

Heroes on life's battle-field ! Give of treasures you possess, Loving care and tenderness and injured innocence-such a reproach Cheerful smiles and sordid pelf, in his voice-that she felt her heart But keep your troubles to yourself. -New York Ledger. shrink and flutter.





It was not until after the agreement had been made touching the abandon ment of the old mill that Rosalie began to feel something of her early love for the "pocket" returning in the shape of a tender, sorrowful regret. She clambered along the little stony path up to the spring where she used to sit and read the romances and noems of knightly days.

"Never think of-of revenge vered. again, will you?" Her voice was thin traced and defined this contrast or drawn of the journey pleased her more on acany conclusion from it, but she had felt and mournful, like the cry of the drab count of the distance it would give than for any joy which it promised at its end. his superior knowledge of affairs, his vireo beyond her in the dusky wood. A sort of smile shot across his blood-So the days slipped past, until at last a sturdy truthfulness, his faith in the treetops overhead. letter came to her from Edgar Julian. less face. He stood a mere point of future of America, his belief in the value "I did not get to say goodby to you," and nobleness of labor, his genuine re- warning, by one of those inexplicable time, then resumed his way and disaphe wrote, "therefore I take the liberty spect for the common people, and, on cerebral tricks, Adelaide recognized Julpeared amid the trees. A strange, drear the other hand, his rich imagination and silence followed to write this instead. I lingered along his tender eloquence. She could not who stabled her with a bayonet and Rosalie returned to the mill with a the road homeward among the battlegreat weight upon her heart. She could fields of Georgia and Tennessee, but I realize the bitter memories nursed by her father and sister touching the dark not feel that she had done wroug, and found no pleasure in what I saw. yet she wished that the meeting could seemed to miss something which would struggle for the Lost Cause. She had no have been avoided. The pallid face of have made even the brown hills charmpast to mourn over. The future and the present were hers. She naturally enough ing. When I crossed the Ohio river I Ellis haunted her. met a great snowstorin, sent down from had fallen in love with northern ways. Chicago to welcome me, and quite soon It seemed to her that the world was CHAPTER XX. the ground was covered a foot deep with made for earnest, persistent people to AT LOVE'S GATE. the white fleece of winter. Here the take and enjoy; she believed in freedom streets are all ice and snowbanks, and as as the war had fixed it-in free educa-TITATA . I write the wind is blue with cold and is tion, free thought, free men and women. howling like a pack of hungry wolves. She was not aware that Edgar Julian I am dissatisfied and wish I were back had influenced her to believe in these in Savannah, on your uncle's wide ve- things; the doctrine seemed quite as randa, with the salt air blowing over me much her own as the old Provencal 171 and the palm trees rustling their spread- cross; Julian had been simply a restorer ing fans hard by. I don't believe I am a of things lost-a reviver of things in TIN northern man any longer; the worry and abeyance. Rosalie keenly realized what her answer to Julian's letter must dehurry of Chicago does not satisfy my especial hunger. May I come back? I cide. She puzzled her mind to discover think I could be less trouble to all you some happy way out of the dilemma. nospitable and patient southerners now; She asked herself over and over again, this great distance has brought out in "Do I love him?" and just as often she strong relief all my faults and all your shrank away from the responsibility of goodness. How infinitely warm and saying yes or no. Her heart trembled, von. comforting, how perfumed and luxuriant, she hesitated, faltered, dreamed. So the how breezy, how shady, how inviting is days went by while Edgar Julian shivthe whole south, now that I have left it! ered through the Chicago snowstorms "I have the hot air register wide open waiting for a letter. He, too, was wrestling with a problem. He did not shrink in my room and a big coal fire on the from acknowledging his love-he gloried hearth, and yet 1 am freezing! Won't in it-but he did not feel safe in rushing you and Mrs. Roosevelt please invite me back to Savannah, nor did he feel conto come back? I could run on errands tent to stay away. A man in love must for you, and make myself reasonably They talked over all their past lives. be allowed some latitude of foolishness, useful, and I would try and not be much and we ought to consider that each in-Mrs. Roosevelt felt the need of hasten in the way. stance of love trouble has its sentimental "I heard Gerster sing last night, and ing the departure from the "pocket, peculiarities. Julian had uttered the Litta the night before, but I would but notwithstanding her efforts it wa simple truth when he wrote that he was rather be in that dim old parlor in toward the middle of February whe "unfit for business since returning." No everything was ready. There had be Roosevelt Place and hear 'La Mandore;' man could have been more preoccupied many things to do. Colonel Chenier my spirit is there now-do you not often all the time, more restless, more inclined library, so rich in mediæval poetry an hear it rustling around in its favorite to wave affairs aside and to give himplaces? I stopped at Calhoun and Resaca romance, was sent away in large boxes as I came home, and while there I inself over to his fancies. to Savannah. Rosalie assisted in the The letter he was waiting for was a packing and peeped into the old French quired for the Chenier mill, and found it long while coming, and when it did tomes and manuscript rolls with somewas only thirty miles distant. The tempcome it only gave emphasis to his diffithing like her former relish. It seemed tation to visit it was very great, but I to her that every one of these contained culty. resisted. I always do resist at the wrong "Your letter," Rosalie wrote, 'has some half suppressed allusion to the land time. been here for a good while. You will of her dreams. No doubt it was quite "Frankly, I want to say that I am unforgive me for not answering it sooner natural for her thus to cheat herself, for fit for business since returning, and 1 when I say frankly to you that I have all the old romances were full of chathink of nothing but how I shall get been dreadfully at a loss as to my duty teaux and olive groves and vineyards, back to Savannah without offending my in the matter. I very much desire to be where knights rode in pleasant lanes beown sense of the fitness of things. 1 kind and good to you, but my selfishness side their lady loves, or played the lute have been worse since seeing in a Savanhas interposed itself all the time. On under the walls by moonlight, or galnah paper yesterday a notice in the perone hand I must not, I cannot, tell you loped away to the wars with a warm sonal column of your return to Roosekiss tingling on their bearded lips. And to come back; on the other hand I should velt Place. True, the paper was two be delighted to see you and talk with had not her father been reading these to weeks old when I got it, but it had its you. I did not know until I returned her from her childhood, and telling her effect all the same. that you had gone away, and I missed about Chateau Chenier and her knightly "You will not be offended if I say that you so much that I became restless. You ancestors who dwelt in the land of the I find life a burden where you are not to had better not come back. I think, for it mistral and the troubadour? be seen and heard. I want to talk with southern character, good and bad, had would be unpleasant to you, unless you What vivid pictures, too, the strong deyou and hear you sing. I have thought, rounded to full ripeness in Francis Whitcould repress and forget everything bescriptive talks of Edgar Julian had given since I came here, of a hundred things I combe Ellis. He had the gift of oratory yond our charming friendship. I prize her of those crumbling walls, those ferforgot to tell you about Provence and the luxuriant, untrained imagination you above all my friends, and frankly, I vid skies and those orchard crowned, the fierce love of fight, the ambition for Chateau Chenier, and 1 have wondered hardly know why, unless it is because breezy hills! Her visions were none the how I passed so much time with you and wealth, the mediaval notion of honor. you have humored my selfishness and less fair and enticing seen through the said so little. What did we ever talk no regard whatever for truth in the abfed my Provencal fancies as no one else stract, a perfect faith in the purity of haze of her sorrow. about? I remember nothing, save our save papa ever has. I shall be very un-She did not go to the spring any more, last conversation, and even that had no women, an absolute punctuality in keephappy if I lose you, and yet it would not for though she felt sure that Ellis had end-it was left in a mist. I told you I be right for me to make you hope for gone away, she shrank from seeing even loved you, but I did not and could not what might never come. the spot where she had witnessed his tell you how deep and strong that love "I respect you too sincerely not to be awful passion. tocracy, only equaled by his hatred of was, how it had become the very life of precisely frank if I knew how; but I have When the time at last came for going my life. My lips refused then, as my vainly tried to make up some phrase or back to Savannah, it was not with any pen does now, to express how dear you other expressive of my feelings. The well defined regret that she bade fareare to me. Forgive me if this letter best I can do is to say that I hope you well to the mill and the little crisp valseems foolish to you. I cannot see my characteristics, he was generous, brave, will not come back till you have deterway to any better mode of action than courteous to those whom he liked, tender ley. Adelaide seemed much affected, mined to be my good, strong, generous this simple statement of the truth. I and quietly wept all the way over the hearted, full of warm sympathies and friend, and nothing beyond. I could not trust you to respect my sincerity, even mountain. Colonel Chenier suffered laudable impulses, charmingly compantoo, but he sternly controlled himself, bear to have you come in any other way, if you must cast aside my love as someionable, and possessed of the gift called and yet I hope you will come. Our little even calmly talking with Aunt Mar-"magnetism." by which he had made his thing not worth your keeping." garden is full of flowers and the air is guerite as the carriage bore them through Rosalie read this in her own room way to his present wealth and power in very sweet with their perfumes. the devious way among the hills and read it and reread it, with a quickened an incredibly short space of time. He Papa and my sister Adelaido are hero gray-green groves of oaks and pines. pulse and a sweet sense of its half hopehad been aided at every step by good with us. We are going to Europe in July The Roosevelt mansion had grown to ful, half despairing spirit. It brought -to Provence, of course. Aunt Marguebe Rosalie's home, and she was like a Edgar Julian before her, just as she had rite is going along as guardian and chapechild just returned from a long journey seen him last; his strong, handsome, ron for Adelaide and me. Won't you when she again found herself in her truthful face full of passionate tendercombine may be called genius. write me and tell me those things about stately and spacious room. Adelaide ness for her. She could not think clear-He loved Rosalie Chenier with a pas-Chateau Chenier that you say you forgot was quiet and sad, but Colonel Chenier, ly; her heart throbbed almost painfully. sion like intensified fire whenever he to tell me while you were here? I am taken unawares by Mr. Roosevelt's cor-Adelaide came in presently and Rosalio thought of her but once his thoughts sorry to have to refuse you anything, but dial friendliness and hospitality, was gave her the letter to read. turned from her, he did not love her at I cannot see how any good could ever come of permitting you to return, so all. He was not fickle. He simply tempted out of his gloom. He was nat-"Do you love him, Rosalie?" the sister long as you feel as you say you do. You lacked the power to think of two things asked after she had finished. wouldn't enjoy being here, and that would make me very unhappy. My cen-ture plant is block in the second the power to think of two things at once. He focused his whole mind and soil upon whatever for the time ocand courteous, and it required very little "I-I-don't know," was the stamto draw out all his latent good qualitie nered reply "I think you ought to know," said He and Mr. Roosevelt met as though tury plant is in bloom. Give my love to nothing disagreeable had ever existed Adelaide; "love is no light thing Is he Mrs. Largely Your friend, between them; they talked over all their and some? "ROSALIE CHENIER." past lives, saving that they quietly ig-"No, not very-not handsome as they Julian read this letter with a queer nored that unfortunate quarrel. describe handsome men; but he is tall mist in his eyes. He could not find much One thing curiously affected Rosalie. and strong and noble looking, and he is comfort in its half girlish, half stilted It was the absence of Edgar Julian. She noble, great hearted, true." "I believe you love him," said Adesentences, and yet he would not have had expected to find him at Roosevelt had a word changed for anything. He Place, and she had counted much on the laide, gazing searchingly into Rosalie's imagined he could trace Rosalie's innopleasure his descriptions of Provence and eyes, "and I am sorry of it." cent frankness and freshness between Rosalie did not answer. Her beauti-Chateau Chenier would give her father. the lines. He sat and gazed into a big To find that he was gone was a real blow ful bright head drooped and her eyes blazing fire for hours after he had learnto her. filled with tears. ed the letter by heart. Her elastic, grace-"He would not stay any longer," said "I do not see how you can love a ful figure and warm bright face came up Mr. Roosevelt as they all sat at dinner; northerner," Adelaide continued; "esbefore him; he saw her gray brown "I tried to prevail on him to make his pecially one who was in Sherman's army. eyes and straw gold hair; he heard her home in Savannah, offered him a big Whenever 1 think of those ruffians who ow, sweet voice. Did she love him? He salary, with leave to do general practice burned our home and reduced us to povread the letter again, pulled his musbesides, but he seemed to have grown erty, the gash in my arm seems to open tache, frowned, smiled, read again, homesick or tired of the south. He got afresh and I hate every soul in the north! gazed into the fire almost fiercely, looked into a difficulty with young Ellis, too. Then poor papa with his wounds and his at his watch, went and packed his travand that made him miserable.' disfigurements"-eling bag and took the next train for the Rosalie asked no questions-she did "Oh," moaned Rosalie, "I know, I not care to hear further, but Mildred know! Oh, I wish I had never, never south.

found herself wondering if it would be

that he was innocent of the trime of which she had accused him. Buch a thing was not impossible, and yet she felt sure that she could not have been CHAPTER XXL

mistaken in recognizing him as he fol-lowed her and Talbot, like a sinister shadow, on that lovely and never to-beforgotten night. One day, about a week after her re-

turn to Roosevelt Place, Rosalie was sitting at her window reading in one of her He sprang up. The pallor in his face was awful. His eyes shot clear flames. father's favorite romances, or rather she had been reading and was now idly gaz-His cheeks and forehead seemed to ing into the street below, when a car-

riage rolled slowly by. A servant in livery was driving. Inside were a noble looking middle aged man, a fair, plump, "It is a lie! a damned infernal lie! I will not bear it!" His lips were flecked with froth. "And this from you, Rosalovely girl, and Frank Ellis. She had lie!" he cried; "from you whom I love seen this man once before, and knew he more than all the world! My God, can you believe this? If all the world were was Sir Edmond Kane; the young lady. as she rightly supposed, was Miss Ellen, marshaled against me to believe a lie, I Sir Edmond's daughter. Ellis seemed quite happy, as did also the others, their "Hush!" she said, almost sternly; and

There was such a ring of surprised

"If you are innocent-if I have

claimed. She rose as she spoke, and for

a moment stood before him in a falter-

ing attitude. "It may all be cleared up

some time. I cannot see you any more

until it is. I hope you are innocent, but, but-1-1 believe you are guilty."

wronged

shrivel.

you - forgive me!" she ex-

yet the regretful gentleness broke through faces smiling, their conversation apparently animated and free. The English her voice. "Hush! If you are innocent girl was charmingly dressed, and her time will prove it. Go back to Savannah face, though not beautiful, was high and solve this mystery. Go back and bred and fascinating, and her form was find the true murderer or would be murderer of Colonel Warren Talbot, and superb. then I will hear of your friendship, and A strange feeling crept over Rosalie

as she looked down upon this passing group It was like a breath of ex-Her words seemed to have the power quisite sorrow or regret; her heart to spin him away to an infinite distance from her. He recoiled as if she had seemed to fall low in her breast and flutter painfully. Some sweet thing her stabled him. For a moment he hesitated, then in a dry. strange voice he fancy had been nursing slipped away from her. Ellis turned his eyes toward "If the villain who struck Colonel the house. She retreated from the window for fear he might see her; then she

Talbot is above ground I will find him." He turned about as he finished speaking. sank into a chair and cried, she knew and strode away through the woods. not why. Life seemed to her to be "Mr. Ellis!" Rosalie called out after growing hollow and meaningless; its zest had slipped away, like a perfume He stopped and looked back. She hesfrom a withering flower. She began to be restless and impatient for the time to She hardly knew what she come round when she and her father, "Do not be angry, please," she qua-

with Aunt Marguerite and Adelaide, would go across the sea, but the thought

know if I love him," she naively said. "but I should dearly love to see him again. 1-1 think a great deal of him." Adelaide felt the influence of her sister's freshness as she faltered trembling and bewildered in the midst of this great new experience.



That daring, devilish soldier lad stabled her with a bayonet.

Rosalie found it difficult to know what she ought to write to Edgar Julian, she ought to write at all. He had been so kind to her, and she respected his honorable frankness so much, that, even if she could not say she loved him. she felt generously anxious not to wound him. But she really longed to see him. He had filled a large space in her life, and had revealed to her a most interesting contrast as his ultra northern traits | curiously familiar look. of character struck sharply against southern obstacles; not that she had

to trust him, or as if trying to overcome an impulse toward hating him. Julian while Rosalie was gone to Jacksonville on the contrary, felt a warm interest in that one morning the newspapers made this dark, sad faced girl at once, and he the following announcement: was not slow to show it. Against his "A Mystery Cleared Up-Colonel kindly assaults reserve was a poor shield. Warren Talbot Recovers Consciousness Without seeming to be adroit or artful and Explains the Manner of His Assashe reached her womanly nature at every sination-He Was Struck by Wamsley, unguarded point. He assumed the place the Forger, Who Thereby Got Possession of a big, amiable, interesting brother, of the Forged Instrument Which Colonel who meant to draw his ster out of her Talbot Hal on His Person That Night. gloom.

Wamsley Has Escaped." Mr. Roosevelt and his niece were de-Those were the headlines. Ellis read layed a week in Jacksonville-a very the account and then hastened to Tallong week of dreamy, drowsy weather, bot's bedside to get confirmation of its the flowers bursting out and the mocking details. Armed with such assurances as birds singing in every orange grove and made his innocence absolutely unquesdusky fig orchard. tionable, he went forth exulting. Julian prevailed on Adelaide to walk could not wait for Rosalie to return, but

with him in Forsyth park, and to drive departed at once for Jacksonville. with him to the several charming suburban resorts. He found her wiser in hotel in which Mr. Roosevelt and his the ways of the world than Rosaliequicker to catch hidden meanings in things-a strong, self poised woman, in fact. If she was not strictly beautiful she was attractive, and gave him to see that she possessed a reserve of culture a little faltering on account of long disuse. One morning they sat together on one of the pine benches near the fountain in Forsyth park, and by some chance Julian got upon the subject of his war experiences, and after the fashion of ex-soldiers told over many of his adventures. He had a fascinating way of presenting these personal reminiscences in the form

of sparkling sketches. Adelaide recoiled card and hurrying away. a little now and then, but his coloring The veranda was on the second floor was so liberal to the south that she could and overlooked a garden on one hand not be affronted. She began to grow and the street on the other; the green strangely used to him, if one may so exboughs of a water oak brushed the gayly press it; his face, his movements, his painted railings. Ellis walked back and personal effect, seemed to antedate, in forth restlessly, every moment seeming some way, her acquaintance with him. to drag itself by with the delay of some-As he went over again his boyish freaks thing maliciously perverse. He was in in the army she saw him more as a boy one of his intense, fervid moods. His soldier than as a man, and he had face was lighted as with a pale flame, and his eyes, so dark and fine. were

A few northern tourists were abroad glowing with the heat of passion. in the park, sauntering up and down the When he thought he heard the servant shaded walks and dallying around the girl returning he looked around and saw flower decked fountain. Some mocking Rosalie instead. She came rapidly to birds were singing ecstatically in the him and held out her hand. He took i with feverish eagerness and in a half

Suddenly, without any definite forestifled voice said: ian as that daring, devilish soldier lad the proofs of in might"---"Come into our parlor," she said, inburned her father's mansion.

He staggered as if she had shot him, drew his hand across his forehead, turned and walked from her to the door. From there he looked back, wavered, then turned again and disappeared. Words cannot suggest the force of such passion as his-a tropical storm in vioence, a mountain torrent in strength. He was wild, crazed, blind with despair. He tramped slowly along the hall, biting his lips, his eyes flashing. At the stairway he met Mr. Roosevelt, who, though evidently surprised to see him, held out his hand and greeted him cordially.

"Go to hell!" he muttered in response. Mr. Roosevelt did not catch the words; he looked after Ellis in blank amazement as the latter mechanically descended the stair without having touched his hand.

He

It was dark when he arrived at the

Rosalie was crying when Mr. Roosevelt entered the parlor, and the old man guessed what was the matter. When he put his hand on her head she sobbed: "Oh, uncle, take me home, please; I am very, very wretched."

'Don't cry. my dear," he gently said, still keeping his hand upon her head; "I have come to say get ready. Our train is due in a half hour.' He could not think of any soothing phrase. He regarded her as a mere child, knowing at the same time that she was a woman and suffering now a trouble which besets the path of all beautiful women.

He procured her an apartment in a palace car, but she could not sleep. She reached Roosevelt Place pale, hollow eyed and nervous.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.] Miscellancous Reading.

A PICTURE OF THE RUSSIAN FAMINE. The extract we give below from an article entitled "The Horrors of Hunger," in the nineteenth century, is written by Nicholas Shishkoff of the Relief Committee of the Red Cross. Between October 7th and 25th (says the writer), traveling in an open cart. drawn by a couple of half-starved po- | you, sir."

"Rosalie, I have come to show you English miles, and visited twenty large

feelings under command.

has a bitter taste and causes violent

think that probably ten to fifteen times more money is required to meet the necessities of the other twenty provinces, our hearts fail us. Three million pounds demanded from private charity. And this, not to help our poor peasants,

not to ameliorate their condition, but only to save life-only to let them see another summer, to gather another harvest-trusting that God will have mercy at last. We who live in the midst of this terrible distress, who have to witness daily the heartbreaking scenes of utter misery and bitter pain, who are not only spending our last savings, but also straining heart and brain in efforts to save the lives of our countrymen, we dare not contemplate the consequences should help fail us. This is a time when one looks for help. not only to one's countrymen-to one's nearest neighbors or everyday friends-but far beyond the precincts of country, nation, name. To the vast broth-

erhood of men, to all who have hearts to pity and hands to help, we appeal | conductor and the gutta-percha envelfor assistance against the horrors of hunger. WEBSTER'S MESSENGER-BOY. While Daniel Webster was secretary

sticky compound and plastic gutta percha. The conductor is now insuof state under President Fillmore, a young boy named Stephen Wise was lated, and has developed into "core.' Before going any further the core is employed by him as messenger. Mr. coiled into tanks filled with water, Webster grew very fond of the thin, delicate, dark-eyed lad, and finding and tested in order to ascertain whethhim honest and reliable, intrusted him with papers and personal effects in a most careless and wholesale manner. But Stephen's sharp eyes saw every-

that was passing, and he gathered up supplied any facts Mr. Webster had forgotten.

read too much. My law books are too dry and old for chaps of 14. While you wait for me run up and down under the trees."

Stephen shook his head. He said eagerly: "No, Mr. Webster, I can't lose such opportunities as I have with

nies, I made a journey of over 400 Mr. Webster. "Going to be a lawyer ing of iron or steel wires, of varying president ?" "A lawyer, sir. I will study twenty villages in the district of Nikolaievsk. I spoke with several hundreds of peasyears to-be-

er it is electrically perfect, i. e., that there is no undue leakage of electricity through the gutta percha insulating envelope. These tests are made from the testthing, and his attentive ears heard all ing room, replete with beautiful and information about everything that elaborate apparatus, by which meascame into his hands, and could have urements finer and more accurate than those even of the most delicate chemical balance may be made. Every foot of core is tested with these instruments, Mr. Webster said one day: "You both before and after being made into

ager of a dime museum has offered a

large sum to the company for the

privilege of exhibiting the horse .-- Chi-

HOW AN OCEAN CABLE IS MADE.

ble is, and how it is made. To do this

a visit must be made to the enormous

factory on the banks of the Thames, a

few miles below London. Here the

birth of the cable may be traced

through shop after shop, machine after

machine. The foundation of all is the

conductor, a strand of seven fine cop-

per wires. This slender copper cord

is first hauled through a mass of sticky,

black compound, which causes the

thin coating of gutta-percha applied by

the next machine to adhere to it per-

fectly, and prevents the retention of

any bubbles of air in the interstices

between the strands, or between the

ope. One envelope is not sufficient,

however, but the full thickness of in-

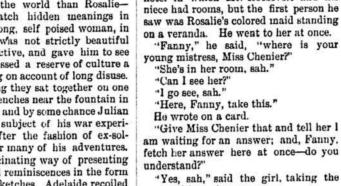
sulating material has to be attained

by four more alternate coatings of

Let us first see what a submarine ca-

cago Cor. Kansas City Times.

cable, and careful records are preserved of the results. After the core has been tested and passed, the manufacture of the cable goes on. The core travels through another set of machines, which first wrap it with a thick serving of tarred "Ambitious, Stephen ?" dryly asked | jute, and then with a compact armorlickness according to the water in which the cable is intended to be laid. Above the armoring in order Stephen's head drooped under the to preserve the iron from rust as long as possible, is applied a covering of stout canvass tape thoroughly impregnated with a pitch like compound, and sometimes the iron wires composing the armor are separately covered with Russian hemp as an additional preservative against corrosion .--- H. L. Webb in Scribner. PREFERRED THE OLD WAY .- "While I was in Havana," said Judge Noonan yesterday, during recess, to several lawyers who stood around him, "there was a tall American also there who strongly objected to the prevailing mode among the negroes of carrying everything upon the head when they were sent to market for supplies. It was too slow to suit him, so he had a an advantage he knew how to use. He great wheelbarrow brought at considerable expense from the States for the darkey who made the daily journey from his hacienda to the base of supplies-a distance of several miles. When it arrived he told him that he wanted everything he brought carried in that from thence forward, and gave him an order for an extra load in view Washington remember his magnetic of the improved facilities for transportation. Next morning the darkey started off, and when he returned in the broiling sun he bore a miscellaneous load of groceries large enough to take the strength of a horse, piled up in the wheelbarrow and the wheelbarrow itself balanced on his head. He had labored all the way up the mountains He argued with the first jurists of in that fashion and that was all the the time, and was retained in the same good that modern improvements did him.-San Antonio Express. BLIND FROM GRIPPE.-A special from Vicksburg, Miss., says that two cases of blindness resulting from grippe, have occurred there, the parties being well-known people and the facts notorious. One, a lady, has consulted the most eminent occulists, who united in declaring her case hopeless, at the same time admitting their ignorance of the causes that extinguished her sight. In another instance, the son of a wellknown merchant was attacked and lost his sight in a few hours. An operation, the cutting of some nerves and muscles, has so far relieved him that he can distinguish night from day, and his physicians have hopes of his recovery. His case was complicated with muscular rheumatism. The lady was attacked in the beginning with edema of the limbs, which swelled to an enormous degree. The eyes are not outwardly affected but their light is utter-



but she took no book with her now. It was with greater difficulty than formerly that she surmounted the big fragments of mountain stone and the mossy logs that lay in the way. Her neatly fitting black dress was not fashioned for such freedom of action, and then, perhaps, these months of indoor life and physical restriction may have eliminated some of her birdlike lightness of move-

As she passed along under the green pines and red brown oaks, she heard a cardinal grosbeak whistling shrilly, and some bluejays were chattering in the thickets along the hillside. The brook brawled over its stones and slipped across its sandy shallows in the old happy way. The sharp fragrance of pine resin, and the fine, rare odor of liquid amber gum filled the air How long ago it seemed, that last time she was here, and what a world lay between then and now! She sat down upon the gray lichen blotched stone where Ellis had found her when he was skulking from the detectives. It was with a thrill that she recollected that meeting and what followed. The tall, handsome, brigandish fellow, armed to the teeth, firm, alert, ready for a daring deed, had left a strong romantic impression in her memory. Along with the thought came its fragrance, so to speak. and she felt a warm blush of maidenly shame tingle in her cheeks at recalling the mysterious pleasure his loverlike ac-tions had given her. She rested her elbows upon her lap and hid her face in her hands. Just then a rich, manly voice called her name.

"Rosalie!"

It was so infinitely tender and musicall She look d up quickly, with a great throbbing in her breast.

"Rosalie!" it repeated. Ellis stood before her, dressed in a

short gray jacket and loose trousers, a brown sportsman's shirt and a dark scarlet scarf; heavy top boots and a wide brimmed brown felt hat completed his attire, and he bore in his right hand a long alpenstock, while on his left shoulder was slung a light rifle. There were those same fearless dark eyes, the olive cheeks, the drooping mustache, the firm, well set chin, the tall, strong form. She almost leaped to her feet. then, feeling a sudden weakness, sat down again.

'I dreamed last night that you would be here in this dear place, and I have come all the way over the mountain to find you, Rosalie." He said this slowly, with a vibration in his voice that gave it great power 'You ought not to have come," she

responded. meeting his eyes with an appeal in her own, and throwing some thing almost of bitterness into her tone. 'I did not want to see you.'

'Why, Rosalie, why?" he exclaimed, sitting down near her; "what have I done to offend you? Tell me, tell me! He was already growing pale.

She sprang to her feet; she was weak no longer; her eyes flashed. "You are a murderer, an assassin, and dare to ask me what you have done! You who struck Colonel Talbot in the

night when he was"----"Miss Chenier!" he exclaimed, rising as he spoke. "what do you mean?" She looked steadily, passionately at him. Presently she cried:

"What do I mean? You know what I meant Oh. Mr. Ellis. I could not have believed you so wicked!"

"Rosalie-Miss Chenier-vou are cer tainly laboring under some horrible mistake," he said in a hoarse voice and involuntarily taking a step nearer her. "Won't you explain"-

'Let your own conscience, if you have one"-"Miss Chenier, I do not know what

you mean," he emphatically cried. "What I mean! what I mean!" she disdainfully repeated.

"Can it be possible," he slowly exclaimed, as if something were dawning urally a companionable man, generous upon his mind, "can it be possible that on are accusing me of doing that injury to Colonel Talbot from which he is still so mysteriously suffering? Good heavens, Rosalie!" he added after a few moments of silence, during which time his eyes did not turn from her face, "how terribly you have wronged me!" Her eyes searched his with an intensity that nothing but utter innocence could have withstood, it would seem, and yet he bore it without a waver. He seemed, indeed, to meet it and welcome it. "I would rather you would kill me outright than for you to insinuate so awful a charge," he went on, feeling the poverty of language in so great a need. His voice began to gather up its fascinating sweetness and flexibility. Rosalie faltered and trembled as the magnetism of his unshrinking face overcame her. She sank down upon the stone nale and exhausted. He was by her side in a moment. "Explain this mystery, this dark, horrible insult to my honor. Rosalie!" he Fain told her all the particulars when pleaded, speaking rapidly and passion- they met. Poor Mildred! she looked ately. "How could you get such a thing like a shadow. The physicians were

terrupting him; "you look tired. Have you just arrived?" She had already The knowledge came upon her as the apparition of death or some numbing calamity. The blood went out of her turned about and was leading the way to the parlor. He followed her, gazing face, and she grew weak, trembled, eagerly down at the sweet, warm cheek drew her breath heavily, and clutched half turned to him as she swiftly swept the back of the bench for support. Julian instantly became aware of this through a long hall. She was dressed in black, which made her crinkled yelchange. He was startled. low hair look all the brighter by con-"You are ill," he exclaimed; "what is trast. He thought she had grown taller

it? 1 will call a carriage." "No, no," she said faintly; "in a mowithin these last few weeks: she certainly was more beautiful than ever bement it will be over. It is a mere faintness. Do not be alarmed." fore. She struggled bravely and conquered

The room into which they passed was more than he dreamed of. Presently she a small, bright parlor opening upon a broad balcony. She offered him an armsmiled and added: chair, and flung wide the door to let in "It has passed already; it was quite

sudden. Let us return, if you please." the perfumed evening air. He did not sit down, but stood in the middle of the "But you are not strong enough to floor with his burning eyes fixed upon walk." he insisted. "Oh, yes," she said, rising and stand-

her face. She could not look at him, and ing firmly before him; "I can walk as her heart was in her throat. His first well as ever. I am quite over it, I assure words had revealed to her all he was going to say. She had turned pale, and

They returned to Roosevelt Place, despite her effort to keep control of herself she was trembling a little. Julian lightly talking, and she answer-"It was very, very wicked of me to ing in monosyllables.

CHAPTER XXII A FERVID LOVER.

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"You must not!" she said.

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say that dreadful thing about you," she said in a subdued but perfectly clear and steady voice. "I was laboring under"-"No, no," he cried; "you need not be-

gin in that way. It was all my fault. Yon had a right"----"I had no right," she firml? said: "it

was mean of me; but you will forgive me-you have come to do that?" "I have come to tell you how I love you," he exclaimed impetuously, "and

to ask you to be my wife. Oh, Rosalie, Rosalie, how I love you!" She retreated before him as she would have done before a flame. She put out her beautiful hands and motioned him back. He stopped short, a strange change coming across his dark face. He was as handsome as man could be as he folded his arms on his breast and looked half despairingly, half triumphantly down at her. When he spoke he had all

"Rosalie," he said, "you told me might come back to you when I could prove my honor unstained. I bring it to

"I can't bear it. You have done no wrong. You are all right. Let the past keep its troubles and misunderstandings; I want to be happy now. Rosalie, are you afraid of me? Am I so dreadful to you that you shrink from me in this

His grave, gentle voice was full of persuasive music. He stooped toward her, his eyes growing cloudy and soft. Suddenly he flung out his arms ing his word simply on the score of con- and clasped her close to him, kissing her ventional honor, and a reverence for hair and her forehead and murmuring everything pertaining to southern aris- unintelligible things. She wrung herself away from him, her physical elusiveeverything northern and his high disdain ness seeming quite as pronounced as that of manual labor and all forms of mere evasiveness which had always characterbreadgetting effort. To balance these ized her conversations with him.

"You must not?" she said, in a sort of breathless whisper. "I cannot permit it." She actually pushed him with her hand. In an instant a flash of resentment

flickered across his face and he made an impatient gesture. "Rosalie, I did not expect this from

ou," said he, slowly recovering his full luck, as such men seem always to be, as height. well as by the fine intuition of a born "Oh!" she cried, her voice thin and genius, if the mere power to control and

dry, "I did not mean to offend you, I don't want you to be angry with meyou"---"I love, love you!" he exclaimed, let-

ting the words fall heavily from his ashy lips, as if he were beginning to anticipate a dreary faibure. hands hanging loosely intertwined be- or a single slice of bread.

ants, and most of the local county and deep set eyes looking him through. village authorities, clergymen, doctors "A great lawyer, of course, Stephand resident proprietors of the district, taking notes as I went, and doing my en?" Mr. Webster said with a smile. "Yes, sir! not great like Mr. Daniel best to keep my nerves steady and my

Webster-but as great as I can be-I never saw a battle-field. Friends come." of mine, that have, tell me, that no In all Mr. Webster's public life he

words, no descriptions, can give an rarely asked favors for himself or his adequate idea of the sickening horror friends, but that night he spoke about of such a scene. I have wondered his messenger boy to his friend, Judge Marshall, of Virginia. "If I die first lately whether it could really be as-I want you to look after Stephen. bad as the sight of hundreds of men, When a boy of his age starts up the women and children slowly perishing from hunger and cold. I saw numladder with the persistence and pluck of a middle-aged man of ability. he bers of men in their prime with drawn, stony faces and hollow eyes ; miserable must be helped along. Stephen's in a women clothed in rags (having sold fair way to get to the top. their best dresses,) and children shiv-

For four years Stephen had the adering in the keen October winds as they vantage of working for Mr. Websterstood silently around me, while some old man would be telling the same copied speeches, read criticisms, examweary wretched tale : "We have sold ined and arranged papers-each and our last horses, cows and sheep; we all food for his own thought-and into pawned our winter clothing; we have the small hours he studied Mr. Webseen no bread for a fortnight. There ster's law books.

is nothing left to sell. We eat once a When Stephen Wise was 25 he was a day, stewed cabbages, stewed pumppracticing law in Virginia, his native kin ; many have not even that. Some State. Then did the residents of of us still have a little bread made of chaff, pounded grass seeds (of the arguments in the law courts of those Agrostemma Githago,) and a little barearly days; remember well, the dark, ley flour (this bread looks like cinder. wiry, thin Virginian, who, with his court papers under his arm, was always headache and nausea from the poisondropping into the senate chamber at ous seed.) Many of us have not tasted the hour of a great debate, or into the food for three days. Have mercy on libraries for fresh knowledge to bear on us, we are dying." And while he his own arguments and opinions.

speaks in a low, quiet voice, I see the tears welling from the eyes of stalwart men, and falling one by one on causes with the most eminent men of the rough beards or the frozen ground. his profession. Fathers were wont to No complaints, no cries, a dead silence, point out Stephen Wise, the celebrated broken only by the sobs of some wornlawyer, and tell their sons the story of out mother. I did my best to comfort the little fellow, hungry for knowledge, them, promised them speedy relief, aswho was picked up by Daniel Webster and got the larger part of his learning sured them all was being done to succor them ; but readers, often and often while acting as the great man's office-I could scarcely say the words ! I had boy. a small sum of money with me, but I

LEAP YEAR LEGENDS.

brought nearly all of it back again. It seemed a mockery to offer a penny The advent of "leap year" and the break in the regular order of days make anything in regard to the "bessextile" or "leap year" of more than ordinary interest. Leap year has al-ways been regarded with awe and superstition, by the people of all countries. The peasantry of England affirm that the peas and beans grow the wrong way in their pods-that is the seeds are set contrary to the way they are in ordinary years. In Belgium the sleet and snow, and their wretched rural folks maintain that leap year is not only unpropitious for all farming little shoulders showing through the operations, but that throughout the rents in their rags. I opened the sash

and gave them bread. Five minutes year the young of the domestic animals had not passed before another couple will not thrive as at other times. A of children were shivering before me. similar fatality, they argue, extends to I gave them a bit of money. In ten every kind of grass and plant, which becomes stunted or is blighted before

and in

minutes time a crowd of about thirty women and children had gathered beattaining its normal size. The same fore the house; and as I drove away peculiar ideas prevail in Russia, Turkey, Tartary, India and Arabia. The in the grey dawn of an icy October day, my heavy wraps hardly sufficing Russian proverb says : "If St. Cassian (February 29) looks on a cow she will to shield me from the piercing gale, I saw the station master expostulating wither." In Arabia they say: "As with a crowd of nearly seventy poor weak as a bissextile camel," wretches, begging to be admitted to the Turkey and Tartary they call all "gentleman who gives." Most of the hunchbacks, dwarfs and other deformmen were in their summer coats, and ed men, women and children "leapmany women had babies in their arms. year freaks," but there are exceptions When I next visited this village, five to this as well as to all other rules, for days later, bringing aid, in corn and we find that in Italy, Greece and Sicily money, from the Red Cross society of the rural proverb says, referring to Samara, I heard from the mayor that leap year : "Plant much corn and vine, only a few hours before my arrival the it's (the year) good for bread and

local doctor had rescued a boy of sevwine." enteen and his sister, a girl of ten, The ancient Romans considered from death. They had been out beg-February 29 a most critical season, alging (a third part of the entire populaways reckoning it among their unlucky tion of this settlement, say 1,500 souls, days. That this belief has not by any live on the charity of their hardly less means lost ground is evidenced by a miserable neighbors), and for the last She looked beseechingly at him, her five days had not received a penny child being born on leap-day, it being a few copecks together and have the popular notion that to come into the ceremony performed now, taking ad-Their

ly quenched. Several similar cases are reported among the negroes, but, while believed to have occurred, evidence concerning their nature and extent of injury is wanting.

LOVE LAUGHS AT HUNGER .- One of the singular results of the Russian famine, and one which is puzzling the economist for an explanation, is the enormous increase in the number of marriages in the afflicted districts. The theory most commonly advanced to account for this matrimonial "boom" is that the fees charged by the priests for performing marriages have been greatly lessened. The priests find it more difficult to get a living than in bountiful seasons, and have accordingly reduced their rates, so as to bring marriage, so to speak, within the means of the humblest citizen. Formerly the charge was five roubles, about three dollars. It is now fifty copecks, about thirty cents; and the various attendant expenses have been curtailed. Persons who have been contemplating marriage at sometime in the near fudeep-rooted dislike parents have to a ture are therefore induced to scrape a

where hundreds of pounds were needed; I had not even that penny for you as spotless as"---every one. "I know, I know," she hurried to say; One morning, about half an hour "I did you irreparable wrong. I shall before sunrise, I was taking a cup of never forgive myself-never." tea before starting from one of these "Don't talk that way," he exclaimed, famine-stricken villages, when I happened to look out on the frozen street. Nearly all the remarkable traits of Inder my window I saw two children of about six years old begging. A raging wind was scourging them with

the magic of his voice under perfect control.

very wretched!

left the 'pocket,' Adelaide, I am so very

Adelaide took Rosalie's head between ' rush in unaware upon the household at

When he got to Savannah he went to the Pulaski House. He did not care to

fore her.

"I love, love you!" he repeated. Rosalie's direct accusation against "I wish you did not," she replied him had stung his southern sense of something of the old freshness and naivete ringing through her troubled honor almost to the point of driving him mad for the time. He had straightway

rushed back to Savannah, bent upon fering." He stood awhile in a hesitating attimaking plain his innocence. That she should think him guilty of a vulgar astude, then with a great effort he said: sassination was more than he could bear. "So it has come to this! Rosalie, Ro-For awhile his mental torture was exsalie, must I go away wounded to the heart and dio all alone somewhere? 1 cannot believe you mean it; you will not kill me, Rosalie, will you?" The frenzy of despair rang through his shaking, ap-

quisite. He went to work with enormous energy trying to ferret out the real assassin. If only Colonel Talbot could speak he might easily settle the whole matter with a word, but Colonel nealing voice. Talbot could not speak; he lay there "No, no, you wrong me!" she cried; dumb and unconscious, a puzzle to the

learned physicians. When Rosalie returned to Savannah friend-that I honor you-that I despise from the "pocket" Ellis knew it, but he myself for having suspected you wrongdid not attempt to see her; he meant fully-that I never can make amends for never to speak to her again until his inthe injury I did you." nocence had been proven beyond a doubt. He admitted to himself that, in a way, he deserved this punishment, remembering distinctly as he did his foolish threatmore than you can satisfy your own ening words. But he had a large faith

strength had failed, and when some of world at such an odd time is omnou of famine prices. the neighbors, alarmed at the silence as signifying the babe's speedy exit.

in their but, entered the room-they AN ELECTRIC EQUINE .-- George E. found the girl huddled up under a heap of rags in the corner, and her brother, Benton, who resides on Indiana aveunable to speak, stretched on the nue, has discoverd an electric horse. in this little anecdote extracted from voice. "I am so sorry to see you suf-

planks. When the doctor arrived the Benton stepped from a street car at lad's jaws were so firmly locked that a Wabash and Eighteenth street while knife was used to force them open. the horses were being trotted. He Hot tea and brandy, then small bits of placed his hand on the flank of one of

sugar, were given to him, but it was the animals, a bay mare, and received fully an hour before he was able to eat. , a tremendous shoek. The car was at-The girl was less exhausted, probably tached to a cable train and sped onbecause her brother had given her all ward. After it had gone a block Benthe best bits of food. The doctor told ton returned and experienced a sucme of numerous cases where whole cession of slight shocks, which gradu-

families had been rescued by him un- ally died away as the mare became der similar circumstances. He named many that had been living for wecks had the mare trotted up and down the had the mare trotted up and down the you will not understand me. You refuse to see that I would have you be my exclusively on watermelon rinds stew- street for ten minutes. She came back waited.

ed to a greenish jelly; searcely more in a foam and was taken at once to nourishing than cork shaving would be. the damp ground. A dozen men then the There is nothing in this world As far as I know, there are thousands formed hands, first wetting the soles so powerful as kindness. Nothing of families in the district of Nikolaicysk of their shoes thoroughly in the horse wins so many hearts as love and kind-"I don't want to hear that," he said alone who are, or soon will be, in the trough. As Benton put his hands on ness, and nothing hurts like unkind imperiously, "it displeases me. You same terrible condition ; speedy relief | the mare every man distinctly felt the | words. cannot appease me in that way any

. . . BEGINNING RIGHT .--- A provident man is literally a man who looks ahead -such a man, for instance, as figures the New York Tribune :

A Yorkshire vicar received the following note from one of his parishioners:

"This is to give you notis that I and Miss Jemima Arabella Brearly is com ing to your church on Saturday afternoon next, to undergo the operation of matrimony at your hands. Pleas be promp, as the cab is hired by the hour." Forewarned is forearmed. The vi-

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