YORKVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1908.

## THE MAN OUTSIDE

By CLARENCE BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The "Ocean's Own" Sails.

The reader may have noticed that every important event in life is much like a hill in the road-up one way and down the other. He may have noticed that difficulty usually belongs to on the frosty morning, a madder, wildone-half the journey an event demands, and that all the rest is simple and easy; sometimes going to something-something hoped or feared, as though Providence hoped to deter wickedness from its purpose, or to test the going is easy, and the coming is the purification of proper power from ing up the horrible murkiness of its weary work, as though God designed the perils of pride, or the giving to triumphant evil a hint of the shortness of human glory and the need for repentance.

You know how Lurline Bannottie came to Boomville; shall you be astonished to know that her return was unmarred by accident or delay?

She was too wise a woman to take ry. She was, perhaps, a little more cautious than ordinary, since she had taken so prominent a part in the plans of Mr. Samuel Lyman and had made it not only reasonable, but right, for the citizens of Boomville to believe what that acute gentleman had intended they should believe.

to which she had told the proprietor of the livery stable she was going. With a single man, in all the world of men, certain in his own mind that she went there, it was as well that all the world should have a chance to know that she came back from there when she returned to Blankford again.

It was getting toward morning when she drove out of Boomville, though the eastern sky was still dark and gave no promise of a morrow. The wind was rough and raw. The sky was obscured, here and there, with patches of hurrying cloud. The air was cold, very forth, to and fro, at the touch of the viewless blast. A sleigh-track, mute intangible witness to the way crime came and went, did not remain long that night. The wind, her ready accomplice, filled the furrows in the soft snow almost as fast as her sleigh made them.

She drove slowly out of Boomvilleand she had deliberately consigned a fellow-being to the most horrible fates. You, my reader, if you had shut a man into such a crematory as that in which Samuel Lyman was left, by accident, I mean-or in sudden passionwould, perhaps, have driven rapidly.

But she-she drove slowly; she was Lurline Bannottie-Lurline Bannottie, with the fierce, hot blood of Italy in her heart, and with triumph's mad words

She paused on the top of the hill over which she had so doubtingly come, so short a time ago in hours, so long a time in events and emotions, hones and fears. She stopped at the top of the hill and looked back. There was no glare against the sky yet; there was no alarm yet: Samuel Lyman had planned well, indeed, in all things but one; he had only forgotten the fury

of a woman scorned-that was all. No alarm; no shouts, no glare of flame to light up the night with its brick and white-hot iron. horror; no attempts, though unavailing ones, at rescue yet. But a thin veil of smoke, gauzy, impalpable, so delicate and evanescent that it would have eluded eyes less keen and expectant than those of Lurline Bannottie, swung and wavered above the top of Barron's Boomville Bank.

She pictured the fierce flames within. she imagined how the walls were growing slowly to a furnace heat; she thought of the inch-thick iron shutters changing from black to red, as the minutes went on, and then from red to

"He would have put Prier on my track if I had not come," she said, fiercely: "he said it, and I think he would have done it. Put-I came!'

She smiled. She drove on. She paused again at the snow-covered bridge. She waited! she looked,

she listened

The smoke, crawling from tiny crevices through which flame could not penetrate, was growing into a thick dark column, reaching high into the frosty air of the winter night. But still there was only smoke; still no eyes but hers saw it. There was no cry of terror; no appeal for help; no clangor of alarming belis through the awful si-

She stood up in her sleigh. She turn ed her face toward Boomville. She lightly kissed the tips of her dainty said, gayly: then added, in a voice which trembled with long-pent-up "I wish I could have done passion.

worse! sleeping Boomville to sudden and horrified wakefulness, she was further

could reach was a brave man-or a coward. I cannot tell whether he faced the inevitable with his eyes full of the insane glare of baffled wickedness and an unavailing hope for vengeance-or whether he

do not know.

what he hoped-or feared, rejoiced ator regretted, we know not-nor can and enforced abstinence. we. Omniscience knows.

of Boomville. The bells clanged out the hard work they've done.'

been heard from them before. There had been no cry heard from the bank. Perhaps the thick walls and as the case may be—is a journey of strong shutters had held it in when whole truth, rough ways and tedious obstructions, Samuel Lyman cried in agony for that of prayer. When the one who gave th ness, with faint gleams of flame lightbase where it rested upon the roof.

His discovery, I said. That needs no explanation. No one looking at what dared doubt for a moment that Barron's Boomville Bank was doomed. But his fear? What of that?

It went from man to man, as the streets filled with hurriedly dressed and half clad people, at first in the

Lyman is in there; can nothing be done? Something must be done; hurry; why don't they hurry?" This was the burden of the cries of the crowd, Being prudent, she drove to the town as it grew greater and greater-denser

orked-worked as they never had vorked before-as they would never hired them to work for any man's ron's Bank? property-as they would not have worked except in an attempt to save human life.

o so poor a man as Samuel Lyman av her there were men who distrusted nim; there were all sorts and conditions of men there. How they worked! How they all worked!

Walter Aldrich, all with tools in their hands, and all in the very front of daner and endeavor. They worked long, earnestly, man-

fully-worked with the streams from the engine playing upon them to lessen the awful heat-worked until even tolerable-and then they shrank back,

its place. They sprang to the work again with renewed ardor and redoubled vigorcareless of danger, thoughtless of dismoment before, had thought he caught the sound of staggering footsteps inside, and was not sure he did ed its graceful shape to the greatest not catch the tones of a despairing advantage. Her smile remained on her voice above the roar of the raging face-as much of it as could rest on flames.

crushed down the outside door. They sprang into the outer hall. And thenthey were just in season to totter out she never let even sleep throw her off into the street again as roof and walls her guard, unless she was certain she piled themselves together in one shapeess mass of blazing timber, blistering perhaps-it was simply because she Patiently they poured streams of wa

ter into and over the ruins for long, long hours. More patiently still they abored long in lifting charred beams, bent and twisted pillars and girdles, and piles of broken brick, from where they had fallen. With most of paience, and with all of awe, they gathered all that was left of the man who had died there-scarcely more than a nandful of calcined bones and white shes-and bore them tenderly away. Reverently they followed the renains of the dead to the grave. Lovngly they covered them from human sight. With tearful friendship and

kindly thoughtfulness they planted flowers and shrubs about this man's esting-place, when winter had melted nd blossomed into spring. And ere, many months had gone

hey placed a marble shaft at Samuel yman's grave, on which they recountd his many virtues and the tale of his fidelity to his trust.

And no one has ever called their epiaph's record in question, and none for it. ever will; for the crime which Lurline Bannottie took upon her soul on the forning of the Sabbath day, March 5th, 1871, was never brought home to her-never suspected of her-never suspected as a crime at all—and never will be-not in this world!

And the monument stands there, and will stand there, under its shadow as to speak of the sort of man he believed Mr. Samuel Lyman to be; by its side Walter Aldrich and John Kane of the dead.

The monument stands there, as it and will. Men call it the monument away than the tumult of their bells of Samuel Lyman. I prefer to call it road as its vision-as deep as its cuteness- as high as its powers. For after all, my friend the reader. is its record of the one who rests be neath it not as true as some you hav

raised them toward that Heaven he Sunday, March 5th, 1871, that Lurline er than herself. ad defied, with genuine repentance Bannottie arrived at the town to which shining in them, though at later than she had informed the gentleman from New York, to Liverpool, to London, to happier; his relief of mind the eleventh hour. I may not write whom she had purchased her team that Naples. She was going back to Mrs. and more marked. that he cursed—or that he prayed. I she was going. The team was begin- Elsie Barron-Senn. She was going ning to suffer, for they had had neith- soon. She was going promptly. But Omnipotence gave him power to er food nor water since they left she was not going to hurry. She was plan, and permitted him to plan to his Blankford, nearly twenty-four hours not going to lose her needed rest. own destruction. Omnipresence looked before. Miss Bannottie would have I will tell you what she said before upon him as he went through the flery suffered, too, for she had never endured she took her comfortable place before public parlor. He counted out the two she wept here, too." furnace of his fearful trial, and lis- so much of hardship, had it not been the fire and composed herself to sleep. thousand dollars—the very same one turnace of his reaction has the vast champ and the for something in her heart and brain If she had been more solidly literary hundred double eagles she had paid young woman of crying propensities de Mars, in the centre of which is a was a life size painting of a woman tened to the words he spoke in the for something in her heart and brain life size painting of a woman tened to the words he spoke in the for something in her heart and brain life size painting of a woman tened to the words he spoke in the for something in her heart and brain life size painting of a woman tened to the words he spoke in the for something in her heart and brain life size painting of a woman tened to the words he spoke in the for something in her heart and brain life size painting of a woman tened to the words he spoke in the life size painting of a woman tened to the words he spoke in the life size painting of a woman tened to the words he spoke in the life size painting of a woman tened to the words he spoke in the life size painting of a woman tened to the words he spoke in the life size painting of a woman tened to the words he spoke in the life size painting of a woman tened to the words he spoke in the life size painting of a woman tened to the words he spoke in the life size painting of a woman tened to the words he spoke in the life size painting tened to the words he words he would be a life size painting tened to the words he would be a life size painting tened to the words he would be a life size painting tened to the words he would be a life size painting tened to the words he would be a life size painting tened to the words he would be a life size painting tened to the words he would be a life size painting tened to the words he would be a life size painting tened to the words he would be a life size painting tened to the words he would be a life size painting tened to the words he was a life size painting tened to the words he would be a life size painting tened to the words he would be a life size painting tened to the

not attempt to analyze this feeling did to her. which made Lurline Bannottie's Sunday ere concerned-however real reflecthe task is beyond me; I am only sure of one thing about it-it was not reorse-it was not remorse!

Lurline Bannottie directed that her team be carefully attended to-that they be prudently watered houghtfully fed-that they be kept from injuring themselves by overeating or drinking after their long task

"I shall remain until some time on Monday or Tuesday," she said, "and give them plenty of time to rest after "How far have you driven them?"

asked the hotel proprietor. "As far as from Blankford," she re lied, which was the truth, as far as it

"When did you start?"

She told him. He did not doubt her in any respect alarm shouted his discovery and his Why should he? Many a man, had fear the smoke was a pillar of black- he started from Blankford at the time rived before late on Sunday morning: some men would have turned back; his restless early riser saw could have and she was "only a woman," as he as anywhere." I suppose that was said to himself.

So he heard the truth she told-and believed it to be the whole truth. Why pages of the world's history-as well saintlike deeds; proving beyond all controversy or doubt that in the hukindled by the Divine.

"Only a woman." Yes. "only a woman's heart prompted her weak hands work again—as money could not have to do, last night, at Boomville, in Bar-

yesterday; there were men who had cause the proposition itself is!) she of this world for ever. hated him-justly or unjustly as it went inside and ordered food and drink nd a comfortable room for herself. her meal. After it was over, she drew lounge before the fire and lay down Prier was there, and John Kane, and to rest. I have no doubt she could easily have lain awake-for though tired, she had not lost her enormous power of will-if she had really desired and tried. But the fact is that she was sound asleep within a minute from the time her head touched the She looked well asleep. One that could not keep their condition dainty palm-the one with which she bered. had pushed shut the inner door of the slowly and regretfully, one by one, bank-supported her rosy cheek. Her out from her sight-as though she had drawn back from something wicked or impure which had offended her there. one hand-the one she had kissed at say Lyman's mocking farewell-hung over the edge of the lounge and show-

cheeks and lips when the glory of her eyes was veiled by slumber; perhaps that was because she had left her door unlocked and slightly ajar-because would not be intruded upon; while, was Lurline Bannottie.

Left her door unlocked and partly ajar, do you ask? Certainly, why not? o fear? Why should she make a pre-

hear? But the diamonds, and the bank bills and all else in Lyman's valise? Ah! You have not forgotten them

Neither had Lurline Bannottie. She had placed the valise in the closet of ner room. She had locked that doorwhich gave her security; she had left her roomdoor as I have said-which rendered curiosity or suspicion impossible. And she had the key of her closet-door, where it could not be taken without waking her. And she had revolver handily near to the shapely fingers which looked as though they vere made for light touches and tender caresses-and for nothing else. A ender hand may be a strong hand rest'assured that Miss Bannottie would not have given up that valise that day while she had life enough left to fight

But, you protest, how could one sit down and eat-lie down and sleep-so as she had committed? I cannot tell you. I do not know. I do not and l cannot understand it. I have only to tell you the facts, leaving to you the task of explaining them.

Many would have fled until the horses fell dead in the road-and then, famshing for food and maddened with thirst, have despairingly gone on on pleasantly. foot, welcoming night for the security of its darkness, and storm for the perils it placed in the path of pursuit. them and what they had done. Many ould have gone away to some place their names had never been an opportunity to say it. ould have taken unto themselves new

where; there they would have dwelt seclusion, trembling at every footfall, and paling at every opening door. But Miss Bannottie was not one of It was early in the afternoon on many; she was, I hope, like none oth- for them?

She was going back to Blankford, to

tened to the world and doorway between this world and the world which is to come. How he world which is to come. How he looked, what he said, thing so gross as hunger and thirst— Proverbial Philosophy." It may exdied, how he looked, what he said, thing so gross as hunger and thirst- Proverbial Philosophy." It may ex- "Good morning," said she,

anything so commonplace as cold-plain her actions to you, possibly; it nything so familiar as fatigue. I will certainly does not to me; I suppose it "I think not; good morning."

"It is noboby's business that I am norning ride almost a dream, so far here," she said, as she drew the lounge true, though they were pouring a dozen love to be original-to have to admit tion and memory and hope made it, for streams of water into the hottest part that you are not the first grasping and of the ruins of what had once been Barron's Boomville Bank. "It isn't any of Mr. Prier's business,"

she said, as she took the pillow from match! But-you will please rememthe bed and placed it on the lounge; "nor any of Mrs. Senn's." I suppose absent from Blankford. Good mornthat was true, though Mr. Prier was ing." at that moment wondering, as he rested for a little from his work in the dead Lyman's behalf and watched the unremitting labors of Rev. John Kane, just when and where the clergyman had met "that she devil," as he called was true, though Elsie Senn, lonely went, much as it lacked of being the painon, Lurline Bannottie. I suppose sie Senn if she had known it, nor Mr.

and stretched herself before the pleasant warmth; " if he told the truth—as have hung on the slightest happenings which they were, would not have ar- I hope he did; if they failed to save since "in the beginning." him, because his plans were so well laid, then I am safe, and as safe here in due time and without accident. true, too.

"If they saved Lyman-that is the beginning of the end. They'll not look horrified whisper of incredulity-but though "only a woman" has not, again ever I go. They'll take me, wherever I stretched half way round the world if ever, in riding down to the wharf, what is left and building upon it. The at the gateway, and a general—he nost awful things which stain the necessary. The earth is too small for closely veiled, and in a closed carriage, as the strongest, bravest, best, most too small for a bed for me to die on place upon it-up in the sweet air and ance and advice of Mr. Patsy Gullens. man heart there still lingers a spark sunshine, among the flowers and the nan." What do you suppose her wo- down with Death's twin slaves, Decay and Oblivion. And-what is, is; what will be, will be." All of which, I sup-

Having first disposed of the matter eyes falling into darkness under their the city, to take the chances of the of the comfort of her team (Holy Writ snowy lids at the same moment as sea. merciful to his beast"—while we learn lift, from the borders of the still hot start as they passed her. A closed carthe history of his regime, perhaps one lazily reached down and lifted the neck. workers, who would not have spoken from Geometry that the converse of a and smoking ruins the debris which proposition is not necessarily true be- had shut Samuel Lyman from the light

> rible woman-this fascinating But it doesn't explain her actions to It was dark when Miss

beautiful hair. She rang the bell. She ordered supper. She ate hear tily. She dismissed the servant, sending her away with a coin she never spent and a smile she always remem-Fascination was an art with

leaving the front door still firmly in long lashes seemed to shut the world the rust and decay of inaction and dis Miss Bannottie quickly prepared fo ped. She retired as soon as possible through which she had passed since She was, beyond all doubt, a most remarkable woman, a woman to whom

Miss Bannottie rose late on Monday morning. She had a leisurely break-

fast. And then-No, she didn't drive back to Blank ford then. Would you have done so She did not forget that she had come here, "from Blankford." on business! She attended to business. She bought one little thing here, another there she walked into each of the two news paper offices and managed to ask a tense, even to herself, that she did in each; she called on one or two lawvers, and found some excuse for makng her presence seem quite proper and appropriate. Risky? Certainly it was risky. Her face was one that few would readily forget. She did not wish the back portion of her hair was o have Mrs. Senn know that her jour- lead pencil nev had taken her to America—and she did not mean she ever should; she did to this magazine," she said. "It is \$1 not wish to meet Prier-and she in- a year and one of the very best mag tended to avoid doing so. But-she azines published." ook these risks. For-the time might Blankford. And-she meant to be able sorbing fiction stories and other things

a prove it. It was late in the afternoon before she had finished her business. So she don't care for it. I'll admit the magon Tuesday she took an early start, found the roads opened since the storm, and had a pleasant and uneventful ride

She went at once to the hotel, no far from the station. She had some train she wished to take. She sent a polite note to the proprietor of the stable at which she had purchased her team. He came over to the hotel at

"I wish you to look at this team sleigh, harness and so forth, and tell

He appeared to enter into the spirit of her mood at once. Perhaps she had Many would have rested only when pressed other men. Possibly the monnountains, seas, deserts, were between ey she had so scornfully refused to reeive from him, when he had attempted to make her take back a part of it, still "I fear you paid more than they are

really worth," he said. It seemed to relieve his mind to have an oportunity to say it. Miss Bannottie smiled.

worth now? What will you give me who was soliciting subscriptions for a was given in a reception room of the "Two thousand dollars."

"In cash?" she asked. "Yes, in cash."

"Good. Let some one take them over yer. to your stable. Will you come in?" He bowed. They went in, and to the

"Wait a moment," he replied; "you seem to have forgotten something."

"The pay for the use of the team from Saturday to Tuesday." "Oh? Is that it? I am sorry-for I distrustful man on whose whims a hurrying traveler has had to depend, and I not the first victim to prove his

"I protest, madam, I---" "Good morning."

"I——" "Good morning," she said again, and

ber that I drove my own team while

left the room. had planned to go on the same train not approach in pure picturesqueness in her beautiful Neapolitan home, was for Boomville as that which Miss Banweeping a little to think that she had nottie really took at Blankford. Some presidential palace here and runs this a word—of the private, who is a solno word from her old friend and com- strangely trivial circumstance delayed little black republic to suit himself. him at the last moment, and kept him that was true, though I think she would one train later, just as trivial events tween 90 and 100 years of age, bloodscarcely have cared to meet Mrs. El- have been shaping the fates of empires thirsty and apparently only half civiland races, ever since we find even ized, a dealer of death to political enshadowy legends to tell us of themjust as the issues of earthly peace as she laid her head upon the pillow and happiness, yes, and the joy or the wretchedness of another existence, Hayti and see for himself.

> Miss Bannottie reached New York, Mr. Prier arrived in New York one

train later. passage on the first steamer sailing. She found that to be the Pond Lilly. sage in a vessel belonging to another line. She took great pleasure, howand getting a sight of the pale face and nervous manner of Captain Dennis. Mr. Prier came down to meet the vessel he had hired, with the assist-There was no delay for Mr. Prier.

perfectly happy, and much less aggressive than formerly, was ready too. Supplies for a long voyage were sent

riage was waiting, close at the water's edge. A veiled woman drew aside the curtains at one of the windows. She And-I find I've had to write Truth was watching the activity on the deck which will be done, no doubt, unless opposite to all she had said-this ter- of the Pond Lily. And Captain Dennis foreigners take charge of things. imity of this woman for whom he had risked so much of peace and honor, and on whose face he would never twoke. She arose at once. She bathed look again. Lurline Bannottie watched her face and hands. She arranged her Captain Dennis, and smiled at her advantage over him.

But she looked, with careless and unobservant eyes, at the vessel under Prier's control which passed them by She read the name on the vessel's side. and said it over to herself in careless Lurline Bannottie, and she never ran admiration of the name. Perhaps she the risk of losing her powers through would have felt differently about the matter had she known who was on the deck; she might have been agitated, or even alarmed, could she have listened to his words: "I have studied navigation, once, before I became a detective, and I'll find Jasper Jahnway if he's on the sea. And I'll make him tell me the truth, and the whole truth;" she might have trembled at his muttered threat. "I'll be blamed if I don't hang some-But she did not know, she did body." not guess. She only repeated, and did not know she did it, the pretty name of Prier's hope: "The Ocean's Own."

To be Continued.

SHE WEPT IN EVERY OFFICE.

Young Woman's Method Getting Magazine Subscribers. She was a young woman, well dress ed, and had an appearance above the While not of striking beaunalf-dozen naturally selected questions ty, in the common sense, she was what is often called good looking. In other and simpler words, she would

She entered the lawyer's office. her hand she held a magazine, and ir

"I would like to have you subscrib Then she turned the pages and

come when it would be convenient to showed the lawyer the many interestshow that she had come here from ing departments, special articles, abwhich the magazine contained. "No, miss," said the lawyer.

emained in town Monday night. But azine is a good one, but I have enough now, and I don't care for it. The lawyer had hardly finished his

sentence when the young woman began to weep copiously. "Don't mind me," she said. "I just

can't help it. I am trying to earn a nours to wait before the arrival of the living. I am soliciting subscriptions for a magazine which is worth \$1 a year if it is worth a cent. Every one tells me the same thing that you do. am discouraged. I am despondent don't care what happens to me." And then the miss wept some more. Of course, under the rare condi-

> He produced a silver dollar and subscribed on the spot. "Don't cry, little girl," said the lawer. "Be brave; work hard; persevere; everything will come out all

ions even a lawyer's heart will turn.

right in the end." And the little girl left the with a "thank you."

if it were not for the fact that Bones, office some minutes later to tell him of take it most seriously. strange case that had transpired in his office. The case had to do with a granted an interview to the corres-"I presume so. What are they young woman of average good looks pondent "I was never so affected in my life,"

He seemed growing happier and said Dr. Bones. "I refused to subactually broke down in tears. I never saw any one height, and strange to say is painted sword, while turning to look back to so discouraged." "Did you subscribe?" said the law-

"Certainly I did," said Dr. Bones.

An investigation proved that the cutive reservation lies the vast Champ At the other end of the room there

Miscellaneous Reading.

HAYTI'S STRANGE, AGED RULER.

Nord Alexis Unlike Any Ohter Known Potentate. Port Au Prince, Hayti, April 10,-Possibly somewhere in the jungles of

ident, potentate, shah, rajah, sultan dent Nord Alexis of Hayti, but cer- an invitation. tainly there is none to compare with Venezuela that "monkey of the Anthe venerable old man who sits in the

Imagine a typical Ethiopian be For anything more one must come t

country has been under the same sort alike. of rule as now. The natives gained country has been a record of strife

and bloodshed. world, it has gone on a downward path vention by the powers. No steps have recently been taken toward saving procedure, don't seem to care much. Some day a revolution against him will mitted to enter by the sentry. til another may be organized, but for His captain and crew were ready; and the present his will is law. A person- in his possession a long rifle, a chassesummarily and harshly.

pose, is true. And so she slept, her on board. Then they moved down from of Alexis is the most recent example slaughter will be but a mere detail in permit passage the energetic sentinel much worse than many other things which have been done and others back into place.

household of Emperor Henry Christo- we were told. ohe, a barbarian, who left behind him native historians pass over as "many infortunate acts." The ideas of Christophe were hand-

man was Christophe, whose history as told here is scarcely believable.

Once Christophe doubted the loyalty officer if he was really loval. The chief naturally enough said he was, whereby bringing the heads of his, the police chief's, wife and daughter, which the chief did, and Christophe was con-

enraged with the French and issued decree that thereafter the official anguage would be English, and that guarded the entrance of the reception f after twenty-four hours any one spoke French in his presence he would e executed. To complete the transormation he changed his own name o Henry and has since been known as

s Henri Christophe. The traditions of Christophe which entury deal with nothing save bloodshed and the atrocities he committed. His own death was violent and also omewhat on the heroic order.

In 1820 he was stricken with paralyis, whereupon his political enemies cial started a revolution. He swore to cure nimself of his ailment and attempted ed by now and then, but this sentinel nerbs and peppers. It gave him momentary relief, enough to permit him suddenly awakened by the clatter of to mount his horse and start for the his sabre as it dropped from his relax-

The paralysis quickly took hold He sprawled over his chair in a loose again and Christophe was carried jointed heap, like nothing else than a forth to battle with the rebels, Chrisophe directing the campaign.

Then came the news of desertion: revolution was thus made successful. When the king received this information he shot himself through the heart. It is doubtful if any one mourned the loss.

Having been imbued with this sort of rule, it is perhaps not surprising that Alexis is the man he is, although more than fourscore years have gon Emperor Christophe. Alexis came in-

played the whole situation would ess to call it opera bouffe, for from the army with its scores of generals and all. It is extremely funny to a foreigner but the soldiers themselve

President Alexis on a Sunday mornof The Sun. The audience presidential residence.

southern part of the city. It is built tion off to the southwest toward which of brick and wood. two stories in a slate color, with a dark and modest the southwest over his right shoulder. roof. The building itself is surround- If Dessalines himself had ever actualed by a compound enclosed in an iron ly assumed such a position he would fence, with another surrounding that, never have been murdered, as he was "So did I," said the lawyer, "and giving two lines of protection.

constantly grazing. There are no riages drive anywhere in the reserva- how it got there. tion, and thus a network of roads, or

a review of soldiers within the palace be seen underneath, where they had This the foreigners did not been thrown as a matter of convensee, possibly because the soldiers were lience. or other sort of ruler who is as strange not in good form, or possibly because no one thought about extending them the members of the president's mili-

The entrance to the grounds each side for pedestrians and a larg- gold lace. bicles. Half clad soldiers filled the street outside and thronged the compound within

The uniform-perhaps too dignified sort of blouse, trousers tattered and variably wretched condition of the

have need for shoes. The officers of higher rank were uniformed brilliantly, but no two were It seemed that each officer have concocted his own dress. Sometimes there were brilliant scarand since that time the history of the let breeches with a purple stripe, another dash of color given by a green hats, the cockades with worn aigrettes

have been that at least-was He gave the sign, and after standing aside to permit the exit of half a dozen privates we were per-

This individual sat on a boxlike chair at one side of the gate. He had Mr. Gullens, looking perfectly sober, al or political enemy is dealt with pot of the type turned out about '70, with a bayonet. The butt of the gun sat on the box; the point of the bayof the worst details, but not so very gun toward him, then, after the party

cannon, a Napoleon. eral smell of the place was neutralernmost part of the country. Alexis rose gardens on either side. Presithe elder held a high position in the dent Alexis is a great lover of flowers,

The doors of the palace were three, with a chesspot leaning diaghorrible trail of blood and deeds which onally across, as at the other gate, by and was very attentive. He headwith a darkey sentinel to watch it. A otherwise-officer nodded toward a ed down to Alexis, himself a page to sentinel and the party went through. The first object seen within was a bust of Dessalines, a horrible looking black creature. Behind it was the most of the chief of police of Port au from the president, a beautiful marble Prince, and thereupon he asked this statue of a boy, evidently French, and white as could be. The general effort to have black predominate was everyupon Christophe told him to prove it where else, and the presence of this reautiful white boy was something of

shock. curving wooden stairway, rather rickety and not altogether clean. More sen-There were sentinels and sentinels, but the best of all was he who

In the states his uniform would be called overalls except for the red facing. He sat on a box at one side of the door and never arose. In his hand Christophe and Henry and sometimes he had a long unsheathed sabre-unheathed, a glance showed, because he owned no scabbard. It was his duty have been handed down from the last to allow no unauthorized person to ed he barred the entrance by jabbing the point of the sabre into the door casing opposite, and he kept it there until a word from some officer or offi-

Generals and cabinet ministers passgave no sign of recognition. Every few minutes he dropped to sleep, to be d hand, or by some person passing by. His soldiers went Mississippi river darky holding down a bale of cotton on the levee of a sunny

The reception room was marvelous faded and much worn green carpet overed the floor. The walls and ceilng had a green paper of peculiar de sign and from the ceiling hung a chandelier of Belgian crystal evidently long in disuse, for an exposed coil of wire hung from another part of the ceiling Around the top of the room on three

f its sides hung portraits of about by since Alexis used to wait upon the twenty presidents of Hayti. Every one wind that blows nobody good," alsome most ferocious looking individ- given of the correct words from Henhave all presidents of Hayti. He had wals. The pictures of Dessalines pre- ry VI.," which run, "Ill blows the wind made other efforts in previous years, dominated, although those of North Alexis were a close second. Leaning against the south wall was

a huge portrait of Dessalines on a then was the tug of war," which more eem absurdly impossible. It is use- horse. It reached from the floor al- often than not is misquoted as "When a wonderful work. Yes, the presimost picturesque part of life here is dent's nephew said, it was painted by

The horse was a tremendous and was as much of a physical impos-One foot of the horse was judiciously placed on the French flag, another upon a cat o'nine tails, a third on a broken chain. while the other was suspended in the air as if the steed were impatient to This executive mansion lies in the be on its way to the unknown destina-Dessalines was pointing with his later, for he would have passed away On the east and north of the exe- then and there with a broken neck.

else than a bit of pasture land, where do most of the work in Hayti it was a flock of sheep and many goats are technically correct. On the centre table was a bottle with a full rigged ship drives or roadways: the native car- inside. Of course every one wondered

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The state department rested on a has marred impossibly what long wicker settee in the shape of easily be made an attractive three or four large journals. Across the room was a satin covered sofa On this Sunday morning there was The arms were broken off and could

Presently there filed into the room tary staff and those of the cabinet. The soldiers were gaudily uniformed through a large gateway, a passage on in green, red and purple, with gobs of

One man wore a French tropical uniform of white, the simplest costume in the room. The others were direct contrast, being in costumes as loud and brilliant as those of any

in the states. the arm of the cleverest man in the torn and a dilapidated hat. The in- country, Mr. Marcelin, the minister of commerce and finance. He was emies, a believer in voodooism, and hats was surprising. No one ranking dressed in a dark green uniform. The you have a faint idea of what he is. under the grade of colonel seemed to coat was like a regular frock and covered with four rows of brass but-

tons, two on each side. The coat was open, the white linen color, which was rathblack tie hung negligently to the colsometimes the order was reversed and or button. But the uniform has no interest when one's eyes rest upon th

> of what was formerly a splendid speimen of physical manhood.

and bony and themselves show great he wore two tremendous diamonds in one setting. He had no other jewelry

beginning with the low, sloping foreonet supported the gun against the its full lips concealing a jungle of disupright part of the gate, this making colored teeth. The chin dropped and the perspective is larger that the opposite side of a barrier. To straight off and was large, receding in

> highly colored-both in uniform and evidently there to extricate the president from any conversational entanglement as well as to act as a witness The others stood in a semicircle off to the right of the corner in which the president had his chair placed. surprising thing in the palace, aside Alexis showed no hesitancy in answering all questions. He understood what was wanted, and being anxious to

> > proper thing he tried to put his side of the situation forward.

his hand trembled so the government. Nothing can be to a certain room and asked to have another. The request was refused and it was explained that the president

POPULAR PHRASES. Familiar Lines That Are Con-

stantly Misquoted. Critics who assert that we get more slovenly and careless every day in speech. proof of part of their assertion at any rate in the manner in which the writings of famous authors are continually being misquoted and distorted. In Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" are these words: where, nor any drop to drink." Ninety-nine people in a hundred say, "and

that profits nobody." Nathaniel Lee is similarly treated in regard to his "When Greeks joined Greeks phrase. Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war. "Money is the root of all evil" is a ravesty of the line from the first ove of money is the root of all evil." Another Scriptural passage which is

'Pride goes before a fall.' The fine phrase from Wolfe's poem, 'The Burial of Sir John Moore," which glory," is very badly treated by people who say, "Alone in his glory," while the correct words, as written by Longfellow, of the phrase so often used, "All things come to him who waits," are, "All things come around to him

comic opera ever produced anywhere President Nord Alexis came in on

valstcoat which reached clear up to er out of shape. An old ready made

When in his prime. Alexis must have been over six feet tall and very strong. All that is left now is the framework

His legs and body seem a mass of nere bone, shrunken until aimost nothing is left. His hands are long age. On one finger of his right hand

It was far more Ethiopian than the head and ending at the mouth, with

A twisted mass of sparse passed through, he let it drop orated the huge and long upper lip, while a small goatee appeared from The broad driveway was guarded the lower. He wore gold spectacles by a number of soldiers and a small which partially concealed his eyes. which should be white was discolored ed prince of Cape Haytien, the north- ized a bit by sweet perfume from the to a sort of brown, making it imposlet off and the other part began, The president speaks

French, and the entire conversation

was in that language. Marcelin stood

have the northern papers say the

When the interview was at an end round of champagne was served, The president himself merely tasted concoction of cola, which he had some difficulty in getting to his lips,

Alexis is in touch with everything done without his consent. A newspaper man recently took a trip on a Haytien gunboat. He was assigned had directed that he take that particular cabin. This is but one instance of his mas-

country.

tery of the details of running this

manners and customs have "Water, water everyot a drop to drink" for the last line.

Again, how often we hear people sing, "Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules (instead of rule) the waves," and juote Macbeth as saying, "Screw your courage to the sticking point," instead of "sticking place." Those two familiar lines of Samuel Butler's, "He that complies against his will is of his own opinion still," are usually misquoted as, "Convince a man against his will ne's of the same opinion still." Shakespeare never wrote "It's an ill though this is the version generally

often incorrectly quoted is the sentence from Proverbs, "Pride goeth before destruction and an haughty spirit before a fall. The popular version is,

who will but wait."-London Tit-Bits.