



CHAPTER XXVIII.

She found him standing by the fireplace, looking with evident interest at the various costly and beautiful ornaments that decorated the wide velvet mantel-board. She checked herself when she came within a few feet of him, clasped her hands loosely together, and stood there silent and motionless, waiting for him to begin the battle.

He looked round, after what seemed a long period of time to her, and smiled pleasantly. "You don't appear to be overjoyed at the sight of me," he began, affably. "Why have you come?"

"To see for myself that you have feathered your nest comfortably, and taken care of yourself all round."

"Only that?"

"He laughed.

"For what other cause should I come? I have, to be sure, a great desire to see the gentleman whose declining years you are likely to render so peaceful and happy."

"You have come—to ruin me!" she broke out wildly. "You tempted me to the deceit in the first place; you almost forced it upon me; and now—now you have come to gloat over your work—to witness the ruin you have made, to revel in the agonies of your victim, and hers."

"Be a sensible woman, and calm your mind," he said, reassuringly. "What there is to upset you in this situation I am at a loss to imagine. Here am I, a friend of your former husband—the best friend he ever had, the closest, in fact—the friend who saw him buried—come to congratulate his widow on having defied her weeds and buried her dead. All I ask is a little hospitality for a few days, and as much sport as can be crammed into them. Surely an Irish gentleman will accord me that for his wife's sake."

"You must have all things as you will," she said, hesitatingly; "but, listen! You shall not torture that true, honest, noble heart, that I may be compelled to break; you shall not tempt him with the fact of the woman he believes to be his wife being a liar, a traitress, an impostor, a fraud. I will tell him what I am myself."

"No, you'll not; there's really no occasion for it," he said, coolly shaking his head admonishingly at her. "If you'll only believe it, you're a most excellent and practical woman; you have done a good thing for yourself, Mrs. Tallamore, and, as a friend, I advise you to keep the good things you've got, and not to make sentimental strife. Thanks for your offer of a servant taking my traps to my room. I look forward to meeting the admiral at dinner with real pleasure."

"Let me leave you now and think," she asked, humbly; and he opened the door for her, and courteously bowed her out of the room.

It seemed to her like a dream from which she must awake with a crash that would stamp out her mind and brain when she found herself seated at the table presently, discussing pleasantly of the prospecting sport for the morrow. The gamekeepers were to receive Admiral Tallamore's strict commands that night concerning the best preserves, which were to be shot over by his wife's friend the next day. The best horse in the stable was to carry Mr. Whittier after the bounds the day after. Indeed, altogether, Admiral Tallamore catered so liberally and heartily for the amusement of the self-invited guest that her resolution to confess her fault and folly before she slept faded again.

"Will you bring me a shooting luncheon to-day?" Mr. Whittier asked his hostess, as he was about to depart with the head gamekeeper, a couple of hunters, and a brace of the finest pointers in the South of Ireland.

"If you wish it."

"The hollow under Kindale Wood will be the best place, my lady—about two o'clock," the gamekeeper suggested, and Admiral Tallamore cried out heartily:

"We'll be there to meet you with some scraps at that time, Mr. Whittier; meanwhile, good sport to you; mind you bring home a good bag."

"There's no big game to fill it in this country," Whittier laughed. Then he went off with a respectful salutation to Mrs. Tallamore, leaving that lady with a mind burdened with an overwhelming sense of approaching calamity.

The best pigeon pie and cold game that the larder provided, together with the other necessities of a shooting luncheon, were packed appetizingly and deposited in Mrs. Tallamore's four-wheeled dog-cart at about half past one.

Her hands shook as she gathered up the reins, and the two spirited ponies had it all their own way down the avenue. Luckily, the game was hunted open in time for them to pass through with safety, as she had lost temporary control

of her little steeds. The thought "Am I destined to break this dear old man's neck by my driving?" cut through her brain like a knife. The shock it gave her steadied her nerves, and with a long and strong pull she got hold of her ponies' heads and brought them back to a fast but steady trot.

Kindale Hollow, under the great wood, was later than all the region round in changing its autumn robes of golden ferns, orange and crimson blackberry leaves and wreaths of honeysuckle, still in flower, for its wintry mantle of wither and decay. The bright sunshine was over it as they drove into it this day, and she could not help crying out in admiration of the glow of color that was reflected upon the foliage from the sun's rays.

But her cry of admiration changed into a cry of horror as she caught sight of a group, men and dogs, huddled round something that lay prostrate on the ground. The "biggest" game that can fall to a man's gun had fallen that day. The great actor lay dead upon the ground, shot through the heart by his own hand.

CHAPTER XXIX.

When the admiral's wife read the account of Mr. Whittier's funeral, when she realized that from him she had nothing more to dread, and felt that it rested with herself solely now whether she should remain the honored mistress of Kindale, or cast herself out, poor, friendless and shattered, on the wide world of want and woe, a better spirit, a humbler, braver spirit, possessed her, and it made her go to Admiral Tallamore with calmness and composure and tell him all her pitiful story, and impress him with the truth.

When she had told him all, everything—nothing extenuating, nothing excusing—she stood with downcast head waiting for the verdict.

There was silence, then at last a sob. She looked up. The old man was wiping his eyes and blowing his nose vehemently. When he could speak, all he said was:

"My poor, hardly treated, hardly tempered dear, you must go off to Dublin to-day, and to-morrow we'll be married over again, and we'll never speak of all that has happened before to-day as long as we live."

But if Mr. Whittier's death brought relief from slavery that had been worse than death, and eventually peace and prosperity to Mrs. Tallamore, it brought disappointment, and what he regarded as ruin, upon Captain Edgecumbe.

He had, under the influence of the glorious success on the stage, for Jennifer, which Mr. Whittier had foretold so glowingly, risen from the ashes of his despair at her failure as a lyric artist, and become brightly hopeful again. And now all in a moment, his hopes lay shattered and dead at his feet. And he said himself that he was tied for life to a woman who didn't love him, and which was worse, who would never make any money for him.

His temper, under the combined circumstances of disappointment, and what he regarded as penury, became rapidly one of those corroding things that can't fall to wear the freshness and brightness out of the best and brightest of women's hearts. Jennifer struggled on week after week and month after month, trying to keep the home atmosphere clear, and at the same time to give singing lessons, that she might preserve something like independence. But the period was an awful one, and she met with scant sympathy in her endurance of it from any one but her mother.

It was a daily penance to Jennifer to see the way in which her husband permitted her mother to feel that her presence in their house was a nuisance to him. Yet when, goaded into resentment by his scant courtesy and ill-concealed dissatisfaction at her being there, Mrs. Ray would propose removing to another home, he would protest against the proposal as being unjust and injurious to himself.

"If she goes she will take the pittance she gives you for her maintenance away from me, and I shall be left more in the lurch than ever," he would say to Jennifer, who always abstained from reminding him that all he contributed toward the household was wax candles and good cigars.

Down at Moor Royal the ball was rolling far too fast. Effie, in her praise-worthy desire to efface all memories of other and inferior Mrs. Rays who had gone before her, strained all her resources too hard, and eventually cracked them.

So difficulties—money difficulties—that would not let themselves be set aside and forgotten, were perpetually recurring at Moor Royal, and were as perpetually being cleared away by Mrs. Jervoise, whose sympathy and regard for her sister was

of an unflinching sort that would save her far to redeem a much more faulty character than Flora's.

And in Jack's household, at the Home Farm, a coarser style of extravagance prevailed. Minnie had been a thrifty housekeeper when she first met Mrs. Jack Ray, but the temptations of her new position and soon grown too strong for her. She was not an idle woman by nature, but to work with her hands seemed to her to be an "unladylike" thing to do. And her head gave her no occupation.

When the three years expired, at the end of which the sealed letter containing the late Mr. Ray's last will was to be read, both his sons were in sad straits for want of means, and both of them had alienated themselves entirely from their mother and sister.

CHAPTER XXX.

Six weeks or so before the expiration of the probationary term, there fell another heavy trial upon poor Jennifer in the dangerous illness of her husband.

The grand ambition of his life had been to be rich—not for the sake of riches—not that he might be quoted as a wealthy man, or one to whom the "spending of a thousand up or down" was a mere nothing, but for the sake of procuring the sport, the pleasures, the luxuries, the excitements, without which life seemed to him to be a thing not worth living.

With Whittier's death he gave up all hopes of ever being able to make Jennifer into a money-making machine. And so his home-life had no happiness in it, for he always regarded his wife as one who had tricked and defrauded him by appearing to have remunerative talent when she had it not.

The result was that the disturbed, dissatisfied, lowered tone of his mind acted in time upon his body, and when a heavy cold assailed him, and feverish symptoms speedily set in, he had neither the strength nor the spirit to do battle against them.

They had left the furnished house in St. John's Wood now, and were in lodgings in dismal Delamere Crescent, where his strained nerves were tortured by barrel organs by day, and the cries of every evil-dispositioned cat in the neighborhood by night. The sun rarely shone in his favored spot, and the odors that reach it from the adjoining canal are not the ones best for the world adapted to reinvigorate and refresh an ailing man with fastidious senses and tastes. However, here he had to live, poor fellow; and here, finally, after weeks of anxious, patient, hopeless nursing on Jennifer's part, he had to die.

Then his "own people," the ones who in his selfish prosperity had nearly forgotten him in his adversity, came and almost reproached Jennifer for "not having managed better," than to let him get into such a state of health. His mother took comfort in the thought that the "boy was exactly like poor Harry, not a trace of the Rays in him," and then assailed her son for not being for the neglect of her son when lying in bed, by offering to pay his funeral expenses.

The news of Captain Edgecumbe's death reached Moor Royal at a most inopportune moment. Effie had just achieved her current aim, which was to receive an invitation to a ball at Admiralty House, Plymouth, to meet royalty! No such blissful opportunity might ever come again. In justice to herself she could not neglect it now. So she put Jennifer's telegram into the fire, and drove into Truro to order her dress.

Tidings of Captain Edgecumbe's illness had reached Moor Royal before this, but they had not been of an alarming nature, and Effie trusted to chance keeping Hubert in the dark as to his brother-in-law's death, until after the ball. Then she always was so selfish! Flora and I hate selfishness, and visiting any hot country people."

(The end.)

Science's Explanation of Moonlight.

"The moon is a mirror which reflects the sunlight to us," writes Alden W. Quimby in the Ladies' Home Journal. "An examination of moonlight with the spectroscopic shows, of course, the same spectrum as that of sunlight. The quality of the reflection is indicated in the announcement that it would take no fewer than six hundred and eighty thousand full moons to supply to us an amount of light equal to that which we get from the sun, and there is only room for, say, seventy-five thousand of them. Some heat comes from the moon, but ordinary methods will not measure it. However, it is estimated that it about one-eighth thousandth of the amount which the sun supplies to us. The inclination of the moon's orbit to the horizontal accounts for the 'harvest' and the 'hunter's' moon, which occur when the tipping is slightest, thus permitting the moon to rise about the same time for several successive evenings. The moon often appears much enlarged when on the horizon, but this is caused by the refractive feature of the air about the horizon and the natural tendency to compare it with terrestrial objects."

Sculptured Stones in Guiana.

The most interesting relics of past ages that one encounters in the Guiana country are immense stones containing hieroglyphic inscriptions. These are to be found on the sides of the mountains and upon many of the rocks in the rivers throughout British and Venezuelan Guiana, and have evoked a great deal of discussion among ethnologists. No theory regarding their origin has yet been accepted, though they are said to be similar to those found in the explorations of Phenicia. Dr. Marciano of Paris, after a careful study of the skulls found in an old Indian burial ground of the upper Orinoco, says that they are similar to those discovered in the Egyptian tombs, from which is deduced the theory of Phenician origin, and a confirmation of the existence, in former times, of the Atlantic Archipelago, by which one could cross from the African coast to South America in small boats.—Century.

Not Quite.

"Have you a bicycle, Willie?"

"No, sir; not quite."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I have a bicycle button."—Washington Post.

Engaged people kiss and make up, but after they are married they find such homeopathic remedies for quarrels will not do.

regarding the changed aspect of everything with wistful eyes.

And Jennifer could hardly conceal her annoyance and contempt for Hubert, for the cool indifference he displayed toward his mother. Then their father's latest will was read, and the aspect of all things underwent a sudden change. Cleared of all legal veiling, it was to this clear effect: Moor Royal, at the expiration of three years, was to remain Hubert's property on unchanged terms if, during those three years, he had shown real filial feeling and true manly consideration for his mother; charged merely with the payment of two hundred a year more to Mrs. Ray, which two hundred, together with what had been left to the widow under the former will, was to be settled on Jennifer at her mother's death.

But supposing Hubert had developed the "latent selfishness and extravagance" which his father had always detected in him the property was to go, on the same conditions to "my second son, John Ray." "Provided, that is, in all respects since my death he has proved himself worthy to be trusted, and has not married beneath him—a taste for low company being, I fear, his besetting sin." In the latter event the whole property was to be Mrs. Ray's on condition that she left it to Jennifer.

No one could assume for an instant that any of the conditions had been fulfilled, and Hubert and Jack had the grace to accept their just reward in silence. But Effie, loudly protesting against the "disgraceful treachery of the whole of the reviving family into which she had married," swept out of the room without a word to the lady who was now its mistress. Then Hubert went up and kissed his mother, and whispered:

"I deserve it, dear. I have sinned before heaven, and against thee, and am not worthy to be called thy son." And all her heart bled for him, and went out to him, and urged her to give him back Moor Royal on the spot.

But this the two executors would by no means allow. So in an hour or two Effie ordered Hubert off with her to John Flora, whose wit and wealth would surely, she thought, upset this iniquitous plot against her peace and penury.

But when they were gone, Mr. Boldero went to Jennifer and said:

"Now you know why I have restrained myself."

"I think I do; it was because you would not ask me to be your wife till I knew as well as you did that I should be a rich woman."

"You are right, Jenny, dear."

"But you will ask me one day?"

She said, blushing a little as she held her hand out to him, and remembered her recent bereavement.

"Please heaven, I will," he said, frankly.

At the end of a year he kept his promise. And when they were married, he said to her:

"Jenny, can you trust me to be a father to your boy, and a son to your mother?"

"Entirely."

"Then ask her to give back Moor Royal to Hubert. You will be a rich woman without it, my darling, and your mother will be happier with us than alone up there, with thoughts of the son who has been punished for his faults to her. Even I can trust Hubert now."

So this latest program was carried out. And there are no two happier women in England than Mrs. Ray and Jennifer; though Effie holds her fair head up scornfully when they are spoken of, and says:

"It's so unpleasant for me, you know, to have to visit a country lawyer and his wife. Jennifer ought to have known better than to put me in such a position, but she always was so selfish! Flora and I hate selfishness, and visiting any hot country people."

(The end.)

The Ingenious Jack.

May I give an instance of the power dogs seem to possess of understanding what is said in their presence? We have a terrier who objects to spending a night alone, and is therefore allowed to sleep with one of my brothers. A short time ago they were all from home, and an order was given early in the evening—Jack being present—that he was to sleep with the groom away from the house. Jack, who always remains in the room until the rest of the household retire, disappeared this particular evening very soon after the order was given, and was not seen again. When we went upstairs, however, there he was curled up in an arm-chair in my youngest sister's bed-room, evidently settled for the night, and as we entered he looked up and wagged his tail, as if he were begging to be allowed to stay. As he had never been known to go to bed early by himself, or in that particular room, we felt sure he had understood the order, and hoped by these means to escape.

Obstinate Royal Patient.

"A king has the right to die, but not the right to be ill," said Louis XVIII. to his doctors, forbidding them at the same time to publish the truth about his condition.

Alexander I., perhaps in imitation of the Bourbon he had helped to his throne, acted upon the same principle, though he did not embody it in a paradoxical epigram. For more than forty-eight hours he refused to be bled, notwithstanding the urgent persuasion of his physicians and the Empress. Finding all persuasion useless, Dr. Wellejé plainly told the Czar that, having refused the aid of science till it was too late, he had no recourse left but the aid of religion.

"But I have an idea that that will prove a broken reed to you," said the blunt physician, a worthy predecessor of Zacharin. "I am afraid that religion will be of little use to the man whose obstinacy in refusing all medical aid is tantamount to suicide."

Thirty hours later the eldest son of Paul I. had breathed his last.

It Depends.

"Dab's a good deal dependin' on de way er man applies 'is energies," said Uncle Eben. "De bass drummer often uses up moh muscle on one chune dan de fust fiddler does on half a dozen."

Washington Star.

A Lightning Change.

Talk about lightning changes! Did you ever watch a business man greet a visitor who he thought was a customer, but who turned out to be a book agent?—Somerville Journal.

BLUFFED THE TICKET SELLER.

How a Young Man Got a Pasteboard Stamped at a Railway Office.

Railroad managers make a fine pretense of opposing the ticket brokers. In some States they have been instrumental in having laws enacted intended to squelch the scalpers by making their business illegal. As a matter of fact, the ticket broker is one of the best aids in securing business passenger agents have, and ordinarily they will do a little better for a scalper than for a person who wishes a ticket for his own use. Once in a while, when excursion tickets are being sold at a particularly low rate, the railroads do not wish the brokers to have the tickets at all. Then they surround the handling of the pasteboards with what they consider safeguards sufficient to prevent the brokers getting a slice of the pie. But the brokers never miss a good thing, and the regular travelers make it easy for the efforts of the railroads to be frustrated.

A Pittsburg woman took advantage of one of the cheap excursions to Niagara Falls recently to pay a visit to relatives in Buffalo. The return portions of the ticket were made good only when stamped by the agent or a certain road at the Falls. The visitor did not wish to limit her stay in Buffalo to the time for which the ticket was good. So a few days before it expired she had it taken to a ticket broker, who gave her one of later date in exchange for it. A few days before she was ready to come home her grandmother, an innocent old lady, went to the Falls to have the ticket stamped.

"Please stamp this ticket," she said to the clerk.

"Where did you get this ticket, madam?" demanded the clerk in his gruffest tones.

"Why, we got it from Mr. Blank in Buffalo," she said.

"Sorry, madam, but that ticket is no good," declared the clerk. "Mr. Blank has no right to sell these tickets."

"Oh, but you must stamp it," protested the old lady. "It's for my granddaughter, and she must have it to go to Pittsburg."

But the clerk did not care anything for the old lady's granddaughter, and he said so.

She returned to Buffalo in great trepidation, and was met with a merry laugh by her sons-in-law. "Give me the ticket," said one. "I'll get it stamped."

"Where did you get this ticket?" asked the man at the Falls in the same gruff manner he had used toward the old lady.

"Can't you read?" was the interrogative reply. "Give me the ticket and I'll read it to you, if you are not able to do so."

"Well, when did you get it?"

"It's dated. See for yourself."

"It's your place to tell me," said the clerk.

"Now, see here, if you aren't going to stamp the ticket give it back to me, and I will see if there is not a means of making you perform your duty," and the ticket holder made a bluff at being indignant.

The bluff worked, and the ticket was stamped without more ado. All of which shows the value of knowing how.—Pittsburg Post.

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL.

She Is a Miniature Woman and Is Taught All Feminine Arts.

However innocent she may be, a little French girl is much more of a little woman than a child of any other nationality. She does not romp; she is demure and quiet in her games, which are often imitations of a grown person's life. She is trying to learn how to be the mistress of her house by means of her dolls, furniture, kitchen and dishes. Feminine arts are still a part of every well-arranged French education. Men really care more for these accomplishments than for others, as they make stay-at-home wives who look after their households; and as a Frenchwoman's principal aim is to please her future husband, every mother prepares her daughter for this end. This is why she does not permit too close an intimacy with little boy cousins, because ten years later a jealous husband would take a dislike to these friendly cousins; nor would he like his wife's bosom friends, in whom she confides, and who never leave her any better.

Mothers, therefore, permit few if any intimacies, and these are all winnowed and selected with the greatest care. One advantage of this system is that the name of friend is not carelessly bestowed right and left; it takes time and good reasons for simple acquaintance to rise to that rank. The mother not only wards off little boy cousins and intimate girl friends, but she discourages the little girl in showing off her knowledge out of the class room, for she is fully aware that nothing could be less attractive in the eyes of the expected lord and master than a blue stocking.

A bright little girl I could name had, by chance, picked up some astronomical scraps, together with other scientific facts, which allowed her to shine now and then. One evening, while playing in the garden, she heard a friend of her father's exclaim: "What a dazzling star!" "That is not a star, sir," she said; "it is a planet." Her mother was in despair, for she would rather a hundred times have found her ignorant than have seen her "show off," or capable of committing the enormity of contradicting an older person. "I hope," she said justly, as a sort of excuse, "that when she is eighteen the poor little thing will have forgotten a great part of what she knows to-day."—Century.

Cliff-Dwellers at Home.

Hamlin Garland contributes an interesting article to the Ladies' Home Journal, on the homes and home life of the Pueblo-Dwelling Indians (Cliff-Dwellers of the Southwest), whom he designates as "The Most Mysterious People in America." "It took fear of man to set these villages on these heights," he writes. "As I approached Walpi I could hardly believe anything living was upon it. The houses, massive, dirt-colored, flat and square rocks, secreted themselves upon the cliff, like turtles. The first evidence of life was a small field of corn set deep in 'the wash' or dry river bed. Then an old man watching it—seated beneath a shade of pin-yon boughs. Then some peach trees knee deep in sand. Then some red-roof houses built by the Government. By this time I could see tiny figures moving about on the high ledges and on the roofs of the houses. Up the trail a man on a burro was driving a flock of sheep and goats. He wore light cotton trousers and a calico shirt. His legs were bare, and on his head was a straw hat. Farther up the trail some old women were toiling with huge bottles of water slung on their backs. From the moment I entered that trail I was deep in the elemental past. Here was life reduced to its simplest form. Houses of heavy walls, with interiors like collars or caves, set for defense upon a cliff. Here were flat roofs, thick, to keep out the sun and to make a dooryard for the next tier of houses above. Here were nude children with tangled hair, wild as colts and fleet as antelopes, dancing on crags as high as church spires. Here were dogs just one remove from wolves—solenn dogs, able to climb a ladder. Here were men and women seated upon the floor and eating from plaques of willow and bowls of clay of their own shaping and burning."

Dr. Parkhurst on the Theater.

"The theater I believe in profoundly," writes the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in the Ladies' Home Journal. "As a means of intellectual stimulus and of moral uplift there is nothing, with the possible exception of the pulpit, that could stand alongside of it as an engine of personal effect, provided only it would maintain itself in its proper character as the dramatized incarnation of strength. Personally, I would like at least once a week to get out from under the incubus of ordinary obligation and to yield myself up intellectually and emotionally to the domination of dramatic power. I could live with a fresher life and could write and speak with a more recuperated vigor, I am sure."

Not Specific.

"This paper," remarked Dora, "states that there are eight colored physicians in Baltimore."

David looked thoughtful.

"Does it specify what the colors are?" he asked in an anxious tone.

Then Dora declared that he was a mean old thing, while David winked to himself softly in the glass.—New York World.

Brutal.

He wheeled out into the country. To breathe the sweet pure air; 'Twas much struck by the scenery there.—Detroit Tribune.

Among other fairy stories is one to the effect that if you do your duty, it will finally become a pleasure to you.