

GUILTY OR INNOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Saville of the Court is not a cheery woman. People are generally afraid of her, and like many unpleasant people, she usually gets her own way. Her present idea is to marry her only son, Sebastian, to her niece, Barbara Saville, an arrangement perfectly agreeable to every one except Barbara herself—Barbara, with her rare, witching Irish beauty, the beauty of a fair skin and blue eyes, with very dark lashes and dark hair, a face at once charming and provoking.

But Barbara's sweet-cut mouth is a little bit too firm for her aunt, and Sebastian has felt his cold blood grow warm beneath the disdainful smile of his cousin. Sebastian is not a pleasant looking man—tall and dark, with a heavy, cynical face and eyes that look cruel. In the whole of Leitner there is not such a pretty girl as Barbara Saville. She lives at the Court with her aunt, and has done so for several years. Lately Mrs. Saville has put on the screw a little, for Barbara is twenty, and it is time Sebastian married and settled down; but Barbara tip-tilts her pretty chin and tosses her dusky head, and says that to live at the Court all her life would kill her.

It is, indeed, a gloomy spot, falling into decay, surrounded by dark, neglected woods, and a dark, sullen river running through the park. Mrs. Saville's husband has lived hard in his day, driven a coach with eight horses, and generally made havoc of his patrimony. Card playing ended what his eight horses had begun, and his only son, Sebastian, is a poor man. Barbara is an only child, too. Her father has an appointment in Tasmania, and Barbara is supposed to have a fortune. Mr. Saville had sent her home to be educated in England, and then to live at the Court, where the charming family arrangement of a marriage between the cousins was an open secret.

The time is November, when all day long the trees drip moisture, and the fields are soaking and sodden, while the long struggling street of Portraven is one sea of mud.

It is worse than usual today, for a cattle fair is going on, and the fair takes place in the street. The footpaths are crowded with cattle, and droves of panting, terrified sheep are huddled into groups. Young horses led by halters are being paraded up and down, and the footpaths being unavailable, pedestrians are forced to fight their way in the middle of the street, ankle deep in mud, amidst the confusion of carts and horses, and animals of all sorts and kinds.

Walking briskly through the crowd with an air of being thoroughly used to it, comes Barbara Saville, dressed in a short skirt of Donegal tweed, with a Norfolk jacket and a tweed cap on her dark hair. She carries a walking stick, and her bright face wears a half-amused, half-contemptuous expression as she looks at the hurrying crowd. She has reached the market square, and here the fair is at its height, and bargains are going on briskly. Barbara looks pityingly at the scared, timid cattle driven to and fro with such roughness. And strange contrast, just beside the drove of cattle, heedless of the turmoil around, stand a little group, a preacher, with uncovered head, preaching the Gospel of Christ to the heedless multitude. It is a strange scene, and Barbara's face grows thoughtful. The rough faces of toll-hardened men and women, the patient cattle standing by, and those most humble creatures the subdued donkeys, more used to blows than kindness.

Then through the crowd comes a young man, and he is head and shoulders over every one. His hair is gold—real gold—and waves in short, crisp waves. His fair moustache covers a sweet, firm mouth, and the eyes that look at Barbara are purple as pansies, and full of light now as they meet the sudden, glad recognition in her gaze.

"Barbara," says the young giant, "what are you doing in this crowd?" "Barbara's face is a study of pleased surprise. "I only walked in from the Court to post my letter to father," she replies. And her dark eyes smile brightly as she holds out her hand to him. "I'll take care of you," returns George Bouverie; "these fellows are so rough you might get hurt."

And Barbara has no objection. Her eyes dance. What does it matter that the November sky is heavy and gray? There is sunshine in the two glad young hearts, and they laugh and they talk together, and make fun over their little adventures in the fair, like the pair of children they are. They leave the town and walk together along the country road. Sudden leaves, brown and decaying, lie in little heaps. It is a day calculated to make any one depressed; but Barbara's cheeks are softly flushed; her eyes are like stars.

"Barbara, when may I speak to your aunt?" "George Bouverie's tone has grown serious suddenly, his face takes a tender expression. Hers flushes crimson. "Wait till I hear from father, George," she whispers. "You don't know Aunt Julia—she would freeze me with a look; but if father says yes, then she can't say anything."

"But, my darling, how can I wait?" urges the young man. Barbara sighs. "Aunt Julia would write out horrid things to father," she says. And her fingers just touch the rough tweed sleeve beside her.

"You must not covet forbidden fruit, Mr. Bouverie; and I think, for your own sake, it would be well not to come too often to the Court. Your mother knows my wishes for Barbara."

rough, and lost a lot, too; and my dear old mother will go about pouring out her woes to Mrs. Saville, and making me out to be a black sheep; but I'm not that, Barbara. I've you to work for now, and I'll chuck the whole thing up. I'll have one more plunge, and then, if I win, and the luck's bound to come my way now, I'll pay up all round and marry you, my darling, with a clean page."

"So hopefully he speaks, who could doubt him? Certainly not Barbara. "You are my good angel, sweetheart," goes on the man, bending his fair head. "I know I've made a mess of my life; but it will be all different now. You won't mind being a poor man's life, will you, darling?"

"I shouldn't mind anything with you, George," she whispers, her beautiful face aglow with feeling. "That's my brave little woman! I've got to get much, you know, Barbara. The Grange comes to me at the mother's death, and she allows me two hundred a year. I wish now I had got a profession—a wistful expression of regret softening his eyes as he speaks. The only son of his mother, and she was a widow.

Ah, what a story those simple words contain! George Bouverie is his mother's idol, and sorely she moans over her darling's shortcomings. Her views are not his views, and she regards with horror his increasing infatuation for horse racing, a taste that is a crime in the eyes of Mrs. Bouverie. To please her, George sold his race-horse, but took to betting, a fact that need not be known to any one but himself.

Only to Barbara has he poured out his remorse and regrets over himself and his backslidings. To please her he will give up everything, and Barbara is content.

"I wish I could ask you in to lunch," she says naively, as they reach the gloomy entrance gates of the Court, heavily shadowed with giant cypress trees, and dark moss grows on the pillars and the stone griffins surmounting them.

George smiles. "Aunt Julia wouldn't be pleased to see me, I fancy," he says, looking down at her. "I know she wants that son Sebastian to marry you—she told my mother so."

Their hands meet in a lingering pressure when Sebastian himself appears upon the scene, his face dark as night, his eyes furious. "Morning, Bouverie," he begins, with a curt nod; and turns to Barbara. "My mother is looking for you, Barbara. Have you forgotten we have an engagement this afternoon?"

Barbara lifts her lovely eyes with unfeigned scorn. "My dear Sebastian, you know I told my mother I could not stand a 10-mile drive to drink tepid tea at Lady Barry's. Not even your company, Sebastian, could compensate for such an infliction."

Sebastian Saville may and does hate young Bouverie; but the instincts of hospitality cannot be ignored. "Won't you come in and have a bit of lunch, Bouverie?" he says. And George, who realizes that it means an hour of Barbara's society, accepts.

Together the three walk up the long avenue, where gnarled oaks meet overhead, and in the woods at either side the moss grows deep and soft. George swings along with his spry step, and Sebastian looks with envy at the young man's splendid figure. He is tall himself, too, but awkward, and his face is forbidding.

Barbara walks between the two men, and Sebastian notices the heightened color in her cheeks, the radiant light in her eyes. She does not know that he can read her secret in her face, and the knowledge fills him with anger. Barbara is to be his wife; no idle flirtation must come between them; she is to be all his. Her beauty pleases him, and he knows what Barbara is ignorant of—that she will be an heiress.

Barbara's father wished her to be brought up simply, with no knowledge of the world's goods to fall to her lot. So whenever George Bouverie may possess in the way of faults, he is no fortune hunter—he loves Barbara for her own sake.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Saville is a peculiar looking woman. She is seated in the long drawing room when Barbara enters with her two cavaliers, and she greets George rather coldly, turning immediately to Barbara.

"You are late, dear. You must dress immediately after luncheon; it is such a long drive to Barrystown."

"Need I go?" asks Barbara, looking bored. "My dear, I wish it," Mrs. Saville says decidedly, and turns to George. "How is your dear mother? She looked but poorly, latterly."

"I think she is all right," George replies, standing on the faded hearthrug in his careless grace.

Altogether the Court and its inmates are gloomy—all except Barbara, whose clear young voice rings through the rooms. Luncheon is announced, and Mrs. Saville rises and puts her jeweled hand on the arm of George Bouverie. "You and I will lead the way," she says, with a slow, unpleasant smile. "Those two young people like to take care of each other."

As they pass across the great vaulted stone hall Mrs. Saville looks up at the golden-haired young man at her side and whispers: "You must not covet forbidden fruit, Mr. Bouverie; and I think, for your own sake, it would be well not to come too often to the Court. Your mother knows my wishes for Barbara."

The blood surges to the very roots of his hair. "I understand you, Mrs. Saville," he says, in a very low voice; "but has not Barbara a right to choose?" There is a passionate pride in the whispered words.

"Barbara must be kept out of temptation," Mrs. Saville rejoins as they enter the dining room. But George Bouverie's eyes are full of triumph, for has not Barbara made her choice already? He flashes a glance at her as they take their places, and Barbara's shy, lovely eyes meet his for a brief second.

Everything at the Court is damp and mouldy. The great dining room has the atmosphere of a vault. A very small fire burns in the grate, and a seedy-looking butler shambles round the table with his satellite, a beardless youth imported from the stables, breathing hard and walking round on tiptoe with awful and elaborate carelessness.

The dining table is large; but there is very little on it—an alarming expanse of tablecloth and not much else. Sebastian, fixing his eyeglass firmly, gravely carves a minute portion off a joint, so small it will hardly go round. The butler very carefully pours out a very minute portion of sherry into George Bouverie's glass, while the scared lad from the stables travels laboriously round with vegetables.

George does not care about luncheon, so the scantiness of the repast does not affect him. Barbara is sitting opposite, and he can feast his eyes on the beauty of her face; while Sebastian's unfriendly expression affects him not at all.

Luncheon over, Mrs. Saville makes an apology for deserting her guest, for the carriage has been ordered early, the drive to Barrystown is long.

"It will only be an affair," George says gaily. "I promised my mother to take her to the Barry's affair this afternoon. A chrysanthemum show, I believe."

It is distinctly annoying for this very handsome young man will completely monopolize Barbara. "You will be rather late, Mr. Bouverie," responds Mrs. Saville icily.

"Oh, not at all," George says pleasantly; while, with a nod and smile, Barbara runs off to dress for the party. "I'll just hop across country and be at the Grange in half an hour," George says gaily. "I wouldn't disappoint the mother for the world."

(To be continued.)

MAKING BOER "REIMS."

Skins Turned Into Things for South African Ox-Wagons.

One of the strangest things which strikes the eye on a casual visit to a Boer farm is a curious structure, not far from the homestead, standing up against the sky-line like a gigantic gallow, says the London Mail. There is a stout, roughly hewn tree planted fair and square in the ground. From this is a crossbeam, in the center of which is a large iron hook. Directly underneath this, on the ground, is a huge square stone about eighteen inches to two feet in height. But it is not a gallow. It is simply the farm "reims," or braying poles, whereon the oxhides are treated and turned into those remarkably serviceable "reims" or strips of leather thong, which form an indispensable staple of the outfit of every South African ox-wagon. This is the method of preparing the "reims." After the dead oxen have been skinned the pelts are spread on the bare ground and allowed to dry with the under side uppermost to the scorching hot sun. After some days' preparation of this kind they are brought by the Kaffir "boys" to the between the Austrians and the Mexicans, and officially these two nations had never exchanged international courtesies. So there was a row, and that most severe kind of one—the kind in which the women are the principal movers.

Mrs. Dewey is too well versed in the society methods of the capital to make a "break" like this, but in a long social career in Washington it is impossible that she should not have angered some persons and made friends of others. No woman with her strength of character could do otherwise. As the "first lady of the land," Mrs. Dewey would have an opportunity to pay off many old scores. Mrs. Dewey is not without power, without wealth, without brains, without ambition—she has them all, and with them a pleasing personality and a retention of good looks which also is pleasing. As "Wash" McLean's daughter, Miss Mildred McLean may have received some "snubs" from the set of people in the capital who are known as the "residents." But her father and mother were "residents" of a later growth, and Mrs. Washington McLean has one of the finest and most hospitable houses in Washington. As the wife of Gen. Hazen, Mildred McLean was able to repay twofold all the snubs that the McLeans had received when they first ventured on the stormy sea of Washington society. And the general was a quiet body out of uniform. When the general came to New York and reporters were sent to interview him, Mrs. Hazen sometimes was present, and then the general gave a talk which was of interest to everybody and harmed nobody. Gen. Hazen always trusted in the ability of his wife.

When it was announced that the Widow Hazen was to marry the admiral, Ned McLean, the young nephew of Mrs. Hazen, said to a reporter, "I tell you that Dewey is in great luck. (Dewey just at this time was fresh from the victory of Manila.) Her household will be a social and intellectual center and a salon such as has not existed since the days of Mme. De Stael." The enthusiasm of her nephew was not borne out by the "salon" of Mrs. Dewey. There are few Mme. De Staels to a century, but many persons in Washington have enjoyed the hospitality of the wife of the admiral.

Since the widow of Gen. Hazen was married to the admiral she has held most of her receptions in the house of her mother, Mrs. Washington McLean. It is a large house, and much better fitted for social functions than the house which the people of the United States gave to the admiral. When the victorious Dewey came back from the battle of Manila there were many surmises as to who would be his bride. It was not long before the fact was decided. Mildred McLean

of a paper in Cincinnati. His father was proprietor of the paper before John R., but did not seem to have the financial ability of his son. John R. still owns the Cincinnati paper, but the paper he bought in New York is run by other persons.

Mrs. Dewey has large, gray eyes and is of stout build. Her age is between 40 and 50. A woman is only as old as she looks. Recently Mrs. Dewey created a social uproar by taking precedence of other women of higher rank at the president's reception. She had a reception on hand herself, and, seeing an opportunity, paid her respects to the president out of order, talking the "pas" of several of her social rivals. Then she went to her house and received her own guests. The German ambassador was a trifling late, just a minute beyond the time which was announced on her cards. The result was that when he applied for admittance he was not admitted. There was an informal consultation of the diplomatic corps over the matter; but nothing came of it. The ambassadors could not press the case after Mr. McKinley had explained the matter. Mrs. Dewey is the best-known woman in Washington, and her family connection can supply many of the details of politics which the admiral will have to learn. Mrs. Dewey was a convert to the Catholic faith, and now it is announced that she has been reconverted to the faith of the Episcopal church.

Big Spider Web. Ceylon is the home of the largest species of spider that has yet been made the subject of entomological investigation. This web-spinning mon-

The Ice Cream Bored. A few years ago a famous actor was asked what was the most amusing thing—not down on the bill—which he had ever met with in his long theatrical experience. He replied that once a play in which he appeared in an ice cream freezer, presumably filled with cream, was among the properties displayed to the audience. It was not practicable to equip the freezer with real ice cream, so its place was supplied with cotton. One of the actors had occasion to cross the stage with a flaming torch, and a spark from the torch must have fallen into the freezer, for, to the joy of the audience, which greeted the casualty with enthusiastic applause, the ice cream was inconsistent enough to burn up then and there, thus inflicting a serious blow upon the "realism" of the performance.—New York Mail and Express.

English Pronunciation. An English journal recently wondered whether the pronunciation of some of the ignorant classes or of some of the cultivated classes is the worse. For instance, the groom says: "Arry, 'old my 'oss." But the curate says: "He that hath yaws to yaw, let him yaw." And the doctor's wife says: "Jawge, please go to Awtah and awdah the hawse, and don't forget to look at the fah."

And the vicar says: "If owah gracious sovering lady wur-ah to die," Oh, Gracious Inter Ocean.

Tommy's Only Wish. "What would you like best tomorrow, Tommy, on your birthday?" "I'd like to see the school burnt down," replied the lad.

SOCIETY IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

Mrs. Dewey's Ambition to Become the First Lady in the Land.

(Washington Letter.)

On account of the announcement of Admiral Dewey that he is a candidate for the presidency the name of Mrs. Dewey has become talked of throughout the world. Mrs. Dewey is no ordinary woman. Ever since she came to Washington as a girl of 18 she has impressed herself upon the social life of the capital. She has a strong personality, and an intelligence which fosters ambition. She is one of those

Hazen was the chosen one, and the whole country wished her good luck. The admiral had conquered Montijo, and Mrs. Hazen was the victor of the admiral. Mrs. Dewey speaks French, German and Italian. She is a sister of that well-known politician, John R. McLean, who not long ago was proprietor of a New York newspaper. The McLeans always have been ambitious, politically and socially, and Mrs. Dewey's brother made a financial success

ster lives in the most mountainous districts of that rugged island and places his trap—not a gossamer snare of airy lightness, but a huge net of yellow silk from five to ten feet in diameter—across the chasms and fissures in rocks, says Our Fellow-Creatures. The supporting guys of this gigantic net, which in all cases is almost strong enough for a hammock, are from five to twenty feet in length, made of a series of twisted webs, the

of the engineers employed by the government are foreigners. An engineer's salary at the start is from 250 to 300 pesos (\$50 to \$100 in United States gold) per month.

GOLF WAS A KING'S GAME.

James I of England Founded the First Club.

The Royal Blackheath Golf club is the oldest golf club in England, and it also claims to be the oldest existing golf club in the world. It was founded by James I. in 1608. For two or three centuries before that time golf had been a popular game in Scotland, but there is no record of any club having been established prior to the Blackheath club. In 1457 the Scottish parliament passed an act enjoining that fute ball and golfe be utterly cryit



SNAP SHOT PICTURES OF NOTABLE PERSONS OF WASHINGTON.

women of whom Washington society before now has felt the power. Feeling her superiority to the majority of the women who shine in social ranks, she has not failed to show her contempt for small ambitions nor for the weak and faltering ones. The result has been that Mrs. Dewey has made many enemies in the social circles of Washington, but that goes without saying. Washington society is a strange thing, anyway, and the American of "the provinces" has rather hard work to comprehend it. For instance, the other day a hostess who was not well versed in all the "ins and outs" placed side by side at dinner the wife of the Austrian minister and the Mexican ambassador. This good lady had forgotten entirely that since the Archduke Maximilian was shot at Queretaro, Mexico, there had been a feud between the Austrians and the Mexicans, and officially these two nations had never exchanged international courtesies. So there was a row, and that most severe kind of one—the kind in which the women are the principal movers.

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whole being of the diameter of a lead pencil. As might be imagined, this gigantic silken trap is not set for mosquitoes, flies and pestiferous gnats, but for birds, gaudy moths and elegantly painted butterflies, some of the latter having a spread of wing equal to that of a robin or a bluejay.

YOUNG MEN'S CHANCES

For Professional Work in Nicaragua Are Slim.

In answer to inquiries by a New York correspondent as to the field for American skill and labor afforded in Nicaragua, Consul Donaldson, of Managua, sends the following information: As teachers and professors in government and other schools in Nicaragua, there is really no opening for our young graduates. Salaries here are insignificant and customs so different that Americans have never proved successful. The salary of a principal here is 50 pesos, or about \$17, per month. American physicians and surgeons are successful here, but no part of the world is more crowded with them than the large towns of Nicaragua. Hundreds of the native young men study medicine in the United States and return here to practice. They understand better their own diseases, customs and people than a foreigner could, and the majority of the people prefer them. Dentists, however, are scarce and whenever an American dentist comes he does a good business and can charge remunerative prices. Engineers of all kinds are the most successful of any professional men in these tropical countries. Very few natives follow that vocation, and most

OX-HIDE TOSSING BY BOER SOLDIERS.



Here is a picture which shows the Boers having fun in camp before Lady-smith at the time when the siege was going pretty well their way. As an English correspondent has pointed out, the popular tendency to represent the Boer as a "soldier saint" is somewhat without foundation in actual fact, for the rough and rugged young burgher of the veldt is about as boisterous and uncouth an individual as one could

come across. The picture shows one of the Boers' favorite methods of passing the time while in laager. This game is known as ox hide tossing. To carry out the game a fresh hide is taken and held tight by a number of men, while one of their number is captured and placed on it. The victim is then tossed up in the air, as in the schoolboy fashion of "blanket tossing." Sometimes, it is true, a serious accident occurs.

Not as It Should Be. Chicago News: The Parson—Learn to be content, my good man. The little mouths are never set without food to feed them. The Laborer (father of ten)—Ar, parson, but the mouths are sent to my home and the food to yours.

A Sage Reply. Teacher—A man bought three pounds of meat for 36 cents, a can of tomatoes 8 cents and some potatoes for 5 cents. Now what does that make? Bright Scholar—Soups.

Particulars Desired. Treetop—"A dollar for pulling one tooth?" Dentist—"Yes; you took gas." Treetop—"How much a thousand do you charge for that?"—Harlem Life.