

WALF OF THE STORM

BY THE DUCHESS

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"Has she been amusing herself again?" asked Savage, looking intently into Marvel's white face as they moved away. "Why do you submit to it?" he said, with some heat. "Why not give her a Roland for her Oliver? Or, if you can't do that—I believe—tenderly—you couldn't—why not keep out of her way? She's a perfect fiend, that woman, when she likes." "I am going to keep out of everybody's way," said Marvel, with a slight in-drawing of her breath. "I am going back to where I came from—the north." "To that prison—that isolation? Oh, surely not!" he cried. "You are not in earnest? It is but the impulsive thought of an offended woman?" He looked at her eagerly for confirmation of his words; but she shook her head. "I am indeed going," she said, "and soon—at once." "You cannot go at once. Next week, perhaps." "To-morrow," she interposed. "But do not speak of it to any one. I shall rise early and catch the seven o'clock train, and be far away before breakfast. I am very anxious to be gone; and, except to you and Mrs. Verulam, and perhaps—yes—Lady Lucy, I shall have no farewells to make." "But this is such a terribly sudden determination you have come to—to leave us all without a word of warning almost. You've looked at her keenly—you must have some reason for it." "You are sorry that I am going?" said she, sweetly. "I am so glad of that! I should not have liked you to be indifferent. Ever since Auntie's death, those who liked me have been very few—you and Cicely only—that is, of those outside." She corrected herself confusedly. "Of course Lord Wriothseley—"

CHAPTER XV.

The next day Marvel returned to Ringwood Abbey. The loneliness of her northern home sank deep into her. She missed the brightness, the laughter of the days she had left behind her, missed though they were by the studied impudence of the woman whom her husband loved. Mrs. Verulam was prevented from coming to her until the last week in November, so that much time was given to her to grow sad and disappointed with the monotony of her surroundings. Mrs. Verulam stayed until the second week in December, and then told Marvel that she had been commissioned by Lady Lucy to take her down with her to Verulam Court. They all traveled southward. Marvel had insisted on Cicely's being her guest in the house in Grosvenor Square, which she herself had as yet never seen. There they would stay for Lady Blaine's ball, which was to be on the seventeenth, and after that to go down to Verulam Court. The rooms were crowded to excess, and to get up the broad marble staircase had become quite a labor of love. The tall bronze lamps fastened to the balustrade shed down a warm rose-colored glow upon the brilliant forms that made a perpetual, if slow, movement up and down the stairs, and the perfume of hot-house flowers made the air heavy. It was long past midnight. The foreign prince and the home royalties had arrived some time previously, and the Marchioness of Blaine—a very old woman of about eighty, with the carriage and air of a queen—had given up receiving guests, and was devoting herself with a sort of real graciousness to his serene mightiness, the stranger prince. There was a murmur everywhere—a ripple of laughter, sometimes, a burst of music as the band broke into a musical rapture. Every one worth knowing was present. Some of the gowns were marvels of ingenious beauty, but it was unanimously carried that Mrs. Scartlett was, as usual, the best-dressed woman present. Lady Wriothseley was unexpectedly glad to see Savage. It was the simple pleasure of a child she showed; all her feeling was laid bare; one might have been sure there was nothing behind. Savage, on the contrary, seemed constrained and—if it could be said of so thorough a man of the world—nervous. He took her hand and held it fast, while a dark red color dyed his brow. "I did not know—I had not heard," he stammered foolishly, and then all at once he recovered himself, and drew his breath sharply, and hung up his head as if in defiance of his own weakness. "I believed you still in the north," he said. "I could almost believe myself there, the determination to leave it has been such a recent one," said she, laughingly. The whole of this little scene—the start, the welcome—had been witnessed by a man who had come in through the doorway at the furthest end of the room—a tall man with a distinctly military air and a face browned by distant suns. He appeared to know no one, and not to regret the fact, as he stood well apart from every fresh comer, and at last edged his way into a remote corner, where a magnificent malacca jar filled with panias grasses formed an effective hiding-place. There he stood at ease and looked around him. It was from this coign of vantage that he caught his first glimpse of Marvel. It was only a glance, and an imperfect

one, as she was so standing that he could see her only by flashes, as the people around her moved this way and that; but the view he did get held him. The lights were shining directly on the bronze of her soft hair and on the rich white folds of the velvet gown she wore—a gown too old for her perhaps, yet it seemed to suit the gentle dignity that belonged to her, and it sat exquisitely upon her sweet girlish figure. Her face, as usual, was colorless, save for the red lips and the dark gleam of the lustrous eyes; diamonds flashed whenever she moved, and high up in her hair shone the famous Wriothseley star. But the man watching her from his secret corner was too much attracted by the indistinct glimpses he caught of her face to take any notice of such minor details as diamonds. Once again she turned in his direction, and again he saw her for a moment only. Those marvelous eyes—they seemed to sink into his soul—so true, so deep, so tender! Where before had he seen eyes like them, yet unlike? He had a vague idea that those dimly remembered eyes had belonged to a child, whereas these were full of the sweet, earnest beauty of pure womanhood. A heavy sigh escaped him. Next to him were two men, also propped against this friendly wall that seemed made for the reception of waits and strays; and presently Wriothseley became aware that they were talking. One or two words they used caught his ear. "Mrs. Scartlett is cut out at last," said one of them, a tall, military-looking man. "I suppose she won't take kindly to the usurper? It's rough on her after such a long and undisputed reign. I often think how cruel a moment it must be for a woman who has held the scepter so triumphantly when she finds she must relinquish it not so much to superior beauty—that would be bad enough—but to youth; there lies the sting!" "The oddest part of this affair is that the two women are so alike. Did you hear that when she was a relationship there?"—with a knowing glance. "No; nor did you either," said the other, with a good-natured laugh. "Don't let us run riot in romance! As to the resemblance, you speak of, it is there, I allow, but transient, hardly worthy of comment." "Why, my dear fellow, the coloring, or rather the very novel want of coloring, the eyes, the very shape of the face, all correspond!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Wriothseley had listened deliberately, hoping to hear the name of the fresh beauty who had evidently—as he gathered from their conversation—taken the world of London by storm and threatened to destroy Mrs. Scartlett's prestige; he knew it was the girl in white velvet upon whom his eyes had fallen when first he entered the rooms, and he felt a certain anxiety to know her name. He was not to hear it then, however. The trio moved away, talking now of something entirely foreign to either beauty or rivalry; and Wriothseley, with a sense of disappointment, disappeared through a door on his left, and made his way to a tiny boudoir well known to him, which, being rather apart from the rest of the rooms, left him a faint hope that it might be untenanted. It was a charming little apartment hung with amber satin and lavishly supplied with hot-house flowers. For the moment he found his desire gratified—it was deserted indeed; and, with a sigh of relief, he flung himself upon a couch and let his brow fall forward into his palm. He was thinking deeply, compelling him to go back to those scenes in which Leonie had played so strong a part, and when he had believed no time could impair the passion he then felt for her. He was still dreaming thus when the sound of approaching voices roused him. He changed his position, withdrawing into the shadow of a cushioned window as the thick satin curtain that guarded the entrance was pushed aside to permit the entrance of two persons. "If she said that, I certainly should not lose heart. Cicely is difficult, I grant you; but some time there always comes a lucky moment. Wait for yours. Yes; leave me now. It is your dance with her, I know; and I shall be glad to have a quiet five minutes here all to myself. A little unobscurable, isn't it? But such a crush—such a crowd—it is intolerable! Oh, Sir George, if you should see my partner—it is Lord Castlebrook—do not—I command you—laughing—'divulge my hiding-place'!" "Madame, your word is law," said Sir George, bowing low. He went away, and Marvel, with a little comfortable sigh, leaned back among her cushions. At the sound of her voice Wriothseley had started, and now raised his head, to find himself looking at the girl who had so attracted him on his first entrance. Who was she? What was there about her to make his heart beat so convulsively? He felt as though he were on the verge of some mystery and dreaded the discovery of it. What an exquisite face she had! She held herself like a young queen. There was indeed a lovely distinction about her to which few could lay claim. He pushed aside the curtain of the window, and the rings that held it ran together with a slight but sharp noise. It induced her to turn her head, and their eyes met. Marvel rose to her feet without averting her gaze from his, and presently her face grew ghastly. It occurred to Wriothseley that, believing herself to be alone, the sudden knowledge of his presence—standing, too, as he did, half-shrouded by the curtain—had unnerved her. It was an absurd idea, but nothing better suggested itself at a moment when his brain seemed on fire with conflicting emotions. What wild fancy was this

CHAPTER XVII.

The next morning Wriothseley and his wife met at breakfast. Marvel looked a little pale and tired, but this only made the soft brilliancy of her eyes more apparent. She greeted him with friendliness, though she hardly looked at him, and seemed disinclined for conversation. As soon as breakfast was over she made some excuse to leave the room. She did not appear again until late in the afternoon, pleading fatigue as her excuse. But when she did creep down to the smaller dining-room, he was to find it

untenanted, she found Wriothseley as well as Cicely there. They had evidently been in full discussion of a rather unamiable nature, but they ceased speaking as she entered. Wriothseley drew a lounging-chair to the fire for her, and looked at her with an increased regard that might have been born of the stormy discourse just interrupted. "I hope you feel your fatigue less now?" he said, solicitously. "Very much less, thank you." If he had been the veriest stranger on earth, her tone could not have been colder. "A little foolish to come down-stairs at all, was it not? Talking is so bad for a headache." "I need not talk." "No; that is true. But it is so difficult to keep silence when people are present, I shall relieve you of my presence, however, as I am going." "Are you? Where?" asked Mrs. Verulam, in defiance of all respectable rules. "To call on Mrs. Scartlett. I promised her last night to pay her a visit to-day." "Do you think it demands an apology?" said Mrs. Verulam, with a little peculiar laugh; and then he went away. Marvel sat quite still. She said nothing, nor did Mrs. Verulam, who was indeed compulsorily silent, as she was doing battle with her feelings. At length Marvel grew restless, as though the silence was becoming unbearable, and, getting up, she began to move nervously about the room, changing a flower on a vase here and altering the position of a quaint little Wedgewood bowl on a cabinet there. At last she went up to Cicely and said mournfully— "He has gone to see her." "So it appears, said Mrs. Verulam, affecting an air of indifference that she was far from feeling. "I shall not be able to bear it," said Marvel, whose lips had grown white. "Don't lay too much stress on the visit. See here, Marvel—I will tell you one thing—the very fact that he openly declared his intention should show you that there is little in it." "A very little would be too much," said Marvel, coldly. (To be continued.)

GRAND DUKE GIVEN A LESSON.

Sergius Comes Between Lovers and Is Scolded by His Fellow Officers. The officers of the regiment of Hussars of the guard at St. Petersburg gave their captain, the Grand Duke Sergius, a very severe lesson the other day. There exists a very strict rule among the crack regiments of the guard of most European armies forbidding the officers to flirt with the wives or sweethearts of comrades in the same regiment. This rule was ruthlessly violated a short time ago by the Grand Duke in the case of Miss Douvrano, a very pretty girl, engaged to be married to Count Osten Sacken, one of his fellow-officers. Endowed of her charms and captivated by her fascination of manner, the Grand Duke began to lavish all sorts of flattering attentions upon her, and in vulgar parlance to make love to her, which she, prompted by foolish vanity, reciprocated by commencing a flirtation with him. The Count laid the case before the officers and, despite the Grand Duke's royal blood, it was unanimously decided to "send him to Coventry." All intercourse with him, save that of an official character, was therefore completely severed, so much so that when he appeared at mess no one spoke to him or replied to his remarks. Much disgusted, and finding the situation intolerable, the Prince complained to his father, who laid the matter before the Czar, asking at the same time that the officers should be dismissed. This the Czar would not hear of doing, and, being of opinion that his young cousin had only got what he richly deserved, transferred him to another regiment. The Count's marriage has been broken off, and Miss Douvrano, finding herself much talked of in St. Petersburg society, has sought refuge abroad.—London Modern Society.

Suffered for His Kindness.

In the railroad service the strictest guard is kept over the employes, and the severest injunctions given that no passenger without a ticket or an authorized pass be allowed to ride free, not even for the distance of a few miles. In consequence, the conductors are often put in hard positions. There are some pitiful cases that appeal to them, and at times there is a strong temptation to let mercy usurp the place of duty. Not long ago, on a Western road, a train pulled out of the station, just at dusk, and after it had gone a few miles the conductor stopped at the seat of a poorly clad passenger, who said that he was unable to pay his fare. He was then told that he would have to get off at the first stopping place, and at this the poor wretch broke down and cried like a child. He said that he was on his way to see his mother, who was ill, and if he were not allowed to ride free he would be unable to reach her before she died, as he had no way of getting any money at the next station. The conductor remembered his orders, and knew that to allow the man to stay on the train would hazard his own position; but the distance was only ten miles, and he was so touched with pity for the poor unfortunate that he let him ride to his destination. Two days after he received the "green envelope." The "poor unfortunate" was a detective employed to look after such cases. He Expected Too Much. Mr. Skillytes—I dislike to mention it, Mrs. Hasher, but really I think your board is altogether too plain. Mrs. Hasher—Too plain, eh? What kind of board do you expect for \$3 a week—polished mahogany? Ants in Florida. There are more ants to the square mile in Florida than in any other country in the world. There are ants that measure more than half an inch in length, and then there are ants so small that they can scarcely be seen to move with the unaided eye.



Hung as a Spy. "Halt! Who goes there?" It is 11 o'clock on a winter's night, and a cavalryman on picket hears a suspicious sound in the leafless bushes on his right. He has hardly spoken when the echo comes back to him from the post below. "Halt! Who goes there?" The figure of a man suddenly rises above the low bushes. A quick dash to the south might save him, but he hesitates, and it is too late. He is in federal uniform. He has passed the camp sentinels—he is skulking through the woods—he has planned to desert to the enemy. Five minutes after his capture he is at the reserve, and ten minutes later he is on his way back to camp. And why should he seek to desert his flag—to cover his memory for all time with a stain worse than that of murder? He is young in years, but evidently a veteran in war. They question him, hoping he may exculpate himself, but he refuses to answer. He is



CAPTURED BY A CAVALRYMAN.

left in the care of the provost guard, and it is not until daylight comes again that other questions are put to him. He maintains silence. Then they charge him with being a spy. His face pales at the word, but he has nothing to say. He refuses to give his name or name his command. He is still obstinate when taken to headquarters. He is pale and anxious, but refuses to open his lips. Later on, when put on trial for his life before a court-martial, he still pursued a policy he had decided on from the first. As a would-be deserter he might bring forward excuses—have some sort of defense. The verdict might be imprisonment, but it would not be death. As a spy he will surely suffer the fate of spies. Then why not speak, name his captain, identify himself, and ask the court to be merciful? Never a word from him throughout the trial. Every captain in the division was called up to identify him, but none could place him. The charge had to be that of spying and the verdict had to be death. In the field, convicted by drumhead court-martial, he would have been shot within a few hours. Here in winter quarters there was plenty of time to prepare a gallows. When informed of the verdict he caught his breath like one seized with



THE HANGMAN DID HIS WORK.

sudden pain, and there was a twitching of the muscles around the mouth. Thirty seconds later he had regained control of himself. It was a week before he was led out to die. After the findings of court-martial had been returned "approved" they gave him two days to prepare himself for eternity. The mockery of it was cruel. Men who know that their hours on earth are numbered cannot absorb their sons of sin. The spy felt that it was mockery, and he waved the chaplains away. All hangings under military law are at sunrise. A company had been detailed to see the order carried out; a sergeant's guard to act as escort. It was a clear, frosty morning, and daylight seemed to come slowly. The condemned man was up and dressed and waiting. He was pale faced, but there was a look of resolution in his eye which I was glad to see. He would die game. A chaplain had come in with me. The spy waved him out and turned his back, that his elbows might be bound. He saw the gallows long before we reached it, but his face betrayed no emotion, March! march! march! Only

a soldier could have marched to the beat of the muffled drum going to his death. We reach the foot of the gallows at last. The spy looks up and calmly surveys the structure and the dangling noose. He is assisted up the rude ladder to the trap. A chaplain kneels on the rough boards and offers a prayer, and then a hush falls upon the assemblage. Thank God my orders were fully carried out when I delivered my prisoner on the scaffold! The hangman awaits us. He is a volunteer from some guard house and will be paid a few dollars in money at headquarters. "You have a message for some one, and I will deliver it!" I whisked in the prisoner's ear as his ankles were being tied. "Yes, a message to Col. —, of the —th — Infantry. He will tell my friends. Get word to him that I died in the line of duty. Thank you—good-by!" From the hour of his capture to the moment of his death these were the only words he uttered. He had scarcely spoken them when the hangman pulled the black cap over his face, stepped to the lever, and two seconds later the trap fell with a crash, and the body was dangling in the air. It was only after peace came that I could deliver the message. "Ah, poor Dick!" sighed the colonel when I had finished. "Hung for a spy, and yet he was not a spy. He entered your lines to try to find a brother of his who had deserted and bring him back to duty. That and nothing more. The brother came back to us—poor Dick died on the gallows!"—M. Quad in Chicago Times.

Gen. Grant's Last Uniform.

"Just before Grant started on his famous tour around the world, 1873, said Mr. Wannamaker—"in fact, just three days before he left, he walked into my store and very quietly, just as if he was asking nothing unusual, told me that he wanted a full dress uniform of the General's grade finished for him before he left. As he expressed it, he couldn't appear in civilian's dress at the various courts which he would visit, and he didn't like the idea of the knickerbockers and silk stockings of the regulation court costume. It was a rush order, and we had to furnish everything except the sword, but we managed to finish it in time and made what Grant considered the best fitting uniform he ever wore. It was the last uniform, also, he had made. Two things which occurred during the three days struck me very forcibly. There was a scales in the store on which any one who wished could weigh himself, and one day I asked Grant to step on and weigh himself. 'What's the use?' he answered. 'I always weigh the same—184 pounds.' He stepped on the scales and the weight was exactly 184. Another time there was trouble about the epaulettes. They hadn't arrived when the day for trying on occurred, and our fitter told Grant, adding that he was sorry, but that he would have to come in again. Then Grant made a remark which showed his great good sense, one of his predominant characteristics. 'There must be somebody here,' he said, 'who is about my build. Just put the coat on him and fit the epaulettes that way.' And so it was done."—Philadelphia Times.

Fitzhugh Lee's Quick Retort.

The conversation had naturally drifted into war channels and the Major had the floor. "Well, Colonel Mosby, you know, was a good fighter, but when General Grant sent him to China the Virginians turned the cold shoulder to him. One day he was making a speech in Alexandria. He told the Virginians that they ought to vote for him. "Why," said the Colonel, "I fought all over northern Virginia for four years. Talk about war records! Why, my war record is a part of the State's history. Why, gentlemen, I carried the last Confederate flag through this very town." "Yes," replied Fitzhugh Lee, "for I was here at the time." "Thank you for your fortunate recollection," gratefully exclaimed Mosby. "It is pleasant to know that there still live some men who move aside envy and testify to the courage of their fellow beings. As I say, gentlemen, my war record is a part of the State's history. For the gentleman here will tell you that I carried the last Confederate flag through this town." "That's a fact," said Fitzhugh Lee. "I saw him do it." He carried the Confederate flag through this town, but Kilpatrick was after him and he carried it so damned fast you couldn't have told whether it was the Confederate flag or a smallpox warning."—New York Sun. Good Excuse. "While Admiral Porter was in command of the Mississippi squadron, and at a time when they were most actively engaged," said Captain Lloyd G. Harris, of St. Louis, "a young ensign made his appearance on the flagship and astounded the Admiral by asking him leave of absence. 'Why, sir,' roared Porter, 'don't you understand that no officer can leave at this time, no matter who he is or what his excuse?' "But, Admiral, it is a case of life and death; I must go." "But you can't go. It is impossible." "Please hear me, Admiral Porter. When I entered the service I was engaged to a pretty girl as there is in Northern Illinois. I have just got word that one of those miserable home guards has been courting her, and my friends say it looks as though if I don't come back pretty soon I will lose her. Now, Admiral, I think under the circumstances you might let me go for a week at least." "Porter's heart melted; the ensign got the leave, went home and married the girl in triumph."—Philadelphia Press.