



WOMAN'S WORLD

CHAPTER VII.

Lady Dorrington was exceedingly anxious that both Mrs. Ruthven and her brother should visit her at the shooting lodge which Lord Dorrington rented in Scotland. She feared the effect of her heavy loss on the wealthy widow's mind, and she was anxious that her brother should not lose his chance. She could not understand why Clifford did not strike home and win the prize. The keen, worldly woman had a very soft spot in her heart for her brother who so often angered her. To see him and the family estate free from debt would fulfill her heart's desire, and she thought Mrs. Ruthven a charming little woman, well fitted to be lady of the manor. Lady Dorrington's guests were apt to become swank in proportion to their utility. "As to her having a dash of the tar-brush—it is nonsense," she would say to those detractors who urged this objection. "Both her father and mother were Europeans; some faraway grandfather was an Indian prince—that is no disadvantage in my opinion."

But no amount of pressing could induce Mrs. Ruthven to quit the murky metropolis. She had heard of a charming villa on the river at Twickenham, and she was anxious to purchase it. This, and her dread of the northern climate, compelled her to refuse her dear Lady Dorrington. Marsden, having called twice without having been admitted, had not again presented himself, yet Mrs. Ruthven did not find time hang heavily on her hands. She went more than once to see her man of business respecting the purchase she wished to make, for she was keenly interested in financial matters, and eager to get the full worth of her money, and she had a long and exceedingly confidential interview with Waite after his return from Evesleigh.

At the end of a fortnight from the date of the robbery Shirley announced his return, after, he said, having seen his sister start for the Riviera, for Mrs. Ruthven had really been out when he called. It was a dull but dry morning and Mrs. Ruthven was sitting in a low chair beside the fire, talking to Waite, who had been reading over some memoranda to her.

"I think I have formed a distinct plan now," he said, after a pause, "by which I hope at least to unravel the plot. I must dog the suspected culprit by day and by night."

"You must," she returned. "It will be costly, madame."

"I cannot help that; only find out the truth."

There was another pause. "You are not an Englishman?" said Mrs. Ruthven suddenly.

"A naturalized Englishman. My mother was English."

"And your father?"

"A Pole. I resided both in Germany and France in my youth, and am able to speak several languages, which I find very useful."

"I expect Captain Shirley here immediately. We must deal cautiously with him," Mrs. Ruthven resumed. "He is very shrewd and suspicious, and will, I know, disapprove of my applying to you without his interposition."

"Then he should not have run off to Ostend when he might have been wanted," said Waite grimly. "Time in such matters is valuable, as I dare say he knows, and we have lost a good deal."

"Now, Mr. Waite, after you and Captain Shirley have seen each other, I should like to test your power of disguising yourself."

"I am ready to submit to any test you choose, madame."

"Good. I shall arrange for Captain Shirley to call upon me to-morrow, and you shall appear in a different character. Will you venture so much?"

"Certainly."

"It might answer another purpose also," she resumed, thoughtfully. "At all events, you must appear to go abroad."

"That might answer, though there are enough hiding places in London to shelter most rogues, and the less a secret is fenced with precautions the safer it often is."

Here Mrs. Ruthven's courier brought her a card.

"Oh! Captain Shirley. Yes, I will see him. Be with me here at seven this evening," she said, low and hurriedly. "I will give you some important directions." Waite bowed as "Captain Shirley" was announced.

"So you really have come back? I thought you had deserted me," said Mrs. Ruthven, with languid graciousness, as she stretched out her hand.

"My absence was, you may be sure, unavoidable," he returned, with a quick inquisitive glance at the detective. "This," said Mrs. Ruthven, "is the celebrated Mr. Waite."

wasting your time in a fruitless attempt to recover my lost jewels.

"Ever yours," "CELIA RUTHVEN."

Mrs. Ruthven, however, had not been down to Evesleigh and Nora L'Estrange. He had found occupation in London, and time had not hung heavily on his hands. Mrs. Ruthven's invitation was far from acceptable; he was eager to start on his voyage of discovery, but he felt it would be more prudent to accept.

"I must keep her in good humor for some time longer," he thought, as he penned a pleasantly worded reply. "She is a vindictive little animal, and I must be clear of this trusteeship before I can venture to show my hand. What a rich harvest I deserve for my patience and diplomacy! Shall I reap it? Yes, it's worth trying for."

Mrs. Ruthven was unusually particular about ordering luncheon, though at no time was she indifferent as to what she ate and drank, and as to what she put on. A very becoming costume of dark-blue plush and cashmere, made her fairly content with herself, while her thick, shining, auburn-gold hair was crowned by a daintily little lace cap, with pale-blue ribbons.

Marsden was delightfully punctual, and, in his admirably cut frock coat, with a delicate button-hole toupet, his high-bred face and beautiful, soft, shining blue eyes, looked so handsome and distinguished that Mrs. Ruthven thought a woman might be excused for making a fool of herself about him.

"And how are you, dear Mrs. Ruthven, after these long days? What sin did I commit that you forbid me your presence?" exclaimed Marsden, holding her hand tenderly, a moment longer than was quite conventional, and looking into her eyes.

"Forbid you my presence?" she repeated, laughing. "Once when you called I was really out, and once—I was really engaged!"

"Do you mean that is the beggarly account of all my attempts to see you? Why, I was here four, five, six times, at least—"

"Then they omitted to tell me! Do not let us quarrel about the exact number, Mr. Marsden! Tell me some Evesleigh news. How are your charming relatives at Brookdale?"

"I really do not know. I have never heard of them, and I had intended to hunt Blankshire this winter."

"You must not allow yourself to grow morose. I shall regret the loss of my pretty rubies more than ever! Come, luncheon is ready in the next room."

While the servants were in the room they talked of ordinary subjects, but Mrs. Ruthven soon managed to get rid of them, and resisting the temptation of listening to Marsden's charming voice and flattering speeches, she took the direction of the conversation into her own hands.

"You must not be long away," she said. "I shall want a tolerably large sum of money soon," and proceeded to tell him of the opportunity which offered of purchasing the desirable villa at Twickenham; after enlarging on its merits, she continued:

"I always wished for a place of that sort. It is so nice for fetes and pretty recherche parties. Besides, I may as well lay out some of that money which is lying idle in the Three-per-Cent, so you must come back in time to pay it."

She looked up suddenly with a smile and a keen glance, and Marsden met it with his usual lazy, good-humored expression.

"Very well," he said, "the cash shall be ready when and where you will. What are you going to give for this new toy?"

"Thirty-three thousand five hundred." (To be continued.)

Infantile Convulsions. Infantile convulsions are traceable to a great variety of causes, most of which lose their influence as the child increases in years. Among them may be mentioned intestinal irritation—whether from improper food, constipation or worms—flatulence and griping, teething, fright and cold.

As may be seen from the character of the causes, convulsions in the young child are often only transitory in their effects, and pass off without involving any part of the system in disease, although this is by no means always the case.

It is also apparent that many cases of convulsions arise from a neglect of simple hygienic laws, and are amenable to correspondingly simple treatment.

One of the first things to be done in a case of convulsions is to alleviate the irritation of the nervous system, which is almost always the cause of the trouble. This is best done by immersing the child in a bath of warm water, which may be made slightly stimulating, if required, by the addition of a teaspoonful or two of mustard.

We must, of course, exercise due care that the child does not get chilled, and when taken from the bath he is to be wrapped in blankets immediately, no matter what the season of the year, and put to bed. He will generally fall at once into a quiet slumber.

When the cause of the convulsions is ascertained, we should lose no time in beginning treatment against it.

If the bowels are constipated, they should be relieved by proper medicine, and the diet so regulated that danger from this source will be lessened in the future.

Teeth that are pressing upon the gums sufficiently hard to cause them to turn blue should be helped along with the lance.

Nothing can be more efficacious than the warm bath in breaking up a cold or in soothing the nerves of a frightened child.

In children of peculiarly nervous temperament great care is sometimes necessary to ascertain the cause of the convulsions; a very slight irritation often starts a train of events which, unless we are fortunate enough to check it, may imperil the child with serious organic disorder.—Youth's Companion.

Wide Experience. "Have you had much experience as cook?"

"Oh, hev, ma'am. Oi had seventeen places lasht year, ma'am."—Harper's Bazar.

The devil is proud of a grumbler, no matter whether he belongs to church or pot.

OUR STORY TELLER



THE PRICE OF FREEDOM.



WOMAN was singing as she worked—kneading a round, shining mass of dough with her strong brown hands, and at the same time keeping a watchful eye on a pair of babies playing on the floor. Her voice had the melodious intonation of the south, also its musical drawl, and she sang in that pathetic minor key that seems to suggest a personal sorrow.

"I'm gonn' home teh ole Virginny—

Do'n cry, do'n cry! I'm gonn' back teh ole Virginny, Good-bye! Good-bye! I love its hills of yellow cohn, I long tew hear the moonshine horn, In ole Virginny I was born, Good-bye! Good-bye!"

"Me go, too, mammy," lisped one of the children—a babe with hair like the silk of that "yellow cohn" of which the mother had just sung.

"An' pappy?" urged the older child, who was playing with remnants of the dough.

"We're goin', right snah we are," said the mother, breaking off from another stanza of "Ole Virginny," "but I low papp is gonn' tew—ain't him?"

Then began a scene that was enacted daily in that little cabin—a scene indignated by the yearning love of an undisciplined woman, who, through the

medium of tears, prayers and altercations, kept the memory of an unworthy father alive in the hearts of his children. The little ones cried for him, then fought over him, and when they reached a hair-pulling stage the mother looked on delighted, until she deemed they had punished each other enough. Then she sorted them out, shook them on her own account, and put them to bed, where they fell asleep in each other's arms to be awakened presently by their mother's kisses.

When her bread was baked, Martina Flack did not waken the children. She took the long loaf—made on the same model as to length and size that all the housewives of the Missouri valley baked—out of the oven and examined it critically.

There was nothing in the appearance of the loaf to indicate that it was in any way different from other loaves—no hummock in its smooth, burnished surface, which Martina had varnished with a spoonful of sugar and water, and she gave a sigh of content as she set it out on the window ledge to cool.

"I low it air all rite, of the sheriff or that dep, don' git ter probin' it flist."

"Nain't heavy nor usal, nor suspicious nor nothin' more nor usal," she said to herself as she prepared to go out.

Her preparations were very simple. She hastily tied on a clean calico apron, and hung a man's wide-brimmed straw hat on her handsome head. She was picturesque in her youth and strength, with her brown, sunburnt hair tumbled about her bold, honest face. Her cheeks glowed with exercise and the heat of the day, and there hung about her that indelible something that is the religion of the woman who loves.

"Jim, pore feller, will be plumb tired waitin'," she said as she picked up the loaf and wrapped it in a ragged towel.

"That ther dep, air a sneak, but I low he kin be bought—fer gold. If Jim hed his Derringer he'd be out afore this. That—them chillun ain't—going ter mak' no fuss till I get back, I reckon."

She left the door wide open, but as she stepped out she gave one long, loud whistle, and a black and yellow hound came hurrying in from a field.

"Here, Tigge—watch!" she said, and the dog curled itself on the door sill and showed its teeth.

As Martina hurried away she stopped a moment at a palling to pat the nose

of a mustang that hung a shaggy head over and whinnled.

"Ye'll go to-night, Jinny, snah," said the woman, laying her large, loving hand on the brute's forehead. "Don't fret, ole gal, that ther colt air all rite, an' mebbe yer'll see him soon."

The doors of the county jail stood open to the four winds of heaven, but there was one padlocked cell in the board shanty, scarcely fit to pen a sheep in, but good enough to pen a horse-thief in, and it held Jim Flack. The sheriff and his deputy were playing poker, and Jim was watching them through his barred window, when Martina walked in, and strangely enough, the criminal looked like a respectable man, and the officers of the law like criminals, by the same theory that a visitor at the State Insane Asylum exploited, when he remarked to the superintendent:

"Anybody would know those people were crazy. They have such vicious faces and low foreheads."

"Those," answered the superintendent, "are members of my own family; we have not reached the insane wards yet."

Martina walked into the jail and with one loving glance and a "howdy" to her husband, threw the loaf of bread on the table between the sheriff and his companion, without a word of apology.

The sheriff drew a formidable knife from the back of his leather belt, and with two sharp motions of the blade cut the loaf into three pieces.

"Nary file nor shootin' iron ther," Never left a dull spot on the blade, Miss Flack, yer a prime good baker. Give Jim his loaf, dep."

Martina turned her back on the two men, and like a flash her eyes telegraphed something to Jim, but his keen, handsome face gave no sign of interest. The deputy had his eye on him, and Jim wasn't going to give anything away.

The husband and wife were allowed to speak together with the deputy and sheriff both watching and listening.

"How's th' kids?" asked the prisoner.

"Peart." Martina's eyes filled with tears, and her voice choked up. Even desperadoes have moments of delicacy, but the sheriff and his deputy had none.

"Don't whimper, little woman," said the sheriff, bluntly; "there's as good fish in the sea as was ever caught."

"You'll spoil your pretty eyes, Miss Flack," said the leering deputy.

Jim Flack doubled his brawny fist, and there was murder in his heart as he heard the men chaffing his wife. True, he had stolen horses, but that was his only crime, and it had come about through his being cheated in a trade, and he had sworn to get even. But he would not have killed an enemy when he was down, and his reverence for women and children was inborn. He had hard work now to control his temper, but at a glance of intelligence from his wife, he managed to maintain a sullen silence.

"Eat the middle of th' loaf fust," she had said when she handed him the bread, "it air slack-baked, ez yer likes it, Jim."

When she was gone Jim took the section of bread and broke it in two. It was well the sheriff and his companion had become involved in a quarrel, otherwise they would have heard something fall from the prisoner's hand and roll heavily on the floor. It was a \$20 gold piece.

"She hev sold poor Jinny's colt," thought Jim, as he picked up the money; "it hev been baked in the bread an' it means a bribe—yes, it do—but whether for the sheriff or dep.—or—hold on—mebbe both. Hello! Ef she ain't

writ somethin' on it, then I'm a sucker!"

There were some crooked white letters on the gold piece, written with a greased stick after a method known to those who are likely to need such writing—just a few words which, deciphered by Jim meant this:

"Bribe—Dep.—Walnut Hill—Jenny—ter-night."

He understood. Martina had sold the colt, as she had promised to do, and he was to use the money to buy his way out. He was not sure of the sheriff, who he believed had a personal spite

against him, but he knew the deputy would sell his soul for \$20, had it been of commercial value—he had felt the grateful tingle of many a bribe in his madcap palm. So Jim began with the deputy and had no trouble in making a compact.

That night, covered by a revolver in the hand of the official, Jim walked out a free man. He did not intend to run, and he did mean to pay the price of his freedom, but he had conveyed the idea that he was to receive the money at the place where the mustang was tied awaiting him. He had no confidence in the man who was helping him, but he was determined he would not return alive to jail in case there was an attempt to confiscate the money without giving him his freedom.

Jinny was there tied to a tree. There was no sign of Martina, and for this Jim was thankful. It was better that she should return to the children, after bringing the mustang there for him. He commended her good sense, and vowed in his heart he would live a straight life thereafter, for her sake.

The night was dark and starless, and a melancholy wind went wailing about the hill, and the trees waved and bent as it passed among them, in a monologue of nature's own chanting. Jim Flack shivered in the warm evening air, as one does who steps, unconsciously, on the spot that is to be his own grave.

He had placed his hand on Jinny's bride when the deputy collared him.

"Divvy up, man, or I'll save you from a hanging."

After all it was not the deputy who fired the one quick shot that sent Jim Flack reeling into the dust. It was the sheriff, who had silently tracked the two men to their rendezvous, and now put up his gun and said:

"See of the jail-breaker is dead and done for."

"He's dead enough," said the deputy, turning him over, and shaking with fear.

"Then we'll bury him like a soldier, where he fell. Much too good a lot for such carrion as he."

They dug a shallow grave and laid him in it. The gold piece was made tributary to the law—the sheriff took it.

When their work was finished the deputy waited for orders.

"Take the mustang and ride for your life—the further you go the safer you will be; and don't come back till I send for you."

The deputy never came back. Martina lives in her little home, and waits for news of Jim. Her beautiful eyes have a strained look, from gazing long and eagerly after every horseman or foot passenger in sight on the far, straight road that leads nowhere and everywhere. Her hair is faded almost to a yellow tint from the burning sun, and Jim's children have acquired her habit of standing in the doorway, and from under a shielding arm, watching, watching. There is always one of them on the watch for "pappy." What a welcome would be his if he ever came!

The sheriff could tell them the truth—but he dare not. He has blocked his own game.—Utica Globe.

"Christ Hath Risen."

All at once is heard in the distance the clear boom of the cannon announcing the hour of midnight. The Russian priest, standing on the steps of the altar, swings his censer, and announces in tones which penetrate to the furthest corners of the edifice, "Christos voskres," (Christ hath risen), and the people answer him with one voice: "Vo istine voskres," (In truth, He hath risen). The woman standing nearest the priest lights her taper at the consecrated one presented to her by him; her neighbor in turn receives the light from her; and so on, till in a minute, as it were, the chapel was illuminated with a hundred lights.

Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, friends and relations, embraced one another, kissing three times on the forehead and either cheek and exchanging the Easter greeting. The whole congregation, then passing before the priest, did the same with him, and high mass now followed.—Chamber's Journal.

The Charm in Scotch.

I wonder if persons who can write Scotch are sufficiently aware of the great literary advantage they have over writers who are not born to that ability. It is no credit to them that they can do it. It is a gift of nature dropped in their lap. I never heard of any one who learned by artificial means to write Scotch. Scotch writers do it, and no one else. It has long been obvious that the proportion of good writers to the whole Scotch population was exceedingly large; but I do not remember that it has ever been pointed out how much easier it is for a Scotchman to be a good writer than another because of his innate command of the Scotch tongue.

There are such delightful words in that language; words that sing on the printed page wherever their employer happens to drop them in words that rustle; words that skirl, and words that clash and thump.—Scribner's Magazine.

New Species of Ape.

The Zoological Gardens at Berlin have just received from the Dutch East Indies an ape utterly unlike anything of the kind ever seen before in Europe. It is of the orang-outang species, and of a bright, flaring red, with bare neck and a remarkable hooked nose. The inhabitants of Sumatra are said to regard it with superstitious reverence. It is alleged that these apes can swell their larynxes to an enormous extent, uttering loud sounds which cannot be described in words.

A Thick Skull.

An abnormally thick skull and a very large brain were found to be Hubenstein's peculiarities, as developed in the post-mortem examination.

It is always impolite to say that women or butter are old.



JIM FLACK'S DEATH.

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