

Hemming, The Adventurer.

By THEODORE ROBERTS.

(Continued.)

Hemming stared at the free and easy language of the mariner, and at O'Rourke's good-natured way of talking it, for he had not yet become entirely accustomed to the ways of the world outside the army, and this O'Rourke, though unshaven and in rattle, was certainly a gentleman, by Hemming's standards. The master of the Laura may have read something of this in his passenger's face, for he turned to him and said: "Mr. O'Rourke and I are pretty good friends. We've sailed ashore together, and we've sailed together more than once, and when I call him a fool, why, it's my way of saying he's the bang-up, straight-grained man I know. I never call him a fool before his inferiors, and if it came to any one else calling him anything, why—" and he slapped his big red hand on the chart-room table with a blow that rocked the bottles.

"Shut up," said O'Rourke, blushing beneath his bristles and tan, "or Captain Hemming will take me for as silly an ass as he takes you."

"Next at all," began Hemming, awkwardly, and when the others roared with laughter, he hid his confusion by draining his glass. He had never before been laughed at quite so violently, but he found, rather to his surprise, that he liked it.

After lunch, O'Rourke (whose full name was Hertram St. Ives O'Rourke) retired to his stateroom, and did not reappear until dinner-time. He looked better than, clean shaven, and attired in one of the skipper's extra warm-weather suits. He filled the borrowed clothes well enough in length and in breadth of shoulder, but confessed, at table, that the trousers lapped twice around his waist. During the simple meal, the conversation was all of the internal disturbance of Cuba, and all the passengers, as well as the skipper, seemed interested in the matter and well informed of recent incidents. Hemming listened keenly, now and then putting a question. O'Rourke told a part of his adventures during his last stay in the island, and sketched, in vivid and well-chosen words, the daily life of the patriots. It was not as romantic as Hemming had hoped.

"It's a low sort of fighting on both sides—not the kind you have mixed in," said O'Rourke to Hemming.

"By" exclaimed Hemming, while the dusky passengers and burly skipper picked up their ears.

"I saw your initials—H. H.—on your cigarette case," he explained, "and I have read some good things signed H. H., by an Englishman, on English army life, so of course I spotted you."

"I'm doing work for the New York

News Syndicate now," said Hemming.

After dinner, O'Rourke led the way to the chartroom. From the locker he produced a small typewriting machine. This he oiled, and set up on the table. The skipper winked at Hemming.

"I wish I'd smashed the danged thing while he was away," he said. "O'Rourke paid not the slightest attention to this pleasantry, but inserted a sheet of paper, of which he had a supply stored in the same place of safety.

"Now," said he, seating himself on a camp-stool before the machine. "I don't mind how much you two talk, but I have some work to do."

"You, too?" laughed the Englishman.

"I'm only a free-lance," said O'Rourke, and, lighting a cigarette, he began clicking the keys. For more than an hour he worked steadily, while the skipper and Hemming sat side by side on the locker and told stories. The door was hooked open, and a fresh breeze kept the room cool, and circled the pungent smoke.

When Hemming turned in, he found that he could not sleep. His brain jumped and kept busy, in spite of him. Now he lived again his exciting days in Northern India. From this he flashed to the Norfolk tennis lawn, where Molly Travers listened again to his ardent vows. He turned over and tried to win himself to slumber by counting imaginary sheep. But that only seemed to suggest to his memory the care-free days of his youth. Again he built forts in the warm earth of the potting-house. Again he fled from the red-headed gardener, and stumbled into piled-up ranks of flower-pots, hurling them to destruction. Again he watched his father, in pink and spurs, trot down the avenue in the gold, rare sunlight of those days. Feeling that these good memories would carry him safely to the land of peace, he closed his eyes, — only to find his mind busy with that last day in London. He climbed swiftly from his berth, and after slipping his feet into his shoes, ascended to the deck. He did not wait to change his pajamas for anything more conventional. There was not a breath of wind. The stars burned big and white; the water over the side flashed away in silver fire, and farther out some rolling fish broke its trail of flame; to starboard lay a black suggestion of land. Looking forward, he saw that the light of the chart-room stood open, emitting a warm flood of lamplight. He went up to the lower bridge, or half-deck, where the chart-room stood, and glanced within. The skipper lay

on the locker, snoring peacefully, and O'Rourke still clicked at the typewriter. Hemming stole quietly in and poured himself a glass of water from the clay bottle on the rack.

"Don't let me disturb you," he said to the worker. "I'll just have a smoke to kill wakefulness," said O'Rourke, "just listen to this as long as your eyes will stay open."

He sorted over his pages of copy and began to read. His voice was low-pitched, and through it sounded the whispering of the steamer's passage across the rocking waters. The style was full of colour, and Hemming was keenly interested from start to finish. Not until the last page was turned over did O'Rourke look up.

"What! not asleep yet!" he exclaimed.

"That seems to me very fine," said Hemming, seriously, "and I should certainly take it for literature of an unusually high order if I did not know that journalists cannot write literature."

"Do you think it will do?" asked O'Rourke, modestly.

"My dear chap," replied Hemming, "it will do for anything,—for a book, or to carve on a monument. It's a dashed sight too good for any newspaper."

"It certainly wouldn't do for a newspaper," laughed the younger man. "Just imagine an editor with a blue pencil, loose on those descriptions of vegetation. When I do newspaper stuff, I throw in the blood and leave out the beauty. That is for Griffin's Magazine."

"Are you sure of your market?" asked the Englishman, wondering for even in England, Griffin's was known for its quality.

"It was ordered," said O'Rourke, "and this will make the ninth article I have done for them within five years. After months of seeing and feeling things, I put the heart of it all, at one sitting, into a story for Griffin's. After that I took my experiences and hard-earned knowledge into lesser dishes for customers. Sometimes I even let it off in lyrics."

"You must flood the magazines," remarked Hemming, dryly.

"Not I. To begin with, I place a great deal of my work with publications of which you have never heard, and then, as I am young and very productive, I write under three names, using my own for only the things I wish to stand."

He arose and turned out the light, and to Hemming's amazement gray dawn was on the sea and the narrow decks, and on the morning wind came the odour of coffee.

"I think we are both good for a nap now," said O'Rourke. They left the master of the boat slumbering on his narrow couch, and went to their staterooms; and before Hemming fell asleep, with his face to the draft of the port, he thanked God in his heart for a new friend.

CHAPTER V.

The Adventurers Dispense With Mr. Nunez.

Hemming and O'Rourke, and O'Rourke's lowcaste Cuban, landed in Belize. The Laura continued on her

way to Truxillo, and more southern ports, for which she had a mixed freight of cheap articles of American manufacture. She would start north again from Costa Rica, should she be able to find a cargo, so O'Rourke and Hemming had both given manuscripts and letters to the Nova Scotia skipper, for mailing at the first likely opportunity, with word that they would wire an address later.

This done, the adventurers purchased three undersized mules. O'Rourke picked up what he could in the way of an outfit, having left everything but his pipe and poncho in the Cuban bush. They loaded one of the mules with their belongings, and put it in charge of John Nunez, and mounting the others, started south, skirting the coast. The trip was uneventful, but Hemming wrote a number of stories descriptive of the country and the people, the mules and his companions, under the general title of "Along New Trails with Old Mules." O'Rourke regarded his friend's display of energy with kindly disdain.

"There is bigger game to seaward," he said, and seemed ever on the lookout for rumours of war from the northeast. After three weeks' easy travelling, they awoke one morning to find that John Nunez had taken his departure during the night, and, along with his departure, one of their mules, a bag of hardtack and a slab of bacon.

O'Rourke looked relieved. "I've often wondered how I could ever get rid of him, you know. I once saved his life," he said.

"It's a good thing we happened to be using the rest of the provisions for pillows, or, by gad, your precious servant would have left us to starve," replied Hemming, in injured tones.

"Cheer up, old man," laughed O'Rourke. "We're not three miles from the coast, and I'll bet we are within ten of a village of some sort," he explained.

He was right, for by noon they were sitting at their ease before black coffee and a Spanish omelette, in a shabby eating-house. The town was one of some importance—in its own eyes. Also it interested Hemming. But O'Rourke sniffed.

"Gay colours and bad smells—I've experienced the whole thing before," said he.

"Then why the devil did you leave the Laura?" asked Hemming, pouring himself another glass of doubtful claret.

"To look after you," retorted O'Rourke.

"But seriously," urged the Englishman.

"Oh, if you will be serious," confessed the free-lance, "I'll admit that it's in my blood. I might have gone to New York and waited still further developments in Cuba; but I could no more see you go ashore, to waste your time and money, without wanting to follow suit, than you could see me buy that high-priced claret without wanting to drink it all yourself."

Hemming turned his monocle upon his friend in mild and curious regard.

"I doubt if there is another chap alive," he said, "who can write such wisdom and talk such rot as you."

"Oh, go easy," expostulated O'Rourke, "you've only read one article of mine—the twenty-page result of five weeks' sugar-cane and observation."

"It was remarkable stuff," mused Hemming.

The younger man had the grace to bow. "You don't look like the kind of chap who is lavish with his praise," he said.

Lighting a potent local cigar, he leaned back in his rickety chair, and shouted something in Spanish. The owner of the place appeared, rubbing his hands together and bowing. He was a fat, brown man, smelling of native cookery and native tobacco. O'Rourke talked, at some length, in Spanish only a few words of which could Hemming understand. The proprietor waved his cigarette and gabbled back. Again O'Rourke took up the conversation, and this time his flow of mongrel Spanish was pricked out with bluff English oaths.

Hemming asked what it was all about. O'Rourke gave himself up to laughter.

"I have been trying to sell our mules," he said, at last, "but find that the market is already glutted. Hemming shook his head disconsolately. "I fail to see the joke," he said.

"Mine host here informs me that a Cuban gentleman arrived shortly after daylight this morning," continued O'Rourke, "and sold a mule to the American consul."

"Our mule," gasped the enlightened Englishman—then, leaping from his chair with a violence that caused the fat proprietor to take refuge behind a table, he cried that there was still a chance of over-taking the rascal. O'Rourke begged him to finish his claret in peace. "And don't do anything rash," he said, "for I warn you that if you catch him you'll have to keep him. I tremble even now, lest he should enter the door and reclaim me as his master."

He blew a thin wisp of smoke toward the ceiling, and laughed comfortably. Then his glance lowered to his friend, who had reseated himself at the other side of the table. He saw amazement and consternation written large in Hemming's face. The landlord also looked thunderstruck, standing with his mouth open, his eyes fixed upon the door, and a dirty napkin idle in his hand. O'Rourke turned and followed their enraptured gaze—and behold, clothed in new trousers and gaudy poncho, John Nunez bowed on the threshold.

(To be continued.)

The Small-Pox Question.

Any intelligent physician will admit that you don't catch small-pox because someone else has it, but because your condition favors it. Low vitality always encourages sickness and at this season especially, everyone should take Ferrozene which destroys disease germs and makes the system so strong and healthy that sickness can't exist. Ferrozene is a vitalizing tonic that makes rich, red blood, builds up the nerves, cures nervousness and drives away tired languid feelings. To get strong and keep strong use Ferrozene; it assures health and costs but 50c. at all drug-gists.

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(To be continued.)

DAINTY GIRLS.

Fair Sex in the East End
dowered with Wonderful
Qualities of Fascination
—Not Afraid of Foreigners.

The London Guardian says:—The girls of the far east, and especially in the younger stages, are very charming. Nothing can exceed the fascination of those who have no awe of the "great" foreigners, but come up confidently, with wide, black eyes fixed in an inquiring stare on the stranger's face; with gentle, woe hands, soft as an autumn leaf, hovering about one in timid caresses, and eager little voices longing to instruct the "sensi" in their soft-toned speech.

On the whole, the baby girl has not a bad time of it. As soon as she is freed from the swathing girdle which fastens her to her elder sister's back she becomes a useful member of society, in her turn carries the baby pick-a-back while she joins in games of play, helps her mother at home, and to all appearance enjoys her school hours mightily. So that from the first, even among the very poor, she is "somebody," free to develop in her own way, and but little interfered with during that development.

In the higher classes of society a different order of things prevails; there the little girl is carefully guided and watched and taught from the outset. Special-chosen teachers instruct her in the minutiae of etiquette the most expensive and select masters and mistresses prepare her for her entrance into society and only the best of foreigners, as judged by Japanese standards, may train her in western usages.

Nowadays a Japanese girl aspires to intelligent heights. She is not content with the so-called womanly occupations, though these, too, she must always learn—the duties of housekeeping and needlework, of cooking and home beautifying, duties too often and too much neglected by ourselves. In addition, she must know at least the ordinary subjects of education—one foreign language (English invariably), probably two (French usually taking precedence of German with girls). She must not only read and write her own language perfectly (which is no light matter even for a native) and draw and paint, but she must master the foreign alphabet and printed writing.

She must play the piano besides her own national "koto" or "samisen" (stringed instruments), and in many cases the harmonium, also. Not only her acquirements and here-as-to my amaze-ment, some of my university students informed me—for a complete system of ethics is taught to advanced pupils, and Darwin, Spencer and Huxley are studied in the Japanese language.

Servant. "Mrs. Grace, there's a boy up in the pear tree, eating pears at a great rate."

Mrs. Grace. "Do you know who the boy is?"

Servant. "It's the Carter boy who lives next door."

Mrs. Grace. "Oh, well, in that case let the dear little fellow eat all he wants. Those pears are hard as brickbats."

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