Pages 19—24. **The Sun.** Pages 19—24.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, JANUARY 12, 1890.—TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.

"APRIL'S LADY."

A NOVEL OF OUR OWN DAY.

Written for The Sun by "The Duchess."

CHAPTER III.

"It was a loon and his lass
With a hey and a ho, and a hey-nonino!
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the Spring time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing hey-ding a-ding!
Sweet lovers love the Spring."

Joyce is running through the garden, all the sweet wild winds of heaven playing round her. They are a little wild still. It is the end of lovely May, but though languid summer is almost with us, a suspicion of her more sparkling sister spring fills all the air.

Miss Kavanagh has caught up the tail of her gown, and is flying as if for dear life. Behind her come the foe, fast and furious. Tommy, indeed, is now dangerously close at her heels, armed with a ferocious-looking garden fork, his face crimson, his eyes glowing with the ardor of the chase; Mabel, much in the background, is making a bad third.

Miss Kavanagh is growing distinctly out of breath. In another moment Tommy will have her. By this time he has fully worked himself into the belief that she is a red Indian, and his lawful prey, and is prepared to make a tomahawk of his fork, and, having felled her, to scalp her somehow, when Providence shows her a corner round a rhododendron bush that may save her for the moment. She makes for it, gains it, dashes round it, and all but precipitates herself into the arms of a young man who has been walking leisurely toward her.

He is a tall young man, not strictly handsome, but decidedly good to look at, with honest hazel eyes, and a shapely head, and altogether very well set up. As a rule he is one of the most cheerful people alive, and a tremendous favorite in his regiment, the ——Hussars, though just now it might suggest itself to the intelligent observer that he considers he has been hardly used. A very little more haste and that precipitation must have taken place. He had made an instinctive movement toward her with protective arms outstretched; but, though a little cry had escaped her, she had maintained her balance, and now stands looking at him with laughing eyes and panting breath, and two pretty hands pressed against her bosom.

Mr. Dysart lets his disappointed arms fall to his sides, and assumes the aggrieved air of one who has been done out of a good thing.

"You!" says she, when at last she can speak.

"I suppose so," returns he, discontentedly. He might just as well have been any one else, or anywhere else—such a chance—and gone!

"Never were you so welcome!" cries she, dodging behind him as Tommy, fully armed, and all alive, comes tearing round the corner. "Ah, ha, Tommy, sold! I've got a champion now. I'm no longer shivering in my shoes. Mr. Dysart will protect me—won't you, Mr. Dysart?" to the young man, who says "Yes" without stirring a muscle. He would have died at his present post willingly, because she has laid her dainty fingers on his shoulders, standing behind him, from which safe position she mocks at Tommy with security. Were the owner of the shoulders to stir, the owner of the fingers might remove those delightful members. Need it be said that, with this awful possibility before him, Mr. Dysart is prepared to die at his post rather than budge an inch.

And, indeed, death seems imminent. Tommy, charging round the rhododendron, and finding himself robbed of his lawful scalp, grows frantic, and makes desperate passes at Mr. Dysart's legs, which that hero circumvents with a considerable display of policy, such as:

"I say, Tommy, old boy, is that you? How d'ye do? Glad to see me, aren't you?" This last very artfully, with a view to softening the attacks. "You don't know what I've brought you!" This is more artful still, and distinctly a swindle, as he has brought him nothing, but on the spot he determines to redeem himself with the help of the small toy shops and sweety shops down in the village. "Put down that fork like a good boy and let me tell you how——"

"Oh, bother you!" says Tommy, indignantly. "I'd have had her only for you! What brought you here now? Couldn't you have waited?"

"Yes, what brought you?" says Miss Kavanagh, most disgracefully going over to the other side, now that the danger is at an end, and Tommy has planted his tomahawk in a bed close by.

"Do you want to know?" says he quickly.

The fingers have been removed from his shoulders, and he is now free to turn round and look at the charming face beside him.

"No, no!" says she, shaking her head. "I've been rude, I suppose; but it is such a wonderful thing to see you here so soon again."

"Why should I not be here?"

"Of course! That is the one unanswerable question. But it is puzzling to those who thought of you as being elsewhere."

"If you are one of 'those' you fill me with gratitude, that you should think of me even for a moment."

"Well, I haven't been thinking much," says she, frankly, and with the most charming little smile; "I don't believe I was thinking of you at all, until I turned the corner just now, and then, I confess, I was startled, because I believed you to be at the antipodes."

"Perhaps your belief was mother to your thought."

"Oh, no. Don't make me out so nasty. Well, but were you there?"

"Perhaps so. Where are they?" asks he gloomily. "One hears a good deal about them, but they comprise so many places that nowadays one is hardly sure where they lie. At all events no one has made them clear to me."

"Does it rest with me to enlighten you?" asks she, with a little aggravating half glance from under her long lashes. "Well, the North Pole, Kamtschatka, Smyrna, Timbuctoo, Maoriland, Margate——"

"We'll stop there, I think," says he, with a faint grimace.

"There! At Margate? No, thanks. You can, if you like, but as for me——"

"I don't suppose you would stop anywhere with me," says he. "I have occasional glimmerings that I hope mean common sense. But even I have not been so adventurous as to wander toward Margate. I have only been to town and back again."

"What town?"

"Eh? What town?" says he, astonished. "London, you know."

"No, I don't know," says Miss Kavanagh, a little petulantly. "One would think there was only one town in the world, and that all you English people had the monopoly of it. There are other towns, I suppose. Even we poor Irish insignificants have a town or two. Dublin comes under that head, I suppose?"

"Undoubtedly. Of course," making great haste to abase himself. "It is mere snobbery our making so much of London. A kind of despicable cant, you know."

"Well, after all, I expect it is a big place in every way," says Miss Kavanagh, so far mollified by his submission as to be able to allow him something.

"It's a desert," says Tommy, turning to his aunt, with all the air of one who is about to impart to her useful information. "It's raging with wild beasts. They roam to and fro and are at their wits' ends——" Here Tommy, who is great on Bible history, but occasionally gets mixed, stops short. "Father says they're there," he winds up, defiantly.

"Wild beasts!" echoes Mr. Dysart, bewildered. "Is this the teaching about their Saxon neighbors that the Irish children receive at the hands of their parents and guardians? Oh, well, come now, Tommy, really, you know——"

"Yes; they are there," says Tommy, rebelliously. "Frightful creatures! Bears! They'd tear you in bits if they could get at you. They have no reason in them, father says. And they climb up posts and roar at people."

"Oh, nonsense!" says Mr. Dysart. "One would think we were having a French Revolution all over again in England. Don't you think," glancing rather severely at Joyce, who is giving way to unrestrained mirth, "that it is not only wrong, but dangerous to implant such ideas about the English in the breasts of Irish children? There isn't a word of truth in it, Tommy."

"There is!" says Monkton, Jr., wagging his head indignantly. "Father told me."

"Father told us," repeats the small Mabel, who has just come up.

"And father says, too, that the reason they are so wicked is because they want their freedom!" says Tommy, as though this is an unanswerable argument.

"Oh, I see! The Socialists!" says Mr. Dysart. "Yes; a troublesome pack! But still, to call them wild beasts"——

"They are wild beasts," says Tommy, prepared to defend his position to the last. "They've got manes and horns and tails!"

"He's romancing," says Mr. Dysart, looking at Joyce.

"He's not," says she, demurely. "He is only trying to describe to you the Zoölogical Gardens. His father gives him a description of it every evening, and—the result you see."

Here both she and he, after a glance at each other, burst out laughing.

"No wonder you were amused," says he, "but you might have given me a hint. You were unkind to me—as usual."

"Now that you have been to London," says she, a little hurriedly, as if to cover his last words and pretend she hasn't heard them, "you will find our poor Ireland duller than ever. At Christmas it is not so bad, but just now, and in the height of your season, too——"

"Do you call this place dull?" interrupts he. "Then let me tell you you misjudge your native land; this little bit of it, at all events. I think it not only the loveliest, but the liveliest place on earth."

"You are easily pleased," says she, with a rather embarrassed smile.

"He isn't!" says Tommy, breaking into the conversation with great aplomb. He has been holding on vigorously to Mr. Dysart's right hand for the last five minutes, after a brief but brilliant skirmish with Mabel as to the possession of it—a skirmish brought to a bloodless conclusion by the surrender, on Mr. Dysart's part, of his left hand to the weaker belligerent. "He hates Miss Maliphant, nurse says, though Lady Baltimore wants him to marry her, and she's a fine girl, nurse says, an' raal smart, and with the gift o'the gab, an' lots o' tin——"

"Tommy!" says his aunt frantically. It is indeed plain to everybody that Tommy is now quoting nurse, *au naturel*, and is betraying confidences in a reckless manner.

"Don't stop him," says Mr. Dysart, glancing at Joyce's crimson cheeks with something of disfavor. "What is Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba? I defy you," a little stormily, "to think I care a farthing for Miss Maliphant or for any other woman on earth—save one!"

"Oh, you mustn't press your confidences on me," says she, smiling and dissembling rather finely; "I know nothing. I accuse you of nothing. Only, Tommy, you were a little rude, weren't you?"

"I wasn't," says Tommy promptly, in whom the inborn instinct of self-defence has been largely developed. "It's true. Nurse says she has a voice like a cow. Is that true?" turning unabashed to Dysart.

"She's expected at the Castle next week. You shall come up and judge for yourself," says he, laughing. "And," turning to Joyce, "you will come, too, I hope."

"It is manners to wait to be asked," returns she, smiling.

"Oh, as for that," says he, "Lady Baltimore crossed last night with me and her husband. And here is a letter for you." He pulls a note of the cocked hat order from his pocket.

CHAPTER IV.

"Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply."

"An invitation from Lady Baltimore," says Joyce, looking at the big red crest, and coloring.

"Yes."

"How do you know?" says she, rather suspiciously.

The young man raises his hands and eyes.

"I swear I had nothing to do with it," says he; "I didn't so much as hint at it. Lady Baltimore spent her time crossing the Channel in declaiming to all who were well enough to hear her that she lived only in the expectation of seeing you again soon."

"Nonsense!" scornfully; "it is only a month ago since I was staying there, just before they went to London. By the bye, what brings them home now? In the very beginning of their season?"

"I don't know. And it is as well not to inquire, perhaps. Baltimore and my cousin, as all the world knows, have not hit it off together. Yet when Maud married him, we all thought I was quite an ideal marriage, they were so much in love with each other."

"Hot love soon cools," says Miss Kavanagh in a general sort of way.

"I don't believe it," sturdily; "if it's the right sort of love. However, to go back to your letter—which you haven't even deigned to open—you will accept the invitation, won't you?"

"I don't know," hesitating.

"Oh! I say, do come! It is only for a week, and even if it does bore you, still, as a Christian, you ought to consider how much even in that short time you will be able to add to the happiness of your fellow creatures."

"Flattery means insincerity," says she, tilting her chin; "keep all that for your Miss Maliphant, it is thrown away upon me."

"My Miss Maliphant! Really I must protest against your accrediting me with such a possession. But look here, don't disappoint us all; and you won't be dull either, there are lots of people coming. Dicky Browne for one."

"Oh! will he be there?" brightening visibly.

"Yes," rather gloomily, and perhaps a little sorry that he has said anything about Mr. Browne's possible arrival—though to feel jealousy about that social butterfly is indeed to sound the depths of folly; "you like him?"

"I love him," says Miss Kavanagh promptly, and with sufficient enthusiasm to restore hope in the bosom of any man except a lover.

"He is blessed indeed," says he stiffly. "Beyond his deserts I can't help thinking. I really think he is the biggest fool I ever met."

"Oh! not the biggest, surely," says she, so saucily, and with such a reprehensible tendency toward laughter that he gives way and laughs too, though unwillingly.

"True. I'm a bigger," says he, "but as that is your fault, you should be the last to taunt me with it."

"Foolish people always talk folly," says she, with an assumption of indifference that does not hide her red cheeks. "Well, go on, who is to be at the Court besides Dicky?"

"Lady Swansdown."

"I like her, too."

"But not so well as you like Dicky; you love him, according to your own statement."

"Don't be matter of fact!" says Miss Kavanagh, giving him a well-deserved snub. "Do you always say exactly what you mean?"

"Always—to you."

"I dare say you would be more interesting if you didn't," says she, with a little, lovely smile that quite spoils the harshness of her words. Of her few faults perhaps the greatest is that she seldom knows her own mind, when her lovers are concerned, and will blow hot and cold, and merry and sad, and cheerful, and petulant, all in one breath as it were. Poor lovers! they have a hard time of it with her as a rule. But youth is often so, and the cold, still years, as they creep on us, with dull common sense and deadly reason in their train, cure us all too soon of our pretty idle follies.

Just now she was bent on rebuffing him, but you see her strength failed her, and she spoiled her effect by the smile she mingled with the rebuff. The smile, indeed, was so charming that he remembers nothing but it, and so she not only gains nothing, but loses something to the other side.

"Well, I'll try to mend all that," says he, but so lovingly, and with such unaffected tenderness that she quails beneath his glance. Coquette, as undoubtedly nature has made her, she has still so gentle a soul within her bosom that she shrinks from inflicting actual pain. A pang or two, a passing regret to be forgotten the next hour—or at all events in the next change of scene—she is not above imparting, but when people grow earnest like—like Mr. Dysart for example—they grow troublesome. And she hasn't made up her mind to marry, and there are other people——

"The Clontarfs are to be there, too," goes on Dysart, who is a cousin of Lady Baltimore's, and knows all about her arrangements; "and the Brownings and Norman Beauclerk."

"The—Clontarfs," says Joyce, in a hurried way, that might almost be called confused; to the man who loves her, and is watching her, it is quite plain that she is not thinking of Lord and Lady Clontarf, who are quite an ordinary couple and devoted to each other, but of that last name spoken. Norman Beauclerk, Lady Baltimore's brother, a man handsome, agreeable, aristocratic—the man whose attentions to her a month ago had made a little topic for conversation among the country people; dull country people, who never went anywhere or saw anything beyond their stupid selves, and are therefore driven to do something to avoid suicide or the murdering of each other; gossip unlimited is their safety valve.

"Yes, and Beauclerk," persists Dysart, a touch of despair at his heart; "you and he were good friends when last he was over, eh?"

"I am generally very good friends with everybody; not an altogether desirable character, not a strong one," says she, smiling, and still openly parrying the question.

"You liked Beauclerk," says he, a little doggedly perhaps.

"Ye—es—very well."

"Very much! Why can't you be honest!" says he, flashing out at her.

"I don't know what you mean," cold. "If you persist on my looking into it, I—" defiantly —"yes, I do like Mr. Beauclerk very much."

"Well, I don't know what you see in him."

"Nothing," airily, having now recovered herself, "that's his charm."

"If," gravely, "you gave that as your opinion of Dicky Browne I could believe you."

She laughs.

"Poor Dicky," says she, "what a cruel judgment; and yet you are right." She has changed her whole manner, and is now evidently bent on restoring him to good humor and compelling him to forget all about Mr. Beauclerk. "I must give in to you about Dicky. There isn't even the vaguest suggestion of meaning about him. I—" with a deliberate friendly glance flung straight into his eyes—"don't often give in to you, do I?"

On this occasion, however, her coquetry—so generally successful—is completely thrown away. Dysart, with his dark eyes fixed uncompromisingly upon hers, makes the next move—an antagonistic one.

"You have a very high opinion of Beauclerk," says he.

"Have I?" laughing uneasily, and refusing to let her rising temper give way. "We all have our opinions, on every subject that comes under our notice. You have one on this subject evidently."

"Yes, but it is not a high one," says he, unpleasantly.

"After all, what does that matter? I don't pretend to understand you. I will only suggest to you that our opinions are but weak things—mere prejudices—no more."

"I am not prejudiced against Beauclerk, if you mean that," a little hotly.

"I didn't," with a light shrug. "Believe me, you think a great deal more about him than I do."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I am, at all events, sure of one thing," says she quickly, darting at him a frowning glance, "that you have no right to ask me that question."

"I have not, indeed," acknowledges he stiffly, still but with so open an apology in his whole air that she forgives him. "Many conflicting thoughts led me astray. I must ask your pardon."

"Why, granted!" says she. "And—I was cross, wasn't I. After all, an old friend like you might be allowed a little laxity. There, never mind," holding out her hand. "Let us make it up."

Dysart grasps the little extended hand with avidity, and peace seems restored when Tommy put an end to all things. To any one acquainted with children I need hardly remark that he has been listening to the foregoing conversation with all his ears and all his eyes and every bit of his puzzled intelligence.

"Well, go on," says he, giving his aunt a push when the hand-shake has come to an end.

"Go on? Where?" asks she, with apparent unconcern but a deadly foreboding at her breast. She knows her Tommy.

"You said you were going to make it up with him!" says that hero, regarding her with disapproving eyes.

"Well, I have made it up."

"No you haven't! when you make it up with me you always kiss me! Why don't you kiss him?"

Consternation on the part of the principal actors. Dysart, strange to say, is the first to recover.

"Why, indeed?" says he, giving way all at once to a fatal desire for laughter. This, Miss Kavanagh, being vexed with herself for her late confusion, resents strongly.

"I am sure, Tommy," says she, with a mildness that would not have imposed upon an infant, "that your lesson hour has arrived. Come, say good-by to Mr. Dysart, and let us begin at once. You know I am going to teach you today. Good-by, Mr. Dysart; if you want to see Barbara, you will find her in the study."

"Don't go like this," says he anxiously. "Or, if you will go, at least tell me that you will accept Lady Baltimore's invitation."

"I don't know," smiling coldly. "I think not. You see I was there for such a long time in the beginning of the year, and Barbara always wants me, and one should not be selfish."

"One should not, indeed!" says he, with slow meaning. "What answer, then, must I give my cousin? You know," in a low tone, "that she is not altogether happy. You can lighten her burden a little. She is fond of you."

"I can lighten Barbara's burden also. Think me the very incarnation of selfishness if you will," says she, rather unjustly, "but still, if Barbara says 'don't go,' I shall stay here."

"Mrs. Monkton won't say that."

"Perhaps not," toying idly with a rose in such a careless fashion as drives him to despair. Brushing it to and fro across her lips, she seems to have lost all interest in the question.

"If she says to go," how then, ?"

"Why then—I may still remain here."

"Well stay then, of course you so desire it!" cries he angrily. "If to make all your world unhappy, is to make you happy, why be so by all means."

"All my world! Do you suppose then that it will make Barbara and Freddy unhappy to have my company this month? What a gallant speech!" says she, with a provoking little laugh and a swift lifting of her eyes to his.

"No, but it will make other people (more than two) miserable to be deprived of it?"

"Are you one of them?" asks she, so saucily, yet withal so merrily that the hardest-hearted lover might forgive her. A little irresistible laugh breaks from her lips. Rather ruefully he joins in it.

"I don't think I need answer that question," says he. "To you, at all events."

"To me of all people, rather," says she, still laughing, "seeing I am the interested party."

"No, that character belongs to me. You have no interest in it. To me it is life or death—to you——"

"No, no, you mustn't talk to me like that. You know I forbid you last time we met, and you promised me to be good."

"I promised, then, the most difficult thing in the world. But never mind me; the principal thing is your acceptance or rejection of that note, Joyce!" in a low tone, "say you will accept it."

"Well," relenting visibly, and now refusing to meet his eyes, "I'll ask Barbara, and, if she says I may go, I——"

"You will then accept?" eagerly.

"I shall then—think about it."

"You look like an angel," says he, "and you have the heart of a flint."

This remark, that might have presumably annoyed another girl, seems to fill Miss Kavanagh with mirth.

"Am I so bad as that?" cries she gayly. "Why, I shall make amends then. I shall change my girl ways. As a beginning, see here. If Barbara says go to the court, go I will. Now, stern moralist! where are you?"

"In the seventh heaven," says he, promptly.

"Be it a fool's paradise or otherwise, I shall take up my abode there for the present. And now you will go and ask Mrs. Monkton?"

"In what a hurry to get rid of me!" says this coquette of all coquettes. "Well, good-by then——"

"Oh, no; don't go."

"To the court? Was ever man so unreasonable? In one breath 'do' and 'don't'!"

"Was ever woman so tormenting?"

"Tormenting? No, so discerning if you will, or else so——"

"Adorable! You can't find fault with that at all events."

"And therefore my mission is at an end! Good-by again."

"Good-by." He is holding her hand as though he never means to let her have it again. "That rose," says he, pointing to the flower that has kissed her lips so often. "It is nothing to you, you can pick yourself another, give it to me."

"I can pick you another, too, a nice fresh one," says she. "Here," moving toward a glowing bush; "here is a bud worth having."

"Not that one," hastily. "Not one this garden, or any other garden holds, save the one in your hand. It is the only one in the world of roses worth having."

"I hate to give a faded gift," says she, looking at the rose with apparent disfavor.

"Then I shall take it," returns he, with decision. He opens her pretty pink palm, releases the dying rosebud from it and places it triumphantly in his coat.

"You haven't got any manners," says she, but she laughs again as she says it.

"Except bad ones, you should add."

"Yes, I forgot that. A point lost. Good-by, now, good-by indeed."

She waves her hand lightly to him and calling to the children runs toward the house. It seems as if she has carried all the beauty and brightness and sweetness of the day with her.

As Dysart turns back again the afternoon appears gray and gloomy.

To be continued.

THE GYPSIES.

Further Revelations About Them by the "Gypsy King," the Archduke Joseph.

From the London Standard.

VIENNA, Dec. 22.—The Archduke Joseph, Commander of the Hungarian Honved Army, has made the language, traditions, and habits of the gypsies his special study. Extensive as the literature about this strange and interesting people already is, the researches of the Archduke have brought several unknown features to light. His opportunities for entering into their mysteries have been exceptional.

There are in Hungary no fewer than 80,000 gypsies, and some 200,000 in the neighboring Roumania. The Archduke is visiting their settlements one after another; and to his thorough knowledge of their language, as well as to his exalted rank, it may be attributed that the gypsies who wantonly deceive other savants reveal their secrets without hesitation to the "royal gypsy," as the Archduke allows himself jokingly to be called. He published some time ago, as the first result of his studies, a grammar and dictionary of the gypsy language, the most complete book on the subject in existence; and he read a paper a few days before the Ethnographical Society of Budapest, on the origin and habits of his protégés, which will shortly appear in print.

The Archduke Joseph supports Grellmann's theory of the Hindustani origin of all gypsies, by comparing the two languages. He says, for instance, that the word for snow, which in Hindustani is "*hima*," is in the gypsy language "*him*," and the word for carrier, in the one language "*laya*," is in the other "*lel*" and "*era*," so that in both languages Himalaya means the bearer of snow. Many other instances of the same sort are given, which it is unnecessary to quote, as it is no longer doubted that the slopes of the Himalaya Mountains were the homes of all the gypsies at present in Europe, where their first appearance is traced to the year 1417. It is of far greater interest to learn something of their views and habits.

The earth (*phuo*) has existed, in their opinion, from eternity, and is the origin of everything that is good. God they call "*devel*," and the devil they call "*beng*." They fear both, and curse both when they are in bad luck, or in case of the death of one of their number; and they believe also in evil spirits, which can be chased away by throwing brandy, or, in default of that liquor, water, upon the body or upon the grave whenever they pass it. They swear by their dead, and that is their most solemn oath, which is rigorously kept in honor; they do not, however, believe in a life after death. Their language has no word for paradise and none for heaven, but the home of the devil (*beng-ipe*) they know. The religion they profess, either for convenience sake, or under compulsion, has no real hold upon them. They embrace the religion of the people who allow them to settle in their midst, and call themselves "Christians," but remain in reality heathens, cherishing the traditions of the fire worshippers, which they seem once to have been. The baptism of a child, for instance, as performed by the priest, has no real value for them till the eldest of the clan has held the babe over a large open fire. That is the real reception into the community, whatever outward religion they may profess.

Of the gypsies in Hungary there are 24,000 orthodox, 23,000 Greek Catholics, 20,000 Roman Catholics, and 9,000 Protestants of the Helvetian confession, which answers pretty well the proportion of creeds in the districts which tolerate them, the Protestants being least inclined to permit them to remain in their vicinity. The gypsies are generally held up as bad examples of superstition, witchcraft, and similar failings. In this respect, the Archduke says, they are wronged, and what is worse, their accusers themselves are the superstitious ones, and the gypsies laugh at them, after having fleeced them. The Archduke asked, for instance, several gypsy women to tell him his fortune, which they readily did. As soon, however, as he addressed them in their own language, they declared they would not cheat "one of their own," and being explicitly asked whether they believed in cards as a means of telling fortunes, they said laughingly, "No, that is good enough for the non-gypsies."

Each of their colonies is ruled by an elder, who in Hungary, Roumania, and Bohemia is called *vajadu*. The elder has the power of punishing, and he usually uses the stick for more serious crimes; resorting, for lesser ones, to boxing the ears of the culprit. His authority is supreme, and it need not be the eldest man who is raised to the dignity of a *vajadu*, but, in Hungary, at least, it must be one who can read and write, in order to defend his people before the authorities. The *vajadu* baptizes after the gypsy fashion, as already mentioned, and, of course, he performs the marriage ceremony and the burial rites.

The bridal pair are married in church, but what we should call civil marriage, namely, the ceremony before the *vajadu*, must precede it for the marriage to have validity in the eyes of the community. This ceremony is as solemn as could be desired. The parents of both bride and bridegroom bring the young people before the chief, who addresses them in bombastic phrases of traditional wording, reminding them of the duties of married life; whereupon an earthen vessel is smashed to pieces, and a great libation, in which brandy is the principal beverage, finishes the festival. After this ceremony, the young people, of whom the bridegroom is seldom older than 15 and the bride 12, are considered duly married. As a rule, the religious ceremony follows only years afterward, as a concession to Christian feeling, not as a necessity for themselves. The clan chief inflicts the severest punishment, namely, the greatest number of strokes with a heavy stick, upon adulterers, and he arrogates also the right of dissolving marriages, whatever the civil or Church authorities may have against it.

Family life is very simple, and, as a rule, very happy. The father is the absolute master of his house, and where communistic ideas prevail, namely, where several families live together, the magistrate they elect has the same absolute authority over each member of the community. He is called the "*vajda*," sometimes, also, the "uncle," or the "first friend," and his insignia are a dolman with big silver buttons, and a staff with a silver knob. He, too, must be able to read and to write, and he must strictly keep to the traditions and ceremonies of old.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

A Long Hunt for a Man-Eater Who Knew What He Was About.

When you go forth to hunt the lion you have a bold and open enemy. In ninety-five cases out of a hundred he will charge you if you meddle with him. In the other five he may get rattled and run away. The lion seldom prowls or sneaks. The tiger will often resort to measures unworthy of the wolf. One can always locate the lion at night, if he be full grown, by his voice. Fearing nothing on earth, human or animal, he delights in locating himself. Hunters have now and then been stalked by a lion, but in every case it was curiosity more than hunger which prompted the beast. When the tiger stalks it is for blood. He is never curious.

We had been beating the jungles in the Bengalee district, to the west of Calcutta, for two weeks before any big game came our way. Our party was too large for a successful hunting party, being composed of over twenty officers, civil and military, who were out for a vacation, and the servants must have numbered fifty. We had plenty to eat, drink, and smoke, and now and then knocked over a wolf or hyena, but we could not expect to get within five miles of anything worthy of a bullet with such a camp as that. One day a native came in with a request that some of us return with him to a village called Dahur, about twenty-five miles to the northwest. He said that an old tiger had taken up his headquarters near the village, and during the four weeks he had been there the beast had killed and devoured a man, two women, a girl, and a boy. The natives had set traps, but he would not enter them. They had poisoned the carcasses of goats and calves, but he would not touch them. It had got so that at 4 o'clock in the evening every one entered his house and made himself secure for the night, while the tiger held possession of the village, and carried terror to every soul.

Major Isham and myself got this news exclusively, and after a bit of planning we stole out of camp with our horses and arms, and followed the guide. It was about 9 o'clock in the morning when we left, and as it was a cool day and we had a fairly good route, we pushed ahead at such a pace that at 3 in the afternoon we were in Dahur. We found the village to consist of seventy-two huts or cabins, covering about two acres of open. On the northern edge of the village was a creek flowing toward the Ganges, sixty miles away, and beyond this creek was a fertile spot of 200 acres, which was devoted to crop raising. The creek was bordered with a thick jungle about five rods in breadth, and it was at the crossing that the tiger had got in his deadly work. This creek could not be crossed anywhere for miles, except by cutting a way through the jungle, and the inhabitants of the village were talking of moving away when they heard of our big hunting party. The first thing was to inquire about the tiger's peculiarities as thus far observed by the people. No two tigers work exactly alike any more than two thieves do. Let two man-eaters take up their quarters, each in the suburbs of a village twenty miles apart, and they will not pursue the same tactics.

"This tiger, sahibs," said the head man, in explanation, "knows no fear. While we were working in the field at noonday, he came out of the jungle, sat down like a dog, and looked at us for a long time. He saw that my brother's wife was very fat, and therefore selected her for his supper. We numbered over thirty as we started to return. We were singing and shouting to scare him, and the sun was yet half an hour high, but he came out of the jungle, looked each one over as he passed, and when my sister-in-law came up he sprang upon her and carried her off. He did not even growl. As he knocked her down his long tail whisked around and struck me in the side. Last night was the worst of all. As none of us had gone to the fields for three days, the tiger came into the village for his supper. An old man further up the street unfastened his door to go into the house of his son across the street, and as he stepped forth the tiger seized him. He was a very large man, but the beast carried him off at a trot. You have, sahibs, an old and cunning beast to deal with, and if you do not have your wits about you he will eat you both."

No wild animal goes out to kill unless hungry. In each instance where this tiger had seized a victim he had remained quiet for the next two nights. We could, therefore, figure pretty closely on his next appearance. We went down that evening and looked the cover over. It was dense enough to conceal a troop of elephants, and as the creek was full of water the beast would have no inducement to leave shelter until hunger drove him out. As for pushing our way into the jungle to meet him, the idea was too foolhardy to be entertained. Once a tiger becomes a man-eater he develops new traits. No powwow raised by a thousand natives can scare him away, and he becomes twice as dangerous to approach as before. That night the head man caused several large bonfires to be lighted, bells rung, old muskets fired off, and a great noise kept up for an hour. This was to inform the tiger that white men had arrived, and that a new deal was on hand.

We had plenty of time next day to look the field over and make our plans. The natives were sent off to the fields to work, and we skirted the banks of the creek to the east until satisfied that the beast had its lair in a mass of rock so overgrown and sheltered by jungle that it did not seem as if a rabbit could penetrate it. He doubtless came and went by a path of his own at the water's edge. The situation was a good one to burn him out when the wind came right, but we did not want to try that until our other plans failed. Fires were lighted again on the second night, and the racket maintained for the first two hours after sundown was sufficient to scare any ordinary tiger out of the district. It was about 7 o'clock, and the Major, the head man, two or three others, and myself were sitting about the head man's door smoking and talking, when an interesting event occurred. We were almost at the northern edge of the village, and the noise was all to the south of us. I sat in the door facing to the west. The others sat so that their faces were toward the door. All of a sudden I caught sight of the tiger approaching us from the north. He walked up to within ten feet of the group and sat down and stared at us. I could see him in the reflection of a fire as plain as day, and I noted his unusual size and strength, and the fact that he had a white spot about the size of a silver dollar on his throat. There was a conversation going on in which I was not included, and I had been looking at the beast a full minute before I was appealed to. Then I replied: "Gentlemen, make no move! The tiger is only ten feet away! By moving backward five feet I can reach my gun. Should any of you attempt to spring up he will doubtless seize you."

The natives were struck dumb, but the Major, fully realizing the situation, began singing a song. I moved backward inch by inch, and the tiger remained quiet while I was in his range of vision. As soon as I got my hand on my rifle I rose to my feet and stepped to the door to deliver a shot, but the beast was no longer there. No one had heard or seen him move, but he had disappeared.

"He came to see if you Sahibs were really here, or if we were deceiving him," explained the head man when he had recovered his power of speech. "He has seen you. He knows that you seek his life. It will now be between you three, and you must look out or he will get the better of you."

Nothing further was heard from the beast that night, and next day we sent the people off to the fields again. After dinner we got a suit of clothes, and stuffed them with grass to represent a human figure—a man. We placed it in a kneeling position at the creek, with gourd in hand, as if dipping up water, and at 3 o'clock all the people came in, and we took our stations in a tree which commanded the crossing. If the tiger appeared at the usual spot we had him at short range. We watched until the afternoon faded into darkness, but he did not appear. If he saw the figure at all he scented the trick. Then we fastened a goat to the tree, and took possession of a cabin a hundred feet away. From a window looking out to the north we had a fine show to drop the tiger if he appeared. But he did not appear. While all the village slept we stood watch, rifles on the cock; but, though the goat kept up a continual bleating for hours, she drew no other audience than a few jackals and hyenas. Next morning the head man said to us:

"As the woman was very fat she would last the tiger for an extra meal or two. He would not have touched the goat anyhow, but to-night he will come into the village in search of a victim. You must plan accordingly."

In the afternoon we had one of the families vacate their hut and brought up the dummy and laid it in the sleeping corner. We then took possession of the next cabin, only about thirty feet away, and cut two openings in the wall to command the door of the first. The people went to their work as usual and returned at the usual time, and everybody was inside before the sun went down. What we hoped for was that the tiger would prowl through the village, trying each opening to effect an entrance, and we had left this door so that he could open it. We did not look for him before 9 o'clock, and were taking things easy at about 8 when we heard an uproar at the other end of the village. We two ran out, but were too late. The tiger had appeared, burst in a door by flinging his weight against it, and had seized and carried off a boy about eight years old. The villagers were frantic with grief when they learned of the fact, and the head man said to us, while the tears ran down his cheeks:

"Ah, sahibs, but we may as well abandon our homes to-morrow. This is a wise and cunning tiger, and you can do nothing with him. If we do not go away he will eat us up."

We quieted the people as best we could, and next day went about in person to make every hut secure. Every window opening was barred, and every door provided with a prop. It was characteristic of the simple-minded natives that, while they lived in mortal dread, more than half the huts were so badly secured that the tiger could have entered. We had to wait again for the tiger to get hungry. As the crops could now take care of themselves for a few days, we ordered that the villagers keep quiet and show themselves as little as possible, and two nights and days were thus worn away. On the afternoon of the third day we killed a goat and dragged its bleeding body from the creek to the door of the hut wherein we had placed the dummy, and at twilight the village was as quiet as a graveyard.

The Major and I stood at openings about five feet apart, and at 10 o'clock we had got no alarm. He came over to me to say that he was dying for a smoke, and to ask if I deemed it advisable to light a cigar, when I heard a pat! pat! pat! outside, and cautioned him that the tiger was abroad. The cunning beast had not come by the trail we had prepared, but had made a circuit and struck into the upper or southern end of the village. As we afterward ascertained, he had been prowling around for an hour, softly trying every door in succession. Our openings were on the south side. The cunning beast seemed to be posted as to this fact and lingered on the north side. We plainly heard him push at our door and rear up and claw the bars of the window, and we hardly breathed for fear of frightening him away. There was a crevice under the door through which one could have shoved his hand, and the tiger got down and sniffed and snuffed at this opening for fully five minutes. Then he got up and remained very quiet. He must have had the scent of the fresh blood only two rods away, but it was plain that he had his suspicions. We stood at the openings each one with his gun thrust out and ready to fire, when the beast suddenly made up his mind to act. With one bound he emerged from shelter and covered half the distance to the other cabin. At the second he went bang against the door, pushed it in, and was hidden from our sight before we had had a show to pull trigger.

"Take him when he comes out!" whispered the Major, and both of us watched and waited.

The beast no doubt expected to find a victim in the hut. He seized the dummy, gave it a shake, and the discovery he made broke him all up. Instead of coming out with a bound he sought to play sneak, and was just clear of the opening, head down and tail dragging, when we fired and keeled him over. He proved to be an old tiger, having lost many of his teeth, but he was big and strong, and would doubtless have made many more victims but for our interference.

POLICE SPIES AND DECOYS.

The Captains Say They Do Not Send Young Girls as Detectives to Evil Resorts.

The recent action of the Grand Jury in condemning "the use of young girl spies by the police" to secure evidence against resorts of doubtful repute, caused much talk at Police Headquarters, and has set the Police Commissioners and lots of other people talking about the practice of using spies and decoys in obtaining evidence against malefactors.

The effect of the Grand Jury's "warning to the police," as the sensational recommendation has been called, was immediate. District Attorney Fellows presented it to the attention of the Police Commissioners in an official letter, and Superintendent Murray at once issued a circular letter to police Captains to report forthwith to him whether girl spies were employed in any particular precinct, and to describe in detail any case where such spy was used. Thus far the Superintendent has received from the Captains nothing but denials that they use girl spies. He will lay all the replies before the Board.

The particular evil that the Grand Jury had reference to was the alleged employment of a girl under 16 years of age to visit an evil resort in the city to discover whether girls of her own age frequented the place. The police denied the impeachment, but the Grand Jury apparently was not convinced by the denial, for the jurors presented an official recommendation that such use of children was "unnecessary and debasing."

Whether or not children are now used for such purposes it is certain that their services as spies have been taken advantage of up to a recent date by detectives. They have been an efficient aid to the detectives in breaking up the Chinese opium joints, where it had been known to the police that children were allowed to smoke opium and were taught other debasing habits. There is one particular young girl in the Sixth ward who was known to nearly everybody but the opium joint keepers as a "police decoy." She was an opium smoker herself, although not yet 17 years old, and, as it was reported, she gave evidence to the detectives which enabled them to raid the joint and secure the conviction of the proprietors.

It was said by the police at the time of these raids that the little decoy did this work without prompting or inducement from them and because she had taken a fancy to the police. It is certain that the police profited by her work as a spy, and that she kept it up for a long time. She was arrested herself in the raids, but was discharged by the police magistrate, as the detectives said they had no complaint to make against her.

Boys have also been used in securing evidence against policy shops. The detectives could send a boy into a suspected shop to buy tickets with much better success than if they tried to do the work themselves.

There are certain women who are often spoken of in police circles, and are known to many outsiders as "police decoys." Some are good looking, and all are shrewd, and in certain branches of detective service they are, by reason of their sex, better able to trace and trap evildoers than male detectives. It has been said, and the assertion is extensively believed, that these women are the secret aids of Inspector Byrnes, the general impression being that he has modelled his service in this particular after the Paris system, in which female detectives are said to play an important part.

Inspector Byrnes himself denies that he has any female assistants, and repudiates the idea of the necessity of women spies or decoys, or outside help of any kind for that matter. But it is known that he has made use of women whom he has arrested to secure information of other criminals. He has long been credited with a phenomenal power of making prisoners, particularly women prisoners, turn "decoys." It should be said in justice to the police, however, that they have never attempted to make such use of any person of good character. The children and adults who are reputed to be spies and decoys are all of shady morals, and accustomed to criminal associations.

In the enforcement of the Excise law and of the Blue law sections of the Penal Code the Captains are accustomed to detail men in civilian dress to make arrests. Superintendent Murray also sends out spies from the Central Office. The Superintendent's men are trained detectives, but it is not so with all the men used by the precinct commanders. The temporary rôle of detective ill fits many of the policemen selected, and they make an awful botch of the special duty. Instances are far from rare where policemen have put on theatrical wigs, battered hats and boots, to rig themselves up as countrymen to deceive some bartender.

One Sunday not long ago a policeman turned his coat inside out, tucked his trousers legs into his boots, and threw his hat aside temporarily, while he assumed the character of a thirsty laboring man, and asked for a drink of beer. He didn't get it, but he collared the bartender all the same, and had him locked up because the saloon door was open. Arrests have repeatedly been made, too, where there was no evidence that liquor was sold. The spy business has so often been clumsily played that wide-awake liquor dealers are seldom caught napping. "Look at his collar and his feet," the fly dealers tell their bartenders, "and you can't mistake a cop."

This tip is based upon the well-known fact that the regulation police collar is a standing one, with Piccadilly flaps at the throat, while the shoe is broad, heavy-soled, and wide.

Policemen will sometimes go into tailor shops in plain clothes on Sunday and ask the tailor to sew a button on, and then collar him for doing it, or will beg a drink of milk, or buy meat, and yank in the milkman or butcher for selling his wares after 9 o'clock on Sunday. This method of enforcing the law is not in favor with the officials at headquarters, and the police magistrates do not admit it as a legitimate way of enforcing the law. They don't like the notion that it is proper for a policeman to coax a man to commit an unlawful act and then arrest him for doing it.

The news that the Grand Jury had pitched into the spy system drew a variety of comments from the Police Commissioners. Commissioner Voorhis is opposed to the whole idea, but particularly to the fantastic style of excise enforcement. "I do not approve of policemen disguising themselves to make excise arrests," he said. "That work can be done in a legitimate way, and a better way, if the policeman is only persistent enough and really means to prevent violations of the law."

Another Commissioner thought that the cause of the Grand Jury's action was that somebody interested in an illegal resort had misrepresented things, and had been able to secure the unwitting aid of the Grand Jurors in tying the hands of the police.

Superintendent Murray says that he doesn't know what the Grand Jury is driving at, and that he has no knowledge that the police ever used young girls as spies. Policemen in plain clothes secure evidence for the police in every instance, he declares.

A FRENCH DRAMA.

"LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS."

The Latest Account of Its Presentation and the Struggles of Alexandre Dumas.

Some interesting reminiscences of the youth of Alexandre Dumas, the younger, have just been laid before the public on the Continent by Albert Wolff. The most entertaining of them concern Dumas's début in fast Parisian life, and, shortly afterward, in the world of letters. When Alexandre was 18 years old, says Wolff, his father, whom till then he had seen only on Sundays, said to him:

"My son, you are now a man. Listen attentively to what I tell you. A man bearing the name of Alexandre Dumas must live in grand style. He must dine at the Café de Paris; he must be generous with women; he must deny himself nothing. Go, my son, and have no care for the future. At the age of 25, when you will marry, you will receive from me 300,000 francs to start with."

Young Dumas, who up to this time had led a very simple life, listened as carefully to this advice as his father could wish and then went away to obey it conscientiously. He plunged into the whirlpool of Paris life in grand style. He ate at the Café de Paris. He denied himself nothing and was generous with women. After two years he turned up again in his father's study with these words:

"Father, I have been following your advice and have now 50,000 francs debts. You will pay them, of course?"

"Fifty thousand francs!" cried Dumas the elder. "Fifty thousand francs! But, unhappy child, where shall I get them—I who owe 600,000 at least?"

The younger Dumas gave it up. He saw that he must drag himself out of the financial hole into which his father's advice had led him. He did a little scribbling here and there for a few centimes a line without making any progress toward paying his creditors the 50,000 francs he owed. In the midst this hopeless struggle Marie Duplessis, the immortal Camille, was tossed upon his notice. A poor young author was intimate with her. The relation continued undisturbed till the woman's creditors began to hunt her. She had to have 10,000 francs. The young author could not give her a penny. Consequently she discarded him and looked about her for a man of wealth. Dumas loved her, and, half heart-broken, went to a rich friend with his tale of woe. The friend heard his story, and an hour later was in the presence of Marie Duplessis with 10,000 francs in his hand.

"You have caused a splendid young fellow untold grief," he said. "You want 10,000 francs. There they are. This is confidential. I may tell my chum now, mayn't I, that you will receive him?"

"Yes," answered the woman. "Tell him I am waiting for him. Keep your money, however; I don't wish it."

This episode was the mot from which grew, in the mind of "little Dumas," as his friends called him, "La Dame aux Camélias." Marie Duplessis died, but her ghost still flitted about in the head of the insolvent young Parisian with the great name. One summer day he thought about her so hard, as he wandered through the wood of St. Germain, that he lost the last train home. He passed the night in the hotel, "The White Horse." When he awoke next morning he looked over his clean, bare, quiet room and out into the empty street and said to himself: "How agreeable it would be to work right here." An hour later he had engaged the room, and sent to Paris for clothes. He paid twenty sous a day for his quarters, and wrote before he left them "La Dame aux Camélias," the first edition of which he sold to the publisher Cadot for 1,000 francs. Cadot bought the second edition for 200 francs, and refused to have anything more to do with the work. Eventually Dumas sold it out and out to Michel Levy Frères for twenty louis d'or. Altogether the story of Marie Duplessis brought eighty louis d'or to Dumas's pockets.

One day not long after he had gotten the last penny he ever expected to get from the "Dame aux Camélias," he was bemoaning his hard luck and his debts in the presence of a friend. "Money! Do you want money?" exclaimed his friend. "Why don't you make a play out of your book?"

What an audacious suggestion! The son of the great and only Alexandre Dumas write a play! The idea made "little Dumas" laugh even in his despondency. Nevertheless he thought over his friend's suggestion, and finally went to his father with it. The elder Dumas was then at the height of his fame and prosperity. He regarded his son as the weakest of literary sucklings. "There is no play in your book," he said curtly after listening to the young man's timid suggestions. Little Dumas left with a bad case of the blues.

Some time afterward, however, the little son asked his great father of a winter evening after dinner to hear something he had recently written. They drew up to the open fire, side by side. Little Dumas unrolled a big manuscript, and with a shaky voice began reading: "First act. The stage represents, &c." At first Dumas the elder listened carelessly. Then he became attentive. His big blue eyes grew bigger. Occasionally he let out a low exclamation of surprise.

As young Alexandre proceeded, old Alexandre experienced probably the noblest feelings of his rather ignoble life. Tears filled his eyes and choked his voice, and he kept murmuring to himself: "That is beautiful, beautiful, wonderfully beautiful, my friend." When young Dumas had read the last word of the last act, and had laid his manuscript in his lap, his father regarded him for a minute in dead silence, then jumped to his feet, caught the untried playwright in his arms, and shouted:

"Was I out of my head that I had no confidence in the possibility of this piece! I accept your piece for the Théatre Historique. You will begin the rehearsals next week."

The next week, however, brought with it the insolvency of the Théâtre Historique. "Camille" did not even get an introductory hearing at its rehearsals. D'Ennery thought of taking hold of the bankrupt theatre, but upon investigation gave up the idea, because "he found in its archives only two impossible pieces, 'La Dame de Monsoreau,' and 'La Dame aux Camélias.'" Hostein, director of the Gaîté Théâtre, pronounced an equally unflattering judgment upon young Dumas's piece. "That is Murger's 'Vie de Bohème,'" he said, "without any of Murger's genius." Paul Ernest, director of the Vaudeville, however, found a rôle for his wife in the despised play and accepted it. Fourteen days later the Vaudeville became bankrupt. Young Dumas began to fear that his maiden play was a regular Jonah. He next offered it to M. Lecour, who succeeded Ernest as director of the Vaudeville. Lecour returned the manuscript to him through the theatre porter, with the curt message that it was worthless to him.

One evening, as the embryo playwright wandered along the boulevard brooding over his bad luck and his 50,000 francs of debts, he was suddenly slapped lightly on the back by M. Bouffé, who was in high feather because he expected to become director of the Vaudeville, vice Lecour, in a few months. "And I know, my dear Dumas, that you have written a charming play which no one will produce for you," he said. "Keep it for me." Six months later Bouffé succeeded Lecour, as he had prophesied, and began preparations to produce "La Dame aux Camélias." He was stopped, however, by the Commission of Censors, who considered the piece too immoral even for a Paris audience. "We have really done you a great service," explained M. de Beaufort of the Commission to the discouraged author, "in forbidding the piece. Otherwise it would have been hissed from the stage."

Not so very long after this, M. de Beaufort, as director of the Vaudeville, lined his pockets with money, by producing the play which he thus condemned.

In the introduction to his "Théâtre Complet," Dumas the younger has described how, on the recommendation of De Morny, the Prince President, Louis Napoleon, was moved to allow the presentation of "Camille." The principal part was at first assigned to Mme. Forgneil. After reading it carefully she told the author: "I have read your comedy, M. Dumas. The action belongs to a world that I do not know." Eventually an actress of ability was found for the novel rôle. All obstacles in the way of the presentation were shoved aside. The rehearsals progressed famously. Young Dumas, however, was in a very unhappy position. The actors in his unique piece had little confidence in him, and treated him with all sorts of indignity. During one of the rehearsals Dumas explained to the actor, Fechter: "My dear friend, in this piece you must get out of the old ruts. Boldness, boldness, and again boldness! In your great scene catch Marguerite by the arm, throw her on her knees, and raise your fist against her."

Fechter looked at Dumas curiously and remarked: "You must be crazy." Then after a moment's reflection added: "But we trouble ourselves about trifles. Your play will never get so far as that."

Only one man had the same confidence in Dumas's piece as Dumas himself. That was the director. On the evening of the first presentation, just before the curtain rose, he said to his company: "Ladies and gentlemen, you will never forget this evening, for, believe me, you are about to participate in the grandest success of the modern theatre."

The result of this first night is an old story. From the next morning on young Dumas was the centre of a horde of creditors. He was arrested three times every week, and three times every week he was set free by M. de Belleyme. This kind of life was little to his liking. He swore to take no rest till his debts were paid. He kept his word, and lived modestly, despite Dumas, Sr.'s advice, till the last centime against him had been scratched from the books of his creditors.