YORKVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1891.

you in town last winter, all the world

An Independent Family Newspaper: Fon the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the South.

In Memory of Schoolboy Days, Still Unforgot-ten, as Our Shadows Lengthen

PRECEDED AND PURITAN

By T. Q. DE LEON, Author of "Four Years in Rebel Capitals," DEDICATED TO HON. HENRY WATTERSON.

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into bitter vein and deriding the situa-

famous bishop to perform the rite. The

the happy pair were to take the evening

boat for New York. Mr. Standish had.

however, insisted on one point, from which all the spinster's "Song of Judith"

could not move him. The hasty nup-

tials were to be as quiet and private as

All that morning the bride elect had

seemed perfectly happy; indeed, reck-

lessly gay and "quite unwomanly," as Miss Fay described her mood.

"Smell those, you dear old papa!" she

cried, rosy and panting, as she opened

her plump arms and dropped their fra-

grant load upon the floor. And then the

arms locked tightly around the old man's

neck one instant, ere she turned to her

See, Tab, what a rent I've made in my

skirt. But I've had my last scamper

over the dear old hills until I come back,

The rich, musical laugh, rounding the

words as though they were too good a

joke to keep, stopped with strange abruptness, and no laughter in the eyes

bore it company. Standish bent down

and pressed his lips to the flushed brow.

woman!" he said, cheerily enough; "the

picture of happiness and health!" But

the face he again turned quickly to the

Hudson belied the tone, and its expres-

sion spoke as plainly as speech, "It is

"Scampering over hills and climbing

fences is highly improper upon your

"How do you know, auntie, dear?

Mr. Standish turned quickly. Fair

weather was essential for the coming

launch into the deep waters of life, and

storm was marking on Miss Fay's facial

"Bennie, my child," he began, "you

"Becoming the old man's darling and

marrying my grandfather?" she finished

for him in reckless, defiant rush of words.

"Oh, dear, no! Why should I? He's nice enough, as old gentlemen go, and

you all know I don't care"-she stopped

suddenly, bending her head to gather

the fallen flowers-"I think I don't care

for any one else. And then Tab always

reminds me that he's so rich, and that

married folks must have money."
"Absurdity!" broke in Miss Tabisha.

"You do not comprehend the awful so-

emnity of this sacrament! You do not

"Do you?" Bennie's head went pertly

to one side, but her eyes twinkled with

anything but the merriment responsive

dear old Tab. Marriage means new

card plates, loves of bonnets, opera boxes,

Stewart's! There! Don't I know?"

but only emitted the words:

"Poor, motherless niece!"

fast rising ire could release her.

those are your sentiments! Eh?"

for the rest of my natural life!"

a deep sigh.

rounds of visits and unlimited credit at

Miss Fay's thin lips closed ominously,

"Poor, husbandless aunt!" Bennie

imitated tone and expression with much

humor and some bitterness. Miss Fay

raised hands and eyebrows in fierce re-

proach, but before she could speak the

girl whirled around and seized her in an

embrace from which her thin limbs nor

"Now confess, you dear old Tab, that

"Oh! that horrid Paris!" gasped the

"Don't preach, that's a dear," respond-

ed her niece, loosing the clasp of the

rounded arms. "Don't preach, for my

Miss Tabitha still sniffed wrathfully.

propriety and all the heart out of her!"

"Maybe you are right, auntie. Some-

times I believe I have no heart; and I

know myself less than ever today. What

I am you have made me. I am only a

result; a something manufactured be-

tween tutors and dressmakers. What I

am may be a sad fact, even a serious er-

ror. But the fact cannot be changed

now, and the error is not mine, but that

Miss Tabitha found no words to an-

swer, for the girl's voice trembled, spite

of the bitter words it bore, and tears

that did not fall brimmed full the soft-

ened eyes. Reaching up she suddenly

pressed her lips to the spinster's fore-

"Don't think I blame you, dear old

of our false society system!"

head as she added:

child actually thinks!"

undertoned response:

Standish at the window.

tion could permit.

stand Bennie!"

There was a suspicion of huskiness, but

"Sister Tabitha, you never did under-

Miss Tabitha was herself again. Her

foot was on its native heath of argument;

and her voice was for war, if not still.

But suddenly its key changed, as the

frou-frou of skirts was heard on the

gravel walk outside; and a splendid type

of the New York girl confronted Mr.

"Why, Edith dear, you are alone!" it

concluded, with as near approach to a

coo as Miss Fay's dignity and conforma-

"Nonsense, Brother Standish!"

unwonted asperity, in Mr. Standish's

somewhat mollified but still struggling

know what marriage means!"

are-um-m-perfectly happy? You don't

selling her at so much a pound!"

wedding day."

You never had one."

"How rosy and plump you look, little

if ever-Mrs. Beverly Mason!"

it was possible to keep them.

wedding was to take place at sunset, and

enough to reproach her brother-in-law for not joining loudly in the chorus.

PART I-AT THE NORTH.



Bennie Standish bounded into the room Angular beyond the hither boundary of primness, and not without its flavor of subacid, was the presence rising perpendicular to the cane sofa and seeming to glint in the flood of summer. For, on that glad June morning of 1860, a softened sunlight saturated the river breeze ere it swept into the wide French windows of Rose villa.

It needed neither the small bunch of keys dangling at her girdle nor the sleek bands of thinning hair above the knotted forehead to proclaim Miss Tabitha Fay's unmated state. Her whole being radiated spinsterhood, and characteristic, while not unpleasing, was the voice that said: "Nonsense, Brother Standish! you are

talking as though we had sold our darling into slavery! And the long white fingers turned the leaves of the housekeeper's book with a

snap.

Benton Standish turned irresolutely and walked toward the window. His round, rubicund face grew shadowed and lengthened visibly as he looked out dismally upon the most tasteful garden on all the banks of the lordly Hudson. The breeze that played about his hair flowers; but the sniff he gave was of discontent; the gaze, turned inward, recked little of the landscape, judging from the half soliloquy, half reply:

"U-um! True, Mason said nothing about mortgages and overdue notes. Neither of us could forget them, though. And I tell you, Sister Tabitha," he added more distinctly, "you hit it right. It's just selling the child to keep Rose villa

"It is rather late to speak of that not," the lady retorted in quiet mone-tone from behind the fortification of a fixed fact, "when the wedding is some six hours off."

"Yes, I know it is too late; but, sister, I never should have consented to let the wedding day be anticipated with such unseemly haste!" Mr. Standish spoke warmly and with decision. Miss Fay let her cold gray eyes rest on

him a moment before replying:
"Mr. Mason thinks these impe troubles in the south make his presence imperative on his Red river plantation Naturally his impatience could not wait

"A woman worth marrying is worth waiting for!" Standish answered testily. "Sometimes, Brother Standish, I think

you are"-"A donkey? So I am," he finished with a little laugh, dwindling to a sigh as he again turned to the window, adding:
"But I'm worse than that; I'm a beggar! I tell you, Tabitha, this match was none

of my making." "I consider it extremely well made." was the retort—so quick as to prove that it had been of hers. "Mr. Mason is not much over 50; he has family"-and Miss Tabitha smoothed down caressingly her immsculate morning dress at each enu-

merated excellence—"reputation, a large fortune, and will inherit more." "And Bennie is just 18," Standish said absently, as if to the Hudson below; "she has beauty, high spirit, not a dollar, and will inherit—debts!" "Nonsense, Brother Standish!" began

the unmated voice in the reprehension key; but it gradually changed the pitch, as curiosity overcame even combativeness. "But, good gracious! where can ahe be? Romping about the woods, I presume; and this her wedding day!" As if in answer a fresh, girlish voice floated through the windows, in the bright notes of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," a light step bounded on the porch and stopped abruptly as the song ceased.

fore you bring them in," the voice cried; and Bennie Standish bounded into the room, her arms full of flowers and forest leaves, her big garden hat falling back from masses of golden hair, blown about a fair young face flushed with exercise She was by no means one of those

Trim off the big leaves, Thomas, be-

beanties who set sentimental poets dreaming, or make young artists rave cions girl, with the grace of womanhood and the charm of childhood. A complexion of milk and strawberries was toned by a piquant sauciness and pride combined; while the deep blue eyes, naturally twinkling with merriment, had. in them something that spoke of strong will, scarcely educated to control, which might on occasion flash out of them A willowy figure, quite plump enough

for symmetry, completed an attractive picture, if not a very striking one. Early left motherless, Bennie's father had unceasingly and unreasoningly spoiled her, while his sister-in-law's alternating tenderness and severity were regarded rather as a jest than a restraint.

to his!" And, throwing her arms around her father's neck, Bennie hid her face on his shoulder a moment. Then she Care and money had both been lavished to give Bennie those accomplishran to the table again and bent busily ments that fit our young ladies so perover the flowers; but the young face was bright no longer with sunshine of the fectly for brides, if not for wives; and heart. A quick cloud rose over the it was due to her innate truth of nature and her clear intuitions of right and wrong that they had left her the pure hearted girl she was. A finishing trip to Europe, lasting two years, had returned her heart whole, quick witted, and not a little reckless; but that often misused

brow; but no human eye saw the tear the fresh rose leaf Did that crystal drop blot out the girl's implied falsehood as did the Recording Angel my Uncle Toby's oath? and meaning term "fast" had never been coupled with any act of hers. Miss Fay's amazement did not permit her even to smooth the silvery bands the Mr. Standish let his easy going dispogirl's caress had rumpled. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "The

sition dominate all his business habits, and it left him this year heavily involved, especially to the wealthy southern planter whose partner he had become in cotton speculation. This Mr. Beverly Mason had migrated to the southwest and had largely prospered there. Generally accounted the very hardest of creditors, he had shown peculiar leniency in this case—a mystery that was cleared by his proposal, after much delay and with unwonted shyness, to make the hope of the Standish household the head

of his own. At first Bennie herself seemed strangely indifferent to the proposed arrangements, regarding them as a future possibility. She had contented herself with a few flippant speeches, but Miss Tabitha had raised the song of triumph, only checking the jubilant strain long graph boy from the village, handed me swered, in a rich, mellow contralto, with a caress in its tone, as she extended the

dingy brown envelope.
"A telegram? Bless me!--um--um! Nothing wrong, I hope?" Mr. Standish muttered, not taking the message, but fumbling anxiously for spectacles, in sundry pockets.

"Assuredly not," the girl answered brightly, an amused expression on her strong, dark face. "On Bennie's wedding day nothing but joy can come. 'The stars have said it,' to me as well as Richelieu."

PART I-CHAPTER II.



Do you note the peculiar difference in their riding?' Few studied poses could have been more striking than Edith Van der Huysen's easy grace, as she held the dingy envelope extended in her taper hand. It was a slim, aristocratic hand, not too white, and with firm lines and nervous fingers ending in daintily cared for nails. And the figure of which it ended the long and well muscled arms was perfect in its poise and in its curves, showing through the closely fitting costume. Nor did it need a second glance at the oval olive face, with its clear cut but calmly set features, or into those liquid brown eyes, that could glow almost to blackness under impulse of subdued passion, to proclaim her "to the manner born." Self reliance, decision and conscious power showed in every movement, while the olive brown complexion, clear as a blonde's, and the massive coils of almost

blue black hair, gave a Spanish cast to the face which its features denied. Straight descended from the real Dutch stock, Edith carried easily as a right her early won queenship in the society of the metropolis; and the reputed emptiness of Philip Van der Huysen's pocket had not retarded his daughter's unsought advance to the very front of belleship. Left motherless in early childhood, her inborn savoir-faire had carried her safely through the social teething, and she had escaped those diseases frequent in society infancy. Nor had two seasons of charity balls and German cotillon made any outward change, whatever inner revolution they may have worked, in the perfectly posed type of metropolitan womanhood, which at once attracted and dazzled the coterie of hyper gilded youth who tried to patronize her at the debutante's ball.

Invited for sojourns everywhere that wealth built country seats, and with that rare tact which shortens visits to the exact point of insistent renewal, Edith Van der Huysen had seen more of summer resorts and of summer homes in her two years of society than had most of her set already balancing on the uncertain edge of old maidenhood. Indeed she was so much in demand that society quite rebelled at her giving the major part of two consecutive summer to Bennie Standish, first at West Point for encampment; this year to the quiet of Rose Villa. But the girls had been friends and neighbors in childhood, had been "finished" abroad together, and Edith held with apparent loyalty to the old affection.

She had not gushed greatly over the Point, as is the wont of belles and would be belles, married or single, and an early indiscretion-scarcely unintentional in a woman whose strong point was tactmight in itself have barred her way to to her words. "But I do know, you popularity with those petted, if not prudent, darlings of the sex, the cadets. At her very first cadet hop she had most innocently remarked to the dashing instructor of cavalry tactics:

"No well brought up girl could help being good up here. It so reminds one of the boys in her Sunday school class." There is a mental phonograph at The Point which seems to record even thoughts in every tent simultaneously; and "that stuckup Van der Huysen girl" was promptly voted, nem. con., not much of a beauty and not a bit bright. The cadets let her severely alone, with an ostentation of indifference that she bore with placidity that set all the women wondering, while she accepted what consolation she might from the ugly assistant surgeon. So grateful, indeed, did this seem to Miss Van der Huysen. that it caused equal disquiet to his millionaire mother, presently domiciled at the same hotel, and to the Hon. Algernon Herbert Harcourt Greyling Spencer, younger son of Lord Martindale, who,

respected husband will probably do that being her shadow in town, had naturally followed her out of it. "Oh! that Paris!" she repeated. "Fin-"Deuced odd, you know, Miss Standish a girl, indeed! It finishes all the ish." he had one day confided to Bennie, as Edith and the doctor disappeared Bennie stood still, her arms dropped round a curve on Flirtation. "Can't for at her side; the blue eyes dancing no the life o' me see how she stands it. She longer, but fixed vaguely on the distant tells me Sawbones isn't good form by foot Mils. She seemed to answer some any means; talks shop, you know. But when she isn't with him, round Flirtainward thoughts rather than the spinster's words; but her own were borne on tion here, hang me if she isn't always on

> twin kids! Nor was the Hon. Algernon far wrong, for utterly oblivious of phonographic iteration in camp and of sugary spite of other girls, the two most noted cadets of that encampment spent every hour off duty with Bennie Standish and her "Davie" and "John"-as their devo-

> the plain, or at a hop, with one of those

tion to each other had dubbed them in that cadet nomenclature which borrows its pet names less often from Scripture than elsewhere-had quite as marked dissimilarities as had the two girls. Edith Van der Huysen had said of them to Bennie: "To the rest they are marrons glaces

Tab. You meant all for my good; and to unpulled taffy. I cannot understand why really sensible girls should hunt now it has all come for the best to your thinking. And if I ever find Phave a down the cadets as they do, submitting heart you shall have a place in it-next even to be snubbed for the sake of being bored. Really, these boys are the most limited creatures I ever met-even in society. But your two friends seem to be men, and they surely are gentlemen." And the belie's intuition had not erred in this conclusion, made on short acquaintance.

as she slightly emphasized the title: Adrien Latour was French au bout des that trembled an instant on the long ongles. An orphan of Creole family lash ere it glistened like a diamond on that boasted noble blood on both sides and inherited imperious indolence with its wealth, he was a born soldier. He had given his guardian and the haughty old grandmother, who idolized him, no peace until family influence had secured him the coveted appointment to the academy, which he hastened from school in Paris to accept.

Rising grade by grade in the corps, he had never received one military demerit, while often periiously grazing a find," at the semi-annual "exams.;" only saved by his quick intelligence making up for negligence of class work. That he valued his first captaincy in the corps far above a commission in the engineers, all his friends understood; and he frankly avowed only ambition enough for graduation in the cavalry arm. Frank, impulsive and prodigally generous as the race and fortune he was born to warranted, the young Creole was conceded as the best rider and swordsman of the whole corps, with one exception. In the fencing school his peculiarly quick eye and flexile wrist ever met one opponent whose coolness and

this and fled for dear life," the girl an- hall was thronged with beautiful and brilliant women and their "cit" danglers, with occasional officers off duty, pretty faces flushed and bright eyes eagerly followed the lithe, tall form that sat a horse with centaur like naturalness, guiding him seemingly more by intuition than by the light touch that hid the nervous strength of a hand trained from childhood. Near Latour, the best riders appeared effortful and

stiff, the lightest rein seemed to tug at the bit. In all the "show movements" he was the cynosure of bright eyes and experienced ones alike; and even "Galery Pete"—as the cadets named a showy Kentuckian who "rode for the girls". failed to win the praise for his set feats which fell to Latour for ease and uncon-

scious grace.

But when the wild rushes came and the flying ruck of riders swung at the hurdles; when the gleam of sabers made the air one flash of steel, in right and left cut at rolling "heads;" when the unsteady went down in the sawdust, at imminent risk to limb if not to life, and the hot frenzy of the cavalry charge was mimicked almost to reality, then ever beside the proud, olive face of the Creole was another, pale and placid even, with its steel gray eyes only gleaming under the fair brows that scarcely emphasized the broad white forehead. For Dale Everett was a born soldier

too, carrying in his veins blood that had boiled hot enough under oppression to send his ancestor across seas to set his foot on Plymouth Rock; blood that had later flowed in Indian fight and Revolution; blood that had lately made his clear faced mother point to his grandsire's name, boldly standing out among the signers of "the Declaration," hung in the parlor of the old Massachusetts homestead, as she blessed him in farewell and bade him study and remember what that name demanded of those who bore it. He was a clear type of that "Brahmin caste" of New England which has set its seal upon all her best workwhich, in the glow of its pride, fuses conservative bigotry and supreme steadfastness into an amalgam that hardens under stress into the density and strength of her own granite hills.

Holding first place in his class for two years past, Everett had naturally devoted less care than his impetuous friend to the soldier side of cadet life. But duty was his creed, and his military record almost equalled Latour's for performance, while it lacked as largely in brilliancy as did the latter's in scholarship. But in the fencing and riding schools the Yankee boy found congenial exercise to keep the body vigorous and healthy, spite of the great strain upon the healthy and vigorous mind. And in neither did the dashing Creole fail to meet the match for his most impetuous rushes, when chance placed the cool and steady New

Englander opposite his blade, or mounted by his side in the swirl of the charge. "Do you note the peculiar difference in their riding?" the bluff old commandmiration the deeper glow in her eyes that followed them as they swept by, neck and neck. Those eyes, glittering almost to blackness when fixed on the riders, seemed only laughing brown as they looked into the colonel's rather bloodshot ones, and the voice was very quiet in which she answered, slowly: "In real war, perhaps, Mr. Latour

might kill the most horses; Mr. Everett the most men." The colonel made no answer in words: but that night, over his third cigar, he suddenly blurted out to the senior sur-

"May I be sent to the frontier if that Miss Van der Huysen oughtn't to be a troop captain. But damn me if I understand her, though!" And not many men at West Point

that summer subverted military discipline by knowing more on that score than did the ranking officer. To men and women at the hotel, to officers and their wives in quarters, even to the laboriously distant cadets, the girl was courteous and affable always-often brilliant. But under the affability was a something that repelled familiar approach; and a few of the hotel women, headed by the anxious mamma of the assistant surgeon, confidentially confessed that they "actually hated her." with no given reason therefor.

But the son of the leader of this anti-Van-der-Huysen cabal was ignorant of its existence; and, revelling in that frequent folly of the conquered, pride of conquest, he would have laid his sword and his scalpel, his own heart, and the maternal millions at her feet on the least provocation. But, though ready to ape the Cæsar who bore the Egyptian to his capital, the young doctor somehow never found just the opportunity to perfect his triumph. Meanwhile the Hon. Algernon was, as became a possible peer, held well in the silken leash by the taper but dexterous hand-growing restive ever and anon, but returning to obedient following at a single sound of the rich contralto, which could woo or command with change of inflection rather than of

"It's deucedly odd, you know," his lordship in posse sometimes confided to Bennie, who was by nature everybody's friend. "I can't make out how she stands the Sawbones, really. But there is something about the boys, you know." And to the boys-as the Hon. Algernon

designated the two six footers in wax fitting pigeon tails-Miss Van der Huysen's manner was quite perfect. Frank and cordial, it never gave hint of simulated sisterhood-that favorite cloak to warm cadet flirtation-and was equally free from suspicion of anything like "an affair" with either. "They are your property, dear," she

said to Bennie, in the quiet of a still hunt for cadets. "I really believe they are both in love with you, though I cannot tell which has the pas." At which impeachment the other's rosy cheeks had ecome crimson; and her usually saucy eyes, cast earthward, were wholly innocent of the strange gleam that darkened her friend's, though the velvety voice went on without pause or change:

"Either one takes me as vicarious atonement when the other has sailed away in a waltz for the golden fleece. But I shall not enact the daughter of Æetes, for I really like both boys, and find them, the only bearable pair of 'white legs' in the entire corps." "Boys!" Bennie ventured in pretty

deprecation. "Why, Edith dear, they are both years older than we are. Dale was at Harvard before his appointment, and Mr. Latour was 20 in his second class year." Miss Van der Huysen smiled with her red lips and white teeth, but her eyes ignored the levity of the lower features,

"Mister Latour is scarcely as matured as 'Dale,' so far as I can judge; and I ght you and he were older friends"-"The families were," Bennie broke in quickly, with another blush. "But I have known Dale never so long! He's such a brave, true fellow and so smart, isn't he? Adrien's mother and mamma were at school together in Paris; and his grandmother-Madame is the only way any of them ever speak of her—is a perfect model of the old legitimiste one reads about in the Quartier St. Germain."

"And they are immensely rich, are they not?" Edith queried innocently. "Immensely, I believe; but I never understand the details of those things." "You are a wonderful little girl, Bennie dear," Miss Van der Huysen rejoinadore you, and that 'only not all' the women praise."

The brown eyes gazed straight into the blue, which fell at the next ques-"The Latour plantations adjoin Mr. Beverly Mason's, do they not?" "I'm sure I don't know," Bennie an-

swered, with something prettily akin to

a pout. "Aunt Tab has that part of

"Quite; since my cavalier, the telestrength caught his lightning like play and repaid hit for hit. When the riding her fingers' ends that I never studied it." her fingers' ends that I never studied it."
"Du liebe kind!" laughed Edith. ered lips. "Truly art thou Elaine of the tower, "Well-u-um-m,-you were right, loving Launcelot for his shield's sake Edith," he said. "No bad news." and his doughty arm, not for the jewels of his tourney. And yet, when I had

> said Mr. Mason was very"-"Very-so he was-very kind and nice firmed them!" to me? So he was," Miss Standish broke tinued. "It reads, 'We passed exams. in, not without a suspicion of petulance. "He's an old, old friend of papa's, closely connected with him in business, and"— Appointed today. Adrien gets Cavalry, "Here come David and Jonathan, rompt to military time," Miss Van der

> Huysen interrupted in her turn, her tact telling her more than the other's words. And the prettily contrasted pair rose from the recks, where they had kept face she turned toward the Hudson, as tryst for the young men, and advanced the light in her eyes deepened and to meet them with that mixture of conburned. venance and school recess freedom which perhaps is the real charm to society of a West Point summer.

> Loitering through the grand old walk the couples drifted apart, Dale and Bennie Standish gaining a hundred yards while a refractory shoelace somehow resisted Miss Van der Haysen's firm fingers. And when the graceful head was raised at last, the glorious eyes looked straight through the cadet's, when she "Dale coming! Oh, I'm so glad!" Bensaid, naturally, as though continuing a

and ran to the window. "Had Guinevere been Elaine, do you believe Launcelot would have let his great love outweigh his love and loyalty to the king?" "Like as not. Launcelot was a ponder-"Adrien!"

ous old prig," Latour answered with a laugh. "I have always read between the lines that Guinevere made the pace in the lovemaking and flattered the old showed most power of speech. boy into belief that he was a genuine lady killer. He was never true knight, though, for all his sword play and horsewedding being absolutely private!" "They invite themselves," Mr. Stand-

"And why not, pray, Sir Critic?" "Because false friend could never be true man," the cadet answered. "To have loved the queen truly Launcelot must first have been capable of true friendship to the good natured king who made him friend and knight. He would have acted what the later Briton wrote: I could not love thee, dear, so much,

Friend, indeed! Why, figure to yourself, if you can, my making love to Dale's wife when we both go to the frontier!" There was no amusement at the

Loved I not honor more!

cadet's gush, with its startling transition from many towered Camelot to an Indian reservation, on the face the society girl turned to him. "And Dale Everett is your Arthur,"

she said slowly, almost sadly. "You love him with a purer love than you will ever give to woman." "He is the noblest gentleman God ever made," Latour answered warmly. "As for truly-in earnest, you knowloving some woman that will come per-

haps. But that is so different from love

for Dale. He is Arthur in greatness of ant once asked Miss Van der Huysen, as fellow could have been who spent his ed on one of her favorite hobbies, she life riding around clad in iron even 'for redressing human wrong.' I tell you, Miss Edith, Dale hasn't his equal on earth! Why, the fellow who could be false to him would be false to his Maker!" "You are a friend worth having," the girl said warmly. "There is something

in your southern sun that warms southern blood as none in our north can warm. I have always felt that I understood you better than-any of them!" She held out her hand frankly. "Ah! what would it not be worth, surrounded by worldings, or idiots, to have one friendship such as that!"

"But you know you have mine, Miss Edith?" the cadet asked in blundering honesty, but not releasing the slender gant suede while he spoke. "That goes without saying! You must feel that of all the women here—and they are the majority of all I have ever known-you are the most brilliant, the most bewildering. Do you not feel that I prize your friendship far beyond what my awkward way of telling you expresses—that I feel how good it is of you to make me an exception to all the corps?"

The girl had gently withdrawn her hand; but the face she turned toward the breeze tossed Hudson glowed with something nearer kin to a blush than the homage of all the great leaders of her adding giddily: "They'll both be decity german had ever called to its olive lighted. We all love the buttons, eh, city german had ever called to its olive

Longfellow has told of those moments in life when the heart is so full of emotion that a careless word may cause an overflowing splash; and Adrien Latour's was probably brimming, for he went on eagerly, as the girl did not reply:

"But of course you know how I prize it! and so does-Dale." Elith Van der Huysen never changed feature; and the excusable smile at the gaucherie of nature in the Creole's peroration did not come to her lips. She still looked riverward as she answered slowly, but without a pause: "Yes; I believe I understand. And it

is very good of you—and Mr. Everett."
Poetry, the riding school, the last hop and like great movements of his little world filled Latour's talk for the remainder of that walk, but somehow, though he had managed to get one foot in the stirrup, Edith would not let him mount the cadet hobby, flirtation. And only as they sighted the guard tent, homeward bound, did she recur to Dale Everett. "So King Arthur, in this godly Nine-

teenth century, may ride around the land with Guinevere on his pillion, while never a Launcelot fears she! But what if Wizard Merlin should weave a witch armor, all golden and studded with big solitaires? Will the fair queen be ever the wise queen, and peer through the gemmed visor for truth in the eyes of the graybeard? What say you, Sir

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Latour, in genuine mystification. "Nothing!" Miss Van der Huysen answered, with a little laugh. "Of course you could not understand. I was only 'talking society,' and society never understands itself. Ah, now you must go!" As she spoke the clear note of assembly for dress parade cut the evening air. and Everett and Bennie Standish, still talking earnestly, hastened across the plain to join them. Edith shot one quick glance into the cadet's eyes-her own seeming to him darker and more luminous than ever before—as she said slowly: "King Arthur may yet love-Elaine! Hush! I am not asking betrayal of confidence, only stating a possibility. And as for the Lily Maid, she"-

The second bugle note rang out clear, commandful. The other couple joined them, and as the hands of the four crossed, in hurried leavetaking, only Latour caught the low whisper: "Farewell, Sir Launcelot!"

PART I-CHAPTER III. IN THE SOCIETY PRIMER NZ

Bennie rushed to her father. When Mr. Standish at length found

glanced nervously over his shoulder at Bennie, then read it again, with puck-

"Of course not! 'Altars, augurs, circling wings,' told me so," she answered, "And my own heart conbrightly. "You can hear it," Mr. Standish con-

and I Engineers Will be down noon DALE EVERETT.'" "Coming here-Today!" Edith uttered the exclamation in natural surprise; and that strange glow of hers-that was never a blush, but a warmth of her whole olive skin-came to the

"Yes, it is-a little-um-m-awkward," the old gentleman replied, half to her and half to his own thought, adding genuinely: "But the boys are always welcome here; and, after all. I'm rather glad. Sister Tabitha! Bennie! here's a surprise for you. West Point assignments are made, and Dale telegraphs he will be down on the next

nie cried, as she turned from her flowers "Mr. Latour will come with him, of course," Edith added, without turning

Only the name escaped Bennie; but her color grew deeper and her bosom rose and fell faster than her late scamper warranted. It was Miss Fay who "Invite them! Why, Brother Standish, you were the one to insist on the

ish answered, "And perhaps know nothing of 'the event," Miss Van der Huysen added. "Dale is an old, old friend," Bennie said, gravely. "I am glad he is com-

"But that reckless, obstinate young Creole," her aunt rejoined. "I wish he'd stay away. While we were in Europe he even attempted to tease me! I'm sure I was very glad when his appointment called him home." "Pshaw, sister! Adrien was a boy

five years ago," Standish rejoined. "But when I took the girls to West Point last summer he was the handsomest and most popular of the cadets." Bennie had not moved from the window, her head resting lightly against the frame, and her eyes, too, seeking the

ripples on the distant river. 'Adrien at my wedding! How odd!" were the words she softly spoke, more to herself than to others; but as she lifted her eyes to the distant mountains their haze seemed to reflect a softness into her face, vastly prettier than its usual sauci-

soul, but he is a better man than any Miss Tabitha was herself again. Mountwhereon the Everetts of many a generation had wrought their deeds of derring do. She followed the family down from the summit of Plymouth Rock, through those days when stout arm and stouter heart held foughten field, winding up her eulogy with the highest praise of Dale. When a small break in her colnmn of talk permitted chance for inserting a point of the wedge, Mr. Standish retorted: "True, Tabitha, Dale is of good old

stock, but so is Adrien Latour." At the repetition of the name Bennie again started, a crimson flush dyeing brow and cheek down the slim curve of the graceful throat. Only for a second; then it faded out, leaving her paler than before. But the quick flash of Miss Van der Huysen's eye had caught it, as she slowly faced the group once more, her own face placid and calm. And quickly, also, Bennie's more than normal sauciness returned; and she rattled out, as though she must say something:

"But they are coming, Tab, and they are welcome. Why can't they be groomsmen? Two are not many, dear, but then they are two more than you'll ever have! Edith shall stand with Dale, and Sophie Lord with-Adrien." She paused before speaking, but only for an instant, Tab? Come, confess; didn't you like the buttons, never so long ago?"

And without even a glance at any one else Bennie rushed to her father, threw both arms round his neck and held his face close against her own. Then she rae out of the room with a laugh that died suddenly as she reached the hall stairway. "I can't quite make Bennie out today,"

Mr. Standish said, staring toward the door the girl had slammed behind her. "Naturally she ought to be nervous, "Nonsense, Brother Standish!" cut in Miss Tabitha. "Who wouldn't be ner-

yous six hours before marriage? I should. I'm sure!" "And very naturally, too," added Edith, as she dropped gracefully into an armchair and picked up the morning's Herald. "I almost believe I should

nervous myself-then;" "And that reminds me, my dear," replied Mr. Standish, "that-um-m-uness my memory fails me, one of these boys was very devoted to you last sum-"Both," answered Edith, with a little

nod, not looking up from her paper. "They could not have been nicer to me had they been my younger brothers." "Ah! you sly darling," Miss Fay exclaimed, "I know what brothers' and cousins' devotion means, especially to a girl like you." The pair were fast allies; but the spin-

ster sat at the feet of her junior's aplomb

and world sense with an awe struck

meekness foreign to her nature. And she owed Edith an unspoken but deep debt, too; for in all preliminary training necessary to break Bennie's high spirit to the double harness proposition so necessary to family prospects, nothing had availed like Miss Van der Huysen's precept and experience, not to add example. And during the town winter succeeding the encampment, and in all the present spring, all three had been used unceasingly. For, while no such word was spoken at Rose Villa or even whispered in the city, it was tacitly understood that the beautiful American was only waiting a decorous interval before following the example of fortunate belles who had accepted English titles. Important events had occurred in the Martindale peerage within the twelve months past. Harcourt Annesley Dudley Vernon Mortimer Spencer, its heir apparent, had followed one fox too many. A nasty cropper at a blind ditch non, summoned by cable to nurse his venerable lordship in the illness caused by the terrible shock of his heir's death, arrived only in time to receive his blessing and the title of Algernon, Lord Martindale, the seventeenth of the line. "I shan't pretend to be broken hearted.

you know," he had later written to Edith, in a straggling, boyish, round hand, "for in fact I had hardly ever seen Harcourt since we were little children. And the poor dear old governor was really quite 80, you see, and few men of politics and fashion were fitter to die than he. But I was awfully cut up, dear Miss Van der Huysen, when I knelt for his last blessing and saw his dear old eyes look so wistfully into mine. It made me feel I ought to be worthier of my people; and I am going to be a better man from this, really now; and I want you to let me hope that some day you will let me ask you to help me keep my promise to the dear old governor"-And to this, and much more of the

same sort, Edith had replied in the most

delicate style of condolence, and in a most English handwriting, firm as her will and clear as her insight into human nature as it grows in the society hothouse. Only this and nothing more; but it was known at the clubs that Lord Martindale would soon be over, and perhaps it was known only to Edith that when the seventeenth Lady Martindale was presented at court, American aids to the peerage of Britain would feel no shame for their latest addition. Something of this was perhaps behind the brown eyes; for they darkened deeply and steadily, though only fixed on an announcement of Amidon's hate in The

"And by the way, Edith, what became of our young friend the surgeon?" Standish went on reminiscent. "His mamma married him," Miss Van der Huysen said simply, but still studying Amidon's hats.

"His mamma marry him!" echoed Miss Tabitha, literally. "Why, my dear, what do you mean?" Miss Van der Huysen "came back from Africa" with a half sigh; the eyes that were black to Amidon's hats beaming brown upon Miss Fay as she an-

swered: "Oh, she followed the injunction with her doughnut that is often given to children with theirs. She put it where the flies of society could not get its sugaring of bank account and bonds. But, alas! one cannot have her cake and eat it too; so his wife made him resign, and now they are doing the Rhine, while mamma is left to Saratoga alone."

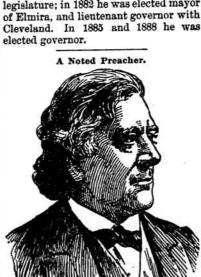
"Edith Van der Huysen, I do think you are the most remarkable girl I ever did know!" gushed Miss Fay, with extremely italicized admiration. "It seems to me you see through human nature just as though it were common glass!" "I am afraid it is; sometimes very common," the girl of nineteen answered. with the slightest suspicion of weariness in her tone, as she rose and threw down The Herald. "But I'd best follow Ben-

nie and see to the last touches of bonnet and wrap. Even a traveling dress wedding has its demands, you know." And the graceful woman swept through the same door Bennie had slammed in the childish rush of her exit. "A remarkable girl! She is really a wonder to me!" Miss Fay cried warmly, as she gazed through the vacant door-way. "And learned it all herself, poor

child-for she never had a mother, at least not for years." "Well-um-m-perhaps that's the reason," her brother replied. Miss Tabitha bent one painfully pity ing look upon him, but the only three

words she vouchsafed were: "Nonsense, Brother Standish." Governor of New York.

DAVID BENNETT HILL. David Bennett Hill was born in Havana, N. Y., Aug. 29, 1843. He obtained an academic education only and studied law in Elmira, where he was admitted to practice in 1864. When but 21 years old he was city attorney. He has been many times delegate to Demoocratic state and national conventions. In 1870 and '71 he was elected to the legislature: in 1882 he was elected mayor



ica in 1853, studied law in Peoria and REV. ROBERT COLLYER. Belleville, Ills., but finally entered jour-Robert Collyer was born in Keighly, nalism. During Yorkshire, England, Dec. 8, 1823. His the civil war he education was received at the winter acted as arm v terms at a night school, for at the age of correspondent. 8 he had to begin hard work, and at 14 After the war he he was apprenticed to a blacksmith. He went to Europe, educated himself, however, and gained returning in 1868. fame as a Methodist preacher. Coming and was made to the United States he continued to president of the work at his trade and preach on Sunday American Social till his views underwent a change, and Science associahe became a Unitarian. In 1860 he betion, but in 1870 regan to preach for Unity church, in Chiturned to Europe. cago. In 1879 he became pastor of the There he engaged Church of the Messiah, New York city. in the negotiation of American railroad securities, and in

A London Journalist.

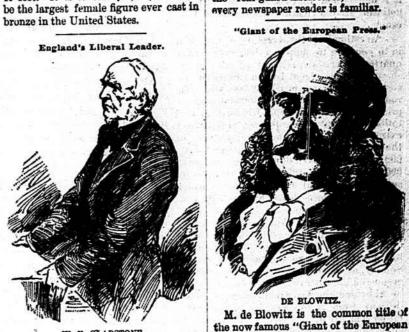
Henry Dupre Labouchere was born in ton, and three London in 1831, and was descended from years later took charge of the a French Huguenot exile. He was in the once noted Comdiplomatic service from 1854 to 1864, and et, an English 7 a Liberal member of parliament most of the time thereafter till 1868. He then | locomotive on the entered journalism, and has become fa- Boston and Portin a hotly contested field had landed him mous as editor of The London Truth. land railroad. In on his head and beyond the care for During the siege of 1870-71 he was in 1851 he went to Zacharian Lord. Then the Hon. Alger- Paris, and made fame with his letters the Grand Trunk railroad, where he ran to The London News.

> Dr. Robert Koch, whose discovery of less than 117 minutes. In 1862 he rethe lymph treatment for consumption and lupus has caused so much excitement, was born at Clausthal, Germany, Dec. 11, ware in 1845. He 1843, and was bred at Goettin- studied law in gen. His discovery of the bacil- New York, was lus of tuberculo- admitted to the sis was made in bar in 1867 and

tific investigator ces of United long before that States district at-DR. ROBERT KOCH. time. In 1883 he torney, justice of Joseph M. CAREY, led the cholera expedition to Egypt, and the supreme court, mayor of Cheyenne shortly afterward announced the discov- (three terms) and territorial delegate to ery of the cholera bacillus, which was congress (three terms). He is Repubfollowed by much heated discussion.



A. J. MOUNTJOY-JEPHSON. duced from his narrat Charles Scribner's Sons, The mammoth figure "Indiana," which When Emin, in 1988, asked Stanley is to surmount the soldiers and sailors' for a picked officer to go with him through his African province, Mr. A. J. Mountjoy-Jephson was selected. His nemorial in Indianapolis, is being modeled by George T. Brewster at Cleveland. work was well done, and its results have The figure will be cast in bronze, will be 22 feet high, an I will stand on a globe been embodied in a book which has been and base 18 feet high, making a total of eagerly read because of its bearing on the "rear guard disclosures," with which 40 feet. It is to cost \$12,500, and will



W. E. GLADSTONE. [From a house of commons sketch.] William Ewart Gladstone was born in main points of the celebrated Berlin Liverpool, England, in 1809. He was educated at Oxford, graduating in 1881. He entered parliament as a Conservative all resources, but never could learn how 1859, when as chancellor of the exchequer it was done. Strangely enough no one is certain of the correspondent's real name in Palmerston's cabinet he acted with the Liberals He was made prime minister in 1868, retired in 1874, was again chosen in 1880, resigned in 1885, returned to power later in the same year, and was overthrown on the question of home rule in 1886.

A Popular Illustrator.

Miss Frances Hunt Throop, treasurer

of the New York Woman's Art club, is

best known to the general public by her

illustrations in St. Nicholas and other

periodicals for juveniles. Her more am-

bitious work has, however, attracted

Henry Villard.

1874 came to the United States, repre-

senting foreign investors. In 1875 he be-

came interested in various transportation

companies, notably in Oregon. In 1881

he was made president of the Northern

Pacific railroad. In 1884, in an endeavor

to support his properties, he lost his fort-

une and returned to Europe. He came to

the United States again in 1886. In 1888 he

regained control of his Oregon interests,

but lost heavily in the "slump" of 1890.

He married Fanny, daughter of William

A Veteran Railroad Engineer.

Zachariah Lord, of Webster, Wind-

ham county, Conn., is the oldest loco-

motive engineer in New England. He

is of a family of eleven, and was

born in Gardiner, Me., Feb. 16, 1821.

the Jenny Lind. In 1860 he took the

Prince of Wales 117 miles, from Point

Lechaine to St. John, N. B., in a little

Senator Joseph M. Carey.

Carey, of Wyoming, was born in Dela-

United States Senator-elect Joseph M.

1

turned to the United States.

Pennsylvania and

1882, though he two years later

had become cele- removed to Wy-

brated as a physician and scien-

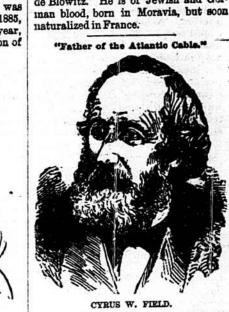
Lloyd Garrison, in 1866.

In 1840 he worked

atlocomotive

building in Bos-

Academy in 1889.



DE BLOWITZ.

Press," the only man who ever interview-

ed the sultan, and the man who had the

treaty in type in The London Times office

before it was signed. Bismarck exhausted

-some think it Opport and some Opport

Cyrus West Field was born Nov. 80, 1819, at Stockbridge, Mass. His father was Rev. David Dudley Field, and his brothers are all men of note. David Dudley Field is the author of the Field codes; Stephen Johnson Field, justice of the United States supreme court, and Henry Martyn Field, D. D., editor of The New York Evangelist. Cyrus W. is best known from the fact that he managed the successful laying of the first Atlan-

tic cable.



Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nichols, vice president of the New York Water Color society, was born in Coventry, England, her father being vicar of Littlehampton She came to the United States in 1884, and her canvases at once attracted attention. She has latterly worked almost exclusively in water colors.



No one seems to know the real namof Sergius Stepniak, as the most note nihilist living calls himself, though it i. stated to be Michael Dragomonoff. He is 40 years old and is now in America. A Bowlder for a Monument.



The monument to John Boyle O'Reilly, poet and Irish patriot, is a great bowlder which has been placed on the highest point in Holyhood cemetery, Brookline, Mass. A single tablet, on which are inscribed the name, birthplace, etc., of the poet, has been cut into the face of the