



CHAPTER XXXI.

"What a shame!" cried Diana Knollys, indignantly.

She was standing in the station library, idly turning over the leaves of the Indian daily paper, while her father stood chatting with Colonel Prinsep in the doorway.

"What is it?" asked the commissioner, with an indulgent smile.

For reply, the paper was thrust into his hand, and a daintily gloved finger pointed to the column which had roused her anger.

The article was headed "Another Helen," and dealt in a half-jesting, wholly disparaging vein with the quartermaster's "pretty daughter," who had made such havoc in the regiment; turning her attention first to a sergeant, then to a private, and finally to a private's private.

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discouraged by a first failure, and that you will go and see her again.

"Oh, yes, I will do that certainly! She can't always be so impracticable always refuse," answered Miss Knollys, hastily.

Well, she had pledged herself to stand by Jane at this juncture, and would not go from her word. Besides, she did not believe that, even if Jane proved obstinate, Colonel Prinsep would ever turn to her. And she liked the girl for her own sake and wished her well.

"Some women have such luck!" muttered Diana, ruefully, thinking of how Jane had once been a sergeant-major's daughter, and now might be a peeress if she chose; or, which might be an even brighter fate—for Miss Knollys did not like Major Larzon now—the wife of Stephen Prinsep.

Meanwhile Colonel Prinsep walked away slowly, his gaze bent downward; therefore it might have been unconsciously he passed the mess-gates, and went on toward the quartermaster's house.

Diana's last words were ringing in his ears, and had driven every other thought away. "She can't always be impracticable; she can't always refuse!"

There seemed something of prophecy in the unconsidered remark, which he was fain to apply to his own case. She had been so long deaf to his spoken entreaties and even more persuasive unuttered prayers that at any moment she might have discerned his love in his eyes; surely she would listen now, the cause of her forced coldness being removed. Just at first she might have felt vexed with him as with herself, for the fear and resentment she had expressed about Jacob Lynn; but her natural good sense must show her that neither had been to blame, and she would, if she loved him—as she had loved him without doubt during that short, bright period of their engagement—turn gladly to the protection of his love. His name could shield her from so much that was disagreeable, the attendant gossip and rumors that would follow upon the trooper's death, more especially since that article had appeared in the Argus. And for his part, if every one turned against and reviled her, he would none the less joyfully take to his arms the one love of his life.

As he turned into the compound he met Mrs. Knox.

"I was just going out," she told him when the usual greetings had been exchanged. "But I will turn back with you. It was nothing of importance, and I am sure it was very kind of you to call, we have been dreary enough lately."

"It was your daughter I came especially to see. Will you let me go and speak to her alone?"

She looked up inquiringly into his face, and he smiled somewhat sadly in reply.

"Yes, I have come to ask her again to be my wife, but whether I have a chance or not I cannot say."

"She loves you, I am sure," asserted Mrs. Knox; but she did not speak so hopefully as she might have done on such an occasion six months ago.

Excited at the prospect which reopened out before her daughter, though at the same time sorrowfully convinced that their brilliancy would be destroyed in vain, Mrs. Knox hurried on, and the Colonel was free to pursue his course undisturbed.

The front windows of the barracks were open, and at one of them Jane stood looking out; but directly she saw him she shrank back, and when he entered the room he found her at the furthest end of it with the handle of the door in her hand, as though about to flee.

"Jenny, Jenny, what is it that has come between us that you would avoid me so?" he cried, staying some distance off lest she should escape him altogether.

She leaned against the door, and her face was hidden from his gaze. Only a convulsive movement of her shoulders showed him she had heard what he had said.

"Are you afraid of me?" he asked, gently. "Surely not. You know that my feelings have never altered—that I love you now even more dearly than the first day I asked you to be my wife. You are bound by no promise now; you are free at last!"

"Oh, hush, hush!" she moaned.

"What is there to prevent me pleading my cause again?"

She turned to him so white and horror-struck an expression that involuntarily he quailed before her glance.

"You can ask that?"

"Why not? You loved me once," he began.

"Do you think I do not remember that if you and I never met, Jacob Lynn would be still alive?"

"I think you exaggerate," he remonstrated in his quiet voice; which insensibly soothed her excitement; "his death was an accident, and though we may both regret it, I for one cannot be so unselfish as to ignore the fact that it makes possible what you declared impossible before—our marriage, Jenny."

"Over his grave?"

"I do not understand," he said, hopelessly. "You must—"

"I know all!" she interrupted him, meaningly.

For a moment or two neither of them spoke. Jane, frightened at her own boldness, stood before him with downcast eyes and trembling lips, and Colonel Prinsep, more than ever bewildered, grew angry as well. Nothing, he thought, could justify her conduct. She had always been inclined to trifle with his love, bringing forward first one, and then another excuse to prevent their marriage. Now, when at last he might reasonably suppose his probation to be at an end, a fresh obstacle intervened, mysterious, shadowy, and apparently not to be explained. His first impulse was to leave and never seek her again; but, as what was meant for a farewell glance fell upon her lovely, troubled face and swaying, willowy form, he relented, and was once more under the potent spell of her beauty, ready to serve twice seven years if only he might win her so.

"Listen to me, Jenny!" he pleaded,

earnestly, "I have loved you so well, and with so little thought of self, that surely I deserve a hearing; and if there is any act of mine you have misinterpreted, it is only fair you should let me justify myself if I can."

She looked into his face with such evident dread of what it was that he would say that for an instant he was discomposed. Then, as she averted her gaze, he went on gravely:

"At the same moment I first realized my love for you I almost simultaneously discovered that you were already engaged, and I accepted my fate—sorrowfully, it is true, but with no hope of altering it. If I implored you to think seriously before definitely fulfilling the promise you had made, it was, heaven knows, with no ulterior motive, but from a wish to secure your happiness, which I valued more than my own. Afterward, because I heard so much against Sergeant Lynn, and I myself proved some at least of the reports were true, I went to you once more, because I loved you so dearly, and dared to think that you loved me. Heedless of me, it was not because of the man's position nor with the idea of tempting you from him with the advantages I could offer; if he had been worthy of you I would have been content to see you in his wife, if he had been even lower in the social scale. It was the knowledge of our mutual love, and the wretched existence you would lead if you married him, that made me seek you then. You wrote to Sergeant Lynn at my instigation, throwing yourself upon his generosity."

"Do not let us speak of that," interposed Jane, coldly; and it chilled him even more to discover that she still wore the big silver ring upon her finger, though the presumable giver of it was dead.

Dispassionately as he had spoken, she had not been able to hear unmoved the story of that time—told, too, by him; but as his words recalled the deceit which had been practiced on her, all the scorn she had felt before revived; and more than ever it appeared possible he might be guilty, too, of the death of Jacob Lynn.

Her coldness communicated itself to him.

"I have no wish to say anything that will pain you. I will not deny that I was to blame then, though perhaps not so deeply as you think. Should you ever feel curious to know how it happened, your mother will tell you the true story."

"I am not curious," sighed Jane.

She would have given much to have known nothing that could make Stephen Prinsep the less a hero in her eyes than he was at first. Some sins might have been condoned, but these of his were so despicable and mean that she hated herself because in spite of them she loved him still. It was that which made her fear him so, lest her infatuation—so she termed it—should prove stronger than her sense of what was right.

"And I will not speak of the day," he continued, "which should have been the brightest in my life, and the dearest. I went away shortly afterward, and tried my hardest to forget what was at once a pain and shame; yet the first sight of your sweet face, the sound of your dear voice dissipated all my resolutions. I knew you were as dear to me as ever. Then gradually the impression grew upon me that you were no longer bound by the old promise; and that evening we acted together—with me it was no acting, Jenny—I resolved to woo you again; and again, just as I began to dream of a success, the more to be prized, because so hardly won, you met me with the unexpected blow that you had pledged yourself anew, almost as fatally as before."

"When I did so," said Jane—and the words seemed wrenched from her by some inner force she could not combat—"I believed that I should never marry."

"Was it so?" he asked, gently. At times he could have sworn she loved him still, then again that look of dislike in his presence, tinged, too, with scorn, swept over her face, and he was fain to doubt.

"Tell me, Jenny, when you gave that promise—"

"The day you sailed for the first time after your return from England," she answered, in a low voice.

"Because you thought that I no longer loved you. Oh, Jenny, it was you who remained so cold and unconcerned, and by your indifference drove me to the belief that you had forgotten all that passed between us so short a time before! I had not forgotten—I shall never forget—that I have held you in my arms, and kissed you as a man only kisses the woman he loves, and hopes to make his wife. Theaching senseless loss which was in my heart the day on which our marriage should have been there now, and will be till I die, or until, Jenny, you relent! Do you owe me nothing for the suffering you have caused? I respected the feeling of honor which made you refuse to listen to me while you were engaged, and even the generous kindness of your second promise; but now, surely there is nothing new to part us!"

"Stephen, Stephen!" she murmured, wistfully, momentarily led away by the fever in his tones, but as, in answer to her pleading cry, he stepped eagerly toward her, she shrank back, remembering what was between them. Yet his words had not been without effect. Believing him guilty still, she could make some allowance for the crime now, gauging the greatness of the temptation by the greatness of his love. And it had been an accident—he had not meant to slay him, she was sure, or he could not have appeared so unconscious of wrongdoing! She, too, had been so much to blame, first in making such a promise, and afterward in sending the one lover to meet the other with anger in his heart. She had taken no thought of the jealous passion each would feel against the other.

"Jenny, what am I to think?" cried the Colonel, as she moved away.

"Think," she answered, hysterically, "that I would give all I have to bring Jacob Lynn to life. How can I ever be happy again, knowing what I do?"

The door opened, and as her mother entered Jane slipped away, only too thankful to escape.

(To be concluded.)

Henri Rochefort's Erratic Career.

No one has known more ups and downs than Henri Rochefort, the French communist who is now an exile in England. Reared in the grandest houses of the noble faubourg of Paris, he has been condemned to death as an anarchist and as a leader of the commune. At one moment the idol of the people, the next day he would be almost lynched in the streets. Repeatedly exiled, imprisoned times without number, sentenced to penal servitude for life, escaping through a country infested by cannibals and subsequently in an open boat across the Pacific from New Caledonia to Australia, there is practically no limit to his experiences.

DELUDED FARMERS.

THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT INTEREST IS PAID FOR.

By Agitating For 16 to 1 They Are Sinking Deeper Into the Mire—Increasing Their Risk—No Benefit Can Come From a Change in the Medium of Exchange.

The Silver league of Nebraska is one of the latest schemes of Bryan and his friends. Its object is to spread free silver literature and to support no candidate for the presidency in 1896 who is not a free silver man. The league is nonpartisan, its congenial being in the hands of four trustees, one from each of the four great parties.

It is a pity that the honest farmers and laborers who will be drawn into this league—and the bulk of them are sincere—could not devote their energies to something likely to improve rather than to a cause that will surely make worse their present condition. They are howling against high rates of interest, but are unnecessarily increasing those rates by threatening to repudiate half of their debts, thereby increasing the risk of loaning money in their state. They have but to look across into Mexico or to glance at any of the other free silver countries of the world to make certain that free coinage is not a panacea and that farmers and laborers are usually worse off in those countries than in gold standard countries.

Our farmers and workmen are barking up the wrong tree when they are looking for their oppressors in the branches of the money tree. The injustice, if any, due to a slight depreciation or appreciation of gold is infinitesimal as compared with the injustice from other causes. That this is true is evident from the very nature of things. Money is but a medium or tool of exchange. Exchange implies production, transportation, distribution. It is in the processes of production, transportation and distribution that farmers and laborers should look for improvement and not in the medium of exchange, which is already so nearly perfect that in most civilized countries it does its work without friction and practically without cost. As well hope for great reductions in the cost of transportation through better lubricants as for an appreciable benefit through any change in the medium of exchange. The money of today is as good as the grass of today.

Any one who has something to exchange has no trouble in making the exchange at market prices or ratios. If he wishes to employ more capital, he can always hire it at market rates of interest, providing he has anything to use as collateral or security. Without collateral he could not, under any system of currency, obtain the required capital. The whole question hinges on the collateral, not on the money, which is but a mere incident to the exchange. A farmer who mortgages his farm to obtain capital does not really pay interest on the money (which is but one form of capital) which he obtains, and which he probably possesses but a few days or weeks, but on the capital, implements, buildings, fences, etc., which he hires in this way. No possible monetary change can materially lower the hire of capital—that is the percentage of value which one man is willing to pay for the use of another man's product. It is the relative demand for and supply of capital, not of money, that largely determines rates of interest under a stable monetary system. If the monetary system be unstable, then the borrower must not only pay a rate of interest corresponding to the normal hire of capital, but he must pay for the risk incurred by the lender because of a possible change of standard. By agitating for free coinage at 16 to 1 the farmers are increasing this risk. They pay the bidder, but somebody else (mine owner perhaps) does the dancing.

It is a pitiful sight to see honest farmers thus wasting their time and ammunition, but it is a sadder to believe, as did Abraham Lincoln, that "you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

Danger Signals Flying.

The war scare has undeniably had a bad effect upon the iron trade, which even before the president's message was struggling through a critical period, with some indications of a successful issue therefrom. The worst feature of the flurry is that it has distinctly aggravated the financial situation. Whatever palliatives may be applied, there seems little hope that the root of the evil will be touched. Until that is done we must look for hesitation and distrust and a dragging trade. For the great majority of large undertakings capital must be borrowed. Whether financiers be right or wrong, our industries must deal with the cold fact that new issues of securities will be slow of sale so long as our currency is in its present muddled condition. Few will venture out of the harbor with the danger signals flying.—Iron Age.

Why Say "Coin" and Mean "Gold"

Continuing its appeals to congress for proper financial legislation, the Chicago Tribune (Rep.) says of the greenbacks: "They are not a safe currency under the present state of things, and congress refuses to make them safe by giving the president a certain means of getting gold with which to redeem them when presented. Instead of praising the greenbacks, Mr. Cannon should try to protect them. Is he in favor of allowing the president to sell for gold bonds made payable in gold and not in 'coin'? If so, why doesn't he say so?"

No Getbiting.

"There is no more important duty for the press of both parties," the Baltimore News says, "than that of urging upon the party leaders the imperative necessity at this juncture of taking definite ground on the money question, so that it may at last be settled permanently, and cease to be a menace to trade and to the general prosperity."

"FATHERS" AND BIMETALLISM.

Jefferson, Hamilton and Jackson Opposed the Cheap Dollar.

In a note on the establishment of a mint Thomas Jefferson in 1791 wrote as follows:

"The proportion between the value of gold and silver is a mercantile problem altogether. Just principles will lead us to disregard their proportions altogether, to fix upon the market price of gold in the several countries with which we shall principally be connected in commerce and to take an average from them."

In a letter to Mr. Hamilton in February, 1792, Mr. Jefferson expressed his opposition to cheapening the dollar or reducing the monetary unit. He said of the dollar:

"I very much doubt a right now to change the value and especially to lessen it. It would lead to a sort of a mode of paying off their debts. It should be thought, however, that an excess may reduce the value of the dollar. I should be for adopting for our unit, instead of the dollar, either one ounce of pure silver or one ounce of standard silver, so as to keep the unit of money a part of the system of measures, weights and coins."

Andrew Jackson in his message of Dec. 2, 1834, said of the result of changing the ratio between gold and silver and the consequent return of gold to this country:

"The progress of our gold coinage is creditable to the officers of the mint and promises in a short period to furnish the country with a sound and portable currency."

In his message of Dec. 2, 1835, he said:

"It is pleasing to witness the advantage which have already been derived from the recent laws regulating the value of the gold coinage."

In his last message, Dec. 6, 1836, Andrew Jackson described the effects of an inflation of the currency, and though he was speaking of bank notes, not always redeemable in coin, his remarks are equally applicable to any currency that is not worth intrinsically what it purports to be worth and to any reduction of the money unit, whether a paper dollar worth less than a coin dollar or a silver dollar worth less than the gold dollar. He said:

"The progress of an expansion, or rather a depreciation, of the currency, by excessive issue, is always attended by a loss to the laboring classes. This portion of the community have neither time nor opportunity to watch the ebb and flow of the money market. Enraged from day to day in their useful toils, they do not perceive that although their wages are nominally the same, or even somewhat higher, they are greatly reduced, in fact, by the rapid increase of a spurious currency which, as it appears to make money abound, they are at first inclined to consider a blessing. It is not until the necessities of life become so dear that the laboring classes cannot supply their wants out of their wages that they perceive that this operation is better understood and is made to contribute to his advantage. It is not until the price of the necessities of life become so dear that the laboring classes cannot supply their wants out of their wages that they perceive that this operation is better understood and is made to contribute to his advantage. It is not until the price of the necessities of life become so dear that the laboring classes cannot supply their wants out of their wages that they perceive that this operation is better understood and is made to contribute to his advantage."

Mr. Ingham was secretary of the treasury in the cabinet of Andrew Jackson. In 1830 the absence of gold from the circulation because the mint ratio was not the ratio of commerce led the senate to call on Secretary Ingham for a report regarding the relative value of gold and silver. In his reply, dated May 4, 1830, Mr. Ingham showed that he preferred silver to gold, but he did not pretend that a country could have both in concurrent circulation and under a system of free coinage. This, he argued, was impossible. Each country had got to choose which metal it would take. In this reply to the senate Jackson's finance minister said:

"The proper equilibrium of value of gold and silver may be adjusted at the mint, the balance being disturbed by excessive issue of either metal. The regulation is best made in the most exact calculation of relative values for the time being, the circulation of the value of gold and silver must alternate, the expansion of each, and whose one metal is more essential to public necessities than the other the adjustment which supposes that under any circumstances to prevent exportation or melting may become a greater evil than a regulation which continually excludes from circulation the one or the other. The proposition that there can be but one standard is not self-evident. The history of coinage abounds with mint regulations to keep gold and silver together and to prohibit the issue of either, and whose one metal is more essential to public necessities than the other the adjustment which supposes that under any circumstances to prevent exportation or melting may become a greater evil than a regulation which continually excludes from circulation the one or the other. The proposition that there can be but one standard is not self-evident. The history of coinage abounds with mint regulations to keep gold and silver together and to prohibit the issue of either, and whose one metal is more essential to public necessities than the other the adjustment which supposes that under any circumstances to prevent exportation or melting may become a greater evil than a regulation which continually excludes from circulation the one or the other. The proposition that there can be but one standard is not self-evident. 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