IRENE'S VOW

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

Sonely, my darling?"

book I have always a companion." He then informed her that it was cus- with hot iron.

I will describe them as I go."

fested any interest.

Then it seemed to her that her heart her. duke's voice uttering these words:

great statesman, Lord Gerani. I am love. auxious to show him all honor, and you What was the duke saying? will help me. I am sure."

"I will do my best, Ildephonse, to meet lore her."

your wishes in every way," it said. more from his sight.

in England-Lady Lira Gerant."

Had he noticed his wife more, he would loving and charming.

Estmere, of the Mere." passionate pain; a mist swam before her she knew; she knew! to her face.

"You interest me greatly, Hdephonse," than delighted I am."

she said. motions of politics: I have asked him with the least; then the duke said: his wife, Lady Estmere; and if, in all "Irene, you look tired; let me give you England, there is one woman with whom a chair. Why are you standing?" it would delight me to see you on friend- She was just conscious when she sat by terms, it is Lady Estmere. She is down that Lady Estmere was saying young like yourself, beautiful-not as something to her. She closed her eyes for you, but next to you-clever and good. I one instant, and then strength came back feel sure that you will love her, and it is to her. It was a relief to her when the the dearest wish of my heart that you dinner bell rang. The duke offered his should do so. Our families are and all arm to Lady Estmere, and Lord Gerant ways have been so intimate that I shall took down the duchess. She recovered hope to see you and Lady Estmere like herself sufficiently to talk to the great

cease? Would the torture never stop? to see him. Would be never rise from that chair and . "I am sure," said Lord Gerant, "that thoughts?

"How long will they remain?" she ask-

ers longer, Irone!" he cried, catching a ing smiles, glimpse of her pale face. "Irene, you any fashion, to make her escape.

CHAPTER XVII.

to the young duchess.

* few minutes, looking at the smooth, dropped one of the lovely white violets sweet leaves, and thinking of the glitter from her bouquet. In an instant he had ing islands where the paim trees grow, stooped to pick it up, and offered it to She heard a slight murmur, the rustle of her with a low bow. She passed him wilk: she heard her husband's voice in with the most queenly indifference, and accents of warm welcome, and then

face to the light? how speak, how act or matter.' move? A low mosn came from her fips; The next moment she was gone, and the rings made great dents in her white go out with her.

For she heard his voice once again-Fast, telling her, in what she believed to pictures and art?" be, never had been his wife.

Down the long vista of the drawing clearly put." woom she could see a little party coming Bear his name, and now he found her voice of the duchess struck her.

biz in statuesque folds; her face fair and gether.' to draw all the brightness around her, ently. Do you like pictures, duchess?" edumage of some rare birds, touched her them," she replied. white breast, and no stir of the spotless feathers told of the beating heart within. The white hands did not tremble; the sculpture and everything else that comes beautiful arms, bare to the shoulders and under the meaning of the word 'art,' " clasped by diamond bracelets, were still she replied. se though no heart-best made ber whole | Then be was quite at a loss what to es, she awaited bim.

Step by step she heard him advance- drawn herself quite away from him. eace he laughed, carelessly. At the leave them together the charm and polgound of his voice she might have brok- ish of Sir Hulbert's manner must make | said?" acked Sir Hulbert, gravely.

CHAPTER XVI.-(Continued.) | ten down; the sound of his laugh embold-"Alone, and reading, Irene? Are you ened her. It was the same laugh that had driven her almost mad on the morn-"No, I am never lonely," she replied, ling he had told her that she was not his "unless I had myself in a crowd; with a wife. She could meet him now, for the memory of her wrongs burned her as

bomary, during the fall and winter, to Nearer her still. Something comes behave a number of guests at Saxonhurst, tween her and the brilliant light. Shadand that it was his intention to present lows seem to fall, and the duke is speaksome of his most intimate friends to her. ing. She does not raise her eyes, for "I have written a list of those whom I she thinks to herself that if she looks think we ought to invite." he said, "and up and sees him suddenly she will fall down dead. Those who are watching ner He then named Lord and Lady Waldo intently think, despite her great beauty Hurst, his next of kin: Lady Lyster, a and exalted position, how shy she is; for wealthy widow; Miss Claring, an Amerithe long lashes lay on the beautifully the voice had any echo in her heart. ean heiress, and several others. But it tinted cheeks. She is horribly conscious was not until he mentioned, as one of that he stands over her; and she knows his friends. Lord Gerant, that she mani- also that a terrible calm has come over

stood still and refused to beat; that great | Presently she realizes that her husband | against her white breast, proud that no med light shone before her eyes, and a stands before her. She sees rich folds of feather fluttered or moved; proud that mist of sorrow and pain enfolded her, out white satia, and she knows that Lady her jeweled hands did not tremble; proud of which she heard the slow tones of the Estmere-the woman who bears the name | that he should see that he had no power that ought to be hers-also stands there; to make her tremble or to move her. "My most honored guest will be the the woman who unwittingly stole her

"Ordinary forms of introduction are in The voice that answered him was faint this case useless. I want the daughter and low, and seemed to come from afar of the oldest friend I have in the world to love my wife, and I want my wife to

Then the duchess looked up and saw Lower sank the beautiful golden head; before her a beautiful woman, whose cy, and so can never be a stranger to the rich draperies of muslin and lace rose frank eyes and sweet lips smiled almost | me." and fell as though her heart were break- tenderly at her. They looked at each ing; the beautiful face drooped more and other fixedly for an instant-these two than I am," she said. women who had crossed each other's "That brings me," said the duke, "to lives so strangely-and then two white the next name on my list. My old friend hands met each other. The duchess has a daughter who is one of the most made some kindly answer, and Lady Estbeautiful women and the richest heiress mere said to herself that the difficulty would be not to love one so exquisitely the poison sting of an adder. Her face

have seen her face grow deadly pale, and | Another minute and the draperies of s great gasp come from her parted lips. white satin had vanished. A gentleman "Lady Lira married a man who will with a star on his breast was bowing ! leave his mark on the age-Sir Hulbert before her, and the duke, in a voice that | crave your pardon." she knew faltered with emotion, told her | "Be careful that you do not repeat the It had come at last-this name, which that this was Lord Gerant, his dearest offense," she said, imperiously. was to her like the knell of doom. For a friend. She must speak that she knew few minutes she thought she must fall -if she died for it. And then the earl from the chair to the ground. The sound made way for some one else. She would have presumed to touch you but that I non and the Britisher went one evenof the name so long and so dearly loved. not raise her eyes, but she saw a dark, so long unheard, struck her with keen, handsome head bending low before her;

eyes, a sound of rushing waters filled her A few words from the duke, and then ears. With a violent, almost desperate, the voice that had once made her life's effort, she recovered herself; she stilled music said, in a tone the significance of the trembling, she forced the color back | which she herself perfectly understood: "I cannot tell your grace how more

Few words: but to her they meant so "Do I? I am very glad. I feared from much. If she had looked at him she your silence that it was otherwise, I was must have died. It seemed to her that a selling you that my friend's daughter, hand of ice clutched at her heart; that I am the Duchess of Bayard. There can Lady Lira Gerant, had married a rising the blood froze in her veins; that she be nothing in common between us." etatesman, Sir Hulbert Estmere. I like must fall flat with her face on the him very much; we agree exactly in our ground; that she could not help herself in

statesman, and she delighted him by tell-Oh, heaven! would the voice never ing him how often she herself had longed

Beave her to the anguish of her own we shall be great friends; and I think the duke has done the wisest action in his life in marrying again.

"I hope you will always think so." said "Lord Gerant for two weeks; the oth- the duchess, with one of her most charm-

it was a long and splendid banquet, are not looking well! I am tiring you." worthy of the grand banqueting hall in And she was only too pleased, after which it was given, worthy of the host who gave it; and Sir Hulbert, watching the duchess intently, wondered where been had acquired that calm, serene On the evening when the party of manner which caused her to be considmests were expected, the first who are ered one of the best bred women of the gived were Lord and Lady Waldo Hurst day. One thing struck him-look at her and Miss Chaning, the famous Americaa as he would, he never found her eyes on Seiress. They were formally presented him; she treated him as the greatest stranger. When the ladies rose to retire, Irene stood apart from her guests for as she passed him, quite by accident she did not take the flower.

Oh, heaven, how was she to live? how "My bouquet is failing to pieces," she was she to bear it? how ever turn her said; "one flower more or less does not

she clinched her hands so tightly that all the brightness of the room seemed to

When he entered the drawing room he "Oh, heaven!" she cried, from the sat down by her side. The diamond cross depths of her heart, "help me, or I shall on her white breast did not stir. He could not flatter himself that her heart heat one degree quicker for his coming. the voice of the man she had so passion. "You have some fine engravings there, stely loved—the voice that she had heard duchess," he said: "do you care about

be her home, telling her she could never. "That is a very comprehensive question," she said; "and pardon me, not very

"Quite right," said Lord Gerant, coward them, led by the duke. I'ri ... thought the same thing when I heard it.' came to her aid. He had slighted her. Lady Estmere looked up a little anxhe had not thought her good enough to jously; the strange inflection in the sweet

sharing the most noble name in England. "I am afraid they are not going to like So she stood awaiting him, her rich, each other," she thought, "and that would exailing draperies of cream and lace fail- be a great pity. I must bring them to-

eroud as that of a stately queen; the light . "I am very unfortunate," said Sir Hulchining in her diamonds until it seemed hert. "Let me frame my question differ-The feweled fan, made of the priceless 'I do more. I love and appreciate

"Now I must ask, do you love art?" "Yes, of all kinds-music, painting,

frame tremble. Calm, with serene, high- say; he who was ever so eloquent, so flubred, perfect grace, with fair proud bean- ent in words, so plentiful in ideas; for him; I did not excuse myself or others. she had never looked at him and had I told him the simple, unvarnished every step it seemed to her treading on His wife just them earned his deepest ther heart. For the time she forgot all gratitude. She was very anxions that him any clew by which he could know the world except him; everything else they should become friends; and she it?" he asked. was lost. Step by step. Once he spoke: thought to herself that if she were to

an impression on one so refined as the He began to have some kind of ide. young duchess. She made the conversa- that danger was in store for him.

were here last."

"Most of them were purchased in face." Rome," said the duchess. "Shall I go with you, Lady Estmere?"

good order for me while I am away." She did not raise her eyes; she made my vengeance."

a whisper of: "Irene-Irene, have you no word for geance."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Not one line in that fair, proud face moved; not even a curve of the proud lips showed that she had heard him, or that "Irene," he cried, and this time there

was the ring of passion in his voice. Still she leaned back in her chair with him, and that he is gazing in wonder on the same calm, serene, queenly indifference, holding the rich feathers of her fan

"Irene!" he cried, "for heaven's sake, speak to me; you are driving me mad!" Unutterable scorn and contempt deep-

ened in those beautiful eyes. "If you are speaking to me." she re-Duchess of Bayard." "Speak to me," he cried, "whoever you

may be now. You have been Irene Dar-"There is no greater stranger to you

He thought she was rising to go away. and with eager carelessness laid his hand on her arm as though to detain her. In one moment he saw his mistake; she had flung it from her as though it had been grew deadly pale with anger; she trembled with indignation that he should dare to lay even one finger on her.

"I beg you to forgive me," he said, "I

ing?" Nothing could have been more proud, or still, or contemptuous than that beautiful face. She made no answer.

"Do you think." he cried, "that I can forget?" Then she spoke.

are Sir Hulbert Estmere of the Mere; claimed the Englishman. "You cannot forget; you must, you

shall remember," he cried. Then she opened her beautiful eyes quite wide and looked at his with su- laugh: preme contempt.

if I could forget. I do not; I remember | blacksmith was not at home!"-St. many things, and, above all, I remember

"Your vow! What vow?" he asked. "My yow of vengeance," she said. "I made it, and I shall keep it-let it be a long time or a short time before the opportunity comes, I do not care-I shall keep it to the end."

"Your vow against me of vengeance against me?" he said.

you." she repeated.

not like the words. said. "You could not ask for a more brilliant lot in life than you have now. could you, in all fair dealing, Irene? I must speak frankly to you, and I pray rou most humbly to listen. You see that our family and the house of Bayard are on the most friendly terms. I heard of | claring his inability to do so, produced the duke's marriage, but I need not tell the following: "What does the rain say refrain altogether."-Baltimore Ameriyou that in my wildest dreams I could to the dust? 'I am on to you and your can. never guess who the duchess was. I have thought of you a thousand times each day. Irene, but my thoughts were all fears. If I had known that you were the duke's wife I should not have come. You see the position is an awkward one

lighten me." "I do not see that you have any posi tion to mention," she said, hanghtily.

for me, unless you are kind enough to en-

ill bear suspense. Tell me in one word, does the duke know your story?"

"I cannot see how that interests you, Sir Hulbert," she replied.

"It interests me this much," he said, that if he knows it I leave the house bands. Once it swayed out of the per to-night never to re-enter it, and that pendicular, but by means of a kite and there will be bitter war between us." She looked at him with angry indigna- It was swayed back. Germany has a

"Do you suppose for one moment," she said. "that if that honorable, loyal gentleman whom I call my husband knew your real character he would allow you let?" said Mr. Stormington Barnes. to cross his threshold?" "There are worse characters than

mine," he said, sullenly. "I think not, Sir Hulbert. A traitor ranks with a spy, and you are the very

king of traitors. "You are very kind," he answered, his handsome face growing pale with anger. His care about great Danes? What long? She looked at him from head to foot, they want is the bloodhounds in 'Uncle with one of the long, lingering, contemptuous glances that sting a man like the lash of a whip.

"As though I could speak kindly to you. vile traitor," she said. "Irene, I will try to be patient. You

are torturing me as a cat tortures a mouse. Will you tell me if the duke knows the story of what you call my fraud?" "Yes," she answered; 'he knows the

story. I did not keep one detail from truth." she replied. "Did you tell him my name, or give

"No. I did not," was the brief reply. "Would you mind telling me what he

tion general for a few minutes, then said "I will tell you with pleasure," she answered. "He asked me your name "Papa, I should like to see the pictures and I declined to tell him. He said that in the white drawing room; the duke tells he should be quite sure to find it out, and me there are several new ones since we when that happened he would never rest until he had set his foot on the traitor's

"Well," said Sir Hulbert, with a faint attempt at a sneer, "it seems to me It was the first time she had called the that I am likely to have a lively time of beautiful woman who had supplanted her it. But as I am no coward I do not fear.

by name, and her lips trembled over it. What do you threaten me with, Irene? "No," said Lady Esttmere, laughingly, "It would please me if you would try "the greatest favor you can do me is to to remember that my title is Duchess of talk to Sir Hulbert and keep him in Bayard," she said, imperiously. "I threaten you with nothing. I owe you

no answer; she heard the rustle of rich | And again a certain expression of anxdraperies, and then there floated to her jety crossed his face. He did not like the frequent repetition of the word "ven-

(To be continued.)

Exquisitely Evaded. Singularly apropos of Emerson's poetic dictum.

I hold it of little matter Whether your jewel be of pure water. A rose diamend or a white,

But whether it dazzled me with light. is a story of Herman Merivale, an Englishman of letters, and that brilliant and lovable actress. Miss Ellen Terry. which comes from the London period ical known as M. A. P.

When Miss Terry appeared in "Mac beth." Mr. Merivale thought, with many others, that her part was not suited to her personality or ability. He did not care for her Lady Macbeth at all, and decided not to go behind the plied, "Sir Hulbert Estmere, I am the scenes in case he should be asked to express an opinion. Sir Henry Irving, however, sent him a most pressing invitation, and directly Miss Terry caught sight of him she hurried across the stage, and asked eagerly:

"Well, how do you like me?" "Nell," returned Mr. Merivale, "the first time we met I saw you as 'Puck,' springing from the earth behind a toadstool. You bewitched me then, and you've been doing it ever since."

"Ask the Blacksmith." When Attorney Tom Cannon went East with the Jefferson Club to Monticello, he chanced to run down to Richmond and Newport News. At the latter place he met a full-fledged English-"Irene," he repeated, "for heaven's man, a Londoner, who was visiting He's killed his man." sake do not drive me mad. I would not America for the first time. Mr. Canwas afraid you were going to leave me. ing for a ride into the country and Do you think I have no heart, no feel- chanced upon a typical Virginia vil-

> Over a blacksmith shop was suspended a jocular sign, which read:

"Ten miles to the next town, If you can't read, ask the blacksmith." "If you cawn't read awsk the black "There can be nothing to remember, smith," I cawn't understand what that nothing to forget," she said calmly, "You | bally sign means, don't ye know," ex-

"Oh, that's a joke," explained Mr.

The Englishman studied the sign for a full minute and then declared with a "How jolly clevah, don't ye know!

"It would be well for you," she said, Wouldn't it be a great joke if the bally

Louis Post-Dispatch. Sayings of Smart Youngsters. A Boston teacher recently read to her young pupils an account of a man "who had lived for years upon the frontier." When the story was reproduced by one of the children, to her surprise it read that he had lived for some years "on his wife, showing her husband the new "Yes, my vow of vengeance against front ear!" Another teacher read that a piece of millinery. gentleman "had occupied for some time He drew back a little, as though he did a fine country seat." Upon asking the husband, moodily gazing at the bill children what was meant by a "country which had accompanied it. "It must "It is best as it is. I do not see any seat" a dead silence reigned till one lit- be by one of the old masters."- Baltioccasion for melodrama of any kind," he the fellow said he thought he knew, and to the inquiry of the teacher replled: "A milking stool." Still another had been reading to her pupils about the rain. One, being asked to write a little story about the rain, after de-

> name is mud." A Tall Chimney.

The tallest smokestack on record is what is known as St. Rollox chimney at the Tennant chemical works, Glasgow. It is 4551/4 feet. It was originally 400 feet, but the management, learning that another stack was to be built He was in a fever of impatience and equaling it, added the fifty-five and onehalf feet to hold the record. The original "Oh, Irene, do not trifle with me; I can height was rendered necessary by the law against chemical works within the city and the necessity for carrying the fumes clear of the district. It is built of brick and supported by heavy iron the sawing of the mortar upon one side stack 396 feet high.

Business. "So you won't let me play 'Ham-

"Emphatically, no," answered the manager. "You have no respect for the char-

acter of the great Dane?" "Now, my dear Storm," was the soothing rejoinder, "what does the pub-

Unblased. "I trust," said one practical politician, "that you will approach the election in an absolutely unbiased spirit." "I shall," answered the other, "I have received equal amounts of money

Tom's Cabin.' "-Washington Star.

Largest of American Ships. The largest ships ever launched from an American shipyard are the Korea and Siberia, built at Newport News for the transpacific trade.

from both sides."-Washington Star.

Widows whose busbands are dead may be ebeerful, but their cheerfulness len't a circumstance to that of some grees widows.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DO-INGS HERE AND THERE.

lokes and lokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born-Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable-The Week's Humor.

The Iceman-Evidently warm weather is near.

His Assistant-What makes you

think so? The Iceman-People are beginning to call me "Mr. Smith." Haven't got

anything better all winter than "I say, you." or "Hello, there!"-Boston Transcript. Small Wonder.

Professor-You would be surprised, madam, to know how sensitive is the membrane of the human ear. Miss Smarter-Considering what

der at it. Poor Tommy. The Visitor-Does mamma give you

some people have to hear, I don't won-

anything for being a good boy? Tommy-No: she gives it to me when I ain't.

Well Protected.

"Dat big fellow goin' down there just hit me.

"Serves ve right. Ye oughter have a bloodhound like me, an' dev wouldn't dare hit ye."

A Hardened Wretch.

See that man with the hard face

"Indeed! Chauffeur or motorman?" -Yonkers Statesman.

A Wise Girl. Alice-How long should a girl know a man before becoming engaged to

Grace-Oh, long enough for him to Usual Thing.

Biggs I hear you are financially embarrassed; is it true? Diggs-No: my creditors seem to be a little embarrassed, but I'm not,

Gone. Aunt Maria-You should love your neighbor as yourself. Tom I love her better than I do

myself. He Was Next to the Game, "Put not your trust in riches," said the clerical-looking man in the rusty

"I don't," replied the prosperouslooking individual, "I put my riches

Judging by the Price. "This is a picture hat," said the fond

"Picture hat?" murmured the gentle more American.

A Rag-Time Comment. "The refrain," we said to our neighbor at the vaudeville performance, while the popular ballad was being rendered, "is prettier than the verses," "Yes," he agreed. "I wish he would



My lady's horse.

Why He Lost. Old Fogey-I am pained to hear that you are addicted to playing whist, and that last night you lost \$25. Young Fogey-The idea! Why. don't even know how to play the game.

entleman who won the money. His Acquaintance. Wigg-Have you known Harduppe

Old Fogey-So I am informed by the

Wagg No. He's been short ever since I've known him.-Philadelphia Record. Very Wet.

Customer-I want to get a nice book nothing dry. Clerk I think this will please you.

Customer-What is it?

naking. The Inveterate Angler. Mrs. Malaprop-My busband's geting ready for the opening of the fish-

Clerk A treatise on scientific rain-

HZ Season. Browne-Fond of the sport, eh? Mrs. Malaprop-Well, I should say. Why, he's a regular anglomaniac .-Philadelphia Press.

The Worser Half.

"Miss Sarkassum says you always bring a spring-like sensation to these

around you." "Now, that's what I call mighty nice of her.'

"Yes? Well, she went on to say something about the tired feeling that

comes with the spring."

Why He Knew.

"Didn't won know Jingleby wrote poetry?"

"Yes; he served a copy of his latest book on me last week." He Had.

"Haven't you any occupation?" ask-

ed the woman at the kitchen door, af-

"Yes, ma'am," responded Tuffeld Knutt. "I'm a hunter." "A hunter? Of what?"

ter listening to his tale of woe.

"Grub, ma'am."-Chicago Tribune,

Indications. " Do you think they'll marry?" "Circumstances point in that direction. Her people object, and he's an poor as a church mouse."

An Ideal Church. Mrs. Newcome - Yes, our new house s delightful and there's such a nice

church right near it. Mrs. Mooven-Indeed? What denom-

nation? Mrs. Newcome-I declare I don't know, but the pews are so arranged that you can see every one who comes in without the slightest trouble.

The Porter Got It. Hi Harix-Well, them bunko fellers 1 up tew the city didn't get my money this time, b'gosh.

Cy Corntas-Heow did yew manage Hi Harix-Rode on one uv them cars as her foldin' beds in 'em.-Chicago

News.

Body and Mind Overworked. "What scared you so? You are all out of breath."

"I just crossed the street in front of cross-eyed bicyclist who was in a hurry."-Brooklyn Life.

The Worm. She-Yes, I'm sorry I married your He-Oh! You were glad to get any-

body. I guess. You were no young

bird when I married you. She-No? But considering what I got you must admit that I was an early bird.-Philadelphia Press.

On the Seventeenth. "An' how did Murphy get the black

"Faith, he got it givin' another mon



Another Desideratum. "Do you think that wireless telegra-

phy will save time?" "Yes, if they can invent some sort of a messenger-boyless device for delivering the telegrams."-Washington

Homely. Rennett Did you ever know any one so homely?

homely that automobile goggles are actually becoming to her!-Puck. Poorest Record. Vanbibber-Who got the annual booby prize at the automobile club?

Nearpass Hardly! Why, she is so

Vanpelt-Slogo: he ran over only fourteen people during 1901.-Ohio State Journal. Too True. Teacher - What is the principal prod-

net of the Philippine islands? Johnnie Trouble. Practically Nothing. Castleton-I don't suppose you care much whether you sell your country place or not.

effort so far. I have only offered it at one-half what it cost me. - Life. Two Points of View. She-How terrible it must be for a

Von Blumer - No. I haven't made an

great singer to realize that she has lost her voice. He-Yes. And how much more ter-

rible for her audience when she doesn't

realize it. Chicago News. Wasted.

Editor-What we want is a story containing a real good idea. Contributor-Then why didn't you say so before? Here I have been reading the back numbers of your magazine for a clew.

Blissful Ignorance. Mrs. Hayrix (at city hotel)-Hiram. what's this here "patty de free grass" on the bill o' fare? Hayrix-Now, Miranda, keep your

mouth shut an' don't show your ignor-

ance. That's French for celery.-Chieago News. During His Absence. He-I know it! I feel it! You have been flirting with some other man. She But, my dear, I was so lonesome

A Crushing Comment. "Oh, I can marry any one I please," said he, and curled his lip conceitedly. "You'll never marry, then," said Madge, the tease, "for there are none that you could please, you see."-Philadelphia Press.

without you.