

JOHN WINTHROP'S DEFEAT.

A NOVEL BY JEAN KATE LUDLUM.

Copyright, Robert Bonner's Sons, 1921.

CHAPTER XI.

(Continued.)

"We have not yet met that hateful Mr. Winthrop," she wrote one day toward the end of the second winter. "You say his mother and Miss Gray are still here, although the ogre himself is back at his grinding of hearts! Had we met him—or them—I assure you it would have soured every drop of the sweetness in Parisian sugar-plums! He would turn even the Sweet-water River of our Rockies into the bitterness of Marah! It would be a wintry day when we met. Though he were dying, I would not lift my hand to save him! There is a rumor—deliciously faint—that an American family has arrived in Paris for a flying glimpse of sugar plums. If it is he

She ended abruptly after a heavy dash of her pen:

"Your modern, Beatrice Cenci Field." And Gregory Bensonburst understood that if ever the opportunity came for Beatrice Field to be kind to John Winthrop, she would remember what Alecia had suffered through him.

So far, however, nothing special had occurred save Marion's engagement to a wealthy New Yorker who had followed them to Europe and had won her there; and Kathryn Franklin's engagement and innumerable quarrels and reconciliations with an American artist in Rome, who often neglected his studies to be with the charming woman of his choice.

But one morning Beatrice and Mrs. Glendenning were shopping. They had but just left the "Belle Jardiniere." Beatrice was chatting delightedly of the beauties they had seen, when she paused suddenly, grasping her companion's arm with a stilled exclamation.

An elderly woman, who left the gay shop just ahead of them, had been vainly striving to attract the attention of her coachman, who, engaged in flirtation with a pretty nursery maid, seemed quite to have forgotten his duty. He had driven up and down, waiting for his mistress, and had paused on the opposite side of the street. Finding her effort in vain, the woman attempted to cross the street, regardless of the passing carriages, and stumbling, would have fallen under the hoofs of an approaching team, had not Beatrice sprung forward and pulled her away and back upon the pavement.

An officer close at hand started to rescue her, but Beatrice had waited for no assistance. The coachman, now aware of the neglect of his duty, was at hand, and the girl assisted the trembling woman into the carriage, pausing a moment to learn if she were comfortable ere she left her.

Then, as Beatrice was turning away, the lady in the carriage said, very softly and sweetly, leaning forward, one gentle hand upon the light fingers on the carriage door, the quaint language she used sounding strangely on the gay street:

"Does thee mind giving me thy name, my dear? It will be good to remember the name of my brave friend when I think of her."

Beatrice smiled, her eyes bright with the swift touch of tears at sound of this sweet home tongue. She bent her head with half-shy grace, like a child.

"I am Beatrice Field," she said, softly, leaning nearer her new acquaintance, forgetting, in the excitement of the moment, that Mrs. Glendenning still waited, "from New York. We start for home to-morrow. You are quite comfortable now, madam? I may safely leave you?"

The answering smile on the sweet old face was like a ray of home love and truth in that brilliant street.

"I am quite comfortable; yes, thank thee, dear. I am Mary Winthrop. My home is in the Berkshire Hills of America. If thee would give me thy address, my son John will wish to thank thee for thy kindness to his mother. John is a lawyer in thy New York, too."

But Beatrice was suddenly withdrawn from her frank cordiality. Removing her hand from the carriage door and from under the touch of the other's soft fingers, as though a serpent had stung her, she stepped back upon the pavement, a scornful curve on her lips, a world of anger in the hazel eyes.

"I beg your pardon, madam," she said, coldly; "but if you will tell your son for me that, had she known whom she was saving, Beatrice Field, Alecia Graham's sister, would not have lifted her hand for you, I scarcely think that he will care to thank me. I bid you good morning, madame."

And like a priestess of vengeance she turned away.

CHAPTER XII.

"IT WAS NOT SHE!" HE SAID.

"Well, girls!"

Beatrice paused upon the threshold of Alecia's room, where her mother

and sisters and their friends were assembled. Beatrice was dressed still in her street costume, as she stood before them, but this was not the Beatrice who left the house not long before.

"Listen to me! I have been standing on the heights of Olympus this morning. I have breathed at the mist-shrouded entrance of Delphi!"

A sensation stirred the group before her; even Marion turned her calm eyes upon her, questioningly.

"What is it, Bee?" queried her mother, somewhat sternly; for Beatrice was sometimes too childishly impulsive, her mother said. "If you have been to Delphi, surely you have gained a little wisdom, my dear?"

"Not an atom of wisdom!" said Beatrice, slanting her red lips as though she crushed down some fury of feeling. "Only proof of an old saying, mamma!"

"What old saying, Bee? You must learn to be more definite in expression, and have more self-control. I did hope that this trip would benefit you in that way, child."

"And it hasn't! Say the truth right out, mamma—'I GOT MY MIND'! Popen the girl, though a vivid red spot burned in each smooth cheek, and a flame was in her eyes, as though the Olympian goddess had touched her there with fire. "But the old saying that I specially meant, mamma, is of the 'mills of the gods' that grind so slowly! The spider-like wheels of their machinery made a revolution to-day under my hands!"

Mrs. Field sighed over this incorrigible girl; Cora laughed; Marion shrugged her shoulders disdainfully and raised her eyebrows; Kathryn and Althea and Frances waited expectantly.

Alecia reached out her hand to her sister.

"You dramatic child! Come here at once and explain," she said.

Beatrice shook her head.

"I haven't much to say," she replied, steadily. "I prefer standing here where I can easily escape should horror seize you. I have avenged you to some extent this morning, Alecia Graham. I saved the life of some one at the 'Belle Jardiniere.'"

"You, Bee Field? Whose life was it?"

A clamor of tongues; interested faces new in place of quietly attentive faces. Even Mrs. Field forgot her annoyance at the girl's heedlessness.

"What do you mean, Beatrice?"

"Guess!"

"I'm a Yankee, but I can't," said Kathryn, laughing. "Tell us, Bee, like a good child."

"Guess!" repeated Beatrice, with that slow, stern shutting of the lips that came only with intense anger or excitement.

Perhaps the one name was in the minds of all, suggested by the girl's face; but only Althea Dunraven had the hardihood to utter it in her soft, pretty voice.

"John Winthrop, Bee?"

Beatrice shook her head. Her lips were cruel now. She turned her eyes upon Althea like a flash of blazing anger.

"Not John Winthrop. No, Althea; but next best—his mother!"

Utter, dead silence for a moment. Then Alecia asked, a sweet light upon her face:

"Brave little Bee! How did you do it, dear?"

Beatrice made a swift, fierce gesture with her hands, as though she were pushing down some rising enemy. The stern lips would not soften even before the light in her sister's face. The flame in the hazel eyes deepened them to black. Her voice was like steel when she spoke—not the bright voice of impulsive Beatrice Field.

"How did I do it, Alecia? You ask me? But first I must tell you the truth. You shall not think that I would have lifted my hand for her had I dreamed who she was—for I would not. I told you long ago how I hate that man—her son! This woman should have died, trampled under the hoofs of the horses, for all me, had I known that she was his mother! Such cruel natures have no right in this world. No! I did not know until—afterward."

Silence again—a throbbing, alive silence that seemed filled with beating hearts trembling before the truth—waiting to hear the worst, if worse there were.

"But you did save her?" said Alecia, then, going over to her sister. "Being our true, brave Bee, you could have done nothing else, darling."

Beatrice pushed aside Alecia's gentle hands and stepped back from her, her flashing eyes holding a spirit of evil within them, though a streak of alternate red and white fell across her face as though evil and good were having equal battle in her heart.

"Don't touch me, Alecia!" she cried, with swift impulse. "You don't realize how wicked I am! I tell you I am just as much a murderer as though

I had killed that woman! Have I not told you that I would not have touched her had I known that she was John Winthrop's mother—or sister—or wife? That is how I hate him!"

Still Alecia did not recoil from her in horror as Beatrice seemed to expect; only the smile died from her lips as she followed Beatrice, drawing her forcibly over to the low couch among the others and pressing her down tenderly among the cushions.

"You threaten like a tragedy queen of the stage," she said, quietly. "Now put away theatricals, Bee, and tell us the truth. You saved Mrs. Winthrop's life?"

"But I tell you, Alecia," protested Beatrice, restlessly—"that I wouldn't have done it had I known—"

"I don't wish you to tell me that," said Alecia, steadily, and sternly, her violet eyes upon her sister's flushed face. "You saved Mrs. Winthrop's life, Bee Field?"

"Yes," rather sullenly from Beatrice, angry because they would vindicate her in spite of her denouncing words.

"How did you do it, Bee, dear?"

"She was crossing the street," said Beatrice, pulling her head away from Alecia's light fingers that were removing her bonnet and veil, and making more fluffy the soft hair on her forehead, "and she stumbled. It wasn't anything really, only I wouldn't have done it—I tell you, Alecia, I will finish it—had I known who she was."

"Where is Annette?" questioned Alecia. "She was with you, Bee. She will tell us connectedly of the accident."

"She has gone home," replied Beatrice, frowning. "I didn't want her to come in. I knew that you would question her, and I will not have that! This is my affair, Alecia!"

"What is she like, Bee?" asked Cora, presently. "Is she real horrid—a sort of ogress, you know?"

"How could she fail to be horrid," said Beatrice, coldly, "being his mother, Cora?"

"But what does she look like?" persisted Cora. "Is she tall and big with a hard voice and cold eyes and that, you know?"

"And did she thank you in a way that made you wish you hadn't saved her," queried Kathryn, saucily, "as some people do, Bee?"

"No, she didn't," said Beatrice, crossly. The truth would not be at all pleasant for her to tell to these girls—it was bad enough for her to have to acknowledge even to herself.

"Then, what did she say?" asked Althea. "Of course, she said something, Bee Field!"

"How can you expect me to remember what she said?" retorted Beatrice, irritably, rising to leave the room, fearing lest she be too closely pressed. "One seldom remembers details at such a time, Althea."

"But you would," murmured Cora, disappointedly, yet not daring to further question this willful sister of hers. For, if the truth must be known, when Beatrice looked as she did at that moment, Cora was considerably afraid of her. "You never forget, Bee?"

"Yes," said Beatrice, coldly, flashing her eyes upon Cora. "In that you are right, Cora—I never do forget!"

"But, before you go," joined in Marion, coolly, "we shall be glad to learn what this man's mother does look like, Beatrice. It should be a gratification to you to describe her if she is such a disagreeable person."

"I did not say that she is disagreeable, Marion!" Beatrice paused in the doorway.

"Oh, indeed! But you certainly insinuated it, Bee. You said that 'she could not fail to be horrid, being his mother.' What else were we led to expect?"

"Well, of course, she is horrid!" declared Beatrice, desperately. "But she doesn't look so, Marion! Her face is very sweet in expression—mild, you know—and her eyes are blue, like bluebells—like Alecia's—and her hair is the loveliest white. She's a Quaker, too, and called me 'thee,' as though she loved the word. There! Only—she is just as horrid, of course! She cannot help being horrid, as I said!"

The girl vanished as the last word was uttered, as though it were sorely bitter for her to be obliged to yield even this much to the mother of John Winthrop, and silence for a moment fell upon the room.

"Well!" exclaimed Cora at last, in extreme astonishment.

"Well," repeated Kathryn and Althea, lost for any new expression in the extremity of their surprise.

"Beatrice has a way of making such mountains out of mole hills!" said Marion, scornfully. "We might have known what to believe. It would be well for her to break herself of that habit, among others, mamma."

"It is because she lives and thinks and feels so intensely, I think, Marion," said Frances, quietly. "She doesn't dissect what comes to her, as a naturalist would do, but takes it and lives it and feels it herself as only such natures can. It isn't a sin in Bee."

"No," added Alecia, very softly, very sweetly. "She is doing this for me, Marion. Because—"

And then silence fell between them, eloquent with memory.

At that same hour, John Winthrop, just returned to Paris to accompany

his mother and ward back to America the following week, after their absence of two years, was sitting with them at luncheon, discussing the event of the morning. He was very pale, but it was the pallor of strong passion, and his eyes were flashing with a fire equal to that of Beatrice Field standing in the doorway of her sister's room.

Jessica Gray, his ward, faced him at the table. She was tall and graceful, willowy in figure and movement, with a subtle likeness about her that suggested the nature of an indolent leopard. Her eyes showed this possibility also in their opal calmness, and the thin, rose-leaf lips were just now curled in scorn.

She had lived a quiet life among the Berkshire Hills with her guardian's mother, and yet this subtle fire and fierceness could awaken within her brilliantly and her voice soften to a languor that was fascinating when she would. She often startled the gentle Quaker lady sitting near her son with her snowy hair smooth and soft and her gentle face pleading with them for kindly thought of the willful girl who had uttered such reckless words.

"You should not have ventured alone, mother," said John Winthrop, gravely. His voice was always gentle addressed to this one woman. She was the only woman, perhaps, whom he fully loved and trusted. "Jessica would have been glad to have accompanied you among the shops."

(To be continued.)

Wise is the youth who sticks to business with the glue of industry.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

The Irrigation Bill Passed the House. Senate Receives a Message.

The House has passed the irrigation bill by a vote of 145 to 55. Many amendments were offered, but only one except those offered by the committee was adopted. It was of a minor character. The bill already has passed the Senate. The friends of the measure greeted the announcement of its passage with a round of applause.

The bill as passed creates a reclamation fund from the sale of public lands in Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming, less the amount paid to local land officers and 5 per cent, due the State under existing laws for educational purposes, which is to be used for the construction and maintenance of irrigation works in the States and Territories enumerated. Provision is made for the payment out of the Treasury of any deficiencies in the allowances to agricultural colleges owing to this disposition of public lands. The Secretary of the Interior is authorized to examine, survey and construct the irrigation works and report the cost thereof to Congress at each session.

Section 4 provides for the letting of contracts for the works contemplated in sections when the necessary funds are available in the reclamation fund for such section.

Section 5 provides that "no right to the use of water for land or private ownership shall be sold for a tract exceeding 160 acres to any one land owner and no such right shall permanently attach until all payments therefor are made, and no such sale shall be made to any land owner unless he be an actual bona fide resident."

To the reading of the message Senators on both sides of the chamber listened with profound attention. The attendance of Senators was notably large, indicating the great interest being manifested in the subject. At the conclusion of the reading the chair announced that the message would be referred to the committee on relations with Cuba.

"I had intended to make a motion," said Mr. Bailey, facetiously. "I will not do it; but I feel inclined to move to refer the message to the Republican caucus."

Mr. Allison, who was sitting directly in front of Mr. Bailey on the Democratic side, turned to the Texan and smiling with the utmost good nature, bowed ceremoniously to Mr. Bailey.

"The chair is not aware," replied Mr. Kean, "that any such committee exists."

Mr. Tillman, of South Carolina, presented some of the advantages of supplying metal mail boxes for rural free delivery and showed to the Senate a sample box of sheet steel which could be purchased for 49 cents. Boxes now supplied by private individuals cost from \$1.25 to \$3 each. Such a price, he said, was a serious burden upon the farmers. Already \$7,500,000 a year was paid for rural delivery of mail and he believed such rural delivery would expand until it exceeded the cost of city mail delivery.

During the greater part of Friday's session the Senate was engaged in the transaction of executive business, the nomination of Captain Crozier to be chief of ordnance of the army being the particular subject under consideration. The President's message urging the establishment of reciprocal relations between the United States and Cuba was received after the Senate had gone into secret session. The doors were opened, the message was read and then the secret session was resumed.

Many of the Boers in the British concentration camps are employing their leisure in studying medicine, law and civil engineering and by the time the war is over they expect to utilize their new knowledge.

CANDIDATES OPEN STATE CAMPAIGN

A Quiet and Orderly Meeting At Donalds Saturday.

GOOD NUMBER OF PEOPLE PRESENT

The Several Candidates Outline Their Policy and Present Their Various Claims to the Audience.

Staff Correspondence Columbia State.

Donalds, Special.—The candidates for governor, for the United States Senate and for Congress spoke here Saturday. It was a pleasant gathering of about 1,500 people representing the counties of Abbeville, Anderson, Greenwood, Laurens and Greenville. There was a big picnic at Cooley's bridge in Anderson county or the crowd here would have been larger.

Of the candidates for the Senate all were here except Senator Henderson and Mr. John Gary Evans. All of the candidates for governor were here and all in good physical condition. The meeting was quiet, the candidates confining themselves to a discussion of topics of the day, and the crowd was not demonstrative.

Col. J. H. Tillman had given notice that at the time he would answer the charges made by the editor of The State. His explanation was not a refutation of the charges, and the crowd was not satisfied. The other noteworthy incidents of the day were the appearance of Capt. Heyward for the first time as an aspirant for office; Mr. Latimer's reflection on certain of his competitors for having listed him as Populist when he was first sent to congress; and the general tendency to avoid unpleasant and unparliamentary debate.

Col. Talbert was the first speaker. He declared that this gathering reminded him of some of the old alliance campmeetings. He declared that a candidate for any office, particularly that of governor, ought to first examine himself and see if he has the manhood to fill the place. He stated his opposition to the use of money in elections. He declared that he is a candidate on his record and on his merits, and is opposed to political conspiracies and the use of money in elections.

EXPENSIVE CAMPAIGNS.

It will be a sad day when wealth will be an embargo on those who aspire to office. He deplored the fact that the campaigns are becoming so expensive, for this will eventuate in injury to the poor man. He opposed the trusts. We need statutory laws which will put a restraint on the combinations of capital. He wants to see factories built. While capital should be given protection, we don't want a new political school to be brought in with capital. There should be no conflicts between the corporations and the people, between labor and capital. It is impossible for a small amount of capital to compass large enterprises, but there should be restrictions on the combinations of capital.

The betterment of our public roads is no longer a local matter but a national question. The government is making inquiry into the methods of building roads. The towns and the country should be divided in nothing, and in building better public roads they should be particularly united. It would require some taxation, but one dollar spent would mean ten dollars in return in benefits.

He next touched upon the question of education. He is in favor of all of the schools and colleges. He would not take one brick out of a single college and would rejoice if there were more. But he wants to see a better public school system. This system should be so reformed and built up that a good English education can be given every white child. He would like to see the common school made the highway leading up from the poor man's door to the highest offices in the land. There are two races and one must dominate the other. The ballot and the spelling book must be taken away from the negro. Let the negro go to the fields where he belongs; let him pay his

teachers as he does his preachers, and let the white man's taxes go to educating the white man's children. Col. Talbert was listened to very attentively. He told some jokes, but not as many as usual as his time was short.

CAPT. HEYWARD

was introduced as a "prominent planter of Colleton county." He commented on the presence of so many ladies. They should take an interest in the affairs of the commonwealth. The housewife does more to control the destinies of a nation than does the platform of any party.

Some might inquire why does he aspire to the office of governor? He said there were a variety of reasons which he might give, but like the little negro who gave his reason for being a Republican, he is in the race because he wants the office.

He is running on his own merits. If he can't get it on his merits he would like to see the office given to a better man. He would not attack or refer unkindly to any of his competitors. He wanted to see South Carolina prosper agriculturally, commercially and industrially. The past year has been the hardest the farmers have had to deal with, and all prosperity depends on the success of the farmer. Appropriation of public money should be done most care-