They passed out at the small gate, and by the sounds that followed we guessed they were hoisting their burden into a cart. Presently they recrossed the path and entered the house, shutting the door after them.

"Now for it!" said I in Matt.'s ear. Gliding forward, I peeped out at the postern gate, but drew back like a shot.

I had almost run my head into a great black hearse, that stood there with the door open, backed against the gate, the heavy plumes nodding above it in the night wind.

Who held the horses I had not time to see; but, whispering to Matt to give me a leg up, clambered inside. "Quick!" I pulled him after, and crept forward. I wondered the man did not hear us; but by good luck the horses were restive, and by his maudlin talk to them I knew he was three parts drunk—on the funeral wines doubtless.

I crept along and found the tool chest stowed against the farther end; so, pulling it gently out, we got behind it. Though Matt. was the littlest man of my acquaintance, 'twas the work of the world to stow ourselves in such compass as to be hidden. By coiling up our limbs we managed it; but only just before I caught the glimmer of a light and heard the pair of rascals returning.

They came very slow, grumbling all the way; and, of course, I knew they carried the coffin.

"All right, Sim!" asked the minister.

"Ay," piped a squeaky voice by the horses' heads ('twas the shuffling stable boy)—"ay, but look sharp! Lord, what sounds I've heard! The devil's i' the hearse, for sure!"

"Now, Simmy," the one-eyed gaffer expostulated, "thou doesn't think the smoky king is a-took in, same as they poor folks up stairs? Tee-hee! Lord, what a trick!—to come for Master Tingcomb, an' find—aw dear! aw, bless my old ribs, what a thing is humor!"

"Shut up!" grunted the minister. The end of the coffin was tilted up into the hearse. "Push, old varmint!"

"Ay—push! push! Where be my young, active sinews? What a shriveled garment is all my comeliness! 'The devil inside,' says Simmy—haw, haw!"

"Burn the thing! 'twon't go in for the tool box. Push, thou cackling old worms!"

"Now so I be, but my natural strength is abated. 'Yo-heave ho!' like the salted seafardingers up stairs. Push! push!"

"Oh, my inwards!" groans poor Matt. under his breath, into whom the chest was squeezing sorely.

"Right at last!" says the minister. "Now, Simmy, my lad, hand the reins an' jump up. There's room, an' you'll be wanted."

The door was clapped to, the three rogues climbed upon the seat in front, and we started.

I hope I may never be called to pass such another half hour as that which followed. As soon as the wheels left turf for the hard road, 'twas jolt, jolt, all the way; and this lying mainly down hill, the chest and coffin came grinding into our ribs, and pressing till we could scarcely breathe. And I dared not climb out over them, for fear the fellows should hear us; their chuckling voices coming quite plain to us from the other side of the panel. I held out and comforted Matt. as well as I could, feeling sure we should find Master Tingcomb at our journey's end. Soon we climbed a hill, which eased us a little, but shortly after were bumping down again, and suffering worse than ever.

"Save us," moaned Matt.; "where will this end?"

The words were scarce out when we turned sharp to the right, with a jolt that shook our teeth together, rolled for a little while over smooth grass, and drew up.

I heard the fellows climbing down, and got my pistols out.

"Simmy," growled the minister, "where's the lantern?"

There was a minute or so of silence, and then the snapping of flint and steel and the sound of puffing.

"Lit, Simmy?"

"Ay, here 'tis."

"Fetch it along then."

The handle of the door was turned, and a light flashed into the hearse.

"Here, hold the lantern steady! Come hither, old Squeaks, and help wi' the end."

"Surely I will. Well was I called Young Look-alive when a gay, fleeting boy. Simmy, my son, thou'rt sadly drunken. O youth, youth! Thou wine bibber, hold the light steady, or I'll tell thy mammy!"

"Oh, sir, I do mortally dread the devil an' all his works!"

"Now, if ever! 'The devil,' says he—an' Master Tingcomb still livin', an' in his own house awaitin' us!"

Be sure, his words were as good as a slap in the face to me. For I had counted the hearse to lead me straight to Master Tingcomb himself. "In his own house," too! A fright seized me for Delia. But first I must deal with these scoundrels, who were already dragging out the coffin.

"Steady there!" calls the minister. The coffin was more than half way outside. I leveled my pistol over the edge of the tool chest and fetched a yell fit to wake a ghost—at the same time letting fly straight for the minister.

In the flash of the discharge I saw him, half turned, his eyes staring and mouth agape. He clapped his hand to his shoulder. On top of his wild shriek broke out a chorus of screams and oaths, in the middle of which the coffin tilted up and went over with a crash. "Satan! Satan!" bawled Simmy, and, dropping the lantern, took to his heels for dear life. At the same moment the horses took fright, and before I could scramble out we were tearing madly away over the turf and into the darkness. I had made a sad mess of it.

It must have been a full minute before the hedge turned them, and gave me time to drop out at the back and run to their heads. Matt. Soames was after me, quick as thought, and very soon we mastered them, and gathering up the reins from between their legs, led them back. As luck would have it, the lantern had not been quenched by the fall, but lay flaring, and so guided us. Also a curious bright radiance seemed growing on the sky, for which I could not account. The three knaves were nowhere to be seen, but I heard their footsteps scampering in the distance, and Simmy still yelling "Satan!" I knew my bullet had hit the minister; but he got away, and I never set eyes on any of the three again.

Leaving Matt. to mind the horses, I caught up the lantern and looked about me. As well as could be seen, we were in a narrow meadow between two hills, whereof the black slopes rose high above us. Some paces to the right my ear caught the noise of a stream running.

I turned the lantern on the coffin, which lay face downwards, and with a gasp took in the game those precious rogues had been playing. For, with the fall of it, the boards (being but thin) were burst clean asunder; and on both sides had tumbled out silver cups, silver saltcellars, silver plates and dishes, that, in the lantern's rays, sparkled prettily on the turf. The coffin, in short, was stuffed with Delia's silverware.

I had picked up a great flagon, and was turning it over to read the inscription when Matt. Soames called to me and pointed over the hill in front. Above it the whole sky was red and glowing.

"Sure," said he, "'tis a fire out yonder!"

"God help us, Matt.—'tis the House of Gleys!"

It took but two minutes to toss the silver back into the hearse. I clapped to the door, and, snatching the reins, sprang upon the driver's seat.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE LEDGE.

We had some ado to find the gate; but no sooner were through, and upon the high road, than I lashed the horses up the hill at a gallop. To guide us between the dark hedges we had only one lantern and the glare ahead. The dishes and the cups clashed and rattled as the hearse bumped in the ruts, swaying wildly; a dozen times Matt. was near being pitched clean out of his seat. With my legs planted firm, I flogged away like a madman, and like mad creatures the horses tore upward.

On the summit a glance showed us all—the wild, crimsoned sky—the sea running with lines of fire—and against it the inky headland whereon the House of Gleys flared like a beacon. Already from one wing—our wing—a leaping column of flame whirled up through the roof, and was swept seaward in smoke and sparks. I marked the coast line, the cliff tracks, the masts and hull of the Godsend standing out clear as day; and nearer, the yellow light flickering over the fields of young corn. We saw all this and then were plunging down hill, with the blaze full ahead of us. The heavy reek of it was flung in our nostrils as we galloped.

At the bottom we caught up a group of men running. 'Twas a boatload come from the ship to help. As our horses swept past them one or two came to a terrified halt; but presently were running hard again after us.

The great gate stood open. I drove straight into the bright lit yard, shouting, "Delia! —where is Delia?"

"Here!" called a voice; and from a group that stood under the glare of the window came my dear mistress running.

"All safe, Jack! But what"— She drew back from our strange equipage.

"All in good time. First tell me—how came the fire?"

"Why, foul work, as it seems. All I know is I was sleeping, and awoke to hear the black seaman hammering on my door. Jumping up, I found the room full of smoke, and escaped. The rooms beneath, they say, were stuffed with straw, and the yard outside heaped also with straw, and blazing. Ben Halliday found two oil jars lying there"—

"Are the horses out?"

"Oh, Jack—I do not know! Shame on me to forget them!"

I ran towards the stable. Already the roof was ablaze, and the straw yard beyond, a very furnace. Rushing in I found the two horses cowering in their stalls, bathed in sweat, and squealing. But 'twas all fright. So I fetched Molly's saddle and spoke to her, and set it across her back, and the sweet thing was quiet in a moment, turning her head to rub my sleeve gently with her muzzle, and followed me out like a lamb. The bay gave more trouble, but I soothed him in the same manner, and, patting his neck, led him, too, into safety.

I had fastened the horses by the gate and was ready to join in the work when a shout was raised:

"Billy! Where's Billy Pottery? Has any seen the skipper?"

"Sure," I called, "you don't say he was never alarmed!"

"Black Sampson was in his room—where's Black Sampson?"

"Here I be!" cried a voice. "To be sure I woke the skipper before any o' ye."

"Then where's he hid? Did any see him come out?"

"Now, that we have not!" answered one or two.

I stood by the house door shouting these questions to the men inside, when a hand was laid on my arm, and there in the shadow waited Billy himself, with a mighty curious twinkle in his eye. He put a finger up and signed that I should follow.

We passed round the outbuildings where, three hours before, Matt. Soames and I had hid together. I was minded to stop and pull on my boots, that were hid here; but (and this was afterwards the saving of me) on second thought let them lie, and followed Billy, who now led me out the postern gate.

Without speech we stepped across the turf, he a pace or two ahead. A night breeze was blowing here, delicious after the heat of the fire. We were walking quickly towards the east side of the headland, and soon the blaze behind flung our shadows right to the cliff's edge, for which Billy made straight, as if to fling himself over.

But when, at the very verge, he pulled up, I became enlightened. At our feet was an iron bar driven into the soil, and to it a stout rope knotted, that ran over a block and disappeared down the cliff. I knelt, and, pulling at it softly, looked up. It came easy in the hand.

Billy, with the glare in his face, nodded; and, bending to my ear, for once achieved a whisper.

"Saw one stealing hither—an' followed. A man wi' a limp foot—went over the side like a cat."

I must have appeared to doubt this good fortune, for he added:

"Be a truth speakin' man i' the main, Jack—lay over 'pon my belly, and spied a ledge—fifty feet down or less—reckon there be a way thence to the foot. Dear, now! what a rampin', tearin' sweat is this!"

For, as fast as I could tug, I was hauling up the rope. Nearly sixty feet came up before I reached the end—a thick twisted knot. I rove a long noose, pulled it over my head and shoulders, and made Billy understand he was to lower me.

"Sit i' the noose, lad, an' hold round the knot. For sign to hoist again, tug the rope hard. I can hold."

He paid it out carefully while I stepped to the edge. With the noose around my loins I thrust myself gently over, and in a trice hung swaying.

On three sides the sky compassed me—wild and red, save where to eastward the dawn was paling; on the fourth the dark rocky face seemed gliding upward as Billy lowered. Far below I heard the wash of the sea, and could just spy the white spume of it glimmering. It stole some of the heart out of me, and I took my eyes off it.

Some feet below the top, the cliff fetched a slant inward, so that I dangled a full three feet out from the face. As a boy I had adventured something of this sort on the north sides of Gable and the Pillar, and once (after a nest of eaglets) on the Mickledore cliffs; but then 'twas daylight. Now, though I saw the ledge under me, about a third of the way down, it looked, in the darkness, to be so extremely narrow that 'tis probable I should have called out to Billy to draw me up but for the certainty that he would never hear; so, instead, I held very tight and wished it over.

Down I swayed (Billy letting out the rope very steadily), and at last swung myself inward to the ledge, gained a footing and took a glance round before slipping off the rope.

I stood on a shelf of sandy rock that wound round the cliff some way to my left and then, as I thought, broke sharply away. 'Twas mainly about a yard in width, but in places no more than two feet. In the growing light I noted the face of the headland ribbed with several of these ledges, of varying length, but all hollowed away underneath (as I suppose by the sea in former ages), so that the cliff's summit overhung the base by a great way, and peering over I saw the waves creeping right beneath me.

Now all this while I had not let Master Tingcomb out of my mind. So I slipped off the rope and left it dangle, while I crept forward to explore, keeping well against the rock and planting my feet with great caution.

I believe I was twenty minutes taking as many steps, when at the point where the ledge broke off I saw the ends of an iron ladder sticking up, and close beside it a great hole in the rock, which till now the curve of the cliff had hid. The latter no doubt stood on a second shelf below.

I was pausing to consider this, when a bright ray streamed across the sea towards me, and the red rim of the sun rose out of the waters, outfacing the glow on the headland, and rending the film of smoke that hung like a curtain about the horizon. 'Twas as if by alchemy that the red ripples melted to gold; and I stood watching with a child's delight.

I heard the sound of a footstep, and faced round.

Before me, not six paces off, stood Hannibal Tingcomb.

He was issuing from the hole with a sack on his shoulder, and sneaking to descend the steps, when he threw a glance behind—and saw me!

Neither spoke. With a face gray as ashes he turned very slowly, until in the unnatural light we looked straight into each other's eyes. His never blinked, but stared—stared horribly, while the veins swelled black on his forehead and his lips worked, attempting speech. No words came—only a long drawn sob, deep down in his throat.

And then, letting slip the sack, he flung his arms up, ran a pace or two towards me, and tumbled on his face in a fit. His left shoulder hung over the verge; his legs slipped. In a trice he was hanging by his arms, his old distorted face turned up, and a froth about his lips. I made a step to save him, and then jumped back, flattening myself against the rock.

The ledge was breaking.

I saw a seam gape at my feet. I saw it widen and spread to right and left. I heard a ripping, rending noise—a rush of stones and earth; and, clawing the air, with a wild screech, Master Tingcomb pitched backward, head over heels, into space.

Then followed silence; then a horrible splash as he struck the water, far below; then again a slipping and trickling, as more of the ledge broke away—at first a pebble or two sliding—a dribble of earth—next, a crash and a cloud of dust. A last stone ran loose and drummed. Then fell a silence so deep I could catch the roar of the flames on the hill behind.

Standing there, my arms thrown back and fingers spread against the rock, I saw a wave run out, widen, and lose itself on the face of the sea. Under my feet but eight inches of the cornice remained. My toes stuck forward over the gulf.

A score of startled gulls with their cries called me to myself. I opened my eyes, that had shut in sheer giddiness. Close on my left the ledge was broke back to the very base, cutting me off by twelve feet from that part where the ladder still rested. No man could jump it, standing. To the right there was no gap; but in one place only was the footing over ten inches wide, and at the end my rope hung over the sea, a good yard away from the edge.

I shut my eyes and shouted.

There was no answer. In the dead stillness I could hear the rafters falling in the House of Gleys, and the shouts of the men at work. The Godsend lay around the point, out of sight. And Billy, deaf as a stone, sat, no doubt, by his rope, placidly waiting my signal.

I screamed again and again. The rock flung my voice seaward. Across the summit, vaulted above, there drifted a puff of brown smoke. No one heard.

A while of weakness followed. My brain reeled; my fingers dug into the rock behind till they bled. I bent forward—forward over the heaving mist, through which the sea crawled like a snake. It beckoned me down, that crawling water.

I stiffened my knees, and the faintness passed. I must not look down again. It flashed on me that Delia had called me weak, and I hardened my heart to fight it out. I would face round to the cliff and work towards the rope.

All the way I kept shouting, and so, for half an hour, inch by inch, shuffled forward until I stood under the rope. Then I had to turn again.

The rock, though still overarching, here pressed out less than before, so that, working round on the ball of my foot, I managed pretty easily. But how to get the rope? As I said, it hung a good yard beyond the ledge, the noose dangling some two feet below it. With my finger tips against the cliff, I leaned out and clutched at it. I missed it by a foot. "Shall I jump?" thought I, "or bide here till help comes?"

'Twas a giddy, awful leap. But the black horror was at my heels now. In a minute more 'twould have me, and then my fall was certain. I called up Delia's face as she had taunted me. I bent my knees, and, leaving my hold of the rock, sprang forward—out, over the sea.

I saw it twinkle, fathoms below. My right hand touched—grasped the rope; then my left, as I swung far out upon it. I slipped an inch—three inches—then held, swaying wildly. My foot was in the noose. I heard a shout above, and, as I dropped to a sitting posture, the rope began to rise.

"Quick! Oh, Billy, pull quick!"

He could not hear, yet tugged like a Trojan.

"Now, here's a time to keep a man sittin'!" he shouted, as he caught my hand and pulled me full length on the turf. "Why, lad—hast seen a ghost?"

There was no answer. The black horror had overtaken me at last.

They carried me to a shed in the great court of Gleys, and set me on straw; and there, till far into the afternoon, I lay betwixt swooning and trembling, while Delia bathed my head in water from the sea, for no other was to be had. And about 4 in the afternoon the horror left me, so that I sat up and told my story pretty steadily.

"What of the house?" I asked, when the tale was done, and a company sent to search the east cliff from the beach.

"All perished!" said Delia, and then, smiling, "I am houseless as ever, Jack."

"And have the same good friends."

"That's true. But listen—for while you have lain here, Billy and I have put our heads together. He is bound for Brest, he says, and has agreed to take me and such poor chattels as are saved to Brittany, where I know my mother's kin will have a welcome for me, until these troubles be passed. Already the half of my goods is aboard the Godsend, and a letter writ to Sir Bevill, begging him to appoint an honest man as my steward. What think you of the plan?"

"It seems a good plan," I answered slowly; "the England that now is, is no place for a woman. When do you sail?"

"As soon as you are recovered, Jack."

"Then that's now." I got on my feet and drew on my boots (that Matt. Soames had found in the laurel bushes and brought). My knees trembled a bit, but nothing to matter.

"Art looking downcast, Jack."

Said I, "How else should I look, that am to lose thee in an hour or more?"

She made no reply to this, but turned away to give an order to the sailors.

The last of Delia's furniture was hardly aboard, when we heard great shouts of joy, and saw the men returning that had gone to search the cliff. They bore between them three large oak coffers, which, being broke, we came on an immense deal of old plate and jewels, besides over £200 in coined money. There were two more left behind, they said, besides several small bags of gold. The path up the cliff was hard to climb, and would have been impossible but for the iron ladder they found ready fixed for Master Tingcomb's descent. In the hole (that could not be seen from the beach, the shelf hiding it) was tackle for lowering the chest; and below a boat moored, and now left high and dry by the tide. Doubtless, the arch rascal had waited for his comrades to return, whom Matt. Soames and I had scared out of all stomach to do so. His body was nowhere found. The sea had washed it off; but the sack they recovered, and found to hold the choicest of Delia's heir looms. Within an hour the remaining coffers and the money bags were safe in the vessel's hold.

The sun was setting as Delia and I stood on the beach beside the boat that was to take her from me. Aboard the Godsend I could hear the anchor lifting, and the men singing, as, holding Molly's bridle, I held out my hand to the dear maid who with me had shared so many a peril.

"Is there any more to come?" she asked.

"No," said I, and God knows my heart was heavy; "nothing to come but 'Farewell!'"

She laid her small hand in my big palm, and, glancing up, said very pretty and demure:

"And shall I leave my best? Wilt not come, too, dear Jack?"

"Delia!" I stammered. "What is this? I thought you loved me not."

"And so did I, Jack; and, thinking so, I found I loved thee better than ever. Fie on thee, now! May not a maid change her mind without being forced to such unseemly, brazen words?" And she heaved a mock sigh.

But as I stood and held that little hand, I seemed across the very mist of happiness to read a sentence written, and spoke it, perforce and slow, as with another man's mouth:

"Delia, you only have I loved, and will love! Blithe would I be to live with you, and to serve you would blithely die. In sorrow, then, call for me, or in trust abide me. But go with you now I may not."

She lifted her eyes, and looking full into mine, repeated slowly the verse we had read at our first meeting:

"In a wife's lap, as in a grave,
Man's airy notions mix with earth.

Thou hast found it, sweetheart—thou hast found the Splendid Spur!"

She broke off, and clapped her hands together very merrily; and then, as a tear started:

"But thou'lt come for me ere long, Jack! Else I am sure to blame some other woman. Stay"—

She drew off her ring, and slipped it on my little finger.

"There's my token! Now give me one to weep and be glad over."

Having no trinkets I gave my glove, and she kissed it twice and put it in her bosom.

"I have no need of this ring," said I, "for look!" and I drew forth the lock I had cut from her dear head that morning among the alders by Kennet side, and worn ever since over my heart. "Wilt marry no man till I come?"

"Now, that's too hard a promise," said she, laughing and shaking her curls.

"Too hard?"

"Why, of course. Listen, sweetheart—a true woman will not change her mind; but, oh! she dearly loves to be able to! So, hating this, here's my hand upon it—now, fie, Jack! and before all these mariners!—well, then, if thou must"—

I watched her standing in the stern and waving till she was under the Godsend's side, then turned and mounting Molly rode inland to the wars.

THE END.

Where Patriotism Is Taught.

Illinois floats a flag over every schoolhouse in her borders and requires every child of school age to attend school unless ill. The coming generation in Illinois will be patriotic and intelligent. The same advance in the idea of education in patriotism is fortunately being made in other states as well.—Watertown Times.

BELLES OF BALTIMORE.

A GROUP OF RARELY BEAUTIFUL MAIDS AND MATRONS.

The Loveliness of Three Charming Girls Contrasted with That of Three Married Ladies—Baltimore Is Like Paris in One Respect.

MRS. JESSIE TYSON.

Although the Monumental City has numerous superb beauties, there are a half dozen to whom society with common consent awards the palm. They are the three young matrons, Mrs. Jesse Tyson, Mrs. Alexander Brown, Mrs. Frank Brown, and the three maidens, Miss Adele Horwitz, Miss Rebecca Williams and Miss Lota Robinson. Other lovely Baltimoreans are Mrs. Alfred Ritchie, she who was Virginia Cabell, Richmond's famous beauty; Mrs. John Van Bibber, one time Mollie Lusby, with amber eyes and rich brown hair; Mrs. William Yates Perot, brunette, and dashing Lillie May, once the fiancee of James Gordon Bennett, and Louise Morris, the loveliest debutante of the past season.

Baltimore is like Paris in that young married women rule society and receive the homage of the tremendous swells, who pass the artless debutantes by. A young matron whom no maiden can rival is Mrs. Jesse Tyson. Tennyson saw no lovelier in his "Dream of Fair Women." As Miss Johns, of a family patrician and old, she had hardly the success of a modern belle. Every one knew

MRS. ALEXANDER BROWN.

her to be wonderfully pretty, but she was shy, and it was not until her engagement to the wealthy bachelor, Mr. Jesse Tyson, was announced that they awoke to the fact that the loveliest maiden of the season was to be wed. Mr. Tyson was worth a million or two, and two generations of belles would willingly have laid their hearts at his feet.

Miss Johns was scarcely 18 when the marriage took place. There was a year's sojourn on the continent, and when a year ago Mr. and Mrs. Tyson returned to their stately home, Baltimoreans found that the bride was even lovelier than the debutante. Rather short, but with a perfect figure, an oval face, exquisitely modeled; masses of black hair, dark eyes, soft rather than sparkling; a mouth tender and wistful, of a manner matchless in its dignity—that is the picture of the young matron whom men admire and women commend.

Her voice has the frankness of a child's and the peculiar controlled quality of a high bred woman's. The picture of her given here is by a London artist, and in it her chief beauties, color and expression cannot be shown. Her cheeks are of as glowing red as

MRS. FRANK BROWN.

the rare Ulrich Brunner rose, and her expression is at once modest and appealing.

It has been said that Baltimore's beautiful women look alike, either being fair and lily like or unfathomably brunette. Mrs. Alexander Brown, though not resembling Mrs. Tyson in feature, produces the same effect on the eye, for they both have the same black hair, dark eyes and rich coloring. Mrs. Brown has been married seven years and has two lovely little daughters.

She was Miss Bessie Montagu, Baltimore born and bred, but many men outside her own city were her suitors, and it was said that two or three New York millionaires felt chagrined when they heard that the belle of Baltimore had chosen to marry in her own city. Mr. Alexander Brown is connected with the widely known banking house of Brown & Co., and is the only son of the senior member. Mrs. Alexander Brown looks like a girl of 18. Her figure is fairly perfect, her arms and throat being white, firm and rounded. She wears her black hair a la Bretonne, uncurled and shaped to the forehead. Not satisfied with dowering her with beauty, Nature has given her quick wit, and she is a most excellent dinner companion, quick as lightning in her repartee and—a strange quality in a woman—a good raconteur.

Mrs. Frank Brown, wife of the postmaster of Baltimore, has for several years been considered one of that city's prettiest women. She is of medium height, of a beautifully rounded figure, with a face fair, dimpled and humor loving. Some of the finest entertainments in Baltimore have been given at her magnificent home on Charles street. She is a perfect hostess and popular. She leaves shortly for Europe, where she will remain eighteen months.

The most talked of beauty in the Monumental City is Adele Horwitz. She has a reputation as assured as that of Marion Langdon or Sallie Hargous in New York, and she has won her laurels as the Baltimore beauty par excellence in Philadelphia, Narragansett Pier and Bar Harbor. She is the only daughter of B. F. Horwitz, a prominent business man of Baltimore, and through her mother, who was the daughter of the world known physician, Dr. Gross, she is connected with the best Philadelphia and Kentucky families. She is tall, fairly slender, and royally carries a head of marvelous beauty on her white shoulders.

The coloring of that head is equal to its grace, for it is produced by the palest rose of the cheeks and the golden brown of the hair. Her color is never high, but always of that pale tint seen in the hedge rose. Eyes blue and well opened, brows arched, nose fine and

MISS ADELE HORWITZ.

small, and a riante mouth make up the other attributes of the beautiful Miss Horwitz. She has the well groomed look of a high bred English girl, but dresses in the quite fetching fashion of a French maiden. Two years ago, when she made her debut, even Baltimore was taken by storm, for her mother, a witty, brilliant woman, gave a series of entertainments in her honor.

There was a luncheon for ladies, a large theatre party the same night and a bal poudre the following evening, and by the three was Mlle. Adele successfully launched.

She was seen last winter at the Assembly in Philadelphia and at several other balls in the Quaker City, and was also one of the riders at the Dumblane hunt in Washington, where several little dinners were given in her honor.

A girl who is considered very lovely in Baltimore is Miss Rebecca Williams, the daughter of an old and wealthy family who have lived for half a century in a fine brownstone on the historic Mount Vernon Place. Miss Williams has been an invalid for a year past, but her illness has only seemed to idealize and make her more lovely. She is of the

MISS REBECCA WILLIAMS.

second Baltimore type, that of the pale blonde. In addition to the beauty of soft blue eyes and fair hair, she has as lovely mouth and teeth as one ever sees and a peculiarly winning expression.

She is one of the few lovely American girls whom the great French portrait painter, Alexander Cabanel, consented to paint, and the picture used here is copied from it. At the time she posed for the portrait she was ill, and it shows her more fragile than she is, and with dark circles under the eyes. Miss Williams inherits her beauty, for a Healy portrait of her mother shows her to have been a rarely beautiful woman of the same soft, refined type as the daughter. Both her father and mother are dead, and it is through the former that she is related to the Bonapartes. A younger sister, Miss Charlotte, is counted among Baltimore's pretty girls. Her face is piquant and charming and she has an exquisitely rounded figure.

MISS LOTA ROBINSON.

Not strictly beautiful, but with an arch and vivacious manner that makes her particularly attractive, is Miss Lota Robinson, daughter of Mrs. John M. Robinson, one of the most famous society leaders Baltimore has had in many a day. Miss Robinson is tall, gracefully formed, and dresses in a style peculiarly becoming to a brunette. She is a bit dashing and daring in her dress, but her conservative city seems to like the change from more demure beauties, and she is universally popular.

CAROLINE SEYTON PEPPER.

A Leading Question.

"Which would you rather be, a knave or a fool?" asked Idealous.

"I don't know," replied Cynicus. "What has been your experience?"—New York Sun.

Nature's Gifts.

Some girls to get a coach and pair,
Make an obnoxious marriage;
Still single maidens poor but fair
Have in their gait, their pose, their air,
A more becoming carriage.
—Exchange.

An Interesting Experiment.

He—Cruel one! So you refuse me! I am tempted to blow out my brains.

She—Go ahead. I am curious to see whether you have any.—Burlington Free Press.

A Preliminary Step.

Travis—I hear that De Smith is going to Bagdad.

Bloodgood (eagerly)—Has he bagged the girl?—Burlington Free Press.

A Flat Failure.

You ask me why I love you, dear,
And why my heart doth glow,
Whenever [illegible] you appear?
I'm sure I do not know."
—Harper's Bazar.

A MONSTER OF THE AIR.

THE HAVOC WROUGHT BY THE TORNADO'S DEADLY SWEEP.

A Force of Nature That Cannot Be Eliminated or Controlled—How to Avoid Danger—The Recent Horror at Louisville.

Death wears no more hideous and appalling shape than when garbed with mystery and darkness. Before the lightning's fury the man will quail who has laughed at the leaden rain of battle and stormed his way to the

1. City hall. 2. Union depot. 3. St. Patrick's church.

TRACK OF THE STORM THROUGH LOUISVILLE.

fiercely defended heights of Lookout. The red Indian dies at the stake, defiant, eagle eyed and undaunted to the last, but a toothache, the reason for which he cannot understand, makes him cry. In the face of nature's awful and unexpected wrath the iron nerved grow weak and the cool headed frantic. So, when the other evening the mad might of the whirlwind was hurled down upon the fair city of Louisville it is no wonder that the first sensations were those of panic and dread unutterable. But as to the crash of falling buildings succeeded the cries of the wounded, brave hearts and willing hands were not found wanting to meet the unparalleled emergency, and through the dismal hours till dawn to urge the labor of rescue by the light of blazing structures wherein fire was completing the work begun by the wind.

The scene after the storm was heartrending, heroic, sublime, American.

Probably no tornado ever did such swift and deadly work on this continent as the one which chose Louisville for the central object of its wrath. It was of a peculiar nature and defied in many respects the laws laid down as governing these natural phenomena. It has generally been held that a city of respectable size would turn a wind no matter how fierce. This is now disproved. The maximum width of previous tornadoes was placed at fifty yards. The Louisville blast extended from side to side a full half mile. Former visitations of the "cyclone belt" have taken place almost exclusively in the afternoon. The latest horror had an extra terror added to it

THE STORM CENTER.

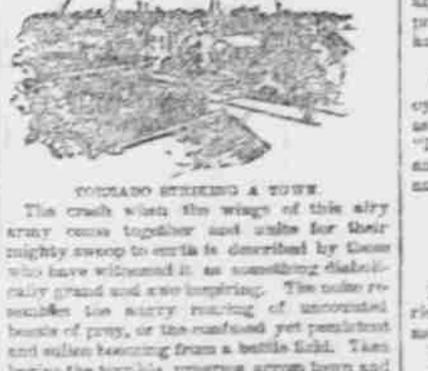
The black dots indicate the location of previous tornadoes recorded in the south-central west. This diagram is taken from Lieut. Finley's book on storms.

by a pall of darkness. In a word, it was unique, both as to the conditions surrounding it and the frightful loss of life and property for which it is responsible.

Louisville was founded in 1778 and incorporated as a city in 1828. It has never before met with a serious disaster, that is, serious as compared with the recent horror. The calamity which has fallen upon the metropolis of Kentucky naturally brings up anew the question: What can be done to safeguard the future? A reply may be given in these words:

"The populous region of the United States is forever doomed to the devastation of the tornado. As certain as night follows day is the formation of the funnel shaped cloud."

This is the deliberate conclusion reached by Lieut. John P. Finley, U. S. A., after years of careful attention paid to the subject of atmospheric phenomena. But he declares if the danger cannot be averted it is among the possibilities at least to escape the extreme effects of its wrath. There are many premonitory signs which denote with almost absolute certainty the approach of a tornado, such as an oppressive, enervating air, the peculiar and unusual silence of birds, the uneasiness of domestic animals and the development of cowardly traits in breeds of dogs usually ferocious, like the mastiff or the bulldog. Human beings feel weighed down with an indefinable premonition of some impending evil. The sultriness of the day continues, but in the hitherto clear and coppery sky great banks of clouds appear, generally one in the southwest and another in the northwest or northeast, moving towards each other. They are entirely different in aspect from the ordinary heralds of a summer storm. They may resemble the thick smoke from a burning building, or a bank of fog or steam, or, if heavy and dark, take on a greenish hue, which presages the quick coming of a fierce and irresistible elemental foe. Sometimes nature marshals these forces of destruction in solid and heavy masses; again they roll up lightly, but black and frowning as the darkest midnight.



TORNADO STRIKING A TOWN.

The crash when the wings of this airy army come together and unite for their mighty swoop to earth is described by those who have witnessed it as something diabolically grand and awe inspiring. The noise resembles the angry roaring of uncounted beasts of prey, or the confused yet persistent and sullen booming from a battle field. Then begins the terrible progress across town and village, the country side and city. The huge demon of the air leaps with giant strides from ridge to ridge, or else chooses some river valley for its route and rushes onward over its appointed course, leaving behind a pathway marked by ruin, desolation and death.

Nothing can stop the tornado save the exhaustion of its own inherent forces, therefore those who have studied the phenomenon have directed their efforts to discovering the laws governing its birth, course and velocity so as to formulate rules for minimizing its destructiveness. Speaking unscientifically, a tornado may be said to have its origin in and be maintained by well defined upward movements of air over a limited area at the center of disturbance. The whirling motion of the dreaded funnel shaped cloud depends upon a pre-existing disturbed and gyrating state of the atmosphere. To illustrate this one might take a glass funnel, large at the top and with a small lower aperture. Fill this with water, [illegible] bottom, and the liquid will run out with no rotary disturbance. But a slight circular movement of the finger at the surface will set the water whirling as it falls with all the semblance of a miniature tornado. Says Lieut. Finley:

"The tornado with hardly an exception occurs in the afternoon, just after the hottest part of the day, and generally disappears before the going down of the sun. The hour of greatest frequency is between 3 and 4 p. m. A tornado very rarely, if ever, begins after 6 p. m., but a tornado commencing about 5 p. m. may continue its characteristic violence until nearly 8 p. m., which only means that the tornado cloud may be traveling after 6 p. m., but it does not develop, that is, make its appearance for the first time, after those hours."

Its usual track is from southwest to northeast, its velocity forty to seventy miles an hour, and its width from fifty yards to fifty rods. The tornado season is embraced between March and October. The months of greatest occurrence are May and July. In the southern states tornadoes are sometimes known during the winter and spring months. Kansas and Missouri rank highest in regard to frequency of all the states of the Union.

In the practical application of this knowledge lies its value. If a person lives in a region where tornadoes are to be expected, his best refuge in time of need is a specially

LOUISVILLE TOBACCO WAREHOUSE.

prepared cave situated on the west side of the house. If there is no such retreat, and no time to get from the building, he should avoid taking a position in a northeast room, a northeast corner, an east room, or against an east wall. The tornado creates a vacuum outside, and the air inside a closed house expands at the removal of the ordinary pressure, causing demolition by explosion. To prevent this, close all the doors and windows on the side toward the coming storm and open those on the side away from the storm. A frame building is safer than one of bricks or stone, because it is more elastic, holds together longer, and does not so readily crumble and separate into falling masses.

If one has no appropriate shelter at hand he should run either north or south, preferably to the north. Whichever way he flies he will have to face a wind, as the approaching whirl pulls all the air to itself. If there is no other way to avoid the swift rushing terror the person in danger should throw himself face down on the ground, head to the east, and cover the head with the arms. Beware the neighborhood of a tree or stump, and seek a ditch or depression in the ground.

A great many plans have been suggested for breaking the force of a tornado, but none of them is feasible, as the storm is controlled by forces far above the ground. The impression that electricity is responsible for whirling storms is erroneous. Electricity is the effect, not the cause of the tornado.

THE COURT HOUSE.

The map entitled "the storm center" shows the region in which the recent whirlwind displayed its most virulent activity, and indicates the location of former storms of a similar nature, and two of the illustrations are of substantial structures destroyed at Louisville.

FRED C. DAYTON.

Beauty and Utility in Architecture.

Each day the spirit of the age seems not only to sanction, but also to demand with ever increasing insistence the union of the beautiful with the useful. This applies, among other things, to architectural and engineering designs. It involves no more expense—so experts say—to build a house or barn with an attractive exterior than one that only satisfies the requirements for room and comfort and in outline looks uncompromisingly ugly. The same proposition applies to more pretentious structures erected by municipalities or by private citizens for public use. Among these latter are to be numbered water towers. It has been the rule, until recently, to regard the necessary but unadorned iron cylinder as fulfilling all requirements.

Of late, however, the residents of cities, including those who are compelled to gaze daily upon an unsightly tower, have come to the conclusion that lofty structures of this class may be made ornaments to the landscape instead of blots. Not long ago the existence of a general but unformed popular opinion in this respect was recognized by Mr. Henry C. Meyer, editor of The New York Engineering and Building Record, and at his own expense he opened a competition for designs for a [illegible] pumping station and a water tower. Over fifty architects responded, and the results attained far exceeded what had been expected. The first prize went to a Milwaukee competitor, the second to a resident of Brooklyn, and the third and fourth to Boston architects. Outside the technical excellence displayed, the chief point regarded as gained by the competition is that of wedding beauty to utility. It was shown that it costs little or nothing more to build a water tower architecturally handsome than one phenomenally hideous.

Monte Carlo outwardly is one of the most beautiful and attractive places in Europe, but more suicides occur there than at any of the capitals of Europe. The great gaming establishment is responsible for an untold amount of misery, and every gold piece of profit might almost be said to be wet with human blood.

The tradition that links the letter R and oysters together can be traced back at least as far as 1599, when Butler wrote in his "Dyet's Dry Dinner:" "It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an R in their name to eat an oyster."

LIGHT AND AIRY.

A Society Mystery.

Mrs. De Fashion—So Clara Prettyface married Mr. Noble. Why, he's poor as a church mouse.

Mrs. De Style—No prospects either.

Mrs. Highup—Nor and no family.

Mrs. Wayup—What on earth could she have married him for?

Mrs. Tiptop—It's the greatest mystery.

Mrs. Topnotch—Yes, everybody in society is puzzled over it, but it seems impossible to solve the problem.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Noble (in parlor car of fast express train)—My darling, why did you marry me?

The Bride—Because I love you.—New York Weekly.

The Last Hope.

She (archly, after having accepted him at last)—Suppose I had said "no?"

He (with a shudder)—It would have been terrible.

She (smiling tenderly upon him)—Do you really love me so much, dear?

He—It isn't exactly that, only I had proposed to Maggie Brown and Kitty Cutes, and both had refused me, so you were my last hope.—Philadelphia Press.