



CHAPTER XXII.

"I do not suspect you of anything," said June, with a quiver in her voice, "but I know that hateful woman has got some dreadful influence over you, and is always plotting to cause unhappiness between us. Here I have been away and was coming back happy and delighted to see you, and I am made wretched the instant I set foot in the house, and all through her!"

"No, no," said Tom. "Be just. Put the saddle on the right horse. All through Madge. It she hadn't come sneaking and spying up here this morning she wouldn't have got my back up and made me say what I did, and which she most richly deserved. As for the other poor girl, no one was ever more mistaken in this world than you are about her. Why, she speaks of you in the kindest way."

"And," proceeded June, working herself up more and more, and tears again rushing to her eyes, "how you have deprived me of my only friend here, and the only person I have to amuse me, I hope you will be happy."

At this last stab, given merely in naughtiness of temper, Tom rose, mightily grieved and wrathful. He never said anything, he did not mean merely for the momentary pleasure of wounding, but, on the other hand, he rarely could be brought to retract anything he had once said.

"Then," he said, "if that is the case, heaven help your husband and child!"

And, with that, he strode from the room, leaving June with a sickening sense of general misery.

June had some sound good sense when it was not obscured by temper, as the sky is blue though the clouds hide its color. And presently she told herself that this state of things must be stopped, and stopped at once.

So, suddenly she rose, and fled downstairs to Tom's room. He was sitting staring gloomily in the fire, absorbed, no doubt, in reflections as miserable as those in which she had been indulging upstairs, but he had a refuge and resource which she had not—his pipe.

June had not come to argue, to fight, the quarrel over again, and possibly to make a worse ending than before; she had brought a flag of truce, and left all explanations for a future time. She sat herself down on his knee, took the pipe from his mouth, put her pretty arms round his neck and her red lips to his, and said, with a faltering voice:

"My darling, don't let us have any more misunderstandings!"

And, with that, Tom clasped her passionately to his heart, and a sob rose in his throat, and for the moment they forgot everything but that they loved each other.

When June had her promised visit to Madge next day, she felt rather perturbed and uncomfortable in her mind. Madge would of course expect to hear that she had vanquished Tom in single combat, and had come to take her back in triumph to the Hall, from which yesterday she had been so ignominiously turned away. But June was painfully conscious that it was she who had been vanquished, for, fearful of any rupture of their new-born harmony, she had not mentioned the name of either cousin to Tom. She knew instinctively that he would not give in; if he made any amende to Madge, it would only be on condition of his wife doing the same to Agnes.

Her ladyship, therefore, was forced to answer Madge's eager cross-questioning somewhat lamely and haltingly, and gradually there came into that shrewd young lady's face an expression of profound disappointment.

"Then," she said, in a mortified tone, "you did not take my part, and you have not been even with Tom!"

"My dear child," replied June, desperately, "if you are married to a man, it is impossible to live in a state of strife and quarrelling with him, unless you want to break your own heart. What is to be gained by my being on bad terms with Tom?"

"Well," replied Madge, "I don't understand it. I should have thought you, who are fifty times cleverer and have fifty times more spirit than Tom, would have turned him round your finger. Why, any child could do it."

Two days passed, and, though Sir Thomas and Lady Nevil were apparently on the best of terms, neither was really at ease. June missed Madge and wanted to have her back at the Hall, but was afraid to broach the subject, and Tom knew that she missed her cousin, and felt vexed about the misunderstanding, but was convinced that he would be doing wrong to Agnes and conniving at an injustice if Madge returned to her old relations at the house while Agnes was left out in the cold.

On the third day June, feeling the hopelessness of the situation, said, in a matter-of-fact voice at luncheon, in the presence of the servants:

"Shall we ask them all at the rectory to come up and dine to-morrow?"

And Tom responded most heartily, and with an enormous sense of relief:

"Ay, my dear, do."

Her ladyship was the more disposed to make the concession in that her husband had met her wishes about taking a house in London in the kindest manner. That he did not like the idea was evident, but so far from combating the proposal, he had given in to it at once, and agreed that his mother should take a house and make all necessary preparations. He would not give any promise about going up much himself, but if June came down every week he and the boy would manage to get along for the rest of the time.

Lady Nevil wrote an affectionate note to Mrs. Bryan asking them all to dine the

following evening. She thought it not improbable that her cousins would refuse to come. But both had reasons for not wishing the estrangement from the Hall to be prolonged, and were, besides, anxious that their parents should be kept in ignorance of the unpleasantness which had occurred. This, however, contributed to make the evening a thoroughly unpleasant one for their host and hostess. Madge met Tom in the most supercilious manner, scarcely deigning to give him her finger tips, and behaved afterward as though he did not exist; neither speaking nor looking his way all the evening, but devoting herself to June. Agnes, on the contrary, redoubled her attentions to Tom, and hung on every word with a pertinacious affection which nearly maddened June. Frequently, too, Agnes would smile at her with an expression of mingled sweetness and triumph which her ladyship understood only too well.

The weeks passed. Easter was at hand, and June looked joyfully forward to having visitors in the house, Dallas among them. She felt his cheery face and voice would bring light and life to the Hall, which certainly was not very lively at present. Madge came up sometimes, but avoided Tom as much as possible, or when she met him, treated him with ill-concealed hostility. Agnes came, too, and invariably set every nerve in June's body tingling with irritation.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mrs. Ellesmere and Dallas arrived together just at the propitious moment—that is to say, three-quarters of an hour before dinner, in time to exchange greetings, to have five minutes' chat, and then to go off and dress for dinner.

The dinner was of the merriest. June was in the highest spirits—Dallas the same—Mrs. Ellesmere in her very best mood. The dinner was perfection, and conversation never flagged for a moment.

Tom's perceptions were not particularly quick, but they must have been slow indeed had he not observed the transformation in his wife. She had been so quiet lately, and dinner had been rather a solemn performance, not enlivened by any very brilliant conversation. But to-night her ladyship's charming face was dimpled by smiles, her eyes were full of light. He supposed she wore a different sort of gown, for she looked, somehow, even prettier and more elegant than usual. Dallas had the old manner which Tom had been wont half to admire, half to be amused at. His mother was a good talker, and the three seemed to have topics of interest and amusement which were Greek to Tom.

The talk was chiefly of people, mutual friends, and it was evident that they found it immensely engaging and absorbing, and all took equal pleasure in it.

The two following days there were more guests at the Hall, for June took the opportunity of Mrs. Ellesmere's visit to give dinners to their country neighbors, and some who came from a distance stayed in the house. Dallas was invaluable in helping to entertain them, and Madge brought her services from the rectory.

But Dallas confided to his hostess that he was perfectly delighted when they were all gone, and expressed a hope, couched in deferential though emphatic terms, that she would never consider it necessary to ask any one there for his benefit, as it only prevented his enjoying the society of the lady from whose presence he derived the most pleasure.

It was now the fourth day after his arrival. The omnibus had departed with the last batch of guests; the morning was wet, and they were wondering how they should amuse themselves, when her ladyship had a happy inspiration. Battledoor and shuttle-cock. These were found after a search; the battledoors were dried by the hall fire, and the shuttle-cocks had their feathers rearranged, and Dallas and June began their game. Now, to thoroughly experienced players, there is not very much excitement in the game of battledoor; the players stand still in the same place and the shuttle-cock takes its flight regularly and unbrokenly between them; but to beginners it involves a great deal of rushing and tearing about, violent dashes forward and backward, and is provocative of a great amount of laughter. At the moment when the game was at its height, and peals of mirth were issuing from the lips of Dallas and June, Agnes, arrayed in her waterproof, arrived at the hall door, and the same instant Tom happened to issue from his den, and proceeded to let her in.

"Is that June's voice?" she asked, putting on the most surprised and shocked expression her puritanical face was capable of. "What is she doing?"

"She and Dal are playing battledoor," answered Tom, and then, for the first time, the idea occurred to him, or rather was forced upon him by Agnes' face, that their mirth was rather exuberant.

"Oh!" she uttered, putting a volume of expression into the word.

June had just sunk, breathless from laughing and running, into a chair, and Dallas leaned against the wall in much the same condition. Both their faces were becomingly flushed from excitement and exercise, and, to unjudicious eyes, they would have seemed the picture of two handsome, happy and innocently amused young people. But not to the envious eyes of Agnes, and she allowed them to express to June how very much scandalized she was by such levity. In a moment June read her cousin's face, and a thrill of anger and defiance shot through her breast, which the previous moment had been a harbor of peace and happiness.

"How do you do?" she said, nodding, and making her battledoor an excuse for not shaking hands. "I am quite exhausted."

ed. Would you like to have a turn with Tom?"

"No, I thank you," replied Agnes, frigidly. "I did not know it was a game grown-up people played."

"Did you not?" said June, lightly. "Ah, that comes of living in the country. One sees and knows so little."

"Perhaps one is the better for that," returned Agnes, in her most schoolmistress-like manner.

"I doubt it," retorted June. "Now, Dal, I have recovered my breath. Shall we go on?"

It was the first time she had ever called him by his Christian name, and she would not have done it now but that Agnes had inspired her with a furious desire to do something that would give her cousin cause to be shocked.

"May I go and see darling boy?" said Agnes to Tom, with a glance of deepest commiseration, and he replied cheerily that he would go with her.

The game no longer had any charm for June; she felt as though the serpent had entered paradise, and, after five minutes, she declared she was tired.

"I must go and write some letters," she said, and Dallas pleased that he might be allowed to occupy himself in the same way in her company. So they betook themselves to her ladyship's boudoir, where she supplied him with the requisite materials, and then sat down to her writing table.

Dallas had come for the inside of a week, and sorely sorry was his hostess to see him depart on the Saturday morning. It was like sunshine going out of the house.

June went to the door to see her guest off, and returned to her room with a decided sinking at her heart, knowing that his bright face and voice would make themselves terribly missed, and suddenly burst into a fit of crying. Agnes passed the window, and stopped for a moment to look in. As she reached the hall door, Tom was coming round from the stables.

"Oh, Tom," she said, with well-feigned anxiety, "there is nothing the matter with darling boy, is there?"

"No," he answered, startled—"certainly not. But why?"

"Why, I just came round past the morning room," returned Agnes, innocently, "and I saw poor Tom crying so dreadfully that I thought—I was afraid—"

"June crying!" exclaimed Tom; and then he crashed abruptly, as a most unpleasant thought smote him.

Dinner that night was a very different sort of function from what it had been of late. A gloom seemed to have fallen on the party.

"How silent we all are!" observed Mrs. Ellesmere, as it was drawing to a close. "And how dreadfully I miss that dear boy! Don't you, my dear?" to June.

"Yes," answered June, and at that moment she caught Tom's eye fixed on her in a manner she neither quite liked nor understood, and was deeply mortified to find herself growing crimson.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT AUK.

Bones of a Fine Specimen Recently Found in Ireland.

Slowly but surely a number of creatures are disappearing from the fauna of the world, and the process has become more rapid during the last hundred years. Among these lost or moribund species is the great auk, which is now only known from specimens in collections, or from the occasional discovery of its bones in circumstances which in themselves often help to explain the cause of its disappearance. It has just been announced that some bones of the great auk have been found in a kitchen midden in the north of Ireland. The phrase is indirectly epithet: "Killed and eaten by man" was the end of this bird. A kitchen midden is nothing more nor less than a primeval refuse-heap. The term is the translation of the Scandinavian name, for, as it happens, these refuse-heaps are particularly large and abundant on some parts of the Danish coast. Practically, they are shell-mounds. Primeval man, when he lived upon the sea coast, made full use of the food which he found ready to hand. To be a fisherman requires some skill; but to gather mussels from the rocks may be done by the lowest savage. So "the first oyster" was an experiment of such a remote antiquity that we know not by what manner of men it was made. Perhaps they had not even gotten so far as to chip flints into shape; at any rate, in all probability their handicraft was very primitive, their notions of dress rudimentary. In Denmark, on the eastern coast, heaps of shells, of which the contents have been eaten, are by no means rare. Sir John Lubbock describes, in his "Pre-historic Times," one of the largest, at Mellgard, in northeast Jutland, as a great flat-topped mound, about ten feet thick in the middle, composed almost entirely of shells. These usually belong to four species—the oyster, the cockle, the mussel and the periwinkle, the first being the commonest at that particular place. All, it will be noticed, are still eaten, though the oyster, from an ordinary article of food, has become a luxury. Besides these, as might be expected in a refuse heap which, no doubt, was formed close to a settlement, other odds and ends are found, though much more rarely, such as bones of various beasts and birds, chipped flints or other stone implements, and fragments of a very coarse pottery. These relics belong to the Neolithic age—that is, to a time when men were sufficiently advanced to have acquired the art of making weapons of polished stone, though they were ignorant of the use of metals. Such refuse heaps are met with in other countries, more especially on the coasts of Wales, Scotland and Ireland, though they are usually smaller in size than those of Denmark. In them, more than once, the bones of the great auk have been found. Time has brought about its revenges. In those days the bird was, no doubt, valued, but simply because it was good to eat, and there was plenty of it. A hundred years ago sailors took exactly the same view as man in the Stone Age. Now it is difficult to imagine what price a specimen in the flesh would command; for in April, 1855, a bird of 350 guineas was refused for a skin, and at the same time an egg sold for 180 guineas.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION

THE Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition at Omaha has been thrown open and all the world is invited to see the great and varied resources of the great West. The culmination of the work of the past eighteen months has been reached and all is now ready for inspection.

It was a second past noon, Wednesday, when the wheels in Machinery Hall commenced to turn. President McKinley pressed a button in Washington and made the connection which started the machinery in motion. In an instant fifty bands sent forth sweet music, but were almost drowned by the cheers from thousands of



throats. Flags waved everywhere. As there was a lull in the cheers the great chimes in the dome of the Federal Building clanged out their greeting, and every musical instrument on the grounds changed its notes and "Columbia" stirred the vast multitude to its very center. This was the conclusion of the dedicatory exercises.

At 9 o'clock in the morning the civic parade started from the city to the grounds. It was five miles long, and hundreds of uniformed scout societies from Nebraska and the adjacent States were

winged and draped, is the principal exterior adornment of this building. In each of the twin buildings there are six galleries, two large and four small, for the hanging of the works of art. Every available inch of space on the walls has been allotted, and it has been found necessary to curtail the offerings.

The arch of States, the main entrance to the exposition grounds, is between the fine arts building and the structure devoted to displays classified under the liberal arts. Symbolical statuary is the exterior adornment on this building, "Prosperity," supported by "Labor" and "Integrity," being the features.

Next in order on the south side of the lagoon is the mines and mining building, in which are shown specimens of the riches that honeycomb the mountains of Colorado, Montana, Nevada and their sister States. The architecture is of the Greek Ionic order, the interior lighted by a circular dome 150 feet in circumference.

Last on the southern side of the lagoon is the auditorium building for the use of the great assemblages of the exposition, the concerts by the monster choruses and the performances of the musical masterpieces by organizations such as the Apollo Club of Chicago. The building is attractive in architectural design and has a seating capacity of 5,000.

Agriculture has the first place on the north side of the lagoon adjoining the government building. Adjoining it is the administration building. Manufactures is the next link in this great area of the arts and sciences. To the top of E. ROSEWATER, the crowning group of the Publicity building the distance is 85 feet. The exterior decorations are typical of the title of the building, 12 magnificent statues surrounding the grand entrance.

Most attractive of all the displays is housed in the electrical building, which adjoins manufactures. Here the latest and most ingenious of the products of American inventive brain are shown. The exhibits are not confined to America, but, of course, her citizens lead as they always

they contributed the money to pay for its construction. The exhibits include displays of fancy work for the women and pictures and objects of interest for the school children.

Another interesting building of the exposition is that for the housing of the transportation exhibit. Open air spaces are allotted for the display of agricultural implements in operation, farm fences, pumps and windmills. Plenty of ground space is set aside for the poultry coops, and small buildings are erected for the apiary and dairy displays. Several acres are given over to the dis-



play and explanation of methods and devices for the irrigation of the arid lands of the West and lectures by practical men to the farmer, telling them how to supplement nature with the devices and methods born of man's brain and thus securing greater results from the soil they cultivate.

An interesting feature of the fair will be "old soldiers' week," designed to be held during the week that President McKinley will attend the exposition. The exposition will close Nov. 1.

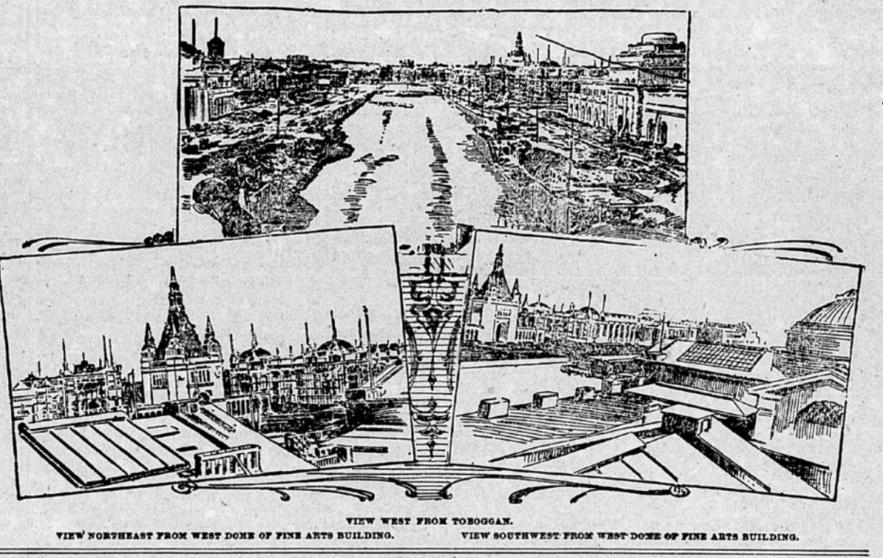
Command Offered W. J. Bryan.

Gov. Stephens of Missouri wired William J. Bryan tendering him the colonelcy of a regiment of volunteers. Mr. Bryan replied, stating that he appreciated the honor, but that there was a prospect that his regiment would be accepted, and he felt that his first duty was to the Nebraska boys.

To Increase Navy.

The Government has begun preliminary work on the largest program of naval construction ever attempted by this country. The naval board has reached an agreement on every salient feature of designs and bids will be immediately invited and contracts awarded for the construction of three first-class battleships,

SOME OMAHA EXPOSITION VIEWS.



represented. The entire city was decorated with flags and patriotic streamers, and the streets through which the column paraded were like a sea of the red, white and blue. President Gurdon W. Wattle in a carriage led the procession, followed by the directors and other officers of the exposition. The Marine Band of Washington led all music societies. A military display of 10,000 troops was expected, but the soldiers having been called away to fight the battles of their country, this feature had to be dropped.

In the great auditorium, Dr. Samuels, of St. Louis, assisted by a number of other prominent clergymen, delivered the official prayer. Nearly every exhibit was in place, and no half finished buildings or scaffolding were left to mar the beauty of the surroundings. More than a thousand men were engaged night and day on the grounds the past ten days in order that the exposition might be opened in its completeness.

Something of the Big Show.

Omaha's exposition is not a Chicago World's Fair in magnitude, but it is in magnificence. The grounds are a paradise of beauty and the buildings are magnificent in appearance. For the good results achieved the people of this city and State owe much to the president of the fair, Gurdon W. Wattle, and to his able corps of assistants, both men and women.

One of the pleasing features of the grounds is the beautiful lagoon into which the purified water of the Missouri River has been turned. At the western end of the lagoon is the Government building, a notable example of the Ionic style of architecture. It overlooks the entire lagoon, its main buildings being topped by a massive dome, surmounted by a heroic figure of "Liberty Enlightening the World." It is built in three sections and is 504 feet in length. The torch held aloft by "Liberty" is 178 feet from the ground. Immediately in front of this building is the water mirror built in the form of a trefoll, its ground edges being surrounded by an attractive peristyle.

Skirting the lagoon on the southern side are four of the main buildings of the exposition. On its northern side are three more and the smaller building devoted to the use of the boys and girls who come to see the West's great show. First on the southern side and adjoining the Government building is the structure devoted to exhibits of the fine arts, twin structures, each 90 by 130 feet, separated by a court inclosed by a peristyle. "Fame," female-

have done in devising man's means of making life more worth the living.

Around the lagoon on all of its four sides are pillars 15 feet high and about the same distance apart, each surmounted by a stud of a dozen incandescent lights. There are at least a hundred of these pillars, with 1,000 lights in all. These, added to the arc lights and incandescents studding the fronts of the buildings that line the lagoon, and the radiance shed from the windows of the buildings at night, make the court of honor at Omaha's exposition a feature of magnificent beauty and grandeur.

The boys and girls' building, the last on the north side of the lagoon, is really the woman's building of the exposition. It is 100 feet square and in its center a hall is provided for lectures and entertainments, interesting to mothers and instructive to the little ones. The building is named for the boys and girls of the West because

four harbor defense monitors and thirty torpedo boats, to be begun just as soon as shipbuilders are willing to undertake the work.

Steamer Pedro a Rich Prize.

The steamer Pedro, which was captured by the New York off Havana on April 21, was appraised at \$200,000 by the naval board.

Tamp, Tamp, Tamp.

"The boys are marching" to Tampa.

Cervera may now sing: "And the captain with the whiskers took a Schley glance at me."

And now the envelope trust is forming. Of course, it will stick to the letter of the law.

A regiment of "giants" has been recruited in Wyoming. Now look out for some tall fighting.

Having removed the wrapper from Manila the next thing to do is to knock the filler out of Havana.

Sagasta now remarks that he means to carry the war to the bitter end. What a lot of gall Sagasta has.

France has lost confidence in Spain since Admiral McGifty took charge of the don's fleet in Manila bay.

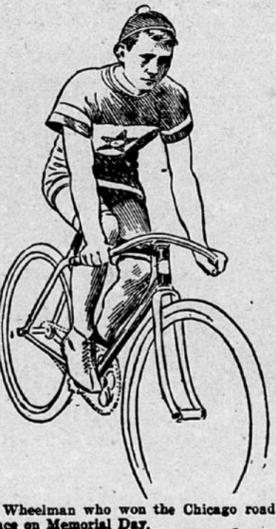
If Spain passes under military control Weyler is just the man for dictator. He can dictate to two typewriters at once.

When the United States gets the Philippines Germany may want Samoa. But Germany may want some more than she will get.

Those forty Krupp guns for Cadix that passed through the German custom houses as "kitchen furniture" may turn out to be sad iron for Germany.

In a recent interview Sagasta remarked: "There were plenty of skilled gunners at Manila." There were; but they fought under the Stars and Stripes.

So far the war has cost the United States \$105,000,000, and if Spain has anything she can pawn she would better start now for the nearest broker.



Wheelman who won the Chicago road race on Memorial Day.