

UNDER A MASK.



By Emily S. Williamson

CHAPTER I.

In Sydney the dramatic season was just beginning to close, and amusements were drawing to a close, when something so startling occurred that the whole city was galvanised into new life.

The chief attraction at the theater most patronized that year by the fashionable world had been the debut of two pretty sisters, daughters of a clergyman, whose sudden death had left them nearly destitute. Decided talent and good looks and cleverness procured them quite an avocation, and they played through the whole season to crowded houses.

The sisters had always acted together in the same play, Elaine Warrington, the elder, was tall and slim, and perfectly adapted to any part that required sympathetic rendering; the younger, Ada, was petite, with the brightest possible eyes.

It was only natural that they should have many admirers; and owing to the fact that some former acquaintances—people holding influential positions—still invited them to their homes, the attention they received were more serious and less dangerous than those usually offered to pretty actresses.

Gerald Wear, the son of the wealthiest shipowner in Sydney, plainly and politely stined his admiration for one of them. The question for a long time was which he had fallen in love with? One day, however, curiosity was satisfied by his avowal that he had been accepted by Ada Warrington.

The excitement caused by this announcement had scarcely died away, when there came so tragic an end to the romance that every trivial feeling was merged in a general thrill of horror.

Ada—pretty, light-hearted Ada—whose dramatic triumphs had been crowned by her social success, was found lying on the ground late one night in the public gardens, her soft white garments wet with a crimson stream that trickled slowly from her breast, while a pale half-gone smile upon her upturned face and gleaming golden hair. She was dead—shot through the heart; and the pistol which had done the deed lay only a few yards away.

The inquest, held on the following morning, attracted an excited crowd. Mr. Gerald Wear was the first whose evidence was taken. He was about twenty-three years of age, decidedly good-looking, with dark, expressive eyes that just before he had arranged to drive his fiancée home, but though he had arrived before the time appointed, she had already left the theater.

"Do you know whose this is?" asked the coroner, holding out a small pistol for inspection so suddenly and so close to him that the young man shrunk back with almost a womanly cry of pain, for was it not the weapon that had robbed him of his promised wife?

had dwelt, and where now the living kept her sad watch by the dead.

The next morning conjecture became certainty, for Elaine Warrington had disappeared as completely as though she had never been in Sydney, an escape viewed only as a confession of guilt. She had not dared to stay and stand her trial.

CHAPTER II.

A wintry sun was sinking one afternoon in February when the newly installed master of Gorst Abbey left his stately home and scattered slowly in the direction of the Dower House.

Until three months before George Severn had been second in command of a Bengal cavalry regiment. As a subaltern he had married, and, though his wife had not lived to see the anniversary of their wedding day, she left him an infant son, who merged into a tall boy before Captain Severn began to realize that it was necessary that the child should escape from the burning heart of the plains.

He sent him to England. After a few years at a preparatory school, the lad had gone to Harrow. Then a woman died—a man whom he had never met—but who had nevertheless left him the property of Gorst Abbey. It was a splendid estate, heavily mortgaged. George Severn's first thought was to clear off all the debts. To this end he had devoted all his savings; had resolved to let the Dower House.

His son was now abroad with a tutor. They had not since their first parting, but now twelve years back. They were utter strangers to each other. The young fellow was disappointed at meeting one so much older and graver than the father he remembered; while the elder man looked in vain for those traits of expression he had been so proud of before.

He was proud of his son still, for few people met Charlie Severn without being impressed by his pleasant manner and handsome face; but the love no longer filled his heart, but the love no longer filled his heart, but the love no longer filled his heart.

On this particular day his new tenant was expected—Mr. Bowyer by name—an Australian lawyer, who wished to spend the last years of his life in the mother-country.

Colonel Severn walked over so that he might accord him at least a stranger's welcome. He had had the house put thoroughly in order; and the bright shining through the window gave the place a home-like and bright look.

A vehicle drove along the road, stopped at the gate, and an old man stepped out, and turned to offer his assistance to some one inside. An elderly woman, apparently a superior sort of housekeeper, got out, and afterward came a tall slim girl in deep mourning.

"Mr. Bowyer, I presume?" said Colonel Severn, pleasantly. "I am Colonel Severn, and I thought I would come over to see if I could be of any use."

The Australian was pleased at the attention, acknowledging his appreciation at the gate, and they turned toward the house. The young girl stood aloof, until the housekeeper broke into her reverie with a loud laugh.

"Dreaming again, Miss Ellen? I don't believe you ever noticed Mr. Bowyer had come in. He'll be calling for you directly."

"I'll go to him now," she answered, hurriedly, and moved away.

The housekeeper watched her as she went. "Yes, I am certainly right," she muttered to herself. "She has got a secret—secret that weighs on her night and day, and would ruin her if found out, and in this quiet place she will be off her guard. She shall never stand in my shoes if I can get a chance to oust her!"

She screwed her thin lips together and clinched her hands in fierce determination. Formerly Mr. Bowyer's house, being a mistress of his. She had been a barmaid in Montreal, where Mr. Bowyer's younger brother first met her, and married her. He had lived only a few years, and had left her well provided for. From the crowd of needy adventurers who soon surrounded her she chose an Italian named Priolo. They were married, and a month later he absconded, taking with him her whole fortune. She wrote to the brother of her husband. He answered her, offering her the situation of housekeeper, which she gladly accepted, and she had been with him nearly nine years, when, after a severe illness, through which she had nursed him, Mr. Bowyer determined to make his will, and summoned a lawyer. During the interview the housekeeper crept noiselessly up stairs. What she heard amply repaid her for her patience.

"There are some lovely walks and drives; and the garden will give you a little occupation. But you must not pluck the few flowers you have here. I will send you a basket every day from the Abbey."

"She thanked him with a glance, and the visitor rose to take his leave, feeling that he had no longer any excuse for remaining.

"I wonder what Charlie will think of her?" he thought; and then another question presented itself which made him draw his breath hard. "What would she think of Charlie?"

In the meantime, at the Dower House, Mrs. Priolo was superintending cooking arrangements below, and Mr. Bowyer and his niece were seated together before the fire, the former looking idly over a newspaper, the latter, seated on a low stool, staring at the glowing embers. Suddenly dropping his paper, he started her by taking up the poker and thrusting it into the fire, so that the fairy-like creature into which she had been gazing was destroyed.

The girl called Ellen Warde looked up and sighed.

"Do you want anything Mr. Bowyer?" "No, not," he replied. "Why don't you call me 'uncle'? It makes people talk when you call me by my formal name."

"I forgot, sir. It is not because I do not love you. No parent could have done more for me than you."

"Nonsense, child! Why do you go back to that? Here you may be peaceful and happy."

"Peaceful," she repeated, with almost an accent of scorn—"peaceful, with the constant fear of detection hanging over me? And how can I be happy, remorseful as I am?"

"Remorseful!" "My own sister," she cried, passionately. "Oh, it would have been better had I stayed and met the worst."

"Do you blame me for the part I took in your escape?" "Can I ever forget," she said, "that dreadful day when, still unmoved and terrified because of my sister's cruel death, I came down to the inquiry? I had friends before, but none came to me in my sorrow. It was you, an utter stranger, who stood by me, and offered me the means of escape. I bless you for it every day, every hour; it is only at times in very bitterness that I wish the end had come then!"

He was watching her intently, trying to read the truth in her wide-open tearless eyes. Every day during the past few months the question had presented itself to him and had been dismissed without a decisive reply. Was she guilty of the crime of which she had been suspected? "I, too, remember that day," he said, slowly. "I had seen you once before at the theater, you were acting Galatea, and your acting touched me as I had never been touched before. There was more than that to draw me to you—a resemblance—faint, it is true, but recurring again and again to some one I had known and loved years ago. To her I had brought only sorrow. A few days after I had seen your performance I heard what had happened. I made friends with the chief of the police, and managed to be present at the coroner's inquiry, with some vague idea of expiating my fault to her by being of use to you. Of course it was a mere chimera, an illusion; but the whole thing was romantic. You trusted me and accepted my help, and the next morning found me steaming away from Sydney, unsuspected and unfollowed."

"Remember," she whispered, "oh, the relief I felt as land gradually faded out of sight!"

"And now it sorely appears strange to me at all," put in the old man, softly. "The resemblance I spoke of seems to grow daily. Your presence is a pleasure to me always. I like to watch you flitting about the house, and to know that you are looking after me as a daughter might. My one wish now is to see you happy. I suppose dinner is nearly ready?" he observed a moment later.

"I will see," said Ellen, going to the door.

As her fingers closed round the handle the door was opened hastily from the outside, and Mrs. Priolo faced her, with a half-defiant expression, as though asserting her right to be there in such close proximity to the key-hole.

NOTES ON EDUCATION.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO PUPIL AND TEACHER.

Scolding, Nagging and Punishing Are the Poorest Tools a Teacher Can Use—How to Treat Dull Pupils—Object of Discipline.

Routine of First Weeks.

If at one time more than another patience is required in the schoolroom, it is during these first two or three weeks of the term. There is so much to be done before everything gets in the smooth-running, orderly state we desire, so many things to explain and teach.

The beginning of the term was a great trial to me when I commenced teaching, but after a few sessions I began to see how useless it was to expect the whole machinery to be in working order in two or three days. I learned not to despair even when, at the end of two or three weeks, the general orderliness of the room was not satisfactory.

Be patient. Remember that the children are unaccustomed to your ways, perhaps are strangers to the school and district. They may be trying, to their ability, to please you, and yet fail utterly to reach your standard.

Be cheerful. Scolding, nagging and punishing are the poorest tools you can use. Inspire the children with a desire to be orderly in every detail, quiet, courteous, helpful, thoughtful for the comfort of others, trustworthy—in short, to do their best in all things.

In addition to the inspiration of a love of order, drill of different kinds is necessary—taking slates, standing up, coming to and going from class, position of attention, position when asking or answering questions; in regular questions, when the pupil should always stand, and that without lolling on desk or seat when addressing the teacher—lining, marching, etc. All these movements should be automatic. A command should be divided into two parts, the first consisting of a cautionary word; the second, the action word. For instance, "Quick—march!" "Stand—up!" "Right about—turn!" No motion is made until the second, or action word is heard, and then all move together.

Like many other good things, this schoolroom drill has been carried to great and foolish extremes, which have been injurious to the children and of no possible benefit to the work; but a moderate amount, especially with little children, is necessary if we would avoid much confusion and disorder. Without doubt, quiet, steady, orderly habits reflect positively on character. I believe disorder would be impossible in a class in which pupils had been trained to stand, march, pass and take books, slates, etc., with uniformity and precision. The habit of prompt and exact obedience is the cornerstone of the temple of order.

It pays one to devote considerable time during the first week or two to these external matters. Thorough drill should be given in standing, marching, dismissing, distributing and collecting books, etc. This done, there will not be the same necessity for frequent reminders, such as: "Stand straight up!" "Quietly!" "In step?" "Softly!"

During the term, if the children become careless, have a ten-minute practice after 4 o'clock.

A word or two regarding the general work of the term. Try the experiment of making a specialty of one subject this session. It may be Composition, Vertical Writing, Geography, or any other subject. Make special effort in it; all branches of the school work will profit by the "hobby," if it be a good one.

Do not think that you have no time for anything beside teaching. You will do much better work if you are improving your mind in some other direction. Make time for reading, and give educational works their just share. Don't lose interest in your work. You may be sure that the children will meet you half way in any whole-hearted plans for improvement or reform.—The Educational Journal.

Object of Discipline. School discipline is not for punishment, but for moral effect. The teacher's authority is not the thing to be vindicated, but the pupil's character is to be formed. The moral effect upon the pupil, upon the school as a whole, upon the community, and upon the future through the pupils are the ends to be sought. The school has a work to do that cannot be done by the teaching; it is never so efficient. There is an influence to be exerted upon the character that can only come through habitual discipline of the school in the true sense. Not through a system of punishments, not through a system of rewards or checks, but through the direction of the conduct, the choices, and activities of the pupils are teachers to accomplish this character work.—Journal of Education.

The Dull Pupil. Do not make serious mistakes in that we are always ready to censure the slow pupil? Here is little Olga, naturally timid, and seemingly dull. She is constantly failing. The teacher takes great pains to notice it, and when she calls her arithmetic class she keeps before her mind the too oft-repeated failures of the child. On calling for \$25, all hands are raised save one; the child notices her teacher looking at her, and immediately becomes confused. Sarcasm and disgust are plainly written on the teacher's face. With "Of course, Olga, you don't know; you never do!" she passed on. Is not this a cruel trust? Do we consider what we are doing? Do not let us make the dullard believe he "never

knows," but help and encourage him with kind words and gentle ways. Let us cheer him on to quicker ways; encourage him with gentleness and sympathy. How much better for Olga if her teacher had said, "What, Olga! Don't you know? I'm sure you can answer as well as the rest. Now think a little while, and let me see your hand, too." Thus, by encouraging, we give them faith in themselves, and strength to do what before was seemingly hard. Dear comrades, if we have an Olga, do not let us chill all that is best in her, but help along a thousand times rather than hinder once.

"It is not so much what we say. As the manner in which we say it."—Primary Education.

The World's Rivers. Not all these facts may be found in your geography.

The Tigris is 1,150 miles long. The Nile is only 230 miles long. The world-famed Amazon is only 240 miles long.

The Zambesi, in South Africa, is 1,800 miles in length. Slow rivers run at the rate of three to seven miles an hour.

Twelve creeks in the United States bear the name of the Rhine. Every ancient city of note was located on or near the sea or a river. The Ganges is 1,570 miles long and drains an area of 750,000 square miles. The Hudson River, from its mouth to the lakes, is 400 miles in length.

The Mississippi and its tributaries drain an area of 2,000,000 square miles. The branches of the Mississippi have an aggregate length of 15,000 miles. For over 1,200 miles the Nile does not receive a single tributary stream.

The River Jordan had its origin in one of the largest springs in the world. In islands of too small size to have rivers, creeks are dignified by that name.

The Connecticut, the principal stream of New England, is 450 miles in length. During a single flood of the Yangtze-Kiang, in China, 600,000 persons were drowned.

The most extensive protective river works in Europe are at the mouth of the Danube. The Rhine is only 500 miles long, but drains a territory nearly double the area of Texas.

The Irish, in Siberia, is 2,200 miles in length and drains 600,000 miles of territory.

The Nile, from its delta to the great lakes of Central Africa, is over 4,000 miles in length. The Thames of England is 220 miles long. The river of the same name in Canada is 190.

There are twenty creeks in this country which have been dignified with the name of the Tiber. The Columbia River of Canada is 1,400 miles in length; the stream of the same name in Oregon is 400.

The Arkansas River is 2,170 miles long, but at various points in its course it is very thin for its length. The Potomac River is only 500 miles long and in its lower course is rather an estuary than a stream.

The British islands are better provided with rivers than any other country of the same size on the globe. The Mississippi, at the point where it flows out of Lake Itaska, is ten feet wide and eighteen inches deep.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Teaching to Think. Good teachings secure good thinking. One with limited capacity can feed facts to children as he would swine to swine, and then ask questions to see what they retain, as he would weigh swine to see what they have gained. It requires both tact and talent to lead a child to think keenly upon a single fact, as it does to get reliable speed even from a blooded colt. It is not enough that the mind be active when the facts are received, which is the standard with too many would-be education leaders. This merely secures good movement, but neither speed nor endurance. A child must keep up his thinking when he is out of the teacher's hands. Whoever has driven what is known as a "door-yard" horse, that prances furiously while you are trying to get into the carriage, and is equally ferocious when you would get out, but cares naught for the urging of voice or whip when on the road, has a good conception of the mental activity of children who are taught to dance attendance upon a teacher when she is having them "observe" under her eye, but gives them no training in strong or sustained thinking. Thinking is working one's knowledge into something no one else would produce with the same facts and conditions. The teacher who plans to have twenty children see the same thing in an object or event, and think the same things about it has not the faintest conception of what thinking really is.—Iowa Schools.

One of John Randolph's Similes. Much new material is embodied in the article "John Randolph of Roanoke," by Powhatan Bouldin, in the Century. The following simile by Randolph is found in a note to a speech which he delivered in Congress: A caterpillar comes to a fence; he crawls to the bottom of the ditch and over the fence, some of his hundred feet always in contact with the subject upon which he moves. A gallant horseman at a flying leap clears both ditch and fence. "Stop!" says the caterpillar; "you are too flighty, you want connection and continuity; it took me an hour to get over; you can't be as sure as I am, who have never quitted the subject, that you have overcome the difficulty and are fairly over the fence." "Thou miserable reptile!" replies our fox-hunter; "if, like you, I crawled over the earth slowly and painfully, should I ever catch a fox, or be anything more than a wretched caterpillar?"