THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1902.

HIS LUCK

By Mrs. Alexander.

(Author of "The Admiral's Ward," "A Crooked Path," "Blind Fate," "Her Dearest Foe," "Broken Links," Etc.)

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"You have not been very diligent this landahire. His was one of those old Normorning; you have not touched that beautiful oak there to the left, and you began it yesterday," she said.

"Yes," he replied, touching the picture with a fine brush, his head to one side, after her birth his second wife died in with a critical air, "but the light went very giving him a son and heir. This boy grew soon when you left me."

"Is that meant for a pretty speech?" she with all who served him. asked, with a frank, playful smile, showing a row of pearly teeth. the life of this highly valued young man

No. I never make any. The light that by extricating him from under a vicious failed me was daylight-not the light of horse, which had fallen with his rider after your eyes. I never insuit you with fine speeches.

The speaker was a man of perhaps 30; not tall, but above middle height, broad- from the struggling animal broke his shouldered and strongly built, with a plain, skull. Mrs. Norton was, therefore, penresolute face and light, gray, penetrating sioned off and given a comfortable and eyes. The scene of their conversation was picturesque cottage to live in. a glade in Thoreaby woods, opening upon the slope of a hill, from which the speak- widow's sons enlisted in the same regiment ers could see a stretch of moorland and a to which young Harry de Burgh was gazwide expanse of indistinct, misty blue etted, and when, some years after, Charles country beyond. The trees were already Norton, who had attained a sergeant's

showing the rich tints of autumn. "I wonder how you manage to make your off by typhur fever, in the ill-drained, illpictures tell something ?" said the girl. ventilated barracks where they were quar-

"Come, Miss Norton, that is a fine with his lawyer when he went to the Crispeech, indeed. I did not know you were mea some years after, to provide for the so good a critic."

indescribable joyous look radiating from Norton's lover was heir to her broad lands a moment think I deserve." her lips. The artist gazed at her as she and as much of her considerable savings careased the animal lovingly, an expres- as she chose to bequeath him. sion of pain contracting his brow.

"There, there! Down, Bran," she cried, trying to repress the dog's too ardent dem- life with courage and constancy, and these onstration of affection. "De Burgh's dog, ian't it "" asked the by the society of her young granddaughter,

painter. "I suppose his master is not far who was indeed a charming companion.

creature ?" "Who? De Burgh?"

"Yes, two-legged ones, sometimes." "What a cynical speech! But I have lingered too long talking to you-dinner will be ready before I reach home, and Grannie hates to be kept waiting." "And I wonder how soon you will reach home?"

"In about twenty minutes. I am not going to run myself out of breath on such a glowing morning."

She drew up her head with a displeased nie, rousing herself. "She must have wanair, put on her hat and turned away, walk- | dered far; she was so late for dinner." ing for a few paces along the leafy avenue, till she reached a narrow path leading into the recesses of the wood on the left. kind, pitying eyes. She had not proceeded far when from among the trees a young man in shooting carelessly; "she stayed on discussing my row. garb, with a gun on his shoulder, sprang faulty work till nearly 1 o'clock." forward to where she stood. A tall, elight, soldierly air. His hair and mustache were ton. "Have you had a bit of lunch, Mr. dark, his eyes deep blue, and at the moment angry-looking. He was undeniably "Yes, I wandered on till I found myself handsome, and looked an aristocrat from near Woodbridge, and had a crust of bread head to heel.

"At last, Grace-at last!" he exclaimed, leaning his gun against the stem of an old and Grace, sir ?" tree, and then catching both her hands in his own. "Why, in heaven's name. did you stay on talking for such an age with that grim chap Ashton? Did you not feel I was waiting and watching between the trees until you started?"

and a more serious quarrel than they had ever had ensued. Next day de Burgh left to return to his regiment without a reconcillation, and Grace began to doubt if life were worth living. It was about a fortnight after, toward

the end of which de Burgh wrote to the object of his rather fiery passion a penitent letter, which revived her sinking spirits, when one crisp, bright December day Dick a former huntaman in the employment of Ashton presented himself most unexpect-Squire de Burgh of Thoresby Chase, Midedly-a staff in his hand and a knapsack on his back. He had walked up from the man families, wherein failing a direct male nearest station, some seven or eight miles, heir the estate passed to the daughters. and asked hospitality for the night. He The late squire married twice. His firstlooked bright and well, and Grace was born was a daughter; and some 20 years conscious of a sudden sense of help and protection in his presence up the idol of his father, and a favorite

During the evening he addressed most of his conversation to Grannie-the old lady seemed to be much cheered and in-Now, Jim Norton, the huntsman, saved terested.

Next morning was wet and blustry-for a change of wind came in the night. Still Grace and Ashton did not find the time taking a dangerous fence out hunting. In hang heavy, as they employed themselves thus saving his young master's life, the in repairing and painting various articles huntsman lost his own-as a fierce kick of furniture and shabby woodwork-ton Ashton was a superior carpenter. Besides this Ashton had a brief interview with Grannie, who seemed in remarkably good spirits, but, to Grace's surprise, after din-To draw the links even closer, one of the ner declared she had caught cold, so would

retire to her room and take her map there "I do not think I ever knew Grannie do such a thing before," said Grace. "I hope she is not ill." stripes, and his young wife were carried

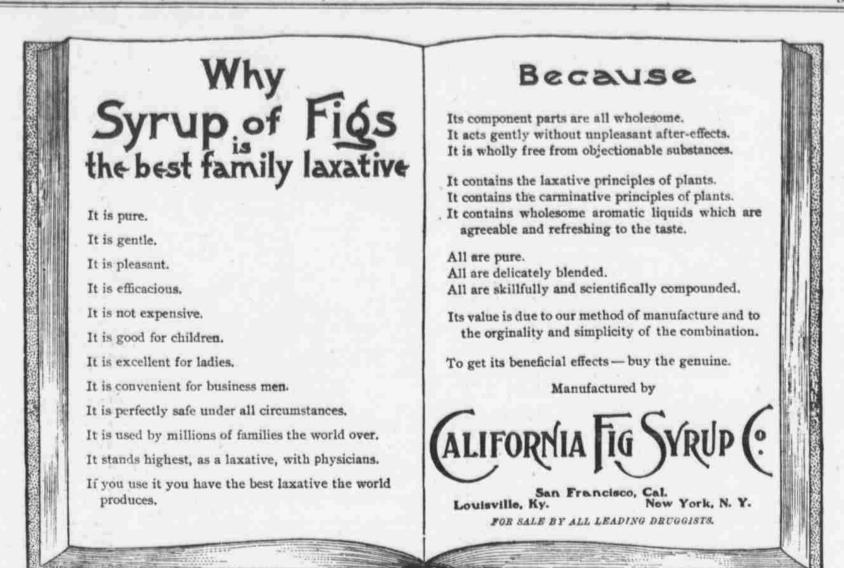
Whereupon Ashton spoke. First he told of a bit of good fortune which had befallen "They are merely trees and grass and flow- tered in Dubiln, Captain de Burgh arranged he had shown some kindness, believing him-a crusty old acquaintance, to whom ers; they are sad, or bright, or solemn- for the transfer of a poor little delicato him to be very poor, proved after death to just as real bits of landscape make one baby girl to the care of her bereaved have been not poor, but miserly, and begrandmother, and even left a sum of money queathed all his savings to his artist friend. "It is not a fortune," concluded Ashton, "but two people of moderate tastes and little creature's education, that she might habits can escape starvation on it. Then, She laughed gaily. "One sweet speech be enabled to earn her own bread. From as it never rains but it pours, I have sold deserves another," she was beginning, this campaign the heir of Thoresby never a few pictures and have a couple of comwhen a fine, red-brown Irish setter ran out returned. His sister succeeded him, and missions for next year. Being thus puffed from among the trees and jumped up at married a man of birth and fortune, shortly up with concell, especially with the con-

"And that is?" asked Grace, with a

uplifted to his. "By heaven, I can hardly venture to put was inscribed, "Dr. Cornelius Macdermot, my wishes into words, Miss Norton-Grace H. I. C. S." -the dream of my life for the last two "Show him up," cried Ashton eagerly, years has been to win you for better, for worse, till death us do part. I want to roused the fire to a bright blaze. make a quiet, unpretending little home for "My dear doctor," he exclaimed as a worked and faintly noped. Moreover, he you, where we both can take care of short, stout, red-baired man, with twink- sold his work. He was all the more dili-Grannie, and, oh, above all, I want the ling keen gray eyes, a short, broad face gent because Macdermot was very busy an open book on her knee, sat by her side infinite joy of your companionship. Do and a turned-up nose, entered the room, not speak at once, dear. I see, I feel you turned, laughing. "Do you ever paint ani-mais, Mr. Ashton?" dreams, her whole frame thrilling at the are going to say no. Think how much I you were in England." The doctor's visit wa The doctor's visit was a welcome inter-

"To answer your question would involve

hand to his brow. "Fool, fool that I am you love! I must renounce all hope-yet do not take everything from me. Forget



same time handing him a card on which London, he said; and so, after an effusive we found a full confession of everything, things also."

farewell, he departed. the satisfaction of her heir, made a will your solicitor. In eighteen months you'll be "and bring in some tea," he added, as he which incorporated her private savings of age and entitled to paddle your own with the entailed property. Dick Ashton canoe; till then-may I ask for a glass of with talking." about some mysterious law business "of "you are most welcome. I had no idea great importance, faith," as he said himbetween Dublin, Manchester and Edinburgh. tremulously. Whatever his quest, he seemed highly

> to time pronounced this unconnected eulogism on his own shrewdness and penetramother.' In the midst of this tranquility came a

"I cannot believe that these lands and bolt from the blue sky. Mrs. de Burgh had woods, the great house, the horses and died suddenly at Rome.

the poor lady's remains were brought back Grannie," embracing the old woman.

Hugh de Burgh was solemn and imposing still bitter at Grace's steady rejection of thankful that he was not hampered by a

The day after the funeral a strange rumor

kindly glance from the soft, sad eyes she a gentleman wished to see him, at the had business-very serious business-in shot was we opened the parcel and there inferior in social rank and in many other

so we are just on a road of velvet. I have "Because I was greedy to secure the Mrs. de Burgh lingered in Italy, but, to taken the liberty of appointing Nicholls greatest prize life could give me. "Oh, do you think so still? Oh, Dick, do

you not-will you not understand me?" "My God, Grace! What do you mean?

worked and faintly hoped. Moreover, he water? My throat is as dry as a chip You are above coquetry and vanity-what am I to understand?" "I'm sure my Gracie would never be so "When I seemed a poor, humbly born girl

ungrateful to the family we have served you offered me the best you had. Now so long as to rob Captain de Burgh of his the wheel has turned-though you can never self. He was always running to and fro birthright," said Grannic, solemnly and be anything but a gentleman. And I am rich in all things save onc. Will you,

"Why, bless your soul, ma'am," cried the Dick, will you supply the deficiency? 1-1 doctor, "sure she is the family herself, want your-' and remember, she owes a duty to her dead "My love-my jewel-it is-it has always

een yours since first we met."

MOSBY'S GUERRILLA DAYS.

to President Lincoln.

John S. Mosby, well known as the commander of a guerrilla band in the service as chief mourner, but exultant at heart at than the de Burgh succession. It was of the confederacy during the war of the having come into his kingdom, and, though soon decided-as the object was only to states, and who is now a special employe periences to a reporter of the Washington

After matters had become public Grace Star a day or two ago. The latter inquired and Mrs. Norton came to London to avoid into the truth of a story that he had en-

"Oh, that story is all nonsense," said Colonel Mosby. "I never went to a place in "You are not going to foreign parts withdisguise in my life. These stories arose a claim to the property-the child, it was out saying good-bye to the Lady of because of the rapid movements of my coma friend—a brother. All I ask is to be of some use to you, and—Grace—you may want me yet. I will never offend you sweetheart or the loss of your fortune?" who had failen in the Crimea. It was pon-when he had called on Ashton and found to the way a chain of the identities of the second on the identities of the second on the identities of the identities

the speaker. She stooped to stroke the before her father's death. Later she, too. sciousness of pockets not absolutely empty. dog-the color rising in her cheeks, and an was widowed and childless, so that Grace I have resolved to ask what I do not for Mrs. Norton was a clever, sensible woman and had gone through a checkered latter days had been infinitely brightened

The humming of bees and insects, the "It is impossible to say. Isn't he a lovely heat, the soft silence of the afternoon lulled her into a prolonged nap, and Grace, "You know I mean the dog," she re- in a low wicker chair dreaming delicious

> and fervent declarations. Looking up, she saw Ashton coming up the path, laden with a painter's paraphernalia. "Ah," he exclaimed, "are you both enjoying a nap?"

"And Grace is tired, I fancy," said gran-Grace felt the telltale color mount even

and cheese at the Three Fiddlers." "Then you'll like a cup of tea with me

"Mr. de Burgh is off to town-enroute for

gant and thoughtless-they do say Captain

deal of in London. You see, he is no end

of a catch, and few mon can keep their

CHAPTER II.

when he was walking beside Grace in the

sheltered alloy of the old pleasaunce near

going to winter on the Riviera and is really

much better and begins to see people.

Burgh to die for your gratification ?"

cannot stand much more of this. Grace.

shall blow my brains out if you do not

"But, Hugh, you do not wish Mrs. de

"Yes, I do; I would sweep away every-

thing and everyone that stands between

us. Are you startled, my darling, because

I am so wicked? You look white; I wish

you had more pluck, and trusted me more.

Then we might put an end to this slow

torture and link ourselves indissolubly-

"She is

the mansion, yet out of sight.

heads under those conditions."

them this morning myself."

portrait will be finished."

come to the rescue."

if secretly."

OWB.

"Oh, he is rather fast and made a good

which separated the cottage from the road. you husband, but I must say no-it is im-Burgh ?"

"And very bold of her to find fault with

Ashton?"

"It is useless to put off my answer," she From these conditions she was roused said in a low, reluctant voice. "I am by the closing of the gate which led into quite sure you would be infinitely good to the little green with its border of flowers, any girl who was so fortunate as to call

possible that I could ever be your wife." "What is the insuperable difficulty? Tell ne-have you promised yourself to de

"Why do you ask?" exclaimed Grace, with wide-open, startling eyes.

a long explanation, but the instinct of to her brow as she met Ashton's grave, true love warns me what to fear. Then-I implore you-to try to put him out of "I thought she would be late" he said your head. He will bring you only sor-

Suddenly Ashton stopped and pressed his distinguished figure, well set up, with a gentleman like you, sir," said Mrs. Nor- to dream of turning you against the man

that I ever forced my foolish dreams and desires upon you and treat me as if I was a friend-a brother. All I ask is to be

ruption to Ashton's sad, solitary musings, The military Esculpius had served his full term and retired on a comfortable pension; he was consequently in a joyous mood and not too careful of his money-as became a bachelor of rather luxurious ten-

dencies. So Ashton found himself carried off to theaters and suppers and other resorts, which he found helped, as the doctor

assorted, to rouse his soul. One very foggy afternoon, too dark to

work, too unpleasant to go out, Ashton sat over the fire trying to decipher a letter he had just received. It was written in a very illegible hand by the steward's wife at Thoresby at the request of Mrs. Norton,

to explain why she had not answered a Grace. From it he gathered that the latter had been seriously ill and was now slowly recovering. He had riven, intending to reply at once, when the doctor came in.

"I've just come to bestow my tediousness on you, my boy. What cutothroat weather

"Well, neither, exactly. I have heard of

the illness of a charming girl whom I

"Begad, she must be hard to please and

a fool in the bargain. Sure you are a nat-

urally domesticated animal. You'd just be

a model husband. Is she bad still? If so,

introduce me to the darling, and I'll soon

put her to rights, for, though I say it my-

"Well, the young lady in question is o

the mend, still, I wish you could see her;

if the weather improves next week would

you mind coming down to the country for

"Not I. I'm game for anything. Where

"Oh, in Midlandshire-a place called

"Thoresby-I seem to know that name.

say, Ashion, light up the gas, man, and let

self, I am a devilish good doctor."

does your jewel hang out?"

a day or two?"

Thoreaby.

sorely wanted for a sweethcart, or, rather

for a wife, only she wouldn't have me,'

said Ashton, who had no small vanities.

pleased with his success, and from time

There was mourning and lamentation at makes me tremble. But whoever and what- How He Once Sent a Lock of His Hair Thoresby Chase, and a huge funeral, when ever I am, you will always be my own dear

to lie among those of her forefathers. letter of his making inquiries for her and from his passion for her, on the whole Thoresby."

low-born wife.

began to be whispered among the domestics ings at Thoresby, Dr. Macdermot acting and personal attendants in the great house as guide, philosopher and friend. -that some desperate adventurer had put in

carriages-everything-can be mine. Seldom had a case been dwelt on with more excitement and interest in society

"How can I tell?"

"And you are going to desert us?" she

or staying can make much difference to

"Why do you rank me so high?

"I am too dazed to speak." said Grace

prove publicly and satisfactorily that of the Department of the Interior, showed his advances, and by no means recovered Grace de Burgh was "the beiress of a willingness to talk about his wartime ex-

the gossip and wonder of their surround- tered Alexandria in disguise.

Grace listened with a tremulous smile on her lips, her color coming and going and finally leaving her cheeks pale. No, Captain de Burgh-not, at least,

till Bran jumped up at me." She strove to draw away her hands as

she spoke. 'You might let me hold your hands for a minute or two, Grace. I don't know when

I shall touch them again," and he stooped to kiss them. "I have bad news--bad for me, at least. I am recalled to Londonmust start this evening-so many of our fellows are on leave-they want my valuable services.' "Going tonight?" she exclaimed, in a sur-

prised tone.

"Even so. Shall you miss me? Will you ever admit that I am anything to you? she began to consider Ashton in the light You are so coy and cold. Grace, it is death of an unfriendly spy, and was consequently to leave you-I cannot live without you. What spell have you cast upon me?"

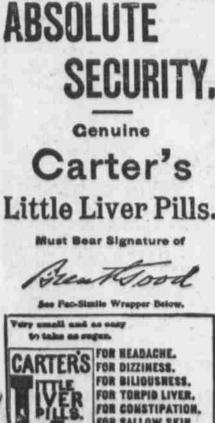
"Oh, do not say such wild things. You seemed quite taken up with the fragrant must learn to do without me, and you tea and crisp cakes daintily served under will when you are away-when you think the spreading walnut tree. what is due to your station, your famfly. I am not a fit wife for you, and men some place abroad, no doubt-for no one have more to live for than love and private stays in London in August. I met the

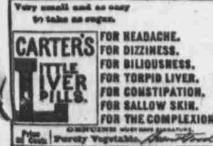
'You don't know what I feel-what I to the station-madam in the barouche, You are never absent from my conchman in his powdered wig, brake and mind, my heart, waking or sleeping. You pair loaded with luggage, and young Hopeknow, my darling, but for my cousin and ful de Burgh beside madam, who looked godmother, whom I must not offend, I poorly enough." should make you my wife before the world." 'If I consented," she added.

"And would you refuze? Could I love you She was round here in her pony chaise so intensely if I did not instinctively feel yesterday and told me she was going to there was some answering chord in your heart ?"

He had a sweet, soft voice, and an impassioned flow of words, which he well de Burgh will be a comfort to her, but, knew struck deep into the heart of his law, sir, young gentlemen are so extravahearer.

Grace Norton was the granddaughter of de Burgh has cost her a lot."





CURE BICK HEARACHE.

I should indeed. Mrs. Norton." again. "But you have not offended me. "Tell Nancy to set the tea things under

why, Dick, you are not going?" the big walnut tree, Grace, my dear." "Yes, for the present. I am stronger Grace felt grateful and annoyed at the than my neighbors. I want to be alonesame time. Ashton had shielded her, but

that he felt it necessary to do so proved but will come again soon. God be with you, Grace.' that he knew too much. Her cheeks glowed He kissed her hand and was gone at the idea of her tender secret being Grannie's surprise and regret knew no known to another, and that other a man bounds to find her guest had flown while Ashton was a London artist, full of abilshe slept. ity and immensely industrious, toiling

painfully up the first thorny steps of an artist's career, with little or no money and CHAPTER III.

no interest. For the last three autumns "My darling, how pale you are-your sweet eyes look so large and sad!" exhe had taken rooms at Mrs. Norton's cotclaimed de Burgh when Grace and he met, tage, for Thoresby woods and the country round offered abundant subjects for brush some three or four weeks after Ashton's visit. He had ventured to visit her in and pencil. Grace felt that he disliked and distrusted de Burgh, and having cast her pretty, comfortable sitting room-for

Grannie had a cold and kept her own bedaway her own first faint doubts and atlowed a delicious flood of absolute trust in "Do you think me a negligent lover to her lover's honor and integrity to inundate her heart and submerge her reason, stay away so long? You see, Mrs. Fitzherbert de Burgh sent for me-all the way to San Remo, and I dared not refuse. How-

their faces to the wall, en penitence. Are ever, I did not go for nothing-my godrather cold and distant toward him. Ashthey your failures?" mother promises to clear off my debts and ton was perfectly unmoved, however, and "Yes, in a sense; things I have failed to they are no triffe. So I must not offend sell-but some of my best work."

"Turn them round, my boy. Sure, I'm going to start an elegant little bachelor's box myself, and may be I'll want a few

pictures to brighten it." The friends accordingly hit up and be-

gan to criticise and discuss the neglected canvases-woodland scenes, sketches of purple moorland-a great variety of subjects. At last the pastel portrait of a girl more charming than handsome came up for

with you, and you know nothing can alter exhibition. "Ashton, who is that?" cried the doctor my devotion to you. Why should we not when Ashton placed it on the easel. And snap our fingers at empty ceremonies and he rose to inspect it-then stepped back be all in all to each other? You understand, my darling, it will be so secret a and drew nearcr again-evincing a great amount of interest. "I fancy I have seen marriage that we will let no clergyman or registrar into our counsels. We will be that face before.

husband and wife before God until a safe "I do not think you have," returned Ashtime comes to avow the tie between us. ton, "for I do not think the young lady Why, what is the matter?" was born when you were last in England.

For Grace had started and struggled "Is it the darling herself? Yes-then chemently to escape his grasp, while her man alive, don't you let her go easy. Try, cheek had grown suddenly white. "The try, try again. Nothing succeeds like perseverance. Faith, it's the face of a nice matter! I don't know. I am not sure-do you ask me to live with you in a union un- | kindly, human angel. What's her name, if blessed by the church, unsanctioned by the I may make so bold?"

"O, Norton. There is nothing to conceal about Grace Norton."

"Grace-O, yes-but I do not know Norton "Her father was in the army, but her grandfather was huntaman to de Burgh of

Thoresby Chase." "De Burgh? You do not say so? The doctor stopped abruptly and kept unwonted silence for a while.

"Look here, Ashton," he exclaimed, 'rain or shine, let's go down next week. Where do you put up down there, wherever 1t 1s?

"Oh, I always take my rooms in Mrs. Norton's house-a delightful, roomy cot- | all he knew. Then al old gray headed tage."

"Could she put me up, too?" "I have no doubt she could." Ashton was shocked to see so great a

took up their abode at Woodland cottage. Though the local doctor had been dismissed. she was still pale, weak and given to almost unbroken silence, but she confessed to sleepless nights, and seemed acarcely to care about getting well.

"Will you let a poor old sawbones like myself do what he can to bring back the life to your heart and the light to your eyes, my dear young lady? I'm unknown to the faculty here, but you see I've lived among the magic-mongers of the east, and know a thing or two."

During Ashton's short stay he kept a strict guard over himself; nothing could be more brotherly and unloverlike than his manner and conversation. Grace again be-

"Anyhow, we talked it over and

sense, of course, but might give trouble. This strange report gave everyone a great deal to talk about, and it was remarked that, instead of remaining to transact business and go into matters with the agent and the late lady's secretary, the new lord

of Thoresby went off back to London. Two evenings after, while everyone was her.' oppressed with a sense of coming trouble, Grace and her grandmother were almost frightened by the unexpected arrival of Dr. Macdermot, in a state of mixed gravity and excitement

"Thrown twenty thousand to the dogs, "My dear ladies," he said, "you'll excuse no less-to the dogs-or rather to one this intrusion when I tell you my errand. First of all, let me congratulate you, Miss puppy. She pays all de Burgh's debts and gives him a triffe to begin on. He has exde Burgh-for that's what you are, no lesschanged from the Guards to a regiment goon coming into your property. Now, just ing to India." sit down and keep quiet," for both had ex-

claimed with amazement and incredulity. "The day Ashton showed me your por-Thoresby by right matrimonial. I am certrait, my dear young lady, I thought I knew your face, so I went home and thought de Burgh."

and thought till I was able to place it. The me see those works of art; these with face yours reminded me of was or a sweet. elegant creature, the wile of Harry de your hat, man." Ashton opened his lips to say 'no," but Burgh, a great friend of mine. Well, I knew the pair of them, an' 'twas they were that disagreeable monosyllable refused to the happy pair. By and by came the income. He thereupon obeyed in silence. The sitting room was unoccupied when evitable baby. I was at the christeningjust before sailing for India. Next I heard they were shown up to Miss de Burgh's apartments in a well known hotel and of the death of the sweet mother, then my poor de Burgh went off on someone's staff Ashton, looking round, noticed that thisonly a temporary abode in a hotel-there to the Crimea, and was among the first was a homelike look about the room. shot by those murgering Russians. Well, In a few minutes Grace entered. She was when I came down here and saw you,' very simply dressed, but her frock fitted waving his hand to Grace, "I saw the like ness stronger than ever. 'Begad,' said I and suited the wearer admirably. "Am I a snob," Ashton asked himself, to myself, 'I'll look into this matter,' and 'to think her more distinguished than she this is what I did."

"Mark me," he continued, checking off used to be? No, she is really. It's careful dressing and complete certainty of her pothe heads of his discourse with a fat forefinger on each digit of the left hand. "First sition. But how white and nervous she looks. Ah-and sweeter than ever." I went hot-foot off to Dublin to the barracks, and looked up the registers of that

was saying. "Where are you going, Mr. had year when the typhus fever raged. There I found that Sergeant and Mrs. Nov-Ashton?" "I do not exactly know-somewhere along ton and their little girl all died, and were the borderland of Russia and Circassia-alburied in a churchyard near by. I saw the stone put up by poor de Burgh. Then I most every country is hackneyed now." went off to Leeds and copied the register "I wish you would not go, Mr. Ashton, of the marriage. Then I came back to the exclaimed Grace, playing nervously with church at Bayswater, where the haby was the tassel of the sofa cushion, against christened, and found the entry of the bapwhich she leant. tism of the child, and copied that. Next-

and this was the stiffest job of all-I called on the family lawyers in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and told my tale to a tremendous

"I hate to part with friends-true friends Snuff-the-Moon of a chap, who spoke to like you." me as if I was not fit to dust his shoes. Faith, I made him change that tune. have I proved myself?"

"I showed him my copies of the registers and asked him to go and look for himself. Then he remembered that in his father's time, Major Harry de Burgh made some provision for the education and maintenance of a child called Grace Norton, but did not give any explanation, so they all concluded it was an illegitimate daughter. But the cash was now all expended-that was clerk came in with a telegram, and Mr. Freshfield-the head of the concern-asked him if he knew of any communication from the late Major de Burgh subsequent to his sailing for the Crimes.

"'I don't know of any, sir, but every paper concerning his affairs is in the deed box bearing his initials,' replied the clerk.

"'Ah, just so!' says Snuff-the-Moon. 'You see, sir, I can really give you no information.

"With that the old clerk says: "If might suggest, Mr. Nicholls, who has since set up for himself, was on rather friendly terms with the late Major de Burgh, and he might have had some private communication.' Snuff-the-Moon said it was highly improbable. However, I got Nicholls' address-and sure enough. Nicholis had a packet confided to his care and labelled, 'Not to be given to anyone save myself or one authorized by me." Nicholls did not came thoroughly at home and at ease with know that de Burgh was married at the time, so he kept the parcel.

him packing. "Faith, you are the queerest I was in Washington in conference with Wilkes Booth the night of the killing of fellow ever I knew. She'll be hurt-bitterly hurt-if you do not go to see her. Do President Lincoln. It is needless to say you know, I am not at all pleased with that the statement was known to be false by most of the federal generals. her state of health. She is pale and thinnervous and in a depressed condition.

"Yes, I frequently got close to Washing-Come along and tell me what you think of ton during the war. Many a time I would ride up to the hill up yonder across the "Oh, she doesn't want to see me.' Potomae and look down upon the city. I "How do you know? You come with me.

might have one or two men with me, and What do you think she has been and gone we would soon disappear. Just over on and done?" the Virginia side carly one morning I met a Mrs. Barlow on her way into Washington

with a wagon full of vegetables. Her husband was a federal soldier, and she was a northern woman. She had a pass to go in and out of Washington, and drove into the city often from her farm. I used to go to her house often and get a cup of good coffee. "Has he!" exclaimed Ashton, in great Of course, she gave it to us, knowing that surprise. "I anticipated his succeeding to we rather had charge of things all along on that side of the river. Well, on this tain he was in love with Grace-I mean Miss particular morning Mrs. Barlow had a pair of scissors hanging from her apron. After

"And small blame to him. Come, get I had talked with her awhile I said: "'Mrs. Barlow, lend me your scissors."

"She handed them to me, and I reached up to my head, got hold of a bunch of hair, cut it off, and said: 'Mrs. Barlow, please take this lock of my hair right in to Lincoln and say to him that I am coming in to see him soon and will expect a lock of his hair in return.' She looked much puzzled, but she said she would do it.

"I found out afterward that she rode straight to the White House and gave the hair to the president personally, refusing to give it to anyone clse. The president was amused and laughed heartily. No, I was not afraid to do this, because I knew that by the time the president could attempt to catch me I would be thirty miles away. President Lincoln never made an attempt to catch me, because he knew that I would be somewhere else when his men arrived. Many people took information of me into Washington for the purpose of trying to bring about my capture.

"I covered the entire south side of the Potomac for many miles each way, and the largest number of men I had in 1864, when Sheridan was in the Shenandoah valley, was five troops of cavalry, a total of 250 men. With that command we captured all the arms we needed, all the ammunition, food "I cannot flatter myself that my going and clothing, and had a wagon train running to Lee's army frequently with supplies we had captured. No, I was never a general, I was a private in the First Virginia cavalry for the first two years after the war, and began raising my command after that time beginning with one troop of cavalry. Each man was armed with two pistols and a

"By offering to share the smiles that fortune bestowed upon you with me-your saber. We had no carbines."



How

"How infernally selfish women are!" mused de Burgh, walking hastily away

She would not sacrifice one lots. She must know the impossibility of marriage for me with a girl in her grade. She is a fool, too -I could have provided for her and given

cared a rap about me; she only wanted to be Mrs. de Burgh of Thoresby Chase. By heaven, she looked equal to it. She is

back; I will not lose her."

had caught a chill, which turned to fever, and for long no one save the doctor, the nurse and the poor, bewildered grannie

"No, Hugh, you have hinted at a secret marriage before; but that I will never Ashton was beginning to put away his casel hear of, on your account as much as my We are young; we enjoy seeing each other frequently; we can afford to wait." De Burgh replied by some very bad lan- who ruled his very modest establishment him.

"Have another cup of tea, Mr. Ashton? law T' asked Grace, to whom even these good-"Well, if you choose to put it in that oldhumored comments on her idol were irrifashioned aspect." tating. "And try another cake; I made "Do you-or do you not ?" "My own darling, you know what I "They are the ne plus ultra of goody, should choose if circumstances were not he cried. "I shall devour the plateful if too strong. you give me my head. Now for another last I understand you. Mr. de kind of greed. I want you to give me two

Burgh, there is the door; never darken it more sittings, Miss Norton, and then your again. Goodby-and goodby forever. You can never excuse or wash out this insult." "But, Grace, you are so hasty-so unrea-

sonable. If you had a grain of patience "I believe my respected godmother is all would be right." going to live forever," said de Burgh one "If you do not accept my dismissal I can wild wintry morning in late November. leave you."

change in Grace when he and his friend

her an easy, luxurious life. She never

lovely. I'll see her tomorrow. I'll win her

But Hugh de Burgh resolved in vain. Day after day he sought to see Grace. Sbc

had a glimpse of the fascinating Grace. The blustering winter's day on which this important interview took place Dick

and brushes preparatory to taking a brisk walk to Hampstead, when the old woman guage indeed. Grace replied with spirit, as cook and housekeeper informed him that Macdermot was the first to depart. He

her-at any rate till I get my debts paid. Were you wretched without me, ch? "I am very weak, Hugh, but when you are away I am awfully miserable."

"We must put an end to that," exclaimed de Burgh with cheerful decision. "I canwhole procession just now on their road not live without you. Still, my godmother

must not be offended. I am sure, Grace, you are too sensible and high-minded and highly educated to care what people say.

so long as you can have your own true love

"Ab, yes," said Grannie, "the dear lady has but poor health since Mr. Herbert died. some place with a queer name in foreign parts. It's little pleasure she has, in spite of her great possessions. I hope Mr.