berlin as a delegate to the international shipbuilding convention. He is one of the most distinguished officers of the navy, and since 1897 has been



chief of the naval bureau of ordnance. The admiral entered the navy in 1861 as master's mate on the Cumberland, and was present at the capture of Forts Huterea and Clark in August of that year. He fought in the famous engagement with the Merrimac in 1862 and on that occasion rescued Lieut. Morris from drowning. He was promoted to the rank of rear admiral in April, 1901.

Coyotes Eat a Traveler.

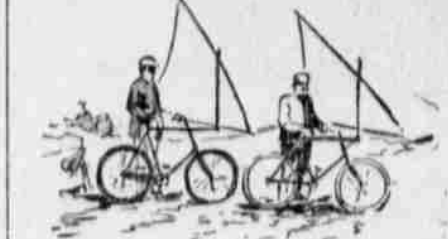
A dispatch from Monterey, Mexico, says that D. Campbell Davies, a young man well known in many cities of Mexico, was eaten by coyotes near Palla Station, on the International Railroad, between Torreon and Monterey. Word was received here yesterday that a ranch workman found the remains of the skeleton of the young man scattered among the brush not far from Palla. Bits of clothing and some papers identified the scattered bones as those of Davies. Davies was the son of a rich Englishman, and came to Mexico several years ago. He dealt in mining supplies.

SAILS TO HELP BICYCLISTS.

South African Man the Inventor of Useful Contrivance.

As all other motors have been applied to the bicycle, it would have been very strange if the sail had been omitted—the sail, the oldest of motors, the invention of which an Egyptian tradition ascribes to Isis, who, weary of the slow progress of her rowers, snatched off her veil and allowed the wind to distend it. S. G. Smith, of Bloemfontein, devised a yacht bicycle, with a lateen sail which, with a favorable wind, would sometimes go for hours without the aid of pedals, and these vehicles were quite fashionable among South African sportsmen before the Boer war broke out.

Twenty-five years ago a very similar machine was devised and essayed in France. Numerous have been the at-



tempts to use sails on wheeled vehicles. The earliest contrivance of the sort, probably, was the "flying coach" devised by Don Jose Rosensa, a Spanish officer of artillery, in 1892. This was a boat, with masts and sails, mounted on three wheels. It also had cranks, so that it could be driven by hand. It was therefore a motor-tricycle with a compound motor.

Bound to Have Their Due.

A Swiss lady from Chaux-de-Fonds recently went to live with her son at Morteau, across the French frontier, where she died. When the coffin covered with artificial wreaths, was brought into Switzerland, a custom house official claimed duty on the wreaths, and after a deal of controversy the sum of two francs was demanded and paid.



She stopped at a friendly baker's. held below, but the dog would not jump. A cry of sympathy went up from below, and then—oh! his mistress caught her breath as he gave a long howl of pain and terror, looking at her. The howl rose above the deep undertone of sound, and seemed to pierce her through and through. As he dropped there was a little rush about her, and then from the spectators arose a cry of horror as a little