



STAIRS OF SAND

A ROMANCE OF MANY LIVES' ERRORS.

BY ERNEST DE LANOEY PIERSON.

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CHAPTER XI.

It was strange that a bit of paper, a scrap of torn envelope, could have such a tonic effect on an elderly man's spirits, but Job Hendricks seemed highly elated over the discovery he had made in the Ellison's house.

While the sudden fitting of Ellison was a surprise to him, he believed that he should have no trouble in finding him, for he would have to appear when the murder case came up for trial.

When he assured himself that the young girl had been taken away that morning by her father, he felt that for the present he had no business further in the town. What settled the question of his going was when he entered his little room at the inn and found his bag had been broken open and its meagre contents scattered about. It appeared as if the searcher, in a rage, had tossed the things recklessly around because he could not find what he wanted.

Job accepted the incident with good humor. "So they have left someone behind to try and get hold of that paper," he said to himself. "With that in Ellison's possession, he might bite his thumb to me. But he never will as long as I am able to stand upright."

The most important articles of his belongings he thrust in his bulging pockets, and the rest he restored to the bag and left it lying on the floor. Then he wrote a note to the landlord, wrapped a banknote around it, that was more than his bill amounted to, sealed and addressed it, and left it on the bureau, where it could be easily seen, and went quietly out of the room, closing the door softly behind him. He was rather glad that he did not find the landlord below stairs, but even if the worthy Peter had been there, he should have said nothing about his going.

"Let this spy and thief think I am in town," he said to himself as he went out the door. "So much the easier for me to throw him off the track."

Thinking that perhaps there might be unseen eyes watching him, he approached the depot in a circuitous way, approaching it from exactly the opposite road he had got out. Then he kept out of sight until the train arrived that was to carry him to Farrenford, where he knew that poor Dick Barnett was confined. He felt satisfied as the train moved out of the station that his departure had not been noticed, and he thought that the man who had been left to watch him was unwittingly filled him with quiet amusement.

So it came about that the little man in brown was never again seen in the town of Exton, and the landlord of the Bluebell, when he found his star boarder had taken French leave, mourned his loss for many weeks afterward, and was wont to regale the loafers of his establishment with the prodigality of the millionaire traveling in disguise who had honored his roof for a few short days.

Meanwhile Dick Barnett took his confinement coolly, and now and then his solitary life was cheered with a visit from Grace Ellison.

She generally came with her father, and it seemed to Dick that Ellison did not treat him with the same feeling as in the past, before this trouble came up. He often wondered, too, what had become of the little man who acted in such a friendly way while he was enjoying, or rather enduring, Mr. Bilven's hospitality at Exton. He finally set him down as an eccentric, who had become tired of playing philanthropist in his case and was probably amusing himself on a fresh subject.

When he was examined he was surprised to find what a weight of circumstantial evidence there was against him. There were two things that counted in his favor. First, his good character and even temper, making it seem impossible that he could in a fit of anger have killed the mother simply because she opposed his suit; secondly the discovery that Mrs. Ellison had been despoiled of her earrings of diamonds and emeralds. Still, there was some doubt whether she had worn them that night though they could not be found in the receptacle where she usually kept her jewels.

That the young school teacher could have been a robber as well as guilty of a deeper crime seemed absurd on the face of it. On the other hand, he was very poor, and had made arrangements to leave the town that night surreptitiously.

So the case remained, and he was recommended to await his trial with the prospect of some months in jail, anyway, before he could be free. As for Ellison, he promised to do great things. He would pay a force of detectives to search for new evidence, and proclaimed dramatically in court his belief in the young man's innocence. He did all he could to make his former protegee comfortable in prison, and Dick, far from feeling downcast as he expected to be when he found the weight of evidence against him, became confident that he had but to wait and all would be well.

On the very day of the examination, while James Ellison was still enjoying the proud feeling of a man who has been defending the cause of the poor and weak, a card was brought to him in his hotel room that drew from him an exclamation of surprise.

"Show the man up," he said to the servant, and straightway began to walk nervously up and down the room as if the prey to a violent excitement.

When he heard a step in the corridor without, and a timid knock at the door, he went and opened it, admitting a gayly dressed young man, with a sharp face and closely cropped hair, who stood for a moment on the threshold, twisting a light felt hat nervously in his hands.

"Well, why don't you come in?" grumbled Ellison. And then, as the fellow seemed to have trouble in making up his mind, he reached out his hand and pulled him into the room, closing the door behind him.

"Sit down," pointing to a chair. The visitor, who seemed to be uncomfortable in his new clothes and at a loss to know what to do with his hands, slowly lowered himself to a resting position on the edge of a fauteuil, while his black eyes turned here and there about the room as if looking for a means of escape.

Ellison, who had taken a seat directly in front of his visitor, eyed him with a contemptuous smile.

"Well, what have you done to earn your money?" he began.

"Blame me, Mr. Ellison, I hadn't had a good night's sleep since I went on this here 'untin' expedition," speaking with a strong cockney accent.

"That's all very well. But what did you accomplish by staying awake? The paper—did you get it?"

"No, I didn't."

Ellison made a gesture of irritation and looked at his visitor in no friendly way.

"What chance was there for me to lay 'ands on it?" explained the young man, energetically. "Didn't I plunk myself down in the same lodgin' 'ouse with the party? Didn't I keep 'a'fer him all day?—an', let me tell ye, he ain't a pedestrian you can give distance to. Didn't I ransack his baggage when he was hout?"

"Oh, that was all nonsense. You might have known that he carried it about with him."

"And I suppose I was to knock the gent hovar in broad daylight and take it from 'im?" remarked the other, showing that he had a pretty skill in the way of sarcasm.

"I don't care what you might have done. Your duty was to get the paper, and you haven't done it. I declare, you are not so clever as I thought you were."

"Come, gov'nor, I done the best I could, so just please wait until—"

"Well, go on, I am listening," replied Ellison, with the bored expression of patient resignation.

"Ye know ye wanted to find out who this here chap really was."

"Yes, but what can you tell me about him that I don't know already, Briggs? Don't try to make up a story, so as to cover up your stupidity." And he looked at the young man in such a threatening way that the latter cast an anxious look at the door, as if he would gladly be on the other side of it.

"Ye see, when I was on the trail of this gent," he began, as he regained some confidence and found out that he was not to be eaten, "I fell in with some of our folks camped in the woods. They allus make known their whereabouts by some sort of sign—a bit o' rag fixed to a tree or the like. So when I see this signal I thinks I'll go and pay the folks a visit. I plunges inter the woods and hadn't gone far when a big rough chap comes runnin' 'bout of the bushes and axed me what I wanted. I explains the best way I could, and at the same time makes it known that I was onet a Romany myself."

"You are mighty long-winded with your cursed story," exclaimed Mr. Ellison, as he leaned back in his chair and yawned. "Do be brief."

President Roosevelt is to attend the commencement at Harvard this year. The president has many engagements for the present month, including one at the dedication of the Ohio building of the new Methodist university on the 14th and one in Carnegie hall in New York on the 20th at a meeting of the Presbyterian board of foreign missions.

Approximately 250,000 cases of Tasmanian apples will, during the next three months, be shipped from Hobart for the English market. Last year the total shipments were 13,000 cases less. These shipments will be made in sixteen large ocean-going steamers.

Congressman Frank D. Currier of New Hampshire urges that congress should appropriate money for a statue to Paul Jones. "Many persons think," says Mr. Currier, "that Jones was a rough privateer. Nothing could be further from truth. He was a gentleman to his finger tips. No abler, braver, more patriotic, brilliant, devoted and unselfish man ever sailed or fought a ship."

An empty 10-foot tank serves Waverly, Va., as a lockup for minor offenders. A drunken prisoner is occasionally packed into it and rolled around town by the villagers until sober.

The late Dr. Charles A. Phelps of Boston came near being the last survivor of the peculiar "Know-Nothing" era in Massachusetts. He was one of the original "Know-Nothing" leaders. He later became presiding officer, in turn, of both branches of the legislature and acquired an importance in politics which resulted in giving him office under the Republican national administration.

A comparison has been drawn in Norway as to the profit of the fisheries in the sea and in the rivers, which shows that the former are three times as remunerative as the latter.

"I ain't no telegraphic talker," grumbled the young man sullenly. "I got to tell this in my own way or not at all."

"There—there, I was only trying to make you hurry up a bit," said the other, seeing that he could gain nothing by his irritation.

"As soon as he finds out that I was one of the people—though he was nothin' but a low down sort o' half-breed himself—we got to be quite chummy and then I axes him if he knew anything about the party I was lookin' after. Bless ye, he knowed 'at about 'im. The feller had paid the camp a visit the day before."

"And who is he?" and Ellison drew his chair nearer and the bored look disappeared from his face.

"His real name they don't know, but he goes by the nickname of Will o' the Wisp."

"Ah!"

"Yes; he's a escaped convict, for he was in for twenty year, and only escaped the other day, with a lot of others. 'Mong them was a man he'd got to know well in prison; his name," and here he paused and rubbed his chin thoughtfully for a moment—well, I disremembers what it was—stopping and shaking his head.

"Wasn't it Martin Frale?" asked Ellison, gently.

"That was it—how'd ye know?" his sharp face becoming overspread with a smile.

"Never mind how I came to know. But what of this Frale?"

"Well, the party what escaped was once near gettin' caught, an' Frale was mortal wounded in the row. They managed to get him away, but he died the next day, and they buried him. All the party was captured at last but this 'ere Will, and he must be the man I benn watchin'." That was how the story the fellow told me.

"Well, you have not done so badly after all," and Ellison's face expressed deep satisfaction over what he had just learned. He rose and walked up and down the room a few paces, finally returning and standing beside the chair where the young man was seated.

"Well, what are you doing here? Why didn't you continue to keep your eye on the fellow?"

"Why? Cause he give me the slip—that's why. He left his bag behind and skipped. Must have got scared—suspected he was follered—"

"Well, you must find him again."

"Me?"

"Yes; it is more than likely that he is in this town. He takes a deep interest in the case of the young man who is in prison here for what happened at Exton."

"Tain't likely he'd be hanging round where you are, gov'nor. There ain't sense in that," wagging his head sagely.

"I tell you he must be here, and you are a poor stick if you cannot find him."

"If he is here, why, of course, I kin get 'im, and what then?"

"Let me know, that is all, and now go," and he went to the door, threw it open and the visitor without another word went out.

Ellison was watching him disappear down the stairs and was about to return to his room, when a voice near him said pleasantly:

"Looking for me, Mr. Ellison? Well, I'm glad to meet you," and turned to face Job Hendricks.

(To be continued.)

SHOOTING LIVE PIGEONS.

The Campaign Against It Has Begun in Iowa.

There is a strong campaign in progress in various states against shooting live pigeons at the trap. The cruelty of the sport is being urged against it and the prospects are for a revival of the anti-pigeon shooting laws of a generation ago. New York has already legislated to this effect and Illinois sportsmen fear legislative action along the same lines. Sentiment in Chicago having been sufficiently strong to cause the arrest of four prominent members of the Audubon shooting club during a match. Following the Council Bluffs shoot it is said that a vigorous assault is to begin on live bird shooting in Iowa, the basis of the campaign being its alleged cruelty. A well known trap shot says of the movement: "This furor over the shooting of pigeons as a pastime is considerably hysterical and somewhat hypocritical. There is nothing cruel in pigeon shooting that is not accentuated in field shooting so far as the actual killing and wounding is concerned. There are sniped birds, escape to snuff in the field, than at the trap. These agitators do not scruple to eat chickens that have been plucked while still living or hogs which kicked and struggled while floating in the scalding tanks. Two-thirds of the outcry against the cruelty of shooting is ignorance and the other third cant. Any operation that involves killing is cruel, but there is very likely no more cruelty in killing a bird instantly in the air with a gun than in knocking it on the head with a club or wringing its neck. There is an excellent humane field for humanitarians left without taking up the cudgel so strenuously against pigeon shooting."

"Well, yes, I liked Dr. Hale," remarked a Western revivalist on an occasion when Dr. Edward Everett Hale preached in Pasadena, Cal., during a visit there. "I liked him pretty well, but I don't think much of his grammar. He said in one part of his sermon: 'It rests between him and me,' whereas he ought to have said, 'It rests between he and I.'"

President Roosevelt was one of the first contributors to the fund for erecting a monument to Mrs. Rebecca Salome Foster, known as the "Tomb Angel," who lost her life in the recent fire in the Park Avenue hotel, New York.

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New Museum to be Erected at Richmond, Va., For Preservation of Relics of the Civil War.

BOSTON, June 21.—Perhaps the most definite plan yet advanced for a museum of war to commemorate the four years' struggles and sacrifices of the Southern confederacy is due, by a thesis recently read here in Boston at the commencement exercises of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

There are 13 departments of instruction at the institute, and each of these departments is represented at the commencement by a public thesis. The thesis in the department of architecture was read this year by LeRoy Eskridge Kern, a graduate of Randolph-Macon college at Ashland, Va., who has spent the greater part of the last few months in preparing the plans for a museum which, as a Virginian, he hoped might some day be embodied in stone as a

Mr. Kern's drawings show a T-shaped building of monumental character standing on a high platform of the same shape, and approached by a broad flight of steps flanked by sphinxes. This platform is treated with heavy "battered" or sloping walls, with angles emphasized by projecting pavilions. Between the pavilions, at either side of the building, is planted a row of cannon pointing outward along a broad curve.

The museum is Doric in general style, with an imposing entrance at the center of the main facade. On the wide projecting plinth at the base mortars are meant to be placed at regular intervals. Like the cannon on the platform, these mortars would be selected for their historic association in war. Above the plinth the plans show a broad sculptured band, some four or five feet high, which runs clear round the building. The sculptures are in

base of each stand three female figures—representing, respectively, Peace joining the hands of the Union and the Confederacy, and Industry uniting the North and the South. Delicately sculptured palm branches in low relief decorate the fluting of the columns, and above the cornice of each column is a pedestal on which is seated a figure of a warrior, resting after the conflict. Between the columns runs a frieze, on which may be inscribed the names of the principal Southern statesmen and soldiers, while the main entrance below and within the arch is supported by two noble caryatides, or figures of maidens taking the place of pillars.

On entering the building one comes directly into the main hall, which is square in plan but opens between great corner piers into the wings. In the corners of the main hall are small circular stairs leading to a gallery. The wall under the gallery is treated with



Proposed Confederate Museum of War To Be Erected at Richmond, Virginia.

memorial to the battles and campaigns of the Southern armies.

It was not Mr. Kern's intention to design a national museum, such as the United States might build to commemorate the victories of the Union cause, but rather such a building as the state of Virginia might erect in honor of those who fought on the Southern side in the civil war. The building would be situated, of course, in Richmond as the capital of the confederacy, and would serve a double purpose—first, as a monument, and second, as a place for the exhibition of relics. As a monument, Mr. Kern went on to say, no dedicated to victory in war, but to the considered as a place of exhibition, its design should express quiet and rest. Considered as a place of exhibition, its chief requirements would be adequate floor space, easy circulation and good lighting.

low relief and represent implements of war. Above, at the corners, are equian statues of men to be selected from the role of distinguished Confederate generals.

One of the most striking features of Mr. Kern's plan is a beautiful Doric colonnade, between the columns of which are large windows with mullions formed of small bronze columns made in the form of cannons. The entablature is heavy and plain, with sculptures in relief at definite intervals representing shields, helmets and other armor. Above the entablature is a decorated cresting of stone. The stone roof is built in steps.

The central entrance is treated after the manner of a magnificent triumphal arch crowned by a sort of pyramidal pedestal bearing a four-horse war chariot. On either side of the arch is Doric column of peace. Around the

niches for the reception of relics, while the wall above is intended to be covered with large historical paintings. Two rows of exhibits arranged in pyramidal form, as in large expositions, extend the whole length.

The smaller wings are intended for similar exhibits, though of less importance; while in the end pavilions are glass cases for the preservation of letters, documents, and historical publications.

Mr. Kern concludes his description of the building by saying: "I have supposed the Museum to be constructed of soft gray limestone throughout, as harmonizing with the local color of the place where I would like to have it stand—Richmond, the city of all others where it would naturally be built in order to commemorate that peace which made us once more a united country."

ONE MAN, HIS WIVES AND HIS HOME.



We hear sometimes in this country of "a fine, promising family," but where has America anything to compare with this in Africa, among those whom we are accustomed to call "the poor heathen?" Forty-two wives and more has Sikombo at one time. He took a whole kraal to accommodate his interesting family, his hut being the capitol, so to speak.

He is puffed up with pride—an African dandy and heavy swell, rigged out in the latest style. He is a millionaire, too, as millionaires go in that country. Only a wealthy man can take into himself a half hundred wives.

Yet Sikombo does not look entirely happy. His brow is corrugated and "sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought." It must make a man thoughtful to have a half hundred wives. Perhaps it is always peaceful in his kraal, things look that way now; but, then, you know, the photographer has just said to Sikombo and the ladies in black, "Look pleasant!"

As a matter of fact, there are some compensations in Sikombo's situation, even from the standpoint of civilization, which is thrifty, if not polygamous. Sikombo has a working force of 50 women in his kraal by this marital arrangement.

Grain and vegetables in Zululand are the product of female labor. The Zulu woman's duty is full of toil; it begins at 3 or 4 in the morning, when she rises in haste to pound the corn for breakfast

in her ikovu, or wooden mortar, or to grind it between two stones.

She gathers firewood for the day's cooking, going for it to the bush, cutting dead branches from trees, making them up into long bundles and bringing them home on her head; she brings water, and often she must go a mile for that; she sweeps around her hut, feeds her chickens, helps her husband or other male relative with the weaving of baskets, making of pottery, and so on; she makes necklaces (which take the place of the latest thing in shirt-waists with her) and embroiders bits of things for herself; she runs and fetches and carries for her lord and master.

And as she works and runs, she sings. There are real choral unison-effects in Sikombo's kraal.

WOMAN'S FACE IN HALF A SECOND.



In the accompanying picture is clearly shown the manner in which a woman's face changes while she is speaking. Each picture of the face, as may be seen, has a different expression on it, and yet all these changes of expression took place within a period of half a second.

Chronophotography is the method used to catch those evanescent changes

of the countenance, the sum total of which give expression to the fact in speech, and that some very interesting results can be obtained by means of it, the accompanying picture shows. Moreover, some of these experiments are instructive as well as interesting.

Thus the successive pictures of the woman's face shown here have been projected by a lantern, the object being

to produce an animated face on the screen, and in this way images of the movements which they are required to imitate have been pointed out to deaf mutes.

From this it will be seen that experimental phonetics constitutes a wide field of research, not only of great scientific interest, but also one having practical aspects, not all of which are at first apparent.

The story of the Glasgow burglar, Goodfellow, who has just been sent to prison for six years, is very remarkable. Goodfellow did his plundering quite in the genteel manner. He dressed and spoke like a gentleman

and owned a beautiful yacht, in which he would drop gracefully down to some coast watering place and plunder it on the quiet. After the burglaries he sailed away, no one for a moment suspecting the aristocratic visitor. He also had a carriage and a pair of dash-

ing gray horses that assisted him equally as a blind and as a means of escape. A favorite trick was to accompany his predestined victims to church, slip out before them and go through the house while the owner and his family were at worship.