

THE TROUBLESOME LADY.

CHAPTER IV.

"If I ever become poor and friendless, and should be walking along the streets of a city about six o'clock at night and the smell of fried onions were wafted towards me, I should become a criminal. I would steal," said Doctor John, firmly, "so that I also might have them."

"Rather a lowly taste," said Oliver lazily. They had been to the top of Sixty's Peak for elk all that day, but found no sign of one, only a young antelope, the chops of which, with the fried onions, Mike was cooking for supper.

The doctor, radiant in his flowered dressing-gown, but, alas, minus his beautifully-embroidered cap, stirred the tobacco in his pipe and leaned comfortably back in his chair.

"Don't scorn onions, Craig. I know you better. Here in this desolate region miles away from women-kind, you positively revel in 'em."

"Women-kind?" Oliver asked, vaguely.

"The vegetable, fortunately. Your thirst for tobacco, your senseless haste to return to Denver, your restlessness, are bad signs. Eve entered our paradise, and back we go to civilization to-morrow because we expect a letter from her. I shall prescribe for your case a dose of moral reflections, with references to celebrated cases of the sort I have heard you discuss with disgust."

"How far imagination will carry a man?—almost to idiocy!" murmured Oliver.

"The question," continued the doctor, plaintively, as if he had not heard, "is, what are you going to do? You meant well: I should have no doubt assisted the Troublesome lady,—not driving so far or so fast, perhaps. But your honest Mexican accomplice rode his 'gooda beasta' to Parkville last night, and he and the well-mannered Louis were amiably intoxicated together. Monsieur is probably well informed of all that took place."

"Which was little enough. I would have told him; but I had no desire to quarrel with him, or perhaps fight a ridiculous French duel over a young woman I had only seen twice, and both of us duellists possibly landed in jail for breaking the peace by some sagacious sheriff."

"I would not go your bail, either, my friend," smiled Doctor John. "I would like to see you shut up awhile: you've sent enough to prison walls in your time. If I don't mistake,—passers are few this lonely way, and his horse was a roan,—here comes the Mexican and his 'gooda beasta,' who a nondescript creature following, who I hope is not the Troublesome lady returning."

"Your judgment in matters pertaining to female kind is not accurate," said Oliver, who had jumped up anxiously at the doctor's words. "This is an elderly, gaunt, and tall female, and she sits that mule as gingerly as if he were liable to go out from under her any moment. Do you know, I half believe that is Aunt Hannah."

"Didn't know you had relatives," said the doctor, following Oliver to the road.

"I haven't. Mrs. Minny has; and if the old lady is seeking her, where is the young lady, and what kind of a difficulty have I got myself into? She looks warlike enough."

"I have brought ze-a lady from ze railroad," said the Mexican, obsequiously. "She com-a Monsieur de Restaud. He sent-a here for Madame."

"So you told him I had taken her to the train?" Oliver said, quickly, a dangerous light in his gray eyes. "You were a fool. I shall come here again, and I can pay more than the Frenchman. I would even have bought that horse of yours at your most exorbitant price."

"You had not enough money for to buy my horse, son. He is one race-horse. He had win grand money for me. I leaf ze lady with you: my mule he tire: she yell all ze way and bump zeound."

While he spoke, the old lady, with more haste than elegance, slid to the ground, unfastened a carpet-bag tied to the saddle, delivered a five-dollar bill to her guide.

"All you'll git," she said in a high-pitched nasal voice, "if you talk lingo forever. I ain't to home in a kentry where my native tongue is butchered as you do it, and that's all I'll pay you, if you talk balderdash all night."

"Si senora," gasped the Mexican.

"Yis I do see; and I've a mind to report your insolence to the authorities, for that 'see' is all I've got of you the whole way. And if we ain't leagued over unprofitable meanders and everlasting hills this day, and barren wastes, to last me till I die. When I git back East I'll hate to look at the settin' sun, for getting reminded of this journey an' Minny's misfortune here. Now, he being gone, misters," she said, abruptly, as Juan rode rapidly away,— "that Warn, as he calls himself,—which of you is the man that made the mischief in my nephew by marriage's family?"

It was rather an embarrassing question. The doctor politely requested that she sit down and rest, as she seemed much hurried, and they could talk more comfortably. After a sharp glance at him, she consented, sitting carefully in a chair with a groan. She was a tall, raw-boned woman, flat as an ironing-board, tanned and wrinkled, with strong features, a mass of untidy gray hair, and handsome blue eyes with a sly twinkle in them as if she could see a joke and make one too. Somehow the barren life of New England brings wit and pathos to the surface, of the first the driest, quaintest sort, as of the other the saddest and most hopeless. Her ungloved hands were work-worn and large-knuckled, hands of that pride of the village, a good housekeeper and one who has flowers in summer of her own tending. She pushed an unstable bonnet she wore back on her head, and looked at Oliver severely.

"As she seemed to know, he said, abjectly, "I helped Mrs. de Restaud get to the railroad."

"I didn't need no telling," she answered, promptly. "I'm clean beat out. I never rode on an animal before of any sort of kind. I've got real rheumatic pains in my back and shoulders. It is hard for a woman at my age to have to gallyate over an unsettled country hunting a connection."

"Here are some cushions," said Doctor John, coming out, his arms full. "These chairs are uncomfortable. Now, isn't that better?"

"Yis. I suppose I'll eat my meals off the mangle-plate for a week. Now, you

being old and settled-like, why couldn't you have helped Minny?"

"Because I was not here. Object to smoking?"

"No, land sakes, no; keep the skeeters off, if they be any that kin git a living up here."

"Now, this is cosy," continued the doctor, lighting his pipe. Oliver sat down near them. "You see, I was called off to a sick woman, and she died,—poor soul."

"Of what?" asked the new-comer, eagerly, all curiosity.

"I should say home sickness if I told the truth, but I called it mountain fever. Well, she was dying, you know, and here, as Craig is sitting alone over the fire, com's a lady in a yellow silk gown (Mike told me, Craig: you needn't think you've been talking in your sleep). On her white neck are ugly bruises, welts from a whip or on her arms, and the little dog she brings with her has been brutally kicked. She throws herself at Craig's feet, and begs him to save her—"

"You don't never tell me that evil little fore-gner dared strike Minny Patten!" cried the old lady. "Oh, I'd like to git my hands on him! All her mother's fault,—always taking up with strangers."

"Any man would have helped her," said Oliver; then he went on and told what he did, and how he left her safely at the train he omitted her eccentric farewell,—possibly because he had forgotten it.

"The poor little bird," sobbed the old woman, "my dead brother's child; and what a man he was!—marster of a ship at nineteen; and here's his Minny he idolized living in nowhere-land with crazy Frenchman. I put up with him for months when I visited here, for her sake; but one day,—the Patten's all quick, on my mother's side I'm a Knox, and his'try tells what he was,—and I slapped Henry right in the face like he'd been a young one. He set me out the door, and his man have my trunk after me. Back I had to ride in a springless wagon, and, getting home, found things going to rack and ruin with the shiftless folks I left taking care of my house. I did advise Minny to stay, though, Mr. Oliver," she said, looking at him with her honest, kindly gaze. "I'm an old-fashioned woman, so I loved it was her duty: she'd made her bed and had to lie on it. You can't never tell me a girl is made to get married in this kentry, whatever it may be in France, an' Minny is awful frivolous. I hain't no liking for men that sympathizes with young wives when they air young an' pretty."

"I should have dragged her back, to be killed next time," Craig said, coldly.

She arose and held out her hand, wrinkled hand. "I think you donenoble by her Mr. Oliver; and though by your looks you seem to be one of them city bachelors that ain't no good moral characters, I know her own dead father couldn't have done kinder by her. How you rid them miles in that time I can't see, for that Warn an' me set out afore sun-up an' got to the Frenchman's jest turned five o'clock. Now, how much money did you give Minny to frivil away?"

She took out an old leather wallet and began unwinding a strap that held it tight.

"I have no account. Wait until you hear from her."

"I am well-to-do, and Minny's all I've got to leave my property to; so that needn't worry you; and I don't like her being under obligations to strange men. How much did you loan her?"

Oliver looked confused. "I—I don't know; there might have been three hundred dollars in the roll,—perhaps more."

"What?" almost screamed Aunt Hannah. "Heavens to Betsy! you and me won't ever set eyes on Minny Patten till every cent of that money is gone. She don't know the value on t. She never had none of her own to spend afore."

"I think she will use it to good advantage," smiled Oliver. "Besides, it is better she has plenty, as she seems to have missed you. How did that happen?"

"I've been away six weeks, visiting connections by marriage in Iowa, an' I was coming here to see how she was treated, for she ain't writ to me 'most two months, an' he's mean enough to keep her from it. None of the neighbors knowed where I'd went, on account of their curiosity: I told 'em mebbe Florida, an' boarded up the lower winders in my house."

"Well, the neighbors will take care of her," said the doctor, cheerily. "Here is Mike; so, Miss—"

"Patten,—Hannah Patten."

"There is nothing for you to do but to accept our hospitality, city bachelors live well, you know,—and to-morrow go down to Denver with us. Mr. Oliver probably has a letter from Mrs. Minny at his office waiting for him, as she promised to let him know if she got home safely."

"I believe I will, and thank you," said Miss Patten, beginning to smooth down her hair. "The smell of them fried onions struck me all in a heap, for I ain't eat since breakfast, my niece's husband not even offering me a chair to set on, let alone something to eat, and I've got a feeling of goodness that reminds me of one of Cap'n Sam's sea-stories,—Minny's father, you know,—where a shipwrecked crew eat their boots and chewed sticks to keep 'em alive."

"You see," smiled Doctor John, "I was right about our humble vegetable. It appeals to every heart."

"And stomach," said Miss Patten, walking majestically up to the house. "It mayn't be proper for me to stop here, but I guess our age protects us."

"Why, certainly," said Doctor John, meekly. "It's in the air out here to do erratic things, but the neighbors in your town shall never know, I swear it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gordon's Soudan Throne.

Gordon's "Soudan Throne" is a folding armchair he always sat in at Khartoum, and carried with him on his camel journeys. It was a little straight-backed chair, having a skeleton frame of round iron, a carpet back and seat, gilt knobs for ornament, and small pads on the arms for comfort.

The carpet had grown dim in the African sun, which deprived it of all royal pretensions, so that when Gordon returned from his Governorship of the Soudan and suddenly asked, "Where is my throne? Has it been brought in?" they were all surprised. His throne? Nobody had seen a throne. But at length his camp stool was found where it had been stowed away.

NEWS OF ELECTRICITY.

A USEFUL HINT FOR YOUNG ELECTRICIANS.

One of the bugbears of the young electrician is the difficulty of remembering which way a magnetic needle turns when a current of electricity is sent along a wire in its vicinity. Ampere gave a rule which many find it troublesome to remember, and others have since tried to improve on it. Prof. Daniell points out that if a penholder be held in the right hand in the usual way of writing it may be taken to represent the wire, and the flow of ink the current. If now, the thumb be stretched a little across the penholder, it will represent the position of the magnet, the thumb-nail being the north-seeking pole. Prof. Holten, of Denmark, now offers a rule which he says his students have always taken to very readily. The outstretched right hand is placed with the fingers pointing in the direction of the current, and the palm turned towards the magnet. The north-seeking pole of the magnet will then move in the direction of the outstretched thumb.

SHALL WE TRAVEL IN ELECTRIC SHIPS?

Elihu Thompson says that while we may reasonably look forward to being able to telephone through an ocean cable under the Atlantic, it is hardly likely that we shall travel over it in ships propelled by electricity. It would actually be possible to construct electric motors able to turn screws and propel our largest ships, but the supply of current energy to them for five days continuously would require the carrying of a storage battery of enormous cost, and so heavy that it could not be placed on board without sinking the ship. But here the indiscretion of prophesying comes in; and if there is anything in the world that it is unsafe to prophesy about it is the limitations of electrical possibilities. Prof. Thomson, while framing his opinion according to modern lights, is not blind to this fact, for he adds: "It should, however, be borne constantly in mind, in dealing with the subject of electrical applications, that a new discovery might at any time change the aspect of every prophecy based on present knowledge and conditions."

ELECTRICITY IN THE MODERN HOUSE.

Electricity is becoming an absorbing factor in the luxury of modern life. The description of the part it is to play in a new New York residential building sounds like a fairy tale. The elevators will be run and lighted by electricity. They will resemble huge gilt bird cages in appearance. The shaft for them will be of plate glass, set in bronze columns and protected by elaborate bronze grilles. The elevator doors will open and shut automatically by means of an electric device, and there will be no ropes or appliances visible except the cables which pull the cars. The pressing of a button will start or stop them, light the electric lamps or extinguish them. There will be no direct artificial light in the halls or salons. The source of light will be invisible. The illumination will be dependent on artfully concealed electric lamps, whose light will be simply reflected, or blended with single or combined tints, according to the situation and the hangings of the apartment. Thus to a room furnished in white, a predominant tone of any given color can be imparted by the changing of the lamp shades, and the tints of colored rooms can be modified in the same way when desired. Attached to the building there will be a kitchen department. The cooking and most of the work of the department will be done by electricity and the same agency will keep the house warm in winter and cool in summer.

ELECTRIC WINDMILL PLANTS.

A prize has been recently offered by a Netherland society for the best paper on obtaining energy by means of windmills, accumulating this energy electrically, and transmitting it or making it portable. This question has already assumed a very practical form in this country. The three elements on which this utilization of wind power depends are: the windmill, the dynamo and the storage battery, and all these have now, in this connection, arrived at the commercial stage. The windmill has hitherto been mainly for pumping, drainage and irrigation, and its new employment for generating electricity will be a source of great convenience to country communities who, without it, would be debarred the advantages of electric light and power. The estimated average speed of the wind throughout this country is seven and three-quarters miles an hour, and any one with a windmill can have electric lighting by hitching on a small dynamo and a few storage batteries. That this can be done is shown by the working of a small and simple plant at Jersey City. The windmill has a diameter of 18 feet, and at a speed of twenty miles an hour can deliver three horse-power. The dynamo is driven by a belt connected with the mill gearing, and has a maximum capacity of thirty-five amperes at thirty-five volts. It occupies a floor space of only 30 inches square, and is but 15 inches high. The storage cells furnish current for twenty-four incandescent lamps.

ELECTRICITY IN ARTILLERY WORK.

Artillerists are recognizing that electricity will prove a most useful adjunct to their offensive and defensive tactics. It has already been used with great success in range-finding, aiming and firing, and it is now being introduced for the working of big guns, which, whether on board ship or in a fort, have hitherto been manipulated by steam or by hydraulic power. To obtain the maximum effectiveness the gun must be arranged to load, aim and fire while in motion; and these objects may be attained by the use of electric motors with the greatest facility. Again, the angular movements of a ship in motion with respect to the gun can be produced and maintained in battle, and at the same time the guns may be kept pointed always on the enemy. The same may be said of the elevation and other movements, and an electrically controlled gun has a knack of shooting straight even in the choppiest sea. But one of the main uses of electricity in the game of war of the future will be the operation of projectors for seacoast work. The two principal functions of projectors in connection with artillery practice on shore are: (1) The recognition of distant points or objects. (2) The illumination of extensive zones at short distances.

The first requires great concentration and the second dispersion of light. Projectors for distant illumination should be established on elevated positions; those which are intended to illuminate extensive zones at short distances should be as close as possible to the sea level. The most recent proposition as to the use of the electric projector for coast defense is to mount the light upon an electric car which runs upon a line of rails. On the car sits the operator, who controls the light at will. In this way a long line of seacoast can be rapidly and effectively inspected, and when this system is used in conjunction with a means of communicating the result of the inspection instantly to any given point it will be seen that a valuable element in defensive warfare has been provided.

Winter Clothing.

In writing about "Clothing as a Protection Against Cold," Doctor Robson Rooss, an English authority, lays much stress on three points that are too generally disregarded. Not clothing, but plenty of exercise and proper food are the sources of bodily warmth; clothing does not give warmth, but only retains that of the body. Therefore at least one hour a day should be devoted to active exercise, after which a cold bath should be taken, if possible, and a change of underclothing certainly.

One heavy garment of any kind is not so effective in retaining bodily heat as two much lighter garments of that kind. Between separate garments, lies a layer of air warmed from the body, and as still air is an excellent non-conductor of heat, it keeps the body's, from radiation, or going away on the moving outer air.

Another advantage of thin woolen garments is that they can be easily reduced or multiplied in number worn to suit changes of weather. Many athletic men value this advantage greatly, and wear two or three light overcoats, instead of one heavy one in severely cold weather. When a thaw comes they lay one or more off, and so escape the overheating and sweating from which the heavy-coated suffer during warm winter spells.

The Japanese and Chinese both understand this principle well, and go clad in thin garments, each layer formed like its fellow. They reduce or add to the number of layers according to the degree of outer cold.

Moderately loose garments retain the body's warmth much better than tight ones, simply because the loose includes more air than the body has warmed.

Again, a loosely woven fabric is better than one woven closely. This is not commonly appreciated enough by civilized people, who are apt to choose close-woven, thick garments for winter wear. The American Northwest Indian knows better. He goes clad in blankets, and his squaw weaves him, from small peltries, a coarse robe that is wonderfully effective.

The rabbit or squirrel or sometimes gopher skins are cut into strips with the hair or fur on, and these strips are woven crisscross so loosely that a finger can easily be poked through. Yet in such a robe one can sleep in a tent without fire on a far-below zero night and feel positively hot. So if "By oh, Baby Bunting's" mother got that sort of a rabbit-skin to wrap Baby Bunting in, the infant was well protected.

Bear and Serpent.

Some clenchers were setting their nets for game in an Indian jungle when their attention was attracted by hideous noises—roars of pain and rage, and a prolonged hissing, like the escape of steam from an engine. They hastened to the spot—or toward it, as seems more likely—and beheld what the Madras Mail describes as a "Homeric conflict." A jungle bear was fighting for its life with a colossal serpent. Probably the serpent had been sunning itself in the game track when the bear came along, and as neither animal would yield the path to the other, a contest became inevitable. What the clenchers saw is thus described:

The serpent wound its enormous folds around the bear; the bear dashed from side to side and rolled on the ground in its frenzied attempts to get free, roaring angrily all the while and snapping its jaws like castanets at the serpent's folds. It could not reach them, however, on account of the way in which they were tightened around the bear's quivering body.

Thus engaged, the combatants swayed to the brow of a hill, down which the bear cast himself with a velocity that plainly disconcerted the serpent, for it unwound two or three of its folds and threw its tail around a tree, hoping so to anchor the bear. The manoeuvre resulted in its own undoing, in more ways than one.

The rigid, outstretched line of tail gave the bear a chance to seize its assailant, a chance which up to this time had not been afforded. The bear was quick to seize its opportunity, and fastened its jaws in the snake's quivering flesh. The hissing was now frightful, as the snake rapidly unwound itself and struck savagely at the bear's jaws.

By way of response, the bear roared furiously, dashing from side to side, and worrying the mouthful of serpent in its jaws in paroxysms of rage and pain. Once more the serpent wound itself about the bear, the bear howled and gasped, and both, still struggling, rolled out of view into the high grass of the forest.

Their track was marked with pools of blood; and when they were again seen they had parted. The snake was coiled in an attitude of defence, with its head erect, and hissed apprehensively. It had had enough, and wished only to be left alone.

Not so the bear. Though almost crushed to death, it would not retire from the combat. After a moment's pause it rushed upon the serpent, seized it by the head and dragged it about with roars of triumph.

The undergrowth was beaten flat by the convulsive strokes of the great serpent's tail as the bear crushed its head to pieces, and finally it lay dead beneath the assaults of its vindictive enemy.

Johnny—"I'm sorry I fought with Jimmy Green yesterday." Mamma—"Why are you sorry?" "Cause I knocked one of his front teeth out, an' now he can spit through his tooth an' I can't."

"They say that matrimony is a lottery," remarked Simpkins, "and I am firmly convinced that it's an investment that never pays any dividends." "Mine did," responded Sniffiker. "In what way?" "Triplets," answered Sniffiker, in a hollow whisper.

NAMES AND THEIR MEANING.

Susan is Hebrew, a Lily.
Alma is Latin, the Kindly.
Guy is French, the Leader.
Job is Hebrew, the Mourner.
Paul is Latin, the Small One.
Rachel is Hebrew, the Lamb.
Hugh is Dutch, the Lofty Man.
Clara is Latin, the Bright One.
Margaret is Greek, the Pearl.
Ernest is Greek, the Serious One.
Adeline is German, the Princess.
Martin is Latin, the Martial One.
Gilbert is Saxon, Bright as Gold.
Eunice is Greek, the Fair Victory.
Jacob is Hebrew, the Supplanter.
Lucius is Latin, the Shining One.
Peter is of Latin origin, the Rock.
Minnie is a diminutive of Margaret.
Ruth is Hebrew, and means Beauty.
Sophia is Greek, and means Wisdom.
Edwin is Saxon, a Happy Conqueror.
Arabella is Latin, the Beautiful Altar.
Rosamond is Saxon, The Rose of Peace.
Florence is Latin, The Blooming One.
Agatha is a Greek name, the Good One.
James is of Hebrew origin, the Beguiler.
Isaac, a Hebrew name, means Laughter.
Lucy is the feminine of the Latin Lucius.
Edith and Editha are Saxon, Happiness.
Lionel, the Latin name, is A Little Lion.
Leonard, the German name, is Lionlike.
Douglas is Gaelic, signifying Dark Gray.
Louisa is German, the feminine of Louis.
Ester is a Hebrew word meaning Secret.
Dagmar is German, the Joy of the Danes.
Daniel is Hebrew, meaning God is Judge.
Oliver is of Roman origin, An Olive Tree.
Matthew a Jewish name, signifies a Gift.
Keturah, a Hebrew name, means Incense.
Sarah, the Hebrew name, means Princess.

Cesar, the Latin name, means Hairy Man.

Agnes is of German origin, the Chaste One.

Moses, a Hebrew name, means Drawn Out.

Meredith is Celtic, The Roaring of the Sea.

Huldah, from the Hebrew, means a weasel.

Eugenia and Eugenie are French, Well Born.

Ursula, the Latin name, means a she bear.

Roxana is a Persian name, The Day Dawn.

Naomi is a Hebrew name, the Alluring One.

Harold, the Champion, is of Saxon origin.

Deborah is of Hebrew descent, signifying a Bee.

Dorcas is from the Greek, signifying a Wild Roe.

Catherine, a Greek name, means the Pure One.

Constantine is Latin, signifying the Resolute.

Joseph, of Hebrew origin, means an Addition.

Zenobia is Greek, and means the Life of Jove.

Herbert, a German name, means Bright Lord.

Maurice is of Roman origin, The Son of a Moor.

Frederic, a German name, signifies a Rich Peace.

Pretty Girls in Bethlehem.

A correspondent of the Washington Star has been "doing" the Holy Land, and is filled with admiration for the damsels of Bethlehem. In a recent letter he writes: "I don't wonder that Boaz fell in love with Ruth. The Bethlehem girls are among the beauties of the East, and you will find more pretty girls in the hills of Judea than in the same amount of territory anywhere else the world over. A shipload of these Bethlehem maidens, if they could be transported to the great North-West, would capture the bonanza farmers of the Dakotas just as Ruth captured the great land-owner, Boaz, and when they came back to Washington as Senators' wives they would be the belles of the capital. These Bethlehem maidens are fair-skinned and bright-eyed. They have straight, well-rounded forms, which they clothe, in long dresses of white linen, so beautifully embroidered in silk that a single-gown requires many months of work. This dress is much like an American woman's nightgown, without the frills and laces. It falls from the neck to the feet, and is open at the front in a narrow slit as far down as a modest décolleté dress. Over this gown they wear sleeveless cloaks of dark red stripes, and the head they cover with a long shawl of linen embroidered with silk. Each girl wears her dower on her person in the shape of a necklace of coins and the forehead of each maiden is decorated with a crown of coins, some of which are silver and others gold."

Mediaeval Trick of a Gypsy.

Endowed with a firm belief in the powers of fortune tellers, a woman living in Vincennes, who lately lost £32, consulted a Hungarian gypsy—temporarily dwelling in the locality—about the missing money. The gypsy solemnly said that the devil was the thief; that if another sum of money equal in value to that lost were placed at night outside the gate of the local graveyard, and if numerous prayers and paternosters were repeated, Satan would disgorge his ill-gotten booty. While saying the prayers the unsophisticated woman was to walk round the cemetery, and as she was doing so the money was split away.

Nothing suspecting the dupe went again to the gypsy, who said that the sum left at the gate undoubtedly contained spurious coins, and suggested the deposit of another £32 in the same place. The dupe would have blindly obeyed the injunction a second time had she not narrated her adventures to a neighbor, thanks to whose prompt action the police intervened and arrested the cunning gypsy.—(London Telegraph.)