

THE BIRTH-MARK

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

Sibyl arose. Her mother had not yet offered her a caress. She waited a moment in vague expectation, but Mrs. Arnault turned her face from her tall, handsome daughter and closed her eyes.

"Come," called Rebecca, and led the way out into the passage, with the young girl following sadly after.

"You will be glad," she said, standing on the threshold of the room prepared for Sibyl, and shading the light so that it struck redly across her stolid face—"you will be glad, before you have been a month here, that we left you so long at St. Catharine's."

"What do you mean?" demanded Sibyl.

"The same as she has been for years," answered Rebecca Hardin. Sibyl grew pale.

"That explains all. And my father? No one has ever mentioned him to me; but surely I have a father, living or dead?"

"Dead," replied Rebecca, in her hard, cold voice. "He parted your mother from her own people for she was born a Jewess. He broke her heart. Never speak of him. And now, good-night. You are tired, I see, and sorrowful—go and rest."

The next moment Sibyl stood in her deathly still chamber, alone.

"A Jewess!" she shuddered. "From that talent in my blood, then, I take my tar black eyes and hair."

She went to her window, drew back the drapery therefrom and looked out. Wash! wash! At the foot of the long, heart-broken sea. It seemed calling her like a voice from some lost stage of existence, familiar and yet strange. With her sad, proud face bowed on her hands she listened. All that she had so long yearned for was now gained. She had reached home—she had found her mother; and yet, with that woman's full sea sounding in her ears, and an intolerable pain and loneliness and disappointment tugging at her heart, she now stretched out her arms to the darkness and to those sad, washing waves with a wild despairing cry.

"Oh, I am lost and alone!" sobbed Sibyl. "Lost and alone!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Some Leaves From Paulette's Journal.
June 15.—From my heart I do distrust Hilda Burr. I chanced this morning to stumble upon her as she sat looking over a pile of household linen in the grim old dining-room. She glanced up quickly with one of her meaningless smiles.

"Will you not be seated?" she said to me. I was just particularly polite to her. "I was just pondering upon you, and little name, Miss Rate. It is quite rare—I do not remember to have ever heard it but once before."

"Indeed," said I.

"And the person who then bore it was a comedy actress—'Little Paulette,' they called her on the bills. It's not at all likely you ever saw her."

"I certainly have!" I cried, airily, "hosts of times! She always drew crowded houses. I recollect her well. And then, for I was not anxious to pursue the subject, I asked, 'Has anything unusual happened about the house? Everybody seems to be missing this morning—guards, Mr. Trent—yes, everybody.'"

Miss Burr shook some crumpled sprigs of lavender from out the linen.

"There has been a stabbing affair between Crisp and another black at one of the neighboring estates. Rose, my maid, the cause. The general went over to investigate. As for Crisp, he is dead."

With that she gathered up her linen and went away. I dawdled about the room awhile, looking at the portraits on the panels, my eyes wandering constantly, with a sort of horrible fascination, to the brown, boyish face of the stripling Arthur Guille, which hung above me in a shadow. A week has passed since Hilda Burr read aloud to me the tidings of St. John's death.

"I am free," I said, and shuddered as I said it.

Did I ever love him? No. His memory seems like a hideous nightmare. A great shock and horror went over me at the news of his death; but grief—no, despairing grief of love—no, I have felt none of that! I sat down at Hilda's piano, and, more to drown my own thoughts than anything else, began to play. An old Scotch song that Sibyl Arnault used to sing at St. Catharine's came bubbling to my lips.

"Hear what Highland Nora said,
The earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I,
For all the good, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
I would not wed the earlie's son."

The piano stood in a corner, directly under Arthur Guille's portrait. As I sat my back was to the deep window embowered in dog roses. Suddenly I seemed to hear from that quarter a movement, a deep-drawn sigh.

The delusion was so strong that, turning with a great thrill, I fancied I saw the shadow of a human figure stretching betwixt me and the light; but the next moment it vanished. Only the dog-roses and the jasmine danced there in the wind. The arpeggios were bounding out from my finger ends again when the door opened and a step crossed the room and paused at my side. I looked up and saw Mr. George Trent.

"Why do not rise," he said, hurriedly. "What a blessing to find you here alone! You have held aloof from these past few days as from a pestilence."

"I was not aware of it," I answered, as carelessly as I could. "Have you, also, been seeking Crisp's murderer?"

"Yes; but in vain. He is not to be found, and pretty Rose is in trouble. Talleyrand never heard of a disaster without asking what woman was at

the bottom of it—a very nice fellow, he? Pray, don't let me disturb you."

"I have played enough," I answered, rising, for there was a look in Mr. Trent's face which I did not like. "Let us go and find Hilda Burr."

"Let us not, by any means," he replied, trying to draw me to a seat. "What do we care about Hilda Burr? Do you begrudge me a minute's tete-a-tete, Paulette? The woman who can inspire a grand passion ought to have the grace to listen to it."

The next moment he seized my hands and covered them with kisses. Those frightful, tigerish eyes of his shone with preternatural brilliancy.

"I love you, Paulette!" he cried, passionately. "I have loved you from the moment of your first entrance at yonder door. Do not draw back—do not struggle. Paulette, darling! you distrust, you torment me beyond endurance. Why do I linger here at Hazel Hall day after day? The general's business with me is over—I ought to be gone; but I cannot—I cannot, till you give me some word of hope, Paulette!"

Dumfounded beyond measure, my first impulse was flight; but I checked it and answered, with a forced laugh: "You surprise me greatly. I have always supposed you to be Miss Burr's lover. This is surely some stupid jest."

"You have supposed nothing of the kind!" he cried, furiously. "You must have guessed, you must have seen, my passion from the first, Paulette. Jest! You know better. Do I look like a man who is jesting?"

I tried to draw myself up loftily. "Then, Mr. Trent, I beg to say that I am sorry, but I cannot listen to you further. Allow me to withdraw."

He put himself in my way. "You yield, then, to the general's plans?" said he. "You reserve yourself, according to his wishes, for my precious heir, Arthur Guille?"

"I decline to talk with you further," I answered; "let me pass."

But he stood like a rock.

"I warn you to think twice, Paulette," he said, in a threatening voice. "Do not make me your enemy. I hold all the Guilles in my hand. I am by nature as vengeful as a Mohawk. Why do you reject my suit—why regard me so coldly? Has that brown Don Carlos on the wall already laid a spell upon you?"

I felt my veins swelling with angry blood.

"I reject your suit," I answered, "because it is hateful to me. No other person has any part in the matter."

"My dear child, 'the best laid plans of mice and men'—you know the rest. This is a house divided against itself. How gladly would I have been your ally! You little simpleton! why do you put on that charming stage air with me? Must I, then, leave you to these Guilles? Faith, I cannot—I will not!"

He seized me in a fierce embrace. I tore myself so a trying, sounded on the veranda. Through that same rose-wreathed window round which my startled fancies had clung like bees the last half hour, a man stepped quickly into the room.

"Shall I ever cease to see that figure, as it stood one moment steadfastly regarding Trent and me? It was little, tall, handsome. The face that crowded me with the sun of a hundred choly looks, and half covered with a pointed Vandike beard. Releasing me, Trent recoiled a step and stared at him.

"Did I not hear my name mentioned here?" said the newcomer, his dark eyes flaming under his knitted black brows. "Sorry to interrupt you; but, talk of angels, you know, and they will appear. My dear Trent, what little pleasure is this?"

"Discomfited sutor stood like a post—so stiff and silent. The newcomer advanced.

"What!" he cried, nonchalantly, "do you not know me? Now, with you time and chance have dealt more kindly. Moreover, I could not fail to recognize you in the antipodes, for I set my mark upon you years ago."

"On the lawyer's forehead I have noticed an ugly scar. At this speech its outlines turned to a dull, burning red. The rest of his face was pale.

"Yes, yes, it must be!" he burst out. "Where the deuce do you come from? You were not expected for a fortnight yet."

"I came direct from Havre," answered the other, coolly. "Unexpected pleasures are always the keenest."

"Certainly; charmed to see you, I'm sure," answered Trent, with a somewhat ghastly smile; "and our doing gentlemen, the general—what a surprise for him!"

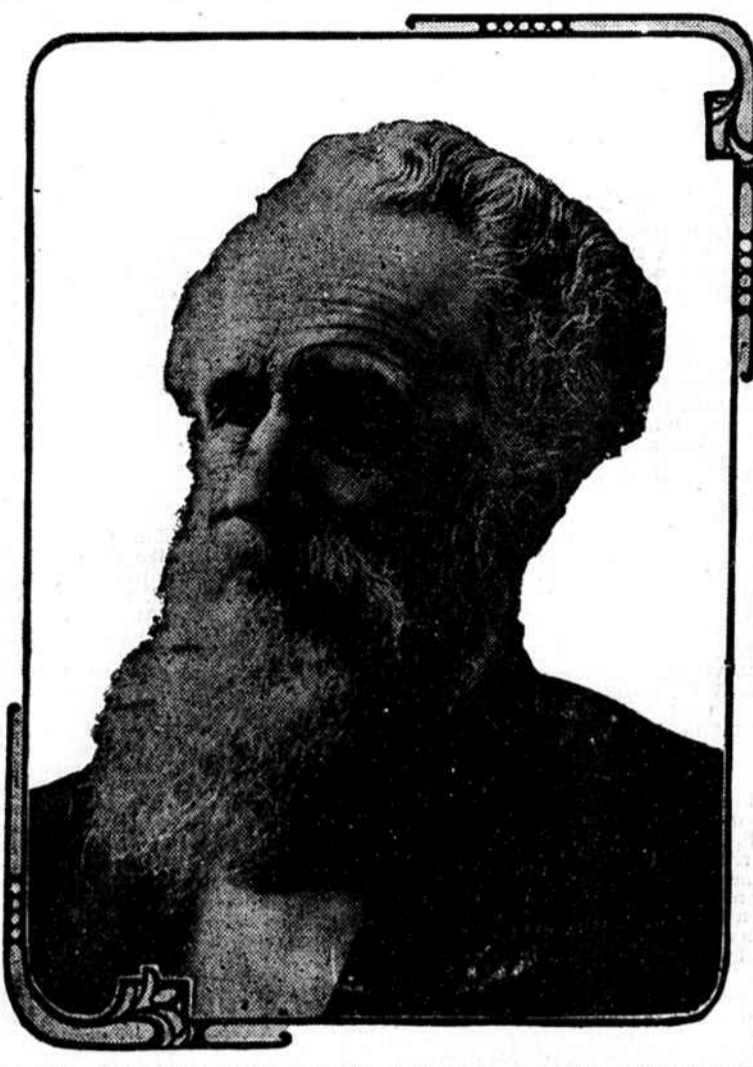
"The owner of the Vandike beard turned to me. A swarthy color darkened furthermore the bronze of his face.

"You forget this lady," he said to Trent. "My uncle's maid, I presume? No, why, a creeping chill run over me from head to foot. I could hardly command myself to make my society bow."

"Miss Rate," said Trent, with some embarrassment; "the general, no doubt, has mentioned her in his letters."

"Certainly. And you leave me to add that I am Arthur Guille, now and always at her service," said the newcomer.

Yes; Arthur Guille, the hero, the adventurer, the heir of Hazel Hall, the pride of the general's heart—he it was who stood before me. How marvelously like some handsome Lara he looked! I tried to think of some civil speech, but the words died on my lips in a murmur; and at that moment the door opened and Hilda Burr—who, I believe, had not been five paces from



GEORGE GLOVER, SON OF MRS. MARY BAKER EDDY, WHO MAY REOPEN LEGAL PROCEEDINGS.

Frequent reports have been circulated recently that litigation involving Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, head of the Christian Science church, and her heirs, particularly her son, George Glover, was likely to be reopened. When this case was in the courts two years ago it was reported that Mrs. Eddy's attorneys had reached a settlement with Mr. Glover whereby he came into possession of a share of her wealth. It has since been denied that Mrs. Eddy ratified this settlement. It was recently stated in Boston that Mr. Glover's attorneys were about to take steps to safeguard the interests of their client so that he might come into prompt possession of his share of the estate in case of Mrs. Eddy's death.

the keyhole since Trent's entrance—appeared on the threshold. She darted one look at me, another at the lawyer, then rushed toward Arthur Guille with extended hands.

"Great heavens! is it—yes, it must be, Arthur; but how changed! When did you arrive, and where is the general, and does he know? Ah, and you are making friends already with our pretty Paulette! And what is the matter with you, Mr. Trent?"

"My feelings are too many for me," answered Mr. Trent, with a bland smile. "And you ask too many questions at once, my dear Hilda."

"I arrived from Baltimore a half hour ago," said Arthur Guille. "I have seen the general—met him on the road, in fact."

And then I waited to hear no more, but slipped behind Hilda Burr's taller figure and made noiselessly off up the stairs.

So he had come, unexpected, unannounced, this Arthur Guille. How long, I wonder, had he been standing outside that rose-wreathed window? The house is in confusion, the general wild with joy. I think him very stern and brown and handsome, this heir. I shall be sure to hate him with all my heart. Does he know anything of that absurd matter which the general broached to me? I think not. He does not appear like a man who would do his wooing by proxy. Why does it give me such unaccountable chills to look at him?

June 17.—Hazel Hall is filled with rejoicing. The general gave an outdoor fete in his honor yesterday. I made a Watteau shepherdess of myself and opened the dance with him on the wide, green lawn. Plenty of neighbors, though, all bent on paying homage to the fortunate heir of Hazel Hall.

"You alone give me no welcome by word or look," he said to me, reproachfully.

"Do not! I did not suppose that anything of the kind was expected of me," I answered.

"A great deal is expected of you," said Arthur Guille, in a low voice. "Since we are to dwell indefinitely under the same roof, shall we not be friends. Look at your legal adviser watching us yonder. He will not soon forget the tete-a-tete I interrupted on the morning of my arrival."

I felt myself color violently.

"There seems to be little love lost betwixt you two."

"Very little. He leaves tomorrow for the north. It is plain that either your presence or mine can no longer endure."

The next dance the general led me out with the air of an old-time cavalier.

"Well, little Polly," he began, dryly, "do you think the young scoundrel passable?"

"If you allude to your heir, guardy, he is not young—he looks past thirty, and quite old and wise. Pray, what do you mean by the word passable?"

"Handsomely, then?"

"Not particularly. He looked at me reproachfully.

"Interesting, as you women use the term."

"I think not. Who is that brunette with whom he is flirting?"

"The richest heiress in Maryland. A striking pair, are they not?"

"Very. Pity your brown heir would not fall in love with her, guardy. How very tame such trifles must seem, though, after the Apaches and the popular circle and the eastern plagues."

I was sitting in a nook of the piazza, watching the waning of the fete, the moon coming up in the east, the colored lights among the trees, hearing Arthur Guille and the brunette heiress singing old Ben Johnson's song of "Drink to me only with thine eyes," in the long drawing room behind, when a hand was pushed back the mass of creepers that curled and clung about me, and I looked up and saw George Trent.

"Bid me good-by, Paulette, will you not?" said he.

"Good-by," I answered coldly. His eyes shone like coils in the dusk as he stood.

"You will not even ask whether I go hard hearted or if I shall ever return? Can I take any message of yours to friends at the north?"

"I have no friends in the north," I answered, shortly.

There was silence. I arose.

"Paulette!" he cried, "stop! I cannot take 'No' for an answer. Think once more of my love. Am I—must I always be hateful to you?"

The man is, without doubt, an ardent hypocrite, but there was now a passion in his voice unmistakably genuine.

"I gave you my answer—my irrevocable answer—two days ago," I replied. "Was it so pleasant that you wish me to repeat it? To tell the truth, I think it best that one of us should now leave Hazel Hall."

He looked at me darkly, wickedly, ascending to the breakfast-room, encountered Hilda Burr, pale, bilious and in one of those loose morning toilets which make her look so venerable.

"Did you arise?" said I carelessly.

"She turned upon me, and if I could kill I should have perished there and then.

"Yes," she broke out, "he is gone and all because of you—your pink and white face, like a china shepherdess! I wish from my heart—do you hear? from my heart—that you had died before the general ever brought you here!"

"This amiable outbreak quite overcame me for a moment.

"I deeply regret," said I, "that Mr. Trent has wasted any sentiment on me which might have been of value to you. As, however, I never in any way sought the gift, I do not see how you can hold me culpable."

Hilda set her teeth.

"You false cat!" she hissed. "you are—how knows what you are? Not the general, surely. Oh, the folly of an old dotard! But I will say no more. I know your power over him. He would, no doubt, turn me from the house this very day should you bid him."

"Then the door opened, and the general himself and Arthur Guille entered. My dear old friend crossed quickly over to me as I stood looking out on the lawn.

"Ah, little Polly," he said, lowering his voice, "Hilda and you have been quarreling with Hilda, regarding the shanty?"

"She hates me profoundly."

"No doubt—no doubt. I know of it. One thing that Hilda does not hate—Mr. George Trent. Don't let her disturb you, Polly. See! I have brought you a little gift."

He held in his hand an old jewel-box. Opening it as he spoke, I saw lying therein a necklace of large, luminous pearls, in a quaint, antique setting. With his own hands he clasped it round my throat.

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turned of her own will, and carried me off along the shore of a black, sullen creek, through oak and pine growth and underbrush that snapped gaily under her feet hoofs. Here we went on for a long time in all the luxury of solitude and silence, when, of a sudden, upon my face fell a drop of rain.

I looked up. The lone landscape lay dark and desolate before me. Overhead the sky was like ink. Thunder muttered in the west. I turned. Whiskery about started homeward. Wilder and wilder the way grew, and the darkness deepened at every step. The poor brute began to grow restive at the continuous flashes of lightning and the ceaseless thunder breaking over us. Presently, as if all the windows of heaven were opened, the rain began to pour.

"Fast—furious—down it came! No human habitation was in sight. I knew not which way to turn. Waiting, however, for no hint from me, Whiskery tore through the undergrowth, over a stretch of sun-baked clay and brought up with a jerk before an old shanty, standing under some pines at the head of the muddy creek.

Its door, I saw, was closed. I rode up to it, rapped thereon with my riding-whip.

"Open!" I called.

No answer.

Drenched and dripping, I slipped out of the saddle, tried the latch and found it fast.

"Break and enter I must!" thought I, and finding the fastenings of the poorest I strained and shook them till they yielded, and I ran into the shanty.

It was dark, dirty, empty. Some half-burned brands lay about the wide hearth. Marks of feet were on the clay floor. A faint odor of burned bacon seemed to pervade the place. Evidently its occupants were not far away.

I stood in the door, looking out with dismay at the prospect. The rain poured in sheets. Cloud and storm fell down on all things like a pall, and presently the figure of a man leaped, and rushing toward the shanty, confronted me face to face on the threshold.

A man, brown, black, tattered, gaunt, wild-eyed! He stood and looked at me, an appalling object indeed, as seen by the fading light of the place.

"Missus!" he cried, "Hi! You are the little missus from Hazel Hall!"

I retreated a step.

He remained in the door, filling it with his bulky frame.

"Who are you?" I demanded. "One of the general's servants?"

He extended his hands to me.

"No, missus; I am Pindar—poor Pindar! I see you at the Hall the night you come from the north. I am Rose's sweetheart."

"Rose's sweetheart! The wretch who killed Crisp!" I advanced boldly to the door.

"Let me pass out!" I said with all the authority I could muster. "I entered here only to escape the storm."

"No, missus, he answered never moving an inch. "This my house. You come, you break my door—now you stay. Storm not over yet."

I grew sick and faint.

"What do you want of me?" I demanded.

He stretched forth his hands again.

"Money, missus! White folks all round here poor niggers. He can't get away without money. Rose swear, faithful, to bring some, but she lie. Missus have plenty. She fill Pindar's hands."

"Money!" I answered. "I have not so much as a penny!"

"Missus has rings, then—jewels," he urged.

I drew off my gauntlets and showed him my hands utterly bare.

"Missus has a chain round her pretty throat, next to the wretch, his rolling eyes catching the gleam of gold above the color of my habit."

"My chain!" I gasped, clutching tightly the most precious thing I have on earth—the golden links, the queer, old charms that adorned my poor branded throat when Jean Rale found me screaming on the rocks of old Cape Ann far away. "Give you my chain? Never!"

He leered at me hideously.

"Shanty! shanty! don't leave Pindar's shanty! Haze! Haze! Haze! long way off—nobody find missus here. S'pose I serve you like I did Crisp—S'pose pretty white body into the creek you der—take boss—be off—who know?"

I grew deadly cold. The full peril of my situation rushed over me in a breath—the night falling without, where Whisky was tramping restlessly—black, murderous wretch, with a long, smart, stinging lash. The blow was keen and unexpected. His hand dropped! With a cry I dashed past him to the door. As I did so I heard without a loud tramping, and a man sprang to meet me over the black threshold. At sight of him the black fled like the wind out of the shanty, and I was thus saved by the arms of Arthur Guille.

"Miss Rale! Great God!" he cried, his brown, severe face as pale as a woman's. "Who was that?"

"The black, Pindar," I gasped, "who murdered Crisp!"

"Here—with you?"

I held his arm in a paroxysm of terror.

"I was taking refuge in this place from the storm. He attempted to rob me. Would have done so doubtless, had not me appeared. Yes! and killed me, too!"

His breath came hurried and thick. He looked at me so strangely that I could not bear it. I drew back from him and walked toward the door.

"Pray, what fortunate chance led you here?" I asked.

"I learned from Hilda that you had gone off alone," he answered. "I saw the storm rising and set out in pursuit. I followed your trail—an art I learned in the far west." He looked forth at the shanty door. "The black scoundrel is gone, and to pursue him

would be in vain. I will content myself with reporting his case to the general."

"Meanwhile, may I ask you to take me home?" I said, quaking, womanlike, after the danger was over. "A special Providence must have sent you to my help. How can I thank you?"

His eyes dwelt again with an overmastering look on my face.

"Thank me," he murmured, "for that which not for my life would I have missed? Hush! Let us not speak of it! We must wait a little till the storm passes. You have nothing now to fear. That rascal will not come back."

I leaned against the wall, drenched and colorless. He stood near by, still breathing those short, agitated breaths. We waited in deep silence.

Presently the rain began to subside.

"May not we venture forth now?" I asked at last.

He made an assenting gesture.

We shut the shanty door and went out to the horses.

As he stretched forth his dark, handsome hand to help me into the saddle, and my own, ungloved and trembling, touched it, an electric shock seemed to flash tingling over me.

"Open!" I called.

No answer.

Around me pressed his swift, fierce arm. I was drawn breathlessly back against his heart. He bent low over me.

"Paulette!" he repeated, with his dark face upon mine, "I love you!"

(To be Continued.)

PARIS POLICE PUZZLE.

Child Steals 3,000 Francs From Alleged Mother Whom It Denies.

A strange, lost child is perplexing the Paris police, says the London Telegraph. An Armenian mother is claiming the girl as her daughter, but the latter disclaims her mother. The angle is intricate. The girl is only 6 years old, but talks with astonishing volubility. She happened of her own accord to call upon a policeman one day, but as she could not speak any apparently known language, he took her to the police station, where all the experts and interpreters at first failed to understand what the girl wanted. Finally, it turned out that she spoke some sort of Armenian dialect, and an interpreter was found. She then said that she had been taken away from her grandfather's home in Syria by a strange woman, who wanted to take her to America, and who had in fact, brought her as far as Paris. The little girl said that she had taken the first opportunity to run away from the woman.

The police were astonished at the fluency with which the girl talked, and were about to send her temporarily to a home, when the strange woman of whom she had spoken turned up, and said that the child was her daughter. "I am not your daughter," retorted the little one. "I know my mother. She is very different from this person." The police were seriously embarrassed. They put off the inquiry for the day to obtain a second interpreter, for the mother, or alleged mother, herself speaks a strange mixture of English and French.

As soon as the two were again confronted with each other, the precocious child threw up her hands and looked at the young woman in horror. "She is not my mother," she exclaimed. The woman then told her story.

She said that she was born at Marseilles, but went to New York when very young. She married an Italian in New York when she was 14 years of age, and had the child. Her husband died the next year, and she was left with the baby one year, then sent her to be taken care of by the child's grandfather in Syria. Having heard that the grandfather had died, she went to Syria to fetch the child. On the way the little girl showed a terrible temper, and did all the mischief that she could. On reaching the Lyons railway station in Paris she sat down to a suit of overalls, writes William A. B. in Harper's Weekly.

The girl's story today is as highly specialized and deviously organized as is our greatest business institution. Its maintenance costs a thousand dollars an hour. Yes, it's a long jump from the mountebank; but, after all, things haven't changed so much in some ways.

A man who was running a trick pony and dog show last year added a thriller to his programme in the way of a dangerous flying trapeze act. To the delight of his pookies, but the intense disgust of his trainer's soul, the door receipts almost doubled. He had two men at the door one night who asked the outgoing crowds which part of the show they liked best—the rick animals or the acrobats. They answered as one, "the acrobats!"

Danger—danger to other human lives and limbs—that's the drawing card, after all, excepting only the children who are too young to be gory. The man who finds most delight in the clown's. We growl like the better "thrillers"—the more deadly the better.

CIRCUSES.

Old and New and the Greatest Drawing Card.

Before the one-day circus and going back a few centuries, the circus was represented in the person of a mountebank, a thin-visaged, clean-shaven man who hitched his trapeze to the sturdy limb of a village oak and did feats to the ill-concealed amazement of a people who respected God somewhat, but the devil and his black magic a great deal more.

A long and high jump—from mountebank to modern hippodrome, from a man who lived under his hat to a tented city which houses as many as 25,000 people in one day and regularly furnishes food, shelter and transportation for 1,200 more, to say nothing of a hospital, a postoffice and a commissary where one can purchase almost anything from a postage stamp to a suit of overalls, writes William A. B. in Harper's Weekly.

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THE BLACK DUCK.

Many Dangers Await the Young of the Adirondack Visitor.

An interesting summer resident of the Adirondacks, says the New York Sun, is the black duck. Those persons who have a fancy for moving through the lake regions now and then, and who find most delight in the clown's. We growl like the better "thrillers"—the more deadly the better.

PAYING THOMAS ATKINS.

The British Army's Extensive Financial Machinery in Operation.

When it is said that something like 2,000,000 were disbursed to British troops every day of the year, it will be recognized that pay day in the army requires very extensive machinery to carry things out without a hitch, says Answers.

Each company pay sergeant forms estimates every week of the amount of cash required to pay his men; these are passed to the orderly room clerk, who summarizes them, then dispatches them to the station paymaster. The latter places checks for the amounts stated to the credit of the respective companies in the regimental bank.

He notifies how much is due to each man, and all the company pay sergeant has to do is to mark up a daily pay and mess book and supply the paymaster with particulars of all the soldiers for men on the staff, garrison, schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, etc., are prepared and submitted by the orderly room clerk to the district paymaster, who issues checks direct.

The station paymaster audits all accounts and claims and transmits them to the war office for final audit.

Every effort is made to keep cash balances as low as possible. A man's month's working if a pay list contains less than 150 accounts, and only £20 may be owed the paymaster if more than 150 soldiers are dealt with. A station paymaster's cash balances every month must not exceed £10 for each subaccountant, with a minimum of £100; and the limit for a district paymaster is one-fourth of the total. By these means it is hoped altogether to avoid over payment and irrecoverable losses.

On active service the machinery is naturally apt to get dislocated. In the past it has been the custom for all pay lists to be kept at the base of operations, a rough book only being

Miscellaneous Reading.

kept in the field, and dues issued the troops whenever available. But two or three months often elapse, in such circumstances, without Tommy receiving a penny of the pay due to him, and private soldiers returned from South Africa with as much as £120 each to their credit.

With pay lists, receipts and miscellaneous accounts getting lost in the post, or burnt or captured by the enemy, and with thousands of men detached from their regiments or passing backwards and forwards through the base of operations, it is no wonder that the direct confusion existed, and that thousands of pounds were paid away in mistake beyond recovery.

The proposal is made that Tommy should be allowed to have a list on active service with him, all payments being duly entered thereon and not a penny being paid until the book is produced, and can show a credit balance. The pay of army officers is arranged by what are called army agents. They are in reality army bankers and comprise three great London firms, who receive credit direct from the war office for the amount due to officers under their charge, and then notify the latter that they may draw to the amounts specified. Their premises in the West End consist of a perfect network of offices, apportioned to the different regiments, each under a chief accountant and clerk, and at certain periods of the year, are invaded at all hours of the day by officers in multi, who present their claims, have them examined and initiated by the accountant, and then proceed below to draw the needful cash.

The complicated and ingenious system is said to be one of the most perfect of its kind in the world, seeing that the accounts of all the ever-changing officers of hundreds of regiments are kept, and money sent all over the world, with scarcely ever a financial slip of any sort.

The officers' allowances—such as extra duty pay, command pay, Colonial allowances, etc., are paid by the district paymaster through the adjutant of a regiment.

GHOSTS IN COUNTRY HOUSE.

Two Seen in One Evening at Sir George Stowell's Place.

Two ghosts have been seen in one evening at Renishaw, the residence of Sir George Stowell, near Chester. The ghostly apparitions were seen in the dining room at Renishaw, an old house dating from 1625, and more than one ghostly legend is associated with it.

Sir George, who formerly sat in parliament for Scarborough, is a great antiquary and a good sportsman. He was instrumental in capturing a "spirit" at the London headquarters for the spiritualists in 1880. Lady Ida Stowell is the sister of the present Earl of Londesborough.

Sir George Stowell's story appears in the Daily Mail as follows:

"Last Saturday two ghosts were seen at Renishaw. Lady Ida had been to Scarborough to attend the Lifeboat Ball, at which she sat up until 4 o'clock in the morning, and had returned home that morning. After dinner the party of six—I was absent for a few hours—sat in a drawing room upstairs, Lady Ida on a sofa facing the open door.

Looking up, she speaking to a friend on her left, she saw in the passage outside the figure of a woman, apparently a servant, with gray hair and white cap, the upper part of the dress blue, the skirt dark. The arms were at full length and the hands clasped. This figure moved with a very slow, furtive, gliding motion, as if wishing to escape notice, straight toward the head of the old staircase, which I removed 20 years ago.

Lady Ida called out, 'Who's that? Who's that?' then the name of the housekeeper; then those who were nearest the door, 'Run out and see who it is; run out at once.' Two rushed out, but no one was there. The others joined them and searched the hall and passages upstairs.

As they were coming down one of the party, Miss R., who was a little away from the rest, exclaimed: 'I do believe that's the ghost.' There, in the full light of the archway, within 20 feet of her, just where the door of the old ghost room used to stand until I removed it to put the present staircase in its place, she saw the figure of a lady with dark hair and dress, lost in painful thought and oblivious of everything about her. The dress was fuller than the modern fashion, the figure, though opaque, cast no shadow. It moved with a curious gliding motion into the darkness and was away at or within a yard of the spot where a doorway, now walled up, led from the staircase to the hall.

There is no doubt that these figures were actually seen as described. They were not ghosts, but phantasms—reversed impressions of something seen in the past and now projected from the mind of the observer. The news of the incident excited a great deal of interest. In both cases the curious gliding movement, the absence of shadow, the slow, gliding motion, the hands clasped, the hand not near head and hardly seeming to breathe, point to that conclusion. Such an experience goes far toward solving the ghost problem. Ghosts are sometimes met with, but they are not ghosts."

Lea at Appomattox.

Men who saw the defeated general when he came forth from the chamber where he had signed the articles of capitulation, say that he passed a moment when his eyes caught more on the Virginia hills, smote his hands together, as though in some excess of inward agony, then mounted his gray horse, Traveler, and rode calmly away, says a recent writer.

It was this very Gettysburg of his trials, yet he must have had then one moment of supreme, if chastened, joy. He rode quietly down the lane leading from the scene of capitulation he passed into view of his men—of such as remained of them. The news of the surrender had got abroad, and they were waiting, grief-stricken and dejected, upon the heights when they caught sight of their old commander on the gray horse. Then occurred one of the most notable scenes in the history of the war. In an instant they were about him, bare-headed, with tear-wet faces, thronging him, kissing his hands, shouting, "We are with you, cheering him amid their tears, shouting his name to the very skies. He saw them, and his eyes caught once more the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."