

CHAPTER VI

Another room in an obscure part of London; but this room was, though poor, scrupulously neat and tidy. It was even adorned with a few flowers, and some colored prints hung upon the walls. A woman and a child were sitting together in the one large chair that the room possessed. The woman, slight, still young, and astonishingly beautiful; the child, one of those brown, curly-haired children, with blue eyes, who have sprung from parents of different nations. The woman's face we have seen before. Now the only alteration in it, and one it was that did not affect her beauty, was a great sadness, except when she spoke to the child, and then her whole face changed.

"It is such a great city," she was saying—"such a great city. I did not know it would be so difficult to find any one. I thought that when once I got to England it would all be well, and now I have been in England more than a year, and I have not seen him. And yet I am so longing to see him once again, and to show him our boy. Oh, how happy he will be! How happy we both shall be! These weary years will be as naught, and I shall forget everything once I feel his arms round me again!"

There was a step on the stairs. Veronica listened. She had grown more womanly in these last four years, and she looked more thoughtful. Sorrow, the great master, had taught her many things. Now she did not look unhappy, but eager and anxious. She evidently recognized the footsteps on the stairs, and it did not bring her any pleasure. She was shrinking together in the chair with the child when the door opened to her call. "Come in!" and Hutchinson entered. "Good afternoon," she said, but showed no pleasure at the sight of him. "How did you find me out?"

"How? It is always easy to find any one when you have a mind to, and when you have any sense in your head!" He scanned Veronica's face as he spoke, and noticed that she flushed slightly. "I saw you go into a music shop, and I followed you home the other day, and I made a note of the road and the number, and here I am."

"What do you want of me?" asked Veronica, rather hopelessly. "My dear girl"—Hutchinson spoke airily—"my dear girl, why could you not have confided in your father? It would have saved you a great deal if you had."

"You are not my father," said Veronica quietly, "you told me so yourself."

"Why quarrel about an expression? I am the man who brought you up, Veronica, why did you not tell me that you had married Alan Mackenzie and that this is his child?"

Veronica gave a great start. She knew why she had not mentioned Alan's name to him. She knew of the hatred that Hutchinson had for him, and even now she did not know what to say. "How do you know?" she asked at last. "Who told you?"

"He told me himself," said the man, watching the agitation that Veronica betrayed. "I should not have known unless."

"When did he tell you?" she asked, her lips almost refusing to utter a sound. "About two months ago."

Veronica sprang up. "He is here, in London. Two months ago! Oh, take me to him! Let me see him at once! Why did you not tell me before?"

"How could I?" the man said dryly. "I tell you you should have had more confidence. I did not know you were his wife."

"How was he looking?" cried Veronica. "Oh, my darling, my darling! Did he speak of me two months ago? I think we shall die of happiness when we come together again!"

"No doubt," said Hutchinson. "Does he know of the boy?"

"No. The boy was born five months after the shipwreck. I have told you I was so ill after the wreck that I lost my reason for a time."

"Pity," said Hutchinson, reflectively, "that when you told me so much you did not tell me all."

Veronica did not answer. Something in the man's tone awakened her suspicions. "Are you sure," she asked, after a little silence, "that you do not want to hurt him?"

"Why should I?" asked Hutchinson. "No, what I want to do is to make money out of him. He will not be able to deny me anything when I restore him his wife and child."

before he began his work of destruction; now he had to make sure of Veronica. He would have infinitely preferred a woman who would have blustered, and have sworn that she would have her rights; but Veronica was the sort of woman who would shrink away and be lost to the world rather than hurt the man she loved. He had shrewdness enough to see that the girl would say that it was the only way to act, and that she would sacrifice both the child and herself; therefore it was imperatively necessary that she should know nothing of Alan's marriage, of his love for another woman. That must come to her as a surprise. She must be led to expect that Alan was longing for her, and would be overjoyed to see her again; then would be his, Hutchinson's, opportunity. He knew men so well that he fancied they must be all alike. Alan would not give up Joyce—he felt sure of that; then he must be made to pay for his silence. He must feel that he, Hutchinson, could hold the sword over his head, that he could let it fall at any moment. He had rubbed his hands at the publicity of the marriage. Alan Mackenzie would never give up his beautiful wife. Veronica would have to be paid off. Joyce would not be Alan's lawful wife. It was going to be a life of misery for the young man, and at the end there would be Hutchinson's dagger for his heart. But the whole thing needed careful handling, and Hutchinson felt that he was the man undoubtedly who could handle it carefully. Even if at the end Veronica refused, as was possible, to come forward and make Alan unhappy, nevertheless he would have to pay for his silence.

"He lives in a nice little house in the country," Hutchinson said at last. "I will give you the address. You had better go by train. Have you any money?"

"Yes," said Veronica. "I was paid for my lessons yesterday. I must write to her when I have seen Alan again. He may not wish me to go on giving lessons." But all the time she spoke her face was transfigured. The feeling that soon her weary time of probation would be over was strong within her. She looked with pride at the beautiful boy, whom she still held in her arms. "Will not his father be proud of him?" she asked, longing for a little human sympathy. "He is handsome, is he not?"

"Oh, yes, he's a good-looking child, although I am no judge," said the man. In his head he was revolving plans. "I would not go straight up to the house if I were you," he said. "The servants might not understand it. You wait for him at the lodge gates."

"Very well," said Veronica, docile as always. She could not guess that Hutchinson's one fear was lest she should meet Joyce and so spoil his whole plan. He had looked into Joyce's face as she was walking with Alan one day, and he could see innocence and purity written upon it. Joyce was not the woman to consent to the paying off of the first wife.

And so it was decided that Veronica should go down to Summerhayes and await the coming of Alan. It was a lovely day in early July, when she went down, with that precious possession, her boy, hugged close to her heart. The sun was shining and the sky blue, the corn was waving in the fields; and it was under the shade of a leafy tree that Veronica awaited the coming of the man she loved. Hutchinson had discovered what train he usually came by. It was so important that Veronica should see him alone!

And sat there quietly straining her ears for the sound of his footsteps. It took her back to her girlish days at La Paz, when she had often watched for him as she was doing now. Truly there had been no years of separation from him, and no boy beside her. As the time drew nearer the strain grew almost too intense. She put her hand over her heart so as to stop its wild beating, and the rich color that generally flooded her cheeks left her, and she was pale. And suddenly she heard footsteps in the field that was before her—many footsteps, which she had not heard for four years, but which she knew at once. Then a figure vaulted over the stile and Alan stood before her.

She tottered to her feet, holding out the child. He looked at her wildly and gave a great cry, as if body and soul were being rent asunder. "Veronica! O God! O God!"

He fell backwards against the stile, covering his face with his hands, as if to shut out the sight of a great horror. She stood trembling before him, pushing her child in front of her, as if she wanted to obliterate herself and to obliterate the child; but he stood there, shaking and shivering, moaning at intervals. "Veronica! O God! O God!"

It was she who spoke first, he could not find words, or anything but the piteous moan, and her voice was touching in exquisite joy. "Yes, Alan, it is I, saved from the sea, my dearest. And here—here is our child. Are you not pleased? Tell me you are pleased, for I have longed so to see your dear face again! I have longed so to hear your voice I cannot believe it has come at last!"

She came quite near to him, ad-

vancing as she spoke. It seemed as if she were longing for him to uncover his face, to take her into his arms.

"Alan," she cried, "oh, my darling, are you not glad to see me?" There was still no doubt in her mind. She thought that the joy of seeing her had been too great, and that he was trying to recover from the shock. She had no doubt, poor soul, at all. He loved her, therefore her coming to him must be inexpressible joy.

Then Alan uncovered his haggard face. "Glad? No! It has ruined my life!" he cried brutally. But for the moment he could think of nothing but Joyce—his Joyce, with whom life had begun so joyfully, and whose heart he must now break, as his own had been broken. "I wish I were dead!" he said, with a sob.

"Alan!" The anguish in her voice matched his. "Is that what you have to say to me, your wife, the mother of your child, who has undergone all hardships, and who has just lived on because you were in the world? Oh, Alan, if you do not want me, I had better go."

She turned, walking unsteadily, holding her child's hand tightly. And then a great temptation assailed Alan Mackenzie. The temptation to let her go, to let her be lost to him, to say nothing to Joyce; but to go on as if the day's work had never been. And then he saw in a flash what his life would be. How every moment of happiness with Joyce would have its corresponding moment of bitterness when he was alone; how he must live a double life, always on the brink of detection. Not worse, perhaps, than the life parted from Joyce; but then he would be an honest man, and not a traitor. He put his temptation away from him, thanking God that he could do so, knowing that Joyce would not love a man who was dishonorable. So before Veronica had staggered a dozen steps away he called to her hoarsely to come back. She turned at once, obedient as always, and for a moment he hated himself for his brutality to so gentle a woman. Her tears were falling down the beautiful face. She looked up at him with the old look of faithful love, still pushing the child towards him.

"Yes," she said, questioning him, "what is it, Alan?"

"I am married," he said, crudely and hoarsely, thinking it best to tell her at once. "I thought you were dead. I heard nothing from you since I left you; it is four years ago. They told me all on board were drowned, and I could hear nothing of you. What wonder then I thought you were dead? And so I married, Veronica—I am married now!"

And then for a long time there was silence between them.

(To be continued.)

FAPTISMAL VAGARIES.

Names from South Africa Are Given to Unfortunate Youngsters.

One of the results of the war in South Africa is an outbreak of curious names. Luckless infants born at or about the time of great events are being christened after the events themselves, as well as after the more prominent individuals concerned. Redvers Buller Thompson was used a few days ago, and Dundee, Glencoe and Elands-laagte have all been given. At the Cape, among the many curiosities are Talana Elanda Smith, Belmontina Grasspana Modderivo Brown and Penn Symons White Robinson. A Boer named Troskie, residing in the Craddock district in Cape Colony, had his son baptized Immanuel Kruger Steyn Triomphus. The mania appears to have taken South Wales in a very acute form. A few days ago Modder River Jones, John Redvers Buller Thomas, Harry White Redvers Joseph, Harold Baden Mafeking Powell, and Ezekiel Methuen Macdonald Baden Powell Williams were the names given to helpless infants by patriotic parents in Neath. At Pontypridd there are poor babes called Richard Colenso Scott, Oliver Colenso Williams, Kimberley Clifford, Charles Redvers James, and Baden-Powell Williams; and at Mountain Ash, Victor Colenso Warren, Warren Sandford, Macdonald Claremont, Methuen Phillips, John Stanley Methuen Williams, and Baden-Powell Price. Mr. Shandy, father of the famous Triam, it will be remembered, believed there was something fateful in a name. The world seems to have been blessed with a sufficient number of individuals of opinions similar to this, else how can one account for such names as Peter the Great Wright and William the Conqueror Wright (twins), King David Haydon, John Bunyan Paragon, King George Westgate, Martin Luther Upright, General George Washington Jones, Lord Nelson Putman, Empress Eugenie Aldridge, and John Robinson Crusoe Heaton? The parents, no doubt, had a pious hope that the children so named would grow to be worthy of the great persons whose names had been appropriated. The hope has not been realized, for none of these individuals seem ever to have set the Thames on fire. And perhaps it is rather well for humanity that there are no second editions of these "kings of men." But even quiet times have their remarkable names. Lyulph Ydwallo Olin Nestor Egbert Lyonel Toedmag Hug Erchenwys Saxton Ray Cromwell Green Nevill Dysart Plantagenet is still living in Wales—perhaps because he never attempts to use all his own name.—London Leader.

Barton county is one of the principal wheat growing sections in Kansas. Its crop will probably reach 2,000,000 bushels, and it has a population of only 12,000.



MANY RIOTS IN NEW ORLEANS

followed. Several negroes and whites were killed and the hospitals were filled with the wounded.

In March, 1891, New Orleans again attracted the attention of the world by indulging in a riot, which led to the severing of friendly ties between the United States and Italy and came near resulting in a war between the two nations. The lynching of eleven Sicilians by a mob was the direct cause of the departure of the Italian minister from Washington.

On Oct. 15, 1890, David C. Hennessy, chief of the New Orleans police force, was shot near his own door at night, and died without being able to say anything more than the "dagos" had shot him. Many murders and assaults had been committed in the city by Italians, and in the majority of instances the perpetrators escaped punishment. Chief Hennessy had been instrumental in the extradition of Esposito, a fugitive Italian bandit, and had proved a terror to the lawless element among the Italians.

The murder of the chief caused intense excitement among the working people, and was intensified when it

The riots in New Orleans recall several famous outbreaks of past years, which threw the crescent city of the south into a state of turmoil and disorder. In each instance the racial problem has been the direct or indirect cause of the trouble, and in the days following closely on the civil war the political conditions were such that outbreaks were frequent. It has not always been the negro problem which has precipitated these upheavals, as was witnessed in the riots of 1890, the wrath of the people at that time being directed toward the Italian element of the city, the charge being made at that time that the Mafia society had caused the murder of the chief of police of the city.

The first riot of any importance in New Orleans was soon after the close of the war. It had its inception in the political troubles which then were rampant throughout the state, but the real hostilities were brought about when the colored population of the city sought to take an active part in the deliberations of the two political parties then struggling for supremacy.

It had been suggested by the federal authorities that the constitution of the state be revised in certain particulars so as to conform with the new order of things following the war. The sentiment became so strong in 1866 that the governor left the state for a short time after announcing that he would not call a special convention to take up the matter of revision.

On July 20 R. H. Howell, a judge of the supreme court, was selected to call a convention, which was to be held in the Mechanics' Institute in Dryden street. Shortly after 11 o'clock on the morning of the date mentioned, a large number of negroes, headed by the American flag, marched toward the meeting place amid the hooting and yelling of the whites, who had assembled on the sidewalks.

When the procession had reached Canal street, near Burgundy, a carman pushed one of the negroes from the sidewalk and in another instant a shot was fired. It was found impossible to transact any business in the convention and an adjournment was taken. In the meantime the whites had armed themselves and soon after 12 o'clock a pitched battle was fought in the streets surrounding the institute. The result was that fifty negroes and two white men were killed and fully 300 of both races wounded. The United States army officers interfered and peace was restored after several days of excitement.

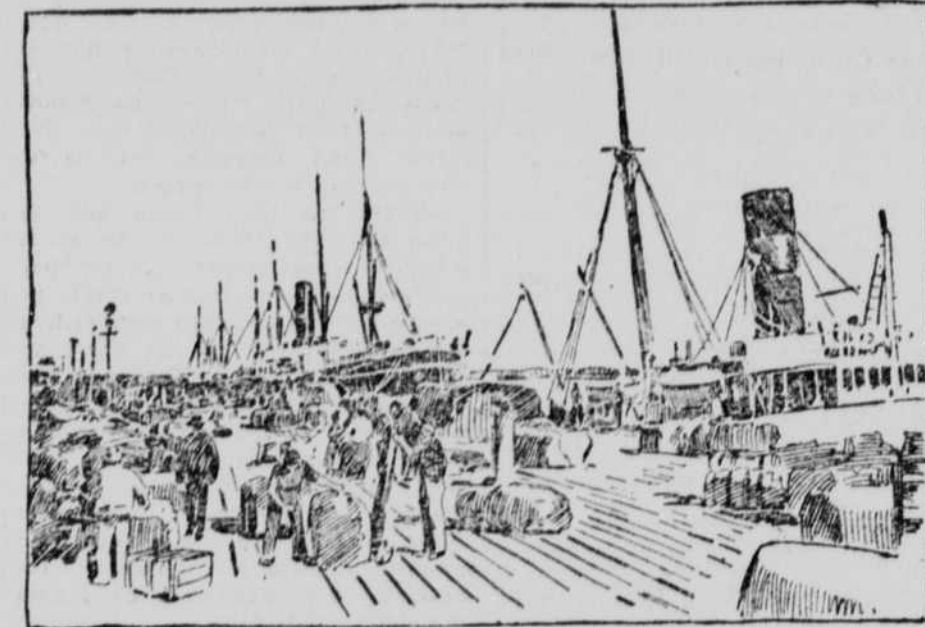
During the interim between 1866 and 1873 there were numerous disturbances of a minor character in New Orleans, but it was not until March of the latter year that matters again took on a serious aspect.

It was then that the so-called Pinchbeck legislature passed certain laws which were distasteful to certain of the white element in politics. Pinchbeck, the lieutenant governor, was colored, and for this reason the feeling became all the more intense. The state was governed practically by two governors—Kellogg and McEnery—and after many weeks of skirmishing the political bomb burst in the streets of New Orleans, and several days' rioting

TARANTULAS GROWING SCARCE

Arizona Man Has Never Gotten Over Horror of Them.

"I've seen the famous 'Gila monster' often," said an Arizona man in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "It is simply an uncouth, horrible looking lizard, and I'd rather encounter a hundred of them than a single tarantula. I'll never forget the first time I ever saw one of those giant spiders. I was living near Phoenix then, and had gone out to have a look at a mineral deposit recently discovered on my land. The place was some distance away, and I was walking across a stretch of level, sandy country, when I noticed a queer round object, about the size of a man's clinched fist, lying near a little pile of rocks. It looked for all the world like one of those snarls of hair that women take out of their combs, but when I drew nearer I saw that it was alive, and recognized it from descriptions as a desert tarantula. Its legs were all drawn under its body at the time, and it seemed indescribably lumpy and sluggish, but as I stooped down to get a closer view it made a sudden, quick



SCENE OF THE NEGRO RIOTS.

became noised about that the Mafia society had conspired to kill the officer. Six men were charged with the murder of Hennessy and three others were held as accessories.

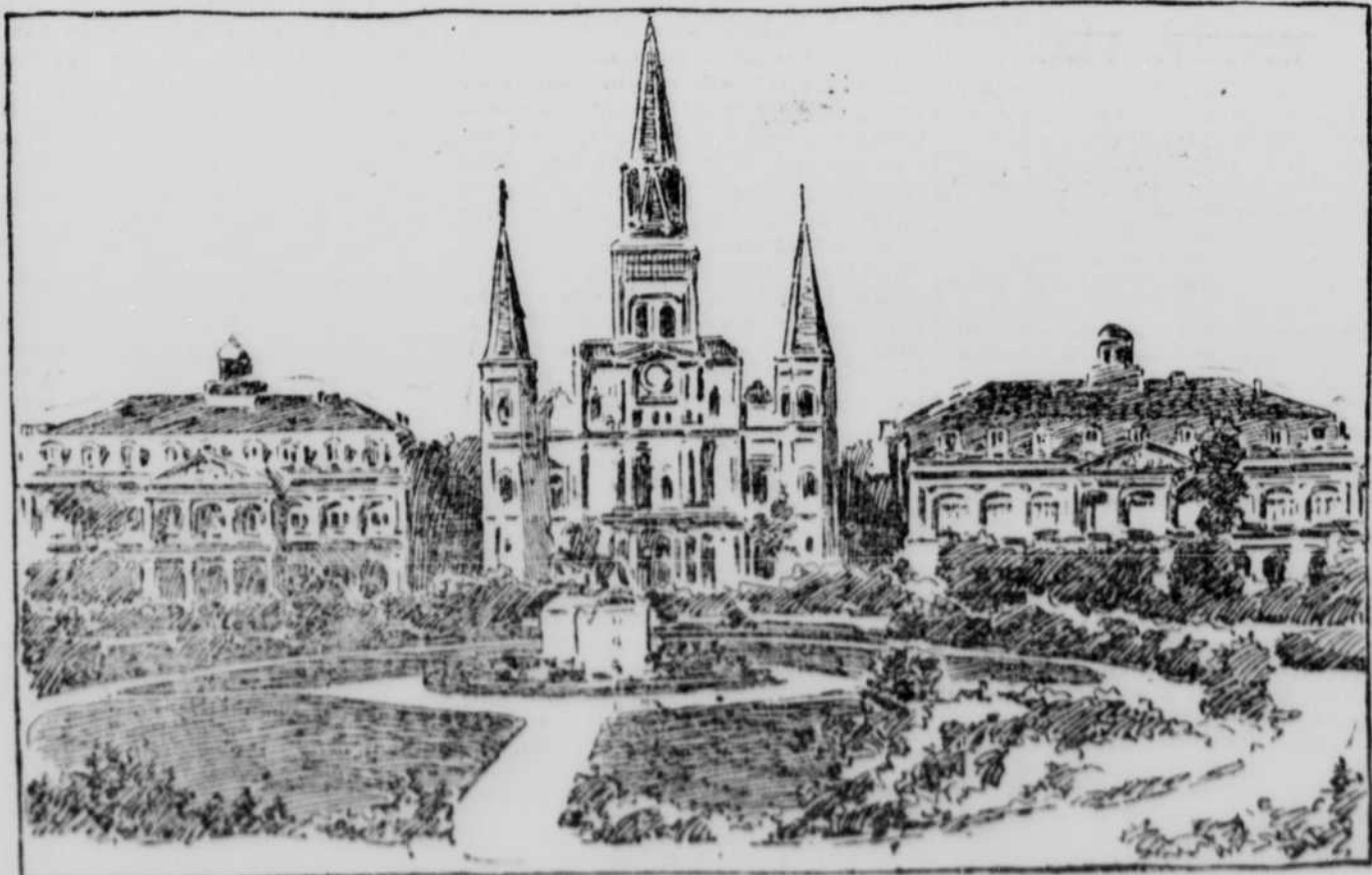
After a lengthy trial the men were acquitted by order of the court. The verdict proved unsatisfactory to the people of the city, and charges were made that the powerful Mafia society had used money to bribe the witnesses and court officials.

Before the Sicilians had been released from the jail a committee of fifty was organized and after a mob had been formed the frenzied men broke into the jail on March 14 and captured eleven Sicilians who were there confined. They were marched to the public square overlooking the old parish prison and while thousands of people lined the streets and housetops they were hanged to trees and poles and afterward riddled with bullets.

An Informal Review. Governor Crane of Massachusetts does not place much confidence in formal reviews of the state militia, and, therefore, he surprised the Massachusetts troops the other day by appearing in their camp unannounced, and ordered an impromptu review.

movement and then jumped square at my face. I dodged it by pure instinct, and the thing missed me and struck the sand two or three feet away. It ran several yards with indescribable swiftness, and then turned as if to charge again, but I had had enough. I beat a retreat. Since then I have killed a number of tarantulas and caught them alive, but I have never outgrown the horror they inspire. The coarse brown hair that covers their bodies makes them seem much larger than they really are, and they have immensely muscular legs. Their pugnacity and strength are almost incredible. They will attack anything, regardless of size, and they make the most amazing leaps through the air. Of late years I am glad to say they have become very scarce, and every frontiersman is their natural enemy, and the war against them is fierce and relentless. The bite of the creature is said to be fatal, and I have known them to kill horses, but I have no personal knowledge of any case of a human being who died from the effect of the poison. Their ill-repute in that particular is probably exaggerated."

The annual death rate of Geneva, Switzerland, is only 14.7 a thousand.



SON SQUARE, FAMOUS NEW ORLEANS PARK.

(In This Square Was Organized the Mob That Killed the Italian Prisoners in the Mafia Trouble in 1891.)

Chinese and Japanese Merchants Compared.

Japan, from her proximity and kinship to China, ought to have the advantage in competing for the trade of China, but Japanese merchants and manufacturers suffer from inexperience and also from a streak of dishonesty and unreliability which greatly impairs their credit, not only in the east, but also in Europe and America. For this reason Japan is doing her ex-

porting and importing with European countries and America through foreign houses resident in Japan. The Chinese merchant, on the other hand, is famous throughout the east for his commercial honesty. He may cheat you in making a bargain, but once his contract is made he holds it, it whether written or oral. This commercial integrity in a country where the government is so corrupt is due to the fact that in China, unlike Japan, merchants have always been near the top of the social ladder.