

TOO MUCH GRANDFATHER

By H. J. MORAN

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The floor was littered with manuscript, as is usual in a newspaper office. The dark pigeon-holes were filled with selections put away with a purpose, but as soon forgotten. Other selections had been added, until it would have defied the search of the most ingenious, and yet at times the editor might take one at random, to find himself musing with the memories of years.

Thus I carelessly reached for a stiff and moldy clipping which had been disturbed by a violent search for something placed there. Catching a word or two from the mutilated end I pulled it forth and found myself reading the death notice of an old and valued friend—Captain Randall Fonda, who had won his title in the British service, and whose stories of campaigns in India had whittled away many a weary hour. The captain had fallen heir to a small fortune left by an aunt in the town in which I lived, which decided him to settle there, and for the purpose of keeping up his interest in public affairs he became a frequent contributor to the pages of the Auraria Gazette.

Coming in one night rather late, somewhat more serious than usual, Captain Fonda pulled up a chair and whispered:

"I am going to get married!"

"Congratulations!"

"Yes, to a daughter of one of the oldest families hereabout. Her mother wants the engagement announced, and she has written it out in this form."

Here he took from his vest pocket a memorandum book, from between the leaves of which he drew a sheet of note paper, upon which was written:

"Mrs. Lucinda MacOwen announces the betrothal of her daughter, Miss Hortense Marie MacOwen, to Captain Randall Fonda, the marriage to take place in the early fall."

"The lady," continued Captain Fonda, "also asked me to give you this paper, which she thought would save you the trouble of writing an editorial notice."

The paper read:

"We must congratulate our newly acquired citizen, Captain Randall Fonda, upon his conquest of the heart of so amiable a lady as Miss MacOwen. She is the daughter of Mrs. Lucinda MacOwen, and granddaughter of the late Colonel Henry G. De Long, who was one of McGinville's most prominent, influential and wealthy citizens."

The captain then retired, and became thereafter the bearer of a remarkable series of announcements, leading up to the wedding day. First came a notice stating that "Society was taking great interest in the announced betrothal of Colonel Fonda and Miss MacOwen, the lady being well known as the granddaughter of the late Colonel G. De Long, who was one of McGinville's most prominent, influential and wealthy citizens."

Then there was the announcement of visits from numerous young ladies, who had come to congratulate the bride-expectant, "who was the granddaughter of one of McGinville's most prominent," etc. Finally, after a multitude of receptions came the formal declaration:

"The marriage of Miss Hortense Marie MacOwen and Captain Fonda will take place at high noon, October 12. Miss MacOwen is the granddaughter of the late Colonel Henry G. De Long, who was one of McGinville's most prominent, influential and wealthy citizens."

When the foreman received this notice he asked:

"Why can't we keep this paragraph standing? The old grandfather seems to be destined to play his part all the way through, and we might as well make some 'fat' out of it?"

He was a rude sort of fellow, with whose coarse wit I could have no sympathy, especially when a friend was concerned as groom.

On the day preceding the wedding the notice was repeated, grandfather

rection on behalf of Colonel Henry G. De Long. His was an influence that could not be repressed. The local agency presided over by the mother-in-law kept the public fully informed as to the movements of the captain and his wife, each time identifying the latter as "the granddaughter of the late Colonel Henry G. De Long," etc., etc." One day the mother-in-law called at the office and demanded a personal interview with the editor-in-chief, as she only dealt with the heads of houses when she went out. To him she confided this:

"The citizens of Auraria remember with pleasure the marriage of Captain Randall Fonda and Miss Hortense Marie MacOwen. As the granddaughter of the late Colonel Henry G. De Long, one of McGinville's most prominent, influential and wealthy citizens, the bride will be welcomed into our



A marriage announcement attracted my attention.

most select society upon her return." "Front page position, madame," said the editor, "I shall see personally that it gets there."

The couple had to return, select a house, hold a reception, and in other ways keep before the public. There was no escaping the death grip of the old grandfather in each case, and it was not long until every reader took it for granted that the Colonel Henry G. De Long was to be found somewhere whenever Captain and Mrs. Fonda were mentioned.

The captain was proud and buoyant for a few days, then he began to walk with slower tread, and the cordial smile had left his face.

"No," he would say, "there is nothing the matter with me—only a little touch of the Ganges fever. It will soon be over."

Calling into the office one night, later than usual, he was taciturn and uneasy.

"A word with you," said he, "to be held secret. I know you Colonel Henry G. De Long was, but for the life of me I have never been able to locate the whereabouts of the late Mr. MacOwen. Whereupon only knows how I can repress my curiosity!"

Winter melted into spring, and summer came, giving way to autumn. As the sere leaves were falling into a new-made grave the remains of Captain Fonda were deposited therein. He had died without having his curiosity enlightened. The Auraria Gazette next day printed a notice, the manuscript of which was in the same old handwriting:

"The death of the late Captain Randall Fonda came as a great blow to his bereaved wife, Mrs. Fonda, as the granddaughter of the late Colonel Henry G. De Long, one of McGinville's most prominent, influential and wealthy citizens, has received the deep sympathy of those who have had the pleasure of knowing her during her brief married life."

The years have come and gone, and silver threads have invaded raven hair. This old message from twenty years ago rests uneasily upon my mind, and in the effort to throw it off, the clipping is dropped upon the floor, and I pick up the McGinville Banner, just received by midnight mail. Eagerly tearing the wrapper I turn to the social column, where a marriage announcement attracted my attention.

Mrs. Baloner Finchman announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Frances Agnes, to Henry Arthur Mountserratt. The notice goes on: "This marriage will be a notable affair, because of the great social prominence of the bride, who is the granddaughter of the late Colonel Henry G. De Long, one of McGinville's most prominent, influential and wealthy citizens."

The paper had dropped from my hand. The last street car for the suburbs was sounding the gong, and I hastened to leave my ghostly company behind.

There was too much grandfather.

Statues of Three Famous Men. Statues to the memories of De Witt Clinton, Alexander Hamilton and John Jay will be erected in the New York Chamber of Commerce, adorning its new home in Liberty street. The three dead men were associated with the early history of the chamber, and the three living men to perpetuate their names and looks are Morris K. Jesup, John S. Kennedy and William F. Dodge, present members, who defray the expenses. The cost of each statue is estimated at about \$12,000, and the sculptors doing the work are Daniel French and Philip Martiny.

UNIQUE AND VALUABLE PIPE.

Made From Root of Historic Tree, and Wonderfully Carved.

M. N. Silver of Philadelphia is the proud possessor what is considered the most unique pipe in existence. Obviously it is the most remarkable for the workmanship and skill which were displayed in carving it.

In 1861, almost fifty years ago, J. Stone of Trappe, Chester county, which is near Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge came across a wonderfully shaped piece of wood. It was about six feet long and was a root from one of the historic trees of Valley Forge. The root took his fancy and an idea entered his mind that it would make a valuable historical relic if placed in a carver's hands and carved as he directed. But he never carried out his intentions and eventually the historic root came into the hands of Mr. Silver, who had his own ideas regarding carving. As a result it was made into a bunch of pipes and cigar holders, many in one, although he calls it a pipe.

The work on this pipe took 1,234 hours, and if reckoned at twenty cents per hour, the pipe cost him about \$300, not considering what was paid for it in the original transaction.

Mr. Silver has had many offers for the pipe, but has declined them all, the largest amount offered being \$500. He expects to place it in the Carnegie museum at Pittsburg, if the negotiations which are going on turn out right.

The exterior of the pipe is carved out in many faces of grotesque expressions, which give it a very odd appearance. It has quite a number of large trap doors, from which when opened, figures made of wood spring out. It has many receptacles for holding tobacco, and quite a number of men can smoke at the same time, for the interior is composed of a labyrinth of small pipes and tubes. The smoke is pleasant by the time it reaches the mouth, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, losing the hot, burning sensation, and at the same time depositing the nicotine inside the pipe.

WAS IT A NEW EXPERIENCE?

Tale of a Strange Happening to Party of Literary Men.

Sir Wemyss Reid's new biography on William Black, the novelist, recalls an amusing story of Black's visit to America which has never before appeared in print. It concerns Mr. Black and three literary men, who, as they are still living, we shall designate as Messrs. A., B. and C. It seems that Black and this interesting trio were having a quiet afternoon at poker, into the mysteries of which Black desired to be initiated. An accompaniment to the game, merely for purposes of accuracy in local color, was a bottle of fine old whisky, which Black had provided, with pride in its high merit. This bottle now becomes at once the hero and villain of the story; for it was so old, and had so long been undisturbed that the fusel oil had collected at the top in deadly strength. All of the party drank lightly, but the consequences were so unfortunate that one of the literary gentlemen retired and went to bed, and another, a very abstemious man, ascended the staircase of his own home on his hands and knees, and when his astounded wife inquired what was the matter, amiably replied, "M'dear, I wish they wouldn't take the banisters off the stairs. Why do they do it, m'dear?" When the four friends met later and compared notes, their experiences were found to be singularly alike, and the trouble being explained, Black laughingly apologized for his unintentionally dangerous hospitality.

Angels Were Moulting.

The late Rev. Charles Ward, at one time pastor of Saint Stephen's P. E. Church, Philadelphia, was once called to a parish at Plainfield, N. J., where, after organizing his Sunday school, he invited the rector emeritus of the church to address the pupils. The old gentleman came, and after a fatherly talk to the children, said: "Now, little friends, if any of you would like to ask any questions about the Scriptures I will be pleased to answer them."

Up went the hand of a wee miss of six, who asked: "If the angels had wings, why did they walk up and down Jacob's ladder?" This was a puzzler, but he extricated himself very cleverly by remarking: "Now, perhaps some other little boy or girl has thought over that matter, and can give an answer."

"Up went the hand of a little urchin of seven, whose father was a bird-fancier."

"Well, sonny, why was it?"

"Cause they was a-moulting," replied the boy.

One Thing He Didn't Know.

A story picked up in the south is told by a member of the New York bar who recently returned from a visit to that region. There was, in a small Georgia town, a Judge Smith, who never could learn anything from anyone else. "I was sitting on the tavern porch," to let the lawyer tell his own story, "when a citizen who was apparently brighter than he looked, came up to the landlord and said, 'See here, Jim, have any two men in this town a right to know all there is to be known?' 'Why do you ask?' said the landlord."

"Well," was the answer, "there is that Judge Smith. He knows everything there is to be known except that he's a fool—and I know that."

A WARRIOR BOLD.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Author of "Little Miss Millions," "The Spider's Web," "Dr. Jack's Widow," "Miss Caprice," etc.

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CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)
Charlie did not spare himself one iota.

He had recovered his senses just as the baron, who had been engaged looking after the security of the fair captive, entered the prison.

The baron stormed and raved more or less when he discovered how they had been taken in so neatly by this ex-seller, whom he looked upon as a bungler.

Charlie begged the baron to trouble himself no longer about Capt. Brand, since Arline was doubtless by this time safe on board the steamer.

"Very good," was the baron's reply, with a sigh of relief, for he seemed to be overburdened of late with official cares, or something that pressed upon his mind; "but if you hope to get aboard before the steamer leaves you must hurry, for there is just a scant half hour."

Charlie called for a cab and said good-by to his friend, the baron. He would always have a lingering suspicion Peterhoff was glad to get rid of him, as though he thought Charlie and his affairs took up too much of his precious time, which should be devoted to matters of more serious consequence.

He managed to get aboard just as the order to draw in the last gang-plank was given. This sailing at night was something quite out of the usual run, but there was a special reason for it, quite satisfactory to the officials of the line, and all intended passengers had been warned to be on board in time.

It happened that Charlie discovered Capt. Brand in the smoking saloon in time to keep beyond the range of his vision.

To Charlie's astonishment, when Brand took a notion to retire, he blundered into the wrong stateroom, which happened to be the one that had been assigned to Stuart.

This might have been deep design; but, after carefully considering it from all sides, Charlie felt disposed to call it an accident.

He found rest in another room which the steward opened for him.

And now here they were, with an elephant on their hands, so to speak, bound to come into daily and hourly contact with the strange man whom they strongly suspected, and with good reason, of being a most stupendous fraud.

CHAPTER XI.

Off Fire Island Light.

Charlie had written from Antwerp to certain quarters in London, from which he might expect to receive positive information regarding Captain Brand.

He had done this to satisfy Arline. So far as he himself was concerned his mind was already made up most positively.

If Brand was surprised to see Charlie on board, he gave no evidence of it.

He concocted some affecting story, which he spun in Arline's ears, and with such success that he actually gained a little of his former ascendancy in her mind, since she was haunted by doubts which it seemed impossible to dispel.

Artemus amused himself studying the old mariner. He even played a few games with him in the smoking-room, where men of all degrees are socially inclined.

Captain Brand was the same as of yore.

The tales he spun of his wonderful adventures in the African deserts were weird enough to take one's breath away.

Artemus listened, almost charmed; and his interest grew apace until one day it struck him that the personal adventures which the captain so modestly ascribed to himself had a somewhat musty flavor, as became ancient chestnuts.

This aroused suspicion. Artemus set about an investigation. Lo and behold, upon secretly looking into the captain's stateroom, while the gentleman was holding forth among his cronies above, Artemus discovered a well-thumbed volume of "Adventures and Explorations in the Dark Continent."

The captain's secret was out.

For once he had carelessly omitted to keep the source of his knowledge under lock and key.

Artemus borrowed the volume and took copious notes, intending to have a little fun at Brand's expense from time to time.

He took occasion to relate all this to Charlie, who, in turn, told Lady Arline.

Strange that even this new and blackening evidence could not wholly convince her. Filial love must have had a strong hold indeed upon the tender heart of this girl who had from childhood known so little of parental affection.

She even invented excuses for him—a desire to see in print the map of the country where he had so long been a prisoner, and to have his recollection of names revived.

The voyage was on the whole, a stormy one, but to Charlie it ended all too soon.

As they neared the shores of America the old captain seemed to lose a goodly portion of his loquacity, and became unusually reserved.

Artemus flattered himself that he was the main cause of this collapse

but Charlie was rather inclined to believe Capt. Brand had started in to work up some new scheme looking to the acquisition and sequestration of his daughter's gold.

Charlie hoped to discover how this fellow—whom he believed he had known as Capt. Kledge, and Artemus pretended was a third-rate actor named Frederick Davenport Macauley—had ever come into possession of the facts connected with Capt. Brand of the lost ship Hesperia.

The fog hung about them exasperatingly, and the monotonous hoarse-throated whistle kept up its warning notes until they were close to Fire Island Light, when suddenly the vapor gave way and the shore of Long Island appeared in view, already showing the first signs of spring.

Charlie had perfected what few arrangements remained. They would all go direct to the old Windsor, and there await the coming of Aleck, when an interview between him and Arline must result in happiness all around.

It seemed simple enough, yet none of them for an instant suspected what tremendous things awaited them in this magnificent capital of the New World, or the forces which might yet be arrayed against them through the energy and scheming of the man who would not accept defeat.

Here, then, the last dramatic scene was to be placed. Here Charlie was to win his bride, or lose her forever—in this city of restless energy, of wonderful buildings and unequalled magnificence, Charlie and his enemy would come face to face for the last time.

Heaven be on the side of the right and strengthen the arm of this warrior bold who dared all in defense of what was innocent and true.

Capt. Brand had almost reached the end of his rope, and would doubtless husband the remainder of his resources for one last desperate, masterful stroke by which he would win or lose all.

As usual, there was the customs trial to be passed through, but when the gantlet had been successfully run they were free.

The great and wonderful city stretched before them.

To Arline it was all new, and the sights that were strange to her eyes she found to be numerous, from the lofty buildings to the electric cars that dashed along at an apparently reckless speed.

Capt. Brand accepted everything philosophically.

He had seen the world; his checkered career had embraced every clime, and the startling events that had fallen to his share would have laid the foundation for a very fair second edition of Munchausen or the Arabian Nights.

Arline was deeply concerned about wayward Aleck, whom she had not seen in so long a time.

His whole future was at stake. If she missed him now, all might be lost.

Yes, this had been wearing upon her mind so long now that it affected her nerves. There may have been something more, which neither of them suspected—a premonition of the startling events destined to take place in their experience; for some minds seem gifted with an almost supernatural power to anticipate coming changes, even as the mercury in the barometer's tube indicates a change in the weather hours before it occurs.

Taking a carriage, they were all speedily located at the reliable old Windsor.

Upon inquiry Charlie learned that some one had called for him only the day before, and he was constrained to believe it must be the young fellow who had been his companion in the Antwerp jail, and whose escape had rivaled that of Monte Cristo.

This was good news.

He had left word he would call again, so that all they had to do was to leave a message for him at the desk, and await developments.

Arline was not recovered from the effect of the voyage; at least, she was in no humor for sight-seeing until this long-anticipated interview with her half-brother were over.

So she kept her room much of the time.

When the so-called Capt. Brand set foot again in New York, he faced new dangers.

There were those upon the Rialto, actors of greater or lesser degree, who must have had dealings with Frederick Davenport Macauley during the palmy days of yore, when he played his little part in the drama, and manfully plod his way, footsore and weary, over the railway ties back to New York after an unsuccessful tour of the provinces.

Some of these worthies could be depended on to recognize their old comrade of those halcyon days, despite the radical change prosperity might have made in his personal appearance and bearing.

This evening found them.

Charlie had the pleasure of dining with Lady Arline.

He exerted himself to cheer her up. Several times she seemed to temporarily throw off the strange stupor that had settled upon her spirits, and for a short period appeared to be her old self, when, by degrees, the melancholy crept back again.

"To-morrow," said Charlie, when she was leaving him to go to her rooms, "I hope we will have Aleck here with us, and then all must be well. You can dismiss doubts and fears, to be happy once more."

"You will forgive my foolish fancies. You are always so cheerful and kind," she murmured, while he was holding and ardently squeezing her hand, perhaps quite unconsciously.

"Until to-morrow, then."

"Shall I see you at breakfast?" he asked, eagerly.

"If I am feeling quite well; surely at dinner."

So he watched her, his soul in his eyes, as she walked to the elevator. Was there ever a more queenly girl than Lady Arline; one with a great share of beauty concentrated in face figure and mind?

Ere the elevator car shot toward the upper realms she waved her hand to him and gave him a ravishing smile.

And that smile haunted him a long time, for it was the last time he was fated to look upon her face until—destiny had been utterly fulfilled, the drama carried to its concluding scene, most terrible of all.

Sanctuary into the rotunda of the hotel Charlie lighted a weed and then began to remember there were others in the world besides himself and Arline Brand.

Where was Artemus for instance? And Capt. Brand? Who had now been ashore long enough to get his bearings and figure on some desperate move.

Perhaps it would be best, as his good sense suggested, to seek assistance in outwitting the great schemer.

Clever minds could be controlled for money, detectives who were able to cope with even such a remarkable scoundrel as he conceived this man to be, and who would speedily put him on his back in the first round.

And yet the wretched result of his arrangement with the great Baron Peterhoff aroused serious doubts in his mind. If the fascinating presence of a woman could so upset a sagacious master of finesse and diplomacy, who could be trusted?

There was apparently time. Brand would hardly get his columns in motion under a day or two.

Charlie could be governed by circumstances and the trend of events.

Besides, there was Artemus, whose wits were of the brightest, and who might be depended on, to accomplish more than a little, looking toward the exposure of the great fraud.

These soothing reflections came in some degree through the influence of the magic weed, for to its devoted votaries tobacco seems to be an incense which creates optimists where only pessimism had previously reigned.

And of course our Charlie contemplated with more or less complacency the high degree of happiness that would be his portion when the blessed time arrived for him to claim Arline Brand as his own darling wife, with no one, not even a haunting memory of the buried past, to say him nay.

He had figured it all out, and decided that he would make full and free confession regarding his one forlorn experience in Cupid's realms.

No doubt Charlie took considerable pleasure in speculating upon the various ways in which he might bring these important matters to a focus, but never once did he dream of the wonderful and fearful event by means of which the desired end would be swiftly attained.

Again and again he looked toward the Fifth avenue entrance as the door swung behind new comers, but Artemus remained only conspicuous by his absence.

Could anything have happened; would the bold and reckless Capt. Brand begin operations by lopping off the limbs of the tree he meant to fell?

It made him deucedly uncomfortable to even consider such a calamity. Surely some tremendous catastrophe was brooding over himself and his fortunes, or could it be he was partaking of Arline's slow spirits?

Was his cigar to blame? Ah! a change was on the tapis, for there came Artemus bustling in from the outside night air.

(To be continued.)

HAS NOVEL TEST OF DEATH.

Device of a French Physician Seems to Leave All Doubt Behind.

Horror of being buried alive is common to the whole human race, and from time immemorial experiments have been in progress with the view of making such a terrible fate impossible. Some physicians maintain that satisfactory tests can also be made by the use of the Roentgen rays, but it is not everyone who has the facilities for making such tests, whereas anyone can make a test on the plan devised by Dr. Icard, a physician of Marseilles, France. The doctor uses fluorescein, the well-known coloring material, and his experiments have proved so successful that they have won for him the approval of the French Academy of Sciences. Fluorescein injected into the human body, produces absolutely no effect if the body is dead, whereas it produces most surprising effect if the body is alive. Dr. Icard uses a solution of it which is so strong that a single gramme is able to color 40,000 quarts of water.

If a little of this solution is injected under the skin of a living person in two minutes the skin and especially the mucous membranes, will become much discolored, and the person will present the appearance of one suffering from an acute attack of jaundice. Moreover, the eyes will become of a greenish color and the pupils will almost become invisible. These symptoms will remain for one or possibly two hours and then will gradually disappear. Since fluorescein produces this effect on a living body it naturally follows, according to Dr. Icard, that any body on which it produces no effect must be dead.

We must be as careful to keep friends as to make them. The affections should not be mere "fents of a night." Friendship gives no privilege to make ourselves disagreeable.

—Lori Avebury.



"I am going to get married!" paragraph and all. Strangely enough the officiating minister omitted the name of the old gentleman in his performance of the ceremony, but the Auraria Gazette next morning gave a prominent place to this notice:

"Married, at the Church of St. Chrysostom, Captain Randall Fonda and Miss Hortense Marie MacOwen. The bride is the granddaughter of the late Colonel Henry G. De Long, who was one of McGinville's most prominent, influential and wealthy citizens. The couple will spend the honeymoon at the eastern resorts."