

## HOW IT HAPPENED.

I got to thinkin' of her, and a-wundern what she done,  
That all her sisters kep' a-gittin' married one by one,  
And her without no chances—and the best girl of the pack—  
An old maid with her hands, you might say, tied behind her back!  
And mother, too, afore she died, she ust to jes' take on  
When none of 'em was left, you know, but Evaline and John,  
And jes' declare to goodness 'at the young men must be bline  
To not see what a wife they'd git if they'd got Evaline!

I got to thinkin' of her, as I say, and more and more  
I'd think of her dependance, and the burdens 'at she bore,  
Her parents both a-bein' dead, and all her sisters gone  
And married off, and her a-livin' there alone with John—  
You might say jes' a-tollin' and a-slavin' out her life  
For a man 'at hadn't pride enough to git hisself a wife—  
Less some one married Evaline, and packed her off some day—  
So I got to thinkin' of her—and it happened that-away.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

## The Blue Moonstone.

I WAS in the midst of preparations for leaving Manila for a trip to Japan, so there was plenty for me to do; but here I sat half way up the staircase, wasting precious time talking to old Ram Rao, the Cingalese jewel merchant. My house was situated directly opposite the camp, where the troops waited for the transports to take them home, and I was never tired of watching these vendors of flawed sapphires and Siam rubies, which were apt to drop from their crude settings at the first wearing, trying to induce the soldiers to buy their wares for wives and sweethearts at home. They occasionally paid me a visit, and sometimes I picked up a good pearl or opal for a small price.

Of all these mysterious, soft-eyed people, Ram Rao interested me the most. On the way out, via Suez, I had spent four delightful days at Colombo, and the old man, who was very homesick, used to like to come and talk to me of the jewel shops of his native city, and of the beautiful English bungalows and the Cinnamon Drive, which had so impressed me. Remembering the beauties of that land of spices and flowers, I did not wonder that the poor soul felt that Manila was "all the same as hell."

To-day he was crouching beside his boxes, a curious figure with a square of checked cotton wound about his nether limbs, so that it looked like a long tight skirt. Like most men in Manila, he wore a white linen coat, but his long hair was drawn up behind into a Psyche knot, and his tortoise-shell comb was pushed back until it made a crown, the ends toward his face.

Just behind me on the steps squatted my worthless little Filipino maid, Portuna. She should have been at the sewing-machine, where I had left her with strict injunctions to finish her work without delay; but I was so interested in listening to Ram Rao that for the moment I did not notice her.

"Yes, Memsahib," he was saying, "I go home to my country. You buy only this one beautiful pin. It is a gift at seven rupees. Three days ago a soldier offer me for it fifteen dollar gold. I say no, but to-day with seven rupees more I buy passage on the steamer that goes to-morrow to Ceylon."

He held up a breastpin formed of two tiger claws, fastened together with a clumsy band of gold, set with garnets. It was extremely ugly.

"Oh, Ram Rao," I protested, "I don't want the thing."

"Oh, but Memsahib—only seven rupees, and then I leave this horrible city. You so good to me, I never forget, and some day you come to Ceylon, you find Ram Rao there to show you things most wonderful the tourist never see, and he take you where you buy pearls and ivory elephants for a smile."

I was weak, and yielded. I did not want the atrocious piece of jewelry, but I was homesick myself, and sympathy alone made me take the pin and give Ram Rao his five dollars.

His old eyes sparkled, and with a gesture of infinite grace he kissed the hem of my linen skirt, then turning to his box took out a little gold ring set with a small blue moonstone.

"If the Mem will wear this," he said, "she always have the good luck and bless the memory of Ram Rao."

"Oh, no, Ram," I said, "keep the ring. You might sell it for something."

"This ring I sell never," he said, firmly, and looking not at me but at Portuna, mumbled a few words in a strange language.

"Oh, senora," said the woman, eagerly, "take the anillo—it is of no value. He feel bad you no take—mucho malo, you no take."

I was struck, as I had sometimes been before, by the curious kind of Freemasonry which seems to exist between the races of the East. Here was this stupid, flat-nosed Malay woman who seemed to fully understand the feelings and even the lan-

guage of Ram Rao, with his lofty carriage and high-bred, intellectual face. I slipped the ring on my finger, and Ram departed, heaping blessings on my head.

"It seems to me you're looking unusually well this evening," remarked my husband, as we were seated at the dinner-table.

"Oh, my dear old boy, how can I, in this old just," I protested. "I do need some new ball-gowns sadly, but I thought I would get one more wear out of this and save my money to invest in Japanese crepes and gauzes. I am so glad that I'm not looking like a fright in it, though."

I had been asked, as one of the sober matrons of the army set, to give out favors at the bachelors' cotillion that evening. Tom drove with me to the Potenciana Building, then went to the club, promising to return for me when the dance was over.

There was a larger gathering than usual that evening. The cotillion club had increased in size, and several distinguished people honored us with their presence. We had a major-general, an admiral, and a high official of the civil government there that night.

As I seated myself at the favorable, little Tom Macon, of the artillery, rushed up. "My! Mrs. Crane, you do look stunning to-night! You simply have got to come and dance. Don't sit here, come and join our giddy circle. I'm awfully sorry I engaged my partner so long before-hand."

Tommy was a nice boy, and, if I had been married only five years earlier, might have been my son. Such outspoken admiration on his part was rather a surprise.

"But, Tommy," I said, "I'll dance, of course, if I'm needed, but I have no partner, besides I came to give out favors."

"There are plenty of dowagers here to do that," he said.

The high official was approaching. I knew him slightly. He was a very pompous person, and I had always found him rather hard to talk to.

"I have been told by these young people," he said, with a wave of his hand toward a group of cotillion managers, "that I am expected to renew my youth to-night. I have not danced the german for many years. May I have the pleasure of dancing it with the belle of the ball?"

"If by that sounding title you mean myself," I answered, immensely flattered, "I shall be most happy," and we took our seats in two empty chairs in the cotillion circle, just as the music began for the first figure.

The high official danced abominably, but I did not find him hard to talk to that evening. He was not at all the kind of man I had supposed him to be. He was jocose—indeed, flirtatious, and he whispered stilted compliments in my ear all the time we sat together.

I must confess that this time was rather limited, for I was constantly on the floor. This was a surprise. I had always enjoyed a good dance, and was rather a favorite chaperon with the young people; but such attention as I received this evening had been unprecedented for years. I was past my first youth, and there were many young and pretty girls present; but I noted it with astonishment, I was the belle of the ball.

Before the evening was half over I was laden down with favors. Young naval ensigns, whom I scarcely knew by sight, gave me paper hats and Japanese toys, and then bore me off in the waltz with an unmistakable air of triumph. Haughty officers in the division staff, who always wore such a preoccupied air when I met them on the Luneta, that I almost hesitated to bow and disturb their weighty cogitations, came to me with offerings of fans and wooden shoes. The general and the admiral hovered about my chair until the high official became quite grumpy. When Tom came in later in the evening, he stood

watching me with a surprise which I could not help but feel was undattering.

At the conclusion of the cotillion, my partner escorted me to the dressing-room door, where he expressed the wish to "wait upon" me soon (he never made calls.) He bade me goodbye with an almost fatuous smile as he pressed—nay, squeezed my hand.

"Well, old lady, you've done pretty well," said Tom as he edged into the victoria with me and my favors. "The children will think that Santa Claus is abroad in the land. There's enough stuff here to trim a good-sized Christmas tree."

"I really had a delightful time," I said. "Why, Tom, I felt quite as I used to as a girl at our dances at home. Do you remember that summer cotillion, where we first met?"

"Remember! I should think so! That was nearly twenty years ago. I, a callow second lieutenant, fresh from West Point, and you a slender little girl in a pink frock! You were awfully pretty then, but—" and here my husband went on to say something foolish, which was quite unusual for him; for, happy as we were, with us those things were more often understood than mentioned.

As I was preparing for my needed repose that night, I took off my rings as usual to lock them away in my jewel-case, and dropped one, which rolled off into some dark corner. I looked for it for a moment, but being very sleepy and seeing that only the little moonstone ring was missing, I postponed the search until morning. I then informed Portuna of the loss. She told me later that, after looking thoroughly, she had been unable to find the ring. I was almost sure that it had rolled underneath the washstand, but when we moved that piece of furniture and it was not there, I dismissed the thing from my mind, as the article was really of no intrinsic value.

That evening as my carriage stopped by the bandstand on the Luneta, and as I exchanged greetings with my friends, I saw many of my partners of the previous evening. A few of them stopped for a word or two, but many of them passed on with merely a bow. I was rather amused to see that staff officer who had nearly shed tears the evening before, when a previous engagement had prevented my accepting from him a tin trumpet bedecked with ribbon, pass me by with a stony stare. He never saw me at all. Indeed, I could not but remark that the fervor of my admirers of the night before had waned perceptibly.

Upon reaching home that evening, I found an unpleasant episode in progress. As we drove through the front door, into the stable, which occupies the ground floor of most Manila houses, a large group of servants, children, and chickens stood watching a fight between Domingo, the stable-boy, and Juan, the cook's assistant. As Domingo was belaboring his antagonist about the head with a brass candlestick, the consequences threatened to become serious, but the cochero, descending from his box, lay about him with his whip until finally the combatants separated.

I stopped to inquire into the causes of the affray. When a Filipino is angry he is very incoherent, and the mixture of Spanish and Tagalog which the two culprits poured forth was quite unintelligible to me. From the cochero I gathered that somebody had promised to marry them both, and that each was determined to murder the other in consequence. After threatening them both with the calaboose (jail), I ascended the stairs, and there received Portuna perched on the newel-post, her bare feet tucked up under her red skirt, her hair freshly anointed with coconut oil, and her eyes dancing with an unholy joy. I could not help feeling that she was at the bottom of the whole affair.

Two days before I left for Japan, Portuna came to me and said that she was unable to go with us. She informed me that nothing but the fact that she was to be a matron would have induced her to leave the children and myself.

"Whom are you going to marry, Portuna?" I asked, wondering whether Juan or Domingo were to carry off the prize.

"A man muy rico, senora," she declared, proudly. "He give me beautiful jewels and fine casa. You see him often on the Luneta—Simon Sebastiano."

I gave a start of surprise. Sebastiano was one of the most influential Filipinos in Manila. I simply could not believe that ugly, undersized Portuna could have captured his fancy. He was good looking, too; there was a strain of the best Spanish blood in his veins; he had been well educated, and was high in the ranks of the Federal party. It was as much of a misalliance for him to marry Portuna as for the son of an aristocratic New York family to seek in marriage a Bowery factory-girl of the most humble antecedents. The more I thought of it, the most unlikely it seemed; and when she informed me that she had been brought up in his house as the daughter of his cochero, the news was more incomprehensible than ever,

knowing as I did the class distinctions of those people.

For the next two months the children and I revelled in the beauties of Japan. By October we returned to the head of the family, who was hard at work in Manila.

I was greeted with the pleasing news that orders were on the way for us to go home. So I determined to enjoy as fully as possible the last weeks of our sojourn in the East. When we were bidden, then, by one of the various political parties to a great banquet, I decided to go, as it was to be nearly the last of my Filipino entertainments.

All the American civil officials and many officers of the army and navy were there. I felt quite lost among so many personages of rank. I was taken out to the repast by a nice infantry major, and we sat far down below the notables.

Some distance from where I sat, I saw my late cotillion partner talking to a Filipino woman; on looking more closely I perceived that he was engaged in an animated conversation with—could it be Yes, it certainly was—Portuna! Portuna, quite as beautiful as ever, but gorgeously arrayed; her camisa stiff with embroidery, a spray of diamond roses four inches long in her hair, and about her neck a string of pearls for which I would have given ten years of my existence. She seemed to find the remarks of the high official interesting; indeed, she laughed in a coquettish manner; and as for him, he did not seem to find the banquet the perfunctory bore these affairs usually are to men of his kind—he really appeared to be enjoying himself.

When the banquet was over, Portuna came up and greeted me with effusion. She was not proud. She asked about the children with tears in her eyes, and promised to come and see them. She introduced her husband, who regarded her with adoring eyes. I found him to be very intelligent, and we talked together of the traffic question and of the future of the Malay race while we were sitting out a dance (I sat out several that evening).

The high official rushed up to us. Not having seen him for two months, I supposed that he had come to pay his respects. He barely nodded to me.

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs.—er—Crane." Then, "Where is that attractive little wife of yours, Sebastiano? I want to see if she will dance the Rigodon with me."

With that he darted off, and I soon saw him standing, with Portuna as a partner.

The next time I saw Portuna was on the transport Sheridan. We left for home on very short notice, and in some way she heard of it, and appeared just before the vessel sailed, bearing gifts of pian and just and Canton linen for me and the children. She was the very same Portuna, but the evident affection she had for me had awakened quite a warm feeling for her in my heart, so I submitted to her embrace, while the children clung to her with tears.

The last gong had sounded, and when half way down the gangway Portuna turned and waved her hand. The sun fell upon her costly rings, and among the diamonds and pearls, I noticed upon her little finger the glint of a blue moonstone.

Leaning over the side of the ship, Tom and I saw her enter a comfortable little private launch, and steam off in state.

"What a promotion for Portuna," I remarked. "How do you suppose it ever happened?"

"It is rather remarkable," said my better-half, as he lazily flicked the ashes from a Germinal cigar, "but then you know, for a Filipino, Portuna is really a very pretty woman." —San Francisco Argonaut.

### Chinese Burial.

When a rich and important Chinaman dies his funeral is conducted with much pomp and splendor. His friends and relations, instead of sending wreaths, send innumerable banners. These are made of white silk with inscriptions beautifully worked in black velvet, and express the sender's good wishes to the deceased himself or to the members of his family for many generations. On the day of the funeral these banners are carried by hired men, who are dressed all alike for the occasion. After the funeral, which lasts several hours at the cemetery, is over the banners are brought back, and eventually grace the rooms of the late Chinaman's house. The more banners there are the greater is considered the honor paid to his memory, and his family afterward take a great pride in showing them to their friends and acquaintances.

### An Optimist.

"Do you think that the standard of popular taste is higher than it used to be?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "You must remember that people of the previous generations had no opportunity of seeing my interpretations."—Washington Star.

Great goodness! The old-fashioned album is making its reappearance.

## P. O. DEPARTMENT IS BUSY.

Many Changes Made in Names of Old and Familiar Offices.

The Postoffice Department has been playing havoc with the old familiar names of offices throughout the country. It has been obliged to discontinue the mail service at New York. To be sure, it is not the New York of the Great White Alley whose postal facilities have been cut off, but a town of somewhat smaller size, in the State of Iowa. It has also been the unhappiness of the people of Rock Branch, in the same commonwealth, to lose their postoffice, and the records have been transferred to Correctionville. Ominous name! Let us hope the records are straight.

In Michigan the department has amended the name Sault de Ste. Marie into Sault Sainte Marie, and it has established the offices of Racy and Rescue. In Minnesota that noble office known for years as Proctorknott has been shorn of its final syllable, and the famous orator is known only by his Christian name upon the mailing lists now. Skog is a new name in Minnesota, and a good one. In Mississippi Chunkeys Station has been transformed into Chunky. In Oregon Needy has been stricken from the list, and in Pennsylvania Arcadia has been established.

In the Philippines Masbate has been discontinued. Equality has been established in South Carolina and a new Bunker Hill has arisen in Tennessee. Doeville has also sprouted in Tennessee, and there the much-sought John may have his home.

In Texas Hawley has been transformed into Blessing and an Arp has appeared, doubtless a modest tribute to the humorous gentleman of that pseudonym. Virginia has a new Dot, a Pilot and a School, but has lost a Cool Well and a Dell.

Correspondents who have hitherto addressed foreign letters to Beulah, Llandysil, must now use larger envelopes and write it Beulah, Newcastle Emlyn, Carmarthenshire. Likewise Llywyndafydd, New Quay, Cardiganshire. Why has West Liss, Hants, been complicated into West Liss, East Liss, Hants? And why has Tygerfontein, Cape Colony, been "erased from the list?" Does the change of Victoria West Road to Hutchinson indicate a disloyal tendency in the colony?

The Postoffice Department is always busy changing names, establishing, discontinuing, moving offices, reforming their spelling and generally keeping them in order. For light summer reading try the "United States Official Postal Guide," whose yellow covers appropriately hint at its interesting contents.—New York Sun.

## HISTORY MUST BE REVISED.

If All that Reads Unfavorably Should Be Stricken Out.

Since 1635, when the great and general court declared Roger Williams to be unfit for fellowship and banished him from the state, there have been seven different petitions to have the edict revoked. All have received the indorsement of religious as well as political leaders, yet there has never been a sufficiently vigorous expression of public sentiment to bring it about. The last petition before the legislature represented all shades of religious feeling. It was signed by descendants of those who had been instrumental in driving Roger Williams to Rhode Island, and nearly 300 years ago. But tradition is powerful, almost sacred, and what has gone on the statute books stays. The failure to repeal any law that has long been useless is an example of the same kind.

In view of such facts, it is somewhat surprising that there is going on now another movement to have the name of the apostle cleared. In spirit the people of this State respect the memory of Roger Williams as deeply and as sincerely as the citizens of Rhode Island or of any other New England commonwealth. The persons who are determined to have the ban removed appear to be endowed with much of the unquenchable enthusiasm of Williams himself, which enabled him to conquer in spite of all obstacles and persecution. The leaders of the new movement are now circulating a petition at all the watering places in New England, and after signatures have been obtained here it will be sent to St. Louis for the approval of all the New Englanders who visit the World's Fair, and thence to different sections in the West where puritan sentiment is strong. It is hoped to have the names of 1,000 men and women of prominence in this State alone, and many more names from Massachusetts and New England people in other parts of the country.

However, the edict against William was not peculiar to the times. Other fearless thinkers in politics and theology were banished. If we are going into the matter of erasing from our official records everything that reads unfavorably now, our whole history will need to be remodeled, revised and expurgated. The temperament of puritan times was cold, stern and brickly. Why try to make it appear to be what it was not?—Boston Advertiser.