

Jilted-After All

When the Hon. Fitzgerald Chalmers came down the long flight of steps from Government House, he felt the happiest man alive. He had put his fate to the test, and the result had been encouraging. Maisie would probably be his affianced wife in a few hours.

He hailed a passing hansom, and was driven to the "United," whistling gaily as he went. In the club smokeroom he found his friend, Lieutenant Hallam, alone, for which he was effusively thankful.

"What's put you in such good-humor?" asked Hallam. "If you were accustomed to being hard-up, I should imagine you had come into some cash."

The Hon. Fitzgerald drew a chair to his friend's side nearer the fire, and lit a cigar.

"But," continued Hallam, "you're one of those lucky beggars, with all the tin, and most of the girls!"

"Well, I've got the best of them at last!" exclaimed Chalmers. "Truth is, old man—only keep it dark I tell you—I've proposed to Maisie Meshmore—"

"And been accepted eh?" interrupted Hallam.

"N-no, not exactly; but I am confident I shall be. She nearly promised. Said she would like a few hours in which to think it over—woman-like, you know. But I haven't an atom of doubt. As a fact, the general is in my favor!"

The confidence he felt was plainly expressed in his features, and, as he finished speaking, he took the cigar from his mouth, and laughed merrily. Hallam shook him heartily by the hand.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "Seems a sure thing. My heartiest congratulations. You've tried hard enough goodness knows, for a long time! Eighteen months, I believe?"

The Hon. Fitzgerald nodded assent, and Hallam added:

"She's a bonnie woman, and you ought to be proud!"

"I am," agreed the other. "For I feel sure she will consent. She just wanted to have a talk with the general, and, since he has shown me his approval, I do not fear."

Could the Hon. Fitzgerald Chalmers have known what was passing at that moment in the interval between father and daughter, he would have been disagreeably surprised at the nature of the conversation. His proposal was being discussed, but from quite another, and more dramatic, standpoint to that which he imagined. Soon after he had left the house, Maisie went to her father in the library, and acquainted him with the offer of marriage which she had just received.

For some moments the pair stood facing each other without uttering a word, until Maisie, impatient at her father's silence, spoke again.

"Tell me, what can I do, father? Fitz has proposed to me, as I expected he would, seeing that I have accepted all his attentions. I thought at first it was to be just a flirtation; but he wants me to marry him—and marry him now!"

Maisie's eyes were red and wet with tears. General Lord Meshmore paced the room, torn between conflicting emotions. The cold, stern soldier—"Muderous Meshmore," as he had been called in a famous war history—was now a weak man of nerves and fears. His only daughter clung to his arms as he went his short patrol.

"I cannot tell him the truth, father," said the young woman.

"Truth—of course not!" exclaimed the general, suddenly roused. "Of course not! You must accept him!"

"Father!"

"Yes, accept him!" he said sharply. "You have told me that you love him. I blundered, Maisie, when I made you marry Reginald. But now that he is dead, you must not spoil your life by denying a downright honest and good fellow. Accept him and be happy, dearie, as I know you will be with him."

"Suppose Fitz should discover?" asked Maisie, her voice almost choking. "Or suppose Reginald is not dead? Oh, it is impossible—impossible! There is nothing for me but to live in wretchedness!"

"My dear Maisie, you really must look at things more reasonably. Nobody knows but you and I and your dear, dead mother of the man you married during our residence in India. There is not another soul in England who knows, or cares. He won you by fraud. I was deceived by all his pretensions to wealth and birth, and he proved to be nothing but a low-born rogue. He deserted you within three months, after he had got all he could out of me and you. I tell you he was killed in Africa. I saw his name in the list!"

"Are you sure—?" began the distressed Maisie.

"Absolutely!" interrupted Lord Meshmore. "There are not a hundred, or a dozen, Lieutenant Reginald Maxtons in the Army. And if he was not, he couldn't come back to you again; he knows better. So your marriage cannot be discovered."

"It is a dreadful deceit to prac-

tical!" urged Maisie. "Yet, oh, I do love him!"

"There are white and black lies, child; so there are harmless and sinful deceptions," answered the general. "This secret is yours and mine alone. We will keep it so; and you will accept Fitzgerald. That deceit can do no harm, and will make you both happy. I want you to do it, dear. It is a greater sin to waste your beauty and mar your life by moping over the gloomy past. Why, there is a brilliant future before you, if you will only seize the opportunity!"

Maisie kissed her father on the lips and gave his arm a gentle pressure. "You do cheer my spirits, father," she said, with a pretty smile. "I feel now as though I must accept him!"

"That's right, dearie," responded her father. "I want to help you. The blunder which has brought all this trouble upon you is mine, and I am going to do what I can to repair the injury. So we will forget your scoundrel husband in your new happiness. Shall we?"

And thus it came about that Maisie consented to become the Hon. Fitzgerald Chalmers's wife.

II.

The marriage of Lord Meshmore's only daughter to the Hon. Fitzgerald Chalmers would be the most brilliant event of an exceptionally brilliant season. The young Under-Secretary was exceedingly popular inside the House and in society; while General Meshmore and his daughter, during his command of the Eastern Division, had surpassed all records for entertaining at Government House.

For weeks the papers had been noticing, at considerable length, the numerous features of the coming event. Not alone in society circles, but in the street the affair was a favorite topic of conversation. Every day brought fresh surprises in lovely presents, and the crowning honor was when there came a kindly personal letter from the King, intimating that his Majesty would be represented at the wedding.

And now, on the day before the wedding, the young couple had inspected with delight the long rows of costly gifts; and now, parting from each other for the last time, Fitzgerald held his prospective bride in his arms, and kissed her upturned face. She was somewhat pale, and trembled even as he spoke to her.

"To-morrow," he whispered, "and then, little woman, we shall have each other!"

"Yes, to-morrow, Fitz—only to-morrow; yet it seems such a long time!" she whispered. "Oh, I wish I had you mine now!"

What made her say that she could not tell; but the words brought a look of intense pain into her lover's face. He drew her more closely to his breast.

"Why, you have me already," he answered, with an effort of gaiety. "I am yours—all yours—now! What ever makes you so sad, sweetheart? I shall never leave you. No, no; I love you too dearly. And to-morrow my very own Maisie will be the queen of the smartest event of the year—and my wife!"

Maisie never revealed what had been in her heart when she uttered her fear, and Fitzgerald went to his chambers wondering greatly.

A shoal of telegrams of congratulations awaited him, a number of visiting-cards, and an unexpected visitor. He attended to the latter first.

The gentleman was seated comfortably in the reception-room when Fitzgerald entered. He gave the name of Lieutenant Reginald Maxton, and was smartly dressed.

"I have not the honor of your acquaintance," said the Hon. Fitzgerald generally, tendering his hand to the other.

"Nor I yours," put in Maxton promptly. "To tell the truth, I have only been back in England a few days."

"And your business with me now is—"

"Your wedding," Lieutenant Maxton interrupted; and the Hon. Fitzgerald gave a sharp look of surprise. The visitor continued: "I have seen it announced in the evening papers, and believe the event takes place to-morrow."

"I cannot see that this can concern a stranger," observed the Hon. Fitzgerald irritably. "I am pressed for time, so perhaps you will come to the point!"

Lieutenant Maxton stood before the fireplace, and puffed vigorously at a cigarette.

"I will," he replied cynically. "The fact is, you will be marrying my wife!"

"Your wife!" almost shrieked Fitzgerald. "You lying scoundrel, what do you mean?"

"The Hon. Maisie Meshmore is my wife," continued Maxton coldly. "Seemingly, our marriage has been kept a secret from you. She became Mrs. Maxton during General Meshmore's tenure of the Indian command. For certain reasons that marriage was kept a secret; but—and here he handed a thin roll of papers to Fitzgerald—"there are proofs!"

The young officer, half dazed, took the proffered roll, but did not open it. Instead, he gazed long and silently into the fire. His face was ashen pale.

"I left her," continued Maxton. "Why, is no matter of yours; but there were sufficient reasons. I am

not going to trouble her, but I thought I would warn you."

The Hon. Fitzgerald had become quite oblivious of his surroundings. He toyed with the tape around the roll, and, after some seconds, buried his face in his hands. The whole fabric of his love's dream had toppled down about his ears. To-morrow—ah, what hopes he had built on that! To-morrow—

When he roused himself, with an effort, to regain control of his shattered nerves, his visitor had gone. He was alone with his misery.

A WHALE HUNTER'S STORY

ADVENTURES AND PROFITS OF THE BUSINESS.

Facility With Which the Whale Uses His Monstrous Flukes.

Within the entire range of natural history there is nothing, in my opinion, which can give to the general student a more profound interest than the whale, and nothing in all the various pursuits of mankind possesses a more exciting and thrilling field of adventure than that of hunting the whale, says a writer in Forest and Stream.

My experiences as a whaler have been chiefly as an officer, and I have both made and lost a good deal of money sailing from New London and New Bedford.

If we can believe anything that is asserted by the wise average man of science, the whale would never make a fish stew, as it is in reality a quadruped. It is a warm blooded animal, and those appendages called fins or flippers are in reality its legs, its heart is like that of man and other mammals, having two cavities and doing double duty in the line of circulating blood. It is not the offspring of an egg, but is born alive. What are generally called the blowholes of the whale are really nothing but its nostrils. The whalebone of commerce comes from the jaw of the animal and is found only in the variety known as the Greenland or right whale.

While the whalebone whale has no teeth, those of the sperm whale are carried in the lower jaw; and as to the size which these creatures attain it may be stated that they have been known to measure 100 feet in length and to have weighed nearly 250 tons. We often hear the remark that something we see "is very like a whale," and yet there are several animals to which we may truthfully apply that remark, viz, the dolphin, porpoise, grampus, bottle nose manatee, sea elephant and narwhal, or sea unicorn. Nor will I stop to give all the particulars bearing upon the equipment of a whaling ship, but proceed at once with

SOME OF MY ADVENTURES.

And first in fancy, let us take a little run in the South Atlantic. We are in the vicinity of a great plain of seaweed, which is the favorite food of the right whale, and they are numerous in that vicinity. One of the crew has ascended to the "crow's nest," for you must understand that it is desirable to discover a whale or a school of them before we come near enough to see them from the deck.

The boats are ready, equipped with harpoons and lances and rope, the crews duly assigned, when lo! from the crow's nest comes the cry, there she blows! "Where away?" "Abeam, to the leeward, sir." "How far off?" "Two miles, sir." "Let us know when the ship heads for her." "Ay ay, sir!" "Keep her off—hard up the helm!" "Hard up it is, sir." "Steady! S-t-a-a-d-y!" "There she blows! A large right whale with her calf, sir, heading right at us. Very large. There she blows! Now half a mile off and feeding, sir, and coming right toward us!" We lower away and are off. Now it is that you see the advantage of the drill we have practiced for many days.

Every movement must be quick and sure with no guessing or questioning what is best. There goes the great mother whale followed by her offspring, both of them moving slowly and not heeding the coming danger. The boat has reached her side a fearful flurry of excitement follows among the crew. One, two, and perhaps three lances are thrown, and away she goes coloring the ocean with her blood, dragging the rope with fearful rapidity, then stops, goes into what we call a flurry, or death agony, when she swims with her head out of the water, making a circuit of miles and lashing the sea into foam with her tail, and as she grows weaker and weaker slackens her pace, straightens herself out upon the water on her side and with her head invariably toward the east dies. If the wind is blowing the sea makes a clear breach over her as if she were a rock and this has sometimes deceived the mar-

iner. I remember one instance where a captain reported the discovery of a rock in the track to Europe and suggested that this had perhaps been the cause of many shipwrecks, when he had only been deceived by a dead whale.

It has frequently happened in my experience that a whale after being harpooned has turned in anger upon his pursuers and with his great flukes shattered their boat to pieces and

KILLED MANY MEN;

and I have also known a whale when angry to raise himself so far out of water as to look like a man on his feet, and then to let himself down with a crash upon the ill fated boat. And then the speed with which the whale can move is a continual wonder with all those who have hunted them. The quickness and facility with which they can use their monstrous flukes is only equalled by the coachman's whip. It was never my fate to be seriously injured by an angry whale, but they have frequently suggested very decided thoughts of eternity.

Once a fellow dragged me downward into the sea "full forty fathoms," judging by my feelings; and on another occasion I happened to be on the back of a big sperm whale when he made a start, and, holding on to the harpoon, I travelled for a short time in a circle at the rate of thirty miles an hour, when I thought it expedient to slide into the sea, and trust to being picked up by one of the boats forming the hunting party. And what will strike you as a fish story, but it is true, before I was rescued I actually went within an ace of swimming directly into the mouth of another whale which was strolling along the spot as if anxious to inquire about the general commotion going on.

The largest right whale I ever saw was captured off the coast of Kamchatka by one of my crews, and it was during the same year that I procured a full ship of 3,200 barrels of oil and 40,000 pounds of whalebone within the space of sixty days. When the monster just mentioned was killed the sea was very rough. After the boats had been lowered, it was necessary to move them with great care, lest an unlucky wave should carry us on top of the whale, and this actually happened, for when I called upon the harpooner to fasten he did so, when our boat was instantly thrown upward, and one man killed. Fortunately, before the boat filled, I had time to put a fatal lance into the whale, and we were rescued by another boat.

As I was getting in I saw near by the body of the killed man, in a standing position, a few feet below the surface of the water, when my diving I caught him by the ear, but a big wave came, causing me to lose my hold, and the body of our brave comrade went down out of sight in the blue waters. Into this whale we were obliged to send a succession of lances, and he spouted blood and disgorged food for six hours, having in that time lost what we estimated at a hundred barrels of blood alone. But I must tell you something more about this hero of Kamchatka. He was as long as our ship and she measured 120 feet; his greatest girth 75 feet, head 30 feet long, and

FLUKES 30 FEET BROAD.

His lips alone made thirty barrels of oil; throat and tongue the same amount, and the total yield of his blubber 240 barrels. The bone taken from the inside of his mouth weighed 2,800 pounds, and his market value, according to the prices of oil and bone then ruling, \$13,000.

"And now, without going into all the particulars as to how we hunters of the sea do our work when preparing our game for preservation, I will give you a few facts which have come to my personal knowledge bearing upon the natural history of the whale. Here, for example, is a fact which I have not seen mentioned in any authentic books. On taking off the skin of a whale, you come to the blubber, which rests upon the flesh or muscle, and this I have found to be covered with a fine hair or fur, about an inch long; to this fur is attached a black pigment which answers the purpose and is used by the sailors as you would a common soap; but the significance of this fact is that in reality it makes the whale a fur-bearing animal.

And now about their numbers. I have sailed a thousand miles without seeing even the sign of a whale; and yet in the North Pacific I have on several occasions looked upon a thousand or more individuals of the sperm variety in one great school, covering the sea, apparently, to the horizon, and when tumbling and rolling and pitching and spouting they have presented a scene of grandeur and confusion which no pen could describe. In these schools there is always one fellow swimming in the centre who seems to be the leader of the host, and he is called by the sailors the Old Soldier. And I may also here mention the curious fact that when you strike a whale with the lance and he makes a demonstration with his tail the entire herd go through precisely the same motion, as if influenced by a kind of magnetism.

Nor should I omit an allusion to the almost human intelligence of the whale. I have known them to lie perfectly still long enough to let me get within reach of their flukes and then suddenly turn upon the boat and crush it with their capacious jaws; and thus have I seen them watch for and destroy a number of

boats and kill a number of men. All this is very unkind on the part of the kingly creatures of the ocean, but I have never been disposed to blame them for any of their savage eccentricities. Not only are they hunted and killed but they have a more terrible enemy that goes by the name of the "killer." This creature is serpent-like in appearance, armed with sharp teeth, and as the right whale often swims with his mouth open, the killer fastens himself on his tongue. When thus attacked the whale is greatly alarmed and utters

A BELLOWING SOUND

which may be heard a distance of ten miles, meanwhile lashing the sea into foam with his flukes. After the killer has eaten away the tongue, then, as a matter of course, the whale dies from starvation.

But again, to look upon a pair of whales when fighting with each other is a sight that can never be forgotten. I have seen an old fellow, after coming out of such a conflict, with his jawbones bent all out of place and with fearful gashes on his head and all along his body. When thus fighting—and the leaders of the various schools often come together—they roar, which resembles distant thunder, and the spray which often scatter into the air reminds one of the surf on a rocky shore.

And here comes in an incident which happened to me at New Zealand a great many years ago. I had killed a whale, and having stripped off the blubber cast off the carcass. The wind and tide landed it high and dry on the shore. A few weeks afterward, on visiting this spot, I found that a whole family of natives had eaten their way into the carcass and turned it into a habitation. This was anything but a "sweet home," and its influence—such as it was—permeated the whole country for miles around.

SAHARA'S STRANGE CITY.

France's growing influence in the Sahara has just been illustrated in a remarkable manner. The inhabitants of the famous Town of Arauan sent their leading men to the French, voluntarily offering to place their town under the Government of France. They asked that officials be sent there to establish French rule.

The French had not been within many miles of the place. Only two white men had ever seen it. One of them was Major Laing, who passed through Arauan in 1820, and a day or two later was murdered near the town.

The other was the Austrian explorer, Lenz, who visited Arauan in 1880, and wrote the only description of it that we possess. He found that the sheik who ruled Arauan had in his possession the papers and other property of the murdered Laing, but would not part with them. There is little doubt that France will now secure them, and that the mystery of the later adventures of this daring explorer will be cleared up.

There is no other town in the Sahara like Arauan. It cannot be called an oasis, for it is in the midst of the wildest sand waste in the great desert, and scarcely a blade of grass grows there.

There is enough vegetation to feed a few sheep and camels, but the people seldom have any fodder to sell, and yet there is good reason why about one hundred houses have stood here for generations among the great sand dunes that tower around them.

From the flat roofs of the houses nothing can be seen but the pale yellow sand hills. It would be inconceivable that human beings could live in such a place if we did not know that the town has an extraordinary large quantity of water.

Arauan occupied a depression in the desert, and though water is obtained only by digging very deep wells, it is inexhaustible supply. The town is on the caravan route from Timbuctoo, and at Arauan one branch of the road leads to Algeria and the other to Morocco.

No caravan is so large that it cannot be supplied there with all the water it needs. It is the one commodity of the place. The inhabitants make their living by selling it.

There are two reasons why the people have not been able, even with boundless water resources, to create an island of verdure in the midst of the frightful sand waste. In the first place the water is drawn only from very deep wells, and the labor of raising it would make it impossible to cultivate any large area.

Then the sand is very deep and only in a few small areas can soil be reached on which crops can be grown. Water will not make grass and olive trees grow where their roots would penetrate no kind of earth minute fragments of quartz.

So the supplies for the people of Arauan have always been brought from Timbuctoo, 120 miles to the south. Water pays for everything they possess excepting the clay of which their houses are built, and this they obtain when they dig their deep wells, for the excavations extend through the sand surface to clay beds.

The fact that the people would starve if Timbuctoo were not their granary doubtless explains the voluntary submission of this desert folk to the French. Timbuctoo is now the capital of a large district in the French Western Sudan. The natives have water, but the only source of their food supply are in the hands of white men.