THE FAMILY STORY

HIS REVENGE.

H. M. S. RAVAGER had met with an accident. Steaming up channel during the night she had collided with a bark out from ——; and, though no one could quite tell how the mishap occurred, it was perfectly clear that the bark had gone down, and that the ram of the warship was in a damaged condition. H. M. S. Ravager was accordingly put into dry dock for repairs.

As very often happens at this place where the vessel was docked, convicts were at work upon the quays. They were a mixed lot; but, being good-conduct men, they all enjoyed a greater freedom of action in the discharge of their duties than is ordinarily extended to the enforced working guests of the nation. Yet, notwithstanding this unspoken testimony to their comparative worth, the commander of the Ravager was less disposed than usual to place trust in them. He was in a ferocious humor, for that little affair with the bark was not unlikely to interfere with his promotion. There would be an inquiry, of course, and what Christian ever could tell what confounded foolishness and injustice the "finding" might yield? He cursed the bark, and the ill-luck and the navigating lieutenant whom at one time he had left on the bridge, each with impartial fury; and put a double guard of marines ashore, with fixed bayonets and ball cartridge, and an emphatic instruction to "play the very devil with those jailbirds if they tried on any of their cursed nonsense."

The extra precaution was scarcely necessary. To do justice to these unwilling residents within the shadow of the broad arrow, they had no evil designs upon her Majesty's warship. Their hostility to an unappreciative country did not rise to quite so great a height as that. All the same, the commander might very easily have justified his course of action (had such been necessary) by the fact that many of the convicts were working only a few yards from the dock side and somewhat removed from the warder's immediate watchfulness; though it would have been possible to show on the other hand that, being men whose term of servitude was almost completed, these prisoners were perfectly reliable, inasmuch as they could not afford to commit any indiscretions calculated to jeopardize their expected early release on ticket-of-leave.

These considerations did not in any way concern the commander of H. M. S. Ravager, however. He was merely resolved to blow the convicts to the mischief, individually or collectively, if they tried on any tricks with his ship; and in the choicest of quarter-deck English gave orders accordingly.

One of the prisoners was working quite near to the dockside and almost in the track of one of the sentries from the Ravager. Though rather a refined person in appearance, the degradation of his position by no means overwhelmed him with melancholy or distress. It may have been the consciousness of innocence that enabled him to whistle softly an air which had served the street organs some seven years before and enabled him to view with unconcern the close proximity of his fellow-man. Perhaps he reflected that those aboard the Ravager were harder worked prisoners than himself and that he could afford them a trifle of pity.

He did not disdain, moreover, to take advantage of the situation in which he found himself; nor was his sensitiveness hurt by the silence of Tommy Atkins when he endeavored to engage that worthy in conversation. He was not discouraged by Tommy's dignity, and did not hesitate to try again when guard was changed late in the afternoon and Private Robert Smith commenced his monotonous sentry-go.

As it happened Private Smith was intensely interested and excited by the presence of the convicts. He had good reason to be, for he remembered with a vividness and horror that set him shuddering how near he had been some eight years before to just such a degradation as these men were enduring. He was a different personage altogether now—different even in name—to the slip of a boy who had thought it a distinction to be the boon companion of so clever and so dashing a man as Louis Vaudois. The service had made a man of him, had effected a complete change in his personal appearance; while the narrow escape from the conviction for forgery during the period of Vaudois' influence had so frightened him from wild ways that there was now no steadier member of her Majesty's red marines than Private Smith, sometime Roger Vanbrugh. But in one respect he did not alter. He remained stanch to a savage hatred against the man who had certainly brought ruin into his life, and by scoundrelly insinuating manners and methods had almost sent him into surroundings like unto those upon which he had gazed with such fascination ever since the Ravager had been floated into dock. It is true the charge against him at the Old Bailey had not been sustained through a defending counsel's clever manipulation of evidence imperfectly presented by the prosecution; but he hated Louis Vaudois no less passionately on that account, for he had but to recall those terrible hours spent before his judges—the miserable twistings, tellings, and haltings of the evidence, and, above all, the justness of the charge, to fill his heart with such fierce enmity as even now set his pulses leaping and boiling with the wildest desire for revenge.

A thrill of excitement went shivering down his spine for an instant traveled icily through his veins as he found himself ashore and pacing so closely to the convict who had made vain overtures to Private Atkins, and who was now softly humming a once favorite music hall ditty.

The man's back was turned toward Private Smith. To all appearances he was wholly engrossed by his work. And the soldier, though fascinated for a time, was gradually becoming accustomed to the other's presence when, as he passed the man for the twentieth time, a few words falling from the convict in a whispered undertone caused his heart to give one great startled bound and set all his nerves in a more painful quiver than ever.

"Say, old chap——"

But Private Smith passed on mechanically, after faltering a moment under the shock. Every sense was on the alert with excitement as he turned and came back toward the convict, his heart beating so fast that he felt near to suffocation. He was waiting with every sense in his body listening for the man to speak again.

"A bit of tobacco, old chap, will you?"

Again Private Smith passed on. This commonplace request almost caused him to burst out into a loud hysterical laugh. It was so foolish to get into such a state of serious excitement over the presence of a ruffian whose only desire was a "bit of tobacco." And he continued upon his march with a steadier and more confident tread.

But when, after again pacing forward, he once more came back towards his sentry-box, his mood was changed. A cloud was upon his face, and his brows were knit in a vain endeavor to recall some memory from the locked-up places within his mind. A repetition of the request had fallen upon his ears; but the ring of the man's voice was louder than it had been, and stirred Private Smith strangely. He stood in his box gazing upon the stooping convict and striving to remember where he had heard such a voice before. But he ransacked his mind in vain; at last dismissing his effort to remember with a rueful reflection that perchance the fellow was some old college chum who had fallen upon evil days, or may be some old comrade in arms who had come to grief. He inclined most to the latter impression, and, himself knowing well the luxury of tobacco and the wretchedness of a solitary man without it, his sympathies went keenly out to the "poor devil" who, but for the interposition of a merciful Providence, might easily have been a felon-comrade with himself. Though well knowing also that he was running considerable risk by giving the precious weed to the convict, he resolved to give him just a little for the old acquaintance sake which the man's voice vaguely suggested.

It happened that he had in his pocket a cake of tobacco purchased for a trifle when the Ravager was on the West Indian station. This he cut in two pieces, observing as he did so that the convict was watching him furtively. When he resumed his limited parade he held one of these pieces in his left hand and, swerving so as to pass nearer to the man, he loosened his hold of it and it fell at the convict's feet.

The man clutched at it with almost savage swiftness, and Private Smith kept upon his way, congratulating himself on having done a kindly thing and on escaping detection.

But the sight of the tobacco and the odor of it excited with the convict a furious covetousness. He had seen Private Smith return the second piece to his pocket, and he desired it with all the greed that was in his nature. That second piece he would have.

Private Smith was expecting a muttered word of thanks; but that was not what came when he once more strode past the recipient of his precious gift. The convict shifted his position, ever so slightly, yet sufficient to enable him to glance over his shoulder with an ugly scowl at the approaching soldier.

"That other piece," he demanded, fiercely, "or I'll split on you, by heaven!"

Private Smith saw his face clearly for the first time; and at the sight his heart stood still for an instant and then commenced beating at a madly furious and painful speed. A flash of intensest hatred ran through his blood, for there was no longer any mystery about the man's identity; and as he moved out of hearing of that now well-remembered voice he cursed himself with the most savage fury for the folly which had once more placed him in the power of Louis Vaudois.

His first belief was that, having recognized him, Louis Vaudois had done this thing with the mere desire to bring misfortune down upon him. When, however, he presently recalled how altered in personal appearance he had become since that day when last he had seen Louis Vaudois, this fear cleared away, leaving only black hate within his soul. So, he decided, the giving of the second piece would satisfy his once friend and enemy. He had nothing to fear or to lose beyond that. But he was reluctant to do this: it maddened him to think Vaudois, under even such conditions, was able to overreach and compel him to an act he would of his own will leave undone.

And yet there was apparently no other course before him than to accede to the ruffian's demands. He had arrived at this conclusion, and with a savage reluctance was preparing to submit to the inevitable when a thought flashed through his mind and set his pulses leaping with a sudden hope of retaliation. Would Louis Vaudois be fool enough to fall into the trap? That was the only question.

Swiftly he made his preparations, and then strode firmly—yet with pulses beating with an excitement stronger than before—once again toward the convict. As he advanced Vaudois' face was turned toward him with a ferociously threatening expression.

"Box—great coat—get the lot—smart!" Private Smith jerked out hoarsely as he passed.

He marched to the end of his parade, and there stood with his body only half-turned toward the sentry box. But out of the tail of his eye he saw Vaudois creep stealthily in the other direction. Almost shivering in his excitement and eagerness, he watched his enemy slip into the box and, emerging therefrom a moment later, with a swift movement make for the place where he had been working.

Now was the time for Private Smith to act. Turning to resume his march, he made pretense of observing Vaudois' doings for the first time, and with a roar of rage called upon the convict to halt. He covered the man with his rifle.

"Halt, there!" he shouted. "Hands up, or I'll fire."

And Vaudois, speechless with amazement and white with apprehension, obeyed.

The commotion that ensued was astonishing. A warder came rushing forward, and a number of blue jackets and marines hurried from the Ravager. In an instant the warder had Vaudois handcuffed, and then demanded an explanation. Private Smith lowered his rifle and went forward to where the others were standing.

"Well, what's the matter?" demanded the warder, sharply.

"I saw that fellow coming out of my box, that's all," Private Smith answered. "My greatcoat is there."

"And in the pockets——?"

"Two pieces of tobacco and a half crown."

Vaudois, after darting a glance of fierce rage upon the soldier, with imprecations upon his tongue, was taken, struggling, to the guard-room, and, being searched, the articles named were, surely enough, discovered upon his person. As Private Smith had hoped, the temptation to take the silver piece had been irresistible.

"The soldier fellow gave them to me," he cried, sullenly.

But Private Smith only smiled. "Now, why should I give a convict half a crown?" he demanded, with quiet protest.

That was sufficient. The soldier turned to depart; and as he did so, he bent upon the convict a sly glance and gave a dry little chuckle just after the manner of Vaudois' own chuckling laughter—which he had imitated a thousand times in the days long past.

Vaudois started and stared. "By heavens, you are——"

But a door closed between them, and the soldier heard no more.

Vaudois was punished. He was drafted to the heavy labor gangs; and the much-desired ticket-of-leave had to be worked for over again.

And I fear Private Smith felt more delight at having overreached his old enemy than compunction for the rather tricky way he had managed it!—Chambers' Journal.

Fable Up to Date.

One morning a horse that had its mane and tail done up in curl papers and was eating oats out of a gilded manger in a padded stall turned and whinnied disdainfully at a bicycle that was leaning against the wall feeling too pneumatic tired for expression.

"You are a mere drudge," said the horse. "You are made to scorch along dusty roads; you are never fed on anything more substantial than wind, and nobody loves you as I am loved. See how I am fed on fresh oats, hay and condition powders, while you never even have your bearings oiled until you squeak, and, besides, you have wheels." With that he gave a horse laugh and went on with his feeding.

But the patience of the bicycle was punctured, and he proceeded to make some scorching remarks.

"You pampered relic of barbarism," he replied, "you think because you are fed and cared for that you are of some importance. I take my master to and from business. I give him exercise and cost him nothing for my keep, and I never run away. I am a faithful servant, while you are merely a curiosity kept to amuse the children. Your usefulness ceased a century ago."

At this point the horse gave the bicycle a kick that punctured both its tires and pied its spokes and sprockets.

Moral: Some people argue like horses.—Truth.

Sized Up.

"Uncle Theophilus, what is a gross absurdity?"

"Well, it is a 40-year-old woman who weighs 200 pounds and calls her father and mother 'papa' and 'mamma.'"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No, Thanks.

Host (about to sing)—Would you like the "Barber of Seville?"

Absent-Minded Guest—No, thanks; I always shave myself.—Exchange.

A Chinaman of Walla Walla, Wash., answers to the name of "Shoo Fly."

Babie fayce in softeste lynes,
Eyes from which the starlight shynes;
Shredded sunlight on her hedde;
Lyppes that sweetened alle shee sedde;

Piquante nose and dympled chinne
Resolute to wille and winne;
Daintie eares that, wel I wys,
Aske noe jewel but a kys;

On her bosome roses gaye,
Breathing, lyke her lyppes, of Maye;
Hummynge-birdes that check in flyte
Cannot flit with steppe more lyte.

Cupydes, alle around her winging,
Keep their golden bowes a-ringing,
Twanging each his leaping stringe:
But vainlie stylle their arrowes singe.

Oh! catche her, Payntere, with thye Arte!
Thys litel hussie hathe my harte.

SWEETHEART OF MINE.

When the morning breezes blow, love,
Blow softly o'er the sea,
They murmur faint and low, love
A song I send to thee;
A tender, truthful token
Borne on a zephyr's wing—
Bend low, in words faint-spoken
The morning breezes sing —

"Sweetheart of mine, remember this
Thro' all the years to be:
True love that never, never dies
Lives in my heart for thee!"

When storm clouds dark and drear, love,
Obscure your noonday skies,
And a nameless, shadowy fear, love,
Brings tears unto your eyes;
When the fierce, wild tempest mutters
Forget your doubts and pain,
For the thunder only utters
My song and its refrain

"Sweetheart of mine, remember this
Thro' all the years to be:

True love that never, never dies
Lives in my heart for thee!"

When the world is rocked to sleep, love,
In twilight's cold embrace,
And the stars their vigils keep, love,
In God's own heav'nly place;
When the night winds sigh around you
With voices sweet and low,
There I know my song has found you—
In the moonbeam's silv'ry glow—

"Sweetheart of mine, remember this
Thro' all the years to be:
True love that never, never dies
Lives in my heart for thee!"

Bessie's Valentine.

Clara, Willie, little Bess,
All around the table press,
Writing pleasant little lines
Which they mean for valentines.

"Now," said Clara, "we must write
Something to our 'heart's delight;'
Just a little verse will do,
Saying we'll be ever true."

Willie writes to Charlie Bates,
Jolly fun for all his mates;
But he has enough of wit
Not to sign his name to it.

All are done. Says little Bess,
Shyly: "This will do, I guess:
'Grandpa, dear, how I love you!
Tell me that you love me, too.

All these crosses (x x x x x) in a row,
What they mean, now, do you know?
Every one, and this (x) and this (x),
Stands for little Bessie's kiss.'"

Now that they are all complete,
They are sent—the missives sweet.
When they hear the postman's ring
Some for them he'll surely bring.

When grandpa gets his valentine,
How 'twill make his old eyes shine!
And, if he's like me and you,
Well we know what he will do.

CHEAP VALENTINES.

How Clever Boys and Girls May Make Their Own Valentines.

A sheet of rough water-color paper will prove the most useful foundation upon which to build. For the first style, cut two cards from this sheet, each 2¾x4 inches in size. Upon each of these, near one end, outline a butterfly in different positions. These you can trace from pictures, which will be easily found if you are not accustomed to drawing. Now, with a small brush, color these with water-colors, perhaps one yellow, the other light brown. Add a few dots and dashes of deeper color and paint the body brown. If you have some gilding, add a few dots of that to the wings, and print with it in odd letters, the words, "To my Valentine," across from one card to the other. Finish by tying the two cards together with a narrow yellow ribbon, through holes cut with button-hole scissors. The result will be very satisfactory. If you have not the paints and have a set of Brownie stamps, a very funny little valentine may be made in the same manner as the one just described, by stamping two or three of the Brownies in place of the butterflies. Each corner of the cards may be gilded and the same lettering may be done with pen and ink. Red ink is pretty for this purpose.

Another card five inches square, has the edges gilded and a Brownie stamped diagonally on the card, near each corner, while through the center runs the words, in gilt lettering: "With best wishes to my Valentine." If the four corners are occupied by an artist, a musician, a policeman and a dude, no matter—the recipient can count them upon her buttons after the manner of the "rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief," and decide thereby which her future husband is to be.

A card about four inches square is cut heart shape; the edge is gilded all around with irregular strokes, and the surface within is covered with dots of the gilt. Then with gilding of different shades, as bronze or blue-green, or with a pretty shade of water colors, the words, "Each dot means love for you" are traced in fanciful lettering with a small brush. Two smaller hearts may be cut and tied together with ribbon, and the edges finished like the larger heart, while lettering, stamps or outlines may be added.

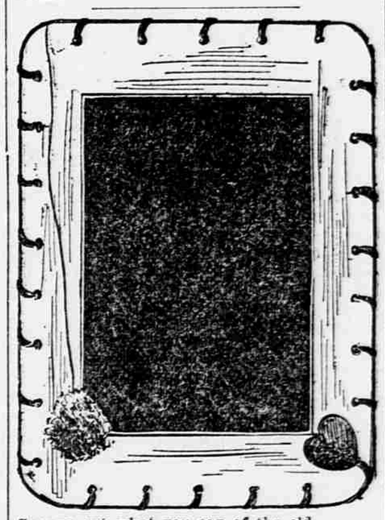
A pattern, which may be familiar, is that of a shoe sole. A row of small dots near the edge indicate the nails, and the words, "I love you from the bottom of my sole," are straggled over its surface.

A plain card, or one cut in heart shape which cannot fail to delight the recipient if she have a spark of fun in her make-up, has two raisins glued, or, better still, fastened to its surface with a few short stitches, and the words added, "I love you for two raisins."

Munkacsy Was a Waif.

On the northwestern boundary of Hungary is a small town called Munkacs. In 1848 the rebels drove the Austrians out. After a battle in the streets among the wounded and dead was found a baby boy, crying and shivering. He was unable to give an account of himself, so the authorities sent him to a public institution and christened him Michael, because it was the day of St. Michael, and Munkacsy, because he had been found in the streets of that town. Apprenticed to a cabinetmaker, he neglected his bench and chisel to cover everything within reach with charcoal imitations of pictures. His master complained to the town that the boy was too lazy to live, hearing which a rich man—as it is in the story book—took Michael out and sent him to art schools. In 1867 he took the lead in the Paris salon, which he has held ever since.

An ordinance against the use of narrow tires on vehicles is to be introduced in the City Council of New Orleans.



Sponge out what you can of the old,
Make room what you can for the new;
But do not efface from the old corner place
The heart that beats warmly for you.
YOUR VALENTINE.

FOODS IN MANY LANDS.

Nations Differ Widely in What They Like to Eat.

Tastes certainly differ vastly in the matter of foods with various nations, and so do appetites. An Italian, for instance, would be content with a piece of bread and grapes for a day's food, while an Esquimaux in the same time would demolish twenty pounds of flesh, and a Tartar perhaps even more. However, quality and not quantity is the matter of greater interest, and certainly here we have plenty of variety.

The nose of the moose deer is considered a great delicacy by the New-Brunswicker, while the fins and tail of the shark are esteemed as specially nourishing and delicious by John Chinaman. The Celestial has also a fine taste in unhatched ducks and chickens, sea slugs, fish maws, birds' nests, and many other delicacies unknown in unenlightened Europe.

In Polynesia raw sharks' flesh is much relished, and it is openly sold in the market of Havana. On the Gold coast the negroes rank shark among such highly esteemed delicacies as alligator and hippopotamus. We ourselves revel in turtle, and yet we decline to have anything to do with tortoise, though a very large amount of the soup in Italy and Sicily is made of the land tortoise boiled down to a strong essence. Land tortoises are also much appreciated in some of the West Indian Islands, and in North America the eggs of the close tortoise are reckoned a great delicacy. In both North and South America the flesh and eggs of the salt water terrapin are considered a luxury. Skillfully cooked, even the hideous, scaly iguana is rendered very palatable, for its flesh resembles chicken with the flavor of turtle. If stewed or curried it is as good as rabbit or chicken, and the soup made from it is excellent.

The eggs of reptiles are wonderfully good, and none are better than those of the iguana and the land tortoise.

Crocodiles, lizards, and frogs are all eaten by various people, and the first is very often excellent food, resembling veal or pork, but some kinds have a fishy flavor that is exceedingly disagreeable. Alligator tastes somewhat like sucking pig, and at Manilla is sold for good prices, while the Chinese greatly value the dried skin for making the gelatinous soups to which they are so partial.—Home Notes.

Princess Tom of Alaska.

Prof. L. L. Dyche, of Kansas, has returned from Alaska. Prof. Dyche went to Cook's inlet, and especially in search of natural history specimens. He ascended to the source of the Enik river with an organized expedition, which was a success, although the obstacles to be overcome were appalling. He met Princess Tom, a famous Yakutat princess, wealthy beyond all other Alaskans. She has $15,000 in $20 gold pieces. On her right arm she wears five bracelets, each hammered out of a $20 gold piece, and on the left arm she wears ten bracelets, each made from a $10 gold piece. She has hundreds of blankets, sealskins, etc., and she owns a schooner and two sloops. She is 65 years old, and has just married her fifth husband, a young man of 20 years, for whom she has paid 500 blankets. The relationships are traced back through the mother's side. It is, in fact, almost a savage realization of Lytton's "Coming Race."—Baltimore American.

He Raised Them.

A few nights ago a miner from the north who had lately sold a claim, had money to burn, and was in an incendiary mood, came down to Spokane to make the currency bonfire. He was rather rusty looking when he struck Spokane, but he was hungry, and, before going to a barber shop or a bath, dropped into an up-town restaurant to get something to eat. There was but one waiter, and he, busy carrying champagne to a party at another table, paid little attention to the hard-looking miner. Finally the waiter was called over, when the miner said:

"See here, kid. Do I eat?"

"Sorry I can't wait on you now," was the prompt reply, "but the gentlemen there have just ordered a $50 dinner."

"Fifty-dollar dinner be hanged. Bring me $100 worth of ham and eggs, and be quick about it. Do I look like a guy who can be bluffed by a mess of popinjays?" He was waited upon promptly.—Spokane Review.

Sad Loss to the Queen.

Society in New York will be pained to learn that the Queen is about to lose her coachman. He did not strike and he was not discharged. He was retired, with a handsome silver teapot, presented with the Queen's own hands, and a substantial pension. He has driven the Queen for fifty-three years and his name is Thomas Sands. Probably no coachman living has driven so many Kings, Queens, Emperors, Empresses, Czars, and Czarinas as has Thomas. There will be much sympathy with the Queen in New York's exclusive social circles over the fact that she has been obliged to part with so old and tried a retainer.

Egypt's Ancient Labyrinth.

The most ancient labyrinth, according to Pliny, was that called the "labyrinth of Egypt." It was existing in his time after having stood for 3,600 years. He tells us that it was formed by Petescus or Tithoes. Herodotus, however, ascribes it to several Kings; it stood on the banks of the Lake Moesis, and consisted of twelve large contiguous palaces containing 3,000 chambers, 1,500 of which were underground.

The only love in the world that seems to amount to anything is the love between mother and daughter. We always go to the depot the day before Christmas to see mothers and daughters meet.