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# DAUGHTERS OF GAIN

By **ETTA W. PIERCE**

## CHAPTER XVI. A Few Days.

In a letter to her absent father, Mignon Vye related the story of her brief acquaintance with Shirlaw, confessed their mutual love, spoke of the opposition which she expected to meet from her Uncle Philip, and begged the father to give immediate consent to her open engagement with the young soldier.

The letters at Rookwood usually passed through the hands of Philip Vye. With a growing distrust of her uncle, Mignon determined that he should not so much as look upon this precious, this all-important message to her father, so she donned her outer garments, and stole away to post it herself.

Maud Loftus was reading aloud to Aunt Esther in the latter's dressing-room. Mignon thought it best not to disturb her. Philip Vye and his son were, as she supposed, at their law office in town. With a light step she descended to the lawn. The post-office was a half mile away. She crossed the long garden, and was just pushing through a narrow gate when she heard a pursuing step and then a voice.

"Whither so fast, belle cousin?" said Cyril Vye, "I am going to the post-office," answered Mignon, coldly; "and to be alone is far better than to endure undesirable company."

"I suppose that shot was meant for me," said Vye, fixing his glass carefully in his eye; "but I shall not take offense—I am in a peaceful mood today—I wish to do you a real service."

She saw that he was looking hard at the letter in her hand, and she gave it a little defiant pout.

"You wish to do me a real service?" she echoed, dryly; "what can you mean by that?"

If he was striving to establish confidential relations with her, this beginning was not promising. However, he went on, undaunted:

"I mean that you must permit me to love you, Mignon," he answered, frankly. "Yes, you must look, not only with toleration, but absolute favor, on my part, or you will find me transformed into an enemy powerful enough to crush both you and your father! When I first spoke to you of love, I did not possess the weapon which I now hold—it was then safe, my dear cousin, for you to defy me—now it is not."

Luckily the Dale postoffice was just before her. She turned upon her companion like a young queen.

"I do not believe you syllable that you have spoken," she said. "This is simply some ruse by which you think to force yourself again on my notice. It is not possible that you could help or hurt my father, even if he was in danger. But he is not. It is all a falsehood! He is strong, rich and powerful, and far beyond your reach, Cyril Vye," with scorn unspeakable in her voice and eyes alike, "I will talk with you no more—I am done with you."

At that moment the letter chanced to slip from her hold to the ground. He snatched it up, but did not restore it to her.

"My fair, incredulous cousin," he hissed, "your father is not beyond my reach. I can destroy him, if I will! I can bring him to a fearful death—I can also strip you of wealth, good name, social position—yes, of the very last rag of respectability—I can overwhelm you with such black disgrace that Victor Shirlaw, with all his love, will fly from you in horror! Yes, and this I will do unless you give me back every unkind word you have said to me. Come, belle cousin, what is the secret that you have sealed up in this envelope?"

"Give it to me!" she cried, imperatively, holding out her hand.

"At some future time, maybe," he answered with an exasperating smile, and put the letter in his pocket.

This was more than Mignon could bear. She cast one swift look around, and saw a handsome trap just dashing up to the Dale postoffice. Down from it hopped Abel Lispenard. Mignon rushed impetuously up to him, her lovely eyes suffused with indignation.

"Help me!" she panted. "Oh, Mr. Lispenard, help me! Cyril Vye has taken and is holding my letter—he will not give it back."

Lispenard walked quickly up to Vye. "Be so good as to restore Miss Mignon's property at once!" he said.

The two men looked at each other. Dwarfed as Lispenard was in stature, there was yet a powerful suggestion of reserved strength about him. Cyril Vye grew as red as a turkey cock.

"I know, he is very repellent to women, but try and like him a little for my sake."

"I begin to like him for his own sake," answered Mignon, and she related the incident of the morning.

"Noble old chap!" said Shirlaw. "I know he will take your uncle large sums, but he will not on revenge on Cyril, he is quite above such things. As for that nonsense about your father, do not give it a thought, my darling, and if your cousin dares to annoy you further, I shall take the liberty to settle with him myself."

Lispenard's gondola led the way homeward along the rippling, star-lit Charles. Mignon and Shirlaw occupied seats therein. The afterglow made flecks of gold and crimson light upon the restless current. In the distance the bells of Cambridge and Watertown rang like dream music. Nina Berkeley, seated on a pile of crimson cushions, with a Spanish mantilla fluttering over the brunette head, played a guitar with excellent effect. Maud Loftus sang a Canadian boat-song, and presently another voice arose there in the soft darkness—a tenor, sweet as the starlit summer night, strong as the rush of the river. And this is what it sang:

"From too much love of living,  
From hope and fear set free,  
What shall you look for, thanksgiving,  
Whatever gods there be—  
That no life lives for ever,  
That men rise up no more,  
That 'e'en the weariest river  
Will find the restful sea."

Mignon started and looked around. The voice seemed to go through her like a sword.

"Who is that?" she said, awe-struck, to Shirlaw.

"Oh, that Lispenard," he answered. "Good voice. Music is a passion with him. He might be famous if he would."

"He takes my breath!" she shivered, in a sort of nameless rapture.

The boat went on; the river murmured softly; the Cambridge bells rang on in the dusky distance; the big stars throbbed in the purple sky. On the fragrant bank, where the wind, and the mystery of shadow and silence; and oh, the happy love folded in Mignon's heart like perfume in a flower as she sat there with Shirlaw by her side; his gray eyes on her face, his tender voice in her ear, his strong hand closing unseen around the white fingers that she was dabbling in the water.

Luckily the other members of the party paid little heed to the young pair. In all her life would Mignon ever be so happy again?

Lispenard nodded silently to her. With his broad, short figure half concealed behind a satin-damask curtain, he kept his eyes fixed with a greedy, overpondering gaze on Shirlaw and Mignon.

"I hope their joy may last," sighed Elinor Vye; "but it will not—no, it cannot."

"It must—it shall!" Lispenard growled; "at any cost she shall be happy."

Elinor Vye leaned forward in a startled way, and peered into the dwarf's face. This weak, downtrodden woman had sharp eyes.

"Mignon compels all hearts to love her," she faltered; "she was born to make or mar the peace of many."

"True!" he answered, bitterly; "too true!"

Her thin, jeweled hands closed together rather convulsively. He knew for what purpose she was searching his sombre face, and he turned from her abruptly, unable to bear her scrutiny.

"God help you, Mr. Lispenard!"—Elinor Vye breathed rather than spoke; then she sank back behind the curtain, and the orchestra crashed, the ballroom lights flashed merrily, and the dance went on, as though there was neither sorrow, nor sacrifice, nor despair in the world.

The bells of the evening was Mignon. It surely was no fault of the brilliant company that the girl's golden head was not quite turned with flattery this night. The wee small, buttonhole of his curtsey coat, and his soul on fire with secret agitation.

"You do like to be admired?" he demanded, resentfully, as he drew Mignon, and unwilling and indignant captive, into the solitude of the palms and orchids, and tiny, tinkling fountains.

"Certainly," she answered; "I should be very stupid if I did not."

postmaster thrust out to her through the hole a letter. With a cry of joy she seized it, tore it open, and read "My Dear Daughter—I hope to see you soon!"

In the anguish of this disappointment her sight failed. She stripped the sheet to atoms, and tossed it, unread, upon the Cinderville beach. It was not her father that she hungered to see—not her father from whom she longed to hear. She started blindly back to the inn. Tomorrow would complete the second week of his absence. In a turn of the village street she met old Tom Dexter.

"Your parding, ma'am!" he said, pulling at his battered hat—he had grown very deferential to Esther since her marriage with Fleetwood. "Any news from your husband this mornin'?"

"No, Tom," she answered.

"I'm dumfoundedly uneasy about for a few moments, then burst out: 'There's bad news jest come from the lighthouse, ma'am. Your gran'father went out in his boat yesterday, and there was a squall, and he was capsized, all in sight of the Light, and drowned. Rube, he happened to go over to the rock last night with supplies, which was mighty lucky for your Aunt Deb. He stayed all night and tended the lamp for her. She sent him back this mornin' to tell you the news.'"

She felt a great thrill of horror.

"Where is Rube?" she cried.

"Down at the wharf," answered old Tom, "getting ready to sail back to the Rock. He's a-going to keep the Light till somebody can be properly appointed."

"He must take me with him," said Esther, and, pale and breathless, she flew to the old wharf and sprang into Rube Dexter's boat, much to the astonishment of Rube himself, who started at it as though she was a spirit.

"I cannot wait to ask your permission," she cried, hysterically; "I must go without delay to Aunt Deb."

"You're welcome to a sail with me," stammered Rube.

him as I trust Heaven, and he loves me!"

Aunt Deb smiled scornfully. "Maybe, Essie, maybe, I reckon you're a right-down happy bride, eh?"

"I am unspeakably happy!" cried Esther, fiercely.

Up rose Aunt Deb, sniffing wrathfully.

"Look here, Esther Hart, you're a precious hypocrite, that's what you are! But you don't deceive me. I can read you without spectacles, and your heart's a-bustin' this very minute! Oh, I wish to mercy your pa would come home. Have you heard from him lately?"

"I received a letter today," acknowledged Esther, with pale lips, "and destroyed it unread."

"Gracious goodness! why did you do that? There may have been news in it."

"Perhaps, I do not know or care," cried Esther, wildly. "Tell me about my father, Aunt Deb. Is he a good man? Does any cause exist for me, his daughter, to be ashamed of him, or for others to despise him? Why did he go west? Had he ever—ever done anything wrong here?"

Aunt Deb stared.

Esther was leaning toward her with pale, parted lips, and an air of feverish eagerness.

"Answer me!" cried the old woman, "whatever put such notions in your head? Jim went west to get money, as most men go. He never did anything wrong that I know of, except to marry a silly chit of sixteen—Druise Runnel, your mother—and at her death leave his young one for gran'father and me to bring up. He come of rich folks in Massachusetts, did Jim. They didn't like his marriage with Druise, and there was trouble. He never was much about the house, but he was well-born, and he'd been to college. No, Esther Hart, you've no reason to be ashamed of your pa. I reckon he's worked hard out here in the Colorado silver mines, for he's sent us a good deal of money, first and last—Jim was always generous with his money. I don't want to hear anybody," and Aunt Deb bristled like an indignant hen, "talking against Jim where I am."

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### CONTRACT LABOR LAW.

#### Attorney General Appeals From Judge Brawley's Decision.

The decision of Judge Brawley declaring the act of the legislature, making the breach of a farm labor contract a misdemeanor to be invalid is to be submitted to the supreme court of the United States for a ruling. In the office of the district court today, the necessary papers were filed, appealing from Judge Brawley's decision, and taking the case to the highest tribunal. The papers were filed by Attorneys William Henry Parker and W. St. Julien Jerry, acting for Attorney General Lyon with whom they were associated in the recent hearing of the test case of Elijah and Enoch Drayton, in which the court rendered its decision and released the negroes from custody.

A lengthy bill of exceptions, prepared by the attorneys, is filed in the case, setting forth the reasons for the appeal. The court is held to have erred in taking the position that the imprisonment of the negroes on the chain gang for violating their contract was a violation of the thirteen and fourteenth amendments of the constitution of the United States. The view of the court is objected to on the purpose of the act in question, the law penalizing an act which penalizes the breach of a contract for personal service without sufficient cause, and the act in question here which penalizes such breach made "willfully and without cause" that is "fraudulently." It is pointed out that there is an essential difference in the eye of the law between fraud in the making or procuring of a contract for personal service of a debt, but in the legitimate exercise of the police power of the state to punish crime in repressing fraud, in the breach of a civil contract, and incidentally thereby to prevent the commission of such crime.

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## MOSLEM ETIQUETTE.

### One Must Always Be in Good Humor and Talk Pleasant Things.

Here are some interesting Muslim injunctions of conviviality, says the London Lancet. The honor of being served first belongs to the invited guest who is in possession of any high title or who was in any way of sphere distinguished himself. If the host himself is the oldest in the company or has any high decoration of merit he must first begin the meal without delay, in order not to let the others unduly wait. It shows bad upbringing to be in a melancholy mood at table or to speak of disagreeable things or to engage in inappropriate discussions on matters of religious piety. Foremost of all, one must always be in good humor and talk of pleasant things, as did the Prophet himself.

Never eat gluttonously, but also never attempt to conceal your good appetite. Always eat little by little. Exaggerated compliments are always misplaced. The host's duty is to make his guests feel as comfortable as possible, encourage the timid and shy. It is contrary to good taste to address and to fix the attention of a guest when he is eating. Even if the host is not accustomed to eat much, he must always be seen to finish. There should any dish be forbidden him by his medical attendant, he certainly must not partake of it, but must, at the same time, excuse himself before his guests.

It is absolutely necessary to avoid every movement or gesture which is apt to create disgust.

TO AVOID A MAD DOG.  
He Will Attack No One Who Does Not Bar His Way.  
Mad dogs do not attack people. This is the statement made by Dr. P. M. Hall, city health commissioner, says the Minneapolis Journal.

"When a dog has the rabies," said Doctor Hall, "he has lost control of his body and what he does is mechanical. His jaws snap involuntarily, and if he encounters any object, whether animate or inanimate, he is likely to bite it. But a mad dog does not attack as does an angry dog. He does not pick out a victim and use any strategy."

"For this reason dogs suffering from rabies are less dangerous than is supposed. No grown person need fear them, for all he has to do is to get out of the way. The dog will chase him. Of course, young children are in danger, as they do not know how to dodge the brute. A well directed kick in the jaw delivered by a man of ordinary strength will put a mad dog out of business for a time, at least, and is much easier to land than it would be if the dog were merely angry and had control of himself."

"Most mad dog panics are false alarms. Doctor Ohage, of St. Paul, told me of one case which was typical. A dog was taken by his owner into a large department store. They became separated and the dog, as a good dog should, began to run about in search of his master. Some one raised the cry of 'mad dog' and there was a panic. The dog was as badly scared as any one else, and tried to get away. A policeman tried to stop him, and the dog very properly bit the policeman in self-defense."

"That dog was perfectly well, and acted in a rational manner. Yet the affair was magnified into another mad dog scare."

Dr. Hugo Kronecker Tells of His Most Recent Discoveries.  
A Paris cablegram published in the New York Times referred briefly to the fact that a paper read by Dr. Hugo Kronecker of Bern, in which he discussed his experiments on the mechanism of the heart, had evoked keen interest among the members of the Academy of Sciences. Dr. Kronecker, who is professor of physiology in the University of Bern, and director of the Institute of Bern, said in the New York Times for the benefit of its readers detailed information regarding the results attained by him and the opinions in connection with them which he has been led to form.

In general Professor Kronecker says the heart is marvelously resistant toward mechanical irritation. Hundreds of punctures with a needle may fall to kill it, and, indeed, a puncture of the heart, or pricking with a needle, was recommended by Steiner in 1871 as a means of restoring the activity of the heart in the syncope (faintness or collapse) produced by chloroform. It was shown, however, by Doctor Kronecker, in 1884, that there exists a spot in the septum or partition between the ventricles which, if injured by the mere puncture of a needle, at once causes there to exist a distinct diastole or dilatation with a widely inco-ordinated quivering contraction of their constituent muscular fibres. The creature whose heart has been thus injured dies within a few minutes. Doctor Kronecker explained the paralysis of the nerves of the heart which follows the local injury above referred to by supposing that there exists a nerve centre presiding over the innervation of the coronary arteries, and that when this centre is irritated blood vessels of the muscular walls of the heart become emptied of blood, leading to inco-ordinated movements of the latter, which are analogous to the paralysis of certain groups of skeletal muscles, which are observed as a result of cerebral apo-