3.

20th Century Fireside.

HOLTZ

PUBLISHED MONTHLY. DEVOTED TO FAMILY LITATURE.

Vol. 1. No. 4.—New Series No. 1. Kansas City, Mo., March, 1901. Price, 25 cents per year.

STAMP DEPARTMENT

WHILE SHOWING YOUR STAMP COLLECTION.

By A. L. Jones.

If you are an earnest philatelist you will strive to gain new recruits for Philatelia. You can do this by talking stamps whenever an opportunity presents itself, by placing philatelic literature in the hands of non-collectors, and, best of all, by displaying your collection on every possible occasion. You should not only show your stamps, but you should discourse on them intelligently and in an interesting manner. To do this you must be familiar with them. Therefore, cultivate their acquaintance, become intimate with them, in the words of the best known philatelic proverb, "Study your stamps."

To interest the person to whom you are showing the collection, you must remember his likes and dislikes. You are striving to make a convert to philately, therefore do not make yourself pre-eminent by advertising your ideas alone, but consider what will probably interest the observer the most and dwell particularly upon those benefits philately bestows that will be most appreciated by him.

If he is interested in art show the great beauty of many of our stamps and point out what extraordinary opportunities are presented for the exercise of artistic individuality in arranging a stamp collection.

Now, suppose your friend is a scientist, then, of course, you would want to call attention to the chances philately affords of deep scientific research in hunting for minor varieties. Show him the various appliances used in measuring perforations, in bringing to light watermarks, and other like philatelic utensils. Give him an insight into the different varieties of paper and methods of printing. If he would appreciate remuneration for his labors, explain to him the great difference in price a little minor difference makes in a stamp.

If on the other hand, the "captured" is one attracted by the odd, the curious, the bizarre and unique, do not neglect to dwell on the odd Afghanistan, Chinese, Indian native states and other like stamps. Point out oddities in color, perforations and size; show him the triangular Cape of Good Hope stamps. If none of these interest him he certainly is a hopeless case.

But if you should get some one in tow to show your album to, who is interested in history, show him how recent history is taught by a collection of stamps. If you hsould know him to be particularly interested in ancient history and mythology, dwell on the Greecian stamps and some others of like nature.

If you are intimate enough with the onlooker to know more closely his historical inclinations, do not be afraid to bring out his special subject while exhibiting the particular classes of stamps you would expect to interest him. On this latter case I am taking history in its widest sense. So if you know your friend to take an interest in geography, point out the stamps from out-of-the-way places, show how the pursuits of the inhabitants of a country are oft portrayed on their postal issues, let them know that you can always tell who controls a country by its "wee bits." To be up-to-date, at this writing, the stamps of Iceand are the ones II would refer to as an ideal example. The subject of geography is one that can be enlarged upon almost infinitely. If the viewer is known to be interested in biography, show him how extensive a portrait can be gathered together from stamps. If a zoologist, neglect pointing out no animal of bird pictures. Australia is a fertile field in this particular branch. If a botanist, point out the stamp pictures of plants, flowers and trees and show that in many cases the floral of a country is shown on its stamps. In the case of a bibliophile, show him your philatelic library and with him spend more time on it than on stamps.

If the person is rather sentimental, show him the stamps of the Confederate states and like ones. If you have any stamps on original cover they likely would much interest him. Then tell him the stories connected with many of the stamps. Tell how you happened to find this stamp in an old trunk; how that scarce minor variety, after being long sought after, was picked up as the common one on the exchange sheets of a society. Tell him about your first stamp and about those that were given you for an article you wrote for a stamp paper. Tell him what a bargain you got in that other stamp, and then show him the stamps given you that you treasure as memetoes of some dear friends.

Now if the one viewing your collection is a great society fellow, do not spend your time in discussing learnedly on this or that minor variety, but tell him of the bonds of sympathy existing between collectors wherever they are; tell him of the pleasant philatelic correspondence that can be kept up between two philatelist, and especially enlarge upon the great pleasures experienced in attending stamp conventions.

If you have secured a little time of a sordid business man, expand upon the financial side of collecting, explain to him how good an investment stamps are and that while a good investment, the collecting of them also is a great relief from

"The cares that infest the day,"
And that under the magic influence of arranging stamps they
"Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

If the person to whom you are showing your collection is poor, tell him how extensive, beautiful and interesting a collection can be gotten together with small expense. If, on the other hand, he has plenty of the "filthy lucre," let him know that no other pastime affords such a chance of spending as much money as wished.

Although at first thought this article may have seemed to have exhausted the list, think again and you will see that there are many other peculiarities that should be taken into consideration. By studying your "captive" and your stamps you will usually be able to convince him you are no fool because you are interested in philately and, in many cases, you will also have the pleasure of making a convert to philately.

By doing as I have suggested you will not only help philately, thereby indirectly benefiting yourself, but you will also help yourself directly, for, by doing as hinted, your fund of general information and knowledge of stamps will be increased, your ability to talk in an interesting and entertaining manner will be strengthened, and you will become a better student of that great study, human nature.

During the immediate past much has been written upon the subject of whether or not the last printing of stamps for Guam were legitimate from a collector's standpoint. We picture Capt. Leary, (if during the present rush of business at the post office, he has the leisure to read any of the current philatelic publications), after a perusal of an article disapproving his actions, musing in this manner, "They requested and, have been supplied, but still they are not satisfied."

MADAME DAUPLIGNY'S DOWRY.

By Chas. De Forest.

SYNOPSIS OF PRCEEDING CHAPTER.

Armand Daupligny is an interesting Parisian figure, altho very peculiar, the seeming only approbative characteristic he possessed being acquisitiveness. He collected stamps, and his rooms were literally filled with them, he having no taste for order. His housekeeper also collected stamps, and one evening while viewing her purchases, he came across a very rare stamp, for which he finally offered her 500 francs ($100), which she would not accept. He must have the stamp so resolved upon the plan of marrying her. She assented to his proposal, and after the nuptial ceremonies were duly performed and they had taken a wedding tour through the stamp market, they returned, and to their great consternation found that the much coveted stamp had mysteriously disappeared. —Ed.

CHAPTER II.

While the newly married couple were indulging in criminations toward each other a different scene was being enacted nearby.

Barbette Dubois was the one being that Armand Daupligny could be accused of having a weakness for, if weakness it was. She was the daughter of a government clerk of small pay, a beautiful and impulsive little girl who some how had pierced thro' the crust of the stamp fancier's heart and found a warm spot there.

He often gave her many stamps for which he had no use and now and then, even gave her a few centimes, although none of the neighbors would ever believe that. Shortly after the couple had started upon their belated wedding trip, she ran in, calling loudly, "Papa Daupligny, Papa Daupligny," and not seeing or hearing any one, began to play with the various stamps she found in different parts of the room. She was engaged thus when hearing her mother call, she hurriedly gathered up an apron full of stamps, intending to bring them back as she had often done before, and among them was the gem of the collection, the one that Madame Franchette brought to her husband as dowry, and for which alone he, at that moment, was marrying her.

Madame Dubois was one of those good, misguided creatures to whom tidyness is a god, to which she daily sacrificed health, energy, comfort and convenience. Barbette came in the trim little kitchen, unwittingly dropping some mud upon the neatly sanded floor, which did not escape the Argus-like eyes of her mother. "Take out your rubbish, thankless one," she exclaimed, seizing the brush and dust pan and waving them with a menacing motion. Poor Barbette dropped her stamps and fled, leaving her mother to sweep stamps and mud in one heterogeneous mass and consign all to the flames.

She fled straight to her old friend Papa Daupligny, and found him and Franchette hurling accusations and counter accusations at each other. This was new to her and she maintained an awed silence for awhile. Then, as the cause of the quarrel dawned upon her childish mind, she spoke up fearlessly, telling him how she had taken it, with many others, to play with.

Where is it now? they exclaimed, in unison, each glad that the mistrust of the other was unfounded.

For answer she led them to her home. Madame Dubois came to the door. She was frightened—never had M. Daupligny entered a neighbor's house before. He pushed her rudely aside. "Where are my stamps?" he cried in a harsh voice. But no one need to ask. A heap of half-burned fragrants on the hearth was answer enough. He and Franchette fell upon their knees and began to pick and sort among the half burned pieces, hoping against hope. At last, with a groan of despair, he picked up the precious stamp, mutilated beyond recognition save to his own keen eyes.

He and Franchette looked at each other for a moment in silence, then taking her by one hand and Barbette by the other, the three left the house without saying a word.

ANCIENT POSTAL SERVICE BETWEEN EGYPT AND BABYLON.

From New York Journal.

The great collection of earthen tablets found at El Amarna serves to give an idea of the postal service between Egypt and Babylon as it existed thirty-four centuries ago.

The date of these tablets is between 1500 and 1450 B. C. The inscriptions on them are in Babylonians emitic, which at that period was the diplomatic language of the East.

Most of them are reports from Egyptian officials in the provinces and in foreign lands and are addressed to Pharaoh. These clay tablets are no bulkier than modern official letters. In many cases the tablet was enclosed in an earthen vessel or envelope which was inscribed with the address and a summary of the contents of the letter.

We may assume that these clay letters were handled much as modern mails are handled. They were probably carried in bags. Excellent post roads connected Egypt with every part of Western Asia, and there were post and relay stations for the king's messengrs, who probably also forwarded private letters.

According to the El Amarna tablets Pharaoh was in correspondence with Babylon and Assyria, Cappadocia, Palestine and Syria. The post roads followed the old paths of war and commerce which had been trodden by caravans and armies through countless generations.

The Canaanites corresponded with the Babylonians as Hiram, king of Tyre, did with Solomon. Long before the Isrealites came to Canaan the land was crossed and recrossed by post roads.

GRECIAN NOTES.

By J. H. Dunbar.

One of the peculiarities of the Greek postoffice, is that all parcels posted do not have the needful stamps fixed on them, but on sort of receipt which goes with the parcel, and is kept by the office. By this means the government secures nearly all the stamps of high value with which they have an annual sale to their profit. This, I believe is the reason that most of the higher values of Olympian and current Greek stamps are so numerous and cheap, as none of them are lost.

The government will not allow cards to pass through the post office here that have adhesives thereon, such as pictorial cards or those of private firms. They are not accepted at the post office unless they have been stamped by special stamps at the government office at Athens.

There has just been issued in Greece the first surcharged stamp.

I expect there will be many more such surcharges shortly, as the new stamps of Greece will not be issued before the end of this year, and the government intends using up the whole of the stamps they have on hand by that time, and as an incentive for their sale, will surcharge many of them.

I will now close with an incident that happened at the post office here last week: For one whole day there was not a single stamp to be bought on the island and all mail matter had to be kept until next day, when their stock of stamps were renewed.

"This is the first stamp of this issue that was printed."

"How do you know?"

"Don't be so inquisitive; a man who collects stamps is bound to have some interesting data connected with most of them."

The current dollar revenue in re will prove scarce in good used condition.

EDITORIAL.

TWENTIETH CENTURY FIRESIDE.

PUBLISHED AT

26 W. Missouri Av., - KANSAS CITY O.

R. C. ROBINSON, Publisher.

·SUBSCRIPTION.—25 cents per year, in U. S. Canada and Mexico; payable in advance.
We will fill all subscription to the International Philatelist and Grant's Philatelic Monthly.

Mr. Frank Bescher has recently shown us an uncatalogued variety of the Orange Free State on original cover, which he picked up while in St. Louis. The stamp is a two pence brown 1861 issue, surcharged 1½d. The date of the postcard which the stamp franks is 1893. It is not listed in Scott's or Stanley Gibbon's catalogues.

The scarcest value in the Orange Free State V. R. I. stamp is the 4 p. writes J. H. Pinkney, from South Africa. They are scarcely to be had, and those who have them ask a high price for them. The 5 shilling value is selling at 12 shillings each, and some parties are asking even more. Some of the 4p and 6 p have no period after the V, and they are more valuable than the others. The Boers got hold of a few Natal stamps, and surcharged them Z. A. R. They are very scarce.

To many persons the idea of any-one being capable of gathering 30,000,000 stamps in a single year may seem somewhat astounding. Yet it is a fact that a certain party gathered that number last year, which he presented to a girl's orphanage in Le Loele, Switzerland, as a Christmas present. The institution derives its chief revenue from the sale of these stamps. The girls sort the stamps and put them up in packets, which are sold to collectors. This philantropic person is the editor of several popular publications and offers prizes for quantities of used stamps from his readers. He expects to collect 40,000,000 stamps this year for the same cause, and there is every indication that he will succeed.

In a recent issue of "Mekeel's Weekly," Mr. A. L. Jones tells how a beautiful ornament may be made in the shape of a plaster of paris plaque. The mode of manufacturing same is as follows: Fill an earthenware pie plate with water, then empty, and place stamps on the moist surface of the plate fact downward, in whatever order or design wished. Make sure the stamps adhere well to the plate with no turned edges. Then pour in upon them, the plaster properly mixed with water of the consistency of cream. Smooth over top with knife and insert a curtain ring with tape on one end of it, to be used in hanging it up. As soon as it is found that the plaster is sufficiently hard a knife can be slipped round the edges of the plate to facilitate the whole turning out well. When done the stamps appear as though they have been painted upon a pure white surface. Gilt paint can be used to make a border around the plaque.

Through the kindness of Mr. J. H. Dunbar, we are enabled to describe the three varieties of the 1 lepton brown of the 1864-'68-'70 issues of Greece, which he has shown as in used condition. The 1864 issue is catalogued by Stanley Gibbons, but not by Scotts. It is well known in Greece. The lines of shading on the face of Hermes in this stamp are very fine and short, and are on the side of and under the cheek and chin, back of neck and on the small of the nose near the eye. The 1868 stamp is not listed in any catalogue. The lines on it are very heavy, long and far apart, with an additional wide shading on the center of the neck and on the throat. The 1870 issue, which was mentioned by the editor of the "Philatelic Messenger" in 1869 as being rare, differs much from the last mentioned in the shading, which is much lighter, and the shade lines are shorter. The lines on the center of the neck are very short. The lines of the eye also are very light, clear and short. This stamp is sometimes taken for the 1864 issue.

Hon. J. Henniker Heaton has been striving during the past few years, to procure a two cent rate of postage between this country and Great Britain, and it is not at all improbable that we may seen this accomplished before long—the sooner the better. Mr. Heaton declares that letters to England should cost no more than others. He contends that is costs no more to send a letter from New York to London than from London to Dublin, and is cheaper to convey a letter from Chicago to Liverpool than from Chicago to Quebec. He also truly points out that the revenue derived from the increase in correspondence caused by the reduction of postage more than in a few years would more than equal the amount of revenue at the former rate. Already New Zealand has decided to adopt the universal penny postage scheme, and after January 1, 1901, the cost of sending a ½ oz. letter to any part of the world will be only a penny. They expect to lose £80,000 the first year thereby, but figure that the increased use of the mails caused by the reduced rate of postage will soon obviate the deficit.

During the past year the Bureau of Engraving and Printing produced 3,715,828,875 postage stamps. Of this number 3,500,000,000 were the ordinary issue, while 200,000,000 were issued to celebrate and advertise the Omaha Exposition. The number of postage due stamps printed was 16,000,000 and of special delivery stamps 6,000,000 were printed. 55,000 $100 stamps were printed. 3,000,000 stamps were issued for theinternal revenue tax. Cuba got over 18,000,000 stamps. Puerto Rico and the Philippines, 4,000,000 while for the little Island of Guam, upon Capt. Leary's requisition, there were printed 45,000 stamps, for the use of about 450 civilized people. If all these stamps were laid end to end in a straight row, they would cover, in round numbers 60,000 miles, and would encircle the earth over 1½ times. These stamps used as a belt, would reach around three worlds the size of the planet Mars. Placed in a verticle line, they would reach more than 2,579 times the height of Mount Everst, (the highest mountain in the world). To pass a given point in a continuous string at the rate of thirty miles an hour, it would take almost eighty days. The exact length is 58,443 miles, 4,775 feet, 8 inches, 9 5-89 lines.

For different issues of stamps are reported as being in use now a days in British South Africa—a good way to get rid of reminders. Wonder if the Boers held on to a lot of their unused stamps and still use them to prepay postage?

A new definition of punately is that it "is a perfect antidote for the poison generated by cerebral over-activity.

Will some Washington correspondent or other person kindly inform us whether precancelled stamps were included in the official collection or whether they are on exhibition at all by the United States government at the Paris Exposition as an illustration of one of the means Uncle Sam uses to facilitate the transmission of the mails.

A correspondent of "Ewin's Weekly Stamp News" informs collectors that while the Hawaiian Islands now use common U. S. stamps, they are post marked in violet ink. Hence specialists may now begin collecting these new possession stamps by postmarks. Let our postal authorities now order these new postmasters to follow our British cousin's rule, and postmark squarely on each stamp, then what a collection the specialist can make.

For the sake of us unhappy stamp collectors, we are very glad to hear that the embryo republic of Acre, down among the Andes, has been demolished by the Bolivian army, so we may be spared a new issue of stamps. If some stamp speculator is even now sailing up the Amazon river with a lot of surcharged Brazilian or Bolivian stamps for Acre, let us hope they will wash away and never land.

All summer long "Ewen's Weekly" has been loaded down with full paticulars of the surcharged V. R. I. and other stamps. But we guess its leading editor has returned from Africa, for it again has more room for outside news. Its issue of December 1 was the best we have seen yet, and we were delighted to find so much space given to the U. S. It gave nearly a column to a list from official reports of the number of stamps printed the past fiscal year for the U. S., Cuba and other possessions, a very valuable record for the future philatelic scribe. Wonder if any of our own philatelic weeklies—or monthlies printed this table, or gave so much real information about our own stamps? In trying to write articles on our own stamps, I have been surprised to find how few figures or real news of our own issues I could glean from our own weeklies, and have felt like writing instead about "Wanted! a philatelic newspaper," as our greatest need.

The discussion anent state revenues is becoming pretty warm, at least, in spots.

"Put me off at Buffalo" will be the cry of the attendants of the stamp convention next spring.

Stamps of Portugal and her colonies before long will spring into popularity with the thinking collectors tho' they may not with the philatelic ultra-fashionable.

New stamp papers are springing up in
front of us,
Now they're behind us,
Now to the right of us,
Now to the left of us,
And now they have left us.

It's now said that Cueglia, the Italian counterfeiter, got his list of Americans to whom he sent catalogues, from a list of purchasers of Great Barrier Island stamps furnished him by R. C. Bach. Were you one of those who said they got a catalogue?

An up-to-date Detroit stamp company recently inaugurated a free philatelic reading room. It makes me rather wish I lived there, don't it you?

The Portugese have come to the conclusion that they don't want commemorative stamps, particularly since they don't sell enough of them to make a profit.

Better buy your stamps of Uganda, Sweden, Netherlands and especially Tonga and also some of the other countries from dealers unless you have correspondents in those countries for their postal officials fill no foreign orders.

Greater interest is manifested in the stamps of a country when there is something calling particular attention to that nation. Now I wonder if the great interest manifested at present in Belgian hares will have a tendency to popularize Belgian stamps. I expect though it will just as much as Thanksgiving increases interest in the stamps of Turkey.

Do you like to sort stamps? If so and you can buy a large "batch" of current used stamps that have not been too closely looked over you'll find that besides it being a pleasure, 'twill be well worth your while, if your time is not too extremely valuable to look them over for shades, copped letter varieties, pre-cancelled stamps, oddities in perforation, water marks, paper, etc.

We are indebted to Mr. H. [illegible] Ewen, of "Ewen's Weekly Stamp News," for his kindness in sending us an unused paid of ½ d. Orange Free State V. R. I.'s being both types of V's. The difference is that on one stamp both lines of the letter V are of equal heaviness, while on the other the line on the right side is lighter or narrower than the line on the left.

This month we have added the subscription list of the "International Philatelist," formerly published by Chas. W. Myers, at Wichita, Kan., to our list so that all the subscribers to the International will receive the MONTHLY instead until their subscription expires. This arrangement, we feel sure, will prove satisfactory to all subscribers of the International."

The MONTHLY has been appointed official organ of the Spanish-American Philatelic Society. This society was founded by Chas. W. Myers, of Wichita. Mr. Myers was assisted in the organization of this society by his many friends in Mexico, South and Central America.

The dues of the society are 50 cents per year, entitling members to use of Exchange, Auction, Liabrary and Counterfeit departments. Official Organ and circular cards issued extra by the society quarterly. Cards of membership and a nice stamp free each month.

LA SOCIEDAD FILATELICA HISPANO-AMERICANA.

Fundada el 1 de Enero de 1900 por Chas. W. Myers.

COMISION DIRECTIVA.

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Organo Oficial—"Grant's Philatelic Monthly."
Subscripcion anual a la Sociedad cincuenta centavos o 2 Fr. 50.

Buena Noticia desde el Secretario.

A smis colaboradores ylos nuevos socios de la La Sociedad Filatelica Hispano-Americana: Eso me causa un placer infinito para ver el progreso rapido hecho en nuestra nueva organizacion y tengo que hacer a Vds. una suplica; ayudarnos conseguir socios. Eso me causa el mayor placer para dar este mes los signientes Senores coleccionistas como miembros nuevos:

Luis G. Fernandez, San Rafael 4, Habana, Cuba.

Frank P. Hayworth, Wichita, Kansas, Estados Unidos.

T mas Mediz Bollo, Merida, Yucatan, Mexico.

Teodoro Labrano, Calle Capiata, Argue, Paraguay.

Tomos Torrabadella, Pelayo 11, Barcelona, Espana.

Cesar Bouza, Mercado Tacon 60, Habana, Cuba.

Jose Fernandez Fajardo, Merida, Yucatan

Se lo ruego de los senores socio quienes no se han pagado sus debidos a tener la bondad de remitir los a mi oficina a su conveniencia y a recibir el diploma y nota de nombramiento y el circulario oficial.

Igualamente suplico a los socios a prestar su benevolencia en engrandecer los Departmen tos de Canjes y Ventas y tambien la Biblioteca. Deseamos a publicar en nuestro organo oficial una lista de sellos y materia filatelica en el Departamento de Ventas y el Sr. Director se alegra mucho de haber podido complacer a Vds. He nombrado como Vicepresidentes residentes los signientes Senores: Cuba: Don Agustin Vazquez, San Rafael 4 Habana; Costa Rica: Isaac Lean, Puerto Limon: Yucatan: Tomas Mediz Bolo, Merida; Paraguay: Teodoro Labrana, Arequa, Mexico; Allen McCoy, Calle de la Merced 55½, Guadalajara. Espero otros Vicepresidentes en todos los paises latin-americanos. Si desean Vds mas informes noda podia hacerme mas feliz qu en darlas. El Secretario-Tesurero, Chas. Willard Myers.

Fellow Members of Spanish-American Philatelic Society: It gives me much pleasure to announce that Mr. Grant's Monthly will serve as our official organ. Our society has shown much progress and members are coming in rapidly from all parts of the western continent. I especially beg of you to patronize our departments of Exchange and Auctions, also remember the Library when convenient. Above I give a list of new members and appointed vice-presidents. New members will receive Official Organ, Certificate and Card on sending 50 cents yearly dues. Yours very truly,

CHAS. WILLARD MYERS,
Secretary.

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PRIVATE ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements will be inserted under this heading at the rate of ½ cent per word, irrespective of length. They will be inserted in small type, with no display whatever. Cash *must* accompany copy in all cases.

EXCHANGE desired with foreign collectors. R. W. Darley, Care Oil Well Supply Co., Oil City, Pa., U. S. A.

£5 AND £1 Bank Notes of the Plymouth Dock Bank, issued early in the century, for sale at 75c per pair, post free. Stevens, Bedford Villa, Plymouth, England.

ILLUSTRATED Postcards of Russia, Moscow, Kiew, Petersburg, Odessa, etc., good variety, 3c each, postage extra. 10 postage stamps of Femstwo (Russian Locals), 10c only. Price List free. S. D. Solomkin, publisher of "Mapku" (Stamps), Sennaja No. 1-45, Kiew, Russia.

I DESIRE to exchange stamps with collectors in all parts of the world. I offer Greek stamps, many very rare. J. H. Dunbar: Eastern Telegraph Co., Syra Station, Greece.

FREE: A U. S. stamp listed at 10c to every one applying for my sheets at 75 per cent discount and enclosing reference. J. R. Walters, box 144, Springfield, Mo.

SEND me five different Post Card Views of your country and receive same from mine J. H. Pinkney, 95 Boom St., P. M. B., Natal.

1,000 VARIETIES postage stamps only $2.95 postpaid. Full count guaranteed. No cut postals or other worthless trash. 200 varieties 17c; 300 varieties 35c; 500 varieties 95c; 800 varieties $2. All postpaid. Don. H. Wimmer, Minden, Neb.

SEND for catalogue of my auction sales. H. Wendt, Sterling, Neb.

I HAVE unused Justice 3, 6, 10c. cat. $8.00, to exchange for a set of U. S., 1899, Newspaper. G. R. Barker, 145 N. Emporia avenue, Wichita, Kas.

EXCHANGE—Send me stamp of your country in exchange for South African. Never sends the first. Address J. H. Pinkney, 95 Boom stret, Pietermaritzburg, Natal.

A SPECIAL OFFER

By an arrangement with the publishers of the following papers, I am able to offer all of these at a greatly reduced rate. If bought at regular rate, they would cost you $2.57. I'll send them to you for a DOLLAR BILL:

One year's subscription to Grant's Philatelic Monthly.

One year's subscription to the Philatelic West, 30 word notice free.

One year's subscription to the Adhesive, 30 word notice free.

One year's subscription to the Philatelic Record, pub. by A. R. Magill of Montreal, Can.

One year's subscription to the Young People's Companion, the best young people's paper in the U. S.

One copy of the American Stamp and Coin Collector's Directory, 64 pages, cuts of prominet collectors, 2,200 names, printed in three colors.

Your name in my sample copy directory. Your name will be sent to 100 publishers who send out sample copies.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

The postoffice department of Roumania has decided to change the paper and watermarks of all postage stamps. In the mean time there has been issued a temporary issue of stamps in the same colors as the old issue, but on rose tinted paper and without watermarks. These postage stamps will be in circulation but a short time, and consequently they will be very rare. I will furnish them, as well as the postage stamps to be issued shortly, used, or unused, in blocks, for 10 per cent over face.

To dealers, 7½ per cent over face. Further, I furnish the 1899 issue of Roumania stamps, in sets, consisting of the 5, 10, 15, 25 and 40 bani values at prices as follows:

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1901.

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References: "On Bazaar."
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1869, 25 bani, orange and blue	.40
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1871, 15 bani, vermilion	3.00
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CHAPTER I.

Doctor Francis Brodnar rapidly paced the richly carpeted floor of his spacious parlor office, his brow clouded and his massive jaw clenched. His countenance, usually serene and trust-inspiring, had for the moment lost its kindliness, and was forbidding almost to repulsiveness. A patient viewing him from the operating table would, it is likely, unless possessed of superior nerve, have succumbed to heart failure; at best he would have demanded another appointment; for by some atavic reversion the good doctor had apparently returned to savagery of a virulent type. When he paused abruptly before the clock and suffered his jaws to relax, the spectacular results were even worse. He glared vindictively at the placid timepiece and gnawed fiercely his heavy mustache.

"Four o'clock! four o'clock!" he exclaimed, "and this is her last day!" The sentence ended in something like a groan.

"Well," replied a voice near at hand, "there must be last days for everybody and everything." The voice was full and musical, with a shading of melancholy. The speaker stood in the doorway, hat and cane in hand. "If this were my last day of bachelorhood, I don't think I could have stated it so woefully, nor have I put as much despair into the sentence. How are you, Frank? Why, what is the matter?" he continued, entering the room slowly as the other remained motionless, gazing silently towards him. "Don't know me? Sorry to see me? You are glaring!"

"Dick Somers!" The name burst from the doctor's lips, and he rushed on his visitor, seizing and wringing the proffered hand. Again he stopped, his whole soul in his face and eyes.

"Well," said Somers, cheerfully, "what is on your mind, old man? Five years is a long time and Paris was a gay place; but five years and Richmond are not enough, surely, to effect such a change as this! And I shall have use again for that hand, perhaps, bones and all, so—"

"The last days of your bachelorhood—you said the last days of your bachelorhood, did you not? Then you are still a bachelor, Dick?"

"Well, yes," and Somers smiled wistfully into his friend's face. "The same old Brodnar," he continued, "headlong, enthusiastic, impetuous! What new scheme is afoot now? Do you want to offer me up on the altar of matrimony? If so, I draw the line there. Why, confound it, man, what is the matter with you?" he added; for the other, still retaining his hand, continued to regard him in deep thought.

"Sit down," said the doctor, drawing him towards a chair—"sit down." And Somers perforce accepted the seat. "Dick"—and the professional man stood over him—"I will welcome you formally to-morrow, but to-day you are the most welcome man on earth. I suppose I am headlong, enthusiastic and impulsive, but I am true, am I not?—true to my friends?"

"True? As truth itself, old fellow." And Somers, who had taken a cigar from a box on the table by his side, suspended the lighted match over the weed as he looked up. "Anybody been casting a doubt on that point?"

"And honorable?"

"As honor!"

"You would take my word unsupported for any amount, would you not?"

Somers looked affectionately into the flushed, eager face above him and grew serious. "I would take your word, Frank, against the world, except in one event—"

"And that?"

"Well, if you speak disparagingly of yourself, Frank." Their hands met impulsively.

"Dick, don't laugh at me or think me out of my senses, but tell me seriously—is there any reason why you may not be married to-night?" Somers started to rise, a queer look upon his face.

"Sit down," said the doctor, with both hands on his shoulders. "Answer me frankly."

"Heavens! man, are you in your right senses?—but yes, this is only the same old Brodnar."

"You do not answer, Dick. You are treating me lightly, and I am desperately in earnest."

"Well, then, old fellow, I will answer you seriously. There is no reason on God's earth why I may not marry to-night. No heart will break, no trust be shattered, no one will care. Yes, one—my mother." He lifted his fine face towards his friend. It wore again the characteristic half-wistful, half-mocking smile.

"You would not care, either, Dick? Not if by marrying you obliged a friend who loves you? Not if by marrying you enabled him to defeat a piece of villainy planned against the life and welfare of one of his dear friends? Not if it defeated a cowardly enemy? Oh, don't you see my whole soul is in this matter?" The doctor resumed his agitated pacing.

"Wouldn't it be best for me to kill him—in some genteel way—say—"

"No; killing is still a crime, but matrimony isn't—though often more immoral. And killing would settle with but one, while matrimony wipes out the whole crowd."

"Which, unfortunately, includes me, if I guess well—but there you go again, Frank! Sit down, and I will be serious. Only—you will let me inquire into the details of this marriage which you have evidently planned for me—a man may inquire about his own marriage, may he not?" Somers' voice was now plaintive. The doctor did not answer on the moment, but walked to the window and gazed gloomily into the blue spring skies towards which the budding trees of the old capitol were lifting their arms in welcome.

"Of course, it is absurd, Dick," he said, coming back, "and is obliged to strike you so; but, do you know, I believe that friendship is the one undying bond of our race. All others have their limitations—even love of man and woman burns itself out. I believe that somewhere between men such a friendship as this exists: to love where another loves instantly and forever; to hate where he hates blindly and implacably; to hold his honor higher and sweeter than life, his happiness above one's own; to feel this holy affection so strong that it permeates every quality of mind and body, and makes us in truth that which we believe our friend to be. In such a friendship, Dick, self perishes. We look into the eyes of our friend and say 'Command!' We do not question; we trust implicitly, blindly; and if we err—"

"Life is black forever!" Somers had arisen, and, taking his friend's hand, was regarding with affection his flushed face. "That is Frank Brodnar indeed," he continued. "You mean it, my dear fellow; and I am satisfied that if after five years of separation I should enter this room and say: 'My boy, if you have no previous engagement and the way is clear, you will do me a great kindness by stepping down the street and letting me marry you out of hand to a friend who is being or has been victimized'—wait, I am in earnest—you would take up your hat, smooth your hair, and join me before I reached the street or you had remembered the madam and babies at home. But, my dear fellow, I haven't the ability to throw myself headlong into a plot. It is constitutional that I do not excite easily. I must find my way up to par by stages; while you, you were born above par. You may guess from my metaphor what I have been doing of late, but it doesn't follow that I never reach the point of high tension. Nor does it follow that I am a cold blooded friend. A little sluggish blood sometimes saves a friendship. Sit down and tell me all about it."

"And that is just what I may not do." Somers studied the gloomy face a moment in silence.

"You may at least tell me what you would have me do, Frank."

"I would have you come here to-night, let me blindfold you, take you to a certain room in this city have performed over you a ceremony which will unite you to a perfectly honorable woman, leave you there with her until dawn, when I shall bring you away. I would have you ask me no question

SOMERS WAS LOOKING WITH DEEP INTEREST INTO THE SPEAKER'S FACE.

now or hereafter touching this matter; have you regard this woman tonight as a holy charge and treat her with the reverence and respect you should yield to your dead sister; and never from this moment until the day comes when I may release you—and that may be near or far—would I have you seek to discover her name or place of living. By your marriage contract you obtain no rights whatever over the woman or her property—I assure you she will claim nothing of you—and when the time comes for her to ask an honorable divorce at your hands—a mere matter of a few years, I think—you are to grant it openly and freely. More than this I may not tell you."

Somers had leaned forward upon the table and was looking with deep interest into the speaker's face.

"It sounds like an Elizabethan romance, or a chapter from 'Don Caesar de Bazan.' I am approaching par." And then he added gravely: "You have not forgotten that my mother and yours were somehow cousins, and—"

"I have not. Nor have I forgotten that a friend's name and honor are sacred whether he is or is not of kindred blood. And I have not forgotten that the woman herself—this woman of whom I speak—confers an honor with her blind trust. There has been my chief difficulty, Dick. In these days it is hard to find a man into whose hands you may place a young woman and say to her: 'Trust him implicitly!'" Somers smiled slightly.

"My dear fellow, don't you see that it is you whom the woman will trust in this instance, not me? I am only to vindicate you."

"Then you consent?"

"Why, of course! I have no ties to hinder me; and I shall never marry with any serious intentions. As you know, my life chance passed from me when I laid down my commission in the army to become a wanderer. I am here to-day to sign for a small share in some property of my grandmother's, and to-morrow I shall be off again. I do not think I will be inconvenienced much by the fact that I shall leave a bride in Richmond whom I have never seen nor am apt to see; and since it helps you and your friend, why, I am positively happy over the affair. Fact is, Frank, I am about up to par in this matter now."

"You make me happy, Dick. True as steel always, but always—always—I wish, old fellow, I might find the missing note in your life."

"Satisfy my ambition, Frank, and you have found it. My people were of the army and navy. You remember Somers in Tripoli, and—but this is idle. When that damnable villain Holbin tempted me to embroil myself with the authorities in an act of insubordination the world was rose-ate—"

"Holbin—Raymond Holbin?"

"Why, yes. Had you forgotten the circumstances? I used to rage over it enough in Paris, God knows. Pass the matches, please." Brodnar passed them and moved quickly to the rear of the speaker, lifting his right hand in excitement, his features working convulsively. "It did not help matters that they cashiered him for rascality and pusillanimity, for they had let me resign, and my application for reinstatement lies unacted upon still. Frank, there is the open grave in my life, and the missing note is silent within it." He wheeled his chair about and looked up into his friend's face. "You would help it if you could, I know; and bless you, my boy, for your sympathy. What was it you wanted me to do? Oh, yes, the marriage. Let us get back to that. Am I to make a toilet? But of course—"

"You will do as you are. It will be in the dark. But, Dick, at this moment, for the first time, the full extent of your friendship dawns upon me and I see the generous heart beating away so faithfully in my behalf. Dick, there was a woman in the affair between you and Holbin; you have never told me of her and I don't ask you now, but if there is a sacrifice in this for you it is not too late—"

"Sacrifice? Lead on! I am in the hands of my friends. I am not the first to leap blindfolded into the sea of matrimony, nor shall I be the last. Life is a cycle and fools beget fools. Besides, I have in my religion some of the fatalism of the east: That which comes to us without our seeking and seemeth right to do, is generally the right thing to do. The falling cocoanut that breaks the sleeping robber's head feeds the starving pilgrim."

"Well said. And in this adventure, my friend, I take it that you are the cocoanut. I am old-fashioned enough to believe in God, and with His help you may break a villain's head indeed."

"But I shall be satisfied if my own isn't broken. By the way, my wife should understand that if this ugly rupture between the south and north involves blows, she may hear of her husband bearing arms against her."

"Fiddlesticks! There has been more blood shed in my back office than you will see spilled between the north and south. The people on the streets and up yonder in the capitol are temporarily insane. It will end in wind—my name for oratory." Cheers in the street below, followed by the discharge of a cannon, shook the windows. A boy rushed past, crying an extra.

"What does he say?" asked Somers, as Brodnar, who stood near the window, lifted his face.

"Fort Sumter has surrendered!"

CHAPTER II.

Richard Somers reentered the office of Dr. Brodnar as the clock was striking ten. He was in full evening dress self wore a white rose, a Lamarque, upon his lapel. As he stood drawing on his gloves Brodnar regarded him with silent admiration. The straight military figure of good height looked taller than it had. There was no suggestion of heaviness at any point, but behind the perfect lines lay, as he knew, an amount of strength and nervous force that would with retraining rank their owner among the athletes. But fine as was the framework of the man and his physical development, there was in the face, shadowed at the moment by broad, down-drooping lashes and mustache, patrician elegance, native refinement and innate nobility that commanded undivided attention. The slightly aquiline features were softened by arched and evenly matched brows and an expression indescribable by any other term than that invented by a Paris friend —"the Somers smile." One never appreciated the value of that smile until in some moment of emotion the face which wore it grew white and straight, and the level gaze of the man was encountered. Above a white, inclined forehead hair almost black lay in waves, but so closely as to leave visible the outlines of the splendid head. Such was Richard Somers at 28, a man raved over by women, envied by men, known to but few.

"It is better this way," he was saying of himself; "a man owes something to his family and his bride in the matter of dress, even though he is not to see or be seen. And he owes a great deal to himself. By the way, I assumed that I am not to be seen—however, is that one of the questions I must not ask?"

"Your face is not to be seen, Dick, except in the dark—dimly. But I am glad, nevertheless, that you selected your dress suit; it does seem more in taste. By the way—speaking of Raymond Holbin—Dick, have you forgotten that he dated from this state in the army? —God knows where he was born. I see him occasionally in Richmond, —"—Brodnar paused and looked curiously on his companion—"have you ever been told that there is something not unlike in your personal appearance? Don't be offended, old fellow, but, between you and me, there isn't a more unprincipled rascal unhung." Somer's face flushed once and the smile left it. He replied with some constraint:

"I did not know that he ever favored Richmond with his presence. I did know, however, that he once lived in this state. His was a presidential appointment. His mother years ago wielded considerable influence around Washington, especially among senators. As to the likeness, it has been commented on before, and I once fought a boy at school for discovering the fact. Does he make Richmond his home?"

"Of late, yes. But I see that you are annoyed. My dear fellow, very ugly people may resemble very handsome ones. Shall we start?"

"I am ready."

"This bandage," said Brodnar, "seems to imply a doubt of you, Dick, but believe me it has its proper use. In the future, if accident should confront you with the—woman, neither of you will be embarrassed. She will, it is true, know your name, but unless she should look you up in days to come she will never see your face. Is that comfortable?—yes? Well, a moment and we are gone. Your hand, my friend, now, and your word of honor. You will not look on this woman's face, nor seek in any way to discover from her, from me, or from anyóne aught that I am seeking to conceal; under all circumstances you will yourself conceal from everyone the facts of this night's business; and you accept the woman to whom we go as your wife with all the limitations I have outlined. I know that in your own heart you are resolved, but the honor of a woman is at stake, and you must promise me as man to man."

"As man to man, then, and upon the honor of Richard Somers, I promise. Lead on!" The chance passer-by who saw a blindfolded man led from the elegant apartments of Dr. Francis Brodnar was not surprised. The explanation was easy. But Somers himself was distinctly surprised at the length of the ride and the number of corners turned. It seemed to him that the carriage traversed more than once the same road, for in spite of himself he could not but take notice of such things. Dr. Brodnar descried the drift of his thoughts.

"For a man to note the direction of a journey," he said, "is a natural, an almost automatic, action of the brain-cells—an inheritance from both animal and human ancestry. Therefore, Dick, if I have sought to confuse you by my queer route, it is only through distrust of the original and savage Somers, and to save all parties embarrassment. I trust few people. Here we are at last." Dismounting, he led his companion on a pavement, through a narrow gateway, the gate of which he unlocked, along a gravel walk with shrubbery on both sides for about 60 paces, up two stone steps to a door that had neither bell nor knocker, and into a woman's room.

How weak is human invention. Richard Somers gathered these facts without mental effort from small signs. The footfall upon the pavement, the search for the key, the clicking lock, the crowding, the gravel under foot, the touch of shrubbery, two steps at the door, and the indefinable air of every lady's room—the faint, blended odor of powders, toilet waters and pressed flowers. That it was the room of a refined woman he was sure in advance. Had he not been, there was the deep carpet into which his feet sank noiselessly.

And it was plain that he had come into a garden from a side street, since no residence would have opened from a woman's room into a walk that led directly to a main street.

Here, then, was a woman who lived upon a first floor with a private garden at her disposal. He had heard the gentle plashing of water outside; there was a fountain in this garden. On the morrow he had but to walk the city until he found the premises, if he would. So much for the secrecy of his friend Brodnar!

By this time Richard Somers was a deeply interested man. Despite his resolution to carry off the affair lightly, he began to feel the presence of something like a tragedy. Where was the woman who was to make use of him blindly and go through the form of a marriage? Dimly at first, perhaps as a matter of logic, he was conscious that she was in the room and near him. Then without more reason he became certain of it. The room was not dark, for he felt light upon his bandaged eyes. Instinctively he stretched out his hand.

Then there was laid within it another as soft as silken velvet and small and tremulous. The touch thrilled him from head to foot; it was the hand of a young woman—the timidity belonged to girlhood—and instantly a deep sympathy moved him. It was indeed an urgent cause that forced her into this situation—forced her, because now she was softly crying, and her emotion shook the little hand. Instantly his own hand closed above hers.

"Be not afraid, my child," he said; "all will be well." His voice, low and sympathetic, was the first to break the silence of that room. The girl ceased crying and her hand lay quiet within his own. Then the doctor spoke in a whisper:

"We are ready," he said to a third person; "make the ceremony as brief as possible." The other began:

"Richard Somers, do you take this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's holy ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

There was silence, and then Richard Somers said gravely: "I take this woman to be my lawful wedded wife; and I shall comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health, to the best of my ability, as long as I shall continue to be her wedded husband. Is that sufficient, sir, to answer all legal requirements?"

"That is sufficient," said the unknown speaker. "Frances, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband—"

"To honor him at all times and in all hours while life shall last?" said Somers, interrupting. "I ask no more, no less."

Then upon his hearing fell a clear, musical voice, flawless as the note of a dove, plaintive as the wind-harp of the pines:

"Yes," it said, "to honor him at all times and in all hours while life shall last, whether in the days to come we meet again or we meet no more." He lifted his head quickly, his hand closed impulsively over hers, and a cry trembled upon his lips.

"That voice!" he said, deeply affected. "I have heard—but no!"—his chin sank upon his breast; "it cannot be."

SHE BENT FORWARD SUDDENLY, AND, HIDING HER FACE IN HER HANDS, RESTED THEM ON HIS KNEES.

He caught the words of the unknown speaker beginning the invocation.

"No! no!" he cried, almost fiercely, "it is a sacrilege!"

"Then," said the speaker, "it is sufficient to say that under authority vested in me by the state of Virginia I pronounce you man and wife." Somers stood silent and depressed. There was a whispered consultation; the inner door opened softly and some one passed out.

The scene and circumstances had powerfully affected the doctor.

"There were difficulties I had not foreseen," he said, gravely, "but you have safely passed them, my friends. And now I must leave you. Dick, I have placed in your hands the honor of a woman—and my own. I will return for you before it is light. Remember! The gas is now extinguished and you may remove the bandage." He drew the girl towards him tenderly. "You may trust him implicitly. For the rest, all is now safe. Good night, and God bless you both." He laid his hand reverently upon the girl's head, clasped his friend's hand and would have passed out, but the hand he clasped restrained him, and Somers spoke feelingly as he drew him aside:

"Is this necessary—this remaining? Think how—"

"Absolutely! I read a decision last week, and I must have a marriage that will stand the test of the highest court."

"You read a decision? Are you not acting under the advice of your lawyers?"

"Lawyers be hanged! I know Virginia law. A simple acknowledgment before a witness, with this addition, fixes everything. Don't sulk now, Dick; it won't be long."

"I was not thinking of myself," said Somers. "Good night." He stood a moment in thought, then turned to his companion. In the darkened but not dark room he saw a slender, girlish figure near him, the face bent forward and hidden in her hands. "Come," he said, cheerfully, "let us sit down and talk it all over. It is true we are married, but that is no reason why we shouldn't be friends, I suppose. If you will find me a chair, I am sure you will confer a great favor. By the way, what shall I call you? 'Madam' or 'Mrs. Somers' sounds too awfully formal. Shall I say—"

"Call me Frances," she said, simply. She understood without analyzing that he was trying to make it easier for her, and was grateful.

"Frances! What a beautiful name! I like it already because it is the feminine of Francis. Yes, the arm-chair will do, and I shall sit here by the table. And you? Oh, I seem to see you snug in the rocker in front. This, I suppose, is the proper arrangement for a family party when the meter isn't working; but I know very little about it. I never was married before, and I suppose you are equally in the dark." It made him happy to hear her friendly little laugh, even though it was instantly checked.

"By the way," he continued, "do you know anything of me? I am to ask no questions concerning you, but I suppose we may talk about me, may we not?"

"I know that you are a friend of Dr. Brodnar, and what he has told me. You are a stranger in Richmond and a gentleman. But I would have known that you are a gentleman anyway."

"Thank you, Miss Frances; that was nicely said."

"Frances!"

"Miss Frances!" he insisted.

"I am sorry," said the girl, after a moment's silence, "but if you wish, let it remain that way."

"But I am curious to know how it was that you so quickly decided in my favor the question of gentility."

"My mother told me, when I was little, that any man in whose presence a girl or child feels at ease is a gentleman at heart, and somehow I trusted in you from the moment you spoke. But Dr. Brodnar told me—"

"Well?"

"Told me such beautiful things—stories of your life; I seemed to feel, sir, that I had known you always."

"And what has Brodnar been saying of me?—I can blush unseen."

"He told me you were brave—"

"Most men are. And at times all animals."

"That you loved flowers, birds, horses, children and old people—"

"Objects that can't get away from me. Go on."

"That you are generous to a fault—"

"Especially my own—or his."

"And that no woman on God's green earth, those were his words, ever appealed to you for help in vain. He told me once he saw you get out of your carriage in Paris in your evening suit, pick up a drunken old woman who had fallen, and carry her to a house of refuge—and, oh, sir, you did it because you said the noblest, the most sacred image on earth to a man should be a woman's form, the form like unto that of his mother—too sacred for the laughter and jeers of a city's idlers—"

"I indorse the sentiment, whosesoever it is. But what a sad gossip Brodnar is!"

"But you did do this, didn't you?"

"Would it please you to think that I did?"

"Would it! Why, sir, it was that that made me trust you!"

"Trust me? You were crying!"

"Because—because—this is a most strange position for you to find me in, Mr. Somers. I thought that I wouldn't care; and I did not, until you came. But I did then. And that is why I cried. Somehow, I felt that in spite of all at stake, it ought not to have happened this way."

"I understand. But in my estimation, my child, you have sacrificed nothing."

"You did not think so—but—but—" He took up the thought.

"But you are grieved because you are saying: 'Now here is a gentleman who, I have suddenly discovered, I wish to respect me for myself, and as a refined, modest girl; and what must he think of one who is willing to be locked up here in a room with him all night!'"—the girl caught her breath and half rose from her chair—"'and for what? I cannot even tell him. I am bound not to tell him. I must sit by and see him sacrifice himself to friendship!'"

"Oh, sir, do you think—" She bent forward suddenly and, hiding her face in her hands, rested them upon his knees. He placed his own hand lightly upon her head and wondered if it were treason to have discovered that her hair was a mass of curls and clustering ringlets.

"That is only what you were saying to yourself, not what I am thinking. When I called you 'child' I absolved you from all the crimes of womanhood. There are many actions that flow naturally from childish hearts which carry not the slightest flavor of immodesty;

and yet a woman may not copy them. So in this, my young friend."

"Ah, you do not say 'my child' now!"

"No, you have passed into womanhood with the consciousness of this error. I say error, because it is a situation that you should not have been placed in—no, not to save human life—not even to save your own; for the unscarred whiteness of a woman's soul is the priceless pearl of eternity, and not to be staked on earth. But the thought behind it all was not your own. You yielded under the pressure of fear and advice. Your objections were overcome, and you obeyed an elder person in whom you had implicit confidence. That is all, and I understand."

"Then they did not tell you — o me!" she whispered, breathlessly.

"No; you have told me all that I know of you, here in the dark. You are tender, modest, true and pure; and were you my wife in truth, I would not be ashamed to tell this story to the world myself and own you as such after." The words fell from his lips so tenderly, so kindly, she took his hand in both of hers, and laid her face upon it, crying silently.

"The blame of it all is on our friend, the doctor," he continued, deeply touched, and his voice a little unsteady. "What a tumultuous, headlong, hurricane sort of fellow he is! There is no blame for you; for look, if I am here, how could you have resisted him? And it is only his judgment that was at fault, after all—only his judgment. Why, a truer heart never beat than Brodnar's."

"Would it offend you if I ask a question?" She had waited for composure, and now did not lift her head.

"Why, no, of course."

"You are right sure?"

"Right sure."

"Then, how could any gentleman consent to be placed in such a position as yours? You must have known how embarrassing it was to be for me." His first inclination was to whistle out his astonishment, but he restrained himself.

"You forget, my child—I see you have backslided into childhood—you forget that in the first place I was appealed to in behalf of a woman and no gentleman may resist that. And then I had no reason to suspect that I was to marry a girl. It might have been an experienced widow. Indeed—"

"But you are glad it wasn't, are you not?" she asked, anxiously.

"Yes, my child."

"Does my question then indicate that I am a child?"

"Yes, my child."

"I don't see why."

"Because you are still—a child." She was not satisfied.

"Mr. Somers, I want you to think well of me always, and the thought that I may meet you sometime doesn't embarrass me now. It would not embarrass me if I did meet you—even if I should meet you to-morrow. But I wish you to know all about me, and I am going to tell you everything from the beginning."

"No, indeed, you shall not," he said, quickly. She lifted her head, startled.

"Why not—if I choose? I am not afraid to trust you."

"No! no! Miss Frances."

"Ah, I am a woman again!"

"Yes, a woman of a charm so sweet and a heart so true that Richard Somers must arm himself. Not your honor, but mine, the honor of your husband, is at stake, and you promised to regard that always."

"And I shall, sir; only tell me how."

"Why, I have promised my friend not to seek to find out, or permit anyone to tell me anything about you. I may not let even you inform me. You must not."

She was silent, disturbed, and wondering at his intense earnestness.

Then she said, in awe at the mystery of it all: "When we part to-night we are to meet as friends no more? You may never take my hand in yours and speak kindly to me again? Oh, sir, you do not know, you do not know what your tenderness has done for the girl—no, the woman you call a child. You do not know what it is to have missed a father's care, a mother's—"

"Hush!" he cried, "not one word more. You are making it hard—hard for me to keep faith with my friend. You are betraying his secret." She threw off his hand and arose suddenly, with an abandon of passion that overwhelmed him.

"What a mockery! what a mockery! I am ashamed—ashamed! It is I who am betrayed!" He had arisen also, full of emotion and almost unmanned.

"Never—at my hands. I chose the words deliberately. I will honor and protect you—to the best of my ability; but my ability ends where my promise began. All is based upon my contract with Francis Brodnar, my friend."

"Friend—friend!" she said, bitterly; "in God's name, sir, what am I to you?" He was too deeply affected to answer at once. When he did his voice was unsteady.

"This: In the hour I have been here you have found an untrodden way to the heart of Richard Somers. I know now that no woman was ever there before you; none will ever follow you. I may not be here to give you my hand—I do not know the circumstances that surround you, or even if in winning your sympathy I am playing false—but wherever you are, remember that my soul follows, and I would keep guard over you if I might." He spoke with an earnestness and passion that disturbed and alarmed himself. Something like a groan burst from his lips when he realized how far he had committed himself, and he sank back in his chair. There presently she found him, and resting her hand timidly upon his arm, she said, gently:

"What would you have me answer you?" She was calm and confident now. At first she had shrunk a little from him. Her simple, confiding action restored to him his calmness.

"I would have you say at what hour it is you are accustomed to close the eyes which look down upon without seeing mine."

"At nine. But what is this upon your lapel—a flower?"

"A white rose for our wedding."

With pretty show of authority she drew it from its resting place and fixed it in her hair.

"Do not flowers belong to the bride?"

"Wear it in memory of me," he said, gently. "But now I am going to insist that you take steps to preserve those other roses which I am sure have bloomed for you. Have you a dressing-room?"

"Yes, but I am not sleepy and I shall not desert you. Wait. Speaking of the rose, I shall sing you a song I love very much—that is, if I can find my guitar. Ah, here it is! Now I'll sit here—and you right there—but I wonder if I can ever play in the dark? May I not have just a little light? I won't mind—"

"How easily you forget! It is impossible. Sing as you are; I shall not hear any discord." He was astonished at her swift change of mood and a new, glad note in her voice. She sang low and sweetly, with perfect control of her tones, the "Last Rose of Summer." And then he understood better. For in her voice he read that the soul and spirit of an impassioned woman dwelt in the slender frame veiled by the shadows of the room. He was silent. Every heartache that had been crushed out of his manhood seemed to have revived under the magic of a subtle tone, an indescribable, indefinable echo. It was a resurrection of something that had died hard within him.

"You do not like my singing," she said, disappointed, when, waiting for his praise, she found him silent and thoughtful.

"Your singing? Yes. But a memory! Go to sleep now. Make yourself comfortable and leave me to keep watch. Yet stay; will you not sing over those lines again? To me they are inexpressibly beautiful."

Standing in the doorway of her dressing-room, she sang the verse through again softly without accompaniment, waited until she was assured that he would not speak, and then passed thoughtfully within. When she came forth, arrayed in her wrapper, she paused beside him, puzzled over his change of mood.

"I am afraid you are going to be lonely," she said.

"Sleep, my child, sleep; I shall not be lonely—knowing you are there."

"Perhaps I am keeping you awake?"

"Yes. That is it; you are keeping me awake!"

"Well, I am holding out my hands and saying 'good night,'" she said. He found and pressed his lips upon them. He held them so tightly and trembled so violently she bent down over him confused. One of her curls, loosened, dropped upon his neck, and another across his cheek. The mingled odor of her hair and the rose filled him with a strange intoxication.

"I am sorry if I have distressed you in any way," she said; "you have been kind, oh, so kind to me. Good night." He still held her hands, his face bowed upon them, his form shaking with a strange emotion. "Good night," she said again. "If I do fall asleep and you are lonely—oh, sir, you hurt my hands."

"Good night," he whispered, hoarsely, recovering himself and releasing them. She crossed the room, and he saw her, dimly, standing by the bed, as though in doubt. And then she sank softly to her knees and laid her head upon her arms, child-wise, in prayer. He arose and stood until he saw her head lifted.

"Wait," he said, earnestly; "will you not pray also for me?"

"I have prayed for you already," she answered.

"Will you tell me the prayer?"

"Some time, perhaps, when it has been answered."

He thought then that she had fallen asleep, but after awhile she spoke again.

"Will you let me ask you a question—of yourself again?"

"Yes, if you wish."

"Dr. Brodnar said that you had never had but one ambition in life, and that you had been disappointed. What did he mean?"

"I once had ambition to be a great soldier. That is all."

"Were you ever a soldier?"

"Yes, an officer in the regular army."

"And now?"

"I am a wanderer. A gentleman only."

"Why did you leave the army?"

"I struck my superior officer. They heard my defense and—let me resign."

"And the other—what became of him?"

"He cheated at cards, was publicly insulted—and cashiered."

"Why did you strike him?"

"Is this asking 'a' question?"

"Oh, forgive me! Good night."

"It is very short," he said, repentantly. "There was a woman in the case; the card incident was but a pretext." A low cry escaped the girl. Then she said, half rising:

"You loved her?"

"Yes." He heard her sink slowly back upon her pillow. "I thought so, at least—until now. I was mistaken in her; my pride was wounded." He arose and paced the room.

"Tell me of her, please?"

"She lived not far from Washington with a relative, her parents both dead. She had some means of her own and frequently came into the city, where she had friends. We met, and I believed in her; but this officer came between us. She thought him rich, and I was deserted for him. She belonged to that class of women who esteem wealth the foremost object of life, women who go deliberately to men they do not, cannot love, or even respect, and say in effect: **'Here, we have beauty, youth, freshness, for sale. Take us, dress us, give us jewels and fine clothes to wear, carriages to ride in; give us a chance to command the homage of men, and all that we have is yours.' Watch for them upon your streets; all men know them at sight. God, but they pay at last! Look in when the excitement has passed and see upon their faces the frozen despair; see in the heaviness of their step the weight of a dead youth, and in their eyes eternal hopelessness. Child, child, be not deceived; love is the only gold that pays a woman. Shun them, these wretched advertisements of dishonor. Let no man come into the holiness of your life until love has sanctified the sacrifice."** He ceased abruptly, and the next instant was kneeling by her side. "Forgive me!" he cried. "Have I not told you I hold you blameless?" Suddenly he felt her arms about his neck, drawing his face to hers. Her hair enveloped and almost smothered him in a sudden storm. Holding him thus, she broke into such an agony of grief and tears as to render him speechless and helpless. She held him in such frantic embrace that each effort he made to free himself was defeated. When her strength was exhausted she sank back among the pillows, breathless. He bent above her unnerved.

"How lonely, how barren must have been your life, that a little kindness—another's sorrows—should touch you so deeply!"

"Lonely! Speak of the persecution, the brutality, the infamy—!"

"Hush," he whispered. "No more—to me. Come, you must sleep." Rising abruptly, he left her side. When it was that she fell asleep he could not discover, but presently he seemed to hear her deep, regular breathing, and was thankful.

And so the moments passed. The girl started up once or twice and spoke his name; but always at sound of his calm, reassuring voice sank back again upon her pillow. From time to time he went and stood above her—a spell upon him new and strange, a spell that filled him with uneasiness and vague alarm. He was no longer lonely. In some mysterious way a burden seemed to be slipping away from him, and in its place came a sense of companionship sweet and comforting. Most men discount married life in their dreams, and few ever realize the fullness of those dreams; but with him it had been different. This strange experience preceded the dreams. Without a day's warning he had been plunged into the privacy of a young and modest woman's life, had become the guardian of her honor and in a measure of her future, and in a mysterious way the divine sweetness of her soul had issued forth and enveloped him. In the chiaroscuro of the still room he could just determine the outlines of her bed and upon its whiteness the outlines of her slender figure. He was glad that she slept; in that quiet falling asleep was for him the finest tribute ever paid to his manhood. A glad, quick pulse leaped from his heart as he realized the truth, and the words of the girl's mother, so artlessly repeated, came back to him.

Then in the desert of his life a stranger came before his tent and asked for shelter. He bade him enter. Why should not this scene be fixed and real and lasting? Would it be possible? Would the girl some day accept it as such, yielding still the trust and tenderness she had brought to the counterfeit? Was she trusting Brodnar? Or was she trusting him? The trust was in him. He felt it instinctively; and her little white hand seemed to steal forth to his again, her arms to enfold him. What a child she was! And yet—and yet—An irresistible impulse seized him to be near her, to touch her hand, her hair, and to pass within the electric radius of her presence again, if but for a moment. He was her guardian whether she slept or awoke.

A strange curiosity to be near the sleeping girl, to enter further into her life and absorb the sweetness of its innocence, possessed him. She would not know, she would never know, perhaps; and why should he not snatch from fate this one brief moment of happiness? A doubt assailed him and brought hesitation, but with an impatient gesture he threw aside the hesitation. He would not let even himself doubt himself.

And so he came and stood above the sleeper, and presently, entranced, he kneeled and saw her lying there, vague, dim and unrecognizable, but a girl asleep. Her face was toward him upon the pillow and one hand lay upon the edge of her bed. So quietly did she sleep she seemed not to breathe. He watched her until a tremor shook him from head to foot

and a never before experienced confusion seized upon his mind. Instinctively he leaned above her hand and touched it with his lips—lightly, reverently. She sighed and spoke his name, and, overwhelmed with sudden dismay, he would have withdrawn, but she seized his arms and cried out:

"Light! light!" And then, brokenly: "Oh, sir, for the first time—I am—I am—frightened!" He sank his face beside her, overwhelmed with shame.

"It is half-past three," he said, brokenly; "I must soon say farewell to you—"

"Oh, sir, will you not light the gas?" Seeing that she still trembled, he arose and went to his chair.

"No," he said, calmly. "But sleep on. I shall not disturb you again." And then presently she came, and, kneeling in sudden abandon before him, placed her hands upon his shoulders, her face close into his.

"I shall not let you leave me thinking that I do not trust you," she said. "Oh, sir, kiss me now, my hands, my hair, my lips if you will. I trust implicitly! I trust you—yes, and more, I—"

"Child, child, you do not know what you are saying!" He covered his face with his hand.

"Child! No, woman! You do not understand; it is you who are the child. Listen. I was not asleep when you struck a match and, turning your face from me, looked at your watch. I was awake, and I saw your face in the glass across the room."

"You should not—"

"It was an accident, and I thanked God, for it has given me a living memory of the kindest friend since mother died. It is not the first time, for your picture is in the doctor's office. He did not know that I have hung over it—fixing it in my mind—many—many times—oh, will you, will you say that you wish to see me? Have you no wish to remember me?"

"Remember you? I shall carry with me forever the sound of your voice, the touch of your hand, the perfume of every curl upon your head—"

"But my face! Will you look upon that? I release you from all your promises."

"I cannot! I cannot!"

"Oh, sir, think what it will mean to me in all the lonely days to come, the memory of you and the consciousness that you carry in your heart sometime the face of the girl who—!"

"It must not be. Remember your husband's honor! You promised to honor him. Is this the way?"

"My husband! my husband!" she cried, half rising, "you have said it!"

"Frances! Frances!"

"Ah, Frances! Say it all, Frances, my wife."

"Frances, my wife!" A passionate cry burst from the girl's lips.

"Yes, Frances, your wife. The woman who loves you, who has loved you from the day she saw your picture and heard your story! Oh, he never ~~knew~~—he never dreamed it. Nothing can silence those words: 'Frances, my wife.' I will look upon your face, and you shall, you shall see mine! The matches—ah, they are here!"

"Hold!" he cried, huskily. "I should be unworthy of your love and trust if I could break my sacred promise. Look upon me if you will, but the eyes that would weep tears of joy to see you will be closed while the match is burning. Look, if to carry in memory the living record of one face will help you, take mine, and with it, right or wrong, the love of Richard Somers." She struck the match and held it above his lifted face, advancing her own and gazing eagerly upon him.

"Ah, again! again! My husband, my husband," she remurmured. "It is the face of an angel!" The match grew short and the fatal red spark was showing in the flame when there came a flash of light in the window across the room, the quick, sharp report of a pistol rang out, and Richard Somers, reeling, plunged through her arms face down upon the floor.

The awful silence that followed the tragedy was broken at length by the faint whisper of the dazed and half-unconscious girl.

"Speak," she said, kneeling over the prostrate form; "why—what is the matter?—what has happened?" Her hands found his head and passed rapidly over it. "You do not answer me!" She drew slowly back from him, chilled with a great and unspeakable horror. Her hands were wet and slippery. Instinctively she knew it was blood. She could not rise nor cry out; her heart seemed paralyzed, her throat in the clutch of an invisible hand. The door opened silently, and the doctor's low voice was heard:

"Somers, Somers, the day is almost breaking." There was no response. He spoke again. Then the two figures became dimly visible. "What has happened?" he whispered, bending above them. He, too, felt the tell-tale blood

RICHARD SOMERS, REELING, PLUNGED THROUGH HER ARMS.

upon his fingers as he touched the prostrate man, and, rising hastily, struck a match. Somers lay senseless before him, the young woman kneeling by his side staring speechlessly upon her bloody hands. His quick glance swept the room and rested upon her. The match fell to the floor and went out, leaving the scene to blacker darkness.

"Remorse!" he said, in a whisper, and was still. Rallying his faculties at length, Dr. Brodnar hurriedly lit the gas, and with his stern features contracted examined the fallen man and saw a wound back of the right temple from which the dark blood was still oozing.

"He has shot himself," he said. A moment he stood, with covered face, wavering in his tracks. Suddenly the enormity of the interests at stake flashed upon him and stupor gave way to intelligent action. Seizing a towel, he wiped the girl's hands and forced her into a chair.

"Stay there," he said, "and on your life do not cry out or leave the room before I return. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she said, simply, and fixed her gaze upon the window. He bound the towel tightly about the head of the wounded man, lifted him in his arms as if he were a child, and passed out into the night. A few moments later the rush of wheels was heard upon the street.

"Some patient of the doctor's is worse," said a policeman upon a corner two squares away as the flying vehicle passed him.

Dr. Brodnar was rescued from a bad complication by his especial treasure, Joe, the driver.

"Go and bring your mother," he said, quickly, as he lifted the unconscious Somers from the carriage in front of his office. "Don't lose one second! Keep your mouth shut." Joe was out of hearing before the doctor reached his operating-room. The doctor's assistant, half dressed, appeared quickly. Somers was stretched upon a table, and his wound critically examined. The bullet had entered over and behind the right ear, and the side of his head was clotted with blood. A second wound an inch farther back became visible as the blood was washed away, but a probe carefully inserted in the forward wound came out of the other, touching the skull in passing. There was no particle of brain-matter in the blood.

"Syncope from concussion," said Brodnar. "Watch him carefully until I return and do not permit him to speak." The sound of wheels approaching caused him to descend the steps three at a time. He pressed back the aged negro woman who was dismounting.

"To the same place, Joe! Hurry!" he said, and the door closed.

The woman so hastily secured was none other than the "mammy" who had looked after the welfare of Frances since infancy. She had been encouraged to absent herself for the night. Trained under the old regime, with a sense of proprietorship in her old mistress and daughter, with a deep and impregnable pride in the family, she needed no cautioning. Nevertheless Dr. Brodnar said as they entered silently the deserted yard:

"There has been an accident, mammy. Ask no questions and answer none. Permit nobody to see your young mistress. Do you understand?"

"De chile ain't hu't, young marster?"

"No. A friend was. Her mind has been affected deeply by her father's condition and this shock has upset her. You must know nothing more of it."

Frances sat as he had left her, in the armchair. She offered no resistance when they laid her upon the bed and administered an opiate. The stains of blood were carefully removed from her hands, and her wrapper changed, and Dr. Brodnar prepared to depart, for the day was now breaking. He remembered the pistol, and was searching the floor for it, when the reaction set in and Frances began to cry bitterly. Obeying his silent motion, mammy passed into the dressing-room and he took the girl's hand.

"The whole blame rests upon me," he said, gently. "Keep quiet; I will see you through." And then a cry burst from him: "What a fool! what a fool! And to think that Dick Somers—!" At sound of this name the girl's grief became almost uncontrollable.

"He loved me," she said, brokenly. "And it has cost him his life!"

"Loved you! Never! If he had aimed better, I could forgive him." She was silent.

"If he had aimed better!"—then she sat up with almost frantic energy.

"Yes. The wound is not fatal. Frances, Frances—back, my child—"

"Take me to him—I must, I must go to him—"

"You are simply mad!"

"He is my husband—I love him! I love him!"

Brodnar groaned and turned away his head. Suddenly the girl shivered and drew back, her gaze set fearfully on something behind him.

"Close the window," she whispered in a changed voice, "they may return."

"Why—what—what do you mean?" He was upon his feet, a strange light in his face.

"It came from that window," she whispered fearfully; "some one fired through the slats."

"God in Heaven!" he cried, "I thank you! Dick! Dick! forgive me!" He plunged out into the gray dawn and left the girl amazed and terrified.

CHAPTER III.

Richmond at the time these events were occurring was in a tumult of excitement. The quarrel between the north and south in congress had long since reached the acute stage, and preparations were forming for that titanic struggle which was to shake America for four long years. South Carolina had led off, followed by Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas. The capital of the confederacy was in the far south, and while no one expected that Richmond was to become the center of political intrigue, it had been easily foreseen that Virginia, being a slave state, would join her southern sisters, and that if war followed she would furnish the battle ground by reason of her geographical position. Few people believed in a serious conflict to come, but there were some who foretold a bloody struggle, and these were among the powerful, who gave time and direction to public sentiment.

There was much discussion in state military circles, and a confident prediction that when the crisis came the south must recall her sons from the service of the union, and enlist them under the banners of the state's rights party, leaving many vacancies difficult to fill.

Upon his couch in the rooms of Richmond's popular physician Richard Somers lay, convalescent. His wound proved easy of management and healed rapidly. But in the empty hours given to him for recovery he reviewed his late experience, and with small comfort for himself. Carried away by sentiment, he had permitted himself to involve seriously a young girl intrusted to his care. He had acted like a sentimental boy, he told himself, rather than as a man coolly transacting a piece of business to which a friend had commissioned him. Evidently the whole matter hinged upon the succession of property, and he was simply an instrument. But he had suffered himself to be swept along by sentiment, and had declared his love for a girl altogether unknown to him—indeed, unseen. In conclusion, somebody had put a bullet through his head, the only mistake being in the matter of aim. He had received no explanation from Brodnar other than that an error had cost him the wound. There was a multitude of apologies, the tenderest of care—and silence. But one day he arose and dressed himself, and, barring a slight dizziness of head, found the world about as he had left it. And then Brodnar told him of such facts as he himself had knowledge.

"You were shot from a window by some one who saw you strike a match, my dear fellow, and who didn't care whether your eyes were closed or not," he said.

"But who was the assailant—and what was the object?"

"Under the window I found tracks, the track of a woman's number two shoes, clear cut and sufficiently deep to suggest that the wearer was in all probability a settled woman. And yet a heavy woman's foot would not have been so trim. There you have it all."

"Why should she have been there, and why should she have shot me?"

"My dear fellow, ask me who wrote Shakespeare and the letters of Junius. Frankly, I know nothing on earth about this shooting beyond the simple fact. Perhaps the shot was not aimed at you." Somers reflected for a moment.

"Possibly you are correct in the suggestion. But if you, with all the information you have and knowledge of these people, are at sea, I have no chance to unravel the mystery. Evidently my best plan is my first plan—to leave at once. Some one lives who saw me in that room. The sooner I go now the better for the good of all. Only I would have you tell me again—if I may venture that far—if my young friend is well, and understands that my recovery is accomplished."

"She is well," said Brodnar, with some constraint, "and understands."

"Look here, Francis, the truth is," said Somers, rising, "I am not fond of mystery. I proposed to keep my promise and shall, but, man, I came near being involved in a lifelong affection that night, and I ask you now if I am to leave here with no further information—"

"Yes," said Brodnar, "otherwise you would defeat the object of the whole plan. Nothing could be more unfortunate for the girl than that you should see her again or knowledge of that marriage get abroad."

"So be it," said Somers, sadly. "I keep my promise. To-night we say good-by." Brodnar sat, moodily silent, drumming upon his desk, his eyes upon the floor. Suddenly he stood erect.

"Somers, I owe you something, owe you more than I may ev be able to repay; I shall tell you much, and let you decide for the an—"

"A telegram, doctor. Mr. R. Somers—your care." A had entered hurriedly and stood ing. Somers took the message fr the doctor's hand, and, the messe er vanishing, he read aloud:

"Report in person ir diately to this office.

"STANTON,
cretary of War."

Brodnar looke dily into the glad, bright face of h end, who was upon his feet in an nt and full of excitement.

"Will you re there?"

"Will I? It is the dream of my life, Brodnar!—but—but—you were saying—"

"Nothing."

"I don't understand you, Frank."

"No member of the family, Dick, you have entered, ever drew sword against Virginia. You must choose between the woman and—"

"My country? Is that it? How would you choose, Frank?" Brodnar was silent, looking away. "Take this message to her for me, my friend; it is the last request, perhaps, I shall ever make to you—"

"Dick—"

"Say to her that Richard Somers passes out of her life to serve his country. His duty done, please God, and she needs his arm, he will follow her to the end of the earth. Say that for me; and then, farewell."

CHAPTER IV.

The morning sun striking through the eastern window of a hotel room shone full upon the face of a woman who lay sleeping there. She was dressed as for the street, but her hair was loose and fell about her shoulders in gleaming, golden masses. Even in the trying light upon it her face was beautiful. Perfectly oval, it possessed a combination of dark shadings rarely found in blonde types, and the even brows were as delicate as though penciled by an artist. Upon her cheeks lay long, dark lashes. Sleeping, she seemed scarcely more than a girl in age, the few lines upon her face fading out of prominence; and yet there was a womanliness in her trim, settled figure that told of years not otherwise to be suspected.

The bell of a tower clock near at hand rang out loudly the hour. The sleeper stirred uneasily, opened her eyes, and instantly, as full consciousness returned, bounded from the bed to the floor. In the quick look she gave to her surroundings terror was apparent. A moment later she had pulled the bell-cord and was waiting, her watch in hand, by the door. A negro servant knocked and was admitted. She did not notice his old-fashioned and courteous salute.

"Why was I not called for the six o'clock train?" she began in great agitation.

"We call t'ree times, ma'am—t'ree times; an' you say 'all right' ev'y time, ma'am."

"I answered?"

"Yes, ma'am. An' we t'ink, ma'am, mebby you done change yo' min'." Something like despair came to her face.

"The time now?"

"Nine o'clock, ma'am. Clock des struck, ma'am. Gem'man downstairs sen' dis cyard, ma'am, an' say—" The gentleman in question passed the speaker, stepping across the threshold.

"You may go," he said, curtly, and waited until the old servant had retired and closed the door. Then he turned coolly towards the woman. "And now, madam, what does this mean?"

"Raymond!"

"Why have you left London?" The woman did not answer. She had cried the name hysterically and started forward; then, suddenly, drawing her hair from her face, she shrank away from him, her gray eyes distended in terror or the expectation of violence. In the presence of this pantomime, the man's face lost its cynicism and sternness. He was unmistakably astonished. "Well," he said, at length, "what is it?"

"You here!" the exclamation was but a whisper. "I thought—"

"Why should I not be here? Didn't you write, requesting me to come? I was not in the city yesterday, nor last night, and have but just received your foolish letter. Are you mad, indeed—that you come to this city—that you follow me up in public!—Name of Heaven, woman, what is the matter with you?"

"Not in the city last night! Not in the city! Then—then—" She caught a chair. "Oh, I am ill—ill!" She seemed about to fall, but her companion made no movement to assist her. "There is some—mistake!" she whispered. "Some awful—mistake!"

"What are you talking about?" He stood looking curiously upon her. She turned suddenly, ran to him, and, falling upon her knees, clasped her arms about him, giving way at the same time to a paroxysm of hysteria that swayed them both with its violence. He stooped impatiently, broke her clasp with a violent effort, and half pushed, half lifted her into the chair. Burying her face in her hands, she gave way to violent weeping while he stood by.

The man was of medium height and fine figure, his faultless dress and his every motion revealing the fashionable world. His face might have been handsome at one time, but something had fled from it, and something had come to it since then. That which had come men usually call the marks of dissipation; that which had fled they had no name for.

He might have been genuinely indignant or playing a part, but he gazed sternly a few moments only upon the agitated woman, his black eyes gleaming wickedly; then, with a sneer and slight gesture of dismissal, turned away. Taking from his pocket a case, he proceeded calmly to select and light a cigarette, and walking unconcernedly to the fireplace, tossed his match into it. Standing with his back towards her, he busied himself with a hunting scene above the mantel. And thus, presently, the woman, ceasing to cry, found him. She clasped her hands upon her chair-arm convulsively and lifted her head.

With a few rapid motions she twisted the fallen hair into position and arose to her feet.

"When you have finished with the picture," she said, "listen to me." Startled, he whirled and faced her. Her figure was now erect and head lifted. The tenderness was gone from her eyes. Wide open, they seemed to measure and threaten him. He came slowly forward, the sneer upon his face.

"You gave me your promise to remain in London until I returned," he said, "and you have broken it."

"And you! you told me that you were here to wind up some estate matters and would return immediately. You had no idea of returning. You intended to desert me. You lied! Where is my child, sir?" The man's face flushed and grew deathly pale. He took two quick steps forward and hesitated. "It is useless, Raymond, to try to frighten me. You were born a coward—and I was not. Look to yourself!" She drew from her bosom a letter and extended it towards him. "I found this after your departure; it is from your mother." His assumed indifference vanished. Furious, he snatched the letter from her and raised his arm.

"Wretch!"

"Take care," she said, coldly, slowly withdrawing her hand. "You are dealing with a desperate woman. You are welcome to your letter. I know it by heart. In it I am called by a vile name—and you are told that a bride and fortune await you at home. You came." He was silent. "You do not deny it," she added. With a slight gesture he turned away and seated himself.

"There is no need to deny it now," he said. "Sit down, Louise." She waited a moment, and, moving a chair a few feet away, seated herself, facing him.

"We have both made mistakes," he said, coolly, preparing to light another cigarette, "and I am willing to admit that in all the matters between us I have been equally to blame, but," he added between puffs, as he smoked, "you have a full share to settle for yourself. It is, however, too late to discuss the beginning of this association. We must consider its end; for, as you evidently surmised, the time

FURIOUS HE SNATCHED THE LETTER FROM HER.

to end it has come." She made no reply, but waited for him to continue, her clear gray eyes riveted upon his. "You have not believed me, but it is true, nevertheless, that I am entirely dependent upon my mother. My little property has long since disappeared with yours; she holds the whip hand. Ever since her second marriage she has intended me for a young girl, her stepdaughter, in fact—"

"You have known this all along—?"

"Yes; and while the child was growing up she has tolerated this life of mine. Now she proposes to end it. The question is, How may you and I settle it?"

"I see!"

"You are practical enough to understand that I am helpless. If I should refuse the old lady, I could not live 24 hours without work; nor could you. If I yield, as I must, you will be provided for—with little—Nanon."

The woman gasped and pressed her hand to her throat, but with a desperate effort she controlled herself.

"Where is she?"

He hesitated while he studied the blue smoke curling up from the cigarette. Shaking off the ashes, he said, at length:

"I have her in good hands." Their eyes met.

"And you mean for me to understand, I suppose, that you will retain possession of her until I assent to your plans?" Again he was silent for a moment.

"Yes, that is about the way the matter stands." There was a long and painful pause, during which the woman seemed to struggle with some powerful emotion. She arose and approached him, one hand in the bosom of her dress, the other clasped until her nails sank in the flesh.

"You told me that you—to try and get—your mother interested—in her grandchild." Her voice was strained and barely audible.

"Yes," said he, "I think I did tell you that."

"Well?"

"I lied! I took her only to control you. My mother has never seen her; and," he continued, slowly, "never will, if I can prevent it."

"Inhuman wretch!" The exclamation was little more than a gasp.

"From your standpoint—yes."

"Ah," she whispered, "the infamy! the infamy of it!" She hesitated a moment, turned, and, gliding to the door with a movement of incredible swiftness, locked it and placed the key in her pocket. "Now," she said, returning towards him, her face transfigured by the intensity of her excitement, "now, Raymond Holbin, what is the settlement you propose?" He retained his position, a half smile upon his face.

"You will have no trouble for the future," he said; "you belong to the tragic stage."

"You trifle sir. The settlement! the settlement!"

"I propose to marry my mother's stepdaughter," he said, quietly. "Her father is on his last legs, and he will bequeath to her all of his property upon the condition that she accepts me as her husband on or before her twenty-first birthday. From this money I propose to provide liberally for you and your child, with the understanding that you are to remain abroad. The fact is, I may run over to see you occasionally, Louise—after all, you are the only woman I ever cared for. This lily bride awaiting me is out of my class entirely—highflown, romantic and inexperienced. Imagine me with such a woman, Louise."

He laughed lightly. "Really, if you are in search of revenge for fancied injuries, you will get it when you picture me in my new role."

"And by this marriage," said the woman, standing over him, "you place it beyond your power to marry me, as you have promised during all these years—you abandon your child to a life of wretchedness." Her breath came hard and trembling.

"She need never know—no one need know. And where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be otherwise."

"Let me hear it all," she said; "let me know the alternative. If I go to this mother or to this lily bride, as you call her, and tell her of my child and my wrongs, what then?"

"My mother would have the servants put you out of the house, and my bride would probably have me put out. But it would not avail you anything—nor her. Under the will my mother would still be the heir. The bride would lose her fortune and her bridegroom, and you—would lose your child."

"That is all?" she asked—"there is nothing more?"

"Nothing."

Her mood seemed to change. "Will you favor me with a cigarette?"

He laughed, evidently relieved. "Why, certainly! Getting into your old habits? Fact is, Louise, that is the only natural thing I have heard from you since I entered. Come, now, light up and be sensible. You know what I think of you. All will work out right, and, as the stories say, 'we may be happy yet.'"

She lit her cigarette by his, and, leaning against the center table, took one or two whiffs, letting the smoke escape slowly from between her curving lips.

"There is one fatal defect in your plan," she said, at length.

"Yes? What is that?"

"You—do not leave—the mother a chance. You forget that I am a mother as well as a woman."

"I do not understand."

"You will, though. Either way, as you put it to me, my child's life is forever blasted; there is the defect." He looked somewhat curiously up in her face. The smoke was now coming from her lips in rapid puffs; she cast aside the cigarette. "I shall not assent." The words were a mere whisper. She continued, with growing emotion: "Raymond, I have been your slave; that is ended now. From this moment, if you live, you shall obey me!"

"If I live!"

"If you live! Do you suppose that I am to stand by and see my child's life destroyed by you! I have listened to your excuses; I have temporized, hoping against hope that you would make good your promises; I have accepted your explanation for my child's sake—and to-day I know you have lived a lie through it all; that you had not then, nor ever have had, any intention to make me your wife. The time has come for me to act. Sit here by this table and address a note to the clerk of the hotel directing him to register Raymond Holbin and wife in room 28! Here is pen, ink and paper!"

"Are you insane?" he cried, rising, angry and amazed.

"Yes; totally so! Insane enough to kill you." Then she deliberately leveled a pistol at him. "Sit down and write! I leave this room with an acknowledgment from you in the hands of a witness, a wife—or a murderess. I did it once, Raymond; I can do it again. I killed a man for you last night!" As she uttered this confession her face grew pale as death, the pistol was lowered, and she stood shivering in abject terror. "You have not heard of it?" she whispered. "Are not the papers full of it?" Her form, which had been erect, seemed to shrink; she looked over her shoulder towards the door, listening. The man strode forward and wrenched the weapon from her cold

...d. Then he forced her into a chair. "Louise! Louise!" he groaned; and ...n in awe he said: "Insane!" She ...e no resistance. A tide of memories ...swept over the new issues.

"No," she moaned, "not yet. Would God I were! You do not believe me, ...mond. Listen. I found out where ...u were stopping in the city. I found ...street and number. I had de...mined to go in and bring the horrid ...ertainty to an end, for you had not ...wered my letter—you had not ...e!"

"But you did not go in!" he said, ter...d. "Surely, you did not—"

"No. I walked by again and again. ...ent around to the side street and ...ked into the garden; but I said: 'I ...ll see him first; Raymond cannot ...n to be so base!' Still you did not ...e. Will you believe it, I went back ...night, hoping to see you? I could ...stay here alone in this room—I ...ped out! Two men entered that ...e, and one of them I would have ...rn was you. I followed and saw ...m enter the wing room. While I ...ted there, wondering if you would ...ar again—it was but a few min... I think—one of the men came from ...wing-room, passed me, and, going ...locked the gate. I was a prisoner, ...the fence was tall with spikes of .... Then I went and stood under the ...dow, thinking the room was yours, ...I might attract your attention; ...I heard your voice and a woman's ...here—"

"...t is a lie—a lie! the room belongs ...Frances. I was not in the city."

"Frances? Who is Frances? But no ...ter, they were there all night; and ...razed and abandoned, wept and ...ed outside."

"You are simply daft, Louise; you ...'t know what you are saying."

"They were there, I tell you. Once a ...ch was struck, and I could hear a ...man pleading; and—there I was, ...g upon the ground, the window ...out of my reach. Then I found ...elf climbing the ivy and clinging ...he ...; and I saw you sitting ...re, ...woman with curly golden ...r kneeling in her night dress before ..., her hand upon your shoulder, ...ing good-by to her lover while she ...d a lighted match above his face—"

"Louise, this is unbearable!" Hol... was beside himself.

"I thrust your pistol between the ...tters, took aim at you and fired; ...aim was true; the man fell for...d into the darkness, and I back...n the wet grass. Look! See the ...ns of the crushed ivy! see the soil ...n the gown! see the blistered ...ds! look at your pistol! The ham...r is upon an empty shell! I got ...and ran for the gate, but a man ...entering and his carriage stood ...osite. Crouching in the shrubbery, ...w him come back"—her voice sank ...a whisper—"with a dead man in ...arms. I got here—how, I do not ...w—and locked myself in. When ...came I thought it was your spirit. ...at will they do with me? Will ...y lock me in gaol? Will they hang ...? Why don't you speak to me, ...mond? Why do you look at me ...t way? Raymond! Raymond!—I ...not know what I was doing! I ...insane, jealous! I had lost my ...d—oh, they ought to know that, ...mond, before they judge me too ...shly. Raymond, Raymond, answer ...answer!" He mastered his emo...by a powerful effort.

"You have had your revenge!" he ..., hoarsely, his lips parting in a ...dless laugh. "The shot went to ...mark!" He sank in his chair by ...table and gazed helplessly upon ...agitated face, his thoughts else...re.

"But I do not understand," she said. "...y revenge, if you were not the ...—"

"Why, it is incredible!" he cried, an...y. "Give me the key! the key! ...key! Quick! the clock is striking ...—the key!"

"You will not give me up, Raymond ...e mother of your child!—you will ...—"

"Ah—no, no, Louise. You are safe ...le I live. Quick! the key!" She ...e it to him, and, passing out, he ..., sternly: "Stay here! Don't let ...r face be seen outside this door. Change your dress, remove every stain upon it, and be ready to leave the city at a moment's notice. Courage! I will save you if I can." As he stepped into the hallway he muttered to himself: "Now for the will! Long live the nightmare! and yet—" He added, pausing in doubt: "Suppose it were true?" He unbreached the pistol. "One cartridge is gone! the muzzle stains my finger! Louise! Louise—" He turned, locked the door and vanished.

"The woman in 28," he said to the clerk, "has escaped from an asylum. Keep a watch in her hall until I return, and let no one enter."

"We thought so," said the functionary behind the desk.

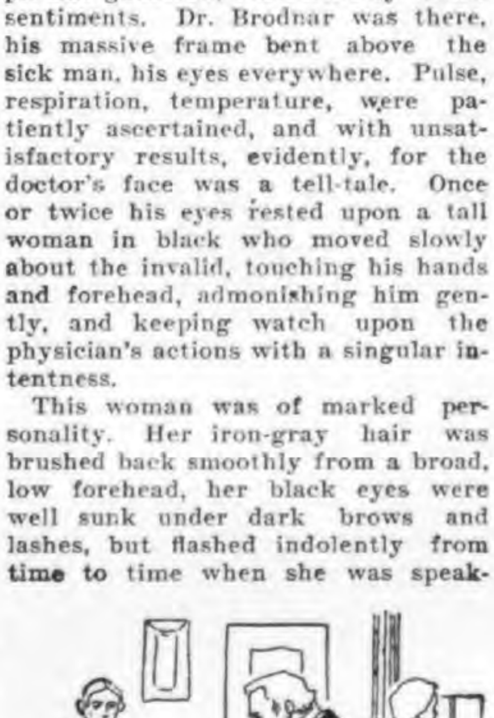
CHAPTER V.

Facing the sun on the same morning which broke through the lengthened slumbers of Louise in the Richmond hotel, an old man sat in an invalid chair. Everything that wealth could provide for his comfort, everything demanded by convention, surrounded him. No one would ever say, looking in upon the appointments of his house, that the sick man lacked anything that loving sympathy and tender solicitude could suggest. The deep velvet carpet gave back no sound under the feet of those who moved around him; curtains of damask and lace softened the too direct rays of light which entered the long windows across the balcony; bits of landscape and color relieved the wide expanse of wall; and flowers lent freshness and fragrance to the soft spring air sparingly admitted.

The old man was haggard from loss of rest and from apprehension. His once florid face was pallid and the cheeks sunken. His eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy. One need not have been a skilled physician to have detected the fact that death's seal was upon that pale face and shrunken frame. The tiny spark of life might glimmer in its socket for days, weeks, even months; it would never again send up a clear and steady blaze.

Within the same room several people had gathered, controlled by varied sentiments. Dr. Brodnar was there, his massive frame bent above the sick man, his eyes everywhere. Pulse, respiration, temperature, were patiently ascertained, and with unsatisfactory results, evidently, for the doctor's face was a tell-tale. Once or twice his eyes rested upon a tall woman in black who moved slowly about the invalid, touching his hands and forehead, admonishing him gently, and keeping watch upon the physician's actions with a singular intentness.

This woman was of marked personality. Her iron-gray hair was brushed back smoothly from a broad, low forehead, her black eyes were well sunk under dark brows and lashes, but flashed indolently from time to time when she was speaking.



"I AM AT LOSS, MADAM, TO ACCOUNT FOR HIS LACK OF IMPROVEMENT."

The small, straight, relentless mouth and aquiline nose gave a note of severity to her face. Her charm, it is likely, had existed in the contour and coloring of that face, and in a certain easy self-reliance, or consciousness of power. Just now her face was inscrutably placid. She spoke only in tones so low as to be audible but a short distance.

Across the room a girl stood looking idly, dreamily, from a casement window into the trees. She was slender, with a mass of reddish, golden curls gathered back and fallen over her shoulders. The profile revealed birth and refinement, and suggested nobility, high purpose and innate purity. There was a wistful tenderness about her mouth and a soft radiance in her blue-gray eyes when from time to time she turned towards the group gathered about the sick man.

"I am at a loss, madam," the doctor was saying, "to account for his lack of improvement. There seems to be nothing organically wrong, and yet the nerve centers are totally inactive." He picked up several medicine bottles and examined them, testing their contents by smell and sight. The tall woman's eyes met his.

"He passed a restless night," she said, laying her hands upon the sick man's forehead. "There was considerable confusion in the city, and some one just before daylight fired a pistol near the house. This gave him a fearful shock."

"There is much excitement in Richmond over the secession movement," said Brodnar, "and the police are far too few for these times. What have you given him during the night?"

"I want my daughter to be present," said the sick man, fretfully; "I want her to hear the will read before I sign it, doctor."

"I am here, papa," said the girl, coming slowly forward and standing quietly near him. He looked into her face long and intently, his own softening.

"I would suggest," said the doctor, rising and addressing the elder woman, "that we leave them alone for a few moments; he seems a trifle brighter just now." She fixed her black eyes upon him steadily, and a slight smile moved the hard lines of her mouth.

"It would not do. Frances is excitable, and excitement is contagious."

"But I am sure, madam—!"

"It is useless, sir. He relies upon me, and is nervous if I leave him for even a minute." Her white hand fell in rhythmic monotony upon the invalid's forehead. Presently he reached up impatiently and pushed it away; but, waiting a moment, she resumed her caressings, and he made no further resistance.

"I want my daughter to hear it read," he said, querulously, reverting to a thought unspoken.

"Oh, I would not let her do that, sir," said Brodnar. "You will not permit that, madam!"

"She shall hear it," said the woman. "It pleases him; and he has a good object in it, I am sure."

A professional man who had been writing at a side table now came forward and read the dying man's will, a notary standing near. The latter exchanged glances with Brodnar and looked away, a half smile upon his lips. The document, after the usual recitations and the naming of numerous small legacies for family servants and others, proceeded as follows:

"And the residue of my property, my wife, Annette, having been amply provided for by deed of gift during my life, I bequeath to my daughter, Frances Brookin, upon condition that she shall, on or before attaining the age of 21 years, accept as her lawful husband Raymond Holbin, who has asked her hand of me, my object being to provide for the future of a wayward girl by giving her a guardian who is in all respects a gentleman and worthy of every confidence. But if my said daughter, Frances, fails or declines to marry the said Raymond Holbin within the limit of her minority, or immediately after attaining her majority, then I will and declare that all the property named and described as the residue of my estate, after legacies specified have been paid, shall vest in my wife Annette, the said Frances to become a charge upon my estate during her life for sustenance and clothing only, unless it happens that she enters into a marriage contract with some one other than the said Raymond Holbin, in which event the charge shall cease and the estate be acquitted of all demands from her, her heirs or assigns."

Absolute silence followed the reading of the document, except that an exclamation, half an oath, half a groan, burst from the doctor's lips. He strode to the table and picked up his hat, but paused when his gaze fell upon the figure of the slender girl. She stood erect, proudly looking at the group, her calm white face outlined against the damask curtains as the face of a statue. He laid his hat on the table, and, moving a little nearer to her, waited. The sick man grasped the pen with feverish energy and signed, the witnesses immediately attesting. The tall, grave woman took the legal instrument and applied a blotter. Then, folding it, she placed it in her bosom. To the lawyer's embarrassed protest she said:

"I am the executrix of this will, and I prefer to be its custodian. That is your desire, dear, is it not—you wish to keep the will here in the house?" The exhausted invalid nodded feebly. At this moment the door opened and Raymond entered the room. The elder woman, with an angry flush upon her face, walked rapidly towards him, and the lawyer passed out with the notary.

"Fool!" she whispered, "you endanger it all!" She drew him into a bay window, where they began an animated discussion. Brodnar had but one free moment but in that moment he acted. The girl had been left standing by her father's side. She alone caught the sentence whispered to her by the physician; her eyes followed him as he walked slowly away and then returned to rest upon the sick man. Gazing into his wan face, all her tenderness came back. Suddenly she sank by his side and clasped her hands upon his knees.

"Father!" she said, gently, "one word! Will you let me speak now? We may be parting for all eternity." He opened his eyes and looked steadily upon her.

"It is for eternity," he said. And then, somehow, his hand found her head and rested there gently. "You are proud, Frances, and hurt, but the time will come when you will know that—I have acted for the best—"

"Oh, you think so," she said, shaking with half-suppressed emotion and hiding her face. "I know you think so. But—"

"Listen, Frances! You have a cousin whose name has long since ceased to be spoken in my family. She was proud—and wayward—and headstrong, too. You are very like her as she was—when her father's will made her my ward—as she was when she passed—away—"

"She is dead?"

"Yes, to us!" he waited for breath and strength to proceed. "A husband—would have saved her. She had a right under the will—to choose—her residence. A foolish aunt received her. She followed her own fancy!"

"I would not talk of it, father. It excites you."

"I must! She was always—heedless—of advice—self willed—jealous—And then she—disappeared — leaving — a note—and disgrace! I let her go. She is dead to me!" After a pause he continued: "I have seen you drifting away—Frances! disobedient—unloving—I would save you—if I could. Weep no more—I have forgiven; I have forgiven—!" The girl lifted her face quickly, indignant and agonized.

"You have been deceived, father; oh, so basely deceived. I am not wayward—I have never yet disobeyed you. If you had permitted I should have been with you night and day."

"If I had permitted!'"

"Yes. It was you, they told me," she brokenly said—"it was you who sent me among strangers to school—you wished me never to come into your room—"

"Frances!"

"It is too late now," she said in anguish, "but I cannot part from you without telling you the truth. I love you, father. I would have been your dear daughter if you had not put it beyond my power."

"Child! What is it you are saying?"

"Do you not understand, father?" she said, passionately, "do you not know that that woman has for years deprived you of your independence—of your freedom? Now she has taken your property! Can't you see it? You have been robbed of everything—and I—! Oh, she has preyed upon your holiest feelings; she has turned you against your own child—the child to whose mother you promised to guard and guide!"

He raised himself in his chair. A look of fright was upon his face.

"See!" she cried, "there is the woman with her son dividing your property before you are dead. Oh, they think I am harmless, now; I am not to to be feared! the die is cast, the will is signed, and you, father, have betrayed your only child into the hands of her bitterest enemy."

He was speechless and pale. His dull eyes were fixed on the girl's.

"But no," he said faintly, "this cannot be, it cannot be! My child, you are wronging a good woman—and Raymond—he has been very kind, so very kind!"

"You are blinded, father; you are unsuspecting. Tell me, have they ever said that for months I have been eager to be with you; that?"

"You, Frances! Why, you refused over and over—" She sank her head upon her chair.

"And you believed that of me? It was untrue—a cruel, cruel invention."

Mother and son caught the sound of her agitated voice and would have come over from the bay window, but Dr. Brodnar, drawing the sofa around as though to sit with them, stood with his hand resting upon it, completely blocking their way.

"To-day and to-night," he said, "he must have absolute quiet. Continue the powders I have left, and see that he does not attempt, under any circumstances, to walk about the room." He continued rapidly to give directions concerning the treatment of the patient, and disregarded the woman's efforts to pass him. Frances lowered her voice and continued earnestly:

"You do not believe me, father, you do not realize what you have done. You do not know the man to whom you have consigned me, nor the woman to whom you gave your name years ago. You knew nothing then! You know nothing now! You took her from Washington because she fascinated you as she had fascinated all those other men. You believed in her, because she knew intimately the great politicians. She was smart, too smart for an honest, honorable Virginia gentleman. Oh, my eyes have been opened to-day; the son is worthy of his mother. I do not know who Louise is, but a friend has just told me to say to you this: 'Ask Raymond Holbin what he has done with Louise; for he is the man who betrayed her by a mock marriage and took her abroad.' "

Motionless, but with straining eyes, the old man sat gazing at his daughter.

"Who—told you—that?" he gasped. She made no reply, a sudden anxiety for him banishing every other emotion. With a mighty effort, and before she could prevent him, he arose and staggered forward. The group dissolved and hurried towards him. Disregarding the physician and the woman, he leaned forward, and thrusting his face near to Holbin said with frantic energy:

"Sir, where is my niece? Where is Louise?" Holbin drew back. "Speak, you coward!" Holbin did not reply, but stood with eyes cast down, his face as pale almost as that which challenged him. The old man tore at his throat and gasped in a mighty struggle for breath. "My will!—my will!" he cried, moving feebly towards his wife. She retreated, keeping just beyond his hand. "Give—me—back—the—ah—!" A look of unutterable horror rose to his face; he wavered, plunged forward, and would have fallen, but Brodnar took him in his arms and laid him on the floor. For a moment not a sound broke the silence of the room.

"Who—will — protect — my daughter?" he whispered. Frances, his hand in hers, knelt in agony by his side.

"Have no fear of me, my father; God has raised up a defender!" Hearing this, Brodnar suddenly thrust back the group, leaving the girl alone with the dying man, to whom she whispered earnestly and rapidly. As he lay looking into her face a new light came for a brief moment to his and vanished. Brodnar, kneeling, placed his ear above the motionless heart. The moments passed.

"Dead!" he said at length, and arose. Raymond Holbin had paused at the door. He turned and exchanged glances with his mother and passed out.

Frances lay with her face upon the dead man's breast.

CHAPTER VI.

In all the throng that followed to the grave in Hollywood the remains of the wealthy and once distinguished John Brookin there was, aside from family servants, but one sincere mourner. The slender figure of his daughter Frances, supported by the strong arm of Dr. Brodnar, shook with an agony of grief. She had not looked on death since her mother died, and the passing of the saintly woman had been but as sleep prolonged into eternity. But here was the consciousness of a great wrong; the discovery of an error beyond remedy; here was the end of a tragedy in which she had been made to act a fatal part. Her rightful protector had been stricken from her.

"Courage, my child!"—she heard the doctor's voice and felt his arm press upon her hand—"courage! Save your strength for the struggle to come. Live now to defeat the enemies of your father." Her frail figure strengthened and grew steady; she no longer leaned upon his arm.

"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." The minister's voice rang out the sad and solemn words; the clay dropped and clattered solemnly upon the coffin-box.

The prayer that followed was marked by a dramatic incident. Frances knelt by the open grave with moving lips that uttered no sound. Dr. Brodnar alone understood that her petition was no prayer, but a pledge that would never be forgotten. The widow stood opposite, veiled in deepest black, the apotheosis of grief.

It was a matter of general comment that Raymond Holbin was not present at the funeral. It was given out that a sudden indisposition had detained him at home. But the indisposition of Raymond Holbin was a fiction pure and simple. There would have been no more discreet and well-behaved mourner by the grave than he; but there was nothing to be gained in attending the funeral, and there was a matter of vital importance which must be settled in the deserted residence of the deceased.

For Holbin was a bewildered and unhappy man. Not that he feared Louise. The Brookin will and the death of the testator apparently secured his interests, even should Louise be rash enough to carry out her threats of exposure. This, however, he felt assured she would never attempt. Terror of the law had already proved itself potent to control her. In his hurried and frequent visits to the hotel he had ascertained the fact that she was for the time being completely in his power. Reaction from her fierce excitement had set in; she clung to him, helpless and penitent. That she had seen a man at midnight in the wing-room of the Brookin house and had shot him, he did not doubt that she believed. As for himself, there were times when he had thought her simply insane—the victim of an illusion; and yet the facts seemed to support her statement that she had visited the premises. Clearly his best course lay in the support of the illusion.

This, then, was the invention which Holbin carried to the ears of the miserable woman: The man she had slain was indeed the lover of the woman in that room; he had been killed instantly, and a friend had carried away the body. To save the family's name a suicide had been declared; rejected over and over, it was said, the young man had come into the garden and had shot himself. All the evidence and the surrounding circumstances pointed plainly to this theory. The man who discovered him, it was said, had found a note from the suicide upon his table, directing him where to look for his body; but, added Holbin, while the coroner had by a skillful selection of a

"SPEAK, YOU COWARD!"

jury from among the family's friends secured a hasty verdict in accordance with the theory of suicide, it was apparent that the police were suspicious, and it was said that some of them were quietly searching for the woman who had left the imprints of number two shoes under the window of the wing-room. Such was the story.

Louise believed it implicitly. The horror of her crime deprived her for the time of her mental powers and good judgment. She suffered herself to be guided and directed by Holbin. She was consigned to the care of an elderly negro woman, and readily accepted her room as her prison. It was not long before she was physically powerless to leave it.

Raymond Holbin's most serious apprehension during the day which witnessed the death of John Brookin grew out of the fact that by inference at least he had been charged with crime in connection with Louise. His common sense told him that something said by Frances in her last interview with her father had provoked the sudden accusation. What did Frances know of Louise and who was her informant! Gradually during the day his suspicious nature secured ascendancy over his common sense. A secret visit outside the window of the wing-room betrayed the still distinct tracks made by Louise and the fact that the ivy had been disturbed.

From the moment of these discoveries Holbin was a miserable man. It is a peculiar but a well-known idiosyncrasy of the masculine nature that whatever the man himself may bring to the marriage altar he demands that he shall meet there only immaculate purity. The realization by Holbin that fortune could be secured only by linking himself for life to Frances, who was thus proven to have compromised herself, was alone sufficient to fill him with bitterness and hatred, though it did not for a moment deter him; but by a not unnatural operation of the processes which were molding his future he had found himself strangely influenced from the hour of their first meeting by this young girl whose future was to be linked to his. Fresh from school, her mind unformed, and with but vague ideas of real life, Frances Brookin presented that charming combination of knowledge and ingenuousness which makes the girl-woman forever irresistible to men of experience. Himself accomplished and versatile, he set about the pleasant task of winning her confidence, and he might perhaps have succeeded but for over-assiduousness and the wonderful intuition of the feminine mind. The unwelcome results of his efforts were that within two weeks he had fatally alarmed her and as fatally involved himself. For the first time in his life he was genuinely in love.

It was at this time that Dr. Brodnar, hovering around his aged patient, discovered the drift of affairs, and, becoming aware of the infamy planned through the will, privately took control of Frances and revealed to her the plot of which she was to be the victim. From that moment Frances turned from Holbin as from a criminal, and Holbin was piqued to court her with a fiercer jealousy.

CONTINUED.

"BREAKING" THE COLT.

He said he would break the colt or
the reason why,
And I may say on his behalf that
did he try;
But all the breaking that was done
managed by the colt,
Combined with which his owner
hard and sudden jolt.

He tried him with a saddle and he
him with a cart;
He tried him with all kinds of tric
make him stop and start;
And he would start and he would
but with a suddenness
That proved most disconcerting an
casioned much distress.

Then, ruminating sadly on the tria
gone through,
The owner gave expression to this
but solemn view:
"I undertook to break him and so
thing had to break,
But in the trifling details I have m
great mistake.

"We broke the harness and the car
broke a saddle, too;
We went against the garden fenc
easily broke through;
We also broke the pasture gate the
he tried to bolt—
In fact, there's naught unbroken but
measly, stubborn colt.

"But there's been much accomplishe
I'm ready now to say
The better part of valor I hereafter
display.
The colt is still unbroken, but
thoughtful one can see
The effort was not fruitless, for the
has broken me."
—Chicago Daily Post.

THE LETTER

By Geo. W. Gerwig.

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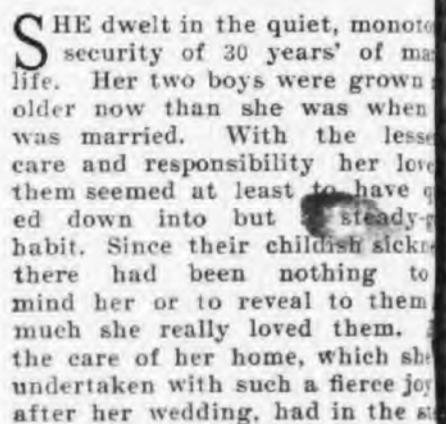
SHE dwelt in the quiet, monoto
security of 30 years' of ma
life. Her two boys were grown
older now than she was when
was married. With the less
care and responsibility her lov
them seemed at least to have
ed down into but steady-
habit. Since their childish sick
there had been nothing to
mind her or to reveal to them
much she really loved them.
the care of her home, which sh
undertaken with such a fierce jo
after her wedding, had in the s
grind of the eventless years bee
duced to something of a bore. If
chance, some young girl or some
rimonial agitator had asked her w
er she loved her husband, she w
have responded, dutifully and tru
the affirmative, not even indig
that the question had been ask
remembering that the matter
scarcely occurred to her for ten y
She was making one of those
tinuous tours which are the
wife's lot, straightening up the
dred and one things which always
be found awry after the men have



"WHY, THAT'S THE NAME MOTHER
ASKING ABOUT!"

about, when, beside the hatrack
eyes fell upon a letter, fallen evid
from her husband's pocket just b
his departure for the city that eve
She stooped to pick it up, with a
worded comment on men's careless
saw that it had been opened, and t
ing she recognized the writing
sister-in-law, went to the light to
it.

It was only when she came t
signature that she realized sh

mistaken in the writing. Then read it.

etter like that to her husband! a strange woman! What could ean?

phrases, as she read them again, ed to ring in her ears. Her head wimming. She dropped the let- if it were fire and fled to the room. Her eldest son glanced up his book, saw that something an- her, but supposed he was doing se thing in keeping quiet.

was dazed and must try to think . Had her husband, after all she uffered for him and from him, anything which would justify a ge woman in writing thus to him? nitting needles clicked and flew, tears stood in her eyes as mem- fter memory of her married life ed on. How well she remem- the morning they first met—the fragrance of the apple blossoms, ongs of the robins, and her young so tall and manly. Then the ing in the little country church, new home and the unending joy at first year of married life. She mbered, oh, so well, the big ram- country house that was her first —a house so much too large for little store of furniture that they from one suite of rooms to an- in an effort to enjoy it all. Then the birth of her first son—and aw through her tears the first hairs in his head as he bent over ok beside her. Oh, it was cruel, that this husband she had known oved and trusted so long should ing disrgace upon them all now. ould endure it no more.

k. do you know a Janet Golden?" sked, controlling her voice as well e could.

net Golden? No, mother, I don't. is she?"

was just trying to remember er I had heard the name before," id.

ourse she could live with her hus- no longer. Should she accuse him ith his infidelity? No, re revolted at that. She rep the letter where it had , on the library table, watch the doorway the guilty shame her husband's face when he he was detected—and then leave use forever. Would he be so lost show no sense of shame? He had s he left that he was going to a ors' meeting and would be back . Perhaps he was with that wom- n now! The insult of it all! She ed her work and fled to her own to await his return.

son Dick wandered into the li- for another book a little later his eye caught the signature, Golden," in a bold handwriting. y, that's the name mother sking about," he said to himself. efore he realized just what he was his eyes had taken in the letter. urprised him at first, then puz- him. But as he remembered his r's manner its meaning flashed him. There it was, addressed to ther, all too plainly.

had lived long enough, and seen h of the world to know its sin. t had never occurred to him that ther could do anything wrong. rst impulse was to rush to com- is mother. But this shame that ome upon them held him back. hey could not talk about it—not t least. What were they to do? urse he must stick to his mother. had never been a demonstrative y, though they had cared for each dearly. But all his affection for ther seemed blasted now. How he have done so? He remem- that his father and mother had imes quarreled—but he had al- regarded that as merely one of fects of weak human nature. He ever taken the quarrels seri-

course they would have to sepa- now. What could they tell their s? What excuse or explanation they offer?

cold perspiration stood on his as he thought of it all. He would his father upon his return and hat it meant. He felt that the honor was now resting on him. minutes dragged themselves interminably. It seemed an age he heard the gate click, and then his father's quick, energetic tread along the gravel walk. A cold chill seized him. He heard the steps mount the porch and cross; he saw his mother descend the stairs quickly, her face pale and drawn, and place herself where she could see the library table. Their eyes met and told their own story. They both heard the peculiar grating sound of the night key in the lock and saw the father enter.

"Hello," he said, unconcernedly, not noticing their set faces nor the fact that they failed to reply. Then he walked to the library and picked up the letter.

They watched every movement. He held it off at arm's length, as he had lately been forced to do when his glasses were not at hand. Then he smiled.

"Oh, Mary, you found it, did you?" he said, with the utmost candor. "I'm glad of that. I was afraid I had lost it. You remember Janet Golden, don't you? She's old Job Black's step-daughter, you know, the one that's crippled. Nearly everyone calls her Black, but her name is really Golden. She's trying hard to get money to go to college and I succeeded in getting her a place on the evening force at the public library. Hasn't she an odd way of expressing herself? I guess I'll turn the job of stopping in some evening to hear her thanks over to you. I don't like that sort of thing," and he handed his wife the letter.

But he does not know to this day just why it was that she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, instead of taking the letter.

Beguiling Childhood.

When my little son could scarcely walk, says Rev. C. T. Brady, a western missionary, I took him to the cathedral one day, when I returned for something I had forgotten after morning service.

I left the child in the nave, and when I went back to him he had advanced half-way up the middle aisle, and was standing where the sun threw a golden light about his curly head. A tiny object he was in that great church.

It was very still. He was looking about in every direction in the most curious and eager way. To my fancy he seemed like a little angel when he said in his sweet, childish treble, which echoed and reecnoed beneath the vaulted roof:

"Papa, where's Jesus? Where's Jesus?"

He had been told that the church was the house of the Saviour, and on this, his first visit, he expected to see his Lord.

That baby is quite grown up now. Not in the faintest particular does he resemble an angel. The other day, when I rode off to the wars, he astonished even me with this request:

"Papa, if you get wounded, don't forget to bring me the bullet that knocks you out. I want it for a souvenir for my collection."

Fortunately for me, if unfortunately for him, I brought him no bullet.—Youth's Companion.

He Knew.

"Do you believe there is really anything in phrenology?"

"I do. I had my head examined by a phrenologist once, and the moment he came to my first bump he told me my wife used an old-fashioned rolling pin."—N. Y. World.

"UNDER THE SUN."

The men that have gone before us
Have sung the songs we sing;
The words of our clamorous chorus,
They were heard of the ancient king.

The chords of the lyre that thrill us,
They were struck in the years gone by,
And the arrows of death that kill us
Are found where our fathers lie.

The vanity sung of the Preacher
Is vanity still to-day;
The moan of the stricken creature
Has rung in the woods alway.

But the songs are worth resinging
With the change of no single note,
And the spoken words are ringing
As they rang in the years remote.

There is no new road to follow, Love!
Nor need there ever be,
For the old, with its hill and hollow,
Love!
Is enough for you and me.
—Charles R. Bacon, in Century.

THE TYBURN TREE

By John D. Sherman.

WHEN Mistress Anne Bradshaw, my maid, had taken down my hair and got me ready for bed I sent her away. Then, slipping on a wrapper and stirring up the coals, I sat down before the hearth to think over my evil case.

But even as I set myself to the task I laughed to think of my father's words. "Molly," my Lord Overton had said, "whether it's sorrow or joy you'll have I know not, but you'll have plenty of one or the other. Most like 'tis sorrow, for you're a dangerous woman—dangerous to yourself as well as the men. You've the beauty, Molly, my girl, that drives men mad. And you've got a heart; that's a mistake. Worse still, you've got a man's brain. And worst of all you're getting into the habit of using it." And so, using my man's brain, I set out my case thus as I sat before the fire in my London lodgings:

First. I, Lady Mary Overton, had contrived and effected the escape of the king's prisoner, one Walter Selden, under escort to Newgate and thence to Tyburn Tree for execution, said prisoner being an adherent of the pretender and high in his secrets. The prisoner had been recaptured, to be sure, but full report of the matter had been made to the king, whereby the house of Overton was in strong disfavor and powerless to intercede in the young man's behalf, if not in actual danger of punishment, through my act. My father's appeal, made in response to my entreaties, had been denied and his connection was afraid to move in the matter, lest a bad job be made worse. Then I myself had come to London to ask the king's mercy. I had found my fine women acquaintances openly scornful and my erstwhile adoring servants among the men cold and cautious. This very day I had played

I GRUDGED HIM NOT THE MONEY

my last card and lost—the king had refused me an audience. And the fatal day was but a week away!

Second. Having thus done my utmost, why should I further persist in so hopeless and dangerous a quest? True, I had boasted to Walter Selden that he should go free, even if he was recaptured; in fact, he had refused rescue at my hands until I had convinced him that Lady Mary Overton was set too high to take harm in the adventure. Was there nothing more in the matter than to make good an idle boast? Aye, there was the rub! What was Walter Selden to me?

Third. I had never seen the man but thrice in my life—twice in London and the night I had stolen him away from the soldiers billeted at our Dorsetshire manor house. In London the man was like any other dandy and fop to the outward seeming, yet when I looked into his eyes I knew what it was for the first time to be disturbed by a man. Why had I taken him from the soldiers? Because of the youth in my veins and something in my bosom that said he must not die. It was not love then; 'twas pity. But when, instead of falling on his knee and kissing my hand by way of thanks, he took me in his arms in spite of my struggles and kissed me full on the lips—then I was angry indeed, but I knew my fate. Did I, then, love this rebel prisoner, Walter Selden? Aye, even I, Lady Mary Overton, disdainful of a score of suitors, loved him—unasked. And what price would I pay for my love? Anything; everything.

Since I loved him and would pay the price of his liberty what could be done? Beauty, rank, influence—all had failed and would fail again. What then remained? But one thing—money. But how could money be used? No bribes could spirit the prisoner from Newgate; even my letters had come back to me unopened. No gold could save him from the hands of the sheriff and the hangman; they would be powerless though I loaded them down with shining guineas.

So it had come down to this—whispered half fearfully in my ear by Mistress Anne Bradshaw — "A rescue." Such things had been done and the prisoner taken from the very noose on Tyburn Tree. But could I bring myself to this? Aye, God help me, even to this —and more too.

I rang for Mistress Anne Bradshaw.

No need to set forth the devious ways by which I came to an understanding with the instrument—an outrageous little villain from Ratcliffd Highway against whom the powers of Bow street seemed to be helpless. He drove a hard bargain when we came to speech, cash down in advance. God knows I grudged him not the money, though it was the price of more than one fat farm, but could I trust him? But scarcely an inkling of his plans would he confide to me. And when at parting I felt my way towards offering to pay him as much again in case he was successful this strange creature stopped me with a certain real dignity. And so perforce I had to content myself with the bargain made and take the villain on trust.

Nor is there need to go over the agony of suspense and the alternating hopes and fears of those days and nights that followed. Sure, never a poor maid was more torn and distracted. Only once did I even smile, and that was when my Lady Kilmurry sent me word to join her party which was to see the execution from the second floor of the cook shop on Oxford street, close to Hyde Park. "All London has it that you are pining for love of the rebel; come and show London that it is wrong," ran my lady's note. And then I smiled to think how thinly veiled was her maliciousness and what she would say if she knew that the first floor of the cook shop was mine for that day, in obedience to a hint from my friend from Ratcliffd Highway.

The square was packed solid with humanity, intent and expectant. The spectators' galleries were jammed and every window full. Out of the midst of the crowd rose the scaffold, gaunt and horrible, the red-coated soldiers grouped about its platform. I laughed and chatted with the fashionable, malicious fools about me; no hint of my agony should they get from me. Then the clock struck ten. A church bell began to toll. The crowd began to sway and a cry went up: "It's coming."

Slowly the cart made its way down Tyburn road. About it were the prison officers, Chaplain Vickerstaffe and Gregory Brandon, the hangman. But I had no eyes for aught save the figure in the cart. The prison pallor was in his face and he was meanly dressed, but he bore himself with a fine fortitude and dignity that thrilled me to the heart with pride. The cart came to a stand beside the gallows, under the noose that dangled from above. The soldiers drew bayonets and formed a circle round. The sheriff, the governor of Newgate and the other officials took places on the platform. The chaplain got out his book. The hangman began to tie the prisoner's hands behind him. The vast crowd surged closer.

I sat in frozen horror unable to believe my eyes and yet realizing that I was looking my last on Walter Selden. The rescue? I dismissed it as an idle dream. My soul flew out to my lover over the crowd to help him meet his death like a man.

"And then suddenly I saw that the crowd was surging in disorder about the soldiers. I heard the officers crying out commands. Then a red coat went down and another and I could see staves in the air. In another instant a crowd of men armed with cudgels broke through the ring of soldiers and swarmed around the cart. The hangman was swept aside, the chaplain knocked over, the prisoner freed of his bonds. Before I could realize it all the cart was empty, the rescuers lost in the crowd and the multitude cheering and laughing at the discomfiture of the soldiers.

Then I burst from my friends and rushed below stairs. The back door of the cook shop opened and let in the prisoner, the little villain I had doubted at his elbow and swelling with professional pride.

"You?" cried my lover.

"Certainly," said I, mighty cool and dignified. "You remember I told you you should go free."

"But," he cried, "I must know one thing before I go—or I do not stir a step. Will you marry me—when I come back?"

"What?" said I. "Me, Lady Overton, marry a rebel felon, fleeing for his life?"

"Even so, Molly," said he, with a smile on his lips and a sparkle in his eye, getting hold of my hands.

"Well," said I, "I suppose I must say yes. The best horse in London waits at the door, the Dover packet is engaged and the rescue must come off according to programme."

With that he caught me in his arms, smothered me with kisses and was gone.

Sight of Snow a Treat.

Some years ago in the month of December a jeweler of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, paid a man to collect a freight car full of snow in the mountains and deliver as much of it to him as he could. On Christmas day in the jeweler's window was a huge snowball, resting on a deep iron tray, and when the news spread about the city traffic was blocked for several hours until the novel sight had melted. Men who had not seen snow for 40 years, when they emigrated from the "old country," hobbled out among the crowds and people swarmed and struggled to get a glimpse of what they looked on as a sort of eighth wonder of the world.

Food for Chinese.

An agricultural settlement near New York supplies the celestials of the eastern states with their diet.

THE OTHER'S VIEWS.

I longed to go from where the hills
Loomed blue against the sky,
And gaze upon the spreading sea
And watch the ships go by;
I longed to stand while others still
Were fast in blissful sleep
And see the sun's first crimson glow
Spread out across the deep.

And while in wonderment I gazed
Out on the purple sea
Another glanced across the waves
And turned and spoke to me:
"Oh, that I might behold the hills,
The gray old hills that rise
Like monuments to God and lose
Their summits in the skies!"

You count the treasures that you have
And sigh and turn away,
And envy some one else who seems
So amply blessed to-day—
And yet his heart may ache and he
May have his longings, too—
May count your blessings and his own
And watch and envy you!
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Her Way.

A Glasgow servant girl went home a few evenings ago with her head wrapped up in a shawl.

Her young mistress asked her what ailed her, and was told that she was suffering from a bad attack of toothache, brought on by sitting in the park.

"But you ought not to sit on such a cold, chilly night as this," said the mistress. "You should walk at a smart pace."

The girl looked at her a minute, as though pitying her ignorance, and then answered:

"You canna coort right walking; you must sit down."—London Spare Moments.

Name for Voting Machines.

A name for voting machines has been invented. They are now called votometers.

HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

FEEDING THE BABY.

All Milk Given to Little Children Should Be Sterilized, and Seasoned Just a Little Bit.

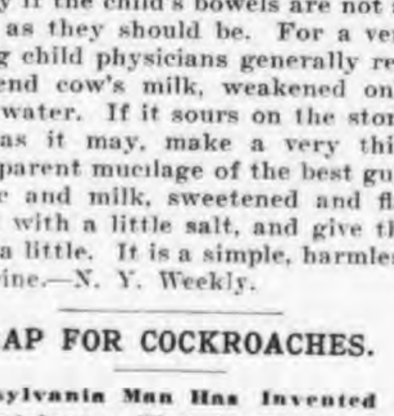
There has been a great change for the better in the feeding of little children in the last score of years. Far more children who are deprived of their mothers' milk thrive on artificial feeding than formerly. This is chiefly due to the process of sterilization. All milk fed to infants or little children who live largely on milk should be sterilized. This should be done to destroy impurities which the milk may receive from contact with the air and from vessels which hold it, as well as to destroy germs of typhoid fever, tuberculosis or other diseases which may be received from the cow. The importance of sterilization, therefore, cannot be insisted upon too strongly. Apparatus is sold for this purpose, so that it may be easily accomplished in any kitchen with little trouble. Formerly the milk of one cow was insisted upon. Some authorities object to this, preferring a child should be fed from a mixture of the milk of different cows.

There is more salt and sugar in human milk than in cow's milk. A very little loaf sugar and a little salt should be added to milk given to an infant. A safe rule for feeding little infants is to boil a teaspoonful of powdered barley and a little salt in a gill of water for 15 minutes. Strain the mixture through a fine strainer which is kept for the purpose and sterilized every time it is used. Add to this mixture as much cow's milk and a little sugar. This preparation can be taken from a bottle. Sometimes oatmeal must be substituted for barley. Use oatmeal in place of barley if the child's bowels are not as open as they should be. For a very young child physicians generally recommend cow's milk, weakened only with water. If it sours on the stomach, as it may, make a very thin, transparent mucilage of the best gum arabic and milk, sweetened and flavored with a little salt, and give the child a little. It is a simple, harmless medicine.—N. Y. Weekly.

TRAP FOR COCKROACHES.

Pennsylvania Man Has Invented a Contrivance That Keeps Them Off the Dining Table.

To find a roach crawling on the dining table fills the heart of many a housewife with disgust, and she is tempted to kill him instantly, which,



BUG TRAP FOR TABLE LEGS.

of course, soils the cloth. The best way is to prevent the pests from climbing up the table legs, and that is just what the invention of P. J. McAtee, of Gilberton, Pa., is designed to accomplish. We illustrate the idea in the accompanying picture, a portion of the trap being cut away to give a view of the interior arrangement. The bug who climbs this table leg must not only know how to swim, but also be able to find his way out of the trap when once inside, and the chances of his reaching the top are small indeed. The slanting upper wall of the trap is highly polished, and this causes many of the insects to fall into the liquid as soon as they attempt to crawl across it. The liquid may be kerosene or some poison, making it impossible for the insects to long survive a bath in the trap. The invention may be used on tables, beds, dressers, and, in fact, any article of furniture on which castors are used, as it comprises a castor with an extra long shank, having the trap surrounding the lower portion and adapted to support the leg as shown.—Chicago Daily News.

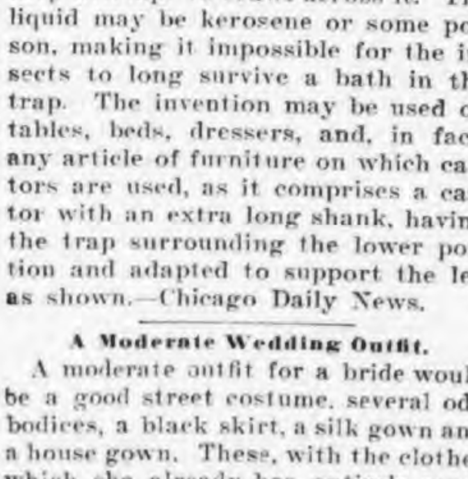
A Moderate Wedding Outfit.

A moderate outfit for a bride would be a good street costume, several odd bodices, a black skirt, a silk gown and a house gown. These, with the clothes which she already has, entirely renovated and remodeled, and a sufficient amount of neatly-made underclothing is all that any girl in moderate circumstances needs for her trouseau—even less would be in order.—Emma M. Hooper, in Ladies' Home Journal.

BED FOR HOSPITALS.

Provisions Made for Treatment of Numerous Diseases and Also for Surgical Work.

The illustration shows a specially constructed bed adapted for use in hospitals, provision being made for treating numerous diseases and also for surgical work. A cooling tank is provided which contains ice and wa-



IMPROVED HOSPITAL BED.

ter, and this can be brought in proximity with any portion of the body while the remainder is given hot treatments by other appliances. The special function of the cooling tank is to regulate the temperature of a pyretic or febrile patient—as, for instance, in spinal meningitis, pneumonia, typhoid fever and all forms of eruptive diseases, where bodily temperature plays such an important role. In spinal meningitis and typhoid it may be necessary to apply heat to the spinal column and neck of the patient to produce muscula[r] relaxation, while the general temper[-] ature is reduced by the application [of] the cooling apparatus to other part[s] of the body. The mattress of the be[d] is adapted to be inflated with ho[t] water or air, and in order to main[-] tain the water at the required tem[-] perature the mattress is connecte[d] with the water heater in proximity to the bed by means of a pipe. [It] will be noticed that supports for [a] fractured arm or leg are also pro[-] vided, as well as a thermometer, writ[-] ing tablet, holder for medicin[e] glasses, etc. The designer of the ap[-] pliance is Adolfo Luma, of Chicag[o,] Ill.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

The Fearsome Future Woman Whom the English May Be Expected to Look Forward.

This is what the writer in one [of] the English magazines predicts wi[ll] be the state of affairs when anoth[er] century rolls around:

"By that time women will be [a]... six feet in height, many of them con[-] siderably over, while the averag[e] height of a man will be five fe[et] nothing. Woman will be strong an[d] lusty; broad and heavy in build, an[d] will be very proud of her large fe[et,] thick wrists, powerful limbs an[d] great muscular development, whi[le] men will have grown vain of the[ir] trimly-corseted waists, nice pink an[d] white complexions and soft voices.

"Love will not have been complete[-] ly done away with, though sentime[nt] will have given away to commo[n] sense. Every woman will be require[d] to marry and support two husband[s,] one of whom must be a useful, do[-] mesticated creature, capable of ten[d-] ing the children and looking afte[r] the household (while the wife is awa[y] in the city earning good money t[o] keep the home together), and th[e] other will be a better... therefore more ornamental creatur[e] (not a 'general utility' man like th[e] 'housekeeper'), whose duties will b[e] to act as companion or 'gentlema[n] help' to the mistress and ruler of th[e] mansion, and keep things up to th[e] mark generally.

"Women a century hence will a[ll] wear 'bloomers,' both literally an[d] figuratively speaking; any woma[n] transgressing by appearing in a long[-] tailed skirt will be condemned to a[ct] as public street scavenger for as lon[g] a period as the local council shall de[-] termine. Women will also wear [a] mustache, and the faces of men wi[ll] gradually become smooth. Cook[s] will no longer be at a premium, a[s] tiny tabloids of food will take th[e] place of the elaborate dishes of th[e] past. We shall be able to get throug[h] a six-course dinner in about two min[-] utes, a tabloid for each course, or, [if] we prefer it, we can have, multum i[n] parvo, a tabloid with everything com[-] pressed and condensed into one har[-] monious whole."

How to Boil Vegetables.

Vegetables composed largely o[f] starch and water, potatoes partic[u-] larly, should be boiled at a contin[u-] ous high temperature. Otherwis[e] they will become water soaked an[d] of poor flavor.

WAS ALWAYS HUNGRY.

Why Mrs. Kennett Sought Refuge [in] the Pantry After Her Guests Had Said Good Night.

Mr. Kennett is a genial and wel[l-] meaning man, but he is unobservin[g.] This failing of his on occasion reduce[s] his wife to the state of exasperatio[n] which most women understand unle[ss] they are married to trained detectiv[es] or the exceptional man who is too goo[d] to be true.

It is a standing joke at the Kenne[tt] house to remark on Mrs. Kennett['s] appetite. Her husband treasures th[e] topic as a subject to enliven any i[n-] formal dinners they give, and inven[ts] fresh stories on the spur of the m[o-] ment if the conversation lags. "Y[ou] wouldn't think now," he often says [in] mock wonder, "to look at such [a] fragile little person" (Mrs. Kenne[tt] is five feet four and weighs about 1[..] pounds) "that she eats twice as mu[ch] as I do. "Yet I'm always through a meal half again as quickly as she and she is perfectly brazen about making me wait till she has finished. I can't understand it!"

Guests always laugh ripplingly at this sally, and Mrs. Kennett smiles in a deprecatory way and holds her peace. There were a lot of friends in to informal Sunday night tea a short time ago, and in consequence a side table was devoted to the Kennetts' five olive branches and two visiting youngsters. Everybody waited on himself, and between whiles Mrs. Kennett attended to the side table.

Her portion of cold turkey had just been set before her when a wail arose from the junior table.

"I've drunk all my milk and I want some more," announced Tommy Kennett.

"And I want another slice of bread and jam," added a six-year-old visitor.

"Can't I have an olive?" piped the baby.

Mrs. Kennett arose to still the tumult. "Dear, dear!" sympathized a guest, "your coffee will get cold."

"Oh," said Mr. Kennett, genially, "she is used to that sort of thing. Won't you have this wing?"

Mrs. Kennett retied two bibs, rescued the sugar bowl and then dropped into her chair smiling and breathless. She enjoyed two bites of turkey and then had to arise and umpire a fight between Mildred Kennett and Harry, whose idea of warfare was to plaster his enemy with jelly. When she got back the rest of the adults were finishing some salad and had proceeded to the cakes and sliced fruit. She relinquished her turkey with a sigh in order to catch up with the procession, and had succeeded in getting the French dressing distributed over her tomatoes when clamor again arose.

"Please, mamma, s'more bread!" shouted Harry.

"Me, too!" cried Mildred.

[illegible] want a fork like Tommy's," [illegible] visitor. "It's bigger'n mine!"

[illegible] ey's all gone," chimed in [illegible]

[illegible] like s'more milk," confided the chorus.

Mrs. Kenneth patiently arose and ministered to the tyrants. It took some time. When she had them settled, her husband and friends at the big table had finished.

"Oh, dear, yes," Mrs. Kennett said protestingly, when one of the guests

FOUND HER IN THE PANTRY.

"guessed she hadn't had a thing to eat." "I've quite finished!"

She led the way into the parlor and entertained her guests brilliantly till ten o'clock, when they departed. Then she disappeared.

Mr. Kennett, instituting a search for his wife, found her in the pantry with a heaping plate of cold turkey, jelly and cake.

He laughed amusedly. "Well, of all things!" he remarked. "Are you hungry after that layout we had three hours ago? Look out, Betty, you'll have to reduce your weight in a year if you keep on!"

Mrs. Kennett held a large and solid drumstick in her hand. For an instant her fingers clenched as do those of one about to hurl an object, and her eyes flashed. Then she thought better of it and instead ate the drum stick.

She says it would be a pity to destroy Mr. Kennett's childlike wonder at her marvelous appetite.—Chicago Daily News.

Marriage Without Consent.

"A girl's right is to be married with dignity from her father's house," writes Margaret E. Sangster in the Ladies' Home Journal. "There are instances, as in the case of Mrs. Browning, where a parent is relentlessly prejudiced and tyrannical, but they are very exceptional. After a sufficient period of waiting, if the two are sure of each other and are of mature age—over 25 at least—if they cannot obtain their parents' consent they may be justified in marrying without it, hoping for time to bring about a reconciliation to the inevitable."

ART IN EMBROIDERY.

Design for a Photograph Frame Which, If Well Executed, Is Sure to Give Satisfaction.

The delicate quality which a well-known writer on the subject has aptly defined as finesse in embroidery is characteristic, when worked of this charming design. The inspiration was one of the exquisitely worked waistcoats which, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, were dear to the heart of the man of fashion, and equally satisfactory to the embroideress of the day as affording scope for her skill. Succeeding generation workers have good reason to be grateful for the storehouse of treasures which this pleasing mode of our ancestors has bequeathed to

PHOTOGRAPH FRAME DESIGN.

us, and which is equally inexhaustible as a source of instruction or of suggestion. Every variety of refined and delicate stitchery was called into requisition to suit the fashionable fancy, and the dandy of the period, as M. Ernest Lefebure tells us, and as examples preserved in museums and private collections testify, used even, when he felt he had exhausted European resource, to send his coats and waistcoats, ready cut, to be embroidered in China; so that not only does his luxurious wardrobe remain as an object lesson to the worker of to-day in the needlecraft of her own country, but sometimes introduces her to some of the finest methods and styles of oriental embroidery. The specimen on which the design is based is a delightful example of English embroidery of some century and a half ago, preserved at the Victoria and Albert museum, London. The ground is a creamy white satin, and the silks used the very finest floss; the whole piece is, indeed, a marvel of fineness, needle-painting of the most delicate type. Very fine threads of filo-floss might be used nowadays for working it, care being taken to select the shades together so as to be sure that they harmonize. The light trelliswork, for example, is in the soft plum-bloom color, best described by its old-fashioned name of "puce," the dull tone of which, even when fresh, makes it blend so restfully with other hues. The small flowers intersected by the trellis are in pale silvery blue, and the little sprays filling the spaces are crimson flowered, with green leaves and stems. The quaint posy at one corner introduces a delightfully varied combination of colors. The curious flower, with its cluster of small blossoms surrounding fair, upstanding stamens, is worked in blue, shading from the palest to a deep, dull indigo; the stamens are in light green tipped with maize and coral tints. The poppy shades from red to flesh pink; the small shower spray of flowers at the lower part of the bouquet is blue, while the pansy-shaped blossom above it shows delicate shades of pale mauve. The foliage is in greens, finely shaded from light to dark, and there is a touch of crimson in the flower-head standing erect above the others.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Evolution of the Wrapper.

Time was when the wrapper played such an important part in the comic papers and was such an untidy garment that it was banished from any correct outfit; but the dainty wrappers of to-day and the pretty matinees make a charming style of morning dress and one that is comfortable and appropriate. The kimono and such flowing garments should be relegated to the bedroom, but a pretty wrapper, with a fitted lining, may have loose fronts and a Watteau plait in the back, and yet not look in the least untidy or too negligee. The crepons, cashmeres, challies and India silks are all good for these wrappers, especially in light colors. White is the smartest, of course, but soils too easily to make it practical for the majority of women. White lace should be used in trimming all wrappers, for as soon as it becomes in the least soiled it may be taken off and washed or cleaned, and in this way is a much better trimming than ribbon or chiffon, which rarely look the same after cleaning.—Harper's Bazar.

Laughter Promotes Health.

There is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by hearty laughter. The life principle of the central man is shaken to its innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, than it does at other times. For this reason every hearty laugh in which a person indulges tends to lengthen his life, conveying as it does, distinct stimulus to the vital forces.—N. Y. Weekly.

POSING FOR PICTURES.

What to Wear and What Not to Wear When a Really Good Photograph Is Desired.

Photography as an art has attained such a standard of excellence that no pains are too infinite to enhance its effectiveness. While the primary object in any likeness, is to portray the features, the pose, the individual, yet it cannot be gainsaid that much of our pleasure in viewing the countenance, however perfectly depicted, may be seriously marred by the unhappy selection of an unbecoming gown.

It is a mistake to wear one's richest and most sumptuous costume instead of one whose design, being less pronounced, is, consequently, less apt to look grotesque a few seasons hence. Certain materials are risky, to say the least, in a photograph. Satins or silks with high luster throw lights and shadows which are harsh and unexpected in reproduction. Translucent fabrics are by far to be preferred. Softly folding, easily draped, and not pronounced are crepes, either silk or wool, and chiffon. Tulle, nets and such lace-like transparent effects depend so much upon the materials which are used as foundations that, in a general way, they are to be considered as secondary in importance, although as draperies they may be styled par excellence. Stiff, starchy effects are to be strictly tabooed unless it be the translucence of swiss or organdie.

Stripes and large patterns in lace or silk are failures, big brocades or plaids something to make one weep, especially the photographer who foresees a demand for second sittings when the proofs are shown. Velvet and fine furs are especially happy selections, and such accessories as a handsome opera cloak or long ostrich fan are deemed happy adjuncts with full dress.

Gloves should always be worn with street toilets which include a hat, but since a glace glove would be shiny, one of undressed kid is far better. With very light colors the hand should always be lifted or placed against a background darker than itself since the pink dress will naturally take darker than the light fabric.

Jewelry adds much to an evening dress, especially in the way of ornaments about the top of a low-cut corsage. Pearls photograph exquisitely in made-up jewelry, in necklaces or in long chains, which may be brought up and knotted once or festooned from a single ornament in front of the corsage.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MISS VIVIAN SARTORIS.

Gen. Grant's Charming Granddaughter to Be Married to a Rich Young New Yorker.

An engagement which, though not formally announced, is acknowledged by both families, is that of Miss Vivian Sartoris and Timothy Nichols, of New York city. Miss Sartoris is the elder daughter of Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, and is one of the belles of Washington. Mr. Nichols is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Gillman Nichols, of New York city, and is a popular young clubman of the metropolis.

The attachment between the young people dates from two years ago,

MISS VIVIAN SARTORIS.
(Granddaughter of Gen. Grant, Who Is Soon to Be a Bride.)

when they met at the international yacht races. Mr. Nichols has been an ardent lover, and it is stated by his close friends that the wedding will take place some time this year, and that the engagement will be formally announced as soon as the date of the marriage is settled.

Miss Sartoris is a tall, graceful brunette, and bears little resemblance to the Grant family. She has been a belle of two capitals, London and Washington, and has counted her admirers by the score. It is a subject of much congratulation to her family that she has chosen an American. Her venerable grandmother, Mrs. U. S. Grant, is especially well pleased, as it was a great grief when her daughter married an Englishman. She was not filled with enthusiasm when her namesake and granddaughter, Julia Dent Grant, wedded a Russian, even if he was a prince.

Care of the Eyeglasses.

Spectacles and eyeglasses are much benefited by a bath now and then—not a mere wiping or rubbing with chamois or tissue paper, but a real good bath. The process is simple. Have a basin of warm water, a cake of soap, and a soft tooth or nail brush; put the glasses into the basin and leave them to soak for a little while, then apply soap freely and rub off with a brush. After this give them a polish with any ordinary tooth powder, and finally clean them with tissue paper. Occasionally a few drops of ammonia in the water in which they are given the bath will be found excellent.

INDIAN LOVE-MAKING.

Strange Marriage Customs Prevail Among the Kiowas, One of the Semi-Savage Tribes.

The Kiowa Indians have queer marriage customs. There are three ways of getting married among these semi-savage redskins. The first and most commonly practiced way of securing a wife is buying her outright, or trading for her as if she were a horse or cow. As is common among most heathen tribes where woman is considered a mere toy or slave, she is not consulted, but must be ready to fill any contract that her father or brother sees fit to make.

I was at a mission upon the Kiowa and Comanche reservations not long

KIOWA BRIDE AND GROOM.

since, where Af-poo-dle, a Kiowa boy of ten, was a pupil. He had a handsome sister with whom an old Indian was in love. The Indian visited the school and was most solicitous in his attentions to Af-poo-dle, giving him many attractive presents, such as beads and brass jewelry, that appealed to his vanity. When Af-poo-dle inquired of the donor what present he could make him in return, the wily old Indian unhesitatingly replied: "Give me your sister, Ti-i-ti, for squaw; me heapee rich; heapee good brave." The boy promised. He was the only son, and his word was law in the wigwam. Accordingly a few weeks later the Indian led Ti-i-ti to his tepee to be his squaw. This was a cold-blooded transaction, as is usually the case when women are sold.

The second way is more romantic and more in accord with the civilized fashion. In this case the love-sick swain gets his sister to see the young squaw he admires and to arrange a clandestine meeting. If his affection be returned the squaw keeps her appointment, and he happily leads her to his wigwam, for a clandestine meeting constitutes marriage with these semisavages.

The third and least practiced way sovors still more of the romantic. In this case the enamored buck makes a fastidious toilet in which beads and brass jewelry of all descriptions figure conspicuously, decorates and paints in many colors his best steed, and, like a conquering Alexander, rides proudly in front of the tepee where his adored is engaged in some menial task. He slackens pace as he nears the wigwam and endeavors to put his soul into his eyes as he regards her. She timidly blushes as she gazes upon the handsome brave, and her eyes droop. That is sufficient answer for him. That night, after all have retired, he takes his flute, goes near her wigwam and pours out a few doleful notes to express his heart's yearning. She comes out to him, and beneath the midnight stars they plight their faith. Then she is proudly led to his wigwam to be squaw No. 1, or more frequently No. 5. The next morning she is missed and the whole camp join in a mirthful search. When found the bridegroom is robbed of all his earthly possessions, sometimes even the very tepee that shelters his bride.—Detroit Free Press.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

Morning and Evening Duties Which Should, Under No Circumstances, Be Neglected.

In the morning separate the hair lock by lock and comb it from the ends up toward the roots with a shell comb, coarse and with teeth set far apart. This method of disentangling the hair prevents it from getting into knots and breaking.

When it is thoroughly disentangled brush it vigorously with a rather hard brush from the roots down, brushing till the hair shines.

To disentangle the hair, as well as to brush it, you should not attack a mass of hair and brush it at haphazard. The hair must be brushed and combed strand by strand, and this continued all around the head.

At night, before going to bed, let the hair fall loose, shake it thoroughly, then brush it and braid it.

Nothing is worse for the hair than to leave it hanging loose when one is in bed. It should be divided into several strands, braided, and then let fall, or else neatly twisted at the nape of the neck.

This permits the air to penetrate the hair, and at the same time prevents it from breaking. The hair should be left as unencumbered as possible and should not be overloaded with pins or ornaments that are too heavy.—Chicago American.

The Art of Soup Making.

In making soup slow cooking extracts the flavor and the water should not be salted until near the end of the process. In cooking bones and joints, however, a high temperature renders the gelatin soluble and salt should be used. As the gelatin is the nutritious part of the soup, this is important.

"LITTLE BAT" and the Sibley Fight

"THE long-haired man from the west may be all right, but there are others," remarked a dark, swarthy, stout man in Chicago, the other day. He was Frank Grouard, ex-chief of scouts of the United States army, the hero of a hundred Indian fights and hairbreadth escapes. There is nothing romantic in the appearance of this big, brawny man, his black hair now well streaked with silver, but his exploits are liberally blazoned on the army reports of Crook and Sheridan. Born on an island in the south Pacific in 1850, the son of a missionary, through stress of circumstances at the age of five he was left to shift for himself. Doing chores about the California mining camps and driving an ore wagon was his training for carrying mail over a lonely star route. He was captured as a youth by Indians and adopted as a son of the famous Sioux chief Crazy Horse, living five years in Indian camps, eating his meat without salt, and forgetting the taste of bread, and intrusted with the mysteries of "medicine-making" by Sitting Bull. This school innured him to hardship and eventually led him to meet and overcome dangers that few men have experienced.

When he saw the telegram in the newspaper the other day relating to the tragedy at Crawford, Neb., that sounded "taps" for Baptiste Gaunier, better known as the famous scout, Little Bat, he quite forgot the overhanging wonder of the elevated road and the tall buildings to tell his regret at the passing of one who had shared with him many perils. "Did you ever hear of the Sibley fight?" he asked. "If you have not, John Finerty can tell you one lively side of it. Little Bat might have told you some more about it, and I might say something myself. Yes, we were all in it up to our chins, and as an all-around close shave I think all accounts agree that it was about the limit. The idea of a man living on a diet of that kind and

BOTH INDIANS WENT DOWN TOGETHER

then getting killed in a saloon fight! It seems tough. Poor Little Bat! Bad whisky was worse 'medicine' than Sitting Bull ever made in all his years of deviltry.

"But you want me to tell about the Sibley fight, do you? It was about 24 years ago last July, just about a week before the battle that wiped out Gen. Custer and his entire command. Gen. Crook assigned Little Bat and myself to go north on the Tongue river and meet a body of friendly Crows that were joining us to fight against the Sioux. Much to my regret, Lieut. F. W. Sibley and 24 picked men of the Second cavalry were detailed as an escort. The men were splendid fellows, but all more or less new in Indian fighting. We had been moving north two days when in the dawn of the third morning I discovered the Sioux moving toward Tongue river thicker than buffalo in the valley of the Platte. I called Bat softly and when he saw the great painted procession stealing over the plains he said: 'My God! We are gone!'

"I waited until I saw them strike our trail. Immediately the discoverer began circling his horse and waving his blanket, and about 20 minutes later every Indian in that section knew that white men were somewhere about. I thought we might possibly get away from them by getting up into the mountains. I told Bat to follow me with the men as fast as he could, my idea being to get beyond where the Twin creek trail crossed our own in the mountains, knowing that the Indians would naturally make a run to cut us off at that point. I suppose I went up the hills rather fast, for at length I got tired waiting at the trail crossing and went back for the soldiers. Imagine my surprise when I learned that the party had stopped to make coffee. Lieut. Sibley admitted his inexperience in a running fight and had yielded to the importunings of his men, who wanted breakfast. I told him the chances were that none of us would eat any more between that time and kingdom come, as the Indians were probably waiting for us at the point we should have passed long ago. I made a wide detour from the trail as we toiled up the mountain—very fortunately, for they were ambushed for us at the crossing of the trails between two high tree-crowned buttes. If we hard passed through that natural gate none of us would have been left to tell about it. As we passed up the mountain to the left they got on to our curves, and about 200 did some wild target practice in our direction. Strange to say, not a man was hit. Correspondent John Finerty's horse was shot, and he came up and joined me in leading the line. The horses were inclined to stampede at the first fire, so at the beginning of the thick timber I ordered the stock tied in a bunch. The Indians tried in every way to draw our fire, but Sibley, at my suggestion, ordered no firing unless they charged right up to us, which is not the way an Indian fights.

"We got to the timber at ten o'clock in the morning, and we did not fire a shot until three o'clock in the afternoon. Every man had his tree, and he stuck to it closer than a brother. Early in the day a leather-lunged Sioux yelled at me that he knew Bat and myself were there, and they were going to have great fun with us—particularly me. I knew what that meant without a map, so I told every soldier to save a good cartridge for himself before surrendering to the fiendish tortures, for the Sioux have very original methods of making a man die by the most painful process possible.

"Along about the middle of the afternoon my red friends who were waiting to entertain me began to get very gay and were growing bolder every minute. They had killed all our horses but five, and thought it was impossible for us to get away; in fact, I heard them say so quite frequently in the gutteral language of the Cheyennes. White Antelope and a band of Cheyennes had joined the war party, and this chief began riding closer and closer to our trees. Finally he and another chief, who was riding about five yards behind him, came into fairly good range. I could see the color of his eyes as he came toward me. I pulled the trigger of my rifle and both Indians went down together as a result of the single shot. It was the first shot from our party, and the double tragedy confused the Indians. Then our whole outfit poured in a withering volley, and I told Sibley it was our time to take advantage of their confusion and get through their line back to the gully. I waited until they were all fairly started back through the heavy timber, then, taking the lariat from the saddle of my dead horse, I followed.

"It was a mile from where we made our stand to the main fork of the Tongue river, and the woods were full of terrible windfalls and it was awfully hard traveling. The first 200 yards the men had to simply squirm their way through the timber and keep very low. The savages had a comparatively thin line at our rear, as they knew the character of the country and thought we would be helpless without our horses.

"When I rejoined the men I sent Bat in the lead and I covered th[illegible] The soldiers took off their bo[illegible] stepped from rock to rock in [illegible]to leave our trail as blind as [illegible] About dark a heavy rainstorm, with much wind, came up and soon drow[illegible] out the firing that our foes kept up on our camp. Our policy of holding our fire so fooled them that they did not rush our camp until the following morning, a fact that I learned later. The storm was wild and terrible, we were drenched and the timber began to fall all about us. We kept in a territory where horses could not travel, for reasons of our own, and we hit an unblazed trail over the mountains for the following 45 hours without a mouthful to eat. Sometimes the squirrel path was so steep that Bat and I had to pull the soldiers up over the rocks with our lassoes.

"The following morning at three o'clock we forded Goose creek, the cold water coming up to our armpits, and at daylight fell in with a scouting party of the Second cavalry. Then we went back over the trail and picked up two of our exhausted soldiers that had given up. We had been under a hot fire nearly ten hours, had traveled 50 miles over a terribly rough mountain country, and during all that time had not enjoyed the luxury of a ration, as we were forced to abandon everything when the Indians sighted us, except our hope and our ammunition. Yet we never lost a man.

"Poor little Bat! He was in the lead. Just to think of it! Now he is snuffed out as the result of a cowardly misdeal in a miserable saloon fight."

The speaker cast aside the stump of his cigar and said: "Where do you think I could find John Finerty, anyway?"—Chicago Daily Record.