

AN AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

And so once more we are gliding on through the still, wooded landscape; and the larks are filling all the wide spaces of the air with their singing; and the sunlight lies warm on the hedges and fields. And this is Miss Peggy, who is perched up here astern, with more or less complete control of the tiller; although, as she seems rather absent-minded, one has to exercise a general sort of surveillance over her.

"Why, what's that?" she exclaims suddenly, catching sight of something ahead. "It looks like a series of gigantic steps and stairs, doesn't it? But it is really a succession of locks. We have got to climb a hill, that's about all. And it will be a very tedious process. You'd better go inside and tell them we will have luncheon now, and send Murdoch out to take the tiller."

By the time luncheon was over Miss Peggy discovered that we were in the last of the locks, and her proposal that we should seize the opportunity to get ashore was unanimously and immediately adopted.

We now found ourselves on a considerable height, and all around us lay a richly wooded country, the abundant foliage at which kept shimmering or darkening as the slow-moving sun rays and wide shadows trailed across the landscape. Miss Peggy, as we walked along, spoke but little; perhaps she was peeping those woods and open spaces and darker glades with mysterious phantasms. Her eyes, at any rate, had no mischief in them now.

But as we drew near to Wootton Wawen she turned her attention to the wild flowers we were passing, and from time to time she stooped to add to the little nosegay in her hand. We knew her purpose. We knew whether was going that variegated little collection of red campanulas, blue hyacinths, yellow bed-straw, purple, self-heal, golden cowslips and the like simple blossoms.

"It is a very little trouble," she says, "and think of the gratitude I shall reap when they get them over there! I suppose I may honestly say, 'From the Forests of Arden,' in the letter?"

Overhead the silvery gray heavens were now mottled with soft lilac; toward the west were long bands of purple cloud, their lower edges fringed with crimson fire; beneath these, and behind the various clumps of foliage in front of us, were breadths of golden yellow, that only reached us through the darkened branches in mild flashes of light. We had been seriously delayed by one or two difficult bridges. It was resolved to call a halt for the night. We were to be up betimes in the morning, for there was a long day before us, to say nothing of the wild peril and adventure of getting through the King's Norton and West Hill Tunnels. So we chose out a meadow bank where there were some convenient willow stumps and alder bushes, and there we made fast; and then Murdoch—now in the Forest of Arden, and probably wishing he were at home in a better place, though his courtesy would not allow him to say so—was besought to prepare some food for his comrades and brothers in exile.

CHAPTER X.

This is Sunday morning, still and beautiful, the sunlight lying warmly over the wide Worcestershire landscape, with its far-stretching vales and copse-crowned hills, its smiling farms and mansions half hidden among woods. The perfect silence is hardly lessened, rather it seems heightened, by the universal singing of the birds—a multitudinous and joyous din that almost drowns the velvet-soft note of the cuckoo.

"Good morning!" says Miss Peggy, coming into the white light with her cheeks fresh-tinted as the rose, and her speed-well-blue eyes shining. "This is a surprise! I made sure it was raining hard—there was such a pattering on the roof."

"And didn't you know what the pattering was?"

"Since it wasn't rain, I suppose it was rats."

"Not at all. It was birds. They were hopping about in search of crumbs among all that rubbish that we scraped off in the tunnel. Murdoch must get a brush and sweep the roof; it isn't like him to be so neglectful."

"I know why," she says. "He can hardly take his eyes off Col. Cameron; and he listens to no one else. I suppose Col. Cameron is a great hero in Murdoch's eyes."

"Well, you see, the Highlanders have a strong regard for these old families, although the clans and clanish have long been abolished. There isn't much that a Highlander wouldn't do for Lochiel, or Cluny, or Lord Lovat, or some of those, and you must remember that Ewen Cameron's name is known—slightly—to other people besides the Highlanders."

"I think he is almost too gentle for a soldier, don't you?" she says. "No, I won't say that, for I like him very much, and I'm not the least bit afraid of him now. Yes, I like him very much indeed; and that's honest now; and I don't see how anyone can help liking him. There is a kind of proud simplicity about him that is so different from—well, from the kind of mock gallantry that young men think so fine. Oh, I wish girls could talk!"

"Can't they?"

"I wish they were allowed to speak their minds—some people would be surprised. Why, they'll come to you—a perfect stranger—and they'll profess to be so complimentary, and give themselves such fascinating airs, and pretend to be charming, too, by your superior accomplishments; and they think you're such a fool as not to see through it all! And of course a girl can't say, 'Oh, away and don't make a simpleton of yourself!'"

"It certainly would not be useful for a

anxious for any more experiences of that kind."

"But just think of the story you will have to tell when you go back to London!" says Miss Peggy, putting her arm round her friend's neck for a moment, as she is passing along to her cabin, to get the sand and wet out of her pretty brown hair.

CHAPTER XI.

The approach to Worcester by way of the canal is extremely pleasant; there are suburban villas on sloping banks and surrounded with gardens, which, at this time of the year, were a mass of blossom. The wharves, when we got to them, were not so captivating, of course; yet we had little reason to complain; for we found the people very good natured.

What a wild Macrostom of a place this was into which we now plunged! The pavements were impassable with crowds of people; our eyes were bewildered with the staring shop windows and signs; our ears distracted with the rattle of innumerable wheels. Our faint recollection of Worcester had been that it was rather an old-fashioned and sleepy town; now we found ourselves suddenly transferred from the remoteness and the silence of those pastoral wanderings into the full roaring blast of nineteenth-century life.

"I expected moats and battlements—gates, portcullises, draw bridges, and so on," said Miss Peggy, as we sat at lunch at the Unicorn, "but it is quite a modern city."

"It is not a warlike town any longer," her hostess admitted; "it is more of an ecclesiastical town; wait till we take you to the cathedral, and show you all the quaint old buildings and sleepy town; now their pretty gardens and walled walls, and their look of learned repose."

Late that night the miniature manager of this wandering party was in her own room, engaged in overhauling her millinery purchases of the day, and disposing them so as to admit of their being packed on the morrow. She seemed a little thoughtful, and was mostly silent; but at length she said, in a cautious sort of way:

"Do you know what Peggy told me before we went to the theater this evening?"

"I do not."

"She told me that Col. Cameron had promised to give her some relic from Fassiern House—a little mirror, I believe."

"I was aware of it."

She looked up quickly.

"Oh, you knew?" And then she said, rather slowly, and with no great air of conviction—indeed, she seemed questioning instead of asserting—"I suppose it is nothing. Oh, of course not. It is an interesting thing for an American girl to take home with her, especially when coming from Inverfask; a souvenir, that is all."

And yet, somehow, she does not seem quite satisfied in her own mind. The millinery does not receive much of her attention. Finally she turns from the table altogether.

"Do be frank now! tell me!" she says, in a half-pleading, half-frightened way. "Have you noticed anything? Don't you think that Col. Cameron's admiration for Peggy is just a little too marked? And she herself, too—have you noticed the way in which she speaks of him? Oh, good gracious, I have been trying to shut my eyes and ears; but if anything were to happen between those two, and me responsible!"

"But how are you responsible?" one says to this incoherent person.

"We brought them together; isn't that enough?" she exclaims. "And there he is, a widower, twice her age at least, with an encumbered estate; and I suppose hardly anything beyond his pay. Think what her people would say of it! They wouldn't see any romance in it; they wouldn't find any fascination in her becoming Lady Cameron of Inverfask, and living up there in the north and winning the affection and gratitude of those poor people, which is quite clearly what Sir Ewen was talking about to-day. What do you suppose they care for the traditions of the Highland clans, or for Col. Cameron's reputation as a soldier, either?"

"Why, it's madness! He ought to marry a rich woman, if he marries at all, and get Inverfask cleared of its burdens, and live there. And she must marry someone with money."

"I think you will find that Peggy will marry the man she wants to marry without taking your advice or the advice of anyone else."

(To be continued.)

A Curious Chilean Custom.

Monday is a dies non in Chili. People have learned by long experience that they can expect little from their servants and employes on that day. They call it "San Lunes"—sobering up day. A manufacturer goes to his shop Monday morning to find that only a few of his hands have reported for duty, and even they are in a seedy condition. In some establishments, in places where labor is plenty, the hands who are absent on Monday get no work during the week, but this rule cannot be applied in most of the cities, because labor is so scarce that employers are at the mercy of their help, and are compelled to tolerate their delinquencies.

The mistress of a household allows her servants a Sunday off in turn, but seldom expects them to report for duty on Monday, and is never surprised to receive a message from the police station. Carpenters, masons and other mechanics seldom work more than five days in a week, for the reasons I have given, and there is a proverb that the shoeshops are never open on Monday.

Often the Case.

He—As a rule a man treats a woman all right.

She—Yes; but there are exceptions to all rules, you know.

He—What's the exception to this one?

She—His marriage to her.

At the Minstrels.

Tambo—Why will the next Secretary of the Navy serve a short term?

Bones—I don't know. Why?

Tambo—Because he won't be Secretary Long.

Tremendous discord from the orchestra.—Baltimore American.

A great auk's egg, four and three-quarters inches long and one of the largest known, was sold in London lately for \$1,560, though it was slightly cracked.



ARE ALREADY CITIZENS.

This is Senator Morgan's View of Inhabitants of Porto Rico.

Senator Morgan, Alabama, spoke in the Senate the other day, dealing with some of the constitutional phases of the Porto Rican Government and tariff bill. He maintained that as the treaty of Paris was the supreme law of the land, it was impossible for the United States to abandon either Porto Rico or the Philippines. He held also that the constitution extended, to a certain extent, at least, over the acquired territory, and that the inhabitants of Porto Rico were citizens of the United States.

Comparing our authority in Cuba and Porto Rico, Senator Morgan declared that resistance to American authority in Cuba would be as much rebellion as it is in the Philippines. The national power must continue to exist in all of the islands until Congress should legislate in their regard.

"The world," he declared, "must be amused at our discussion of the question as to whether the Philippines are part of the United States, while we are voting arms, supplies and money to suppress the insurrection of one of the many tribes in those islands."

Senator Morgan said the question presented to the United States was fourfold:

1. Shall Congress provide a civil government for the island of Porto Rico?
2. Shall we leave the island to its present form of government?
3. Shall we abandon it and recognize its independence?
4. Shall we suffer it to float out among nations as a derelict, to be picked up or captured?

Referring to Cuba, Senator Morgan said: "The Paris treaty requires us to occupy the island. We cannot abandon Cuba without disgrace and without violating new pledged faith to Spain. Nor can we abandon Porto Rico or the Philippines without inviting anarchy and internecine war."

The abandonment of the islands being impossible, as Senator Morgan construed the treaty of Paris, it was necessary for Congress to provide schemes of government for them. The President would govern the islands until Congress should otherwise provide. Inasmuch as the constitution operates on all officers of the United States to restrain them from abuse of control, naturally the constitution extends over Porto Rico and the Philippines, so far, at least, as relates to and regulates the duties of United States officials in those islands.

Discussing the citizenship of the inhabitants of Porto Rico, Senator Morgan said:

"The history of the country is conclusive upon us in this matter. The inhabitants of Porto Rico ought to be given as full citizenship as any native inhabitants of country annexed heretofore. We have not barred from citizenship any native inhabitant of any territory annexed. Those who have not chosen to retain their former alliance have become citizens of the United States without regard to race or any other condition. I believe if Porto Rico is foreign territory we cannot pass laws to be enforced there."

Concerning the tax laws of Porto Rico, Senator Morgan maintained that Congress should provide laws that should be uniform throughout the United States and Porto Rico.

LOUD POSTAL BILL DEFEATED.

Receives Death Blow in House on Motion to Recommit.

The national House for the second time declared either that it believes the passage of the Loud bill to amend the law regulating second-class mail matter will not result in the saving of \$20,000,000 and upward annually, or that the saving, if made, would be at the expense of the enlightenment and information of the people by means of the publications that now find admission to the mails at the rate of 1 cent a pound.

The bill has three times been before the House; once, in the Fifty-fourth Congress, it was passed; in the Fifty-fifth Congress, and again Thursday, it was defeated. After adjournment, Mr. Loud, chairman of the committee on postoffice and post roads, said it was three times and out as far as he is concerned. If it be brought before the House again it must be by some one else.

The House spent four hours in its consideration. Mr. Moon (Dem., Tenn.) made the principal speech against it, and Mr. Moody (Rep., Mass.) the closing speech in its favor. Two hours were spent in amending the bill. But a motion to recommit prevailed by a vote of 148 to 96, a much larger vote against the measure than even its opponents had expected.

STEUNENBERG A WITNESS.

Governor of Idaho Tells of the Coeur d'Alene Troubles.

After presenting testimony almost unintercepted for five weeks the prosecution in the Coeur d'Alene investigation closed its case in Washington Thursday and the defense began the presentation of its side. Gov. Steunenberg of Idaho was the first witness.

The Governor said he had been ill prior to the Coeur d'Alene excitement, and being unable to go in person, he sent a representative, Bartlett Sinclair, to the seat of disorder. On April 30 Sinclair telegraphed urging that the President be advised to rush troops from the nearest available post. He also telegraphed that he had thoroughly investigated the need of martial law; that nine-tenths of the citizens favored martial law; that the local administration of the law was a failure, and amounted to maladministration; that people were afraid to testify, and that masked men were prowling about the town terrifying people.

The Governor said he had sent a dispatch to the President calling for Federal aid, as the Idaho troops were absent in the Philippines. He then related in detail the steps taken to carry out the proclamation.

WILL SEND ALL KINDS OF MAIL.

Postoffice Department Broadens Its Services to Gold Fields.

In view of the expected large population in Alaska during the coming summer, resulting from the gold discoveries on the Behring sea, the Postoffice Department has decided that mail of all classes shall be transported to Cape Nome and points on the Yukon river. Hitherto only first-class matter has been received for that district, as the carriers on the overland routes have been unable to carry large sacks of mail.

Two Years ago the zinc mining companies of Missouri numbered about a dozen; now they exceed 200.

The director of the census expects to have the main reports of the twelfth census published not later than July 1, 1902.

Caught in a snowslide near Eureka, Colo., Chris Ihmsen, one of the owners of the Lucky Friend mine, was swept by his death.

Mrs. Henrietta Snell, widow of Amos J. Snell, the Chicago capitalist, whose murder has not been solved, died from heart disease.

A bill introduced in the New York Legislature makes women's hats pins over three inches long dangerous weapons.

A cargo of 1,840 sacks of ore concentrates has arrived at San Francisco, Cal., from American syndicate mines in Corea. J. M. Dobie of Ramirez, Live Oak County, Texas, owns a steer whose horns from point to point measure 9 feet 7 inches. It will be sent to the Paris exposition.

Col. Schwartzkoppen, military attache of the German embassy in Paris, who figured extensively in the Dreyfus affair, has been promoted to the rank of major general.

Recent investigations have shown that there are in the State of Maryland at least 28,000 voters who could not meet an educational test, should one be required, as has been proposed.



WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

All Ferrouh Bey, the Turkish minister to the United States, has obtained permission to take his leave.

The Turkish minister to Stockholm, Sheriff Pacha, also took his wife to Sweden; but she was an Egyptian princess, the daughter of Halim Pacha. The prohibition to Turkish diplomats to take their wives with them caused some time ago the suicide of Saadullah Pacha, Ottoman ambassador to Vienna for twenty years. He was separated from his wife and children, who remained at Constantinople. Being unable to obtain leave of absence to be present at his daughter's marriage, he committed suicide.

Four widows of revolutionary veterans are still on the pension roll, although the war of the revolution ended 120 years ago. They range in age from 83 to 99. Seven daughters of revolutionary soldiers are still drawing pensions. Of the \$99,000,000 which has been paid in revolutionary pensions \$20,000,000 was drawn by widows. One pensioned survivor of the war of 1812 remains. He is Hiram Cronk, 99 years old, and his home is in northwestern New York. The last pensioned soldier of the revolution did not die until 1869. He was 109 years 6 months and 8 days old. He lived in Freedom, N. Y. More widows than soldiers of the war of 1812 were pensioned. In that war 296,916 soldiers served sixty days or more. The pensioned were 30,000 soldiers and 35,000 widows. To the sole survivor of the war of 1812 the Government is now paying \$193 a year, and to widows of that war \$293,097.

Census taking is not the political picnic that many people imagine. Few appreciate the magnitude of the work. The eleventh census cost more than \$11,000,000, and in the twelfth census an office force of more than 2,000 for about two years and a field force of over 50,000 for from two weeks to a month will be employed. Then, too, the Hollerith tabulating machines, by which the population is counted and the returns tabulated, make census taking a huge industrial process. The census office becomes a factory; the director of the census a captain of industry, who, if he is to be successful, must possess all the directive energy and genius for organization which characterize our most successful manufacturers and railroad presidents.

Senator Depew receives as large a mail as Senator Hanna, which is saying a great deal. Several times a day the pages distribute the mail in the Senate, and the pile on Mr. Depew's desk is almost mountain high. He is not only addressed in his official capacity as Senator by constituents who want favors, but his personal acquaintance is so large and his financial interests so great that his correspondence from these two sources alone would keep his stenographer busy. Mr. Depew is very systematic in disposing of his mail. He does not allow it to accumulate, and thus it does not become a burden to him. More invitations to deliver after-dinner speeches come to Mr. Depew than to any other Senator.

There is a movement on foot for the passage of a law requiring defendants in criminal cases in United States courts to furnish bail through surety companies rather than individuals. While there is very little bail forfeited in the Federal courts compared with the State and municipal courts, nevertheless there is always more or less trouble in this line and it is almost impossible to recover on a bail bond without legal proceedings. The same difficulty was found in covering on bonds given by civil officers of the Government until the system of surety companies was introduced. No surety company has ever declined to pay a bond except in one instance, where a dispute as to liability occurred.

The condition of the negro in Washington has been made the subject of investigation by John W. Ross, who for twelve years has been one of the district commissioners. In the district government as officials, clerks and messengers are fifty negroes receiving annual salaries aggregating \$28,000. There are forty negroes on the police force in various capacities drawing \$31,400 a year, while there are 500 negro men and women in the school system as teachers, whose yearly pay is \$200,000. These, with the negroes in various public institutions and the water, street and sewer departments, bring the total up to 2,600 drawing an annual compensation of about \$1,000,000.

Commissioner of Health Reynolds of Chicago has written a letter to Surgeon General Sternberg at Washington protesting against the shipment of the bodies of soldiers from the Philippines to the United States and proposing a conference of the sanitary officers of the country to consider the bubonic plague. The doctor fears the plague may be brought into the country in this way and he asks the surgeon general's assistance to prevent the bringing home of bodies until the plague has ceased in the Philippine Islands.

Enumerators for the census in June will be furnished with badges by the Government, which are to be worn in a conspicuous place so as to be plainly seen, and which will be their credential for gathering their statistics. These badges will be made of German silver, one and one-fourth inches wide by one and five-eighths inches long, shield shaped, surmounted with an eagle and bearing the words, "United States Census, 1900." An order has already been placed for 60,000 of these badges by the director of the census.