

WHEN CURFEW RINGS.

When curfew rings there comes a voice
From out the clouds of heaven,
In tones of loving care and poise,
At the closing hour of even;
The laborer has filled his hour
Of toil in numbers well,
A call to rest for wearied powers,
When the watchman cries: "All's well."

But is all well? Do old and young
Welcome the curfew chime,
That calls to rest with ready tongue,
In joy and peace sublime,
When a rising generation dreams
Of benefits to come,
And the lamp of hope casts brightening
beams
On the sanctity of home?

An hour when daily strifes are o'er,
When may he laid aside
The thoughts of troubled hearts and sore,
Where faith and hope abide,
In patience waiting for the time
When the hand of God may bring
A solace with the evening chime,
When the bells for curfew ring.

The future! Ah, how bright it looks
When young blood freely flows
In public streams or quiet nooks,
Of mingled joys and woes,
As parents' care and filial love
Fly forth on angel wings,
From earth to realms of life above,
When the bells for curfew ring.

Tears find an outlet in the eye
From an overflowing well—
A fount of soul-life rarely dry,
Of blissful charm and spell;
In ripples now, in torrents then,
From prophet, priest and king;
Alike in tender memories, when
The bells for curfew ring.
—Clar K.W. Bryan, in Springfield (Mass.)
Republican.



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XI.

OUT OF THE GULCH.

It is safe to say that if every ransomed Christian in the Coeur d'Alene had lived, according to the word that we preach to the heathen, as simply, as fearfully, as Wan pursued his timorous way by the glimmer of his perumed joss-sticks, there would have been no call for martial law. Yet Wan was destined to be one of the chosen victims of the labor question, his part in which, as a proletarian, was little more considered than that of the pony in the doctor's corral.

It fell out as the doctor had predicted. The case of Mike and Darcie had been postponed; it was not forgotten. There came a moment, in that hour of insane victory, when it did occur to some of the Big Horn men that there was a little job unfinished at the mine. One or two of them who had been concerned in the shooting on Tuesday night were burning to avenge that silly failure.

The trains were still running on the narrow gauge track between Gem and the mines of Big Horn gulch, but they were in the hands of the strikers, and carried chiefly armed men and munitions of murder. They brought the posse of 50 men who had detailed themselves for special duty at the mine.

Faith witnessed this ill-omened arrival from the second-story gallery, where she was walking alone in the starlight, herself being unseen in the shadow of the roof. She watched the movements of the men with anxiety, and saw them in threatening consultation with Abby. Even as she listened to the sound of their bodeful voices, her own name was under discussion, and the men were proposing to put her to the question concerning the whereabouts of the spy.

"Don't bother with her; it's time wasted for nothing," Abby advised. "She was using Wan about him herself this morning, and Wan was sulky and scared, and pretended he didn't know. 'But I saw you going away somewhere with him,' says she. That's what she said; I heard her myself. You bet he knows all there is to know! You go find Wan."

The doctor also had witnessed the ominous arrival, and was at that moment in the cellar, warning the refugees to be ready, and to have out their light in case it should be seen when the cellar door opened to admit the unhappy girl who was going with them.

Darcie's heart was in his mouth with fear and joy, and Mike's blood was bounding at the thought of the wild night's flight in the free, open darkness, and the deeds of daring he might have occasion to display; for Mike had a warm Irish imagination, and he was as vain of his valor as he was sure of it. The doctor had omitted to mention, as a detail of his plan, that he had not as yet presented the same to Faith. He was deliberately conspiring with the cruel circumstances that beset the girl to capture all her scruples

at once; there was no other way but to harden his heart against doubts and compunctions, and to put confidence in the men he had chosen in the place of her natural protectors. The doctor was no bungling judge of male character, and, in his opinion, a man may be a young girl's natural protector in other than the established way; but the doctor was not yet a father.

As he left the cellar, his ear was shocked by a sound of pitiable screams and hoarse brutal cries, and, looking across the gulch, he saw, as in a vision of the "Inferno," a wretched, struggling figure haled along at the end of a rope, towed by a mass of men, as fast as they could go over the rough ground, in the direction of the secret tamaracks. The person of the victim was scarcely distinguishable, but the doctor knew it could be only the miserable Chinaman; and a strange familiarity with the fact crossed him, as if he had beheld the shameful scene before in some moment of prophetic consciousness, and had always known that such would be the end of Wan.

In that horror-stricken moment Faith had flown to her father, forgetful of the breach between them, and confident of his protection for the wretched Wan. She could not yet count him as naught, or quite believe, for all the doctor's unrelenting summing up of facts that were sadly in evidence, what "a king of shreds and patches" was the manager of the Big Horn.

At this after-dinner hour he was usually clothed on with his evening liquor, and incommunicable to the pitch of surliness. It was thus that she found him. He had risen from his chair, and was moving with circumspection from the table to the sideboard, when his daughter's excited entrance startled him. He let fall the key which he held—that very precious duplicate key of the sideboard closet where his liquors and brandies were kept, the possession of which he had thus far been able to conceal from the vigilant Abby. As it slipped from his fat, smooth, shaking fingers, all that was left of his intelligence groveled after it upon the floor.

"Father, father!" cried Faith, rushing upon him. "Come, come with me! Oh, rouse up, do! Come out, and stop this fearful thing!"
Seeing no hope of comprehension in his glassy, floating eyes, which tried to fix hers with a reprehensive frown, she seized him and shook him passionately, trying to awaken in that dead heart some spark of warmth from the indignation that burned in her own.

"Will you listen to that poor thing begging for his life! Do you want to have your people murdered!"

But the late Mr. Bingham simply stared, working his empty fingers, feeling for the lost key; his mind was concentrated solely on that interrupted journey to the sideboard.

"Keep 'way—don't talk sho low; where 'sh it? Only key I got. Abby fin' she—I—wha' sh'll I do?" he whimpered.

"Oh, oh!" shuddered the girl.
Mr. Bingham groped for the chair he had imprudently forsaken and seated himself majestically upon the arm. The heavy chair tipped with his weight. Faith helped him to regain his seat. She stooped to search for his key, dashing the tears from her eyes.

"Here it is, poor father," she said, putting the key back into his hand. "There; have you got it? Let me put it into your pocket. See, you will lose it again."

It was all that he cared for; so let him have it and find his way to the sideboard and so out of the world, where he was no longer of any use. Faith could not have reasoned in this cold-blooded fashion; she acted on the impulse simply to do one little thing for him that he wanted done before she left him. If not that night, yet she must leave him soon; she could not afford to be harsh with what was already a memory, a grave.

There was yet one man in his senses in that distracted place whose courage and humanity could be counted on; the doctor, Faith knew, had returned to the mine. But as she flew to seek him at his office he was on his way to her, and thus they missed each other by contrary paths in the dark.

The office was locked. Faith beat upon the door with bare hands, but got no answer. Then she ran around to the kitchen door, which stood open, showing a light burning in an empty house.

The doctor could not be far away, she thought, and, stepping inside, she stood on the platform and shrieked: "Oh, doctor, doctor!" in a voice of anguish which brought, not the doctor, but Darcie Hamilton out of the cellar, where her piercing cry had reached him. He sprang to her side and put his good arm around her as the simplest way of answering that there he was if she needed him.

"What do you want of the doctor? What has happened? Dear, what is this horror in your face?"

"I thought you were gone," she said, "days ago!" She had forgotten that it was only the night before that he had left her father's house; it seemed as if it might have been years.

"We are going to-night," he answered. "Have you not seen the doctor?"

"No, no; I cannot find him. They are doing something dreadful to Wan, to make him tell where you are—and

they are not done with him. I must find the doctor!"

"They are done with him," said Darcie, listening. "Hark! It's all quiet up the gulch."

"What do you mean? He is dead?"

"He has told."

"What! Does he know?"
"Why, it was he who brought me here. He'll tell, you know, if that will save him," Darcie explained.

The shock of this discovery, and its self-evident consequences, left the poor girl no strength wherewith to "counterfeit" any longer, for pride's sake. It was the simple truth that Darcie read in her face as their sad eyes met, in the sincerity of a moment that might be their last on earth together.

"Go this instant! Why do you stay here? Oh, mercy! where can he go?"

She tried to push him from her, while he held her in a dream, hardly daring to believe what her pale face told him.

"We were waiting for you, Faith dear. The doctor said you were to go with us; but I said you would never go—with me. But would you go?" he implored.

Here Mike's double bass interrupted, lamenting in a suppressed roar: "Musha, musha! the doctor has not told her a word!"

"If it's about my going—don't say another word," pleaded Faith. "I wouldn't go for all the world. I should only keep you back. You'd have no chance at all with me along."

"And do you think that I am going if you stay here?" said Darcie, half beside herself with joy.

"But there's no danger here for me."
"It would be parting soul and body," he said.

"Ye'll not keep soul an' body long together av ye stay," said Mike.

"You break my heart," Faith cried, distractedly. "Those men will have no pity—and you have none—to refuse me this one chance for your life. Once more, will you go?"

"Arrah, here comes the doctor! He's the man we want," said Mike.

It was the doctor, in a panting hurry, half choked for breath.

"Well, young woman! So here you are, and I've been all over the country looking for you. Well, boys, have you got this thing all fixed?"

"It's bechune her an' him," said Mike, in despair. "She'll not go for fear she'd



It brought not the doctor, but Darcie Hamilton out of the cellar.

delay us, an' he'll not go an' I've her, an' I'll not shtr without him; an' there ye have it—a caucus av fools if iver there was one!"

"Tut, tut! what a waste of time! If she won't go, she won't, and there's an end of that. Your legs are your best friends now, boys. Get in there; all ashore that's going."

"Come, Darcie, don't make this kick now, and ruin everything. I know it's hard," the doctor whispered, with his hand on Darcie's shoulder, "but, Lord! man, you're not the only friend she's got! Trust me, we'll get her safe out of this; they don't exterminate the girls. I'll bet you \$50 you cross the lake with her to-morrow night. How's that? Do you want any better chance than that to plead for your sins? Give her a kiss now, and get along with you! They are headed down the gulch," said the doctor to Mike. "In about five minutes you can break cover. I'll delay them all I can."

XII.

THE EXPULSION.

Mr. Bingham was very weary of his paternal joys. If a selfish motive had been at the bottom of his sudden late demand for his daughter's society in the west; if he had fancied that it would impart a trifling zest to his jaded existence to have youth and beauty near him, and increase his popularity with his brother mine-owners at a critical time, he had been properly disappointed in the sequel. The cloud of suspicion that rested on the mine had never lifted; the time had not been suited to an exchange of hospitalities, even with a beautiful young daughter to be introduced to the society of the camps; and all the brightness Faith had brought with her to the Big Horn, and that promise of adaptability that her father had welcomed in her, had been extinguished under the burden of himself and his elderly failings which she had taken upon her virgin conscience. It was simply keeping a recording angel in the house for his sole and personal benefit; one who wept, perhaps, but never "dropped a tear" upon the page where her father's slips were unflatteringly set down. The grief of his angel had never interfered with the strictness of her record. It was pre-

posterous! He smiled with sardonic enjoyment of the joke that he was to be reformed, at his time of life, according to the "maiden aunt" school of training. But it was also a beastly annoyance; it sent him often to the society of those familiara which he kept under lock and key in his sideboard closet. With his daughter presiding, conscience-wise, over personal habits, and with Darcie Hamilton investigating his business management, it was no wonder that a frail-minded old gentleman, with a rather darkling record, should have gone off somewhat in his temper. Heaven and earth! was he to be baited by children?

He had said to Faith that she could not go, without extraordinary precautions for her safety, in the excited state of feeling at the mines; but this had been merely for the purpose of reminding her that she was not quite mistress of the situation—free to repudiate her father, and depart from him whenever he should have paid for her ticket eastward. As a fact, she was not half so anxious to go as was he to have her; he did not desire her presence in his house, either as monitor or as witness, any longer. She had seen, too much already, considering her general intelligence and her uncompromising way of looking at things. She must go back to the east, where in a short time such frank incidents as the ordeal of Wan and the ambushing of Darcie Hamilton in the tamaracks would appear to her as incredible as the nightmare visions of a fever. And that she might not unwisely recall her visions in speech, he had, in that last painful interview in the library, taken measures to make her very tired of the subject of Darcie Hamilton. On this point at least he was easy.

As to Darcie, that young gentleman had been vastly busy at the manager's expense; he had formulated some dangerous discoveries; incidentally he had made rapid love to his daughter. Between business and pleasure he had been going very much at large. But he had been careless, as the too sure-footed are apt to be. If the Big Horn directors chose to send their younger sons masquerading as honest miners, into the Coeur d'Alene, they must post them better upon the local institutions. "Monkeying with the buzz-saw" was pastime for children compared with a conflict of opinions with the Miners' union in the summer of 1892. Mr. Bingham proposed to shift his personal responsibilities frankly upon the union. If Darcie should never reach London with his verbal report (the documents were in Mr. Bingham's hands), and an international correspondence, transcending questions of business, should ensue, the manager was prepared to wash his own hands, and to point to the guns in the hands of his irrepressible allies of the union. The trade-unions have thus suffered always, and ever will suffer most, at the hands of their so-called friends.

And now we come to the last scene before the close of the war—the deportation of the "scabs," including a few non-combatants, among whom was Faith. Recording angels, recorders of the truth of any sort, were not in demand at that time in the Coeur d'Alene; the victors proposed to record matters to suit themselves.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Extensive Library.

There was once in a certain part of India such a voluminous library that 1,000 camels were required for its transport, and 100 Brahmins paid for its care. The king felt no inclination to wade through this heap of learning himself, and ordered his well-fed and well-paid librarians to furnish him with extracts for his private use. They set to work, and in 20 years' time produced a nice little encyclopedia which might easily have been carried by 30 camels. But the monarch found it still too large and had not the patience to read even the preface. The indefatigable Brahmins began afresh with their labors and reduced the library so greatly that a single ass could carry it comfortably, but the king's dislike for reading had increased with age, and he was still dissatisfied. So finally his servants wrote on a leaf: "The quintessence of all science consists in the little word 'perhaps.' Three expressions contain the history of mankind: 'They were born, they suffered, and they died.' Love only what is good and practice what you love. Believe only what is true, and don't mention all that you believe."—Detroit Free Press.

Natural Mistake.

Defective vision, a "mannish" costume and an ambiguous name—these were the elements of a recent bit of social comedy.

"Mr. Brownsonby," said the host at an evening reception, presenting to the principal guest a rather strong-minded young woman who wore a collar, necktie and shirt-front of decidedly masculine appearance, "let me introduce Miss Terhune."

Mr. Brownsonby, who was somewhat near-sighted, turned to acknowledge the introduction.

"Ah, Mr. Hune!" he said, extending his hand cordially. "Glad to see you, sir."—Youth's Companion.

Necessary Precaution.

"Now, Charles, let us make a list of your debts."
"One moment, dear uncle, till I have filled up your inkstand."—Tit-Bits.

PUERTO RICAN NATIVES.

They Are a Hard-Working People and Have a Charming Personality.

The personality of the Puerto Rican is a very charming one. Generations of ill treatment have developed in them a patient resignation which has about it nothing of cowardice. Even now, with liberty within grasp, nothing is heard of recrimination, and none will be practiced. The same hospitality will be offered to the Spaniard as to other nations, and that hospitality is proverbial.

The social life of the cities is identical with that of most all other tropical Spanish-American countries. The mass, in the cool of the morning, at which it is to be feared religious thoughts are not the only ones which fill the heads of the youths of both sexes; the retreat after sundown, where slim-waisted, dainty señoritas glide up and down the plaza to the sound of a fine military band; shopping by gaslight, which develops into a series of skirmishes between buyer and assistant, dear to the heart of the fair sex, and an occasional ball at the captain general's palace, where costumes may be seen which have the undeniable stamp of Rue de la Paix, and faces which have a beauty which is at once touching and enchanting. Small features, large, black, lustrous eyes and perfect oval outlines make the criolla a distinct improvement on the sensual-faced Spanish woman, and she is of more refined instincts and gentler disposition. As mothers they are unexcelled, and literally sacrifice themselves for the welfare of their children. The capital, San Juan, being the seat of government, is, of course, the social center, while Ponce is commercially of more importance and is of more modern construction and advanced ideas.

A visit to the rural districts introduces us to a class of peasantry ground down by unjust taxation. Living in a hut constructed of palm branches thatched with palm leaves, his only clothing a cotton duck suit from the New England looms, and surrounded by a numerous family, usually in a state of nature, he passes his day working in his patch of corn or sugar cane and his evenings dancing the native dances to the sound of the guiro and tiple. He can neither read nor write, and has not the facilities afforded him for learning to do so; and knows our country only by the dried fish and rice it sends him for his consumption. His bete noir is the Spanish civil guard, who patrol the country in mounted pairs, and whose boast is that they never bring in a prisoner alive. He pays direct tax to the government in the form of impuesto territorial, or assessment on the value of his farm, and the cedula, or internal passport; and it has been stated that these taxes amount to about 60 per cent. of his net income. But he is ready for emancipation, and, when educated, will prove a valuable and law-abiding citizen.—N. Y. Independent.

Castilian Cuisine.

The commercial exodus to Cuba is apt to result in familiarizing Americans with bona fide Spanish cooking, something seldom seen in this country. Oil and pepper are the two things that especially characterize the Castilian cuisine. One of the favorite dishes in Cuba is "tasajo," which is simply dried meat, cooked with tomatoes, red peppers and onions. "Tripa a la Andaluza" is another preparation frequently seen. As the name indicates, the basis is boiled tripe, which is cooked with beans and potatoes, and always served with the small red Spanish sausage known as "butafarra Catalina." A similar sausage, only black, is known as "butafarra Astoriana." "Chile con carne," which everybody eats, is nothing more than a thick stew of beef (carne) and beans seasoned with chiles. Spanish "tortillas" are corn cakes flavored with red peppers, and differ from the Mexican tortilla in that the latter, when properly made, are rolled in chopped vegetables. A salad, a la Espanola, is prepared of lettuce and celery, with a few sliced tomatoes and peppers. Served with French dressing it is very good. The Spanish soups are as a rule a little too heavy for the American taste, which runs more toward the consomme. They are thick decoctions, full of vegetables, and look frightfully greasy. Soup, however, does not have the important role among the Spaniards that it plays in French domestic economy, and is an article of secondary importance. The dishes named are pretty apt to appear ere long on home menus, and it is interesting to know in advance what they are composed of.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Knew the Quotation.

"In the spring," he quoted, "a young man's fancy lightly turns to—"
"How I wish it were spring," she interrupted.

When the conditions are just right it is sometimes possible for a young man's fancy to turn lightly in the autumn disc, and he succeeded in demonstrating that fact to her satisfaction.—Chicago Post.

Ignorance.

No man need be ignorant to-day unless he pleads the bankruptcy act and frankly admits he is too stupid to learn.—Rev. S. P. Cadman.