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TO CONSUMPTIVES.

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IF I HAD I WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO RUDE.

The color came to Telly's face at his evident admiration, but she did not say no to his proposal, and stood patiently in the position he wished while he made the sketch. "There," he exclaimed when it was finished, "I shall transfer that to canvas when I go back, and whenever I look at it I shall recall this day and you."

"Will you need the picture for that?" she replied with a smile.

"That sounded like Alice," he said, and added hastily, "Alice is my only sister, and I think more of her than of any other woman living."

Telly sat on the boat's cushions in a shady nook and watched Albert finish his sketch and then listened to his talk. He told her all about his home and sister and Frank as well. In a way they exchanged a good deal of personal history of interest to each other. Then they gathered flowers, and



"Draw yourself as holding the oars," Telly insisted on decorating the boat. When it was done she wanted him to make a sketch of it for her. "Draw yourself as holding the oars," she said, "and I will try to paint a picture from the sketch to remember you by," she added with a smile.

Then, as the sun was getting low, they started for home. The breeze had vanished and the sea was like glass. Only the long ground swells barely lifted their boat and made the shadows of the trees along the shore wave in fantastic undulations. When they reached the Cape Telly said: "You had better go around to the cove where father keeps his boats. It's nearer to the house, and there is a float there where you can pull your boat out."

She waited until he had done so, and then stooped and selected a few of the flowers with which they had decked the boat. "I am going to paint them," she said quietly as she turned and followed Albert up to the house.

CHAPTER XXIII.

UNCLE TERRY and Albert had just seated themselves on the point that evening when Telly came out with a thick grey shawl and wrapped it around her father's shoulders. "It's a little chilly to-night," she said, "and I think you need it." Then, turning to Albert, she added, "Wouldn't you like one, too, Mr. Page?"

"I would, thank you," he answered. "If you have another to spare." He would have answered yes if she had asked him to put on woolen mittens. She returned to the house and came back, this time bearing a white zephyr wrap, and handed it to Albert. "I will bid you good night now," she said, "for I presume you will sit here long after bedtime."

Uncle Terry's eyes followed her back to the house, and then he turned to his guest.

"I s'pose ye'd rather be talkin' to Telly than me out here in the moonlight," he said bluntly, "now that ye've got a little acquainted. It's the way o' young folks."

"I've had a very pleasant visit with your daughter this afternoon," responded Albert. "She was good enough to go with me to where I got left yesterday. I wanted to finish the sketch I began there." Uncle Terry made no answer, but sat puffing away at one of the cigars Albert had given him.

"Mr. Page," said Uncle Terry at last, "I've worried a good deal since last night 'bout what ye told me, an' I've made up my mind to tell ye the hull story an' trust ye with what no one else knows. To begin with, it's nineteen years ago last March when that war a vessel got afoul o' a ledge jost off'n the p'int here in a snowstorm, an' all hands went down—that is, all but a little yearlin' baby that cum ashore tied up 'tween two feather beds. I fished her out o' the surf, an' Lissy an' me has taken care on her ever since, an' today she's worth a thousand times more'n her cost. How much she thinks o' me I'll let ye judge by the way she thought 'bout my comfort tonight. There was a few trinkets cum ashore with her—pictures o' her father an' mother, we knew, an' a locket an' ring an' some other things—so we knowed her name an' 'whar she cum from."

"Since then we have never heard a word from no one regardin' her people, or whether any was livin', till last winter I cum across a notice in a paper sayin' information was wanted 'bout an heir to an estate in Sweden, an' tellin' facts that made me sure Telly was the one wanted. The notice was signed by that lawyer, Frye, that I asked ye 'bout, an' I went to see him. He wanted proofs an' all that, an' I gave 'em to him, an' wussan that, he wanted money, an' I gave that to him. He's kep' askin' fer money ever since, an' I, like a fool, kep' sendin' it, in hopes if Telly had anything comin' she'd git her dues. I've sent him the locket an'

things that belonged to her, an' all I've got so far is letters askin' fer more money an' tellin' 'bout expenses an' evidence an' witnesses' fees an' bonds to be filed. Lissy an' Telly know 'bout the case, but they don't know how much money I've paid out, an' I don't want they should. That's the hull story, an' now as ye're a lawyer, an' I b'lieve an honest one, I ask ye what's best to be done."

"I see now, Mr. Terry, why you distrust lawyers, and I do not wonder at it. To the best of my belief, you have been swindled in the most outrageous manner by Frye. He no doubt is acting for some law firm who have instructed him to find an heir, if there is one, to this estate, and they would naturally advance all expense money. Do you know the vessel's name, where she sailed from and who her master was?"

"She was a square rigger, an' the master's name was Peterson. In the newspaper piece the name was Neils Peterson, who cum from Stockholm," answered Uncle Terry. "I've got it in my wallet now, an' on a piece o' paper the letters E. P., an' on a piece o' paper that was pinned to the baby's dress was the name Etelek Peterson."

"And did you send these proofs to Frye?" asked Albert quickly.

"I sent 'em six months ago," was the reply, "an' I've jest 'bout made up my mind I was a fool to 'a done it, an' a bigger one to keep sendin' money."

"It would have been all right," answered Albert after a pause, "if you had put them into an honest man's hands. As it is you are lame—in fact, utterly at the mercy of Frye, who is robbing you." Then, after thinking a moment, he added: "I will gladly do what I can to help you, Mr. Terry, and at no cost to you for my own services. The first step must be to get possession of these material proofs, the next to find what firm has employed Frye. We are helpless until we get possession of those proofs."

"Ain't my word an' Lissy's as to savin' the baby no 'count?" asked Uncle Terry.

"Very good, so far as it goes, but really no proof that the child you saved is the one wanted for this inheritance. In the matter of a legacy the law is very exacting and demands absolute proof. No, the only way is to use duplicity and trick Frye or ask him to name his price and pay it, and as the estate may be large his price will naturally be extortionate."

Albert thought a moment and then added, "Has Frye ever written you admitting he has received or has those proofs in his possession?"

"Not a word," answered Uncle Terry. "All he writes is: 'Your case is progressing favorably. I need so much more money,' an' I send it an' lay 'wake nights worryin'."

"How long since he has sent for money?" asked Albert.

"'Bout a month, I reckon," replied Uncle Terry.

"I confess, Mr. Terry, I am stumped." After a pause Albert asked Uncle Terry:

"How does your—I mean, how does Telly feel about this matter, Mr. Terry, for I suppose she knows the story?"

"That's suthin' I hate to talk 'bout, but as ye're likely to see more o' us an' more o' Telly it's better ye know it all. When she was 'bout ten we told her the story an' showed her the things we'd kep' locked up. She didn't seem to mind it then, but as she's growed older it sorter shadders her life, as it were. We used to ketch her lookin' at the things once in awhile an' cryin'."

When I sent 'em to Boston she took on a good deal an' ain't been the same sence. We try to keep her from thinkin' 'bout it all we can, but she's ouris in her ways, an' I've thought she was kinder 'shamed, an' mebbe broodin' over it makes it wuss."

"You do not mean that you fear she would make away with herself in a fit of melancholy, do you?"

"I dunno what to think," was the answer, "only I hate to have her out o' sight much, an' the more lovin' she is the more I worry."

"One thing please promise me," said Albert when they had started for the house, "do not hint either to her or your wife that you have told me anything about this matter. I will do all that can be done and consult only with you in private."

Wise Pa. Johnny—Pa, what is tact? Wise Pa—Tact, Johnny, is knowing how to do things without appearing to be doing them. For instance, I asked Mr. Aridman to dinner this evening, and incidentally I remarked that your mother would entertain us on the piano. Mr. Aridman said he was so sorry he couldn't come.

Management. "I don't see, Ella, how you manage with your housekeeping money. If I give you a lot, you spend a lot, but if I don't give you so much you seem to get along with it."

"Why, that's perfectly simple, Rudolph. When you give me a lot I use it to pay the debts I get into when you don't give me so much."

An Official Mystery. Years ago, when Lord Anglesey was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he said once of the Irish secretary of that day, "Mr. Stanley and I do very well together as companions, but we differ so totally about Ireland that I never mention the subject to him." Just how they transacted official business remains a mystery.

Resemblances. "Everybody says the baby looks like you. Doesn't that please you?" "I don't know," replied Popley, "but I tell you what—I'm glad nobody thinks of saying I look like the baby."

Poets' Opinions of Each Other.

A good story about Browning and Tennyson is to be found in the diary of the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. Browning referred readily to the charge of obscurity in his poetry. "He once told me," says Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, "after repeating a story Wordsworth had told him illustrating his own strange want of humor and wit, that Wordsworth, after all, was unjust to himself, for that on hearing of Browning's engagement to Miss Barrett he had said, 'Well, I suppose they understand each other, although nobody understands them.'"

Tennyson's opinion of Browning (and, incidentally, of himself) is shown in his remark that "Browning is devoted to music and knows a great deal about it, but there is no music in his verse. I know nothing about music and don't care for it in the least, but my verse is full of music."

In reading Milton's Lycidas aloud, says Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, Tennyson said to the lady of the line. And, oh, ye dolphins, wait the hapless youth,

with the comment that this was "the only bad line Milton ever wrote."

The Island of Jersey. The police court of St. Helier, the principal town of the island of Jersey, is remarkable in several respects. First, the proceedings are always opened with prayer; second, it frequently happens that after prayer there is no more business, and every one goes home. There is so little crime committed in the island that the police force (twenty strong) is kept up only for visitors. The beautiful carving in oak which forms the rostrum of this court is the work of a lady named Coredge, a resident of the island. The dock is remarkable for its spaciousness and comfort. The authorities are very lenient with their prisoners, who are kept here, for court and station are under one roof. In the words of the genial old turnkey, "When we gets 'em brought in drunk during the day, if they behave well we lets 'em out at night." Every "bobby" is obliged to know the Psalms. It's all he has to do.

Billiard Balls. Billiard balls are made of Zanzibar Ivory, the other ivory, known as the Bombay ivory, being too liable to crack or chip. The Zanzibar ivory is soft and therefore lasts better. The regulation ball is two and three-eighths inches in diameter, and a set of four costs about \$30. They are rough turned—that is, turned a little larger than the balls are to be when finished—and are stored away in open crates for from sixteen to twenty-two months to season the ivory after being turned and to allow any shrinkage to take place before the balls are finished. If the balls were not seasoned in this way they would be liable to shrink after they were finished, and, as they only shrink in the direction of the grain, they would become oval instead of remaining round, as they should be, and it would be necessary to have them turned again.

Many John Smiths. In Latin, John Smith is Johanus Smithus; in Italian, Giovanni Smithi or Fabroni; in Spanish, Juan Smithas; in Dutch, Hans Smithus or Schmidt or Schmitzes; in French, Jean Smeets; in Greek, Ion Skmiton; in Polish, Ivan Schmittowski; in Welsh, Ihon Schmid; in Scotch, Jeon Gowans; in Russian, Jouloff Skmittowski; in Chinese, Jahon Shimmitt; in Icelandic, Jahne Smithson; in Mexican, Jontli F'Smith; in Tuscarora, Ton Qu Smit-tia.

Heroic War Measures. Chaka, a great African native chief, trained a powerful army which was famous in war. If a regiment was beaten it was slaughtered on its return to the king's palace. If any man lost his weapon in war he was killed for cowardice. If the chief wanted to see what kind of weapons were most successful he would order a sham fight with them, in which real lives would be lost.

Editor Versus Lawyer. A lawyer in a courtroom may call a man a liar, scoundrel, villain or thief, and no one makes a complaint when court has adjourned. If a newspaper prints such reflections on a man's character there is a libel suit or a dead editor. And this is owing to the fact that people believe what an editor says; what a lawyer says cuts no figure.

The Place For a Pupil. "And there is one thing about the pupil of the eye that I can't say about lots of other pupils," remarked the teacher.

"What is that?" asked the scholars in chorus.

"It is always found up around the head."

Making Sure. Mr. Tottlerly—Could you marry a very old man with a good deal of money if he told you frankly how old he was and how much he was worth? Miss Timely—How much is he worth?

Then He Went. Unwelcome Suitor—That's a lovely song. It always carries me away. She—If I had known how much pleasure it could give us both I would have sung it earlier in the evening.

The Usual Formula. It makes no difference how small a boy is, when his mother scolds him she always says, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a big boy like you!"

He who commits an injustice is ever made more wretched than he who suffers it—Plato.

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