

## A CONVICT AND A GENTLEMAN

[Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague.] It was a calm starlight night, and when I came on duty at 10 o'clock the captain and his family had turned in. There was nothing for my watch to do except in the case of the man on the lookout, and all except him and the man who stood by the wheel in a perfunctory way were soon sprawled out and asleep. Within the hour I believe that we all slept. If I slept at all, of which I am not sure, it was less than ten minutes by the cabin clock. I was suddenly aroused by some one touching my arm, and I at once responded:

"Well, what is it?"

I spoke before I turned to the man at my side. When I wheeled on him I saw a stranger. He stood there with his cap in hand, and drawn up across the deck were fourteen other men, all dressed as French convicts. Every man removed his cap and bowed to me, and as I stood staring the one who had touched me quietly said:

"Sir, we have come aboard."

"But what is it—wao are you?" I asked as our voices aroused the man at the wheel.

"Our boat is alongside, sir. We are escaped convicts from Cayenne. We did not hail you, and we came aboard without noise. We have been a night and two days at sea. May I hope that our advent will disturb no one?"

"Good God, but we are captured by convicts!" I groaned as I finally realized the situation.

"And a worse thing might have happened," he replied, with a laugh. "We haven't the slightest intention of capturing your craft. Our only desire is to work our passage to the north. We have quite a quantity of provisions aboard our boat, and you will find us obeying orders and maintaining the best of discipline."

I descended to the cabin and aroused the captain and in whispers informed him of what had happened. He was of an excitable nature, and if I had not clapped my hand over his mouth he would have aroused the women with his exclamations. I had to tell him over and over again that the convicts offered no violence and that their leader seemed to have them under perfect control before I could quiet him. He was shaking like a leaf when we gained the deck, and he afterward told me that he expected nothing less than to be murdered out of hand.

"So this is the captain?" softly asked the convict leader. "Let me reassure you, sir. There shall be no violence here. You are as safe as if in your own home ashore."

"But you—you are convicts!" exclaimed the captain as he looked around upon the gang.

"Unfortunately, yes, but it does not follow that we are beasts and brutes. Some of us may not have been guilty of the crimes charged. I alone can speak your language. I am the leader. Every man will obey my slightest word. All we ask is that you give us a passage to the north."

"How far to the north?"

"To any of the English islands in the West Indies."

The man was speaking fairly, and when one looked at him there could be no mistake that he had been gentle born. He had the face and speech of an aristocrat. His followers were more common looking men, but their faces were not evil. The captain's excitement quieted down after a little and he reasoned it out that it was best to give way. Indeed, there was no other conclusion for a sensible man to come to. He looked at me and I gave him a nod, and then he said:

"I will take you along and trust in what you say."

"And I pledge you my word you shall have no cause to regret it," replied the leader as he extended his hand. "As the weather is fine my men can occupy the decks. I have a few words to say to them."

With a gesture he called them around him and then for five minutes he spoke in low but earnest tones. As he used the French language we could not understand a word, and yet it was plain that he was giving them orders and advice. While he was speaking I suggested to the captain that he be invited to occupy a spare berth in the cabin, and this was acceded to. When the invitation was extended he accepted it as his due, but with many thanks, and introduced himself as Mr. Lafay. Our sleeping watch was roused up, the convicts' boat unloaded and sent adrift, explanations made and all done so quietly that the sleeping women were not aroused. The first they knew of the affair was at breakfast time. Meanwhile the calm was broken.

In the morning watch I carried one of my suits of clothes to Lafay's state room, along with a razor and other things. When he came out to breakfast and was introduced he was all gentleman and no convict. He was a good talker and a natural entertainer, and the women, who had expected to meet a villain, were on friendly footing within a quarter of an hour.

As for the other convicts, our men fraternized with them at once. Some of them were sailors and they promptly turned to. Between our crew and the captain's ship chest all were fitted out in other dress and their uniforms thrown overboard. We had the crowd with us for three weeks, and never a man during that whole time caused us the slightest trouble.

As for Lafay, all took the greatest liking to him and were sorry when the time came to part. Just where we left them is a matter not to be betrayed, but they did not go from us empty handed, and a chance was given them to live better lives in the future.

M. QUAD.

## AN INTERESTING LOAN

[Original.]

Miss Beyard was staying at her aunt's cottage at Newport. Miss Beyard was rich; her aunt was rich. I was rich myself or I would not have wasted time courting Miss Beyard. Poor (young) people think that when there is plenty of money in a family the sons and daughters can afford to marry for love. It's done exactly the other way. The poor must marry the poor, for we rich people have no matrimonial use for them.

I received a note from Miss Beyard saying that she had something to tell me which she couldn't very well write. Considering that there was a courtship on between us, this was quite enough, and there was no use in going my. It meant that I might look elsewhere for a wife. I wrote her to that effect, then tore up my letter. After all, I would prefer to receive my formal dismissal from her lips. I was curious to know if her heart was going with her hand.

I took the evening boat for Newport and called the next afternoon.

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Who has told you? No one but Aunt Adeline and I and he knows anything about it. It has been somewhat sudden."

"I guessed it from your note."

"How bright of you! He is Lord Bingleton."

I was astonished. Bingleton had been over some months. He had brought letters to me, and I had put him under obligations. He knew nothing of my wishes with regard to Miss Beyard. He was one of the British aristocracy who had come over to America for a rich marriage.

The reason for my astonishment was that Miss Beyard is a superior girl and I had supposed quite above such a sale. I considered the price altogether insufficient, especially as Miss Beyard was worth \$5,000.00. However, a title is a good thing for a woman of means to have in the family.

"Well," I said, "it only remains for me to wish you a pleasant life among British peers and peeresses."

"You don't seem very regretful," she pouted.

"You want a title; therefore I want you to have a title. If you needed my assistance to get one you should have it."

"That's very kind of you," I arose.

"Are you going so soon?"

"Yes. There's nothing mutually interesting for us to chat about. Goodby. I hope there will be no slip between you and your wish."

She didn't look altogether satisfied as she offered me her hand and bade me adieu.

That evening Bingleton called on me. "I heard you were here and came up at once. I have news for you. One of your American belles has been unwise enough to throw herself away on me."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; that pretty Miss Beyard—no end of money in her own right. You've been very kind to me thus far, old chappie, but I've got a harder nut for you to crack now. The sums you have advanced are bagatelles compared with what I need now. I've got to keep up this expenditure for three months. Then comes the wedding, with its present to the bride. My uncle's bequest won't be paid for a year. That's all the security I have to give. I mean I haven't any to give at all."

I had said only that day to Miss Beyard, "If you needed my assistance you should have it." Here was a chance to help her by helping Lord Bingleton.

"How much do you need?" I asked.

"I could get on with \$10,000."

"Nonsense! You need \$30,000." I took a check book from a trunk and wrote him a check for \$30,000. "You will average up \$10,000 a month as Miss Beyard's fiance. No gush, please. There's no obligation. I know you will be good for the amount."

In a few days I received a note from Miss Beyard asking me to call. I dropped in an hour before dinner. I saw at once there was something on her mind. She looked at me with the same expression as before her Bingleton affair.

"When you told me the other day," she said, "that if I needed your assistance in my affair with Lord Bingleton you would give it I didn't think I should have to thank you for it so soon."

"What do you mean?" I asked in alarm.

"You have supplied his temporary wants."

"Has he gone daft, to tell you about it?"

"My aunt knows his people in England and knows that very soon he will come into £100,000. She also knows that meanwhile he would not be able to live as we do during our engagement. She offered him temporary assistance. He told her that he had just made a loan from the 'best fellow in America' and in the exuberance of his enthusiasm gave her your name."

I never was more astonished in my life. Miss Beyard could have knocked me down with a feather.

The next afternoon Bingleton came up to me at the casino, his smiling face big with intelligence.

"She's told me all. What a deucedly funny affair, to be sure! I congratulate you old chappie. But, I say, do you need that thirty thousand? There is a second best, you know, and I expect to land her tonight. Ten million sure and perhaps more. But—his face falling—"she's not Miss Beyard."

I begged him to keep the thirty thousand as long as he needed it. I was happy a few days later when he told me that he had secured the \$10,000,000.

D. FISK BRADY.

## A Deadbeat

[Original.]

One summer night, or rather morning, a cabman nodding on his box drove slowly up Broadway, New York. Passing old Trinity church the chimes in the tower above rang out, followed by the stroke of 2.

"Hello!" cried a voice.

The cabman, ever mindful of a fare, roused himself and, turning, saw a man standing in the iron gateway before the church. There was little of his face or figure visible, for the former was shaded by the brim of a singular three-cornered hat, the latter wrapped in a long cloak. The cabman drew up at the curb. The stranger opened the cab door and stepped hastily in, giving a hurried order to drive northward along the river bank. On reaching a point opposite Weehawken the stranger called upon the cabman to stop, alighted and walked toward the river.

It was now early dawn. On coming to the water's edge he looked about him as though expecting some one, then up and down the river, glancing impatiently at his watch. The cabman continued to eye him wonderingly, though he was tired and sleepy. Was it drowsiness that made the queer figure seem to flutter in the wind? A boat touched the shore pulled by two men in the same garb as the stranger. He stepped in and was rowed away straight across the river.

Then it seemed to the cabman that he had lost consciousness for a second and the men pulling away in a boat had been a dream. He looked about for the stranger, but he had indeed disappeared.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a distant crack, or, rather, it was two cracks so near together as to be scarcely distinguished. Just then the leaves of the trees were stirred by a light breeze, and it seemed to the cabman that something uncanny was in the wind. Indeed, though it was a warm July morning, he shivered as if he had been struck by a cold draft from a tomb.

The next thing the cabman knew the two men who had taken the stranger away were pulling rapidly down the river. The stranger himself was nowhere to be seen, but the men seemed to be regarding anxiously something in the bottom of the boat invisible from the shore. The cabman, bent on holding to those mysteriously linked with the man who owed him a fare, whipped up his horse and followed them down along the shore. It was a hard chase, but he managed to keep them in sight, and finally they turned toward the shore. When they landed, cabby was there to meet them. The stranger was stretched in the bottom of the boat. Taking him up, his companions carried him ashore and placed him inside the cab. The cabman, all in a flutter, mounted the box and was about to drive away when he remembered that in his excitement he had not asked for instructions. Looking back to do so, not a ghost of a man who had been there was to be seen. As soon as he could sufficiently recover from his astonishment he bent over to ask the question of the man inside. The face was ashen and had taken on a ghastly glare.

"Drive," moaned the sufferer.

"Where?"

"To the churchyard."

The cabman lashed his horse, his cab swaying from curb to curb, its driver swaying as well on the box, the people rushing to get out of the way. Now and again a policeman dashed into the street to stop him, but he was driving too fast for them and left them all behind.

"Faster!" called the passenger in a dying voice. "I'll be caught in the maelstrom."

The cab at last drew up at the gateway of old Trinity. The cabman was about to get down and help the man out when he saw him sit rather than walk or run in through the gateway, pass right through an iron fence and into the churchyard. Down jumped the cabman and dashed after him, calling for his fare. Passing around an end of the fence, making his way through the headstones, he managed to keep the man, or, rather, ghost—for by this time it resembled a dissolving buff cloud—in sight.

There is a monument on the southern side of the churchyard partaking neither of the style of the seventeenth nor of the nineteenth century, but a period between the two. To this monument the fading object floated, and thither the cabman staggered. But on reaching it not a sign of a living being was to be seen. Dazed, he tried to steady himself against the tomb, but the gravestones, the high buildings surrounding the churchyard, the spire, all began to rock as if they were towers on some gigantic vessel, and—well, that's all the cabman knew. Indeed, he sank down on the grave with his head resting against the monument. There he was seen by a policeman standing on the narrow street bordering the churchyard.

The next sign of consciousness that came to the cabman was feeling a grip on his arth. Opening his eyes, he saw the policeman bending over him.

"My fare," gasped the cabman.

"Your fare! Do you expect to get fares out o' tombstones?"

The cabman rolled his eyes about to assure himself where he was, and they finally rested on an inscription cut on a slab in the monument beside him. It read:

IN MEMORY OF  
ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

## PERIL IN ATHLETICS

PHYSICAL EXERCISE SHOULD BE TAKEN IN MODERATION.

**Muscle Building Is Not Necessary to Good Health, and Severe Training Weakens the Heart and Nerves and Lowers Vitality.**

Once beyond the bounds of moderation, physical exercise and physical training not only weaken the heart for a lifetime, predispose to pneumonia, cause pulmonary tuberculosis and make extra possible a dozen other ills, but they unfit a man from being the ideal husband and father.

Dr. Robert E. Coughlin of Brooklyn, says the New York Times, has been collecting statistics upon and following the careers of athletes for years. He examined the contestants in amateur boxing matches, and the abnormal development of the best of them struck him. Magnificently developed as to their muscles, they were far from being men of normal health and strength. Beyond a certain point the muscular training was at the expense of their vitality. It took away from the heart and lungs. There was scarcely an organ of the system not affected and made less efficient. It seemed worth while to explore further into the cause.

"In regard to the benefit to be derived from athletics," says the doctor, "one has only to remember the physiology of exercise to become convinced of the fact that exercise, per se, may be very beneficial. The point to bear in mind is to advise the person to stop before fatigue becomes evident. We can do this readily when the athlete is interested in games for the mere exercise, but such advice cannot be offered when his aim is to excel in an athletic contest. Here is where athletics do great harm, and it would be a safe rule to advise against all forms of athletics until the heart begins to be markedly hypertrophied. This is the danger signal."

Hypertrophied is the medical man's way of saying enlarged—that is, the walls or muscles of the heart increase in size. Though this is the "danger signal," there is no real danger here, only a warning. The danger comes when, in consequence of additional exertion, the heart dilates, its interior grows larger, displacing the delicate machinery, causing the valves to leak. Then come "murmurs," and though a man may live for years with weakened valves he may die any day and any moment.

Does physical exercise, then, build up the general health and make a better man out of a man? There seems to be a question, with some scientific men saying today very emphatically, "Not unless that physical exercise is very moderate indeed."

Health, one of the big English authorities (Sir Michael Foster) puts it, does not exist. It is like happiness. Each has a goal or limit which, while seemingly attainable, eludes perfect possession. The body consists of a number of mechanisms which have the closest and most exact relations, and as they approximate to harmony there is health, but when disordered there is ill health.

Not necessarily does a man by physical training and much exercise become a better man, nor does he even get better health. Here is the striking evidence of it in scientific statements of the day.

To obtain good health, muscle building is not a necessity. One cannot judge of a person's health by the size and hardness of the muscles. We have seen that the converse may be true. To obtain health one must not be in a perfectly trained condition owing to the effects of severe training on the nervous system. There is no evidence to prove that athletics and muscle building improve the constitution. One should always keep in mind the fact that built up or hypertrophied muscle has a tendency to degenerate. The heart, being a muscular organ, shares in this tendency.

But the athlete is a man who goes through the severest physical strain and training. If he boxes, runs, is a gymnast, a football player, a wrestler, an expert at baseball or tennis, any sport requiring violent exercise and the constant keeping in trim for it, all the rest of his body is sacrificed for the overdevelopment of these special muscles, and the rest of it must somehow suffer.

All the body should develop together, as it were. Body and mind should be built up evenly. If overathletics does nothing else it produces a wearing and tearing nervous strain.

When it comes to the actual athlete, the man who specializes on some form of physical force and muscle power, these conditions are greatly aggravated. Severe athletic training and muscle building, it is now an acknowledged fact of science, are at the expense of the nervous and glandular systems.

"An experienced athlete," says one authority, "gave as his opinion that a man sacrifices a certain part of his life every time he enters a contest of any kind. He also said that a man when fit as expressed by athletes, is in an abnormally nervous condition. In other words, he can never remain at ease for a minute at a time and, like the caged lion, is forever on the move during his waking moments. It has been noticed by observers that athletes are often sickly and particularly susceptible to constipation and appendicitis."

What He Cleaned Up.

"Did you clean up much in that railroad deal?"

"No. I washed my hands of it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If rich be not elated, if poor be not dejected.—Socrates.

## The