CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"I'm sure," said Cassandra, as her mistress hinted at some of her doubts, "you have no reason to doubt so noble a being. See what she has done for you; she has led you from danger to safety, and she has procured for you a home than which you could not find a better. She, through the priest, informed Captain Howard of your whereabouts."

"I know it—I know it all," returned Irene, "but yet I cannot help these feelings. Why will she not let me love her? Something draws me towards her—my deep gratitude, it is—and yet she repulses me. And then why will she not tell me who and what she is?"

"Ah, my dear mistress, when people are doing so much for us, it is hardly generous to blame them for what they do not do. O, as sure as you live, that strange woman loves you dearly."

"Do you think so?" Irene asked, earnestly.

"I am sure of it."

"Well, I think she does. At any rate, I love her."

At this juncture a woman entered the room and informed Irene that there were two Indians below who wished to see her.

"Of what people are they?" the maiden asked.

"The Totonaques, I think," the woman answered. "One of them says he knows you, and that you stopped awhile beneath his roof last summer."

"It must be good Jacar Xanpa," cried Irene, starting to her feet. "Don't you think so, Cassandra?"

"I don't see who else it can be," was the girl's reply.

"It must be. Come, Cassandra, you shall go down with me."

"So the two girls followed their hostess down stairs, and in the front room they found the two Indians. Irene gazed into the face of the man nearest to her, and at first thought she had never seen the swarthy features before; but in a moment more she detected something natural in the countenance.

"Did you seek me?" she asked, timidly, wondering if they had not come to bring her some word of Clarence.

"Ay, Irene—we have sought you for a long while," the man replied.

The maiden started at the sound of that voice, and upon the next moment she could see beneath the artificial darkness of the skin. She staggered back and grasped the back of a chair for support, and her face had turned as pale as marble. Cassandra seemed to have discovered the truth at the same time, for she uttered a low, quick cry, and started back.

"You know me, eh?" spoke the visitor, in a sarcastic tone.

"O, heaven have mercy!" gasped Irene, now sinking into the chair, and covering her face with her hands.

"And I have found you at last, have I? You did very wrong to run away from your father."

As the man thus spoke, he advanced and placed his hand upon Irene's head. But she shrank from him as though he had been a serpent.

"Don't touch me!" she groaned, in bitter agony. "O, leave me, and let me be alone."

"No, no," returned St. Marc—for he it was—"I have not come all this way for you, only to give you up again. I have a purpose in this visit which must be answered; so you must not ask me to leave you again."

"O, what evil spirit led you hither to curse me more?" the poor girl uttered, clasping her hands and looking into the man's face.

"Perhaps you wonder how I found you," returned St. Marc; "but it was a very easy matter. I knew that a priest in Vera Cruz received word from you, and that it was conveyed to Captain Howard in prison. So I knew this same Howard would seek you. I followed him as far as the Mexican capital, and my own instincts led me the rest of the way. And it seems I was not mistaken. You see our mutual friend, San Benito, has come with me."

Irene looked up, and she recognized the man, and as she did so the last ray of hope left her soul, for she knew of no power in Mexico which could take a child from its parent.

"Come," said St. Marc, again advancing and placing his hand upon her shoulder, "you will go with me now. I have engaged good quarters for you."

"No! no!" shrieked the maiden, darting away to Cassandra's side. "O, you shall not take me! Help! help! O, help!"

Ere St. Marc could place his hand upon the girl again, the door of the room was thrown open, and Mendrid rushed in.

"What is all this?" he cried, as he stopped and gazed around upon those present. "Why are you here?" he added, looking into the face of him whom he supposed to be an Indian.

"Easy, senor—easy," returned St. Marc. "I found my purpose better answered by assuming this disguise when I set out in search of my daughter. Perhaps you don't recognize Antonio St. Marc in this disguise?"

"St. Marc!" uttered the old man, in surprise.

"You know me now, I trust," said the visitor, removing his cap, and taking the wig of long, coarse hair from his head.

"I do," the merchant returned, in a sad, disappointed tone.

"And I suppose now you will offer no resistance to my taking my child with me?"

At this moment Irene rushed forward and knelt at Mendrid's feet.

"Save me! save me!" she cried, in frantic tones.

"Senor," spoke St. Marc, ere the old man could answer the maiden, "my child left me about a year ago, and from that time to the present I have searched for her without ceasing. Now I have found her, and under the laws, and in the name, of my country, I claim her. Of course you will not force me to extreme measures."

"O, save me—save!" groaned Irene.

"Arise, my child," spoke the old man, at the same time lifting the maiden from the ground; he spoke tremulously, and there were tears in his eyes. "You know I would help you if I could, but as this I can do nothing. Your father claims you, and against his claim no power in the nation can avail you."

"Now, Irene," said St. Marc, advancing to her side once more, "you see how the matter stands, and I trust you will be wise. At all events," he added, bending upon her a look of savage import, "you will not find it for your interest to break from me again."

"Thus fades hope away!" the poor girl uttered, and as the words left her lips she would have sunk down had not her father held her up.

"Come," St. Marc said, addressing Cassandra, "you had better follow your mistress." And then turning to San Benito, he added: "Come—we'll take her before she knows enough to parley with me any more here. Hurry out and find a carriage of some sort as soon as possible."

San Benito hurried out and had the good fortune to find a carriage just passing. He hailed the driver, and in a few moments more the insensible form of Irene was lifted in. When our heroine came to herself she found Cassandra bending over her.

"Have I dreamed?" she whispered, shuddering fearfully as she spoke.

"Look up—look up," Cassandra returned. "Alas! I cannot even weep for you!"

Irene started up and gazed around She found herself in a well furnished apartment, but differently furnished from any she was ever in before. In a few moments the whole dread truth came back to her mind; and as soon as she remembered all, she sank back upon the sofa and groaned in bitterest anguish.

In a few moments more St. Marc came in. He had probably heard the voices, and knew that Irene had recovered. She sat up as he entered, and would have fallen at his feet, but he detected the symptoms of her movement, and waved her back.

"My child," he said, "you know all that has passed, so I shall have only to tell you of the future. You know Martin San Benito. You know he has long been one of my warmest friends, and that, but for my solemn pledge to Jilok Tudel, I should have given him your hand ere this. But I am now released from all pledges to Tudel, and can hence bestow this mark of my esteem upon San Benito. You will become his wife ere we leave this place. Now, mark me; this is fixed, and it cannot be altered."

A few moments Irene sat and gazed her father in the face, and then she clasped her hands.

"In the name of heaven all just and merciful," she cried, "I beseech you to spare me. Look upon me, my father, and see me here weak and defenseless. How have I ever harmed you, or how wronged you, that you should thus curse the morn of my life? O, spare me! Spare me this dread blow, and I'll bless thee while life lasts."

"Irene," returned the man, very coolly and calmly—like the breath of a still morning in winter—"you have pleaded all you need to plead. You have escaped me once, and thereby threw me into a scrape from which I narrowly escaped with my life; but you cannot escape me again. I am determined now. Ay—were all the prayers of all the saints at this moment presented to me in behalf of your request they would not move me an atom. You will be married to San Benito to-morrow. I am determined not to hold you long; and if you escape again it must be from the hands of your husband, and not mine."

"And must it be to-morrow?" the maiden murmured.

"As sure as to-morrow comes, it shall."

"No hope! no mercy!"

"Yes—both. If you will be wise, as I am, and take the things of earth as they come, you'll have hope and mercy enough."

"I would die now!"

"I won't disturb you more now, my child. It is growing late, and you may like to be alone. But remember—you become a wife to-morrow, just as sure as the sun rises again!"

And with these words Antonio St. Marc left the room. When he was gone Irene threw herself upon Cassandra's bosom and groaned aloud. She could not weep now. The shock was too deep—too dreadful. And what could her faithful companion say to comfort her? She could only point to heaven.

"O, Clarence! Clarence!" murmured the stricken one, "where art thou now? Shall I not see thee once more ere the frail and brittle cup of life passes from me?"

A few moments after this the maiden remained quiet, and then looking up into Cassandra's face, she said:

"And Calypso—where is she?"

"I think she went out to meet Captain Howard," returned the girl. "She did not say so, exactly, when she went away, but I thought from what she did say that she feared he might not know exactly which way to turn, so she went out to meet him."

"O, I wish she were here; I think even she might help me."

"Then let us hope that she may come. Ay—that they both may come."

"But to-morrow, Cassandra—O, to-morrow!"

"I know; but between now and then a smart horse might easily travel from here to the capital. Ay, Buonevedeo came from the capital to this place in ten hours upon only one horse—leaving there at midnight, and reaching here at ten o'clock on the next day."

"O, if I dared to hope! But alas! what can they do if they come?"

This was a question Cassandra could not answer; so her foundation for hope was blown to the winds.

CHAPTER XXI.

Irene stood alone in her room. St. Marc had just entered the apartment.

"In an hour," he said, "do you understand?"

He fixed a look upon the poor girl that reminded her of those sinister, serpentine glances that had so often before filled her with deep repugnance for the man who called her "my child!"

Irene was white as marble.

"There is no escape?" she murmured in a heart-broken way.

"Escape!" repeated St. Marc with a sneer; "from what—a wealthy husband, a fine home? Tudel was a pirate, but as to Benito, what objection can you have to him?"

Irene shuddered. The thought of her soul's ideal, and the fawning, heartless Mexican aroused every true womanly instinct of aversion and dislike.

"If there was a means of escape——" began St. Marc.

He paused there impressively, and fixed an eye upon Irene that caused her to hope vaguely, while she trembled with a certain indefinable fear.

"Yes, yes," she murmured.

"Would you accept it?"

Again the man appeared as he had upon that night of her flight, when she had shrank from him with apprehension.

He came nearer to her. He whispered:

"Irene, if I will save you from becoming this man's wife——"

"Oh! I will bless you!" she cried fervently.

"If I will take you far away, to Spain, to a new life—away from them all, will you accept love, wealth, happiness, as the wife of another?"

"Whom?" she cried sharply.

"Myself."

"You?"

"Yes, Irene," pursued St. Marc; "you must have known latterly that I am not what I have claimed. Listen, I am not even related to you."

"You—are—not!" she faltered.

"No. Answer! The time is short. Will you marry me?"

"Oh, never!"

"By my soul, you shall!" shouted St. Marc, losing all control of himself.

He reached out to seize her, to force her to listen to him. She evaded his grasp.

As she ran towards the door it opened. He, pursuing, fell back with a frightened face. A woman stood there.

"Who is this?" gasped Irene, recoiling also.

"Calypso, the Wanderer!"

St. Marc had staggered back, white as death.

"Yes—Calypso!" repeated the intruder.

Her face, her garb, had changed. Gone was all the wild, savage adornment, the dark face stain.

A woman was revealed with a tragic yet careworn face, and as her natural eyes sought those of Irene, the latter experienced anew that strange thrill of interest and love with which this person always inspired her.

"Ay, St. Marc," spoke the woman, sternly—"do you know me?"

"I know you now!" panted the man hoarsely, crouching helplessly in a chair.

"I am the woman," said Calypso, "whose husband you killed, whose fortune you appropriated, whose child you stole, fifteen years since. You had me imprisoned in an asylum in Spain. I escaped, but I had no proofs against you—till now!"

"A fiction—what nonsense is this?" muttered St. Marc, striving to rally.

"It is the truth!" answered a clear, firm voice, and Captain Clarence Howard strode into the room. "See! Your own confession, written on the eve of your duel with Tudel, verifies all that this lady claims."

"Clarence—Captain Howard!" gasped Irene, reeling while she stood in a maze of joy, uncertainty, suspense.

Captain Howard gained her side. He had to support that lovely form, for Irene's overstrained heart was well nigh giving way.

"Who—who are you?" finally murmured Irene—happy, safe, under the sheltering protection of that gallant friend—putting a longing hand out towards Calypso.

"Your mother, child!" answered the accuser of St. Marc. "Your own loving mother—Calypso the Wanderer no more!"

* * * * * * *

Some strange influences of fate fell across the lives of that little group before many days had passed.

All that Calypso had said was true, and, faced with his crimes, St. Marc, a self-confessed culprit, hung himself in the jail.

Benito fled from the country, when he learned that his heartless plot to coerce the fair girl to become his wife had failed.

Then at once all matters seemed to adjust themselves to the welfare and happiness of those who had suffered a common woe and the blighting march of grim-visaged war.

Golden-browed peace came in with the forward advance of the banners of the victorious army.

Cassandra, Peter, the noble priest—all these, and others of the cruiser's loyal friends—shared in the newer, brighter life now ushered in.

Irene had found a mother, a lover, fortune, home and friends.

The gallant Captain Howard had won a beautiful bride, whose tender, girlish heart went out to him with all the fervent joy and gratitude of a pure and intense nature.

The Stars and Stripes waved victorious over the golden city of the Montezumas, and the brave Texan cruiser had helped place them there by his dauntless deeds of valor!

(The end.)

"Two Little Snobs."

Titles seem not to make men large of stature or in any way distinguishable in appearance from ordinary men. An amusing example of this lack of visible nobility is cited by an English exchange.

The Duke of Argyll was once traveling in a railway carriage with the Duke of Northumberland. At one of the stations a little commercial drummer entered. The three chatted familiarly until the train stopped at Alnwick Junction.

Here the Duke of Northumberland went out and was met by a train of flunkeys and servants.

"That must be some great swell," remarked the drummer to his unknown companion.

"Yes," said the Duke of Argyll, "he is the Duke of Northumberland."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the drummer. "And to think he should have been so affable to two little snobs like us!"

Largest Hospital.

Moscow has the largest hospital in Europe, with 7,000 beds. There are 96 physicians and 900 nurses, and about 15,000 patients are cared for annually.

When a married man is missing from home his neighbors wonder whether he ran away with a woman or from one.

COMBINES THE HORN AND VIOLIN IN ONE.

With the beginning of the new century a new musical instrument—decidedly a "twentieth century idea"—has been brought into existence. This is a combination violin and horn, not yet christened. It may appropriately be called a violo-horn.

Alex Lundgren, the inventor, has for twenty years been employed in the marqueterie department of the Pullman car works at Pullman, Ill.

All his spare time he has spent in making violins and other musical instruments. One evening while listening to a violin and horn duet it occurred to him that the two instruments might be combined. Mr. Lundgren has exhibited his invention to only a few friends and a Chicago American reporter, but as soon as possible he expects to have it placed on the market. The violin-horn is played like the violin, but its music is said to be more melodious.

ALEX LUNDGREN.

Mr. Lundgren is also an artist of no mean ability. He was born in Dalarne province, Sweden, June 4, 1860, and came to the United States in 1880. He acquired his talent in Sweden and was for many years a close personal friend of Anders Zorn, the famous Swedish painter, who is at present in the United States.

The walls of Mr. Lundgren's cozy home in Pullman are covered with beautiful paintings and wood carvings, all works of his own hand.

ABOUT BIRTHDAY STONES.

Significance of the Gems Supposed to Symbolize the Several Months.

A list of what are known as the "birthday stones," with the color and significance of each, is given below:

January—Garnet, symbolizing constancy and fidelity. Transparent deep red.

February—Amethyst; peace of mind and sobriety. Transparent violet.

March—Jasper: courage and success in dangerous enterprise. Opaque red, yellow and other dull colors.

April—Sapphire and diamond; repentance and innocence. Transparent gems. The diamond is white, rose color, blue, pale yellow and black. The sapphire is generally called a blue gem and that is the color intended when people talk of a "sapphire hue," but it varies so much in color that there are sapphires which counterfeit other gems. These are called oriental emeralds, topazes or whatever other stone they resemble. The red sapphire or oriental ruby is one of the most valuable gems, coming next after the diamond.

May—The emerald; success in love. Transparent; color green.

June—Agate; long life and health. Opaque, varied in color, with many markings sometimes angular or zigzag, in which case it is called a fortification agate. Sometimes straight lines of color give it a banded appearance. It is then called ribbon agate. Another kind has markings quite different and is called a moss agate.

July—Carnelian, one of the evils resulting from forgetfulness. The agate, carnelian, sard, sardonyx are only differently marked and colored varieties of one stone, which is called chalcedony. Carnelian is usually either red or white and always clear.

August—Sardonyx or onyx; conjugal felicity.

September—Chrysolite; preservation from folly or its cure. Yellow to green in color.

October—Opal or beryl; hope. The opal is a perfectly clear stone whose great beauty consists in its play of colors—red, yellow and green—from its interior. The beryl is commonly of a green or bluish green color, but is also pink, yellow and white.

November—Topaz; fidelity and friendship. Transparent, of a bright golden yellow.

December—Turquoise or ruby; success. The turquoise is opaque, of a blue color; ruby, transparent, of a carmine red color, sometimes verging to violet.—Detroit Free Press.

Sale of William Penn's Will.

At a recent sale in London of historical documents some interesting specimens of caligraphy changed hands. The list included a large number of autographs by William Penn, the quaker founder of Pennsylvania, including "My Last Will and Testament made, and writt in my own hand this twentyeth day of ye 8th month of year 1705 in ye 60 years of my age." Will and codicil cover ten pages quarto, all in the handwriting of William Penn, except, as the catalogue points out, the signatures of the witnesses.

A woman gets up a good meal for the preacher, but she eclipses all efforts when her husband brings a former lover home to dine, in order that she may show him what he missed.

The Testimonial Age.

Drug Clerk—This remedy has cured ten congressmen, eight senators, six prima donnas. Customer—Hold on, young fellow. I ain't none of them. Just lay that aside and show me something that has cured a few common people.—Chicago News.

Sanguinary.

Mr. Ferguson—What a fiery waist you have on. Mrs. Ferguson—Ox blood. Mr. Ferguson—I begin to understand now why you told the dressmaker to put in another gore.—Chicago Tribune.

Game licenses in the Sudan are to be worked on the principle of apportioning fees to the quality of the sport. It is sought to preserve the giraffe, hippopotamus and elephant by placing a high premium on the killing of any of these animals.

From Death's Door.

Hillsdale, Ill., April 29th.—Much interest has been aroused here over the case of William Marks, who has been in a dying condition for several months with an apparently incurable Kidney Disease.

The leading physicians of this place had pronounced his case a hopeless one, and others from Port Byron, Geneseo, and Davenport, Ia., had attended him, and in a consultation decided that he could not live.

In desperation, his nephew inquired of Mr. L. F. Giles, a local druggist, as to a last resort. Mr. Giles suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills, a remedy which had just been introduced here.

The results were marvelous. Mr. Marks immediately began to improve, and within a few weeks was able to be up and about, completely cured.

His cure is the talk of the neighborhood, and is considered nothing short of a miracle.

There appears to be no doubt that this new remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills, will cure any case of Kidney Disease, for the more malignant forms, such as Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and Dropsy yield readily to its remarkable influence. These forms of Chronic Kidney Disease have hitherto been considered incurable, and have baffled all medical skill, and yet, this new remedy has cured every single case in which it has been used, in this neighborhood. The doctors themselves are amazed at the wonderful work Dodd's Kidney Pills are accomplishing in Rock Island County.

Big Plate Glass Kitchen.

A gigantic kitchen, to cover more than an acre of ground and entirely inclosed in plate glass, is to be one of the attractions of the Pan-American Exposition, which will open in Buffalo in May. This monster crystal kitchen will have a capacity of one hundred and fifty thousand meals a day, and its great ovens will turn out a thousand loaves of bread an hour. In addition to the vast hordes to be served in it daily it will supply the provisions for nine of the large restaurants on the exposition grounds.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

School For Noble Girls of Japan.

The Peeresses' School of Tokio is under the patronage of the Empress, and is intended for daughters of people of rank. Besides the usual scholastic course, arranging flowers, writing poetry, sewing, embroidery, painting and native and foreign cookery are taught. The school was founded about fifteen years ago.

If You Have Rheumatism

Send no money, but write to Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., Box 147, for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, express paid. If cured pay $5.50. If not, it is free.

Setting Him Right.

Short Storie Magazine: It is said that during one of Mr. Moody's meetings a worker approached a young man with the question. "Are you a Christain?" The young man looked up smiling good naturedly as he replied: "Oh, no, sir; I am one of the choir!"

A Few Firsts.

The first French colliery was opened in 1722.

Paraffin oil was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

India rubber was first used for effacing pencil marks in 1770.

The first book ever printed in Switzerland bears the dates 1470.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children, teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

Last year over 135,000 Americans visited Europe and there spent $60,000,000.

"Now Dont Get the Blues."

When a cheerful, brave and light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the blues, it is a sad picture.

It is usually this way:

She has been feeling out of sorts for some time, experiencing severe headache and backache; sleeps very poorly and is exceedingly nervous.

Sometimes she is nearly overcome by faintness, dizziness, and palpitation of the heart; then that bearing-down feeling is dreadfully wearing.

Her husband says, "Now, don't get the blues! You will be all right after you have taken the doctor's medicine."

But she does not get all right. She grows worse day by day, until all at once she realizes that a distressing female complaint is established.

Her doctor has made a mistake.

She loses faith; hope vanishes; then comes the morbid, melancholy, everlasting blues. She should have been told just what the trouble was, but probably she withheld some information from the doctor, who, therefore, is unable to accurately locate her particular illness.

Mrs. Pinkham has relieved thousands of women from just this kind of trouble, and now retains their grateful letters in her library as proof of the great assistance she has rendered them. This same assistance awaits every sick woman in the land.

Mrs. Winifred Allender's Letter.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have received from your wonderful remedies. Before taking **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** I was a misery to myself and every one around me. I suffered terrible pain in my back, head, and right side, was very nervous, would cry for hours. Menses would appear sometimes in two weeks, then again not for three or four months. I was so tired and weak, could not sleep nights, sharp pains would dart through my heart that would almost cause me to fall.

"My mother coaxed me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had no faith in it, but to please her I did so. The first bottle helped me so much that I continued its use. I am now well and weigh more than I ever did in my life."—MRS. WINIFRED ALLENDER, Farmington, Ill.

$5000 REWARD

Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, Mass., $5,000, which will be paid to any person who can show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.