

Captain Brabazon

BY B. M. CROKER

A Military Romance of South Africa

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

How the tidings were broken to Mrs. Brabazon we need not linger to relate; for no one could give the faintest idea of that lady's indignant incredulity in the first place, wild, incoherent invective in the second, and hysterical weeping and denunciation of Florian's inhuman ingratitude in the third and last scene. She went about, her handkerchief applied to her eyes, a model of injured innocence, or posing as a melancholy representation of fallen greatness. She wrote reams of letters and made many farewell calls in the neighborhood—good-naturedly taking her acquaintances into her confidence as regarded her opinion of the bride-elect—and she left not a few directions to Esme of a distinctly testamentary nature. Indeed, one would imagine, from the way she bore herself, that once she had shaken the dust of Baronford from off her feet, its downfall was a mere question of time.

Mrs. Brabazon had a large, really surprising amount of baggage; trunks and cases, and case and trunk, were filled and nailed down day by day; and certainly the china and curios about the house became smaller by degrees, and beautifully less, as these packages increased in number and size.

One morning Esme fetched her aunt upstairs to the big spare room in which Nokes and her mistress had been closeted since breakfast time. They simultaneously uttered an exclamation of hasty annoyance as Esme slowly pushed back the door against a pile of books and stuffs on the floor, and admitted Miss Jane.

"Now, now, Miss Esme, just please to look where you are going," said Nokes, tartly; and indeed, she had need to do so. Also her aunt, who stopped nimbly over all obstacles and stared about her with a face of undisguised amazement. The carpet was littered with lace, house linen, knick-knacks and old china, and the bed was spread from top to bottom with ferns, silver, punch bowls, teapots, cream jugs, marrow spoons, sauce ladles, snuff-boxes, candlesticks—nothing had been too insignificant to escape notice. The dressing table was loaded with piles of old brocade and needlework, and three greedy looking big trunks yawned open-mouthed in the middle of the room—ready to swallow those treasures. Before one of these boxes Mrs. Brabazon was kneeling.

"Good morning, Sara," said her sister-in-law, briskly. "Busy, I see, as usual. I just came up to ask if I could help you in any way?"

"No, no, thanks, I can manage very well by myself with Nokes," looking greatly put out, as she spoke, and scuffling away some articles out of sight. "I never can pack if I am watched; it puts me out altogether. Here," closing the lid with a bang. "I'll come down with you, Jane."

"But, surely, you are not packing these things, are you, Sara? You are only putting them away, and I can do that for you, you know," said the old lady, still hanging back.

"Putting them by? No, I'm packing them up to take away, now driven to bay, 'they are my own property.'"

"Good gracious, Sara! what do you mean? Is not that my grandmother's posset bowl that Nokes has in her hand?" she asked, with an air of pious surprise. "There must be some monstrous mistake in your packing up family silver, lace, linen and china."

"No mistake at all! Everything in the room is mine," waving her hand dramatically toward the floor, the bed and the dressing table, resolved to put down Miss Jane, as she had ever been wont to do. "My dear husband gave me all," she added, with a kind of sniff, that might mean either defiance or a tribute to his memory.

But these were heirlooms; and for once the old lady was firm.

"He could not give you what never was his, Sara. They are heirlooms; they belong to his children, and children's children. This must be seen to. I'm really astonished that you do not see the mistake yourself," stiffening visibly as she spoke.

Mrs. Brabazon failed to see any mistake; and her instincts of rapacity and plunder extinguished everything else in her bosom—even ordinary prudence. Each lady stoutly maintained her own opinion, and the result was a very pretty quarrel, to which Esme and Nokes were the two speechless seconds.

Mrs. Brabazon figuratively bounded into the arena, and let herself go for once; she so far forgot herself as to call Miss Jane a "miserable old sneak," and a "meddlesome old cat," and the latter, without descending to such vulgar expressions, made some very telling hits, and managed to have her say in a collected and impressive manner; and, in the end, by a clever maneuver, concluded the battle by locking up the room and carrying off the key, which, needless to say, was tantamount to capturing her enemy's colors and guns; and as she departed, key in pocket, she sternly announced that it was her immediate intention to summon the family lawyer.

The family lawyer duly arrived the next day, and went into the matter of the late Mr. Brabazon's will and personality, and found not a few loop holes and flaws. It appeared that Mrs. Brabazon had so far overstepped her rights that Florian was his sister's legal guardian, and that the lady had for years been trading on the ignorance and innocence of her step-children, and regularly pocketing the interest of Esme's little fortune. Half the modern silver was the widow's share; but of linen, plate, lace and china there was no mention. A very solemn scene was enacted in the dining room when the silver was divided, and weighed under the eyes of the lawyer, a silversmith, Miss Jane, Gussie, Esme and Nokes. Mrs. Brabazon, cold and trembling, stood very close to the scales, with an air of tragic protest. She considered that she was be-

ing shamefully robbed. Still she made it a point to grasp what she could from the wreck of her property; and once, when her share in the balance was half an ounce lighter than Florian's, she fiercely insisted on her due—her half-ounce—and to that end wrested a spoon out of a mustard pot, with her own quivering, claw-like fingers. On the whole, this division of the spoil was harmoniously conducted, for Miss Jane and her nieces preserved throughout the ceremony a reserved air and prudential silence.

No one was sorry when Mrs. Brabazon departed. As she stepped into the brougham, and was promptly whirled away she vowed many, many vengeance on Florian and that little serpent, his future bride. However, there were crumbs of comfort—very solid, pleasant crumbs—in the shape of safe investments in the three per cent; so let no one commiserate her as she is most cheerfully driven to the station—and thus passes out of the story.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Florian is a married man! Hatty Clipperton reigns bethrotenly at Baronford, and Esme has been spending a season in town, and has really seen the great world at last, has become alive to the fact that she is considered "one of the beauties," and has had several "unexceptionable" offers. It is a very warm and almost tropical afternoon near the end of June, and she and Gussie are alone in Gussie's little front drawing room, which is crowded with flowers; in banks between the windows, in the gate, on the chimney-piece, and on every available bracket, shelf and table. The windows are open, the rose-colored blinds are half drawn down, yet the atmosphere is oppressive and stifling. Both the sisters are dressed in white, Gussie with mauve ribbons and Esme with black; the former is stretched out on the sofa in an attitude of complete physical prostration.

"I have been thinking, Esme," she observed at last, "thinking seriously about you, and I have come to the conclusion that you are a idiot," fanning away briskly as she spoke. "I don't mean a candidate for an asylum, quite, but simply that you have an unusual deficiency of sense."

"I'm sure I am greatly obliged to you," rejoined the other, looking up with a smile. "May I ask why you think I have no sense?"

"Certainly, you may ask. Because here you are refusing to make hay while the sun shines; obstinately declining offer after offer. There was," now rapidly counting on her fingers, "Poster Forbes, Sir David Campbell, young Galloway, all sent to the right about. Pray," sarcastically, "what do you expect—a duke?"

"No," with curt decision.

"The season is getting on, and you have been considered quite one of the belles, and yet you are not engaged," grumbled Gussie, aggrievedly. "What is the good of having a pretty sister, and everyone making a fuss about her, when she will not take any advantage of her opportunities? You are enough to provoke a saint!"

"Which you are not," returned her companion, with more truth than courtesy. "I wonder you are not tired of the subject, Gus; I am. I have told you at least fifty times that I do not wish to marry. I mean to take a leaf out of Aunt Jane's book. It is not penal to prefer single blessedness. I intend to be a very nice old maiden lady."

"An old maid!" disdainfully. "A likely tale; but," angrily, "I know why you talk like this. I believe you have still a liking for Miles; you infatuated young woman! Miles was good-looking and gentlemanly—I give you that in. Yes, yes," half sitting up, and gazing keenly at her sister; "you need not speak, your face is sufficient. Positively, I could light a candle at it, I do assure you. Ah, I see that it is still Miles. And I must say I wonder you have not more pride; even if he would marry you, to marry him would be madness. For instance, you know that I am very fond of Fred; but all the same, if he had not been well endowed with this world's goods, I would not have married him."

"It is quite superfluous to mention that," rejoined her sister, sharply. "Now, don't be cross, Esme. I'm only doing my duty, and it is really most unselfish of me to put these things plainly before you, for I would much rather you remained single, and a companion for me. But when I see Craven Hepburn and twenty-five thousand a year actually begging of you to take them in, I feel that I must speak."

"Well, now you have done your duty, and relieved your conscience, I will testify to the fact to all inquiring friends," said Esme, impatiently, "and let us hear no more about it. Never mind my love affairs, Gussie. What about going to the Bohans' this evening? It's too hot, isn't it?" cooingly.

"Oh!" fanning very fast, "one may just as well be hot there, where one is amused, as here, where there's nothing to do. We will go, of course," with decision.

Mrs. Vashon was a little lady who lived on excitement, and was never happy unless she was flying from one entertainment to another. Her appetite for constant amusement was insatiable, and the same spirit which prompted her to run down and play tennis at the Belis, to walk into Byford, to volunteer for bazaars, children's parties, and school feasts—anything for a change, anything for novelty—was the same that now impelled her to one continual round of dances, theatricals, flower fetes, races and dinner parties. If she had one day, one afternoon even, with "nothing on hand," she was a miserable woman. She was never exhausted, never satisfied. No sooner was one great event over than she was thinking of another; and the suggestion that "they should stay at home for once and have a quiet evening," she looked upon as simply a monstrous absurdity. She was not, she frankly stated, over and

above fond of the domestic hearth. "Time enough when she and Fred were old oddities in spectacles and slippers."

Leaving Gussie ruminating over her wardrobe with all the power of her shifty little brain, and Esme casting anxiously about for some good excuse to remain at home, we turn once more to Miles and his friend Captain Gee. The latter has been in England for six months on medical certificate, basking and butterflying in ladies' society, not only in his native north, but in the larger, pleasanter pastures of the great metropolis. He does not look much of the Junior Army and Navy in the wake of his friend Miles—Miles, who only landed from South Africa within the last twelve hours. It is nearly two years since he last stood in the dining room of the club; two dreary years spent on Africa's sunny strand, struggling to make the best of a dull, monotonous existence, endeavoring, with all his might, to forget what "might have been," and yet dreading every newspaper he took up, every letter he opened, to see the announcement of his cousin Esme's marriage. Of course, she would marry! From words ignorantly let fall by his brother officers lately from home, from copious descriptions from Annie, he was fully alive to the fact that Miss Brabazon was no longer a mere pretty little country flower, born to blush unseen; but that all through the full, fierce light of a London summer, she had ranked as one of the season's beauties.

It was by no wish of his own that he found himself in London. He had been sent home, at two days' notice, in charge of invalids, and had only had time to telegraph to Dicky from St. Vincent. He found that gentleman eagerly awaiting him at Southampton, ready to welcome him the moment the gangway was out. The two friends journeyed up to London, and of course dined at the club together, sitting a long time over their meal and talking any amount of "shop" for Captain Gee was growing of regimental news. When he had severely cross-examined his companion down to the personal appearance of the latest, he suddenly said in the most matter-of-fact manner, but looking askance under his white eyelashes:

"By the way, Miles, I'm going to take you to a party to-night."

Miles merely stared at his friend for some seconds with lazy amusement, and then said, as he deliberately helped himself to cheese, "Not if I know it, old man."

"Oh, come, you know; none of your nonsense. You must come to oblige me."

"And why? What is the special attraction?"

"I promised Mrs. De Montmorency Bohun to go, to be sure, and put in an appearance, and I could not disappoint her," with conscious importance.

"Bosh, my good sir; she'll never miss you," said his companion, discouragingly. "She will never know whether you were there or not. I'm afraid you are getting that red head of yours turned."

"I promised to go and bring a friend," proceeded Dicky, firmly—"to bring a friend. You are the friend," with a pompous sweep of his hand.

"Am I?" ironically. "I rather fancy that by the time you are fighting your way into this good lady's drawing room I shall be in bed."

"I have invested in two of the most touching buttonholes in London, and I'm not going to have yours wasted," returned the other, coolly ignoring his friend's remark. "It would be rather hard lines if we did not spend the first evening together, eh? And, strictly between you and me, there's a little girl I particularly wish you to see."

"Meaning the future Mrs. Gee?" expressively.

"I'm not sure," grinning; "anyway, she does not stand half a bad chance."

"But can you not manage to present me some other time? Why not to-morrow?" feebly. "You know how I loathe parties."

"You won't loath this one, I'll go bail. You'll come? You must come."

"Well," irritably, "I suppose I must; but, mind you, I'll only look in for half an hour. Remember, I'm not as keen a society man as you are, and I'm only going to oblige you."

Within five minutes of midnight we discover the two gentlemen leisurely winding their way up Mrs. Bohun's staircase.

(To be continued.)

An Overworked Word.

An artist paints our pictures and an artist cooks our food;

An artist writes the poems and the novels that we read;

An artist draws the sketches for the books and magazines;

An artist writes of Gatling guns and war's destructive scenes.

An artist serves our drinks to us; an artist shines our shoes;

An artist makes our clothing and an artist sells the news;

An artist shaves our faces and an artist pulls our teeth;

An artist runs our trolley cars and grinds us underneath.

An artist sells us shirts and socks; an artist nails the crime

Another artist failed in solving, once upon a time;

An artist serves our demi tasse; an artist sings our songs;

An artist wields a Jorgenson to right his country's wrongs.

An artist gets our money with his little game of guff;

An artist writes the coon songs—goodness knows he writes enough!

An artist makes our sausages, an artist plays a part;

The world is full of artists—but where, oh, where is art?

A New Use for Balloons.

M. Letorey, a French architect, has applied the captive balloon to the cleaning or decorating of cupolas, high roofs, towers and monuments. The balloon can be raised or lowered from a wagon by a windlass, and it can be steered by stays from the side of the envelope. It has two platforms, or "nacelles," one on the top, the other underneath, and these communicate by a ladder up a central tube. The "balloon scaffold," as it is called, might be useful and safe in many operations, such as now require steep ladders; for example, the wreathing of Nelson's column, and also in wireless telegraphy as an aerial station.—London Globe.

FARMERS PASS RESOLUTIONS.

Delegates Disagree as to the Cost of Raising an Acre of Corn.

The farmers' national congress in session at Colorado Springs refused to pass a resolution asking Congress to compel sleeping car companies to reduce their rates. Other resolutions were turned down, as follows:

Favoring the storage of flood waters and constructing of canals by Government aid.

Asking Congress to pass a bill to compel manufacturers of farm machinery to make and place on sale interchangeable parts.

Other resolutions read and passed were as follows:

Favoring appropriations to complete the work already begun on river and harbor improvements.

Favoring the building of an inter-oceanic canal in Nicaragua.

Favoring the extension of rural mail free delivery.

Protesting against the leasing of the public domain for grazing purposes.

Recommending the distribution of seeds through experiment stations only.

Favoring public ownership of water courses for irrigation purposes and favoring government investigation of irrigation.

The subject which seemed to most engross the attention of the congress is the merchant marine. The resolutions committee had several memorials on this matter, which were referred to a sub-committee. A feature of the discussion at one of the sessions was the wide difference in statements of farmers as to the cost of producing a bushel of corn. W. G. Whitmore of Nebraska said the average cost was between 20 and 25 cents, while E. Pilley of the same State claimed that he was producing an acre of corn for 20 cents.

CENSUS OF CHICAGO.

Shows Greater Growth in Population than Other Cities.

Chicago is still in all likelihood the second city in population in the United States. The figures of the census bureau, announced Monday, giving the city a total of 1,698,575, while disappointing to those who pinned their faith in the correctness of the postoffice, directory, and school census counts, show that Chicago is still increasing in population at a marvellous rate. In the percentage column New York's increase of 35.53 per cent was dwarfed by Chicago's showing 54.44 increase over the figures of 1890. Those who were misled by the enumerators, if there were any, will have to wait until next time to be counted. Next time will be in 1910.

Following is a table showing the increases in various cities, the population of which has been announced by the census bureau:

	Popu- lation, 1890.	Increase over cent.	Per- cent.
Greater New York	3,437,292	964,611	28.33
Chicago	1,698,575	538,725	54.44
New York proper	2,650,690	535,239	35.28
Cincinnati	325,902	28,194	8.74
Buffalo	352,219	96,555	35.77
Washington	287,316	56,324	20.03
Milwaukee	285,315	81,847	39.54
Louisville	235,591	42,972	27.00
Providence	175,597	43,451	32.88

DOLLIVER APPOINTED SENATOR.

Iowa Congressman Given the Place Left Open by Gear's Death.

Gov. Shaw of Iowa has announced the appointment of Congressman J. P. Dolliver of Fort Dodge to be United States Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator John H. Gear.



CONGRESSMAN DOLLIVER.

The appointment runs to March 4, 1901. The Legislature does not meet in regular session till 1902 and Dolliver's appointment is likely to be renewed to run until his successor is elected.

KANSAS' GREAT WHEAT CROP.

It Means a Shower of \$60,000,000 to the Farmers.

The Kansas farmer has begun to turn his grain into dollars. The movement of the greatest wheat crop ever raised in the Southwest is under way. Elevators are kept busy receiving the wheat and pouring it into cars, to be whirled away to the great markets. But the movement is not yet well under way. Many farmers are holding grain for higher prices. Others cannot secure threshers immediately, although thousands of them were purchased this season.

It is estimated that this year's wheat crop will require 100,000 cars. Should any considerable portion of this crop be thrown on the market now the railroads would be swamped. They are now running night and day shifts in the work of car building and repairing. The wheat crop of Salina County alone amounts to 3,000,000 bushels, worth \$2,000,000. Eight hundred bushels is counted as a carload. Fifteen counties in the wheat belt harvested an average of 3,000,000 bushels each. So the sale of this one product will bring to each of them \$2,000,000 in cash.

A Hartford, Conn., dog broke into the poultry yard in the suburbs of that city a few nights ago and killed 160 chickens. He picked out for his victims a lot of fancy poultry, the owner of which had reserved them as fancy specimens of his different breeds for exhibition purposes during the coming fall.

At the Point Judith Country Club, Narragansett Pier, L. I. "As You Like It" was produced. Amelle Shaw and Maurice Barrymore took leading parts and Kid McCoy filled the role of Charles, the wrestler.

Spotless Town and Its People.



THE MAYOR OF SPOTLESS TOWN.

This is the Mayor of Spotless Town, The brightest man for miles around. The shining light of wisdom can Reflect from such a polished man, And so he says to high and low: "The brightest use SAPOLIO."



THE BUTCHER OF SPOTLESS TOWN.

This is the Butcher of Spotless Town, His tools are bright as his renown. To leave them stained were indiscreet, For folks would then abstain from meat, And so he brightens his trade, you know, By polishing with SAPOLIO.



THE MAID OF SPOTLESS TOWN.

This is the Maid of fair renown Who scrubs the floors of Spotless Town. To find a speck when she is through Would take a pair of specs or two, And her employment isn't slow, For she employs SAPOLIO.

How the Chinese Unite Words.

The Chinese unite the words in a name so that they form one word, just as we write Newtown, Hartford, or Deerfield. Sometimes we unite the words in a Chinese name and sometimes we separate them, but there is no reason, for example, why we should write Tien-Tsin when we do not write Pe-Kin. Each of these names is composed of two words. Pe means "north" and Kin means "the capital" or the "the King's household," and thus Pe-Kin means the northern capital. Tien means "heavenly" and Tsin means "place," and thus the name of the largest city in northwest China means "heavenly place"—a name it has borne for many centuries. When Marco Polo visited the city in the thirteenth century he translated its name into "Citta Celeste"—New York Sun.

Newest Wrinkle.

"Her marriage seems to be happier than the majority of that kind."

"Yes, and it's all owing to the wisdom of her father. Instead of settling a fortune upon them he gives his titled son-in-law an allowance that is to cease if they ever separate."

"Oh, I see. Instead of buying a husband for her he has secured one on a salary."—Chicago Post.

Bavarian Pencil Factories.

Bavaria can boast of twenty-eight pencil factories, which employ 10,000 people, including men, women and children. Together they produce no fewer than 4,000,000 black and 300,000 colored pencils per week. The total output last year reached the enormous quantity of 230,000,000 pencils, in the manufacture of which over 1,800 acres of cedar were used.

At \$1 Per.

"What was the trouble at that house where the complaint came from yesterday?" asked the superintendent of the gas company.

"Nothing much," replied the inspector. "I found a centipede in one of the pipes."

"Ah! an extra hundred feet. See that they're changed for that."—Philadelphia Press.

Melted butter requires three and a half hours for digestion.



THE COOK OF SPOTLESS TOWN.

The Cook of Spotless Town you see Who takes the cake, as you'll agree. She holds it in her fingers now. It isn't light—but anyhow 'Twill lighten her domestic woe— A cake of plain SAPOLIO.



THE POLICEMAN OF SPOTLESS TOWN.

This brilliant man walks up and down Upon the streets of Spotless Town. The glitter of his shining star Arrests attention from afar. It lights the beat and goes to show That naught can beat SAPOLIO.



THE DOCTOR OF SPOTLESS TOWN.

This lean M. D. is Doctor Brown, Who fares but ill in Spotless Town. The town is so confounded clean It is no wonder he is lean. He's lost all patients now, you know, Because they use SAPOLIO.

His Reasons for Running Away.

"You ran at the first fire, did you?" said the colonel of a colored regiment.

"Yes, sah," was the unblushing reply. "an' I would have run soomah if I had knowed it was comin'."

"But here you no regard for your reputation, Sam?"

"Reputation is wufin to me, sah, by the side of life."

"Well, if you lost yo' life you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me, sah, when de power of feelin' it was gone?"

"Then patriotism is nothing to you, Sam?"

"Nuffin wateher, sah."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance."

"Yes, sah, dat's so, dese would hab been to help for it, I wouldn't put my life into dese scales 'gainst any government dat eber existed, for no government could resist de loss to me. I 'spect, though, dat de government would be safe, 'nuff it all de soldiers were like me, as den dere couldn't be no fitin'."

Shipyards in Germany.

There are thirty-nine shipyards in Germany, employing altogether nearly 50,000 men, and together they constructed last year 528 vessels of all kinds for the navy, the merchant marine and for river traffic of the larger description. Of these yards five are used for the construction of naval vessels, having an aggregate capacity for the simultaneous construction of over forty of the largest ships, twenty-eight torpedo destroyers, and thirty torpedo boats.

In Boston.

Minerva—I wouldn't think of marrying him. Why, he said he hoped he could make me happy!

Diana—What is the objection to that?

Minerva—Why, he ought to know that mortals are put on earth to fulfill missions, not to be happy!—Puck.

The Prince of Wales still pursues his law studies most systematically. He was chosen a bencher of the Middle Temple a number of years ago.