

# THE OPPORTUNITY OF CLAUDE HARRINGTON.

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Miss Durward stood on a rock which ran out into the sea, watching the waves which splashed against its slippery sides and which wetted her white canvas shoes with their spray. It was a blazing hot August day and scarcely a breath of wind ruffled her dark, curly hair, which was without any covering, in spite of the dangers of sun stroke. Her big frilled hat lay further away on the shore where she had been sitting. Her scarlet linen dress made her a conspicuous figure to anyone coming in that direction, and a tall man who came around the corner of the cliff which shut off her retreat from the rest of the world stopped for a moment to take in the picture. Then he made his way rapidly over the rocks to her side. So quietly did he come that it was not until he stood beside her and said: "Good morning, Miss Durward," that the girl realized his presence. She turned so suddenly that she almost lost her balance and nearly fell into the water at her feet.

"You!" she ejaculated in a tone of mingled astonishment and annoyance.

"Myself and no less; you seem surprised," he repeated coolly.

"When did you come?" she asked, ignoring his remark.

"Last night by the mail train," he returned.

"And may I ask why? I thought you were in London and too busy to get away."

"Well—I came because you are here."

"If that is the only reason you might have stayed away," retorted the girl crossly.

"As it happens, that is the sole and only reason; but I suppose you have not the only right and privilege of spending the summer in this retreat, have you, even though you may be allowed to be as rude as you like?"

"I am not rude, and if I were I have every excuse for it. I come here to be quiet, and not to be worried, and it seems that to be made impossible. However, I will leave you to yourself."



"How I wonder you like to make such a fool of yourself with all these people about."

"There are no people about and I am not making a fool of myself in the least," returned Mr. Harrington cheerfully.

A long silence ensued, during which her tormentor smoked two cigarettes while his victim sat motionless.

"Well," he said at last, as he flung away the end of the second, "this is getting monotonous. I suppose I had better come across and talk to you."

He slipped off into the water again and came over to her. Holding on to the rock with one hand he looked up into the gray eyes above him, in which, in spite of her valiant efforts to keep up appearances, there was a suspicious moisture; as they met his one eye suddenly dropped and a faint pink flush crept up at the roots of Miss Durward's dark, curly hair, which was rapidly recovering from its bath.

"Say it," said Mr. Harrington softly, "and you shall get off at once."

Before she could answer their solitude was invaded by a party of people who came suddenly round the cliff. The girl uttered an exclamation of dismay, and said hurriedly:

"Oh, here are a whole lot of people—do, do, please get me off this hateful thing before they see me—whatever they think?"

"Say what I want you to then," he repeated obstinately.

She looked at the determined face—and yielded—anything to get away from her ignominious position.

"You are very, very unkind to take advantage of me like this," Miss Durward said slowly. "But since you are determined, I suppose I must do it—to save myself from ridicule—"

she hesitated, and then said, with a rush, the crimson mounting again to her face: "I love you."

"And you will promise to marry me one month from today?"

"And I will promise to marry you one month from today—anything, only get me off this, quick," she said, with a return of her own dictatorial manner.

Harrington said no more, but took her in his arms and conveyed her the short distance which separated them from the rocks on the shore. Without a word or a backward glance at him she fled along the beach and around the cliff.

She was clothed from head to foot in spotless white and presented a very different appearance from the forlorn maiden in the limp linen dress of the morning. She saw him coming and deliberately lowered her parasol and turned her back, reading with great absorption. Mr. Harrington walked quietly round the other side of the barrier she had raised and flung himself on the sand beside her. Miss Durward took no notice. Apparently

young men had no place in her world at all that moment. He endured it for a few moments and then, as she continued to read, he quietly took the book out of her hand and threw it along the beach.

"Cecile," he said softly, "are you very angry with me? I want you to say again what you felt this morning."

"Isn't once enough to humiliate me?" she asked, without raising her eyes.

"I had to do it, dear, because you would not give me a chance to say what you know I wanted to; but I am sorry I teased you, and I want you to say you forgive me and tell me over again, only of your own free will this time, what you did this morning. You know you meant to say it all the time, only you were so proud and willful you would not give in? Isn't that right?" he asked eagerly.

Miss Durward's eyes wandered slowly round the horizon, away to the cliffs in the distance, down to the little waves at her feet, and, finally, with an effort, to the face of the man beside her. Then her mouth curved and a smile broke all over her small, muttonous face.

"But it was a mean trick, all the same," she said.

### NEW TEST FOR WINE.

A Recent Discovery That Has Been Made in Paris.

London Telegraph: Wine testing by telephone is the latest application of electricity in Paris. Unscrupulous venders will not bless M. Maneuvrier, assistant director of the laboratory of researches of the Paris faculty of sciences. He has just discovered an infallible method of ascertaining by the use of the telephone how much a given quantity of wine has been watered. The principle upon which the invention rests is the variable conductivity of different liquids, notable of wine and water. The original work of M. Maneuvrier's ingenious application is his use of the telephone to determine to his degree the liquid under observation is a conductor. He has constructed an apparatus which achieves this object satisfactorily and accurately. By means of a chart, on which are placed on a tabular form the results of various necessary calculations made by M. Maneuvrier for the purpose, an operator with the telephone can easily and in a short while find out the exact proportion of water in the wine which he is testing. This chemical analysis process hitherto employed are lengthy, laborious and costly.

The apparatus works as follows: Two vessels, one containing wine known to be pure, the other the same quantity of the wine to be tested, are placed on an instrument outwardly resembling a pair of scales. The telephone is in contact with both liquids. If the sample of wine under observation is as pure as the standard used for comparisons no sound is heard. If, on the contrary, it contains an amount of water, the instrument "speaks," and the greater the proportion of water the louder the instrument complains. A dial on which a number of figures are marked is connected with the telephone. To ascertain the proportion of water, the operator moves a hand on the dial until the telephone, which has been "speaking" all this time, relapses into silence. The hand has thus been brought to a certain figure on the dial. This number is then looked up in a chart which the ingenious and palmistlike inventor has drawn up, and corresponding to it is found indicated the exact proportion of water contained in the quantity of wine.

M. Maneuvrier's remarkable invention can, he says, be easily applied to the testing of many other liquids, and even solids, which may be adulterated by the addition of foreign matter possessing a conductivity different to that of the original substance.

### WONDER STORY.

Of the Railroads Gives Amazing Facts About American Supremacy.

New York World: In 1859 there was not one mile of railway in Wisconsin, Tennessee or Florida, or anywhere west of the Mississippi river. Even in 1870 half the area of the country was still without railways. In 1900 the United States had 193,346 miles of railway lines, two-fifths of the mileage of the world. In round numbers there are now 200,000 miles. A single American system, the Pennsylvania, carries more freight than all the lines combined in any other nation in the world.

The first American railway—not built for steam cars, however—was made to haul Quincy granite for the Bunker Hill monument. That was in 1826. It was the longest line. The first railway built for steam cars was the Charleston and New Hamburg line, in South Carolina. This was for some time the longest line in the world, 137 miles. When the war closed in 1866 no American railroad had 1,000 miles of tracks. Now there are eight great systems with over 1,000 miles each.

Roughly, our railroad systems are capitalized at \$2,000,000,000, divided half and half between stocks and bonds. A little over half the stocks pay dividends. The capital of the railroads is more than twelve times as great as that of all the banks.

The first locomotive weighed three to five tons. An imported English locomotive weighing ten tons was too heavy. Twenty engines of that day would make one of today. Fifty years ago a train load of 200 tons was heavy. Now loads of 2,000 to 2,500 tons are handled.

Europe has 4.5 miles of railway for 10,000 people; the United States 25 miles. Freight pays the bills. This is more true of this country than of any other. Freight revenue is over \$1,000,000,000; passenger receipts about \$500,000,000. Our average passenger train carries only forty-two people. English people take railroad trips five times as often in proportion as Americans, but shorter on the mile.

The "ton mileage" of freight in 1901 was 147,077,136,000—a number too vast to be conceived. The average journey of a ton of freight is 123 miles.

There is much talk every year about "moving the crops" and freight car farmers in the "granger" region. Yet farm products are only one-ninth of the country's freight. Mines furnish more than half, forests one-fifth, factories one-seventh. There are 155,000 miles of railway main routes. Strange as it may seem, this mileage is considerably surpassed by the distance over which mails are carried on horseback or by wagon. The quantity of mail so carried, however, is comparatively trifling.



# THE WILD GEESSE

By Stanley J. Weyman.

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CHAPTER II—Continued.

Ulick Sullivan shrugged his shoulders. "Let?" he said. "Faith! it's but little it'll be a question of that! James is for taking, and she's for giving! He's her white swan. Who's to hinder?"

"You?"

"It's business has been my ruin, and faith it's too late to change."

"Then it?"

Uncle Ulick smiled. "To be sure," he said, "there's your, Colonel."

"The whole estate is mine, you see, in law."

But there's no law west of Tralee," Uncle Ulick retorted. "That's where old Sir Michael made his mistake. I'd not be knowing what would happen if it went about that you were cussing them that had the right, and you a Protestant. He's not the great favorite, James McMurrough, and whether he or the girl took most'd be a mighty small matter. But if you think to twist it so as to play cuckoo—though with the height of fair meaning and not spying a silver penny being left for yourself, Colonel—I take leave to tell you he's a most unpopular bird."

"But, Sir Michael," the Colonel answered, "left all to me to that very end—that it might be secured to the girl."

"Sorrow one of me says no!" Ulick rejoined. "But?"

"But what?" the Colonel replied politely.

The more plainly you speak the more you will oblige me," said the boy to say at that moment—perhaps he knew that curious eyes were on their conference—was that Kerry was "a mighty queer country," and the thief of the world wouldn't know what would pass there by times. And beside, there were things afoot that he'd talk about at another time.

Then he changed the subject abruptly, asking the Colonel if he had seen a big ship in the bay.

"What colors?" the Colonel asked—the question men ask who have been at sea.

"Spanish, maybe," Uncle Ulick answered. "Did you sight such a one?"

But the Colonel had seen no big ship.

### CHAPTER III.

A SCION OF KINGS.

The family at Morrinstown had been half an hour at table, and in the interval a man of more hasty judgment than Colonel Sullivan might have made up his mind on many points. Whether the young McMurrough was offensive in his purpose, and because an unwelcome guest was present, or whether he merely showed himself as he was—an unlicked cub—such a man might have determined. But the Colonel held his judgment in suspense, he thought he tested the matter under the case.

At their first sitting down the young man had shown his churlishness. Beginning by viewing the Colonel in sulky silence, he had answered his kinsman's overtures only by a rude stare or a boorish word. His companions, long and weary of his own airs and much of his own kidney, nudged him from time to time, and then the three would laugh in such a way as to make it plain that the stranger was the butt of the jest. Presently, overcoming his reluctance, impression which Colonel John's manners made upon him, the young man found his tongue, and glancing at his companions to bring them into the joke, "Much to have where you come from?" he asked.

"A most pleasant," the Colonel replied mildly, "by working for it, or earning it after one fashion or another. Indeed, my friend, country and country are more alike except on the outside, than is thought by those who stay at home."

"You've seen a wealth of countries, I'm thinking?" the youth asked with a sneer.

"I have crossed Europe more than once."

"And stayed in none?"

"If you mean?"

"Faith, I mean you've come back!" the young man exclaimed with a loud laugh, in which his companions joined. "You'll mind the song—and with a wild man, he's out of the case."

In such contempt, in short, I felt, which was a very bad thing. They devilish badly used me there. For nothing but a farthing."

"You're better than that, colonel, for the worst we can say of you is, you've come back a penny."

"If you had one, come home," the Colonel rejoined, taking the lad good humoredly—he was not blind to the flush of indignation which dyed Flavia's cheeks—"I'll take the wit for welcome. To be sure to die in Ireland is an Irishman's hope, all the world over."

"True for you, colonel!" Uncle Ulick said. And, "for shame, James, he continued, speaking with more sternness than was natural to him. "Faith, and if you talked abroad as you talk at home, you'd be for having a pistol ball in your gizzard in the time it takes you to say your prayers—if you ever say them, my lad!"

"What are my prayers to you, I'd like to know?" James retorted offensively.

"Easy, lad, easy."

The young man glared at him. "What is it to you," he cried still more rudely, "whether I pray or no?"

"Faith, James!" Flavia pleaded under her breath.

"Do you be keeping your feet to yourself!" he cried, betraying her kindly maneuver. "And let my shins be! I want honest of your guiding! More by token, miss, don't you be making a sight of yourself as you did this morning, or you'll smart for it. What is it to you if O'Sullivan Og takes our dues for us—and a trifle over? And, sorry you doubt it, miss, come some jawing here, it's in the peathole he'll find himself! Never the value of a cork he gets out of me; that's flat! Eh, Phelim?"

"True for you, McMurrough!" the youth who sat beside him answered, winking. "You'll be taking for you?"

"So do you be taking a lesson, Miss Flavia," the young Hector continued, "and don't go to threatening honest folk with your whip, or it'll be about your own shoulders it'll fall! I know what's going on, and when I want your help I'll ask it."

The girl's lips trembled. "But it's robbery, James," she murmured.

"Hang your robbery!" he retorted, casting a defiant eye round the table. "They'll pay our dues, and what they get back will be their own!"

"And it's rich they'll be with it!" Phelim chuckled.

"Ay, faith, it's the proud men they'll be that day!" laughed Morty, his brother.

"Fine words, my lad," Uncle Ulick replied quietly; "but it's my opinion you'll fall on trouble, and more than'll please you, with Crosby, of Castlemaine. And why, I'd like to know? 'Tis a grand trade, and has served us well since I can remember. Why can't you take what's fair out of it, and let the poor devil of a sea captain that's supplied so many an honest man's table, have his own and go his way? Taking his word for it, it's ruing it you'll be when all's done."

"It's not from Crosby, of Castlemaine I'll rue it," James McMurrough answered arrogantly. "I'll shoot him like a bog snipe if he's sorra a word to say to it. That for him, the black sneek of a Protestant." And he snapped his fingers. "But his day will soon be past and we'll be dealing with him. The toast is warming for him now."

Phelim slapped his thigh. "True for you, McMurrough. That's the talk."

"That's the talk," chorused Morty.

The Colonel opened his mouth to speak, but he caught Flavia's look of distress and he refrained.

"For my part, Morty continued jovially. "I'd not wait for you know what! The gentleman's way's the better, early or late. Clare or Kerry, 'tis all one. A drink of the tea, a peppered dove, and a pair of the beauties is an Irishman's morning."

"And many's the poor soul has to mourn it—long and bitterly," the Colonel said. His tender corn being trod upon, he could be silent no longer.

"For shame, sir, for shame!" he added warmly.

Morty stared. "Begorra, and why?" he cried, in a tone which proved that he asked the question in perfect innocence.

"Why?" Colonel John repeated. For a moment, in face of prejudices so strong, he paused. "Can you ask me when you know how many a life as young as yours—and I take you to be scarcely, sir, in your twenties—has been forfeit for a thoughtless word, an unwitting touch, a look; when you know how many a bride has been widowed as soon as wedded, how many a babe orphaned as soon as born? And for what, sir?"

"For the point of honor!" the McMurrough cried, Morty, for his part, was dumb with astonishment.

"The point of honor?" the Colonel repeated, more slowly, "what is it? In nine cases out of 10 the fear of seeming to be afraid. In the 10th—the desire to wipe out a stain that blood leaves as deep as before."

"Faith, and you surprise me," Phelim cried with a genuine naivete that

at another time would have provoked a smile.

"Kerry'll more than surprise you," quoth the McMurrough rudely, "if it's that way you'll be acting. Would you let Crosby, of Castlemaine, call you thief?"

"I would not, Phelim," the Colonel replied.

"The was a stricken silence for a moment. Then the McMurrough sprang to his feet, his querrious face flushed with rage, his arm raised. But Ulick's huge hand dragged him down. "Easy, lad, easy," he cried, restraining the young man, "he's your guest, remember that."

"And he spoke in haste," the Colonel said. "I withdraw my words," he continued, rising and frankly holding out his hand. "I recognize the fact. I know I see that the act in your eyes bears a different aspect, and I beg your pardon, sir."

The McMurrough took the hand, though he took it sullenly; and the Colonel sat down again. His action, it was nothing of his words, left Phelim and Morty in a state of amazement so profound that the two sat staring as if carved out of the same block of wood.

If Colonel John noticed their surprise he seemed in no way put out by it. "Perhaps," he said gently, "it's wrong to thrust opinions on others unasked. I think that is so! It should be enough to act upon them one's self and refrain from judging others."

The Colonel was a Sullivan and an Irishman and it was supposed that he was the first to break the silence. "Sure, these strange words, these unheard of opinions? Morty felt his cheek flush with the shame which Colonel John should have felt; and Phelim grieved for the family. The gentleman might be mad; it was charitable to think he was. But, mad or sane, he was like, they feared, to be the cause of sad misunderstanding in the country round."

"The McMurrough, of a harder and less generous nature than his companions, felt more contempt than wonder. The man had insulted him grossly and had apologized so abjectly; that was his view of the incident. He was the first to break the silence. "Sure, very well for the gentleman it's in the family," he said dryly. "Tall up, tall down, 's all one among friends. But if he'll be so quick with his tongue in Tralee Market he'll chance on one here and there that he'll not blarney so easily! Eh, Morty?"

"I'm fearing so, too," said Phelim pensively. Morty did not answer. "Tis a queer world," Phelim added.

"And all sorts in it!" The McMurrough cried, his tone more arrogant than before.

Flavia glanced at him frowning. "Let us have peace now," she said.

"Peace? Sorrow a bit of war there's like to be in the present company!" the victor cried. And he began to whistle, amid an awkward silence. The air he chose was one well known at that day, and when he had whistled a few bars one of the bucks at the lower end of the table began to sing these words softly:

It was for our rightful king  
That we left fair Ireland strand;  
It was for our rightful king  
We'er saw foreign land,  
We'er saw foreign land!  
My dear, or no, you'll be doing well  
To be careful!" the McMurrough said,



"I'm thinking by rights I must arrest you."

is ours; we dwell on sufferance where our fathers ruled! And men like you, abandoning their country, abandoning their cross!

"God forbid!" the Colonel exclaimed, much moved himself.

"Men like you uphold these things!"

"God forbid," he repeated.

"But let him forbid, or not forbid," she retorted, rising from her seat with eyes that flashed anger through tears, "we exist, and shall exist! And the time is coming, and comes soon—ay, comes perhaps today—when we who pour suffer for the true faith, and the rightful king will raise our heads, and the faithful land shall cease to mourn with upraised face and clasped hands—'I pray or that day! I pray for that day!'"

She broke off amid cries of applause here as the barking of wolves. She struggled for a moment with her overmastering emotion, then, unable to continue or to calm herself, she turned from the table and fled weeping up the stairs.

(Continued Next Week.)

Ram's Horn Brown's Philosophy.

From the Indianapolis News.

The kind of resisting that makes the devil fly from you is the kind that keeps up a hot fire seven days in the week. The greater our need may be the more ready the Lord is to supply it.

If we knew God better it wouldn't be so hard for some of us to trust Him.

To be ready is more than half the secret of success in life.

There is more power in a mustard seed grain of faith than there is in a pound of dynamite.

A habit cannot be formed in a day nor broken in an hour.

The best preparation for tomorrow is to do your best today.

The man who has to live on cornbread at home is always finding fault with the pie when he travels.

If we would get the habit of looking at the bright side first we would often forget that there was any dark side.

The world is always ready to stone the man it can't answer.

Manhood is worth more to a country than all the gold mines in it.

A woman can jump at a conclusion and hit it full in the face, while a man would think about it a week, and then miss it a mile.

Remember this: That whatever you are into your life now you are putting into all of it.

The more we love the more we can see to love.

When the devil gets a mother he generally gets the family.

Counterfeit character is more common than counterfeit money.

The Auto Shop.

From Success Magazine.

When the train stopped at the little southern station the northern tourist sauntered out on the platform. Under a scrub oak stood a lean animal with scraggy bristles. The tourist was interested.

"What do you call that?" he queried of a lanky native.

"He left fair Ireland strand," said the native.

"Well, what is he doing rubbing against that tree?"

"He's stropping himself, mister, jest stropping himself."