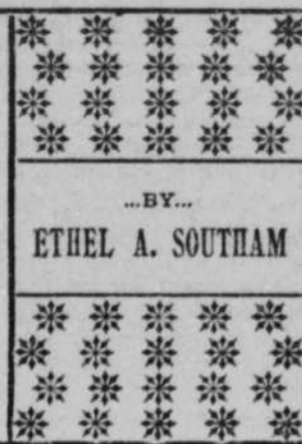


That Mysterious Major...



CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)
It was not until the gig had been brought round from the stables, not until the major had helped Evelyn up to the front seat and taken his place by her side and they had actually started on their homeward drive, that a single word was spoken regarding the subject which was uppermost in both their minds.

"Well, we are off at last," observed the major, with a twirl of his somewhat dilapidated whip; "and now we shall have to entreat this old mare to put her best foot forward, or Lady Howard will be in hysterics if Mrs. Courtenay returns from the theater without her charge."

"It—A look of horror came into Evelyn's face. "Oh, but we must get back before that! What would Aunt Lydia think? But I—I can scarcely believe even now that that letter was not from her. Are you certain you have not been mistaken? It was so exactly like her writing."

"Miss Luttrell, I assure you there is not a shadow of a doubt; for, besides knowing for a fact that Lady Howard was at the 'Royal George' at ten minutes to nine, I found an envelope directed to you which you had evidently dropped at the station, and it was as clearly a forgery of your aunt's writing as that check was of your own last night; and in both cases I saw at a glance that it was Falkland's hand-work."

"But I—I cannot understand! I was never so puzzled in my life!" Evelyn shook her head and gazed blankly before her at the thick shroud of mist rising slowly from the surrounding fields. "Can it be possible that Mr. Falkland is really that fearful man whom the authorities have been trying to find? Have you known all this time and never told us?"

"I had my suspicions, certainly," he confessed, with a half smile; "but then that is just it—they were only suspicions. If I had come to you and

ard for his next victim, and I immediately realized how helpless you would be in the hands of such a villain. We have put a stop to his games at last, though," he proceeded, after a momentary pause. "Falkland no doubt imagines that he will be able to make his escape with perfect safety when he arrives at his destination. He is blissfully unconscious that a pair of handcuffs is following closely in the next carriage."

"Do you mean to say that—"

"Exactly," acquiesced the major with a smile, as he noticed her horrified expression. "For once in my life fortune favored me. I telegraphed up to Scotland Yard this morning, telling them to send down the detective who had helped me before in this affair; and, receiving an answer to say he would be here by the five minutes past nine train, I went to the station to meet him. He had only just arrived, when, to my astonishment, I saw you and Falkland alone together upon the opposite platform, hurrying to the London express, and, feeling certain that something was wrong, we instantly made a rush for the train, only just managing to jump into the guard's van before it had moved off. Here again the luck was on our side. Knowing it was the London express, we had quite made up our minds that we should be able to find out nothing until it reached town; but fortunately there was a block on the line, which immediately set our fears at rest. You of course supposed that you were right for Royston."

"Yes—and that Parker was waiting for me with the luggage and Sambo at the next station," answered Evelyn, with a rueful shake of her head. Even now she seemed scarcely to realize the enormity of Falkland's act. "But what in the world could he hope to gain by such conduct? He must have known that sooner or later I should find him out."

"Yes; but that was it. How entirely

the only way out of my difficulty which I could think of was"—and here a quizzical gleam of amusement came into the major's eyes—"by that birthday-book."

"Yes, indeed—that horrible birthday-book!" Evelyn stopped short and regarded him as if words absolutely failed her.

"Ah, Miss Luttrell, you will forgive me! You are not very angry with me, I hope?"

The major suddenly put his whip aside, and, leaving the old gray mare to her own devices, bent forward, anxiously surveying the flushed, pretty face at his side.

"Well, no—I am not exactly angry. Considering that that wonderful book had so much to do with the discovery of the forgery, it would perhaps be rather unreasonable if I were. At the same time," she added, wrinkling up her forehead into a perplexed little frown, "though it might have been quite necessary for you to start a birthday-book for the occasion, I hardly think that there was any real need for you to have invented the endless stories that you did. I believe you thoroughly enjoyed taking me in!"

"Well, at any rate, I spoke the truth when I told you that not another person should enter his or her name in that one particular book—"

"Yes—you spoke the truth then?" "And when I declared that I should value your autograph more than any other that I possessed," he added quickly. "Miss Luttrell, there was truth in every word of that. You may think that I valued it merely because I thought it would meet my own ends; but you are quite mistaken. From the very first hour I saw you I have been in love with you, over head and ears in love, and for the past fortnight I have been longing for the day to come when I might throw off my disguise and—with sudden recklessness—ask you to be my wife. Miss Luttrell—Evelyn—tell me, is it possible you can ever give me any hope?"

"You must surely have known that I admired you—you must have seen all along that each day I was falling deeper and deeper in love with you," he went on, in absolute despair in his tones, an expression of keenest anxiety on his face. "Dearest, I know that I am not worthy of you, that I have no right to ask you; but, if only you will marry me, it shall be my one aim and object in life to make you happy. I will do anything on earth for you!"

There was a long pause, and then—"Major Brown," came slowly, hesitatingly from Evelyn.
"Ah, that Major Brown," he interrupted ruefully. "I know that your answer to him can never be satisfactory. Please"—entreatingly—"do not call me that again! Try to forget that you ever knew me by such a name, and for the future try to think of me as Adrian Beauchamp."

"I am afraid that that is impossible," and Evelyn gave a lugubrious little shake of her head. "I could no more call you Sir Adrian Beauchamp than I could our worthy landlord, Mr. Gillibrand himself."

"Then let me suggest a way out of the difficulty," he answered with a covert smile. "Suppose you drop both 'Sir' and 'Beauchamp,' and call me 'Adrian.'"

How soon the baronet prevailed upon Miss Luttrell to consent to his arrangement remains a profound mystery; but three weeks later two paragraphs appeared in the morning papers, one announcing the forthcoming trial for forgery of Samuel Cripps, alias John Barton, Gilbert Falkland, etc., the other the marriage shortly to be solemnized between Major Sir Adrian Beauchamp, Bart., late of the Hussars, of Beauchamp Manor, Witts, and Belgrave square, W., and Evelyn, only daughter of the late William Luttrell of Luttrell court, Devonshire. THE END.

How to Care for the Watch.

A watch should be wound up every day at the same hour. Avoid putting it on a marble slab or near anything excessively cold. A sudden change of temperature, contracting the metal, may sometimes cause the mainspring to break. The cold also coagulates the oil, and the pivots and wheel work less freely, and affect the regularity of the timekeeping. In laying aside a watch be sure that it rests upon its case. If suspended, the action of the balance may cause oscillation, which will interfere with its going. To keep your watch clean take care that the case fits closely and see that the watch pocket is kept free from fluff, which is so often given off by linings. Avoid sudden jars and falls, for even if it does not seem to affect it at the moment, a watch will resent rough handling by becoming gradually "out of order" without apparent cause.

"Eggsauce."

A teacher in a Boston suburban public school received the following "eggsauce" from the mother of a boy who had failed to be present on a certain day: "Dear Teacher—Please eggsauce Andrew James for not having went to school yesterday. He started all right, but him and another boy stopped for a little swim in the river, and a dog came along and carried off Andrew James' pants and shirt and he had to stay in the water until the other boy come home and got more pants and shirts for him, and then it was too late. Under the circumstances you could not expect him to be there, so kindly eggsauce."

Where Apples Grow With.

The apple grows wild in the Sandwich Islands.

WENNA POLWENNA.

Wenna Polwennas, the elder, kept a fruitshop in a Cornish fishing village—a small and crowded shop, with a meeting-house on one side of it and a great glaring gin palace on the other; and Wenna did a good business with miners and fishermen, and they said her stocking was full. But no man had been bold enough to ask her to marry again, for common repute held Wenna for a witch, and no white witch at that.

"Twas said in Westoe that strange things were bought and sold in her small, breathless shop, where the air smelt always of apples, and paid for in strange ways; sometimes into the wrinkled hand or dirty apron of old Wenna, sometimes into the pretty brown palm of young Wenna, her daughter.

Young Wenna was very fair to see; she was a brown girl with leaf-brown hair, and black eyebrows often knitted over her large light-gray eyes; for young Wenna had her mother's own temper, and that Westoe people said "was the 'Old One's';" but still young Wenna was very fair to see, and her lips were as ripe and soft as a cherry that has seen the sun.

I, coming to Westoe to paint its ruined castle, heard of young Wenna's beauty and deviltry and old Wenna's deviltry and ugliness, and went down one summer evening to the little shop to buy some fruit and to see with my own eyes. Old Wenna was nowhere to be seen, but young Wenna was serving behind the counter, and her pretty hands were stained with the juice of the red currants she was selling.

"Curran's apples, strawberries?" She held up a handful each of the first and last, and looked at me with laughter in her gray eyes.

"White currants," I said. Wenna shook her head as she weighed out a pound of black cherries for a boy.

coming forward from the dusk into the night, a tall and comely lad in a fisherman's jersey, stained with hard weather and much mended.

"How do I know? You don't know yourself, Lell," she retorted. There was passion in the two young faces looking at one another, and I saw both had forgotten me, and drew back a step.

"I want"—the boy's blue eyes looked deep into the girl's gray eyes, and he put L's hand out and softly touched Wenna's bosom, curving exquisitely under her torn red bodice. I want this—or these," and his fingers dropped to a bunch of dull blue berries that were stuck in her belt.

"You must give me one or the other."

"Lell, they call me the Old One's wean."

"I don't care."

"I do care!" Wenna's eyes flashed brilliantly into his—"an' you'll get the berries."

Both hands trembled a little—the fruit-stained hand which gave and the sunburnt and rope-blistered hand which took.

"I'll buy them, then," he said. "I'll have them as a gift, Wenna," and he threw a string of fish on the counter. "They're fresh caught tonight."

"Mammy'll cook them for supper, Lell. Good-night," Wenna said, with drooping eyelids.

"Good-night, child wean."

Then she turned to me, with a somewhat dazed look in her beautiful eyes. "Red curran's, yes, an' black. An' are you for gooseberries, sir, or will you be for some flowers? Poppies, now—or gypsy roses?"

"You haven't any more berries?" I asked. And she changed color suddenly and dreadfully.

"No! I have poppies for my fancy lads, but dwale berries for only one man," she said, looking at me with eyes that narrowed like a snake's

THE DAY OF LOUD NECKTIES

A Prevailing Fashion That Will Probably Be Short-Lived.

People who look into the dressed windows of the men's furnishing goods establishments see an exhibition of colors which puts the dry goods establishments to shame, and shows that high and flashy colors are not woman's prerogative, says the New York Tribune. "The loud necktie came to us from Paris originally," said a leading haberdasher, "and we have been told that it came into fashion because of the bicycle. The Frenchman began to wear broad, streaming neckties with their outing shirts, and occasionally a man would wear a bicycle-tie when he was not in wheeling costume, especially when no waistcoat was worn. The demand grew, and gradually the patterns became louder and gayer, and last season young men who were courageous as to dress began to wear the ties with morning and afternoon dress. Then England took up the fashion, and turned out four-in-hands and ascots of the 'greenery valley' class, and the style was established. As a matter of course, the United States followed, and you see the result in the kaleidoscopic window displays." Great plaids of bright colors, stripes of the Turkish kind, and mottled stuffs that look as though they had been made for Persian gowns, have been used extensively for the new ties, and, not satisfied with original patterns, makers have turned out ties additionally conspicuous, with embroideries, Anchors, fleurs de lis, monograms, flowers, golf, racing and yachting designs have been worked into black and fancy scarfs, and manufacturers found that no matter if their goods were so loud that they disturbed the peace there was always a market for them. "But no fashion lasts when it is copied by the cheap trade," said the dealer in men's wear, "and the French scarf soon found its way into the Bowery and east side stores, where high colors are always in demand. The \$2 scarf was imitated and produced at 50 cents, and the yachtman found his office boy wearing an anchor-bedecked scarf which to all appearances came out of the same box as the one he was wearing. That settled the matter, and, although the showy ties and scarfs are still on sale, it is safe to say that they will not be with us long. Black and white ties and scarfs, or a mixture of these colors for younger men, will never be superseded in this country by the brilliant things that now add to the display of colors in the shopping district."

WOOD'S HOLE.

Is the Plebeian Name of a Postoffice in Massachusetts.

Washington Special to New York Times. There is a warning to Speenk, or Remsenburg, in the fate which has befallen Wood's Hole, Barnstable county, Mass. Wood's Hole bore a humble and homely name, and smarted under it. Some time ago its name was changed to Woods Holl, which had a sylvan and romantic flavor, and suggested moonlit glades and flowery dells. But the change from democratic Wood's Hole to aristocratic Woods Holl brought upon the community the scorn of the cynical, the objurgations of the people who could not remember how to spell "Holl," and other troubles too numerous to mention. The postoffice officials had their troubles, too, in the shape of misaddressed and blotted envelopes. After a troublous and tempestuous existence Woods Holl gave up the struggle and passed away, and the postoffice department has notified its employees that plain, democratic old Wood's Hole has come into being, and that letters addressed to "Woods Holl" are to go there. The community has given up its striving for the romantic and sublime and is peaceful and content.

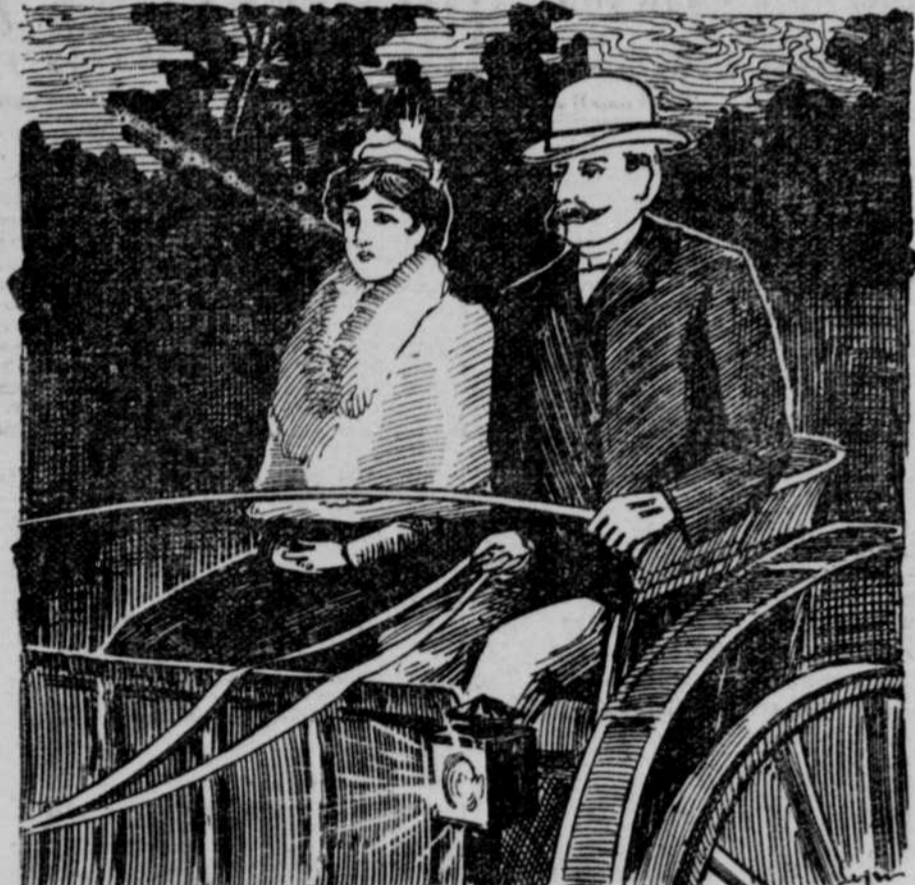
HOW VICTORIA WORKS.

Although Queen Victoria makes a point of spending part of each day with members of her family staying at Balmoral, she never neglects her work. Every day queen's messengers are sent to Scotland from the home office and the foreign office with important dispatches. By the time her majesty has breakfasted, a huge pile of official papers and letters has been arranged for her inspection, and before lunch all those which have to be returned to London, annotated and signed by the queen, have been considered and dealt with.

Her majesty was always an excellent woman of business, and in spite of her 80 years her maxims still appear to be "Business first, pleasure afterward." At Balmoral, as elsewhere, her majesty spends a good deal of time in her donkey carriage, a low, basketwork phaeton, with a broad and comfortable seat, having a hood which can be raised or lowered. A groom always walks by the donkey's head, though the queen holds the reins loosely in one hand.

Behind walk two gillies, who carry shawls, and whose duty it is to look out for any obstacle in the way. When in her donkey chaise her majesty is always accompanied by one of her daughters or granddaughters. The queen specially enjoys her drives at Balmoral and the castle grounds, which are bounded on one side by the river, are remarkably beautiful. The magnificent conservatories are full of flowers, but there is practically no kitchen garden, and daily supplies of fruit and vegetables are received each morning from Windsor.

The evening of life comes bearing its own lamp.



ANXIOUSLY SURVEYED THE FLUSHED, PRETTY FACE."

boldly declared that my own convictions warned me that this fellow was Samuel Cripps, the forger, what would you have said? Why, you would probably have answered that it was far more likely that I myself was the renowned Samuel Cripps. The truth is, I had seen this fellow Falkland abroad, and something about his appearance—I do not know what it was—told me that he was the very man who had been connected with a tremendous forgery in New York, and who, only a few days afterward, I discovered, had forged my name to the amount of 25,000 pounds. It was a most curious affair altogether. How he had gained possession of my check book, or had learned that the amount of money was lying idle in the bank, remains to this day a mystery. And, though I felt certain that this fellow, who had so attracted my notice at Monte Carlo, was the same man who had forged my name, there was unfortunately not the slightest evidence really against him. The moment, however, that I saw him here on the night of my arrival I recognized him at a glance, even though he had disguised himself most effectually by shaving off his mustache and dyeing his hair two or three shades lighter. I had really come with the intention of staying only one night in order to look at some property which had been left me by an uncle; but the instant I saw that man I resolved, whatever happened, to remain until doomsday, if necessary, in the hopes of finding out what grounds I had for my suspicions. At the same time I saw you"—here the major gave one swift glance at the slight form beside him—"and it struck me that if this fellow Falkland were the man I suspected him to be, he had most probably chosen either you or Lady How-



"YOU HAVEN'T ANY MORE BERRIES?" I ASKED.

"Wenna, she sells nothen' that's white," piped the boy at me. "Not even white cherries—no, my dear soul, she don't." Wenna threw an overripe cherry at him, and it broke upon his cheek, leaving a purple stain there. And her eyes blazed as if she would have liked the fruit to be a stone. The boy made off, laughing.

"Not even white witcher," he shouted from the door, and scampered off, chuckling.

"Mun's a fool," said a girl standing at the counter, eating cherries, "but sence the word's spoke, Wenna, dear life, wilta let me have the powder? 'Tes none too late to try it."

"Thou'r't a fool, too, Alice," said the fruit seller, busying herself in a deep drawer behind the counter that seemed to be full to overflowing with packets of seeds, small packets and large, and some almost infinitesimal.

One of these very small packages she drew out and tossed across the counter to the girl Alice, receiving nothing in payment that I could see. Then, as the girl snatched it up and put it into her bosom, Wenna laughed and asked: "Is it for Nat or Willy, for you named no names, Alice?"

"I'm namen' none now," the girl Alice cried angrily, throwing down a shilling, and she ran out of the shop muttering to herself as she went. Wenna Polwennas turned again to me. "White curran's I haven't got, but there's red enough an' to spare. Wilta have red ones?"

I nodded. "Red currants will do—and a pound of black as well."

A man at the end of the little shop laughed out suddenly.

"Wenna'll serve you wi' those fast enough," he said. "Them's the Old One's colors, they do say. Is ta true, Wenna Polwennas?" Wenna laughed. "Maybe, you should be askin' mammy that, Lell Trewavas," she said. "An' what are you wantin' tonight?" "You know well enough," he said.

about to strike. "Will you have a poppy, sir?"

She smiled now, and I drew back, suddenly afraid of her.

"Maybe you'll go into the room behind the shop, sir. Mammy'll be glad to see you, an' she's finer things to sell than ever cross this counter."

"Flesh and blood, I suppose?" I said, paying her hastily. "No, I don't want any."

I went out from the apple-tinted air and drew a deep breath of the sweet evening. Wenna watched me from the doorway, smiling her inviting smile. I threw away the fruit I had bought—I think it would have poisoned me—and the next morning I left Westoe. I avoided Cornish local papers for the next month or so, therefore I never knew whether those dwale berries worked out Lell Trewavas' redemption or not. Almost I hope they did. I met a Westoe man the other day, and he tells me the ill-omened little shop has been pulled down and is in process of rebuilding as a registry office. And old Wenna and young Wenna have gone beyond seas. I wonder where they are plying their uncanny trades now?—Nora Hopper.

Ground-Floor Bedrooms.

From the London Chronicle: There is danger in the porous character of plaster ceilings, which are often very thin indeed. The ordinary ceiling is "only a porous diaphragm permeable by gases with considerable freedom." The vitiated air of sitting rooms therefore frequently finds its way through into bedrooms. The British Medical Journal asks any sceptic to "compare his bodily and mental sensations after sleeping in such a room and in one situated over a similar room well ventilated and not occupied or illuminated by gas during the evening." The remedy, it says, is to have bedrooms on the ground floor, and living, working and cooking rooms upstairs. But how about noise?