

armed, an' is as bad as they make 'em. Have you seen him pass this way?"

For an answer, the keeper led the sheriff's horse to the grassy knoll and pointed to the two figures stretched there, one cold in death, the other barely breathing.

"It's him, by thunder!" exclaimed the sheriff, quickly dismounting. "Who got him? There's a reward of a thousand dollars offered for him, dead or alive!"

At that moment Daffy Dan moved slightly, then slowly opened his eyes, and looked about him wonderingly.

"Where—where am I?" he gasped feebly, gazing from face to face as the men gathered about him.

Something strange in the tone of the low, feeble voice caught the quick ear of the keeper. Picking up a lantern, he held it close to the face of the prostrate man. An exclamation of surprise escaped his lips. Could it be the light of returning reason that he saw in the eyes of his friend? A blow had deranged the poor fellow's mind; could it be that the shock of the bullet had restored it?

Eagerly, anxiously, the keeper knelt beside the limp form.

"Dan, Dan, don't you know me?" he importuned fervently; then paused and waited breathlessly.

The weary eyes wandered to his own; no longer could the keeper doubt the light of reason and of recognition that shone within them.

"Know you?" said Dan softly. "Why shouldn't I know you? But who are these?" he added, looking around wonderingly at the faces of the guards and the members of the posse.

"They're friends—that's enough to know just now. You lay back and keep quiet."

The sheriff leaned over Dan and looked at him long and earnestly.

"You must hurry and get straight again, my man," he said, with rough tenderness. "There's a reward of a thousand dollars waitin' for you to come and get it."

Carefully the keeper examined the wound in the scalp, and noted with a feeling of thankfulness the steady light in his patient's eyes.

"Daffy Dan," he said quietly, "has already received his reward—not dollars, but sense!"

Will Gage Carey

An All-Rail Courtship

I FELT quite confident, as the train rolled into the station, that the girl I loved was in it; but whether she was in a parlor-car or an ordinary coach was quite a critical question for me.

I had been trying to propose for some time, but had never had an opportunity. I had therefore arranged by post to meet her at this station, and to travel with her for an hour or more, when I fondly hoped, above the roar of the train, to make her understand my feelings, hitherto suppressed by the hideous barriers of modern life.

Now, I had figured it out that a parlor-car was no place for this sort of thing. You are too far away from the girl. It is ridiculous to expect to get any adequate response from the loveliest creature in the world while you are leaning forward with your hands almost on the floor, much in the attitude of a professional sprinter waiting for the sound of the starting-gun, and while the rest of the passengers—dropping their papers and magazines and pretending not to notice—are, in reality, fairly absorbed in your antics. It is a sad and obvious conclusion that by no possible adjustment can two seats in a parlor-car present any other geometrical situation but that of a fatal barrier between a man desperately in love and a beautiful young woman who is ready to listen.

In the present case, therefore, I wrote to the girl plainly and unequivocally, asking her, for reasons which I would fully explain when I saw her, to take a seat in an ordinary car, and to permit no one to occupy the vacant space next to her. There are advantages about this system of travel, over and above the parlor-car arrangement, which are at once quite obvious. The girl's ear is within soft whispering distance. Her hand may, if you are spry and active, and can calculate with mathematical accuracy the velocity of the wandering aisle passenger, be grasped at decent and appropriate intervals. And there are other

little signs and tokens which may convey much that is highly important as a means of establishing permanent relations with what you have hitherto regarded as a foreign and possibly hostile power.

It was therefore with great relief and a secret sense of triumph—for it showed, at least, that she was willing to cooperate with me in advance—that I discovered her in a car already overcrowded, with her valise filling the seat beside her. This pigskin coadjutor was doing a kind of inanimate duty as a watch-dog—representing me, as it were, in advance—while several vulgar persons, obliged to stand, glared at the girl as ferociously as it is humanely possible to glare at such a graceful creature.

It must be confessed that, at the start, this was not a propitious opening. Even the most divine disposition in the world may be ruffled when obliged to relinquish the exclusiveness which the parlor-car is presumed to supply, and which has become second nature. The case is aggravated when, in these trying circumstances, the owner of the disposition is compelled to explain, to protest, to defend, indeed, a mere vacancy without any moral right to do so.

Therefore, as I tenderly removed my pigskin representative, I experienced a double sense of strangeness—the strangeness which we invariably feel when, after an interval, we come face to face with the one with whom we have seemed to be on such intimate terms while absent; and also the strangeness which comes from being under the necessity of smoothing down the loved one, so to speak, from an attitude more or less belligerent, the cause of which is on one's own shoulders.

The girl, indeed, was angry. She knew that I was the cause of her embarrassment. But I am by no means a timid person, and I felt that, even admitting all this, she had obeyed me; she had made the sacrifice, and therefore she must have had some regard for me. Besides, it is a fundamental principle that those for whom we are obliged to make sacrifices we love only the more. I may say, in passing, that nothing is more valuable to a married man than a knowledge of the working of this great principle. By exerting yourself judi-

ciously and systematically to think up little ways in which your wife may be obliged to make sacrifices for you, you are certain to bind her to you with closer ties than ever.

It is not well, however—especially in the beginning, and before you have the girl—to carry this too far; and so, as I sank down, and the train started, I hastened, with tears in my voice, to placate, to explain.

"I'm so sorry," I whispered, "to have caused you all this trouble. But, you see, it couldn't be done in any other way. A parlor-car wouldn't do, and I *had* to see you alone!"

As I reached the conclusion of this sentence an awful rush occurred, drowning out the last part of it in a flood of irritating, exasperating sound. Another express was passing.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"I *had* to see you alone!" I almost shrieked, and then felt myself blushing vividly as I realized that, in my eagerness, I was laying myself open to the danger of being overheard—also to the danger of her continued displeasure.

"Sh!" she said, as low as she could. "How nice of you! How wonderfully you have planned it!" She circled a swift and furtive glance at the other passengers, and then turned the broadside of her blue eyes full upon me. "Is this what you call seeing me alone?" she asked. "How charming!"

I shook my head violently up and down. This seemed to me the best and surest method. It seemed to convey that, in spite of her obvious satire, I was right after all. How I wished at this moment that we both knew the deaf-and-dumb alphabet! Then, below the line of observation, I might have won her with both hands, serenely indifferent to our surroundings.

"Yes, alone," I seemed to whisper. "No one knows us," I added desperately. "Who cares?"

I said this in a defiant voice. The man in front, indeed, half turned around. I saw him give us one quick glance out of the corner of his eye. The time was passing. I realized that I must be getting on, or the train would beat me out. Here I was, determined to propose to this girl, absolutely committed to do

something definite, as a recompense, if nothing else, for what I had compelled her to endure, and I hadn't even gotten to preliminaries.

"Who cares?" I shouted out, still more desperately.

She turned her head away decisively at this, and looked fixedly out of the window, as if the flying scenery was a matter for the greatest interest and absorption. She meant, as plain as day, to convey the idea that all was over between us—that she did not intend to listen more. Thereupon, assuming my telephonic voice—which I have trained to penetrate the receiver like a stiletto—I said:

"We mustn't appear to be quarreling. Don't you see that that would be worse than anything? Please, *please*—"

This had the desired effect. The force of my inspired remark was evident.

"You must be careful, then," she whispered—or appeared to whisper. "Everybody is watching us."

"I will be," I whispered back. "Do not worry, dear—" I hissed this out in a kind of clairvoyant voice intended to reach her alone. I fancied I almost felt her shudder.

"Do not worry, *dear*," I whispered. "Now I will talk rapidly, and do you appear as if you were listening to some interesting recital. I will pretend to be relating some adventure."

This bright thought had suddenly occurred to me. In a loud voice, which I was sure the inquisitive villain in the seat ahead could hear, I shouted:

"Great, wasn't it? Boat upset!" Then hurriedly, in a lower voice: "This is the first chance I've had to say something to you."

Loud voice—"Terrible excitement. Oh, yes, came near drowning."

Whisper—"Don't be startled. I love you. I—"

"Tickets, please!"

My heart suddenly leaped into my throat as I saw the conductor standing over us. I hadn't counted on him. His cold, sinister aspect was like a death-knell. I felt her shiver and shrink beside me.

He passed, and I heard her addressing me, as my courage returned.

"Don't!" she pleaded. "Please don't!"

I replied loudly: "Did I get wet! Well, rather. Oh, I was simply drenched. And Bob—you should have seen him!"

Whisper—"I must say it. I've loved you all along. Don't mind my saying this now. It may be the only time I shall ever have. I love you, I—"

Her agonized eyes were looking at me.

Loud voice—"Had all my clothes on! So did Bob! Great Cæsar, but how the wind blew! Something fierce!"

Whisper—"Say yes, won't you? Only—"

"Baggage express! Baggage for New York, Brooklyn! Baggage, sir?"

Once more my heart resumed its perilous altitude; but with an impromptu courage I kept it sternly down. Glaring fiercely at the baggage-man, I leaned over more confidentially.

"Did you hear me?" I whispered. "Never mind any one. I—"

Her eyes sought mine. How could I resist that look of appeal? In a loud voice I continued:

"Yes, rescued by a tug. Marvelous, wasn't it? We clung to the bottom four hours. Think of it—four hours! Something terrible!"

Whisper—"Say yes. You must say yes! Only nod. Tell me there is hope."

We were in the tunnel. She put her hand almost fiercely on my arm.

"I'll say *anything*," she said, "if you'll only stop!"

There was a long silence. I flatter myself that I know when not to go too far.

But ten minutes later, in a shaded corner of the baggage-room, I said, as I leaned over:

"You meant it, didn't you? And you won't go back on it now? You'll stick to it?"

She was a very bright girl, even if she was beautiful. They come that way sometimes. And she replied:

"You horrid thing! Only on one condition!"

"And that is—" I asked.

She tapped her parasol decisively on the stone flagging.

"That when it is announced, and we have a right to be alone, you'll propose all over again—decently and properly, as any man in his senses ought to!"

Thomas L. Masson

RAISULI, THE FAMOUS BANDIT

BY STEPHEN BONSAI

AUTHOR OF "MOROCCO AS IT IS," "THE GOLDEN HORSESHOE," ETC.

THE ROMANTIC EXPLOITS OF THE BERBER CHIEFTAIN WHO
KIDNAPED ION PERDICARIS AND CAID SIR HARRY MACLEAN,
AND WHO IS THE CHAMPION OF THE NATIVE TRIBESMEN OF
MOROCCO AGAINST THEIR ARAB CONQUERORS

WITH all our vaunted progress in telegraphy—aerial, submarine, and wireless—and admitting the wonderful perfection which has undoubtedly been reached in the world-embracing science of news-gathering, it is nevertheless true that when we of to-day ask, as did the friends of Scipio Africanus, "What news out of Morocco?" we have to wait nearly as long as they did for an answer.

Over this northwestern corner of Africa broods a mystery which the Argus-eyed modern press has failed to penetrate. Here and there a corner of the curtain is lifted and we witness some disconnected scene in the drama, the sequence of which we can only imagine; or we catch a glimpse of some leading actor like the Red Caid, or of some anonymous exhorter whose purpose we can only suspect. We know how the Mad Mullah rages on the borders of Somaliland. The Senoussi Mahdi writes poems which by some secret channel reach a staid French journal and tickle the palate of the boulevards, more accustomed to Catulle Mendès than to the songs of elemental man. But when we come to the real heart of the Moorish question, we have mainly to content ourselves with surmise.

What we know is that half a dozen pretenders, with claims more or less legitimate, are fighting for the Moroccan throne—a throne which through immemorial ages has consisted of a saddle on the back of a richly caparisoned

horse of the Yemen strain, with the burning blue sky of Africa, tempered by a scarlet parasol for canopy. From their coigns of vantage at Oudjda on the east and Casablanca on the west, the French eagles watch the changing phases of the internal strife with an interest which is intent, intelligent, but certainly not communicative.

If in their councils the spirit of an Aumale or a Joinville prevail, France may set upon its avalanche course a world-wide war which would unite all good Mohammedans from near-by Morocco to far-away Mindanao.

THE BRIGAND WHO MADE HIMSELF KING

If out of this many-sided struggle for the Shereefian throne either of the imperial brothers or Bou Hamara, the lowly driver of asses and worker of miracles, should emerge victorious, I see no reason why the world of Morocco should not wag on for another hundred years or so, neither better nor worse than in the past. Only in Raisuli, the Berber chief, popularly known as "the brigand who made himself king," do I see a promise of better things. And of him, at least, we are able to speak with some knowledge. He is our neighbor just across the Atlantic, and as we sail through the Straits of Gibraltar we can get a nearer view of his grim stronghold from the luxurious deck of our Mediterranean steamer.

This picaresque hero who has thrown off all allegiance to imperial au-