

His Good Name

Chief-Warder Halliday returned to his little cottage adjacent to Barchester Prison rather later than his usual time for getting home. It was a bright, sunny evening, and contrasted vividly with the gloom he had just left. His daughter Mercy met him at the cottage door and gave him a more than usually affectionate kiss; but she noticed that he was somewhat preoccupied, and, lovingly putting her arm round him, she asked, as she led the way into the house:—

"Dad, dear, what is the matter? You're not your usual self. Something has happened at the horrid gaol."

"You're quite right, child—something at the gaol. It's got on my nerves, though I ought to have got used to almost anything in connection with my official duties by now."

A sigh escaped him, and he seemed glad to seat himself in the arm-chair which his daughter placed for him.

"May I know what it is?" the girl interrogated, in a tone full of sympathy.

"Yes, Mercy, I'll tell you. Since I got my appointment here two years ago, I don't think there's much I have kept from you, dear, and I know there's nothing you have kept from me."

Mercy Halliday felt her cheeks burn at her father's last words, but not noticing her he went on: "One of the prisoners attempted to escape while at work to-day; the alarm was raised, and one of my young assistant-warders shot at the man while he was in the act of scaling the wall, and the prisoner fell like a log. The assistant only meant to frighten or wing him, but, unfortunately, he has done more than that."

"And is the poor man dead?"

"No; but I'm afraid there is very little hope for him. He was shot, and seriously injured by the fall as well. The doctors are doing everything possible; he may pull round and recover."

"To go back to his prison life? Father, it may seem wicked, but I think it would be better for him to die!"

Enoch Halliday turned and looked at his daughter as she spoke. Yes; she was right. He agreed with her—it would be better.

After a pause the girl spoke again:—

"Dad, dear, it is a dreadful thing, and I know how it must worry you, who have such a deal of responsibility on your shoulders."

"Ah," was the rejoinder, "it won't be long, I hope, before I can give it all up; but there—there, I'm really sorry I told you about this affair, Mercy. You look so scared, child."

"I should certainly have heard about it from other sources," said the girl. Then going towards her father she continued, tenderly: "You are a dear, tender-hearted old father, and I love you for it. I wanted you to be very happy to-day, though, Dad, dear, please go and change your coat and then I will give you a cup of tea."

Halliday, who wore his dark-blue official uniform, rose from his seat in evident accord with his daughter's suggestion. She apparently had something further to say, but was somewhat at a loss how to express it. Her father had got to the door of the room before she again spoke.

"Dad, dear, it's such a lovely evening, I thought—that is, I was going to suggest—well, how would it be to have tea out in the garden?"

"Not at all a bad notion, Mercy," Halliday answered, readily.

"And I want to ask as well," the girl continued, "if I might—that is, would you mind—can I ask Emma to set the tea for three, dad?"

There was a puzzled look on her father's face for a moment; then he replied:—

"Asked a friend, eh? Certainly—tea for three he it. I didn't know I was going to meet company, so it will be better for me to change my coat and polish myself up a bit." He disappeared into the passage, and the next instant Mercy heard him jocularly directing the servant, Emma, to set tea for three under the tree.

Left alone, Mercy Halliday pondered deeply. What her father had told her concerning the shocking event in the prison had unnerved her; and to happen to-day, when she felt so happy and imagined yet further happiness in store!

She took from her pocket a letter, glancing around in girlish confusion as she did so. Unfolding the missive she read it through for the hundredth time. Though only a short note, how overjoyed she had been to receive it that morning, for it told her that her sweetheart, Sergeant Harry Markham,—th Hussars, was back from the war safe and sound, and stationed at Barchester Barracks, not a mile away. The girl kissed the dear signature. She had seen the writer only an hour or two ago, and the glorious news he had brought had caused an unwonted thrill of joyful excitement in her breast. Her lover was going to leave the army, he told her. He had only enlisted for a certain object, which had been achieved, and his relatives, who were quite well-to-do, had insisted on him being bought out, and, much as he liked soldier-

ing, he had agreed. And, best of all, he was to come to-day and meet her father for the first time, and there would be no more secrecy in the matter of their attachment. He was to ask for her hand, and say before all the world that he wanted her for his little wife.

Mercy Halliday and Sergeant Markham had met and fallen in love some months back unbeknown to the girl's father, who had not dreamed that his daughter would some day surely lose her heart. Halliday had looked upon her as a child always. He was a rugged, simple man, and he did not profess to know much about womankind.

Presently he returned, looking more like an ordinary civilian. He was, as he expressed it, "quite ready for tea if tea was ready for him." So, together, he and his daughter went out into the pretty, well-kept garden at the back, where, on a table under a shady tree, were arranged the cups and saucers.

Mercy smiled to herself as she saw the preparations; she had managed things beautifully, she considered. Her soldier-lover was to be here soon; he would meet her father; they would have tea together, and—the rest would be easy.

There was a gate at the end of the garden-walk which opened on to a lane. It was that way that she expected her lover to come; and even as she glanced a handsome, bronzed, khaki-clad young fellow appeared there, and her heart gave a joyful throb as she recognized her soldier-sweetheart.

"May I come in?" he asked, in a voice that was not without a slight tone of apprehension.

Enoch Halliday gave a start; he had not bargained for this; he had quite thought it was to be a girl friend of Mercy's. As his daughter ran to open the gate he turned towards the cottage, feeling that he could hardly trust himself to remain. What could it mean?

"Father, dear"—his daughter's voice arrested his steps—"please let me introduce one whom I want you to like very much. Harry, this is my father. Dad, this is Sergeant Markham."

"I hope, sir," said the young soldier, as he came forward, "that we may be good friends."

Again Halliday gave a start. It was very strange. Where did he remember to have heard that voice? He swung round and looked at the soldier searchingly in the face. Then after a pause, he asked:—

"What does Sergeant Markham want here, Mercy, and with me?" "Let me answer, sir," the young man said, "and speak for myself—your daughter has already given me permission. Frankly, Mr. Halliday, I love Mercy—have loved her from the day we first met; and I come here to-day to ask you to give her to me—let her become my wife."

Another pause: still the older man kept his glance full on the sergeant's features. At last he spoke, but in harsh, unsympathetic tones:—

"My child, your wife? You must be mad—yes, mad! Young man, you know what my station in life is, I presume. A year or two ago, before I got promotion to be chief-warder here in Barchester, I was a warder at Pentonville."

The young man's cheek blanched and a look of agony came into his eyes, which did not escape Halliday.

Ah, familiar name—eh? I thought it might be. Among the prisoners who went through my hands there I particularly remember one. His name then was Henry Marple; but he may have forgotten it—prisoners get so used to the number they wear and are known by—

Mercy, who had listened to her father in silent horror, suddenly burst forth with a cry:—

"Father! Harry! What does this mean?"

"Find the meaning yourself, child," her father answered; "ask that man if he ever bore the name of Henry Marple."

The girl wondered if she had heard aright. There was an awful silence in the little garden for a space, and then, in trembling accents, the young soldier spoke:—

"Mercy—Mr. Halliday, I will tell you the truth, though Heaven knows it is hard to speak. Yes, I did bear the name of Henry Marple once."

"And served your time in prison," Halliday added, "under that name."

"Heaven help me—yes."

The young girl stared at her lover aghast. It could not be true! Her lips framed the words; she whispered them huskily: "It is not true!"

"Not true!" her father exclaimed; "he knows, as I know, it is true enough."

"Oh, there must be some explanation," wailed the girl, piteously.

"It's rather late in the day to explain," the chief-warder went on; then turning fiercely to the young soldier: "Henry Marple, or Markham, or whatever your name is, you dare, knowing what you are, to come and ask me to give into your care the most precious thing on earth to me—my sweet, motherless daughter." His voice rose higher in his anger. "As you have doubtless robbed others, so you would rob me—"

"Father—pity!" came his daughter's tearful appeal; "remember, I love him!"

"Then, child," Halliday replied, "the man you love is a gaol-bird—a common felon!"

The young soldier staggered as if he had been struck a violent blow. Recovering himself, he spoke manfully, but with a note of despair:—

"Mr. Halliday, I was innocent."

There is one Judge who will convict me if I do not speak the truth. I was innocent. I was charged with robbery—theft from the bank I was employed in as managing-clerk. The money was found upon me and my books were falsified, but I was innocent. I could not prove my innocence—my counsel could not—I was the victim of a foul, deeply-laid plot. I was found guilty and sentenced, and served my term. When I again came back into the world my good name was gone. I had something to live down. I changed my name and enlisted, and thought that luck smiled upon my new name and new life, and now—"

He broke off abruptly and groaned in his anguish. Halliday spoke again: "I will not say I believe or disbelieve you; but you will see it is best for you to go from here. Work out your new life to the end; form new friendships and forget us." He moved to the garden-gate and opened it. "Good-bye."

His daughter sank sobbing on a seat; the young sergeant made a movement as if to go to her, then with an effort he straightened himself, and in another moment, with a dazed, despairing look on his face, he had passed out of the garden. The chief-warder watched him go slowly down the lane, then, hearing footsteps, he turned towards the house. Emma, the old domestic, was standing by the doorway looking with wondering eyes from him to his daughter.

"Well, what is it?" he asked the woman.

"You're wanted, and quickly, at the prison. The governor's sent a message. Someone's dead," she replied, quietly.

Halliday knew who it would be; he had thought as much. He glanced at his daughter, then going to her he tenderly drew her towards him and kissed her softly. Then releasing her he gave a significant glance to the old servant, and without a word more left the two together.

No sooner had he gone than the young girl rose to her feet.

"Emma," she said, hurriedly, "do me a service. I know you will, dear. Find Harry—Sergeant Markham—you know him. He was here just now—only a moment ago—he cannot be far away." She pointed in the direction her lover had gone.

Emma seemed to comprehend the situation in a moment, and with a cheery "I'll find him, dearie," she was gone.

Five minutes or more passed. They seemed an age to Mercy. She paced the garden distractedly. At last she and her lover appeared, followed by sound of returning footsteps fell upon her ears. Another moment, Emma, who had a glad look in her eyes, as she glanced at her young mistress and disappeared into the cottage.

"Harry!" "Mercy!" The lovers were clasped in one another's arms.

"You shall not leave me," sobbed the young girl.

"Mercy, you set me the hardest task of all. This is the end. Your father was right. I will go back into the army, hiding like the felon I have been called, yet trusting that time may put things right at last. I ask forgiveness for bringing this shadow across your bright young life. And now, good-bye."

"I cannot say the words," came the choking reply.

"They must be said—they must. I am brave; you must be brave too. Mercy, good-bye. Forget me as soon as you can."

"No, Harry, never!" the young girl cried, wildly, as she fell with renewed sobs upon her sweetheart's breast.

They stood thus for some few seconds and did not notice Halliday's return. He had come back into the garden with some blue official-looking papers in his hand. He stopped abruptly at what he saw. After a short pause he called softly:—

"Mercy!"

At the sound of his voice his daughter, without turning, gave a gesture of alarm.

"Go—go," she said to her lover. "No—he may stay."

Mercy and the young soldier exchanged wondering glances as the chief-warder spoke. What could this change mean?

"Mercy," Halliday continued, coming to his daughter's side, "I told you of a prisoner being wounded to-day in attempting to escape. He is dead. He was a bad lot, I knew, but he has done some good at the last. He feared to meet his Maker without confessing to various offences for which innocent people have suffered. I have here his dispositions given in the governor's presence. His name was Sherrard."

"Sherrard!" exclaimed the young sergeant. "I knew a man of that name once."

"Yes!"

"He was a junior in the same banking-house where I was managing-clerk in the old days. I knew little of him, for he took a dislike to me—why, I never understood. Can it possibly be the same man?" "It is—the same," the chief-warder replied.

"You know that? How?" the soldier asked.

"Fate works out its ends in a mysterious way, Sergeant Markham. This man Sherrard has confessed to the robbery—among other crimes—which he deliberately planned, and for which you wrongly, cruelly suffered."

In the silence of amazement that followed Enoch Halliday took his daughter's right hand, and crossing

to the young soldier placed it in his; then he turned away with glistening eyes, and the lovers' lips met in a silent kiss.—London Tit-Bits.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN TREE-TOPS.

A Village in France Built in the Tree-Tops.

About an hour's railway journey from Paris there is a remarkable village, the inhabitants of which spend their lives in the tree-tops. If you look for this curious spot on the map you will find it spelt Sceaux, though it is perhaps better known among the Parisians as "Le Vrai Arbre de Robinson." It appears that some fifty years ago M. Guescenin conceived the idea of building a restaurant in the tree-tops. He owned a bit of land at Sceaux in which stood a grand old tree. In the branches of this forest patriarch he erected small dining-rooms, which were reached by rustic staircases. The view to be obtained from these leafy heights is unique. To celebrate the unconventional delights of feasts taken perched among the branches M. Guescenin called his tree "Robinson" dropping the Crusoe. The fame of the tree and its dining-rooms spread—all social, literary, artistic Paris made it a point to breakfast or dine among rustling leaves. Imitators soon appeared on the scene, and to-day Sceaux is nothing less than a village built in the tree-tops. There are over a score of trees with spacious dining-rooms, many also boasting of sleeping and living apartments, ingeniously constructed on the stout branches of the trees. The tallest tree may be likened to a three-storey dwelling. It has three distinct rooms, built one above the other.

Sceaux is undoubtedly a delightful little spot, and is well patronized during the summer months by the well-to-do Parisian. Thousands of newly married couples spend their honeymoon here every year. The founder of the village, M. Guescenin, is said to have made a large fortune out of his unique idea—far more than Defoe made out of his world-famous story, "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," after whom the village is named.

A very quaint tree dwelling is that to be found at the foot of Mount Temalpais, near the village of Mill Valley, not far from San Francisco. The residence is over 50 feet above the ground, and is built round the trunk of a large redwood. It boasts of two rooms and a small kitchen. A balcony also runs right round it. It is entirely Japanese in style, and was built by Japs under the supervision of its owner, Mr. George Marshland. He built this pretty little home two years ago with a view to spending his honeymoon in it, but both he and his wife were so delighted with it that they have occupied it ever since.

Utilizing the Water of the Mighty Cataract of the Ganges of the South.

Quietly, without any fuss or ostentation, a very remarkable industrial enterprise has been carried to a successful completion in the heart of the jungles of India, says the London Globe. We refer to the Cauvery Falls electrical power transmission works. The Cauvery Falls are one of the sights of southern India, and this month there will be opened works which have taken not quite two years to construct whereby 4,500 horse power is transmitted over more than ninety miles to the very heart of the Kalar gold fields, and there distributed among ten gold mines, of which the best known in this country, perhaps, are the Mysore, Ooregum, Nundydroog, and Champion Reef.

The magnitude of the undertaking will best be realized when we state that judging by the quantity of horse power, and the distance over which it is transmitted, these works are the second biggest in the world, and quite the most important throughout the British empire. The premier position is held by a Californian undertaking, the huge plant at Niagara not being employed to transmit power over any long distance. Another peculiarly interesting feature of this Indian enterprise is its initiation and execution by a Canadian officer, a member of one of the oldest families in the Dominion, Capt. Joly de Lotbiniere, R.E. Thus not merely on the battlefield, but in the paths of peace do colonial officers add new laurels to our imperial renown.

The Cauvery is one of the sacred rivers of India, and is sometimes called the Ganges of the south. It rises in a wild valley on the western borders of Coorg. From the summits of the encircling hills one looks down on the western ocean, not forty miles distant. But the sacred stream springs eastward, and winding through the broken uplands and Coorg and Mysore leaps down wild gorges to the thirsty plains, when it flows a mighty flood at this season of the year, but ever an unfauling waterway to the Eastern Sea, 500 miles from its fount. Irrigation works are frequent along its course, and it spreads a network of vivifying channels over Mysore and a wide area of the Madras Presidency. Along its banks the spectre of

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SMOKING PEOPLES.

Smoking is universal in Polynesia, China, Japan, and Siam. In Burma the mother takes the cheroot from her mouth and puts it to the lips of her nursing babe, while the child purses its tiny lips and puffs away with every indication of pleasure. Kaffirs habitually smoke cigars with the lighted ends in their mouths and their tongues adroitly tucked out of harm's way. Even Stanley's Pigmies of Central Africa are inveterate smokers. The sun never sets on the smoking world, for before the white man of the Occident puts down his pipe at night the yellow man of the Orient has lit his maternal cheroot.

MEN AND WOMEN WORKERS.

Nearly all the British census returns prove that man works more and woman less than they did ten years ago. Thus the figures for Staffordshire just issued show that the number of men (i.e., males over ten) employed has increased from 83.6 per hundred in 1891 to 84.8 in 1901; whilst the number of women (i.e., females over ten) has decreased from 30.1 per hundred in 1891 to 28.5 in 1901. This is evidence of prosperity, since when times are really good the woman is not forced into the labor market. True in many directions more and more women find employment—many more are teachers and clerks, for instance—but the great decrease in the number of domestic servants brings down the general percentage.

FAMINE SELDOM STALKS.

The falls occur at the island of Sivasamudram, on the eastern borders of Mysore, the river here being the frontier line between the native state and British territory. Two other notable islands formed on the Cauvery are Seringapatam, where Tipppo Sultan's fort stood, and Srirangham, near Trichinopoly, famous for its temples. At Sivasamudram is a marvellous bridge, narrow and tortuous, three-quarters of a mile in length, built on piers of single monoliths. The falls are two in number—Buvi Chukki and Gangan Chukki. At the former the river broadens out, and its bed is studded with a thousand little islands. The height of the falls is not great, under 200 feet. But Buvi Chukki is one of the loveliest waterfalls in the world. The finest effect is by moonlight, when the river is at half flood. Standing on a bluff facing the cataracts, at one's feet is a broad pool of broken silver water, and down the thickly wooded semi-circle opposite leaps the laughing river, not in one roaring flood, but in 500 clamorous cascades, in and out among the trees, and over all hangs a veil of mist shining in the moonlight.

Gangan Chukki is the very antithesis of its sister cataract. The river narrows and the flood rushes down the gorge, sending up clouds of spray that on a clear day are visible for miles. At the foot of the Gangan Chukki, a few hundred yards down the rapids, stands the generating station.

The Cauvery Falls are thirty miles from the nearest railway station in a thinly populated district. The country is very wild, and for miles the transmission line, consisting of telegraph posts carrying six strands of copper wire, run through hilly jungles infested by tiger, panther and bear. Herds of elephants still roam wild here. Tame elephants helped to convey the machinery from the railway to the works—they and bullocks, a white long-horned breed of draught bullocks, for which Mysore has for generations been famous. It was the excellence of this breed that enabled Hyder Ali a century and a quarter ago to make forced marches with his heavy artillery, and nearly to drive England.

OUT OF SOUTHERN INDIA.

Hyder Ali and his guns have passed, but his bullocks and Britain remain to tame the waterfalls in place of ruthlessly bringing peoples into subjection.

Not the least obstacle that Capt. Joly de Lotbiniere had to overcome was the popular superstition that the divinity of the sacred Cauvery would slay all that interfered with the stream. Most difficult was it for this reason to collect labor, and malaria, always deadly in the river bottoms, especially when the soil is newly turned, played havoc, and there was also a bad outbreak of cholera. Ignorant peoples speak of these superstitions as foolishness.

Yet in truth it is hard to conceive higher wisdom than that whereby the belief that the rivers were the peculiar care of the gods was firmly instilled into the popular mind in days when Kings and Sultans were despots. A bridge foolishly built on a stream diverted by some petty tyrant might have wrought perpetual ruin for hundreds of miles up and down the watershed. By tact and careful explanations the old superstition was overcome and the work proceeded quickly. This month it is hoped that all the mining machinery on the Kolar gold fields will be worked by electric motors, the power for which has been generated at the falls ninety-two miles away. If the full measure of success anticipated by Capt. de Lotbiniere is attained, we shall soon hear of other Indian waterfalls being turned to practical use.

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