# NEWS AND VIEWS OF WOMEN

## ITS HONOR STUDENTS.

### Seventy-one on Normal College List —Awards of Prizes.

At the Normal College of the City of New-York there is the usual pre-commencement stir and excitement. The eyes of the senior class, numbering about five hundred and fifty young women, are turning with anticipation or dread, with joy, and in some cases with intense regret, to the evening of the 17th, when in Carnegie Hall before an audience of relatives, admirers, educators, the Board of Education, the faculty and the public they will receive their diplomas and their degrees, and say a formal goodby to their student days and their alma mater.

The present graduating class is a very large one. In fact, if not the largest ever graduated from the institution, as one of the faculty declared it to be, it is one of the largest. At the commencement exercises the salutatorian will be Miss Evelyn Grace Flynn, while Miss Florence Edna Bassett will pronounce the valedictory. The appointment of the valedictorian and the salutatorian is done with the greatest care and judgment at the Normal College. Of the many girls whose abilities and achievements seem equally meritorious, it is the aim to choose those who will most satisfactorily represent the class on an occasion of public importance, when a good voice and effective stage presence are essential. A girl whose voice would not carry thirty feet from the stage on which she stood would manifestly place herself and her class at a disadvantage in an auditorium of the size of Carnegie Hall.

ALL A'S IN THEIR EXAMINATIONS.

A large number of students this year rank as valedictorians; that is to say, they have had all A's in their examinations during the senior year. The names of these lucky maidens are as follows:

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| M. W. Kramer. | E. J. Hulse. |
| A. W. Weiner. | J. Seligmann. |
| E. G. Flynn. | B. D. Goodman. |
| M. Hagen. | H. R. Falk. |
| F. E. Bassett. | E. L. White. |
| E. Boyden. | E. Levy. |
| E. E. Bruning. | E. Goldenson. |
| Elin Smith. | R. H. Sieber. |
| M. Schott. | |

HONOR STUDENTS.

The list of honor students is a long one. It numbers seventy-one names. Many a girl who has braved blizzard and rainstorm, who has given up parties and company and entertaining, who has gritted her teeth and wrestled with her studies till she plucked the heart out of them, and who for five years or more has sacrificed her inclinations and her pleasures on the altar of duty, as represented by the Normal College, feels herself amply rewarded when, running down this list, her eye is arrested by her own name. The honor students are:

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| Alice Ackerman. | Rose Steinhardt. |
| Marella Wilson Kramer. | Amelia P. Pinard. |
| Martha Schott. | Ida Weene. |
| Emma Letitia White. | Elizabeth Serber. |
| Etta Rae Hochenberg. | Anna Augusta Skinner. |
| Irene Agnes Kilgalon. | Sarah Hirschowitz. |
| Marguerite Taylor. | Helen Nelson. |
| Louise Mildred Zoll. | Edna Boyden. |
| Alice Cohn. | Beatrice Dazian Goodman. |
| Meta Marguerite Fisher. | Rose Levy. |
| Therese Letkowits. | Sophie Ridgely Lytle. |
| Annie Weiner. | Lucie Hill Wellwood. |
| Esther Dolson. | Martha Damm. |
| Victoria Wexler. | Ella Gross. |
| Celia Epstein. | Belle Steinhardt. |
| Amelia Scherer. | Lella Marion Black. |
| Elsa Seringhaus. | Hedwig Klein. |
| Evelyn Grace Flynn. | Cecelia Pois. |
| Eva Julia Hulse. | Esther Lesser. |
| Muriel Washburn Webb. | Elin Wikander. |
| Amy Lena Weil. | Rose Davidson. |
| Zoelina Emma Franck. | Leah Gehler. |
| Harriet Elizabeth Webb. | Dorothy Bildersee. |
| Josephine Agnes Meyer. | Florence Edith Bruning. |
| Florence Marion Dickinson. | Henrietta Rose Falk. |
| Isadore Hodgson Walling. | Selina Goldenson. |
| Martha Hagen. | Rose Helen Sieber. |
| Jeannette Seligmann. | Elma M. Smith. |
| Nana Garson Freund. | Anna E. Engel. |
| Alma Jeannette Hoykendorf. | Carrie R. Wiese. |
| Ethel Gertrude Jones. | Anna Louise Kramer. |
| Ruth Serota. | Laura M. Boschen. |
| Julia Caroline Molander. | Jane Sheridan. |
| Florence Edna Bassett. | Helen May Stern. |
| Edna Adelaide Alfke. | Ida Frances Still. |
| Hannah Estelle Harris. | |

Three members of the senior class deserve special mention for their devotion to their work. Susan B. Ennis, Jennie Holde and Rosa Holde have never once been absent or late during the five years they have been in the school.

THE PRIZE WINNERS.

As usual, a number of valuable prizes for proficiency or achievement in special branches are to be awarded at the commencement exercises. The list of prize winners follows:

For proficiency in German—First prize (Adolph Kuttroff prize, $50), Carrie R. Wiese; second prize (Ottendorfer gold medal), Regina Gross; honorable mention, Cecelia Finkelstein, Elsa Louise Davis, Alwine Huber, Hedwig Klein, Cecelia Pois, Selina Goldenson and Anna Louise Kramer.

For greatest progress in German—First prize (Albert Tag prize, $50), Eline Wikander; second prize (Ottendorfer silver medal), Rose Levy; honorable mention, Henrietta Rose Falk, Lucie Hill Wellwood, Dorothy Asenith Levine, Elma M. Smith, Olga Charlotte Berglund and Lella M. Black.

Herman Ridder German composition prize, $40, Hedwig Klein; honorable mention, Carrie R. Wiese, Cecelia Pois and Alwine Huber.

For proficiency in French—First prize (Henri Maillard prize, gold watch), Jeannette Seligmann; second prize (William Wood memorial prize, $40), Ida Weene; honorable mention, Martha Ella Hagen, Amelia P. Pinard, Sylvia Mestre, Evelyn Grace Flynn and Hannah Estelle Harris.

For greatest progress in French—First prize (Frederic R. Coudert prize, gold watch), Martha Schott; second prize (New-York French Chamber of Commerce prize, $40), Eva Julia Hulse; honorable mention, Martha Wilson Kramer, Edna Marie Meyer, Etta Rae Hochenberg, Susan Beatrice Ennis and Esther Carlisle Dobson.

For proficiency in mathematics—First prize (Joseph Fettretch prize, $40), Selina Goldenson; second prize ("Echo" prize, $20), Marella Wilson Kramer; honorable mention, Martha Schott, Elma M. Smith, Ida Frances Still, Irene A. Kilgalon and Caroline Lawlor.

For natural science—Kane gold medal, Florence E. Bruning; honorable mention, Elin Wikander, Eva Julia Hulse and Martha Schott.

For Latin—Wilson G. Hunt gold medal, Sophie Ridgely Lytle; honorable mention, Muriel Washburn Webb, Cecelia Pois, Etta Rae Hochenberg and Ida Weene.

For English literature—Randolph Guggenheimer prize, gold watch, Eva Julia Hulse; honorable mention, Esther A. Lesser, Marella Wilson Kramer, Josephine Agnes Meyer, Selina Goldenson, Jeannette Seligmann, Elma M. Smith and Henrietta Rose Falk.

For English composition—Bernard Cohen prize, $40, Carrie R. Wiese; honorable mention, Evelyn Grace Flynn and Lucie Hill Wellwood.

For the best essay on a patriotic subject—Charles C. Wehrum prize, $25, Evelyn Grace Flynn; honorable mention, Heloise Davison and Florence Marion Dickinson.

For pedagogics—Commissioner Henry A. Rogers prize, $50, Jessie Seligmann; honorable mention, E. G. Flynn, A. Weiner and M. Webb.

For methods of teaching—First prize (Killy silver medal), E. Boyden; second prize (Killy bronze medal), M. W. Kramer; honorable mention, L. H. Wellwood, B. G. Goodwin and R. Serota.

For proficiency in music—Libbie Van Arsdale memorial prize, $40, M. Schott, B. Steinhardt and E. Wikander; honorable mention, E. Lachenbruch, H. Stern and R. Smolinski.

HONOR STUDENTS OF NORMAL COLLEGE AND PRESIDENT HUNTER ON STEPS OF COLLEGE BUILDING.

## Weddings of Yesterday.

MIZE—MOORE.

At St. Mark's Church, yesterday afternoon, Miss Margaret Tallman Moore, daughter of Mrs. John Wells Moore, of this city, was married to the Rev. Robert Herbert Mize, rector of St. John's School, Salina, Kan. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Franklin Babbitt, rector of Grace Church, Nyack, N. Y., assisted by the Rev. Dr. G. D. Silliman, of Stockport, N. Y. There were no bridesmaids, but the bride's little niece, Miss Anna Constable Moore, served as maid of honor. The bride was given away by her brother, James Duane Moore. The bridegroom's brother, Chester Lewis Mize, of Atchison, Kan., was best man, while four of the bride's brothers, Lewis Bayard Moore, John Constable Moore, Theodore Moore and Francis Van Rensselaer Moore, were the ushers. Miss Maud Morgan, a friend of the bride, played the harp before and during the ceremony. After the wedding a family reception was held at the home of the bride's cousins, the Misses Major, of No. 147 Second-ave.

Among those invited to the church, most of whom were present, were Mrs. John Wells Moore, Mr. and Mrs. James Duane Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bayard Moore, Mr. and Mrs. John Constable Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Moore, F. Van Rensselaer Moore, the Misses Major, Mrs. L. M. McCray, Mr. and Mrs. Charles De Rham, jr., Miss Bicknell, Mr. and Mrs. Casimer Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Edward McVickar, Howard Constable, Miss Katherine Moore, Clement Moore, the Right Rev. William McVickar, Mrs. Hilborn Roosevelt, Miss Philipse, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Rylance, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Upjohn, Miss Estelle Platt, Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Foltz, Miss Elizabeth Jessup, Miss Sara B. Ker, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Batten, the Rev. Edward A. Dodd, Miss Margaret Chanler, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Gay, Mrs. Robert Henderson, Edward Merritt, James B. Simonson, Mrs. John Iselin and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wood Meeker.

FERRER—POMARES.

One of the principal events of the social season for the local Spanish-American society was the marriage last evening of Miss Frances Lillian Pomares to Pedro Ferrer. The wedding took place at the Church of the Holy Sacrament, Seventy-first-st. and Broadway. The church was prettily decorated. The Rev. Father Taylor officiated, assisted by three priests. The bride wore a gown of white moire, trimmed with antique Spanish lace. The maid of honor was Mrs. Emma Aaron. The Misses Maria, Anita and Conchita Pomares, sisters of the bride, and Miss Julia Trumpler were the bridesmaids. Carlos Ferrer, brother of the bridegroom, was best man. Dr. J. Brown, N. Bolet-Monagas and Frederick Findlay acted as ushers. A reception at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marino Pomares, No. 136 West Seventy-eighth-st., followed the church ceremony. Some of the guests were General N. Bolet-Peraza, Benjamin W. Mora, C. D. Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. N. Bolet-Monagas, George M. Guiles and Alberto Carrillo. Mr. and Mrs. Pomares will go to Niagara Falls, Canada and Richfield Springs for their honeymoon. They will spend the fall and winter in Cuba.

DAVIS—VOSE.

Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, last night was the scene of the wedding of Miss Grace Allen Vose and Frederick Willis Davis. Over one thousand invitations had been issued, and the church was crowded with nearly three thousand people from out of town, Manhattan, and the Heights, Hill and Park Slope sections. This was a pink and white wedding, and the church was handsomely decorated with palms, lilies and white peonies. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Alonzo Vose, of Marcy-ave., was given away by her cousin, Joseph M. Vose, her father being too ill to perform this function. She wore a handsome dress of ivory duchess satin, trimmed with point appliqué lace and chiffon. Her veil was of tulle, and she carried a shower bouquet, composed of bride roses and lilies-of-the-valley. Miss Amy Frances Dunn, of Jefferson-ave., was her maid of honor and was beautifully attired in a dress of pink mousseline de soie over pink taffeta; her bouquet was of pink roses. Miss Jeanette Churchill Vose, a niece of the bride, acted as flower girl, and carried a basket of sweetpeas and pink roses, which she strewed before the bridal couple. Her dress was also of pink mousseline de soie over pink taffeta.

The four bridesmaids were Miss Ethel Wolcott Andrews, Miss Julia Parret Fountain, Miss Helen Case Scott and Miss Julia Hunting Scott. They were gowned in white point d'esprit over white satin taffeta, and carried bouquets of pink roses. The bridal party advanced from both doors of the vestibule back of the pulpit, down the two centre aisles of the church to the vestibule of the church entrance, where they met the bride and her cousin, and the bridegroom and his best man; turning, they led the bridal pair back to the pulpit, where the minister, the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, performed the ceremony.

The bride's presents to the bridesmaids, the maid of honor and the flower girl were gold hearts engraved with initials. The bridegroom presented his best man and ushers with scarfpins of twisted gold. The couple received many valuable presents of silverware and cut glass from friends near and far.

The men who acted as ushers were Edward Randall Elder, of Rutherford, N. J.; George Willis Bartwell, the artist; Albert Edward King, of Erasmus; James Francis Cooke, Theodore Sterling Cornell and Frank William Trabold, of Brooklyn.

Immediately following the ceremony a reception to intimate friends took place at the bride's home, where palms, pink roses and white peonies and lilies formed the decorations. It is understood that an extensive wedding trip is planned through Maine and the New-England States, embracing Bar Harbor, Bangor, Augusta, Portland, Boston, Providence and Newport. Mr. and Mrs. Davis will be "at home" to their friends after September 1, at No. 853 Marcy-ave.

WARD-WILSON.

Edgar Percy Ward, eldest son of Edgar B. Ward, of Harrison-st., East Orange, N. J., the second vice-president and counsel of the Prudential Insurance Company of America, will be married to-day to Miss Laura Edith Wilson, daughter of Mrs. John De Wolf Wilson, of Boston. The ceremony will take place in Boston.

WEDDINGS TO COME.

Miss Sarah E. Mould, of Stuyvesant Heights, Brooklyn, will be married to-day at her home, No. 280 Decatur-st., to Arthur H. Wills.

The marriage of Miss Victoria Regina Ludgate, daughter of Major and Mrs. William Ludgate, of Washington, to James Irvin Murray, of New-York, will take place in Washington at 11 o'clock this morning.

A very quiet wedding will take place at Grace Church to-day, when Miss Maud Grant will be married to F. Geraldo Ford, of Morristown. As the bride's family is in mourning only a few relatives will witness the ceremony.

Miss Emma B. Schirmer, daughter of ex-Sheriff and Mrs. Frank G. Schirmer, will be married this evening in St. Johns Roman Catholic Church to James L. McCulloch.

Miss Frances Lillian Pomares, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marino Pomares, will be married to-day in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament to Pedro F. Ferrer.

This afternoon, in St. James's Church, Elmhurst, Long Island, Miss Elise Helen Cameron, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Cameron, will be married to Thomas Morris Van der Veer. The rector, the Rev. Edward M. McGuffey, will officiate.

The Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis will officiate at the marriage of Miss Grace Allen Vose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Vose, of Marcy-ave., Brooklyn, to Frederick Willis Davis, which will take place this evening in Plymouth Church.

The pretty wedding which will take place to-day in Albuquerque, N. M., at the home of the bride's mother, will be that of Mrs. Euphemia Mills Nelson, daughter of Mrs. Charles Albert Nelson, to Lieutenant George M. Apple, U. S. A.

## The Adventures of Harry Revel.

BY A. T. QUILLER-COUCH ("Q.").

Author of "Dead Man's Rock," "The Splendid Spur," "I Saw Three Ships," etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Harry Revel, a foundling in the Genevan Hospital at Plymouth, and a favorite of Miss Plinlimmon, the matron, climbs a church spire in his sleep, and is thereupon apprenticed to a chimney sweep. On one of his holidays, spent with Miss Plinlimmon, she tells him about her nephew Archibald, a scapegrace who is to play some part in Harry's life.

CHAPTER V.

THE SHADOW OF ARCHIBALD.

It is not only children who, having once tasted bliss, suppose fondly that one has only to prepare a time and place for it again and it can be renewed. But he must be a queer child who starts with expecting any less. Certainly no doubts assailed me when the anniversary came round and I made my way to Mr. Tucker's bun shop; nor did Miss Plinlimmon's greeting lack anything of tenderness. She began at once to talk away merrily, but children are demons to detect something amiss, and although I did not understand it, there was a note in her gayety which I felt to be strange and in a vague way uncomfortable. After a while she broke off in the middle of a sentence and sat stirring her tea, as with a mind withdrawn; recovered herself, and catching at her last words, continued—but on a different subject; then, reading some puzzlement in my eyes, broke off again and tried to cover her confusion by exclaiming, "My dear Harry, you have grown prodigiously!"

"Were you thinking of that!" I asked, for I had heard it twice already.

She answered one question with another. "Of what were you thinking?"

I hesitated, for the truth would not have been polite—that I was thinking how much older she had grown. But she had, in appearance. A year is a long time to a child, but it did not account to me for a curious wanness in her color. Her hair had grown much grayer, too, and there were dark rings under her eyes. "You seem different somehow, Miss Plinlimmon."

"Do I? The hospital has been wearing me out, of late. I have thought sometimes of resigning and trying my fortune elsewhere: but the thought of the children restrains me. I make many mistakes with them—perhaps more as the years go on: they love me, however, for they know that I mean well, and it would haunt me if they fell into bad hands. Now I am not sure that Mr. Scougall would choose the best successor. Before he married I could have trusted his judgment." She fell a-musing again, "Archibald is here in Plymouth," she added inconsequently. "My nephew, you know."

I nodded, and asked, "Is he quartered here?"

"Why, how did you know he was in the army?"

"You told me Major Arthur was saving up to buy him a commission."

"How well you remember!" She sighed. "The debts were too heavy. Archibald is in the army, but he has enlisted as a private in the 105th, the North Wilts Regiment. His father advised it: he says that in these days commissions are to be won by young men content to begin in the ranks, especially if they have birth and good manners to recommend them."

"I should like to begin in that way," said I enthusiastically.

"I suspect the path to a commission is harder than you dream," she answered, "though in Archibald's case he has his father's record to help him, and (I believe) a good friend in Colonel Festonhaugh, who commands the North Wilts. He and Arthur are old comrades in arms. But garrison life does not suit the poor boy, or so he complains. He is a little sore with his father for subjecting him to it, and cannot take his stern view about paying the debts. That is natural enough, perhaps." She heaved another sigh. "His regiment—or rather the second battalion, to which he belongs—was ordered down to Plymouth last January, and since then has been occupied with drill and petty irritating duties of which he complains sorely—though I believe there is a prospect of their being ordered out to Portugal before long."

"You see him often?" I asked, still a trifle jealous.

She seemed to pause a moment before answering. "Yes; oh, yes, to be sure, I see him frequently. That is only natural, is it not?"

We left the shop and strolled toward the Hoe. I felt that something was wrong, something interfering to spoil our day; and felt unreasonably sure of it on finding our old seat occupied by three soldiers—two of them supporting a drunken comrade. We made disconsolately for an empty bench, some fifty yards away.

"They belong to Archibald's regiment," said Miss Plinlimmon as we settled ourselves to talk. I had noted that she scanned them narrowly. "Why, here is Archibald!" she exclaimed, a moment later: and I looked up and saw a young redcoat sauntering toward us.

Her tone, I was foolishly glad to observe, had not been entirely joyous. And Master Archibald, as he drew near, did not seem in the best of tempers. He was beyond all doubt a handsome youth, and straight limbed; but apparently a sullen one. He kept his eyes on the ground and only lifted them for a moment when close in front of us.

"Good afternoon, aunt."

"Good afternoon, Archibald. This is Harry—my friend Harry, of whom you have heard me speak."

He glanced at me and gave me a curt nod. I could see at once that he considered me a nuisance. An awkward silence fell between the three of us, broken at length by a start and smothered exclamation from Miss Plinlimmon.

Archibald glanced over his shoulder carelessly. "Oh, yes," said he, "they are baiting a bull down yonder."

The ridge hid the bull ring from us. Dogs had been barking there when we seated ourselves, but the noise had no meaning for us. It was the bull's roar which startled Miss Plinlimmon.

"Pray let us go!" She gathered her shawl about her in a twitter. "This is quite horrible!"

"There's nothing to be afraid of," he assured her. "The brute's tied, fast enough. Don't go, aunt: I was wanting a word with you."

He glowed at me again, and this time with meaning. I saw that he wished me gone, and I moved to go.

"This is Harry's birthday I am keeping with him: his birthday as well as mine, Archibald."

"Gad, I forgot! I'm sorry, aunt—Many happy returns of the day!"

"Thank you," said she dryly. "And now if you particularly wish to speak to me, I will walk a short way with you, but only a short way. Harry meanwhile shall find another seat."

She rose and they walked away side by side. I gazed after them and then turned my head to look for a bench further removed from the bull ring; and, in doing so, became aware of another soldier, in uniform similar to Mr. Archibald's, stretched prone on the turf a few paces behind me.

When I stood up and turned to have a look at him, his head had dropped on his arms and he appeared to be sleeping. But I could have sworn that when I first caught sight of him he had been gazing after the pair.

Well, there was nothing in this (you will say) to disturb me; yet for some reason it made me alert if not uneasy. I chose another seat, but at no great distance, and kept him in view. He raised his head once, stared around like one confused and not wholly awake, and dropped into slumber again. Miss Plinlimmon and Archibald turned and came pacing back; turned again and repeated this quarter deck walk thrice or four times. He was talking, and now and then using a slight gesture. I could not see that she responded: at any rate, she did not turn to him. But the man on the grass occupied most of my attention, and I missed the parting. An odd fancy took me to watch if he stirred again while I counted a hundred. He did not, and I shifted my gaze to find Miss Plinlimmon coming toward me unescorted. Master Archibald disappeared.

Her eyes were red, and her voice trembled a little. "And now," said she, "that's enough of my affairs, please God!" She began to put questions about the Trapps, and I told her that Mrs. Trapp was spring cleaning and described how during this process Mr. Trapp and I took our meals in the back yard under the Citadel wall—"all frisky," he called it, and I could not think why, for in fact while it lasted he wore a chastened air, not to say a lugubrious. Perhaps, as we sat sharing our bread and bacon under the naked rock, the situation set him thinking. "Here, but for the grace of God, sits Samuel Trapp, a homeless outcast." His discourse (usually so cheerful) would at such times run on war prices, the scarcity of gold, the famine already gripping the very poor. He did not tell me—but I had learnt it from the boys on the Barbican, fed themselves on "sky blue and sinkers"—that I was the luckiest apprentice in the parish. Even the ropey smell of the bread they munched, and its color, often a bright green, with mildew, used to turn my proud stomach. There were few but would have given their "honest" parentage and all it brought them—except perhaps their liberty—for a mess of Mr. Scougall's porridge.

Now, while I answered Miss Plinlimmon's questions, I happened to look along the flat stretch of turf to the right, in time to see, at perhaps a hundred yards' distance, a soldier cross it from behind and go hurrying down the slope toward the bull ring. I recognized him at a glance. He was the blackavized man who had pretended, just now, to be sleeping.

Almost at once, as I remember it—but I daresay some minutes had passed—a furious hubbub arose below us, mixed with the yelling of dogs and a few sharp screams. And before we knew what it meant, at the point where the blackavized man had disappeared, he came scrambling back into view, found his legs and headed straight toward us, running desperately, with a bull behind him in full chase.

I managed to drag Miss Plinlimmon off the bench, thrust her like a bundle beneath it and scrambled after her into shelter but a second or two before the pair came thundering by; for the bull's hoofs shook the ground, and so small a space—eight or nine yards at the most—divided him from the man that they passed in one rush, and with them half a dozen bulldogs hanging at the brute's heels as if trailed along by an invisible cord. Next after these pelted Master Archibald, shouting and tugging at his sidearm; and after him again, but well in the rear, a whole rabble of bull baiters, butchers, soldiers, boys and mongrels, all yelping together with excitement and terror, the men flourishing swords and pitchforks.

To speak of the man first—I have since seen soldiers crazed and running in battle, but never such a face as passed me in that brief vision. His lips were wide, his eyes strained and almost starting from his head, the pupils turned a little backward as if fascinated by the terror at his heels, imploring help, seeking a chance to double—all three together—and yet absolutely fixed and rigid.

The bull made no account of us, though below the seat I caught the light of his red eye as he plunged past, head to ground and so close that his hot breath shook in our faces and the broken end of rope about the base of his horns whipped the grass by my fingers. Perhaps the red coat attracted his rage. But he seemed to nurse a special rage against the man.

This appeared when, a stone's throw beyond our seat, the man sprang sideways to the left of his course—in the nick of time, too, for as he sprang he seemed to clear the horns by a bare foot. The bull's heavier rush carried him forward for several yards before he swerved himself on to the new line of pursuit; and this let up Master Archibald, who by this time had his sidearm loose.

"Hamstring 'en!" yelled a blue shirted butcher, pausing beside us and panting. "Quick, you fool—hamstring 'en!"

For some reason the young man seemed to hesitate. Likely enough he did not hear; perhaps had not the presence of mind to grasp on the instant the one thing to be done. At any rate, for a second or so his arm hung on the stroke, and as the bull swerved again he jabbed his bayonet feebly at the haunch.

The butcher swore furiously. "Murdered by folly if ever man was! Ye bitter fool," he shouted, "it's pricked him on, ye've done! If ye must stab his rump, it's pity ye didn't stab harder, and he'd have turned and skewered ye!"

The black faced man, having gained maybe a dozen yards by his manœuvre, was now heading for the Citadel gate, beside which—so far away that we saw them as toys—stood a sentry box and the figure of a sentry beside it. Could he reach this gate? His altered course had taken him a little downhill, to the left of the ridge, and to regain it by the Citadel he must fetch a slight loop. Luckily the bull could not reason: he followed his enemy. But there was just a chance that by running along the ridge the chase might be headed off. The crowd saw this and set off anew, with Master Archibald still a little in front and increasing his lead. I scrambled from under the seat and followed.

Almost at once it became plain that we were outdistanced. Alone of us Master Archibald had a chance; and if the man were to be saved, it lay either with him or with the sentry at the gate.

I can yet remember the look on the sentry's face as we drew closer and his features grew distinct. He stood in the middle of the short roadway which led to the drawbridge, and clearly it had within a few moments dawned upon him that he was the point upon which these fatal forces were converging. A low wall fenced him on either hand, and as he braced himself, grasping his Brown Bess—a fine picture of Duty triumphing over Irresolution—into this narrow passage poured the chase, rolled as it were in a flying heap; the hunted man just perceptibly first, the bull and Archibald Plinlimmon cannoning against each other at the entrance. Master Archibald was hurled aside by the impact of the brute's hindquarters and shot, at first almost on all fours, then prone, alongside the base of the wall; but he had managed to get his thrust home, and this time with effect. The bull tossed his head with a mighty roar, ducked it again and charged on his prey, who flung up both arms and fell, spent, by the sentry box. The sentry sprang to the other side of the roadway and let fly his charge at random as box, man and bull crushed to earth together, and a dreadful bellow mingled with the sharper notes of splintered wood.

It was the end. The bullet had cut clean through the bull's spine at the neck, and the crowd dragged him lifeless, a board of the sentry box still impaled on his horns, off the legs of the blackavized man—who, at first supposed to be dead also, awoke out of his swoon to moan and cry feebly for water.

While this was fetching, the butcher knelt and lifted him into a sitting posture. He struck me as ill favored enough—not to say ghastly—with the dust and blood on his cheeks (for a splinter had laid open his cheek) and his face an unhealthy white against his matted hair. As they lifted him, too, I saw for the first time that he wore sergeant's stripes.

"What's the poor thing called?" some one inquired of the sentry.

The sentry, being an Irishman, mistook the idiom. "He's called a Bull," said he, stroking the barrel of his rifle. "H'what the divvle else? I didn't have time to get the countersign."

"But 'tis the man we mean."

"Oh, he's called Letcher—sergeant—North Wilts."

Letcher gulped down a mouthful of water and managed to sit up, pushing the butcher's arm aside.

"Where's Plinlimmon?" he asked hoarsely. "Hurt?"

"Here I am, old fellow," answered Archibald, reeling rather than stepping forward. "A crack on the skull, that's all. Hope you're none the worse?" His own face was bleeding from a nasty graze on the right temple where he had struck the base of the wall.

"H'm?" said Letcher. "Mean it? You'd better mean it, by ——!" he snarled, suddenly, his face twisted with pain or malice. "You weren't too smart, the first go. Why the devil didn't you hamstring the brute? You heard them shouting to you, hey?"

"That's azackly what I told 'en," put in the butcher.

"Oh, stow your fat talk, you silly Devonshire man!" The butcher's tongue was too big for his mouth, and Letcher mimicked him ferociously and with an accuracy quite wonderful, his exhaustion considered. He leaned back and panted. "The brute touched me—under the thigh, here. I doubt I'm bleeding." He closed his eyes and fainted away.

They found, on lifting him, that he spoke truth. The bull had gored him in the leg: a nasty wound beginning at the back of the knee, running upward and missing the main artery by a bare inch. A squad of soldiers had run out, hearing the shot, and these bore him into the Citadel, Master Archibald limping behind.

The crowd began to disperse, and I made my way back to Miss Plinlimmon.

"A providential escape!" said she on hearing my report. "I am glad that Archibald acquitted himself well." She went on to tell me of a youthful adventure of her own with a mountain bull, in her native Wales.

Some days later she sent me a poem on the occurrence:

> Lo, as he strides his native scene,
> The bull—how dignified his mien!
> When tethered, otherwise!
> Yet one his tether broke and ran
> After a military man
> Before these very eyes!

"I feel that I have been more successful with the metre than usual," she added, "having been guided by a little poem, a favorite of mine, which, as it also inculcates kindness to the brute creation, you will do well, Harry, to commit to memory. It runs:

> "If men and women only knew
> What sorrows little birds go through,
> I think that even boys
> Would never deem it sport, or fun,
> To stand and fire a frightful gun
> For nothing but the noise."

The shadow of Mr. Archibald seemed doomed to rest upon our anniversaries. This second one, though more than exciting enough, had not answered my expectations; and on the third when I presented myself at the bun shop it was to learn with dismay that Miss Plinlimmon had not arrived—for remembering her accent of reproach in answer to her nephew's congratulations last year, and fired with jealousy, I had walked into the country toward Plympton early that morning and raided an orchard, under the trees of which I had noted a fine crop of columbines, seeded from a neighboring garden but then growing wild. Also I jingled together in my pocket no less a sum than two bright shillings—Mr. Trapp having lately lost the donkey (of old age) which used to carry his soot to market and promised me a farthing on every sack if I could save him the expense of a new animal. This accounted for one shilling, and the other he had magnificently handed over to me out of a wager of five he had made with an East Country skipper that I could dive and take the water, hands first, off the jibboom of any vessel selected from the shipping then at anchor in Cattewater. I knew that Miss Plinlimmon wanted a box to hold her skeins, and I also knew the price of one in a window in George-st., and had the shopman's promise not to part with it before 5 o'clock that evening. I wished Miss Plinlimmon to admire it first, and then I meant to enter the shop in a lordly fashion and, emerging, to put the treasure in her hands.

So I paced the pavement in front of Mr. Tucker's, the prey of a thousand misgivings. But at length, and fully half an hour late, she hove in sight.

"I have been detained, dear," she explained as we kissed, "by Archibald," she added.

Always that accursed Archibald! "Did he wish you many happy returns?" I asked, thrusting my bunch of columbines upon her with a blush.

"You dear, dear boy!" she chirruped. But she ignored my question. When we were seated, too, she made the poorest attempt to eat, but kept exclaiming on the beauty of my flowers.

The meal over, she drew out her purse to pay. "We shan't be seeing Mr. Archibald to-day?" I asked, wistfully, preparing to go.

"You may be certain"—— With that she paused, with a blank look which changed to one of shame and utter confusion. The purse was empty.

"O Harry! What shall I do? There were five shillings in it when—— I counted them out and laid the purse on the table beside my gloves. I was just picking them up when—when Archibald"—— Her voice failed again and she turned to the shopwoman. "Something most unfortunate has happened. Will you, please, send for Mr. Tucker? He will know me—by face at least. I have been here on several previous occasions"——

I had not the smallest notion of the price of eatables; but I, too, turned on the shopwoman with a bold face, albeit with a fluttering heart.

"How much?" I demanded.

"One-and-ninepence, sir."

I know not which made me the happier—relief, or the glory of being addressed as "sir." I paid, pocketed my threepence change, and in the elation of it offered Miss Plinlimmon my arm. We walked down George-st., past the workbox in the window. I managed to pass without wincing, though desperately afraid that the shopman might pop out—it seemed but natural he should be lying in wait—and hold me to my bargain.

Our session upon the Hoe, though uninterrupted, did not recapture the dear abandonment of our first blissful birthday. Miss Plinlimmon could neither forget the mishap to her purse, nor speak quite freely about it. A week later she celebrated her redemption in the following stanza:

> A friend in need is a friend indeed,
> We have oftimes heard;
> And King Richard the Third
> Was reduced to crying, 'My kingdom for a horse!'"
> O may we never want a friend!
> "Or a bottle to give him," I omit, as coarse.

She inclosed one-and-ninepence in the missive; and so obtained her workbox after all—it being, by a miracle, still unsold.

(To be continued.)