

AT WAR WITH HERSELF.

The Story of a Woman's Atonement,
by Charlotte M. Braeme.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

"It seems to me," she thought, with a happy smile, "that even the flowers know he is coming. I am sure those roses are more fragrant, and the lilies more brilliant. I can see their golden hearts."

She buried her face amid the cool, deep lily-cups—she was as one bewitched with the charm of her own happiness—until Lady Fanshawe, struck by her manner, ventured to remark.

"Dear Lady Charnleigh, are you not wanting in that great charm of all well-bred women—the color of the lips?"

"Repeat while the leaves were whispering to the summer wind, while the bees and butterflies coquetted with the flowers, while her own heart was beating with delight that knew no words, every pulse and nerve thrilling! Lady Charnleigh laughed aloud.

"I am not conducting myself as a countess should," she said. "I had forgotten all about what you call the dignity of my position, auntie; I only remembered that I was, without exception, the happiest girl in the wide world. It is time to dress, Ethel."

She spoke lightly and never saw the death-like pallor that came over the sweet face.

"He has done something of the kind already, Leonie, but it is with you, not with me."

"A fact which would show that he had neither taste nor sense, if it were true," laughed Lady Charnleigh. "Let me advise you as to what dress you should wear, Ethel. Stand quite still, and I will study you."

She made a pretty picture, standing with a staid expression on her face, her finger laid on her lips. She could not be silent for long.

"What dreamy, poetic beauty yours is, Ethel! How strange that you should be so like the 'Elsie' we saw at the exhibition! The painter must have known you."

"I do not think so," said Miss Dacre. "You remind me of starlight, and—oh, Ethel, how beautiful the starlight is, how calm, serene, and holy, yet giving one a vivid idea of hidden fire!"

"You began to speak of my dress," observed Miss Dacre, patiently; "and you have already reached the stars. When will you be on earth again?"

"I shall never behave like a countess," she said. "A true lady of rank, says a countess, 'should be known by her dignified silence and reserve.' Your dress, Ethel, must be black lace over white silk with silver flowers; you will personify starlight then."

But her own toilet was not so easily decided upon. That evening Lady Charnleigh was difficult to please. At last she chose a bewitching costume of pale sea-green silk, half covered with rich white lace, and laced up with white water-lilies; a small lily nestled in the coils of her fair hair; and with this dress, recherche and poetical, Lady Charnleigh wore a suit of magnificent emeralds.

An hour later and Lady Charnleigh sat at the head of the table. Perhaps her servants wondered why for these two gentlemen she had ordered the service of gold plate, which was usually reserved for state occasions. She knew she would have paid to few others the honor she paid to Sir Bertram.

"She had received him with gracious words and kindly smiles; with them she sought to hide the vague, happy emotion that filled her heart. Paul Fleming saw the bright blushes on the glad young face, and tried to believe they were for him."

"You have some grand old pictures, I am told, Lady Charnleigh," said Sir Bertram; "may I ask you to show them to me?"

"Nothing would please me better," she said; "after dinner we will go through the gallery. Ethel, you are always talking of pictures—will you join us with Capt. Fleming? I like the gallery better than any part of Crown Leighton."

So after dinner they went. Lady Fanshawe declined to accompany them. "You must know every picture well, considering the time you spend among them, Lady Charnleigh," she said. And one or two of her hearers were quite as well pleased that she should remain where she was.

Few private mansions in England could boast of a picture gallery so magnificent as that of Crown Leighton. It was large, lofty and superbly decorated. In some places the walls are inlaid with mirrors; the ceilings had been painted by Le Brun; the windows formed deep bays that were carpeted with crimson cloth; and Sir Bertram, who had an artist's eye for color, thought he had never seen a fairer picture than that of Lady Charnleigh, with her robes of green silk and lace sweeping the floor. How well the artistic, picturesque dress suited her! How royally beautiful she looked in those shining emeralds!

"You will be my cicerone," he said. "I suppose Captain Fleming knows all the glories of Crown Leighton."

The girl turned to the young soldier with a look of genuine frankness and regret on her face.

"You are generous not to hate me," she said, "when you see all that I have robbed you of."

"You have given me more than you have taken from me," he returned; and both look and words were so much pain to Ethel Dacre.

There was no lack of conversation among the four; they were all art-lovers; they knew most of the world's famous pictures; they could criticize and compare. Leonie, Lady Charnleigh, showed perhaps the greatest and most cultivated taste.

They lingered long in the gallery, while the western sunbeams came through the long windows and lighted up the gorgeous colors on the wall; they lingered as the young and happy do, with laughing words and bright, tender thoughts. They reached the end of the gallery at last, and came to a door half hidden by the velvet curtain that hung over it.

"That is a room I have never yet entered," said Lady Charnleigh; "shall we go in now?"

"What is it? A boudoir—a study? It is just the place for an artist's studio," said Sir Bertram.

"It was the favorite room of the late Lord Charnleigh," observed the young

Countess. "Mrs. Fearon tells me he used to lock himself in there, and afterward come out looking so sad and sorrowful."

"The secret of such lives as his is always a tragedy," said Paul Fleming to Ethel. "I have often thought that the late lord of Crown Leighton had some sorrow the world knew nothing of."

It was Paul Fleming who opened the door, and Lady Charnleigh drew back with a little shudder, the color fading from her brilliant face.

"I have such a horrible fancy," she said, with a nervous attempt at laughter; "it is when I go in I shall find the late Earl sitting in his chair with stony face and set eyes."

"You may enter safely, Lady Charnleigh," responded Paul; "the room is quite empty. Yet it looked as though it had been recently used."

"I gave orders that nothing here should be touched," said the Countess; "it seemed a kind of desecration to enter the place."

There was a book on the table, a paper knife still resting on an uncut journal. "How strangely silent the place is! How different from the rest of the house!" said Lady Charnleigh, with a sigh. "Come away—I feel as though the room were haunted."

She turned away, but her attention was drawn to Captain Fleming. He was standing before picture apparently crossed by it. She called him by name; he did not hear. She moved forward and touched him on the arm, and was startled when he turned round to find his eyes full of tears.

She looked at the picture; it was of a young and beautiful girl, with sad, tender eyes and a lovely mouth. A grave, noble face it was, with a veil of sadness on it—a picture that had in it a certain pathos. Underneath, in faint characters, were written the words, "Loved and Lost."

Lady Charnleigh looked first at the picture, and then at the young soldier; there was a certain resemblance in the features that struck her.

"Who is it, Captain Fleming?" she asked, in a low voice.

"That is a portrait of my mother," he replied. "How comes it that it is hidden away here?"

"Loved and lost," quoted Lady Charnleigh—"what does it mean? Who loved and who lost her?"

"I do not know," replied Captain Fleming. "Pray pardon me, Lady Charnleigh; I did not know that you had a picture of my mother. I loved her so dearly."

"Are you sure it is your mother?" she asked.

"As sure as I am of my own existence; she always had the same sad, tender eyes, and when she smiled there was something sad in her smile. Those eyes have the same look now—do you not notice it?"

Sir Bertram and Miss Dacre had joined them, and were listening to him in wonder.

"A portrait of your mother here?" questioned Miss Dacre. "That seems strange, Captain Fleming."

"I loved her so much," he said again; "and she died when I was quite young, Lady Charnleigh, will you grant me a great favor?"

"You know I will before you ask it," she replied.

"Permit me to have this copied. It shall be most carefully preserved."

"You shall have the original if you will, I shall be quite content with the copy."

"You are very kind to me," he said, "but I will not agree to that. You have a superstitious feeling about this room; I have the same about this picture. I should not like to take it away—it belongs to the room."

"Loved and lost!" murmured the young countess. "What sorrowful words! There is a story contained in them—a sad story, too. What do they mean?"

The brilliant tint had faded from her; she had grown very pale and sorrowful, the violet eyes were dim with tears—her whole aspect was changed. Sir Bertram looked anxiously at her.

"You are too imaginative, Lady Charnleigh," he said. "Come away; you are growing sad and sorrowful. Come out into the sunshine."

Without a word she followed him. They went through the corridor at the end of the gallery, out on the western terrace, where the flowers were all in brilliant bloom. Paul and Ethel followed them. There, where the sun shone and the song of the birds filled the perfumed air, Lady Charnleigh was soon herself again. The exquisite rose-leaf flash stole back, the light came into her eyes.

"I have an idea," she said. "What do you think, Ethel? Shall we have a grand fete and ball here at Crown Leighton, and illuminate these grounds and gardens—a fete that will last from sunset to sunrise, and delight everybody?"

"I should like it very much," responded Miss Dacre. "The two gentlemen agreed with her."

"Captain Fleming and you, Sir Bertram, must come over to help me; it will be my first grand entertainment. Shall we begin with charades? I am so fond of charades; and we could get up such really magnificent ones. What do you say?"

"It would be delightful," said Sir Bertram, thinking of the rehearsals and the number of times that he should see Lady Charnleigh.

"What a simple, charming nature she has!" remarked Sir Bertram to himself, with a smile. "She was weeping only a few minutes since, her heart full of pity; now she is laughing at the idea of a ball. She is a perfect Undine in a grave, half girl—half child, half woman—wholly charming."

This party shall be for the young and light-hearted. We might begin with charades and tableaux—people always enjoy them; and then at ten o'clock we both have a grand procession to the ball-room, where we might dance until morning. What do you think of that program, Ethel?"

"It will be very pleasant," said Miss Dacre. She had been watching the bright, animated expression on the girl's face, and the devoted attention of both gentlemen to her. "How could I hope to charm while she is near?" she asked herself. "She is so lovely, so gay; every moment develops a new charm in her. Compared with her I am as a moth beside a butterfly."

"Yet there was no envy in her heart; her admiration for the young countess was sincere and ardent; she did not know that there were people who would have preferred her quiet, spirituelle loveliness to the radiant beauty of Lady Charnleigh."

"Well, that is agreed upon," said the mistress of Crown Leighton. "We must have some good tableaux and some excellent charades; and we cannot do better than discuss now what the tableaux shall be. There are four of us here—let us each suggest a scene from some great novel, poem, or play."

"That is a wide field, Lady Charnleigh," said Paul Fleming; "there are so many great poems and plays."

"But we each have our favorites, and can choose from them. Sir Bertram, you shall have the first choice. Ethel and I will hear what you gentlemen suggest first."

"I think one of the plays I like best is the 'Lady of Lyons,'" said Sir Bertram. "I could have a very effective tableau from that, Lady Charnleigh; the scene where the pretended prince describes his palace by the lake of Como. It is a lovely picture; the fair Paulina, with her golden hair falling round her, listening with rapt attention on her lover's arm. You would make a beautiful Paulina, Lady Charnleigh."

"But who is to be my prince?" she asked, with a blush and a smile.

"I should be glad to hold the distaff," said Sir Bertram, but Paul Fleming interrupted him.

"The Prince must be dark, and you are fair, Bertram. If you will permit me, Lady Charnleigh, I will place myself at your disposal."

She was disappointed, but smiled graciously. Captain Fleming thought to himself that he had won a great victory over his rival, for such he began to perceive Sir Bertram was.

"Now it is your turn, Captain Fleming," said the countess.

"One of the most effective I ever saw was a tableau representing Romeo and Juliet in a friar's cell."

"Ethel shall be Juliet," put in Lady Charnleigh.

"No," said Miss Dacre; "Juliet was a bright, radiant beauty. You would look the character much better than I should, Lady Charnleigh."

"Let it be so then," returned the countess. "Who is to be my Romeo?"

"Romeo was fair," said Sir Bertram, quickly; "permitted to hold the distaff" quipped off, Lady Charnleigh.

She smiled to hide the happiness which the bare idea gave her.

"Those will be two good scenes," she said. "Now, Ethel?"

"I am puzzled," confessed Miss Dacre; "there are so many grand poems."

"You remember the picture of Elaine, Ethel; nothing would suit you so well as that. She was watching Sir Lancelot ride away. You could assume that expression of unutterable, hopeless love; besides, your features resemble Elaine's as depicted on the canvas."

Miss Dacre smiled. One observing her keenly might have seen how wistful and tinged with pain that smile was.

"You will make me believe that I am Elaine, if you talk so much to me of her, Leonie."

"Nay," said Captain Fleming, "it will never be your fate, Ethel, to die of a hopeless love."

The fair, spirituelle face grew a shade paler.

"I am not," she rejoined, quietly. "It would be a terrible love that it would make me lose my hold on life. It is your turn now, Leonie. What do you suggest? I think that I shall like to be Elaine."

TRICKS OF A CAMERA.

SERVING A SUBJECT'S HEAD TO HIM ON A PLATE.

A Number of Comical Photographs Which May Be Produced by Amateurs if They Will Only Closely Follow the Instructions Given.

A Source of Amusement.

Here are a number of comical photographs which may be produced by amateurs, if they will only follow the instructions and the description of the conditions under which these



THE DECAPITATION.

were taken. First, a natural dark background is obtained, and it is done by opening a door leading into a dark room, combined with some skillfully concealed screens arranged inside the apparatus, between the objective and the sensitized plate. It is the surest means of obtaining the desired effect, and with the greatest



ANOTHER FORM OF THE DECAPITATION TRICK.

precision, without the accessory devices being visible, producing a clear negative of the parts taken. The inside screen should be placed a little more than an inch from the ground glass, in the last fold of the dark chamber.

The first scene represents a decapitation by means of a sword. There



THE HEAD SAWS OFF.

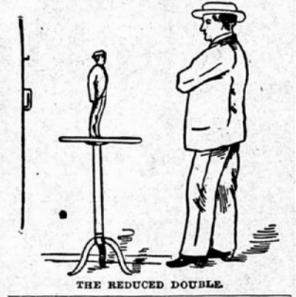
was a first pose where the head was placed upon a wooden block, the subject being bent down, and a screen covered nearly two-thirds of the plate, completely masking the body up to the neck. Then, without removing the camera, the screen was placed upon the other side of the mask head, and the body, photographed in the



THE HEAD SERVED A LA BEROUD.

second position, placed by the side of the person representing the executioner.

It is possible by a third sitting to arrange it in such a manner that the executioner is the same person who was decapitated, which, of course, is the height of absurdity.



THE REDUCED DOUBLE.

It is by the same process that the three following scenes are obtained: A person seeing his own head before him upon a plate; a man wheeling his own head in a wheelbarrow; another person having his own head served upon a table.

These scenes may be varied infinitely. A comical situation is shown in the proof exhibiting an unfortunate victim stretched upon a saw-buck, his head having been sawed off and placed upon a block.

Next you have the same individual photographed twice at different sizes. This style of photograph shows the position that should be taken for bronzes of reduced size.

An original idea is that showing a

person in a bottle. A person represented has first been photographed upon a scale sufficiently reduced to allow him to enter the bottle. This pose has been made by arranging a mask around the subject—that is, making a screen with an opening similar to a Russian background, but this is on y done to mask the ground. It will perhaps be preferable to have the subject step upon a stool covered with black cloth. Whichever way it is done, however, the impression once taken there is nothing more to do but to photograph the bottle upon a large scale and the result is accomplished.

It can be seen what resources this kind of photography offers to a fertile imagination. The arrangements may be varied infinitely and produce seemingly impossible results. To the amazement of people who do not know how it is done.

The Doctor.

"Our physicians," says a writer in the Christian Herald, "have so many hardships, so many interruptions, so many annoyances, I am glad they have so many encouragements. All doors open to them. They are welcome to mansion and to cot. Little children shout when they see them coming down the road, and the aged, recognizing the step, look up and say, 'Doctor, is that you?' They stand between our families and the grave, fighting back the troops of disorder that come up from their encampment by the cold river. No one hears such thanks as the doctor hears. They are eyes to the blind, they are feet to the lame, their path is strewn with the benedictions of those whom they have befriended. One day there was a dreadful foreboding in our house. All hope was gone. The doctor came four times that day. The children put away their toys and all walked on tiptoe, and at the least sound said 'Hush!'

How loudly the clock did tick, and how the banister creaked, though we tried to keep it still! That night the doctor stayed all night. He concentrated all his skill upon the sufferer. At last the restlessness of the sufferer subsided in a calm, sweet slumber, and the doctor looked up and smiled, and said: 'The crisis is passed.' When propped up with pillows, in the easy chair she sat, and the south wind tried to blow a rose-leaf into the faded cheek, and the children brought flowers—the one a red clover top, the other a violet from the lawn—to the lap of the convalescent, and Bertha stood on a high chair with a brush smoothing her mother's hair, and we were told in a day or two she might ride out, joy came back to our house.

"And as we helped the old country doctor into his gig, we noticed not that the step was broken, or the horse stiff in the knees, and we all realized for the first time in our life what doctors were worth. Encourage them. They deserve every kindness at our hands."

Slang in Dress.

A puzzled girl says, "How can I be slangy in my dress?" writes Ruth Ashmore, in a thoughtful article on "The Girl Who Uses Slang," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "I'll tell you, and then you can see whether you are or not. The girl who, because lace frills are fashionable, has her frills wider than anybody else, who accentuates the width of her skirts, the brim of her hat, who, because pink roses are fashionable, has the greatest number of pink roses and the deepest in tone, is slangy in dress. She is the girl whose dress tries you to look at. She is the girl who, the very minute she enters a room, makes you conscious of her presence by the noise of her skirts, and who gives you an overpowering sense of her having too much to wear. That is one type."

Another is the girl who, seizing the pretty fashion of cloth skirts, soft blouses and pretty jackets, makes it slangy by having the soft blouse developed into a long, stiff shirt and the jacket made to look as much like a man's coat as possible. With this she wears a masculine tie, a stiff plain hat, and unconsciously she assumes the manners of a man. But as she is not a man she does not succeed in this.

Columbus.

The belief in a Chinese Columbus was first allowed by scholars only about fifty years ago. The claim is that a Buddhist priest, in the fifth century crossed the Pacific to this continent and returned, making a written report of his discovery. The report still exists. It was translated into French in 1701 by M. de Guignes. It gave a narrative of a voyage eastward by a priest for 20,000 li, where he found a country which he named Fusang. People similar to the Indians were described, as well as American plants. The only doubt about the matter is as to the distance meant by 20,000 li. The priest may have reached only some island in the Pacific ocean.

Wasn't Up on Schumann.

An amusing story of Schumann is told by a veteran Vienna critic. The composer once accompanied his wife, who was even then a celebrated pianist, to the palace when she went to play before the King of Holland, and was gratified by the monarch's compliments of her performance. The composer was somewhat surprised, however, when the King turned to him and courteously inquired: "Are you also musical?"

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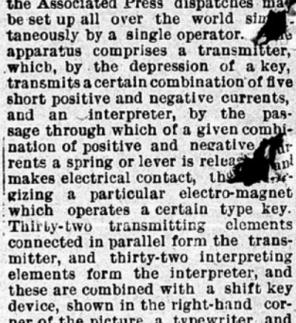
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An original idea is that showing a

PRINTING BY WIRE.

An Apparatus That Fairly Solves the Problem of Labor.

The illustration represents a printing telegraph apparatus designed, by means of a transmitting device with an ordinary keyboard, to operate at a distant station a typewriter, a typesetting machine or other keyboard machine of the usual style, each station being provided with a similar apparatus. This improvement has been patented by Donald Murray, of the Sydney Morning Herald, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia. With it and the new typesetting machines the Associated Press dispatches may be set up all over the world simultaneously by a single operator. The apparatus comprises a transmitter, which, by the depression of a key, transmits a certain combination of five short positive and negative currents, and an interpreter, by the passage through which of a given combination of positive and negative currents a spring or lever is released, and makes electrical contact, thus energizing a particular electro-magnet which operates a certain type key. Thirty-two transmitting elements connected in parallel form the transmitter, and thirty-two interpreting elements form the interpreter, and these are combined with a shift key device, shown in the right-hand corner of the picture, a typewriter and



MURRAY'S PRINTING TELEGRAPH.

a battery. The illustration represents the complete apparatus for one station—the transmitter, interpreter, shift key mechanism and typewriter—together with a main switch controlling the several circuits, a galvanometer which indicates whether or not a current is passing through the main line, and a signal bell.

The transmitter has a series of keys, as seen on the left in the picture, each key consisting of a rod operating a peculiarly constructed pole changer, and comprises a commutator having on one side parallel rows of stationary contacts connected in parallel with the line, and on the other a portion of the connections of the commutator having its top surface inclined and its lower surface inclined at right angles to the inclination of the top surface, a key sliding adjacent to the commutator, and a contact block having a spring connection with the key-carrying contacts adapted to connect with a source of electricity, the contact block being arranged to move downward on one side of the commutator, and to slide inward and move upward so as to make contact with the contacts of the commutator. The interpreter, the detail of which is shown in the small figure, comprises a series of electro-magnets adapted to connect with a line, circuit-closing and swinging quadrants being arranged adjacent to the electro-magnets, and adapted when released to close the circuit through mechanism for printing a character or operating a key of a keyboard machine, each quadrant having a series of teeth in a different combination from the teeth of any other quadrant in the series. Swinging detents adapted to be actuated by the magnets engage the teeth of the quadrants, and electrically and automatically rotated shafts adapted to be set in motion by the closing of the circuit in which the quadrants are arranged carry mechanism to return the quadrants to locked position.

It is cause for congratulation that so prominent a citizen as Judge Brentano has determined to take up the matter of police lawlessness in Chicago. He is well equipped for the task, and may be relied upon to pursue the matter to a conclusion. Hitherto the police have had to deal with persons without money or worth sufficient influence to assert their rights. Judge Brentano has both, and he is evidently determined to see the matter through. In this connection it is interesting to note that the police authorities have already discovered that officers have no right to interfere in a controversy between citizens and street car conductors regarding the payment of a fare. They had not made this discovery when Mr. Bray was clubbed on a Cottage Grove avenue car a few weeks ago. In fact, the police have invariably obeyed the orders of street car conductors when disputes have arisen with passengers. The action of Judge Brentano shall have no other result than to settle this question it would have been productive of great good. It may be hoped, however, that he will not end his campaign at this point, but will continue it until the powers and privileges of police officers shall be fully and definitely defined for the benefit and safety of the public.

ROADS! Good roads, good schools, and prosperity follow, one the other. Education demands good roads, good roads command prosperity. How are we to attain one of these unless the people rise up and make a united effort?

The Omaha man who has been arrested at Emporia, Kan., charged with having eighteen wives, more or less, is going to be put through the mill in spite of his claim that he has been punished quite enough already.

GLADSTONE'S home rule bill will probably pass one of these years.