Perseverance's Pluck

By EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

"Pouf!" said Katherine lightly. "What you are blowing in on cocktails and cigars would run a little flat in Harlem."

"Oh, hang a little flat in Harlem!"

"That's just it," returned Mrs. Terry-Town. "You want an establishment, turnout, box at the opera. Oh, what is this age coming to?"

"An end," growled Harold.

"Think how pretty Perseverance would look in a high necked apron making a pie. I'll wager a box of Turkish cigarettes she can make a cherry pie quick as a cat can wink her eye," continued Mrs. Terry-Town, who was in one of her voluble moods.

"I won't have my wife making cherry pies," said Dunning, with the air of a grand seigneur.

"Very well; I warn you. You'll discover one of these days that your sweetheart has slipped out of your hands. Then don't come whining to me for sympathy, for I shall simply say, 'I told you so.'"

But Dunning, with the fatuity of youth, believed that events would ultimately shape themselves as he wished. One of these days he would be made a city editor, and then he could marry the girl of his choice.

It was one cold winter morning that the town was startled with the news of a fearful murder. Mr. George Verplanck, a well known and wealthy broker, was found dead in his library, having been most cruelly stabbed in the heart. It was clearly a case of robbery, as certain valuables and jewels were missing. His private safe, too, had been robbed, and everything indicated a murder from motives of greed.

When Perseverance read the account, she instantly recognized the name. It was the husband of the beautiful and gracious lady who had passed a summer near her old home in the country, and whom she had tried to see when first she came to New York. She chanced to mention this fact in the office, and soon was summoned to the city editor's desk.

"I hear you know Mrs. Verplanck? Yes? Well, the lady is prostrated with the shock of her husband's death and will not see a reporter. She may possibly see you. At all events, try."

During her brief journalistic career Perseverance never saw so sad a scene as that in the superb home in Gramercy park. Mrs. Verplanck remembered the girl and consented to see her.

It was the most elegant home Perseverance had ever seen. But over its luxurious rooms and through its corridors hung the awful hush of death and the atmosphere of mystery. As Perseverance was mounting the stairs to Mrs. Verplanck's chamber, on the landing she came face to face with a keen faced, alertly moving man. She gave a little cry of delight and held out her hand.

The man stared at her as if puzzled. Then suddenly a smile crossed his shrewd face.

"I remember you," said the police detective. "How are you and what are you doing here?"

She explained her presence, and the detective looked at her with interest.

"I did you a good turn once," he whispered. "Now help me. I haven't been able to see the lady, she is so ill. But find out all you can about the last governess, when she was discharged and why. Will you?"

Perseverance promised, though she could not understand his anxiety. But she was only too glad to do a favor for the man who had saved her from the meshes of a wicked woman.

Mrs. Verplanck was lying against a heaped pillows not whiter than her face. She wept as she took the girl's hand in hers.

Perseverance recalled the brilliant, dashing woman she had seen two years ago, and tears rushed to her eyes as she saw this trembling, moaning creature. Humidly and in whispers Mrs. Verplanck told the awful story of finding her husband in the dim, gray dawn, with the blood dripping from the frightful wound over his heart.

"The window was open," said the poor wife, "the icy air streaming in. He lay there alone—alone. Think of it! Oh, my dear George!" and she screamed again and again in such anguish that it was with difficulty Perseverance and the maid could quiet her.

But when the unhappy lady had grown calmer Perseverance plied her with questions. The terrible interview came to an end at last, and as the girl bade her goodby Mrs. Verplanck clutched her hand desperately and said: "Come again, dear—every day, if you can. The sight of your face is like a breath from those sweet meadows. Oh, the cool, green, quiet country! If I could only never see New York again! This dreadful town will always be hateful to me."

Perseverance promised to come next day and sadly left the room. In the hall she met her friend the detective. She told him what the little Mrs. Verplanck had said about the governess. His eyes sparkled; his face flushed.

"Thank you, my child!" he exclaimed excitedly. "You have confirmed"—

He broke off and rushed to a cab before the door, into which he plunged and was rapidly driven away.

The next morning Perseverance read in open mouthed astonishment that police detectives had arrested a former governess in the Verplanck family on suspicion of having committed the murder, and that a valuable clew had been given them by a woman reporter from The Cyclone. Perseverance was famous!

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The most noted trial of the season was that of the adventuress-governess who was convicted of the murder of Mr. Verplanck.

Mrs. Verplanck took a decided interest in the girl who had unwittingly helped to run down the assassin of her husband, and after the trial sent for her one day and said:

"My dear, I am going away from New York. I must leave the scene of my sorrow. I will distract myself by travel. I cannot leave my little boys behind me. I have sent for you to ask you if you will not consent to abandon newspaper work and go with me as my companion and as governess to my sons. We shall be away two years. In that time we shall visit Europe, Egypt and Palestine. Think well of my proposition, I beg, for my heart is set on your going with me."

Perseverance was dazed. In fact, of late the girl had seemed to be living in a land of shadows. Events had followed each other so rapidly that at times she felt she was looking on at a pageant moving swiftly before her. To go abroad! To visit the lands of sun and scene of which she had read and dreamed! It could not be possible!

But there sat Mrs. Verplanck, a kindly smile on her sad little face, anxiously waiting her reply. The girl rose and flung her arms about the lady's neck and burst into tears.

"There, there, child," patting her gently, "that means you will go, I am sure."

"Well, you are in luck," was the universal verdict of the office when it was known that "Little Pendleton" was going abroad with the wealthy widow. Everybody from the managing editor down to the office boy congratulated her—everybody save Harold Dunning.

In a sort of rage he beheld, in strict accordance with the prophecy made by his astute friend Mrs. Terry-Town, the girl he loved slipping away from him. Through his crossed, extravagant vision

Perseverance plied her with questions.

tenth century ideas, he informed himself in the seclusion of his room, he had lost her. "She will go abroad, get her head filled with all sorts of nonsense, and what show will I have when she comes back?" he demanded fiercely of the walls, and getting no satisfactory answer he kicked an inoffensive footstool across the room, jammed his hat down over his eyes and went forth on an assignment with a belligerent and martial air which boded a bad quarter of an hour to the Kansas senator he was to interview.

Perseverance was quick to notice the shadow on Dunning's face. She was hurt at his coldness and for the few days left before she sailed treated him with icy indifference. This, of course, only made matters worse, and when the day and the hour came for the sad sailing away of our little heroine among the crowd of her newspaper friends who came to see her off she missed one face, dearer to her than all the others. She stood on deck, the center of a little group, laughingly responding to their good wishes, but biting her lip to keep back the tears. Was it possible he would let her go without coming to say goodby?

The last bell rang. Everybody had gone ashore. The great steamer was shivering like some monster newly wakened to life, when suddenly Perseverance saw him. He came dashing down the pier and tried to cross the gangplank, but was prevented by the guard. He managed to get to the very edge of the pier, and across the strip of green water, fast growing to the breadth of a stream, he flung her a bunch of violets. His young face was sharp with agony. Perseverance never forgot the look he gave her. "My love, my love," she whispered as she kissed the sweet flowers again and again.

Two years later Perseverance came back to New York. In those two years she had matured into a charming, graceful young woman. Travel and constant association with refined people had given her an air of distinction and elegance. Mrs. Verplanck had been very generous with her, and the young woman who stepped ashore in a marvelously fitting Parisian gown looked very unlike the shabby little country girl who came into New York to seek her fortune.

Perseverance's first thought was of Dunning. She longed for a sight of his face—that face which had come between her and ambition—for the pretty American girl had received much flattery and admiration in her travels, and more than once had been offered what the world calls an "advantageous marriage." But her heart was in America. She had heard of Dunning's rapid advance in journalism. He stood now at the head of a prominent evening journal and was reckoned one of the brainiest young men in the profession.

Soon after her arrival Perseverance sent him a note telling him she was with her friend Mrs. Verplanck and should be glad to see him once more. This note had not been gone an hour when Perseverance received a letter postmarked at her old country home. It was from a neighbor of her aunt Cynthy Pendleton telling of the dangerous illness of that lady and begging Perseverance to come at once if she would see her relative before she died.

Though Perseverance had not forgotten her aunt's waspish tongue and unfeeling treatment of herself and her invalid mother, she yet felt it her duty to respond to the letter in person. Yes, she would go and do all she could for the only relative she had. It was, however, with a heavy heart that she made preparations for an immediate departure. If she could only have seen Dunning once!

But she took the first train and reached the old homestead in time to see her aunt before she died. The sick woman recognized her and spoke tenderly of "your mother" and "forgiveness." Perseverance pressed the knotted hands which had never known anything but hard work and spoke kindly and soothingly to the dying woman. A moment's light glowed for a moment in the fading eyes, then vanished. Poor old Aunt Cynthy was dead!

At sunset the next evening Perseverance stood beside her mother's grave. It was overgrown with glossy myrtle leaves. A pale Lamarque rose bloomed at the head, and at the foot swung a cluster of yellow marigolds. From the woods near by came the tinkle of a cow bell; far down the railroad track sounded the echo of a locomotive's shriek. Save these sounds, a brooding, breathless silence hung over the lonely valley and the great hills that, growing black in the shadow of the coming night.

Perseverance felt quite alone. She recalled her last look at this low, green mound when the train swept around the hill yonder, bearing her away to a strange new life. How far she had wandered since then, safe to come back to lay her last relative beside her mother's grave.

There lay the old farm—hers now. From where she stood she could see the meadow where the violets grew thick in the early spring, the stream by which the coreopsis lifted their golden heads and the pine trees—her old friends, to whom listening branches she had confided her childish secrets and trials. She longed to go over to them now, fling herself down beneath their solemn shade and tell them all that was oppressing her—all her sorrow, her fears and her loneliness.

The gate leading to the little graveyard clicked behind her. Then a footstep fell upon the sunny turf. Perseverance slowly turned to meet the village gravedigger, who she expected would be on his ghastly task that evening.

But who was this? Not the gravedigger surely—this man hurrying toward her, a glad light in his face, his longing hands outstretched.

Do you know how the birds sing at nightfall in the woods? Suddenly they burst into trills of melody and shook a jubilant chorus from their slender throats. The red sun sank lower and sent back its afterglow to linger lovingly on two radiant, happy faces, and the pale rose of Lamarque beat its stately head in the soft breeze to whisper to the quiet sleeper below: "All's well! Your good, brave, pure little daughter has come into her kingdom."

THE END.

Testimony's Eyesight.

Color blindness is a congenital defect and is incurable. The man who is born with it must submit to its limitations as long as he lives, and it is wrong to try to deceive himself or others into believing that there is any escape from this condition. Some individuals suffer under greater disabilities than others. Some are more skilful than others in picking out different colors of yarns by touch or in distinguishing signals by the intensity of the color, but a true color blind person is never sure to select either red or green correctly. The true method of detecting color blindness is to test the subject with the colors to which he is blind and with "confusion colors" a sufficient number of times to provide against the possibility of his making right selections by chance. Railroad tests are made in accordance with this principle. They do not require men to name the colors or to study the art of millinery. They do not require a man to name any color. He may even be dumb and get along with the essential requirements.—New York Railroad Gazette.

Machine For Distances.

The telemeter is an invention the purpose of which is to measure distances in a very easy and accurate way. The construction of it is announced in this wise: A telescope is mounted upon an arm about three feet long, the end of the arm nearest the telescope having a graduated scale for either angles or distance. A horizon glass is firmly attached to the arm, and there is also an adjustable mirror which acts with the adjacent graduations on the arm. The reflecting surface of the index glass is set at an angle of 45 degrees to the axis of the lever. The manipulation is very simple. Looking through the telescope and horizon glass at the object the distance of which is to be measured, the lever is swung over so that the index glass receives two images and reflects it to the horizon glass at a point exactly done with the line of sight. The scales determine the angle, and the base line being known the distance of the object may be readily computed.—New York Ledger.

He Saw Visions.

Professor Bloss, the husband of Harriet Beecher Bloss, often said that he saw visions of people in whom he was interested, and Mrs. Field recalls an instance of this in The Review of Reviews. On one occasion Mrs. Bloss was in her room when it was supposed she was out of town. Professor Bloss came in, looked about him with a preoccupied air, but did not speak to her. She thought his behavior strange and amused herself watching him. At last the situation became so extraordinary that she began to laugh. "Why," he exclaimed, with a most astonished air, "is that you? I thought it was one of my visions."

A Risky Bet.

The biggest bet on record was made a few years back by a young American who was assistant at "a main" held in the grounds of a notorious young sporting marquis now deceased. One bird was badly crippled and the other was fighting with terrible fierce. "Twenty thousand to a pinch of snuff on that one!" said the American millionaire, which was taken. The American won.

Cleveland and Huntington.

Senator Thurston of Nebraska did an excellent days work in the senate on Wednesday for the big corrupt stockholders of the Union Pacific and the Wall street syndicate.—(The World, July 16th.

Thereby hangs a tale. In 1895 the seat of Senator Manderson of Nebraska became vacant.

The democrats of the state, following the new practice which had resulted in the election of a democratic United States senator in Illinois in 1891, put a candidate in nomination for the vacated seat. This candidate was William J. Bryan, then known as a distinguished representative in congress, a forceful speaker on the tariff issue and the author of two speeches attacking the Huntington rule in the Pacific roads and insisting that the interests of the whole United States were involved in the case, not because of the public moneys involved, but because of the hold which the Huntington roads had upon the trade of the middle and far west. The people's party, then strong in Nebraska, indorsed the nomination of Mr. Bryan.

As the campaign progressed, it became apparent that the Cleveland administration, through the secretary of agriculture, J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska, was endeavoring to defeat the democratic candidate. Whether this was due to Morton's desire to remain, as he long had been, the supreme boss of a state democracy helplessly in the minority, or to some then unsuspected alliance between Cleveland and the railroad ring controlling the Pacific roads, must remain mere matter of conjecture. The hostility of the administration could not have sprung from disagreement on the currency question for at that time this issue was little debated.

The outcome is a matter of history. The popular vote for Mr. Bryan was a clear majority of the voters of the state, but the legislature on joint ballot was republican and elected to the United States senate John M. Thurston, then general solicitor for the Union Pacific railroad. Mr. Thurston's endeavors in the senate do not suggest that he has yet resigned his attorneyship.

It is, of course evident, that had Cleveland and his allies failed of defeating Bryan's senatorial ambitions, Senator Thurston would not be combining the duties of attorney with the powers of a senator. Nor shall we be accused of going beyond the probable when we suggest that had Mr. Bryan succeeded in his later ambition—in which he was again strenuously opposed by Mr. Cleveland—there would have been less dread of a surrender to Huntington and less reason to inquire, with the world. Why this indecent haste to oblige the Wall street friends of the last administration?"

Evidently Mr. Cleveland has been of great service to Huntington and his friends. He helped to keep a man pledged to protect the people rights out of the senate and sent Huntington's attorney there instead. He aided materially in saving the Huntington dynasty from having to settle with an administration avowedly hostile to it. Certainly the "late administration and its Wall street friends" deserve well of Collis P. Huntington.—New York Journal.

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FOR POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS.

Marion Butler Collecting Information as to their Operation in Other Countries.

Senator Butler is preparing to make a vigorous and determined fight for the passage of his bill for establishing a system of postal savings banks in connection with the postoffice department. The bill which he prepared has been most cordially drawn and he hopes to pass it without amendment. Populist papers should write him and secure a copy of the bill and keep it before the people. By doing so a strong public sentiment in favor of the passage of the bill could be created which would materially assist Senator Butler in securing the passage of the bill.

Last week Senator Butler introduced and secured the passage of the following resolution:

Resolved, That the secretary of the state be directed to send to the diplomatic representatives of the United States abroad a circular letter, similar to the one sent by Secretary Blaine on May twentieth, eighteen hundred and eighty-one, instructing them to obtain from the several foreign governments to which they are accredited as full information as possible (including copy of laws relating thereto) as to the nature and practical workings (including expense, receipts and rates (of the postal telegraphs, telephones, and postal savings banks of such countries as have adopted the same, and that the secretary of state be, and is hereby, directed to send to the senate the information and the reports received in obedience to said circular at the opening of the regular session of congress in December next, or as soon thereafter as possible."

Senator Butler will have the information, secured as a result of this resolution, in hand at the opening of the next session and will use it to good advantage.

Money is the creation of law. It is the sovereign power of every government to coin money for circulation among the people. The circulation should be increased so as to keep pace with the growth of the population and business. It is doubtful whether the coinage of all the gold and all the silver would be sufficient to keep pace with the rapidly growing population and expansion of business, but we know that the coinage of silver would give us twice as much money as we have now. Let us restore silver to its place as money, and then if we find we have not enough let us devise some other means of supplying the deficiency.—Silver Knight.

First thing we know some one will be asking what the house of representatives has to do with legislation anyway. Its members might about as well give power of attorney to Reed and go home.—Rocky Mountain News.

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