

Mistress Rosemary Allyn

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CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"That you should have to prompt me!" he said and his hand was on his heart.

The lady was masked, which he noticed that she was a beauty. She was faintly smiling. "This I saw from the tight-fitting riding cloak of a gray shade of program. When it blew open, as it often did as she danced, it showed gray petticoats with a white lace waistcoat. Covering her head was an ample hood. She danced divinely! And the graceful gaiters, as he noticed, were a tone to her dancing and twisted long upon the green, was not far behind.

"Many thanks, madam. I have not enjoyed myself so, since I cannot tell when," he said.

"And my jewels?" she asked insinuatingly.

"They are yours," he replied. "They are as nothing in comparison to the pleasure you have given me."

At this the lady gave way to a pleased laugh, and taking the casket said:

"You are indeed my sort. To impart a kiss on the blushing cheek of the fair lady, I—I have heard it said, is the customary ending to an episode such as this?"

"Ah! it would be too much," she began.

"I assure you that you will not die of it," she ironically stopped him in the middle of his sentence.

He glanced at her inquiringly.

She raised her mask in the slightest way, and dropped it again. What he saw was not what he had expected.

"You are disappointed?" she said, and her words cut like a knife. "A gallant would not have shown it."

There was only a momentary pause as he said, and strange to relate his words rang true.

"I shall consider it the greatest honor, if you will permit me," and lifting her mask the rascal audaciously kissed her.

"The scamp," he muttered.

"The fool," she hissed from between shut teeth still holding a pipe.

The high-woman, as he looked with grace, said simply and with humility: "May I help you into your coach?"

The high clear voice rang out again, almost petulantly, as if the words would cut against her will:

"Stay! I would say a word. 'Tis the old story, I suppose, of a party many spent among wine, women and dice. I am not wont to concern myself or to try to convert highwaymen from their ways—indeed, I oftener laugh when my lords come home from their trips with pockets as



Never a petticoat uttered past me but I thought I saw some resemblance to my mistress.

empty as their hairless pates. You have had a gentle mother. Stop, are it too late, Tyburn is not where she would like to think of her son's ending his days. Only a few leaves back there rocks one who may have been all that you are. Young, with the blood leaping joyously through his veins, who has long years reaching before him in which to fight, to feast, to dance, and to enjoy himself; handsome, with that ruddy health which pleases; gallant, maybe among the maids, who can now await his coming. Behold what manner of thing he has become! Fool beyond description. Where the tar has left the smallest spot uncovered the dawns have picked clean as a whistle, and the wind and rain have polished so white that they gleam in the sunlight. There he will hang a menace to men of your kind, a pollution to all who pass along this fair highway.

"Ah, madame, that you should waste eloquence on a thing so contemptible," he said with a deprecating wave of his hand.

"Let my interest be my excuse if I have tired you—have you not given me back my jewels?" There was a coquettish uplifting of her voice.

"And you will take heed, my love, the devil by away with you."

He uttered a ringing laugh at this, evidently the lady's change of tone amused him. Nevertheless he said gaily: "Again I thank you."

Gil's horse now whinnying, the play was over for us.

The lady turns her hands out.

"There," she said, "I hear a force whinnying. Get you gone, I at least, would not be your undoing."

"Madame, I leave you with regret," he said, "and I promise you at my first leisure to think upon what you have said. It is all I can do—it is more than I have promised anyone these many days."

Then he swept her a bow. It would have done honor to Whitehall, and saying, "adien!" leaped upon his horse, which he sat as a Centaur. He motioned to his comrades, and they were off. He deigned not to glance in our direction or to show the least trepidation at our nearness, which he could not help but be aware of, for we came up with a great shout of speed, Gil even sending one flying bullet after them.

We heard the lady say in an undertone to her maid: "Hide the jewels in the boots, quick. Who but I should be another band of robbers—one does not come off scot free twice in a day."

Solely for our benefit she then proceeded to go off into hysterics. We were near enough now to make them ineffective.

"Oh, how unfortunate I am! how unfortunate!" she wept. "Oh, gentlemen, had you only arrived more

honey. Chairs, beds, tables, everything the room contained, was lit with fire, and I made selections for an outfit, which should be befitting my position, yet not too gaudy.

I ordered many suits of uncut velvet and satin. Waistcoats also of hues as many as Joseph's coat.

Q. During these proceedings in which I was as fastidious as a fop, strutting back and forth, posing at my vanity, yet secretly mused at it all. He never varied his dress of green worn with his belted doublet, and such an one as Robin Hood no doubt were when he passed beneath the trees in Sherwood forest. His only ornament was his sword, as indicative to him as any member of his body; as an ensign he had the right to bear one.

I now began my career as a man of fashion about the town, entering into all its dissipations except the passion of love; there I was held in leash by a pair of blue eyes.

"Noble, perturbed flattered past me but I thought I saw some resemblance to my mistress, and my heart would leap into my mouth so as well-nigh choke me. Sometimes it was in the curve of a cheek; the way the curls fell about a dimpled neck; the flicker of tapering fingers in the lifting of a voluminous skirt; the slenderness of an ankle set in a well-made boot; and so I led myself wild goose chases after this one and that one—all delusions, which came to naught.

(To be continued.)

GOOD STORIES TRAVEL FAST.

Telegraph Operators Largely Responsible for Their Spread.

Persons who wonder at the rapidity with which popular expressions become generally accepted through the country generally ascribe the spreading of the phrase to the actors, but long before the actors begin to use the expression it has been flashed all over the country on the telegraph wires.

Chatting over the wire is forbidden, but there comes a slack moment now and then when the operator swaps a story with a man hundreds of miles away, and a story told in New York to-day may reach San Francisco by Wednesday.

It frequently happens that an especially good story or rhyme is typewritten and passed around the room, and in turn this is sent out over half a hundred wires running to all points of the compass.

When the Western Union race bureau was still in existence the wires from this room spread all over the country, direct wires running into the San Francisco poolrooms and giving the results of the races across the bay more quickly than the result could be telephoned by a man at the track.

In the early hours the work was light and the poolroom operators always had a lot of new stories to tell the frequenters of the room, who promptly spread them among their friends. In those days the vaudeville jokes on Monday on one coast were laughed at on the other coast the next afternoon.

He Was Good Enough.

Francis B. Lee of Trenton, famous throughout New Jersey as a lawyer and historian, tells a good story of a clergyman that it was upon his death, a witness on the banks of the Delaware.

The pastor, who had taken part in several similar experiences, waded bravely out to the requisite depth, but water evidently was not to the liking of the candidate, for he went hence to have his sin washed away with kneeling in mass and trembling lips, in trying to get him in proper position the pastor in some way missed his hold, and the candidate, caught in the fast-flowing tide, was carried into the channel. He was a good swimmer, however, and after making a few sportive splashes, headed for the shore and soon landed dripping on the bank.

The pastor, waist deep in the drink, watched the scene to a finish, and then, raising his hands in a supplicating sort of a way, announced:

"Brudabans an' sistern, dis yeh baptism an' adjourned. Any man dat can swim like dat Ebenezer Jones hain't gwine to hab any trouble in gettin' over to de udah side ob de ribah Jordan."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Surprise for Mama.

Even to Bobby's uncritical eye breakfast seemed to be served in a very informal fashion that morning. Nurse forgot to tie on his bib before she gave him his oatmeal. Mother had not come down to breakfast at all, and father drank a cup of coffee standing and then disappeared.

Bobby, left alone with his empty plate, put up a trembling lip, and, if tears had not been unbecoming to a big boy he would probably have wept. Never before in all his four years had he been so neglected. He had, in fact, always been the center of an admiring circle ready to anticipate his every wish.

At last father appeared at the dining room door and the reason for this discouraged state of affairs was explained.

"Bobby," said father, "you have a little sister."

Bobby's eyes grew big with excitement. "Oh," he exclaimed, climbing down from his high chair in haste, "I must go and tell mama."

"Nobuddy," answered.

The average small boy's opinion of himself is none too high, but the reply of a small stable-boy in Chicago may scarcely be taken as the average. A woman whose husband kept the driving horse in one of the many "boarding stables" in the city, telephoned the other day to have the horse and carriage brought to the house. A strange voice answered the telephone.

"Is this So & So's stable?" queried the woman.

"Well, who is this?"

"Aw, 'tain't nobuddy. Wait a minute and I'll call somebody," came the answer.—"The Sunday Magazine."

Honesty.

Congressman J. Adam Bede was consulting with President Roosevelt last spring about a minor federal appointment in the Minnesota district which he represented. After making several inquiries about the man, the president sharply said: "Is he an honest man?" "An honest man?" returned Mr. Bede. "Why, see here, Mr. President, that man wouldn't rob a railroad company—not if he had the chance."—Omaha Bee.

Cherokees Seek Hunting Grounds.

A committee of four chiefs, representing the Cherokee Indians, recently visited the City of Mexico, treating with President Diaz for a concession of land grants. They wish to move to Mexico, if possible.

WASHINGTON IN YOUTH

In the year 1729 Rev. James Marrye, a Huguenot refugee, and his bride landed on Virginia soil. This man was destined to fill a position of great trust and importance. He was to be the spiritual guide and adviser of Mary, the mother of Washington, and her family. After years of research it has lately been proved that it was he that gave to the young George those famous "Rules of Civility and Decent Behavior in Company and Conversation," which bore fruit in the production of that most consummate lawyer of America, George Washington.

That these "rules" played a most important part in the formation of Washington's character has been acknowledged by all of his biographers; in fact, the wisest and noblest of these "rules" are familiar in nearly every home in the country, but whence they came; whether they were the product of Washington's own brain, or whether they came from some outside and unknown source, and what his source was, has been for over a century a matter of dispute and conjecture.

This learned clergyman, Rev. James Marrye, belonged to a prominent Catholic family of Rouen, France, and was educated for the priesthood in the Jesuit college of that city. In 1728 he renounced the Catholic faith, went to England and was ordained in the Church of England by the bishop of

New Electric Engine

A black iron monster, with reversible front and a corridor extending from end to end and communicating with the cars it draws—such is the general appearance of the famous electric locomotive.

In nontechnical language, says a writer in the Review of Reviews, it consists of a ninety-five-ton engine on four driving axles, the motive power being produced electrically without intermediate gearing, from a powerful electric motor, developing a capacity of 2,000 horse-power, which can be increased to 3,000. The method is by the third rail, a section of six miles in the open country west of Schenectady having been equipped especially for the trial by the General Electric company, which also furnished the power for the tests. The third rail was protected by a wooden hood, so that no one could reach it unless he tried.

At crossings or other places where the third rail was interrupted the motive power was supplied by connection with an overhead wire, a trolley from the locomotive meeting at these points by means of a pneumatic device controlled by the engineer. The frame of the locomotive is of steel, which acts also as part of the magnetic circuit for the motors. In the test at Schenectady the center

City Built Upon Rubies

Mogok, a city in the northern Shan states of Burma, is literally "built upon rubies," says a writer in the Booklovers Magazine. The earth in the streets and inclosures is of a crystalline limestone formation, containing numerous veins of gem-bearing gravel. The numerous houses and pagodas represent so many rubies converted into cash.

The houses of Mogok are practically the dwelling places of rubies, miners and merchants and their families and each pagoda is a voice offering the gods for luck. It is said that a king would be ruling at Mandalay today if it had not been for rubies and Mogok would still have been an obscure village with a few score inhabitants had there been no rubies in the vicinity, whereas now there are about 40,000 people of "every color and hue—the Englishman, American, the Frenchman and German, the Armenian, pure native and Jew."

Mogok is so far removed from the ordinary tourist's track that few venture there who are not on business, owing to the difficulty of transit in Burma.

Fair promise of gain will tempt men to go anywhere in search of it. Some go to burning South Africa for diamonds, and others to frozen Alaska for gold. Even so men go to Burma for rubies. For the rubies rank next to the diamond among precious stones, and hold a prominent place in its own among the colored gems with which men and women love to bedeck themselves.

It is not strange, therefore, that many should search for a stone that is a brother to the amethyst, the sapphire and the topaz, and which not infrequently has the color of the emerald, being, in fact, the gem of the east. A flawless five-carat ruby will bring twice as much as a diamond of equal weight, while a ten-carat ruby will bring three times as much and cannot be bought for much less than \$5,000.

Fog Tied Up Metropolis

London experienced the worst fog of years on Dec. 22. Some of the scenes were described as follows: "In certain parts of London the authorities were quickly alert to the danger and endeavored to bring some light into the darkness by erecting 'flares' to guide the traffic. These flaming torches in their iron brackets were both useful and picturesque. It was strange to stand and watch the little region of welcome light where one of these beacons shone into the darkness. For fifty yards around they illuminated the fog with a dull red glare, causing a flickering light upon the vehicles and people who thronged the streets. The priests chanted as they marched to the quay, where they go through the special form of blessing the waters of the country. No matter how severe the weather no word of the long service is omitted. The water is distributed among the people, who receive the few drops which fall from the share which has been selected for the ceremony, a carpet of straw being laid down. It is usually a bitter cold day, but the people are eager and happy. They arrive on foot or in sledges, dressed in the picturesque national attire. All the houses are gaily decorated with worsted favors and tassels.

On the quay a layman is actively engaged in stirring a barrel of water to keep it from freezing. At ten

A Great Church Ceremony

There is a quaint ceremony of an annual blessing of the waters which may be witnessed in any country where the Greek Church exists. The ceremony occurs during the first two months of the year and is always attended with great demonstrations and rejoicings, particularly in Roumania, Russia and Bulgaria.

Great preparations are made the day before the ceremony. A route is a apart leading from the church to the quay on the quay which has been selected for the ceremony, a carpet of straw being laid down. It is usually a bitter cold day, but the people are eager and happy. They arrive on foot or in sledges, dressed in the picturesque national attire. All the houses are gaily decorated with worsted favors and tassels.

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The Deathbed of Chopin

As the great Chopin lay dying his soul was ushered out by the song of the beautiful Countess Delphine Potocka, who had been his dearest confidante and friend. The romance of their friendship, one of the sweetest in history, is related by Gustav Kohbe in the Delineator. The last tragic scene in the life of the composer has been described, and has been painted by Barrios, but it is so touching that one may well read another version of it. Mr. Kohbe writes:

"Then came what is perhaps the most touching scene that has been handed down to us from the lives of the great composers. When Delphine entered what was soon to be the death chamber, Chopin's sister Louise and a few of his most intimate friends were gathered there. The room was opened by Louise. When the dying man opened his eyes and saw her standing at the foot of his bed—tall, slight,

Sung by the Philosopher

In the down-hill life, when I find I'm declining,
May I have no less fortunate be,
Than a snug old chair will afford for
my reclining.
And a cot that overlooks the wide sea,
With an ambling pad-pony to pace out
the day.
While I scold away like a scold,
And my folks look the other way,
I'll look forward with hope for To-mor-
row.
With a porch at my door, both for shelter
and shade, too,
At the window or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use
of my garden,
With a lawn for the use of the fawn;
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a pig which I'll cherish with
care,
I'll not blush his ribs or fawn,
Or what honors may wait him To-mor-
row.
From the bleak northern blast may my
cot be completely
Savored by a neighboring hill;
And at night may repose upon me
the moon's rays,
By the sound of a murmuring rill;
And while peace and plenty I find in
my garden,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what To-mor-
row may afford.
And when I lie upon the table To-mor-
row,
And when I at last meet through off this
fruit-cov'ring
hill, I'll be with you for three or four years
and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to
be kept;
Nor my friends wish to stain my mantle,
But my wish is to be close by when I
survive.
And my smiles count each wrinkle
and furrow,
As they do yours, when I am
"Beyond To-morrow,"
May I become Eminent To-morrow,
In my studies.



WASHINGTON

of the disbandment of the army at Congress without securing the reward due to its services, Washington, who was reading it without his spectacles, which at that period he used only occasionally. He found, however, that he could not proceed without them, and exclaimed, "I have grown blind, as well as gray, in the service of my country." This sudden burst of natural eloquence produced more effect than anything in his prescribed address.—"The Sunday Magazine."

Washington's Diffidence

Gen. Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted to, failed, and gave it up in confusion and embarrassment. In framing the Constitution of the United States, the labor was almost wholly performed in a committee of the whole, of which George Washington was the chairman, but he made only two speeches in the convention, which were of a very few of each. The convention, however, acknowledged the master spirit, and historians affirm that, had it not been for his personal popularity and the thirty words of his first speech, announcing the best that could be united upon, the Constitution would have been rejected by the people.

The reserve and taciturnity of

