

NEL. [*Offering her hand.*] Can you forgive us, Mr. Hayward?

MR. H. I would wish always to have so fair a jailer. [*Kisses Nelly's hand.*]

BRID. I'd have no murthurer kissing *me* hand. [*Exit.*]

[*Mrs. Withers takes Tom's arm, and Nelly Mr. Hayward's, and all walk to the front of the stage.*]

MRS. W. Mr. Hayward, I hope you will pardon us. And believe me it was only our feminine timidity which made us act as we did.

MR. H. As I understand it, Mrs. Withers, I have nothing to forgive; but I shall always remember my visit here with unalloyed pleasure, in spite of the telegram representing me as a burglar. [*Raises Nelly's hand to his lips.*]

*Curtain.*

KATE RYAN.

### Chinese Queues.

(See Illustrations, Pages 160 and 161.)

THE importance of the pigtail in China is scarcely to be overestimated. It is carefully cultivated and tended, as the first of our series of sketches shows; and when it has attained the august length depicted on the dandy, our most imposing figure, the proud possessor can hardly be blamed for showing a little too-evident vanity.

To neglect the toilet so far as to allow the queue to grow seedy, betokens a carelessness only to be found in Chinamen of the lowest grade. That its care is a grave matter is easy to be seen by the serious expression of the "queue's attendant," who carries his tray of toilet articles with an air conveying his deep conviction of the importance of the task he is about to undertake. But with all the care imaginable, the ravages of time affect the queue as well as other coiffures, and the decadence of the pigtail is not pleasing to contemplate.

Bonzes, or Chinese priests, shave their heads, and so avoid much anxiety; but from earliest babyhood the Chinese boys' pigtails are combed and trained and braided, tied with silk ribbons, etc., as sedulously as the girls' feet are crippled out of all reason to keep them small.

So great care is naturally not lavished upon a personal adornment without a corresponding amount of respect. No grosser indignity can be offered to a Chinaman than a pull or even a careless touch of the cherished pigtail. No such familiarity is tolerated even among friends.

Criminals, however, having no rights that any one is bound to respect, are treated with an entire absence of courtesy, and the officer of the law uses their pigtails in lieu of a rope to drive them to a place of confinement. Happy for the pursued offender that his queue is only an artificial substitute and baffles the pursuer by coming off in his hands while the rascal takes to his heels. Thus what is a cause of annoyance, ordinarily, often becomes an assistance in times of trouble.

The various forms of punishment include several varieties of pigtail torture, the height of cruelty being expressed in affixing the pigtail to an elevated support, leaving the unfortunate victim crouching beneath.

But to lose the queue altogether! A Chinaman would almost as soon lose his head! Grave offenses are punished in China by amputating the queue, which ridiculous execution is performed with due solemnity. The appearance of Chinese malefactors or rebels, *in loco criminis*, is too absurd to excite much sympathy, but they evidently feel their punishment too severely to care much for the grotesque effect their unkempt heads produce, so different from the conventional, cultivated, decorous pigtail which is the pride and glory of every well-born and well-bred Celestial.

### The Cave-Dwellers.

JACKSON WIMPERLEY, was born and bred a common sailor; and so far back as I have been able to trace the genealogy of the Wimperley family I find that they were all followers of the sea. It never occurred to me to adopt any other calling than that which seemed naturally left to me by a long line of ancestors, all of whom were great admirers of the boundless ocean, and the wild, reckless life which followers of it seemed to experience. Doubtless, in those days, there was more freedom given to the common sailors and deck hands, and the captains themselves were, probably, in many cases, little more than pirate chiefs. I have heard my father tell about the first Wimperley, who took to the ocean because of some great crime he had committed in his native village. Being of a daring and reckless nature, he soon organized a company of fellows like himself, who, after many dangerous experiences, managed to get possession of a sailing craft, which they painted black, and dubbed "The Death's Head." The nature of the vessel's errand was suggested by the terrible skull and cross-bones that floated from the mast-head when the craft glided defiantly out of the harbor where she had been purchased.

It was a strange sight, to see the new craft flaunting her piratical colors in the very face of the men-of-war that stood in the harbor at the time. It is said that the sailors and citizens were so astonished at the boldness of the small crew on the Death's Head, that no attempt was made to capture the boat until she was far out at sea. News of her terrible work soon reached the authorities on shore, and heavy rewards were offered for her capture; but her boldness and great sailing powers always enabled her to elude the vigilance of those sent after her. It was rumored abroad at the time, that, somewhere in the Southern Pacific Ocean, an uninhabited island had been taken possession of by the pirates, and a regular rendezvous formed for desperate characters. The wealth that was collected on this island during a quarter of a century was estimated at enormous sums, and tales of the wildest descriptions were told concerning "The Death's Head Island."

It was an inaccessible rock, some said, jutting perpendicularly out of the waves, in mid-ocean. But one man had ever been able to scale its rocky walls, and he had never returned to give an account of his discoveries. Vessels passing near the island at night reported strange sights on the summit of the rock, but when they approached nearer to ascertain the cause they found nothing but the gray wall of rock staring them in the face. The piratical crew, however, had discovered the secret of the island, and had used it for years as their impregnable fortress.

It has been the custom in our family to keep a sort of diary of all events worth preserving; and probably the greater part of the worldly effects that my father left to me consisted of old papers, log-books, and family histories. These had come down in the Wimperley family for generations, and were to be willed by me to my children. I had seldom taken enough interest in them to read them; but one day, when an anonymous newspaper article about Death's Head Island was being quoted throughout the country, I took out the old manuscripts and glanced hurriedly through them. The first mention of The Death's Head Island, I found, dated back in the early part of the eighteenth century. It was apparently an account of the discovery of the island by the first Wimperley; for the manuscript opened abruptly, and read as follows:

"What a strange coincidence! The island after which our good ship is named has been discovered without our knowledge of its whereabouts. At least, from the descriptions of the island given, this must be it. It rises up from