

THE TROUBLESOME LADY.

CHAPTER VII.

"Craig," said Doctor John, sitting down on a nail-keg, "why did you come here?" "Because you sent for a lawyer and for Miss Patten. I connected the mystery with the young lady I had assisted to run away, whose fate has been a good deal of trouble to me ever since. I wanted to help her, if need be. Is she very ill?"

"Getting better fast. It was mad folly to start on a journey sick as she was. I don't blame you, Craig, for that long ride and the risk you ran: she is very winning, this troublesome little lady, and brave too. It is a wonder what a woman can endure, a slight, frail creature whose hand you could crush in your fingers."

"But she had," said Oliver, uneasily, "plenty of money had she not?" "She was travelling in the day-coach, and has, I think, about five dollars in a shabby little purse. Miss Patten was right when she said we should not see Mrs. Minny until the money you gave her was all gone. Where has she been all these long months? By her finding the dog, Miss Patten probably knows now."

"Yes, and it was as I thought,—something entirely original. Near Boston Mrs. de Restaud got acquainted with an elderly female who ran some sort of retreat for aged pets, invalid dogs and cats. The idea was no novel Mrs. Minny decided to stop over and see the place. Finding Mrs. Blinn agreeable, and Skye contented in the society of his kind at the retreat, she remained. She met a sailor from Newcastle in the street one day, and he told her Miss Patten had not been home for a long time. So she decided not to write any more, but to remain hidden. One day a few weeks ago she came home from the village much upset, and acted oddly: she had either seen some one or read something in a newspaper, for the village storekeeper saw her poring over one, looking much upset. Two days later, leaving a note containing a board for her dog, she disappeared. This Mrs. Blinn, who seems to be a good sort of a person, worried a great deal, looking for her everywhere, and in her search wrote to the post-master at Newcastle, for she had heard Mrs. Minny speak of having been there. Through that letter Miss Patten found Skye, and then started for Denver."

"She may have seen De Restaud, or that servant of his," mused the doctor. "Well, now you are here,—though I'd much rather a stranger had come,—I want you to draw up a paper setting forth the facts in this case in proper legal phraseology."

"I fail to comprehend just what you mean."

"You see," explained the doctor, "the French people are particular about documents: and between the property of De Restaud's father and this child of Mrs. Minny's there is only a feeble child."

"Mrs. Minny's child?" repeated Oliver. "Why, of course. Perhaps I had not mentioned it. A nice boy,—healthy, I think, and bound to outlive his cousin across the sea. The little chap born in that poor place, that switchman's hovel, may be the heir of millions. So there must be no flaw in his title or the record of his birth."

"A child, and she here friendless, almost alone," Oliver's face reddened. "Poor little thing!" he muttered, "what a hard world it has been for her!"

"She is sensible about it, too," went on Doctor John. "She wanted me to write for a lawyer and have everything straight."

"Did she suggest sending for me?" asked Oliver, oddly.

"The doctor hesitated. "No: she has forgotten you, old boy. Women are not particularly grateful. Then it has been a long time since she saw or heard of you. Your vanity may be hurt, but it is not better that she has forgotten?"

"Undoubtedly," Oliver said, coldly. He went towards the house hurriedly. "A freight train passes here in a half-hour; I will go on that: so get your papers ready and have the people here sign their statements. Miss Patten should also get Mrs. Blinn to give an account of Mrs. de Restaud's stay at her house."

Mrs. Macon cleared the kitchen table and brought pens and ink. Oliver wrote swiftly, comparing his notes with the doctor's remembrance and Mrs. Macon's assertions. Finally she and her husband signed their statements, the doctor his, and then Oliver looked at the clock. How hard that writing had been to him no one ever knew. From the closed door came the murmur of voices,—one that thrilled every nerve and set his heart fast beating. A feeble cry now and then sounded strangely,—the little life that had come in this far-off place and that might mean so much in the future. Outside, the white-headed children played in the sunshine. Skye, liberated from his hideous basket, which he always regarded with terror and plaintive whines, rolled with them, glad of his freedom. How infinitely painful to record those facts before him, and to think of her as he had seen her first, that child woman in her clinging yellow gown petaled like a flower with its wide ruffle, her glowing hair, her beautiful pathetic eyes! She had gone so far from those days in bitter experience and suffering. Was she changed, grown saddened and old, care worn with thought?—a calculating woman, forced to be for the child's sake? Odd, in his mental picture of her he could find no place for the child. He could remember her with the little Skye terrier and that childish manner, but as a woman, a mother, never.

"Ill, friendless, homeless, no waif of the streets was ever more desolate than she when she stepped off the train at this barren spot forced to accept the charity of strangers. Her dead father would have risen from his grave could he have known. His every thought, his sister's, had been for little Minny. Well it is a dead dog not know."

"How fortunate you are on that train!" Oliver said, suddenly.

Doctor John started. "Me? Yes, it was, and that I should have found our little runaway. I own up I looked for her all the time I was away."

The door opened, and Miss Patten came softly in.

"She is asleep, poor dear," she said, gently. "I guess my eyes red. I was upset, and she don't seem to think she done any harm it not letting me know where she was, sis was so despit and scared like."

"When you return to Boston," said Oliver, "have Mrs. Blinn make a statement of Mrs. de Restaud's stay in her house. I must caution you also to be very careful of the marriage certificate and all other papers you may have concerning your niece."

"You can trust me," said Miss Patten, grimly. "I took 'em away from that farm of theirs when I was a-visiting there, and I mean that Minny's baby shall have his rights, for he ain't alive to see him. Minny says she saw a Bosting paper that offered a reward for her whereabouts or any information concerning her, giving her name right out in the paper, and that was what made her leave Mrs. Blinn's, who was a kind, good woman, if she is in a foolish business; but I don't know why dogs and cats shouldn't be took care of, and folks in Bosting is always running to some new freak. Minny evidently thought Mrs. Blinn would tell on her and get the reward; but Mrs. Blinn said she'd 'a' done by Minny as her own child."

"Was that what made her come West?" asked Doctor John.

"The poor little soul thought it her duty to go to her husband, brute as he is," said Miss Patten, brokenly. "And to think that I said she was frivolous and hadn't no stability! As much grit as I've got, I wouldn't dare go to that wolf's den on it. I always thought the wa'n't right in his mind. Minny called on account of the baby he'd be more kind, and for the baby's sake she ought to make up with him."

Oliver drummed idly on the window-sill. Doctor John walked up and down the room that had grown so still one could hear the ticking of the clock.

"Wimmen," said the switchman slowly, "don't git no credit for bein' brave and goin' through things 'count of what they thinks is their duty. My wife thinks it's hern to live here 'count of me, when she left a good home back East. That little woman in there is larnin' the woman nature of endurin' for a man; but where my wife 'nd live and make comfort out of it, she'd jest lie down an' die a-frettin'."

"You've read her right," said Miss Patten, solemnly. "An' I'm goin' to take her home with me: she ain't goin' no further West, nor to no lone farms in mountain valleys, which was nearly the death of her afore."

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Oliver glanced at the clock, then abruptly said good-bye. He left no message for Mrs. de Restaud, nor did Miss Patten ask him for one. She was rigid in her ideas of what was proper, and he respected her for it.

"Pr'aps," he hesitated, "you'd like to see the baby. I could fetch him out without waking him."

"No," Oliver smiled: "a city bachelor, as you called me once, Miss Patten, has no interest in infants. I—I think I should be rather afraid of him."

He and the doctor walked up and down beside the track, waiting for the train. The latter had his big pipe, but not his flowered dressing-gown. His embroidered cap was at the retreat for invalid pets. Skye had not chewed it, Mrs. Minny asserted, for she meant to keep it forever, especially now, as he was such a dear man.

"She—she—likes the baby?" Oliver asked, awkwardly, as he lit a cigar.

"I am sorry to say she does not manifest any rapture at all. I think she was more delighted to see her dog. I always have the idea when I see her with young Francois that she is a little girl playing with her doll. She is afraid of him if he cries, and moans because he has black eyes and looks like the Frenchman."

"Well," said Oliver smiling sadly, "the chapter is ended. I have turned a page in my life's story. She will be safe and settled now, and I delegate to you my position as adviser. In the next elopement Mrs. Minny makes you must be the assistant. There is my train; and so good-bye."

Oliver thought the whole affair would pass from his mind, especially as Doctor John on his return said they had gone to Maine and Mrs. Minny had never mentioned him; but one day a month from that time at the switchman's house a letter came to Oliver. He looked at the scrawly superscription, the post-mark Newcastle, and he knew well Hannah Patten did not attempt an Italian hand. He smiled with pleasure: it was good to be remembered after the long silence, and he had braved many dangers for that ungrateful young Frenchman, the worst an encounter with her frenzied husband.

"DEAR MR. OLIVER,—
"To think you were so near and I could not see you! I cried when they told me I am not going to pay your money back yet until I get my own from Mr. de Restaud. We have put our case in the hands of an old lawyer here who was a college-mate of my dear dead father, and he thinks I ought to get a divorce, and has written to Mr. de Restaud so. We watch the baby closely, for fear Henri will try to steal him. I run away. How good you were! I think of you often; but Ann Hannah will never speak of you, and folks here think it is dreadful to be divorced. They say I am she that married a Frenchman—I suppose they think he is from Canada—and am going into the courts to get a separation from him. For no fault of mine I must be disgraced. Even Aunt Hannah admits I never ought to go back to him; it would not be safe."

"I had a nice time at that dogs' home; it was a funny place, with the nicest old dogs and cats. Skye had a grand time. One dog was fifteen years old and had to be fed on gruel. Still, I think taking care of poor animals is better than theosophy and those fads, and Boston does have some real good freaks. I expect some day they will build an old maid's home. You never saw so many old maids as there are there. Mrs. Blinn has seven sisters in one of those Newton towns,—there's an endless chain of them,—and not one of them,—the sisters, not the towns—ever had a beau."

"Please do not dislike me, or at the mention of my name put on your haughty look, as you did when I said things offending your nice sense of what a woman's conversation should be; and write me one little letter to say you are still my good friend. I shall never ask you to help me again, I do not need it; so you will be safe in continuing our acquaintances. Aunt Hannah does not know I have written you. I get too many

moral lectures anyway from her, for she says I must educate myself so my son will have a high opinion of me. He does not bother about me, but divides his attention principally in blinking at her and the lamp, with a leaning towards the light. That last is naughty, is it not?"

"Always your friend
(as the doctor calls me)
"THE TROUBLESOME LADY."

The wound was not healed, Oliver thought bitterly. Why of all women must he care for this one and be so haunted by her memory? Every look of hers, her words, her gestures, the little yellow gown were as plain to him after a year as if he had seen her but yesterday. He had striven hard to forget, to do his duty. Yet was there harm in writing just a few lines?—not a path that had been his in the past; and yet—yet she was a child. That storn, honest, old women believed in him and trusted to his honor.

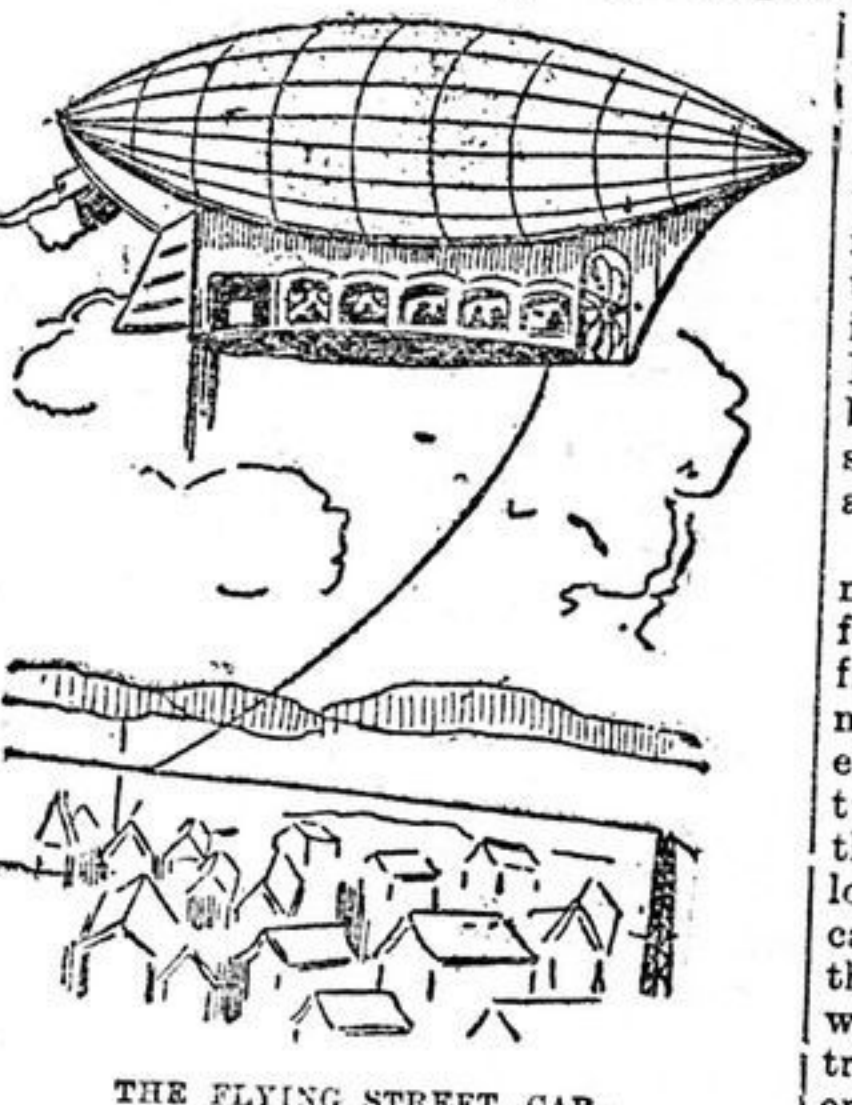
While he mused, the shock-headed boy knocked and thrust in his freckled face. "Get ter see yer," he said, hoarse than usual, for there had been a base-ball match the day before, and he had been excused from duty because his "mudder was sick." "Show him in," said Oliver, locking the letter in his desk. The last man he expected to see entered the room, shut the door behind him, took a chair, then with almost a threatening gesture, moved it close to the desk. Henri de Restaud!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A FLYING STREET CAR.

Will Be in Operation at the Antwerp Exposition, the Fare to Be Six.

A flying street car is the latest novelty which an ingenious Belgian has devised for the convenience and amusement of visitors to the Antwerp exposition. He does not call it a flying street car, but "grand ballon dirigé" is the Belgian way of putting it. In appearance the flying street car resembles the famous Pennington air ship or a miniature whaleback upside down. The floating apparatus is a huge cigar-shaped



THE FLYING STREET CAR.

bag, to which is attached the street car itself. In the front or prow of the car is an immense fan or propeller and at the other end an apparatus like a barn door. The car is divided into three sections, one for the motor man, another for the passengers, and a third, which corresponds about in size to the baggage apartment on a suburban car, is for the use of the conductor. The much-abused trolley system has been turned to good account in connection with this flying street car, as from the overhead wire the electricity is obtained with which to work the motor. Connecting the car with this overhead wire is a traveling cable, one end of which connects with the motor, the other being attached to a trolley which slides along the wire as the car moves. In the rear compartment of the car, where the conductor has his quarters, is all the paraphernalia for lowering the machine. A stout ship's anchor attached by a wire cable to a windlass, which in turn is connected with the electric motor, provides the means for hauling down the flying car when a station is reached where passengers are to alight.

The first practical demonstration of this aerial means of rapid transit will be made during the Antwerp exposition. One model machine is already pretty well advanced toward completion, the termini of the route being the exposition grounds and the bourse at Antwerp, which are about a mile apart. During the exposition trips will be made every half hour by this novel means of locomotion and the success of the experiment may probably revolutionize street car traffic. One great drawback to its popularity, however, is that the trip of a mile will cost 5 francs, or \$1.

INDUSTRY AND INVENTION.

The nitrate deposits of Colombia, it is believed, will shortly rival those of Chile.

Two inventors at Los Angeles, Cal., have invented a machine to utilize tidal power.

A cane planter and a pea shelling machine are two of the latest agricultural inventions.

The net income of the Bell Telephone Company in 1885 was \$1,890,995. In 1892 it was \$3,411,679.

A Texas genius has invented an ice cream freezer which will freeze a half dozen different kinds of ice cream at the same time.

The Krupp works at Essen, Germany, turn out 91,000 cannon a year. Over 20,000 men are employed and an average of 1666 tons of coal and coke are consumed daily.

The latest addition to the list of pseudo household provisions is artificial cream. The preparation is made by simply mechanically emulsifying a suitable oil with a solution of gine or gelatine and diluting it with water to any desired consistency.

One would think an anchor would be the last thing anybody would expect to improve upon. Yet a Mexican has designed an anchor which consists of a flat rectangular sheet of plate metal. It is designed to be supported by the anchor chain in a nearly horizontal position in the water and not to take hold on the bottom. The column of water bearing upon the flat sheet plate serves to hold the vessel steady, keep it head to the wind and prevent its drifting to leeward.

SEED POTATOES.

A Kentucky Plan and the Reason It is Followed.

The farmers near Louisville, Ky., have for several years past, been in the habit of growing two crops of potatoes on the same land. The early Spring and hot Summer cause the first crop to ripen early in July. The land is plowed and immediately re-planted, and the second crop is killed by frost in October when the tubers are half to two-thirds grown and still quite immature. These second crop tubers are inferior for eating, but it is claimed are far better for next Spring planting than the first crop, and for the following reasons:—

1. They keep in a cool cellar without sprouting or shrivelling or losing one particle of their vigor. It seems that having been checked before maturity, they lie dormant, ready to send up a shoot when again in warm ground as vigorously as they were growing when stopped by the frost.

2. They never send up but one sprout. This is true whether they are planted whole or cut to any number of eyes down to one. The consequence is that all the growth goes into the tubers that come on one stalk (generally from five to eight) and these all grow to full marketable size. If the ground be very rich, and the season fine, they will all be extremely large.

3. They can be cut six weeks, or in fact any length of time, before planting. The only precaution necessary is that they shall be kept, after being cut, in barrels open at the top only. If there are openings at the side and bottom the pieces thus exposed will deteriorate. The gardener or farmer using second crop seed can do his cutting on rainy days or at other convenient times, and he will always be ready to take full advantage of a spell of good weather for planting.

4. Growers of second crops by planting early in July in this latitude can get a fine crop of full grown potatoes, which sell better in market than those from the North; or, by waiting until the latter part of the month, they get seed potatoes of the very best quality.

DIVORCES IN FRANCE.

Some Odd Facts About the Separation of Couples.

The official report of the French Ministry of Justice for 1890 has only just been issued, and it contains particulars as to the operation of the divorce act, which came into force in 1884. From that date till December 31, 1890, 38,377 petitions had been lodged, and of these 33,870 had been successful, while 2437 had been rejected and 2080 had resulted in a compromise.

Concurrently with the increase in the number of petitions for divorce the suits for separation decreased, having fallen from 2470 in 1884 to 2041 in 1890. The number of divorces and separations to every 1000 marriages was respectively twenty-four and five in 1890, while in sixty three cases out of 100 the petition was lodged by the wife and in eighty-seven cases out of 100 for a separation. More than half of the petitions for divorce were lodged by the working classes, while tradespeople were 20 per cent., farmers and peasants 9 per cent., and domestic servants 7 per cent.

In thirty-eight of every 100 cases the petitioning party had been married from five to ten years, in twenty-eight from ten to twenty years, in twenty-two from one to five years, in seven from twenty to thirty years, in three less than a year and in two more than thirty years.

In seventy-six of every 100 cases the petition was based on the ground of cruelty or desertion, in the twenty-one upon the plea that the respondent had been condemned to penal servitude. [London Times.]

Chinese Punishments.

In December, 1891, I was in Canton. One afternoon I visited the principal law court. Two prisoners in chains were introduced—one an old man, too infirm to walk, the other a youth, tolerably vigorous, but abject and forlorn in demeanor. The presiding mandarin appeared, sat down and sipped his tea, while an official pattered out a long oration, presumably an indictment for the prisoners proceeded, as I understood to plead "not guilty." What followed was this:—The old man was held up—not held down—while two stolid Chinamen flogged him with long, pliant canes above the knees. The youth was divested of his chains, which were then piled up in front of him. Upon these he was compelled to kneel, while his feet, hands, and pigtail were all attached by a cord to a post behind him and tightly secured.

The cries of the victims and the complete composure of the spectators were alike disgusting. I said as much to my guide, whom I generally regarded as an amiable being. His reply was, "This very interesting. I never seen this before," though I have no doubt he had. The explanation of the dreadful scene—excuse there could be none—was that, by the law of China, no man can be executed until he has confessed his guilt. These two individuals had been convicted beyond doubt of heinous crimes, but they refused to confess. The alternative before them was execution or death by torture, and apparently they preferred the latter. The ceremony I witnessed was to be repeated de die in diem until either life or resolution gave way. How the end came, of course, I never knew.

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A ROUND ABOUT VOYAGE.

Coming From Hamburg to New York the Barque Broomhall is Blown Into the Arctic.

Racked and torn by the gales of the far North and after drifting for weeks in the darkness which hangs over the shores of the lands of the midnight sun the barque Broomhall got into New York on Saturday. She had been at sea for 108 days, and for nearly two months no trace of her had been seen. She has just ended what is probably the longest passage between Hamburg and New York known in the history of shipping. Her agents began to get anxious about her, as she was anywhere from fifty to sixty day overdue.

She came in with no topgallant bulwarks and rails to speak of and with one man missing from her crew. She had plenty of stores on board, but her crew were on short rations of water, and only by the strictest economy did Captain Taylor save his men from the sufferings of thirst.

The Broomhall was a trim and ship-shape vessel when she weighed anchor at Cuxhaven and left the Elbe for the open sea.

OUT IN THE FURY OF THE GALE.

The cracking of the capstan bars and the clicking of the pawls had hardly stopped before there was heard the roar of the tempest. The waves rolling under the Broomhall's counter were lashed into an angry sea before she was three days out. There came a gale from the south-southeast on November 11 which sent her staggering northward under lower topsails.

The gale became a storm and the storm a hurricane. There was no escape for the Broomhall. She was brought to the wind on the port tack to avoid the blows of the waves upon her quarter. Then the gale veered to the north, northeast and struck the barque a blow at which caused her frame to shake and tremble.

It tore away the lower topsails and ripped the upper topsails from their gaskets. It rolled the barque over on her starboard side to the hatches.

The cargo of salt shifted and gave the Broomhall a starboard list. Tons of water flooded the oil room and pantry.

Waves swept the vessel's decks clean of ladders, winches and capstan bars.

Then came a lull in the storm. The crew made two new lower topsails, and bent them into ribbons. The gale blew them into ribbons. Then began the laborious work of sailmaking anew.

The crew were busy making sails and the continuous gales were as diligent in disposing of them. The Broomhall lost nearly two entire sets of canvas before her voyage was over. Every man who was not absolutely needed for the handling of the ship was put to sailmaking.

The Broomhall drifted to the northeast, making leeway under the united influence of west and northwest gales. The days grew shorter. The barque drifted into the region of Arctic night.

The sun showed its face for a short while at noon and then hid in darkness. The barque went on impelled by the gale which shrieked through her rigging and flooded her decks with stinging spray.

The green brine swept her decks fore and aft. A mountainous mass of water broke in a roaring flood over her bows. It wrenched the top rail of the port bulwarks, tore the thin covering of teak wood from the deck house, burst open the cabin doors and flooded forecabin and cabin.

LIKE A BROADSIDE OF ARTILLERY.
It raked the vessel fore and aft like a broadside of artillery. It swept over the decks like a resistless tide and then poured over the stern. It was embraced it carried Charles Marx, a young German seaman. The man was standing near one of the forward winches. He was hurled against the deck and, bleeding and unconscious, was washed overboard.

In a squall on January 15 the foresail and foretopail, both of which had just been made, were split from foot to head, and the maintopmast staysail and mizzen staysail were blown away. For the crew things were exceedingly uncomfortable on that barque. The forepeak was flooded part of the time level with the deck.

Owing to a leak in one of the tank pipes the drinking water became brackish and the tea and coffee made from it were almost nauseating. The water supply was almost exhausted when the barque had been at sea for seventy days, and it was carefully portioned out each day, and it hardly lasted until the Broomhall reached port.

The barque had gales from every point of the compass nearly until February 27, when the wind hauled off to north-north-east and blew a moderate breeze, which brought the Broomhall to Sandy Hook. In her voyage of 108 days she had ninety days of gales and hurricanes.

Captain Taylor is now counting the cost of this long voyage. He finds Old Ocean is indebted to him for the following:—

Four lower topsails, two upper topsails one foretopmast staysail, one main topmast staysail, three mizzen staysails, one main staysail, one jib, one star board cathead broken off short, iron rails twisted and bent, teak fittings torn from deckhouse, gallant bulwarks with rails, 120 feet of port topgallant bulwarks and one life boat smashed beyond repair.

He has charged up to profit and loss a few ladders and capstan bars which, he says, old Neptune misappropriated.

"In spite of all the damage the Broomhall sustained she did not lose a spar. I never had harder work in keeping masts in a vessel in my life, but we got here without carrying away a stick."

"It seemed to me," though, that we left canvas all the way from Iceland to Sandy Hook. I don't want anybody to mention the subject of topsails to me for a week."

A Salvation Army Colony.
It is reported from Mexico that a movement is under way to establish a large colony of the Salvation Army in that country. It is stated that a syndicate of capitalists interested in General Booth and his schemes has purchased from the Mexican Government about 200,000 acres in the State of Chiapas in Southern Mexico, on the Pacific coast, and that plans will soon be perfected for settling 5,000 families, mostly English, on the land, which is said to be excellently adapted for agriculture.

THE WARY

Time is No Object