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### THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897,



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Copyright, 1897, by Bret Harro.) In the early days of the Californian immigration, on the extrement point of the sandy penipeula, where the bay of San Francisco debouches in to the Pacific, there stood a semaphore telegraph. Tossing its black firms against the sky-with its back to the Golden Gate and that vast expanse of sea whose nearest shore was Japan-it signified to another semaphore further inland the ] "rige" of incoming vessels, by certain uncouth signs, which were again passed on to Telegraph hill, San Francisco, where they reappeared on a third semaphore, and read to the initiated "schooner." "brig," "ship," or "steamer." But all homesick San Fraucisco had learned the last sign, and on cerduties tain days of the month every eye was turned

to welcome those gaunt arms widely ex- hills on the opposite shore between Tamaltended at right angles hich meant "side-wheel stcomer" (the only steamer which carried the mails) and "letters from home." In the Joyful reception accorded to that In the joyint reception accurate thought herald of glad tidings, very few thought of the lonely watcher on the sand dures who dispatched them, or even knew of that desolate station.

For desolate it was beyond description. The presidio, with its voiceless, dismounted cannon and empty embrasures hidden in a hollow, and the mission Dolores, with its crumbling walls and belfry tower lost in another, made the ultima thule of all San Francisco wandering. The Cliff house and Fort point did not then exist; from Black point the curving line of shore of "Yerba Buena-or San addition to the crew, only two or three month's summer sun fiercely beat upon it west; the monotonous roll call of the long Pacific surges regularly beat upon it from the sea. Almost impossible to face by day through sliding sands and buffeting meal. He could see that from time to time vinds, at night it was impracticable through

the dense sea fog that stole softly through the Golden Gate at sunset. Thence, morning, sea and shore were a trackless bounded only by the warning thun ders of the unseen sea. The station itself a rudely built cabin with two windowsone furnished with a telescope-looked like a heap of driftwood, or a stranded wreck left by the retiring sca; the semaphoreonly object for leagues-lifted above the undulating dunes, took upon itself various shapes more or less gloomy, according to the hour or weather-a blasted tree, the masts and citrging spars of a beached ship. a dismantied gallows; or, with the back-ground of a golden sunset across the gate, and its arms were extended at right angles to a more hopeful fancy it might have seemed the missionery cross, which the enthuslast Portala lifted on that heathen shore a hundred years before.

Not that Dick Jarman, the solitary station keeper, ever indulged this fancy. An escaped convict from one of her majesty penal colonies, a "stowaway" in the hold o an Australian ship, he had landed penniless in San Francisco fearful of contact with his more honest countrymen already there and liable to detection at any moment Luckily for him the English immigration consisted mainly of gold seekers enroute to Sacramento and the southern mines. H was prudent enough to resist the temptation to follow them, and accepted the semaphore keeper, the first work offere with dreams of gold, would have sebraed His employers asked him no questions and demanded no references; his post could be scarcely dcemed one of trust-there was. property for him to abscond with but His duties were as mechanical as the instrument he worked, and interruption of em would be instantly known at San

wise schooner to the far-rounding merchantman from Cape Horn. He knew the faint line of haze that indicated the steamer long before her masts and funnels became visible He saw no soul except the solitary boat-man of the little "plunger," who landed his weekly provisions at a small cove hard by. The boatman thought his secretiveness and reticence only the surliness of his na-tion, and cared little for a man who never asked for the news and to whom he brought no letters. The long nights which wrapped the cabin in sea fog, and at first seemed to heighten the exile's sense of security, degrees, however, became monotonous incited an odd restlesaness, which he was wont to oppose by which, which he was part of his stores), which, while it dulled his sensibilities, he, however, never per-mitted to interfere with his mechanical

He had been there five months, and the pa's were already beginning to show their russet yellow sides. One bright morning he was watching the little fleet of Italian fishing boats hovering in the bay. This was teen sails of dull red, or yellow, showing against the sparkling waters, and the red it means

cars or handkerchiefs of the fishermen might have attracted even a more ebstracted riedly. man. Suddenly one of the larger boats tacked and made directly for the little cove laughter. where his weekly plunger used to land. In

and he thought no more about it. The strangers wandered about the sands, gesthe semaphore-evidently a novelty to them expecting, almost hoping, that the girl would

up, they know they ate coming in the har- She lifted her hands and with a sudden

Jarman smiled-as he had not smiled since he had been there. He corrected this mistake of her eager haste to show her intelligence, and, taking the telescope. pointed out the other semaphore—a thin black outline on a distant inland hill. He then explained how his signs were repeated by that instrument to San Francisco. 'My! Why, I always allowed that was

only the cross stuck up in Lone mountain me s' she said. "You are a Catholic?" eme "I reckon."

"And you are an Italian?" "Father is, but mother was a 'Merikan-same zs me. Mother's dead."

"And your father is a fieherman yonder?" "Yes-but,' with a look of pride, "he's got the biggest boat of any." "And only you and your family are ashore

"Yes, and sometimes Mark;" she laughed an odd little laugh. "Mark Who's he?" he asked quickly.

He had not noticed the sudden coquettish pose and half-affected bashfulness of the girl; he was thinking only of the possibility of detection by strangers. "O, he is Margo Franti-but I call him "Mark'; it's the same name, you know, and it makes him mad." said the girl, with the same suggestion of archness and coquetry.

But all this was lost on Jarman. "O, another Italian," he said, relieved. She turned away a little awkwardly when he added, "But you haven't told me your name, you know.

"Cara." "Cara-that's 'dear' in Italian, isn't it?" he said, with a reminiscence of the opera and a balf smile.

"Yes," she said a little scornfully, "but means Carlotta-Charlotte, you know. Some girls call me Charley," she added hur-"I see-Cara-or Carlotta Franti."

To his surprise she burst into a peal

"I reckon not vet. Franti is Mark's name and the cudden revelation of her



hillock had shut out the beach. His retreat was sudden, unreasoning and unpremeditated as his intrusion. It was not like himself, he knew, and yet it was perfectly instinctive and natural as if he had intruded upon a sister. In the South Seas he had seen native girls diving beside the vessels for coins, but they had provoked no such instinct as that which possessed him now. More than that, he ewept a quick, wrathful grance along the horizon on either side, and then, mounting a remote hillock which still hid him from the beach, he sat there and kept watch and ward. From time to time, the strong sea breeze brought him the sound of infantine screams and shouts of girlish laughter from the unseen shore he only looked the more krenly and suspi-clously for any wandering trespasser, and did not turn his head. He lay there nearly half an hour, and when the sounds had ceased, rose and made his way slowly back

to the cabin. Hashad not gone many yards and reported to us." "But since you're and smothered laughter behind him. He turned; it was Cara and the child—a girl now?" of 6 or 7. Cara's face was rosy-possibly from her bath and possibly from some shame-faced consciousness. He slackened his pace, and as they ranged beside him said. "Good morming:"

"Lord!" said Cara, stifling another laugh "we didn t know you were around; w thought you were always 'tending your tele graph-didn't we, Lacy?" (to the child, who was convulsed with mirth and sheeplahness.) "Why, we've been taking a wash in the sea." She tried to gather up her long hair, which had been left to stray over her shoulders and dry in the sunlight, and even made a slight pretense of trying to conceal

made a slight pretense of trying to concert the wet towels they were carrying. Jarman did not laugh. "If you had told me," he said gravely, "I could have kept watch for you with my glass while you were there. I could see further than you." "Tould you see us?' asked the little girl with hopeful vivacity. "No!" said Jarman with masterly evasion. There are little sandhills between this and

the beach. "Then how toud other people see us?" persisted the child. Jarman could see that the older girl was ect. "I sometimes.go out." he said. "when can see there are no vessels in sight, and ect. I take my glass with me. I can always get back in time to make signals. I thought, in fact," he said, glancing at Cara's brightening face, "that I might get as far as your house on the shore some day.' To his sur-

house on the shore some day.' To his cur-prise, her embarrassment suddenly seemed to increase, nithough she had looked re-lieved before, and she did not reply. After a moment she said abruptly-"Did you ever see the sea lions?"

"No," said Jarman. "Not the big ones on Seal rocks, beyond the cliffe?" continued the girl in real actonshment.

"No," repeated Jarman. "I never walked in that direction. He vaguely remembered that they were a curiosity which sometimes attracted parties thither, and for that reason

had avoided the spot. "Why, I have sailed all around the rick in (ather's boat," continued Cara with import-ance. "That's the best way to see 'em, and folks from 'Frisco sometimes takes a sail cut there just on purpose-it's too sandy to walk or drive there. But it's only a step from here. Look here!" she said suddenly. and frankly opening her fine eyes upon him I'm going to take Lucy there tomorrow, nd I'll show you." Jarman felt his cheeks flush quickly with a pleasure that embar-rassed him. "It won't take long," said and I'll show you. ara, mistaking his momentary hesitation, and you can leave your telegraph alone. Noand you can have you, so no one will see you, and nobody know it." He would have goue and nobody know it." He would have goue then, gryway, he knew, yet in his abourd self-consciousness he was glad that her last suggestion had relieved him of a sense He assented eagerly, when with a wave of her hand, a flash of her white teeth and the same abruptness she had shown at their last parting, she caught Lucy by the atm and darted away in a uping race to her dwelling. Jarn ted after her. He had not wanted tarted after her. He had not wanted to to ber father's house particularly, but why was she evidently as averse to it? With the subtle pleasure that this admission gave im there was a faint stirring of suspic was gone when he found her and Lucy

the second voice.

"Perfectly," answered the first. "He was tracked to 'Frisco, but disappeared the day he landed. We knew from our agents that he never left the bay. And when we found that somebody answering his description got the post of telegraph operator out here we knew that we had spotted our man and

the (250 offered his capture. "But that was five months ago. Why didn't you take him then?" "Couldn't! For we couldn't hold hin without the extradition papers from Au-stralia. We sent for 'em-they're due today or tomorrow on the mail steamer.

"But he might have got away at any

"He couldn't without our knowing it. Don' you see? Every time the signals went up, we, in San Francisco knew he was at his We had him safe-out here on these post. sand hills-as if he'd been under lock and key in 'Frisco. He was his own keeper scrap heap the present electric motor and

"But since you're here and expect the papers tomorrow, why don't you 'cop' him

"Because there isn't a judge in San Francisco that would hold him a moment unless he had those extradition papers be He'd be discharged-and escape. fore him.

"Then what are you going to do?" "As soon as the steamer is signaled Frisco, we'll board her in the bay, get he papers,, and drop down upon him. "I see—and as he's the signal man—the I—d fool—" "Will give the signal himself."

The laugh that followed was so cruel that the young girl shuddered. But the next moment she slipped from the bed, erect, pale, and determined.

by supplying sixty standard candle power incandescent lamps with one horse power With the present methods one horse name The voices seemed to gradually retreat. he says, She dressed herself hurriedly, and passed noiseless through the room of her still lamps. Mr. Pennoek has a laboratory at 193 Greenwich street; and in it is a working eleeping parents, and passed out. A gray fog was lifting slowly over the sands and model of his invention. sea, and the police boat was gone. She no longer hesitated, but ran quickly in the di-York Sun reporter, "may seem extravagant, but 1 know I can sufficient each and rection of Jarman's cabin. As she ran, her mind seemed to be swept clear of all illuevery one. By the use of the system I have discovered, I will guarantee that the Man sion and fancy; she saw plainly everything hattan Elevated railroad can supply the mo hat had happened; she knew the mystery tive power for its lines at a cost which the fares from the pastengers carried on one of Jarman's presence here-the secret of his ife-the dreadful cruelty of her remark to train a day will cover. At present it costs them 30 per cent of their receipts to supply him-the man that she knew now she loved. The sun was painting the black arms of the acmaphore as she toiled over the last motive power, so it is easy to calculate th stretch of sand and knocked loudly at the "In moving cars by electricity, we gen erate at a central point a certain amoun door. There was no reply. She knocked again; the cabin was silent. Had he al-ready fled?-and without seeing her and That must be sent out over the whole route knowing all! She tried the handle of the door; it yielded; she stepped holdly into the as many times the power required

room, with his name upon her lips. He was lying fully dressed upon his couch. She ran caperly to his side and stopped. It needed only a single glance at his congested - It. face, his lips parted with his heavy breath, to see that the man was hopelessly, help-

essly drunk! Yet even then-without knowing that was her thoughtless speech which had driven him to seek the foolish oblivion of morse and sorrow-she saw only his help

cisniss. She tried in vain to rouse him he only muttered a few incoherent words and sank back again. She looked dcapair ingly around. Something must be done; the tcamer might be visible at any moment. Ah. yes-the telescope! She seized it and swept the horizon. There was a faint streak of haze against the line of sea and sky abreast the Golden Gate. He had once told her what it meant. It was the steamer! A sudden thought leaped into her clear and active brain. If the police boat should chance to see that haze too, and saw no warning signal from the semaphore, they would suspect something. That signal must be made-but not the right one! She re-membered quickly how he had explained that other by a space of three inches. Runto her the difference between the signals long, for a consting steamer and the one brought the mails. At that distance the po-lice boat could not detect whether the sem-be a similar but continous conductor t aphore's arms were extended to perfect right angles for the mail steamer, or if the left arm slightly deflected for a coasting steamer She ran out to the windlass and seized the crank. For a moment it defied hir strength: on the distributer and the large segment she redoubled her efforts; it began to creak as it flies around the circle at the rate of and groan, the great arms were slowly uplifted and the signal made.

But the familiar sounds of the moving the distributor and the large segments achinery had nigreed through Jarman's h

tives, but to hear distinctly what they said. Suddenly the name of Jarman struck upon her ear. She sat upright in bed, breat-less. "Are you sure it's the same man?" asked Details of a Plan for Increasing Electrical stend of their competitor Power Tenfold.

Electric Roads in New England

-Preservation of Meat by

Electricity.

hundred trains can be moved at a cost no

greater than is now necessary to move one

train. He says that by his invention he

can, to all intents and purposes, transform

Mr. Pennock was formerly a train dis-

patcher on the Pennsylvania railroad, but

for the last thirty-five years he has been

devoting all his time to electricity. He

says he has practically demonstrated the

value of his discovery in electric lighting

"My claims," said Mr. Pennock, to a New

aving that will come from my system.

of horse power in the shape of electricity

in which the cars run, and there must be

one car as there are cars. To achieve the

results which I claim will come from my

system-that is, not to need a power in

reased in proportion to the number of car

used-I would build a central station mid-

way between the terminals of the line, and in this I would put a 1,000-horse power en-

gine and a 500-horse power dynamo. That is all that would be necessary to move any

number of trains. Then J would put up my voltage distributer, which brings about

METHOD OF DISTRIBUTION.

"This is a circular track cut up into

100 segments each ten inches long. Mounted

on it is an electric motor car of one-hall

orse power designed to run at a very high peed, to complete the circuit of the track

400 times in a minute. It is locked in by two tracks above, one of which carries the

current to run the motor, and the other the current from the 500-herse power dy

along their whole length, is placed a serie of conducting segments, a brass rail on

inch in diameter, each segment 500 fee

complete the circuit. Each of the seg-ments in the distributer is connected with

wires to a 500-foot segment between the tracks. When all is ready the motor car

"Between the ralls of the railroad tracks

the required result.

name to the distributer

to move

is sufficient to supply but eight

100-horse power to 100,000 if need be.

PRESERVING MEAT BY ELECTRICITY. A process of preserving meat by electricity has been invented by a Mr. Pinto of Rio Janeiro, says the Electrical Review. The ex-NEW SYSTEM OF VOLTAGE DISTRIBUTION periments of Dr. Gariner have shown that substances in solution caff, when ordinary methods fail, be forced through porous bodies, and even through the skins of animals, by the Competition Between Steam and electrolytic action of the electric current. He has used this method to introduce medi-cines into the body, when the stomach was not available. It is by means of a similar process of electric transfusion that the time required for tanning of skins has in recent vers been considerably reduced. Pinto's new pickling process is another application George B. Pennock, an electrical engineer of New York City, claims to have perfected of this well known property of the electric current. The meat is placed in a tath of a system of electrical distribution which brine and a current of about 100 amperces sent through by an E. M. F. of eight volta; about six pints of brine are used for each kilogramme (two and one-half pounds) of meat. Electrodes of platinum must be used will revolutionize the present methods of railroad transportation and relegate to the the locomotive. His claim is that he can so distribute electrical energy by means of to prevent the possibility of poiscoous salia a new kind of third-rail system that a getting into the bath. The electric picking

process likes from ten to twenty h COOKING BY ELECTRICITY.

People have always been at a loss to as ertain what it would cost them to use electric current for cooking purposes, as against gas or other fuel. Prof. J. P. Jack-son has compiled some figures which throw a useful light on this subject. After going into careful experimentation, he finds that electricity costs more than ordinary fuel, netimes a great deal more, but that its advantages are worth all the extra expense, His prices were estimated on the basis of loc per kilowatt bour, the average rate charged for residence electrical supply in the town near which he lived. Four pies cost 2.05 cents per pie to bake in the electric ven; two large loaves cost 6.1 cents each, and four small loaves a little over 3c each to bake. This result of a series of meals cooked by electricity showed a cost of 13.1 cents per meal. The heating of water for washing the dishes raised the cost to 16.6 cents per meal. To determine the relative cost of cooking with electricity and coal, the same foods were cooked on the coal stove ordinarily used by the family. The cost was found to be 3.15 cents per meal. This gave the cost of cooking by coal at 19 per cent of that of cooking by electricity, coal as 19 per cent of that of cooking b or less than one-fifth as much. These con clusions indicate that, for the ordinary cooking of a family for the whole year the ex-pense would be larger than would ordinarily be acceptable. There are some conditions, however, to which the system is peculiarly fittel. For light horsekcepting, for instance, such as is practiced in small city apartments, or in many large houses during the summer months, no other method presents so many desirable features. The dirt of coal and nakes, the abnormal heat of the room, the offensive odors, the inconvenience and the danger are all done away with. A sim-ple outfit will do the whole work, say, a broiler, a stove, a teakettle, and, if desired, a chafug dish. The electrical stove fulfilla many uses to which at present the alcohol flame is put, such as the afternoon tcakettle, chafing dish, tonster, etc., obviating all dan-ger of fire. The electric system could be used with advantage in high class boarding bouses and restaurante for purposes which equire an oven temperature, such as the aking of griddlecakes, the boiling of eggs, te. The strong points of electric cooking, is wholesomeness, its appetizing and digesive qualities-it has been said that it banishes indigestion-are just beginning to be appreciated, and will eventually establish it n favor wherever cheapness is not the privary consideration. The housekeeper who bad in charge Prof. Jackson's cooking tests says: "While we were using electricity, every dish was perfect. We were able to cook more rapidly, to keep the heat at just the right point, and to readily prevent overcooking or undercooking. When I think of these advantages, and of the cleanliness and onvenience of the utcusile. I sincerely hope that some of them, at least, may be retained in the house permanently." Prof. Jackson believes that if central station managers would lay themselves out a little to introduce exhibition equipments of domestic electric utensils, a new call on their station capacity would develop, of which the larger reportion would be during the light load

"I AIN'T THAT KIND OF A GIRL.

-had attracted their attention, and having return to watch him. But her figure was al ready lost in the cand dunce. Yet he fancied he still heard the echoes of her ccasion to signal the arrival of a bark. the working of the uncouth arms of the instrument drew the children in half frightvoice and his own in this cabin which had so long been dumb and voiceless, and he ened curlosity toward it, although the others now started at every sound. For the first time he became aware of the dreadful disheld aloof, as if fcarful of trespassing upon the telescope; he was removed from tempta-tion and evil company in his lonely waste. secretly guarded by the police. A few mornorder and untidiness of its invaded privacy. He could scarcely believe he had been living with his stove, his bed and cooking utensils logs later he was surprised to see upon the beach, near the same locality, a small heap of lumber which had evidently been landed, all in one corner of the barn-like room, and in the early morning fog. The next day an the began to put them "to rights" in a rough old tent appeared on the spot, and the men -evidently fishermen-began the erection of which seemed to the broken-solrited and a rude cabin beside it. Jarman had been long enough there to know that it was goveroment land, and that these manifestly humble "squatters" upon it would not be was free from that torturing anxiety, interfered with for some time to come. He began to be uneasy again; it was true they were fully half a mile from him, and they were foreigners; but might not their reck-less invasion of the law attract others, in this lawless country, to do the same? It ought to be stopped. For once Richard Jarman sided with legal authority. But when the cabin was completed it was vident from what he saw of its rule strue ture that it was only a temporary shelter for te fisherman's family and the stores, and revisitor, and found himself often repeat-ing her old remark that she was "not that kind of girl"—with a smile that was sl-ternately significant or vacant. Evidently she could take care of herself, he thought. to them than the San Francisco wharves. The beach was utilized for the mending of nets and sails, and thus became half plo . In splie of the keen northwestern the cloudless sunshiny mornings turesque, rade tempted these southerners back to their native al fresco existence; they not only basked in the sun, but many of their household duties and even the mysteries of their toilet were performed in the open gir. They did not seem o care to penetrate into the desolate region whind them; their balf-amphibious habit kept them near the water's edge, and Richard would only laugh, and had found him to-dull and stupid. Perhaps he had thrown away an opportunity. An opportunity for what? To renew his old life and habits? No, no! The horrors of his recent imprisonlarman, after taking his limited walks for the first few mornings in another direction, found t no longer necessary to avoid the locality, nd even forgot their propinguity. But one morning, as the fog was clearing away and the sparkle of the distant sea was ment and escape were still too fresh in his memory; he was not safe yet. Then he won-dered if he had not grown spiritless and pigeon-livered in his solitude and loneliness. signning to show from his window, he rose from his belated breakfast to fetch water from the "breakes" outside, which had to be replenished weakly from Sancelito; as there The next day he searched for her with was no spring in his vicinity. As he opened glass and saw her playing with one of the children on the beach-a very picture of the door he was inexpressibly startled by the figure of a young woman standing in front of it-who, however, half fearfully, half child or nymphlike innocence. Perhaps was because she was not "that kind girl" that she had attracted him. laughingly, withdrew before him. But his laughed bitterly. Yes; that was very funny; he, an escaped convict drawn toward hon-est, simple innocence! Yet he knew-he was positive-he had not thought of any ill wn manifest diaturbance apparently gave her courage. ass was looking at that thing," she said bashfully, pointing to the semaphore. He was still more astonished-for, looking at her dark eyes and olive complexion, he when he spoke to her. He took a singular, a ridiculous pride in and credit to himself for that. He repeated it incessantly to himhad expected her to speak Italian or broken English. And, possibly because for a long time he had seen and known little of women, self. Then what made her angry? Himself! The devil! Did he carry then, the record of he was quite struck with her good looks. He hesitated, stammered, and then said: "Won't you come in?" his past life in his face-in his speech- in his manners? The thought made him sul-len. The next day he would not look toward She drew back still further and made the shore; it was wonderful what excitement and satisfaction he got out of that strange act of self-denial; it made the day seem full that had been so vacant before, yet he could not tell why or wherefore. He felt a rapid gesture of negation with her head, her hand, and even her whole lithe figure. Then she said with a decided American in 'No, sir."

stopped suddenly and said: "I'm again-some time when the thing is of shore of reroa buena of sain addition to the crew, only two of three again—some time when the thing is work-Francisco"—showed only a stretch of glittering wind-swept sand dunes, inter-spersed with stragglinz guilles of half-buried black "acrub oak." The long six was merely a careless, peaceable invasion, gown—limp and clinging in the damp sea ankles thrust stockingless into canvao shoes. He went back into his cabin, when pres-ently his attention was engressed by an incoming vessel. He made the signals, half

Francisco. For this he would receive his board and lodging and \$75 a month-a sum to be ridiculed in those "flush days," but half-famished stowaway a princely independence.

And then there were rest and security! and fear of detection which had haunted him night and day for three months. The censelese vigilance and watchful dread he had known since his escape, he could lay aside now. The rule cabin on the sand dune was to him as the long sought cave to some hunted animal. It seemed impossible that any one would seek him there. He was spared alike the contact of his enemies or the shame of recognizing even a friendly face-until by each he would be orgotten. From his colgn of vantage on that desolate waste, and with the aid of his telescope, no stranger could approach within two or three miles of his cabin without indergoing his scrutiny. And at the worst if he were pursued here, before him was the trackless shore and the boundless sea! And at times there was a certain satis-

faction in watching unseen and in perfect security, the decks of passing ships. With the aid of his glass he could mingle again with the world from which he was disbarred, and gloomily wonder who among those passengers knew their solliary watcher, or had heard of his deeds; it might have made him gloomier had he known that in those eager faces turned toward the golden haven, there was little thought of anything but themselves. He tried to read in faces on board few outgoing ships the record of their



"AND DO YOU WANT TO MARRY HIM

success with a strange envy. They were returning home! Home! For sometimes-but seldom-he though of his own home and his past. It was a miserable past of forgery and embesziement that had culminated a career of youthful dissipation and self-indulgence and shut him out, forever, from the staid old English cathedral town where e was born. He knew that his relations slieved and wished him dead. He thought of his past with little pleasure, but with little remores. Like most of his stamp, he believed it was ill-luck, chance, somebody else's fault-but never his own responsible action. He would not repent; he would be wiser, only. And he would not be retaken

Two or three months passed in this monotonous duity, in which he partly recovered his strength and his nerves. He lost his furtive, resiless, watchful lock; the bracing sta air and the burning sun put into his face the healthy tan and the uplifted frankfurtive, resiless, watchful look; the bracing sca air and the burning sun put into his face the healthy tan and the uplifted frauk-ness of a sallor. His eyes grew keener from long scanning of the horizon; he knew where to look for sails, from the creeping coast-

'Why not?" said Jarman mechanically.

The girl sidled up against the cabin, keep ing her eyes dixed on Jarman with a certain outhful shrewduess.

"O, you know!" she said.

"I really do not. Tell me why." She drew herself up against the wall little proudly, though still youthfully with her hands behind her. 'I ain't that kind of girl," she said sim-

The blood rushed to Jarman's cheeks Dissipated and abandoned as his life had been-small respecter of women as he was --he was shocked and shamed. Knowing, oo, as he did, how absorbed he was in other bings, he was indignant, because not guilty "Do as you please, then," he said shortly and re-entered the cabin. But the next moment he saw his error in betraying an rritation that was open to misconstruction He came out again, scarcely looking at the who was lounging away.

"Do you want me to explain to you how the thing works?" he said indifferently "I can't show you unless a ship comes in." The girl's eyes brightened softly as she turned to him. "Do tell me," she said with an anticipatory

As yet he had not been observed; the young girl called to the child, and, sud-deniy rising, threw off her red cap and shawl and quietly began to disrobe her-self. A couple of coarse toxels were at her feet. Jarman instantly comprehended that she was going to bathe with the child of the conduct was as well as he do amile and flash of white teeth. "Won't you?" She certainly was very pretty and simple in spite of her late speech. Jarman briefly explained to her the movements of the semaphore arms and their different signifi-She undoubtedly knew, as well as he of that she was safe in that solitude-that

hard formality-strongly suggestive of his before his door. convict experience. He rolled up his blanke's into a hard cylinder at the head of his cot. He scraped out his kettles and saucepans, and even "washed down" the floor-afterward sprinkling on it clean, dry sand, hot with the noonday sunshine, on its half-dried boards. In arranging these domestic detaile he had to change the position of a little mirror, and, glancing at it for the first time in many nere dayo, he was dissatisfied with his straggling beard-grown during his voyage from Aus-tralia-and, although he had retained it zs a disguise, he at once shaved it off, leaving only a mustache and revealing a face from

which a healthier life and out-of-door exist ence had removed the last traces of vice and dissipation. But he did not know it. All the next day he thought of his fair

Yet, after a few moments they no longer looked at it, but, seated on the sand, with Lucy gathering shells at the water's edge, they continued their talk. Presently the talk became eager confidences, and thenhere were long and dangerous lapses of although her good looks no doubt had ex posed her to the rude attentions of fisher exsilence-when both were fain to make functory talk with Lucy on the beach. After men or the common drift of San Francisco one of these sil nees Jarman said: wharves. Perhaps this was why her par-ents brought her here. When the day "Do you know I rather thought yester-day you didn't want me to come to your passed and she came not, he began to vaguely wonder if he had been rude to her father's house. Why was that? "Because Marco was there," said the girl Perhaps he had taken her simple remark too seriously; perhaps she had expected he frankly.

"What had he to do with it?" asked Jarman abruptly. "He wants to marry me."

"And do you want to marry him?" Jarman quickly. "No," said the girl passionately. Why don't you get rid of him then

coal of their journey.

"I can't-he's hiding there-he's father's riend. "Hiding? What's he been doing? "Stealing, Stealing gold dust from

iners. I never cared for him anyway. And I hate a thick." She looked up quickly. Jarman had riser to his feet-his face turned to sea. "What are you looking at?" she said won He

deringly. "A ship," said Jarman in a strange, voice. "I must hurry back and signal. I'm afraid I haven't even time to walk with you-I must run for it. Goodby!" He turned without offering his hand and

ran hurriedly in the direction of the semaphore Cara, discomfited, turned her black eve o the sea. But it seemed empty as before

no sail, no ship on the horizon line-only a little schooner slowly beating out of the gate- Ah, well! It no doubt was there-that sall-though she could not see it; how keen and far-seeing his handsome, hones eyes wire! She heaved a little sigh, an calling Lucy to her side began to make he and injured, but he rather liked it. Yet in the night he was struck with the idea that injured, but it was struck with the idea that night he was struck with the idea that she might have gone back to San Francisco, and he lay wake longing for the morning light to satisfy him. Yet when the fog cleared, and from a nearer point, behind a sand dune, he discovered, by the aid of his blass that she was seated on the sun-warmet cleared in the two seated on the sun-warmet blass that she was seated on the sun-warmet cleared in the same seated on the sun-warmet cleared and from a nearer point, behind a sand dune, he discovered by the aid of his cleared that she was seated on the sun-warmet cleared to her the seated is a same seated on the sun-warmet cleared to her the seated statement is seen a state seated on the sun-warmet cleared to her the seated statement is seen a statement in the seated seated on the sun-warmet cleared to her the seated seated on the sun-warmet cleared to her the seated seated seated on the sun-warmet cleared to her the seated seate sands combing out her long hair like a met-maid, he immediately returned to the cabin All this, however, was driven from her mind in the excitement that she found on maid, he immediately returned to the cabin and that morning looked no more that way. In the afternoon, there being no sails in sight, he turned agide from the bay and walked westwards toward the ocean, halting only at the league-long line of foam which marked the breaking Facific surges. Here he was surprised to see a little child, half naked, following barefooted the creeping line of spinne or running start the datached and her return thrilling her own family. They had been warned that a police boat with detectives on board had been dispatched from San Francisco to the cove. Luckily they had managed to convey the fugitive Frinti on board a coastwise schooner-Cara started as she remembered the one she had seen beating out of the gate-and he was of spume or running after the detached and quivering scrape of foam that chased each new safe from pursuit. Cara felt relieved-at the same time she felt a strange joy at her heart, which sent the conscious blood other over the wet sand, and-only a little further on-to come upon Cara herself, sit-ting with her elbows on her knees and her round chin in her hands, apparently gazing over the warte of waters before her. A

sudden and inexplicable shyness overtook hum. He hedtated and stepped half-hidden in a gully between the sand dunes. That night Cara tossed sleeplessly on her bod; she was sorry she had ever spoken of along!

he next morning, radiant with the sunshine sluggish consciousness as no other sound in The restraint of their heaven or earth could have done, and previous meetings had been removed in some awakened him to the one dominant sense he had left-the habit of duty. She heard mysterious way, and they chatted gayly as they walked toward the cliffs. She asked him frankly many questions about himself him roll from the bod with an oath, stumble to the door and saw him dash forward with why he had come there and if he "wasn't an affrighted face and plunge his head into ioncly;" she answered frankly, I fear much a bucket of water. He emerged from frankly than he answered her, the pale and dripping, but with the full light many questions he asked her about herself and her friends. When they reached the of reason and consciousness in his eyes He started when he saw her-even then she and her friends. When they feached the cliffs they descended to the beach, which they found deserted. Before them, it seemed scarcely a pistol shot from the shore, arose a high, broad rock, braten at its take by the long Pacific surf, on which a number of shapeless animals were un-mention discorting. This was Seal took the would have fled, but he caught her firmly by the wrist.

Then, with a hurried, trembling voice she told him all and everything. tened in silence, and only at the end raised her hand gravely to his lips. outhly disporting. This was Seal rock, the

"And now," she added, tremulously, nust fly-quick-at once! Or it will be to late!

But Richard Jarman walked slowly to the door of his cabin, still holding her hand and said quietly, pointing to his only chair: "Sit down; we must talk first." What they said was never known.

a few moments later they left the cabin Jarman carrying in a small bag all hi his poesessions, and Cara leaning on his arm An hour later the priest of the mission An hour later the priest of Dolores was called upon to unite in matri mony a frank, honest-looking sailor and an Italian gypsy-looking girl. There were many hasty unions in those days, and the church was only too glad to be abl to give them its legal endorsement. But the cood padre was a little sorry for the honest sailor, and gave the girl some serious advice.

The San Francisco papers the next morn ing threw some dubious light upon the maer in a paragraph headed, "Another Polic Fiasco.

"We understand that the indefatigable ice of San Francisco, after ascertaining that Marco Franti, the noted gold-dust thief, was hiding on the shore near the Presidia, pro-ceeded there with great solemnity, and arrived, as usual, a few hours after than had escaped. But the elimax of thei 111capacity was reached when, as it is al-leged, the sweethcart of the absconding Franti, and daughter of a brother fisherman. absconding eloped still later and joined her lover unde the very nones of the police. The attempt of the detectives to excuse themselves al headquarters by reporting that they were also on the track of an alleged escaped Sydney Duck, was received with the derision and skepticism it deserved, as it second that these worthles mistook the mail steamer, which they should have boarded to get certain extradition papers, for a coasting teamer."

It was not until four years later that Mu It was not until four years later that Mu-rano was delighted to recognize in the hus-band of his long lost daughter a very rich cattle owner in southern California called Jarman—but he never knew that he had been an escaped convict from Sydney, who had lately received a full pardon through the instrumentality of divers distinguished instrumentality of divers distinguished people in Australia.

### Drawing the Line.

began: "Mister, ef the thanks of a pore man kin-

"That will do," interrupted Fellaire (formagainst one of the supports of the back porch and watched him eat. 'You're a greasy, dirty, worthless fraud, and I know it as well as you do but the first and I know erly Rusty Rufus), who had leaned lefsurely to her cheek. She was not thinking of the scale of the state will be interfaced by electric lines. All be interfaced by electric lines. All some in the forwarned of Marca's escale of or not-thest contented themselve: had for about six years. You're welcome to the forwarned of the shere. That formal search of the little fishing hut and departed. But their boat remained in the line. You are not the kind of the shere. The forwarned of composition the forwarned of the shere. The forwarned of the shere of the little fishing hut and departed. But their boat remained in the line. You are not the kind of the shere.

tracks, and conveys to ea sufficient electricity to start egment train. This current is taken up from th large segment into another but smaller

voltage distributer on the train charg of the motorman. This consists of ten see ments each attached to a motor on the train. The force of the current is 100 volts. The motorman has charge of this and by turning his switch can use on motor with 100 volts or ten with a thousand "The current will be taken from the segnents on the track to the voltage distribute on the trains by means of a connection un derneath the car similar to a trolley pole One of these trolley wheels or shoes wil est continuously on the continuous rail, that by generating 500 horse power at il

dynamos, distributing it to the segments and putting just enough in each one to start the cars. I can do all the work of the the same power is intermittently transmitte from one train to another several hundred times a minute. When the cars are started

they move on to the next segment, when a new contact is made, thus giving fresh mnetus. Finally, I have invented an au entite negative pole stepback to use in con-ection with the motors on the cars that vill multiply the current ten times." "Aside from the cheapness, there is th

element of safety. With the low voltage leach of the segments no one can be killed. Mr. Pennock says the Pennsylvania rail-road has signified its desire to experiment with his invention.

#### ELECTRICITY AND STEAM

Electric railways have been pushed mor rapidly among the thick cluster of town in eastern Massachusetts than anywhere els in the world. A correspondent of the Globe Democrat has been looking into the situa tion there with the special purpose of noting the effect of the electric lines on the road operated by steam. In most cases the new roach parallel the old once. There seem to be more immediate profit near estab lished routes of travel than in penetrating fresh territory. As far as the corresponder is able to judge by early results, people prefer to travel by electric roads, especially i oummer. On one steam road running ou of Boston, the suburban travel has faller off heavily. One morning train reaching Boston at 8:45 was formerly composed of One morning train reaching seven crowded cars, but it has been cut down to two, and these are not filled. The steam road is reported to have lost 6 per cent of its commuters. On the electric lines competing there is a constant succession of

cars, and their freedom from smoke and cinders, and their more open construction for warm weather have turned the scale in their favor.

Every main steam line in Boston is subjeto a similar competition and the question of remedies is under debate. It is conceder that the steam runs are swifter, but th difference is not great enough to decide th matter. One plan suggested is to multipl

the trains, another is to consolidate the steam and electric lines and a third propose

to adopt electricity instead of steam on train in thickly populated territory. But mean

Drawing the Line. Chicago Tribune: Tuffold Knutt, sitting on the back steps of the mansion, had finished the best meal be had caten for many a day. Wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, he cleared his throat, and here the electric roads continue to reach out and appear always to be looking forward to the next town. A paraenger new is carried by the trolley from Boston to Hanna N. H. by the trolley from Boston to Hanna N. H. will soon cover the forty-four miles to Wo cester. The twenty-five miles to Lowell were spanned long ago by electricity. On all the electric roads a nickel pays for a long ride

bed, she was surfy it was unnecessary now; And he gave him a dollar and kicked him experiment is easily from the trolley, except perhaps he disbelieved her and thought she off the street. In the method of conveying the corrent. It is

# A JAPANESE NURSE.

eriods.

## the is the Chief of Staff of a Chieage

Hospital. There will be weeping and wailing at the Baptist hospital, rays the Chicago Times-Herald when the bead nurse, Hisa Nagano, goes back to her native country, Japan, for she has established herself firmly in the effections of both nucses and patients during the year that she has officiated as head nurse in that institution. Must Nagano did not sive any hint of this herself-indeed, that young woman is vigorously opposed to being interviewed and does not heitlate to say so. "I have my plans-yes. I tell my friendsot ze atranger."

And there is no rule by which La Japanese an be lured into a talk with a reporter about herself. Being asked if she talked with her patients, she said, with charming acrimony: "I am not a missionary. I say what they

eed-nothing else." Although she does not speak English well. the Japanese lical nurse but won the hearts of doctors and nurses, so that they invariably speak of her as "that door little-thing." Or. Owsley is especially pleased with her work.

"I cannot tell you where the charm and value of her work lics particularly," said Dr. Dwsley, "but she is remarkable for her skill as a nurse, knowing at a glance what is needed and helping by instant suggestion.

needed and helping by instant suggestion. Her touch is no tender and skillful that patients cannot accustom themselvas to other hands after being used to hers. We con-sider her a marvel and she never forgets to take the greatest pains with her work." Perhaps one secret of Max Nagano's work being the success it is may be attributable to the fact that she is always and under all eligenmatances serverely theorful. "Japanese children are taught to smile and never frown," she said. "I never allow my-self to show that I am tired." It is a Nagano came to Chicago with a friend,

self to show that I am tired." Hisa Nagano came to Chicago with a friend, Natsu Sakaki, the daughter of a wealthy Japanese government official, who intends to build a hospital in Tokio for the two young women when they shall have acquired suffi-clent experience. Mas Sakaki has roturned to Japan, but her filend remains here, im-proving her knowledge of medical science and trying to decide whether she will take **a** two years' course of instruction and heremon two years' course of instruction and become a ductor or continue in her profession of

numing. She is still in her early 20s. She is the only daughter of a Tokio merchant and has two brothers, one of whom is a gradu-te of the Military university of Japan and

fought in the war with China. -Occasionally some new patient will send for Dr. Owsley and whister mysteriously: "Send her away. I want another nurse.

In less than twenty-four hours the doctor s again summoned.

Send the Japanese nurse back again-I like her to handle me best."

The "Bloyclist's Hest Friend" is a familiar name for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, always ready for emergencies. While a spe-cific for pilce, it also instantly relieves and curos cuts, bruizes, salt rheum, eczema and all affections of the skin. It never fails.

# Discouraging.

Washington Star: "It's jes' my luck," said Farmer Contossil, gloomily. "I'm the wust guesser a goin'. The only sure way fer a man to get slong is to make up his mind whut he's a gointer do an' keep doin' jes' that."

jes' that." "Have you had bad luck?" "Nothin' else. Last year I raised wheat when I ought to hey tuck in summer boarders. This year I tuck in summer boarders whet I orter hey raised wheat

#### Brains and Muscle.

Washington Star: "Education thing,' said the earnest citizen. ing to an after-dimer speech from you, ' draw the line. You are not the kind of Chauncey M. Depew I want to hear. Get along?'' One steam road in Connecticut has advised the electric third rail for suburban travel reaching out fifteen or twenty miles, and the experiment is said to be satisfactory. The