

# HARRY'S MAJORITY

THAT most delightful companion of summer days—the sun—was shining brilliantly through the open window into a charmingly appointed dining room one bright June morning. Breakfast was laid for three. At the head of the table sat Miss Priscilla Payne, a sweet-gray-haired woman, with what is termed a "good" face, though lined with care and trouble. Yes, the bowl of happiness was low when her share was laid out. There was a gentle look of resignation in her face, which was the reflection of a brave heart. She brightened up as she heard a quick, light footstep, and her niece, Jessie Burton, a sweetly pretty girl of about 18 summers, entered the room.

"Good morning, auntie! Is Harry down?" she asked, kissing her guardian.

"No, dear; but he soon will be, I'm sure. He can only have one twenty-first birthday."

"Many letters for him?"

"A few; one is from Australia."

"Auntie," said the girl suddenly, with a tinge of lovely color flaming her cheeks, "I—have something to tell you."

"I do believe I can guess what it is, Jessie."

"O, auntie, I am sure you haven't a notion."

"My dear, your face convinces me that my conclusion is correct. Come here and let your old aunt whisper it: Harry has proposed and you have accepted him."

"How did you know?" ejaculated Jessie.

"Yes, he proposed last night. Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

"Yes, yes, darling. May you be

The meal having concluded, with painful evidence that things had gone awry, Harry strolled into the garden with her.

"Darling what is it? What is the matter?" she added gently, nestling up to him. "Something has gone wrong, and who should share your trouble with you but I?"

The doubts and perplexities which entangled his mind for a moment seemed to overwhelm him. Then, without a word, he took the girl in his strong arms and held her closely to him.

"Jessie," he began falteringly at last, "if—if—there should be anything that might come between our marriage, don't think too hardly of me. If there be a secret in my family, and I have kept it from you, believe me when I say that it was through no fault of mine. I had no intention to deceive."

"O, Harry! Harry!" sobbed Jessie, now thoroughly alarmed. "I don't know what you mean, indeed I don't."

She concluded, with a flood of tears, and nothing would comfort her till she had sobbed out her heart to her aunt.

That afternoon, the Rev. William Nayland called, and was closeted with Harry for nearly an hour. Harry had the greatest admiration and affection for his guardian, who had been like a father to him for seventeen years, and had he known the painful nature of the duty which the clergyman had to perform that afternoon he would surely have made it a lighter task.

"I would first of all tell you, Harry, that I have an unbounded faith and regard in your father, who, under the most adverse circumstances, has won the esteem and respect of all with whom he has come in contact since residing in Australia. He only made one slip in his life, but it has cost him—well, God only knows what! When he left he expressed a hope to me that, if he married, I would take care of any children with whom he was blessed and bring them up in total ignorance of who their father was. This I promised to do. He married out there and you were born, but in giving birth to you your mother died. When you were 4 years old he sent you to me. When you attained your majority he instructed me to tell you the secret of his life, and begged that you would not judge him too harshly. Through hard work he has gained a substantial fortune, and from this day you will receive from the lawyers sufficient capital that will yield an income of \$1,500 a year. You will now hear—"

"Stop!" said Harry quietly, with a strange look in his face. "I cannot and will not touch one penny of my father's money. He has deceived me. He had no right to bring me up with the thought that his life had been beyond reproach. It was cruel—cruel—cruel!"

He was pacing the room now; his face was white and set.

"Jessie—the girl to whom I am engaged—what will she say? What am I to tell her?—I, who have always been taught to be truthful and open ever since I learned to speak. I have been kept in ignorance of that which I ought to have known, and what she ought to have known."

"It was done with a noble purpose, and worthy of the noble mind that entertained it," broke in his guardian quickly. "Were your fiancée to know the whole story she would revere and honor the name you bear."

"I shall hear nothing until we are married," retorted Harry, with rapidly rising anger. "Is it not enough that my—my father has killed my faith in him? Now you wish to kill her faith in me. No! no! no! I can't hear the truth," and he strode from the room.

He staggered blindly into the dining room. But he paused on the threshold. He saw Jessie standing near the window, and by her, with his hand roughly seizing hers, stood James Banton, his rival.

"Jessie, I desire an explanation," he said, quietly, but with a voice that shook with suppressed passion and jealousy.

With a startled cry the girl turned round.

"My explanation is this," put in Banton, with a sneer, "that the son of a common forger is not a suitable husband for Miss Payne's niece!"

"Recall those words!" shouted Harry, "you lying scoundrel!"

"They are true," sneered Banton. "Twenty-three years ago your father forged a check, was convicted, imprisoned, and finally left for Australia, where he has since lived. If you don't believe it, I have ample proof. Go and ask the Rev. William Nayland."

"It is a lie! a lie! har!" thundered Harry.

"It isn't true! It isn't true!" cried Jessie, moving towards him.

The shout had brought Miss Payne and the Rev. Nayland into the room.

"You are not the son of Henry Dainling, as you think, but of James Trenton, the forger, one and the same man!"

At these statements, Miss Payne gave a strange cry. Jessie ran to her.

"Auntie, auntie, say it's not true."

Then the Rev. William Nayland stepped forward and told them a tale of how a man had fallen among evil companions, had got into debt and had forged a check; how he had once been engaged to Miss Priscilla Payne, and how he had gone to Australia to start life afresh, feeling that he was unworthy of her great love. He told them of the honored name he had won, of his hard, bitter struggle, and

of his fortune reaped by long years of toil, of his marriage to a woman who, in giving birth to Harry, had died; how the father swore that his child should never know what his father had been, so he sent him to live in America at a sacrifice that none would ever know.

"And you, James Banton," thundered the clergyman, with righteous wrath, "you, the only one in the family who knows the secret, through jealousy must use your knowledge in a base and foul way, in order to crush the love of that true, pure girl there—pointing to Jessie—"for Harry, the son of that splendid spirit, James Trenton. I have been told of your cruel letters to James Trenton, threatening disclosures unless he sent you more money. Check after check you received—"

"It is a scandalous lie!" gasped Banton, with a livid face. "No one can gossipy it!"

"Yes, I will gossipy it!" said a low, quiet voice: "I arrived from Australia last night. I am James Trenton, alias Henry Dainling."

All looked up startled. In the doorway stood an old man with bowing head. Miss Priscilla looked up.

"O, James, James!" she cried, running to him, "you come back after all these years! Thank God! Thank God!"—Chicago Tribune.

## A DOG WHO TALKED.

His Eyes, His Ears, His Tail, His Mouth, All Helped.

When two years old Ben was noted for intelligence and industry. One of the herders remarked of him, one day, that he could do anything except talk. Moss became indignant.

"Anything except talk," he retorted. "He can talk. Why, we do a lot of talking on the prairie. He talks with his eyes, with his ears, with his tail sometimes with his mouth."

The others laughed at this, but it was true. The man and the dog, in the hours of watching the sheep grazing, held lengthy conversations, Moss sitting with his back against a big gray rock, Ben with his head upon the man's knees.

"Feeling all right to-day?" Moss would ask.

"Yes!" Ben would answer. "Fine as silk."

"It's nice weather now, and the sheep are doing well."

"You bet; this weather makes a fellow feel as if he could jump out of his skin, and the sheep never did better."

"I think we'll try a new grazing ground for them soon, though. The flock needs a change."

"Yep-yap! That's a good idea. In fact, everything you say is all right. You are a great man—the greatest man in the world."

"Yonder goes a jack-rabbit, Ben, loading along. S'pose you try him a whir!"

"Not any for me. I got rid of the jack-rabbit habit when I was little."

"Down by Mustang Water-hole I saw wolf-tracks one day, Ben," said Moss in a whisper.

The muscles stiffened, the ears lifted slightly the tail became straight as an iron bar, the moist black lips curled upward, and a low, thunderous growl sounded in the dog's throat. It said as plainly as words, and more strongly:

"I know about 'em. I hear 'em sometimes at night. I was afraid of 'em when I was a little chap, but I've got over that. They mean harm to our sheep and if they come around I'll nail 'em sure."

"Good boy, Ben! You're not afraid of a wolf as big as a house, and you've got more sense than the ranch-boys."

This was praise that was not answered only by a series of rapid leaps, a dozen short barks, and a tremendous scurrying round and round. Then Ben would make a complete circle of the flock, driving in the stragglers, and returning to a dignified seat on the hill, cock his eye at the sun to estimate the time of day.—St. Nicholas.

## Knew What Man Can Do.

A story of James B. Eads, the engineer of the great bridge at St. Louis, points to the kind of spirit that was in him, which did far more than his technical skill to make him a great man. The story is told by Colonel Frank A. Montgomery in "Reminiscences of a Mississippian."

When Eads was presenting to the committee of the House the plans which he had devised for rendering permanent the channel of the Mississippi River, there was on the committee a man named Jones, from a mountain district in Kentucky.

This man, whose presence in Congress, not to say in this committee, was one of the many unexplained mysteries of American politics, continually interrupted Eads with foolish questions, and annoyed a man who was bent on giving to the committee the best of his knowledge.

Presently he said, "Captain Eads, do you believe it possible to control the waters of the Mississippi River so as to prevent overflows?"

Eads looked at him a moment and then said:

"I should have great contempt for the human mind if I did not believe it could do it."

That speech had in it much of the American faith in the ability of man to do what has not been done before, a faith that in this case gave us a great work by which all the people of the Union have been benefited, for prosperity to the delta of the Mississippi has meant prosperity to many States.

No one looks well in his best clothes who shows by his manner that he remembers that he has them on.

If a girl is boy-struck, and can't help it, she shouldn't let on.

# OLD FAVORITES

## A Dutch Lullaby.

Wyaken, Blynken, and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—  
Sailed on river of crystal light  
Into a sea of dew;

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"  
The old moon asked the three.  
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish  
That live in this beautiful sea;  
Nets of silver and gold have we,"  
Said Wyaken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song.  
For the fish in the twinkling foam—  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew;

The little stars were the herring-fish  
That lived in that beautiful sea;  
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—  
But never afeard are we,"  
So cried the stars to the fishermen  
Three—  
Wyaken, Blynken, and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw  
For the fish in the twinkling foam—  
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe  
Bringing the fishermen home.

'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed  
As if it could not be,  
And some folks thought 'twas a dream  
They'd dreamed.

Of sailing that beautiful sea;  
But I shall name you the fishermen  
Three—  
Wyaken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wyaken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is the little head,  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies

Is a wee one's trundle bed;  
So shut your eyes while mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful things  
As you rock on the misty sea,  
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen  
Three—  
Wyaken, Blynken, and Nod.  
—Eugene Field.

## Let Erin Remember.

Let Erin remember the days of old,  
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;  
When Malachi wore the collar of gold  
Which he won from her proud invaders;  
When her kings with standard of green unfur'd  
Led the Red Branch Knights to danger;

Ere the emerald gem of the western world  
Was set in the crown of a stranger.  
On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,  
When the clear cold eve's declining,  
He sees the round towers of other days  
In the wave beneath him shining;  
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,  
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over.

Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time  
For the long-faded glories they cover!  
—Thomas Moore.

## A MINISTER'S SNAKE STORY.

Few Laymen Could Produce a Better Article in That Line.

Dr. Watkins, the veteran missionary, who has just returned from a four months' evangelical trip through the outlying States, tells a strange story of a wonderful snake which he killed in an old, abandoned shaft of a mine down in the State of Guerrero.

"My attention was attracted one day," says Mr. Watkins, "by the horrified cries of an Indian miner who came running toward me, his face ghastly with fright and the perspiration dripping like raindrops from his brow. The man rushed up and cast himself at my feet, where he lay trembling and gasping. As soon as he was able to get his breath he told me that he had been seized by a horrible monster which had suddenly sprung upon him from one of the hidden recesses of the mine, and that he had narrowly escaped being drawn down in its embrace."

"My curiosity was aroused and I proceeded to the mouth of the shaft with the man as soon as I could induce him to return. We looked down, but in the dense obscurity could see nothing. Drawing my revolver, I made the man go down into the shaft a way, assuring him that no harm would befall him, as I would follow close with my cocked revolver ready for use."

"The miner did as I commanded and had gone down for a number of feet, when suddenly from the dense blackness I saw a huge and indistinguishable hideous head with wide open mouth shoot up. The jaws of the creature were wide open, showing its sharp-fanged teeth, its mouth looking large enough easily to take a man down at one gulp."

"The miner screamed with terror and I feared he would lose his hold and fall, but he clung desperately to the ladder while I thrust the barrel of the revolver full into the creature's mouth and fired. With a tremendous hiss it dropped its head, and then we saw it was a huge serpent, like unto nothing I had ever heard of before."

"As its struggling body came into my view I fired again, and the snake, slipping from the ledge on which it had stretched itself, fell with a squashy thud to the bottom of the shaft, where we could hear it thrashing about in struggles which momentarily grew weaker and finally ceased altogether. Then we went below, fastened a rope about the body of the reptile, and hoisted it to the surface."

"There was then unfolded before our eyes the most hideous creature man could ever dream of. Its head was like the huge stone head of a frightful

ly carved Chinese dragon. Its body about the middle was as large as a man's thigh and its length was so great that I dare not say how many feet it measured. I very much regretted being unable to preserve the skin and bring it back for the study of scientists, but I was compelled to leave it behind."—Mexican Herald.

## PLUM CREEK DISTRICT.

Strife for the Favors of a Pretty School Teacher.

Uncle Dan had come up from the country to spend a winter vacation with his city nephews and nieces. Some of the younger members of the family, says the Chicago Tribune, had been relating a school episode, which put Uncle Dan in a reminiscent mood.

"That reminds me," he said, "of the teacher we had down in the Plum Creek district three years ago this winter." Then he went on to tell the story.

She was a mighty pretty girl, and it wasn't more'n a week before every young fellow in the county was shying round trying to make up to her. They took her to all the church societies, and one or another was always waiting for a chance to walk home from meeting with her.

She finally seemed to give up all of them but Tom Hatmond and Bill Bledlow. Then it looked as if she didn't know which one of 'em to let go.

What made it more interesting was that Tom and Bill was the worst kind of enemies. They'd both licked all the other young fellows around there, but somehow they'd never got together themselves.

Finally they was to be a spelling at the schoolhouse, and some way it got noised about that Tom said he was going to give Bill a wallop if they met there that night. I guess nearly everybody in the district was on hand when they commenced choosing sides, and the little teacher up on the platform looking her prettiest.

Bill and Tom got spelled down before they'd been at it long, and slipped out. Everybody knew the fight would be started right off, and all except the ones that wore still spelling slipped out. When I got there they were at it good and hard, and pretty soon they went down, with Tom on top.

Everybody was so excited that nobody noticed when or how the teacher got there; but the first thing any one saw, she'd got through the crowd with a bucket of ice-water and poured it all over both of 'em.

The fight stopped quicker'n a wink, and when they stood up she told 'em they were rowdies and ruffians, and to shake hands and beg each other's pardon. Well, they did it, and she asked everybody to go back in the schoolhouse.

When things got quiet she said, "I understand this fight was on account of me. I hate fighting and I despise fighters. If there is any young man in this schoolhouse that never had a fight in his life, let him stand up. I'm going to ask him to take me home."

Every fellow in the house but Tom and Bill stood up. When they all set down again she said they was only one thing she hated worse'n a fighter or ruffian, and that was a liar. She rode home with Deacon Swasey and his folks.

## MISCHIEF IN WATERCRESS.

Uncooked Vegetables Should be Thoroughly Washed Before Eating.

Cancer has been attributed at one time or another to the consumption of tomatoes, salt and arsenic, or, rather, to write accurately, it has been suggested that these articles might be contributing causes. A correspondent a short time ago wrote to the London Daily Chronicle stating his belief that cancer might be caused by eating watercress, because he had found fresh-water shrimps and some worms in a specimen of this vegetable which he had purchased. The letter to the Chronicle has given rise to a somewhat animated discussion, and among others who took up the matter was George R. Sims, the well-known writer, who contributed to his own journal, the Referee, some well-matured thoughts on the subject.

Andrew Wilson then entered the lists, and in both journals ridiculed the idea that there could possibly be any connection between watercress and cancer, says the New York Medical Record. At the same time, this is by no means the first occasion on which raw vegetables which would comprise watercress have been laid under suspicion as a possible means of cancer. Some of the most eminent German investigators have given as their opinion that there may be some relationship between uncleanly raw vegetables and the disease. If it be granted that cancer is of parasitic origin, then might not the germ be taken into the system by means of eating raw vegetables? Dr. Lyons, of Buffalo, some time ago made investigations into the relative frequency of cancer among the different nationalities of that city, and found that the malady was most frequent among the German population, notorious for consuming uncooked vegetables in large quantities. Of course scientific proofs are wanting to substantiate the theory, and that vegetable enters in Buffalo are more subject to cancer than the rest of its citizens may be nothing more than a coincidence. Nevertheless, if such were found to be the case in other parts of the world, a strong a priori argument would be established that there is a decided relationship between cancer and uncleanly raw vegetables.

# Science AND Invention

Ever since telescopes were invented astronomers have been troubled in their observations by the unsteadiness of the air. Prof. S. P. Langley has lately pointed out a surprising method of getting round the difficulty. He has shown, experimentally, that if the air in a long telescope tube is vigorously agitated, a quiet image of stars and other objects will be produced. Photographs of telescopic images taken in this manner appear to justify Prof. Langley's conclusion.

In Brussels, Malines and other Belgian towns, a novel method of not only getting rid of smoke, but turning it into use, has recently been employed. The smoke is driven by a ventilating fan into a filter filled with porous material, over which a continuous stream of petroleum, benzine, alcohol or some liquid hydrocarbon flows. The result is that the smoke is entirely suppressed, while the filter yields a gas of great calorific power, which can be used for heating purposes and for driving gas-engines. The filtering material itself also becomes a good combustible.

The members of the Royal Society of Edinburgh were interested, at a recent meeting, in the announcement by Messrs. A. E. Shipley and Edwin Wilson of the discovery of an apparatus, heretofore overlooked or neglected, at the base of the mosquito's wings, whereby the characteristic humming of that insect may be produced. The species examined was the anopheles maculipennis, and the apparatus consists of a slightly movable bar provided with a series of well-marked teeth, which, as the wings are raised and lowered, rasp across a series of ridges. The structure of the apparatus is described as very complex, but the music produced, as everybody knows, is extremely effective.

Mr. Marconi believes that at some future time—he will not fix a date for it—wireless telegraphy will become available for domestic and office use, thus performing the functions now allotted to the telephone. He has already made experiments which convince him that it will be possible, with the aid of small models, or miniatures, of his sending apparatus, as now erected on a gigantic scale at Poldhu and elsewhere, to transmit messages from the interior of rooms which can be received in other rooms in the same city, or in neighboring towns. The walls of the houses will form no obstacle, but one of the chief problems will be that of a proper attuning of the instruments to prevent interference of waves, and to secure privacy for the messages.

In the new Simplon tunnel under the Alps, which will be by far the greatest tunnel in the world, having a length of fourteen miles, and which, it is now reported, will be completed in July, 1905, the quantity of water flowing out of the southern end, from the many veins encountered in the heart of the mountain, amounts to 15,000 gallons per minute, and furnishes sufficient power to compress the air by which the drills are worked, and to refrigerate the tunnel. The necessity of refrigeration may be judged from the fact that the heat in the deeper parts of the tunnel rises as high as 140 degree Fahrenheit when not artificially reduced. Life would be impossible in the tunnel, where 4,000 workmen labor, if a successful system of refrigeration had not been devised. When a continuous hole through the mountain has been made, the temperature can more easily be kept down. Two-thirds of the work was completed last July, and the greatest obstacles have now been overcome.

## Sudden Death Forbidden.

The sultan of Turkey insists that every ruler or person of high political importance should die a natural death. The Stamps, of Turin, says that other manners of death are not officially recognized by Nischan Effendi, the censor.

When King Humbert was assassinated at Monza, the Turkish newspapers announced the sad event in this way:

"King Humbert left the hall amid the frenetic cheers of the people. The king, much affected, bowed several times, and to all appearances was immediately dead."

When the Shah of Persia was assassinated, the Turkish papers said: "In the afternoon the shah drove to his summer palace, and there complained of illness. His corpse was sent to Teheran."

One paper excelled all others by this absurd piece of euphemistic simplification: "The shah felt a little ill, but finally his corpse returned to the palace."

This was too much even for the Turks, who kept the phrase as one of their proverbs.

## Quaker Paraphrases.

A new book on Nantucket contains some stories that are well known to overs of the good old town, but may not have been widely repeated. One of them hangs on the Quaker custom of numbering the months and the days of the week instead of using the profane mythological names.

A Quaker schoolmaster set this copy on the blackboard for his writing class:

"Beauty fadeth soon,  
Like a rose in 6th month."  
It was probably the same man who said to his scholars about Robinson Crusoe and his good man "Sixth Day."



HIS FATHER'S FIRST LETTER.