NO OTHER WAY.

By SIR WALTER BESANT.

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CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

FORTUNE TURNS HER WHEEL.

One morning at this time she received a visit. It was from an attorney whom she had known in her childhood. He was her father's attorney; a prim and smug man in black cloth, on very good terms with himself; one of the small sect which met in the conventicle.

He had often come to the house at Hackney either on business or by invitation. After dinner he would discuss points of abstruse doctrine with her father; no hypocrite, but a perfectly honorable and upright man, though of a narrow creed.

"Madam," he said, "I am the bearer of news which is both bad and good; bad because your father is dead."

"My father is—dead! my father is dead!"

For this was a thing which she had not expected. It seems, indeed, to many children that their father will never die; so much accustomed are they to the uninterruption of an old age which begins at 60 and drags to three score years and ten.

"He is dead, madam."

"O, sir—it is impossible that he should die without forgiving or bestowing his blessing upon me."

"He is dead, madam," the attorney repeated; "yet as regards his forgiveness and his blessing, I think you will find that you have received both. He is dead and buried. We knew not where you were living; your brother would have sent."

"O, my brother, my brother. Sir, I know my brother."

"He would have sent to you, but he could not find your lodging. Your father died after a short illness; he is buried in Bunhill Fields among his own people."

"Dead and buried! O, what can I say? What can I do?" She wrung her hands for herself, while the filial tear fell for her father.

The attorney did not understand her trouble.

"Madam," he said, "to lose a parent is an affliction which must fall upon us sooner or later. It is now ten years since I buried my great aunt. But you may take comfort when I inform you that, in spite of your father's disapproval of your marriage. 'Be ye not,' he would say, 'yoked with unbelievers.' He made no change in his testamentary disposition. You left him and the connection in order to marry a butterfly of fashion. Yet he made no alteration in his will."

"He made no alteration? Dear sir, pray, explain how this affects my position?"

"It affects you, madam, to this extent, that your father, while he bequeathed to your brother, his only son, the business on Galley quay, with all the future emoluments and profits therefrom—a great and noble bequest—divided the rest of his property including his real and personal estate, his houses and lands, his money, his plate, his furniture, his horses and carriages, into two parts, equal in all respects. One moiety will be given to your brother in addition to the business, the other to yourself."

"To myself? Why, truly—it seems as if my father relented at last; but pray, sir, what may this moiety mean? Is it a sufficiency?"

"A sufficiency! Indeed, madam, I know not what you have from your late husband, but he was, I have understood, though, a sprig of quality, a younger son."

Isabel inclined her head partly to hide a smile. Could she tell this man of the city, where is contempt for poverty, that she was come to her last 3 guineas?

"Madam, I do not know, I say, the extent of your husband's estate. I may, however, inform you that even in the city your father was respected for his wealth, as well as for his integrity. Your moiety, madam, cannot be less than £80,000, which, at 6 per cent., is £4,800 a year; and it may amount, should the lands and houses be valued as highly as is possible, to over £100,000."

Isabel breathed a sigh of relief. "Sir, I thank you for bringing me the news." He left her, begging to be allowed the management of her affairs, as he had had that of her father's.

Isabel took out her purse again—and shook it. The guineas jangled at the bottom of it—the three guineas—the three last—"Oh!" she laughed. "And he does not know how near I was to destitution. My poor father! He is dead; but in blessing me with this fortune he has blessed himself as one who could forgive."

Then another thought struck her; she colored crimson; she gasped:

"Oh, Heavens!" she said. "If it had happened only two months ago what things I should have escaped!"

CHAPTER V.

BY CHANCE.

Among those who repaired to St. James Park in the cool of the summer evenings in the year of grace 1752, two years after the day in the King's Bench and Newgate, was the Honorable Isabel, widow of the late Ronald Weyland, some time Comptroller in the Hanaper office, and only brother of the Earl of Stratherrick.

Mrs. Weyland, still quite a young woman and in the fulness of her beauty and her charms, occupied a house in St. James Square, where she lived in the style and the substantial comfort of a lady of considerable wealth, having her establishment of servants, her butler, hall-porter, lackeys, coachmen, chairmen and women. On this evening which was in early July, between 7 and 8 in the evening, she was escorted by her brother-in-law.

The noble Lord was a tall and well-proportioned man, not more than five and thirty, dressed as became his position and his rank, in a very fine coat of blue silk with a white velvet waistcoat. His star was on his breast, and he carried a gold-headed, clouded cane.

His snuffbox was of gold, his hat was edged with gold lace, the buttons of his coat were of gold, his buckles were of gold, the lace of his ruffles and his necktie was of the finest Valenciennes, his stockings were of white silk. He presented the outward appearance of a man of wealth as well as rank.

Who was to know unless they had been told—but the whole town had been told—that this nobleman, proud in his bearing, splendid in appearance, was nothing better than a pauper maintained by his sister-in-law who gave him a small monthly allowance, coupled with the condition which his pride readily accepted that he would not part with any of the things which supported the rank, neither his gold-hilted sword, nor his star, nor his gold buttons and buckles, nor the gold snuffbox, nor the gold-headed cane, nor the lace at his neck and his wrists.

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on his favorite pursuit, though in a small and mean way.

Lord Stratherrick carried himself bravely, and looked about him with an insolent air of contempt for the rest of the world, which especially distinguished the British aristocracy of that period and made them the pride of their fellow countrymen, who, for their part, took a pleasure in being thus trampled upon. Proper pride was expected of a nobleman; respect for rank of a private citizen.

His Lordship, whose appearance was otherwise distinguished, presented also the habitual air of discontent; he could no longer be where he wished to be, in the company of his equals seated round the pit; his sister-in-law was the most obstinate, disobliging person in the world; she refused to pay any sporting debts for him; she refused to advance her allowance by so much as a single day; she refused to increase his allowance; she showed herself, as he frequently lamented to his ex-valet, Mr. Pinder of the Grapes Tavern, Jermyn street, no better than one would expect of the daughter of a mere city merchant. These misfortunes had the effect of permanently thrusting out his lower lip, which gave him a peevish look.

He endeavored also to play the part of Cerberus, keeping those who came for the golden fleece. Isabel was now the greatest prize in the market; wherever she appeared in the park, at the play, at the assembly, at the gardens, she had a small crowd of suitors buzzing around her, a crowd which his Lordship could not keep from her save at the cost of insulting and fighting them one by one; for who would not be pushing, who would not be persistent, who would not dare to fight with so rich and so charming a woman as the prize of daring?

She went to Bath, the roads were black with those who followed; to Tunbridge Wells, the lodgings of the spa were filled with those who thought to find a chance; she returned to London, they all came, too. Penelope herself had not a greater following.

They were mostly hungry suitors; no penniless adventurer that came to town but hoped for a presentation to this young widow; no younger son but was ready to offer himself with his noble connections; many of the elder sons would have been rejoiced at taking her hand and her fortune; a woman, indeed, who has an income of £4,500 a year or more is indeed rare.

They all offered themselves one after the other, as chance gave them an opening: some of these after a day's acquaintance, some after a month; some tried to carry the fortress by assault, some to undermine its walls; some, but those of the baser sort, endeavored to compromise this widow and to bring scandal to help them; some came crying, some came singing, some came laughing, some came sighing. Never did a woman receive so many offers. She knew when to expect the next offer, and by experience she knew the form it would take.

She had many friends. A woman so rich is quite certain to have many friends. They loved her naturally; women always love another who is richer than themselves. They also whispered things about her, but sadly, as those who whisper scandals are generally wont.

She had been seen with this gallant on the banks of Rosamund Pond by moonlight and with another beside the fountain in St. James's Square at midnight; some of them remembered her, in the early days of her widowhood, she had been constantly seen at the card table—the fact reduced her to their own level, which is a great consolation to the envious and the poorer sort; some of them knew that she was nothing better by birth than the daughter of a mere city merchant from whom she inherited most of her money; the fortune, it was reported, was made in a dirty warehouse by the river, out of figs and raisins—but this statement was contradicted, and the report made it tallow, and still another made it candles, but they knew nothing for certain.

However, it was now quite certain that the lady gambled no more; she had frequent card parties in her own house, but she did not sit down to play; she invited her friends to festivities and water parties; she was generous, as the rector of St. James's Church well knew, to the poor and to those who wanted help; she was good-natured and kindly to all; she took no part in the scandals which make up most of the discourse of fine ladies; and whether as regards her dress, which was always costly, or her manner, which was gracious, but could be proud, or her suite and establishment, she was a great lady.

There was a certain brief period when Isabel had looked upon marriage as a means of livelihood. During that time she was perhaps willing to contract a marriage which she would afterward, when she became rich, have regretted.

She was preserved, however, as we have seen, from this misfortune. The natural effect of her escape was a distaste to any second marriage at all. Her purpose, now she was rich and independent, was to preserve her independence—no legal skill in settlements she possessed would secure for her the complete independence which she now enjoyed; and the more she considered the men who flocked around her the more she despised their empty and wasted lives.

At the entrance to the park by Spring Gardens the footmen stood in a group, exchanging scandals and inventing anecdotes of their mistresses. They waited till the latter should come out, and they beguiled the time as best they could by the circulation of old lies and the fabrication of new.

Had we been able to listen to these gentry, whose discourse is happily long since forgotten, we should now have been recording the deplorable fact that in this year of grace there was no kind of honor left among the men nor virtue among the women; that both men and women cheated habitually at cards; that the men got drunk, outwitted each other and were afraid to fight, and that the women could not pay for their finery; that posts of honor in the households of men of rank were openly sold.

Many other pleasant things spoken of as generally true were discussed by the gentlemen of the worsted epaulettes. In so much as I said above, it is a happiness for the credit and character of the house that they have been forgotten.

The evening grew later, the sun had set, but it was still quite light as Isabel approached the gates on her way out; the following of beaux had dwindled down. There was then no one with her but her brother-in-law. At the gates Isabel turned to him.

"Good night," she said. "I see my two rascals. Now, my lord, let me advise you. Go home, tempt not fortune."

His lordship bowed low and turned away, but his lip went out another half inch or so and it was with a more peevish look than before that he walked away alone.

Isabel looked after him for a moment. His discontent was not new to her any more than his passion for one form of sport. She knew that his thoughts every evening, if not his presence, were at the cockpit.

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been sauntering leisurely past the King's Mews into Spring Gardens, looking about him without curiosity, for the fashionable world had no interest for him, stopped; he started; the face of Isabel at the park gates struck him; he hesitated; he changed color; he showed every sign of surprise, of confusion, of doubt.

What should he do? Could he venture to address this lady, or it would be better to pretend not to recognize her, to pass her as a stranger?

The sight of this lady recalled a passage in his life which was painful and shameful for him to remember, and, for this lady, would be assuredly quite as painful, and perhaps quite as shameful.

Now, after two years, he met face to face the woman to whom he owed everything.

Should he venture to speak to her? Would she pretend not to know him, and not even, perhaps, to acknowledge that she had ever seen so much as the outside of the prison.

This hesitation lasted a few moments only, but in so short a time one may get through a large quantity of reasoning. Thus he hesitated no longer; he advanced and stood before her, bowing low—but all the assurance was gone out of his face; he blushed like any girl, he stammered and boggled just as if he was not a lawyer.

"Madam," he said, "I entreat your pardon."

The lady stopped, wondering, then she looked around and saw her footman waiting.

"Madam," he advanced. "I am most presumptuous—surely, however, madam—if I recall a day two years ago and more—a day which I ought to forget—but associated with the most noble—the most generous—the most unaffected—madam—what can I say? Can it be possible that I am wrong? Yet the day is burned into my heart and cannot be forgotten. How could I ever forget the day, the face, the kindness, the pity—even though the conversation lasted no more than a few minutes, and though I saw that face but once—for a moment. How could I forget that face?"

Isabel stared at him. Slowly the remembrance of the man came back to her. In this prosperous, handsome, well-dressed gentleman she saw the poor ragged wretch upon whose release, in a fit of generosity, she had expended nearly all she had in the world.

"Madam," he repeated, watching her change of color and her troubled eyes, "you cannot but remember. Forgive me for reminding you of my existence."

She raised her fan to her face to hide the agitation into which this recognition had thrown her. He waited humbly, saying no more.

She turned her face. Her eyes were hard. The tear of pity was no more in them, making them soft.

"Mr. Oliver Macnamara," she said, "you see that I remember both your face and your name. What would you have?"

"Nothing, madam, believe me."

"Sir, you recall a memory which is hateful and shameful——"

"To me it is humiliating—but still it is the memory of a day most fortunate."

"Perhaps, sir, since you have said so much, you have said enough. You have met me by accident. Let us part."

"You have done so many charitable and generous things since then that you can afford to forget them. Madam, I respect your wish. Henceforth if I meet you I will make no sign that I have ever before so much as spoken with you. I am always your most humble and most faithful servant; believe me, I will do exactly what you wish and please."

"Very well, then, Mr. Macnamara, we part as we met. Stop, sir, you look prosperous. May I ask if you have succeeded in your profession since you—since you returned to it?"

"Thanks to you, madam, I was enabled to return to it. Fortune has smiled upon me. When I am Judge, or Attorney General, or Lord Chancellor himself I shall say 'This you owe to the lady who relieved you from starvation and drew gently out of the pit.' Believe me, madam, even if we never meet again, that there is one heart which always beats in gratitude for you—one servant whom you can command."

The man's face inspired confidence. It was a face which could be trusted.

"Sir," she said, "if you would know more about me, come with me to my house. It is but a little way, my footmen are waiting for me."

Oliver Macnamara bowed with humility and took his place beside her; they walked away. Two varlets in a green and gold livery, bearing long sticks with round balls at the end walked after them.

"My house," she said, "is in St. James Square. There are in the lives of most persons, I believe, some things which are best forgotten. Let us forget certain things."

"Madam, all shall be buried in silence, not forgotten."

"If you wish to nourish the emotion of gratitude, sir—it is rare—let me not stand in the way. But before the rest of the world it must be concealed. We are acquaintances only."

"Truth, madam."

"There, this is my house, Mr. Macnamara. I am rejoiced to welcome you within my doors. It is, as you said, a long time since we met. Will you come in with me?"

The houses in St. James Square are large, roomy and solid. Isabel's was on the east side, her windows facing the west and the sunset and looking down upon the garden of the square, with its fountain in the middle, its grass lawns and its beds of flowers. In the hall two more footmen stood up to receive them.

Isabel led the way upstairs to her drawing room. It was lit up in readiness for her return with wax candles in candelabra hanging from the ceiling and in silver sconces against the wall. The room was large, lofty and it was filled with fine furniture, pictures, vases, mirrors and chairs—all with prepossessing gilt, after the fashion of the day. One of the men stood at the door waiting for orders.

"This evening," said Isabel, "I am not at home to any one. Mr. Macnamara, you will, I am sure, take a little supper with me."

When the door was closed the young man fell upon one knee and took her hand.

"My benefactress!" he murmured.

"Mr. Macnamara, remember what I said. Once for all I rejoice that you have justified your words of ambition. So, if you please, not one word more."

He kissed her hand and rose.

"My name," Isabel continued, is "Weyland Isabel, widow of the late Hon. Ronald Weyland, one of his Majesty's commissioners for the Hanaper office. Now you know who I am. For the rest, I am wealthy as women go, and I live here in my own house."

They took their supper of cold chicken and a bottle of wine together. They talked after supper, sitting at the open window, while the water of the fountain plashed pleasantly in their ears and the fragrance of the summer flowers was wafted up to the window. A pleasant talk between a sympathetic woman and a clever man. It was nearly 11 when her guest rose to take his leave.

[illegible]

she might have remembered that there were several things in the past which she desired to conceal and that this was the first that had happened and the least agreeable. The worse and worst were still to follow.

(To be continued.)

MUST SPELL A LITTLE BIT.

Otherwise They Can't Get Degrees at the Northwestern University.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Poor spelling is not considered a sign of genius at the Northwestern University. No excuse is taken from students who insist that the spelling faculty is left out of them. They are consigned to the outer darkness of a special course of plain spelling and there they stay until they can pass the examination which bars the entrance to the English classes of Prof. J. Scott Clarke.

Students at Northwestern are divided into two classes, those who can spell and those who can't. Difference in age, sex and position count for little as compared with this greater and more significant differentiation. Those who fail to pass this examination fail to graduate, and that is the reason why the freshman starts in as early as possible to find his status. One hundred are studying out of little green spelling books and all over the campus may be heard the worried murmurs from those who are conning their next day's lesson.

"D-e, de, g-r-a-d, degrad, a, degrada, t-i-o-n, tion, degradation."

Such words as these come from grieving lips, in saddened tones.

By a recent ruling of the faculty no student is allowed to graduate who has not demonstrated his ability to spell the commonest words. A list of 150 words most frequently misspelled in the students' essays last year, constituted the examination this fall, on which so many failed. Some of these misspelled words are:

"Interfeared, excercise, tyreny, consistant, shaddow, hurles, testement, wheather, emmence, dilemna, procead, aquiescance, apperatus, volumn, dispare, dimentions, delapidated, temparament, beseige, mischeivous, villian, tennent, yeald, vestage."

These are only a few of the examples of distorted spelling. Others which occurred less frequently are:

"Looseing (losing), origonal, girssley (grisly), veteranary, paralexed, phenominia, excell, guarrantee, Southener, villan, pecuniery, generousity, Britian, countinence, immence, immagination, phenominon, dissapointed, indespensable, plausable, dilema, rediculus, unnessary, erroinous, orpondency, complextion, Britten, original, tempariment, chalous (callous), inhabitent, villiage, indispencable, symton (symptom), ingrediant, govinor, disasterous, weared (wearied), liesure and marvalous."

And as for punctuation, that is included, too, in this course. Periods, commas and semicolons dart through the dreams of new students and pierce the marrow of freshman content and self-satisfaction.

The faculty call this course "English No. 7," the students themselves call it "Pity sakes," expressing thereby the mild-mannered horror of the women who are compelled to go back to their primers on the verge of enthusiasms over poetry.

"This 'pity sakes' is something awful," said one of the members of the class of '02, who speaks from bitter experience. "The words they give you are mostly catch words, and the punctuation examination consists of a distracting description of a journey from here to somewhere else, read by the professor at breakneck speed, without stops for paragraphs or twenty-minute refreshments. Quotations from Browning, Tennyson, or Longfellow are thrown in, and at the end you feel like the under man in a football scrimmage."

Prof. Clarke is responsible for this necessary severity in the matter of English "as she is wrote," and he says:

"We admit no one from any high school or academy without this examination. We find that the foundation is so poorly laid that at least half of the students have little or no idea of spelling or punctuation.

"To be sure we admit those who come with advanced standing from other recognized colleges without this examination, but some of them need the course nevertheless, and often we have to read these students the riot act. Seniors are not exempt from criticism in this regard and this year there are one or two who might profitably take No. 7.

"Spelling is not a natural gift with more than one out of a hundred. The whole fault lies with the grammar school, where spelling is taught by the word method. The old-fashioned method of spelling by syllables, which was used by our ancestors, is the only one to use in learning to spell. The word method is good for teaching reading. It is an importation from Germany, and, like most imported methods, is being used to excess, whereas over there it is used only in reading. Its misuse is responsible to a great degree for the prevalent ignorance of orthography. The old style analytic method, by which the student said m-u-l, mul, t-i, ti, p-l-y, ply, was the method which taught him how to spell, and which will have to be taken up again.

"In the high school, where the boy is getting a new vocabulary more rapidly than ever afterward, spelling is almost entirely neglected. He does not have his attention called to the relation between spelling and etymology. When he comes to enter the university he will spell 'audible' audably. If he had had his attention called to the fact that the word is derived from the Latin word 'audio' the mistake would not be made.

"The student who is careless about spelling is careless about almost everything else. Those who failed to pass the examination for entrance to the Northwestern University have been assigned to a sub-freshman class, where they are taught how to spell correctly. It is our business to fit them for conditions as they are, and not as they ought to be.

"The reform will have to come because business men are demanding it. I know one business man who tried thirty stenographers before he could find one who could spell.

"We are reverting to the days of the three 'Rs,' but there are signs of a slow reaction. The study of spelling is to a large extent purely mechanical and the idea that some can and others cannot spell is being exploded.

"The conditions were not unusual this year, but they have served a lesson, and a reaction has set in some quarters. Students do not know how to spell now as they did twenty years ago. There is a general sentiment that because the spelling is illogical it is a little matter and that when a reform is brought about they will again take up the art. It will take thousands of years to work this reform in spelling for which many teachers and pupils seem to be waiting. The spelling of about 400 words has been changed in 500 years. The boy or girl trying to hold a position will not be excused for being unable to spell because it is illogical."

His Name Always Ringing in His Ears.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Samuel Bennett, 31 years old, of 10 East Thirteenth street, who was found last May unconscious at Thirteenth and Vine streets, where it was supposed that he had been struck down by some enemy, is in a bad way. Bennett's eardrum was broken by the blow, and ever since he has fairly haunted the City Hospital. The records of the institution bear his name in a dozen places, each time with the same ailment. [illegible]

Fast Enough

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

MARIQUITA'S WAY.

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

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It was far too hot to think of sleep below. The women, of course, had to stay there, unfortunate creatures; but of us men, most had dragged mattresses out on the upper deck and were sprawling on them beside the after wheelhouse.

The diplomatist was the only one among us out of complete pajamas; his nether limbs were draped in a silken Burmese lungyi, which looked like a petticoat. The rest of us were too languid for speech, but he (perhaps through some virtue acquired from his flowing garment) seemed full of sententious utterances, which he delivered to the close Red Sea night.

This was one of the things he said:

"You may bring a woman from the ends of the earth and rear her in London and Paris, filling her to the pins in the hair with all their conventionalities; but if she be a woman she will chuck all such varnish overboard if ever she be stirred by a really mighty passion, and she will show again to broad daylight the naked soul that was born within her ribs."

Some one laughed, indolently yet unbelievingly, and then the diplomatist broke out into a tale in support of his assertion.

This is the tale:

I.

The woman I was talking of was one of the richest spinsters in the world. She was raised some 200 miles up-country from Rio and had had it constantly impressed on her there that every word she spoke was law. You see, her father doted on her, and all the niggers round were slaves.

There's a good deal of abuse thrown at Brazil, as being a country where people starve, and die of fevers, and get shot in the weekly revolutions, and robbed by a system of brigandage known as legal process; but out of every half million there is one man who contrives to avoid these pestilences, and in consequence waxes enormously rich.

He makes use of the less fortunate, and treads on their heads with hob-nailed boots to assist him in his climb. There are few half-and-half people in Brazil. There are shoals of abnormally poor, and there is a small fistful, an extremely small fistful, of the very abnormally rich.

Mariquita's papa was one of these last. He had immigrated to the country from Chile in his early youth, and couldn't say certainly who his parents were, though he believed he had Anglo-Saxon blood in him. His wife was a New Orleans creole, who spoke nigger French patois as a native tongue, and emphatically asserted herself to be an English woman.

So what country woman by blood Mariquita really was it is hard to say. She spoke English, French, Catalan-Spanish, and mongrel Portuguese with equal fluency and inaccuracy, and when I asked her once in Paris what her nationality was she said she mostly put herself down as French.

But then she added that she wouldn't insist on that, because it didn't really matter. So long as she was alive and enjoying herself, people might say she was a Yaqui Indian for anything she cared.

She was a most extraordinary woman. Her father died when she was 15, and a year afterward she came to Europe, and lived entirely on her own particular book. She apparently hadn't a relative, or guardian, or any governing connection in the whole world.

She signed her own checks, had an unlimited balance to draw upon, and acted in all ways exactly as seemed to her best. She was rather petite in figure, gloriously handsome, and would suffer advice to be thrust upon her by no one. And yet she held her own perfectly, and laughed gleefully at the many attempts that were made to take her in.

On the whole, she wasn't badly educated, for although I don't think she ever troubled herself to grind at any book-learning, she was very quick at picking matters up; and one can learn a good many things from smart conversation, if only one listens well and doesn't forget.

She was remarkably independent, but she knew thoroughly how the conventionalities were marked out; and when it suited her purpose to do so—as it generally did—she kept within her bounds.

For instance, she had an old stonebroke, muddle-witted Marquise of the ancient régime as nominal head of her hotel in the Boulevard Haussman. But if she wanted to fling her heels, up they went, no matter who was looking.

Mariquita was by no means a difficult person to get to know in those days, and I had the entrée to her salon almost directly after I had taken up quarters in Paris. She danced divinely—as all women with peninsular blood in them can do—she was most fascinating to look at and talk to, and I expect I must have shown pretty clearly how much I was struck, for only the third evening I came across her she told me not to propose to her.

"I know you were going to," said she, "and I suppose you'll do it still. They most of them do. And then afterward they get sulky and go away. I hate that. I like friends, and I like admiration—heaps of both. But when I want a man for a husband I'll say—I'm not shy, *mon ami*—I'll do the asking myself."

After that—and remembering the money—I held my tongue, though I was honestly very much smitten with her at the time and would have married her out of hand if she hadn't possessed a louis.

They transferred me to St. Petersburg and I lost sight of her for a couple of years, but when I got back to Paris again there she was, just the same as before, with most of the old courtiers around her, and many new ones besides. She hadn't chosen a Mr. Mariquita yet, but rumor pointed to the lucky man.

He was English, aggressively English, long and thin, milk and watery, profoundly ugly and, oddest of all, a parson. To be precise, he was a curate from a small south coast village. On the principle that it was impossible to imagine a more unlikely man for Mariquita to take a fancy for, I wasn't in the least surprised at her choice, but it did startle me to find that he wasn't an atom *épris* in return.

[illegible]

call it? Not fiancée. Ah, sweetheart—because he had a sweetheart near his home. To-morrow I cross to see her. By the day after I shall have drawn a check in her favor which will amply console her. Then he will be without other claims and I shall have him to myself. *Voila tout.*"

I laughed and left her. There was a fine originality in the idea of pensioning off a man's sweetheart.

II.

She left Paris by the Calais train next morning, and for a week I heard nothing. Then a cablegram came to my address in which words were lavished riotously. Even a millionaire would not have scattered money broadcast into the telegraph department like that, except in a moment of extremity.

Condensed, it said that she had failed in her negotiations all round. The sweetheart refused; the parson would not listen to reason and was living behind barricaded doors, and consequently she, Mariquita, was furious.

Knowing her as I did, I smiled grimly at thoughts of the scenes with which that sleepy south coast village would be thrilled. And I'm afraid it occurred to me that the pull up would do her good. To my taste she had always been far too fond of riding roughshod over any one who ventured to run counter to her wishes.

The cablegram wound up with the cool command that I should go over instantly and assist her to gain her ends. Of course, it was just the sort of thing Mariquita might be expected to ask, but I saw no particular reason for compliance, and so cabled a refusal.

"Can't come. No use if I did. You won't get him, anyway."

As fast as the clerks could flash it through the wires a reply came thus:

"See here. Help me all you know to get him. If I fail you may propose to me for the seventh time, and I'll say 'Yes, darling!' That ought to encourage you, if you believe what you wrote an hour ago. Now, come."

It was a quaint offer, and, coming from any other woman on earth, it would have made me rabid. But Mariquita was Mariquita, and a law unto herself. So I went there and then, without waiting to pack.

She was stopping at the Grand at Southampton, and her greeting was a nod and the question: "Well, what's your scheme?"

"My dear girl, I couldn't make any till I knew how the land lay."

"*Peste!* you should have mapped out fifty, to suit every contingency. But if you are so dull-witted, listen! They are to be married almost directly. I do not know how you cold-blooded English work such things, but fortunately some delay seems necessary. Still, their banns (whatever those may be) have been called out twice."

"Then, by Jove, Mariquita, you've only a week's law. They evidently funk you desperately, and are going to get safely tied together out of harm's way. There's only one method of preventing it that I can see. Order round your yacht, kidnap him on board, and once safely at sea you can afford to wait for terms."

I said this more or less in irony, but to my disgust she took it up promptly.

"Yes, that has good points, though it is not altogether practical, as my yacht is at Marseilles, and would take too long to get into commission and bring around. But I can improve on it."

She rang the bell and sent for the manager. The man put in an appearance very promptly.

"What large yacht is there here ready for sea?"

"Lord Raybury's schooner clears for the South Pacific to-morrow, madam."

"Owner?"

"Lord Raybury."

"Where does he live?"

"He is now staying here, madam."

"Good. Show me to his room."

"If madam will follow me."

The pair of them left me, and in about sixteen minutes' time she returned. She sank into a chair and laughed.

"Your English noblemen are very funny. I told that one, without any beating about the bush, that I wanted to buy his yacht. He asked me if I wished to insult him. I said, did he think she was worth £10,000. He remarked frigidly that as she stood she represented £15,000. Whereupon I promptly offered him £30,000 and brought out my check book and filled him up a form. He took it like a lamb. Money's a great thing, isn't it?"

"Hum! You have been smart about it. Can I conclude the arrangements for you?"

"No, I packed off his icy Lordship to manage that. I thought he'd do it better than you could. Now please tell me how you intend to kidnap my shy one on board."

"I, most Imperial?"

"Yes, you. My Imperial Highness is graciously pleased to depute that trifling service to your hands."

"But the thing can't be done. It's against the law. Why, it would entail penal servitude, and I don't know what besides. You aren't in your cut-throat South America now, Mariquita."

"*Tonido!* A pistachio for your insular straight-lacedness. You have promised, amigo, and I hold you to your word of honor. I order; it is for you to obey."

III.

How that dreadful piece of midnight man-lifting was accomplished, I blush even now to recollect. When I broke, unannounced, into his room the wretched victim was writing laboriously on blue foolscap. At his elbow was an open book, which he coyly shut on my approach, slipping it beneath a newspaper. He was copying out his sermon for the ensuing Sunday.

I put the case to him bluntly, without throwing in a word for its defence. He was to come with me there and then. If he came peaceably, so much the better. If he resisted I had a powerful boat's crew below who would carry him off, willy-nilly. I recommended him to avoid scandal and submit to the stronger hand.

He said he would.

[illegible]

I don't think I was surprised. She wasn't a woman who ever brooked contradiction.

Eh? What's that? What about the jilted sweetheart? Well, I didn't intend to tell you men that, but as I've rambled on so deeply already you may as well have the lot. You see, that was the matter which occupied me when I got back to England. I came across the girl there in a country house, and—well, the fact is I married her myself. I tell you fellows we both feel awfully indebted to Mariquita.

TAPPED A VOLCANO.

It May Mean All Sorts of Trouble to Half a Dozen California Villages.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Nov. 19.—While drilling for oil in the great desert of southern California known as the Colorado Desert an Indio oil company tapped what appeared at first sight to be the infernal regions, but which proved to be a slumbering volcano. The sleeping giant immediately awoke when the drill dropped into his fiery nest and the result was indeed startling to the drillers.

The drill had reached a depth of but 500 feet, and as it was expected that it would be necessary to go at least twice that depth to find oil, the workmen were not looking for a strike of any kind. It required extreme activity on their part to escape from the derrick when there came rushing up from the well a hissing, roaring stream of steam, gas, hot mud, rocks and brackish water. The volcanic substances shot several hundred feet into the air and fell in a destructive shower about the derrick. The drilling tools were thrown from the hole and the aperture made by the drill was rapidly enlarged as the roaring torrent continued to rush skyward.

Within the confines of the desert, though several miles from the location of the volcanic well, is a region known as "The Volcanoes." This tract is more than a mile in extent and contains hundreds of cones and peaks varying in height from a few feet to more than a hundred feet, from which flow mud and hot water, steam and sulphurous vapors. Over the whole region hangs a dense cloud of steam and noxious gases which taint the air. This tract lies from 200 to 300 feet below the level of the sea, as also does the land upon which the Indio Oil Company's well is located. A few miles away rises the towering peak of old Mount San Jacinto, which, though having an elevation above the level of the sea of but 10,997 feet, is the highest mountain above the level of the surrounding country in the United States, for its base lies below the level of the sea. The region about this mountain has long been the field of frequent earthquakes, light shocks being felt every few days and as recently as last February one paroxysm was of so severe a nature as to cause the loss of six lives.

The general opinion has long prevailed that old San Jacinto is preparing to develop into a volcano. It would now appear that the earth for some distance about is but a thin crust over a menacing danger. The well of the Indio company continues to cough and spout its volcanic matter and the earth for many rods around shakes and trembles violently. What the developments will be is hard to conjecture.

Not many miles from this strange well is the locality known as the "Salt Desert." This is a tract of land of a thousand or more acres which lies 300 feet below the level of the sea and has the appearance of a vast field of snow. Over the entire tract lies a bed of salt varying in depth from six to sixteen inches. Seventeen years ago the Liverpool Salt Company took possession of the land and began to harvest the salt from this exposed mine. There have been, since the establishment of the works there, 2,000 tons of salt per year taken from the field, and yet but ten acres have been worked. As fast as the salt is removed a new crust is formed from the water of salt springs there. The water is rapidly evaporated by the rays of the sun, which is seldom obscured by clouds and which induce a tempertature often reaching 120 to 130 degrees. Should a volcano of considerable size and acitivity develop, this valuable plant, together with the villages of Salton, Indio, Walters, Drumid, Frink, Volcano Springs, Flowing Wells and Tortugo, all of which lie below the level of the sea would be in danger of extermination. The outcome of the volcanic well will be watched with a deal of interest and anxiety by the residents of these towns.

BRIGANDS IN KNEE TROUSERS.

Three Small Boys Imprison Two Men of Note to Get $10 Ransom.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

SEATTLE, Nov. 18.—Following closely the example of the Bulgarian brigands who abducted Miss Emma Stone, three North Seattle small boys yesterday held two citizens in durance vile for several hours because they refused to pay ransom to obtain their liberty. The victims of the unpleasant experience were E. H. Wells, editor of the *Evening Star*, and Lyman E. Knapp, former Governor of Alaska.

The desire of these citizens to explore the gloomy interior of a new standpipe now being erected on Queen Anne hill led to their capture and subsequent imprisonment. Wells and Knapp visited the standpipe to inspect its interior before it had been completed. They entered the structure through a steel door in its side. While they were engrossed in their explorations they were suddenly plunged into darkness. A hurried investigation revealed the fact that they were prisoners.

A youthful voice from the outer world commanded in imperious tones that $10 be paid at once as the price of their freedom. In vain did the prisoners parley. Each overture was met with derision and a repitition of the original demand for ransom.

After fully an hour's parley Wells and Knapp grew nervous and desperate. They searched their prison for some means of escape. A circular bit of blue sky, seen at the top of a cylinder of steel 100 feet in height, held out slight hope of freedom, and soon scattering drops of rain from the opening above foretold the probability of an added discomfort. At last, after considerable exploration of the bottom of the tank Wells found an old pickax. Taking turns, he and his fellow prisoner made heroic onslaughts on the steel door which stood between them and freedom.

Finally the door began to show signs of yielding. Stripped of all surplus clothing, and bathed in perspiration, the prisoners inserted the pick into a small aperture. Their united efforts burst the hinges of their cell door and they once more breathed the air of freedom. Three scurrying forms simultaneously disappeared in the underbrush, and before the irate citizens could take the revenge which had been threatened, no small boys were in sight.

Remembered His Nephews and Nieces.

From the San Francisco Wave.

Col. J. T. McLaughlin, who represents the defence in the Nome contempt proceedings, worked his way from the bottom round of the legal ladder to the position he holds. In his early practice he was glad to get anything that came along. Among the experiences that helped him to emerge from the condition of a briefless barrister he tells the following: [illegible]

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[illegible]

[illegible]

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