

# Gertrude



## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

For the first time in her life she had been bold enough to look her very best. Her limpid eyes had grown deep and clear, and her hair, which had been languidly blown about by a passing breeze, for once without a murmur she had submitted the tangled masses of her locks, samson-like, to any fate that awaited the scissors and for once she had not hesitated to show her teeth. "Well, I saw it on your portmanteau," owned the little girl truthfully, but although she stuck to the truth, he saw her bite her lip, and was sorry he had asked the question. "Oh, that was it. And what were you going to say? You were going to say something."

"It was going to say, oh, I dare say I ought not to say it."

"Oh yes, I'm sure you ought to say it."

"It was only—"

"Only what?"

"Well, what?"

"About sisters," said Jerry, as if she had said about ghosts, or some such contraband articles.

"Sisters?" Well, but what about sisters? He could not imagine anything very terrible to be said about sisters.

"It was just—whether you would like to have any?"

"I should like it very much," said he promptly.

"Would you? Would you really?" with eagerness.

"Really and truly."

"And about how old?" demanded his little companion, with impudent anxiety. "About how old?"

"Let me see," said he, pretending to reflect. "Let me see. Well, I think, perhaps about fifteen. Yes, I think about fifteen."

"Fifteen? That's my age! Did you know? I'm fifteen years old, but I'm not fifteen."

"Indeed?"

"And well?"

"About fifteen, and able to ride, and fish, and clamber up and down rock banks, and make friends with eastway strangers, and have enchanted castles all ready to invite them up to, and long, yellow, curls for them to pull when they come, and he was in the act of pulling the yellow curls before him when the door opened, and Cecil Raymond entered.

## CHAPTER V.

"CAN YOU TELL THE MEANING OF FLOWERS?"

He gave me a rose.

And he said, Can you tell the alphabet? Can you tell the meaning of flowers? He wrote over roses and meadows. It was just as well that Cecil did not see.

He was a grave young man, with somewhat pompous notions on most subjects, and in particular very exact views with regard to propriety and decorum.

Although he was found of his own sisters, he never romped with them, nor made fun with them, nor giggled with them behind backs. His eyes, when he made any, were solemn affairs to be duly appreciated and received—but the wife no freemasonry with him. And, in consequence, however kind and attentive, and considerate the elder brother and cousin might be, he was in their hearts, perhaps, more respected than beloved, and little Jerry drew away, as by instinct, from Belenden's touch when the door opened.

For her self, she was not in the least offended. It needed a good deal to put Jerry on her dignity as she had been put that afternoon; but she felt intuitively that Cecil would have looked askance upon the little boy.

Accordingly she now stepped up to him with the best imitation of her grandmother's reception manner which she could assume, and, moreover, with her small round face so demurely made up, that he must have been a rogue indeed who would have ventured to associate it with a palling of curls, or the like.

Belenden's gray words were ringing in her ear, nevertheless, and she was fain to have so more of them, and to get away from young Raymond as soon as she could, although, up to the present time, the annual visit of her cousin had been something to be looked forward to, and counted upon, and he himself had been quite the personage of the hour. Now, and all at once, he was cast from his pedestal. He was no longer the first, and from being the first he had not even descended to a secondary place, but was hurled to the depths, a nobody, an ignominious all that the little lady by his side wanted, being in fact short his opening sentence, and slip back to the seat in the window, where sat her new friend, quiet enough now, looking down upon the flower-beds below, and thinking of nothing less than of making an impression upon a susceptible child's heart.

Jerry thought he looked beautiful sitting there, his handsome profile distinctly set against the sky outside, and his fine easy figure half in, half out of the open assemblage, as his chin rested on his arm outside. She did not know how, but she felt—for she was a perceptive little creature—that there was a difference even between the suit of modest black worn alike by Cecil and by this stranger. Cecil was particular to a degree about his clothes; but somehow, the tout ensemble of the other was just missed by him, and Jerry knew it. Poor little innocent thing! Her heart gave its first throb of a new and unknown nature as she watched that shabby-outlined, strongly-made, graceful form sitting so quietly there in the twilight. All in a moment, as we have said, Cecil became a burden intolerable.

"Well, Jerry, and what have you been about lately?" began he, as unconscious as a babe, and in the usual comprehensive style wherewith relations and intimates are fond of accosting each other after absence.

"Riding much—eh? How's the Flying Dutchman? Or have you got a new pony by this time?"

"Macallister is looking out for one. He says it will be best to wait for the Falkirk Tryst," replied Jerry, hoping that the subject was now disposed of.

"The Falkirk Tryst? Oh! I remember. A sort of market—eh?" and Cecil settled down upon it comfortably in spite of her concluding tone. "And so you are to get one, then?"

"Macallister says the best bred animals are to be had there."

"The best bred animals? That smacks of the stable, Miss Jerry—doesn't it, eh?"

"He said so," said Jerry, coloring more deeply than was her wont, and not disposed to push-pooh the correc-

## MAN IN THE MOON.

Hold the Raggedy Man, on a hot after-noon.

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!

Whoo!

Whoom!

Ain'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 josts dreams of stars, as the doctors advise—

My!

Eyes!

But isn't he wise—

To jost dreams of stars, as the doctors advise?

And the Man in the Moon has a boil on his ear—

Whoo!

Whoom!

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!

Whoom!

Ha!

Why, certainly so!

It might be a dimple turned over, you know!

And the Man in the Moon has a rheumatic knee—

Geo!

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,

Whoom!

Whoom!

What a marvelous man!

What a very remarkable marvelous man!

And the Man in the Moon, sighed the Raggedy Man!

Gits!

So!

Suffocose, 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—

Joe! 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.

What had been amusements to the

man presently became, for the woman, a misfortune. The dream of bliss, the delirium of present joy, they all were gone; there was left a dull heartache, and the pain of murdered hopes, and the wistful, tearful wonder futurward. 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 snivel 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 tact 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 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 newspaper 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 man's virtue, 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 libertine—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 capable 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 noted 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, evidently depends not upon sight or hearing. The fact that man is to transmit sound by telegraph at instantaneous 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 tainting from Japan some eggs of allanths silk worm. He got an 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 distance of hundreds of miles, except only the others possessed by Prof. Riley himself. This power of locating 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. & C., 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, and filled the low and tule lands a large number of fine porkers. In seeing a human being except a thin lone Indian, 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 them rambling up and down the rado and Hardie Rivers, from mouths up as high as the tide range from sixty-five to seventy miles 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 unprovoked, except and then by a hunter who fires way down the river. Most of the ters give the wild swine a wild scream 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, "magnificent," 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, inconsolable. "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 view was different. She came bitterly, for, as she forcibly put out, "Ef ee'd let me alone one 'ud 'a' done for us two, an' lo' it 'ud 'a' done, berrying two of rately."

Which Was the Brute.

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

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

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