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DAUCHTERS OF

By ETTA W. PIERCE

CHAPTER VII-Continued.

There was what seemed to be an eternity of suspense-both Fleetwood and Rube had laid hold of the catboat -then came the dip of oars, the outlines of a skiff growing out of the fog, and Fleetwood, from the cold black water looked up and saw a girl's face bending down to him-never would he

It was of that rich, creamy pallor which is entirely different from the hue of ill-health. The low forehead was half hidden in rings and tendrils of night-black hair. The splendid eyes, unfathomably dark, gazed down on Fleetwood like dazzling moons. For the rest he saw a cotton handkerchief knotted under a soft round chin, long, silky braids streaming cut beneath it, a pair of statuesque arms, bared to the elbows, and shoulders that a goddess might have envied.

"Mind what you're about!" she said, sharply, as Fleetwood instinctively grasped the gunwale of her boat. "Don't upset the dory! What!" deri-"is that you, Rube Dexter, floundering there like a dogfish? I thought you knew how to sail a cat-

And then Fleetwood felt assured that he was in the presence of Rube's en-

"And so I do, Miss Esther," stammered poor, drenched Rube; "but that darned schooner run us down in the fog. Can you take Mr. Fleetwood into

your skiff?" The young Canadian had not wholly recovered from his Colorado wounds The coldness of the water struck to his vitals. As Dexter was speaking a sudden faintness seized him. His hand fell helplessly from the boat. The girl who had been called Esther seized him

promptly by his fair hair. "He is swooning!" she called to "Help me to get him into the

her aid, when, by their combined efforts, they had got Fleetwood safely into the dory, the dark-eyed maid and Dexter, with some difficulty righted the catboat, of which the young fisherman resumed possession. While the pair were thus engaged, Fleetwood, although he lay limp as seaweed in the gone but that he could hear the following conversation:

Hart. "He's a Canadian gentteman-Fleetwood is his name, and a fine sort of bring you over to the mainland, by-

fellow he seems to be. I'd be sorry and-by, in his boat. to have anything happen to him here. "What's he doing at Cinderville?" disdainfully

"Well, looking arter a woman, as near as I can find out. I don't rightly know what he wants of her-I dunno as he's ever told that part of the story; but it's somebody as was never heard of hereabouts, and he's going to leave tomorrow?"

er of jealously in his tone. "Tempest thing that goes afore it-'Cordian or Concertina. I don't remember which. Nobody knows her at Cinderville." For a moment Esther Hart sat as if dumfounded, then she broke into a

that sound like it?"

come to know it, anyway?" "A little bird whispered it in my good looking."

"Is he? I ain't much of a jedge. Seems to me you will have to take in my skin for clear lonesomeness."

him to the Light. I'm afeard he's lost his senses. Not altogether. Fleetwood, lying

flat in the boat, was tingling with a knew something of Concordia Tempbecame aware that the dory was gliding swiftly off through fog and water, with the catboat in its wake. The girl

Not even the dense mist could baffle her, for directly a great black object were a singularly undemonstrative loomed dimly up through the vapor family. before her, and straight as an arrow to its mark, the skiff shot up to the able a lieutenant," said Fleetwood, rude landing place of Porgy island. Here, with suspicious suddenness

Fleetwood revived, and sat up in the He saw a bare, lonely rock, with no vegetation upon it save clumps of dogwherever the soil could be found to academy," explained Aunt Deb. "She spite of it all, you're as oneasy from him again, i went off over the chaotic receive them, and no sign of human

attached dwelling house of the keeper, both painted white, and standing gloomy darkness of bare rocks and tumbling waves. "Gran'ther!" called Esther Hart from

the landing place. An old man came shuffling down the path from the tower-a weather- even in summer-nothing there but

"Here's a gentleman," explained the

girl, briefly, "who has been capsized in Rube Dexter's boat. Take him up to Fleetwood. Highly amused, he an- oneasy critter that you are," pursued the Light, and ask Aunt Deb to give him a change of clothes, while I moor the boat."

"Ay, ay," responded the Triton gruff-

Fleetwood followed him to the house was a lank, tall spinster of fifty, with a keeper. washed-out look, and a solemn, woebegone air. She stood at an old fash- The fog had vanished. The sun was vexation of sperrit!"

loned dresser, peeling potatoes, as the two men appeared in the door, and eyes, the quiver of a dimple about her singing in a high, cracked voice.

"My thoughts on awful subjects roll, nnation and the dead Life on barren Porgy Island, with the storms and the seagulls, seemed conducive to melancholy.

"Hi! Debbie," shouted the Triton, "git this young man a glass of hot grog and a change of clothes, he's drenched to the skin, and his teeth be

a-clattering like castanets." Miss Debbie jumped nervously.

"Oh, goodness gracious me! How you do scare one, Father Joe!" she cried, shrilly. "We must be mindful to misdoubt, though, if your clothes will fit him. Things seldom come right in this world, even to coats and trousers His legs are too long.'

"I do not see how I can make them shorter, madam," shivered Fleetwood. "Believe me, I am very sorry to tax your kindness in this way"-

"Tut, young man," she interrupted; 'you'll find the rum and sugar in the cupboard, and I'll throw the shirts and pantaloons down the stairs."

And she vanished through a door leading to the upper story of the cot-

teeth before Hester Hart appeared in and that I have been to Barton acathe path. He was watching for her, demy, and taken all the prizes for suand as she came into view, he thought of what Rube Dexter had likened her to-the sun breaking upon the sea.

She was not above the medium height, but her superb carriage, and the proud turn of her full throat, made Dijon rose, her appear taller. Her black braids rippled like unraveled silk down her houlders. Betwixt the exquisite her beauty was something startling. quiver of an eyelash. Rube followed humbly behind her, carrying her oars. Through the open

lucky lover pleading. "Haven't you any sort or kind good word for me, Essie?" "No," she replied, shortly, and with out turning her handsome head.

window Fleetwood could hear the un-

A moment after Rube thrust a disconsolate face in at the door. "Who is this man?" said Esther trawling with dad, but you'd better Concordia Tempest." stay here till your clothes dry-the fog A genuine girl's laugh bubbled over is a-lifting a'ready, and old Joe will her lips.

wood with admirable resignation.

left Guy Fleetwood stranded for three sail with Rube?" long hours at Porgy Island Light. There was a dinner of savory chowders, baked bluefish, hot corncake and serve as a pretext to lengthen my stay coffee-in all his life Fleetwood had on this hospitable Maine coast." never tasted such a delicious meal.

The girl Esther paid no heed what- clothed in his own garments, came ever to the unbidden guest, but old down the rocks again, to take leave of Joe and Aunt Debbie entered readily Esther Hart. She was still leaning you're mighty interested," with a quiv- into conversation with him. The lat- against the ledge, her black braids ter, who never lost an opportunity to streaming in the wind, her dark eyes wipe her pale faded eyes on anybody fixed upon the tossing sea. The fair who approached her, groaned over the good-looking Canadian extended his scarcity of the rainfall, the unsatisfac- hand to the island girl. tory state of the potatoes, and the gen-

eral hardship of life on Porgy Island. der in the water-for bringing me "Father and I and Essie." she lamented, "have lived on this rock for all your hospitable kindness I thank lessly "The same, maybe, that Ten-"Think again, Reuben. You are seventeen year', come next Christmas, you. "Then, his gay, debonair manner nyson's young man had in mind when frightfully stupid, you know. Was and it's worse than the abomination of changing to almost tragic earnestness not the name Concordia instead of desolation spoken of by Daniel the Maud Loftus's lover added, in another Concertina?-Concordia Tempest, does Prophet. Lor', if one of us should die here, there ain't soil enough on the

"Yes, that's it, I dare say," replied whole island to dig a grave in. A dead slipped away. Reuben, in an aggrieved tone. "but I body would have to be thrown to the can't rightfully see as it's of any ac- sharks, that you'll see a-coursing count to you or to me. How did you round the rocks almost any fine day, sir. The time that Essie went off to the mainland to get her eddication, I

ear. Your Mr. Fleetwood is absurdly thought I should clean give up. I war as lonesome as a pelican in the desert -you could hear the bones a-rattling "Have you no assistant at the Light?" Fleetwood asked of old Joe.

"here's Essie-she's my assistant. She bleak island. new and sudden interest. This girl tends the light when I'm away, and she goes to the mainland for supplies, est. Her laughter, the very tone of and she can handle a boat as well as long time on the rocks, looking away her voice as she pronounced the odd the oldest sailor on the whole coast. name, told him that. Immediately he There ain't a rope in this ship that she tling with one of my darkest and most

don't know." Neither pride nor fondness was in Deb came to the door and called me his tone-only business, pure and simpulled with long, steady, practiced ple. As far as Fleetwood could see, little affection seemed to exist between the girl and her kindred, or else they

"I congratulate you upon having so

a stand of books in a corner of the Maine coast that's better provided for and one of Aunt Deb's famous Indian room-Shakespeare's plays, histories, than you be. You've got handsome puddings. and some of the best known poets. weed and hills of potatoes distributed Essie took as prizes over at Barton home with gran'ther and me; and in light.

said, in the whole school." Considerable interest was manifestup with ghostly effect against the ed by the light-keeper and Aunt Deb did." in Fleetwood himself.

"I take it you're a summer boarder at Cinderville?" said the old spinster; "though the Lord only knows what people want to come to Cinderville for,

fish-houses. For the first time Esther Hart turned, and fastened her grand eyes on Esther, you would not be the restless,

town. Just now I am not at liberty to speak of it. He fancied he saw a mocking smile

Fleetwood followed her.

reeze, and seemed rapidly approach- and its barren solitude. ing a state of dryness. He found Estelescope in hand, looking out to sea.

She lowered the glass. There was mischievous gleam in her grand black red lips.

"Do you know her?" "I do not," he replied with great ing-place. rankness. "Have you any particular busines

with her?" "No." "Then, pray, what do you want with Concordia Tempest?"

"Well, really, I am somewhat curious

see her-nothing more." "I always supposed curiosity to be strictly feminine weakness," said Esther Hart, with fine irony; "I never oars?" he asked. before knew that the mighty mind of man could harbor it. Pardon me, Mr. Fleetwood, I cannot tell you anything about Concordia Tempest."

He leaned lazily against the ledge, his bold eyes eagerly drinking in a beauty me humbly beg permission to help you which perplexed as much as it dazzled

"Very well. My interest in her is or the wane. Another object has pushed hair as fair as flax. aside, and is absorbing that feminine trait of curiosity at which you You may remain silent till doomsday on the subject of Concordia if you will only consent to tell me something about yourself."

"Have you not been told that I can raiment, and warmed his chattering tend the beacon, and manage a boat, perior scholarship there?"

Her lip curled. She put up

"Vague and unsatisfactory. You are not indigenous to this soil. I feel the mackerel." same wonder that a botanist might experience in coming upon a Gloire de

coriae." but the blood was plunging through creamy pallor of her skin, and the his veins more rapidly than usual. Sh dark splendor of her turbulent eyes, received the compliment without the

"A Gloire de Dijon rose," dryly; "that is something I have never seen -indeed, one sees very few things at Porgy Rock.

"At least I have seen one thing here which I shall never forget. When I clon. He colored to his eyebrows. embarked in Rube Dexter's boat this morning, it was my intention to leave Cinderville tomorrow. Now, however, seized upon the hands which he had I have changed my plans. I shall reto get back to Cinderville to go a- ed resolution pursue my search for

"You may find many tempests in

Cinderville, but scarcely Concordia. "All right, Reuben," answered Fleet- Why does hope revive in you so suddenly? Have you discovered any trace Rube went off down the path, and of this elusive female since you set Island again today?" I demanded. He

"No," he replied, "but all the same, can make her useful to me. She will lite, Miss Hart? Is it hospitable? You

"For the service you did me out you hither in your boat. I thank you-for tone: "Miss Hart, may I come again?" Her hand just touched his own, then

"No," she replied, with lowered eye lids, "do not come again." "Very well," said Fleetwood, audaclously. "I will not, until tomorrow."

CHAPTER VIII.

Esther Hart's Journal.

It was at Barton academy that first began to keep a journal, and have continued the practice since leaving school, because it sometimes helps
Love that is born of the deep coming
to beguile the loneliness of life on this
up with the sun from the sea, "Ay, sir," replied the old keeper, to beguile the loneliness of life on this

After the departure of Mr. Fleetwood n grand'ther's boat today. I sat for in the direction of Cinderville, and batdiscontented moods. Presently Aunt Love that is borne of the deep coming

never come here again!" was her first

salutation. I asked for no explanations. burst out, fretfully:

"You be as trying a critter, Essie Hart, as ever I set eyes on! There him. He stayed. Dinner-broiled As he arose from the table, he espied ain't a gal up and down the whole mackerel and potatoes, fried lobster, gowns and rings and chains and was an awful smart scholar-was our morn till night as a fish out of water.

> "Ongrateful!" sniffed Aunt Deb, be- well. hind a huge cotton handkerchief. s to have too many good looks." "You were never tried in that way,

Aunt Deb; "a-chafing and a-fuming he was. "Yes, I am boarding at Cinderville, at your lot with gran'ther and me! A private matter brought me to the Seems as if you never cared much for up; they had quite drenched the skirt either of us, and we your own flesh and of my dress, when I heard a voice on blood, too! If I'd a-had my way, you the rocks overhead: never would have gone to Barton aca-"To look on a pair of bright black eyes -a snug little place, shining with on the girl's lips. Shortly after, she demy; but your father was possessed neatness. The Aunt Deb referred to went out upon the rocks with the light- to have you eddicated in first-class it sang gayly; after which followed an with tremendous force on the islandstyle, and this is what comes of it- imperative call: pride and discontent and vanity and

Her charges .against me are true igneous rock and Aunt Deb's scattering enough. I am all that she says, and yachting suit was swinging in a stiff or gran'ther, and I detest Porgy Rock Watched the beacon for gran'ther

ther Hart standing on a black, weed- the first half of the night. The sea draped ledge, with old Joe's battered was very quiet, only the breakers jaws; but, with a cry, Guy Fleetwood boomed on the other side of the island. "In my semi-conscious state out Large and bright the stars shone in Chair. He seized me, as I clung, in a there in the water," he began, "I over- the deep purple sky. Up in the tower cloud of flying spume, to the bare, perheard your conversation with Rube the lamp flamed with a steady light pendicular, waveswept rock, and lifted Dexter. May I ask, Miss Hart, if you through the slow hours. A ship went really know a person called Concordia by, with pale wings spread in the starlit silence.

Shall I ever see him again? Wednesday.

Before the sun had reached meridian he came along, in Rube Dexter's boat. was just pushing off from the landeagerly.

"To catch a string of mackerel for dinner." I answered. "Delightful! Pray let me

I sat stiff and ungracecious while h crambled with more speed than grac into my dory. "Will you permit me "No," I replied. "I probably know

how to use them much better than you "Now am I annihilated, indeed! said, with a gay laugh. "At least, let

secure the mackerel." He looked like a young viking, with his broad shoulders and blue eyes, and "Have you had much experience in

fishing?" I queried, scornfully. "Yes," he replied, "I know all about lobster traps, and weirs, and drag-nets, and trawls. I have been pollocking and haddocking and haking with your friend Rube Dexter. A week at Cinderville has transformed me into purely amphibious creature." A little bird, somewhat larger than

sandpiper, was hovering over the water near by. I nodded toward it. "That is a sea-goose," I said; "and and amethyst. His boat faded away

What am I to do? Command "Drop the anchor."

"Now mind your tackle. There's a box of bait under the seat." We had struck a shoal of fat, mot tled beauties. How fast we drew them in! The sun glowed hot overhead, a land wind combed the current into languid ripples. Trouble very often

Down it splashed over the boat's side

with Mr. Fleetwood's tackle, and constant appeals to me for help. "I think you are tangling it purpose ly," I said, at last, with stern suspi-"Like the father of his country, cannot tell a lie," he said; and then

called so often to his aid, and pressed them to his lips. "There are tempt tions, Miss Hart, which no man coul find it in his heart to resist." I snatched away my hands. will fish no more today," I said, with high displeasure. He drew in the an-

chor meekly, and we started back to "Pray, what brought you to Porgy gave me a reproachful look.

"Pardon me, is that quite-quite po brought me! I came because I could not help myself any more than that silly sea-goose can help following the mackerel shoal."

Some birds flew over the boat at that moment, uttering a sharp, queer cry. It was like a woman's name-'Maud! Maud!" He started violently, "The deuce!"

heard him mutter. He does not like the name, perhaps. "What sort of a bird is that?" he

"I do not know." I answered, care

"Birds in the high Hall garden, When twilight, was falling;

They were crying and calling." "I have a cousin by that name," he said, with a short laugh. "I could have sworn that it was her voice overhead. Pray let me take my turn at same. Desolation at the Light, and quoting Tennyson."

steadily on my face, he said over these lines in a low, effective tone: 'Is there a voice coming up with the voice of the deep from the strand, One coming up, with a song, in the flush of the glimmering red?

Love that can shape or can shatter life till the life shall have fled? Nay, let us welcome him, Love that can lift up a life from the dead. Keep him away from the lone little isle. Let us be, let us be. Nay, let him make it his own, let him reign in it-he, it is he-

up with the sun from the sea.' I spoke not a word. We landed, and he carried the mackerel up to the house. Aunt Deb sat at her big woolwheel in the kitchen-such things are still used along the Maine coast-and eyed me askance for a moment, then being in a hospitable mood, she invited Mr. Fleetwood to dine with us for the second time. Grand'ther also urged ing, dripping spectre, standing on

After the meal, grand'ther carried "Most of them are the books that spending money, and a comfortable him up to the tower, to look at the Determined not to encounter rocks, to the furthest end of the ishabitation but the tall light and the Essie-the smartest, all the teachers I don't believe you ever felt contented land, and hid myself among the ledges for a single hour here at Porgy Island." there in the Mermaid's Chair-a dan-"No," said I, sadly enough; "I never gerous cleft, scarcely above high-water

"The worst thing that can befall a gal and gazed gloomily out to sea, my chin beaten Triton, with a face like wrink- hake and pollock, and fish-flakes, and ry for the words, and drew the im- with thin salt spray. A shark was struction together. And father, with led leather, and the rolling gait of a the smell of old rotting wharves and mense handkerchief away and kissed cruising just below-I could see his no regard for his immortal soul, a flythe water.

> "He is waiting for me to make a raise the roof!" misstep," I thought-as, without doubt, Higher and higher the waves dashed

Is the life of a pair of blue ones!" "Come out of that, Miss Hart! Do hungry wolves, to the very door.

I did not stir or answer. He thought the tower afore morning," said Auni I was deafened by the waves-he lean- Deb of potatoes. His blue flannel more. I care very little for Aunt Deb ed down and touched me. I started gran'ther, cheerfully. "like enough the incautiously up, with the blood racing furiously through my heart; my sharks will be a-feeding on us all

foot slipped: a moment and I should had leaped down into the Mermaid's me bodily to his own level. There was a moment of silence,

which I stood looking at my hands, ther made haste to correct the error. all torn and bleeding from my despersaid. "Hart belongs only to Essie. Her ate clutch on the ledge; then he cried "My poor child; I frightened you, did not?" And he drew forth his hand- by a first marriage. We're a sort of

kerchief and wrapped it about my wounds. He was deadly pale. "Fordifferent name." give me for following you here-it is a matter of civility! I must say goodby! Rube Dexter has just brought me a telegram from Cinderville." "Ah," I said, with a wicked little some wild tales of shipwreck and dislaugh, "perhaps some one has, at last, aster. I did not join them. My place

discovered Concordia Tempest?" "No," he answered, very gravely; "things of greater importance have dreadnaught, took up my lantern, and quite driven that perplexing female stepped out upon the bridge which con from my mind. My mother is danger- nects the house with the tower. ously ill, and I am called home to Canada." He caught his breath in a off my feet. My lantern went out, very odd way. "Look me in the face, leaving me in utter darkness. I clung Esther! Shall I ever come to this lone blindly to the iron railing, over little isle' again, or shall I not? Do

you ever wish to see me again?" Would I have this stranger to rule over me? Did I desire his dominion? around mine-took possession of me, My heart swelled fiercely. I looked him full in his pale face, as he had requested, and answered:

"I never wish to see you again Come no more to Porgy Light!" "You have saved my honor! said, bitterly, "perhaps I ought to thank you for that."

Then he turned, and hurried away up the steep ladders, through narrow over the rocks, never looking back. open traps, to the light, his hold upon The sea lay under the low afternoon sky-a great dazzle of berylline tintsa vast field scaled with changeful opal the top of the tall tower, we stood, at wherever you see it, there you will find in that wealth of costly color. He will as pale as the dead. come no more!

> Gray clouds trailing low over the I ought to obey you. Duty to my mothrioting sea. Miserable winds complaining across the rock, and around the tower. Aunt Debbie, lugubrious and have been over there at Cinderville, tearful, bent upon chanting such cheerful hymns as:

"Hark! from the tombs a dolefu Gran'therdown with a "spell" of rheumatism, and so irritable that there is perpetual warfare in the house. Aunt

Deb and I attend the light. No matter

what may happen on Porgy Island, the light must burn on. Without doubt he has reached his mother by this time. What did he ing dread. Perhaps I am superstitious mean when he said that I, by refusing Everything at the light the same as vesterday. A heavy storm approaching. A jigger went by toward Cinderville; a schooner and a few fishingboats passed—all making for port.

Love that is born of the deep, coming up with the sun from the sea; Love that can shape or can shatter life till the life shall have fled." ips pressed mine. How those lines that he quoted ou there on the water buzz through my head. Gran'ther's cheumatism is in-"Yes." I answered, solemnly, "I

creasing. "Let me go to Cinderville for a doc tor." I said. "No." answered gran'ther; "It's com ing on to blow great guns. I ain't agoin' to have you running any risks,

Essie! You're too precious to Aunt Bank of England Branch Swindled an Deb and me!" I stared. I never before knew that I was precious to anybody. "We depend on your board,

know," he explained, naively. Gran'ther's pay for keeping light is very small, and Aunt Deb loves money even better than she they value me from that standpoint only. Why should one care about such £1081. trifles-why, in fact, should one care for anything or anybody in the world?

Saturday. Gran'ther's rheumatism remains the silence, save for the roaring of hungry And then, with his bold eyes fixed tides. Toward nightfall the wind began to blow, and the rain to beat against the windows. Storms at Porgy Island are no triffing affairs. I

hurried to the tower to light the beaglass in hand, looking out upon the ed with, half sovereigns having been ing on Fifteenth street Northwest, ed, only 237,196 Indians. There are As I stood there, with gran'ther's sea, I discovered—could I believe my own eyes?-a boat making for the island. Its sole occupant-a man-exhibited considerable skill in managing his frail craft. Now down in a white trough of foam it went, then up on the curling crest of a wave. The missing was £1081.

boat was Rube Dexter's, but who was the man? He made straight for the landingplace. I thought he could never reach guilt, and made reference to the mad it through the surf that was running; act he had committed. but when I descended the tower-stair, and passed into the dwelling house, lo! he was there before me-a pale, smil-Aunt Deb's best braided mat.

opened the door. "I tried to go, but I could not," he answered; then he turned and looked at me. Neither of us spoke. "You're more of a sailor than I took

he found £647.

"We thought you was gone to Can-

sea. You can't go back tonight!" "Well, it's a mercy somebody has to him in a box of figs sent from

"Did you come across in Rube's boat, fiscated from the conquered Ameri-Mr. Fleetwood?" piped gran'ther. "Yes," he answered. "It was reckless doings in such a

storm; you risked your life, sir." "Maybe-I didn't think of that." Night fell, black and terrible. The gale steadily increased, the waves beat

"Maybe we'll have to take refuge in

Miscellaneous Reading. "Like enough we shall." assented

'twixt now and sunrise. There's noth-

In spite of this prospect, Aunt Deb

potatoes, of which our unbidden guest

partook sparingly. During the meal,

chanced to call him "Mr. Hart." Gran'-

"My name is Joe Runnel, sir," h

Here a terrific blast nearly swept m

the wall of the tower.

"Go back!" I gasped.

"Impossible!" he answered.

good judgment. Oh, you sorceress!

A wild thrill of joy went through me

by nature. At any rate, the dream

voices seemed screaming, "Beware!"

sorrow, despair and death!"

To Be Continued.

COPPER FOR GOLD.

Unusual Way.

A remarkable story of halfpennies

Can you-will you love me?"

place from being washed away."

U. S. PENSIONS.

upon our pension rolls, who served the Union in the various wars. There are 27,044, \$3,870,900, and Wyoming, 922, nother was my darter; Deb here is 5.268 of these pensioners in foreign \$125.800."-Washington Star. my stepdarter—the child of my wife lands who look forward to the receipt of their pension vouchers with their mixed up lot. Each of us answers to a equivalents exchanged into the money of the nationality of the country in which they are abiding.

Mr. Fleetwood showed no particular nterest in our family-tree. Supper "The largest amount which goes to over, the trio gathered around the fire. any one country outside of our boun-Crippled gran'ther began to croon over tributed among 2,657 pensioners in Canada. Germany comes next in line, was up in the tower with the light. I with 600 pensioners, receiving \$86,000 slipped into the passage, donned my The sons of Ireland follow-in number 495 and in amount \$70,000. On the tight little isle' there are 391 pension ers in England, getting \$56,000; 103, drawing \$15,000, in bonnie Scotland and 27, receiving \$4,000, in hardy Wales.

which the sea was hurling its foam and slippery spray. At the same moment, a hand, strong, but cold as ice, closed suddenly, resolutely. He was there at my side, in the deep darkness, trying to shield me with his own body. A second gust dashed us both against And so, through the thunderous

riot, the pitch-black night, we groped "Twenty-one reside in Belgium, and are allotted about \$3,000; Russia has sixteen, who divide \$2,500; Norway has me tightening all the way. There, at sixty-eight, receiving \$9,600; the Netherlands eight, who receive \$1,300; last, revealed to each other. He was Greece has eleven, receiving about \$2, 000, while in Emperor Francis Joseph's island again," he said. "I knew that dual monarchy there are thirty-seven, in receipt of \$5,200. Under the star and crescent of the sultan there are now er, honor, everything called me to Canfourteen former Union soldiers, drawada, but I could not go. For days ing \$1,700. Spain has but two, who divide \$262.73 annually. Portugal has fighting as hard a battle with self as but one, and he gets a yearly allowman ever fought. And here I stand, ance of \$36. Siam likewise has a sol-Esther, ignominiously conquered! I itary pensioner, and he gets \$72 a year. would have come to this rock tonight if a legion of demons had stood in my average of about \$100 a year. way-if death itself had been the pen-

alty! I love you against my own will, and in defiance of all sound reason and He opened his arms with a great cry, but swift upon it followed a shudderplace, the night, the black, shrieking storm, filled me with a sudden strange terror. Across the glass of the high, wind rocked tower a legion of demon I staggered back a step and covered He snatched me to his heart. His in Mauritius in the Indian ocean, getyou; but something tells me it is a love which will bring us nothing but \$96; still another 'solitary' in Hayti, strations of the truth of the law of with \$72 to help him out on tropical labor, says the New Orleans Picay-

being substituted for half sovereigns \$200 a year each; four in the Madeira court recently, says the London Mail, Cuba there are sixty, who divide \$8,when Henry Douglas Anderson, who 500. had been employed at the Manchester On September 13 the bank received letter from the prisoner in Winnipeg,

in which he practically admitted his about \$7,000 and a baker's dozen in little Porto Rico who get \$1,500. "Of the various states in this coun try, Ohio leads off in total amount with speaking peoples of North America? Evidence was given by a number of bank clerks, including a retired detec- 98,564 pensioners, who receive \$14,900,-000 annually; Pennsylvania, 98,829 the first a migratory race with no fixwho, describing his search for Ander- pensioners with an allotment of \$13,- ed habitation or agriculture and sub-225,000; New York follows with 89,240 sisting by the chase upon the wild anon-Sea and found the prisoner's wife pensioners receiving \$11,835,000; Illi- imal and vegetable products of the ady, sir," I heard gran'ther say as I and family living there. In a drawer nois with 69,704 ex-soldiers within her limits, receiving \$9,903,000, closely ac-THE WEEPING WILLOW .- The weeping willow tree came to America

wixth with 41,674 pensioners, getting "In the District of Columbia there brought a boat from Cinderville in this twig on the banks of the Thames at are 8,740 on the pension rolls, drawing trious and civilized people living in his Twickenham villa. The twig came the comfortable total sum of \$1,357,000. The pensioners in the states forming great cities built chiefly of stone and come," cried Aunt Deb; "for I don't Smyrna by a friend who had lost all the former Confederacy and the border containing all the evidences of highly know of anything lonesomer than two in the South Sea bubble, and had gone states and the aggregate amounts diswomen and a crippled man shut up to- to that distant land to recoup his for- tributed are as follows: Alabama, 3,943, tunes. Harper's Encyclopedia tells the \$504,700; Florida, 3,852, \$509,400; Geora-pelting, and the water making a story of the willow's arrival in Amer- gia, 3,632, \$486,900; Louisiana, 6,620, wind, the great waves crashing up clean breach over everything, and that ica. A young British officer, who came \$805,100; Mississippi, 4,856, \$588,600; expert, has been connected with the Aunt Deb," said I; and then I was sor- around my feet, and spattering me light to 'tend, if all of us go to de- to Boston with the army to crush the North Carolina, 4,204, \$557,200; South agricultural department for a good rebellion of the American colonies, Carolina, 2,095, \$259,900; Tennessee, many years, says the Kansas City brought with him a twig from Poe's 19,288, \$2,753,900; Texas, 8,913, \$1,800,- Star. When Uncle Jerry Rusk of Wissinister fins rising now and then above ing in the face of Providence, and now beautiful willow tree, intending 500; Virginia, 8,865, \$1,260,800; Arkan-consin, was secretary of agriculture, swearing about his rheumatiz fit to to plant it in America when he should sas, 10,997, \$1,480,300; Kentucky, 27,- Doctor Wiley brought him a letter to comfortably settle down on lands con- 244, \$3,850,400; Maryland, 12,771, \$1,- sign. It had been written to an im-720,100; Missouri, 50,434, \$7,300,000; pertinent but influential correspondent West Virginia, 12,211, \$1,740,800.

can... The young officer was disappointed in these expectations, and when the British finally evacuated aware, 2,683, \$381,900.

Their Territorial Distribution at Hon

and Abroad. territorial distribution of the set forth a supper of broiled bacon and pensioning among the 985,971 recipias to 'where the money goes," said a while talking with gran'ther, he

"In the mountain fastnesses of Switzerland are 70 ex-soldiers, who draw an aggregate of \$10,000 annually. Sweden has about the same number, both in men and in amount, and by a curious coincident, fair France likewise tallies almost to a man and a dollar. Diminutive Denmark shelters 38 of our former defenders, receiving \$5,500, while in sunny Italy 51 of the king's subjects are \$7,000 to the good on the pension score, exchanged into Italian

In India there are ten, who receive an "On the many islands scattered throughout the world are former American soldiers who anxiously await Uncle Sam's pay day as regards pensions. On St. Helena, where Napoleon breathed his last, is a solitary pensioner getting \$108 a year to help pass the long hours on that lonely rock. On St. Martin there is another disabled chelles islands, in the far away Orient it on the map-is another 'solitary,' the Isle of Pines, getting \$600; two on the rock of Malta, receiving \$288; one of theology. In brief, to use its own ting \$84: one in the Cape Verde islands, getting \$48. four in the Azores, drawing \$500; one in the Comoro islands, receiving \$90; four in the Danish West Indies, getting \$700; two in Must Perform Some Sort of Labor or the Dutch West Indies, receipt of \$360; five in the Bahamas, receiving \$550 \$450; five in far away Hongkong, get-

\$800; in Panama there are thirteen re- shall perish from the face of the tion, F. E. Smith, M. P., said that the ceiving \$900; in Mexico the number is earth. prisoner's duty was that of separating 171 and the amount distributed is about light weight gold coins from those of \$25,000 annually; the Dominican Reweight coins into bags which he had Newfoundland has three with \$288; to label and sign. On July 13, he ab- Liberia twelve with \$2,000; New Zeathirty-five in the Philippines receiving Indians, the pure bloods aggregating

through the medium of Alexander an aggregate of \$6,436,000. you for," said gran'ther, "if you've Pope, the poet, who planted a willow

"In the remaining central and western states and territories the figures and the amounts are as follows: Alaska 79 \$10.100: Arizona: 862, \$118. 900; California, 25,888, \$3,350,200; Colorado, 8,747, \$1,220,400; Idaho, 2,253, \$311,800; Indian Territory, 4,321, \$580,-600; Iowa, 35,132, \$5,300,000; Kansas 39,076, \$5,400,700; Minnesota, 15,207, 339,000,000 annually appropriated for \$2,100,300; Montana, 2,082, \$290,200 Nebraska, 16,103, \$2,175,100; Nevada ents affords an interesting comparison 384, \$50,000; New Mexico, 2,106, \$310,-900; North Dakota, 2,013, \$289,900; Oklahoma, 9,236, \$1,296,000; Oregon 7,940, \$1,047,300; South Dakota, 4,392 other lands, in which reside men now \$628,000; Utah, 1,028, \$131,700; Washington, 10,312, \$1,338,200; Wisconsin,

TERMS ... \$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

SELF-SATISFIED YANKEES. Briton Declares We Think We Have

a Monopoly of Freedom. A carping Briton by the name of Whibley seems to be quite stirred up over the quality of the American brand

of liberty and of patriotism. "Liberty," says he, in the course of few somewhat heated remarks, in Blackwood's Magazine, "is a thing which no one in America can escape The old inhabitant smiles with satisfaction as he murmurs the familian word. At every turn it is clubbed into

the unsuspecting visitor "If an aspirant to the citizenship of the Republic decline to be free he geon, fettered and manacled, until he without being reminded that liberty is the exclusive possession of the United States. The word, if not the quality, is the commonplace of American history. It looks out upon you-the word

again, not the quality—from every

hoarding. It is uttered in every dis-

course, but the truth is that American berty is the mere creature of rhetor-"America's view of patriotism is disof her freedom. She is, in brief, God's own country, and in her esteem Columbus was no mere earthly explor-

er; he was the authentic discovere "Neither argument nor experience will ever shake the American's confidence in his noble destiny. On all other questions uncertainty is possible It is not possible to discuss Amerthe United States is unrivaled. It alone enjoys the blessings of civilization. It alone has been permitted to ombine material with moral progress It alone has solved the intricate prob-

ems of life and politics. "It has the biggest houses, the best government, and the purest law that skyscrapers and elevated railways are -so far away that you can hardly find its exclusive possessions. Its universities surpass Oxford and Cambridge, in receipt of \$108. There are two on Paris and Leipzig in learning, as its the Isle of Man, getting \$216; five on churches surpass the churches of the phrase, America is 'It,' the sole home

of the good and great."

MAN SHOULD LIVE BY WORK.

Perish From the Earth. The preliminary preparations of the two in the Windward islands, getting adjoining territories of Indian and \$240; five in the Bermudas, drawing Oklahoma for statehood in one commonwealth under the name of the latting \$260; one in sunny Samoa, getting ter is one of the most striking demon-

days; five in Jamaica, drawing about une. The edict that man should live by was told at the Manchester city police Isles, with an \$850 allotment, while in work, whether by hand or brain, was beginning of its history. By the sweat "In the various Central and South of his face shall man eat bread. In loves Watt's hymns. Of course they branch of the Bank of England and af- American republics there are about order to earn a subsistence he must depend on my board, and of course ter absconding had been arrested in seventy-five pensioners drawing an perform some sort of labor and the Canada, was charged with stealing aggregate of about \$10,000 a year. In converse of this is that they who re-South Africa there are five getting fuse to render some useful service

The first people in the New World to full weight, and he had to put the full public boasts of two in receipt of \$260; bor have been the aborigines, the mated that at the first coming of the sented himself, and on August 2 the land an equal number, but with only white man there were in the entire bank issued twenty-five bags of half \$1,100 allowance, while Japan has extent of North America 11,000,000 of sovereigns to Messrs. Williams, Dea- twenty-two with \$3,000; China seven- Indians. By the census of 1900 there con's bank, and fourteen of them, teen, with \$2,500, and unhappy Corea were in the entire limits of the contihas a 'solitary' who draws \$84 a year nental United States, including civiloner, were found to have been tamper- from the vaults of the treasury build- ized and uncivilized, taxed and untaxreplaced by the necessary number of Australia numbers seventy-nine, with some 98,000 in British America, so halfpennies to make up the correct \$11,000 distribution, while on the hot that north of Mexico there are scarcely weight. Two other bags in the bank's sands of Algeria is an ex-soldier who more than 300,000 Indians in the vast gets \$120 a year, to remind him of othalso found to have been tampered with er days in another land. In what we peoples. Mexico is still the stronghold in the same way, and the total sum call our 'insular possessions' there are of the red race, where out of 13,000,000 fifty-six pensioners living in Hawaii, of population 80 per cent, or about 10,getting an aggregate of \$6,500 a year; 000,000, are mixed and pure-blooded about 4,000,000.

> of the Indians among the English Simply the fact that they were from The Indians refused to labor and they

What has caused the disappearance

companied by Indiana, with 61,440, re- have perished from the vast region ceiving \$9,916,000, while Michigan is over which they once roamed at will. In Mexico the situation was different from the first advent of the white men. Spanish conquerors found an indus-

and was couched in cunningly sarcas-"In the New England and the middle tic vein. Mr. Rusk read it with destates the number of pensioners and light, roared out his laughing approval Virginia, he gave his willow twig, the aggregate amounts to each state and then tore it up. In answer to Docwrapped in oil silk, to John Parke are: Maine, 18,741, \$2,855,200; New tor Wiley's look of amazement, he Custis, Mrs. Washington's son, who Hampshire, 8,212, \$1,208,400; Vermont, said: "That was a bully letter. Now planted it on his Abingdon estate in 8,347, \$1,377,200; Massachusetts, 40,- go and write one that we can send to Virginia. It thrived under his atten- 610, \$5,250,800; Rhode Island, 5,468, the blame fool. Doctor Wiley learned we could hear them creeping up, like tion, and became the progenitor of all \$628,100; Connecticut, 12,611, \$1,580,600; there and then that witty and sarcasour willow trees.—Woman's Home New Jersey, 20,686, \$2,450,200; Dela-tic letters are not in favor in the government service.