

more honest than you, she admits it."

"I say she is a true woman," cried Armstrong, red anger flushing his brow. The hot border blood sprang into mastery for the first time during their controversy, and he failed to note that Cromwell remained cold as at the beginning, and might be negotiated with, if he had remembered the commander's resolve to enlist the Scot in his service. But before the general could give hint of a bargain, the impetuosity of the younger man left him only the choice of killing the Scot where he stood or apparently succumbing to him, a most dangerous alternative, had Armstrong to deal with one less schooled in the repression of his feelings than Cromwell. The ill-advised borderer dropped his hat silently to the floor, flashed forth his sword and presented it at his opponent's throat.

"They tell me you wear concealed armour," his voice was quiet in its intensity, almost a whisper, "but that will not help you. No human power can avail you at this moment, for if you cry out, my blade advances, and a bit of your backbone sticks to the point of it. You see, I cannot help myself, but must kill you unless I get your promise."

Cromwell sat rigid, not a muscle of face or body moving. The sword was held as steady as a beam of the roof.

"I implore you to heed me," continued the young man, seeing the other did not intend to speak. "I implore you, as if I were on my bended knees before you, and my life in your hands, instead of yours in mine. Will you let the great affairs of state be jeopardized to thwart two lovers? With you slain, the king wins, for there is none in England can fill your place. Have you sons and daughters of your own that your heart goes out to? Think of them, and be kind to us."

"Will you marry the girl?"

"Surely, surely."

"Here, before you depart together?"

"Here and now, if there is one to knot us."

"You know that a promise given under coercion does not hold?"

"Well I know it; but the word of General Cromwell is enough for me, once it is passed, however given."

"Then take down your sword; I promise, and am well rid of you both."

With a deep sigh of relief Armstrong sheathed his sword and lifted his hat from

the floor. Cromwell rose from his chair and paced twice up and down the long room between the great moonlit windows and the table. He paused in his march, looked up at the dim gallery and said:

"Cobb, come down."

To Armstrong's amazement, who thought he had been alone with the general, he heard lurching heavy steps come clamping down the wooden stair, and a trooper, with primed musket in his hand, stood before his master.

"Cobb, why did you not shoot this man dead when you saw him draw his sword?"

"Because, excellency, you did not give the signal."

"If I had, what then?"

"He was a dead man before he could move an arm, or your finger was on the table again."

"You have done well. That is what I like, exact obedience, and no panic. Keep your lips closed. Go and tell your colonel to come here."

The man withdrew and Cromwell resumed his walk, making no comment on the brief dialogue. William blew a long whistle, then he laughed a little.

When the colonel came in Cromwell turned to him and said:

"Is that malignant brawler, chaplain to Lord Ruddy, in the cells yet?"

"Yes, excellency."

"Tell your men to clear out the chapel at once and light it. There are some stores in it, I think, and bring the reverend graybeard to me."

In a few moments the colonel returned, accompanied by an aged clergyman, who, despite his haggard and careworn look and bent shoulders, cast a glance of hatred at the general, which seemed to entitle him to the epithet Cromwell had bestowed upon him. To this silent defiance Cromwell paid no attention, but said to him:

"Sir, you may earn your liberty tonight by marrying two young people in the chapel."

"That will I not," returned the clergyman stoutly, "and all your tyranny cannot compel me to do so."

"The wench," continued Cromwell, unmoved, "you already know. She is Frances Wentworth, daughter of the late earl of Strafford. The groom stands here before you; William Armstrong, a Scot, who had but lately carried a message from the man Charles at Oxford, to Traquair on the bor-

der. I should hang him, but he prefers the noose you can tie to the one my hands might prepare."

The old clergyman looked at Armstrong with an interest he had not displayed on entering the room.

"Have you, then, seen his gracious majesty, the king?"

"Yes, reverend sir, and but a few days ago."

"And carried his message safe through these rebellious hordes now desecrating the land?"

"There was some opposition, but I won through, thanks to my horse."

"And thanks, no doubt, to your own loyal courage. God bless you, sir, and God save the king. The lady you have chosen is worthy of you, as you of her. In God's shattered temple, I will marry you, if its walls remain."

When the colonel came in with Frances, the girl turned a frightened look upon the group when she saw who stood there.

"Oh," she cried, impulsively, "I told you not to come."

"Tis you who are to obey, not he," said Cromwell, harshly. "He has come for you. Will you marry him?"

The girl allowed her eyes to seek the floor and did not answer him. Even in the candle light her cheeks burned rosy red.

"Come, come," cried Cromwell, impatiently, "yes, or no, wench."

"I will not have her so addressed by any," spoke up Armstrong stoutly, stepping forward, but the girl flashed a glance from her dark eyes on the commander.

"Yes," she said with decision, then directed her look on her lover, and so to the floor again.

"Are there candles in the chapel?"

"Yes, excellency," replied the colonel.

"Bring some of the officers. I think witnesses are needed, and your regimental book, if there is signing to be done. 'Twill hold them as fast as the parish register, I warrant." Then to the clergyman, "Follow me, sir, and the rest of you."

With that Cromwell strode out and led the way to the chapel, so hastily converted from a storehouse to its former purpose. The old divine took his place with the young people before him, the group of officers in the dimness near the door. Cromwell, however, stood near the girl.

"Slip off one of your rings and give it to this pastor," he whispered to her. "We are short of such gear here, and I doubt if your man ever thought of it."

Frances, without a word, selected from the number on her fingers, that which had been her mother's wedding ring, and handed it to the clergyman.

"Dear! beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this congregation, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony, which is an honorable estate, instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and His church; which holy estate Christ adorned and beautified with His presence, and first miracle that he wrought in Cana of Galilee."

As the sonorous words resounded in the ancient chapel the old man straightened himself, the former anger in his face gave way to a benignant expression, and his attitude took on all the grave dignity of his calling. He went on with the service until he came to the words:

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

Cromwell stepped forward and said brusquely, "I do."

The clergyman seemed to have forgotten the commander's presence, and now paused when it was recalled to him; then he went on to the end, and added, in a voice trembling with emotion:

"God bless you, my children, sworn to love and cherish each other in this time of hatred and war. May you live to see what my aged eyes may never behold—peace upon this distracted land, and the king upon an unchallenged throne."

"Amen and amen," said the deep voice of Cromwell, "provided the word 'righteous' is placed before the word 'king.'"

Once more on horseback, and clear of Corbiton Manor, her hand stole into his.

"Well," he said, "which way?"

"If you are willing, I will take the way known to me, and lead you to my home; tomorrow you may take the way known to you and lead me to yours."

"Frances, I am ready to follow wherever you lead."

And so they went forth together in the glamor of the moonlight.

(THE ENR.)

## Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

**L**EO XIII was the second in length of pontification and the third in point of age of the popes. The only pope who reigned longer than he was his immediate predecessor, Pius IX, whose reign of thirty-one years and seven months was considerably longer than his twenty-five years and four months. The two popes who surpassed the 93 years to which Leo XIII attained last March were St. Agathus, who died in 62 at the great age of 107, and Gregory IX, who succumbed in 1241 at that of 99.

Like other men of prominence, Admiral Dewey often comes across the irrepressible party who always affects to be on terms of intimacy with notable personages. Courteous and genial to a degree, the admiral has profound dislike for this sort of nuisance and does not hesitate to show the feeling. Not long ago, while out walking in Washington, he was accosted by an effusive stranger, who grasped his hand and said: "George, I'll bet you don't know me." The admiral looked his displeasure as he answered grimly: "You win," and walked on.

Attorney General Knox, the Pittsburg member of President Roosevelt's official family, virtually becomes a resident of Philadelphia by acquiring the Matthews mansion at Valley Forge, where Lafayette had his headquarters with Washington during the revolution. His ancestor, General Knox, lived there with his brave wife during those troublous days and it has long been the attorney general's desire to get possession of the old place and restore it as nearly as possible to the condition of old days. He gave about \$100,000 for the estate, which includes 266 acres.

During the pope's illness there was a host of callers at the apostolic legation in Washington. Their visits brought into notice one of the most remarkable negroes in the country, James J. Mattingly, who answers the doorbell. He is 21 years old and a linguist. James can talk in five different languages and is studying three or four more. The boy talks fluently in English, French, Italian, Latin and Greek and is now studying Spanish, Portuguese, German and other languages. His parents can hardly read or write.

The gift of \$2,500,000 to Dunfermline, Scotland, by Andrew Carnegie, is chiefly for the purpose of keeping up the estate of Pittencriff. It was in the great gaunt house of Pittencriff, in 1710, that General John Forbes was born—the man who in after years drove the French from Fort Duquesne, founded Fort Pitt and named Pittsburg. Soon after the death of General Forbes at Philadelphia in 1760 his elder brother sold the family estate. The name

of Pittencriff means "Hole in the Wood," "Pit" being hole or hollow and "Criff" wood or forest.

Bernard Joseph Ward, soldier, orator and inventor, has died in Philadelphia, and doctors say that grief over Pope Leo's death hastened the Quaker City man's end. Ward was born in England sixty-five years ago and studied for the priesthood. At the age of 22 he was deported to Australia because of his radical Catholicism, but escaped and came to this country. He distinguished himself in the civil war and President Lincoln, at General Grant's suggestion, gave him a medal. Deceased was an ardent champion of Irish home rule and a devoted admirer of the pope.

Those descendants of Conrad Weiser who live in Pennsylvania will urge the next legislature to make provision for a monument over his neglected grave in Womelsdorf, near Reading. Weiser is remembered as the pioneer Pennsylvania-German settler. In colonial times he was prominent as an Indian interpreter, trader and justice, being the first resident judge of what is now Berks county. One of his daughters married Rev. Dr. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, father of the Lutheran church in this country, and from this union descended a long line of men distinguished in politics, law and the ministry.

Great were the influences brought to bear on Eugene Field after he had made his successes on the Chicago papers. The east wanted him. Personal visits from prominent publishers, accompanied by financial inducements, failed to move the popular poet. Along came Mr. Dana of the New York Sun with such a tempting proposition that Field begged for time to consider it. He refused the offer. Julian Ralph, a very close friend of the poet, was astonished that such an unusual offer should have been ignored. He questioned Mr. Field on the subject and learned the reason.

"Are you aware," said Eugene Field candidly, "that spots on the sun are invisible to the naked eye? Removed from the sun those spots would attract more attention."

Comparatively few persons remember that Russell Sage, who entered on his 88th year a few days ago, was a whig alderman in Troy, N. Y., at one time and that in 1858 he was elected to congress, where he served two terms. The old gentleman now submits quietly to the attentions of the valet whom Mrs. Sage engaged some time ago. At first he rebelled vigorously against having the man near him, declaring that he did not need such service. Repeatedly he discharged the valet, but as Mrs. Sage paid the man's salary her husband was unable to get rid of him. Now the octogenarian millionaire grudgingly acknowledges that

his better half was right, for he finds the valet of great value.

James H. Hyde, one of the six richest bachelors in America, owns what is generally regarded as the most artistic home in all the land. It is located near Islip, L. I. The forests are preserved almost as nature turned them out; there is a beautiful lake on the vast estate, a small river runs through it and bridges that span the stream are made of logs that retain the bark. The dwelling itself is a dream of convenience and artistic beauty. An idea of the general luxury may be obtained when it is said that in the stables carved mahogany is the material used in cases for harness and saddles. Matchmakers have made many advances to Mr. Hyde, but so far without success.

The announcement that the Wall street firm of Laidlow & Carrie has suspended revives the story of Mr. Laidlow's celebrated suit against Russell Sage. When the crank, Norcross, threw the bomb at Mr. Sage in 1891 Laidlow happened to be near and it was alleged that Uncle Russell seized him and used his body as a shield against the exploding bomb. Whether this was true or not, it is certain that Laidlow received injuries which made him an invalid for life and Sage escaped unhurt. When Laidlow got out of the hospital he sued Sage and got a verdict of \$25,000. Later this was vacated on a technicality and Laidlow sued again. This time he was awarded \$43,000, but Uncle Russell carried it higher up. After litigation that extended over two years Laidlow finally gave up in disgust.

Camille Pelletan, whose tumultuous career won for him the title of "enfant terrible of the French ministry," has given the public another surprise. He is about to marry a woman who has spent years in the steady profession of teaching school, and his friends declare that the forthcoming union gives proof that opposites attract. The minister of marine has said and done startling things ever since he was a student at the Ecole des Chartes. War and public life have little changed Pelletan and his 58 years weigh but lightly on him, for he has never allowed his high office to discipline him into a serious frame of mind. Indeed, he remains today, they say in Paris, half a Latin quarter student not yet out of Bohemia. Prime Minister Combes once said of him that his indiscretions were perhaps "due to the communicative warmth of banquets."

The question of the age of Senator Chauncey Depew was under discussion when one of the party, who was appealed to as most likely to know, answered: "I

cannot state positively and can only approximate to it through a story I heard. It seems that after the senator's marriage and his return from Europe the happy couple went to pass a few days at Peekskill-on-the-Hudson, the home of his boyhood. Upon their arrival Mrs. Depew sat down on the piazza and expressed her delight at all her surroundings, saying: "I shall never tire of the beautiful spot, with its grand old mountains and majestic river. I suppose, Senator, when you were a boy it was much wilder and more primitive. Was the railroad then completed?"

"Railroad?" exclaimed the senator. "Why, bless you, my dear, when I was a boy there was neither railroad nor river here."

Sir Thomas Lipton has a gallant way of paying pretty compliments to women. Driving through Washington, on the day he lunched at the White House with President Roosevelt, he passed a huge red automobile that stood before an imposing mansion of gray stone. A young girl in a white gown sat in the automobile, and, as Sir Thomas glided by, she bowed to him, smiling a radiant and charming smile. He, however, failed to see her.

The young girl looked embarrassed, vexed. She bit her lip. She thought a moment. Then she took hold of the wheel of her machine, pressed with her small foot the bulb that made the horn toot gruffly, and swiftly and smoothly she shot after the English knight.

Soon the great automobile overtook the carriage and halted. The young girl, an old friend of Sir Thomas', extended her hand, and, as he took it, she said reproachfully: "You passed me a while ago without looking at me."

With a gallant smile and inclination of the head Sir Thomas answered: "If I had looked at you I couldn't have passed you."

Like most other true and great soldiers General Joseph Hooker, to whose memory a splendid statue was unveiled in Boston recently, had no liking for the character of a fighter who fights just for the sake of fighting. The words "Fighting Joe" are not used anywhere in the inscription on the Hooker monument, it being the general testimony of his comrades that he particularly objected to the appellation. He is said to have himself stated the reasons as follows: "Fighting Joe Hooker" always sounds to me as if it meant 'Fighting Fool.' It has really done much injury in making the public believe I am a furious, headstrong fool, bent on making furious dashes at the enemy. I never fought without good purpose and with fair chances of success. When I have decided to fight I have done so with all the vigor and strength I could command."