



## For Porches, Verandas and Outdoor Sleeping

The only Genuine Gloucester Hammocks are made by E. L. Rowe & Son, Inc., and bear our small **silk name label**.

We made them first for the U. S. Navy forty years ago. They have since then become the most popular piece of porch furniture all over the world. Don't judge them by the imitations made with light-weight canvas and unskilled workmanship.

The Rowe Gloucester is made of duck weighing 21 oz. to the yard (lighter weight is too weak). It is made by sailmakers—no other class of workmen know how to sew and fit and handle sail canvas so that it will wear well and not sag or lose its shape.

Rowe's Hammocks have consistently given ten years of continuous outdoor service. We never had one returned to us as unsatisfactory. They are firm, strong, comfortable. They present essential advantages of which other makers have not even learned the need.

Some of the dealers selling Rowe's Gloucester Hammocks are named below. If you are not so located as to deal conveniently with them, we will supply you direct. Before you buy a hammock, be sure to see ours and look for our name on the label. Send for illustrated book and prices.

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Sail Makers and Ship Chandlers  
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## TWO DOGS

AT the Green Room Club in New York city, recently, someone started telling dog stories. Of course there were many good ones; but it remained for H. A. D'Arcy, who wrote "The Face on the Bar-room Floor," to tell these two unique stories of theatrical dogs he had known.

"One afternoon," said Mr. D'Arcy, "I had a company playing at Bay City, and was taking tickets at the matinee performance. Two finely dressed young ladies came to the door, and following them a handsome setter. Of course, the dog could not be admitted to the theater, and one of the ladies told him to go back home. The animal tried very hard to get past the gate several times; but I succeeded in blocking his passage. He then settled down at the bottom of the stairs and watched me intently. Time and again when he saw a little rush of people he tried to sneak by; but was unsuccessful. I suppose for upward of fifteen minutes the setter watched and growled at me for not letting him pass.

"An idea evidently struck him at last. He saw that everybody that passed the gate handed me what appeared to be a piece of paper. There were several empty envelopes laying in the lobby, the same being discarded by people who had secured their tickets in advance. Eying me carefully, the beautiful animal picked up one of the envelopes and timidly creeping up the stairs offered me the small piece of paper in his mouth. Well—did he get in? I should say so! A dog with such intelligence can have a private box or a parquet seat from me at any time."

HIS next story was of a prize winning dog owned by Bertha Galland:

"When 'The Return of Eve' was first produced in New York, the handsome mistress insisted on a part being written in for Jack.

## THE FLYING EMERALD

into the waves that sparkled and danced before me.

There was a ship riding at anchor some distance out, with the sun glinting on her tall masts. I watched her on my homeward way. It was a strange place for a ship to anchor.

I was fearless of attack, even with the jewel in my pocket. No open attempt to secure it would be made.

As I entered the cottage old Agatha met me with her finger on her lip. "She's sleeping still," she whispered, "the poor lamb! She sob's a bit like a baby when it's dreamin', and then sinks off quiet again. You'd best take the bird out of the house, for fear the squawkin' would wake her."

"What bird?" said I.

"The one in the big box yonder. The expressman brought it from the train awhile ago."

I looked at it curiously, through the slats nailed across the front. It was some variety of large sea fowl, with a great beak that opened and shut restlessly. Was it sent by friend or foe?

The bird regarded me with an evil, sullen eye, as I sat regarding it, my head on my hand.

Then I felt in the straw at the bottom of the box for a paper that might contain instructions, and it was there. It was in the same handwriting we had received before, and finished with the same odd curving line. This was the purport:

This messenger is sent to relieve you of your charge, if you still retain it. Give him nothing to carry that could be found if he were detained in his flight; but feed him well, and set him free on the last stroke of twelve.

That was all. I believed that I had mastered the meaning. I looked at my watch; it was nearly noon. I carried box and all to our upper back room, by the window, and placed the emerald among a handful of broken pieces of bread. The bird eyed the green light and sheered off suspiciously. The village clock had begun striking. A cold moisture stood on my brow. I tore off the slats, seized the bird in a fierce grip, crammed the stone down his ugly throat, and thrust him from the window as the last stroke died away. At the same instant a low, penetrating whistle sounded from out on the water. The bird wheeled several times, and then flew straight out toward the ocean; but not before a feathered dart gleamed athwart its flight and fell harmless to the ground. The emerald was gone!

I fell on my knees and wept as I had not done since I was a little child, with the reluctance of the awful strain. Then Pauline's sweet, faint voice called me.

Would it not make a beautiful picture for Eve and the dog to be lolling on the grass in Eden? Jack was duly rehearsed, and took kindly to the role. He was always on the job, and the stage picture won murmurs of admiration from the audience every night. After a few months, however, the stage manager discovered that Jack was taking too much credit to himself; in short, he was getting a swelled head. He would steal away from his position and go down to the footlights, prance and wag his tail and talk to the audience. This, of course, interfered with the action of the scene. Remonstrances were of no avail; for his vanity rapidly increased.

"The climax came one night at Montreal. After the first act Jack was invited out with other players to take the 'call.' Instead of modestly retiring after the applause, he trotted down to the footlights, and soon found himself outside of the drop curtain. The house was in an uproar of laughter, and the gallery gods tweeted, whistled, and advised Jack to 'Sick 'em!' One of the stage hands was sent out to carry the dog off the stage; but the sight of a beautiful row of teeth suggested discretion. Jack then seemed inclined to run amuck through the audience. Preparing to make a spring over the footlights, one of his paws struck an electric light bulb, which of course exploded. Finally Miss Galland herself was obliged to go out in front of the curtain and take her sixty-pound pet off. Jack submitted, and after one or two parting barks at the gallery made his exit licking the beautiful face of his mortified mistress.

"Next day Jack got the blue envelop, inside of which was an express receipt for a padded crate addressed to the Siasconset by the Sea containing a malamute dog valued at five thousand dollars—off the stage."

WE left the village that night, and went back to town, and the elevated, and the trolley, and the busy crowd, and the comforting press of life. But it was weeks before Pauline recovered her strength, or could speak of the emerald without a fit of nervous shuddering.

We had just begun to forget that evil dream in the absorbing occupation of earning a living,—with Pauline as my Protean model,—when, one morning as we sat once more at our simple breakfast (up six flights of stairs this time, with a piano in full cry under our feet, and a cheerful, if conflicting handorgan at work across the street), Pauline, who had been scanning the newspaper, suddenly let it fall with an exclamation.

"What is it, Dear?" I cried, running to her as I saw the color leave her cheek.

She pointed to a paragraph in a foreign letter, and I read aloud:

Apologies of Continental gossip, the prolonged absence of a certain famous jewel from the regalia of a Sovereign Princess, who shall be nameless, has occasioned many malicious reports. Fortunately scandal was confuted by its reappearance the other day at a royal function. That it has been the cause of an imbroglia deep and far reaching, involving the honor of two countries, remains, nevertheless, an open secret.

Was it our emerald? Pauline and I believe that it was.

And the reward for which we had dared and suffered so much? We had almost given up any hope of it, when nearly a year afterward I received a notice from the Arcopagan Bank that ten thousand dollars had been deposited to my credit.

It was the foundation of my career. We went abroad. I studied. Good fortune followed my efforts: my pictures have sold beyond my most sanguine dreams.

Yet still, as I sometimes look at my lovely Pauline in her velvet and pearls, I shudder when I think of the price at which my success might have been bought.

### THE "FILLER"

I am not exactly thrilling.  
I am no poetic treat.  
All my duty I'm fulfilling  
If I make this page complete.

'Mongst the masterpieces never  
Shall I be assigned a place.  
I'm no earthly use whatever—  
Save to fill this vacant space.

Yet, O Reader, do not scold me,  
Though I merit little praise;  
For my author, when he'd sold me,  
Ate his first square meal in days.

—Deems Taylor

## Burnham & Morrill



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