



CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Harleigh, while Falkland had been thus taking measures to procure by the means of the former's gift to Alice, surreptitiously obtained by Mildred Dacres, the means of liquidating a gambling debt, had been brooding over the scene of the preceding evening. While indulging in thoughts and feelings little to the advantage of Alice Dale, the door opened and a lady, closely veiled, was admitted. Harleigh handed her a chair, which she accepted in silence.

"Half an hour I think you said was the time you wish to remain?" said the warden as he turned to withdraw.

"Yes."

She did not move, nor again speak, till the grating of the bolt was heard on the outside of the door. She then threw aside the thick veil, which had entirely concealed her features.

"Can it be possible that I see Mildred Dacres?" said Harleigh.

"Must I infer from the cold astonishment you evince that you consider me intrusive, or it may be even, bold?" said she.

"I supposed that you were in America."

"I came in the same vessel that Falkland did, and I thought it likely that he might have mentioned it."

"I didn't see him till last evening, and then others were present."

"I should think that you might have found opportunity to inquire for friends from whom you have been so long absent."

"I will not affect to misapprehend your meaning, but I inquired for no one."

"I rejoice to find that you are so indifferent; otherwise, it might give you pain to know that all, and more than all, I hinted to you respecting Alice Dale, has turned out to be true. But I came not here for the purpose of accusing her. I would learn from your own lips in what way I can serve you. If I must speak more to the point," said she, "you and the others have been betrayed by one of your associates."

"Betrayed?" said he, with an air of bewilderment.

"Yes. You should have been careful whom you trusted in a matter of so much moment."

"All that you have said is to me an enigma."

"In plain words, then, the plot to assassinate the king has come to light."

"You say the plot, as if I was knowing to it, but I assure you that its existence is now made known to me for the first time."

"Even if it can be proved that you are ignorant of it, it may not be easy to make it appear that you are not involved in another, brought to light by the detection of this."

"Respecting which I am quite as much in the dark as relative to the assassination plot. What is it?"

"Nothing more than an innocent plan of insurrection, for a simultaneous rising of England and Scotland."

"By whom formed?"

"Some of the Whig leaders, of course. Among others, Lord Russell, Sidney, and your particular friend, John Hampden, with whom, unfortunately for yourself, you have of late often been seen in company."

"Not so often as I have with several other gentlemen, who certainly cannot be suspected of favoring any such enterprise."

"Still, as he is one of the chief of the conspirators, it has caused suspicion to fall on you."

"From which, as he never revealed to me any of the secrets of the confederacy, I think I shall find no difficulty in freeing myself."

"It may be difficult to prove that he never did. There is another thing, too, which will tell against you."

"What is it?"

"Your having, while in America, spent most of your time in Mr. Walworth's family, who was, as is well known, violently opposed to the restoration. There is no use in disguising it; your life, even, is in danger."

"You magnify the danger."

"Not so. But you shall be saved in spite of yourself. I will throw myself at the king's feet and plead for you as never woman pleaded before."

Harleigh was embarrassed. He hardly knew what to say. The emotion she expressed was too passionate, he thought, to be genuine. Still, though unable to free himself from this impression, he could not forbear feeling somewhat grateful for the interest she manifested in his welfare. It was with a sense of relief that he heard the door open and the voice of the warden announce that the half hour had expired. Mildred, who had hastened to draw her veil over her face, stepped close to Harleigh as she left the room, and in a suppressed voice, said:

"The mediation which I have offered to undertake in your behalf, though now rejected with scorn, may ere long be accepted, if not sought."

"You express yourself too strongly, Miss Dacres," he replied. "I do not scorn your offer, yet having never in thought, word or deed been guilty of what you say I am suspected of, it is only natural for me to suppose that my innocence will prove my best and most powerful pleader."

Mildred made no answer to this, but she bit her lips till the blood came, and, saying slightly with an air of dignity she well knew how to assume, she left the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

Although the vessel in which Alice Dale left America for England was nearly two weeks later than the one in which Falkland and Mildred Dacres took passage, yet owing to its being a better sailer, it arrived nearly as soon. It was more than a week after her arrival before either they or Harleigh had the least suspicion of her being in London.

Mrs. Elliston neither went abroad nor entertained visitors, with one or two exceptions. When she did go out she invariably took Alice with her.

An old, lumbering carriage was, on these occasions, usually brought into requisition, but one day, Mrs. Elliston being suddenly indisposed, a sedan was engaged for Alice, who, she insisted, should visit her friend, Mrs. Wade, though she was obliged to remain at home herself. The chairmen who conveyed her were instructed to go for her early, so that she would reach home before daylight.

As the evening had already set in, dark and gloomy, Mrs. Wade sent one of her own servants, and provided torches for each. Alice had never before, since her arrival in London, been out after dark, and as she was one moment borne swiftly along through the narrow street, the next impeded by the passing crowd, with the flaring torches borne before her, now lighting up a set of rough though good-natured features beneath the flat cap of the apprentice, and anon throwing their red glare on the smoother or handsomer though not honest face shaded by the waving plume of the courtier, she experienced a degree of apprehension, amounting almost to alarm. This sensation was not diminished, when she heard what passed between Mrs. Elliston's servant and one of the chairmen.

"You mustn't turn into this street," said the servant.

"We shall turn into whatever street we please," was the gruff answer.

"But it will lead us a roundabout way, besides taking us into more dangerous and lonely streets," remonstrated the servant.

"That's what it will," said the other torch bearer.

"If we are a mind to take the longer road, it is our lookout, not yours, seeing we have the burden to carry. We can find the way without the aid of your torches, so we will part company whenever it suits you."

"And the sooner the better, I say," remarked his companion.

"What say you, Bill? If I take them at their word, and show them by the light of my torch that I have a light pair of heels, will you follow me?" said the servant of Mrs. Wade.

"Willingly, if it were not for the young lady; but I haven't the heart to desert her."

"All that I can do, then, is to leave you, for it may eat up half a year's wages to get a broken head mended, which I shall stand a good chance of being obliged to have done, if I stay here."

"A good riddance," said one of two ruffian-looking fellows, who darted from beneath a low arch which formed the entrance of an alley.

At the same moment, the torch borne by Mrs. Elliston's servant was struck from his hand and trampled under foot.

"You had better profit by the example of your fellow-servant," said one of the villains.

Instead of replying, he addressed the chairmen, who had very coolly set down the sedan.

"When there are three of us," said he, "are we going to suffer ourselves to be stopped by only two?"

"There's no hurry—is there, Dick?" said one of them, addressing his companion.

"No," was the reply; "and besides, how are we to find our way in the dark?"

"I pray you to proceed," Alice ventured to say. "My friends will suffer much anxiety on account of my protracted absence."

"We should be glad to oblige you," said one of them, "but we think of stopping here a while to rest, and his remark was chorused by a loud laugh from the three others. "Stop your noise," said he who had excited their merriment, "or you will bring the police down upon us, with a score of grave citizens at their heels."

It now appeared evident to Alice that the four were acting in concert. The place where they had stopped did not appear to be the resort of those on whom a helpless girl would like to call for help, and except the wish she had expressed to proceed, she had remained perfectly silent. This had served to divert attention from her, and she determined to try and make her escape. At the very moment she was about to attempt it, one of the men stepped close to the side of the sedan.

"It is certainly time for him to be here," said he.

"Who knows but that we've made a mistake in the place where we were to stop?" said another.

"I know," said the first speaker, "that it is the exact spot where he told us to wait for him. Hist! If there's any dependence to be placed in my ears, that is Falkland's voice."

Falkland, then, was the person they were waiting for, which, together with the attending circumstances, was to Alice a new cause of terror. Favored by the darkness, she succeeded in leaving the sedan without attracting the attention of those near, and with feet winged with fear, flew along the narrow street in the direction opposite to that in which Falkland, with some one with him, was approaching. She turned the first corner she came to, and saw the door of a building open, entered, and stood in the presence of an elderly man who had something in his appearance that inspired her with confidence.

"O, sir," said she, "give me shelter! hide me before they can get here!"

"I am sorry that it has so fallen out that you should be driven to seek safety here," said he; "for those who belong to the remnant of the despised people of Israel, have little power to protect themselves or others."

"I will be only till I can send to my friends, when— There! I hear their voices. In a minute more they will be here. Is there no closet—no corner where I can be concealed?" said she, looking

wildly round the apartment, which she now found was a shop where were exhibited articles of old clothing and others scarcely more attractive.

Jeduthun, the Jew, for he it was, in answer to her appeal, opened a door which led into an inner room, and handed her a rush-light.

"On the further side of the room," said he, "there is a door which will admit you into a long and narrow passage, at the extremity of which is another door. Knock three times, and it will be opened by one as young and as fair as yourself. I will remain in the shop, lest my absence create suspicion."

By this time loud voices were almost at the threshold. Jeduthun hastened to remove the bar, which, when Alice had first entered, he had placed across the door. He had only time to assume the appearance of one who is ready to serve customers when the two ruffians who had waited under the shadow of the arch for the arrival of the sedan burst into the shop, followed closely by the two chairmen. Jeduthun stepped forward a little and said:

"What is your will?"

"Dog of a Jew," said one of them, "you know well enough it isn't your vile merchandise we want!"

"What would you have, then?"

"We would have the bird that's escaped from the cage standing just outside the door."

"I know nothing of bird or cage," answered the Jew.

"Why don't you speak to the purpose, Dick?" said one of the others. "One would suppose you were a bird fancier. Come to the point, and tell him that a fair damsel in the guise of a Puritan, yet still more cunning than fair, while we were waiting for the arrival of the gentleman who was to give us directions as to where we should carry her, stole out of the sedan."

"For which, as I was not there, I am not to be blamed," said Jeduthun.

"She fled hither," said he who had been called Dick.

"Which I could not prevent."

"She was seen to enter your shop."

"It is easy to be mistaken so dark a night as this, but you have your eyes, and can look where you please."

It needed only a slight search to show that there was no place of concealment in the shop.

"Here's a door," said one.

"Yes, and we will see what is the other side of it," said Dick.

"It is a poor place," said the Jew, "and you will see no one there, save my maid servant, who, having been abroad, returned some few minutes before your arrival, and was doubtless mistaken by you for the damsel you are in pursuit of."

On opening the door, they saw, as they had been told, only a poor place, as far as could be judged by the dim lamp and the light of a few half-burnt brands in the large, open fireplace. Near it sat the maid servant, employed in repairing some coarse garment.

"Are you satisfied with the search you have made?" inquired the Jew.

"No, as you will some day find to your sorrow," replied Skellum.

After they had withdrawn, a few words in suppressed tones passed between one of them and the person who had been loitering near the door. Shortly afterward, Gilbert Falkland entered. A quick, almost imperceptible knitting of the brows, accompanied by a compression of the lips, equally slight and transient, showed that either the Jew did not care to see him, or that some suspicion to his disadvantage had entered his mind.

"I have come to make you an offer," said Falkland.

"I am ready to listen to it."

"Either give me one hundred pounds, or deliver up to my protection the young lady who is somewhere concealed beneath this roof."

"If you have lost a wife or a sister, and it can be proved that she is beneath my roof, she shall not be withheld from her natural protector."

"And what if she be neither?"

"In that case, even if there were a damsel here, I wouldn't, against her will, deliver her up."

"Give me the gold, then."

"I already hold your bond for twice the sum you just now named, which, were I to tell you what I think, I should say was of little value."

"A minute since, I gave you your choice, either to deliver up the maiden you have concealed, or give me one hundred pounds. I give it to you no longer, for, on second thought, a day or two will place her where I can try the same game over I have tried to-night, which I shall take care she won't be a losing one; and the better to insure success, those employed must be liberally rewarded, which can't be done with an empty purse. You see, therefore, that I must have the money."

(To be continued.)

They Always Have a Smile.

When the gentleman at the desk had attended to the cases of various applicants he turned to a pleasant-faced, well-dressed man who was patiently awaiting his attention.

"Well," he said to him, with a smile, "what can I do for you to-day?"

"Nothing," was the quiet response.

"Ah, that's pleasant; everybody seems to want some sort of a favor. Come in and sit down! you are a relief."

The pleasant-faced man bowed and accepted the invitation.

"On the other hand," he said, when he was comfortably settled. "I want to give you something."

"That's nicer than ever," smiled the host. "I've heard that it was better to give than to receive; but I've never had much chance to try both."

The visitor took a book out of his pocket.

"I want to give you," he said, bowing again, "an opportunity to put your name down for the finest work ever sent out by a publishing firm in—"

But he never finished the sentence.

Common to All.

Tess—She and Mr. Gabbie appear to be talking very animatedly. They have something in common, apparently.

Jess—Yes, they're discussing the weather.—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Annie Ray, of Oakland, Cal., who lately filed suit for divorce, appeared as her own attorney and prepared the necessary papers herself without the assistance of a lawyer.

HONESTY IN WALL STREET.

How J. P. Morgan Taught a Lesson to Some Shrewd Brokers.

A few weeks ago a Wall street firm was agent for a coterie of street railroad capitalists in Philadelphia. The agents held about 60,000 shares of stock for the capitalists on margin—shares that the Philadelphians were under moral obligations to control. One day the agents sent word to the Philadelphians that those shares must be taken up at once or they would be thrown on the market. The New York men knew that it would be impossible for the Pennsylvanians to take up those stocks on such short notice. Anticipating their failure to do so, the New York agents had agreed to sell at a low price far more of the stock than they had held. They expected that when the 60,000 shares were cast upon the market they would be able to buy at a still lower price all that was needed to fill their own contracts, and that a heavy gain would be made.

This was a scheme that in other years would have worked, and to the serious injury of many more than those immediately concerned. But a new power had come into Wall street. The Philadelphia men took a special train to New York and went to J. Pierpont Morgan. They informed him of their predicament. "Tell those fellows to send that stock in to me," replied Mr. Morgan at once. The agents were in despair. They were forced to ask for the twenty-four hours allowed by the Stock Exchange in such emergencies. Next morning the agents said that by a mistake in bookkeeping it had been thought that securities were in New York which were really in London, and they could not be delivered for a week or more. Meanwhile the stock was largely bought on the Stock Exchange, the price went up, and the agents were forced to buy at very high prices in order to deliver the 60,000 and other shares they had agreed to deliver at reduced prices. The agents had extreme difficulty in retaining their seat on the exchange, and some very salutary advice was administered before the incident was closed.—World's Work.

Plain Language from Truthful James.

Which I wish to remark, And my language is plain, That for ways that are dark And for tricks that are vain The heathen Chinese is peculiar, Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name, And I shall not deny In regard to the same What that name might imply, But his smile it was pensive and childlike, As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third, And quite soft was the skies, Which it might be inferred That Ah Sin was likewise; Yet he played it that day upon William And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game And Ah Sin took a hand; It was euche. The same He did not understand; But he smiled as he sat by the table, With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stacked In a way that I grieve, And my feelings were shocked At the state of Nye's sleeve, Which was stuffed full of aces and bow-ers, And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played By that heathen Chinese, And the points that he made Were quite frightful to see; Till at last he put down a right bower, Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye, And he gazed upon me, And he rose with a sigh And said: "Can this be? We are ruined by cheap Chinese labor." And he went for that heathen Chinese.

In the scene that ensued I did not take a hand, But the floor it was strewed Like the leaves on the strand With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long, He had twenty-four packs, Which was coming it strong, Yet I state but the facts; And we found on his nails, which were taper, What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark, And my language is plain, That for ways that are dark And for tricks that are vain The heathen Chinese is peculiar, Which the same I am free to maintain.—Bret Harte.

HUNTING MOTHS.

Elaborate Apparatus Used by English Entomologists.

The paraphernalia carried by the entomologist in night work in England, although less whimsical in character than that used in hunting the "Snark," is almost as varied. It includes a stout wooden box, inside of which is carried a big lamp, a "killing bottle" of cyanide and a number of pill-boxes of various sizes; three eight-foot poles; a white sheet about ten feet long by five feet wide; a pot of molasses—called "sugar" by the moth-catcher; a hand lantern, a moth-trap and the indispensable net. With these articles in a wheelbarrow, says Pearson's Magazine, the moth-catcher starts toward sunset for his hunting-ground.

The Wicken Sedge fen in Cambridgeshire is the place where some of the rarest insects find an English home, and toward this bit of wild fen the entomologist makes his way.

He goes somewhat laboriously over the marshy ground, along narrow paths, and after a walk of about fifteen minutes arrives at an open space, where the sedge has been cut.

Quickly fixing in the ground two of the long poles, the moth-hunter stretches out the big white sheet between them. Ten feet or so away he fixes his lamp on the third pole, so that the light will fall full on the sheet. Conveniently near he arranges a number of the pill-boxes, the lantern and the "killing bottle," and hangs the moth-trap on an adjacent tree to take its share of the night's spoil.

This moth-trap, although regarded as of secondary importance, is a very ingenious contrivance, so designed that when the moths, attracted by a light inside, once enter, they cannot escape.

After the trap has been set a third snare for the moths is prepared, the sinewy young branches of the low shrubs, which grow profusely in the fen, being twisted and tied together in knotty bunches, which are liberally smeared with molasses, with a dash of rum in it.

When it is sufficiently dark for the moths to fly the big lamp is lighted, and its strong light is thrown upon the sheet, so that it is easy to see the smallest moth that may come within range. The moth-catcher takes his stand, net in hand, slightly behind the lamp, and in this position is ready to rush forward and take any moth which may settle on the sheet or fly into the lighted space.

Should it be a hot, dry night, with heavy clouds banked over the set sun, as often happens, particularly in July, the moth-catcher will have a very warm time of it. The perspiration will soon be streaming down his back, and flies and gnats will sing and buzz in his eyes and ears.

On most nights the fun is all over by 12 o'clock, but on a good night it will last until one or two o'clock, and in

Syndicate for Paris Tenants.

A syndicate has been started in Paris to promote the interests of tenants. The landlords already have their syndicate.

When it is said that a man is rich, some little old woman present pipes up with, "Well, then, why doesn't he do something for his poor kins?"

VICE ADMIRAL DE BEAUMONT.

Two distinguished naval officers, Vice Admiral de Beaumont, maritime prefect of Toulon, and Rear Admiral Servan, commanding the Atlantic division, have been summarily relieved of their commands by order of President Loubet.

Rear Admiral Servan's downfall is attributed to sensational developments

which led up to the recent suicide of Commander Barry, who shot himself in the cabin of the cruiser Tage while off Martinique. Rear Admiral Servan was aboard the Tage at the time.

De Beaumont's discipline is said to be due to a recently published, but denied, interview severely criticising the Minister of Marine, M. Pelletan.

Told by a Tourist.

One of my favorite trolley rides in Denver had as its terminal a road leading to a country village. The latter was perched nest-like on the summit of a lofty hill and was reached by a primitive horse car. "With many a weary step and many a groan," a modern Sisypus disguised as a horse enjoyed all the rapture of a toboggan into the village. But once there, think of his reward! When the time came for the return of the car he was unfettered from the harness, walked quietly round, boarded the rear platform, and, while his head and tail extended funnily from either side, the grip was relaxed, the car sped down the hill by its own velocity, and the horse enjoyed all the rapture of a toboggan slide, which he apparently appreciated to the uttermost.

Chinese Documents.

Many ancient documents have been discovered in the exploration of the sand-covered towns of Chinese Turkestan. They consist of writings on wooden tablets, and are sealed and tied when found, the sand having preserved them in excellent condition. Even the ink with which they were written is still black and easily read. It is believed that these documents will throw much light on the life and customs of the people that formerly lived in this desert. The script in which they are written is of a kind still known in India.

Lincoln's Hay Crop.

A story of Abraham Lincoln would have to be older than the one below to lose its characteristic savor.

In the summer of 1857 Mr. Lincoln was sitting in his office, when he was visited by one of his neighbors, an excellent farmer, but one inclined to increase the size of his crops even after harvesting. He had given, on this particular morning, a skillfully padded account of the hay he had put in.

"I've been cutting hay, too," remarked Mr. Lincoln.

"Why, Abe, are you farming?"

"Yes."

"What you raise?"

"Just hay."

"Good crop this year?"

"Excellent."

"How many tons?"

"Well, I don't know just how many tons. Simpson, with my men stacked all they could outdoors, and then stored the rest in the barn."—Philadelphia Times.

They tell of a colored constable who was hit in the face with a brick, and whose mouth was knocked so far around that he was compelled to back up to a telephone when he attempted to send to the police station for help.

OLD FAVORITES

LAUGHED AT WRONG TIME.

The Negro Idea of Humor as Seen by the Ex-Actor.

"The difference between the white man and the negro is never more strikingly shown than in the conception of humor of the two races," said a well-known ex-member of the theatrical profession several days ago. "I remember a very amusing case of this sort that happened along in 1880, which was related to me afterward by one of the members of the troupe that passed through the ordeal which I am about to relate. This troupe was one of those 10, 20, 30-cent repertoire concerns, playing week stands at the larger cities and giving one-night performances at the smaller towns."

"One of the small towns on their route happened to be a prosperous and pretentious mining town in East Tennessee, where several months before the arrival of this company one of the enterprising citizens, who owned a livery stable and an undertaking establishment, had erected a brand-new 'opry house.' Well, this company was billed to present 'Hazel Kirke,' and when the curtain rolled up on the first act the manager, an excitable and irascible fellow, was gratified to see the pit filled with whites and the gallery crammed to overflowing with negroes. Everything went along well, notwithstanding the fact that the audience was singularly undemonstrative, until it came to that part of the play where the old and blind Dunstan Kirke tries to leave the house to save his daughter, who is drowning in the mill pond, which is the most affecting and pathetic part of the play."

"It did not, however, strike the negroes in the gallery in that light. The sight of the old man stumbling over chairs and groping about trying to find the door in his efforts to reach and save his daughter excited their abilities to such a pitch that the gallery broke forth in one loud guffaw. 'Jais' looker dat ole man! Tryin' his level bes' to get outen de do' an' can't,' were a few of the expressions that came from the gallery. This explosion of mirth on the part of the negroes over a scene so intensely sad and pathetic caused the whites in the audience to forget the scene before them and to burst out laughing at the ill-timed mirth of the negroes in the gallery."

"It should have been immaterial to the manager what the audience laughed at, just so they enjoyed the show, but he was a peppery, hot-headed fellow, and made matters worse for himself by going before the curtain at the end of the act and telling the people that if they did not know when to laugh he would send some one out to tell them. This angered the whites a trifle, and to get even they everlastingly hooted and jeered the manager, who left that town vowing never to return and saying they were the most ignorant and unappreciative theater-goers he had ever seen."

PROF. ADOLF SLABY, WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY EXPERT.

Marconi's rival, Prof. Adolf Slaby, inventor of the Slaby-Arco wireless system, is head of the Technical High School at Charlottenburg and one of the most famous scientific men of Germany. By his splendid work in wireless telegraphy he has won the esteem and support of the kaiser. Slaby and Marconi no longer speak as they pass by.

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