## Mam'selle Celestine

By WILLIAM DRYSDALE

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HATFIELD'S experience on Palmier island was necessarily au odd one. We always look for odd things when Chattield is out, because he is fond of the unusand takes pains to find it, but we re hardly prepared to hear of his ching a school of brier root pipe cold children in Paimier.

t was one of his freaks, only a little lder than the others. When his yacht s run down in the sound two years o the newspapers were full of stories. his wealth, his travels, his advenres and hairbreadth escapes. That is the time they all called him David Chatworth, although everybody ows that his name is David H. Chatid. They described him accurately ough as a tall young man of about enty-four, with handsome dark hair d eyes, dark complexion, lithe and uscular, wearing a slight brown mus-

che. The only trouble with Chat is that he s always had too much time and oney to spare. He is a first rate felw as it is, but with the advantage of verty he night have become a great llow. It is only fair to him to say at he does not bore his friends with ories of his adventures. We get these om the papers, and it is hard to make m retail them when we catch him at ie club.

It was one of these newspaper stories bout him, an Indlan tiger hunting ory, I think, that incidentally led to is Palmier experience. We were in assau, at the Royal Victoria hotel, nd our party were gathered one iorning on the eastern end of the big lazza-the end where the building is ounded off like the stern of a steamoat. We preferred that end because he trade wind gave us a cool breeze bere every morning after breakfast. lomebody was reading the story out f an English newspaper, and Chat was particularly annoyed by it because

ot like the notorlety. The reader insisted upon reading the whole thing aloud, and when he conluded young Lloyd, who was looking ver a Nassau paper published that norning, broke in with:

she" was there with us, and he did

"I don't see what you want to be cooling with tigers and elephants for, Chat. Why don't you try something peaceable for a change? Now here's a hance for a nice quiet little adventure. Listen to this advertisement in the Nasau Guardian." And he read: Wanted. - A schoolmäster for Palmier

sland; must be a classical scholar and competent to teach the higher mathematics; salary £40 per annum and the dwelling house. Apply to the honorable the colonial secretary Chat laughed at the idea when we

chaffed him about it, and it would have passed off harmlessly if "she" had not taken it up. That young person is tease and fond of adventure herself, and she almost dared him to go down to Palmier and teach that school. Still Char only laughed, and a few minutes later we set out for a sail to the sea gardens. But before the week ended Chat exploded a bomb by telling us quietly that he had seen the colonial secretary and had been appointed schoolmaster of Palmier island. She was a little frightened at what

she had done. I think, but she made no sign, and in a few days we all went down to the wharf to see Chat sail away in the mail schooner for Palmier. The mail schooner makes one round trip every month and is the only means of communication Palmier has with the rest of the world.

When the schooner landed Chat at Palmier most of the population were gathered about the little wharf to see him, to the number of 300 or 400, in all shades of color and all stages of undress-mostly shoeless, often hatless and coatless, and some little black shavers with nothing on but a look of expectancy in their faces. In front of them all was the resident mugistrate. and you must know that the resident magistrate and the schoolmaster are the two great men of Palmier, the schoolmaster perhaps a little the greater because he is the only white man on the island.

The days are us much alike as the seasons in Palmier, and the arrival of a new schoolmaster is an important event. The people are all negroes, as I have said, with no more business than. can be done in two or three little shops, and no occupation but gathering cocoanuts and shipping them away in the mail schooner and raising a few vegetables and catching fish and turtles. It is a terribly isolated island, but a beautiful one. There are no towering mountains to scrape the clouds with their green peaks. It is low, almost, flat, and made up largely of white rock, with here and there a patch of red soil. But even the rocks are fertile, and from their crevices spring trees that bear a wealth of fruit and fragrant flowers the year through and bushes of gorgeous colors and sweet perfumes and mammoth ferns that tower among

The giory of the island is on its northern end, where from a smooth plain of white sand there grows an immense grove of giant cocoanut palms, their feathery tops so high that to look at them from below tires the neck. and so luxuriant that the grapevine branches mest, forming a green canopy through which the sun steals only here and there in narrow beams.

It is among these palms, under this rustling canopy, that the Palmier people live. Their little stone houses are

scattered in confusion among the trees, with their that shed roofs and floors of hard clay and unglased windows, half hidden by thickets of orange and lemos trees, limes, bananus, sugar apple, pawpaws, mangers and hydreal shrubs.

The houses are all much alike, and the schoolmaster's residence is no exception-four low stone walls topped with a thick roof of thatch, board shutters to the windows instead of glass, po chimneys, with two square rooms inside, a narrow strip of ground emoothed in front to answer for a pi-

Chat was soon installed in this offcial residence, with a half grown boy who had been selected to serve him as housekeeper, cook and valet, and with his buggage lying in a confused heap in a corner of the inner room, the corner opposite the hammock. The gentle and simple Palmierlans opened their eyes at sight of the big satchels and the dress suit case, the two strapped rugs and the steamer chair, the thick bundle of canes and the other of umbrellas, the leather dressing case, the mackintosh, the three top coats and the four large leather trunks. No schoolmaster had ever arrived with such an outfit before

It was on the evening of his arrival that Char first met Mam'selle Celestine. He was sitting out on his hard clay plazza smoking an after supper cigar and enjoying one of the sights for which Palmier is famous. All about among the trees were little fires (for the back sard is the Palmier kitchen). and each fire had its group of people, singing and dancing, some playing the violin and others at other fires playing the mouth organ, the concerting, the flute, the fife or the homemade drum. In this way every day is ended in Palmier, and the soft air was full of music and moonbeams and the rustling of palm leaves.

As he watched and listened he heard footsteps approaching, and in a moment a young woman appeared in the path. By the light from his open door be saw that she was a beautiful girl of perhaps twenty, with a great quantity of waving black hair fastened up in a Psyche knot on her uncovered head, with rich brown eyes that looked straight into his She was much better clad than any of the islanders he had seen-in a well fitting gown of black and shoes that were not of island make. But more astonishing still were her fair complexion and ber Caucasian mold of feature.

Chat stepped forward to speak, but the young woman anticipated him. "Good evening, Monsieur School-

master," she said, in a musical voice that gave him a start "I have come to bid you welcome to Palmier. We have few strangers here, and the people cannot be expected to know how newcomers should be treated. They are kind people, but densely ignorant and superstitious. I hope they have made you comfortable?" As Chat handed her his chair and

reached for another he replied that he had been made exceedingly comfortable. "I take such an interest in the

school," his visitor continued, seating herself with the grace of a child of the tropics, "that I thought it best to come and make your acquaintance at once. My name is Celestine-Mam'selle Celestine, but the people find that too hard to pronounce, and shorten it to Mam, Celestine, And you are Mr. Chatfield? Yes, so I understand from the magistrate. I am glad to meet you, Mr. Chatfield, and you will probably be surprised to hear that it is largely through my agency that you have come

"The deuce it is!" Chat thought, but he answered politely: "Indeed! I had no idea that I had such a friend at court."

"Of course not," Celestine replied, but it is true. The school was not sat-



"Good evening, Monsteur Schoolmaster," she said.

isfactory to me under its late master and I found means to have him removed. I have plans for this little island that can be carried out best through the school. If ne tient qu'a vous de reussir, but I have not come to tire you after your voyage. It is enough for one day that we have met. Before we meet again you will find that I have some influence in Palmier. Strange things happen sometimes, even on a little island like this. Adleu, Monsleur Chatfield."

With a sweep of her skirt she was gone, and Chat sat for some moments looking after her.

"Undeniably handsome," was his conclusion; "apparently well bred; deucedly mysterious young person; certainly not a native of this island."

"George," he asked, when the boy was making the hammock ready for the night, "who is Mam. Celestine?" "Oh, I-she-well, I cawn't edzactly

say, sah, but she she''-"Well, out with it." George looked cautiously, about and tiptoed to the door and closed it. Then

he went up to his master and, with his hand to his mouth, whispered. "Bhe ketch shadder, sah!" "Ah, ha!" Chatfield laughed. "That's It is it? A shadow catcher, a jumbo

woman, a hoodoo, an obl worshiperis that it?"

"Sh-h-h!" George said, his finger upon his lips. "Berry bad to talk about dem t'ings, sab." . . . . . . . .

Chat was not disappointed with his surroundings when he began operations in the schoolhouse. He had vis-Red such little tropical schools before in other parts of the world and knew what to expect. The clause about "the classics and higher mathematics" in the colonial secretary's advertisement bad given him some amusement, for he was aware that nothing more classical than the second reader would require his attention, nor any mathematics higher than common fractions.

rettee myself, but always in privata." The building differed little from the

dwelling houses except that it was in one room instead of two. There were the same stone walls, thatched roof, clay floor and unglazed windows: At one end of the room was a desk for the teacher, and in front of it the usual rows of desks and benches for the pupils modern desks of hard wood and iron bought at government expense. In a corner near the teacher's desk, nailed to the wall, was a case containing the school library, almost the only books on the island except a few Bibles and bymn books. There were primers and readers in it, arithmetics, grammars, a Bible, a Bolmar's Sevizac, a big dictionary a set of Scott's novels and

one or two guide books. The pupils were in keeping with the schoolroom. No shade of darkness between yellowish white and the absolute black of the Kongo was missing. Among the sixty or seventy boys and girls there was not a single pair of shoes. Size made no difference in their attainments. Big brawny fellows and their big sisters struggled with the mysteries of the primer, while bright youngsters of half their age read glibly that "The \_boy\_picked-the-large-red-apple." It was the old story of the colored child in the tropics quick and bright at terrupted. twelve, clouds hovering over the brow at sixteen, all the learning forgotten at

Before the first day was over there was a commotion in the neighborhood of one of the large boys. All the boys around him sprang from their seats

and backed away from him in alarm. "Mawster, Andy Inches 's got a white rooster's head in he pocket, sab!" one of them called out in a voice trembling

with fear.

It Instantly occurred to Chat that the white rooster's head is one of the favorite charms of the obl worker. "Come up here, Andrew Inches," he

said. "Empty out your pockets on my desk." As the unwilling Andrew slouched up the alsie the pupils on both sides, boys and girls, drew back from him.

One after another his pockets were emptied, and from the last one came the somewhat solled and altogether unpleasant head of a fowl. It had once been white "Bah!" Chatfield exclaimed, taking it

between his thumb and forefinger and throwing it through the open window. What a horrid thing to carry in your pocket! I want to see you after school is dismissed, Andrew." After school he called Andrew up to

the front. "Now, then, Andrew, I want to know what you mean by bringing that roos-

ter's head to school." Andrew's grandfather had been a Kongo, with three broad slits cut in each cheek. The boy had inherited the fine physique, the coal black skin, the rich brown eyes, full cheeks and thick black lips of his ancestors; perhaps some of their dogged courage, too, for he looked the master squarely in the eye and made no reply. But his big lips protruded till they were a half beyond his nose. "Answer me. sir!"

Still no reply, but farther out went the lips.

"Will you answer?" Chat asked again, and still the boy stood like a black statue. The master raised the desk lid and took out the strap the government provided. It was the only argument the young Kongo understood. Oh, mawster, please let me go dis time, sah! Please don' lick me, sah! Please don!! Oh, please let me off, sah! I couldn' belp it, sah; 'deed, 'deed I couldn'! I had to bring it, sah; I had to do it!" He was less statuesque now. "Then tell me why you had to bring it," Chat said threateningly.

Instantly the boy resumed attitude, with his eyes again fixed upon the schoolmaster's, glaring a defiance that plainly said, "You may kill me, but I'll never answer that question."

It was an unpleasant moment for Chat, for nothing would have induced him to strike one of his pupils; yet it seemed necessary to subdue the denant boy in some way. While he rapidly considered what to do, a faint odor of orange blossoms was wafted into the schoolroom, there was the swirl of a white skirt in the doorway and Mam'selle Celestine was in the alsie.

"My, my, my?" she exclaimed as she advanced toward the teacher's desk. She was smiling and radiant. "Trouble on the first day? Behold the culprit, for I am the guilty one, not the boy. It was I gave him the fowl's head to carry. He had to bring it. He could not possibly do anything but obey me. Won't you, please, Mr. Schoolmaster, (and she laid her hand gently upon Chat's arm and looked bewitchingly into his eyes), won't you please let him go this time? He shall not trouble you again."

Glad of any excuse for dismissing the lad, Chat told him to go home, and the next minute he regretted it, when he realized that he had given the deflant Andrew some reason to believe that Mam'selle Celestine's uncanny charms could influence him.

"Forgive me for giving you that little trouble," Celestine said, when the boy had gone. "It was only intended to show the truth of what I have said to you. You remember my telling you that I have considerable influence here. If I give every one of your pupils a charm to carry to school, they would all bring them. They could not help themselves; and if you were to beat them with clubs they would not tell you where they got them nor why they carried them. At a word from me not one of your pupils would dare enter the door.

"But pshaw!" she went on, throwing herself gracefully into the nearest seat. "It is almost a shame to practice upon these ignorant children. I do not often do it, except through their equally ignorant parents. I delight in dealing with their parents. Ha, ha! Who is the most intelligent among them? The magistrate, is he not? One of my innocent amusements is making the magistrate draw a circle around himself in the sand before he dare enter his own door. Watch him some day, and see if he doesn't."

Chat stood looking down at the beautiful young woman in astonishment while she was speaking. When she concluded, he seated himself on the opposite side of the sisie and with great We-

libération took out his cigar case. "Do you object to my smoking?" he

"Not in the least," she replied. "I enjoy it. I am rather partial to ciga-

"Now, mam'selle," Chat said after slowly and thoroughly lighting his cigar, "I see that you are a very intelligent young lady, and"-

"Merci, monsieur," Celestine interrupted, with a mock bow and another

of her bewitching smiles. "And I trust that you will give me credit for some little intelligence myself," he continued. "At any rate, I have seen something of the world. Allow me to ask you, do you really expect me to believe in your charms and witchery, your rooster's heads and pretended shadow catching?"

"Ah!" Celestine exclaimed, with another of her rippling laughs. "I have caught a shadow already! Did I say anything to you about catching shadows? Oh, no. Some one has been telling you of my powers. Seriously, all that I have asked you to believe is my simple statement that I have considerable influence over the people of this island-in plain words, that they are afraid of me. You have seen something of it. Beyond that you need believe no more than you choose. Still, many people of the world believe in these things. I have met in Scotland, in Paris''—

"Then you have traveled," Chat in-

"Oh, mon Dieu!" she answered. "Do you imagine that I have spent my life in this place? I could not endure it if it were not for my influence over the people. In Paris n'avez vous point ete la?—ah, there is life; there is beauty; there is pleasure! Je n'y pense plus. dare not; it would drive me wild. Even in Scotland, dear, quiet old Scotland, the home of my ancestors, there was more of life than here. And yetand yet here is ease, here is comfort. here is warmth and here is power in a small way if one takes it right-power, Mr. Chatfield. And power is always sweet, however slight it may be."

"We are drifting from the subject. mam'selle." Chat replied. "But no matter. I think I may depend upon you not to interfere with my pupils. I cannot have their heads filled with superstitious stuff."

"Have no fears, Mr. Chatfield," she said, while the schoolmaster made preparations to leave; "but remember that I am not a woman here, but a witch. I am Mam. Celestine, the obi woman, the sorceress, the shadow catcher, the fetich worker. Ne suis je pas? Adleu, monsieur. I see your shadow already creeping into the bot-

Chat closed the schoolhouse and walked slowly home with his hands in his pockets. "I am glad the girl is full of this witchcraft nonsense," he said to himself. "She is beautiful and in many ways attractive, and if she were like other, women I should be afraid of her." For some days the new master strug-

gled to set his school in order, classifying, explaining, questioning. He was determined to do some good to his pupils and to spare no pains with them. Mam selle Celestine visited the school occasionally, but gave no further proofs of her alleged powers, and he was beginning to think that little danger past when it showed itself again in new form. This time it came through the resident magistrate, who called early one morning and begged, almost insisted, that Chat should go with him to Mam Celestine's that evening. Some one had "set obl" for the pastor of the little chapel, the only clergyman on the island, and Mam. Celestine had promised to take it off. Three persons must be present, and the witch woman had declared that the pastor, the magistrate and the schoolmaster should be the three. Since obland been set for him the pastor's animals had died, his child had fallen ill. his fruit had been stoler everything had gone wrong, and it would be an act of mercy to help him out of his trouble. Chat reluctantly consented to go, thinking that he might be able to show the magistrate the folly of the performance.

When the magistrate called for the schoolmaster that evening he had the pastor with him. It was after 6 o'clock, and the fires were out, the music and dancing ended, and Palmier was asleep. Mr. Sweeting, the preacher, was a tall, gaunt negro of nearly sixty, with black hair and & thin growth of snow white beard under his chin. His feet were shoeless, and his clothing was of the island pattern, except for a long black cont that set awkwardly upon him. Silently the three followed paths under the palms until they were within a stone's throw of Celestine's house, and then

the preacher paused. "Stop, friends," he said. "Let me have a minute with my Maker befor we

go in." He stepped aside a few paces, and a moment later they saw blm on his knees beside a giant palm, his clasped hands high above his head, the moon shining full upon his upraised face. Chat shuddered to see this Christian minister invoking heaven's blessing upon the mummery that he thought was to release him from a witch's spell. Next minute they knocked at Celestine's door.

The young obl woman answered the summons and with a sweep of her arm invited them to enter. She took them through the first room into a second, where seven or eight candles were burning, all short ends but one. Thick curtains hung over the closed windows, and in the center a corked bottie was suspended from the roof by a cord. Immediately under the bottle was an armchair, with a banjo lying in it, and three other chairs stood against the wall. Between the windows was a low cushion, upon which lay a coal black cut, and beside the cushion a saucer half full of water.

"Be seated, gentlemen." Celestine said. Her appearance was exactly the opposite of what Chat had expected. Instead of wearing the gaudy, bespangled dress usually affected by obl workers on such occasions, she was clad from head to foot in black, with no ornament but a small brooch at her throat.

As the three took the chairs to which she pointed the ent walked over and rubbed its head and sides against their legs, then returned to its cashion.

This is a time of rejocing, gentlemen," Celestine suld, 7 kluk up the banjo and seating berself in the armchair. "A holy man is about to be released from the power of evil. We must rejoice with music and dancing, Your shadow has been caught, Mr. Sweeting, but I have been strong enough to recover it. Seel" And she

pointed to the bodie suspended above her head. "I cannot release it without dancing. You must dance the evil power under your feet... When I play you must dance, and you shall be delivered.

She began twanging the banjo, maklug at first a few welrd, mournful sounds, which gradually grew louder and faster till they melted into a lively dancing tune, surprisingly like a lig. She nod led her head toward the preach er, keeping time with the music, and he grose and took a step or two, as though testing the quality of his age stiffened muscles. Perhaps the music and the motion revived long buried memories of earlier years. He was soon in full motion, round and round Celestine's chair. Faster and faster went the music; faster and faster flew the preacher. The magistrate looked on with awe, and Chat hardly knew whether to be indignant or to laugh.

Gradually one candle after another burned out, leaving the room in semidarkness. Suddenly the music ceased for an instant while Celestine reached up and selzed the bottle, pulled it from . its fastening and hurled it against a corner of the wall, where it broke into thousand pieces. "Dance them down; dance them

down!" she exclaimed, going on with the music. The preacher continued his furious dance around her chair. And the black cat, aroused by the noise, walked over to the broken bottle and smelled the pieces. On its way back to the cushion it stopped to lap up water from the saucer.

When the last candle but one had expired the music ceased and the preacher sank into his chair exhausted. "It is accomplished, gentlemen," Cel-

estine said, rising and throwing open the door, for the atmosphere was stifling, "but not without some sacrifice. See!"

She bent over the cat and gently picked it up by the back of the neck. but it made no movement. The cat was dead and growing stiff.

When the clergyman opened his mouth to thank her for her good offices Celestine silenced him by raising her hand warningly, and not another word was spoken. Silently they were bowed out and silently they separated, for Chat was too wise to expostulate with the others while they were awe stricken with what they had seen. He realized that Celestine had cunningly arranged the whole performance for his benefit, to show not only that the magistrate and the preacher were in her power, but that her power over them was strong enough to compel the aged pastor to spend a half hour in dancing. "Poor cat!" he said to himself. "It

was a handsome cat too. Of course, the water in the saucer was poisoned. A few Brinvilliers leaves soaked in the water beforehand did the business for DUSSY."

For weeks after this Chatfield had no more direct contact with oblism, though he saw and felt its influence about him. Plainly the people were afraid of Mam'selle Celestine. It was not easy to talk with the magistrate or with the pastor about it, for the moment he mentioned the uncanny subject they became silent as the grave. That a Christian minister should be a believer in it was disgusting to him, but it did not surprise him, because he had seen the curious combination of Christianity and oblism in other coun-

Meanwhile he saw more than ever of Mam'selle Celestine; so much that it dawned even upon his masculine mind that so many meetings could not be altogether accidental. He was not displeased that she made frequent visits to the school, that he met her almost daily on the beach, under the palms, in the little shops, wherever he went. She was a beautiful young woman, the only companionable person on the island, and he could not help taking an interest in her. Walking on the beach one evening, the beautiful white beach, shining under the full moon, she suddenly appeared.

"Beware of your shadow?" she laughed. "It is very plain on this white sand, and you know there are shadow entchers about"

"That is a fair challenge for you," Chat replied. "There is a glorlous shadow ten or twelve feet long. Catch it if you can." "It is not shadows I want to talk

about tonight," she said, "but realities. I am not always dealing with shad-"I wish you would never have any-

thing to do with them at all," Chat re-"Pshaw!" she exclaimed. "Shadows

I need not tell you what I think of



Faster and faster went the music.

shadow catching and all the rest of the obl stuff. You must know why I practice upon the credulity of these igporant people, but you do not know the whole of my plan. If it is what I want to tell you tonigh. You remember I told you at the beginning that I was the cause of the old schoolmaster's leaving. It was very simple-a word here, some bottles hing there, a tooster's head or two in front of the magistrate's door, and I could have removed a dozen schoolmasters.

"But that was only a beginning," she went on. You have seen what I can do with your pupils and what I can do with the magistrate and the preacher. Those two are the only men on the bland who have even the pretense of I knowledge, always excepting yourself. I

Where they go the others follow. Every man, woman and child on this island is afraid of obl. I made the poor old preacher dance merely to show you how completely I can control him. They think themselves Christians, these foolish people, and a child could make them worship a bit of broken glass. It is not for the sake of seeing them dance, surely, that I manage them. I want better thlugs of them than that." "And what is it you want of them?" Chat asked. "What is the plan you

speak of?" "I want my own little kingdom in the sea!" Celestine replied, more gravely than he had ever heard her speak. "I want these people to fear me and work for me and supply my needs and hulld a fine house for me-oh, much finer than anything they have here now-and to know that I am the mistress of them all. I shall be their queen, with greater power here than the real queen, who is only a dream to them. You know how far Palmier is from anywhere. If they appoint a new magistrate I shall bring him into subjection; a new minister, I shall awe hlm. I am determined upon it."

"Why do you unfold this to me?" Chat asked. "You know I do not believe in such things."

"Believe." Celestine exclaimed. "It is not necessary for you to believe except in me. We are both young, and we understand each other. I offer you an equal share in the glory and the power if you will give me your influence in the school. The school is the only thing I have to fear. The older people I can control; the younger ones I want brought up to believe in me. The old master would not do it, and I had him removed. With your help in the school you and I can manage this island as completely as though we had an army here. Songez-y serieusement. Do not answer me now. Take days, weeks. There is comfort to be had here in the way I propose that can be had nowhere else."

Before Chat could reply Celestine was gone, and he was alone on the beach. Her words had made an impression upon him, but not in the way that she intended. Her French con tinued to ring in his rears. Her French pronunciation had always amused him, but she was able to make berself understood. That day, however, he had been turning the pages of the Sevizac in the little school library, wondering what could have induced a school board to send a French grammar to Palmier, and some of the translated exercises had seemed strangely familiar to him. He was sure now that he had heard one of them used within a few min-On his way home he stopped at the

schoolhouse and with the aid of a lighted match found the Sevizac and put it in his pocket. Five minutes later he was looking through the exercises in his own room "Songez y serieusement," Celestine had said to him, and there it was, set forth in the book, with its equivalent in English, and with various marks to give the reader an idea of the pronunciation. Then he called to mind some of the other French phrases that Celestine had "Il ne tient qu'a vous de reussir," she had told him, and that too was among the exercises, duly translated "N'avez yous point ete la?" Je n'y pense plus," and a dozen other commonplace sentences that she had need he found ready translated in the book.

"I wonder that did not occur to me before," he said to himself as he rolled into his hammock. "Of course the girl knows no more about French than one of my little pupils. She has learned a few phrases from the grammar and works them in wherever they will fit." The sun was stealing down through

the palms next morning when schoolmaster was awakened by George's volce. "Maws boss! Maws boss!" he called

through the half open door. "Dere's a steamer at anchor off de landin', sah!" Chat was up and dressing in a moment. There were voices in the air, for all the people were hurrying down to the beach to see the unusual sight He threw open the shutter and looked out, and there she lay, about half a mile from the shore, not very large, but trim and shining bravely in the morning sun. As he looked his eyes opened wider and wider. He rubbed the sleep out of them and looked again, then closed the shutter and hastily made a new tollet, putting on garments that Palmier had not seen before, for the vessel lying at anchor was the steam yacht Rambler, General Fabian, owner.

That meant that "she" had arrived, she being General Fabian's daughter, Miss Brita Fabian, between whom and Chat, as you may have surmised, there existed something more than an understanding. The Fabians spend every winter in Nassau, always taking their yacht along. In a few minutes Chat was at the landing among the negroes. and Célestine was there, and a launch was coming ashore from the yacht.

When General Fabian and his daughter landed, Chat was prepared to give a warm welcome to Miss Brits, but she had hardly shaken his hand before she turned aside, exclaiming:

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"Why, there is" - She had caught sight of a familiar face among the crowd of blacks, but as she spoke the face was turned away and its owner ried to escape. "Nelly! Nelly Stubbs! Don't you re-

member me? Come here and speak to

To Chat's surprise the person who answered to this summons was Mam'selle Celestine. She advanced unwillingly and took the hand Miss Fabian offered, but her commanding air was gone, her eyes were cast down, her face was pale and she looked anything but the queen she had proposed a few

hours before to make berself. "I have met an old acquaintance." Miss Fabian said to Chat when they were alone. "This is the last place in the world that I should have expected to meet Nelly Stubbs."

"Nelly Stubbs!" Chat repeated. "We know her here by the name of Mamselle Celestine." "Mam'selle Celestine!" Miss Fablan

laughed. "Mam'selle Humbug, That is just like the girl, but her name is Nelly Stubbs. She was my maid for three winters in Nassau and did very well, though her head was always full of romantic notions. She had never been away from Nassau. Her mother was very light colored, almost white; and after being a widow for many years she married a man from some of these islands. After the mother's death the man took Nelly away somewhere. and I had no thought of meeting her

· Chat returned to Nassau in the yacht, and everybody has read of the wedding that soon followed. Rumor had it that Miss Fabian made remarks when Chat told her of his experience with Nelly Stubbs, but Chat remained platonically loyal to Mam'selle Celestine; said he had allowed her to proose to him, and he would not upset her plans by exposing them. He is a thoroughly good fellow, as I said before, and the mam'selle is no doubt catching the shadow of a new schoolmaster by this time.

## LUCKY FATHER AND SON.



great sufferer from what the BRIGHT'S DISEASE As a last resort I commenced the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. The result is a little short of a miracle. All the terrible symptoms of this disease are gone. I do not have any more difficulty in void-

ing the urine, no paid or ache in the small of the back, no more soreness across the lains or over the bladder, no more constitution or other symptoms of disease of the kidneys, liver or bladder. So you see, help came to me In Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Who would begrudge the cost of this medicine Who would begrunge the cost or this medicine (One dollar a bottle) for such a blessing or refuse this tok in of grattinde for being perfectly cured? And I hope my writing this will induce others who suffer from kidney or blood disorder to use the

medicine. My son George suffered for many years with a fever sore on his leg. He used one bottle of this medicine and part of another, and as sure as I am writing this grateful acknowledgment, his leg is entirely healed up."

Dr.D.Kennedy's Favorite Remedy Roudout, N. Y. Petre \$1; 6 for \$5. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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