

CHAPTER XVIII.-(Continued.)

To kill time while awaiting Uncle Dawid's message of recall-honestly keeping the promise that he most bitterly regrotted having made-he formed a habit until all is blue. That sets me cough of housting the great iron mills and glass ing, and if I cannot stop when they want works near the mouth of the Run and along the narrow strip of available ground between Coal Hill and the river. Insensibly that atmosphere, pulsating head, with energy and thrilling with the operation of tremendous forces all about him, swoke in the young man new ideas and comprehensions of life, stirring him first that they may sheep?" with awe, then with enriosity and finally with a burning desire to bear an active part in that mighty vibration. The machinery's rumbling roar filling the air, the quivering of the solid earth beneath his feet, the vivid bursts of colored flame that dazzled his sight, the earnest, purposeful activity of the muscular tollers who jostled him-all together had for him an indescribable fascination. This, be knew, was more truly man's work than any he had known before.

TRAFT

One day he accidentally learned that the daily wages of a puddler were more than the weekly earnings of a skillful barvester. The embers of Scotch thrift Intent in him began to glow. He wished to be a puddler. What did the puddle do? He went to the mill and watched one critically. The chap he made a study of was a huge, muscular fellow, a very giant, with short curly hair, close-matted and dark with perspiration; a neck like that of a bull; naked to the waist, showing thews and sincws like those of a gladiator. His eyes were red and his skin seemed baked to a light reddish. brown. With his brawny legs braced wide apart, the big muscles of his arms, shoulders and back knotting, extending and writhing like serpents in motion, he busied himself doing something with a long iron bar thrust through a hole in an iron door.

John tried to look into the hole, but could see only an intense white light, that seened to dry his eyehalls and left a cherry red spot in his vision, wherever he looked, for several minutes afterward. But the giant saw clearly what he was doing with his iron bar there. His trained sight could distinguish nice gradations of color in that apparently incandescent wlow. Presently he uttered a sharp word of warning, at hearing which his helper, standing near and, like him, naked to the waist, sprang under a heavy stream of water flowing constantly from an open pipe higher than his head, was drenched er, with all the latter's quickness In an instant and jumped back to his strength and courage. But in a "roughplace. Then the puddler should another and-tumble." John could hit twice to his word; there was a rattle of chains, a akreek and clash of metal, and where ence of what has come to be technically

'What do you mean?" "There are four of us in the room where I have a bed. My three compantons close the windows and smoke pipes to go to sheep, they run me out."

'How do they run you out?" "Chucking their holonailed boots at my

"How often does this happen?"

Pretty nearly every night. And do you stay out all night, so

Well, hardly all night, sir. When they're sound adeep to'rds morning. I slip in. But to-night Jem Hodges has been drinking and is ugly, and he swears he'll break my neck if I show my face before daylight."

"Do you think he would?"

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it.

"I have. Come right up now and let's

"Oh, no. indeed, sir! 1 don't dare." "If you don't, I'll spank you myself. The idea of your being turned out at the while of a drunken bully! Come on! I'll ee that he doesn't harm you."

Billy obeyed tremblingly.

Jem waked the instant they crossed the threshold of the room and swore a mighty oath to "do" Billy if he did not instantly vanish

"No," said John, seizing the little man's collar as he turned to flee, "this is no night for a man with a cough like his be out, and he is going to hed."

"Hexcuse me," responded Jem, with mocking affectation of courtesy, "but Hi suppose you 'av'n't been hisformed has Hi said has 'ow 'e was to git hout." "Oh, yes. But that don't make any

difference." Jem was for a few moments literally paralyzed with astonishment, and the

ther two men in their beds sat up and stared in silence, aghast at such audacity "D'ye know who HI am?" roared Jem.

when he recovered his breath. 'No! And don't care!'

"Oho! You don't? Well, Hi'm the Livrpool Terror-III au; hand Hi'll make you enre!"

As he spoke he sprang out of bed and made a rush for the audacious American. Had the ensuing fight been conducted ac cording to the rules of the London 'prize ring," in which Jem had won some laurels, he would have been a very ngly antagonist for the untrained young farmonce, and Jem soon had a lively experi-

eight months ago, when I got a letter years old, and the baby-were taken by strength to earn money to bring them to for that. But praying did no good. My lungs were never worse than sien. The next I heard, the children were dead. the baby first and then my sweet little Mabel, Well, they're better off, and no farther from me now than they were before, maybe nearer; but-O God, how lonely I feel!

Such confidences naturally provoked a return from John, and he told the story of how he came to be in Temperanceville. beginning with his falling in love with Hetty Mulvell up on the Devil's Back-The narration seemed to have bone. much interest for Billy, who asked many questions concerning its incidents, particularly those connected with the adventure on the cliff. Partly through his apparent intuition and in part by a revivitication in John's mind of the half-forgotten occurrences of that memorable Training-Day conflict, the two men together arrived at a pretty accurate understanding of previously unrecognized facts. John comprehended that in some way Constable Sim Mulveil had attained the knowledge that those silver spoons found on the cliff were stolen, and had actually dared to suspect him-a Cameron!-of being the thief, and had sought to arrest him as such. The thought made John's blood boil with indignant anger, and for the first time he sincerely regretted that Sim was drowned and beyond his reach. Rufus Goldie, he recalled, had denoune ed him as a "thief!" So long as he had considered that epithet merely a provocative for a fight, it had made no serious impression upon him; but now that he felt Goldie meant it, he was as wild with rage as if it had just been uttered. And Goldie drowned, too! It was very hard. The reflection suggested itself to him

that Simeon, if really intending to arrest utes. him, must have had a warrant, and that warrant was still in existence, liable to be used against him any time. The death of an officer does not stop the wheels of the law. Even if it were never served. the squire who issued it must know of it and would tell others about it. Clearly, was necessary for him to go home at once and clear things up. So he straight way sat him down and wrote to Uncle David, detailing the facts, demanding his promise back, declaring that he must and would come home, whether or no, and that in three days he would follow his letter, "Hetty or no Hetty."

CHAPTER XIX.

John did not really mean that "Hetty or no Hetty." The possibility of "no Heity" had not entered his mind at all. He just meant the words as an exprestion of extremest emphasis; and on the third day after writing that letter he set. out, as he had declared he would, for home. As he had sold his horse and cutter before leaving the Farmers' Inn. it was necessary for him to make the journey on foot; but he cared nothing for that. A twenty-five mile walk, in such fine weather, was nothing to him.

He would have liked to bid farewell to poor Billy the Barker, but Billy had mysteriously disappeared, and it was the Lincoln, with the article marked. minion of the woman who kont boarding house that he had gone into the river, as he had often threatened to. All John could do was to leave his address. to be given to the man if he ever returned, and with it a message that if he would come out to the Cameron farm he might stay there until he got well, "and it wouldn't cost him a cent."

control but only help, nneonsciously sinks that told me my wife was dead of typhoid into a tacit acceptance of a secondary and my children-little Mabel, only three place in the scale of being. The dormant seed, slow-growing tree and long-ripenthe parish. Oh, how I did pray for ing harvest, all compel him to recognition of the law of patient submission to the me. I felt as if I could steal, almost kill, invisible force that is operating at the same time and in the same way upon him and upon all things surrounding him. Nature masters him; the seasons make him their slave; it is more correct to say of him that he vegetates, than that he lives. (To be continued.)

The Exasperating Tuitui.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in his island home of Samoa, as recorded in the 'Vailima Letters," spent many happy hours in clearing paths upon the mountains. One plant was obstinate in with standing him, the sensitive plant or tuitui, which he calls the island's deadliest enemy, and says:

A fool brought it to this island in a pot, and used to lecture and sentimentalize over the tender thing. The tender thing has now taken charge of the island, and men fight it with torn hands for bread and life. A singular, insidious thing, shrinking and biting like a weasel, clutching by its roots as a'limpet clutches to a rock.

Tuitui is truly a strange beast, and gives food for thought. I am nearly sure that, even at the instant he shrivels up his leaves, he strikes his prickles downward, so as to catch the uprooting finger. One thing that takes and holds me is to see the strange variation in the propagation of alarm among these rooted beasts. At times, it spreads to a radius of five or six inches; at times, only one individual plant appears frightened at a time. We tried to see how long it took one to recover. It is all abroad again before two min-

Yet it has one incomparable gift. Rome had virtue and knowledge: Rome perished. The sensitive plant has indigestible seeds, so they say, and it will dourish forever.

One Other.

During Mr. Lincoln's canvass of Illinois for the senatorship in 1858 he made a speech in Rushville, a small town in the interior of the State, which was listened to with great interest by a young woman who sometimes wrote for the local paper, the Schuyler Citizen

The next number of that paper contained an article from her pen, in which she said:

"So many people had told me that Mr. Lincoln was a miracle of homeliness that 1 expected to see the ugliest man in Illinois. Instead of that I saw a man whose face lit up in the most extraordinary way when he talked, and I don't care what anybody else's opinion is-I want to say that I consider Mr. Lincoln one of the handsomest men I ever saw!"

A copy of that paper was sent to Mr

enough to stand on the plank until about thre's slow processes, which he cannot ATTIRE FOR EVENING

GOWNS MADE OF BEAUTIFUL MA-TERIAL, FINELY WORKED.

A Few Examples of Low-Cut Dresses -New Notions in the Use of Sheer Fabrics-White and Pale Blue Are Favorite Colors.

New York correspondence:

UMMER evening gowns are marked by beauty of matecial and by the fineness of the work gown in black or liant silk is a very swagger type of most commonplace princess, and the red. bottom is finished pleated chiffon ruf-

else is

combination that looks very swagger. The applique work is cut out from beneath to show a bright color. Pale blue in whole costumes and trimming seems a much favored notion in sheer gowns. The latest development includes belt and collar of pale blue velvet edged with fine cream lace. The all blue muslins and organdies beautifully appliqued in white and finished with white or cream lace are very pretty when made over a white lawn lrop skirt. Many of the figured and flowered muslins show pale blue in the coloring. Black lawn trimmed with this shade is a fashionable combination. One hand-

some dress was black linen lawn beantifully embroidered in white, collar, cuffs and belt being of pale blue Louisine satin ribbon. Dark blue lawn is very pretty when trimmed with white lace or emthat enters into broidery, and white comes in for almost them. The all-lace general service. In the seated figures of the first large picture the artist put eern over some bril- illustrations of the styles in these fabries. First is a white linen lawn, the skirt untrimmed, the bodice ornamented these gowns. The by collar and revers of cream lace. The other example was white dimity dotted type is cut low in in red. The bottom of the skirt and the the neck, made edges of the bolero were embroidered in

Silks make a fine summer showing, too. with numerous. The latest addition to them comes in shirt waist suits of black and white, blue fles. Crepe de chine | and white and red and white dotted India silk. The skirts are made with a pleated s a material that is used largely. It Spanish flounce edged top and bottom is soft and gives with two or three rows of narrow black

he clinging effect so desirable in long velvet ribbon tied in tiny bows at the trained gowns. It is made with numer- sides. The waists are box-pleated at ous tiny tucks horizontal or vertical, or either side of the front, fasten with tiny elaborately appliqued in cream gilt buttons, and sleeves, belt and collar lace, the material cut out from beneath are edged with velvet fastening in tiny



the hole had been yawned a wide opening into the fiercely glowing chamber where ing. molten iron boiled like water in a pot.

John knew that was what was in there. but could no more see it than he could distinguish objects upon the sun's surface at high noon. But the puddler did not appear to mind the dazzling glare. Quickly stepping backward, he withdrew from the furnace-front the iron bar he had been manipulating, with a great ball. of iron, in a plastic state, adhering to the end. That ball, larger than his head, looked to John like a chunk of the sun.

The helper, by the aid of tongs pendent from a "traveler" in the semi-blackness fur overhead, seized the candent mass and ran with it before him like a small comet of which he was the tail, or the true phlogiston, away across the mill to the "crusher."/ The furnace door closed automatically with a clang, leaving only a pencil of white light darting out of a little hole in its center and stabbing like blade through the murk of the mill; and the puddler, leaping under the falling stream of water, spread his big arms and threw back his head to let the crystal flood dash upon his upturned face and broad, hairy breast. Steam went up from him as if he had been red hot.

John had some doubt as to whether his eyes would stand such cooking as the puddler's got, but apart from that, the work pleased him, and he resolved to master it. Whether he would continue at it an hour after he received his summons of recall was quite another matter. It would be absurd that he, already the owner of two fine farms and prospective heir to a third, larger and better than both of them, should acquire a permanent habit of puddling iron for day's wages during the rest of his life, but what better or more manly occupation could he find while divorced from his farms? None, surely. So he found employment as a helper with a good-natured giant, whose willingly given instruction and his own natural aptitude for learning speedily put him in possession of the merely mechanical trick of puddling, and opened his eyes to the seriousness of an attempt to master a real knowledge of this delicate scientific process.

Half a dozen workers in iron and glass boarded in the same house with John Cameron. They were generally rough fellows, honest enough but coarse, and instinctively appreciative of the fact that he was not really one of them. Consequently they rather held about from him. There was one, however, a glass blower, known as "Billy the Barker," with whom his sympathetic pity brought him upon whom consumption had set the seal of doom. He had frequent violent and protracted spells of coughing, and was unable to work more than one or two days. in the week usually, so he was destitute, wretched and tired of life.

One night, John returning home very late from work, found Billy seated on the well cover in the garden, with his lean arms twined about his knees, and shiver-

"Hello," exclaimed the young man. "What are you doing here? Dou't you know that with such a cough as yours. you shouldn't be out in this damp night sir?

choice for me. I'm sart of shy about having heavy boots chucked at my head."

known in latter days as "cyclone fight

His room mates, highly delighted with this unexpected nocturnal entertainment. conducted themselves as critical spectators, encouraging and criticising the combatants as occasion seemed to invite. "'E's bestin' thee, lad," said one of

them. "Hi'll break 'im in two!" howled Jem. nly to be on the instant himself floored. "Hast no license to break you chap in wo," commented one of his friends, dry-

"Looks like thou'd get broke thysel'," added the other.

Jem had no spare breath for further alle speech. Billy made simself as small as possible in an angle of the wall and stared in auxious terror. It was not long until Jem was caught in a wrestling lock" of his own seeking and thrown with such violence that for a moment he was stunned. When he regained his enses he found his nose flattened on the floor, John's knee upon his neck, and one of his arms twisted up on his back, in John's grasp, so that a very little tug upon it gave him excruciating pain. "Can Billy go to bed now and stay

there undisturbed?" John asked.

Jem was sullenly silent until his arm was twitched. Then, with profane emphilsis, he replied that Billy might, and so far as he was concerned, stay there until the judgment day. Thereupon John let him up, and peace reigned again.

"Blow me hif you hain't ha good un, oung feller," growled the defeated 'Liverpool Terror" in the surly but sinere recognition of genius that his own professional standing among "the fan-" domanded.

From that time ou, Billy never needed protector again, but his gratitude seemed to inspire in him an almost dog-like affection for and attachment to the strong young American who had come so opportunely to his aid. And John took the interest in him that men almost always get to feel in the weaker things they help and shield.

"Of course," said Billy, "I can never do anything to return your kindness. I'm no good any more. But I wasn't always so. Glass blowing has done me up, as it did my father before me. It just takes the lungs out of us, especially such as work on window glass, and that's my line. When it first caught me, about five years ago, I couldn't believe it, I had always been so well. But my children were always sickly. I thought it was the damp climate of England that ailed me, so I came here. Maybe it would terms of more intimacy. Billy was a have belped me if I had come sooner; lean, under-sized, hollow-checked chap, but I had waited too long. I kept get past middle age, weak and shy, upon ting worse. The doctor said if I went on glass blowing it would soon kill me. Still I stuck to it, for I could carn good wages when I was able to work, and I wanted to get enough together to bring over my wife and children-only two left. the last of five. At last, I had to give up: but I knew nothing else to do, and wasn't strong enough for much. I went

to pediling books-religious books-but could scarcely live at it, to say nothing of sending money home. So every time I got a little better, out on the road in the open air, I would go back to the glass works, and when they had used me up, I

took to the road again. It was all ups and downs, but each up was less high do now in seeing you. The young fellow "I know I shouldn't, but there's no than the one before, and each down was who works on a farm in the peace and lower. Still I hung on to my hope and quiet there environing him, with the inearned wages every time I was strong fluence always pressing upon him of Na-

It was upon one of the lovely days of early spring, when the dew was still upon the grass, that John turned his back upon Temperanceville. At the top of the first high hill be turned and gazed upon the city. The goldon light of the sun, passing through the low hanging dome of souty clouds above it, took on a dull saffron tint, and the two rivers looked like tarnished silver. From tall chimneys evcrywhere columns of black smoke rose straight to the pall-like sky, as if supporting it. Here and there, in the bases of those columns, glowed tongues of flame, hardly perceptible now, but, as he well remembered, brilliant at night with their changing hues of blue and gold and crimson. Distant as he was, the roar of the mills reached his cars as a dull. unceasing growl. Step by step, as he moved backward from the crest of the

hill, the city seemed to drop away from before him until it was all gone and only the black dome above it remained, growing hourly vaster in breadth and height. In late years, Pittsburg has won a temporary respite from her old conditions of grime and sinudge and gloom through the utilization of natural gas instead of bituminous coal in her many thousands of fireplaces. Her buildings are brighter, her air clearer and her people cleaner and perhaps happier by reason of the change; but she has lost some thing of her former distinctive picturesqueness.

Five miles out of town, turning a bend in the road-around the corner of an old school house famous for its complete covering of roses in the month of June-John met Uncle David Henderson, in : light wagon and driving a double team at a spanking gait. After their first exclamations of mutual gratified surprise at the encounter, the giant sat staring at his nephew, too much occupied with studying him to even think of asking him to get into the wagon.

"Why do you stare so at me, uncle?" asked John.

"You look so different from what you used to. Of course I knew you, the moment I saw you, but, John, you don't look like the same boy!" "I am older."

"Only four months. "Tain't that. You have a different look. What have you een doing ?"

'Working in a rolling mill,"

"Ah, that's it! Jump in, and I'll turn wound."

"Don't you want to go on into town? "No. I only came after you." "So you did get my letter, then, and

never answered ht?" "Didn't, hey? What do you call this? Could I send a wagon and team by mail?

But I was coming for you anyway." When the horses' heads were turned homeward, Uncle David again remarked upon the change in John's appearance, 'Men's looks," he said, "depend a good deal on how they live, their surroundings and their work. I've always known that, but never appreciated it so much as I

He showed it to his wife, a queer smile wrinkling his rugged features the while.

thought until now that you were the only woman on earth who considered been absolutely certain about that, but it seems there is one other."

A Royal Ichthyologist.

The King of Portugal paid a length ened visit to the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, in order to inspect the unrivaled collection of fishes preserved there. It is not generally known that his majesty is an expert in ichthyology, and has written several scientific memoirs on the subject. He is very fond of fishing in the sea off th€ coast of Portugal, and owing to the extraordinarily great depth of the water off that shore the forms discovered are of great variety and scientific interest Birmingham Post.

Odd Way to Cross Rivers.

Russian Don Cossack regiments are being drilled in crossing rivers on a novel sort of improvised bridge. Sever or eight lances are passed between the handles and tops of a dozen cooking kettles and are held firmly in place by the handles, and are besides tied to gether by forage ropes. A dozen bun dles of these lances fastened together form one section of a raft or floating bridge, which it has been found will support half a ton of weight. A section can be put together in twenty five minutes.

Ginseng.

A Kentucky farmer claims to have succeeded in cultivating ginseng. In early times the plant grew abundantly in the forests of Central and Southern Indiana, and was extensively gathered for medicinal purposes, being largely exported to China. It is still found in some localities, but in limited quantities. Its preparation of cultivation was supposed to be impossible.

A Difficult dob.

A New York police commissioner de clared the other day that it was easier to hang a man for murder there than to dismiss a policeman. "Last year." he said, "the board had to pay out \$130,000 in back salaries to men who had been reinstated by the courts."

Scholars, Etc.

"The scholars of to-day call it murdering the language." remarked the observer of men and things, "but the scholars of to-morrow will look back upon it and call it salutary surgery.". Detroit Journal.

Increase in Cotton Exports. Cotton exports brought to this country \$119,000,000 more in 1900 than in

A man should have a pound of comon sense to each ounce of learning.

True happiness is the natural result trying to make others happy.

STYLES FOR EVENING WEAR AND FOR GOWNS OF SHEER STUFFS.

"Mary," he said, "I have always the lace, the bright drop skirt showing bows. These suits are unlined, very cool and serviceable. Many women wear through.

Several pretty examples of low cut them for traveling. me a handsome man, and I have not gowns are shown in the first two of today's pictures. In the initial is a pretty dancing frock of cream brussels lace over cluding picture. Here, at the left, is a bright green silk. Lace, black velvet white foulard figured in black, the skirt and green satin trimmed the bodice. In finished with two bands of white lace the upper row of the second picture is a applique. The same lace and black chifgown of cream all-over lace appliqued with black sequins and worn over green taffeta. Its front was white chiffon embroidered in delicate green. Below this at the left is a gown of old rose crepe de chine embroidered in white and gold. and at the right is a white organdie, both skirt and bodice trimmed freely with white lace insertions. White appears more or less in all the evening gown fal- appliqued with white taffeta. Revera rics, perhaps rather more than has been and collar were white lace embroidered the case in recent seasons. The simple with gold sequins. This garment is the lace, cut out at the neck, with elbow automobile coat. This was at first per-

More dressy examples of silk attire were selected by the artist for the confon ruching were put on the bodice, The original of the gown beside this was a delicate gray silk chiffonette, both skirt and bolero elaborately triumed with cream and gold lace. Next comes a pale green foulard figured with white, whose characteristic feature was an unusual employment of black velvet bands. Last comes a swagger cloak of black taffeta white muslin finished with ruffles and latest development of the black taffeta



sleeves and finished about the waist with | feetly plain, like the dust coat and travas ever for evening wear.

The beauties of sheer fabrics are now at their height, both the designs of the goods and the methods of making show-

ing new and admirable notions. White

and narrow ribbon. White linen iswn and edges finished with a wide band of handsomely appliqued with grass linen crimson red satin and tied at the neck outlined with fine silk soutache is a new | with red satin ribbons.

a delicate colored sash, looks as girlish | eling cover-all coat of black taffets. But now the garment is becoming gayer in finish and is made semi-fitting.

Handsome Kimonos of silk crepe are lined with a delicate colored slik to organdie is self-finished with folds show- match the crepe. A handsome one was ing the raw edge and trimmed with jace Persian colored liberty silk, the sleeves