

A CONVICT AND A GENTLEMAN

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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—what 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 hall 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 he 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. Lafoy. 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 Lafoy's stateroom, 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 sloop 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 Lafoy, all took the greatest liking to him and were sorry when the time came to part. Just where we left him 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 my going. 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 \$500,000. 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 chap, 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 fiancé. No guess, 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 dencedly funny affair, to be sure! I congratulate you, old chap. 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 \$100,000.

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 flit 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 betwixt 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 arm. 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.

F. A. MITCHEL.

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 in the nature of a contest."

"Athletics may be said to be beneficial 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 End of Books.
What brings about the end of books? Is it fire, water, worms? As every ship launched is bound to be wrecked, every theater to be burned, the fates of the book is its reduction to ashes. What became of the Alexandria library? Did the Saracens burn it in 640? There is this question asked: Was there any library at Alexandria containing 700,000 books? Gibbon inclines to the opinion that there was no such library. Canon Taylor insists that if there had been a library it was burned in the time of Julius Caesar. Tradition seems to indicate, however, that there was a library in the serapeum, by no means a large collection, but whether destroyed by Theophilus or Theodosius is not known. It looks as if the charge brought against the Arabs rested on no foundation. Explorations of Alexandria in 1895-96 show no traces of the serapeum. The serapeum of Egypt was built on a damp foundation, and granting that there was a library, it not destroyed by fire, then the papyrus might have suffered from decay due to water. Books of today taken to India, to the southern states and to the West Indies perish through mildew.

Robinson Crusoe.
The second volume of "Robinson Crusoe," by Daniel De Foe, published on Aug. 20, 1719, was the first story published in England with illustrations. The illustrations consisted of a map of the world, in which the different voyages of the hero of the tale were delineated. The first volume of "Robinson Crusoe" was published in April, 1719, and became popular at once. A second edition was printed seventeen days after the first, twenty-five days later another followed, and a fourth was published on Aug. 8 of the same year. On Aug. 20 the second volume was issued under the title of "The Further Adventures of Robinson Crusoe"; being the second and last part of his life and of the strange, surprising account of his travels round three parts of the globe. Written by himself. To which is added a map of the world, in which is delineated the voyage of Robinson Crusoe.

A Curiosity in Figures.
The following remarkable contribution to the curiosities of figures consists of two series of numbers, of which no description is necessary, as they speak for themselves. Perhaps there is no special profit in them, but they are worth preserving nevertheless:

1 times 9 plus 2 equals 11.
12 times 9 plus 3 equals 111.
123 times 9 plus 4 equals 1111.
1234 times 9 plus 5 equals 11111.
12345 times 9 plus 6 equals 111111.
123456 times 9 plus 7 equals 1111111.
1234567 times 9 plus 8 equals 11111111.
12345678 times 9 plus 9 equals 111111111.
1 times 8 plus 1 equals 9.
12 times 8 plus 2 equals 98.
123 times 8 plus 3 equals 987.
1234 times 8 plus 4 equals 9876.
12345 times 8 plus 5 equals 98765.
123456 times 8 plus 6 equals 987654.
1234567 times 8 plus 7 equals 9876543.
12345678 times 8 plus 8 equals 98765432.
123456789 times 8 plus 9 equals 987654321.

White Animals Can't Smell.
"Pure white animals," said a pet stock dealer, "have no sense of smell. Hence they are continually eating things that disagree with them, and in eight cases out of ten poison themselves and die. Pure white pigs should never be allowed to run loose in the fields and woods. For, without the protection of a sense of smell, such pigs, when they get out, eat all sorts of poisonous roots and berries and die off rapidly. 'In Africa the white rhinoceros poisons itself by eating the euphorbia, and pure white sheep are difficult to rear because they are continually munching shrubs and grasses that don't agree with them.'"

Butler's Flag.
Feb. 21, 1893. General Benjamin F. Butler presented to congress the first genuine American flag, made of American materials by American labor, ever constructed in this country. Prior to that time all American government flags had been made of English bunting. Since then all our official flags have been the product exclusively of American material and labor. There were twenty-six stars in the flag at that time.

His Last Name.
A gentleman once asked a lad what was his last name.

"Johnny," replied the boy.

"Well, what is your full name?"

"Johnny Brown, sir."

"Well, how can Johnny be your last name?"

"Because, sir, when I was born my name was Brown, and Johnny wasn't given to me till I was a month old."

A Narrow Escape.
The company had assembled in the church, but the bridegroom was nowhere to be found. Finally a messenger announced that the young man had been run over and killed while on his way to the church.

"And just think," she said a month afterward to a friend, "what a narrow escape I had from becoming a widow!"

A Frank of Memory.
Why have we memory sufficient to retain the minutest circumstances that have happened to us and yet not enough to remember how often we have related them to the same person?—La Rochefoucauld.

A Wonder.

"Crime worked a miracle with that dumb convict."

"How so?"

"He was sent here for uttering forged notes."—Baltimore American.

Common sense is the average sensibility and intelligence of men undisturbed by individual peculiarities.—W. R. Alger.

Measured the Time.
An old sailor was being examined in an assault case by a cute young lawyer, who questioned his veracity regarding a matter of time.
"You had no watch, and yet you are positive that the defendant was only ten minutes absent. I doubt if you are able to estimate ten minutes of time correctly," he said.
"Try me," said the old tar.
The lawyer drew his watch from his pocket and said, "When I call out 'Now' you allow ten minutes to pass, and when it is up call out 'Time's up.'"
The old salt nodded, and the lawyer called out "Now." Slowly the time passed, and the lawyer, with watch in hand, tried to wheedle him into an admission that time was up. The sailor paid no heed and exactly at the end of the ten minutes shouted, "Time's up." The bewildered lawyer turned round confused at the court's loud laughter, and his eye lighted on the courtroom clock behind him, which had assisted the old sailor in his task.

Rossini's Laziness.
Rossini was one of the most indolent of men and in his younger days used to do most of his composing in bed. Once he had almost completed a trio, when the sheet fell out of his hand and went under the bed. He could not reach it, and, rather than get up, he wrote another. The lazy man, if he works at all, does so by spurts, and Rossini, working against time, wrote "The Barber of Seville" in thirteen days. When Donizetti was told of this he remarked, "It is very possible. He is so lazy." The overture to the "Gazza Lutra" was written under curious circumstances. On the very day of the first performance of the opera not a note of the overture was written, and the manager, getting hold of Rossini, confined him in the upper loft of La Scala, setting four scene shifters on guard over him. These took the sheets as they were filled and threw them out of the windows to copyists beneath.

Subjective Drowning.
The dentist's chair was tipped so far back that escape for the village seamstress, a lady of remarkable conversational ability, was impossible. Wads of absorbent cotton were tucked beneath her tongue, some patent appliance held her jaws apart, and all the lower half of her countenance except one back tooth was concealed under a decidedly damp rubber dam. The patient's mouth was full of water, speech was impossible, and the poor, naturally talkative lady was suffering agonies of discomfort.

The engrossed dentist paid no heed to her squirmings or to the appeal in her eyes. Fortunately, however, the patient's hands were free. Groping in the reticule that hung from her belt, she brought forth paper and pencil and wrote:

"Help! Help! I'm drowning!"

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

A Poet's Curious Compliment.
It was the habit of Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, to always speak well of every one. No matter how bad the character of a person, the good gray poet invariably found some trait to praise. One day in his office on Park row some friend entered and asked him whether he knew so and so, and, if so, what was the man's reputation. It happened that the man had a shady reputation and was well known as a "gold brick" operator. The aged poet lighted his pipe and answered:

"Yes, I know him. He is the most energetic, progressive, irrepressible, good natured, artistic kind of an unmitigated rascal that I ever met."

Cold Storage in Irish Bogs.
For long it puzzled me to know what the poachers did with the birds they shot in July. There is no cold storage in the north of Ireland, but they have discovered an excellent substitute. The birds are buried four or five feet deep in dry peat, and, I am told, come out perfectly fresh at the end of two or three weeks. When one remembers the bog butter dug out of the peat bogs in a comparatively fresh state after being buried for probably 200 or 300 years, it is not difficult to believe that grouse might keep, under the same circumstances, for two or three weeks.—Letter in Country Life.

The Tact Market.
Chancellor James R. Day was once advising a young undergraduate of Syracuse university to cultivate tact. "But, alas," he said, "I fear that advice on such a subject must always be wasted. On tact the last word was spoken by Barbey d'Aureville when he said:

"If tact could be bought, only those already possessed of it would want to buy it."

Making New Rubber Plants.
From a rubber plant which is growing in a living room, the best way to get plants is by scoring the bark of the limb where you want the roots to grow and covering the injury with sphagnum moss, which must always be kept damp. Roots will soon permeate the moss, when the limb should be cut off and potted.—Garden Magazine.

Kept Her Word.
"This," said the school friend who had not seen her for a year, "this is the girl who vowed to me that she never would belong to any man, eh?"

"I don't," said she who had been married the matter of some few months or so. "He belongs to me."

Women Writers.
We know a number of women writers, and many of them are very good looking—much better looking, at any rate, than men writers, whose appearance is very seldom as attractive as their works.—Academy.