

A Brave Coward.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Is it in the pavilion?" I asked.
"It is; and I wish it was in the bottom of the sea instead," said Northmour; and then suddenly—"What are you making faces at me for?" he cried to Mr. Huddleston, on whom I had unconsciously turned my back. "Do you think Cassilis would sell you?"
Mr. Huddleston protested that nothing had been further from his mind.
"It is a good thing," retorted Northmour, in his ugliest manner. "You might end by warring us. What were you going to say?" he added, turning to me.

"I was going to propose an occupation for the afternoon," said I. "Let us carry that money out, piece by piece, and lay it down before the pavilion door. If the Carbonari come, why, it's theirs, at any rate."
"No, No!" cried Mr. Huddleston; "it does not, it cannot belong to them! It should be distributed pro rata among all my creditors."
"Come, now, Huddleston," said Northmour, "none of that."
"Well, but my daughter," moaned the wretched man.

"Your daughter will do well enough. Here are two suitors, Cassilis and I, neither of us beggars, and among whom she has to choose. And as for yourself, to make an end of arguments, you have no right to a farthing, and, unless I'm much mistaken, you are going to die."
"It was certainly very cruelly said, but Mr. Huddleston was a man who attracted little sympathy, and, although I saw him wince and shudder, I mentally indorsed the rebuke; nay, I added a contribution of my own."
"Northmour and I," I said, "are willing enough to help you to save your life, but not to escape with stolen property."

He struggled for a while with himself, as though he were on the point of giving way to anger, but prudence had the best of the controversy.
"My dear boys," he said, "do with me or my money what you will. I leave it all in your hands. Let me compose myself."
And so we left him, gladly enough I am sure. The last that I saw, he had once more taken up his great Bible, and with tremulous hands was adjusting his spectacles to read.

CHAPTER VII.

The recollection of that afternoon will always be graven on my mind. We debated over and over again my proposal with regard to the money, and had we been in complete possession of our faculties I am sure we should have condemned it as unwise; but we were flustered with alarm, grasped at a straw and determined, although it was as much as advertising Mr. Huddleston's presence in the pavilion, to carry my proposal into effect.
The sum was part in specie, part in bank paper and part in circular notes, payable to the name of James Gregory. We took it out, counted it, inclosed it once more in a dispatch-box belonging to Northmour and prepared a letter in Italian which he tied to the handle. It was signed by both of us under oath, and declared that this was all the money which had escaped the failure of the house of Huddleston. This was, perhaps, the maddest action ever perpetrated by two persons professing to be sane.

Had the dispatch-box fallen into other hands than those for which it was intended, we stood criminally convicted on our own written testimony; but, as I have said, we were neither of us in a condition to judge soberly, and had a thirst for action that drove us to do something, right or wrong, rather than endure the agony of waiting. Moreover, as we were both convinced that the hollows of the links were alive with hidden spies upon our movements, we hoped that our appearance with the box might lead to a parley, and, perhaps, a compromise.

It was nearly 3 when we issued from the pavilion. The rain had taken off; the sun shone quite cheerfully. I have never seen the gulls fly so close about the house or approach so fearlessly to human beings. On the very doorstep one flapped heavily past our heads, and uttered its wild cry in my very ear.

"There is an omen for you," said Northmour, who, like all freethinkers, was much under the influence of superstition. "They think we are already dead."

I made some light rejoinder, but it was with half my heart, for the circumstance had impressed me.

A yard or two before the gate, on a patch of smooth turf, we set down the dispatch-box; and Northmour waived a white handkerchief over his head. Nothing replied. We raised our voices, and cried aloud in Italian that we were there as ambassadors to arrange the quarrel; but the stillness remained unbroken save by the sea-gulls and the surf. I had a weight at my heart when we desisted, and I saw that even Northmour was unusually pale. He looked over his shoulder nervously, as though he feared that some one had crept between him and the pavilion door.

"By God," he said in a whisper, "this is too much for me!"

I replied in the same key: "Suppose there should be none, after all!"
"Look there," he returned, nodding with his head, as though he had been afraid to point.

I glanced in the direction indicated,

and there, from the northern corner of the Sea-Wood, beheld a thin column of smoke rising steadily against the now cloudless sky.

"Northmour," I said (we still continued to talk in whispers), "it is not possible to endure this suspense. I prefer death fifty times over. Stay you here to watch the pavilion; I will go forward and make sure, if I have to walk right into their camp."
He looked once again all around him with puckered eyes and then nodded assentingly to my proposal.

My heart beat like a sledge-hammer as I set out, walking rapidly in the direction of the smoke; and though up to that moment I had felt chill and shivering, I was suddenly conscious of a glow of heat over all my body. The ground in this direction was very uneven; a hundred men might have lain hidden in as many square yards about my path. But I had not practiced the business in vain; those such routes as cut at the very root of concealment, and, by keeping along the most convenient ridges, commanded several hollows at a time.

It was not long before I was rewarded for my caution. Coming suddenly on to a mound somewhat more elevated than the surrounding hummocks I saw, not thirty yards away, a man bent almost double and running as fast as his attitude permitted along the bottom of a gully. I had dislodged one of the spies from his ambush. As soon as I sighted him I called loudly in English and Italian, and he, seeing concealment was no longer possible, straightened himself out, leaped from the gully and made off as straight as an arrow for the borders of the wood.

It was none of my business to pursue; I had learned what I wanted—that we were beleaguered and watched in the pavilion, and I returned at once, and walking as nearly as possible in my old footsteps, to where Northmour awaited me beside the dispatch-box. He was even paler than when I had left him and his voice shook a little.

"Could you see what he was like?" he asked.
"He kept his back turned," I replied. "Let us go into the house, Frank. I don't think I'm a coward, but I can stand no more of this," he whispered.

All was still and sunny about the pavilion as we turned to re-enter it, even the gulls had flown in a wider circuit, and were seen flickering along the beach and sandhills, and this loneliness terrified me more than a rifle under arms. It was not until the door was barricaded that I could draw a full inspiration and relieve the weight that lay upon my bosom. Northmour and I exchanged a steady glance, and I suppose each made his own reflections on the white and startled aspect of the other.

"You were right," I said. "All is over, Shake hands, old man, for the last time."
"Yes," replied he. "I will shake hands for as sure as I am here I bear no malice. But, remember, if by some impossible accident we should give the slip to these blackguards, I'll take the upper hand of you by fair or foul."

"O!" said I, "you weary me."
He seemed hurt, and walked away in silence to the foot of the stairs.
The remainder of the day was passed in the same dreadful tedium and suspense. I laid the table for dinner, while Northmour and Clara prepared the meal together in the kitchen. I could hear their talk as I went to and fro, and was surprised to find it ran all the time upon myself. Northmour again bracketed us together, and rallied Clara on a choice of husbands, but he continued to speak of me with some feeling, and uttered nothing to my prejudice unless he included himself in the condemnation. This awakened a sense of gratitude in my heart which combined with the immediateness of our peril to fill my eyes with tears.

After all, I thought—and perhaps the thought was laughably vain—we were here three very noble human beings to perish in defense of a thieving banker.

Before we sat down to table, I looked forth from an upstairs window. The day was beginning to decline; the links were utterly deserted; the dispatch-box still lay untouched where we had left it hours before.
Mr. Huddleston, in a long yellow dressing-gown, took the end of the table, Clara the other, while Northmour and I faced each other from the sides. The lamp was brightly trimmed; the wine was good; the viands, although mostly cold, excellent of their sort.

Mr. Huddleston was certainly no ordinary character; he had read and observed for himself; his gifts were sound, and, though I could never have learned to love the man, I began to understand his success in business, and the great respect in which he had been held before his failure. He had, above all, the talent of society; and though I never heard him speak but on this one and most unfavorable occasion, I set him down among the most brilliant conversationalists I ever met.

He was relating with great gusto, and seemingly no feeling of shame, the maneuvers of a scoundrelly commission merchant whom he had known and studied in his youth, and we were all listening with an odd mixture of mirth and embarrassment, when our little party was brought abruptly to an end in the most startling manner.

A noise like that of a wet finger on the window-pane interrupted Mr. Huddleston's tale, and in an instant we

were all four as white as paper and our tongue-tied and motionless round the table.

"A snail," I said at last, for I had heard that these animals make a noise somewhat similar in character.
"Snail be d—d!" said Northmour. "Hush!"

The same sound was repeated twice at regular intervals, and then a formidable voice shouted through the shutters the Italian word "Traditori!"

Mr. Huddleston threw his head in the air, his eyelids quivered, next moment he fell insensible below the table. Northmour and I had each run to the armory and seized a gun. Clara was on her feet with her hand at her throat.

So we stood waiting, for we thought the hour for attack was certainly come; but second passed after second, and all but the surf remained silent in the neighborhood of the pavilion.

"Quick," said Northmour, "upstairs with him before they come."

CHAPTER VIII.

Somehow or other, by hook and crook, and between the three of us, we got Bernard Huddleston bundled upstairs and laid upon the bed in "My Uncle's Room." During the whole process, which was rough enough, he gave no sign of consciousness, and he remained, as we had thrown him, without changing the position of a finger. His daughter opened his shirt and began to wet his head and bosom, while Northmour and I ran to the window. The weather continued clear; the moon, which was now about full, had risen and shed a clear light upon the links; yet, strain our eyes as we might, we could distinguish nothing moving.

"Thank God," said Northmour, "Aggie is not coming tonight."
Aggie was the name of the old nurse. He had not thought of her till now; but that he should think of her at all was a trait that surprised me in the man.

We were again reduced to waiting. Northmour went to the fireplace and spread his hands before the red embers, as if he were cold. I followed him mechanically with my eyes, and in so doing turned my back upon the window. At that moment a very faint report was audible from without, and a ball shivered a pane of glass, and buried itself in the shutter two inches from my head. I heard Clara scream, and though I whipped instantly out of range and into a corner, she was there, so to speak, before me, beseeching to know if I were hurt. I continued to reassure her, with the tenderest caresses and in complete forgetfulness of our situation, till the voice of Northmour recalled me to myself.

"There is one point that we must know," said he. "Are they going to butcher the lot of us, or only Huddleston? Did they take you for him, or fire at you for your own beaux yeux?"
"They took me for him, for certain," I replied. "I am near as tall, and my head is fair."

"I am going to make sure," returned Northmour, and he stepped up to the window, holding the lamp above his head, and stood there, quietly affronting death, for half a minute.
"Yes," said Northmour, turning coolly from the window; "it's only Huddleston they want."
"Oh, Mr. Northmour!" cried Clara; but found no more to add, the temerity she had just witnessed seeming beyond the reach of words.

He, on his part, looked at me, cocking his head with a fire of triumph in his eyes; and I understood at once that he had thus hazarded his life merely to attract Clara's notice, and depose me from my position as the hero of the hour. He snapped his fingers.
"The fire is only beginning," he said, "When they warm up to their work they won't be so particular."
(To be continued.)

LOVE AMONG LAPLANDERS.

Curious Customs in Vogue Among the Inhabitants of the Icy Land.

When a young Laplander is in love with a girl he and she run a race. He is heavily handicapped, so that she may win if she chooses, and if she outrun him he cannot propose again. Of course she suffers herself to be overtaken if she cares for him, but the consent of her parents must be obtained before she can be married. The law of the land is very strict on this point, and in olden times the man was subject to capital punishment if he married without the consent of the girl's parents. After a Laplander has chosen a bride he sends her a present of a girdle, a ring and a quantity of brandy; he goes so far as the door of her hut, but remains outside until invited to enter, when a bumper of brandy is offered to the girl's father; if he drinks it it is a sign he consents to the marriage, and the young lover then promises to give the girl some clothes, and pays a sum of money, generally 100 copper dollars, on the spot. This, of course, is a remnant of marriage by purchase, which, in primitive times, succeeded marriage by capture. Banns are published once in Lapland and the marriage ceremony is very short. The bride wears her hair loose and has a gold band round her head. Her presents and her dowry are generally reindeer, and she and her bridegroom remain with her parents for a year after marriage.

The Horse and the Battle Cry.

"Talk about education, that horse of the major's has got more sense and patriotism than a whole lot of people," said the colonel. "That horse, sir, was being carried by a recruit. The man didn't know his business, sir, and he didn't half do his work. Just as he had combed out the horse's tail as a finishing touch and was getting away, the horse shot out his hind legs, snorting, as the recruit went up into the air. 'Remember the mane,'"

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

CURRENT NOTES OF DISCOVERY AND INVENTION.

A Dog's Wonderful Act—Plays the Piano Better Than Can Some Teachers—Ridding Plants of Insects—A Musical Wheel—Branding Seals by Electricity.

Ancient Methods of Signaling

The fabulous honor of being the first inventor of the art of signaling is bestowed by certain classical writers upon the ingenious Palamedes. This hero may have introduced improvements in detail, but it is certain that long before the time of the Trojan war the Egyptians and Assyrians, if not the Chinese and other nations of remote antiquity—of whom monumental records remain to us—had developed regular methods of signaling by fire, smoke, flags, etc.

The great wall, built by the Chinese ages ago, and 1,500 miles long, is studded with towers. Between these signals were interchanged when troops had to be collected in order to resist attack at any point threatened by the Tartars or "outer barbarians." By Major Boucherauder and others it has been considered that the huge tower of Babel was erected for similar as well as for a number of different purposes. That is to say, for the signaling not necessarily of any particular words or sentences, but of expected events, imperial decrees, military orders and other matters intended to be understood through conventional signals, whether of lights, flags, semaphores or other devices, by all the motley host of nationalities and languages of which the Chaldean empire was composed.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Curious Fish.

The "parrot-fish" is an inhabitant of the tropical seas, and is perhaps the most wonderfully-colored fish in the world. The whole body is covered with a beautifully drawn pattern of elongated hexagons, as perfect and regular as those of a honey-comb.

The colors of this remarkable fish are as follows: The general hue is azure blue, covered with a hexagonal net-work of golden yellow. The oddly-shaped head is bright yellow, streaked and spotted with blue. The dorsal and anal fins are brown, edged with green, and the pectorals and ventrals are brown with the front rays green. The tail is wholly green. The species are very numerous, and received their title of "parrot-fish" from the rich beauty of their colors and the peculiar form of their jaws, which are very strong, covered with great numbers of mosaic-like teeth, and curved in a manner that greatly resembles the beak of a parrot.

As the fish wears out its teeth rapidly in crushing the hard substances on which it feeds, a provision is made for ensuring a continual supply of new teeth to replace those which are worn away, and rendered useless. The young teeth are perpetually being developed towards the base of the jaws, and advanced in orderly succession towards the front, taking their places with unfailing certainty in the densely compacted mosaic work which arms the jaws.

A Musical Wheel.

The bicycle has reached another phase of its constant development through a novel and highly interesting invention, consisting in a musical instrument which may be attached to any bicycle and plays popular airs, without the aid of the rider, in a loud and melodious manner, when the machine is in motion. This instrument constitutes an entertaining companion for the bicyclist on his roamings, which are frequently rather lonely; it is so much more welcome as it will be a companion entirely submissive to the rider's wishes. It has been invented, patented and placed upon the market by a firm in Hamburg, and is fittingly called "troubadour," after the wandering musicians of the middle ages.—Science and Invention.

Ridding Plants of Insects.

The amateur horticulturist would have a comparatively easy art to pursue were it not for the innumerable insect pests which are sure to infect house-grown plants unless they are most carefully tended. The remedies that have been suggested for the avoidance of these insect pests are numerous, but none is so effective or convenient of application as the occasional fumigation of the plants with tobacco smoke.



An ingenious contrivance that makes this remedy still more effective is shown in the illustration. As will be seen, it is an arrangement consisting of a pipe bowl with a shortened stem to which is affixed an india-rubber ball. The stem of the pipe is open at the upper end and when the ball is squeezed air is drawn through the bowl, which is filled with tobacco and lighted, and dense clouds of smoke are expelled through the orifice, as shown, clearing

the plants in a short time. It may be used with equally good effect upon ants' nests, etc., while its sphere of operation also includes the fumigation and disinfection of rooms.

Dog's Wonderful Act.

This dog is Prof. Ffills' most valued possession. He is the only dog in the world that can play a tune. Probably half the people who see this remarkable performance believe that it is a trick and that the piano is fixed to play without the assistance of Black—that is the dog's real name.

Prof. Ffills laughingly destroyed the fond illusion of the man who believes animals reason by explaining that this Russian poodle really has no idea of music and doesn't know A from D when the notes are sounded. It took him two years to teach the dog the simplest tune so that he could trust his pupil before an audience. But the reward was great. Black's first appearance was made in Paris and the hit was instantaneous. Prof. Ffills taught Black to play the few airs in his repertoire by the most persistent practice. No aspiring musician ever spent longer hours or more labor over a piano than did Black. He had one advantage in that he never had to do scales or practice fingering or pedaling. The professor guided a paw to one key enough times to teach the dog its location, then upon another and another, going back to the beginning and repeating an infinite number of times until the whole mechanical process of that particular tune was impressed on the dog's brain. But even after all this practice Black cannot be trusted to play an air before an audience without a rehearsal beforehand. If Prof. Ffills should rehearse him on "The Last Rose of Summer" only and the audience should demand an encore master and pupil would be in



a quandary, for, large as Black's repertoire is, he couldn't strike a note correctly in any air except the one he had rehearsed and just played.

The piano Black plays on isn't really a piano. It is a system of electric chime bells, containing enough notes to play any ordinary tune. When Black presses a key with his paw he really presses a button, causing a bell to ring. But the tune can readily be recognized, and with the accompaniment of the orchestra flows prettily.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Old Potatoes.

Potatoes at this season are apt to be sodden, sticky and discolored. When this is the case, try steaming them instead of boiling, in the usual way. The result will be an agreeable surprise.

If you wish them baked, boil them first about fifteen minutes then finish them in the oven. This improves them wonderfully. When they look shriveled, place them in cold water several hours before cooking; they will become much fresher. Potatoes to be used for early dinner should be soaked all the forenoon.

Potatoes will always be relished if thought is given to their preparation, planning a variety. They may be steamed one day, baked the next, scrambled the next, then mashed, scalloped, French fried, or made into a salad.

Instead of frying them over in the morning, make a scramble, cutting the cold potatoes into dice, covering them with sweet milk, and adding butter, pepper and salt. Allow them to come to a boil, stir to prevent scorching, and serve; the majority of children are very fond of them, and of course they are much more healthful than when fried. When you have boiled rice, plan to have mashed potatoes. Mix the remnants, mold them into small cakes or cones, and the next morning dip them into a beaten egg, and fry brown; they are delicious, and may be served with steak, cold meat, fish, or crisp bacon.

Branding Seals by Electricity.

The surgeon's electric cauterizing wire has been used by the United States fur seal commission with much success for branding female fur seals. A dynamo, driven by a gasoline engine, supplied the current, which heated a platinum wire to incandescence. By moving this once over the animal's body, the hair and fur were virtually mowed away. A second sweeping of the wire across the surface destroyed the cells so that no more fur can grow there. This destroys the value of the pelt, and thus operates to prevent the killing of female seals at sea.

Artificial Indigo.

The large and well-known Badenan aniline and soda works of Ludwig's Haven, Germany, have succeeded in preparing a valuable and perfect substitute for indigo. It is a product from bituminous coal tar and is reported to be in every regard equal to the genuine indigo.

The Ludwig's Haven works are noted for many new valuable preparations recently discovered, and the importance of these works may be gathered from the fact that they employ in their scientific department over 100 chemists, and have about 3,000 workmen.

THE EXPOSITION AT OMAHA.

A Brief Sketch of the Big Show By an Unbiased Visitor.

The individual who visits the trans-Mississippi exposition and fails to feel that he has been repaid for having done so, is certainly hard to please. It is true that the exposition is not yet complete in all features, and probably will not be until the end of July, but the various buildings contain sufficient of interest to occupy the attention of one for a week or more, and a rest may be enjoyed between times by visiting the Midway.

When the writer visited the grounds during the winter holidays, the lagoon was only partly dug, the piles for the government building were not all driven, no trees were visible anywhere on the grounds, and to think that so desolate a looking state of affairs could be between that time and July 4 blossom into a full grown exposition, with its beautiful grand court, elegant buildings, lawns and flowers is indeed little short of the marvelous. The electrical illuminations at the exposition are alone worth paying the price of admission to see. The appearance of the grand court at night almost causes one to fancy he is in an enchanted city as beautiful as any depicted in "Arabian Nights," and one has to pinch himself to see if he is really alive and existing in the prosaic Nineteenth century. This beautiful effect which no pen or brush can adequately portray, is obtained by the use of nearly 10,000 incandescent lights. By daylight, the picture of the grand court from the top of the steps leading to the south viaduct is one never to be forgotten. It is worth 50c to see the buildings, the lagoon and the grand court.

Special days at the exposition are as follows:

- July 20. Minnesota day.
- Aug. 4. Stenographers' day.
- 10. Red Mens' day.
- 11. Tennessee Red Mens' day.
- 15. Business and Fraternal Associations day.
- 18. Texas day.
- 23. Bohemian day.
- 30. Missouri day.
- Sept. 1. Kansas day.
- 3. Editors' day.
- 5. Labor day.
- 8. Druggists' day.
- 9. Woodmen of the World day.
- 14. National Shriners' day.
- 15. New England day.
- 16. Oklahoma day.
- 18 and 19. Modern Woodmen day.
- 20 and 21. Iowa days.
- 24. Commercial Travelers' day.
- Oct. 1. Chicago day.
- 7. Knox College day.
- 17. I. O. O. F. day.
- 18. Tennessee day.

Others will be announced when they are made.

The Knights of Pythias have at last their headquarters established in the Nebraska building. They are in the northeast room of the first floor, an apartment nearly twenty feet square. They are furnished with more elegance than any rooms on the exposition grounds. Will Seism has looked after the furnishing of the apartment, and finds that the furnishings have cost upwards of \$1,000. The floor is carpeted with heavy Welton velvet carpet and rugs to match. Several of the rugs have woven into them the Pythian shield and coat of arms as a center piece. There is a splendid piano in the room, supplied by a local music house. Sofas and easy chairs afford resting places for Pythian visitors. E. L. Spotts of Omaha is in charge and has a desk in one corner of the room. Near him is a cabinet bearing a register in which the brave men are invited to register and identify themselves. There is also a writing desk for the use of visitors. The reading table in the center of the room has an American flag for a cover. Potted palms are disposed about the room.

There is a whole world of information in the government building, and visitors should make it a point to devote three days to enjoying it. The government officials having the placing of the exhibit, showed excellent taste in specializing the army and navy, and it is indeed a rare treat to view this portion of the display. After looking over the the models of our ships, guns and shells, one somehow feels sorry for the Spaniards who ignorantly run up against them.

The state buildings are worth a visit, especially if you are tired and wish to seek rest. Several of the state buildings have already been dedicated. Minnesota's building is to be dedicated next Wednesday, July 30. The building is in the form of a Swiss cottage, constructed entirely of Minnesota logs in native condition. A splendid program has been arranged for that day.

The Exhibitors' club recently formed will fit up quarters in the gallery of the Machinery and Electricity building. It will have apartments for the reception and entertainment of ladies and gentlemen and a reception committee will be present at all hours to extend courtesies to callers.

As to the cost of entables inside the grounds, one need not get scared. Plenty may be had at reasonable prices. If a box lunch of two sandwiches, two pieces of cake, a pickle, piece of pie and an orange will not satisfy you, try one of the fresh roast beef sandwiches at 10c, which, with a cup of coffee, 5c, will make a square meal. If this is unsatisfactory, go to the boys' and girls' building and get a good dinner for 35c, or a fair supper for 25c.