

# Heiress and Wife.

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:**—Rex Lyon secretly married Daisy Brooks. They are separated by force of circumstances on their wedding day. Daisy thinks that Rex has cast her off. He is true but believes that she is dead. According to his mother's dying wish he engages himself to Pluma Hurst, the daughter by the first marriage of the master of Whitestone Hall. Mr. Hurst's second wife, whom he loved better than the first, died and her child is supposed to have died with her. After seventeen years' absence, his dying housekeeper confesses that his child did not die, but was stolen. He sets out to find her. Pluma is responsible for Daisy's removal. Lester Stanwick, her tool, threatens to expose her if she will not marry him. She defies him. Daisy after many vicissitudes determines to visit her Uncle John, but falls ill and is cared for by Detective Tudor whose aid is sought by Mr. Hurst in search for his missing daughter. Daisy sets out to stop the marriage of her husband and Pluma by telling Mr. Hurst that she is Rex's wife. Tudor reports that she is Mr. Hurst's long-lost daughter. Pluma is discovered in conference with a strange woman.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.—Continued.

"Do you dare to threaten me in my own house," cried Pluma, fairly beside herself with passion. "I begin to believe you are not aware of whom you are speaking. You shall not force me to listen. I shall raise the window and cry out to the guests below."

"Very well, then. I find I am compelled to tell you something I never intended you should know—something that, unless I am greatly mistaken in my estimate of you, will change your high and mighty notions altogether."

The woman was bending so near her, her breath almost scorched her cheek.

"I want money," she said, her thin lips quivering in an evil smile, "and it is but right that you should supply me with it. Look at the diamonds representing a fortune, gleaming on your throat, while I am lacking the necessities of life."

"What is that to me?" cried Pluma scornfully. "Allow me to pass from the room, and I will send my maid back to you with a twenty-dollar note. My moments are precious; do not detain me."

"Twenty dollars, indeed!" she sneered mockingly. "Twenty thousand and will not answer my purpose. From this time forth I intend to live as befits a lady. I want that necklace you are wearing, as security that you will produce the required sum for me before to-morrow night."

The course proposal amazed Pluma. "I thought Whitestone Hall especially guarded against thieves," she said. "You seem to be a desperate woman; but I, Pluma Hurst, do not fear you. We will pass over the remarks you have just uttered as simply beyond discussion."

With a swift, gliding motion she attempted to reach the bell-ropes. Again the woman intercepted her.

to tell Pluma the sorrowful story of his love-dream.

All at once he remembered the letter that had handed him out from the mantel, where he had not thought much about the matter until now. Mechanically he picked it up from the mantel, when he had tossed it upon entering the room, glancing carelessly at the superscription.

His countenance changed when he saw it; his lips trembled, and a hard, bitter light crept into his brown eyes. He remembered the photograph, but too well.

"From Stanwick!" he cried, leaning heavily against the mantel. Rex read the letter through with a burning flush on his face, which grew white as with the pallor of death as he read; a dark mist was before his eyes, the sound of surging waters in his ears.

"Old College Chum," it began—"For the sake of those happy hours of our school-days, you will please favor me by reading what I have written to the end."

"If you love Pluma Hurst better than your sense of honor this letter is of no avail. I can not see you drifting on to ruin without longing to save you. You have been cleverly caught in the net the scheming heiress has set for you. It is certainly evident she loves you with a love which is certainly a perilous one."

"There is not much safety in the fierce, passionate love of a desperate, jealous woman. You will pardon me for believing at one time your heart was elsewhere. You will wonder why I refer to that; it will surprise you to learn that one subject forms the basis of this letter. I refer to little Daisy Brooks."

"You remember the night you saw little Daisy home, burning with indignation at the cut direct—which Pluma had subjected the pretty little fairy to? I simply recall that fact, as upon that event hangs the terrible sequel which I free my conscience by unfolding. You had scarcely left the Hall ere Pluma called me to her side."

"Do not leave me, Lester," she said. "I want to see you; remain until after all the guests have left."

"I saw the gate was locked; and through the flashes of lightning I saw a little girl sobbing wildly, flung face downward in the grass, heedless of the storm."

"I knew you, and called you to me. I questioned you as to why the house was lighted, and learned the truth. Basil Hurst had remarried; he had been abroad with his wife, and to-night he was bringing home his young wife."

"My rage knew no bounds. I commanded you to bring me the key of the gate. You obeyed. That night a little golden-haired child was born at Whitestone Hall, and I knew it would live to divide the honors and wealth of Whitestone Hall with you—my child."

To Be Continued.

## FISH AS POSTMEN.

**Cases Where Fish Have Undertaken the Carriage of Letters.**

A very extraordinary case of a fish acting as a letter-carrier comes from Reyjavik, in Iceland. On April 29th of last year a certain Captain Christensen, of the ss; Laura, received an unimportant letter from the Sheriff of Vestermann while the ship was lying at the latter port. Having perused the missive, the captain threw it carelessly overboard, and his astonishment may be well imagined when, on the 15th of the following month, the identical communication soiled and disfigured, was handed to him by the Consul of Reyjavik, to which place it had actually travelled in the stomach of a large codfish, and had been extracted from the same by a local fisherman. Seeing that Vestermann lies some 180 miles from Reyjavik, the letter must have travelled that distance between April 29th and May 15th, the piscine postman consuming just over two weeks in its submarine journey.

There have, however, been cases before this of fish undertaking the carriage of letters. Some fifteen years ago a whale, which was stranded on the south coast of France, was found, upon being cut open, to contain a mail-bag, wherein there were contained many hundreds of letters. The bag in question formed part of a collection which was being conveyed to Guadalupe by a wrecked vessel, and the letters, though somewhat dingy, were in a perfect state of preservation. They were at once sent on to their destination, each letter being marked on the outside, "Delayed through shipwreck," no mention, of course, being made of the extraordinary incident which had occurred since the missive was posted.

Rather amusing was the following: A young lady, walking on Brighton Pier, dropped into the sea by accident a rather tender communication addressed to the man of her choice. She forgot the incident completely, but was reminded of the same in a rather abrupt fashion by the receipt one morning some three months later of a letter from her sweetheart, informing her that the missive had been posted to him from a wrecked vessel, a fisherman of that town. It seemed that the latter had found the note in the interior of a huge mackerel, and that being acquainted with English, he had entered into the humor of the situation, and had without delay posted the communication to its proper owner. Never perhaps has a love-letter been conveyed by a more peculiar postman.

A dolphin found off the coast of Sicily was the conveyor of a letter from a French gentleman addressed to his wife in Paris. Evidently the writer had allowed the note to fall overboard whilst journeying on his yacht in the Mediterranean, but the letter reached the lady in due course, though some six months intervened between its date and its receipt.

## HE IS A WEALTHY FARMER.

### HE CONTROLS THE OPIUM TRADE OF HONG KONG.

His Yearly Income Amounts to Three Hundred Thousand Dollars—An Elaborate Official Dinner.

In the colony of Hong Kong there is a Chinaman who, while his brief reign lasts, is spoken of by the quarter of a million of his fellow countrymen on the island with bated breath. To these celestials, subjects of King Edward, the Emperor of China is not nearly so great a man as the opium farmer, and the King himself, compared with his mightiness of the drug is in their eyes only a far-away sovereign, but half so imposing.

In order to regulate to some extent the importation of opium into Hong Kong and to simplify the collection of duties the British Government several years ago decided to place the whole business in the hands of one man. Realizing, however, the tremendous and arbitrary power that could be wielded by a single individual in such a position, it was also decided that the office should only be held one year, and that no person should be allowed to keep it for more than a single term. So it was announced that the Government was prepared to accept bids for the privilege.

Since that time the selection of an opium farmer, as he is called, has become an annual event. The highest bid generally ranges from 600,000 to 800,000 taels, according to the prospects of the poppy crop for the year and the condition of the market. The successful applicant is duly gazetted in his position, and he is given the assistance of a fleet of a dozen swift government customs vessels to protect his interests. He himself employs several junkies.

TO GUARD HIS BUSINESS against smugglers, but he must only use these boats for the purpose of obtaining information. If he secures knowledge of smuggling operations he turns it over to the authorities, who really will make a good thing of it. Nearly every week in the year there are some smart skirmishes between the sampans of the smugglers from the mainland of China and the revenue cutters. Pretty little battles some of them are, too, and very useful in giving young British midships and junior naval officers their first taste of sea fighting.

The opium farmer has the sole control of every pound of the drug brought into Hong Kong, and he generally makes from \$250,000 to \$300,000 clear profit in his year of office. The Government gets much more from him than it could secure if it attempted to control the duties itself, and, moreover, gets it in a lump sum without the enormous amount of trouble and the large force of officers that would otherwise be necessary. The opium farmer's salaried men watch all incoming boats, and as it is a case of Chinaman against Chinaman very little of the raw material gets past him.

At the end of his term of office he gives a GREAT DINNER to government officials, newspaper men and the leading Chinese merchants of the colony. This dinner is one of the three great events of the Hong Kong year. The other two are the polo championship games and the sham battle between the troops in the Garrison. As a matter of fact, though national pride keeps them from openly acknowledging it, the white people of Hong Kong look on this unique dinner as by far the most interesting affair in the social calendar.

When a Chinaman makes up his mind to do a thing handsomely he generally goes to the limit. The opium farmer always makes his dinner, which is a sort of farewell to his brief reign of the opium smokers, something to be remembered by his white friends. Indeed, he lays aside a large sum of money, from \$20,000 to \$25,000, for the banquet, and always reckons it as a legitimate item of expense when he figures up his bid to the Government at the beginning of the year.

A week before the close of his term of office the farmer sends out his invitations. These are always verbal, delivered to the lucky recipient by a shroff, a police man, or clerk, who comes to your door with a smile and a bow, clad in a long blue gown reaching to his heels, and tells you that his master desires the honor of your presence at the Wong Tai Lo restaurant, "to modestly sup with him from a little dish or two, in token of your good will."

## ANTITOXIN AND DIPHTHERIA.

### Elaborate Report Demonstrates Value of Antitoxin Serum.

Otto Jellinek, of the State Institute for the Preparation of Diphtheria Antitoxin, Vienna, has prepared a report concerning the treatment of diphtheria by antitoxin serum, which combines the published reports of all other observers in all parts of the world to the close of 1908. In all there are reports of 52,785 cases, with 8,525 deaths, a mortality rate of 16.15 per cent. Of these, there were treated in hospitals, 35,935, with 6,398 deaths, a mortality rate of 18.23 per cent; and in private practice and partially also in hospitals, 16,850, with 2,429 deaths, a mortality rate of 12.16 per cent. To these Jellinek has added a number of collective reports from Austria, Hungary, Bosnia, Germany, Belgium, Russia and the United States of America—127,359 cases, with 18,988 deaths—a mortality rate of 14.2 per cent. An extremely interesting table is that which shows the influence of the early treatment with antitoxin upon the mortality rate. Thus, of a total of 52,521 cases, with 8,026 deaths—a mortality rate of 15.28 per cent—there were treated on the first day 5,970 with 304 deaths, a mortality rate of 5.07 per cent; on the second day, 17,085, with 1,451 deaths—a mortality rate of 8.49 per cent; on the third day, 13,263, with 2,055 deaths—a mortality rate of 15.56 per cent; on the fourth day, 6,744, with 1,576 deaths—a mortality rate of 23.36 per cent; on the fifth day, 4,238, with 1,286 deaths—a mortality rate of 30.02 per cent; after the fifth day, 3,713, with 924 deaths—a mortality rate of 27.80 per cent, and on some days not specified, 1,905, with 430 deaths—a mortality rate of 22.58 per cent.

With regard to the ages of the patients, it is noteworthy that under 2 years of age there were 4,264 cases, with 1,442 deaths—33.81 per cent, under 1 year of age, 773 cases, with 305 deaths—39.45 per cent; from 2 to 5 years of age, 11,353 cases, with 2,163 deaths—19.06 per cent, from 5 to 10 years of age, 9,628 cases, with 1,290 deaths—13.33 per cent; over 10 years of age, 5,229 cases, with 350 deaths—6.69 per cent. This exhaustive study demonstrates anew what has been already conclusively shown—that there results from the use of the diphtheria antitoxin, a considerable reduction in the relative mortality from the disease. An increase in the mortality rate of 5.07 per cent when treatment is instituted on the first day of the disease to a rate of 23.36 per cent when the antitoxin is given on the fourth day, and 30.02 per cent when given on the fifth day should certainly be sufficient to convince the most skeptical.

Uncle Bob, who has just treated his nephew in a Parisian restaurant, is not a bad dinner for three francs, his nephew, who is still growing—First rate. Let's have another!

## DEVELOPS INTO A FEAST.

magnificent enough for an old Roman banquet hall. The women, imported from northern China for the occasion, sit on themselves behind the chairs of the guests and play string instruments, singing and playing continuous accompaniment. Flower girls, bearing sweet blossoms of the lilies, enter and twine garlands across the tables, among chair backs, about the flags and in the long lines of lanterns.

The tables are rapidly spread with food and a strange mixture of oriental and native dishes is laid. In addition to roast beef, ham, chicken, turkey and mutton, are dozens of "Chinese" delicacies, curries of every kind, sharks' fins, jellied eggs, pickled fish, baked hedgehog, spitted rice birds, drawn pelican meat, preserves of all sorts, mangoes, mangostines, and Chinese puddings.

There is no menu card. You just pick out what you like and tuck it in irrespective of what your neighbor is eating and regardless of whether you begin with dessert or end with soup. The dishes in which these foods are served are the most magnificent and costly samples of China ware and are intended as gifts for the guests. When the dinner is over you can select what you please from among them. If you go away early enough you are generally well enough to do this. If you stay till then you had better get warm, you are apt to forget all about such a prosaic thing as dishes.

When midnight comes and the host, the governor and the chief justice have discreetly retired, the singing, jubilation and toasting begin in earnest. As daybreak approaches the faithful rickshaw men who have been kicking off every pound of the drug brought into Hong Kong, and he generally makes from \$250,000 to \$300,000 clear profit in his year of office. The Government gets much more from him than it could secure if it attempted to control the duties itself, and, moreover, gets it in a lump sum without the enormous amount of trouble and the large force of officers that would otherwise be necessary. The opium farmer's salaried men watch all incoming boats, and as it is a case of Chinaman against Chinaman very little of the raw material gets past him.

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## AN HOUR WITH UNCLE SAM.

### PERSONAL AND POLITICAL NEWS ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

**Neighboring Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered From His Records.**

The Board of Estimate and Apportionment has raised the salaries of several teachers in Albany, N.Y., schools. Prof. Haines, instructor in drawing, leads the list with an increase from \$1,600 to \$1,900.

Andrew Borden, a farmer living in Alton, Wayne County, N.Y., was fed a dose of knockout drops in Rochester, robbed of about \$15 and left insensible in an alley, where he was later discovered by the police.

The Rochester Chamber of Commerce has published a pamphlet setting forth the advantages of Rochester, especially its water and electric power. It is intended especially for distribution at the Pan-American Exposition.

Robert W. Datton, a reporter on the staff of a Washington evening will mean daily balances of the salary fund, which will add from \$6,000 to \$8,000 annually to the retirement fund for the next ten years.

Gen. Rush C. Hawkins, of New York, has sent to the University of Vermont, a lot of rare documents concerning the war of the rebellion to be added to the valuable collection of a like nature, which he gave the University some time ago. In the latter lot is a copy of the Daily Citizen, of Vicksburg, for July 2, 1863, printed on wallpaper.

An experiment in criminology is being tried under the new parole law. Byron Day, a notorious burglar, was taken from the Rochester jail by order of Judge Sutherland and after a talk with the judge, released on parole. Work was found for him in a shoe factory and he will be given an opportunity to prove his promises of reform.

The directors of the recent Music Festival at Syracuse report that the total attendance was 8,000. The total cost of the festival, including every expenditure known, was about \$2,100. The total receipts were practically \$6,500. This leaves a deficiency of about \$2,600. The guarantors will have to make this up by a tax of 50 cents on a dollar.

The press of New Orleans has suffered another irreparable loss in the death of O. H. Stein, of the Times-Democrat. Mr. Stein was a writer whose charm was appreciated by his readers of his paper no more than by his brother newspaper writers in all parts of the country. His "By the Bye" column in the Times-Democrat was clipped more liberally than the feature work of any contemporary writer. It was well worth copying.

Walter N. Haldman, president of the Louisville Courier-Journal Company, celebrated his eightieth birthday recently. He was presented with a testimonial by eighty of the oldest employees of the company, the average service of which was nearly seventeen years. One of the eighty had been with the company for thirty-five years, and another, O. O. Stealy, the Courier-Journal's Washington correspondent, had served the paper for thirty-four years.

A Rochester coroner censured Conductor Selick Smith, of the West Shore, on account of the death of Patrick Quigley and John Kinsella, of Auburn, who were killed last week. The men were three times ejected from the train between Canandaigua and Fisher's Station for trying to ride without paying fares. Then they bought tickets, but Conductor Smith refused to let them get on the train again, unless they paid the fare for the next freight train and were killed while leaving it in the Rochester yards. The coroner thinks Conductor Smith contributed to their death by not letting them ride after they finally had bought tickets.

## "WE ALL TURNS."

It was in the west of Ireland. The cabin was of the usual pattern, with cattle stalls to the left as you entered, an open chimney, a round table, one chair, a big box, and one bed to the right. The legs of the bedstead, an old four-poster, had sunk into the earthen floor.

How many of you sleep there, little girl? I said the tourist.

Feyther and mother, myself and me four brothers and sisters, answered Eddy, who was about twelve years old.

Oh, but there is not room for eight of you!

But, there is, sorr. Four sleeps at the top and four at the bottom, chimed in the child.

Still, even four abreast could never manage. There would be no room to turn.

We don't turn, per honor. When feyther wants to turn, he sez, "Turn!" And we all turn."

## CURIOUS DRAUGHT ANIMALS.

Recently the Viceroy of India went to visit a native prince, and was surprised to see in the gorgeous procession which met him two rhinoceroses ridden by positions. These huge creatures caused a good deal of interest, but in England there have been seen some equally curious substitutes for horses. A rather eccentric old gentleman used to drive a team of foxhounds in Kent, a few years ago, and the dogs would cover long distances at a tremendous pace. But even he was outdone by a wealthy German who had a carriage drawn by two bears. He drove in this curious turn-out in his private grounds; but on one occasion he ventured into the public streets, and was promptly fined for frightening horses and obstructing traffic.