

THE THREAD OF LIFE

GR
SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER IX. HIGH-WATER.

Meanwhile, Warren Relf, navigating the pervasive and ubiquitous little *Mud-Turtle*, had spent his summer congenially in cruising in and out of Essex mud flats and Norfolk broads accompanied by his friend and chum Potts, the marine painter—now lying high and dry with the ebbing tide on some broad bare bank of ribbed sand, just relieved by a battle-royal of gulls and rooks from the last reproach of utter monotony; now working hard at the counterfeit presentation of a green-grown wreck, all picturesque with waving tresses of weed and sea-wrack, in some stranded estuary of the Thames backwaters; and now again tossing and lopping on the uneasy bosom of the German Ocean, whose rise and fall would seem to suggest to a casual observer's mind the physiological notion that its own included crabs and lobsters had given it a prolonged and serious fit of marine indigestion.

For a couple of months at a stretch the two young artists had toiled away ceaselessly at their labour of love, painting the sea itself and all that therein is, with the eyots, creeks, rivers, sands, cliffs, banks, and inlets adjacent, in every variety of mood or feature, from its glassiest calm to its angriest tempest, with endless patience, delight, and satisfaction. They enjoyed their work and it repaid them. It was almost at the payment they ever got, indeed, for, like loyal sons of the Cheyne Row Club, the crew of the *Mud-Turtle* were not successful. And now, as September was more than half through, Warren Relf began to bethink himself at last of Hugh Massinger, whom he had left in rural ease on dry land at Whitstrand under a general promise to return for him in the month of the decline of roses, some time between the 15th and the 20th. So, on a windy morning, about that precise period of the year, with a north easterly breeze setting strong across the North sea, and a falling barometer threatening squalls, according to the printed weather report, he made his way out of the mouth of the Yare, and turned southward before the flowing tide in the direction of Whitstrand.

The sea was running high and splendid, and the two young painters, inured to toil and accustomed to danger, thoroughly enjoyed its wild magnificence. A storm to them was a study in action. They could take notes calmly of its fiercest moments. Almost every wave broke over the deck; and the patient little *Mud-Turtle*, with her flat bottom and centre board keel, tossed about like a walnut shell on the surface of the water, or drove her nose madly from time to time into the crest of a billow, to emerge triumphant one moment later, all shining and dripping with sticky brine, in the deep trough on the other side. Painting in such a sea was of course simply impossible; but Warren Relf, who loved his art with supreme devotion, and never missed an opportunity of catching a hint from his ever-changing model under the most unpromising circumstances, took out pencil and paper a dozen times in the course of the day to preserve at least in black and white some passing aspect of her mutable features. Potts for the most part managed sheet and helm; while Relf, in the intervals of luffing or tacking holding hard to the main-mast with his left arm, and with his left hand just grasping his drawing-pad on the other side of the mast, jotted hastily down with his right whatever peculiar form of spray or billow happened for the moment to catch and impress his artistic fancy. It was a glorious day for those who liked it; though a land-lubber would no doubt have roundly called it a frightful voyage.

They had meant to make Whitstrand before evening; but half-way down, an incident of a sort that Warren Relf could never bear to miss intervened to delay them. They fell in casually with last night's gale, now southing under bare poles before the free breeze that churned and whitened the entire surface of the German Ocean. The men on board were in sore straits, though not as yet in immediate danger; and the yawl gallantly stood in close by her, to pick up the swimmers in case of serious accident. The shrill wind tore at her mainmast; the waves charged her in vague ranks; and ever and anon, with a belching rush, the resistless sea swept over her triumphantly from stern to stern. Meanwhile, Warren Relf, eager to fix this stray episode on good white paper while it was still before his eyes, made wild and rapid dashes on his pad with a sprawling hand, which conveyed to his mind, in strange shorthand hieroglyphics some faint idea of the scene as it passed before him.

"She's a terrible bad sifter, this smack," he observed in a loud voice to Potts, with good-humored enthusiasm, as they held on together with struggling hands on the deck of the *Mud-Turtle*. "The moment you think you've just caught her against the skyline on the crest of a wave, she lurches again, and over she goes, plump down into the trough, before you've had a chance to make a single mark upon your sheet of paper. Ships are always precious bad sitters at the best of times; but when you and your model are both plunging and tossing together in dirty weather on a lumpy channel, I don't believe even Turner himself could make much out of it in the way of a sketch from nature.—Hold hard, there, Frank! Look out for your head! She's going to loup at a thundering big sea across her bows this very minute.—By Jove! I wonder how the smack stood that last high wave!—Is she gone? Did it break over her. Can you see her ahead there?"

"She's all right still," Potts shouted from the flow, where he stood now in his oilskin suit, drenched from head to foot with the dashing spray, but cheery as ever, in true sailor fashion. "I can see her mast just showing above the crest. But it must have given her a jolly good wetting. Shall we signal her the men to know if they'd like to come aboard here?"

"Signal away," Warren Relf answered good-humouredly above the noise of the wind. "No more sketching for me to-day, I take it. That last lot she shipped wet my pad through and through with the nasty damp brine. I'd better put my sketch, as far as it goes, down below in the locker.

Wind's freshening. We'll have enough to do to keep her nose straight in half a gale. We're going within four or five points of the wind now, as it is. I wish we could run clear ahead at once, for the poplar at Whitestrand. I would too, if it weren't for the smack. This is getting every bit as hot as I like it. But we must keep an eye upon her, if we don't want her crew to be all dead men. She can't live six hours longer in a gale like to-day's I'll bet you any money."

They signalled the men, but found them unwilling still, with true seafaring devotion, to abandon their ship, which had yet some hours of life left in her. They'd stick to the smack, the skipper signalled back in mute pantomime, as long as her timbers held out the water. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to lie hard by her, for humanity's sake, as close as possible, and to make as slowly as the strength of the wind would allow, by successive tacks, for the river-mouth at Whitstrand.

All day long, they held up bravely, lurching and plunging on the angry waves; and only towards evening did they part company with the toiling smack, as it was growing dusk along the low flat stretch of shore by Dunwich. There, a fish-carrier from the North Sea, one of these fast long steamers that plough the German ocean on the look-out for the fishing fleet—whose catches they take up with all speed to the London market, fell in with them in the very nick of time, and transferring the crew on board with some little difficulty, made fast the smack—or rather her wreck—with a tow-line behind, and started under all steam, to save her life, for the port of Harwich. Warren Relf and his companion, dispising such aid, and preferring to live it out by themselves at all hazards, were left behind alone with the wild evening, and proceeded in the growing shades of twilight to find their way up the river at Whitstrand.

"Can you make out the poplar, Frank?" Warren Relf shouted out, as he peered ahead into the deep gloom that enveloped the coast with its murky covering. "We've left it rather late, I'm afraid, for pushing out the creek with a sea like this! Unless we can spot the poplar distinctly, I should hardly like to risk entering it by the red light on the sandhills alone. Those must be the lamps at Whitstrand Hall, the three windows to starboard yonder. The poplar ought to show by rights a point or so west of them, with the striped buoy just a little this side of it."

"I can make out the striped buoy by the white paint on it," his companion answered, gazing eagerly in front of him; "but I fancy it's a shade too dark now to be sure of the poplar. The lights of the Hall don't seem quite regular. Still, I should think we could make the creek by the red lantern and the beacon at the hithe, without minding the tree, if you care to risk it. You know your way up and down the river as well as any man living by this time; and we've got a fair breeze at our backs, you see, for going up the mouth to the bend at Whitstrand."

The wind moaned like a woman in agony. The timbers creaked and groaned and cracked. The black waves lashed savagely over the deck. The *Mud-Turtle* was almost on the shore before they knew it.

"Luff, luff!" Relf called out hastily, as he peered once more into the deepening gloom with all his eyes. "By George! I'm wrong. I can see the poplar—over yonder; do you catch it? We're out of our bearings a quarter of a mile. We've gone too far now to make it this tack. We must try again, and get our points better by the high light. That was a narrow squeak of it, by Jove! Frank. I can twig where we've got to now, distinctly. It's the lights in the house that led us astray. That's not the Hall: it's the windows of the vicarage."

They ran out to eastward again, for more sea-room, a couple of hundred yards, or farther, and tacked afresh for the entrance of the creek, this time adjusting their course better for the open mouth by the green lamp of the beacon on the sandhill. The light fixed on their own masthead threw a glimmering ray ahead from time to time upon the angry water. It was a hard fight for mastery with the wind. The waves were setting in fierce and strong towards the creek now; but the tide and stream on the other hand were ebbing rapidly and steadily outward. They always ebb fast at the turn of the tide, as Relf knew well; a rushing current set in then round the corner by the poplar tree, the same current that had carried out Hugh Massinger so resolutely seaward in that little adventure of his on the morning of their first arrival at Whitstrand. Only an experienced mariner dare face that bar. But Warren Relf was accustomed to the coast, and made light of danger that other men trembled at.

As they neared the poplar a second time, making straight for the mouth with nautical dexterity, a pale object on the port bow, rising and falling with each rise and fall of the waves on the bar, attracted Warren Relf's casual attention for a single moment by its strange weird likeness to a human figure. At first, he hardly regarded the thing seriously as anything more than a stray bit of floating wreckage; but presently the light from the masthead fell full upon it and with a sudden flash he felt convinced, as once it was something stranger than a mere plank or fragment of rigging.

"Look yonder, Frank," he called out in echoing tones to his mate; "that can't be a buoy upon the port bow there!"

The other man looked at it long and steadily. As he looked, the *Mud-Turtle* lurchled once more, and cast a reflected pencil ray of light from the masthead lamp over the surface of the sea, away in the direction of the suspicious object. Both men caught sight at once of some floating white drapery, swayed by the waves, and a pale face upturned in ghastly silence to the uncertain starlight.

"Port your helm hard!" Relf cried in haste. "It's a man overboard. Washed off the smack perhaps. He's drowned by this time I expect, poor fellow."

His companion ported the helm at the word with all his might. The yawl answered well in spite of the breakers. With great difficulty, between wind and tide, they lay up towards the mysterious thing slowly in the very trough of the billows that roared and danced with hoarse joy over the shallow bar; and

Relf, holding tight to the sheet with one hand, and balancing himself as well as he was able on the deck, reached out with the other a stout boathook to draw the tossing body alongside within hauling distance of the *Mud-Turtle*. As he did so, the body, eluding his grasp, rose once more on the crest of the wave, and displayed to their view an open bosom and a long white dress, with a floating scarf or shawl of some thin material still hanging loose around the neck and shoulders. The face itself they couldn't see yet distinguish; it fell back languid beneath the spray at the top, so that only the throat and chin were visible; but by the dress and the open bosom alone, it was clear at once that the object they saw was not the corpse of a sailor. Warren Relf almost let drop the boathook in horror and surprise.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, turning round excitedly, "it's a woman—a lady—dead—in the water!"

The billows broke, and curled over majestically with resistless force into the trough below them. Its undertow sucked the *Mud-Turtle* after it fiercely towards the shore away from the body. With a violent effort, Warren Relf, lunging forward eagerly at the lurch, seized hold of the corpse by the floating scarf. It turned of itself as the hook caught it, and displayed its face in the pale starlight. A great awe fell suddenly upon the astonished young painter's mind. It was indeed a woman that he held now by the dripping hair—a beautiful young girl, in a white dress; and the wan face was one he had seen before. Even in that dim half-light he recognized her instantly.

"Frank!" he cried out in a voice of hushed and reverent surprise—"never mind the ship. Come forward and help me. We must take her on board. I know her! I know her! She's a friend of Massinger's."

The corpse was one of the two young girls he had seen that day two months before sitting with their arms round one another's waists, close to the very spot where they now lay up, on the gnarled and naked roots of the famous old poplar.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Ingenious Diplomat.

The peaceful solution of the recent Haytian troubles shows that old President Salomon is an ingenious diplomat. Having found two of his Ministers concerned in a plot to overthrow him, he hired them, as the story brought by the Yantic goes, at \$5,000 each to consent to be banished. So, banished they were, Secretary F. Manigat of the Interior Department and of Public Instruction, to Cuba, and Secretary Legitimato to Jamaica. A less original statescraft would perhaps have shot them off-hand; but they had zealous adherents who might have instantly sought to avenge them. A revolution in Hayti is always in order, and it is a long time since an old-fashioned revolt has occurred. Recognizing this fact, the energetic and skillful old president baffled it by varying the ordinary rude method of dealing with malcontents by that of voluntary and paid exile. Their compatriots could hardly take umbrage at this liberal arrangement for foreign residence. Still, it is admitted that the present peace is only temporary. President Salomon, who was chosen in 1879 for seven years, and again in 1886 for seven years more, has been extraordinarily successful in keeping himself in power; but the burdens of taxation constantly prompt to revolt.

ORIGIN OF SURNAMES.

Many of Them Taken from Places—Others from Occupations and Personal Traits.

Not only countries but counties and towns were a fruitful source of surnames, writes Prof. N. H. Egleston. John from Cornwall became John Cornwell or Cornish. Richard who lived near a piece of woodland was spoken of as Richard at or near the wood, originating the surname Atwood, or John living near a hill became John Hill. John near Underhill, Atwell, etc. John living near a clump of oaks was John Atten oaks, abbreviated into Noakes; or William who had pitched his tent or cabin near a notable ash tree was known as William at the ash or William atten ash, which easily drifted into Naash. So, too, Thomas who lived near a small stream (or in Anglo-Saxon a becket) was Thomas at the becket, and thus was named the martyr Thomas a Becket. The most common terminations of English surnames taken from places are ford, ham, lea, and ton. Ford is from the Saxon *faran*, to go, signifying the place where a stream could be crossed.

In the name of Shakespeare's birthplace we have a memento of three different eras of English history, viz., the periods of the occupancy by the old Britons, the Romans, and the Saxons. *Strat* is an abbreviation of *strata* (street), the name by which the great Roman roads were known. Ford tells us that one of these roads crossed a stream, and Avon is the name which the old Britons or Celts gave to the stream.

The word *lea*, *legh*, or *leigh*, signifying a partially wooded field, served as the ending for many surnames, such as Horaley, Copley, Ashley, Oakley, Lindley, and Berkley, or Birchley. Hay or haw means a hedge, and this has given us Hayes, Haynes, Haley, Haywood, Hawes, Haworth, Hawthorn, Houghton, or Hought.

Occupations, too, have afforded an endless army of surnames. This method was used by the Romans in such names as *Fabrics* (smith), *Pictor* (painter), *Agricola* (farmer). In England a skilful hunter would adopt that as his surname, and equally so with the carpenter, joiner, sawyer, baker, or butcher.

Personal traits and complexions, too, gave rise to surnames. From the former we have the names Stout, Strong, Long, Longman, Longfellow; and from the latter Brown, Black, etc. Some mental and moral traits were also used to denote surnames. Richard I. of England was better known as Richard the Lion Heart. The next step would be to derive from this quality the surname *Lion*.

Might Have Been Worse.

Dumley (to widow)—And so your husband lost his life by falling out of a second-storey window, Mrs. Hobson?

Widow—Ah, yes, Mr. Dumley, and was instantly killed. It was terrible! terrible!

Dumley (with genuine attempt at consolation)—Yes, Mrs. Hobson, but—er—he might have fallen out of a four-storey window, you know.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

A HOG OF A HUSBAND.

Not a day passes but some amusing incident occurs on the street-cars that relieves the general monotony of a ride in one of these modern conveniences. Yesterday afternoon as a Ridge road car was coming up Lake avenue, the driver stopped on being signaled by a young man on a crossing not far from Driving Park avenue. The young man was accompanied by a rather pretty young woman who was dressed in a light, airy summer attire and carried a fancy colored sun parasol. The young man jumped aboard the car first and rushed inside, securing the only seat vacant, leaving the young woman to follow as best she could. Of course every one expected that he would give up his seat to his lady, but he did not do so, and she, after standing awhile, holding on to a strap, concluded to have a seat anyway, and, without a word of warning, plumped down on the lap of her escort, saying as she did so, "I'm as tired as you are, darling, and you will have to hold me until I can get a seat." He gave a grunt of the hog kind, and told her in plain English that she could stand or sit on the floor for all he cared, but he wouldn't hold her.

At this several male occupants of the car offered their seats to the young woman, but she declined their offer and said:—"He's as able to hold me now as he was before we were married, and I will sit where I am." The passengers were up to [this time] silent, smothering their laughter, but the last was too much for them, and one of them remarked, "the car will be thrown from the track unless we stop laughing so hard." Realizing the fact that he was making a target of himself the young man rose hastily, nearly throwing his darling wife on the floor, and made a rush for the door, saying as he did so, "You take my seat; I'll walk home," and left the car. The wife was not dismayed in the least, but sat there quietly enjoying the fun as well as did the other passengers.—[Rochester Democrat.

SWISS GIRLS AS BEASTS OF BURDEN.

No sooner are the girls large enough to possess the requisite physical strength than they are set to the most servile work the land affords. The child has a panier basket fitted to her shoulders at the earliest possible moment, and she drops it only when old age, premature but merciful, robs her of power to carry it longer. I have seen sweet little girls of twelve to fourteen staggering down a mountain side or along a rough pathway under the weight of bundles of fagots as large as their bodies, which they no sooner dropped than they hurried back for other. I have seen girls of fifteen or sixteen years barefooted and bareheaded, in the blistering rays of an August sun, breaking up the ground by swagging matted locks heavy enough to tax the strength of an able-bodied man. And I have known a young miss no older than these to be employed as a porter for carrying the baggage of travellers up and down the steepest mountain path in all the region round about. She admitted that it was sometimes very hard to take another step, but yet she must. And she carried such an amount of baggage! A stout-limbed guide is protected by the law, so that he cannot be compelled to carry above twenty-five pounds, but the limit to the burdens often put upon girls is their inability to stand up under anything more. But the burden increases with the age and strength of the burden-bearers, till by the time the girls have come to womanhood there is no sort of menial toil in which they do not bear a hand—and quite commonly the chief hand.

A SENSIBLE BRIDE.

Guests invited to one of the prettiest weddings of the week, writes a New York correspondent, were surprised to read on one corner of the dainty wedding cards, "No gifts," enforced in a quaint arabesque scroll, which perforce attracted attention. It required some independence of character and some self-denial to go counter to established custom in such a matter, but the dimpled little bride, who looks more like a sweet, plump, pink and white grown up baby than a person of strong-minded proclivities, announced to her friends when they questioned her decision, "I won't make my marriage to Archie a Methodist donation party where all the parish bring in this, that and the other to patch up the salary. We have a circle of three or four hundred friends, and everybody knows that a great many of them would buy presents for us not at all because they love us, but because it is the proper thing, and even if they can't afford the tax, they mustn't be outdone by rich Mrs. A. or Mr. B." Society people have indeed pushed the gift business hard within a few seasons, until there are dozens and scores of young married couples who pinch themselves during Lent and dread the coming June because of the draft the Easter and early summer weddings make on their incomes. If matters go on as they are doing now there may sometime be a spring exodus from New York into the country and to Europe, comparable to the flight of the May tax-dodgers from Boston, to escape paying the debts of honor accumulated in the shape of 200 or 300 wedding gifts, to be returned at the marriage of the givers.

NO PLACE FOR OLD WOMEN.

There are no old women in Terra del Fuego. Least this should cause an exodus from the civilized world it would perhaps be best to explain why. When a woman gets to the right age, about forty-five, she is considered to have done her duty. With appropriate ceremonies, therefore, she is either lanced or strangled, and the family larder is replenished with her roasted remains. The women, when they see the time of sacrifice approaching, never attempt to escape it. They regard it as about as settled a fact as that the wind should blow, and never trouble themselves about it. The Fuegians are not cannibals further than this. They never eat children, young women or men.—[San Francisco Examiner.

TEACHING A WIFE SENSE.

Wife (counting over her change after making a purchase)—"I guess he's given me the wrong change." Husband (savagely)—"I thought so; that's the way my hard-earned money goes. Trust a woman to get fooled. Go back to the counter and get it made right at once." Wife retruns to the counter and at once. "Wife returns to the counter and at once." Husband—"Why, what have you been doing?" Wife—"Making the change right. He gave me \$2 too much."

Husband (more savagely than ever)—"Well by jings, you are an idiot."

Mrs. Langtry is said to be considering a revision of her toilet that shall do away with bustles and tight laces, and allow her form to resume the shape that nature intended it should have.

Grace Greenwood says that all Parisian women are not frivolous, and more than all Boston women are profound. She does not believe that Anglo Saxons enjoy a monopoly of home virtues and practical piety, and she does believe that the great majority of French wives are loyal, French mothers tender, French grandmothers and elderly maiden ladies devout.

The Garden of Eden, it is now asserted, was located in Central America. Mme. Alice le Plougeon, wife of an eminent man of science, is the prophet of the new belief, and she claims to have found writings which give the whole history of the human race, showing that America and Europe were then united by land which has since been submerged.

The *Nebraska State Journal* says: "In a list of young ladies who attended an entertainment the other evening, as reported by an exchange, there were four Mammies, one Winnie, two Sadies, two Lizzies, three Annies, one Rosie, one Frankie, two Jennies, four Nellies and one Letitia. All honor to the stately Letitia who refused to mutilate her name. Had Charlotte Corday lived in these times she would have gone into history as Lottie."

The influence of the moon upon vegetation is an interesting problem awaiting solution. A recent writer upon the subject mentions that woodcutters in Cape Colony and in India insist that timber is full of sap and unfit to be cut at full moon.

Stanley.

The rumour that Stanley has been wounded in a fight with natives and has been abandoned by half of his men cannot be called absolutely incredible, since it is clear that some unexpected mishap must be assumed in order to account for the long lack of authentic tidings from him. As one of the charges brought against the gallant explorer by his enemies is that he is very ready to fight the Africans, and as he has taken a route of which a large part has never been explored, it is quite possible that he may have been engaged in battle. But it is difficult to imagine where his escort would go on abandoning him. They are wholly dependent on him, and ignorant as they must be after their long journey how they could reach their homes, they are more likely to be utterly and abjectly dependent than disposed to explore on their own account. It was in February of last year that these people were engaged by Stanley, and accordingly they have been with him too long to make their reported defection very probable. Last November there was a story from Congo that "there had been fighting between natives and Stanley's force, and that the rear guard of the latter had been cut off," so that the present rumour may be a revival of the old one.

Some Facts About the Poles.

Much less is known about the region surrounding the South Pole than about that in the neighbourhood of the North Pole, for this reason, among others, that Polar exploration has chiefly been directed towards the latter. The most successful Antarctic expeditions were the American one under Lieutenant Wilkes in 1838-42 and the English one under Sir James Ross in 1838-43 but even these accomplished very little in the way of discovery. The results of Antarctic exploration so far are thus summarized by the *New York Tribune*:—"Nobody has got within seven or eight hundred miles of the South Pole; that icy barriers have been encountered which eclipse anything known in the North frigid zone; that mountains have been seen, one shooting forth volcanic flames, and loftier than any discovered by Northern explorers; that all the land there is covered with snow at all seasons; that no human being has been met with beyond 55 degrees; that no vegetable growth, except lichens, has been seen beyond 58 degrees, and that no land quadruped is known to exist beyond 66 degrees." It is with a view to the extension of this meagre knowledge that some German scientists, with whom Mr. Henry Villard, of Northern Pacific fame, is co-operating, are about to send out another expedition to the South Pole. Their prospects of success are not encouraging, although it is expected that the use of steam vessels will enable the explorers to achieve more than their predecessors.

The New Emperor.

Emperor William's proclamation issued yesterday to his people is at least a little less martial in tone than the pair of proclamations to the army and the navy that preceded it. There is in it, nevertheless, neither aspiration for peace nor expectation of it, unless in the indefinite phrase "to guard the peace," which is itself followed by a reminder that both Prince and people must be "equally ready to make sacrifices for the Fatherland." That militarism is "in the saddle" now in Germany and is about to run a free course seems to be the opinion of the most competent observers. Had there been any doubt on the subject, the almost startling promptness and exultation with which the young Emperor hurried out proclamations to his army and his navy, letting the one to the people follow later, would have removed it. The whole tone of his easy-like order to his army, with its expression of a desire to occupy first the attitude of "war lord," is ominous. Being thus forewarned, signs of willingness on the part of the new Emperor to refrain from pursuing projects of glory on the battle-field will be hailed with the more pleasure. But it would be folly not to see that no such military note as this young monarch's has been struck on the accession of any European sovereign for many years.—[N. Y. Times.

The Grand jury at Chicago recently brought in the following indictment against the liquor traffic: "Our investigation of the liquor cases has impressed us to the degree that we deem it our official duty to call the attention of the court to the following fact in the hope that it may have some little effect on future legislation regarding the liquor traffic: We find that in every case of murder or manslaughter (except one) the cause leading to the crime came direct from the saloon.