and pruning the trees, in the first place—ready for the demand of the future. He has set them to work gathering in the fresh green crop; in the second place, ready for the present demand, and with the aid of machinery furnished by the plant at Monroe, he has set them to work pressing from the leaves and branches the sap or juice, ready for the manipulation by Lorimer and his chemists. In this way he accomplishes several things. His subjects are earning money, which means that they are beginning to possess the necessities of civilization, enjoying some of the comforts of their more effete brethren. He saves much of the cost of transportation; much of the cost of high-priced labor. He is gradually developing his country. From the God-forsaken, man-forsaken island that it was, the Isle of Swat has entered, as it were, the arena of events.

More than all, Constitutional Smith, the strong-arm man, is well and happy. For he is safe, and he is busy, and he is working out a scheme which was begotten by him—he wants to see it through. Over in New York the police authorities still look in vain for Constitutional Smith. Save in the guise of Billington O'Keefe, it is unsafe for him to appear. Today he is more talked about, perhaps, than any other criminal in the United States. But they have not found him yet. He is still O'Keefe, Akoond of Swat.

Billington O'Keefe, a man of keen business judgment, swallowed his wrath; he understood that he had a master to deal with, and he preferred to deal with him on better terms. So enthusiastic did he become about the business that in the heart of summer he bought yacht and sailed with a picked crew down to the Isle of Swat. He sent for Smith and Smith came aboard. Each man held out his hand and then burst into simultaneous laughter.

"I've come down," said O'Keefe, "to make a sure enough bargain with you—there's something in this, after all."

"Bargain," said Smith, "I thought we had a bargain all along." He was unwilling to recognize the fact that O'Keefe had attempted to beguile him.

"We'll put it in writing, then," said Billington O'Keefe. They did. After a lengthy conversation one of the two men went ashore, and one returned to Monroe.

The man who went ashore was Billington O'Keefe. The man who returned to Monroe was Constitutional Smith. O'Keefe wanted to look into things down there and Smith sighed for a few weeks of the states.

Some days after his return Constitutional Smith entered the office of John Lorimer.

Lorimer waved his hand. "Mr. O'Keefe," he said. Smith sat down—it was in the new factory office—and looked about with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Mr. Lorimer," he said pulling a paper from his pocket, "you may not be aware that one-third of your profits on the Balm of Swat have been coming to me."

"To you?" gasped Lorimer. "You, Mr. O'Keefe? Are you behind this thing?"

"I am," returned Smith. "In fact, I am O'Keefe, Akoond of Swat."

"No?" said Lorimer. A flush mantled his cheek. This was indeed success. To be backed by a man of wealth like Billington O'Keefe was worth while.

"The other third," said Smith, "goes to my—my representative at the island. That makes a fair division all around. Now what I'm after is this. Two of us have talked it over. This balm is a good thing, and there are other good things like it. Besides that cheap labor that we have down at my—my principality is worth while. And besides that I'm a good thing, my associate is a good thing, and you are a good thing. So if you've got nothing else to do, put your name to that and we'll call it square."

He tossed over a paper. It was a certificate of incorporation, signed by the name of Billington O'Keefe, signed also by the name of Henry Swackhammer (whose initials happen to be the same as those of Hezekiah Smith), and there was a vacant place for John Lorimer to sign. Lorimer read it over, then he signed it. Later it was placed on record.

"It will be called the Lorimer Chemical company," said Smith, "you to be president and each of us to get one-third of the profits. I'll put up the money; my representative will put up the crop and the stock he has on hand, and you put in the patents and the brains—and there we are. And if it's all right, why put it there."

Lorimer put it there. He was glad to. His day had come. He knew now that it had paid him to wait, paid him to be for these weary years John Lorimer, consulting chemist.

"Good day to you," said Constitutional Smith, "and whatever you do, don't forget to remember me to sweet Peggy—and the old—er—that is, to her mother. Good day."

On his way downtown again Constitutional Smith met the chief of police. He touched him on the arm.

"Chief," he said, "it was the funniest thing that you should take me for that Constitutional Smith of New York. I don't know why you did it."

"Blamed if I know, either," said the chief. "I was never so mortified in all my life. I was, indeed."

It was some few days later that John Lorimer stood in the Robeson house, "out of Jelliffe's," as it were, and did what he had never actually done before, though he might have done it many times, or at any time in the last few months, so far as the woman now with him was concerned. The woman was not Miss Peggy Robeson; it was her mother.

"Mrs. Robeson," said Lorimer, "I—I suppose you'll be very much surprised, but I come to you upon a matter of the highest importance. I want to marry Peggy. I think that Peggy wants to marry me. I wanted to find out just what you thought about it. We want you to be pleased. Of course, I know that I'm nobody but John Lorimer, but—"

"Mr. Lorimer," said Mrs. Robeson, with a deal of respect in her voice, "be seated. Dear me, so many men have come to me about Peggy. There was Mr. O'Keefe, yes, and—and Mr. O'Keefe and so many others. I didn't know that you and Peggy were anything but very good friends. Still—oh, but I think Peggy did tell me some time ago—some months—something about this. I told her, as I remember, not to think of it. Let me see, was it you or—"

"Probably it was I," said Lorimer.

"I guess it was you," said Mrs. Robeson, "and Peggy was so young, and you—you were so young—"

"Several months younger," added Lorimer.

"And I told her," said Mrs. Robeson, "that it would do you good just to refuse you and let you wait for awhile. And I know it did you good. Just think! A few months ago you were just—"

"Yes, ma'am," said Lorimer, smiling, "I was just John Lorimer, the chemist."

"And today," went on the lady, "just think! You are—"

"John Lorimer, the chemist," added Lorimer.

She shook her finger at him. "And I believe it was just because of my interference," she said archly. "I know what is good for young men. It has made you what you are."

"Yes, ma'am," said John Lorimer.

"But—oh, well, I suppose you can marry Peggy, if you want to. Sometime ago she actually wanted to marry that odious Billington O'Keefe—just think of it! I wouldn't let her."

Lorimer shook his head. "He's rich, though," he observed.

The lady shook her head. "Riches," she said, "are nothing to me—nothing at all. But, yes, well—I suppose you can have her. You are getting along so well and prosperously. I suppose one of these days you will be a billionaire. You—you can take Peggy with my blessing."

"Dear old girl," grinned Lorimer to himself, as he left the room. "I wonder if there are any more like her." Afterwards Lorimer found she was not so bad as he had thought. Mrs. Robeson, as has been said, was a woman with one idea, one ambition—the possession of a well-to-do son-in-law. After she had found him finally in John Lorimer she was satisfied, and she dropped the subject. She did, however, always pride herself on having selected for Peggy such a husband. Peggy let it go at that.

His little conversation with Mrs. Robeson Lorimer knew to be nothing but a mere formality. He knew that his success had removed any objection which she might have.

But he was glad to get it over, and the happiest moment of his life up to that time was when he led Peggy Robeson to the cosy corner underneath the stairs and held her in his arms and told her for the hundred and first time what he thought of her. And she had heard it so very often.

"Dear little girl," said John Lorimer, "dear little Peggy."

And Peggy, earnest little girl that she was, looked up into his face and said to him gravely, as become a Jelliffe, and honestly, as become a Robeson:

"Whithersoever thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God. Where thou diest, I will die and there shall I be buried."

Constitutional Smith, still sojourning in the city of Monroe, who, in his capacity as Billington O'Keefe, was not backward about coming forward, took it upon himself to attend the wedding of John Lorimer and Peggy Robeson, and made bold enough to invite the chemist and his wife to make their wedding journey on his (?) yacht, and to take a birdseye view of the Island of Swat.

They accepted the invitation, with an eye both to business and to sentiment. All other considerations aside, a yacht, be it said, is an ideal place to spend a wedding trip. Lorimer and Peggy found it so. And Constitutional Smith—he was an ideal host, for he made himself as scarce as possible. And Lorimer and Peggy could stand this sort of treatment very well.

After a few days out—a few more or less, what does it matter on a wedding trip—Lorimer caught his bride by the arm.

"Look, Peggy," he said, "there's land!" On this occasion Constitutional Smith was within earshot.

"That," he said gravely, painting toward the land, "that is the Island of Swat."

That evening Billington O'Keefe came aboard—the real O'Keefe. O'Keefe and Smith were born managers, and so cleverly did they arrange meetings and departures that none of the natives, and, in fact, none of the yacht's crew knew of the difference in identity. Lorimer and Peggy certainly never knew it—they didn't care at this time much about outside matters. The yacht, of course, anchored a short distance from the shore. In the morning Lorimer and his bride stepped ashore with Smith and saw what there was to see. There was not much, but they saw it all and returned. They had anchored but for a day and in the evening they were to sail again.

Toward evening O'Keefe and Smith sat in a stateroom overlooking the island.

"Everything," said O'Keefe, "is in good shape. You'll go ashore this evening and I'll go back to Monroe."

"The couple," said Smith, referring to Lorimer and Peggy, "the couple won't bother you. Leave 'em alone and they're all right. They're both all right, anyway."

"That reminds me," said O'Keefe. "I've got a little affair of that kind myself. I've been hanging around a widow out there in Monroe for a few months, more or less, and, by George, I'm going to marry her, that's what."

"A widow!" exclaimed Smith. "Who is she anyway?"

"Name's Hallowell," returned O'Keefe. "I guess you've heard of her, haven't you?"

"Hallowell," said Smith, thinking as he said it of a plump arm that used to rest near him on the table, "Hallowell? I believe I did. Seems familiar anyway."

"She's a widow," said O'Keefe, "and she's all right."

Suddenly he touched Constitutional Smith upon the arm. "Say," he asked, "ain't you ever married? Haven't you got any wife?"

Constitutional Smith smiled. He waved his hand toward the Isle of Swat.

"Married!" he exclaimed. "I ain't much married." Again he waved his hand toward the isle.

"I ain't only got a matter of six or eight or ten wives over there in Swat. But what can you expect. I only been there a matter of a few months or so. Give me a chance. A man can't do everything at once."

From which it may be inferred that Mr. Smith was indulging in mere airy persiflage. He held out his hand.

"So long," he said.

Two minutes later he dropped over the vessel's side.

"So long!" he called, "Goodbye."

Constitutional Smith, at one time strong-arm man, swindler, and general all-round grafter—but now an honest man—Strong-Arm Smith seized the oars and, whistling a merry tune, he rowed for the shore.

There was a tinkle of the bell and the yacht's engines began to throb and pulsate. In the twinkling of an eye she swung around and started off.

Two young people were leaning over her stern. They were watching an unknown man rowing toward the shore in a small boat. It was almost dark. Finally they could see him no longer, but the tune he was whistling was plain enough. It was none other than "Sweet Peggy."

John Lorimer, a man with a good voice, and with plenty of good reason for using it; a young man, with all a young man's romantic nature, took up in words the song that the other man was carrying in tune:

I' rather own that car, sir,
  With Peggy for my bride,
Than a coach and four and gold galore
  And a lady by my side,
For the lady would sit forninst me
  On a cushion made with taste,
But Peggy would sit beside me
  With my arm about her waist.

As she sat in the low-backed car
The man at the turnpike bar
  Never asked for his toll,
  But just raked his poll,
And looked after the low-backed car.

John Lorimer, consulting chemist, stooped down and kissed his bride, Peggy Robeson Lorimer, not once, but many, many times. Billington O'Keefe, who was on his way toward them, looked once and changed his mind. Then he rubbed his old, or rather middle-aged poll, and sauntered somewhere else.

Over on the Isle of Swat a group of natives ran down to the shore in the darkness and hauled up a boat.

"Oh Keefe, Oh Keefe," they cried, as a man stepped out. "Oh Keefe, Akoond of Swat."

This man, of course, was Constitutional Smith.

THE END.

Trapped by a Petticoat

In Cadwallader park, Trenton, N. J., there is a bird of freedom that is not free—a glorous American eagle that, so to speak, is, or was, henpecked. Any way, it is submitted to petticoat rule, and is now imprisoned in a cage as a result.

Mrs. George T. Shaw fought this eagle and vanquished it with her petticaot. It (the eagle, not the petticoat) measured just five feet eleven inches from tip to tip, and it looks hungry.

Imprisoned, it is not wholly without sympathizers. Meek looking men are attracted to the cage, and look their thoughts as they gaze on the once proud monarch of the upper deep. Their thoughts run something like this: "Sorry for you, old chap. Know how it is myself."

Mrs. Shaw and her friend, Arnot Penrose, were walking in Mrs. Penrose's garden when down swooped the eagle. The big bird sank its talons into Mrs. Shaw's shoulders, and actually tried to carry her off.

The women screamed for help. Mrs. Shaw threw herself to the ground, and the bird fluttered away for a second. Before she could arise it flew at her again, and, gripping her skirt, tried to rise with her. The terrifying spectacle of the ungainly bird smothering her with its flopping wings did not deprive Mrs. Shaw of her presence of mind. Seizing the bottom of her skirt and petticoat she drew them up over the struggling bird, enveloping it. The eagle fought with its head and beak, talons and wings.

"Sit on it!" cried Mrs. Shaw, and Mrs. Penrose dropped on the bundle of petticoat that held the American eagle. The two women held on for dear life until men arrived and helped them out of their predicament. The bird's wings were bound with ropes and the feet tied, and the two women, much delighted, gave the bird of freedom to the keeper of the park, to be caged and gazed on by the younger generation.

Aunt Dinah's Egg Timer

Cooks are often accused of want of method, but the Aunt Dinah in Howard Paul's new egg story is not open to any such reproach. Invariably when she put the eggs in the saucepan she began singing "Rock of Ages" and sang through two verses.

"Aunt Dinah," asked Mr. Paul, "are there not three verses in that hymn?"

"Dar is, massa, but I sings only two when I wants 'em soft and three when I wants 'em hard."—Atlanta Constitution.

Millstone to Flour Mill

A certain king having brought his army up to the highest standard of efficiency congratulated his people in a public decree.

"Behold," said he, "in place of the ancient millstone which was formerly about your necks, I have hung a modern flour-mill!"

"Huzza!" cried the people, and wept with joy that heaven had thus safeguarded the fatherland.—Puck.

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