

Generalaine



CHAPTER IV—Continued.

For the first time in her life she had been so bold as to look her very best. Her limpid eyes had a glow with deep and unobscured interest in the old mirror on the wall, for many a year passed lightly by, as unworthy even a passing glance, for once without a murmur she had submitted the tangled masses of her locks, samson-like, to any fate that awaited the hand for once—tell it not again, oh, gentle reader, for once had the little brown-haired hands been not only passed in and out of the hair water in the basin, but had actually, laboriously and thoroughly been cleansed to her finger-tips.

One of these was now offered to Beilenden with all the grace of a little hostess.

"I saw you coming up," she whispered. "I saw you sitting together in the dog-cart, so then I knew it was all right. I had I really saw you, you know, I hardly hoped. I mean I really did not think you could. I mean I did not know whether you had been in time or not."

"I was only just in time," she whispered. "Were you really? Should you have been too late in another minute?"

"My fancy," said Jerry, with large eyes. "And, and, supposing you had been, you would never have come?"

"Oh, indeed."

"Only fancy. What would you have done?"

"Stopped where I was."

"Only fancy. And never come up at all?"

"No, never," said Beilenden, as solemnly as she. Then there was a pause, on her part of satisfaction and relief, on his a wonder what was to come next. He was conscious of being both flattered and amused by Jerry.

"Did you tell Cecil about me?" was her next. And he laughed that even there in that vast saloon with space on every side, her voice sank.

"I told him that we had met."

"Did you say—how?"

"No, Jerry, I did not say—how."

"Nor nor where?"

"No, nor where."

"You are laughing at me, but you do not know Cecil. If he had heard all about—about it, you know—today, you know—I mean your starting me and—"

"And your crying."

"An' your mistaking me—"

"An' your snubbing me—"

"And—and all!" assented Beilenden, "our making up the quarrel, and becoming the best of friends, and fishing together, and walking home together, and conspiring together to make this very Cecil do the thing we both wished—I he had known—"

"I wish I had a sister to think that of me."

"Have you not one—not just a little one?" She was quite disappointed.

"Not even a little one. Not even a Jerry."

"Well, I have none either, and no brothers, nor anybody. However, I don't mind, rearing. I don't care much about girls anyway, and if I could not have boys, I'd as soon only have granny."

"You do not care much for your Raymond cousins, then?"

"Oh, yes. But they always do give themselves such airs to me, and they talk French, and gabble about their governesses and music-mistresses, and all that nonsense. They are well enough. But they can't ride," eagerly.

"They think they can, and there is such a fuss about their horses and their saddles and their riding habits but once they are on, they go ogling up and down, not a bit close to the horse; and Ethel is in such a fright if her pony does but shy ever so little, that she is in misery half the time, and they think they have done wonders if they canter for half a mile at a time. I don't care for such riding as that." Jerry wound up with superlative scorn.

"You like forty minutes on the grass without a check—eh?"

"I like just as much as ever I can get—that's what I like. And to go—go like the wind, I can never tire. Ethel has to rest when she comes in, to lie down on a backboard, and not go out two days running."

"And what do they say to your style of performance?"

tion, but rather to offer an excuse. "Macalister said so. I only repeat what he said, that you might grow."

"I see," replied he to her kindly, for he had not meant to vex. "And this Falkirk Trust—let me see when does it come off?"

"In October," said Jerry shortly. What could the Falkirk Trust or anything about it matter to Cecil, that he should worry her about it just then? She made a restive movement to escape, but in vain.

"Well, the Ditchman has carried you gallantly so many a day," put in her tormentor, heavily conversational, "so you will have to be compassionate towards him now. What are you going to do with him? Is he to be the woe-bent, or for the moon? Or will you sell him?"

Here Mrs. Campbell entered, and made her way to Captain Beilenden's side.

"What is to become of him?" pursued Cecil.

"How tiresome! Now he will begin talking to grand-amma, and I shall have another word from him. What a nuisance!" muttered the child to herself, little accustomed to be thwarted, even in a trifle. "How Cecil does prove how provoking an stupid he is!"

"What is to become of him?" demanded Cecil, for the third time.

But he never knew, for dinner was announced at the moment, and Jerry was storming inwardly with bated indignation and righteous wrath.

"There, now I know how it would be. I know that if grand-amma was standing away there with him when dinner was announced, she would tell him to go to her in the gh—now she ought to have had Cecil, of course. She should have left him, of course. He would have then had her, and then he would have come up to me, and offered me his arm—oh, dear, dear!"

She had never taken anybody's arm in her life. Truth to tell, she had been casting about in her mind, ever since she had seen Beilenden's postman's face in the hall, the chances of the great event happening to her now. Hitherto she had been glad enough to avoid the formal late dinner when her gran mother had guests at their manse, he had either made her appearance with the escort or had come commonly chosen to run about till he was time, and then have some supper brought up to her old nursery, by the means of a porter, or the company of the evening foot. She had, however, on the present occasion, carefully anticipated her intention of being late in future, and Mrs. Campbell, in coming with the rest of the household, had been too glad to see in the hallway the dawn of advancing womanhood to make any sort of error.

So, much arranged, one would absorb anxiety had occupied the little girl's mind, and that was in reference to her being handed to the dining-room by Beilenden.

The more she had thought about it, the more eager and anxious she had become, as was Jerry's way whenever any desire once took possession of her little excitable breast.

To take his arm! To step grandly along before everybody like a real grown-up young lady—how enchanting!

She did not stop to remember that it had never struck her as enchanting, but rather in a reverse light hitherto. It would, at any rate, be simply heavenly now.

And of course, it was her right to lead the way, and do honor to the stranger guest in her own castle. Granny had often told her that she ought to prepare to take her place as mistress and head of all, ere long, as perhaps, indeed, most certainly, granny would think this a good opportunity for her to begin. It would, as instructed, Capt. Beilenden in her position and her rights, and make his blunder of the afternoon all the more astonishing and ridiculous to his reflection.

He might perform his part of the ceremony with a twinkle in his eye, and Jerry would not have freed him from a shy remembrance as he and she marched through the long gallery together, but carry it off as he might, he could not fail to feel a little foolish, and might be treated by the spectators as here.

All of this had been carefully thought out during the putting on of the white frock and the red-velvet sash, and there had been just enough uncertainty about the desired program being carried out to make Cecil's detention doubly irksome and ill-timed, since the fact of her being beside him, and away from the other, was, she could not help feeling, sure to tell against her.

It might, or it might not, have done so. The probability is that Mrs. Campbell gave the subject no thought at all, and as a matter of course, went in as she had always done before, with her principal part, but it was Cecil's little girl had never yet learned to control or conceal her feelings, a very sulky and unattractive companion the poor fellow had, and one who would have gladly gripped the arm she held a good hard pinch, instead of delicately touching it with the tips of her fingers, as she knew she had ought to do.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sarcasm.

Baron Haussman was fellow-pupil with Hector Berlioz at the Paris Conservatory, then under the direction of Cherubini. Berlioz was an unruly genius, and wrote music when he should have been studying counterpoint. Consequently he was not in favor with his teachers, and especially with the precise and "classical" Cherubini.

One examination day, as Haussman relates in his "Memoirs," Cherubini was running over a piece which Berlioz had submitted, when he came upon a complete rest of two measures.

"What is that?" he asked, in his usual ill-natured tone.

"Mr. Director," said the pupil, "I wished to produce an effect which I thought could best be produced by silence."

"Ah, you thought it would produce a good effect upon the audience if you suppressed two measures?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. Suppress the rest, the effect will be better still."

Mrs. Figg—Tommy, have you been at the sugar bowl again? Tommy—Maw, the sugar question is entirely too delicate to be approached in such a sudden manner.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

MAN IN THE MOON.

Held the Raggedy Man, on a hot afternoon.

My! Sakes! What a lot of mistakes Some little folks makes on The Man in the Moon!

But people that's ben up to see him, like me, And calls on him frequent and intimately, Might drop a few facts that would interest you.

Clean! Through! If you wanted 'em to— Some actual facts that might interest you!

O, The Man in The Moon has a crick in his back! Whee! Whim!

Amn't you sorry for him? And a mole on his nose that is purple and black. And his eyes are so weak that they water and run. If he dares to dream, even he looks at the sun—

So he jests dreams of stars, as the doctors advise— My! Eyes! But isn't he wise— To jest dreams of stars, as the doctors advise?

And the Man in The Moon has a boil on his ear— Whee! Whing! What a singular thing! I know! but these facts are authentic, me dear—

There's a boil on his ear, and a corn on his chin— He calls it a dimple—but dimples stick in— Yet it might be a dimple turned over, you know!

Whang! Why, certainly so! It might be a dimple turned over, you know!

And the Man in The Moon has a rheumatic knee— Gee! Whizz! What a pity that is! And his toes have worked round where his heels ought to be—

So whenever he wants to go North he goes South, And comes back with porridge-crumbs all round his mouth, And he brushes them off with a Japanese fan.

Whing! Whang! What a marvelous man! What a very remarkable marvelous man!

And the Man in The Moon, sighed the Raggedy Man! Gits! So! Sublimeness, you know— Up there by hissef, sweet creation be-gan!

That when I call on him and then come away, He grasps me and holds me and begs me to stay— Till well! if it wasn't for Jimmy-cum-jim, Dead! Limb!

I'd go partners with him— Jes' jump my job here and be partners with him! —James Whitcomb Riley.

BEYOND RECALL.

Most men fancy that the wedding march from "Lohengrin," however hackneyed it may be, means, in their own cases, a triumphant entry into heaven. This story is worth telling only because the man in the case was terribly certain that in his wedding-march he was hearing his soul's funeral note—the fanfare of the devil ushering him into a hell on earth.

And his smile, as he walked down the aisle with her, was not a pleasant thing to watch.

Although even his own sex had always called him handsome. He was tall, and straight, and brown; his muscles were good and his morals were good—as modern morals go. At least they were when the beginning was of this end.

In those circles that carried him upon their swirling eddies, this young man was immensely liked. He talked well, he danced well, and he won prizes at tennis. Moreover, he was in great favor in the Office. The Office consisted of him one of its most trustworthy officials, and promoted him in delight, full disaccord with his years.

It is to be wondered at that women smiled upon him?

The smile of woman! Who has weighed the worth, the woe of it! Fickle feminine, blinding the eyes of Reason; rebounding, often, in strange and woeful transformations upon its own!

Had she but sensed the sadness of her smile's rebound, would this girl have smiled upon this man? Who knows? She was a woman and—who knows?

What one does know is that somehow, in between the letters he dictated and the words with which she handed him the type-written documents, she lost her smiles and her heart to him. As for him, he noticed it and he smiled back at her—and also to himself.

For he told himself in the formulas of the modern metropolis that she was utterly impossible, except by way of passing amusement. She was, well, one has hardly time to bore the world with a minute description of just what sort of girl she was; that would take a three-volume novel of the British type of Tupperism. Thousands of just such girls come up from little country towns every year to go into city offices; they earn their livings; they marry; they die; they are swallowed up. Whence they come or whither they go, who cares in the metropolis?

And so the man amused himself. In the beginning the Creator made man King, and nature has not changed her physical laws to accommodate the New Woman.

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man presently became, for the woman, a misfortune. The dream of bliss, the delirium of present joy, that all were good; there was left a dull heartache, and the pain of murdered hopes, and the wistful, tearful wonder futureward. What pleadings she employed, what tears were shed, one cannot say; what steel of selfishness held back the visits of his pity, only those can know who have seen the city's sniver as it teaches worldliness to its inhabitants.

And so, for this time and this ritual, the girl passed out and off the stage, to be swallowed up in the great mysterious web of tangled skeins that lie behind the city smoke. She had loved much, and it had been requited unto her. And of all her love, with its self-sacrifice and its wounds, and its tears, there remained no sign—save just one letter, a pathetic scrawl, the document of her heartache.

He put the letter into the pocket of his dress-coat, sighed a little, frowned, and presently put on his gloves to escort one of his own set to a dance. And with the reading of that letter the episode seemed to have passed away.

The King had amused himself. In the meanwhile, and afterward, there were many in his own set who thought fondly of this young man. Perhaps he was engaged to one, perhaps to more; nowadays that sort of contract is made of such airy material as to be almost intangible. But there was one girl in particular who said to herself that she would capture this young man, or know the reason why.

Opinion was divided about this girl. Some said she was a genius, others declared her to be deceitful and ill-tempered. Both were right. She played the piano with such splendid technique as to make her absolute lack of feeling the more remarkable, and in the possession of that one cold and heartless talent she had escaped almost all the other virtues. She had a temper like that of all the furies put into essence; she had a fierceness of jealousy that awoke at atoms and devoured days. But these her defects were known only to her father and mother, whose endowment they were.

The only quality she showed to this young man was an admirable amiability. She was sweetness itself whenever he was near her.

As for him, he allowed himself to drift into a certain tacit admiration of her. He was, poor fellow, very fond of music; the glamour of this girl's growing reputation blinded him with its promises. Her mother spoke of a trip to Europe. She played in everybody's drawing-room. He played with the idea of conquering her.

And then, again, it came over him that she did not love this girl at all; that she merely fascinated him with a cold glitter of mechanical talents. He resolved to loosen the slight, imagined ties that hope, on her part, had built between them.

Pursuing this intention, he grew cooler. Clever as she was, she noticed the change at once. But, clever though she was, she was not clever enough to master her temper. Once or twice, say, several times, she showed him a spirit he had formerly never dreamed of in her; she disclosed her real, hyena-like nature. She implored, and then she stamped her foot and swore to be revenged.

But she had no hold on him. He shuddered and smiled, alternatively, as he thought of what he had escaped. As Fate is like the cowboy, she sometimes gives us a good deal of rope, but she usually brings us up with a jerk when we least expect it.

To this young man the jerk came at a ball. She was there, this girl who wanted him, and not to seem too cold, he was sitting out a dance with her.

They talked lightly, flippantly, as people who believe nothing they say. He took out his handkerchief to flick some dust off his coat; a slight slip of paper escaped with the kerchief, fluttering silently upon her dress. She cornered it with her fan and slipped her hand upon it.

When she got to her room that night, she unfolded a crumpled piece of note-paper and read these words addressed to the man she wanted—the man who wanted to make her understand he was tired of her.

"Why did you not come as you promised? It was terrible, terrible! I was so alone, so forsaken! You had promised to be there, to help me bear the news that I feared to hear; and when the doctor had told me the worst, you were not there. In the dark, alone, I walked home, with the awful surity of my fault heavy on me, and you—not there to help me! If you had been there, it would have been easier! But now—now that you have failed me so, I feel that you have put the shame upon me and shirked the weight of it. The doctor says it must be! Oh, if I had been able to tell you that then, to hear your comfort! But you left me, at that hour, alone—alone to hear my sentence of shame, alone to find my home in sorrow."

"How could you—oh, how could you?"

There was more in that strain, disjointed and heartrending. It was the anguish agony of betrayal grown eloquent. And underneath was a girl's signature.

The girl, having read the note, locked it away in an escritoire. Then she smiled unpleasantly, and, remarking to herself that people were fools not to burn all letters, she drew the curtains.

Armed with this damning knowledge, sure of his fear for his reputation in the world's eyes, she thereupon proceeded to prove to this young man that, no less worthy, he was caught. He must marry her—or, she held the alternative in her hand! She had ascertained all the details, she had all the circumstantial, to say nothing of the documentary evidence.

Exposure as a libtine—or, up the aisle with herself.

Caught, like a mole in a trap, he beat but a little against the bars.

So that, not long afterward, really perfectly the sort of a human de he was tying himself to, picturing idly the satanic rages he knew her pable of, the hideous jealousies, meannesses of her soul, he walked the aisle of a church with her to a her his wife.

But his smile was, as has been a not pleasant.—San Francisco Argonaut.

TELEPATHY IN INSECTS.

Some Remarkable Instances of Highly Developed Senses.

Can it be that bugs are endowed with a wonderful sixth sense? Professor V. Riley thinks he has discovered satisfactory evidence of telepathy among insects—that is to say, a sixth sense which they are able to communicate from one to another at great distances. The power, as illustrated the case about to be mentioned, depends not upon sight or hearing. The fact that man is to transmit sound by telegraph at instantaneously around the globe suggest something of this subtle power, even though it furnishes no explanation thereof.

Once upon a time Professor Riley two allanths trees in his front. They suggested to him the idea of raising from Japan some eggs of allanths silk worm. He got a and hatched them, rearing the in and watching anxiously for the appearance of the first moths from the cocoons. He put all of the moths in the wicker cage and hung it up of doors on one of the allanths— This was a female moth. On the evening he took a male moth to a very a mile and a half away and he loose, having previously tied a thread around the base of his abdomen to secure subsequent identification.

Professor Riley's purpose in this performance was to find out if the male and the female moth would together for the purpose of mating they being in all probability the insects of their species within a range of hundreds of miles, except only the others possessed by Prof. Riley himself. This power of loc each other had previously been marked in these insects. In this case enough the male was found, the captive female the next morning. The latter had been able to attract former from a distance of a mile and a half.

The Wild Hogs of Arizona.

When the late Thomas Blythe trying to settle a colony at Lerdo, five miles below Yuma, on the G. D. R. he sent down a large number of very fine full-blooded Berkshire Poland-China pigs, and turned loose on the banks of the river Lerdo, where they lived on the grasses, weeds, tules and melons, beans, bred and multiplied, long and filled the low and tule lands a large number of fine porkers.

Seeing a human being except a few Indians, they soon became wild and wilder still, and soon until the lowlands and woods were of them.

Notwithstanding that the slaughtered the little ones in numbers, they have increased to an extent that at the present time there are more than ten thousand of them ranging up and down the river and Hardie Rivers, from mouths up as high as the tide range from sixty-five to seventy miles to the Gulf. Their range gives the finest of food—wild sweet potatoes, stay fish, calms, dead turkeys, seaweed along the river bank and tide. They are un molested, except and then by a hunter who may way down the river. Most of the ters give the wild swine a wide sweep now and then as they to spy a nice little roaster on the and within easy rifle shot.

Humors of the Poor.

Country doctors are to be seen all of them have experiences as long as those described in the No. number of the Cornhill Magazine, one occasion the doctor found a woman telling to his door with a load of potatoes. "Take 'em," she said, "take 'em," she said, "magnificent!" "What with the scriptures?" "Potatoes on the doctor, and she find them after many days—about Christmas time," she added, and, with obvious glee at the genial method of insurance, the privations of winter, old hobbled off.

This same old lady, when death-bed, said "she didn't expect to heaven, but wherever she she'd put in a good word for a doctor."

Another woman lost her husband. The doctor found her tearful. Inconceivable. "Ah! poor Jim said 'My good man! Eh! I'm grateful to you, doctor, but it's the Lord took the case into his hands.'"

An old couple fell ill, of old wife. The husband died, and the wife had more vitality. On the following her husband's death she better, and the doctor was relating himself on the success treatment. But the woman's view was different. She contended bitterly, for, as she forcibly out, "Ef ee'd let me alone one 'ud 'a' done for us two, an' lo! 't 'a' done now, berrying two of us!"

Which Was the Brute?

As good an example of human nature as could easily be found revealed in a remark made by a man who was recently run over on the cars.

The injured man was asked to know the cabman's number, and answered:

"No, I couldn't see; but I was with the brute. Just as he was away I hit his horse a fearful blow with my cane, and I shouldn't if it would lame him!"