

THE LION'S WHELP

A Story of Cromwell's Time

BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"I know who he is." "I never saw my father so distracted. And it is always 'give, give, give.' George took away our last silver, and I am sure nearly all our money. Father has sent away all the men-servants, but such as are necessary to work the land; four of them went back with George to the army. I have had to send Della away—only Anice and Audrey are left to care for us, and father says they are more than he can afford."

"Dr. Verity has been here," said Jane, trying to change the subject. "He thinks the war nearly over, Matilda."

"It is not. Even if King Charles were killed, there would then be King James to fight. The war may last for a century. And if this is the world, I would I were out of it. Dear, shall I ever be happy again?"

Thus, in spite of all Jane's efforts, they ever found themselves on dangerous or debatable ground. All topics were roads leading thither, and they finally abandoned every kind of tactic and spoke as their hearts prompted them. Then, though some hard things were said, many very kind things were also said, and Matilda rose to go home comforted and helped—for, after all, the tongue is servant to the heart. As she was tying her hat, a maid called Mrs. Swaffham from the room, and Matilda lingered, waiting for her return.

"Heigh-ho!" she said, "why should we worry? Everything comes round in time to its proper place, and then it will be, as old Anice expects—the hooks will find the eyes that fit them."

As she spoke Mrs. Swaffham hastily entered the room, and with her was Lord Cluny Neville. Both girls turned from the window and caught his eyes

ing, and yet none the less she accomplished her purpose. For when they parted for the night he held her hand with a gentle pressure, and quick glancing, sweetly smiling, he flashed into her eyes admiration and interest not to be misunderstood.

And Jane's heart was a crystal rock, only waiting the touch of a wand. Had she felt the mystic contact? Her fine eyes were dropped, but there was a faint, bewitching smile around her lovely mouth, and there was something bewildering and something bewildered in her very silence and simplicity.

The sun was high when Neville awoke next morning, and he was ashamed of his apparent indolence and would scarce delay long enough to eat a hasty breakfast. Then his horse was waiting, and he stood at the threshold.

As he mounted, Mrs. Swaffham asked him if he went by York, and he answered, "Yes, I know perfectly that road, and I must not miss my way, for I am a laggard already."

"That is right," she said. "The way that is best to go is the way that best you know."

He did not bear the advice, for the moment his horse felt the foot in the stirrup he was off, and hard to hold with bit and bridle.

When he was quite out of sight, they turned into the house with a sigh, and Mrs. Swaffham said, "Now, I must have the house put in order. If I were you, Jane, I would go to do Wick this afternoon. Matilda is full of trouble. I cannot feel indifferent to her."

So Jane went to her room and began to fold away the pretty things she had worn the previous night. And as she did so, her heart sat so lightly on its temporal perch that she was singing



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at the same moment. He was, as Dr. Verity said, a man destined to captivate, not only by his noble bearing and handsome face, but also by such an indescribable charm of manner as opened the door of every heart to him. Bowing to both girls, he presented Jane with a letter from her friend Mary Cromwell, and also with a small parcel which contained some beautiful ribbons. The pretty gift made a pleasant introduction to a conversation full of gay inquiries and interesting items of social information. Matilda watched the young soldier with eyes full of interest, and did not refuse his escort to her carriage; but, as she departed, she gave Jane one look which left her with an unhappy question in her heart, not only for that night, but to be recalled long after as premonitory and prophetic.

During the preparations for the evening meal, and while Neville was in his chamber removing his armor and refreshing his clothing, Jane also found time to put on a pretty evening gown. Something had happened to Jane; she was in a delicious anticipation, and she could not keep the handsome stranger out of her consideration. When she heard Neville's steady, swift step coming towards her she trembled. Why? She did not ask herself, and her soul did not tell her. It indeed warned her, either of joy or of sorrow, for surely its tremor intimated that the newcomer was to be no mere visitor of passage, no neutral guest; that perhaps, indeed, he might have entered her home as a fate, or at least as a messenger of destiny. For who can tell, when a stranger walks into any life, what his message may be?

It was a wonderful evening to both Jane and Mrs. Swaffham. Neville told over again the story of Dunbar, and told it in a picturesque way that would have been impossible to Dr. Verity. It was a magnificent drama, though there was only one actor to present it.

Jane did not speak; she glanced at the young man, wondering at his rapt face, its solemn pallor and mystic exaltation, and feeling his voice vibrate through all her senses, though at the last he had spoken half-audibly, as people do in extremes of life or feeling.

It is in moments such as these, that Love grows—even in a moment's gaze. Jane forgot her intention of captivat-

and did not know it. And she did not know that, at the very same moment, Cluny Neville was solacing the loneliness of his ride by the "Hymn for Victory," given to its Hebraic fervor a melodious vigor of interpretation admirably emphasized by the Gregorian simplicity of the tune.

CHAPTER IV.

So Sweet a Dream.

Peace was now confidently predicted, but hope outruns events, and the winter slowly settled down over the level dreariness of the land without any apparent change in the national situation.

In de Wick the situation was pitifully forlorn and desolate. Matilda would gladly have escaped its depressing atmosphere for a little while every day, but she could not, for the roads leading from it were almost quagmires unless steaded by frost, and it was only rarely on such occasions that the horses could be spared to take her as far as Swaffham. Even the atmosphere of Swaffham, though grateful and cheering, was exasperating to the poor royalist lady. There was such cheerfulness in its comfortable rooms, such plenty of all the necessities of life, such busy service of men and maids, such active, kindly hospitality to herself, and such pleasant companionship between Jane and her mother, that Matilda could not help a little envious contrasting.

One day, near Christmas, the roads above them, and in spite of the cold were hard and clean and the sky blue. Matilda resolved to walk over to Swaffham. As she left her father she kissed him affectionately, and then courtesied to the Chaplain, who did not notice her attention, being happily and profitably lost in a volume by good Dr. Thomas Fuller.

Matilda walked rapidly, and the clear cold air blew hope and cheerfulness into her heart. As she went through the garden she saw a monthly rose in bloom, and she plucked it; and with the fair sweet flower in her hand entered the Swaffham parlor. Jane was sitting at the table serving Lord Cluny Neville, who was eating and drinking and leaning towards her with a face full of light and pleasure. Mrs. Swaffham sat on the hearth.

Matilda saw the whole picture in a glance, and she set her mood to match

it. Dropping her gown, she let the open door frame her beauty for a moment. She was conscious that she was lovely, and she saw the swift lifting of Neville's eyelids, and the look of surprised delight which came into his eyes. She was resolved to be charming, and she succeeded. She let Jane help her to remove her hat and tippet. She let Mrs. Swaffham make much of her.

Then she sat down by Neville, and he cut her a slice of the patty, and Jane filled her wine-glass, and Neville touched his own against it and wished her health and happiness. Then they sang some madrigals, and as the shades of evening gathered, Neville began to tell them wild, weird stories of the Border-Land, and they sat in the twilight pleasantly afraid of the phantoms they had themselves conjured up, drawing close together and speaking with a little awe, and finding even the short silences that fell upon them very eloquent and satisfying.

There was then no question of Matilda returning that night to de Wick, and very soon Mrs. Swaffham joined them, and the servants began to build up the fire and spread the table for the evening meal.

"Where did Charles Stuart go after Dunbar?" asked Jane.

"He went northward to Perth. For a little while he held with Argyle and the Kirk, but the Covenanters drove him too hard. They told him he must purify his court from all ungodly followers, and so made him dismiss twenty-two English Cavaliers not godly—that is, not Calvinistic—enough. Then Charles, not willing to endure their pious tyranny, ran away to the Highlands beyond Perth, and though he was caught and persuaded to return, he did so only on condition that his friends should be with him and fight for him."

"Why should the Scots object to that?" asked Mrs. Swaffham.

"Because," answered Neville, "these men were mostly Englishmen and Episcopallians; and the Whigs and Covenanters hated them as being too often reckless and wicked men, full of cavalier sauciness. In return, Charles Stuart hated the Whigs and Covenanters, made a mockery of them, and, it is said, did not disguise his amusement and satisfaction at the defeat of the godly army at Dunbar."

"And how did these godly men regard Cromwell?" asked Matilda with undisguised scorn.

"They troubled us a little in the West," said Neville, "and Cromwell marched the army to Glasgow, and on the next Sabbath day the preachers railed at him from every pulpit in that city. One of them met the Lord General on the street and attacked him with threats and evil prophecies. I would have shut his lips with a blow, but Cromwell said to me, 'Let him alone; he is one fool, and you are another,' and the very next day he made friends with this preacher, and I met them coming down the High street together in very sober and pleasant discourse. After beating these Whigs well at Hamilton, we went into winter quarters at Edinburgh; and Cromwell is now staying at Lord Moray's house in the Canongate."

"He ought to have taken his rest in Holyrood Palace," said Jane.

"I am glad he did not," replied Neville. "'Tis enough to fight the living Stuart; why should he run into mortal danger by invading the home of that unlucky family? A man sleeps in his dwelling place—and when he sleeps he is at the mercy of the dead."

"Not so," said Jane. "The good man is at the mercy of God, and if he sleeps, his angel wakes and watches. 'I will lay me down in peace and take my rest; for it is thou, Lord, only, that maketh me dwell in safety.'"

Neville looked steadily at her as she spoke with such a glad confidence, and Jane's face grew rosy under his gaze, while Neville's smile widened slowly, until his whole countenance shone with pleasure.

(To be continued.)

STRANGE DISH ON MENU.

Young Woman Who Christened It Is Under Grave Suspicion.

A very earnest young Englishman is Prof. Francis H. Tabor, superintendent of The Boys' Club of Tenth Street and Avenue A, says the New York Times. His sociological labors and the fact that he has redeemed whole regiments of East Side boys do not wholly detract from the grave impression made by his manners and presence, nor fail to strike awe to the hearts of society.

Prof. Tabor, who is a Cambridge man, was recently asked to dine at the home of a friend to meet a son just returning from student work at the famous English university. The daughter of the house and her girl friends designed special menus for the occasion. When the time came to write in the various items, "devil turkey" served as a bone of contention.

"It looks horrid, doesn't it?" said the daughter of the house. "This is my first dinner party, and I don't want to spoil it by offending so serious a man."

"What shall we do?" exclaimed a companion. "We can't call it 'peppered,' 'griddled,' 'curried,' or 'sauteed,' because it's just 'devil'd,' that's all—as hot as Satan's residence."

"I know! We'll just use dashes," said the much-traveled professor explored his dainty menu that evening, he was somewhat surprised to find that among other excellent dishes was:

"D—d Turkey."

The rest of the diners believe that the bud's mischief savored of too much wit to have been born out of mere ignorance.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one displays his image.—Goethe.

A SPECIAL SENATE

OPENS IN OBEDIENCE TO PROCLAMATION.

AN IMMENSE CROWD PRESENT

Cannon's Speech in the House the Subject of Some Fervid Remarks—Senator Smoot of Utah Subscribes to the Oath.

WASHINGTON—In obedience to the president's proclamation the senate of the Fifty-eighth congress convened in extraordinary session at noon Thursday. An immense crowd witnessed the ceremony. Echoes of the Fifty-seventh congress had not died away when the senators who were elected and those who were to take their seats for the first time, marched to the desk and took the oath. Friends and admirers of the senators loaded down their desks with beautiful floral tributes.

Mr. Cannon's speech in the house of representatives early Wednesday formed the subject of some fervid remarks by Mr. Tillman and by the senate conferees, Messrs. Hale, Allison and Teller.

After the invocation Mr. Bennett, the secretary of the senate, read the proclamation from the president convening the session.

Mr. Hoar, speaking for Mr. Burrows, chairman of the committee on privileges and elections, referred to the constitutional procedure of administering oaths to new senators, and said if there were any other procedure the result would be that a third of the senate might be kept out of their seats for an indefinite time. The result of that might be that a change in the political power of the government might be indefinitely postponed.

Questions of qualification should be postponed and acted upon by the senate later.

The names of the newly elected senators were called alphabetically and each was escorted to the desk by his colleague.

As some of the names were called there was applause from the galleries, that given to Mr. Gorman being especially noticeable.

Messrs. Spooner and Allison received generous applause as they were escorted to the desk.

Mr. Smoot of Utah subscribed to the oath with an emphatic "I do." No objection was made to his taking the oath. When Mr. Ankeney's name was called his colleague, Mr. Foster (Wash.), announced that he was under the doctor's care. Three other newly elected senators did not respond—Messrs. Clarke (Ark.), Gallinger (N. H.) and Stone (Mo.).

There were seventy-four senators present. Messrs. Hoar and Cockrell were appointed a committee to wait upon the president and inform him that the senate was ready to proceed to business.

HAS HOPES FOR THE TREATY.

Governor of Newfoundland Reports Progress in Matter.

ST. JOHNS, N. F.—The legislature opened Thursday afternoon. The governor announced a surplus in the treasury and also that the Bond-Hay treaty negotiations were still progressing. He intimated that measures would be introduced for the enlargement of the naval reserve movement, the extension of the telegraph system to Labrador on the expiration of the Anglo-American telegraph company's monopoly next year, the establishment of a cold storage plant and the encouragement of local iron smelting industry.

The French shore modus vivendi bill was introduced and given its first reading.

PUBLIC DEBT STATEMENT.

Decrease During Month of February \$5,969,665.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The monthly statement of the public debt shows that at the close of business February 28, 1903, the public debt, less cash in the treasury, amounted to \$937,972,898, which is a decrease as compared with January 31 of \$5,969,665. The debt is recapitulated as follows: Interest bearing debt, \$914,541,420; debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, \$1,230,510; debt bearing no interest, \$259,744,438; total, \$1,312,516,368.

This amount, however, does not include \$884,725,969 in certificates and treasury notes outstanding, which are offset by an equal amount of cash on hand, held for redemption.

British Ship Goes Down.

HAMBURG.—The carpenter of the British ship Cambrian Prince, Captain Owens, from Coquimbo, for Middlesbrough, has been picked up in the North sea. He reports that the Cambrian Prince capsized and sank.

The Cambrian Prince was of 1,252 tons net burden. She was built

THE PANAMA CANAL TREATY.

Republicans Will Make a United Effort to Secure Action Thereon.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The republican senators will make a united effort to secure action on the Panama canal treaty and the Cuban reciprocity treaty as speedily as possible. A meeting of the republican steering committee of the senate was held after adjournment Thursday and this course was decided on. The situation was discussed at some length and the conclusion reached that business might be greatly facilitated by keeping as many senators as possible in the city and in their seats, and the individual members of the steering committee agreed to devote their energies to this end.

No one in the committee had any definite information as to the time that may be consumed in debating the treaties, but it was stated as a rumor that Senator Morgan had said that as there were a number of new members of the senate he would feel it incumbent on himself to go over the ground quite completely and even to review much that he has already said.

The evident purpose of the republicans is to avoid, if possible, calls on account of the absence of a quorum and to keep the senate running as steadily as possible.

Emperor on the Bible Lore.

BERLIN.—Emperor William has presented all the chaplains of the German navy, both Catholic and Protestants, with copies of his letter to Admiral Hollman, counsellor of the German oriental society, on the subject of the Babylonians.

It is officially announced that Emperor William's famous letter on the bible controversy was composed and written by himself alone. Several statements to the contrary have been published, hence the present precise notification that from the first to the last word, it was written by the emperor's own hand without outside aid.

In publishing the announcement the North German Gazette says: "The letter indeed bears in every sentence the impress of the emperor's own personality."

ACCUSES CONSUL OF NEGLECT.

Did Not Help Shipwrecked Americans in Bermuda.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Complaint has been made to the state department of the conduct of the United States Consul W. Maxwell Greene at Hamilton, Bermuda, in connection with the casting away of the steamer Madiana. It is alleged that the consul showed absolute indifference toward the shipwrecked passengers and took no part in their rescue. The local papers in Bermuda commented on this matter and the papers have been sent to the state department, which will institute a prompt investigation of the consul's conduct.

Mr. Greene was appointed to his post from Rhode Island in 1898.

Western Lumbermen Cut Loose.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Western Retail Lumber Dealers' association withdrew from affiliation with the National Association of Lumber Dealers.

The Western Retailers who severed their relations with the wholesalers would continue to be friendly, but the retailers were unable to live up to the agreement signed at Boston in 1892. It was pointed out that courts in the west have decided that such an agreement is in restraint of trade and therefore unlawful.

Soldiers Will Return Home.

MANILA.—The United States transport Thomas will sail for home Thursday, taking two batteries and four companies of the artillery, the first long-service troops returning. Sixty of the artillerymen expressed their desire to remain in the island. Seven hundred men out of five cavalry and infantry regiments ordered home have applied for transfers to commands remaining here, but General Davis is unable to comply with their requests, as the authorized strength of the regiments which remain here is already exceeded.

John Reese for Receiver.

WASHINGTON.—The president on Monday sent the following nominations to the senate:

George C. Holt, United States district judge, Southern district of New York; John Reese, receiver of public moneys at Broken Bow, Neb.; John F. Vivian, surveyor general of Colorado.

Idaho Irrigation Project.

TOCOMA, Wash.—Contracts have been let for damming the Snake river at Idaho, at a point twenty-five miles above the Shoshone Falls and building sixty-five miles of canal on the south side of the river, and twenty-four miles on the north side, not including laterals, which will reclaim 340,000 acres of land under the new government irrigation law. The dam is to cost \$400,000 or more, and the canal \$2,500,000.

QUIT THE TURKEY BUSINESS.

Greed of Bindery Girls Soured Secretary of the Navy Whitney.

The story of how a few impatient women destroyed a mighty good resolution, says the New York Tribune, was recently told by the chief clerk of the Navy Department. In 1888 Secretary Whitney was delayed in getting out his report, and finally had to push it through with a rush.

"So well was the work done," says Mr. Peters, "and so pleased was the secretary, that two days before Thanksgiving he sent for me and said, 'Mr. Peters, I wish you would go to the market and buy a turkey for every employe of the government printing office.' 'But, Mr. Secretary,' I replied, 'it would require 3,000 turkeys to fill that order.' 'It makes no difference if 5,000 would be needed; buy them.' 'It is impossible,' I said; 'there are not 3,000 unsold turkeys to be had in Washington to-day.' 'Then,' said he, 'ascertain the names of the men who had the principal part in getting out the report, get a turkey for each to-day, and order the necessary number—3,000 or 5,000—and see that they are delivered in time for Christmas.' Under these instructions nine turkeys were sent to the printing office that day. The next morning the secretary received ten letters. Nine were notes of thanks, and the other was a letter from fifty-five girls in the bindery, who demanded a turkey each because of the part they had taken in getting out the report. As soon as he read that letter the Secretary of the Navy said: 'Mr. Peters, I have gone out of the turkey business.' Nothing further was necessary. The Christmas distribution was not made, and all on account of the haste of fifty-five women to get recognition for their services."

A TALL BLACKBIRD STORY.

Honest Old Ducky Makes Another Contribution to Literature.

"Well, suh," said Bro. Luckie, as the shavings fell from his plane, going along the rough way of the plank, "you don't see no blackbirds in Atlanta now, lak what you use ter see."

"Blackbirds?"

"Yes, suh! Sence dese tall buildin's come up, dey don't fly over lak in de ole days. I well remembers w'en I lived nigh Medlock's, a drove of blackbirds come long, one-half mile wide and ten foot deep. Yes, suh! You white folks don't b'leve dat now; but dey's lots of old cullud folks 'member dem days! I wuz younger den dan what I is now; on one day, 'long 'bout de time blackbirds wuz a'flyin', I took my gun en crope up on de cowshed, so's ter git a good shot at 'em, en not ter strain my gun, en bless God, here dey come! Dey wuz full half-mile wide en ten foot deep—des lak I tell you—en dey darkened de sun for full fifteen minutes—so much so dat de chickens 'lowed dat night wuz come, en gone ter roost!' Well, suh! I shet my eye en pull loose on 'em 'twel I hear de double-barrel gun go 'Bow! Bow!' en den dey commence fallin'! Dey felled en dey felled en dey felled—'twel de barnyard wuz black wid 'em; en I slid down, I did, fum dat cowshed, en picked up two barrels of 'em! En dat ain't de wusht of it, kaze fer ten whole days after dat de people picked up blackbirds fer ten mile fum what I fust let fly at 'em; en fer two months dey wuz nuttin' but blackbird pie in dat neighborhood; Ef you don't b'leve what I tellin' you, des ask Dock Smith—he wuz dar, en he seen it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

IT WAS NO PICNIC.

And Worried Mother Doubtless Knew Whereof She Spoke.

To illustrate a point he was making in a recent lecture in Philadelphia, Joseph L. Barbour, a well-known lawyer of Hartford, Conn., told this story:

A woman with five small children boarded a horse car in New York, which was already comfortably filled. The conductor became a trifle impatient because it took the family so long to get aboard, and, as the mother finally reached the top step and the car began to move, the conductor ventured to ask her:

"Madam, are these all your children, or is it a picnic?"

The woman flushed as she replied: "Yes, they are all my children, and I tell you, it's no picnic."—New York Times.

The Frills Did It.

Titles sometimes impress even the messengers who are in attendance at the doors of the secretaries of the various departments.

"Take my card to Mr. Root," said Representative Sulzer, walking up to the messenger on duty at the door of the Secretary of War.

"Sorry, sir, but the secretary ain't seeing anyone to-day," answered the messenger, who had been turning away senators and representatives all day.

"But I'm Representative Sulzer of New York."

"Can't take your card in, sir."

"You tell the Secretary Representative Sulzer of New York, the ranking member of the minority of the committee on military affairs of the House of Representatives wants to see him."

The messenger was overpowered and stepped inside the room, and returning threw the door wide open, saying:

"Walk right in, sir. The secretar will see you."

Derivation of Connecticut.

"Connecticut," says the Springfield (Mass.) Republican in an article on Indian names, "is from quonne, long; tuk, tidal river; quut, at; that is, quonnetukut, 'at the long tidal river.'"