

# Old Blazer's Hero

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

## CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Madness or no," said Blane, "I'm going," and this was the last word spoken. His comrades offered no opposition to his design, and once more he slid backward into the pool and disappeared. Half way through his foot touched something which instinct rather than memory told him had not been there upon his first or second passage. It was difficult working his way past it, but when he had got far enough to touch it with his hand his fingers grasped the hair of the missing man. He forced himself a little farther and took hold of the rough collar of a flannel coat, slimy and saturated. Then began a terrible and almost hopeless struggle. The pent breath in his body seemed fit to burst him. His temples throbbed horribly and he could hear a ding-dong as of some monstrous bell. The watery blackness turned blood red, and with every tug he gave at the dragging body of the man he risked his life, for he felt as though he must draw breath or die. Fortunately for the two lives, this awful struggle was of brief duration. Blane came gasping and spouting out of the water into the black darkness of the airway, and having drawn but a single refreshing and mighty inspiration, set both hands to the soaked collar still below the water, and with one great heave dragged the half-drowned and insensible man to safety.

## CHAPTER VI.

"Shadrach," said Hepzibah, "there's one thing as I wonder you never done." It was June weather. The sky was streaked with faint lines of green and rose near the horizon, but the unfathomable soft haze of the month still held the warmth and brightness of the fallen sun and delayed the coming of dusk.

Hepzibah had brought a kitchen chair into the garden and sat under an apple tree thick with blossoms. She was busily hemming a coarse sort of towelling, and the zip of the needle and swish of the thread went on uninterruptedly. Shadrach stood with his mouth only a little less wide open than his eyes, and with changeless visage and motionless head looked from side to side.

"Ah!" said he inquiringly. "And what might that be, Hepzibah?"

"I wonder you never made up something about Edward and the Old Blazer." Shadrach's face wreathed itself into a slow smile as he looked at her, but catching her eye just as the smile was at the full, he drew his features with tedious suddenness to their original expression, and looked sideways at vacancy.

"Ha!" cried Hepzibah, "you've made up summat a'ready!" The Bard's aspect, half shy, half boastful, proclaimed the truth of the guess. He drew from one of his coat-pockets a crumpled and dog-eared sheet or two of foolscap paper, covered with a set of knotted, corrugated, and involved hieroglyphics. Hepzibah sewed on, but looked attentive and expectant. The bard cleared his throat and began:

"Lines on the Fatal Disaster at the Old Blazer."

"Put it up for a minute," said Hepzibah. "Here's Edward." She would not have stopped him had the theme been different, but she had a delicacy about Edward's praises being chanted in his hearing. Edward resented the mention of his own heroism, and even Hepzibah, who was privileged to say almost what she pleased to the members of the Blane household, had been compelled to silence.

There was something odd about Edward this evening. His walk was lurching and uneven; his cheeks were blanched and his eyes were strangely glazed. Hepzibah arose in alarm.

"Why, Edward," she cried, "what's the matter with you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"No such thing as ghosts," said the miserable young fellow, thickly. "Don't you bother."

Terror, pity and shame rushed upon the simple creatures in such a flood that their wits were swept away. They could only gaze at each other in profound dismay, whilst Ned Blane stood beaming at them with glazed eyes, his head and shoulders lurching, though his feet stood still. The frank, manly youngster was all gone, and a caricature stood in his place, inert, fatuous, mournful to behold.

"Mister Ned," said Shadrach, more in horrified surprise than blame, "you've been a-drinkin'."

"Very well, then," returned Ned, with ghastly unchanging gaze and lifted eyebrows. "Why not? Why shouldn't Old Blazer's Hero cheer his heart a bit as well's other fellows? Eh?"

"Oh, Edward!" Hepzibah broke in, half crying. "That's no way to cheer hearts, poor dear soul. It would be the way to break 'em—yours and mine, and all on us—if it happened often. But anybody may be overtaken in a fault, and it never happened afore. Go to bed, Edward, there's a love. Do now."

"Poor heart never rejoices," said poor Ned. "Been to the Minds' Rest. Poor health. Old Blazer. That's ma. Saved your life, old Shadrach."

"To think of his coming through the streets like this!" said Hepzibah. "There's crowds in the place as 'ud be wiled enough to take delight in it. And him, the staidest, aimablest—oh, for pity's sake, don't let his mother and the children see him! Help me to get him upstairs, Shadrach!"

But subsqually Edward was in no mood to be helped upstairs, and refused all offers of aid in that direction. He wanted to drink with Shadrach. He had saved Shadrach's life, risking almost losing his own to do it, and he was moved to toast by the reflection that Shadrach had never offered to pay for a drink in reward for this service.

found the cheek to do it. And you know full well, Mister Edward, it's very wide of what you'd think and say if you was in your right mind this minute."

"Say I'm not in my right mind again," said Edward, with increased thickness of utterance, "and I'll give you a hiding."

This threat from a man so placable, amicable, and peace-loving seemed, both to Hepzibah and Shadrach as of little value as the breath which served to speak it.

"Why," said Shadrach, respectfully propitiatory and explanatory, "you know right well, Mister Ned, as you ain't in your right mind just this minute."

And thereupon, without any sort of further warning, Ned knocked Shadrach down. For a moment the unexpectedness of the blow and her amazement at it held Hepzibah paralyzed. But in another moment she had plinked her young master by the arms, both her arms being passed through his at the elbow, and whilst she held him thus Shadrach rose to his feet from the turf and picked up his hat, regarding his assailant with a sorrow and amazement so profound and so unmingled with anger or resentment, that the young man's eyes, lit and cleared by the emotion which followed the blow, caught the meaning in a flash, and he stood rebuked and ashamed. Then being for the moment no better than a mere bundle of foolish nerves, with no brains to guide them or will to control them, he began incontinently to weep, and to mander that it was an accident, and that he loved Shadrach like a brother. And being willing in this maudlin mood to do anything to which he was bidden, he was smuggled upstairs secretly, and there partially undressed by Shadrach and finally locked in by Hepzibah.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Hay-berry-ham!" said Mr. Horatio Lowther. "Hay-berry-ham!" Mr. Lowther was seated in his office at a table overspread with papers. He made no cessation in his work as he uttered this curious call, but his voice took an ascending tone as he repeated it, until its oily smoothness gave way to a grating shrillness. When the cry had been repeated half a dozen times a voice was heard overhead:

"Hilo!"

"You have been there all the time?" asked Mr. Lowther. "Why did you not answer sooner?"

"Better late than never," said the voice, and a pair of corduroy legs came into view on the open stairway which led from the upper room to the lower.

"What do you mean by 'better late than never'?" asked Mr. Lowther, frowning.

"Nothing!" said the voice gruffly as its owner came into view. "I might ha' said 'better never than late.' It would ha' been truer about most things."

"Hay-berry-ham!" said Mr. Lowther, speaking rather high in his head, and in a tone of dignified reproof and protest.

"Abram," the other corrected him doggedly. "Christened name, A-bram, Abram. Don't put me on the rack and drag me out into four syllables. I won't have it."

"Did you get the document at the County Court last night?" asked Mr. Lowther.

"Yes," said Abram, a little more doggedly than before. "That's a nice job, that is." He was a clean-shaven, wood-en-featured, bald man, with moist eyes and a chronic scowl of satire. "Where's the hurry?" he demanded. "It'll do at night, won't it? Come, now. Why shouldn't I put it off till after dark?"

He had come downstairs in his shirt sleeves, and on receipt of Mr. Lowther's commands had reached down a coat from a nail on the office wall. He had struggled half way into the coat, which was rather too small for him, when he paused to put these questions.

"You know very well that it will not do after dark," said Mr. Lowther. He added suavely: "Procrastination is the thief of time. Do what you are told."

"All right!" returned Abram, struggling with his coat. "Hain't I better wait till about two minutes after 1 o'clock? Everybody turns out of the factory just then. Everybody knows me, and when I go into a house they know what I'm there for. Bless your heart, I'm known as well as you are."

"Do as you are told," said Mr. Lowther, "and do it now."

"Do as you are told," repeated Mr. Lowther, "and do it now."

visible behind it, but the visitor pushed it open with authoritative shoulder, and closed it behind him when he had entered upon the neat little hall. The little maid recoiled before him, and disappeared with a backward gaze of terror.

Panting a little and somewhat scared, she knocked at the drawing room door. Her mistress's voice bade her come in, and she entered, and, having closed the door, stood silent for a moment or two. The three months' bride was seated near the window looking out with absent eyes. A half-finished piece of embroidery was in her hands, but they lay idly in her lap with an air of weary lassitude. There was a hint of the same expression in her face, which was of a delicate and rather meager oval. Her eyes were of a darkish blue-gray, mystic and dreamy. Her lips were mobile and tender, but she had a very decided little chin; and the form of her eyebrows, too, notwithstanding the dreamy mystery of the eyes they surmounted, looked as though she might upon occasion have a will of her own.

When only a second or two had gone by in silence a dim sense that there had been something stealthy and afraid in the girl's action intruded itself upon her day dream. She turned and awoke from her fancies with a little start at this curious thought, and a glance at the maid's face confirmed it.

"What is the matter, Sarah?" she asked.

"Oh, if you please, ma'am," said the maid, "the balliff's in the house."

"What is in the house?" asked Mrs. Hackett. Her experience was at fault. She had been tenderly nurtured, and knew little of the disgraces and miseries of life.

"Mr. Whitelaw, ma'am," answered the scared maid. "He's the County Court man, if you please, ma'am. He was put into father's house when he was sold up."

This sounded alarming, but the alarm was only vague. What could the man want here?

"Where is he?" she asked. "In the hall? I will go and see him."

She descended the stairs, a little flustered in spite of herself, and encountered Abram in the hall. The man, to do him justice, explained his mission civilly, and even with some delicacy.

"You won't put yourself out about me, ma'am," he said, "neither about eatin' nor yet about sleepin'. I ain't particular, nor used to be particular. Dessay when Mr. Hackett comes home he'll put this little matter straight. Prob'ly it's an oversight. Often and often I find it so."

She left him standing in the hall unanswered, and returned to her old place and posture by the window. The outlook on the summer day had already seemed a little trifling and weary. She had once or twice failed to banish the intruding fear that her marriage was an irretrievable misfortune. It was early to have to do battle with so horrible a conviction; it was earlier still to be vanquished by it, even though loyalty was yet too active and self-respect too strong to allow her to be conquered for more than a moment at a time.

And here is the place for the revelation of a fact which in its own way is a tragedy. The poor thing had not gone through the ordinary gates of enchantment to marry Will Hackett. She had married that handsome and sweet-voiced prodigal, not in the least because she loved him, but because she was going to reform him. Life was to have been all nobility and self-sacrifice and lofty duty until this black sheep should change his color, and then she was to have her reward, poor child! But Will was one of those effusive, amiable, generous and free-handed gentry who have no more heart than a turnip. He had seemed so affectionate! In his courting days he had been so easily guided. When a young man has his arm around a pretty girl's waist it is not difficult to seem affectionate, and young men in their courting days have often seemed easily guided, though they have turned out sadly tough in the mouth and rusty in the temper a little later on. But if once the girl who is tied to such a man has gone through the land of rainbows and magic promise he will never seem to her to be altogether the brute he is. Something of the old glamour will cling to him and bring yet a hint of the old happy blindness to her eyes. Something of the old, sweet thrill will stir in the heart at times. So aided, the black sheep may seem to be only a little dingier than his brother of the flock.

(To be continued.)

The Court's Little Joke. A justice of one of the Brooklyn courts is credited by the New York Times with a splendid and entirely successful effort to lighten the tedium of trial.

A suit for damages for assault was recently tried before him. The plaintiff had been knocked down by the defendant, and severely handled while he was prostrate. One of the witnesses was reluctant to answer the questions put to him, and the court upheld him.

"Your honor does not seem to see the underlying principle in this case," expostulated the attorney for the plaintiff.

"It seems to me," replied the justice, "that the underlying principal in this case is your client."

Under a New Title. The Washington Post credits a white-haired matron of that city with a clever matrimonial joke. She was listening, in company with a young man from the State Department, to the music of a pianist.

The selections were all new to the young man till the "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn began.

"That's familiar," said he. "I'm not strong on music, but I know I've heard that before. What is it?"

The matron's eyes twinkled with mischief. "That," said she, "is the 'Maiden's Prayer.'"

Souvenir of His Vacation Trip. "Bring any souvenirs back from your trip?"

"One, only, but it cost a lot."

"What was it?"

# Science AND Invention

The using of electric light in bath-rooms, either public or private, so it is asserted by an English engineer, is dangerous in many cases. Writing to the Government Gazette, he says that the electric light switches most usually employed have brass covers and brass knobs, and it is quite possible that this metal work may be in unsuspected contact with the electric supply wires. In such a case a person standing on a dry wooden floor, and using the switch, would not notice any defect, but anyone in the act of taking a bath, or standing with bare feet on a wet or metallic floor, and attempting to turn on the light, would receive a very severe shock which would probably prove fatal even at the comparatively low pressure of 220 volts.

Some twenty-five years ago mosquitoes were imported into Barbados to drive away the rats which ate the sugar canes. Now the sugar planters have petitioned the governor to authorize the destruction of the mosquitoes because the latter, instead of confining their attention to the rats, have driven out many useful animals, including lizards, which were the enemies of the moth-borer caterpillars. The caterpillars are now left free to penetrate the sugar canes, thereby affording holes for the lodgment of destructive funguses. Thus in the continual struggle for existence nature herself is often found to have established the best system of equilibrium, interference with which always brings more ills than it drives away.

Has radium any practical uses apart from its value to pure science? It has been reported that cancer has been cured, or at least that the patient was benefited, and that partial sight has been restored to the blind through the agency of radium. But these alleged uses for the wonderful substance have not yet been finally demonstrated. There is another direction, however, in which it is regarded as possible that radium may prove useful, and that is in the production of light. Prof. Lodge has pithily said that a knowledge of the freely secret would enable us to produce light without heat. The source of the energy which the freely uses, like the source of the energy of radium, is unknown. Through the study of radium, it has been suggested, we may discover a cheaper and better method of illumination than any we now possess.

Last summer Dr. Horace C. Hovey conceived and tested a new method of measuring the height of some of the great dome-shaped chambers in the Mammoth Cave. He called to his assistance the toy balloon, and after some preliminary experiments had his balloons made of a special pattern, with thinner and more elastic rubber than that usually employed. Then, with five balloons tied in a cluster, and each inflated with hydrogen to a diameter of ten inches, he began his attempts at measurement in the cave. An acetylene light furnished illumination in the great chambers sufficient to reveal the balloons when they touched the ceiling. The measuring tape was a light silk thread. The Rotunda was found to be 119 feet high, and the Mammoth Dome 117 feet 6 inches. But in the vast temple called Gorin's Dome wandering air currents rendered the balloons unmanageable when about two-thirds of the way to the ceiling.

How to Read. Edward Everett Hale, in his excellent little book, "How to Do It," discusses the matter of reading. The substance of what he says may be given in the form of the following ten rules:

1. Don't try to read everything.
2. Read two books on the same subject, one solid, one for pleasure.
3. Don't read a book for the sake of saying, I have read it.
4. Review what you read.
5. Read with a pencil in hand.
6. Use a blank book.
7. Consult whatever you copy.
8. Read less and remember it.
9. One hour for light reading should have one hour of solid reading.
10. Whatever reading you do, do it regularly.

A Fair Question. A hypochondriac who visited Sir Conan Doyle in the days when he was a practicing physician complained of "a very bad side." He told his story in great detail, says the London Chronicle.

He put his hand above his waist line, and said:

"I get a sharp pain here, Doctor, whenever I touch my head."

"Why on earth, then, do you touch your head?" Dr. Doyle asked, mildly but drily.

Don or Be Done. "By Jove, Reggie, I don't see why my tailor should dun me. It's positive insolence."

"Dear boy, perhaps he's afraid you've done him."—Boston Globe.

Break 'em or Be Done. "The woman who picks out a husband because he is a good dancer," said the breakfast clerk, "is on par with the man who picks out a wife because she can make fudge."

Opinions should be formed with great caution and changed with still greater caution.

When a man does a fool thing, he thinks it's smart, or he wouldn't do it.

## STORY OF A CHILD BANK.

When Father came to Leave He Had No Money. The bank belonged to the child, and it had all the interest of a new toy.

In an effort to show the child how it worked and the object of it, the mother had sacrificed all her available change, after which the child had picked up a few pennies that had been carelessly left on a table, and these had followed the rest. Then she had waited to make a financial assault on her father.

"Money," she said to him as soon as he was settled in his favorite chair. "Say! she's beginning early," he commented, laughing.

"Oh, I've got a savings bank for her, and she's been crazy to put money in it all day," his wife explained.

"Well, as long as she puts it in the bank it's safe," he remarked, as he gave her a nickel.

Her eyes sparkled and she laughed so joyously that he was enraptured. She was a happy, grateful child, with very pretty and captivatory ways of expressing her pleasure.

"That was worth more than a nickel," he laughed, as he gave her a dime.

"But you mustn't humor her too much," his wife cautioned.

"Oh, this is in a good cause," he urged, with the blind indulgence of a particularly proud father. "It's teaching her to save money, and that's something every child should learn. It isn't like spending it, you know, which would be wasteful."

So he gave her a quarter, and in two minutes he was laughing as joyously as she was and getting as much fun out of her as she was out of the bank. But after dinner it was different.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "the bank's got all my money, and I've got to go uptown. I'll have to borrow some change from you."

"What little I had," she explained, "was used in showing Tottie what the bank was for."

"Well, a bill, then."

"Haven't one. I told you this morning you'd have to bring home some money to-night. Did you forget it?"

His blank look showed that he had. "We'll have to open the bank, then," he said. "I've got to have some money."

"The only way that bank can be opened," she told him, "is by taking it to the savings bank that issued it, and then they'll give the money it contains to the credit of Tottie."

He swore, not there in the house, but later, while he was taking a nice, brisk, three-mile walk to keep his appointment for that evening. And it was a week before he could be induced to look at the little bank again, which he has classified as a sort of an inanimate confidence man.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## INDIAN AS FOOTBALL PLAYER.

He is Unsurpassed in Running and Tackling—Fond of Game. As a matter of prosaic fact, these hard-working and well-behaved wards of the nation at Carlisle have been from the start models of discipline and educated conduct on the football field as well as off, and only their swarthy faces mark them as unusual or odd when they line up against the "palefaces," says a writer in the Illustrated Sporting News.

These lads are intensely fond of football, and they have left in them an inherited indifference to hurts and a toughness of fiber that are their strongest qualities when added to swiftness and agility of movement. I have seen them play through a hard game without one call for "time out," because of injury, and nearly everyone who has seen them play must have noticed the fierceness of their tackling and their fashion of breaking out of a scrimmage on the rebound like so many rubber balls. In running, tackling and aggressive line-breaking the Indians are unsurpassed.

Their weakness is an argument in favor of the claim that football is a question of the trained mind as much as the powerful body. It is mental alertness and adaptability that the Carlisle players find themselves lacking when they meet the first-class teams. To analyze and meet the unexpected, and to solve the problems of a scientific attack and defense of a style to which they are not accustomed puzzles the slower and less effectively trained mind of the Indian, and he cannot make as quick a change of mental base as the white youth. This is to be expected, and the astonishing feature of it is that the Indian player is able to make the showing he does. He comes to Carlisle from the reservation a little savage and in perhaps a half dozen years he is fashioned into the clean, alert, self-respecting young man who delights those who know good football, played with ardor, yet with self-control and intelligence of a high order. While his opponents shout and rave in moments of great stress, he plays the game in silence, without a show of emotion, whether he wins or loses—the type of the true sportsman. He is a vindication both of the wholesome training of football in the development of young manhood and of the magnificent work accomplished by the policy and life work of Col. Pratt at Carlisle.

Not Asked Yet. Tess—So she's to be Mrs. Roxley, eh?

Jess—I don't know.

Tess—Why? I'm sure it was your self who told me she had determined to marry!

Jess—Well! that's different.—Philadelphia Press.

Patriotism always stands in with the government.

## HEADGEAR IN MEXICO.

Milk Hats Now Worn by Officials Instead of Sombreros. Among all well-bred people great attention is paid to the hat of the masculine visitor, says Modern Mexico. That emblem of grandeur, as Richard Ford called it, is taken at once and carefully placed on a chair quite as if it were a person. It must be treated with respect. A table is also a proper place for it, but a chair is better.

Especially is the top hat distinguished in etiquette; it implies that the wearer is a real senior, a true caballero, and it is honored with careful treatment. See that it is allowed to repose on a chair safe from casual knocks or jars. In common parlance, the top hat is "una chistera," a facetious word, and, speaking seriously, it is "un sombrero de copa," or "de copa alta." It is an emblem of social rank and lawyers often wear it from morning till night.

The sombrero de paja, or straw hat, may be of many degrees of fineness. Sometimes it has a gold or silver cord and is worn by well-to-do rancheros or great hacendados on proper occasions. Women on horseback in the country and formerly in the city wore handsome sombreros. The sombrero de felt, with its ornaments, may cost anywhere from \$10 to \$1,000. It is the gala hat for horseback on days of fiestas and in the country regions is affected by the prosperous. Remember that the hat, in any form, is something to respect. It is taken off as a sign of regard and deference or of mere courtesy.

The sombrero calanes is the Andalusian hat of low crown and broad brim, the hat of the bullfighter on the street, where he receives the homage of the admiring populace, especially of the small boy. It has its epochs of coming into quite general use, and it is far more picturesque than the staid and prim derby. The latter hat is much affected by the city youth of Mexico, but it is foreign, alien and an exotic. It is ridiculous when worn on horseback under the ardent sun of Mexico or Andalusia.

In old times Mexicans, as well as Spaniards of social rank, wore the cocked hat, immortalized in Alarcón's story of the "Sombrero de Tres Picos." The three-cornered hat, properly speaking, affected by the people in times ago, was called the "sombrero de tres cuerdas."

Boys of the lower classes wear cheap straw sombreros to school, and the marvel is that they ever distinguish them, for they are as much alike as peas in a pod.

But to return to our mittens, so to say, the hat as a symbol of grandeur. It is nowadays the tall hat, the "topper," the silk hat, stovepipe, or what you will. "Gobernadores" wear it, senators and deputies and lawyers, of course, though in Mexican cities the young lawyers affect jaunty straw hats in warm weather, and often derbies.

The grantees of the first class of Spain have the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of their sovereign, and the other day the young King Alfonso, receiving a party of noblemen of high degree, who approached him unswayed, said, after a moment, "Cover yours—lives seniors," which is the ancient etiquette. Thus the hat plays in Spanish tradition and actual life a ceremonial part differing from usage in Anglo-Saxon countries.

An Old Acquaintance. The prophet is not always without honor in his own country, but if that country happen to be New England he is sometimes without the perquisites of honor when he is at home.

"I see Hubby Locke has come on a vacation to his grandfather's," said Miss Martin, as she unrolled her apron and took her pincushion, scissors, thimble and measuring tape out of her bag, in the sewing-room of the Widow Farrar.

"Yes, Judge Hubbard Locke has come for a fortnight," said Mrs. Farrar, with careful and meaning emphasis.

Miss Martin's bright eyes shot a quick glance at her. "I'll leave it to them that haven't snipped his fingers off the wheels of their sewing-machines with a thimble to call Hubby Locke 'judge,'" she remarked, as she tied on her pincushion and began to stab it.

Satisfied with His Job. A Philadelphia clergyman recently visited an old schoolmate who is located in Montana. One Sunday they held revival services in a large camp of Swedish miners, and at one of the meetings the minister from the Quaker City, looking straight at a big, powerful-looking man who sat in front, said to him:

"My friend, don't you want to work for the Lord?"

The Swede thought a few seconds and replied slowly:

"No, I tank not; de Norden Pacific Sellers is party good to work for."—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Obedient Boy. "Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith?" asked the merchant, who had sent his office-boy on an errand.

"No, sir; he was out, and the office was locked up."

"Well, why didn't you wait for him, as I told you?" The practical boy, says Stray Stories, had his reason ready.

"There was a notice on the door saying, 'Return at once,' so I came back as quick as I could."

Utmost Deliberation Necessary. "Do you mean to tell me that you would deliberately buy votes?"

"Of course," answered Senator Sargham. "That's the only way to buy them. The man who buys votes impulsively is almost sure to get the worst of the bargain."—Washington Star.