

SOME AMERICANS ABROAD.

III. THE EXPATRIATION OF JONATHAN TAINTOR.

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

WITH SKETCHES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN.

WHILE I was in London I met a New York friend who was stopping in that America-in-London, Bloomsbury, and during our conversation he told me that he had for a fellow-boarder no less a person than Jonathan Taintor.

I felt that I ought to know Jonathan Taintor, and I have since found out that most people have heard something concerning him; but although the name had a good old Connecticut sound, I could not fit Mr. Taintor into any nook, so I frankly said to my friend: "Jonathan Taintor lies in the future for me."

"Why, I'll have to introduce you. I believe he's been written up before, but he's such a character that it will do you good to meet him. Can't you come to dinner to-night?"

Now, I had been reckoning on going that evening to the opera at Covent Garden; but characters do not pop around every corner, and, besides, I had not seen my New York friend for a long time, so I accepted his cordial invitation.

That evening at seven I went to the American boarding-house in Bedford Place, just off High Holborn, and was soon sitting at dinner with my friend.

Directly opposite me sat a man who might have left the valley of the Connecticut five minutes before. There are Taintors all about the Haddams that look just like him. He was short, thick-set, with dreamy blue eyes, a ruddy face that betokened a correct life, a curved nose, broad, straight, shaven upper lip, and a straggling silver chin-beard.

There was more or less twang in the tones of every one at the table, but his voice had a special nasal quality that seemed to bespeak a lifetime of bucolic Yankee existence. It was really so pronounced as to sound stagy.

The talk at dinner was desultory, and Mr. Taintor said little. I noticed that he had a

dish of corned beef and cabbage, although the *pièce de résistance* for the rest of us was beef with a Yorkshire pudding. He left the table before coffee was served, but not before my friend had asked him to join us later on the balcony for a smoke and chat.

When we went up we found him already on the balcony, smoking a corn-cob pipe of American manufacture. My friend introduced us, and he shook my hand with one downward jerk. How often have I felt that pressure in the rural districts of Connecticut!

When Mr. Taintor learned that I had been in London only a week and had just come from Middletown, his face lighted up with interest, and he said:

"You may have passed my wife in the street. She often comes to town market days."

"Oh, then she's not with you," was my somewhat idiotic reply.

"No, she ain't; an' unless the good Lord heaves enough sand into the Atlantic to make the walkin' good, she won't never be with me."

"You must be anxious to get back? Been over here some weeks?" said I.

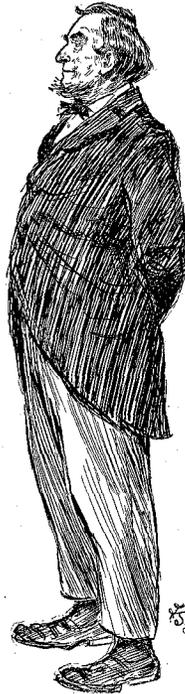
"A matter of thirty year," he replied, and sighed prodigiously.

"Why, you must be quite an Englishman by this time."

He looked troubled. "Dew I look English?" said he.

"No, no," I replied comfortingly; "you might pass for Uncle Sam."

"Well, I hope I'll never pass fer anythin' wuss," said he. "It's jest thirty year in November sence I left America, an' I've be'n in this dreary taown ever sence; but I ain't never read an English noospaper nor ridden in an English omnibus or horse-car or steam-car, neither, an' I try to eat as much as possible what I would ef I was at home with Cynthy. An' I'm a Republican clean through."



JONATHAN TAINTOR.

"Well, what's keeping you here?" said I.

Mr. Taintor pressed down the tobacco in his pipe to make it burn better, and said: "I can't stan' the trip. Y' see, when we was married we thought we'd cross the ocean on aour weddin'-trip. Father hed lef' me comfor'ble, an' Cynthy hed be'n dead-set on crossin' all through aour courtship. Fact is, her sister Sairy said 'at 'at was all she was marryin' fer; but of course Sairy was a great

to git my money back, an', to tell the truth, I allers did hate to give a plan up, 'thout I hed sufficient reason; so nex' mornin' we went daown to the dock, fer we'd made up, an' she was comin' ter see me off. She took on consid'able, an' I was cut up myse'f, partic'larly when I thought of the ticket thet was bein' thrown away. But she caught a glimpse of the waves behind a ferry-boat, an' she turned white as a sheet an' shook her head;



"SOME WOMEN GOT TALKIN' TO CYNTHY."

joker, an' I knowed better. Well, we went daown to Noo York the day before the steamer sailed, an' we put up at a hotel there on Broadway, an' durin' the evenin' some women got talkin' to Cynthy, an' told her haow awful sick she was like to be ef she hed n't never be'n on the ocean before. Well, it frightened her so that she backed plumb aout er the harness—said she guessed we'd better go to Saratogy instead; an' the upshot was we hed aour fust an' last quar'l then. I told her I'd bought the tickets fer Europe an' we'd hev to go, an' she said she would n' expose herself to two or three weeks of sickness under the idee it was a picnic party, an' all I could say to her could n't shake her. Well, it was bad enough losin' the price of one ticket, but I could n't lose the price of two, an' so we finally come to an agreement. She was to go up to Saratogy, although the season up ther' was over, an' I was to cross the ocean alone. It was too late

so I kissed her good-by, an' the steamer sailed away with me on it, an' her a-wavin' her arms an' cryin' on the dock."

"Poor fellow!" said I, sympathetically.

"Well, the amount of seasickness she saved herself by stayin' to hum could n't be reckoned 'thout I was a scholar, which I ain't. I took to my berth before we was aout of sight of land, an' ef the brimstun of the future is any wuss 'an what I suffered, I don't want to die. But I wished I could die all the way over. I come right here to London, because there was a man I knew comin' here, too, an' I wrote to Cynthy to come right over as soon as she could, an' we'd live aour lives aout here; fer bad as it was here, nothin' on top of creation could temp' me to go back, not even her pretty face."

He stopped a minute and half closed his eyes, and I fancy he was calling her pretty face back through the thirty years.

"Well, well, that was hard lines," said I.

"Yes, but it was wuss when I got her reply. She told me she hed n't hed a happy minute sence I left, although she hed gone up to Saratogy, but the water tasted like something was into it, an' she 'd come away after one day, an' was now on the farm at Goodspeed's Landing. An' she said thet ef I 'd be'n so sick she 'd proba'ly die, an' she could n't bear to think of bein' heaved into the Atlantic, an' must stop where she was.

hopin' for the time to come when the ocean 'll either dry up or freeze over, or that Cynthy will overcome her dislike to the trip. Married life ain't e'zac'ly pleasant so fur apart, but I c'n truthfully say we 've never quar'led sence I come here, an' I ain't seen a woman sence I landed thet could hold a candle to Cynthy. Cynthy is a pretty gal."

Shortly afterward the old man retired to his own room, and then my friend, who had



"WE HED AOUR FUST AN' LAST QUAR'L."

Ah me! Sence then we 've be'n as lovin' as we could be, writin' reg'lar an' rememberin' each other's birthdays an' aour weddin' anniversaries; but we hain't sot eyes on each other, an' won't until we 're both safe on that other shore they tell us about. An' I hope thet trip 'll be a smooth one."

"And what does Mrs. Taintor do all alone?"

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and put it into his pocket before he replied:

"She runs the old farm as I never could have run it. She's a born farmer, that wife of mine is. She has a hired man to help, but she does a good share of the work herself, an' every year she sen's me half the airnings; an' I live on here, hatin' it all an'

not spoken once since we came out, wickedly hinted that maybe Mr. Taintor only imagined that he loved Cynthia, and that they were happier separated; but I hate to spoil idyls in that way. To me it is very beautiful, the thought of that dear old lady in Connecticut, who runs the farm and writes loving letters to her expatriated spouse and sends him a share of the profits, but who cannot overcome her antipathy to the unstable sea. And when I think of Mr. Taintor as he appeared that evening in Bloomsbury, with his honest Yankee face, and his loyalty to Yankee traditions, and his ardent love for his absent wife, I say, "Hurrah for both of them!"

THE MINING OF IRON

By WALDON FAWCETT

WITH DRAWINGS BY
ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHEN



IF, in this age of science and invention, there was to be prepared a revised category of the wonders of the world, the first place would unquestionably have to be accorded to the marvelous process whereby the most valuable of the earth's deposits is transformed into iron and steel products for every-day use. It is safe to presume that those persons who account the present era devoid of romance know little of the intensely picturesque and dramatic features which characterize the evolution of the metal which is far more indispensable than gold to the world's welfare.

No adequate idea of the tremendous scope of the iron industry is conveyed by the simple statement that the United States produces fully one fourth more iron than any other nation; but the fact that the annual consumption of iron in Uncle Sam's domain is on the basis of several hundred pounds a year for each inhabitant, whereas in many European countries it does not reach fifty pounds, perhaps indicates in a slight degree what an immense proportion of our population looks to this commonplace commodity for the necessities and luxuries of life. Statisticians who have taken the trouble to make careful computations on the subject have figured out that one in every fourteen persons in the country is dependent upon the iron industry for support, which is equivalent to saying that if all the iron-workers and their families were gathered together, they would form a community considerably larger than Greater New York and its environs.

There are so many amazing things con-

nected with the work of taking from the ground the ore which looks for all the world like rich red earth, and eventually working it up into every imaginable form, from teakettles to locomotives, that to put your finger on any one phase of the transformation and say, "This is the most surprising," is next to impossible. Most persons, if they were obliged to choose, however, would select the journey of the iron from the mine to the furnace—that interesting system whereby men with muscle and brains work side by side with ponderous machines seemingly endowed with both, with the common ambition speedily and economically to disembowel the treasures of the earth and hurry them away to the thousand mills and furnaces scattered in all parts of the United States.

Perhaps this passage of the raw material from hand to hand, and this trip of hundreds of miles by rail and water, are devoid of some of the spectacular features which impress the visitors to the great rolling-mills and blast-furnaces, where yawning caverns of flame spit out long, wriggling snakes of fire; but as an exemplification of modern inventive genius and mechanical skill they are quite as noteworthy. To gain a new conception of modern engineering methods, you have only to watch a train of cars backed into a great hole in the ground half a mile long, and see slender arms of iron wielding measures in appearance for all the world like the scoops in the grocer's sugar-barrels, working with such rapidity that a car is filled in a few minutes; or to find the new-century definition for the word "commerce," you may watch a dozen train-loads of ore slide through chutes, at the rate of ten tons a second, into vessels nearly as large as some of the transatlantic passenger-steamers, out of which it will be taken later by strange iron buckets like clam-shells, which descend with open jaws and close over ten tons or more of ore at a time.

Of the million men employed in the iron industry in the United States it is estimated that nearly two fifths are embraced in the army engaged in the mining and