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PAYING THE PENALTY

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"Pray excuse me if I am intruding," [illegible] physician; "but I am the bearer [illegible] introduction from one brother of a letter of [illegible] as my stay in your city is to another, a[illegible] hours, I must deliver it [illegible] at a glance, sir, that [illegible] I can see [illegible] of my townsman, [illegible] are the elder brother [illegible] and friend, Amos Kellogg," and the doctor presented his missive.

Stephen hurriedly drew [illegible] from its envelope and perused a closely written sheet of paper.

"Well, well, I am glad to see you, doctor. You follow closely a letter I have this morning received from my brother. Dr. Hewit, allow me to introduce Dr. Strong of Wilmington, North Carolina, the family physician of my brother Amos. This young man is my son, Robert. Draw up a chair for the doctor, Robert."

After grasping the hands of the three men present, Dr. Strong seated himself in the proffered chair with the remark:

"Yes, my departure from Wilmington was very sudden. Your brother informed me that he had but just written you, but he desired me to bring his nieces back with me if the invalid could undergo the journey. My business here is not of a nature to detain me for an hour. It was merely to place a son in your medical college. I desire to return on the evening train. I have left patients at home who will need my attention."

"We were just discussing my daughter's unhappy condition," said the banker. "Dr. Hewit pronounces her unable to take the journey. He regards her case as almost hopeless."

"My God! Is it so bad as that?" exclaimed Dr. Strong.

The banker himself was surprised at the physician's vehemence.

"I have little hope for the patient," said Dr. Hewit. "I had just stated to Mr. Kellogg that in my opinion Janette could not survive the journey. Of course I did not then know that a physician would attend her."

"I am extremely glad to have met you here, doctor. If the patient is not utterly beyond hope and we can give her a complete change of atmosphere and surroundings, the result might justify the risk of the removal."

"True! The case has thwarted me at every turn. I shall be glad to have you visit the sufferer with me."

"Let us go at once," said the Wilmington physician.

"I will accompany you," announced the banker.

Robert, who was greatly gratified over the arrival of Dr. Strong, accompanied the party to the carriage, and took a seat beside the newcomer, at that gentleman's request.

But a short time elapsed before the banker and the two physicians stood by the bedside of the patient.

The widow had been greatly surprised at meeting the Wilmington physician on the floor below, and she followed the party perhaps with no little apprehension as to what might be the result of the doctor's visit.

No sooner had Dr. Strong's eyes rested on the wan, pain-drawn features of the sufferer on the bed, than involuntarily the words escaped his lips.

"Very like! Very like! The cases are identical."

"This gentleman is Dr. Strong, dear," said Mr. Kellogg. "He is from your uncle's home in North Carolina and has called to see you."

"I am very glad to see you, doctor," Janette said faintly; "but—but—I think I am beyond help."

"Beyond help! Not a bit of it, my dear girl. Not a bit of it!" said the doctor as he raised one white hand and placed a finger on the pulse. "Why," he continued, "doctor, her pulse is much better than I would have expected. Her condition, with such care as she will receive, will justify her removal."

"You will agree with me, I think" (these last words in an undertone to Dr. Hewit) "that it is a last resort. Certainly there is no hope otherwise. God helping me, I will save this girl."

"Your will is mine, doctor; I place her in your hands."

"Removal?" moaned Janette. "Oh, doctor, I shall soon be removed—but——"

"Certainly you will be, dear; I am not going back to North Carolina alone, and don't you believe it, little girl. I shall have company. Do you know who will accompany me? I do. Two sisters, Laura and Janette are their names. They are going to visit their North Carolina cousins and find fresh sea breezes that will bring back roses into pale cheeks and strength into weak limbs. Oh, it is all settled. We shall leave on the three o'clock train this day."

"Why, it cannot be possible!" exclaimed the widow. "In her condition she could not——"

"Madam," and Dr. Strong's voice, firm and decided, silenced her, "two physicians have decided what is best in this case."

Elinor's handkerchief immediately found its way to her eyes.

"Oh, doctor," exclaimed Laura, "I thank God for this! I know that our dear friend, Dr. Hewit, has done all that could be done for Janette in this climate, and aunt and I have nursed her night and day. There must be a change. Papa you——"

"It is already decided, my child. You must now make haste and prepare for the journey. Take nothing but what you will need at once. On your arrival at your uncle's we can forward all else."

"See, see!" cried Laura. "Janette seems bright and hopeful already. Are you not pleased, sister?"

"I am content," said Janette. "I am willing to go if it is best. I—I wish to live. I dislike to leave dear aunt; but—"

"It is for the best, my child," Dr. Strong said, stroking her soft hair.

Elinor Kellogg had repaired to her apartments, sobbing.

"Robert," said the banker to his son, who now entered the room, "you had best remain at the house and assist Laura and your aunt in packing what is needful. Your sisters start South at 3 p. m. I will go with the doctor and engage sleeping car accommodations."

"Gladly, father, gladly!"

"Let us go at once," Dr. Strong said. "There is one other matter I wish to attend to. But first" (here the doctor produced a phial from one of his pockets, filled a glass one-third full of water, first rinsing the glass, then into the glass dropped twenty drops of a fluid), "here, my dear;" and Janette, resting her head on the doctor's arm, drained the glass.

The physician handed the phial to Laura.

"Twenty drops in one-third of a glass of water," he said, "each hour until we return. It is now eleven o'clock."

The doctor lingered behind as the others descended the stairs. Robert and Laura were standing beside him.

"I can and will save the life of your sister," he said; "but one of you must be constantly at her bedside until she is removed from the house. Allow nothing to pass her lips save these drops. Nothing! If she evinces a disposition to partake of food, you, Miss Laura, must prepare it personally. Your aunt, I fear, is too sympathetic. She is so anxious for your sister's recovery that she might desire to give her wine or something she should not have."

"Aunt gives her some every day," said Laura, "I have given her some. Dr. Hewit prescribed it in small quantities."

"She must have no more until we are en route for the South. Nothing, save as I have informed you. Your failure to see that these instructions are carried out to the letter will cost Janette her life. Say nothing to your aunt of what I have told you unless she tenders something to Janette, then state that I bade you allow nothing save the drops in that phial to pass her lips. Can I rely on you?"

"You can, doctor," said Robert.

"Certainly," Laura said.

"Remember, not an instant but one of you must be at her side. The servants might tender her something."

Five minutes later Thomas was driving the party rapidly from the banker's residence.

Dr. Hewit left the carriage at his office, while the others went on. A half hour later a private compartment in a through sleeper was secured.

At one o'clock Mr. Kellogg re-entered the bank, where the doctor was to meet him an hour later.

The physician himself was conferring in a room at his hotel with the man who had accompanied him from Wilmington—Mr. Sellars, the Southern detective.

For thirty minutes they sat in close conversation, at the end of which time the doctor arose and, taking the detective by the hand, said:

"I must go now, Sellars. Have you everything needful? Everything you require?"

"Yes," was the reply, "everything. You will certainly see the young man?"

"Yes; he will be waiting for me."

"All right. I will take up the case tomorrow."

At 2:10 the carriage containing the doctor and Mr. Kellogg was again before the Dearborn avenue residence.

The doctor was first to ascend the stairs to the invalid's room. He glanced anxiously at the figure reclining on the couch.

"Oh, you are ready, my girl!" he exclaimed. "You have improved fifty per cent already. Miss Laura, she has had nothing——"

"But as you directed, doctor, though aunt three times——"

"Never mind—you can relate that after we are started. You are ready?"

"All ready, doctor."

"Oh, a minute with you, Robert," the doctor said. And walking to a window facing the street, he handed the young man a letter.

"You will find the gentleman whose name appears on the envelope at the place stated. I wish you to call there at ten o'clock to-morrow morning and present it. He is my friend and will state to you his desires. You may trust him implicitly. You may be able to aid him greatly."

"I will present the letter at ten o'clock," said Robert, as he glanced at the superscription on the envelope. The name that appeared there was of one unknown to him. The envelope bore this address:

"John Thorn, Esq.,
"Sherman House."

The widow accompanied the party when Janette was borne to the carriage. She appeared greatly disturbed. Evidently her heart was near breaking over the peril her dear niece was about to be subjected to.

She kissed her a tender farewell as she did so, also Laura, and entered the house sobbing as the carriage was driven away.

At three o'clock an iron horse exhausted a volume of steam as it pulled its laden cars from beneath the depot shed.

A happy Wilmington physician sat in a private compartment of one of the sleepers. His eyes rested tenderly on the features of a sleeping girl in a berth before him. A smiling young lady was seated by his side.

"Oh, doctor," she suddenly exclaimed, "I feel that you have rescued Janette."

"From a peril, my dear, of which you little dream. In twenty-four hours she would have been a corpse."

"And now?"

"Safe, thank God, safe! We have left peril behind us and are southward bound."

CHAPTER XVI.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the sixteenth, Robert Kellogg repaired to the Sherman House, where his first step was to scan the hotel registered arrivals of the previous day.

He soon found the name, "D. M. Strong, M. D., North Carolina," and directly beneath it in bold letters was that of the gentleman to whom he was to present his letter—"John Thorn, Georgia."

"Is Mr. Thorn of Georgia in the hotel?" he asked of the clerk.

"In his room, I think," was the reply.

"Please send up my card."

The porter was immediately dispatched with it.

He soon returned, and Robert accompanied him to the second floor, where he was ushered into the room occupied by one who, for many years in his particular line, was one of the most remarkable characters that the South has ever produced.

The man to whom he presented his letter was Lang Sellars of North Carolina, alias John Thorn of Georgia.

Sellars was at this time in his fortieth year. He was of no ordinary physique, being six feet two inches in height, strong and compactly built, and almost as upright when standing as the long-leaf pines of his native State.

"I was expecting you," he said as he motioned the young man to a chair. "Dr. Strong and your sisters left the city at three o'clock yesterday, I suppose."

"They did, I am happy to be able to state that my father this morning received a telegram from the doctor, saying Janette was bearing the journey well."

Sellars was presumably reading the doctor's letter. In reality he was studying the features of the banker's son. Features, the contour of the face, the shape of the head, the expression of the eyes, the appearance of the individual, in fact all these combined, were to the Southern detective an index of the character of the man.

"The doctor," he said presently, "did not inform you as to the nature of my business in Chicago?"

"He did not," was the reply. "He merely requested me to present the letter you hold in your hand. Whatever your business, if I can in any way aid you, I shall be pleased to do so."

"Thanks, young man, many thanks. My friend, Dr. Strong, has saved the life of your sister, and I feel that I can rely on you. I shall therefore be candid. First, then, I am not John Thorn, neither am I from Georgia."

"Why, then, my letter is not in the hands it was designed to reach. You should not——"

"Rest easy, young man. Your letter has reached its destination. But John Thorn was a name borrowed for an occasion. Throughout the South I am known as Lang Sellars, and am, by profession, one of that unfortunate class known as detectives."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Robert. "I have often heard and read of the mysteries unraveled by that wonderful man. I am glad to have met you, Mr. Sellars. But why, pray, the name, 'John Thorn,' on the hotel register?"

"Oh, with some detectives it is often necessary to record on hotel registers other names than their own. Somehow, I find that Lang Sellars has become known outside the confines of the 'Old South State.' For certain reasons I do not wish it known that I am in Chicago. The morning journals, as you are aware, publish a list of arrivals at hotels. I had no wish that the name, Lang Sellars, should appear in that list."

"I see."

"I should probably be visited by your police officials, who, in the matter I propose to take in hand, have so far failed. And there may be others in your city whom I wish kept in ignorance of my presence here."

"It is perfectly plain to me now, Mr. Sellars."

"Yes? Well, I thought I could make it so. I am here for a double purpose. Partly to bring to the bar of justice the man, or men, who assaulted and robbed the collector of the Union Express Company; partly, well, of that hereafter."

"If I could but be of aid to you. But I think you will find it a difficult matter to even obtain a clew."

"Oh, as to clews—clews are sometimes very obscure. A general knowledge of the facts as they occurred and a certain intuitive perception has before now led to the detection of the perpetrators of grave crimes. I shall not wait for clews in the matters I have in hand, though in one of them——"

"What can I do, Mr. Sellars?"

"There is one young man I desire to have a conference with. On yesterday I visited the offices of the express company and interviewed Collector Elsworth, with whose statements in regard to this robbery the detective force of your city are familiar. He yet adheres to his statement that the man he believes to have assaulted and robbed him bore a striking resemblance in form and features to Earl Newberry."

"Earl Kellogg now."

"Yes, I understand. Well, later in the day I paid a visit to your father's bank. I saw, of course, both the cashier and the teller. Earl I have seen many times on the streets of Wilmington."

"Oh, then he recognized you."

"Not at all. I was John Thorn when I entered the bank. I presented little the appearance that I do now. I had no wish to be recognized."

"You saw my father?"

"As he entered the carriage before the door of the bank with Dr. Strong. You were of the company. I desire that your father be kept in ignorance of the fact that I am here, or have taken up the express case, or——"

The detective did not finish the sentence.

"My father kept in ignorance? And why, pray?"

"Oh, for several reasons. But one will suffice—I prefer to co-operate with younger men, those more matured and of your years."

(To be continued.)

Nature's Gardens in Alaska.

The most extensive, least spoiled and most unspoilable of the gardens of the continent are the vast tundras of Alaska. Every summer they extend smooth, even, undulating, continuous beds of flowers and leaves from about latitude 62 degrees to the shores of the Arctic Ocean; and in winter sheets of snow flowers make all the country shine, one mass of white radiance like a star. Nor are these arctic plant people the pitiful, frost-pinched unfortunates they are guessed to be by those who have never seen them. Though lowly in stature, keeping near the frozen ground as if loving it, they are bright and cheery, and speak Nature's love as plainly as their big relatives of the south. Tenderly happed and tucked in beneath downy snow to sleep through the huge white winter, they make haste to bloom in the spring without trying to grow tall, though some rise high enough to ripple and wave in the wind and display masses of color—yellow, purple and blue—so rich they look like beds of rainbows and are visible miles and miles away. * * * And in September the tundra glows in creamy golden sunshine, and the colors of the ripe foliage of the hearthworts, willows, and birch—red, purple and yellow—in pure bright tones are enriched with those of berries which are scattered everywhere as if they had been showered down from the clouds like hail; their colors, with those of the leaves and stems, blending harmoniously with the neutral tints of the ground of lichens and mosses on which they seem to be painted.—John Muir in the Atlantic.

HOW BASEBALL BEGAN.

ORIGINATED OVER HALF A CENTURY AGO IN NEW YORK CITY.

The First Match Game Was Played June 19, 1846, at Hoboken, N. J.—The Golden Age of the Sport—Causes of Its Decadence—Old-Time Champions.

The first match game of baseball was played June 19, 1846, at Hoboken, N. J., the contestants being the Knickerbocker and New York Baseball Clubs. The sport had begun to take form nearly nine months before. Baseball is the result of evolution. It grew gradually out of the old English school-boy game of "rounders," which gradually became "town ball." In the latter sport, instead of bases, there were "corners." These were unguarded, and the runners were put out by being hit with the ball, which was thrown directly at them by the fielders. The ball used was necessarily, therefore, much softer and smaller than the baseball of to-day, and was composed wholly of rubber.

Origin of Baseball.

A number of New York gentlemen, relates the Washington Star, were in the habit of assembling on a vacant lot, then a long way out of town, and now covered by the Madison Square Garden, every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon to play town ball. At length some of them began to think that certain modifications would greatly improve the sport. Numerous informal discussions took place, and it was finally decided to adopt certain changes. Among these was the substitution of bases for "corners," the adoption of a hard ball with a rubber centre wound with yarn and covered with leather, the placing of men to guard the bases, and having the ball thrown to them instead of directly at the base runners. It was also decided to change the name of the sport from town ball to "baseball" on account of the bases forming so important a factor of it. On September 23, 1845, the gentlemen who had decided upon these changes formed themselves into an association, to which they gave the name of the Knickerbocker Baseball Club, at the same time adopting the proposed changes in the game of town ball, and voting that their new game should thereafter be known by the name of baseball. Thus the national game was born, and it has undergone innumerable changes and modifications during the long period that has elapsed since its birth, but it is doubtful if it has thereby been made any more enjoyable as a sport, pure and simple. One baseball club causes others, and soon there were a number of these organizations in and around New York, and the first match game followed. It consisted of only four innings, the rule then being that the club first making twenty-one runs in even innings was the winner.

The gradual extension of baseball from New York to other parts of the country was slow, though the metropolitan newspapers did all in their power to foster the sport. Town ball continued to be played in other parts of the country and its players seemed reluctant to substitute baseball for it.

Extension Throughout the Country.

Baseball was not introduced in Philadelphia, only ninety miles from New York, until 1860, fifteen years after its birth. In that year the Olympic Club of the Quaker City, which had been organized in 1833 to play town ball, and had done so ever since, decided thereafter to play baseball instead. The first match game of baseball in Philadelphia did not take place till June 11, 1860, and was between the Equity and Winona clubs.

The first match game of the national sport in San Francisco took place February 22, 1860, nearly four months prior to the match in Philadelphia. Baseball was not played in the New England States until five or six years after its origination, and then only in such a modified form that it was known as the "New England game," to distinguish it from the game as played in New York.

Purely an Amateur Sport.

The originators of the national game were gentlemen who played baseball only for recreation, and would have held in very low esteem any man who sought to transform it into a means of gaining a livelihood. It was their intention, as well as that of other generations of enthusiastic baseball players who followed them, that baseball should be purely a gentleman's game. As clubs multiplied throughout the country it became necessary to establish some general organization having authority to control and regulate the interests of the sport, to make such changes in the playing rules as might from time to time seem necessary and in every possible way to protect and improve the national sport.

To meet this necessity there was formed the National Association of Baseball Players, in which any club was entitled to membership, with the privilege of sending delegates to the annual meeting. The playing rules adopted by this organization were the standard ones for the game, and were respected and adopted by all clubs, whether members of the association or not. Almost the first rule adopted by this national association was one positively debarring from membership and rendering liable to expulsion any club in which there was a man who played baseball for hire or emolument of any kind.

The Golden Age of the Game.

The result was that baseball flourished between the years 1866 and 1871. The clubs were literally legion, and in every large city the number of matches that were played daily was almost incredible. The grounds were usually upon some vacant lot or common, and were free to all. As a consequence the crowds at these contests were very great, from 10,000 to 30,000 persons being by no means an unusual attendance. In the city of New York, for example, there were five different baseball grounds within a stone's throw of each other, and scarcely a day passed during the baseball season that there was not a match in progress upon each of these grounds, and the same is true of other large cities. It is no exaggeration to say that thirty years ago 200 games were played for every one that is played now.

Some idea of the old-time interest and attendance may be gained from the fact that at a game between the Atlantic Club of Brooklyn and the Athletics of Philadelphia, in the latter city, October 1, 1866, the attendance inside and outside the ground—the housetops being covered with spectators—was estimated at 40,000, and, though the price of admission to this game was $1 for general admission, even to the bleaching boards, the crowd inside the gates was so enormous that, in order to find room to stand it had to spread itself over the field to such an extent that it was impossible for the players to move about, and the game had to be postponed after the first inning.

Amateur games—the only kind then known—such as thirty years ago drew immense crowds of the friends and neighbors of the participants, are played now by college and athletic club teams. Thirty years ago a baseball club was an organization of gentlemen for recreation in exercise simply. Now it is a corporation—with no object save to make as much money as possible out of the hired players.

Beginning of Professionalism.

The encroachment of the professional player was gradual. The rivalry between clubs became so great that in order to strengthen itself and to win victory over some rival each would leave nothing undone to obtain the best players. Thus inducements were held out to men who had shown an unusual aptitude for the game to influence them to play only with a particular club. A wealthy gentleman, for instance, desiring to see his club in the front rank, would offer some young man of rare baseball playing ability a position in his business house, with a private understanding that his commercial duties were purely nominal, while his real ones were to play baseball. Thus there were numerous clubs in the country which were virtually professional ones long before professional playing was openly permitted and while the stringent law against it was still in force in the code of the American Association of Baseball Players. This was notably the case with those famous old-time opponents, the Atlantic Club of Brooklyn and the Athletics of Philadelphia. By 1871 the number and influence of professional clubs was such that their representatives met in New York March 17 of that year, avowed themselves such and cut loose from the National Association of Baseball Players, and adopted rules for championship contests, the most important being that the club winning the largest number of games in a series of five with every one of the other professional clubs should be declared champion, championship games having been previously unregulated.

Baseball Championship.

The baseball championship originated about 1858. At the Elysian Fields in Hoboken, N. J., the Atlantics of Brooklyn had beaten the crack New York clubs, the Empires, Knickerbockers, Gotham and Eagle, and were generally regarded champions. From that time until the establishment of the championship rules by the professionals whichever club won two games out of three from the champion club became champion in its turn. From the organization of the professional clubs in 1871 amateur playing steadily declined. Many no longer cared to engage personally in a sport which had been made a business. The game came to be looked upon as a money-making scheme instead of recreation. Then, too, the steady increase of population and consequent demand for new building sites and ornamental parks did away largely with the vacant lots and commons upon which the amateur games had been played.

Injurious Changes.

The recognition of professional players is not solely responsible for baseball's decadence. The changes in the game are also to blame. Take pitching, for example. The old rule required the pitcher to actually pitch the ball, and at the moment of delivery his hand had to be below his waist. The word pitcher is now wholly a misnomer, for the ball is no longer pitched, but thrown to the bat. In the old days the pitcher was required to pitch the ball just where the batsman wanted it. The latter would call for a ball "shoulder high," "hip high," "knee high" or a "low ball," the last named being a ball between the knee and the ankle. Now he must strike at any ball that goes over the plate. Curtailing the rights of the batsman and giving more license to the pitcher was done with the intention of reducing the scores. This has tended to greatly diminish the popularity of baseball. Good batting and base running are the most attractive features of the sport, and games where man after man retires at the home plate on strikes and short flies, or at first on feeble tips to the infielders, resulting in scores of 1 to 0, or 2 to 4, are simply tiresome to many.

To have the bases kept filled with runners, and to see run after run scored—not by fielding errors, but by good batting and base running—many believe would draw twenty persons to every one now attending baseball games.

More charts have been made of Sable Island than probably of any spot in the world.

A HEMP FARM IN LUZON.

ODD PHASES OF LIFE THAT CONFRONT AN AMERICAN THERE.

First He Must Make the Acquaintance of the Alleged Great-Grandfather of Mankind—An Unpleasant Predicament With Snakes—Fruit-Eating Vampire.

A Manila correspondent of the Youth's Companion writes as follows detailing some of his experiences on a hemp farm on the island of Luzon:

An American has much to learn and many odd phases of life to which to become habituated, before he "gets the hang of things" in the Philippines.

Among other novelties he will make the acquaintance of the great-grandfather of mankind—according to the evolutionists—in the person of a little owl-faced, big-eyed creature, with long, slender fingers and toes, called by the Tagals a magou, and by the scientific professors the tarsius. Also he must come to know a long-tailed, green monkey, called a chongo, that does great mischief in the corn and sweet potato plantations. When hunting in the jungle, he will learn to recognize a tamarau "tunnel"—and keep out of it, as otherwise he will stand a good chance of being run over, incontinently, by a panicky little dwarf buffalo.

When selecting a plantation, he will do well to inquire whether the district is infested by the babui, the wild hog of these islands, which, when numerous, makes all agriculture impossible, and also about another devastator of gardens, the kalong. Concerning this animal, I shall have more to say presently.

In fact, our fellow-countrymen will find that life—whether human, animal or vegetable—is on quite a different key in Luzon. To illustrate the surprises in store for him, I will recount a bit of my own experience at a hemp plantation, a few leagues out of Manila.

I hope my patriotism will not be questioned if I say that I took up this hemp farm in company with a young Spaniard who came into possession of it after the death of his father; for although, theoretically, a Spaniard may be an enemy, practically he need not be, and certainly I have found Senor Emilio Arenas a very good friend and partner. I doubt not that in time he will become an estimable American citizen.

At present our plantation is small, but there is plenty of chance to enlarge. In the hope of increasing our business we have been experimenting with a new steam-power machine for stripping the hemp fibre. The boiler and engine—a small one of four-horse power—are at the foot of the hilly hemp-fields. These border a long, wide swamp through the impassable jungles of which meanders a sluggish tributary of the Pasig River.

To shelter the engine and fibre machine from the weather, a shed of corrugated iron was put up and painted white to radiate the rays of the tropical sun. The structure is thirty-five feet in length by sixteen in width, and as some of the native laborers are apt to steal the tools, and so forth, we found it economical to provide the door with a spring lock. There are no windows, and that part of the shed containing the boiler is quite dark. There is a loft there, just above one's head with a loose floor, where we put broken tools, hemp poles, iron rods and other spare gear.

During August we ran the machine continuously, until the uncertainties of Aguinaldo's leadership began. The vagaries of this insular patriot were past predicting. Filipino bushwhackers threatened us, so making everything as snug as possible, Senor Emilo and I left all in charge of Miguel, our native foreman, of whose fidelity we were assured, and went to Manila to wait for Philippine politics to calm down. Trouble was indeed brewing, but General Otis carried so steady a hand with the patriots in Manila, that no outbreak occurred during the autumn, and by Christmas we concluded that American authority would prevail without bloodshed. There was a week or more of pleasant feeling, even the armed band of Filipinos appeared good-humored, and on the twenty-eighth of the month, I ventured to ride up to our hemp works again. Senor Emilio meanwhile had gone to Hongkong to put upon the market what fibre we had stripped.

Proceeding on horseback along the raised highways—scene of the more recent bloody engagements—I reached the plantation next day, without incident worth recording. Indeed, I met but few natives abroad, for the day was wet, and for Manila very cold.

No one was about the boiler shed as I approached. Miguel was at his hut, for although the distance was half a league, I could hear the chug, chug of his rice mortar. His native wife was at work pounding out their paddy crop. Heavy fog lay on the great swamp below the shed, and I could hear the alligators grunting down there.

The sodden heaps of abaca shuck around the shed were sprouting with mushrooms, and several of the odd brown native rats rose on their long hind legs, to peep at me, as I unlocked the door. There had been so much wet weather that everything was mold and rust within. All ironwork rusts quickly in this climate. Having left in haste we had not properly covered or coated the engine with oil. I now bethought myself to remedy this oversight at once, since a few weeks of neglect may ruin valuable machinery here.

A tier of our wood fuel still remained in the shed, and as a preliminary, to dry off the wet, I filled the boiler with water from the tank and kindled a fire in the furnace.

The fire was soon crackling cheerfully, for the fuel had been kept fairly dry. I stood and watched the steam pressure—as indicated by the dial gage—mount slowly from five to ten and twenty pounds, then, incidentally, I tried the "pop off" to see if it would work. It was rusted and stuck. I pulled an empty box forward to stand on while I examined the safety-valve, but had hardly stirred the box, when two snakes scurried from beneath it—pretty large snakes, too. It was far from light in the shed, for the door was open only a crack. The snakes ran in back of the boiler. I was afraid they might be venomous. There are two or three "bad snakes" in Luzon.

Throwing open the furnace door to get more light, I took the furnace poker, an iron rod about six feet long, and began prodding to drive them out. One started out immediately—a yellow, spotted snake—and headed for the outer door. I sprang to strike at it with the rod, as it ran. It gained the door, but I whacked it about a foot from its tail, whereat it thrashed back at me, to strike with its fangs. I broke its neck, however, with another blow and threw it out, swinging the door back as I turned to find the other snake.

But either a gust of wind from outside, or the draught of air, caused by the open door of the furnace, made the outer door swing to, with sufficient force to catch and spring the lock. The instant I heard it click, I remembered that I had left the key in the lock outside, and realized that I had now foolishly got myself locked into the shed.

Not a pleasant predicament, for there was the other snake behind the boiler; and then there was, besides, the rusted "pop off" to deal with and that at once, for a glance at the gage showed eighty pounds of steam, with the pointer jumping higher every moment.

Forgetting the snake for a moment, in the urgent need of preventing a boiler explosion, I hurriedly closed the furnace door and the draught slide to deaden the fire, and of course made it quite dark inside the shed. Then I jumped on the box to start the "pop off." It still stuck, but two or three blows from the poker started it, when with a loud plu-r-r-r-p, a gush of steam spurted up into the roof of the shed.

The effect of that blast of steam was like black magic! A conjuror's wand never called forth a more startling horde! In an instant, the shed was full of rushing, flapping things that squawked horribly and struck me from before and behind! Nasty, clammy hands seemed to buffet my face! Claws clutched my hair! Teeth chattered in my ears!

To protect my face I threw up my arms, lost my balance and fell off the box. Horrid furry surfaces rubbed and flapped against my hands. Something bit my left wrist and clung there. I shook it off by main strength, and struck right and left with the fire rod.

Every moment I hit some flying thing, with a soft thud, and they fell all around me, squaking, hissing and flapping about underfoot in the darkness!

With every blow of the poker the uproar doubled. The whole interior of the shed seemed to be alive with madly fluttering pinions, snapping teeth and hideous, squeaking sounds. Regardless now, either of snakes on the floor, or overcharged boilers, I lashed out with that rod. I knocked everything loose in the shed, and brought down upon my head almost everything in the loft. In the midst of the racket, the door suddenly opened, and there stood Miguel. He had seen the smoke of the boiler stack and had hastened to the shed.

The light showed me to be, literally, knee-deep among flopping, hissing creatures which I had struck down around me. "Por el amor de Dios! kalong!" exclaimed Miguel. "Tiene malo, senor?" (Are you hurt, sir?)

That was my first introduction to the kalong, the "flying foxes," the great fruit-eating vampire of the Philippines; a brown bat as large as a cat which knaws and spoils unlimited quantities of fruit in the native gardens.

Twenty-nine of them, some of which had a spread of wing of fully five feet, lay gasping and snapping where I had knocked them down, and we drove out fully as many more from the loft. They had come in through the ventilator on the roof, and no doubt had found the place a snug, comfortable haven during the cold rains.

Department Stores in Germany.

In view of the agitation in this country, and particularly in the West, against the existence of the great department stores, the State Department, Washington, has published a report from Consul-General Mason, at Berlin, on special taxation for department stores in Germany. Mr. Mason shows that a movement began in Germany in 1896 to restrict the growth of these stores, and he describes in detail the various measures that were proposed in the Reichstag and elsewhere to effect this purpose. As in some of the Western States, a progressive tax was the basis of most of the suggestions, but the German Government, so far, has been unable to find any measure that does not violate the higher law of the Empire. The report includes, incidentally, a short history of the result of French legislation on the subject, and reference is made to the organization of a retail league of 40,000 members, all merchants, to oppose the department stores. According to the statement of the founder of one department store, it had supplanted at the outset and soon extinguished about 900 small retail shops and stores, and now does a business of $30,880,000 annually, sufficient to maintain 1800 to 2000 small stores.