

# THE PLAINDEALER.

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WHOLE NO. 412.

## THESE GO TO SCHOOL.

BRIGHT ONES WHO ARE HELPING THE RACE BY HELPING THEMSELVES.

The Relation of the School House to Material Prosperity—Wisdom of Detroit's Pioneer Afro-Americans and Fruits Thereof—Merry Children Who Stand Well in Their Classes.

The brightest star of Afro-American hope is the school. Education holds out the richest promises for the future. Instinctively he looks forward to its beaming light, as a sure presage of a new kingdom, where justice will reign and true merit will prevail. All over this broad land, wherever the bronzed cuticle finds its habitat, the relation of the Afro-American youth to the school and school training is carefully watched by friend and enemy. His aptitude for acquisition and assimilation, his capacity for mental labor, his ability to read on, the influence of school training upon his moral nature, all these things are the subject of endless discussion and every fact is seized from which favorable and unfavorable inferences may be drawn.

America's measure of advancement is material prosperity. It pays homage to wealth. It delights to honor the possessor of riches. There are prejudices based on religion, on politics, on the family tree and on the points of the compass, but these are local symptoms. The national idea embraces but one goal, whose shrine is of gold and whose scepter is felt in the very center of the government.

How can the Afro-American increase his material advancement and gain acknowledgment at the national throne? Clearly he has nothing to hope for by hereditary save the virtue of infinite patience. All else must be acquired.

Whatever glory has illumined the history of the past centuries, those centuries have bequeathed to him but a chaos of ignorant laborers, which must be converted into diversified classes of intelligent workmen. For this purpose the schools hold out the only present opportunity.

It is certainly gratifying to loyal Afro-Americans, that such school privileges as are permitted to him, are embraced with singular eagerness. Especially is this so in the South, where the separate school system which prevails cannot meet the urgent craving for primary knowledge. Church, state and individual efforts are directed to the problem and national aid is impounded with unimpeachable reasoning. In the mixed schools of the North the eagerness for a primary education at least is equally as noticeable. The stories of the privations of the parent, of his toil and self-denial, that his children might escape the thorny path, that ignorance compelled him to travel in, if put in song would start a tear as easily as those old legends of parental self-denial sung by the Greeks so plaintively. "Surely goodness and mercy will follow" such unselfish efforts, and the measure of the results therefrom be multiplied accordingly.

But the purpose of this article was to speak simply of the Detroit schools and of the standing of the pupils now within their walls. As far back as the sixties, the ostracized portion of the city's population, then few in number, realized the benefits of liberal education. Stronger and stronger grew this feeling, as the settlement increased, until it culminated in a final struggle which burst the bars of prejudice and opened the school house doors to poor and rich, white and black without distinction. The prominent actors in that crusade for the new kingdom are fast passing away, having fought a good fight, but the constant stream of Afro-American children passing through the school house doors, and out into the world, to battle for existence, lacking in nothing save the opportunity to demonstrate their acknowledged ability is surely sufficient recompense for the labors of those honored pioneers.—William Lambert, Joseph Workman, Obadiah C. Wood, George DeBaptiste, John D. Richards, Amos Burgess, J. Carter and others.

At the close of this article figures will be given showing that since the opening of the schools to all the children, the ratio of the number of Afro-American children in schools to the total Afro-American population as compared with the general ratio of school children to population, has never been unfavorable and this, in spite of the fact that the city attracts within its borders numbers of young men without families which would tend to lower the ratio.

One of the pioneer schools which has always had a goodly number of scholars on its list is

The Everett School. In years gone by this school and the Barstow stood in a settlement of many well known families who have long since left their homes on Larned, Congress, Fort and Lafayette streets following the stream of progress into parts of the city, which in the old schools' earlier days, were the picnic grounds for the children. Every pupil of the seventies will recall with mingled pleasure and regret the history of those times. How, with sturdy front and heads erect, armed to the teeth with sticks and stones, a battalion of the boldest boys would storm the German American seminary or stand a siege from Franklin street. How the girls, care free and jolly, with a shriek of mingled merriment and would brave a snow ball cannonading

The school of these boys full into the mysteries of life through its real storms and pleasures, its trials through perseverance and peace, its ailments through misfortune or cowardice or wasteful living. New forms stand before the wall and locate Hudson's Bay. A visit to the school shows little outward change. Within the kindly faces of Miss Rose, Miss Bond, Miss Baldwin and Miss Marquis are missed, but the familiar face of Miss Fanny Richards, for many years the only Afro-American teacher in the public schools and an illustrious example of his ability to teach as well as to be taught, is noticed with pleasure.

Miss Richards is admitted to far excel the ordinary teacher. She is possessed of that rare faculty of winning through pleasant methods the respect, attention and love of all her pupils. It has made her singularly successful, and it should indeed be a pleasure for Afro-Americans to remember that for a score of years, the many hundred scholars who have passed under her care, it is safe to say, that no other teacher is regarded, in after years, with a kindler remembrance.

Forty-eight Afro-American scholars are now attending this school. Speaking of their general standing Miss Rohnert, the principal, gave it as fully up to the average of the school. "I find them, of course, like all other children, neither better nor worse, quite enjoy some of them and take a deal of pleasure in them." She also took occasion to refer to those who were graduated from the school and ended by saying "I have pleasant recollections of nearly all of my former pupils."

In room A, taught by Miss Southall, the Plaindealer found seven preparing for graduation in June. Of these the brightest example is undoubtedly Master Sammy Russell, the son of William H. Russell, 257 Macomb st. Sammy besides being an earnest, hard-working scholar, is a musical genius and already plays the violin quite well. He was very warmly praised by his teacher. Sammy intends to go to a business college this fall and to himself for a commercial career. Alice Richards, the very pretty daughter of the late John D. Richards, also stands well in her class. Henry Gregory is a boy all over, thinks schools are nuisances anyhow, but can give you pointers on every boy's game known to history. Rachel Vena, daughter of John Vena of Mullett street, was a very fine voice. Willie Cook, Willie Mosby and Mamie Thompson are up to the average and expect to graduate in June.

Those enrolled in room B, under Miss Carey, are Minnie Letreuge, Florence Cook, Gertrude Cole, Mary Gray, Irving Richards and Louis Thompson. Gertrude Cole is the daughter of Osborn Cole, 181 Russell street, and excels in reading and recites well. Irving Richards, son of Frank Richards of the Post office department, has a good ear for music, and is very punctual. For several years Irving has been in the boy choir of St. Matthews church.

Room C, taught by Miss Hart, has on its list Mary Wilkins, who does very neat work; Ellen Logan, who is well up in spelling and language and Walter Gray.

Room D, Miss Fanny D. Richards, teacher, singularly enough has no Afro-American enrolled.

Miss Edwards of room E speaks of Frank Robbins as excellent in spelling. Lucretia Scott, daughter of Cassius Scott, and Hattie Mosby, daughter of Frank Mosby are praised for general scholarship. Willie Jones is also in this room.

"Willie Letreuge," of room F, says Miss Conroy his teacher, "writes beautifully. His work is like plate work. I speak of this especially because it is such a wonderful improvement."

In room G, Edith Chappie is the only representative and enjoys the reputation of being "remarkably punctual, neat and polite."

Walter Morris, George Brown, Willie M. Brown, Fred Hawkins, Francis Warren, Minnie Smith and Augusta Mumford recite to Miss Strong in room H. Walter Morris is very fine in drawing and inventive, Geo. Brown is good in recitation and sings well, Fred Hawkins and Augusta Mumford are good in penmanship, and Minnie Smith is a "natural born speller."

In room I, Miss Brooks reports but two pupils, Theodore Henderson and Mary Harris, both are very good in writing and spelling.

In Miss Noble's room the Plaindealer noticed Master Raymond Richards, who has a sweet little voice and a love for music. The children in this room are small and can hardly be said to have developed any prominent characteristics. Their names are Raymond Richards, Lillie Manning, Maud Lenox, Maggie Letreuge, Blanche James, Ida Logan, Chas. Scott and A. Moore.

In room K, Miss Biddlecomb, teacher, the following "little shavers" are taught with blocks and models the a b c education: Edna Brown, Leon Lenox, Harry Brooks, Nora Hawkins, Orville Letreuge and Willie Walker, among whom Willie Walker, a very pretty little child seems to be the general favorite.

(To be continued.)

### He's the Staff.

An Afro-American youth of Alabama 16 years old, who has only had a short apprenticeship at the blacksmith trade has constructed a bicycle out of raw material. The wheels are made of tire iron and steel rods, the beam of an old broom pipe and the handle of scrap iron. It is very strong, and while not quite as light running as the factory machine, it answers the purpose admirably. He rides his bicycle with skill. He is at work on an invention, but will not divulge the nature of it.

## HENRY CLAY'S SLAVE.

Death in a Hospital of an Octoroon More Than a Friend to the Old Statesman.

A leading business man of New Orleans gives the particulars of the romantic life of a woman of color who died in the Charity Hospital of that city lately. The woman was Phoebe Moore, an aged octoroon of such light complexion that she was generally thought to be white. She was born a slave, being the daughter of a white farmer in Boone county, Kentucky, and an octoroon woman. At the age of twelve years she and her mother were sold to Thomas H. Benton, the great Senator from Missouri, and taken to Washington. When she was sixteen years of age Henry Clay the famous Whig leader met her. He became fascinated with her, and at length purchased the beautiful slave girl. Up to that time she was pure, but upon the transfer became, so she has stated, Henry Clay's mistress, she having no objections, as she was his property. Clay provided for her well and finally gave her her freedom. She had two children who have since died. Those freedom papers and the deed of sale from Benton to Clay Mrs. Moore always kept sacredly together with a number of letters Clay wrote her. After obtaining her freedom, Mrs. Moore went to Memphis and never saw Clay again, though he sometimes wrote to her. She married Tom Moore, an Irishman, in Memphis. He knew nothing of her antecedents. She came with him to New Orleans. He enlisted in Droux's Battalion, and was killed afterwards in Virginia. She has, since the war, lived quietly in this city, making her living by sewing and was respected and much esteemed. Some months ago she was taken ill and was at first cared for by those who had been her employers in earlier times. Then she grew worse and was taken to the hospital at her own request. She was placed in a white ward and was tenderly cared for, but died as already related.

### Peter in Training.

Unless some other accident happens to Peter Jackson or Jim Corbett, their glove contest will in all probability take place on the date first agreed upon, May 21. It was generally expected that there would be a postponement, but Peter has thrown away his crutches and announced that he had no intention of backing for a delay. He has resumed his regular work which was interrupted by his painful accident. This sprained ankle of Peter's will certainly bother him a bit while training and in the ring, and it is natural to assume that he will not be able to put up as good a fight as he would have done had his horse not taken fright and thrown him out of his cart. Still men who are credited with being pretty sharp investors and there are a good many of these in "Frisco," are still offering 100 to 60 and in some cases as high as 2 to 1 on the injured pugilist. Jackson is a careful fellow and unless he was pretty sure that he could get in good shape in the time he yet has to prepare himself he would probably have asked to have the date of the contest changed. Such a request would have in all probability been granted.

### Good Sense Combination.

In a private letter to a friend relative to the statement which has appeared recently in several of the Afro-American journals to the effect that Messrs Bruce, Lynch and Hill had formed a sort of political combination, through which they were exercising a controlling influence with the National administration in the matter of appointments, Mr. Bruce says: "I am in a combination with the above named gentlemen in exactly the same sense and to the same extent that I am in a combination with every other colored gentleman in the United States, who is earnestly laboring for the advancement of our people socially, intellectually, morally and politically. In the matter of appointments to office my influence is cordially and impartially given to colored aspirants, whether hailing from the North, the South, the East, or the West, the only question being, 'Are they honest and competent and will their appointment reflect credit upon the race.'"

### Harrogate and Cumberland Gap.

The first sale of town lots in Harrogate and Cumberland Gap, near Middlesborough, Ky., occurs May 13, 14, 15, and 16. These towns possess all the natural advantages and prospects of the famous city of Middlesborough and this sale will be a rare opportunity for home-seekers and capitalists. The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad will run a low-rate excursion to the land sale, leaving Toledo, May 11. The excursion will be under the direction of Mr. Geo. J. Clark, excursion agent, Toledo, O., who will gladly furnish rates and full information. Send for fine album of Harrogate and Cumberland Gap views.

### Liveliest and Ablest.

Advance, St. Louis, Mo.—Among the liveliest and ablest journals published by the Afro-Americans is the Detroit Plaindealer. It makes no boast of being a National organ for the race but its columns are filled with the most excellent matter of National importance.

## "PLUTARCH'S TOPICS."

A NEW CORRESPONDENT TO DEAL WITH LIVING ISSUES.

And Discuss Certain Live and Important Questions in a Fearless and Candid and Philosophical Manner.

NUMBER 1.

Editor Plaindealer.—The repose of the Afro-American churches has been rudely disturbed. In every section of our country and among every class of our race are to be heard echoes and re-echoes of the bold words of your defunct correspondent "Billy Smith." Whether he has done good or worked ill-results, the future must reveal, but that he has created a deep and abiding commotion is evident. Who was he? What was he? or was he a she? What inspired him to write? What end had he in view? Was his information accurate? Did he reason soundly? Did he speak the truth? These and a score of other questions, varying with the differences of mind, character, or interest of the querist, are heard everywhere. Nor, Mr. Plaindealer, do you escape, for in the air are such questions as these: "Why did the Plaindealer publish Billy Smith's writings?" Is the Plaindealer out of sorts with the churches? Some, notably the Southern Recorder,—have gone so far as to say that "the Plaindealer is an enemy to the church." Others less biased by self-interest and more intelligent say, the Plaindealer has done more to truly benefit the churches than all the church papers published in a decade. So it goes, some welcome criticism and some resent it, some are willing to have errors pointed out and some don't like it.

Be the matter as it may, here goes for some more. I have been aroused from the lethargy that several years of quiet and monotonous life would naturally engender and now that my blood is warm and my feelings stirred, I am willing to accept your proposition and discuss certain live and important questions in a fearless and candid manner and according to true and philosophical methods, a discussion so carried through will be sufficiently novel to be interesting provided it deals with living issues.

Among the many interesting questions that could be propounded are such as, "are colored churches efficient as the instruments of moral elevation or are they effective as conservators of religion and promoters of social union only?"

Propose such a question to a half ignorant man and he would either laugh at you or curse you. Propose it to the average orthodox minister and he would call you a fool.

Another question, "Are two thirds of the papers published by colored men and called race organs worth the subscription price charged?"

Another question, "What is the probable future of the Afro-American?" O, there are hundred of good things to write about, so many that choosing becomes a test of a writer's fitness to be heard or read. The Afro-American press now has a reading public of its own, a reading public that can appreciate something fine. The thoughts sent forth by the press are not arrows shot in the mud to rot, but are seeds sown in prolific soil to bring forth fruit. A careful consideration of this truth will convince any editor or writer of the importance and responsibility attached to their work. Do not think that I would for one moment indulge any light mood or trifling disposition when speaking to important questions. What appears in these articles will be the carefully weighed utterances of one who has long since learned to feel that we must all give an account to the Great Judge for all we say.

The first question will be "What is the quality of the Negro churches as inculturators of sound moral ideas and what their efficiency as promoters of good moral practices?"

I have been considering this question for nearly five years, indeed since Bishop Turner's great article denying the existence of morality apart from religion. By the way, take warning there will be a great many by the ways in these articles, that man is a wonder, he discusses in familiar tone great topics of which most others of his race seem scarcely to think at all. Every now and then he hits a big thought; his defect is a lack of ability or else firmness to follow his ideas to the ultimatum. He always stops before the last analysis. But he never ceases to see; therefore what is out of sight he never finds; but his mental eyes are owl like for he pierces gloomy places and discovers great things, they are hawk like, for he catches the minutest details; they are eagle like, for he sweeps the face of all the earth. If a philosopher follows him up and delves to the root of what Turner spies on the surface, he will astonish the world.

Before we can discuss our question we must approach it so closely that none of its terms will be obscure. We are barred from it by many conflicting notions of "what morality is." Now, what is the basis of morality? Certainly not religious dogma, for dogma is not a permanent quality.

If morality is an essential part of religion or rather, if it is essentially a part of religion, the question arises, "which religion?" Suppose we answer the "Christian religion," what follows? The Universal church has at no time in its history been united in teaching any one identical theory of morality.

Now, the fact is if all religions were laid aside there would still be foundation for morality left, Christianity is

a splendid interpreter of morality but is not the basis.

The commandment, "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" did not create the obligation, for such an obligation existed when the first two human beings came into life and will continue as long as two or more of the human family are on earth. But this commandment sums up the whole moral obligation of man as a member of society and announces it with binding authority, i. e.—Christ is supreme authority and what He announces as the law must be accepted as truth.

Christ was not a law maker but a teacher of the law. His disciples were to go forth into the world and likewise be lights unto the world, i. e., they were not to formulate laws but to teach what already existed.

It is plain that the teaching a lame man the principles of walking would be wasted effort unless he was also supplied with efficient legs. Likewise to teach infirm and depraved men what morality requires is vain labor unless he in some way is enabled to practice what he is taught. Christianity claims that this lacking ability is supplied by a miracle—the new birth—which millions have testified of having experienced. But to receive this "new birth" the subject must know something more than what Christ taught as good morals, he must know Christ as related to the plan of redemption and must believe in him.

To be enabled to believe in Christ unto salvation he must be possessed of more than mere human power, he must exercise a faith that is supernatural. To obtain this faith, he must have repented of his sins and come to feel that Christ alone can help him. Repentance is brought about by being lead to contrast one's false way of living with the true way. Now that act of judgement is beyond the power of the natural mind, the Spirit of God must furnish the light and perform the work of conviction. So you see the process from sinfulness to holiness as taught by the Christian system is made up of human effort supplemented by divine aid and must have as its motive power "love to God."

Is it not also plain that Christianity cannot directly benefit those who do not meet the conditions, i. e., it has no message for sinners but "repentance." Morality as taught by the church cannot be divorced from religion because the unregenerated cannot practice the high morality that Christianity demands. Before you can receive any of the benefits of Christianity you must accept Christ. The burden of the preachers message to the world, then is: "come to Christ." To the believer alone has the preacher any authority to expound the law.

Hence there are evangelists to bring the people to Christ, preachers to proclaim the will of God, and pastors and teachers to instruct and direct practice. These offices are frequently united in one man the pastor's duty is twofold, it relates to public worship and the private life.

With this view of the matter before us we may proceed to consider the question "what is the quality of the Negro churches as inculturators of sound moral ideas, and what their efficiency as promoters of good moral practices." "Plutarch."

### Catering in a New Line.

From the Sunday Journal, Toledo, O.: Those who have occasion to pass along Summit street at night may have observed a gang of colored men busy with brush broom and hoe cleaning that thoroughfare. This is the broom brigade of Archie Allen, widely known as a caterer for many years.

This desirable result has come about because of the impassible condition of the street at muddy times, and of its horrible clouds of dust when the dry weather obtained. The work is paid for by contribution among the merchants along the streets, and while properly a city duty, is so imperative needed that the gentlemen there located prefer to take the matter in their own hands, and have a chance to enjoy life a little, rather than wait for the regulation before-election brigade of paupers and superannuated voters, who are supposed to scrape the dominant party into a closer grip on power.

However, it may be done, and whatever means may be employed, there are none who are called upon to employ the street for any purpose, and nearly all the inhabitants are thus compelled, but will hail the innovation with pleasure and approbation.

Archie Allen has catered to the stomachs of Toledo people for so these many years, but he has never before so touched a tender spot as when he essays the cleaning of this, the principal street of the city.

If we cannot have the street sweeping done by machine we can at least have it done by hand power, so long as the merchants and Archie Allen agree as to recompense. It is a blessed innovation and one which merits the gratitude of all.

### To the Ladies.

If you want a good magazine devoted to fashion, literature, culture and home, look here!

To the first three ladies, who will send us their subscription for the year and an additional subscriber, we will send the Canadian Queen, an excellent 52 page monthly free of charge.

Remit us \$2. and the names at once if you want to get this premium.

Word comes from Dowagiac that arrangements are being made for a grand celebration and re-union of the 102nd Regiment at that place July 31 and August 1. Hon. J. M. Langston is advertised to speak.

Hereafter no Correspondence will be published that reaches us later than the first mail Wednesday morning.—Editor.

The next issue of the Plaindealer will contain the first article of Mr. Calloway's college series; article number two of the Detroit school series; Pictorial Topics, and many other special features. Don't fail to read it. Send in your subscription at once.

#### A NOVEL HOTEL SCHEME.

Milwaukee, May 5.—Mr. Chase, the general manager of the Plankinton and Mr. J. J. Miles, the head waiter, have introduced a novelty as an inducement for the waiters to keep themselves neat in appearance. They offer a prize of \$5. to the waiter who, during the month, keeps himself the most cleanly and polished in appearance. It is safe to say the contest will be a lively one, and the waiter who wins it will have to be a model of neatness and cleanliness. We are very much afraid Mr. Chase will make duces out of the young men of that hotel.

Rev. Williamson has gone to Evanston, Ill., to attend district conference.

Mr. L. H. Palmer has been sent to Evanston, Ill., as a delegate to the Sunday school convention.

Mr. A. V. Rainey has gone to Chicago to reside.

The Carpe Diem is making active preparation for its May entertainment. Progress Hall has been secured. Due notification will be given as to date.

Mr. Chas. Barker is down with inflammatory rheumatism.

The "Philosopher" and Evangelist, Rev. A. J. Ford, is with us again.

J. B.

#### INJURED BY A LOG.

Cassopolis, May 4.—Rev. W. H. Brown held services in the A. M. E. church Sunday.

The ice cream social at the church was well attended Friday evening.

J. W. Allen, of Lansing, came Friday to attend the funeral of his brother's 13 year old daughter, who died on the 30th of April.

Chas. Stewart, a lad of 17 years, while loading logs alone in the woods Tuesday was caught by a log rolling back on him, pinioned to the ground for three hours before any one came that way to relieve him. No bones were broken, but he is confined on account of injuries received.

Circuit court, and a matinee of two year olds on the 7th., with seven starters are the objects of attraction this week.

W. B.

#### A LIVE JOURNAL.

Fletcher, Ont., May 5.—The weather has been very dry and the spring seeding has been delayed, but there are signs of rain today.

The Rev. I. Morris of Chatham and his congregation have been invited to assist in the baptizing which takes place at the Baptist church at Buxton next Sunday at 9 a. m.

Miss P. Pierce and Mr. L. Pierce of Ypsilanti are home on a visit.

Mr. Victor Shreve of Detroit is visiting in town.

The Plaindealer is a welcome visitor and is now placed at a dollar per year, which brings it within the reach of all. As its object is to encourage the race and voice their interests and defend their rights, and as Canadians have no journal of their own at present it is hoped that the Plaindealer will find its way into every Afro-American home. Correspondents from all parts of Canada should keep this live journal journal posted as to our interests and movements.

J. G.

#### PROUD OF THEIR REPORTS.

East Saginaw, May 5.—Elder Hill preached as usual on Sunday morning to a large congregation but as the 1st Sabbath of each month is missionary day, he very kindly gave way for the exercises for which Miss Minnie Lucas, superintendent of the Sunday school, arranged a very interesting program. There were addresses delivered by the Messrs Richardson, Brown and Lenny; an essay by Hattie Butler, on missionary work, after which Elder Hill made a few brief remarks though interesting, and the exercises were closed. Miss Alice Brown presided at the organ. The collection was good and will go to the missionary fund.

On Tuesday evening April 28, there was a social after which Elder Hill called for the envelopes to be returned containing the \$1. money and quite a number responded. Saginaw is with the living; we feel proud of our reports this year. If our present pastor does not return we hope we will have some one his equal.

There are quite a number still on the sick list, among the number being Miss Kitty Barney.

The citizens of Saginaw tendered Dr. Ellis a reception on last Thursday evening at the restaurant of Mr. C. W. Ellis, the father of the Doctor, who has lately returned from Europe. There were toasts drunk in honor of the estimable gentleman and all had a jolly good time.

Mrs. Mary Smith is convalescent. Mr. John Bowles has left the city and gone to Alpena. He goes from there to Pinconning where he is to move his family.

Mr. Johnson of Bay City and lady were in the city on Sunday and attended the evening service.

Little Harry Jordan is taking guitar lessons and promises to be a good musician.

Thomas McComas, the young Saginaw artist, is rapidly improving. At present he is drawing a battle between the Indians.

Henrietta.

Our correspondents will do well to remember that to insure publication their letters should reach here Wednesday noon.

#### WHICH WAS THE GENTLEMAN?

True Politicians Sometimes Masquerade in Fashion.

From the New York Tribune.

In the hottest part of one of the recent hot days two persons boarded an uptown elevated train at the Ninth-ave. station. The two were not together. One was an attractive young woman, and the other was a laboring man, in soiled and patched clothes, and with dinner pail in hand. There was only one vacant seat in the car. The laboring man was perspiring and apparently tired. He was thinking of his own comfort, and he hurried to the vacant seat, taking possession of it with an air of extreme comfort and relief. It is doubtful if he noticed the young woman at all. She had started for the seat too, but the man reached it long before her. A slight appearance of disappointment and annoyance was visible on her face. She reached for a strap, and prepared for a tiresome standing journey uptown. But a man who sat next to the laboring man relieved her. He was a cool and comfortably clad individual, and appeared well able to stand. He politely offered the young woman his seat, and she as politely accepted it. Then the polite individual took hold of a strap and cast a look of scorn at the laboring man, plainly showing that he considered the latter's action in appropriating the only vacant seat had been decidedly wrong and ungentlemanly. The laboring man was plainly annoyed and uncomfortable. He read the meaning of the scornful glance, and apparently did not resent it. He probably began to realize that his action had been rude. But an opportunity for retaliation soon came. The attractive young woman left the train at Twenty-third-st., and the polite individual resumed his seat. At Forty-second-st. an old colored woman entered the car and as no seats were vacant the colored woman seized a strap and prepared to stand. She was evidently suffering a great deal from heat and fatigue. The man who had been so polite to the attractive young woman now became absorbed in a critical study of his feet. But the laboring man arose, and very awkwardly taking off his hat, asked the colored woman if she would not take his seat.

"God bless you! I will!" she said; and as she did so the laboring man gazed triumphantly upon the polite individual, whose shallow merit was wholly dwarfed before this evidence of a noble manhood.

#### THE CLEVELAND MINSTRELS.

Patterson, N. J., May 3.—Our troupe has just parted with a fellow companion whom we were sorry to lose. Our worthy Brother Carter Simpkins left us on the evening of the 30th at Frankfort, Pa., the company going to New York immediately after the show. Before we said good bye, the quartette consisting of Messrs Frank Kennedy, James Tyler, Ollie Hall and Ed. Thompson sang the "Knight's Farewell," which was followed by that ever popular song "Should old acquaintance be forgot," by Prof. Henderson Smith, with band accompaniment and Tom McIntosh, the great comedian, with Messrs Billy Farrell and Dock Taylor rendered the song in a way which will never be forgotten. Then, after shaking hands, Mr. Simpkins left for his home in Chicago, carrying the well wishes of the entire company, and the regrets of the Townsend lodge, No. 1, traveling Knights of Pythias, of which our troupe is commander.

Billy Farrell has received an offer to star in a piece called "Hands across the Sea," written by Ed. Thompson, our king and bass.

James Bland, the comedian and popular song writer, and Jalvin, the juggler left us at Washington, D. C., on the 26th of last month. Mr. Bland going to England and Jalvin to Australia.

Henderson Smith, our band leader, is all smiles at the prospect of an early visit from his wife.

Mr. Dan Loudon, late of the McCabe and Young minstrels, joined our company at Frankfort, Pa.

Tom McIntosh, our comedian, was presented with a Knight's of Pythias charm by his many friends at Charlottesville, Va. It is a beauty, being set with diamonds, and Tom is singing "Carry me back to old Virginia," but not to live or die.

Speaking of talent among the race, the Cleveland minstrels can boast of some of the smartest young men in the country. There is Mr. an PalmDer, who has a fine baritone voice, and composed the baritone solo, "Queen of my heart." It is a very pretty song and is being used by all of the Cleveland companies. Next comes Mr. George Williams, of the late team of Grac and Williams. He is the composer of the acrobatic song and dance that the New York papers praised so highly entitled, "Four models of grace." Then there are the two wonders of the 19th century, Smart and Taylor, being only 19 and 20 years old. They composed the words and music of the song and dance entitled "Invitation." This song is being used by the New Orleans, Geo. Wilson, and Richard and Pringles Georgia minstrels. Kansas City, Mo., is the home of these two little wonders. They are both fine vocalists, dancers and comedians.

We are coming North, en route to Maine, the home of Blaine.

There are only two papers published, The Detroit Plaindealer and the New York Clipper. Our regards to all.

Our route this week is, Paterson, N. J., May 3-4; Bridgeport, Conn., 6; New Haven, Conn., 6; Danbury, Conn., 7; Meriden, Conn., 8; Hartford, Conn., 9; and Worcester, Mass., 11. Ollie.

#### THE CONCERT BAND.

South Bend, May 4.—A grand entertainment was given at the residence of Mrs. S. Powell's May 1, for the benefit of the pastor. The colored concert band which is training for the campaign of '92 was present and discoursed some excellent music.

Mrs. C. Pollard has returned to South Bend from Indianapolis.

Miss Alla Powell who has been ill for the past four months with the grip does not seem to get any better.

Mrs. L. Martin is improving slowly. Rev. J. I. Hill has been appointed election clerk for precinct 15. A. B.

#### SEEKING IS BELIEVING.

The ground on which Yakutsk, Siberia, is built is perpetually frozen to a depth of 613 feet.

A Gloucester, Pa., forist has under cultivation that rare production of nature, a green rose.

London's Cleopatra's Needle is decaying, and, it is declared, will soon be nothing but a shapeless stone.

A sixty-seven foot snake of unknown species has been captured in Central Brazil. It is variegated in hue, blue, green and pink predominating, has tufts like a bear, and a horn two feet long on its forehead.

There is a curiosity near Cordoba, Ga., in the shape of a pine tree. It begins from the ground as two separate and well-developed trees, and continues so for a distance of fourteen feet, when they join and go upward as one.

There is an old oak in the graveyard at Midway, in Liberty county, Ga., that measures eighteen feet six inches in circumference three feet from its base. This cemetery dates back to the first settlement of Georgia as a colony of Great Britain.

The principal relic belonging to the Church of Sainte Gudule, in Brussels, consists of a thorn which is said to have formed part of the Saviour's crown. Florent III, count of Holland, brought it to the Netherlands in the times of the Crusades.

Something of a curiosity has been on exhibition at Casper, Wyoming. It is an imprint of a sinuous palm leaf, caused by the leaf falling into clay and the clay afterwards petrifying. The rock was found on Salt creek, and indicates that ages ago, when the big coal beds were being formed, Wyoming possessed a tropical climate.

There is a curious freak of nature to be seen along the road leading from Atglen to Cochranville, Pa. Two good-sized streams of water meet at right angles on almost level ground, each having a heavy fall in reaching the point. The water of both streams meet, but neither is impeded in its course. They cross like two roads and continue in their respective beds.

#### TERSELY TOLD.

There are 1,500,000 gypsies in Europe.

Electric cars run on the streets of Stuttgart.

A Lancaster, Pa., man recently received \$50 through the mail, with a letter stating that it was stolen from him forty years ago.

At the exhibition of the Royal Botanic society in England this spring the blue primrose was the flower that attracted the most attention.

An itinerant blind fiddler who met with an accident at Stockton, Cal., and had to be taken to a hospital, was found to have \$1,200 on his person.

A few years ago the great Selkirk glacier in British Columbia was pure water. Now it is grimy from ashes scattered by the wanton burning of forest trees.

What island was discovered by Columbus on his first American voyage is still unknown. The popular idea that Cat Island was the one was exploded long ago.

It is a mistake to suppose that polar research has cost enormously in human life. Despite all the great disasters, 97 out of every 100 explorers have returned alive.

The lowest body of water on the globe is the Caspian sea. Its level has been gradually lowering for centuries, and now it is eighty-five feet below the level of its neighbor, the Black sea.

Wooden nutmegs were a Yankee notion, but the manufacture of artificial coffee beans is a German industry. These beans are intended to be used in trade for mixing with the genuine article, so that fastidious customers may have the whole roasted and ground before their eyes without suspecting the fraud.

#### FUR AND FEATHERS.

A number of pelicans have taken up their quarters near Pearl river bridge at Jackson, Miss. This is the first known instance where these birds have taken up their abode so far from salt water.

A canary died in New York at the age of fifteen years. The bird was blind for the last two years of his life, but sang till within a few days of his death. One morning he refused food, but took a little water, then nestled down in his cage, ruffled out his feathers as usual, coiled up as if to sleep, and thus gently died.

A Pennsburg, Pa., gentleman, whose barn was formerly overrun with rats, is no longer troubled with them and he used neither traps nor dogs in driving them out. About a year ago he purchased a fox somewhere in the West. The fox was given the freedom of the barn and in a short time after its arrival all the rats found it convenient to depart. The rat exterminator has become a household pet.

#### ANNOTATED "SAVINGS."

If wishes were horses most people would prefer to walk, as long as hay is \$20 per ton.

"Where there's a will there's a way," but I take it it means there's a way for the lawyers to break it.

If the wolf that comes to your door is in sheep's clothing all you have to do is to pull the wool over his eyes.

One of the times when you ought to be sure to love your neighbor as yourself is when you trade horses with him.

"To what base uses do we come at last," quoted the sofa cushion as the boys took it out to the ball field and used it for third.

The saying "Nothing succeeds like success" was probably invented before the modern "business-failure" system of succeeding was discovered.

#### APHORISMS.

Some callid folks would rudder go to a horse-trot on Sunday dan to quarterly meetin'.

De mo' I reads de less I feels my ignorance, an' de mo' I feels my ignorance de less I reads. Deys ain't nuffin like it to make a man feel proud.



#### ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

## "German Syrup"

For Throat and Lungs

"I have been ill for about five years, have had the best medical advice, and I took the first dose in some doubt. This resulted in a few hours easy sleep. There was no further hemorrhage till next day, when I had a slight attack which stopped almost immediately. By the third day all trace of blood had disappeared and I had recovered much strength. The fourth day I sat up in bed and ate my dinner, the first solid food for two months. Since that time I have gradually gotten better and am now able to move about the house. My death was daily expected and my recovery has been a great surprise to my friends and the doctor. There can be no doubt about the effect of German Syrup, as I had an attack just previous to its use. The only relief was after the first dose." J. R. LOUGHHEAD, Adelaide, Australia.

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DETROIT, FRIDAY MAY 8, '91.

Is it not possible that the Afro-American in his struggle for life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness has depended solely upon his own efforts and those of his friend and forgotten the great friend of the oppressed of all races that turn to him—God.

One of the most dangerous enemies of the Afro-American is he who cloaks his opposition under a religious garb. He appears to be friendly and considerate while in fact his arguments are used as hammers that try to rivet the chains more firmly upon him.

The Afro-American League convention that met in Detroit last year, appointed Lansing as the place of the next meeting and May 13 as the date. As yet, however, the executive board of the state has not decided whether or no the action of that convention in this matter is to be upheld.

The warlike South has ceased its thundering at Italy and things Italian. It has settled down, and has resumed its former business of receiving the very worst elements of Italian immigration. Since the New Orleans massacre hundreds of them have been added to a population already lawless.

In his "swinging around the circle," President Harrison, by his admirable tact and happy speech is making hosts of friends. In spite of all his enemies say about him the people are beginning to realize that there have been few presidents superior to him, while in his conception of the needs of the Republic, in matters of policies, he shows a comprehensiveness of mind the equal of that of any man in public life.

Opeleousas, a small town in Louisiana, has called a citizen's meeting, (best citizens of course,) to protest against an Afro-American postmaster at that place. The form of the protest is likely to be several rounds of hot lead from as many Winchesters, into the postmaster's body. This will not cause any international embroglio, and public attention will not be attracted to it to such an extent. If some journal, more fearless than another, happens to call attention to it, he will be met with the same old orthodox reply: "Leave him to us we have Winchesters enough to take care of him."

At a recent oratorical contest in which the University of Michigan representative carried off the prize, the effort on temperance was marked by way down as to thought. As none but the judges may ever know what considerations entered into their decision, it may be inferred that the temperance question is becoming threadbare. Nothing new can be said about it. The young man, who possessed a magnificent voice, was unfortunate in choosing such a subject at this stage of the temperance movement. For although he stood first in delivery, his "thought" was so poor that he found himself at the bottom of the list as an orator.

The Afro-American Leagues in several of the states have called state conventions to consider the work of the League and to elect delegates to the general convention in Knoxville, Tenn., July 9. The Plaindealer trusts that the state officers in Michigan will not let the interests of the League lag behind that of any of the states, that they will get together and issue their call for a convention in this state, to consider in what direction their influence towards bettering the conditions of Afro-Americans can be best felt, and to select delegates to represent them in the National convention. Michigan has a great reputation to sustain, and the League officers throughout the state must not let that reputation suffer through any fault of theirs.

Twice within a month have Afro-Americans signalized themselves as conservators of the peace and dignity of the community. The villain who tried to take advantage of two little girls in Grand Circus park was apprehended by an Afro-American. Later during the car shops strike an Afro-American employe true to the company's interests took care of two men at once who tried to injure the company's property. To an ordinary observer such acts make these men as fit for policemen as the ordinary patrolmen who daily do back doors of saloons so much so that one or two

often lay off on account of the gout. But our police commissioners have never been able to find a man whom they thought would make a good policeman. To the commissioners Afro-Americans are all like the little girl who stood on her head in her little trundle bed, they are too good or too bad.

## A Popular Change.

The Plaindealer company invites the attention of Afro-Americans everywhere in the United States and Canada to an inspection of the paper which is issued each week.

Though no pains or expense are being spared in making the Plaindealer a newspaper, in every possible respect, through improvements in the art of newspaper making we are enabled to offer the Plaindealer to our large and growing constituency at the very low price of One Dollar per year.

Despite this very low rate there will be no change in the general excellence of the Plaindealer. It is the aim of the management to make it a newspaper for all the people everywhere;—Clean, Bright, Cheery and Newsy, it is the universal favorite. It is published for the people and we want the news of the people from every section of this country. Every item of news of interest is especially solicited.

We also call attention to the inducements we are offering to our subscribers for help in securing additional subscribers for the Plaindealer.

We want 10,000 subscribers and we are offering liberal inducements to all to assist us. Help us and thereby help yourselves. It ought to be an easy matter to secure subscriptions at the Popular Price of One Dollar per year. See our Premium List published elsewhere in this issue.

We want to make the Plaindealer of National interest. We want the news from every section. We want agents and correspondents everywhere. We want 10,000 subscribers. We want you to help us get them. We will help you do it. Write us for terms.

Public opinion, for the past few years, has been so much abused and cuffed around by the Detroit City Railway company that it took the opportunity of the recent strike to get back at it. Public opinion was in sympathy with the striking conductors and drivers. Public opinion stood silently by or encouraged the destruction of the property of the company. Public opinion was in sympathy with the rioters, and forced the City Railway company to make a complete back down from its former position and recognize the rights of its employes to unite themselves into organizations of labor if they so desired.

While public opinion took occasion to thus manifest itself as to acts of lawlessness, and forced a successful outcome, it has without doubt set a bad precedent, which will be taken advantage of in future strikes, and those who resort to such means to carry a strike will find that they have acted unwisely. In fact such means were employed by the men of the Michigan Car company last week, when without provocation and before presenting any claims to the company, they went at once on a strike, and began to break windows and destroy other property. A few broken heads and bones, a cell in a prison and loss of much time and money is all these strikers get for their foolhardiness in going on such a strike unprepared, and for the employment of such means. To their ignorant minds, public opinion, because it condemns them, must seem, like fortune, a fickle jade.

Public opinion rarely condones acts of violence and workmen ought to know that such acts meet no sympathy from it in the ordinary conflicts between labor and capital.

A number of Southern papers (white) have spoken highly of Prof. Straker as a man, and have viewed his candidacy for the Court of Appeals favorably. A few of them seem to think that although Mr. Straker is a cultured and able man, esteemed by those who know him, professionally and otherwise, that the President will not appoint him to such an important position in the North. They intimate that were he now living in the South, and as well endorsed as he has been, there would be little doubt of his appointment. These Southern journals are hardly sincere in their claims that they are imposed upon by the North, by the appointment of men who would not receive positions in the North. The bulk of the Afro-American population is in the South, and their recognition has been mainly in the parts where they are the most numerous.

Mr. Straker's hearty recommendations, regardless of party or of race, is an evidence that color does not out-weigh merit. However, President Harrison can forever silence the

South on this claim by appointing Prof. Straker to a Northern circuit. It would also be an object lesson for bourbons who claim that they cannot tolerate Afro-Americans in public office and that the North would not do so either.

## To Sunday Schools—Everywhere

The Plaindealer company take pleasure in calling attention of Sunday schools, Sunday school officers, teachers and scholars, and church officers generally, to the extraordinary offer they are enabled to make to schools desiring new libraries, or additions to the old one.

The Plaindealer is a paper which may be safely canvassed for. It devotes more space to church affairs than any non-sectarian paper published. It publishes each week the Sunday School lesson of the week following, with able comments; besides a full resume of the news of the week. It is widely and favorably known throughout the country and at the Popular Price of One Dollar per year subscriptions can be easily obtained.

If your school needs books of any kind you can obtain them by a little concentrated effort without the cost of a penny to yourself or school. The required number of subscribers can be obtained in your own locality. Interest the children and instill in them a love for books. We can supply the greatest demand. See our Premium List and write for terms.

## A Gift Edge Offer.

The Plaindealer company have secured, by special arrangements with the publishers, the entire unsold edition of the Biography of Zachariah Chandler; a handsome book, magnificently printed, profusely illustrated and well bound in cloth. The book originally sold for \$2.50 per volume and is not to be found in any book store of this country today. We are going to give the Plaindealer subscribers the benefit of the favorable terms upon which we secured this magnificent work. We will send the book and the Plaindealer one year to any address, postpaid, for \$2.00; less than the actual cost of the book.

The Afro-Americans of this country have had no truer friend than plain, old, honest, blunt Zachariah Chandler, the stalwart of stalwarts, and pre-eminently great as a statesman. Every Afro-American should have a copy of his life. This work is out of print, and will, in a few years, be worth ten times what it now costs. Persons desiring to take advantage of this offer should write at once, as we have but a limited number.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

Christian Recorder, Philadelphia, Pa. We favor the appellation Afro-American notwithstanding its many and serious disadvantages, because its feminine equivalent is so lengthy that Caucasians will not use it. Just think of it, Afro-Americaness! Every man of our class is disgusted at hearing his mother, sister, daughter or wife styled "a Negrress." "Afro-American" will bring it down to "an Afro-American lady" or "woman."

The Pilot, Washington, D. C.: We repeat that if the Republican organization in the South, which is Negro, will refrain from participation in the forthcoming National convention to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President, the Negro voter of the North can so organize and demonstrate his importance as an elector, having the balance of power, as to be of far more service to his brethren South, than they, in their disfranchised condition, can possibly be to themselves.

"Gilmore the Great" as he is everywhere familiarly and worthily known, comes to this city, May 11, and 12, four May concerts, with his wonderful Band and five of the first Solo Artists in the world. Among these are the renowned Campanini, who, by means of a delicate surgical operation, has completely recovered his voice, and is again acknowledged in every place he appears as the first and foremost of living tenors. The enthusiasm he has awakened in New York, Boston, and wherever he has recently sung is greater even than during his earlier triumphs. But Campanini is only one of Gilmore's distinguished stars. With him will appear Madame Louise Natali, and Ida Klein, soprano; Miss Anna Mantell, contralto; Signor Spigoroli, tenor; Sartori, baritone; and last though by no means least, Miss Mary Powell, the greatest living female violinist. Here, with the Band, is an aggregation of talent which this city has rarely if ever heard, and those who fail to listen to the concert to be given May 11 and 12 at the Detroit Club will make a grievous mistake. Gilmore is easily the first of the great Bandmasters, and his coming is always regarded as an event. Reserved seats now open at Schwankovsky's Music House, 23 Monroe avenue.

## 'TIS PITY, 'TIS, 'TIS TRUE.

That Color Prejudice is Exhibited at the Capital of the Nation.

The Times, Pittsburgh, Pa. Washington, where the emancipation proclamation was written, where were delivered not a few of the finest speeches of modern times in defense of the principle that in a Republic it is character and not color by which men and women should be judged, is making a spectacle of itself by denying that principle.

A few weeks ago a social organization of ladies was thrown into the agencies of dissolution by the discovery that one of the members bore a trace of African blood. There was no intimation that she was lacking in any of the graces, or that she was a whit behind the best in intellectual and moral attainments. Indeed, her bearing indicated that she was beyond those who somewhat vociferously declared themselves the best. The only objection to her was the African taint but that was dead.

The excitement caused by that incident among the choice of the earth there has scarcely died away when another incident of like nature is reported. The Medical Society had an election the other day, and one of the candidates for membership was Dr. F. J. Shadd, a graduate of Howard university, and a teacher in it for four years, but for the last ten practicing medicine. He is house surgeon to the Freedmen's Hospital there, and lecturer on medical jurisprudence at the University. He has more than a trace of African blood in his veins, and he was defeated, of course, for that reason. Other applicants of color had been voted down, and why not he? With becoming pluck he will apply again and keep applying until the high-toned opposition has an access of common sense.

Women and doctors are the chief bulwarks of the narrow social prejudices which it is one of the aims of freedom to destroy. Women, shut out of the activities of life, in which genuine worth alone counts, are shut up to a study of the trifles, which they raise to supreme importance. How a man enters or retires from a room is dwelt upon more than the kind of soul or mind which he brings into it. The doctors take their cue from the women, because with them most of their professional associations lie. If it were not for the ailments of woman, largely imaginary, and resulting from the need of something to properly engage their thought and call out their energy, about three-fourths of the doctors would have nothing to do. Under the inspiration of these associations has grown up a code of etiquette, which in some places is most amusingly called ethics. This code is the butt of endless jokes, as are the whims which so many women think are the most imposing of realities.

The world has borne with them for a long time, and will have to bear with them for a long time to come, but it is a pity that they should be exhibited in the capital of a nation, where only its best and truest and loftiest aspirations should be represented in thought and deed.

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

George Mayberry of Lexington, Mo., who is 91 years old, amuses himself by breaking a hundred pounds of hemp a day.

J. Gordon Street, the Boston journalist, and recently editor of the Courant of that city, has left the staff of that paper.

The Twin City athletic club, of Minneapolis, has arranged for a match between the "Black Pearl" and Paddy Gorman, the well known middle-weight which will occur some time during this month.

At a railroad camp 20 miles below Chattanooga, four Afro-American laborers were burned to death in a box car Sunday night. The men were in drunken stupor, and the car was completely destroyed before the camp realized the disaster.

The students of a university of Athens, Tenn., wished to invite Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier Journal, to make their annual commencement address, but their request was denied by the faculty for purely political reasons.

The Grant Monument Association of which Richard P. Greener is secretary observed the ceremony of "breaking ground" for General Grant's tomb in the Riverside Park last Monday with appropriate ceremonies and an oration by General Horace Porter.

The plan adopted by the railroads of Texas to comply with the state law which goes into effect June 18th compelling all Afro-American passengers to be provided with separate coaches is that a portable partition to each coach be provided for the accommodation of Afro-American passengers as the number require.

John Taylor, of Kansas City, Mo., was drowned in the Missouri river while bathing last Monday evening. There was an eddy at the place where he jumped in, and although he was accompanied by two companions and several white boys were in bathing none of them dared to attempt to rescue him.

An African-American Character Concert Company has been organized in New York city for an extended tour in Europe, to begin at Hamburg about May 15, and the members sailed on the Zaandam on last Wednesday morning. The plan of the company is "to illustrate the musical progress of the American Negro as slave and citizen."

An Afro-American of Riverhead, Shelter Island, N. Y., made five dollars by breaking open the Presbyterian church bell tower and ringing the bell to celebrate the election of a citizen to the office of supervisor. The bell was rung at the nominee's defeat several years before and his present success was incomplete until the same bell should announce his triumph.

At the meeting of the American Citizens' Equal Rights association at Cincinnati Tuesday, resolutions were adopted affirming the determination to secure complete rights and protesting against those Afro-Americans who are chiefly interested in securing offices for themselves. Attention is also called to the fact that in the North where each party really needs the Afro-American vote for success; the votes get no political recognition.

## As Viewed Abroad.

From the Pioneer Press, Martinsburg, Va.:

"The Plaindealer, The National Afro-American Newspaper." From the first time we saw the Plaindealer, we were struck with its solidity of thought, beauty and force of language and typographical accuracy. We pronounced it then, and are proud to own it now, as the leading Afro-American newspaper in the United States. As it is in advance in gathering news, so it is in the possession of the productions of art and science.

It is the first and only Afro-American newspaper in this country that has "Roger's Typograph," one of the latest and most wonderful machines of the 19th. century. By means of this machine type setting with the hand, like cutting wheat with the cradle, is, or will be a thing of the past. The Typograph is used exactly like the Remington Typewriter. The only difference being: with the type writer you write on paper, while with the Typograph you write on smooth soft metal surface. An expert at the machine can do the work of four men. Brother Pelham your push, pluck and merited prosperity is worthy of the race's highest appreciation.

## A VARIETY OF THINGS.

"For the amount which it has cost we have never had so much good music, so many good pictures, and so much thought," said Dr. Henderson, at the Rink Monday night when introduced by Mr. Hitchcock to speak about the future of the entertainments. To this sentiment the entire audience responded a few minutes later by giving an unanimous vote for the continuance of the course next year, and at the same time thanking Mr. Hitchcock for his philanthropy. In response Mr. Hitchcock thanked them for their appreciation of his efforts and promised better things next season. He had secured he said slides illustrating Stanley's journey through the Dark Continent, the Life of Napoleon, paintings from the palace of the Louvre, a fine set of Egypt and another of Palestine and a number of other subjects of interest. The Boylston club furnished the musical program, after which Rev. Dr. Radcliffe gave his lecture on Rome. "All roads lead to Rome," he said, "but it takes more than thirty minutes to go there" yet in the space of a half an hour Dr. Radcliffe managed to give an eloquent resume of the history of the Imperial City. The views which followed were splendid illustrations of the massiveness and strength, the elements which Rome furnish to the architecture of the world. With one's own people a majority of whose labors leave them but little time to devote to reading and study, this lecture course would be very beneficial, imparting as it does so much instruction by illustrations, and should receive a larger patronage another season.

A few weeks ago Rev. Anna Shaw, a minister of the Unitarian church and president of a highly aristocratic educational society in Washington, D. C., over ruled the action of a Southern woman, the secretary of the society in refusing to admit an intelligent and refined young Afro-American of the same sex into one of its classes. In an interview Mrs. Shaw is reported to have said, "I have been preaching in my pulpit, that God made of one blood all the nations of the earth. I cannot act a lie by permitting an action to go on record contrary to what I have been preaching. During the past week the Rev. Shaw has twice lectured to Detroit audiences. Her lectures have been entertaining and instructive. She is in the van among those noble women who are endeavoring to attain equal freedom to all and equal opportunity according to capacity. From them the Afro-American will receive no small help in his fight against prejudice. And yet against such as these some of the inferior intellects of the A. M. E. ministry have used their influence which is small through the Christian Recorder to retard woman's advancement.

Miss Anna Dickinson made her first appearance before the public since her imprisonment at the Danville Insane Asylum, at Broadway theatre, Tuesday evening, April 25, where she lectured on "Personal Liberty." In this speech she declared that her incarceration was due to a conspiracy of J. S. Clarkson, Col. W. W. Dudley and Senator Quay, who engaged her to stump the country for them in 1888 and gave her a blank check to fill in with whatever compensation she wished. The provision, however, she declared was that she should not speak at all about the black man. "I was poor," she continued, "but as Heaven is my witness, I did not want their money, because they wanted my voice to be silent on the slave question." For her vehement denunciations and bitter personalities on this occasion the press generally have announced belief in her insanity.

There is an Afro-American woman in Cincinnati who has made a business of begging. She is about 40 years old, well educated and was formerly a school teacher. The support of herself and an aged mother is the plea she puts forth. Investigation always shows that there is an aged mother and to all appearances distress but in reality the proceeds of the woman's begging would allow them to live comfortably. The device she adopts shows a system about her work worthy of a better cause. One of her favorite pleas for assistance is to show an eviction paper which she obtains by hiring rooms, the rent of which she knows she cannot pay. Then when she is evicted she uses the paper to beg with. A charitable organization of that city has offered to pay the rent of a small room if she will work, but she will not, she seems to have a mania for begging and will do nothing else. She has her counterpart in every city.

## CITY DEPARTMENT.

### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers not receiving THE PLAIN DEALER regularly should notify us at once. We desire every copy delivered promptly.

THE PLAIN DEALER always for sale at the following places:

Aaron Lapp, 406 Hastings street.  
John Williams, 51 Croghan street.  
Cook and Thomas, 42 Croghan street.  
Jones and Brower, 329 Antoine street.  
W. H. Johnson, 409 Hastings street.

### MERE MENTION.

If you have a bit of news, don't be afraid to send it to this newspaper. If friends from a distance are in town, let us know it. If you are about to make improvements of any kind, let us hear about it. If a former resident writes to you any news of himself, not of a private nature, it will also interest many others if made known through these columns. If you have a suggestion to make, or see a public evil, or an opportunity to benefit the people or town, we will give you space to make it known.

But don't send any item to which you would be ashamed to sign your name. Don't try to mix us up in any of your quarrels. Don't send us family affairs or troubles which should not concern outsiders. And don't get angry when we condense your items, or leave out some of them entirely. If we were to publish everything which reaches us, we would soon appear in court as defendants in a libel suit, so you must let us use our discretion as to what is available and what is not.

To any boy or girl in the city who will secure ten new subscribers for three months at fifty cents each, we will give a new pair of shoes from the select stock of one of Detroit's well known shoe houses.

To any boy or girl in the city who will secure a new subscriber for three months and bring the name and address and 50 cents in payment to this office, we will give a fine Pocket Knife.

Every one should be able to go among his friends and secure one subscription.

Now is your chance!

Try it!

Send your name and address to the Plaindealer office, get instructions and sample copies and go to work at once.

Are you desirous of securing a new pair of shoes, a hat, or any household article or toy? If so, call or write to the Plaindealer (enclosing stamp for reply) stating articles desired and we will give you a hint and a chance to obtain the same free.

Read the Plaindealer.

Mr. Walter Anderson, of Wilkins st., is on the sick list.

Mr. Arthur Binga, of Pontiac, spent last Tuesday in Detroit.

Messrs John Price and Manfred Hill spent Sunday in Toledo.

Mr. C. L. Williams, of Antoine street has removed to 379 Hastings st.

Mr. Wm. Johnson, of Alfred street who has been ill with the grip for the past three weeks is able to be out.

Mr. Fred Roman, of Port Elgin, Ont., is visiting friends in the city, a guest of Mr. Willis Wilson of Antoine street.

Robert Blakemore has been seriously ill from an attack of the grip and a relapse by going out too soon. He is convalescent.

The members of the Young Peoples Earnest Endeavor will give a poverty social at the residence of Mrs. Dr. Johnson, next Thursday evening.

Wm. Randolph and Robert Miller of 369 Macomb street have secured the contract for fueling boats for J. & T. Hurley, the coal dealer, foot of Hastings street.

Visitors to the city and others can find first class accommodations, at 193 Congress st., west, one and a half block from the Michigan Central depot. Wm. Randolph, proprietor.

Mr. E. Willis, of Wilkins street, was severely injured last Wednesday by falling from his wagon while in motion. It will be sometime before he will be able to get around again.

Albert W. Hill, is circulating a paper petitioning the mayor to appoint J. D. Carter to the vacancy on the Board of Public Works occasioned by the resignation of Commissioner Griffin.

Mrs. Rachael Moore, of Wilkins st., reports that her house was entered by some unknown person last Thursday. They secured no plunder though they must have been well acquainted with the premises.

Miss Georgia Scott, of Bath, N. Y., is in the city en route to Spokane Falls, Wash. She is the daughter of Rudolph Scott, who was lately appointed Customs officer at Port Townsend, Wash.

Wm. Randolph, the well known contractor, recently opened a first class restaurant and lodging house at 193 Congress street, west, and has the patronage of a large number of the railway employes. Go there for your meals.

Mr. Morris Lucas and wife passed through Detroit Wednesday on their way home in Butte City, Montana. They have been in Chatham for the past six months on account of the poor health of Mr. Lucas. He has considerably improved in health. His daughter, Daisy, remains in Chatham where she is attending school.

"Bill" Hackett, as every one in Detroit calls him, was in the city Sunday. He came through from Vancouver, British Columbia, with the Detroit contingent of the Empress of India around the world party. The 8,500 miles were covered by fire and one half days. "Bill" looked quite well and he said he liked his run between Montreal and Vancouver. Lew White also had a car in the same train, but went through to Boston. It is reported that they are making "good" money and best of all are saving the same. Mr. Hackett speaks of meeting Mr. Keley an old resident of Windsor at one time at Vancouver.

## Glances Here and There.

"They are going to the same place this summer," the Glander heard a lady say to a friend, with whom she was discussing plans for the coming season. The warm weather coming upon us so soon this year has turned attention to the annual outing earlier than usual and although flitting about may have something to commend it, if rest and recuperation is what is sought, it is desirable to have a regular place to go every summer. The delights of hillside and dale and seashore are new every day and each recurring visit would bring with it the same pleasure we have in changing seasons. Many people think they cannot afford to lock up their homes and leave the city for a week or so and yet they spend as much going on excursions, where the worry of preparation and the crowded car or boat precludes the rest the day is supposed to bring. If they would put the miles spent in this unsatisfactory way together, it would make a nice little sum and would enable them to get a week of complete rest at some of the country places within a few hours ride of Detroit.

Sunday, April 25, the Rev. Dr. Dawe preached a very able and impressive sermon, yet Bethel church was not more than half filled. Had some organization been turned loose or had there been a funeral, there would have been hardly room to have seated the attendance. The measure of the frivolous tendency of a people cannot be better measured than by these evidences. When there is something to be seen that will arouse gossip and small talk, the people are there. When they can receive solid truths and sentiments they cannot possibly spare the time. This spirit has been catered to so long that the taste of many people for something substantial, is entirely gone. They cannot appreciate learning, beauty, lectures, art, or sciences. It must be foolishness or nothing. It is time the people were doing more thinking and less grinning, and there is no better time to begin such a reform than now.

Sunday funerals have become such a display, accompanied by such uncouth actions, on the part of the curious, who are ever on hand, that the idea is obnoxious to every sober thought concerning the dead. The vast majority who crowd and jostle at Sunday funerals have no more interest in them than to satisfy a vulgar curiosity. Why sane people should display their dead or their grief is more than any one can explain. There was a time when display was in order. Hired mourners put on sack cloth and made appearances hideous with their wild acts and howls. That time is past. Yet the Afro-American clings to its skirts and saves his grief to parade it before the rabble on Sundays when all can be out. He is never the first in any new reform yet he is always the last to lay the old aside. Every sober man should frown down the Sunday funeral save only when it is an absolute necessity.

The latest fancy for fashionable weddings, and a very pretty one it is, is the weaving of a wreath of good wishes for the bride. At the supper table each guest is supplied with a branch of flowering myrtle, smilax, or a small cluster of pansies, which they weave together with a good wish for the bride. When the wreath, of pleasant wishes, is formed by the guests the groom fastens it with a dainty white ribbon and presents it to the bride, who preserves it fresh and fragrant as long as care and nature make it possible, and when it has become faded and withered by time, still cherishes it as a talisman of the peace and happiness, which should be the heritage of every new made home.

"How much trouble we would save ourselves, if we could get over the habit of worrying about what may happen in the future," said a lady to the Glander, one day this week. "I lay awake all night recently dreading a possible hitch in the affairs of the next day and making plans to avoid it, only to find that my anxiety was needless, as what I expected did not happen, but on the contrary things ran more smoothly than usual, the only unpleasant feature of the occasion being my own fatigue from loss of sleep." The Glander agreed with her in the main, but after all, thought he, was it not possible that the smoothness and success of the affair were due to the consciousness on her part that she was prepared for any emergency. It is a great deal easier to recover from a little too much thought for the morrow, than a host of unavailing regrets for yesterday.

### Smith Printing Company.

The complete stock of wedding cards, invitations, tickets, calling cards, etc., kept always on hand by the W. L. Smith Printing Co., 195 Woodward avenue, satisfies the most exacting. Excellent quality of work, prompt service, and courteous treatment to purchasers, are characteristic features of all concerned in the business. Give them a call.

Wanted.—A small second hand show case. Call at the Plaindealer office for particulars.

To rent.—One pleasantly furnished front room, for a gentleman only. Apply 87 Mullett street. 411 4t.

Rooms to Rent.—Mrs. Tyler, having moved from 28 Jay street to 117 Antoine street has neatly furnished rooms for gentlemen, with or without board.

We hope our city patrons will faithfully meet their obligations and not keep our collector running after them to no purpose. We are under many obligations to our large number of patrons who have stood by us so nobly in the past and we are sparing no pains or expense to make the Plaindealer second to no paper published by Afro-mericans, and with the assistance of many new subscribers, we intend to make the Plaindealer a far better paper than ever before. May 1, 1891. Plaindealer Co.

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Notice.—To all whom it may concern

A grand celebration to be held at Ann Arbor, Mich., in honor of Emancipation

Day Aug. 1, 1891.

**MORE SUBSCRIBERS PROMISED.**

The Price of The Platdealer Now Within the Reach of All.

Jackson, May 5.—I write you a few lines this week because we have heard nothing through your very valuable paper about Jackson and her people lately, but I can tell you that her Afro-Americans still live and are striving to get as near the top as they can.

The A. M. E. church society is progressing finely with their new structure. It is now ready for the roof and they intend to hold their next quarterly meeting in the same and when completed it will be a great credit to the Afro-American race and an ornament to that part of the city in which it is located.

The Baptists have a fine Sunday school under the superintendency of Mr. Thomas Jones who seems to thoroughly understand the business.

Mrs. G. T. Thurman has returned from a successful educational trip in the western states.

Mr. Virgil McDonald who is at present in Salt Lake City, sent each of his two little boys a watch as a present.

Mr. W. L. Yancy formerly of Ann Arbor school, is at present in the barber shop of F. M. Thurman and intends to lay by some of his earnings to assist him through the law department of the University.

You may now look for a number of new subscribers as you have placed the price of your paper in the reach of all, one dollar for one year. Why, just think, less than two cents a copy and it is as good as ever.

There will be a grand concert given under the auspices of the Eastern Star society for the benefit of Godfrey Commandery on the 15th.

The Afro-Americans have a very interesting Sunday school in connection with their Episcopal mission at the corner of Wesley and Jackson streets. Sunday school at 3 o'clock every Sabbath, good teachers in attendance. All are invited.

Mrs. F. M. Thurman has gone to Upper Michigan to do temperance work for the W. C. T. U. organization.

Mr. G. T. Thurman has greatly improved his home by raising it about four feet and putting a massive stone foundation under it also grading the lot.

Mr. Wm. Pines an old resident, died last week Friday night rather suddenly. He had been sick about a week with the grip but was not considered dangerously ill. A doctor left medicine for him and his wife gave him a dose at 12 o'clock on Friday night and when time came for her to give another she found he had expired and without a struggle. Heart failure is given as the cause.

Mr. Allen Taylor, for a number of years assistant engineer at the purifier factory, has accepted a situation as engineer of the Gale manufacturing company of Albion and moved with his family to that city.

Among those who attended the funeral of the late Mr. Pines was his brother Mr. Elijah of Pontiac. Mrs. Pines's mother of Ontario was also here.

Mr. Edward Reyno went to Chicago to transact some very important business for the American Oil Stove Company of which he is an employe.

Mr. E. Thornton is on the sick list. Mr. A. H. Jones's little daughter who has been such a sufferer from rheumatism is much better and able to walk out. F. M. T.

**INQUIRIES FOR A MISSIONARY.**

Battle Creek, May 4.—Strauther lodge No. 3 F. and A. M. was well attended last week Thursday evening the occasion being a memorial service held in honor of the late Samuel Strauther who died a few weeks ago at his home in Kentucky. Father Strauther as he was commonly called was the founder of Strauther lodge in this city coming here when it was but a small village and when he and wife and son and two others were the only colored people in the town. His work was not continued to this order but he was a church worker the means of organizing a church known as the 2nd Baptist church. The exercises began with singing by the choir after which the invocation was asked by the chaplain Rev. W. H. Gurley. Mr. J. J. Evans delivered the memorial address as he was associated with the deceased in early pioneer life in our now beautiful city. He was well fitted for the occasion and related many incidents concerning the revered gentleman which were listened to with marked attention. Mrs. Mary Snodgrass was next called and responded in some well chosen remarks. Mr. George Marshall made a short address. Mr. Jas. McGruder when called on to speak made a suggestion that a committee be appointed to draw up resolutions of condolence and a copy be sent to the widow and one retained in the lodge which was unanimously adopted.

Last Thursday Miss Carrie Dixon celebrated her 18th birthday. Several of her young friends and school mates were invited and spent a most delightful afternoon.

Mr. Anthony Buckner has purchased the old livery barn known as the Down's livery and fitted it in good style. The boys will do well to patronize this enterprising young man when they want to ride out with their best girl.

Mrs. W. B. Brown left last week for her old home in Pleasant Hill, Mo.

The members of the 2nd Baptist church have agreed that the services of Rev. W. B. Brown are no longer desired and he will leave for other fields soon.

Rev. Gurley spent Sunday in Allegan.

Some of the members of the 2nd Baptist church wish to inquire what has become of the gentleman who was appointed missionary for the church and Sabbath school at the last association.

Mrs. James McGruder returned last week from Jackson.

Mrs. Mary Cassy made a flying visit to Marshall last week. B. S.

C. L. Cameron's mill at Ludington was damaged \$200 by a spontaneous combustion fire Thursday.

**ANN ARBOR PERSONALS.**

ANN ARBOR, May 4.—Mrs. Cromwell of Lansing, was in the city the fore part of last week visiting her sisters, Mrs. John Robinson Sr. and Mrs. Brown.

Miss Ella Leatherman of Jackson, came Tuesday to attend Miss Ora Green's birthday party.

Mr. Charles Leatherman of Jackson, visited the city Saturday and Sunday. He and his sister returned home Sunday night.

Miss O. Green's party was happily enjoyed by those present.

Mr. Steven Adams was truly surprised last Monday night when about 30 of his friends drove up to his home and took possession of the house. All had a fine time.

Mr. David Williamson of Albion, was in the city over Sunday and Monday. He visited his sister Mrs. H. Graves and friends.

Mr. Chase of Lincoln College, Penn., preached at Bethel church Sunday. He lectures at the same place tonight.

Miss Louise Mashat of Ypsilanti was in the city on Sunday.

Messrs. Z. Simons, J. Green and E. Leatherman and the Misses O. Green, Ella Leatherman and Eva Cooper went to Ypsilanti Sunday.

Elder Troy of Richmond, Va., was called home so that the panorama for Thursday night was postponed.

George Jewett was in Ypsilanti on Sunday. Lottie

**GOT OFF EASY.**

Ft. Wayne, May 4.—Mr. Scott formerly of the Wayne hotel left last Tuesday for Sandusky, Ohio, to take charge of a dining car.

Mr. Payne of Toledo, Ohio, was singing at the museum last week.

Daniel Mathews, aged 14, the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Mathews was buried last Wednesday Rev. Jeffries officiating.

Mrs. Ruth and Miss Lucy Mathews of Newcastle, Ind., attended the funeral of Miss Lucy Mathews and the latter will remain with her brother for some time. Mrs. Ruth Mathews his mother, returned home today.

Mr. Bolden has taken a position as porter at the Rich hotel.

Mr. Payne of Toledo, who was playing at the museum last week was called home by telegram, his child being killed by falling from a window.

Sell's brothers did not bring much of a crowd to the city today and the attendance was small.

The quarterly meeting next Sunday promises to be a revival of earnestness in the church. We look for a spiritual revival in this quarterly meeting.

The jury in the case of the state against Robert Rhodes, the colored brakeman who was on trial for shooting Al Young, brought in a verdict last Friday morning. It found him guilty of assault and assessed as a punishment a fine against him of \$50. This with the cost of the suit amounted to \$71.93, which he paid, and he is now a free man. J. H. R.

**OFF FOR THE LAKES.**

Amherstburg, Ont., May 5.—Our sailors have about all gone now, several left yesterday for their boats. We hope they will have good luck during the season.

The Rt. Rev. B. T. Tanner, bishop of the A. M. E. church, Philadelphia, visited Amherstburg on his way home from attending Bishop Disney's funeral at Chatham. The church gave him a reception on last Wednesday evening and the bishop spoke in the church on Thursday evening.

Miss Mamie Branton of Detroit, is spending a few days in town with friends.

Mrs. Augustus Kirtley of St. Paul, Minn., who has been visiting here for the past six weeks left on Friday morning for Indianapolis, Ind., where she intends visiting before returning home. W. L.

Over \$250,000 worth of lumber in the Saginaw bay section has been burned during the past week.

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# A MAIDEN FAIR.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

## CHAPTER I. A FRESH BREEZE.

A grey day that would have been dull anywhere but by the sea. A strong breeze blowing and the grey and blue waters leaping into white combs and points. A landsman would have called it a gale, but to fish-folk it was only "a wee thing fresh." The grey old houses, with their red and brown roofs, looking out on the harbor, would also have appeared dull and dirty but for their picturesquely irregular gables and heights. Then the busy figures of the fishwives in their bright-colored petticoats and "short-gowns" (long jackets); the lounging groups of the fishermen, and, above all, the bustle in the harbor and on its walls which projected out into the Forth, gave life to the scene in harmony with the strong breeze and the leaping waters.

On the farthest point of the grey walls a group of men and women, with the spray flashing over them and the keen wind biting their cheeks, stood watching a smack which was tacking to make the port.

"Will she win in, think you?" asks one.

"Safe enough—Bob Ross is steering," confidently answers a little weather-wizened old man, by name Dick Baxter.

Bob Ross had seen a smack capsize and with five trusty comrades had put off to the rescue.

"It was a daflike thing for Bob to think he could be out in time to help them."

"It was worth trying," said Baxter drily.

Suddenly the prow of the boat is turned towards the opening in the walls and comes straight and swiftly along, crosses the bar, down goes the sail, and boat and men are safe in haven.

There was no cheer although brave work had been done; but an eager inspection of the boat to see who was in it.

"They hae gotten them a' but Jock Tamson," said Baxter in a matter-of-fact tone, the circumstance being of too ordinary a nature to call for much feeling; "puir sowl, he's gaen."

"My man, my man," cried a woman, rushing down the steps to the boat, "whar's he?"

There was no answer and the woman understood. She bowed her head, covered her face with her hands and was silent. Then a couple of burly women, with broad shoulders and muscular hands, took each an arm of the mourner.

"Come awa hame, Jeanie," said one, quietly, and the voice was tender although the notes were harsh—"ye'll be better there."

And they led the widow home.

Bob Ross was the first out of the boat, helping one of the three men who had been saved to land. The others followed, and were first assisted to a much-needed dram and then to their houses. The crew proceeded to the inn, accompanied by a number of friends eager to obtain more details of the rescue than had been given in the hurried answers to the crowd in the haven.

Ross did not accompany them. He gave his stalwart frame a shake, like a huge Newfoundland dog after coming out of the water, and that contented him. He was a man of about thirty, a handsome fellow, tall and sleney, dressed in a pilot jacket, and boots over his trousers.

His face was tanned by exposure to the weather, the features good, and the clear grey eyes which looked straight at any man bespoke an honest, open, and fearless nature. He had begun life in his father's fishing smack; but whilst always ready to do his duty in the boat, he had continued to attend school more than the other lads of the village, and to make more of what he learned there. The dominie took an interest in him and helped him to learn navigation as far as it was in that worthy man's power to do it. But his real knowledge was gained by practical experience in his father's smack. So, by the time he was twenty-two he was said to know the road from Newhaven to John o' Groat's—ay, or from Newhaven to Yarmouth—better than any pilot in Leith. He obtained his license and became a recognized pilot. He soon earned a high reputation as a trusty, steady, and skilful man. But he still retained his interest in the smack, and when occasion permitted went out to the fishing with as much glee as of old.

After he had seen the rescued men safe in their homes, he turned on the way to his own. Dick Baxter met him. He was a favorite of Dick's, and that was an honor; for Dick was a person of importance in the village. An accident thirty years ago had disabled him from following his craft as a fisherman; but he eked out a living by doing odd jobs at the harbor and by the tips he obtained from sightseers for information about the place and people. This he gave with the air of a proprietor showing his place to his guests. Amongst fish-folk he obtained the reputation of being a wise man. He was a pawky one, giving advice in a slow, learned way that impressed the simple although clever people. He pronounced as authoritatively on the position of current politics as on religious affairs and the weather. In short he was an authority in the land notwithstanding the chaff which he had sometimes to endure from the younger men.

In his scaly old blue jersey and corduroy trousers, and with his thin brown wizened face, he was always at his post and knew everybody's affairs.

"I was on the look-out for you, Bob. Hoo did you manage? It was weel done anyway."

"We were just in time—poor Thomson had gone and the other three were just dropping off the keel. But you see we got them, and that's all."

"Ay, but it was weel done, and there'll be a paragraph in the *Scotsman* about you to-morn."

"Well, it'll do nae harm," answered Ross, laughing.

"Is that a' you think o' it? Man, I'd gie anything to hae them speak about me in print! But be that as it may, wha do you think is here?"

"A lout o' folk."

"Just that, just that; but I was thinking you would like to ken that Jeems" (pronounced with the s short) "is here."

"To see his mother, I suppose, and get some more of her siller."

"Just that, an' speaking that fine English I could hardly understand him. But I thought you would like to ken, for he's come to see some one forbye his mither."

That was what Dick Baxter had been waiting to tell, and he enjoyed the look on

Bob Ross's face—a comical attempt to hide the fact that the news disturbed him.

"But what can that matter to me, Dick? I suppose he is free to go wherever he is welcome like other folk."

"Nae doot, and it's just as you tak' it. But if I was in your place, I'd be there afore him."

"Where, man, where?"

"As though you didna ken!" exclaimed Dick slyly. "Hows'er, you'll ken fine when I tell you that I saw her yestreen and she was speerin' for you, and there was a braw laugh on her face when I said you was to be here the day."

"Thank you, Dick," said Ross with evidence of annoyance; "but I wish you wouldna' meddle."

"I didna' ken afore that it was ony harm to do a friend a guid turn," answered Dick Baxter in his most dignified way.

"No harm—I hope."

"I didna say onything by ordinar,'" said Dick a little sulkily, and yet with a desire to reassure Ross, seeing him so much put out. But the "by ordinar'" must have had an extensive range indeed in his mind, since he had been praising his young friend without stint to Annie Murray, the only child of Captain Duncan Murray, who was sole owner of Anchor Cottage and the *Mermaid* steamer. "And she didna take it that ill," added Dick pawkily.

"Then it's all right."

And Ross laughed again as he went his way, and that way was to Anchor Cottage. He had been sent for by Captain Duncan on a matter of business. But the business was not in Bob Ross's mind as he walked rapidly along with head bowed against the wind, the spray dashing over the parapet, and the sun slowly beginning to make its way through the mist.

"I wonder can it be true! Was she thinking o' me? Maybe, maybe, for she's no upsetting like other lassies I ken o'—but what havers is this? The captain is friendly and kindly; but he is proud o' his daughter, proud o' his steamer, and proud o' his siller—he would never hear o' when there's a chiel like Cargill hanging about waiting for her."

At this thought he stopped, teeth closed and feet went down harder and faster on the ground. Again—

"But why should he not think of his own early days and count my chances as guid as his were?"

Here a faint smile of hope crossed his face; but the smile faded into a troubled look.

"I'm thinking he would do it, too, if Cargill weren't here with his fineries and his siller that he had no hand in making. . . . Puir auld Bell Cargill—it was a pity you spent your life in hoarding up your bawbees for a loon that's more than half-ashamed to call you his mother before his fine friends—ugh! Lord forgie me for these hard thoughts. If Annie likes him let him hae her."

The healthy nature of the man rose against this envious spirit which had for a moment taken possession of him. He lifted his head and looked Fate steadily in the face. She should take him for his own sake or he would "e'en let the bonnie lass rang."

It was a relief to the man to feel this better mood upon him before he reached the cottage, for he knew that ugly thoughts make ugly faces. It was a relief, too, that the sun had scattered the mist and brightened everything.

## CHAPTER II. ANCHOR COTTAGE.

The cottage stood on the high ground overlooking the Forth. It was a square comfortable-looking building of one story, built of brown stone and slated. The only piece of ornamentation about the building was a porch. It stood in a piece of ground which was also square and planted with things useful—vegetables, fruit-trees, and berry-bushes. There were a few plots of flowers and some rose-bushes, but these things being merely beautiful were kept well within bounds. Nevertheless the place had a cosy appearance and was attractive on that account.

The captain had been brought up to regard utility as the first consideration in life; and the only bit of fancy he had permitted himself when the grounds were laid out, was to place an old anchor in the center of the patch of grass, called the green. This anchor had one of its points stuck firmly in the ground as if it were holding the whole place steady.

"That auld anchor, sir," the captain would say to any visitor, "saved the *Mermaid* once when she was being blown out of the roads by one of the earliest storms I have ever been in. The *Mermaid* of that time was a bit cutter you maun ken. And when I sold the cutter and got the steamer I brought that anchor here and I'm proud o' it—rael proud—and so I named the house after it."

As soon as Ross passed through the gate he halted, hesitating whether to go straight to the door or cross the green towards the lass he saw amongst the berry-bushes busy gathering fruit. His heart's impulse had it way, and he went towards her.

As the gate closed behind him with a clang a frank sun-browned face looked up from amongst the bushes and recognized him with a pleasant smile. He thought that smile as bright as the sunshine itself.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Ross," she said in a rich cheery voice. "Father has been expecting you, but there is somebody with him just now."

How cordially Bob Ross thanked that "somebody," and how earnestly he prayed that the "somebody" might stay long.

"I could not come so early as I was meaning to do, and I'm no exactly sorry."

"How is that?"

"You are here."

She looked as if she enjoyed, or at any rate did not dislike, this very direct compliment. She said banteringly—

"I'll hae to take care of you, Mr. Ross."

"That's just what I would like you to do," he rejoined sincerely.

"Keek into the berry-bush and say what you see there," she replied, laughingly quoting an old play-rhyme of childhood.

"I'm doubting you would not let me tell you what I see."

"Oh, but I would, for I'm no the gowk?"

"I'm sure of that, for what I see is the bonniest lass in all the world?"

"Eh, Mr. Ross?" she cried, laughing again.

"I'm thinking I had better go and tell my father you are here."

That was a check, otherwise he might have found an opportunity to turn this banter to serious account. She was conscious of that and wished to avoid the possible

turn the conversation might take—and he was aware of it.

But he tried to detain her by the assurance that he was in no hurry and would rather wait until the captain was quite free. With a smiling shake of the head, she took up her basket of fruit and went towards the house. A tall, winsome figure, in neat simple dress; and as she crossed the green her riel fair hair glistened in the sunlight like gold.

The wistful lover, following, felt that there was no use in following, for such a prize could never be his—not because there was any inseparable gulf between their positions; but because she in herself appeared to be so much above him or any ordinary mortal. Alas, poor lover!

But Annie was a bright specimen of woman nature—kind and generous, bonnie and brave. The man who won her would be fortunate indeed, for he would possess that greatest of all blessings, a faithful helpmate in all that concerns daily life—tender in his sorrow, blithe in his gladness, and patient of his errors.

All this and more Ross thought, and it rendered the possibility of her becoming the prize of James Cargill the more bitter. He tried to make allowance for his own feelings in regard to Annie and the influence they had upon his opinion of the man. But when all allowance was made he could not believe that Cargill was likely to make her or any woman happy.

The captain's daughter was as famous as the captain himself; for although she could play the "pianny," and was reported to be able to speak French "as well as the French themselves" (such a smattering of the language as any school-girl might possess would suffice for this report), she was her father's clerk and purser, besides being his housekeeper. She accompanied him on all his voyages, and in the wildest storm was as cool as the oldest seaman on board.

When the *Mermaid* was in straits she would stand by her father's side—her sailor hat and the pea-jacket over her ordinary dress giving her tall figure a somewhat manly appearance—ready to obey him in anything he might command.

And throughout this rough life she preserved the gentlest characteristics of womanhood. When at home in the cottage no stranger would have suspected that the quiet-looking lass with the merry smile was accustomed to such stern experiences.

The *Mermaid* was a small steamer which Duncan Murray had purchased a bargain. Then, having sold his cutter, he employed the steamer to considerable advantage in carrying goods along the coast, or to wherever he might obtain a cargo. By this means he had made a good deal of money—a big fortune his friends considered it—some of which was prudently invested in house property.

He might have retired and lived comfortably on his income. But he would not do that; he only became more particular about his cargoes and about his rates of freight. Likewise, he would now employ a pilot more frequently than had been his custom, in order to give himself more ease on board.

Often he had been heard to declare with an emphatic oath that he would never part with the *Mermaid* or his daughter "as lang as they could hae together."

SO BE CONTINUED.

aphorisms.

Attractions in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us taken notice of, either as wanting sense or sincerity.—[Locke.]

Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about; and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any others against whom it is directed.—[Clarendon.]

Compliments, which we think are deserved, we accept only as debts, with indifference; but those which conscience informs us we do not merit, we receive with the same gratitude that we do favors given away.—[Goldsmith.]

Nature loves truth so well that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.—[Pope.]

It is often more necessary to conceal contempt than resentment, the former being never forgiven, but the latter being sometimes forgot.—[Chesterfield.]

Cunning pays no regard to virtue, and is but the low mimic of wisdom.—[Bolingbroke.]

Men talk in raptures of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness; but after seven years of union, not one of them is to be compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal, and felt every hour in the husband's purse.—[Witherspoon.]

Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. However, they that will not be counselled cannot be helped, and if you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.—[Franklin.]

A Touching Incident.

It was a cold windy day in Boston. The air was full of snow-flakes, but it was too cold to snow in earnest. On a back street was an iron plate in the sidewalk, around which thin streams of steam arose. On this bit of warm surface covered a morsel of a girl, not more than four or five years old, pinched with cold and hunger and most scantily dressed.

As she crouched over the warm plate an ill-looking cur came drifting down the street. He hesitated as he came into the circle of warm air and with a wistful whine looked up into the face of the girl. Instantly the little thing moved over to make room for her fellow-wail.

"Poor doggie!" said she, hugging her forlorn shawl closer about her. "Is he cold, too?"

And the two comrades in misfortune shared together the hospitality of the iron plate in perfect good fellowship.—[Yeath's Companion.]

"Hansen's Magic Corn Salve," warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The music of the spheres is bass-bawl.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Better to give than to receive—medicine.

H. Gare & Son of 940 Broadway, New York City, announce very attractive \$300 trips to Europe, first class. See advertisement.

Plaster of Paris is probably a cap-Saine plaster.

The demands of society often induce ladies to use quick stimulants when feeling badly. They are dangerous: Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is adapted to such cases.

Men who always wear diamonds—base ball men.

All who use Dobbins' Electric Soap praise it as the best, cheapest and most economical family soap made; but if you will try it once it will tell a still stronger tale of its merits itself. Please try it. Your grocer will supply you.

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For strengthening and clearing the voice use "Brown's Bronchial Troches."— "I have commended them to friends who were public speakers, and they have proved extremely serviceable."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

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A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says: Toledo, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours Truly, L. L. GORSUCH, M.D. Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken Internally. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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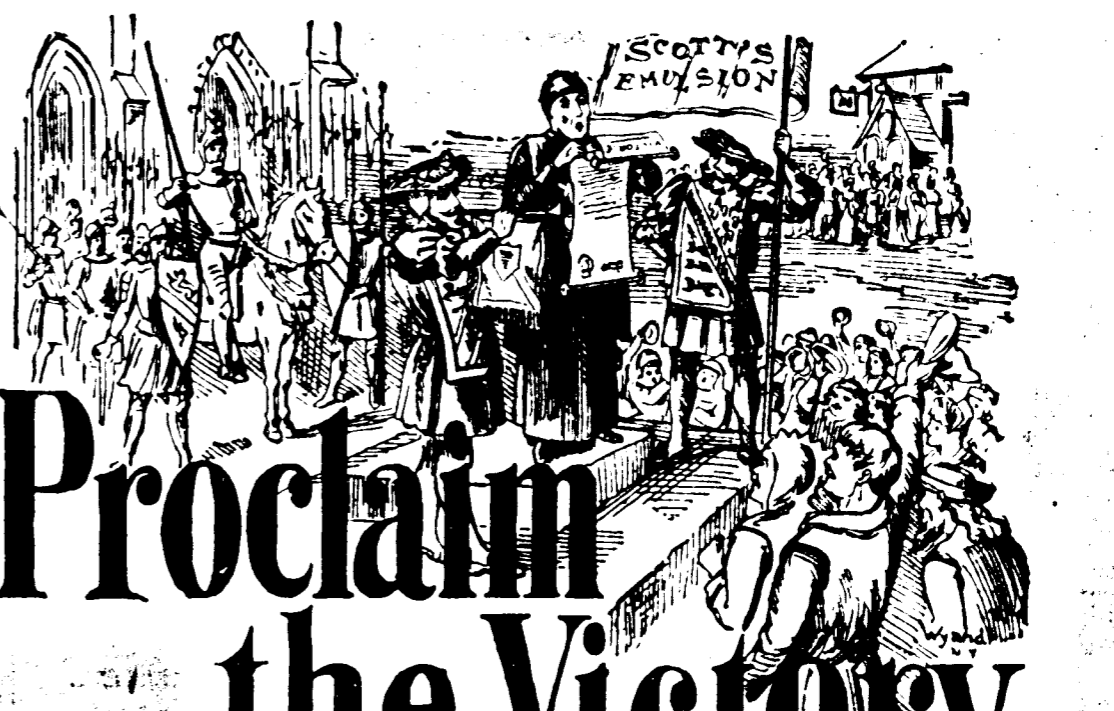
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SPECIAL—Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value.

CAUTION—Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Manufacturing Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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"An advertising fake," you say.

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Wise men don't put money back of "fakes."

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Magical little granules—those tiny, sugar-coated Pellets of Dr. Pierce—scarcely larger than mustard seeds, yet powerful to cure—active yet mild in operation. The best Liver Pill ever invented. Cure sick headache, dizziness, constipation. One a dose.

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Church News-

Bethel A. M. E.—Corner of Hastings and...
Ebenezer A. M. E.—Cathoun street, near...
Mission A. M. E.—Services 10:30 a. m....

At Washington, D. C., recently, two...
Baptist ministers, the Rev. James Lee...

At the session of the Delaware...
annual conference, of the M. E. church...

The reports made at the annual...
session of the New Jersey Annual...

At the fourteenth annual session...
of the fifth district Louisiana Baptists...

Sunday before last was a red letter...
day in the ecclesiastical history of...

The trouble the Congregationalists...
have had in Georgia, over the question...

The New York Independent has...
interviewed by letter all the bishops...

Two bishops of the A. M. E. church...
and two general officers were present...

The Presbyterian gives the following...
which should be printed for gratui...

Miss Mollie Church, the head of the...
terran department of the Afro-Ameri...

The funeral of Miss Anna Froman...
of Madison avenue, who died Sunday...

The ladies of Bethel Helping Hand...
society will give a fish supper next...

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII—MAY 17—SIN THE CAUSE OF SORROW.

Golden Text:—"Your Iniquities have separated Between You and Your God."—Isaiah 59:2.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Repentance enjoined... Hos. 6:1-11.
Tu. Destruction threatened... Hos. 8:1-14.
W. Sin the cause of sorrow... Hos. 10:1-15.

Moses prophesied during the reigns of...
Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah...

Our lesson refers particularly to the...
captivity described in 2 Kings 17, though...

1. Sins recounted.—V. 1. Israel is an...
empty vine.—Rev. Ver., "luxuriant vine."

2. Their heart is divided.—They profes...
sed to worship God by means of the...

3. We have no king, because we feared...
not the Lord.—Language of despair. They...

4. Swearing falsely in a covenant.—This...
they often did among themselves; but...

5. It shall be carried.—The golden calf...
instead of being able to deliver them...

6. Cut off as foam.—Like foam he had...
made a great show of wealth and power...

7. From the days of Gibeah.—Margin of...
Revision, "More than in the days of...

8. When it is my desire, etc. [Rev. Ver.]...
When God's own time came he would...

9. Ephraim loath to tread out the corn...
The most pleasant work at which oxen...

10. Overthrow predicted.—V. 13. Ye...
have reaped iniquity.—Their past experie...

11. As Shelman, Shalmanezzer, spoiled...
Beth-eben.—Referring evidently to Shal...

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.
Thirty years ago cannibals in Fiji were...

According to Dr. W. H. Roberts, Ameri...
can statistical secretary of the Presby...

The Cumberland Presbyterian church is...
now eighty-one years old. It started with...

Read the Plaindealer.

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At a session of the Probate Court for said...

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# SUPPLEMENT TO THE PLAIN DEALER,

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DETROIT, MICH., May, 1891.

Subscription, including 52 Issues and Monthly Novel Supplement, \$1.00.

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## HE WENT FOR A SOLDIER.

A Novel.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER,

AUTHOR OF "BOOTLES' BABY," "MIGNON'S SECRET," "BEAUTIFUL JIM," "SOPHY CARMINE," "DRIVER DALLAS,"  
"MRS. BOB," "BUTTONS," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

CLIVE DARRELL.

THE Sixteenth Hussars were quartered at Colchester, and it was during the hot and dusty month of August, when the British soldier of all ranks aches and pines to be anywhere on earth but where he is at that moment; for a barrick square is usually an uninteresting and unlovely spot, and during the drill season work is hard and weather is thirsty, and your officer longs for his seltzer and whiskey, or for a good deep draught of iced beer, and your private thinks wearily of the canteen as a little earthly paradise, where he can find refreshment for his body if not elevation for his soul. I do not think, take it all round, that Colchester is the liveliest billet in which a soldier can find himself; the town is pretty and quaint and old, and is famed for having the best oysters and the ugliest women in the world, but even those attractions combined do not make it exactly lively. There is very little to do, the shops are not particularly good—I suppose it is too near London for that—and altogether most officers quartered there spend every few hours of leave that they can get in the modern Babylon which we call "town."

Well, it was on a broiling August afternoon that the orderly officer for the day—and let me tell you, it is no joke to be orderly officer in a big garrison like Colchester—found himself in possession of the first half-hour of peace and idleness which had been his since he had turned out of his cot at six o'clock that morning.

He was a sociable young man, very young, and not ill-looking; his name, Ronald McNeil, and he was as Scotch as his name. Being Scotch and hardy, or perhaps because he was young to his work as yet, he was not bored out of his life and tired to death, as a man with three times his length of service would have been at that hour of the day; the only company that bored him was his own, and his first thought on being free for half an hour, was to go and find some of "the fellows."

Not a soul in the ante-room, and of course, at

that hour, not a soul in the mess-room. He glanced at *Punch*, and the "Day by Day" in the *Telegraph*, and gave a casual look at the little rack to see if there were any letters for him, although there was no chance of a post at that particular time, and his correspondence was never a voluminous one. And then he took up his whip and settled his cap jauntily over his right eye, and swaggered out into the open again.

He turned to the right when he got out of the Mess, and went as far as the corner of the block of buildings in which the officers' Mess was, and then he stopped short.

"Now I wonder where all the fellows are?" he muttered.

There was, however, not a sign of any one of them. A groom, wearing a light suit which had evidently been his master's, passed him with a salute, and went into a door of the officers' stables opposite. Otherwise there was not a soul to be seen.

"Oh! I'll go and see if Darrell's in his quarters."

He turned sharply around the corner, and went in the second door of the row of officers' quarters, passed up the stone stairs, and knocked at the door at the right of the first landing.

"Come in," cried a voice; then added, "Hallo, Shaver, is that you?"

"Yes, are you busy?"

"Not a bit. Thank the Lord I'm on leave," Darrell replied.

"On leave!" echoed McNeil, with a sigh of envy. "You lucky beggar, how did you manage that?"

Darrell laughed. "Why just the same way that you managed it last week—I went and asked for it."

"Ah!—" then, as if by an inspiration, "but then I got mine to go to a wedding."

"Did you? Well, I got mine by honestly saying I didn't feel very well, and that I thought a few days by the seaside would do me good. But, sit down, Shaver, and have a smoke."

McNeil picked out a cigarette from a small box on the chimney-shelf—yes, a temporary one with a velvet top and a fringe, more or less din-

gy, such as you always see in officers' quarters—and settled himself in the biggest chair he could find. "Thanks, old fellow, one is glad of a cigarette after being on the grind the whole day."

I said before that the young man was not in the least tired, yet he would have died the death before he would have owned as much to one of his seniors in service, who, one and all, were in the regular habit of grumbling and growling from morn till noon, and from noon till dewy eve, on those days when it fell to their lot to be orderly officer. So then he dropped back with a great show of exhaustion, and puffed away at his cigarette with the air of a man who had earned it by hard work.

"By the by, Shaver," said Darrell, presently, "did you go to the wedding last week?"

"Of course I did."

"Whose?"

Young McNeil laughed. "A most romantic affair, I can tell you. The bridegroom was a Colonel Tregillis, the bride a Miss Mildmay; they were engaged twenty years ago."

"Then why the deuce didn't they get married then?" Darrell exclaimed.

"Oh! that's more than I can tell you," McNeil replied. "I only know the outlines of the story. Anyway, they were engaged then, when she was a young girl in her teens, and for some reason he married another woman. This season he came back to English—I mean to England, after having been eight years in India and a widower for eighteen months, and almost the first dinner-party he went to was at my people's; and he was sent in to dinner with her without my mother knowing a word of their story. Wasn't it odd?"

"And now they're married?"

"Yes, they're married. I saw them turned off safe enough."

Darrell sat thinking for a minute. "By Jove," he exclaimed, "but it's a pretty idea. Is she fit to be seen?"

"Oh, well, a bit getting on, you know," answered the lad, judicially. "Nearly forty, don't you know, and never been married—well, a woman sometimes does get a bit—a bit old-

The Novel Supplement for June will contain:

**THE BOTTLE IMP,**

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

fashioned, don't you know, especially when she's had one man in her head all the time; but still, she's all right enough to have fetched him properly."

Darrell heaved a sigh of relief. "Well, 'pon my word, Shaver, it's awfully pretty. I'm sorry I didn't know 'em. I'd like to have given them a wedding-present."

"Why, Darrell," cried Mc Neil, "I had no idea you were so sentimental. I thought you never went in for that sort of thing at all."

"No more I do," answered Darrell, promptly. "I give you my word that I have never been in love in my life. I wish I could fall in love. Here I am, twenty-four years old, and one woman is just the same to me as another woman. I like them all, but I don't seem as if I ever wanted to like any one better than another. And I'm getting so sick of living by myself! I'd give anything to be married and settled—nice little wife, comfortable home, and all the rest of it."

"But all the rest of it generally means babies," objected McNeil, who was only twenty, and had the wisest ideas about the marriage state.

"Yes, I know, but all people don't have babies; and besides I do not mind 'em much. But three or four years of this life is enough for any fellow. Do you hear that?" with a gesture toward the next room.

McNeil listened. "Yes, they've been knocking all the time I've been here. Is the Bootblack having something done to his rooms?"

"Something is being done to his rooms," answered Darrell, with a laugh, "but the Bootblack don't know of it yet. He will when he comes back to-morrow."

"What's on?" asked McNeil.

"Well, you know, the Bootblack is just as stingy as he's rich, and—he's as rich as the devil. And it seems that the other day Harris looked into his quarters, for something, and being the first time he'd been there he naturally looked about a bit. 'What on earth,' said he, 'do you stick your pictures up like that for? Why don't you hang 'em up properly?' For all the pictures were just stood here and there, don't you know—on the chimney-shelf, on the cup-boards, and the chests, and so on."

"Well," said the Bootblack, "they charge a penny each, barrack damages, for every nail you drive into the walls, so I thought I do the brutes out of that, at all events."

"Very economical of you, Bootblack, I'm sure," said Harris, and presently strolled out again.

"Well, you know, naturally enough Harris talked about the pictures and the barrack damages and all that a good bit, and Danvers evolved a plan. Scarcely any of the fellows have ever been in the Bootblack's room at all—I never have. Have you?"

"Never!" answered McNeil, promptly.

It was a point of honor with him not to have been there, for the Bootblack was an exceedingly unpopular officer, and was more or less consigned to Coventry by his equals, while by his inferiors he was simply detested, though in their case that feeling could not be marked in the same way.

"Well, Danvers set his wits to work, and as soon as the Bootblack went away, he and half a dozen others set to work with hammer and nails—by the by, it's a dead secret, you know—"

"Oh, of course—I'm as safe as the bank," returned the lad, without a moment's hesitation.

"Well," Darrell went on, "they bought pounds—oh! stones—very nearly tons of nails and a hammer each, and they're spending every minute of their time hammering nails into the walls. The Bootblack has taken his servant with him, and Mrs. Timmins, his bed-maker, got a new baby the day before he went away, so nobody is responsible. I took a look in yesterday, and they've got the Bootblack's crest and motto in one place all neatly done in inch-long nails, a lion rampant—I don't know if you've ever noticed, Shaver, but money-lenders always seem to run to a lion rampant somehow—and the motto, 'Semper Fidelis,' underneath. That's another usuring fancy, likewise."

"What a magnificent idea!" gasped the lad, brimful of admiration.

"Yes, it's not bad. Then in another place they're putting 'Welcome,' in another the regimental badge, in another an elaborate monogram J. W. A. B. M.—the Bootblack's full initials—and to finish up, two of them are busy with a sort of frieze all round the cornice, or rather just below it. Oh, the Bootblack will have a nice little bill for barrack damages when we leave this. 'Pon my word, poor chap, I'm real sorry for him."

McNeil, however, had no pity for the unfortunate Hebrew who had been so unlucky as to get on the wrong side of his brother officers, and laughed long and loudly over the story of the joke that was being played upon him during his few days of leave. Darrell looked at his watch and jumped up. "By Jove, I must be off," he said, "or I shall miss my train."

"Where are you going, Darrell!" McNeil asked.

"Dovercourt," the other answered.

"What?" exclaimed the younger.

"Oh, it's as good as any other place at this time of year," answered Darrell, with a laugh. "And I spoke the sober truth when I told the Chief I wanted a few days of the sea-air."

## CHAPTER II.

### LORD CHARLIE'S DOUBLE.

Now, as a matter of fact, Darrell had not spoken quite accurately when he said to McNeil that he was going to spend his few days of leave at Dovercourt, for he went beyond Dovercourt Station, and on to Harwich. And there he found good accommodation and a very fair dinner at the Great Eastern Hotel, after which he went out with a cigarette and strolled along the sea-wall in the direction of Dovercourt.

Between ourselves, it is not half a bad place to spend a few days in. The air is wonderful, so fresh and pure, and the sea-wall is quaint enough for the ordinary mind to take pleasure in. And in Harwich, lost in dirt as it is, there is a smack of the real sea-faring life that is very pleasant to those who love the smell of bilgewater and the scent of the tarred ropes with which all sea-going craft abound.

Now, Darrell loved the sea and everything connected therewith, and on this hot August evening he sauntered along the almost deserted sea-wall, thoroughly enjoying himself, all alone as he was. And finally, when he had got round the point where the lighthouse stands, he sat down upon a jutting stone, the better to drink in the salt sea-air which he had come to seek. And as he sat there he became aware that he was being closely watched by two pairs of keen blue eyes, and also that he was being discussed by the owners of them.

"No, Georgie, I tell you it isn't," said one clear young voice—that belonged to a girl of about eleven years, who had a tangle of burnished fair curls, and looked like a Jack Tar in a kilt.

"Yes, it is, Kitty. I know him quite well," persisted the boy, Georgie, who might have been a year or two younger.

"Nonsense," returned the girl, in quick, decided undertones. "You haven't seen Lord Charlie for more than two years, and that isn't him. He's like him, I admit," she added; "but Lord Charlie's nose is bendier out than that gentleman's."

"It is Lord Charlie," insisted Georgie, stubbornly.

Darrell began to think it was time to put the boy's doubts at an end. "Come here, my man," he called out in his pleasant voice.

The boy came to him readily, followed rather unwillingly by the girl, who kept at a little distance from them. "Yes, sir," said Georgie.

"Do you think I am somebody you know?" Darrell asked.

"Yes, I thought you were Lord Charles West," the boy replied. "But my sister, Kitty, says she's sure you're not him—and—and—I think so too now."

Darrell laughed outright. "My man," he said, "you are not the first who has taken me for Charlie West; but I am not him, though I know him very well."

"Oh, do you really?" and Georgie pressed close up to his knees and looked at him eagerly. Kitty, too, came a little nearer, a little triumphant that she had been proved right.

"Do you know Lord Charlie?" she said; "are you his brother?"

"No, I am not his brother. My name is Darrell, Clive Darrell of the Sixteenth Hussars, very much at your young ladyship's service," and he took off his hat with an air of ceremony such as made Kitty feel inches taller and years older.

"How do you do?" she said, with a grave little bow which nearly sent Darrell into convulsions. "You would like to know our names too, I dare say?"

"Very much," said Darrell, with quite a proper show of interest.

"Mine is Kitty—for Katherine, you know; and Georgie's is George Esmond—Esmond was his godfather's name, Sir Ralph Esmond of Eseldine. And our surname is Stephenson-

Stewart, but we are always called Stewart, you know."

"Stephenson-Stewart," Darrell repeated. "Why, let me see, I know the name, surely. Is your father in the Tenth Dragoons?"

"Yes," delightedly; "that's our father. Do you know him? Did you ever meet him?"

"Yes, I have just met him. I don't suppose he would remember me, though. Let me see; he is Major, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is Major—Brigade-Major at Aldershot. We are not with the regiment now."

"Really. Then is your father here? You must introduce me again to him."

"No, father isn't here. But my sister Leila was very ill this summer, and the doctor said she was to come here, or, at least, on this coast; so we all came."

"With your mother?" Darrell was getting interested in the pair.

"Oh, we haven't a mother," answered Kitty, in an everyday tone, such as told Darrell that their mother had not died very recently. "We came with nurse, our old nurse that we always had, you know, and Miss Douglas."

"I see," said Darrell. "And Miss Douglas—who is she?"

"She lives with us," Kitty answered, "and she teaches us too. She's a dear—we love her."

"How very nice for Miss Douglas," said Darrell with a smile.

"Yes, it is rather nice for her," said Kitty, seriously—"for she hasn't any father or mother, or any relations at all. So if she didn't live with us I really don't know what she would do."

"But we don't do lessons at Dovercourt," chimed in Georgie. "Father's very last words were: 'Now, do let them all run wild, and I'll come down whenever I can get a couple of days off.'"

At this moment a small procession appeared in sight, consisting of a Bath chair, in which reclined a young girl much bundled up in furs, and evidently recovering from an illness; an old man was dragging the chair, and an elderly woman walked behind, while beside it there came a tall girl dressed in blue serge, with a sailor hat upon her smooth dark head—a girl with a proud carriage of the head and a pair of gray, smiling eyes set with the blackest of lashes.

"Here is Leila," Kitty exclaimed, "and that is nurse behind, and Miss Douglas walking by the side." Then before Darrell could speak, she flew to the others.

"Oh, Joan!" she said, "you must come and speak to this gentleman. He spoke to us, because we thought he was Lord Charlie—at least, Georgie did. I didn't," she added, suddenly remembering the exact facts of the case.

Darrell got up and took off his hat. "Really I must apologize to you," he said, "but the temptation to talk to them was irresistible and—"

"And he knows father!" Kitty cried.

"No, no. I said that I had met him," rejoined Darrell, quickly. "One can hardly call that knowing him. I know of him, of course, being an army man myself," to the tall girl.

She smiled frankly. "I don't think there is any harm done," she said, looking at him and speaking in a bright tone. "And I don't wonder at Georgie's mistake, for you are like Lord Charles."

"I know it—and so does he," said Darrell, thinking of the many mistakes about which he and Lord Charles had compared notes.

"I do not wonder," pleasantly, and preparing to walk on.

"You said," said Kitty to Darrell, "that if father was here, I was to introduce you again to him; but if I introduce you to Joan it is the same thing, isn't it? Joan, this is Mr. Darrell, of the Sixteenth Hussars."

Miss Douglas bent her head, and Darrell took off his hat again. The girl felt that it was rather an awkward situation, and made the best of it.

"If you are staying here," she said, graciously, yet a little stiffly too, "I dare say you will see Major Stewart; he is coming next week."

"I have only a few days' leave," Darrell answered; "but I hope that he will come before I go."

"Oh, yes. We must say good-by now."

She bent her head, and, by a gesture, intimated to the old man that he was to go on, but the two children lingered to take the most affectionate leave of their new friend.

"We shall be sure to see you again," said Kitty, "because we go on the front several times a day. Miss Douglas cannot bear the other end, where the Retreat is; so we are always here, you know."

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"I shall be sure to look out for you," said Darrell.

"But perhaps you like the Retreat end," Kitty suggested.

"I loathe it," answered Darrell, promptly.

"Come, Kitty—come," Miss Douglas called from a little distance.

"Yes, yes. Good-night, Mr. Darrell, I'm so glad we took you for Lord Charlie;" and then hand in hand the two sped away after the Bath chair, which was slowly disappearing in the direction of Dovercourt.

Darrell sat down on the ledge of stone again and lighted a fresh cigarette. "What a nice girl," his thoughts ran—"and she's a governess. They're out of the common nice children, though—but for her to be a governess—oh! it's a beastly shame—a beastly shame!"

### CHAPTER III.

"WHEN ADAM DELVED," ETC.

THE following morning Darrell, after the manner of soldiers, was up betimes, and had a swim before breakfast, at which he appeared looking so radiant and so thoroughly wholesome, that more persons than one turned to look after him as he passed up the room, and more than one enquired of the waiter who the gentleman in the very light clothes was.

The reply of that functionary was thoroughly characteristic: "He's a Mr. Darrell," he said, briefly, "from Colchester."

"Is he an officer?" one lady asked.

"Something of that sort," returned the waiter, vaguely; "he sent a telegram to the cavalry barracks last night after he got here."

Meantime, Darrell had got the morning paper and was busy doing ample justice to the good meal before him, and when that was done he strolled out again with a view of studying the rank and fashion of Dovercourt. For this purpose he walked along the sea-wall, disregarding the many seductive invitations on his way to try his fortune—for the consideration of one shilling—upon the briny deep. On he walked until he had passed right through the gay little watering-place and had reached the wooden palace at the extreme end of it, that part which the trippers love, and where you may ride a donkey for almost any price if you choose to bargain, swing yourself in a huge swing with the help of a stout rope, and indulge in other violent delights of a like nature; where you may sit on the sand and study the manners and customs of the people, the backbone of England, or go within the palace and regale yourself with tea and shrimps at sixpence and ninepence a head.

"Rigg's Retreat," read Darrell from the wall above the entrance to the wooden palace. "Why, that must have been what my friend Kitty was talking about. By Jove! I should think Miss Douglas did not like it—it's scarcely her form."

He retraced his steps then and walked back along the cliff, turning into a bit of spa where you have to pay a trifle for admittance. And just as he got down on to the level ground he almost knocked over Kitty Stewart, who was running across his path.

"Oh, it's Mr. Darrell," she said. "Good-morning. Joan, here is Mr. Darrell."

It must be owned that Mr. Darrell felt himself somewhat in a dilemma—he did not wish to snub the child's friendly and innocent advances by simply taking off his hat and walking on, and yet he did not wish to seem to be forcing himself upon a girl who was a total stranger to him. In truth, he hardly knew what to do, and his looks showed it plainly.

Miss Douglas, however, secure in having the constant support of the staid old nurse, was quite at her ease. "Good-morning," she said, civilly.

"Mr. Darrell," cried Georgie, "Kitty and I are going down on the sands to make a castle—will you go too?"

Darrell looked at Miss Douglas in perplexity.

"Don't let them bother you," she said, in answer to his look.

"It's not that," he replied—"of course it's not that—only look here, Miss Douglas, I can't give you any more guarantee of my identity than to give you my word that I am, as I told the children last night, Clive Darrell, of the Sixteenth Hussars, and if you don't feel quite comfortable about it, please tell me, and I'll go over to Felixstowe this afternoon and keep out of your way."

His tone was so low that nobody else heard him, and Miss Douglas looked up into his eyes and spoke as frankly as he had done.

"Well, Mr. Darrell, it is rather an unconventional way of making an acquaintance, I admit;

but to tell you the truth, I have heard of Lord Charlie's double so many times that I do not feel as though you were a stranger to us. So I think, if it does not bore you to talk to the children a little, there won't be any harm in it."

"You are very kind," he said; "and may I say, very sensible? Thank you very much; it will give me so much pleasure to talk to the youngsters a little—I am very fond of children."

Miss Douglas smiled, and gave him a little bow, and sat down beside the invalid's Bath-chair as if the conversation was now quite at an end. Darrell, however, had something else to say, and said it, although Georgie had taken possession of his stick and Kitty of his arm, with the assured air of friends of long standing.

"I have not asked after the invalid this morning," he said; "and Kitty, you have not introduced me to your sister."

"Oh! I'm so sorry," Kitty cried. "This is my sister Leila. Leila—Mr. Darrell."

Darrell took off his hat to the child, who flushed with pleasure at the honor—for it is an honor and a huge pleasure to any girl-child to have a man show her the ordinary courtesies that he shows to a grown-up young lady.

"You are better this morning?" he asked gently.

"A little better," she answered—she was more shy than Kitty—"but I was very ill."

"Oh, very ill!" said Miss Douglas, gravely; "but"—more cheerfully—"we are well on the mend now, are we not, darling?"

"Oh! yes, Joan," smiling at her.

And after that Kitty and Georgie took full possession of their new friend, and Darrell spent the next two hours at the hardest work he had ever remembered to have toiled at in all his life. How he dug and delved, and how his back ached, and how the sweat of honest labor, of which there would be no result, dropped from his brow until his face was like a fiery furnace, and he would have given a sovereign for a tumbler of beer with a head on it!

And was it all for no result? was it all for the love he had for the children? Well, to tell the truth, I very much doubt it. I think a certain pair of gray, gray eyes had something to do with his sudden inspiration to toil for the pleasure of others; and the worst of it all was that when the castle was finished, and his watch warned them that it was time to go home for luncheon, he came on to the wall again with the youngsters, only to find that Miss Douglas had gone home with the invalid, leaving the old nurse with her knitting to wait patiently until half-past one should come. When Darrell realized that she was gone, and that all his self-sacrifice had been thrown away, I am afraid he bade a very hurried farewell to his friends Kitty and Georgie, and went back to his hotel with thunder upon his brow and war in his heart. But Clive Darrell had not wasted either the time or the toil, for the children had become his staunch friends forever.

And mind, there is something very real and true about the love of a child. Look back over your own life, and note the feeling that you have for the grown men and women who were your friends—your very own real intimate friends then! Have your feelings for them ever altered? Has your love for them ever changed? I don't think so. I know, for my own part, I had a dear, dear friend in the days of my first decade. He was an Indian Judge; his name was Richard. He bought me "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and all the best things that I possessed at that time. He used to tell me the story of "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogen," and frighten me out of my wits, and I used to call him "Mr. Dick" sometimes, to his intense disgust. Dear dear! I wonder where you are now, my dear Richard W——! If you are alive and ever see these lines, I wonder if they will recall your child-friend, who is getting on in years now, but who loves you just the same, just the same as all those years ago.

No, nothing that you do for a child is wasted, and those two hours which Darrell spent with the children were not wasted either, for they went home to the furnished home in Orwell Terrace, and they sang his praises to Joan Douglas, until she too caught the infection and felt quite a thrill of pleasure that she had been able to discriminate between the right sort and the wrong, and that she had been gravely gracious to Lord Charlie's double, instead of sending him about his business with a stony glare of outraged propriety.

So when next they met, which was late in the afternoon of that day, she was quite pleasant and friendly with him. She kept Kitty's hand tightly through her arm, and Kitty's slim young person between them. But the nurse was not

there, for the invalid had a slight headache and the nurse had stayed within doors to take care of her, and Darrell felt that to be allowed to walk on beside Miss Douglas was a distinct advance in the right direction.

He was surprised to find how well-informed she was, not on those subjects which we call book-learning—for that one expects in a governess—but in all those ways which such men as him call life. She seemed to have been everywhere, to have done everything—to have had, in fact, quite a lovely time, as a girl would express it.

And Kitty hung upon her arm in sweetest friendliness, and supplied considerable data as a supplement to their conversation.

"Joan, don't you remember when father took us to so-and-so?" Or, "Joan, it wasn't then, it was during father's last long leave, when we all went to Paris."

It was very strange, and then, even as they walked along, a horrible thought presented itself to him—a thought which accounted for the governess of a man like Stephenson-Stewart living the life of a young lady of fashion—"Evidently Stewart means to marry her himself."

### CHAPTER IV.

GETTING ON.

IT must not be supposed, however, that this idea prevented our friend Darrell from making what way he could with Miss Joan Douglas. After that first little walk, when she had been so careful to keep Kitty between them, it came to be quite an accepted state of affairs that he should go, whenever he took his walks abroad, in that direction where he was to all intents and purposes perfectly sure of finding them, that is to say, of finding Miss Douglas and the Stephenson-Stewarts. They were always somewhere on the front, for at Dovercourt there is not much temptation to get off the actual coast, unless you happen to be of the class which considers "an airing" as an indispensable part of a sojourn at the seaside. In the neighborhood of Dovercourt you see the particular form of cruelty to animals which an "airing" often involves in great perfection; for if you take a drive along any of the roads within four or five miles of the little watering-place, you may meet as many as a dozen parties within an hour. They are nearly all alike, a heavy wagonette packed full of people, drawn by a very small, starved-looking, and generally permanently lame pony—no, not a horse, nor yet a cob—a pony of twelve or fourteen hands only. The road is an up-and-down sort of road, if not actually hilly, but nobody ever seems to dream of getting out and walking.

The day before yesterday I saw such a party at Oakley Street, a village four miles from Dovercourt. There was the usual wagonette, the usual wretched lame pony, and the load consisted of eight full-grown persons, five of them the fattest women I ever saw, women who wore dolmans and *sat solid*. Besides these there were four biggish children and three babies in arms! A few yards further I met a much larger party on their way back to Dovercourt, but it is true that their "gee" was almost a cob.

"Oh!" you would ask, "are there no police in the neighborhood?" Certainly there are. In almost every village excepting ours you may find a small cottage with a little blue plate above the door bearing upon it in white words "County Police." I fancy, though, that the police go hay-making or harvesting—anyway they never interfere with the "airing" fiends. They tell me that it would be no good if they did—that there are no local by-laws or regulations concerning the numbers which vehicles may carry, and that drivers of such conveyances may do exactly as they like so long as the Cruelty to Animals people do not come down upon them. But I do wish that the Cruelty to Animals people would look at their map of Essex and take notice that there is such a place as Dovercourt, and also take my word for it that, during the summer months, that particular place would be all the better for a little attention from them.

Happily, the young Stephenson-Stewarts did not crave for little jaunts along the country lanes, and generally remained on the sea-front. Generally, too, Darrell remained with them, although he did not after that first morning give himself exclusively up to the work of constructing castles of sand. He told Kitty that he had overworked himself on the previous morning, and was afraid he had got a permanent crick in his neck which, unless it passed off, would certainly be the means of ending his career of glory as a soldier in Her Majesty's service.

And Kitty was dreadfully concerned. She insisted upon his sitting down by Joan and Leila,

and keeping himself very, very quiet, and then, having given him a bit of toffee from a private store in her pocket, she carried Georgie off to look among the rocks for shell-fish—preferably cockles.

"It's very good of Kitty to billet me so comfortably," Darrell remarked to Miss Douglas, as the children disappeared over the edge of the sea-wall.

"Oh! Kitty is very tender-hearted," Miss Douglas replied, with a certain dewy tenderness about her eyes which went near to finishing the havoc she had already made of his heart.

"Kitty is the most charming little lady that it has been my pleasure to meet for some time," returned Darrell, promptly. "I only hope she has not inconvenienced you by her care for me."

Miss Douglas looked aside at him with her wonderful gray eyes and laughed. "I think you are one of the most diffident men I ever met, Mr. Darrell," she said.

"Well, you wouldn't like it if I wasn't—under the circumstances?" he said, questioningly.

"No, I should not—that is quite true," she answered, "but all the same, I may as well tell you that I felt a little—a little uncertain the other night, as to what I ought to do; you see, I don't generally pick up acquaintances through the children. But it was so odd their taking you for Lord Charlie, who is quite a great friend of theirs, or rather who was so two years ago, and then my seeing the likeness, and you being a friend of his, and altogether the circumstances were peculiar. So I sent a telegram to Major Stewart that evening, saying, 'The children have made friends with a Mr. Clive Darrell. Sixteenth Hussars. Is it all right?' and this morning I have had his answer."

"Yes—and he says? Miss Douglas, I give you my word I never felt so anxious in my life," Darrell said, and in truth he looked so.

She drew a letter out of her pocket and spread it upon her knee. Darrell, without wishing to look at it, saw out of the tail of his eye that it began "My dear Joan." "He says this"—Miss Douglas said, reading from it—"I think it is all right about Darrell. I met him once at dinner at the Sixteenth mess. He seemed a very popular young fellow, and is so wonderfully like Charlie West that I thought at first it was him." So you see," folding the letter and leaning back against the rough-hewn stones behind her, "though it was rather an unconventional introduction it is practically the same as if somebody neither of us knew intimately had said, 'Mr. Darrell, Miss Douglas.'"

"Thank Heaven for that," ejaculated Darrell, fervently.

And after this it was wonderful how well they got on, how really friendly he became with them. He was good and thoughtful for the children too, although he did not dig and delve for them again—he took them out twice in a sailing-boat, and he treated them to various pleasures, new spades, donkey rides, buckets, and other joys dear to a child's heart.

And to the delicate little Leila, whose pleasures for the present were necessarily of a very limited kind, he made life very much brighter by little gifts of books and papers and fruit, by sitting patiently down and telling her of things that interested her, and so helping her to bear the tedious weariness of a slow recovery. And for reward he had the fact that Joan Douglas was always there, and sometimes he had long talks to her when the others were not by. Surely, surely, never so much quiet delight was got out of one week's leave before.

On the third morning he began to tell Leila and Joan about the trick that some of his brother officers had been playing upon the one whom they called "The Bootblack."

"But why do you call him 'The Bootblack?'" Leila inquired.

"Well, it is rather a libel on bootblacks in general, I admit," Darrell replied. "I can't quite go into all the details, but this man happens to be very unpopular, and nobody speaks to him except officially; excepting, that is, on very rare occasions."

"Pleasant for him," murmured Joan. "What is his name?"

"His honored name is Moses," Darrell replied.

"Oh! then he is a Jew?"

"Well, he is, but it isn't for that reason that he's been sent to Coventry—oh, not a bit of it. But he's a regular bounder—"

"What's a bounder?" inquired Leila.

Darrell cast an apologetic glance at Joan. "Really, Miss Douglas, I beg your pardon," he said. "My child," he went on to Leila, "I ought not to have said that to you. But this Mr.

Moses is a very disagreeable person, who does everything he can to make all the others dislike him. And as he won't leave the regiment, we have sent him to Coventry instead. He is very rich and very stingy, and as he would not hang his pictures up in his rooms because he would have to pay a penny each for the nails as barrack-damages, some of the fellows have taken considerable trouble to ornament his walls for him;" and then he went into the details of the whole story, so far as he knew it.

"I had a letter from Harris this morning," he continued, when he had told his story up to the time of his going on leave; "Harris is a great friend of mine, and was first to start the idea, though unintentionally; and he tells me—but I'll read you his letter."

He took three or four letters from his breast pocket and selected one from them. "The Bootblack came back from his leave last night. We were all at mess. We didn't know what time he was coming until he burst into the mess-room like a tornado or a whirlwind, and blurted it all out to the Colonel. The Colonel heard him patiently till he had to stop for breath."

"You have not apologized for your morning clothes, Mr. Moses!" he remarked, mildly.

"My clothes!"—and here Darrell coughed and elaborately omitted a word or two—"I tell you, Sir," he almost shrieked, "I left my rooms open, thinking I was among gentlemen," with a withering look around, "and I come back to find thousands of nails hammered into my walls."

"You would not expect to find them glued, would you?" the Colonel inquired, mildly.

"I shall have a penny-a-piece to pay for them," yelled the Bootblack.

"I'm afraid you will, Mr. Moses," said the Chief very gently, "but may I ask why you had them put in?"

"I did not—I—I—it's those brutes," he screamed.

"Well, well, you must not be hard on them," said the Colonel, soothingly. "The tradesman is very much at the mercy of his workpeople, and workpeople don't have the finest brains in the world, or they would not be workpeople at all. I always find it the safest plan to give a written order—but you know the way the dear old Chief twaddles on when he gets started."

"I should think I do," commented Darrell, with a laugh.

"Well, at last the Bootblack made the Colonel understand that the new decoration of his rooms had been done without his knowledge or consent, and on hearing that the old Chief stiffened all over in a moment."

"Have you any evidence that it was done by your brother officers, Mr. Moses?" he asked.

"Evidence! Why, there's the nails, Sir," cried the Bootblack, "thousands of them. Surely that's evidence enough for anybody."

"I am afraid," said the Colonel, "that a dead body is not considered sufficient evidence on which to hang a man for murder, without some more definite evidence to fix the guilt of it on him. You can report your grievance to me officially if you like—but I strongly advise you not to do so, as unless you can bring me actual evidence, I can, of course, do nothing in the matter. And I am afraid you will have to pay for the barrack damages all the same."

"The Bootblack fairly groaned."

"The fellows who did it are all here," he said. "They can't deny it. You ask them, Sir."

"You should have seen the Colonel's face, Darrell—you would never have forgotten it. He looked like a turkey-cock and a boiled lobster rolled into one. 'I do not require you to teach me my duty, Mr. Moses,' he said, in a stiffly-ceremonious tone. 'I have told you what course you can take, and I have given you the advice which my experience of army life tells me is the best—you can please yourself whether you follow it or not; but we will close this discussion, Mr. Moses, if you please, and confine ourselves to parliamentary language for to-night.'"

Darrell broke off short and looked at the two girls with laughing eyes. They were all too well versed in the etiquette of a mess-room not to appreciate the joke to the full.

"You must tell that to father when he comes," said Leila, lying back in her chair, limp and weak, poor child, with the exertion of her hearty laugh.

"Yes," said Joan, "you must certainly tell the Major."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE LIGHT OF HIS LIFE.

MAJOR STEPHENSON-STEWART did not manage to get off from his duties at Aldershot during the

few days that Darrell remained at the Great Eastern Hotel, at Harwich. He had intended to do so, but some personage was taken down to Aldershot that week, and, naturally, the Brigade-Major could not be absent just then.

The children were disappointed, but they bore their disappointment with the equanimity which very happy children frequently display upon occasion, and on the Friday afternoon—the day that they had expected their father to come—Darrell stood treats in the shape of donkey-rides to a quite alarming extent, in spite of many remonstrances from Miss Douglas.

"You ought not to spend so much money over them," she expostulated—"you are spoiling them dreadfully, and they really victimize you. I am sure the Major would not allow it if he were here."

"But he is not here," pleaded Darrell—"And even if he were, I can't think he would have the heart to deny them a donkey-ride or two. Don't put a stop to their fun, Miss Douglas, and mine."

"But what fun can it be for you to pay for donkey-rides for somebody else?" she asked, opening her eyes very widely at such a novel idea of enjoyment.

"I didn't quite mean it in that way," he replied—"but you see, since you have sprained your foot and cannot walk much, and Leila takes her air with the old duenna to keep her company, a few donkey-rides provide occupation at a little distance for our young friends at an exceedingly cheap rate—and—and I am able to talk to you without interruption of any kind."

Miss Douglas blushed a little. "That must be poor sort of entertainment," she said, looking away from him.

"Oh, very poor!" returned Darrell, with a laugh which belied the words. "Miss Douglas, do let the youngsters have a good time—and me too."

So Darrell won the day and stayed where he was by Miss Douglas's side, paying for one donkey-ride after another until it was time for them to go in to supper, as they called a somewhat nondescript meal which they had about half-past six o'clock. Leila had gone in half an hour earlier, and the old man brought the Bath chair back for Miss Douglas (who had turned her ankle on a stone the previous day, and could not do more than hobble a few steps with the help of a good stout stick). Naturally enough it was Darrell's strong arm which helped her from her seat to the chair, and Darrell, who walked beside her to Orwell Terrace, with his hand resting on the side of the chair, in a very proprietorial sort of way—"You'll come out again this evening, won't you?" he asked, in a persuasive voice.

"Oh! not this evening, I think," she answered, doubtfully.

"I am going back to Colchester to-morrow," he urged.

"But not very early?" she replied.

"Yes, I am going back very early—before eight o'clock."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. You will come out again for a little, won't you?"

"Well, I'll see," with a laugh. "Good-by, anyway."

He went back to the hotel with a light heart enough, and enjoyed his solitary dinner tolerably well. He was sorry that Major Stewart had not been able to come to Dovercourt as he had intended, because he wanted to have a talk with him—he wanted Major Stewart to see him before he went any further with Joan Douglas! For he had several days before fully made up his mind that she was the one woman in the world for him—yes, these things are done pretty quickly sometimes; for instance, my wife and I met one Thursday at noon and the following Monday evening we agreed to run in double-harness for the rest of our lives. Darrell was thinking about her as he ate his dinner, thinking how dignified and gracious she was, what self-reliance there was about her, what quick wit she had, and how her great gray eyes shone like stars in her pure pale face.

Darrell himself was just the type of man to admire pale dark beauty in a woman, for he was of a fairish complexion, very much sunburnt just then, his eyes were between gray and blue, his features resolutely cut if not very handsome, while in height he was some five feet ten and in figure strong, and broad in the shoulders without being heavy in build. Altogether a very wholesome and personal young man, with beautiful manners and excellent nerves.

She was still in his mind when he had finished dinner and was off again to Dovercourt, for to-night he knew that he would find the little party

on the open space just in front of Orwell Terrace, Miss Douglas not being able to get further afield. Miss Douglas—Joan; why, what a sweet little dignified name it was. How well it went with Douglas, and how well it would go with Darrell one of these days. For he never gave thought for a moment to the possibility that she might not be willing to change her name for his, although still in his heart there lingered and recurred to him, at times, a remnant of that first doubt that Major Stewart might have some intention of marrying her himself. It came back to him then as he walked along the sea-wall, and, having it so recalled to him, he made a point of putting a few leading questions to Miss Douglas upon the subject that evening.

"Their mother is dead, isn't she?" he asked, when the two children had gone for a turn on the parade to keep Leila company.

"Oh, yes."

"Been dead long?"

"About five years."

"Ah!—so long. Then I suppose you never saw her?" he remarked.

"Oh, yes, I knew Mrs. Stewart very well. She was killed, you know."

"Killed! Why, what do you mean?"

"She was killed in an accident. Major Stewart—he was Captain Stewart then—had bought a new pair of horses—such beauties—and the very first time he took her for a drive something happened to frighten them—they were passing a field in which there was some agricultural engine, and this thing exploded in some way and the horses bolted. They were both thrown out and the carriage utterly wrecked—Captain Stewart's arm was broken and his face fearfully cut and bruised, and Mrs. Stewart never spoke or moved again. Oh, yes, she lived several hours, but it was quite hopeless from the first."

"And I suppose he was dreadfully cut up?"

Miss Douglas turned her lovely eyes upon him in astonishment. "Why," she began, then changed her tone. "Ah! I forgot, you do not really know him. He was almost heart-broken—he adored her—he has never been the same since."

"Then you think there is no likelihood of his marrying again," said Darrell.

"Major Stewart will never marry again, Mr. Darrell," she answered, decidedly. "Some good husbands and wives marry again simply because they are so lonely and so wretched, they marry out of a sort of desperation; but Major Stewart wasn't that kind of husband at all. He was devoted to her—not because he was the sort of man that makes a good husband to any ordinarily nice wife, but because he adored her, her only. He was wrapped up in her—his love for her was a religion—she was the very light of his life, and when she was taken away the light of his life died out forever as far as this world is concerned."

"Poor chap," murmured Darrell, under his breath.

"He is just the same with the children—they are her children, and he adores them because of that. They are beautiful, winning little souls all three of them, that no one could help loving, but to him they are first and foremost reflections of her. Oh! he will never marry again, never."

"I can quite believe it," said Darrell, who, now that his mind was set at rest, felt all sympathy toward the poor fellow who had lost the wife of his heart all in a moment and without warning.

And the next day he went to his regiment.

## CHAPTER VI.

### SO NEAR AND YET—

I do not know if I have already said that Major Stewart had taken the furnished house at Dovercourt for three months; but such was the case.

When they—that is, the three children and Miss Douglas—became acquainted with Lord Charlie's double, they had only been in Dovercourt a few days; and after his week of leave was over, Darrell contrived to see a good deal of them, notwithstanding that leave was very difficult to get, and that his Colonel considered that he had done very well in that respect. But he got into a habit of disappearing from Colchester as soon as work was over for the day, and of turning up quietly at the Great Eastern at Harwich, where he ate his dinner and then strolled out in a casual kind of way in the direction of Dovercourt. And there, for a couple of hours or so, he used to sun himself in the light of Joan Douglas's beautiful eyes, and in the morning get up at a really unearthly hour and

get back to Colchester in time for "Officers' Call."

And strangely enough, he never happened to see Major Stewart. Twice he came down for a day and night, and twice Darrell happened to be on duty, with a long court-martial during the following day, so that he did not get down to Harwich until late, when he found that Major Stewart had already left.

"It's so odd," he said one day to Joan—"that I have never met Major Stewart yet."

"Yes—so it is, but you see he is very busy just now, and so are you. He says he has never known so many show-people taken down to Aldershot before—all this summer has been spent in showing off, and he does hate it so."

"Oh! yes—we all do. By the by, did you tell him that I came over pretty often?"

"Kitty did," she replied, and even in the gathering darkness he could see the tell-tale color rising in her cheeks.

"Oh! Kitty. And what did he say?"

She laughed outright—"Oh! Mr. Darrell, I can't tell you exactly what he said—all the same she could have done so to the very letter if she had been so inclined. "How conceited you are! What can it matter to you what he said about you?"

"But it does matter—vitality, as it happens. Tell me what he said—" persuasively.

"He said that, to the best of his recollection, you were not so good-looking as Lord Charlie."

"And he is right, enough."

"I don't think so," Joan burst out—then cried "Oh!" and jumping up from her seat, hurried on to catch up to the others, who were all walking on ahead.

Darrell perforce quickened his pace and soon came up with her. "Why need you have hurried away like that?" he asked, reproachfully.

"I—I thought they had been long enough without us," she answered, promptly.

"It wasn't kind of you," he went on—"I have had such a tiresome, disagreeable day, and I was so happy and contented sitting there, and then all in a moment you rush off like that without any reason at all. I call it exceedingly unkind and inconsiderate of you."

They had fallen a little behind the Bath chair again, and Joan, feeling that she might as well have sat still where he was, as he put it, contented and happy found nothing to say but an inarticulate murmur which Darrell interpreted in his own way.

"Let us sit down again," he said, softly, and Joan, overpowered by the romance of the hour, sat down obediently enough upon the seat that he pointed out to her.

But alas! the spell was broken—on the first seat they had been alone, on the second they were immediately followed by a couple of common-place women, who were keen on the subject of their respective husbands' delinquencies and shortcomings.

"Well, Mrs. Smith," said one—"all that I can say is that I don't know how you bring yourself to bear it. I don't say but what Mr. Todd 'as 'is faults—goodness knows I should be telling a story if I did—but drinking ain't one of 'em. 'Mr. T.'—I says to him times out of count—'it's my opinion that the 'usband ought to have a free 'and—but tell me when you want me to pack up and go, and just come 'ome drunk, and I'll take the 'int.'"

"And we may as well take the 'int too," murmured Darrell savagely to Joan, who, already convulsed with laughter, was but too glad to get up and go back to the people loitering up and down the short parade. And alas and alas! the spell of enchantment which had been over them both a few moments before, was gone forever.

Darrell was dreadfully disappointed, and as he took her hand in parting, half an hour later, he told her that he did not think that he should be able to come again for several days.

"But why?" she faltered.

"Oh! we're awfully hard worked just now," he answered, with a fine assumption of carelessness.

She was turning away when he caught her hand again.

"Would you mind if you did not see me again for a week?" he asked.

"Yes. I should mind."

"Very much?"

She hesitated a moment—then she turned back to him and answered simply and truly—

"Yes, I should mind very much. But why do you ask me, Mr. Darrell? You know without telling just how much I should mind."

"Joan—" he burst out in a passionate whisper—"my darling—my darling."

There seemed to be a fate against them that night, for just as the words left his lips Kitty

came running up—"Joan, why don't you ever ask Mr. Darrell to come in?" she asked.

Joan looked at him hesitatingly. Darrell answered for her—"Not until your father is here, my dear little woman," he said, and then he bent down and kissed her twice—"but thank you, Kitty, for saying that—I'll not forget it."

Then he turned to Joan and took her hand. "Good night, my darling," he said tenderly, and bending his head, kissed the hand he still held within his own.

But it was Kitty who spoke the last word to him that night. "Joan," she said, "may I go to the end of the terrace with Mr. Darrell? I want to tell him something."

"If you like," Joan answered, for the place was all very quiet and not a soul was, as a matter of fact, in sight—"I will stand here and wait for you."

"Mr. Darrell," the child said when they had gone half the length of the short terrace—"you are very like Lord Charlie."

"Did you bring me here to tell me that?" he asked, smiling at her in the moonlight.

"No—but you are not like him to look at, but you like Joan just as he does."

"Does he like Joan?" He liked to use her name, the dear little, soft-sounding name that suited her so well; and the very fact of being able to speak of her so to the child seemed to give him a greater intimacy with them all—"Does he like Joan?" he asked.

"Lord Charlie," Kitty echoed—"why, Mr. Darrell, of course he does," with all the wonder of a child that he did not know the fact.

"But everybody likes Joan," explained Darrell, who did not like to think that one of his best friends was hard hit in the same quarter as himself.

"Oh! but Lord Charlie worshipped the very ground Joan walked on," Kitty cried—"Nurse said so. And the very last time he came to see us something happened. I don't know what it was, but afterward Nurse said that she supposed Joan had given him his answer, and that he was upset about it. I asked Nurse what it was an answer to, but she told me not to trouble myself about it—when I was troubling myself dreadfully about it all the time. I shall never forget," she went on, "what he looked like when he went away—he cried."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Darrell, who did not want to hear, yet did not know how to stop her from saying any more.

"Oh! I don't mean that he howled," said Kitty—"but he kissed me before he went, and my face was all wet. And he told me to be good to Joan and that he would love me always. I know," she ended.

Darrell was silent for a moment or so. "Kitty," he burst out, "you ought not to have told me that."

"But why not?"—wonderingly. "It's true."

"Yes, I know—but a great many things are true which are better left unsaid. And I think Charlie West would be very much hurt if he knew that you had told anyone of that."

"But I told Joan afterward," she said, ruefully. "And Joan gave a great sigh and looked so sorry—and then she said, 'Poor Lord Charlie. Well, I couldn't help it.'"

"Well, don't talk of it to anyone else," said Darrell; "and now go in, my little friend, you are keeping Joan waiting."

He watched her until she was safely within the house, and then went back to the hotel with a new idea to think of.

So dear old Charlie West had had a try for Joan Douglas and had failed. Well, well, what a queer world it was. And how strange that he, who was Charlie's double, should win the day. For there was no doubt that he had won it. He had seen the bright blushes on her cheeks, the soft light in her eyes. She had told him that he knew just how much she would miss him if he did not come again for several days! It was wonderful, wonderful, that of the two men so much alike, she should choose the one who was the least desirable in a worldly sense. It was wonderful; but he was in Heaven at that moment, and he stood looking out over the wide stretch of sea, thanking God over and over again for having kept his heart free and whole, a fit shrine for the sweetest soul that had ever come across his path.

Not, all the same, that Clive Darrell was a man who would be a poor match for any girl. He had come of a good stock—the Darrells of the great banking firm of Darrell, Walton & Clive, great north country bankers, whose business had been carried on for several generations from father to son. And like many such firms, they had married among themselves and had inter-married, and the old name had dwindled down to

one or two representatives where once there had been at least a dozen men in the prime of life all more or less connected with the bank and its branches, or occupying the most prominent positions in the county.

But now all that generation had died off (excepting one, an uncle of Clive Darrell's, the present head of the firm), leaving as present representatives several Walton girls, our friend Clive, and two sons of his uncle's, both in the firm with their father.

There had been no question of Clive's going into the firm. He was an only child, and the idol of his father's heart; he had, almost from his babyhood, expressed an intense desire to be a soldier, and therefore his career had always been looked upon as settled. His father had been dead about four years at the time of which I am writing, and Clive Darrell, with a comfortable fortune vested in the business, enjoyed life in the service on an income of something like three thousand a year. So that he had no hesitation in offering himself where, thanks to Kitty's information, he knew that Lord Charlie had failed.

The following day he went back to Colchester, and the next day he was on duty, and the day after that there was an inspection by the Duke and a huge dinner in the evening, at which he was obliged to put in an appearance, although he was chafing to be off to Harwich to see Joan again.

However, duty is duty, and in the service duty comes before every other consideration; and it was not until the fourth day after parting with Joan that he was able to look forward to going down to Harwich again.

"Clive," said Harris to him on that fourth morning, "will you go out with me to St. Anne's? They've got a garden-party on this afternoon and want one or two more men."

"Awfully sorry, old chap, it's quite impossible," Darrell answered—"I'm engaged."

"Oh, all right—I'll take one of the others," Harris rejoined—then added to a bystander, when Darrell had got out of hearing—"Old Darrell's up to something. I wonder what it is."

"Oh! it's a woman, of course," said a very young officer, wisely.

Harris looked at him—"Well, I don't suppose it's a baboon, my child," he said, gravely.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### NEWS!

On the morning of the fourth day the Post-Corporal arrived in barracks at the usual time, and among other letters Darrell received one bearing the post-mark of the town in which the great banking firm of Clive, Walton & Darrell had its headquarters. "From my uncle," Darrell thought, as he noted the handwriting.

So it proved to be. He broke the seal without having any suspicion that it was more than an ordinary letter, although it was certainly not a usual thing for his uncle to write himself upon any matter of business connected with his nephew's property. But as he read down the first page his very blood seemed to turn to water and freeze within him, and all his new-found happiness died in that dreadful moment.

"MY DEAR CLIVE," the letter ran, "We are all in terrible anxiety and trouble, and I feel that it is due to you to lose no time in acquainting you that a dire misfortune is likely to overtake and overwhelm all of us. Our trusted cashier Waterhouse, absconded the day before yesterday with certainly fifty thousand pounds, and securities to at least twice the value of that sum. On Monday he sent a note down to the Bank saying that he was ill in bed and would not be able to come, and also some instructions for his juniors. Waterhouse had been in our employment for over twenty years, and was our most confidential and trusted servant. We suspected nothing, as he had at times brief attacks of illness, sick-headaches in fact. But this morning, after receiving two more notes from him, a question arose which made it necessary to have his opinion, well or ill, and Jack went up to his house with a view of seeing him. Imagine Jack's horror at finding only two frightened maid-servants, who replied, in answer to inquiries, that Mr. and Mrs. Waterhouse had gone to London for a few days, and that they had merely left instructions behind them that each morning a note was to be taken down to the bank before ten o'clock. They expected them back in a few days, and knew absolutely nothing more of their movements.

"We guessed, of course, in a moment what had happened—and it is too true; Waterhouse has gone with two or rather three days' clear start—and from what we can determine, after

taking a rough estimate, he has taken quite fifty thousand pounds with him, besides the securities which may yet be recovered.

"Of course this is a serious loss at any time, but it happens that two great failures have occurred during the last month, in both of which we are deeply involved, and we are therefore ill able to bear this new disaster. We may weather the storm, but I think it is only right to let you know what may happen. If our London bankers prove difficult, I am afraid a great catastrophe is inevitable.

"As you may believe, we are all in a state of the greatest anxiety—but I felt that, as your property is nearly all in the firm, it was right I should let you know immediately. If anything happens I will wire you at once. I always urged your father not to leave your money with us.

"Your aff. Uncle,  
"JOHN DARRELL."

For ten minutes or so, Clive Darrell sat stunned and speechless. This was the end of his dream! This was the end of his happy life! For four-and-twenty years he had lived, lived, aye every minute of the time, and during the past few weeks he had been happier than during all the rest of the four-and-twenty years. And now it was all over, and he could never dare to dream of Joan Douglas's sweet gray eyes again.

Still, after all, it was no use being down on his luck until the worst had come—it was no use crying out until the blow had fallen. It was just possible that, as his uncle had put it, they might weather the storm yet, and that the old house of Clive, Walton & Darrell might be kept upon its legs.

It was a rich house, and a powerful house; and although a hundred and fifty thousand pounds was a huge sum to lose at one blow, still banking-houses had been known to stand against bigger losses than that, and why not that of Clive, Walton & Darrell? Oh! after all, he would go down to Harwich all the same. What was the good, he asked himself, of making himself miserable about something that might never come to pass?

But poor Darrell did not remain in this courageous frame of mind very long. Before luncheon was over that day, a telegram was brought to him. He asked permission by a look to open it—and did so under cover of the cloth. Yes, it was the worst, the very worst. It was very brief—telegrams bringing bad news generally are; in fact, it merely said: "Bank stopped payment this morning, JOHN DARRELL."

Darrell thrust it into the breast of his frock-coat as if it was nothing of any particular moment—but his face had grown so ghastly pale that his next neighbor, Harris, said to him, in a low voice:

"I hope you've not got bad news, old chap?"  
"Very bad news, I'm afraid," he answered.  
"But I'll tell you about it afterward."

However, before he attempted to explain anything to Harris, Darrell went and sought out the Colonel:

"Can you give me a few days' leave, sir?" he asked, abruptly.

The Colonel looked up. "Eh! what! Leave? Why, Darrell, is anything the matter? You look very ill."

"Yes, sir, I am afraid so far as I am concerned that everything is the matter—everything. I'm afraid I'm ruined, Colonel."

"Ruined, my dear lad," the Colonel echoed—"but how?"

Poor Darrell was not two minutes in explaining the situation. "And I feel that I ought to go down and see how things are going," he ended.

"Oh! to be sure—to be sure. My dear lad, I only trust matters may turn out to be not quite so bad as they look just now," and then with a hearty shake of the hand, Darrell felt himself dismissed and free to start as soon as he liked.

His preparations did not take much time to complete, he needed but a single portmanteau, and his servant was soon at work packing that, while Darrell gave his friend Harris in brief the outlines of what had happened. "Don't say anything about it, old fellow," he said, when he had finished. "They can talk about it to their hearts' content if the worst comes to the worst. It won't matter to me then—I shan't be here to hear them."

"But you wouldn't leave the regiment?" Harris exclaimed.

"I certainly couldn't stay without any income but my pay," Darrell replied.

"But what will you do?"

"Oh! what do all the fellows do who can't

keep going any longer and come a cropper?" Darrell retorted. "They go to the wall mostly; but if I have to do that I promise you one thing—I won't go to the wall in sight of every one; I'll look around for an out-of-the-way place. By Jove," with a hard laugh—"but I never could understand the poor devil who tugs up at the coach whenever we show at a race-meeting—you know the man—Hillier—Hillyard—a name like that. He always hangs about waiting to be asked to lunch—poor devil, I don't believe he ever tastes a glass champagne now except he gets it that way, and his clothes are the personification of seediness."

"I know him—Hildon his name is," Harris rejoined. "How did he come to grief—do you know?"

"Oh! yes. He joined the regiment with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, and he stayed two years living at the rate of about twelve thousand a year. It must have been immense fun while it lasted—but that sort of thing does not last long—unfortunately for those who try it."

"Well, you have nothing of that kind to reproach yourself with," said Harris, quickly.

"No, that's true. It would have been just as well, though, if I had spent my full income, for I banked with my own people and my savings as well as my capital will go, I suppose, in the general smash," Darrell said—then added bitterly—"but when my coat is as seedy as Hildon's, who will care a hang about that?"

"Don't talk like that, old chap," cried Harris. "We shall all care, all of us; and it does matter whether a man comes to grief through a sheer misfortune or because he has gone the pace like the devil."

Darrell turned a very white and haggard face upon his friend.

"God bless you, old chap, you do keep a fellow's heart up. I won't forget it, whatever happens. And now I must write a letter and then be off."

"Shall I go to the station with you?" Harris asked.

"Just as you like, old fellow."

"Then I'll go. I'll be ready as soon as you are."

Harris marched off to change his uniform for plain clothes, and Darrell sat down to write his first letter to Joan Douglas—his first, and likely enough his last.

"DEAR MISS DOUGLAS," he began, after writing "Dear Joan," and thinking that it looked too familiar—"I had intended to go down to Harwich this afternoon, but have just had a very important business telegram in consequence of which I have to go into the North of England at once. I am just off.

"My love to my friends Kitty and Georgie—my good wishes and remembrances to Lella and to you.

"Yours always faithfully,  
"CLIVE DARRELL."

It was a pitiful letter, but it was the best he could write just then in his excitement and misery; so he sent it off thinking that it would explain his absence without in any way worrying Joan, and never dreaming that it would fall with the chill of ice on the girl's heart, causing her twenty times more uneasiness and anxiety than she would have felt had she known the exact truth—that it was only a question of money which had called him away; that he had spoken the actual truth when he had told her he was so happy and contented that last evening at Dovercourt; that his passionate whisper "My darling—my darling" had been from his very heart where she reigned supreme over all with never a rival to give her inquietude even for a moment.

And when Darrell closed the envelope, he felt as if he had grown ten years older in the last half-hour, so old and so hopeless, quite hopeless for hope was dead.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### "MESSRS. CLIVE, WALTON & DARRELL."

CLIVE DARRELL went straight to Town from Colchester, and after getting a mouthful of dinner (for which he had naturally enough no appetite), he hastened off to King's Cross to catch the train for the North. And he arrived at Millchester—the town where Clive, Walton & Darrell had flourished for so many years—during the early hours of the morning. He went no further than the Station hotel, where he tumbled into bed and fell into a profound and dreamless sleep, from which he did not awaken until nine o'clock in the morning, when he got up feeling like another man, and after a cool bath went down to break-

fast in the coffee-room feeling quite like himself again.

The morning was bright and fair—and really it seemed sinful to be in bad spirits, aye, or in bad circumstances after such a good breakfast and while the sun shone in the heavens above and the air seemed all alive with light and life. You see, Clive Darrell had never known what it was to be in bad circumstances, and the mere fact that his fortune had been entirely swept away had as yet no meaning for him—it was only a phrase. As it was with him then, hope soon sprang again within him, and as he walked along toward the Bank he almost persuaded himself that it was all a horrid dream which had scared him terribly, but which he would soon be able to laugh at as an excellent joke.

For one thing, nothing seemed changed about the place since the last time he had been there—he met the same stout solemn old gentlemen pottering steadily along to their several places of business as he had known from his boyhood, though they had not been so old then or perhaps quite so solemn, and neither so stout nor so pottering in gait. And when he came to the club, there in the big bow-window overlooking the river, was old General Scannerman, who had fought at Waterloo and had lived in that big bow-window ever since Darrell could remember anything. He found himself smiling then, as he remembered how a few years before he had wondered with all his might where did the old gentleman sleep at night?

And then the tall tower of the Abbey came into sight; the bells were ringing for morning-prayers and the smart little choir-boys with their narrow white frills round their throats, were just trooping in at their own little door next to that entrance which led into the vestry. And then Darrell turned down the High Street and presently came in sight of the old-fashioned red-brick house known as "The Bank"—a long substantial building with a large handsome door in the middle of it, and with three large windows on either side and a row of seven windows in the story above. And as soon as his eyes fell upon the house his heart went down to zero, for he realized in an instant that the evil tidings had been true enough.

For the door was closed—the stout outer door, that is—instead of being left, as was usual, wide open disclosing the wide swing-doors within with their plate-glass panels and their handsome brass finger-plates. And on the door was fastened a paper on which something was written that three or four people were lingering to read. Darrell stopped also, unconscious of the fact that one of the loiterers, having recognized him, had nudged his companion to look at one of the young Darrells. And this was what he read—"Messrs. Clive, Walton & Darrell regret that they have been compelled to suspend payment, owing to certain recent failures and to the sudden disappearance of their chief cashier."

It was a bitter moment for poor Darrell! He felt very much as one might imagine that the Prince of Wales's children might feel if they were suddenly told that her Majesty had been deposed and might for the future think herself lucky if she could earn a decent living say as laundress to Mr. Bradlaugh! One can imagine no two ends of a stick so far apart as that, I think, and in fact, to Darrell life at that moment was like a revolution—and revolutions fall with cruel hardship on some. However, it was no use standing there staring at that pitiful announcement in his uncle's handwriting, and he turned sharply round the corner and knocked at the door on the side, that was used as an entrance to the private part of the house.

A maid-servant whom he did not know came in answer to his summons. "I am Mr. Clive Darrell," he said—instinctively guessing that he would find it difficult to get admittance unless he gave his name at once—"is any one here?"

"Yes, sir—Mr. Darrell himself is here," the girl replied—"and both Mr. Jack and Mr. Bertram."

She made way for him to go within and led him to a room on the ground-floor where she asked him to wait. And after five minutes or so Jack Darrell, his cousin, came to him.

"Well, Jack, old fellow," he said.

Jack nearly wrung his hand off: "Clive—dear old chap, I'm so glad you've come. The governor has been worrying all the morning because he hasn't heard from you. He quite expects a storm of reproaches from you—but it isn't his fault, Clive, I assure you."

"My dear old Jack—" cried Clive, and I ought to tell you that all the Darrells were clannish and exceedingly fond of one another—"he ought not to have thought that of me. It's my fault, I know, I ought to have wired at once;

but, on my word, the news so knocked the wind out of my sails, that I never gave it a thought—I didn't indeed."

"Well, come and see him and set his mind at rest on that score," said Jack—then at the door he turned back and put his hand on his cousin's shoulders—"Clive, old fellow, it's a devil of a mess we're in—there'll be no getting out of it, no saving anything out of the wreck, I fear."

"Well, it can't be helped—" said Darrell, his heart aching for the pain in the other's eyes.

"If you had seen my father last night—Clive, old fellow, I know it will fall hard on you, the hardest of any of us because you might have got out of it at any time—but if you had seen him last night, you would have pitied him with all your heart."

"So I do," Clive cried.

"That's good of you, Clive; of course it's the roughest on Bertram, married less than a year and—but there, Bert's young and strong, and his wife loves him and stands up like a little brick about it. It's my father I'm thinking of—he's too old to bear being torn up by the roots."

"Take me to him," said Clive, who could scarcely keep the tears out of his eyes.

So together they went to Mr. Darrell's private room, where the old man, who had held his head so high and had helped the poor and needy far and near, sat trembling to await the nephew whose fortune had gone in the wreck of the great house.

Some instinct made the old man rise from his chair, as if he felt he had no longer the right to sit in the presence of those who must suffer with him. His son Bertram was with him, standing behind his chair, tall and haughty, ready to do battle if need be against one who had always been the best of friends with him. A needless precaution—when Clive Darrell caught sight of the drawn, shamed old face that had always smiled so kindly on him, he made a rush toward him and caught him in his arms with a cry of "My dear uncle, my dear, dear uncle—" and the next moment John Darrell, head of the once great house, had bent his white head upon the young man's shoulder and was sobbing like a child.

But—although John Darrell's eyes followed his nephew about here, there, and everywhere, and Jack clapped him on the back and swore that he knew, had known all along, that Clive would be old Clive to them all whatever happened; and although Bert's stiffness melted away in one moment, and he got hold of his cousin's hand and wrung it hard without saying a word, simply because he could not control himself sufficiently to speak just then; and though little Mrs. Bert, scarcely more than a bride, came with her pretty eyes red with tears, and put her arms right around his neck and kissed him, whispering to him that God would make it up to him one day, she was certain of it still, so far as he personally was concerned, Clive Darrell was just where he was, and that was neither more or less than penniless. Well, if not actually penniless—that is supposing that a few hundreds were saved out of the wreck of his fortune—it would be the same thing in the end.

So before he went back to Colchester—which he did to arrange for the sale of his effects there, having sent in his papers at once when he found out how hopeless the ruin was—he wrote again to Joan Douglas. And this time he did not hesitate to begin—"My darling Joan. You will let me—" he went on—"call you for once by a dear little name which I had thought would go so well with mine one day. It is for the last time, dear. You know—I feel sure you know it—that I love you as I have never loved a woman before, or ever will again. I had thought to make you mine after I had seen your—Major Stewart, but fate has come in between us. Dearest, a terrible misfortune has overtaken me. The last time I was at Dovercourt I had three thousand a year—to-day I have nothing, not even my pay, for I have sent in my papers and have no longer even that pittance. If I had only three or four hundred a year I would have come and asked you to share it, but I can't ask you to share *nothing*.

"I told you, did I not, that my father was a banker? Well, all my property was invested in the bank of which my uncle was the head until a week ago. Utter ruin has come upon him and upon us all, and although I love you, my dear love, I love you too well to wish to drag you down to—God only knows as yet what depths of poverty and privation. You are safe and happy where you are—you have a good home, and they are good to you, are they not? But you must try to forget me, dear, though I shall never forget you.

"I should not have written at all, but I hated

to leave you in uncertainty. You might have believed that I had a very different reason for coming no more to Dovercourt, the dear little place where I had so much happiness. But now you know, darling.

"Give my love to my little friends. And now good-bye for always, my darling. Till you forget me, I hope you will pray sometimes for your unfortunate but true lover—

"CLIVE DARRELL.

"P. S.—I have given my man instructions to bring down a little fox-terrier to you. She has been my faithful companion for three years. If you are able to keep her, I hope you will, as a last kindness to me. If you cannot, tell the man who brings her to you, and he will have her destroyed. I shall be gone from Colchester by the time he comes to you.—C. D."

## CHAPTER IX.

### 'LISTED!

WHEN Clive Darrell found himself in London, after learning the fate of the fox-terrier "Victoria," he had about fifty pounds in his pocket, having used the money got from the sale of his horses to pay the few personal debts which had happened to be owing at the time of the wreck of his fortune.

He did not hesitate long as to what he should do. He knew that it would probably be a year, perhaps eighteen months, or it might even be two years, before the affairs of the house of Clive, Walton & Darrell were fully cleared up. What would happen then, Heaven alone knew. The old house might be started again, and in any case there might be a few hundreds or even thousands left after everything was paid up. But our friend had to provide some occupation for himself during that time. Be as careful as you will, the sum of fifty pounds will not go very far in the keep of a man, more especially if that man happens to have been in possession, up to the time present, of an income of three thousand a year. Besides that, Darrell had no taste for an idle life, and he wanted most to try to forget the past—well, both the happy past and the bitter present—and he knew that there was no remedy for sad thoughts so good as that of hard work. And here he was at twenty-four years old, a good soldier so far as experience went, but, as he told himself, fit for nothing else. Live upon his pay he simply could not; he did not see the fun of exchanging into a West Indian regiment, or even of going to India either with an Infantry or a Native regiment; so in the end, after a few days' cogitation, he paid his hotel bill and took a first-class ticket to York, where he went up to the Cavalry Barracks and enlisted in a home regiment of Dragoon Guards, then quartered there.

And then he began to understand what the word ruin meant. Up to that time it had been a mere phrase with him; it became stern reality afterward. He first felt the pinch of the very ugly and unbecoming shoe which it had fallen to his lot to wear, when he asked for the adjutant in just the same tone as he would have asked for him had he been a personal friend and he had only gone to call upon him.

"Mr. Hurst is in the orderly-room just now, sir," the soldier to whom he addressed himself told him—"but he will be going down to the officers' mess in a few minutes. Or shall I tell him you want to see him?"

"I want to see him here—thanks," Darrell replied.

"What name, sir?"

"Smith."

The orderly went in, and returning in a minute or so, asked Darrell to follow him. At first he felt far more inclined to turn tail and make a bolt to get away, than to go in and face his equal—or possibly his inferior—in the incognito of John Smith. However, he was a young man of considerable determination, and he crushed down the momentary weakness and followed the orderly into the office.

The adjutant was sitting at a table in the middle of the room, and looked up inquiringly with a civil "Good-morning."

"Good-morning, sir," said Darrell. "I want to enlist."

The adjutant looked at him sharply from head to foot with keen eyes, noted the strong, well-set-up figure, the good clothes, the neat watch-chain, the big signet-ring on his finger, the fair determined open face, and honest nondescript eyes.

"H'm," he muttered—"Orderly, you can go." The orderly departed. "Now tell me," said the officer, as the door closed—"what do you want to enlist for?"

Darrell stroked his chin reflectively and looked at the officer doubtfully for a moment. "Well, sir," he said at last, "I want to make a living somehow, and I don't think I'm fit for anything else."

"And what makes you think you're fit for that?" the officer demanded.

Darrell drew himself up to his full height and straightened himself, with a smile which said plainly he knew his value in a physical sense. The adjutant smiled too.

"Yes, I see," he said. "But I see too that you are a gentleman, and I think that you're an army man. Hadn't you better tell me all the circumstances that have brought you here this morning?"

His tone was so kind that Darrell took the chair to which he pointed and answered his question. "I'll tell you everything, sir," he said—"if I may take it that it goes no further."

"Certainly."

"Not even to the colonel, unless absolutely necessary?"

"Not even to the colonel," the other assured him.

So then Darrell told him the whole story from beginning to end, winding up—"and you see it may be two years before I get a farthing from my property, and I may never get anything at all. I'm fit for nothing else, but I'm a first-rate soldier so far as I go. So I just looked out a home regiment where I wasn't known, and I came straight down here."

"And how if you get a commission?" inquired the other. "You cannot live on your pay then any more easily than you could now."

"Yes—I shall have got used to having no expenses by that time, and I may have got a few thousand of my own which would make all the difference to me. Besides, a ranker never has to spend so much as the others, and anyway, if I find I get nothing from the bank, I needn't accept a commission."

"That's so—and I believe the non-commissioned officers get a rousing good time," observed the adjutant—"all the same it will be a terrible grind for you."

"It will be that in any case," answered Darrell.

"And you're quite determined? You've quite made up your mind?"

"Quite," said Darrell, without a moment's hesitation.

"Well, we shall be very glad of you—I only hope things will come all right for you," said the adjutant, cordially. "I've heard a good deal about you—I wish you were coming to us as an officer."

"Thank you," answered Darrell.

The formalities were soon over after this, and then Darrell's term of what he was accustomed to call penal servitude for the crime of being poor, began. Not that it was a bad sort of life, and his friend the adjutant very soon made use of him in the orderly-room, and so he was saved a good deal of coarse, dirty work over which he had been, with all the good-will in the world, hopelessly incompetent.

But nobody could save him from the coarse cooking, the rough-and-tumble life, the want of a corner to call his own, of a corner where he could spend a spare half-hour without turning out and trailing about the streets or being driven into the canteen—which in a barrack is the beginning and end of all evil.

Still it must be admitted that he got over his change far more easily than he would, at any time before his period of misfortunes, have thought within the bounds of possibility. He was not acutely miserable, and he only actively regretted one part of his past, that was that short time at Dovercourt when he had learned to love Joan Douglas with the unchangeable, undying love of his life.

He often thought about her, and often he used to go out toward evening and walk right out into the country; so that he might dream of her without being disturbed; to go over that happy time again and again; to recall how near they had been to each other that last night, and how fate seemed to have stepped in to keep them apart; to remember how his dear little friend, Kitty, had enlightened him about Lord Charlie; and—sometimes to wonder whether Charlie West would end by winning her after all? And generally, when his thoughts got thus far, he used to try to comfort himself with the news which his man, Parkes, had brought him of her, after he had been down to Dovercourt to take the terrier, Victoria, to her.

"What did she say? Did you see Miss Douglas?" he had asked.

"Yes, sir," Parkes replied—"I asked to see the lady and I gave her the note and kep' Vic-

torias under my arm. And the young lady, she read the note and then she just flew at the dorg and caught her out of my arm, and says she, 'Keep her—the darling—why, of course I'll keep her. Stay, you'd better go down to the kitchen and get some dinner while I write to your master.'"

"Begging your pardon, miss," says I—"but it's no use of your writing—Mr. Darrell have left the regiment and gone to London. He particularly told me to tell you so."

"And then the young lady she tipped me half a crown and I come away."

And that was all! That was all! He had not given her the chance of answering his letter, and, indeed, had given Parkes the strictest injunctions that he was not to bring any letter back with him. And yet he was disappointed that he had not done so. He could—to use his own phrase—have punched the idiot's chuckle head for him. But then, what was the good of thinking about it? The British soldier's first orders are to do what he is told—that and that only. So what was the good of expecting him to use his discretion on a subject in which, although of vital importance to his master, he had no interest, and about which he had most likely not troubled himself to think at all?

## CHAPTER X.

### MEETING.

NEARLY a year had gone by. The business of the once great firm of Clive, Walton & Darrell had been taken over by another banking house, and their affairs were being gradually but surely got into order. There seemed to be some prospect that ultimately the wreck would not be so complete as at first it had been feared it would be. As yet, however, it was only a prospect, one which might possibly never be realized, so for Clive Darrell the future did not look particularly bright. Still he had become wonderfully well used to the new life, and, excepting that whenever he thought of Joan his heart ached in a dull sort of way for the rest of that day, he had schooled himself to cast very few regrets after his happy and prosperous past.

And of Joan he had never heard one single word. He did not even know if she was alive or dead, whether she was still with the Stephenson-Stewarts, or whether she had gone away from them and was earning her living elsewhere. He knew nothing and he tried to find out nothing, although she still reigned supreme and triumphant in his heart, just the same as she had done during those few precious weeks of happiness at the little East Coast watering-place, which would always to him represent the one paradise on earth.

And then something happened to rouse him out of the ordinary routine of his life, something which brought the past flooding back upon him, he scarcely knew whether as a pleasure or a pain. For the five years' command of the officer commanding the regiment came to an end, and in his place was appointed and gazetted Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Stephenson-Stewart from the Tenth Dragoons.

Colonel Stewart, of course, took up the command when Colonel Cox relinquished it, which was but a few days after the appointment was gazetted. Clive Darrell recognized him in a moment, but the eyes of the new commanding officer passed him over among the others without his having any idea that he had seen him before, and even without seeing the strange likeness which he bore to Lord Charles West.

"I'm safe enough," said Darrell to himself, breathing freely again, as Colonel Stewart passed by him—"he'll never know me, and even if I come face to face with the youngsters they are not very likely to know me either—children have very short memories."

All the same, it came back to him that these same children had remembered Charlie West intimately for more than two years!

During the next week or two little scraps of news concerning the new colonel came floating to him, for everybody in the regiment naturally took the very keenest interest in him and his belongings. Darrell heard from one comrade that the Colonel had taken a large furnished house about half a mile from the barracks, and that distance farther out from the town. From another he heard that the family were coming the following day, several children and a governess, and half a dozen servants. "I fancy there's no Mrs. Stewart," said his informant, carelessly.

And the next day another soldier, who had been to the station to take charge of the Colonel's baggage, imparted further news to him. "I went down to see after the Colonel's bag-

gage to-day," he told him—"heaps of it and a whole pile of dogs and cats and birds and such like."

"A lot of children?" asked Darrell.

"A lot—no, several biggish ones—no children—I mean little ones. But uncommonly nice all the same, and tremendously polite."

"Was there a governess?"

"Yes—a French girl—young—couldn't speak a word of English."

Darrell's heart sank within him—then she was gone; well, well, perhaps she was married and settled in a home of her own. Anyway he was safe from the fear—or stay, he meant the pain—of meeting her again.

And yet he was disappointed, bitterly disappointed, in spite of all his brave resolutions and his philosophical endeavors to bear his troubles in uncomplaining patience. Yes, he was undeniably bitterly disappointed.

So the days went on and nothing happened out of the usual every-day course of events; Darrell went about his work in his ordinary way, and very soon got quite used to having frequent intercourse with the Colonel, who never seemed to think for a moment that the particularly intelligent corporal to whom he sometimes gave his instructions in the orderly-room was anything but what he seemed to be, plain John Smith.

Twice he saw his old friends, Kitty and Georgie, on the road between their house and the town, the first time only in the distance, the second so near that he heard Kitty say to the governess, in shockingly bad French—"Il y a une place de l'eau appele Dovercourt, mamzell—c'est tres jolie"—and then add—"I say, Georgie, what fun we had last year at Dovercourt—and what a lovely man Mr. Darrell was."

Darrell stopped short and let them get on in front of him. He had never been so utterly brought, as it were, face to face with his old self since he had enlisted. The suddenness of the incident was almost too much for him, he felt weak and shaken, and as if he could not pick up the threads of the new life again and go on trying to forget that he had ever been a gentleman with three thousand a year.

Yet after a half an hour or so he pulled himself together and shook the old recollection away from him, feeling that he must be strong; that he had marked out a certain line of conduct for himself, and that to abandon it would be to own himself beaten; and Darrell had no idea of that happening to him.

There used to be between the city of York and the Cavalry Barracks a quaint, old-fashioned inn, called "The Light Horseman"; it exists no longer now, at least not in that shape, for a large, staring public-house has taken its place, and has ruined the appearance of that particular bit of road forever. However, picturesque or not, the grand new house served Darrell's purpose very well just then, for he went in to the bar and asked for a brandy and soda. He felt more like himself when he had drunk it off, and as he was coming out he met the comrade who had told him about the arrival of the new Colonel's children and servants.

"Did you see two children in sailor clothes just now on the road?" he asked of Darrell—"a boy and a girl. Those were some of the Colonel's children, and that was the French governess."

"Yes. I saw them—I guessed it was them," answered Darrell, with rather vague grammar.

"Did you look at the French girl?"

"No, I didn't. I looked at the children," Darrell replied.

"Ah, you should have looked at her," responded Wilson. "By Jove, I never saw such a pair of eyes in my life—black as ink and as big as saucers, and the sweetest little mouth in the world."

Darrell laughed outright. "What, are you regularly hit?"

"Clean done for," returned Wilson, promptly.

"I should give it up. Ten to one she can't speak a word of English, and as you can't speak French, where will you be? Besides—the Colonel's governess—Oh! even if she looks at you there'll be the very devil to pay when it comes out, which it is sure to do."

"Why should it come out?" demanded the other.

"Oh! those children couldn't keep a secret to save their lives," said Darrell, unthinkingly. "They're as open as the day."

"Why, what do you know about them?" the other asked, opening his eyes rather widely.

"Nothing at all," replied Darrell, promptly, seeing that he had almost let the fact of his acquaintance with them slip. "But they are big children, not babies, and you couldn't hoodwink them. The French girl probably never goes out



without them, particularly if she happens not to be able to speak English at all—and—and altogether you had best leave that special young lady alone. Take my advice—there's something in it."

"Well, perhaps there is," Wilson admitted, unwillingly; "but they are eyes—my word, they are, no mistake about it."

They parted company then, and Darrell went on his way toward barracks. He was just crossing the road opposite to the great gates, when two gentlemen in tweed clothes approached from the town, in a little cart drawn by a small cob. One was an officer of the regiment, and Darrell saluted him, receiving the usual uplifting of the hand in reply; the other, to his horror, was no other than an officer from his old regiment, Ronald McNeil.

Happily McNeil did not even glance in Darrell's direction; indeed, he was reading a letter and did not look up as they drew near to the gates; and just as they passed him, Mr. Deunham said something to his companion, who went off into a burst of laughter lasting until they disappeared around the corner of the guard-room. And oh! how the lad's laughter awoke the old echoes in Darrell's heart.

He had now been nearly a year in the Thirteenth Dragoon Guards, and, until the arrival of the new commanding officer, he had not seen any one in the most remote way connected with his old life in the Sixteenth Hussars. Now he felt that the place was getting too hot for him—assuredly he could not go on long, almost running against those who had known Clive Darrell, without being discovered, and discovery to him was almost synonymous with the bitterness of death.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE OLD PAIN COMES AGAIN.

HOWEVER, the next few days passed by without his being brought into actual contact with McNeil, who naturally did not expect to find Clive Darrell in the guise of a corporal of the Thirteenth Dragoon Guards. Besides this, Darrell had let his mustache grow, which he had never done before, and this had altered his appearance a little.

He saw McNeil several times in the distance, but though he would have given a good deal to have been able to walk up to him and accost him with—"Hallo, Shaver, what's good with you?" he kept resolutely and carefully at as far a distance from him as he possibly could.

But on the morning of the fourth day, when he was hard at work in the office, McNeil came in with the orderly officer for the day. "Oh! Hurst," he said to the Adjutant, "I think you said you would go over to Linkwater's with me this afternoon?"

"With pleasure—but I can't go until about half-past four," Hurst replied.

"That will be early enough," said the younger man, and began to walk restlessly about the bare, uninteresting room. "I say—are you busy?"

"Not particularly."

"I mean—I needn't be off out of this at once, eh?" McNeil was still so young that he positively loved the official atmosphere of an orderly-room, and vastly preferred staying there with Hurst to enjoying himself in the town or lolling about the deserted ante-room.

Hurst laughed. He knew the feeling of the lad well enough. It is what in the theatrical world is called "so very pro—pro"—and in most cases, both in the Service and on the stage, it wears off after a time.

"Oh! you can stay here for the present, if you want to," Hurst said, easily. "Do you want to write letters or anything? You'll find better pens here, on the whole, than in the ante-room. There's plenty of regimental paper in that case."

"Ah! thanks I do want to write a letter or two," McNeil replied, casually, and Darrell, who was sitting at a table with his back turned toward him, bent down and rested his head upon his hand with a feeling of despair. He tried to go on writing the report on which he had been at work when McNeil had come in, but the writing was very shaky and his ears were straining hard to catch every word which would tell him about that old life, in which he had been so utterly happy that he had just let the days slip by one after another without troubling to think how fine a time he was having as he went along.

And how it all came back to him then. McNeil's half-important, would-be careless tone, as if letters usually came to him by the bushel and he could put in an odd hour at any time in answering them a few at a time. Darrell remem-

bered the lad's powers in that way so well—the sprawling school-boy "fist," the letters which usually were just long enough to turn the corner of the first page, and were generally one part taken up with the name of the recipient, one part signature, the two together amounting to about half of the whole! Oh! he remembered it so well.

McNeil meantime had come to an anchorage on the opposite side of the table to the Adjutant. He drew a sheet of paper toward him and put the date just below the stamped address. "Did you ever meet Harris?" he asked, suddenly.

"Of course. I was at Marlborough with him," Hurst replied.

"Ah—I had a letter from him this morning—he says Bootblack is married at last. He had a guard of honor at the wedding and all the rest of it. None of the fellows went, of course."

"The Bootblack—that's Moses."

"Yes. Did you ever see him?"

"Oh, yes—I was staying at Colchester last year and saw him. I was staying with Cholmondeley of the Third."

"Ah! yes. Well, he couldn't stand living in Coventry any longer, so he went and got married—married a lady, too, that's the extraordinary part of it."

"Who was she?"

"A Miss Masters—quite a pretty girl, and nice too. Took it into her head that the Bootblack was shamefully treated, and married him to prove that she had the courage of her opinions. God help her, I say," McNeil ended, solemnly.

It was really by a great effort that Darrell kept himself from turning round with a "Hello, Shaver, my boy, you're getting on; 'pon my word you are." For a few minutes he almost forgot that he was Clive Darrell no longer, but Corporal Smith, very much at the service of others just then. The Adjutant's voice recalled him quickly enough.

"Oh! perhaps he may be a very decent sort of husband. I suppose he's rich."

"Rich—yes, the brute, and just as stingy as he's rich, which is saying a good deal. Well," with a sigh—"we've had a good deal of fun out of Bootblack, but I suppose it's all over now—there's no getting any fun out of a married fellow, especially when his wife has taken up the cudgels for him. Still we've had fine times—we really oughtn't to grumble at his escape."

"Ah! poor devil, I've no doubt he did have a bad time of it. The Sixteenth pride themselves on being a lively lot."

"We used to," returned McNeil, gravely—and Darrell, although he was hearing every word with agony, could have laughed aloud as he heard him—"we used to. Of course Harris is a lively sort of chap, and we've a very fair time still, but somehow it's been different lately. You see, Darrell was the one that kept us all up to the mark. Did you ever meet Darrell?"

"No—I don't remember him," returned the Adjutant, who was standing at the window now, with his back to McNeil. He had forgotten that the Corporal was sitting writing at the table by the wall—pretending to write, that is. Nor did he at that moment remember that he was actually the man of whom they were speaking. "No, I don't remember him," he said, absently.

"Ah! he was a proper sort of chap," McNeil went on, regretfully; "quite the best out and out all-round good fellow I ever knew; the regiment was never the same after he left it."

"Perhaps your friend, Mr. Moses, does not think so," suggested Hurst.

"Oh! Darrell never had much to do with the Bootblack beyond christening him," McNeil answered. "You see, Darrell was this kind of a man—if he liked a fellow he'd lead him an awful dance; but if he didn't like a man he'd let him alone. And he didn't like the Bootblack, and never took any notice of him except officially. But he was such a good sort in himself, the best old chap in the world, and when he came to smash there wasn't a man in the regiment who wouldn't have done anything to help him to tide over the bad time. Unfortunately, though, he never gave any of us the chance of even telling him how sorry we were for his misfortunes. He just sent in his papers, and not one of us liked to say a word about what had happened to him."

"And what had happened to him?" inquired the Adjutant, still half thinking of something else.

"Oh! he lost all his money at one sweep in a bank smash—his people were bankers, and his money was invested in the concern," McNeil replied—"and when he left the regiment he simply disappeared—I haven't the smallest idea

what became of him—in fact, I'd give anything to know."

"The Adjutant suddenly awoke with a start to the recollection of Corporal Smith's identity. He wheeled round from the window with the intention of going into the outer room, where the Corporal usually worked, and saw that he was still just where he had been working under his immediate direction. "Good Heavens," his thoughts ran—"and the poor devil has had to sit here all the time listening to a lot of details about himself which must have been agony to him"—and in truth Hurst could have bitten his tongue off in his annoyance at having gossiped thus freely with McNeil, and for the pain their careless talk must have given to Darrell.

"Corporal—I shall not want you any more," he said, aloud.

"McNeil looked up as the Corporal went out—"I had quite forgotten that any one else was there," he said, in mild surprise—"pon my word, Hurst, you must bless me for coming in interrupting you like this. Why didn't you tell me to go? You see, I got on talking about the Bootblack and poor old Darrell."

For a moment a wild impulse swept over the Adjutant's mind that he would tell McNeil the truth—tell him that Darrell had been sitting there all the time hearing every word that he had said, without, in a measure, being able to help it or take himself out of hearing.

Then he remembered—and but just in time—that Darrell's secret was his own, that he was bound in honor to divulge nothing of it, and that he was bound in mercy to do what he could to help Darrell to keep out of McNeil's way if he wished to do so.

"It's best not to talk about ourselves before any of the men," he said, a little stiffly—and he felt as if he was doing something inexplicably mean in thus speaking to McNeil of his old comrade—"but, like you, I had forgotten that any one was there."

"Ah! yes, you're right," rejoined the lad, carelessly; "of course I wouldn't have mentioned one of your officers for the world. But as the man didn't know either the Bootblack or poor old Darrell, there's no great harm done, I dare say."

"No—well, one never knows. By the by, how long is it since Darrell left?"

"About a year," answered the other—"and he was a good sort—I'd give anything to see him again."

"Ah!—h'm! Well, it's a pity when the best man in a regiment goes wrong," said Hurst; "but if a man happens to lose his fortune, what's he to do? He can't live on his pay—in this country, at all events."

McNeil betook himself out of the orderly-room a few minutes afterward, and the Adjutant called for an orderly, and told him to find Corporal Smith—he wanted him at once.

"In less than five minutes Darrell appeared, with a quick look round the room to make sure that the Adjutant was alone.

"You wanted me, sir?" he said.

"Yes—shut the door."

Darrell closed the door and waited for what his superior might have to say.

"You heard what passed just now, Darrell," said the Adjutant, not looking at him.

"Yes," answered Darrell, dropping the 'Corporal Smith' manner in obedience to the officer's tone and way of addressing him.

"I was thinking about something else half the time," Hurst went on—"and had forgotten that any one else was here. And I forgot altogether that he was actually talking about you all the time. You heard what he said?"

"Oh! yes—I couldn't help myself," Darrell answered.

"Do you want to keep out of his way, or would you like to see him?" the Adjutant asked; "I'll lend him my room if you'd like him to see you."

"I shouldn't—I wouldn't for the world," put in Darrell, hastily. "It's awfully good of you, but it's far the best to be forgotten, or only be remembered as I was. I don't want to be pitied—I can't stand being pitied—it's bad enough without that."

"And you have found it bad, Darrell?" the Adjutant said; "I quite thought you were getting on—"

"Very well, indeed, sir," added Darrell, hastily, "but still it's not exactly the life I've been used to, and it's a long drop from the officer's mess to the ranks—I have to thank you, and I do thank you with all my heart, for putting me on to office-work and saving me a lot of rough work that I am no good at. Yet at times I really do feel as if I would just as soon put a bullet through my head as worry on any longer. And just now I'm not very well, and I couldn't stand

McNeil talking all my affairs over. He's a good lad and a nice lad enough, but a little of him went a long way unless you had nothing to do and were perfectly clear in your head. If it happened to be Harris instead of McNeil, I don't think I would have been able to resist having a yarn with him."

"Very well," said the Adjutant, "I will respect your wishes; I believe he goes away tomorrow or the next day."

"Thank you, sir," said Darrell, returning to Corporal Smith again, and with a salute went out of the office.

The Adjutant sat down at the table to write a letter, but Darrell's strained, white face came so often between him and the paper, that at last he threw down the pen and sat there thinking about the strange fate which had fallen upon the life of this man, had taken him from the pleasant, comfortable lines in which he had been born, and had flung him down where he could have none of those good things which had aforetime made his life. What a strange fate! and how plucky the poor chap had been all through, and was still. None knew better than Hurst the temptation it must have been to him to take the chance of an hour's talk with an old comrade, to shake himself free for once of the position of corporal and feel himself for a brief space of time back in his place again.

Well, well, he was resolute and plucky, bound to get on, the officer's thoughts ran—and he, for one, would respect him all the more that he had accepted his adversity as uncomplainingly as he had done.

And at that moment Clive Darrell was lying face down among the grass of the Low Moor, sobbing passionately as if his very heart would break.

Not that the storm lasted long! After half an hour or so he took up the burden of life again and went on his way, so that none knew how near to desolation he had been.

And on the following day he saw McNeil go gayly off with his portmanteau and his hat-box, and he knew that from that danger he was safe for the present.

About this time the regiment was rather more harder-worked than usual—the inspection was looming in the not far distance, the commanding officer was naturally anxious and eager to have everything up to the mark, or, as Darrell heard one trooper grumble to another, "New brooms do sweep so blooming clean, it'll be a wonder to me if we've got any of our skins whole by the time leave begins." And Darrell had his share of extra grind like all the others.

Not that he minded. He was satisfied so long as he got his hour or two hours' sharp walk in the early evening, and as in August the streets of the historic—nay, I might always say the prehistoric—city are more like a huge brick oven than a place of rest and recreation, Darrell generally turned sharply to the left when he had passed through the barrack-gates and struck out in the direction of the still fresh and smiling country lanes.

And it happened one day that he had been off at least an hour earlier than usual and was on his way home again, when just as he got near the pretty village of Fulford he noticed a young lady coming to meet him accompanied by a little dog.

What took place next happened all in a moment, for the little dog stopped short with nose in air and one front-paw held off the ground; then it gave a sharp whining bark and flung itself upon Darrell with a thousand tokens of wild affection and welcome.

"Victoria—Victoria," the young lady cried, "Victoria—Victoria! Don't be afraid," she said to Darrell, seeing that Victoria took not the smallest notice of her—"it's only play—she won't hurt you—Oh!—oh! it is you—Mr. Darrell—Clive!"

## CHAPTER XII.

### "YOU MAY KISS ME."

It was a very quiet lane in which Darrell and Joan Douglas met again. There were houses at the end of it, the end which turned into the village, but these houses did not have a good view of that part of the road where these two met. I do not know that the fact of there being not a single soul in sight had anything to do with Darrell's demeanor on that occasion, but I do know that when he found Joan Douglas clinging to him, her great gray eyes ablaze with love, his name upon her lips, and Victoria frantically dancing around them both, I do know that the situation was too much for him altogether, and that he quite forgot that he was no longer, to all practical purposes, Clive Darrell,

but John Smith, Corporal of the Thirtieth Dragoon Guards, and that he took Miss Douglas in his arms and kissed her over and over again with little fond ejaculations thrown in—"My love—my darling—Joan—Joan—dearest—dearest."

At last, however, he came back to himself and half-pushed her away from him. "What have I to do with you?" he cried—"look at me," with a gesture toward the uniform which clothed him.

Joan Douglas smiled up at him. "Well, I do look at you; I haven't looked at you half enough yet; but I see that you are just the same, except that you've grown a mustache, which doesn't become you half so well as a shaven lip."

There was a seat by the roadside, just a wooden plank on two supports, and Miss Douglas sat down and patted it with her hand to show that she wished him to sit there also. "Come and sit here, Clive—I have so much to tell you."

But he did not sit down just then. "Oh, my dear!" he cried, "don't speak to me like that—I—"

"Well?" she asked. "You—? Go on—I am waiting."

"Don't you realize what has happened to me?" he exclaimed. "Don't you realize that I am only a Corporal of Dragoons now—little better than a trooper—that if a ruined Clive Darrell was not good enough for you—"

"I never said so," she interposed, quietly.

"No, because you are too good, too true, to say any thing that would hurt me or wound me," he cried.

"You never gave me the chance of doing either," she put in—"don't forget that."

"I gave you the chance of sending Victoria back again," he said, brokenly.

"Yes, at the cost of her pretty little life—Oh! how could you? And since we are on the subject, I think I may as well tell you that I think, and I always have thought that it was exceedingly unkind of you to go away without even giving me a chance of proving myself a heroine, if I wanted to do so."

"I did what I thought was best," he said, meekly.

"Yes, but you should have let me have some say in such a question too," she rejoined, quickly—"you would have spared me many a heart-ache, I assure you."

He was beside her on the seat in a moment. "Joan, my dear little love, has your heart ached?" he cried, tenderly—"I am so sorry, so sorry. What do you think, then, that my life has been all these weary months? Oh! my little love, a very hell of misery and regret."

He looked so wan and worn and haggard, in spite of the joy in seeing her again, that the girl drew his hand to her and held it against her heart with a tender murmur of comforting and reassuring words. And the little dog Victoria had jumped upon the seat and climbed jealously upon his knee, where she sat with her black eyes turning first upon Darrell and then upon Joan, as if her cup of joy was full to the brim and running over, and she hardly knew how to express sufficiently her satisfaction at seeing the two of them together again.

"You have been wretched and unhappy—I can see it in your face," she said, tenderly—"my poor boy. But it is all over now. You won't go away and lose yourself again, Clive, promise me that."

"I cannot go away and lose myself, unless I buy myself out and throw over soldiering a second time," he said, rather bitterly. "When I parted from you at Dovercourt, I was practically a free agent, but now it is like the Centurion's servant—they say to me—'Go,' and I go—or 'Come,' and I come. I can't get out of your way now, however much I want to do it."

"But you don't want to get out of my way, Clive, do you?" she asked, yearningly.

"I ought to want it," he answered; "and if I were a man, a real man, I should remember always that there is a great difference between us—that I am only a corporal of—"

But there she stopped him. "Look here," she said—"I want to put a very plain question to you. When this little thing"—laying her hand upon Victoria's sleek little head—"saw you just now, did she stop to consider whether you wore the uniform of a Lieutenant of Hussars or of a Corporal of Dragoons? Now tell me that."

"No, of course not, but then—"

"Then do you credit me with less feeling than a dog?" she cried, half indignantly.

Darrell caught her close to his heart with a passionate cry—which answered the question without any need of words; the movement brought complete shipwreck to poor little Victoria, who was, however, very complacent and

began to bark with all her might and main, to run to and fro, inviting them both to games and romps, and failing to attract their attention, she jumped up on the seat again and artfully insinuated her little body between them and gasped for breath, as if her exertions had been too much for her.

"I had not the smallest idea of seeing you ever again," Joan said presently, when Darrell had given in and resigned himself to the delight of being with her; "but you—why, you must have known that you would see me before long."

"No, I didn't."

"But you knew that Colonel Stewart had got the command of the Thirtieth?"

"Yes, but I did not know that you would be here," he replied.

She turned and looked at him—wonder and amazement plainly written on her face. "But, Clive, where did you think I should be?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "you can understand that the new Colonel and his belongings were very well talked over in the regiment, and you can understand, too, that being interested in them, I was more than willing to hear any news concerning him and his that came in my way—and the man that went to look after the baggage at the station told me that there was a French governess."

"Well?"

"Well—it didn't occur to me that there would be two," he said, simply.

"Two governesses?" she said, questioningly.

"Yes," he answered.

"No, I suppose not," a queer little smile curling about her lips. "Well, Clive, you see here I am, like a bad shilling, turned up again. You thought, I dare say, that I had gone out into the world, quarrelling with my employer, to seek my fortune; but here I am, and—putting her hand in his—"you will never be able to get rid of me any more."

His hands closed over hers, but he looked at her with a perplexed gaze. "Dearest," he said, "you must be fed, you must be clothed, you must have a roof to shelter you. Then, how is it to be done? I'm a poor half-hearted sort of chap; if I was worth my salt I should have made a fortune for you by this time. But I'm not—I'm a corporal in Her Majesty's service, and, unless you are content to use your influence with Colonel Stewart to be put on the strength of the regiment, I don't see how it's to be done—I don't indeed."

"Oh! I think it can be managed better than that," she said, quietly. "Colonel Stewart will be able to suggest something—he's a wonderful man. Ah! Clive, what a pity you didn't fall in love with an heiress instead of a poor governess—or, what a still greater pity," seeing that he made an energetic gesture of dissent, "that I was not an heiress. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do," he answered, promptly; "but since you are not, and I have lost my whole fortune, the question still remains the question, how are you going to live? I am housed, clothed, and fed after a fashion by a grateful country, but I fear the strength of the regiment is not for you, darling, even as a last resource."

"Well, we will see. You will go back with me to the house?"

"I will do anything that you wish," he replied.

"And I will take you to Colonel Stewart—by the by, how is it he has never recognized you?"

"I don't know; I have taken instructions from him almost every day."

"Ah! he was not expecting to see you—that is it," she said, calmly, as if it was quite an everyday thing for him to be a corporal instead of an officer. "Well, you must tell him that I wish to be married to you, and that you don't see your way to it. Do you see?"

"I hear what you say, yes," he answered.

"That is all that is necessary," she said, smiling. "I have great faith in Colonel Stewart. He is the kindest man in the world. Very likely he will ask you if you want to marry me. I suppose you do?"

"Oh! Joan!" he cried; he was almost hurt that she could joke on such a subject, but Joan was too truly glad and gay even to mind that. She rose to her feet and held out her hand.

"Come, let us go," she replied; "the sooner the interview is over the better for all of us."

"Stay," he cried; "how do you know that the Colonel won't bundle me out of the house neck and crop for my presumption?"

"Do you think," she replied, "that I did not show him your letter, the last one? Of course I did. Why, our letters had been full of you, the children could talk of nothing else when he came, and then—why, of course I showed him your

letter, and I know what he will say to you. Oh! he will suggest something, never fear." So together they walked along the lane and through the village to the house where the Stewarts lived. They met two ladies on the way who bowed a little stiffly when they saw Miss Douglas walking on evidently familiar terms with what they called "a common soldier." And almost before the smiles which their sour expressions had brought to Joan's face had died away they met three of the officers, whose consternation was ludicrous until one suddenly said to the others—"Depend upon it, she's known him before. I always thought Smith was a gentleman—he speaks French like a native." And then they reached the house and Joan rang the bell.

"Is the Colonel in, James?" she asked of the butler.

"Yes, ma'am—in the library," James answered.

"Come along," said Joan, but stopped at the door of the library and (James having disappeared) held up her sweet face to his. "You may kiss me, Clive," she said, and Darrell kissed her.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### "MY OWN."

A MOMENT later Miss Douglas opened the door and went into the room. The master of the house was sitting in an easy-chair, with a cigarette in his mouth and a newspaper in his hand. He looked up in some surprise to see her come in followed by a corporal of his regiment.

"Is anything the matter, Joan," he asked.

"Nothing at all," she replied; "but you remember my telling you about a Mr. Clive Darrell, of the Sixteenth Hussars? Well, this is Mr. Clive Darrell."

"But surely," exclaimed the Colonel, jumping up—"surely this is Corporal Smith?"

"Who is Clive Darrell, *incognito*," said Joan, quietly. "He wants to ask your advice, so I will leave you together."

As the door closed behind her, Colonel Stewart turned to Darrell and held out his hand. "I ought to have known you, Darrell," he said, quietly—"but 'pon my word the idea never occurred to me. Sit down, my dear fellow, and forget the Corporal Smith business and tell me—what is it?"

"Miss Douglas tells me, sir, that she showed you a letter of mine about a year ago," Darrell began.

"Yes, she did—a very manly, straightforward letter it was, too. I was exceedingly sorry for you."

"Well, sir—until an hour ago I had not any idea that Miss Douglas was still with you—"

"Oh! you thought she had forgotten you and married somebody else, eh?"

"No, sir, I did not think that, although, of course, I knew that such a thing was possible. But I knew—I heard that your children had got a French Governess, and I confess it never suggested itself to me that you might be likely to have two."

"Two what?" said the Colonel, in a puzzled way.

"Two governesses, of course, sir," answered Darrell, promptly.

"Two governesses—why, what are you talking about?" exclaimed the Colonel, bluntly. "I haven't got two governesses—one's nuisance enough to drag about the country, in all conscience. Why, bless me, man, you don't mean to tell me that you have believed all this time that Joan is my children's governess?"

"Certainly I did," Darrell replied.

"Then that explains one part of your letter, neither she nor I could understand it. Well, she doesn't happen to be my little folks' governess—but I don't know that that makes any difference. And I suppose you want to be married, eh?"

"Of course I do, sir—but I don't see what we are to be married on. She must be clothed and fed and housed, and I don't see how a corporal can provide for her as she is accustomed to be provided for," said Darrell, anxiously. "She would have me come to you, but I don't see what good it will do. She is sure that you will be able to suggest something, although, as I told her, it must be impossible for you to suggest anything feasible excepting putting her on the strength of the regiment—not that that is a particularly feasible suggestion either."

"Well, scarcely," said the other, smiling—then looked at him for a moment. "Look here, Darrell," he said—"there's one thing I can do which Miss Joan might have done herself, but instead has left me to do for her. I can tell you the truth."

"Well, sir?" said Darrell, who had no idea of what was coming.

"In the first place," said Colonel Stewart, very distinctly, "Miss Joan Douglas is an arrant little humbug."

"Sir!" cried Darrell, fiercely.

"Oh! yes, I know. Fire up as much as you like, my boy, but it's true, all the same. She palmed herself off as my children's governess—"

"Nothing of the kind, sir, she never spoke on the subject."

"Then how did you get hold of the idea?"

"From the children themselves. They told me that she lived with you, and that she taught them, and I—"

"You put two and two together and made a mistake—it happens sometimes. But Madam Joan is a humbug, nevertheless."

"How?"

"Didn't she bring you in here that you might ask me for advice, that I might suggest how to provide bread and butter for her? Yes. Well, then, Joan Douglas is my ward—that is why she has lived with us ever since her father died. She taught the children by her own wish, and because we hadn't room for a governess at Aldershot. And, as she has fifteen hundred a year of her own, the little humbug will be able to live very comfortably on her own money."

"But I can't—" Darrell began, with a gasp.

"You can't live on your wife's money! Why not? You expected the poor governess to live on yours, didn't you? Then where's the difference?"

"I did not mean that exactly, sir," returned Darrell, "but a corporal—"

"Oh! well! I certainly don't advise you to remain in the Thirteenth; it would be awkward for me and for her, too, to say nothing of yourself. But that is a matter that is easily remedied. The only pity is that you did not go down to Dovercourt and tell Joan everything instead of writing; it would have been much better, because then you need not have left the Sixteenth at all. Still it's no use grizzling over that now—be thankful that everything has come right so soon; you know it might never have come right at all."

"Thank God," said Darrell, reverently, "for that."

The Colonel got up and put his hand kindly on Darrell's shoulder—"I'll send her to you—I dare say she's hanging about on tenter-hooks waiting to be sent for. Darrell, I congratulate you—you're a lucky fellow, for Joan is a girl in a thousand, aye, in a million. I never—" with a short sigh—"knew but one woman that I thought more highly of."

"Thank you, sir," murmured Darrell, huskily.

A moment later the door opened and Joan came in. Darrell was standing at a window, looking into the garden.

"Clive!" she said, softly.

He turned round with a start—"My dearest," he answered.

"You are not going to send me away for deceiving you?" she said.

"I don't think so."

"It was for such a short time—I hardly knew what you meant at first. And you don't mind my having a little money?"

"Yes, I do," he said, with a laugh—"but I have compromised myself so completely, I suppose I cannot get out of it now."

"Do you want to get out of it?"

"No," he said, honestly, "I don't."

"You'll sell out to-morrow?" she asked.

"You forget," he said—"corporals don't sell out or send in their papers—they buy themselves off."

"Then you'll buy yourself off to-morrow?"

"Certainly I will."

"And you'll shave off that moustache—I don't like it. It makes you look more like Lord Charlie."

"But he hasn't one."

"He has now."

"Oh! And when did you see him?"

"I have seen him often lately."

"Tell me, Joan," he said—"how was it you didn't marry Charlie West?"

"Because—oh! I don't know—because I did not want to marry him."

"That is a woman's reason."

"But it is the best reason in the world. Oh! here are the children."

Kitty came in followed by Georgie. "Father said somebody was here," Kitty explained—"Why, it's Lord Charlie—or—it's Mr. Darrell. Oh! Mr. Darrell, why are you wearing that uniform? It's not your own, is it?"

"Yes, Kitty, it is," he replied. "Don't you like it?"

"Not much—you've got a moustache."

"That's my own, too," smiling at her.

"I thought Joan had sent you away. She's so unkind to people, particularly to nice men," Kitty remarked—"that's the worst of Joan."

"Don't you say anything against Joan," laughed Darrell.

"But why not? It's true," the child cried.

"Why not?" repeated Darrell. "Why, because Joan's my own too."

[THE END.]

### IT NEVER FAILS.

A DRAYMAN had backed up to a warehouse on Beekman street to deliver a heavy box, and the process of unloading halted eight or ten pedestrians. Pretty soon along came a rusty old man with a very large cane and a very storm-beaten plug hat.

"What! What! A balky horse!" he chattered to himself as he took in the situation. No one answered him, and he asked of a bystander:

"Have the expedients been resorted to?"

"Dunno."

"Looks like an obstinate brute, but I have a remedy. Always works when other artifices have been tried in vain. I suppose there will be no objection to me trying it?"

"Dunno."

"Well, I'll take it upon myself to start this beast. You see how easily it is done."

He stepped to the horse's head, pulled his left ear down, and blew in it with a great "whew-o-o-s-h!" The amazed horse gave his head a swing, and the crowd saw the rusty old man go head over heels into the gutter, while his hat flew one way and his cane the other.

"What in blazes are you up to, anyway?" shouted the drayman, as he let go of the box and ran to the horse to quiet him.

"Never fails—never knew it to fail in my life," replied the old man, as he scrambled up and grabbed for his hat.

Everybody began laughing, and as he rescued his cane from the wheels of a passing car the man with a remedy turned and explained:

"Left ear is the one. Always pull the left ear down and go 'w-o-o-s-h!' and you've got him. Morning, gentleman—the left ear, remember." —*New York Sun.*

### SHE DIDN'T WANT HIM TO PERJURE HIMSELF.

A VENERABLE Connecticut lawyer is fond of telling the following story of a brother barrister:

Himself and friend had once stopped together over night at a country inn. And next morning, just as the stage was about starting, his friend approached the landlady, a pretty Quakeress, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss.

"Friend," said she gently, "thee must not do it."

"By heavens, I will do it!" replied the barrister.

"Well, friend," said she, "as thou has sworn thee may do it, but thee must be quick about it or my husband will be in before thee has accomplished thy purpose."

### THE SMALL BOY'S REVELATIONS.

It is the small boy who usually tells things and the dinner table is his favorite theatre. Not long ago a bright little fellow out on Peach-tree street peered over into the dish at the head of the table, and exclaimed:

"What a little chicken for so many people."

The company smiled surreptitiously, and his mother endeavoured to quieten him. But he was like Banquo's ghost. After they had all been helped and were eating, his face suddenly lit up, and, clapping his hands, he shouted:

"Oh, yes, I know now, mamma. This is the little chicken that was sick so long in the yard, ain't it." —*Atlanta Constitution.*

FIRST FARMER—You can't take \$10 for that cow?

SECOND FARMER—Can't do it.

F. F.—But yesterday you told me you'd sell her for \$10.

S. F.—I know I did, but I'll have to back out.

F. F.—What's the matter?

S. F.—You see the cow belongs to my wife, and she says she will sob herself into hysterics if I sell her. It would break her heart.

F. F.—All right—it's no purchase.

S. F.—I say.

F. F.—Well, what is it?

S. F.—Make it \$15 and we'll let her sob.

# THE FALSE DIAMONDS.

By Mrs. MARY A. DENISON,

Author of "Florence Irvington's Oath," "A Mad Marriage," "The Little Heiress,"  
"The Prisoner of La Vintresse," Etc., Etc.

It was a splendid ball, given by Horatio Springhigh in one of the noblest houses in Fifth Avenue, that the beautiful Mrs. Arrago took umbrage.

"To think," she cried, throwing her geegaws hastily from her breast, neck and fingers, "that that Helen Gregory should have a *parure* exactly like mine!"

Her cousin Eugenie, a stately beauty of twenty-seven, yawned and slowly arose from the satin couch in the corner. Mrs. Arrago gave a little scream.

"You here, Eugenie?"

"Yes; I think I must have fallen asleep reading. I never dreamed of sitting up so late—it's morning, isn't it?"

"Morning, but not late," answered Mrs. Arrago, with a spiteful pull at her dress.

"Pray, what's the matter?" queried Eugenie, now looking quite interested, as she moved slowly towards the solitary gaslight.

"Matter!—nothing, only that Helen Gregory had a set of jewelry exactly like mine. I never felt so confounded and ashamed in my life. If she studied it over for a month she couldn't have insulted me more effectually."

"Gregory—why that's the name of one of Tom's old flames, isn't it?" queried Eugenie, a light creeping subtly over her face, kindling her eyes to a cruel flame, though the words seemed to come so artlessly.

"You needn't remind me of that," half pouted Myriam Arrago, flashing back a defiant glance at her mirror, while her jewelled hand sought a tiny bell-rope. "I'll dismiss Rebecca—that makes twice I've rung for her, and the lazy thing—"

"She was sent for, Myrry—her mother was expected to be dying," said Eugenie, in a softer voice than was her wont.

"Oh!" and the little body turned herself about, a trifle paler. It was not the kind of sensation she relished, thus to hear of death, flushed and triumphant from the ballroom. For triumphant she had been in her glad young beauty, as she was everywhere.

"Poor thing!" she added, her arms dropping "and she thought so much of her mother. I meant to tell her yesterday to take some jellies round, but I really forgot."

"Jellies will do her no good now," said Eugenie. "Let me help you, as long as I am up."

"Oh, thank you! you may untie," replied Myriam, carelessly; "and please take out that back-comb—it has hurt me for an hour."

Eugenie, with another of her dark looks, indolently began her self-imposed service. She lifted the comb, and down fell a mass of heavy hair, so gloriously tinted that its dark splendors seemed almost to mock the shining diamonds that glittered on the velvet-lined cabinet before them.

"So many have asked me where I got my hair," said Myriam, with a self-satisfied glance opposite. "It's such an impertinence—they can't believe it's all my own. I think I'll be Undine at some fancy ball, and just wear it hanging as it does now. Wouldn't that convince them? I should not be so lazy, though; you are tired, Eugenie."

"Not as tired as you are, nor as cross, either, I might have said when you first came home. Pray, how did the jewels become Miss Gregory? You know, or perhaps you don't know, that I never saw her."

"That's rather strange. Oh, they became her splendidly. She is handsome, very handsome, only there's something like a spite in her manner, whether moving or in repose. She always seems to be saying to herself, and by implication to other people, 'I may have been scorned some time in my life, but it don't trouble me.' I shouldn't want my manner to betray so much."

"She was poor, I believe, when Tom first knew her."

"Yes, I have heard so," said Myriam, uneasily. She knew it had been reported that if Miss Gregory's fortune had come a little sooner, Tom would have been at her feet—but then Tom had unbosomed himself to her before their marriage and told her what disenchanted him—and she had implicit confidence in her "dear old Tom," as she called him, though he was but twenty-

four, and looked even younger with his yellow beard. "She worked in a shop somewhere, and was as proud as Lucifer—and somehow always held her place in society, too. But she had faults that Tom didn't like, else I assure you it wouldn't have made any difference—I was not burdened with wealth, you know."

A quick expression of contempt passed over Eugenie's face, then she stood more erect, holding those splendid gleaming curls in her hands with a look that suggested the thought of shears, and she performing the office of barber willingly, so sharp, steady, and filled with hatred it was.

"People did think it would really make a match at one time," she said, after opening her lips once or twice, as if with the effort of speaking.

"Did they? Well, I'm sure I don't care," said Myriam, with sleepy indifference. "And I suppose—well, perhaps she liked him, you know, and bought the jewels to spite me a little. Thank you. I'll say no more about it—it's mean spirited to talk and think so," and she arose as Eugenie finished her task.

Eugenie sneered again, very careful that her cousin's wife should not see her though.

"Both you and she are fools," she muttered, as taking her lamp she passed from the room to her own apartment.

Poor Eugenie! she had loved her cousin Tom Arrago as men are seldom loved. At one time—perhaps, dimly suspecting the nature of her emotions, he had flirted with her—for Tom had been very thoughtless as well as very gay, and Eugenie being fully three years his elder, with the foolish presumption of very young men he had considered her an "old girl," though beautiful and brilliant.

"She's my cousin, anyhow," had been the drift of his thought; "and she knows it would be preposterous to think of marriage; but it makes her so happy, poor soul!" and so he went on with every new enchantment winding her heart in his toils—then leaving her for some fresher beauty. Miss Helen Gregory was the brilliant star that seemed at one time his destiny. He saw her while performing some little errand for his mother, in a dry goods store, well lighted. Miss Helen quite dazzled him with her dark beauty, her languid, half-contemptuous motions as she brought down small boxes, or pushed towards him a seivey web, from which he was tempted to buy a portion, having indistinct notions that his mother could make handkerchiefs or caps out of it, or give it to some poor person. He looked at her as long as he dared, mentally comparing her eyes to diamonds, her lips to rubies, her teeth to pearls; and when at last his purchases were made, a singular smile warned him that he was trespassing, by his half-unconscious stare, and provoked at his own stupidity he hurriedly left the store. After this he met Miss Gregory at sundry places, and at one time thought seriously of marrying her. One evening he saw his idol unmasked, and from that time the enchantment was over.

A beautiful orphan was his next flame, and her he married. Tom was not rich, though he expected to be so on the death of a wealthy uncle who had made him his heir. His mother inherited a small property and had always been liberal in her allowances, and he was junior partner in a firm that was well established and very prosperous. His wife was beautiful, and having been restrained, through narrowness of means, from indulging her tastes for the elegancies of life, she was ready to spend with a too lavish self-indulgence. Tom delighted to see her well dressed—he was open-handed to a fault, and extremely sensitive. This latter was in part owing to a misfortune that had overtaken his family—in the supposed guilt of a younger brother who had become involved in a crime, not through participation, but through the machination of an unrelenting enemy who had sworn to avenge a fancied wrong. This was the nature of the trouble: Frank Arrago, when a school-boy, thoughtlessly avowed his tacit participation in a school-riot. The avowal reaching the master's ears, and the master being an austere and unrelenting man, Frank was thrown into a state of trepidation by being called up before the entire class and compelled to undergo a

rigid course of cross-questioning. Two searching eyes glaring fiercely at him over the tops of a pair of spectacles, sapped all the courage with which he had fortified himself; and being driven to it, he confessed the name of the ring-leader, who was severely punished and expelled. This boy, a revengeful fellow, swore that he would yet have it out of young Frank, if it took him the best part of his life to do so. A serious robbery was committed, in which two persons were wounded. The circumstances, the place, and Frank's unfortunate locality at the time, made a strong circumstantial evidence against him; timid and frightened, he all at once disappeared, and for nearly a year had not been seen or heard from.

Mrs. Arrago, the elder, never for a moment believed in his guilt—neither did Tom. They held their heads as high as ever, always defending the son and brother from the foul aspersion that had been cast upon him.

So here stood the matter—Tom, noble and with a fine prospect before him; Frank exiled, though innocent; Cousin Eugenie, who had consented, through the urgency of her cousin's wife, to take up an abode with them—foiled in her plans, and revengeful because they had not been consummated, and Helen Gregory, disappointed, mortified, but still defiant, and willing upon any emergency to make all the trouble she could, since the only man for whom she had ever cared had slipped through her fingers. Not a very amiable group—but the world, like my little story, is not made up of amiable groups altogether.

Tom looked gloomy the next day at the breakfast-table, while the cloud on Myriam's face had long been banished.

"What a perfect little sunbeam you are," said he, watching her fluttering movements, his face lighting up, "isn't she, Eugenie?"

His cousin smiled assentingly, but her look darkened immediately, though no one would have noticed it.

"And how about the ball?" he asked, after a few moments of silence; "was it a brilliant affair?" Myriam had attended with her mother for escort, while Tom was away from the city on business.

"You may judge when I tell you that there were two sets of diamonds exactly alike," said his wife, a little vexation in her voice. She was busy at this moment pouring the coffee, and did not see the instantaneous pallor that overspread his face. Eugenie, on the contrary, did, and was surprised out of her usual calmness.

"Why, Cousin Tom!" she cried, with great affectation of alarm, "you are not well, I am sure."

Myriam glanced up, her quick perceptions taking instant alarm—but how different her thoughts from the evil suspicions of her cousin.

"Tom, you do look pale," she said, letting go her hold of the coffee urn.

"Nonsense," replied her husband, as flushed now as he was white before. "If I scald my mouth and change color a trifle, you are all frightened. What an important personage I must be."

"But, Tom, your coffee was cold," said Myriam, ruefully.

"Well, I didn't say I had scalded my mouth, or that I had a terrible twinge of the toothache, or that my infallible barometer tells me by a gouty pain that we are going to have a spell of weather, but any one of the three might have made me change countenance. Myrra, give me some coffee just hot enough to scald, and I will take care to preserve a decent composure of countenance."

Myriam smilingly poured the coffee, and the matter was forgotten by all but Eugenie, who took care to revert to it a few hours afterward.

"I think you are the silliest little goose," she said, with a forced laugh.

"Pray why?" queried Myriam, looking up anxiously from her work.

"Why, if it had been my husband that changed color so when you alluded to the diamonds, I should have fancied everything, and never rested till I knew the reason for it."

"What a suspicious creature you are!" exclaimed the other, setting herself to her work in an unconcerned manner.

"True—I am very different from you; my temperament is more excitable; and then, my dear," she added—for she made it a point to allude often to her age—"I am so much older than you, and have seen so much of men and the world;" and with this shaft she plied her needle vigorously, watching sideways to note the effect.

Myriam winced a little. True, Eugenie was older—she had been intimate with her cousin for years, while his wife had scarcely known him



SHE PAUSED BEFORE AN OPEN DOOR IN TOM'S DRESSING-ROOM. ON THE FLOOR, JUST WITHIN THE SILL OF THE CLOSET, SHE SAW AN ENVELOPE THAT APPEARED TO BE WELL FILLED.

for one year yet. Could it be possible that he had ever given her reason for this caution?

"In other words, you would be jealous, I suppose," said Myriam, with a curling lip.

"Why, yes, you might call it that," replied Eugenie, a charming pretension to candor softening the confession. "I think," she added, dreamily, as if musing to herself, "I think I should have been a little jealous of Cousin Tom, he's so thoughtless."

"Now, Eugenie," cried Myriam, with a small show of anger, "I declare it's very unkind of you to speak so of Tom. He's the very soul of honor—I know that—and as to his thoughtlessness, he's no more thoughtless than any young man of his age, and never so towards me—never."

"I'm very glad he stands so high in your estimation," said Eugenie, smiling.

"He's my husband!" responded Myriam, with a touch of pride, lifting her slight figure to its utmost height, at which Eugenie turned scarlet and laughed uneasily.

"Of course—and I was only trying you to see how you would take it. I am perfectly satisfied now that my cousin has a jewel for a wife, who would believe neither calumny nor slander against her husband, no matter from what source they sprang—even from the bosom of his own family." And delivering this little speech with peculiar emphasis, and in a tone that was strangely thrilling, though meant to be unconstrained, she gathered up her work and walked quietly out of the room.

"How very singular Eugenie has behaved all the morning," Myriam said to herself, following the retreating figure with astonished eyes; "one would think she had some spite either against Tom or me. Poor thing! they say she used to be very fond of Tom, and maybe sometimes the old feelings come up and make her irritable and uncharitable. What a pity she didn't mar-

ry! But then she almost hinted something amiss in Tom; but she shan't see that I notice it. It did look odd, his changing color so suddenly, but she should never know I thought so, or had one ungenerous feeling towards Tom if I died for it. Poor Tom! I'll have a talk with him; perhaps it's business. Dear, dear, what a pity I married such a catch! Tom is certainly the handsomest fellow I see anywhere, and it must have made some hearts sore."

Meanwhile, while the pretty, busy little wife was fortifying herself against all imaginary evils, Eugenie Arrago, having in her possession the worst thing one can carry about, viz., a bad heart, was pacing the floor of her chamber in a terrible rage. Some natures are so easily moved that the merest pebble thrown into their depths will create not merely ripples, but waves. It is needless to say that such are always the shallowest. She was all the time laboring under an impression that Tom had trifled with her, and in proportion to her wild love was the singular hate consequent; hate not only towards him, but his sweet little wife, whose charms only fed the fuel that such feelings fanned into a vivid flame. To add to her other miseries, she was dependent, her little annuity being only sufficient to keep her well dressed, and at times she lost her self-possession and fell into a frantic rage, that with all her accomplishments she had not been able to impress any man sufficiently to make him think her worth the wooing. For this she blamed Tom. For one year he had flattered and followed her; to be sure his attentions were not sufficiently marked to confirm her hopes at any time, but he had kept two or three swains who *might* have been devoted, from proposing, and for nearly ten years afterward she had lived in mourning seclusion, ostensibly because of the death of a married sister, but really on account of her own bitter disappointment. It was never a difficult matter for her to hate—only give her

sufficient cause. Her feelings were on the surface, and easily aroused. Judge how she disliked the pretty-faced child of eighteen who had been preferred before her.

Continuing her walk, she moved rapidly from chamber to chamber, stopping now and then wearily. Suddenly she paused before an open door in Tom's dressing-room. On the floor, just within the sill of the closet, she saw an envelope that appeared to be well filled, but had no address on the outside. What prompted her to take it up, and more, to keep it and run stealthily to her chamber, those better versed in the study of the human heart than I am can perhaps tell, for ordinarily Miss Eugenie would have considered herself an honorable. Nevertheless, she took the missive, encouraged doubtless by some unseen evil counsellor, and not only that, but read it with a wicked triumph in her manner. It was as she instinctively guessed, a letter from Tom, and directed to a lady. Poor Tom, alas! did not stand very high in her regards, as perhaps was not to be wondered at, but yet she did not look for what the contents of this letter disclosed.

It was as follows, commencing with "Dear Helen." I leave out a paragraph or two, which would be hardly interesting:

"And now, dear H., I have done for you all that I possibly can under the circumstances. At all events, a retreat is secure to you, where you will meet with all the care and attention that you will need in your trying hour. My wife as yet knows nothing of our secret; until all turns out for better or worse, I do not intend that she shall; and yet it is foreign to my nature to use deception, as I have sometimes been obliged to, and may be again. For your sake, she shall never suspect—never. I do pity you as sincerely as I pity myself, and surely my own position in the matter is far from being an enviable one. No one knows here how much I suffer, al-

beit my temperament is not melancholy. Sometimes the knowledge of one circumstance almost overpowers me; but what can I do? The mischief is already done, and, from what I know, cannot be repaired. We must wait for the course of events, that never surely seemed as slow as now. God is a God of the innocent, and will not shield the guilty. I tremble when I think of that, and rejoice also."

A letter to set such a spirit as Eugenie's aflame. Ambiguous, yet pointing plainly to guilt, and—that guilt, whose could it be but his own? The wicked woman felt a throb of joy as she arose from her ungenerous act. Her dark eyes shone as she reflected how she could place this missive before her cousin's wife without complicating herself. Carefully she laid it away in a rosewood box among some sweet scents and dried flower leaves—some neatly folded notes, commonplace in their contents, but read, as they were once read, filled with a meaning with which she invested them—and warily bided her time.

She marked her cousin well when he came home. Her experienced eye told her that all was not right; and when he commenced looking among his loose papers, lifting books, and even Myriam's work-box and basket, his wife anxiously inquired the cause.

"Oh! nothing, at least, nothing very particular—a bit of paper—a memoranda, that was all." He did not catch the gleam of Cousin Eugenie's false eyes as they fell beneath their lids. A memoranda—she knew better.

"I'll help you, dear," said Myriam, quickly rising, while Eugenie laughed mockingly under her breath; "was it folded? was it in an envelope? (he looked sharply at her, but she was very busy lifting this and that trifle) was it anything very important?"

"Oh—yes—rather—but never mind, I must have dropped it at the office" feeling in his pockets again—"don't trouble yourself, it will come to light some time."

"Perhaps you can remember what it was," said Myriam, earnestly.

Oh, yes, he could remember; and Eugenie bit her lips, and laughed that unheard, wicked laugh again.

That very evening they had a very quiet hour or two together. Eugenie had retreated with a headache, there was no chance of callers, for it was very dismal and rainy out of doors—within everything was arranged up to the exact point of coziness that made the room agreeable as well as comfortable. The firelight gleamed redly upon the bright colors of the carpet, the soft polish of the mahogany reflected the white glitter of the steel fender, ornaments, and implements. The light was just right, and made little Mrs. Arrago more bewitching than ever, snugly seated in the curve of the red lounge. It was some time before the little woman could say what she was thinking and preparing all day, and it made her somewhat quiet and distracted.

"Why are you so silent, little one?" asked Tom, playfully; "do you wish there was a ball, to-night?"

"Oh, dear, no; I'd rather have you all to myself, than go to a dozen balls, but I—I—why I was thinking."

"Well, and have you any objections to telling me of what you were thinking?" he queried, drawing her close to him, and placing her head very conveniently on his broad shoulder, her lips within tempting reach.

"I was thinking that you, perhaps, do not feel as well lately, as formerly."

"Oh, that is it. Why, my child, I'm blooming; is there a stoop in my shoulders, a hollowness under the cheek bones, a diminution of the appetite, a —"

"Stop, stop!" cried Myriam, playfully putting her hand to his mouth. "No, you're just the same handsome old fellow, but sometimes so—I mean looking so terribly sad, that I long to know what it is, convinced that it must be something terrible."

"Ah! the cares of married life!" laughed Tom. "But come, I'll be frank with you. Austead, one of the senior partners, is going to leave the concern, and I have been offered the place for a consideration, but—"

"Why, Tom, I thought you were a partner, already."

"A very junior one, my dear; there are four, and I am the youngest. Now for a good round sum of money, which I can ill afford to spare—indeed, I cannot spare it at all, for the very good reason that I haven't it—I might step right into Austead's place. The older Austead was kind enough to speak to me, first though there are a dozen that stand ready on the very first opportunity to step into his shoes. It was very good of him; and he could take much less of me than

from a stranger. But why talk about it—it is impossible. The loss of the Sea Bird has injured my mother's pecuniary interests, and I cannot look for more aid from her. Uncle Jared expects me to push my way—I wouldn't ask him for a cent, for the world. If it had happened six months ago, I suppose I could have done it."

"Yes, because then you need not have purchased this house," said Myriam, thoughtfully.

"Exactly—but a truce to business. I don't like to talk shop when I come home to sit with you, so we'll drop the subject, if you please."

"Only a word—how much money do they want?" asked Myriam.

"Only five thousand dollars—a mere nothing in comparison with the profits of the business; but I couldn't raise one thousand, now. If I could manage four thousand in cash, I suppose I could pay the rest on time; but Austead is a mighty particular fellow, and likes things done fair and square; I don't blame him."

"Oh! but what a pity you have encumbered yourself with a wife—didn't he say so?"

"If he had!" cried Tom, with a quick gesture of wrath. "No, dearest, I have done many foolish things; but the wisest one I ever did, was to marry you. You are worth a thousand Austead partnerships," and the beaming glance of affection with which he regarded her, quite decided her mind. How delightful it would be could she be the means of helping him—then, truly she should feel that she was of some use in the world. The idea grew dearer and dearer as she cherished it in secret, and she determined soon to put it into execution.

Living in an obscure street in the city, was a French chemist and lapidary. He had the secret of so skilfully imitating diamonds, that he was often resorted to by wealthy people, or those who wished to be so considered, at all events, and sold many a chain and *parure* that the fortunate person who obtained it, thought the real thing.

But Myriam was assured that her treasures were all they had been represented. The set had cost five thousand dollars, so she had accidentally found out through Tom's mother, who did not approve of such extravagant presents; but who, on Tom's representation that they were really so much wealth laid by, consented to his purchase. Those diamonds Myriam had always been very proud of—scarcely another lady of her acquaintance had anything as beautiful. Now, if she could sell them, even if only for three thousand, wouldn't it be glorious? she asked herself, clapping her hands. They had already lost their charm, for seeing their counterpart on Helen Gregory. She would rather go without diamonds, she said, indignantly, than wear a set like hers; for perhaps she felt a little feminine spite towards her would-have-been rival. So, on the following day, she dressed herself very carefully, throwing over her bonnet a thick veil, and set out for M. Froshier's. It was with a great deal of trembling that she sought the unassuming shop; and finally, after passing a retinue of clerks, came to the great man himself—a skelton in green goggles, with long, white fingers, the ends of which he was continually rubbing gently with his thumb. Producing her treasures carefully, she submitted them to him, asking him how much they were worth. The man eyed them narrowly—smiled in a way that sent Myriam's blood like ice, slowly creeping from vein to vein—there was such a singular meaning in the grimace, and then he asked in a voice as thin and wiry as himself:

"Young lady, did you think these stones were real?"

"Certainly, I did," replied Myriam, trembling with indignation.

"They are not, miss," continued the man after a careful scrutiny; "but I remember the real ones very well."

"You remember the real ones?" murmured Myriam, now scarcely able to speak.

"Yes, miss, I remember the real ones very well. A gentleman brought them—let me see in August, I think it was. Gustave," he cried in a shriller tone to one of his clerks, "the order book for August, if you please."

Myriam, hardly conscious of what she did, for her head felt light, and there was a ringing sound in her ears, clutched at the counter for support.

In another moment the clerk had handed a large book covered with brown morocco. Myriam was intently alive to all that was going on around her, strangely faint as she felt. She even noticed the two star-shaped ink-drops upon the cover, and that the part upon which were printed the words "order-book," was of a vivid crimson. Slowly the meagre fingers turned over the leaves, pointing here and there until he came to

a place at which he paused, peering eagerly from the top to the bottom of the column.

"Yes, miss, here it is—a gentleman ordered it—that is he brought me a set of real diamonds by which I was to make a set of false ones, with a close imitation—a gentleman, Thomas Arrago by name. Oh, no, my dear miss, these are the same ones that were manufactured at my shop, and I defy anybody to distinguish the difference between them and the original. You did not, it seems. A very great triumph—a very great triumph indeed."

And all this while everything grew dark to Myriam, and the counter, and the lank, lean man seemed to swim round and round her, and the diamonds to dance up against her eyes. Then everything for a moment seemed blank. When she had recovered her face was very wet with the water they had thrown in her face, and she knew that she must have fainted. It pained her to hear more, for the man, shrewdly guessing the cause, made haste with a clumsy apology.

Perhaps her father or her brother, he said, had found that business required this sacrifice—it was often done; and even, he added, in a whisper, husbands had been known to dispose of the jewelry belonging to their wives, which, after all, was their's by right of purchase.

Myriam said nothing to all this long harangue. She was mortified, humbled to the dust, insulted and outraged. She quietly asked one of the clerks to bring a carriage, and entering it drove home more dead than alive.

All feelings were merged in one, all thoughts swallowed up in the frightful realization that her husband, in whom she placed such implicit confidence, had deceived her, and for what reason? In vain she strove, in all their recent intercourse, to remember one sign of his falseness; and yet he had actually changed her diamonds, and who knew but the very jewels with which Miss Helen Gregory was decked, were her own? Could he have given them to her? The thought was an outrage to her husband, and yet she kept asking herself, with bewildered brain, what did it mean? She had noticed something in Miss Gregory's manner that night which had since, by recurrence, secretly tormented her, and yet she could not define it. Anguished, wretched, with throbbing temples and swelling heart, she arrived at her home.

The carriage stopped, and Eugenie, who was on the watch, saw her descend therefrom with some surprise, then breathlessly she ran to the head of the staircase and dropped a packet to the floor below. Myriam came in, half-blinded by tears and confusion, and a vague, nameless terror. She would not have seen gold if it had strewn the hall to her door. She did not care to see Eugenie, or any one, for she felt herself at the thought of such a thing, growing hysterical. Seeking her own little sitting-room, she threw off her things with haste, almost with violence, and flinging herself on a lounge, tried in vain to rest her beating temples. The hours passed she knew not how; that dull ache at her heart, like the ceaseless gnawing of a worm, made her sometimes gasp and struggle for breath. Tom would not be home that day till four—the thought was a blessed relief to her—but how to meet him—how to overwhelm him with this evidence of his guilt! If he had only told her, had had some wise need of the money and only confided in her, she would not have cared for the jewels; but to deceive her, to allow her to think these imitations were the precious things he had given her, particularly when he knew how distasteful such things were to a woman of refinement, it was simply shocking. Presently a servant came to say that lunch was ready.

"I am not well, Mary," said her mistress, "and prefer not to come out. You may bring me in a little refreshment."

The girl came again shortly after, with a tray nicely spread—in one hand was the note Eugenie had dropped.

"If you please," she said, quietly, "here is something I found on the hall floor. It may be what Mr. Arrago was looking for yesterday, and if I found it he said he would give me a shilling," she laughingly added.

"Very well," said Myriam; "I'll hand it to him, and if it should be that, he will keep his promise, you may be sure."

"Oh! I didn't mean it ma'am," returned the girl, earnestly. "I wouldn't take money for such a thing, and I at no trouble save only stooping. Indeed and indeed I wouldn't, ma'am."

Left alone, Myriam looked at the letter, turning it over, and wondering why there was no direction, while the food that had been brought in stood untasted by her side. But for the overwhelming events of the morning, she would have

attached no importance whatever to the missive that now haunted her. Yet if her husband had deceived her in one thing, might he not in twenty, and something urged her with a might she found herself unable to resist, until at last, with trembling fingers, and bathed in a death-cold dew, she took out and unfolded the note. After the first words, "Dear Helen," in her husband's handwriting, she needed no spur, no temptation, but read on to the bitter end.

This time she did not faint, but calm, cold, white as any statue, laid the letter within convenient distance, and strove to prepare her soul for the mighty, coming struggle. Life was nothing to her now, never could be any more. Oh! to have that cheerful routine broken up—to think of Tom, her Tom, as a wicked deceiver, one who had won her heart only to break it! She tried to be heroic, tried to forgive him; but all her nature rebelled. One of two things she decided to do, either to leave her home and seek a shelter with her aunt, who had been in one sense her mother, directing a letter for him, enclosing the one she had just read, or to remain and charge him to his face with his horrible perfidy. She wondered at herself to find in her none of those violent emotions that sometimes break the force of such a blow. She was calm, quite calm and cold—oh, so cold! Would this be so when she saw him? How should she effect the meeting, and avoid any witnesses? She was ill, yes, that was evident. The food remained untasted, so when the servant came again she still complained of sickness, and said she should be compelled to go up to her own room.

Eugenie came with a face all sympathy, and grew pale and a little frightened when she saw what she thought was the result of her machinations. Such a woe-begone, helpless, corpse-like face, with the life and beauty, it seemed, all drenched out of it! It roused even her deadened feelings to see the helpless manner and white, anguished lips that did not quiver, no, but seemed plastered down to the very teeth—losing all power of motion, but expressing something that words could never have conveyed. And yet, after the first shock, this was a triumph to her base heart.

"She will now know what it is to suffer slow torture," she muttered, as she descended the stairs, trembling a little, yet exulting.

Tom came in that evening quite jubilant; he had whistled himself home, and as soon as he opened the door the whistle sank to a whisper, for a sudden chill seemed to fall upon him. Myriam always before had been ready to meet him, either at the very threshold, or so near that he always waited for the rustling of her dress. Now she was nowhere to be seen. He looked aimlessly through sitting, music and drawing-room, thinking she might be out, then went up-stairs to her chamber. There was Myriam, pale, but quite composed—womanly still through all her bitter trial—loving still, unwilling to harshly wound, but decided and almost unforgiving.

"Why, my darling!" cried Tom, genuine terror blanching his face, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Not ill in body," was the mournful reply; "but sick almost to death at heart."

"Myriam, you alarm me!" and he drew near, but she repelled him, gently but decidedly.

He gazed upon her a moment, terror and anger in his eyes, then he brought a chair and seated himself beside her.

"In all our married life, Myriam, you have never before done that—never looked upon me like that. I am utterly at a loss to think what I can have done—how I have offended you."

Myriam covered her eyes with her fingers and her whole frame shook with the intensity of her emotions, for, oh! how she loved this man!—her Tom, as she had so long fondly called him—so manly, so handsome—so treacherous, so cruel! Oh! to have blotted out the last few hours she would have given years of her life—but that might not be—even the past was in some sense eternal. Tom sat there still grieved, perplexed, indignant, and yet really knowing not what to do.

"Oh, Tom, I'm so disappointed in you!—and yet I can't say what I thought I could. I want you to take me home, Tom—home to my poor aunt—she will welcome me, I know—she will pity me—for indeed I need pity!" and with a feeble motion she placed the letter in Tom's hand; and then, when he saw it and started, she told him about the diamonds, without looking at him or breathing a suspicion.

Tom's face was a study. At first he glared and bit his lip so violently that it seemed as if the blood would start; then he looked pale, angry and determined.

"I will say nothing to you about the meanness of opening a letter that was not intended for your sight," he said, coldly, and poor Myriam felt her heart growing like ice; "and as to the diamonds—but no matter. You wish to return to your aunt. In ten minutes there will be a carriage at the door. I can send your things any time."

Myriam, outraged and white as death, started to her feet—but he was gone. She needed no other bidding; all the pride of her nature, all its resentment, all its passion were aroused. At the appointed time her husband met her at the door.

"I shall accompany you," he said, gravely, as she drew back when he entered; and during the drive not a word was spoken.

After two hours' ride—it was three to her aunt's—Tom stopped the carriage before a small cottage, and gravely requested his wife to do him the favor to remain there a moment with him. Frightened, yet not knowing how to refuse, Myriam followed him into the cottage, and from the narrow hall, up stairs, where sat a gentle-looking girl, with little babe upon her lap. Myriam started forward.

"Helen Bryant!" she cried—then stopped, amazed.

"Not Helen Bryant," said Tom, softly, "but Helen Arrago—poor Frank's wife."

"Frank's wife!" cried Myriam, more in surprise than before; for it was Helen's father who had been robbed and foully dealt by—and, as the world believed, Frank was the guilty man. The young creature herself looked almost too much frightened to speak.

"Myriam will not betray you," said Tom, gently, "and you are too weak to talk now." So he led his wife quietly down stairs, and seated her there; but she could not speak—could only wonder.

"And now I will make my confession," he said, humbly, with a contrite look that went to her heart. "Frank, foolish boy, had married secretly, before this terrible trouble came; then, for Helen's sake, he begged me never to betray him; his own name was tainted—hers should not be. It was thought after her father's death, that she went to relatives in Chicago; instead of that she came here. Frank was banned, obliged to fly for his life, though innocent as a babe. Poor Frank! he had no one to help him but my mother and myself. Mother, as you know, lost a good deal of her property by the destruction of a vessel she owned. My poor brother and his wife were homeless. How to get Frank from his hiding-place and help him to England, I did not know. How to provide for this unhappy wife, almost bowed down with grief and soon to become a mother. Myriam, I was perhaps unjust to you: I thought of the diamonds."

His wife gave a convulsive start, and caught her breath.

"It was wrong, I know—the hardest thing I ever did; but what was to become of these poor banned exiles, with none to pity or to help them?"

"Oh, Tom, don't say any more! Oh, Tom, I see it all! Do forgive me and take me back?"

"Hush, dear," said Tom, for she was weeping; "it is I who should ask forgiveness of you, for withholding my confidence, and for going to work clandestinely, instead of boldly and openly; but I thought of the sacredness of my promise to poor Frank, and decided to act on my own responsibility. It was mean and cowardly I now see—"

"You shall not say that," sobbed Myriam; "no, no, you are my own, noble, blessed old Tom! and how could I doubt you even for a moment? Oh, Tom, do you forgive me?"

"If you will forgive me," he answered, smilingly. "And now about going to Aunt Eugenie—"

"Take me home!" was her only cry; "take me home!"

And Tom did take her home, both wiser, both happier, the one determined to have no more secrets, the other no more suspicions.

Strangely enough, a letter awaited them that added doubly to their joy. A dying man had confessed himself the real criminal, fully exonerating poor Frank Arrago, and there was no need for any further concealment. Eugenie, who divined in what mood her cousin left the house, was left to her own wonder and spite forever after. She could not poison the peace of such a family, and before long she gave up trying, and it is hoped became a good Christian. As for Frank and his little wife, they came to live with Tom, his house was large enough for four, and they were loving brothers. Friends were raised up to the persecuted man, and before long he

took Tom's place, and Tom had the vacant partnership. The jewels Myriam never wore again. She kept them, and prized them as she prized no earthly possession, for, as she said, they taught her the noblest lesson of her life; and she never again envied the woman who became the possessor of the original *parure*.

#### EVEN WITH THE BAGG FAMILY.

"Now, madam," said the attorney for the defendant to a little, wiry, black-eyed, fidgety woman who had been summoned as a witness in a breach of the peace case, "you will please give in your testimony in as few words as possible. You know the defendant?"

"Know who?"  
"The defendant—Mr. Joshua Bagg?"  
"Josh Bagg! I guess I do know him, and I knowed his daddy afore him, and I don't know nothing to the credit of either of 'em, and I don't think—"

"We don't want to know what you think, madam. Please say 'yes' or 'no' to my question."

"What question?"  
"Do you know Mr. Joshua Bagg?"

"Don't I know 'im, though? Well, I should smile! You ask Josh Bagg if he knows me. Ask him if he knows anything 'bout tryin' to cheat a pore widder like me out of a two-year-old steer. Ask him if—"

"Madam, I—"  
"Ask him whose land he got his cord wood off of last spring, and why he hauled it in the night. Ask his wife, Betsey Bagg, if she knows anything about slippin' in a neighbor's paster lot and milking three cows on the sly. Ask—"

"See here, madam—"  
"Ask Josh Bagg about that uncle of his that died in the penitentiary out West. Ask him about lettin' his pore ole mother die in the pore-house. Ask Betsey Bagg about putting a big brick into a lot of butter she sold last fall—"

"Madam, I tell you—"  
"See if Josh Bagg knows anything about feeding ten head of cattle all the salt they would eat and then letting them swill down all the water they could hold just afore he driv them into town and sold 'em. See what he's got to say to that!"

"That has nothing to do with the case. I want you to—"

"Then there was old Azrael Bagg, own uncle to Josh, got rid of his native town on a rail 'tween two days, and Betsey Bagg's own brother got ketched in a neighbor's hen-house at midnight. Ask Josh—"

"Madam, what do you know about this case?"

"I don't know the first livin' thing 'bout it, but I'll bet Josh Bagg is guilty whatever it is. The fact is, I've owed them Baggses a grudge for the last fifteen year and I got myself called up as a witness on purpose to git even with 'em, and I feel that I've done it. Good-bye."—*Detroit Free Press*.

#### SPLINTERS.

"Yes, marriage is a lottery, and I'm drawing a prize," and the young man laughed as he pulled the baby carriage up the stairs.—*Philadelphia Times*.

MISS SHARPE—"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Sissy? You are not looking very well." Mr. Sissy—"No, Miss Sharpe; I've a cold or something in me head." Miss Sharpe (calmly)—"I think it must be a cold."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

CONSTANCE—"I care not for your poverty, George. Let us wed at once. We can live on one meal a day if necessary." George—"Can you cook, love?" Constance—"George, I attended a cooking school for two months." George—"Then we will wed. I think one meal a day will answer."—*Prairie Farmer*.

"WHAT'S the charge against this man, officer?" asked His Honor in the city court yesterday. "He was drunk." "Prisoner, the last time you were here I let you off with one dollar. This time it will be five and costs." "McKinley prices everywhere," murmured the poor unfortunate as he was being led away.—*New Haven News*.

AN ingenious four-year-old boy up town amazed his father a day or two ago by swaggering into his parental presence with the remark: "Papa, I've made a good motto for undertakers to put in their shop windows." And the indulgent father, preparing to look amused, asked: "What is it, my son?" "Why, this," explained the youngster: "You kick the bucket; we do the rest."—*New York Sun*.

## A WISE.

If you might only have, love,  
The sunshine and the flowers,  
And I the cold and loneliness  
Of dreary, wintry hours;  
If every sweetness in my life  
Might answer to your claim,  
And I could bear whatever loss,  
Whatever wrong or pain,  
Would otherwise fall to you, love,  
As falls the Autumn rain:  
I think I could not ask, love,  
For any happier hours  
Than just to know God sends to you  
The sunshine and the flowers.

—Lillian Whiting.

## The Last Plank.

BY NED BUNTLIN.

I was first mate of the ship *Triumph*, bound from Boston to New Orleans, with an assorted cargo of great value. The captain, Babbit by name, was an oddity in every way. He always struck for new courses, took all tracks but those prescribed by custom, and thought nobody knew anything but himself.

For instance, he insisted that a counter-current ran southward inside of the Gulf Stream, and that the only way to make a quick voyage to New Orleans was to hug close in on the shore side of it all the way out, despite the danger of capes, rocks and reefs, the whereabouts of which he said he knew too well not to avoid them.

Who could gainsay him? He was captain of his own ship—monarch of it and all aboard. So, sailing with a stiff nor-wester on our quarter, we sped swiftly on, passing all the dangers of the coast successively, such as Barnegat, Hatteras, etc., and found ourselves on a morning suddenly becalmed off Cape Florida, close in with the land, but soon drifting northward despite the captain's "southerly current."

It was very clear—not a cloud in sight—warm and close, though it was September, and the time for an equinoctial gale to be upon us.

"Heave the deep-sea lead, Mr. R.," said the captain to me, "and see if it is shoal enough to get an anchor to hold."

I sounded, and forty fathoms was given. "Bend two hawsers together and drop our heaviest kedge," was his next order. "Then close furl every sail but the fore-storm-stay-sail and balance-reefed-spanker, send down all the light spars from aloft, and get ready to house topmasts and secure lower yards, get up preventer-braces and see all secure below and aloft."

"Ay, ay, sir!" And it was done. We were now ready for a storm, but I, old as I am in sea matters, could see no token of it anywhere.

"We're going to have a tough time of it, Mr. R.," said Captain Babbit to me.

"Why, sir," said I, "the sky is as clear as my love's dear eyes, and the water is as smooth as a mill-pond. I see no sign of wind."

"Wait about two hours and you'll sing another tune," he replied. "I've been in these latitudes before. The worst of this will be that it will come dead off shore, and if we must scud, Cuba and her reefs will be under our lee. If we bump our heads there, it will be the last of the old *Triumph* and us too."

I made no reply, for I thought it only one of his fancies, and leaving the second mate in charge of the deck, went below to take a nap, for I'd had the mid watch and felt rather snoozish. I went to my state-room and threw myself on my bunk, and soon was dreaming of a blue-eyed angel ashore, whom I hoped to be spliced to at a not far-distant time. A heavy trampling overhead and the shout of "all hands ahoy!" brought me out of sleep, and to my feet in an instant. I hurried on deck. Never can I forget the change of scene, of sky and sea, from the calm beauty in which I had left it when I went below. Now, black clouds were rolling up to the northward, coming on in great blotchy waves,

like crags of ebon mountains, overhanging and about to fall upon us. The sea was black under the shadowy wing of the storm, and the roar of the tempest, like a hoarse, angry voice, came to our ears from the distance.

"Up with the fore-storm-staysail—never mind the spanker," shouted the captain. "You two mates take the helm; men, lash yourselves to the rigging, it will wash us fore and aft before we get headway." And seizing an axe from the bucket, he bounded forward and cut away the hawser which held us at anchor.

As he did this, I looked off on our starboard beam and saw the water apparently rolling in a huge white breaker towards us. The next instant the wind struck us, and for a moment I thought all was over, for the ship keeled until her lower yard-arms were in the water.

"Hard up—hard up the helm!" shouted the captain in my ear.

I could but just hear him, and pointing to the wheel, he saw that his order had been anticipated.

Just then away went our mizen-mast close by the deck, and that alone saved us, for now her head payed off before the wind, and the ship righted. Then the staysail filled, and away the old craft shot, like an arrow sped from a well-strung bow. As we got out into the gulf the sea rose literally so hard that the foam was scattered in cloudy mists through the air.

"How does she head?" asked the captain, who stood forward of the wheel.

"Sou'-sou'-west, sir," I replied in a shout, for the gale drowned all common tones.

"If she goes at this rate and holds that course we will strike Cuban rock inside of ten hours!" he cried.

"Why not try to heave her to?" I asked.

"In such a sea and gale we would be keeled up in a minute were we to try it; all our hope is in a change of wind, or a lull which will let us put the mainsail on her."

"This looks rough, but what is to be will be. There is no rubbing that out," I replied; and then I did my best to steer as nicely as I could, so that no broaching to should hasten our fate.

On, on—once passing a hapless vessel drifting bottom up, with her sails and spars alongside of her—we swept, until the night was upon us. Then the captain and a good seaman relieved us from the helm and I had time to think. I went below and looked at the chart; I made an estimate of our speed, and to my horror saw we could not be over twenty, or, at most, thirty miles to windward of the rockiest part of the Cuban coast.

I went on deck sick at heart, for sea and gale seemed higher than ever. I told the captain how near the last peril was, but he did not seem to heed me. He stood with his shoulder to the wheel, and the ship flew madly on. Never had she sailed with such speed before.

I went forward, and while I looked at the phosphoric flame flashing from beneath the bow I thought of home, of my own loved Ella—and I groaned in bitter agony. I never before had feared death, but now—now so near, it was terrible!

An hour, maybe more, and then I heard all too plain, even above the wild roar of the storm, the sound so sullen and deep of the surging breakers. I rushed aft and shouted the fearful tidings in the captain's ear.

"God help us!—God help us!" was all he said.

An instant after we were in white, seething, hissing water, and then, lifted skyward on a mountain roller, we were dashed down with a terrible crash upon the dreaded rocks. Darkness above—flashing phosphorism all around—the ship shattering, parting beneath our feet, men shrieking in wild misery—my pen cannot paint the picture!

And now wave after wave swept on over us, lifting the ship up and crushing her down, tearing her all asunder, and yet I clung to a rope which I had fastened to a bolt in the deck, not knowing whether one was alive beside me or not, for all was silent but the winds and waters. Like howling demons they went on with their fearful chorus.

How long seemed that night, while I could feel that the shattered remnants of the old ship were going fast from under me! But the blessed daylight came at last, and even the sun shone out. And I saw, lashed like myself to the deck, but one man—that man was the captain. Whiter than foam was his face, and full as white his hair, which had been glossy brown on the day before. Our eyes met—his were wild and wolfish—insanity's fire was in them.

The sea now drove the last part of the wreck asunder, and for a moment I thought we both were gone; but on one high spot of rock we got a foothold, and there clutching the coral crag with bleeding hands we hung.

Until then neither of us had looked away from each other or the wreck. But together glancing southward, there we saw, not a mile distant, beautiful, flower-carpeted, fruit-laden Cuba. White cottages, groves of golden oranges, and tall palm trees; never had they looked so beautiful to me. Yet a mile of terrible breakers lay between us and it—a "waste of waters," through which the strongest swimmer could not hope to pass.

And the ship was gone—no, one plank—a single plank—small, but large enough for one to cling to, came drifting in our reach. With one hand each of us seized it, while with the other we clung to the peak of rock which alone had saved us from instant destruction.

"Let go the plank! it is mine. I will lash myself to it and live!" cried the captain, his eyes glaring fiercely on me.

"I will not yield my right; the plank is mine, and life is as dear to me as to you!" I shouted.

"I have a wife and children; you have none; let me live for them!" he pleaded.

"I have one dearer than all the world; I will live for her who yet shall be my wife!" I cried.

"Fool—fool! she shall look for you in vain!" And as he said this, he drew a pistol from his bosom. Well I knew it was capped, waterproof—well I knew how sure he was in aim; but I drew the plank towards me which he had let go of when he clutched his weapon. He raised his hand, his weapon was levelled at my heart.

"Give up the plank!" he shouted.

"Never, coward—never! Fire, and my dying curse go with you!"

I closed my eyes—I knew my fate—but a wild rush of water, a fearful wave, swept me far, far away from the rock. Then I was drowning—gurgling, choking in the water. But I rose, and as I did, something hard touched my body. I clutched it—it was that blessed plank. To it I clung with a death grasp; yet it seemed as if I was doomed to die, after all, for the waters covered me, and I lost all consciousness.

But not for all time. I was restored to a knowledge that dear life was yet mine by the kind acts of Cubans, who had drawn my body, yet clinging to the plank, from the surf, and were applying stimulants when I opened my glad eyes once more on the face of bright humanity.

I asked if any others had got to the shore. They carried me to a mournful-looking group of bodies. I saw several of the crew, but not him—not the captain. But even while we stood there a great rolling wave swept him in, and for an instant I thought he lived, he looked so grim, with the pistol yet clutched in his hand. But he was cold and dead, and after they bore him to the corpse-pile of the rest, and I had grown stronger, I took the pistol from his stiffened grasp, took aim at a piece of the wreck and fired. The bullet which had been intended for my heart went deep into the oaken wood. I went down on my knees then and there, and thanked the Almighty that I was saved for my poor Ella; and though I have since done a sailor's duty in protecting and aiding the widow and orphans of the poor captain, I never have been so unselfish as to regret that I had possession of the last plank.

## MAKING TIN FOIL.

The *Tradesman* gives the following in answer to the query how tin foil is made: The tin is melted and run into blocks weighing from 205 to 400 pounds each, and in this form the metal is kept for ordinary use. The old method for reducing it to the necessary thinness for foil was by hammering it by hand, as the gold beaters do gold leaf, and this process is still in vogue to a limited extent. This, however, is a very laborious process, as the sheet must be constantly beaten, without intermission, to keep up the heat generated by the continuous strokes of the hammer, and the great drawback to it was that only one surface or face could be produced. The introduction of rolling machinery has completely revolutionized the trade, so in place of importing we now export. In these mills the metal is given a beautiful polish on both sides; it is then cut into widths of twelve inches, rolled on reels, and cut in order by cutting machines.

NOBODY BUT A FOOL

THE CHINESE HERB REMEDY COMPANY,

would be sick and suffer pain when they can have their diagnosed free and cure themselves by consulting

124 &amp; 126 Miami Ave., DETROIT