CHANCELLOR TO PAY

School Superintendent Will Bear Expenses of Trip.

WEST GIVES AN EXPLANATION

Halt Called on Appropriation at Last Minute to Make Certain of Legality of Action—Educator, However, Is Still Indignant and Scores the District Commissioners.

Superintendent of Instruction William E. Chancellor intends to carry out his original plan of visiting the colored institutions of learning in the South, in spite of the notice that he received Saturday to the effect that the District Commissioners had rescinded their original order granting him $200 for necessary expenses and transportation.

He will probably leave late to-night or early to-morrow morning.

Commissioner Harry L. West stated last night, in explanation of the matter, that on Saturday morning the Auditor for the District, Mr. Garrison, brought to his attention a decision of Comptroller Tracewell, that might possibly result in a disallowance of the expenses incurred by Dr. Chancellor's journey. Such disallowance would either compel the disbursing officer to pay the bill out of his own pocket, or it might result in an appeal to Congress for a deficiency appropriation.

Had Not Known of Decision.

This decision had not come to the attention of the Auditor at the time the original authorization was made.

Commissioner West then telephoned to the Franklin Schol Building asking for a temporary holding up of the order. He then went to the Treasury Department, and in a personal interview with the Comptroller secured the latter's decision that the form of the order be changed so as to conform with the custom of the Treasury Department. After adjusting the matter satisfactory, Mr. West returned to his office and notified the school authorities.

Mr. West added that his action was simply a measure in order to save possible trouble in the future and that at no time has the District Commissioners interposed any obstacle to Dr. Chancellor's plan.

Chancellor Still Hot.

Superintendent Chancellor, however, is still highly indignant over the manner in which he has been treated by the Commissioners, and scores that body. He said last night that he will take the trip even if the expenses of it has to come out of his own personal funds, and he cannot understand why the governing body of this city object to having him visit the out-of-town schools.

"Never before in the history of my supervision of schools have I been treated in this manner. I had supposed that the Commissioners acted in a body, but it seems as if they act as individuals. In this government of the District of Columbia there are a few people with too great a power. Conditions like this existing in Washington cannot be found in any other city in the United States. It is simply outrageous."

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

GORDON—William Davis, New York; J. Gilbert, New York; H. W. Homan, Brooklyn; T. W. Coulter, New York; R. Wilson, Dennison, Texas.

ST. JAMES—W. A. Anderson, New York; James J. Brown, Sheepshead Bay; S. Chambers, Wilmington, Del.; Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Coney and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Coney, Salt Lake City; Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Foley, Indiana; Mrs. D. H. Haley, Philadelphia; Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Julian, Thomasville, N. C.; E. L. Kester, Du Bois, Pa.; H. J. King, Providence, R. I.; R. La Porte, Paris; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Marston, Baltimore; D. T. Scott, City of Mexico.

NATIONAL—J. Binden, Atlanta, Ga.; Wilbur Emery, Wilmington, Del.; Paul Espey, Savannah, Ga.; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Enler, Wilmington, Del.; A. B. Evans, Worcester, Mass.; P. F. Gorman, New York; James Graham, Scotland; F. B. Martin, Nashville, Tenn.; James A. Reynolds, Cleveland; H. H. Smith, Salt Lake City.

ARLINGTON—John C. Edmonds, Boston; J. E. Marshall, Boston; Bishop Mackay-Smith and Miss Mackay-Smith, Pennsylvania; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Newton, Richmond, Va.; Irving L. Russell, New York; A. M. Schraeder, Philadelphia; John Shaw, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Stiebel, London.

SHOREHAM—Sidney Ballon, Honolulu; Macgrane Cox, New York; Mrs. Beverly Chew Duer and L. B. Duer, New York; K. Hori and E. Okami, Tokyo; John T. McGraw, West Virginia; L. A. Thornton, Honolulu.

RIGGS HOUSE—Harry Barnes, Detroit; J. N. Gibson, Philadelphia; R. F. Graham, New York; H. E. Pearson, Los Angeles; Louis Rempner, New York; H. G. Shang, Los Angeles; George A. Wood, Portsmouth, N. H.

EBBITT HOUSE—Elliot F. Aldrich, Providence, R. I.; W. M. Blow, U. S. A.; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Howard, Boston, Robert C. Loving, U. S. A.; Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Wood, U. S. A.

RALEIGH—P. A. Arbogast, California; Anson M. Banger, New York; L. L. Bentley, Richmond, Va.; W. T. Buchanan, Newport; F. M. Caldwell, Seattle; R. E. Calloway, Atlanta; C. W. Howland, U. S. Revenue Cutter Service; H. B. Hersey, Milwaukee; R. J. Janney, Chicago; John E. Lander, Boston; I. M. Major, U. S. N.; W. J. Oliver, Knoxville; John T. O'Rourke, New York; Charles W. Pike, San Francisco; Frank L. Putnam, Hawaii; H. W. Scott, Memphis; R. G. Thompson, Norfolk, Va.; B. J. Watkins, Norfolk, Va.; W. H. Workman, Richmond, Va.

WILLARD—C. W. Bailey, Philadelphia; C. B. Bryant, Charlotte, N. C.; William G. Crocker, Minneapolis; Miss J. Cudahy and Mrs. M. Cudahy, Chicago; John C. Curd, Richmond, Va.; S. S. Downer, Reno, Nev.; Francis I. Ginther, Philadelphia; Henry Hess, Philadelphia; Pierre Lorillard, New York; J. B. McIntyre, San Francisco; C. Lewis Mead, Portland, Ore.; J. W. Schorr, Memphis; Charles H. Smith, Chicago; Edmund J. Smith, Chicago; Irving U. Townsend, Boston.

METROPOLITAN—George L. Dexter, Texas; Charles A. Erskine, Indiana; A. T. MacDonald, New Haven, Conn.; W. G. MacDowell, Roanoke, Va.; S. F. McGarry, Boston; W. D. Pitcher, Chicago; E. L. Walker, New York.

Are Your Rooms Vacant?

Insert a small ad. in The Herald under Rooms For Rent and you'll quickly secure good tenants. The charge is only one cent a word.

DAILY FASHION HINT.

Hoods Are a Convenient Accompaniment to Auto Garb.

Three extremely fetching designs are displayed in this picture, all of them widely differing in essential details, and yet with a certain degree of the same charm attaching to all. The left figure carries a very smart coat in leather, one of the new tannings in which the leather is left just as flexible as one's kid glove, and yet maintains all of its stout serviceability, and its wind and rain proof qualities unimpaired. Here, too, the yoke is made use of to achieve the flat, smooth setting over the shoulders, while the lower part of the coat is as full as comfort demands or fashion permits. The hood is attached with snap fasteners to the standing collar, so that it may instantly be released when it is not desired to use it, or it may be left hanging over the shoulders in the style that smart French women favor at present. A plaid silk is used to line the coat and hood both, the gay coloring making a pretty impression in the shirrings over the face. The standing figure on the right wears one of the new rosewood colored griffonette cloths, this being a brown with strong hints of red in its composition, and especially attractive in this wind and rain proof cloth. Here the hood is cleverly managed with a cape collar that sets squarely on the shoulders, finished with the piped and scalloped edges that are one of the latest freaks of fashion. The coat itself follows the new style in outdoor wraps and rain coats, the fullness belted in at the waistline, and with convenient pockets on each side of the fronts. The seated figure in the middle carries a rainproof mohair garment, the hood made in this in a totally different way, and attached with straps that fasten with fancy buttons around the high collar. All the coats are lined with a gayly plaided silk, which peeps out becomingly from the frame of the hood.

GEN. BRUGERE COMING

Noted French Officer to Visit in United States.

PRINCE WALDEMAR ALSO DUE

Washington Society Has Elaborate Programme in View for Entertainment of Notables—Waldemar Is Brother of King of Denmark and Queen Alexandra of England.

Gen. Brugere, formerly minister of war of the French republic, will pay a visit to this country in the near future.

Ambassador Jusserand has been advised by his government that this famous French soldier is slated for a long visit to this country, where he is expected to pay considerable attention to the development of the American army organization. He will call on the President at the White House, and it is probable some sort of reception will be held in his honor.

Washington society will have its hands full this coming social season, with Prince Francis of Teck on its programme for entertainments, and other notabilities always to be found in the entourage of a personage of royal blood such as he. Another member of royalty who has signified his intention to visit us next spring is Prince Waldemar, the sailor-brother of the King of Denmark, of the King of Greece, Queen Alexandra, and of the widowed Czarina.

Prince Coming in Spring.

This Danish prince will reach America in the spring on his way back to Europe from his visit to Siam, China, and Japan, and it is expected he will stay some weeks in this country. He will be received by President Roosevelt, and the exclusive set will have still another opportunity to demonstrate its costly and lavish hospitality upon a foreign prince.

Gen. Brugere is not unknown to Americans. He was at the head of the French delegation which came to the United States to represent France at the unveiling of the monument to Rochambeau, in Lafayette Square, opposite to the State, War and Navy building.

Gen. Bruger's Career.

Gen. Brugere has had a distinguished career. He is now sixty-five years old. After leaving the Polytechnic he went to Algeria, where he won the first grade in the Legion of Honor by distinguished conduct during a cholera epidemic. At the time of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 he held the rank of captain. Taken prisoner by the Germans, he refused to give his parole, and succeeded in escaping. Captured a second time, he again refused his parole, and again escaped, returning to the fighting line. He participated in the battles of Borny, Gravelotte, and Sevigny, and was several times mentioned in the official dispatches for gallant conduct.

This is enough to show that he is by no means a drawing-room soldier, but a man of great personal bravery. But pluck alone would not suffice for a man occupying the position he does in the councils of the French republic. He possesses intellectual qualities of no mean order, and the fact he was selected to serve at the head of President Carnot's military household indicates that he has a sound knowledge of affairs which are not purely military, and also that he is a stanch Republican. After the war, Gen. Brugere went again to the front in the Tunis expedition. Later he became governor of Paris, and in 1900 he was made commander-in-chief of the French army, and vice president of the higher council of war. He is a fighter and a worker, a brave, sincere, liberal-minded soldier.

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Peter Grogan,

817-819-821-823 Seventh St.

Between H and I Streets.

THE RED WINDOW.

By FERGUS HUME.

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CHAPTER I.

Comrades.

"Hullo, Gore!"

The young soldier stopped, started, colored with annoyance, and with a surprised expression turned to look on the other soldier who had addressed him. After a moment's scrutiny of the stranger's genial smile he extended his hand with pleased recognition. "Conniston," said he; "I though you were in America."

"So I am; so don't call me Conniston at the pitch of your voice, old boy. His lordship of that name is camping on California slopes for a big game shoot. The warrior who stands before you is Dick West, of the —— Lancers, the old Come-to-the-Fronts. And what are you doing as an Imperial Yeoman, Gore?"

"Not that name," said the other, with an anxious glance around. "Like yourself, I don't want to be known."

"Oh! So you are sailing under false colors also?"

"Against my will, Conniston—I mean West. I am Corporal Bernard."

"Hum!" said Lord Conniston, with an approving nod. "You have kept your Christian name, I see."

"It is all that remains of my old life," replied Gore, bitterly. "But your title, Conniston?"

"Has disappeared," said the lancer, good-humoredly, "until I can make enough money to gild it."

"Do you hope to do that on a private's pay?"

West shrugged his shoulders. "I hope to fight my way during the war to a general's rank. With that and a V. C., an old castle and an older title, I may catch a dollar heiress by the time the Boers give in."

"You don't put in your good looks, Conniston," said Bernard, smiling.

"Dollar heiresses don't buy what's in the shop windows, old man. But won't you explain your uniform and dismal looks?"

Gore laughed. "My dismal looks have passed away since we have met so opportunely," he said, looking across the grass. "Come and sit down. We have much to say to one another."

Conniston and Gore—they used the old names in preference to the new—walked across the grass to an isolated seat under a leafless elm. The two old friends had met near the magazine in Hyde Park, on the borders of the Serpentine, and the meeting was as unexpected as pleasant. It was a gray, damp October day, and the trees were raining yellow, brown, and red leaves on the sodden ground. Yet a breath of summer lingered in the atmosphere, and there was a warmth in the air which had lured many people to the park. Winter was coming fast, and the place, untidy with withered leaves, bare of flowers, and dismal under a somber windy sky, looked unattractive enough. But the two did not mind the dreary day. Summer—the summer of youth—was in their hearts, and recalling their old school friendship, they smiled on one another as they sat down. In the distance a few children were playing, their nursemaids comparing notes or chatting with friends or stray policemen, so there was no one near to overhear what they had to say. A number of fashionable carriages rolled along the road, and occasionally some one they knew would pass. But vehicles and people belonged to the old world out of which they had stepped into the new, and they sat like a couple of Peris at the gate of Paradise, but less discontented.

Both the young men were handsome in their several ways. The yeoman was tall, slender, dark, and markedly quiet in his manner. His clear-cut face was clean-shaven; he had black hair, dark blue eyes, put in—as the Irish say—with a dirty finger, and his figure was admirably proportioned. In his khaki he looked a fine specimen of a man in his twenty-fifth year. But his expression was stern, even bitter, and there were thoughtful furrows on his forehead which should not have been there at his age. Conniston noted these, and concluded silently that the world had gone awry with his formerly sunny-faced friend. At Eton, Gore had always been happy and good-tempered.

Conniston himself formed a contrast to his companion. He was not tall, but slightly-built and wiry, alert in his manner, and quick in his movements. As fair as Gore was dark, he wore a small light mustache, which he pulled restlessly when excited. In his smart, tight-fitting uniform he looked a natty jimp soldier, and his reduced position did not seem to affect his spirits. He smiled and joked and laughed and bubbled over with delight on seeing his school chum again. Gore was also delighted, but, being quieter, did not reveal his pleasure so openly.

When they were seated, the lancer produced an ornate silver case, far too extravagant for a private, and offered Gore a particularly excellent cigarette. "I have a confiding tobacconist," said Conniston, "who supplies me with the best, in the hope that I'll pay him some day. I can stand a lot, but bad tobacco is beyond my powers of endurance. I'm a self-indulgent beast, Gore!"

Gore lighted up. "How did your tobacconist know you?" he asked.

"Because a newly-grown mustache wasn't a sufficient disguise. I walked into the shop one day, hoping he was out. But he chanced to be in, and immediately knew me. I made him promise to hold his tongue, and said I had volunteered for the war. He's a good chap, and never told a soul. Oh, my aunt!" chattered Conniston. "What would my noble relatives say if they saw me in this kit?"

"You are supposed to be in California?"

"That's so—shootin'. But I'm quartered at Canterbury, and only come up to town every now and again. Of course, I take care to keep out of the fashionable world, so no one's spotted me yet."

"Your officers!"

"There's no one in the regiment I know. The Tommies take me for a gentleman who has gone wrong, and I keep to their society. Not that a private has much to do with the officers. They take little notice of me, and I've learned to say, 'Sir!' quite nicely," grinned Conniston.

"What on earth made you enlist?"

"I might put the same question to you, Bernard?"

"I'll tell you my story later. Out with yours, old boy."

"Just the same authoritative manner," said Conniston, shrugging. "I never did have a chap order me about as you do. If you weren't such a good chap you'd have been a bully with that domineering way you have. I wonder how you like knuckling under to orders?"

"He who cannot serve is not fit to command," quoted Gore, sententiously. "Go on with the story."

"It's not much of a story. I came in for the title three years ago, when I was rising twenty. But I inherited nothing else. My respected grandfather made away with nearly all the family estates, and my poor father parted with the rest. Upon my word," said the young lord, laughing, "with two such rascals as progenitors, it's wonderful I should be as good as I am. They drank and gambled and——"

"Don't, Conniston. After all, your father is your father."

"Was my father, you mean. He's dead and buried in the family vault. I own that much property—all I have."

"Where is it?"

"At Cove Castle, in the Essex Marshes."

"I remember. You told me about it at school. Cove Castle is ten miles from Hurseton."

"And Hurseton is where your uncle, Sir Simon, lives."

Gore looked black. "Yes," he said shortly. "Go on!"

Conniston drew his own conclusions from the frown, and rattled on in his usual cheerful manner. "I came into the title, as I said, but scarcely an acre is there attached to it, save those of mud and water around Cove Castle. I had a sum of ready money left by my grandmother—old Lady Tain, you remember—and I got through that as soon as possible. It didn't last long," added the profligate, grinning; "but I had a glorious time while it lasted. Then the smash came. I took what was left and went to America. Things got worse there, so, on hearing the war was on, I came back and enlisted as Dick West. I revealed myself only to my lawyer; and, of course, my tobacconist—old Taberley—knows. But from paragraphs in the society papers about my noble self I'm supposed to be in California. Of course, as I told you, I take jolly good care to keep out of every one's way. I'm off to the Cape in a month, and then if fortune favors me with a commission and a V. C., I'll take up the title again."

"You still hold the castle, then?"

"Yes. It's the last of the old property. Old Mother Moon looks after it for me. She's a horrid old squaw, but devoted to me. So she ought to be. I got that brat of a grandson of hers a situation as messenger boy to old Taberley. Not that he's done much good. He's out of his place now, and from all accounts, is a regular young brute."

"Does he know you have enlisted?"

"What, young Judas—I call him Judas," said Conniston, "because he's such a criminal kid. No, he doesn't. Taberley had to turn him away for robbing a till or something. Judas has spoiled his morals by reading penny novels, and by this time I shouldn't wonder if he hasn't embarked on a career of crime like a young Claude Duval. No, Gore; he doesn't know. I'm glad of it—as he would tell Mother Moon, and then she'd howl the castle down at the thought of the head of the West family being brought so low."

"West is your family name, isn't it?"

"It is; and Richard is my own name—Richard Grenville Plantagenet West, Lord Conniston. That's my title. But I dropped all frills, and here I smoke, Dick West, at your service, Bernard, my boy. So now you've ask me enough questions, what's your particular lie?"

"Dick, Dick, you are as hair-brained as ever. I never could——"

"No," interrupted Conniston, "you never could sober me. Bless you, Bernard, it's better to laugh than frown, though you don't think so."

Gore pitched away the stump of his cigarette and laughed somewhat sadly. "I have cause to frown," said he, wrinkling his forehead. "My grandfather has cut me off with a shilling."

"The deuce he has," said Conniston coolly. "Take another cigarette, old boy, and buck up. Now that you haven't a cent, you'll be able to carve your way to fortune."

"That's a philosophic way to look at the matter, Dick."

"The only way," rejoined Conniston, emphatically. "When you've cut your moorings you can make for midocean and see life. It's storm that tries the vessel, Bernard, and you're too good a chap to lie up in port as a dull country squire."

Bernard looked round, surprised. It was not usual to hear the light-hearted Dicky moralize thus. He was as sententious as Touchstone, and for the moment Gore, who usually gave advice, found himself receiving it. The two seemed to have changed places. Dick noticed the look and slapped Gore on the back. "I've been seeing life since we parted at Eton, old boy," said he, "and it—the trouble of it, I mean—has hammered me into shape."

"It hasn't made you despondent, though."

"And it never will," said Conniston, emphatically, "until I meet with the woman who refuses to marry me. Then I'll howl."

"You haven't met the woman yet?"

"No. But you have. I can see it in the telltale blush. Bless me, old Gore, how boyish you are. I haven't blushed for years."

"You hardened sinner. Yes! There is a woman, and she is the cause of my trouble."

"The usual case," said the worldly-wise Richard. "Who is she?"

"Her name is Alice," said Gore, slowly, his eyes on the damp grass.

"A pretty unromantic domestic name. 'Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?' "

"I'm always remembering her," said Gore, angrily. "Don't quote that song, Dick. I used to sing it to her. Poor Alice."

"What's her other name?"

"Malleson—Alice Malleson!"

"Great Scott!" said Conniston, his jaw falling. "The niece of Miss Berengaria Plantagenet?"

"Yes! Do you know——?" Here Gore broke off, annoyed with himself. "Of course. How could I forget? Miss Plantagenet is your aunt."

"My rich aunt, who could leave me five thousand a year if she'd only die. But I daresay she'll leave it to Alice with the light-brown hair, and you'll marry her."

"Conniston, don't be an ass. If you know the story of Miss Malleson's life, you must know that there isn't the slightest chance of her inheriting the money."

"Ah, but, you see, Bernard, I don't know the story."

"You know Miss Plantagenet. She sometimes talks of you."

"How good of her, seeing that I've hardly been in her company for the last ten years. I remember going to 'The Bower' when a small boy, and making myself ill with plums in a most delightful kitchen garden. I was scolded by a wonderful old lady, as small as a fairy, and rather like one in looks—a regular bad fairy."

"No! no. She is very kind."

"She wasn't to me," confessed Conniston; "but I daresay she will have more respect for me now that I'm the head of the family. Lord! to think of that old woman's money."

"Conniston, she would be angry if she knew you had enlisted. She is so proud of her birth and of her connection with the Wests. Why don't you call and tell her——"

"No, indeed. I'll do nothing of the sort. And don't you say a word either, Bernard. I'm going to carve out my own fortune. I don't want money seasoned with advice from that old cat."

"She is not an old cat!"

"She must be, for she wasn't a kitten when I saw her years ago. But, about Miss Malleson. Who is she? I know she's Miss Plantagenet's niece. But, who is she?"

"She is not the niece—only an adopted one. She has been with Miss Plantagenet for the last nine years, and came from a French convent. Miss Plantagenet treats her like a niece, but it is understood thing that Alice is to receive no money."

"That looks promising for me," said Conniston, pulling his mustache, "but my old aunt is so healthy that I'll be gray in the head before I get a cent. So you've fallen in love with Alice?"

"Yes," sighed Gore, drawing figures with his cane. "I love her dearly, and she loves me. But my grandfather objects. I insisted upon marrying Alice, so he cut me off with a shilling. I expect the money will go to my cousin, Julius Beryl, and, like you, I'll have to content myself with a barren title."

"But, why is Sir Simon so hard, Gore?" Bernard frowned again. "Do you notice how dark I am?" he asked.

"Yes! You have rather an Italian look."

"That's clever of you, Dick. My mother was Italian, the daughter of a noble Florentine family, but in England was nothing but a poor governess. My father married her, and Sir Simon—his father—cut him off. Then when my parents died, my grandfather sent for me, and brought me up. We have never been good friends," sighed Bernard again, "and when I wanted to marry Alice there was a row. I fear I lost my temper. You know from my mother I inherit a fearful temper; nor do I think the Gores are the calmest of people. However, Sir Simon swore that he wouldn't have another mesalliance in the family, and——"

"Mesalliance?"

"Yes! No one knows who Alice is, and Miss Plantagenet—who does know—won't tell."

"You said no one knew, and now you say Miss Plantagenet does," said Conniston, laughing. "You're getting mixed, Bernard. Well, so you and Sir Simon had a row?"

"A royal row. He ordered me out of the house. I fear I said things to him I should not have said, but my blood was boiling at the insults he heaped on Alice. And you know Sir Simon is a miser. My extravagance—though I really wasn't very extravagant—might have done something to get his back up. However, the row came off, and I was turned away. I came to town, and could see nothing better to do than enlist, so I have been in the Yeomanry for the last four months, and have managed to reach the rank of corporal. I go out to the war soon."

"We'll go together," said Conniston, brightening, "and then when you come back covered with glory, Sir Simon——"

"No. He won't relent unless I give up Alice, and that I will not do. What does it matter if Alice is nameless? I love her, and that is enough for me!"

"And too much for your grandfather, evidently. But what about that cousin of yours, you used to talk of? Lucy Somebody——"

"Lucy Randolph. Oh, she's a dear little girl, and has been an angel. She is trying to soothe Sir Simon, and all through has stood my friend. I made her promise that she would put a lamp in the Red Window when Sir Simon relented—if he ever does relent."

Conniston looked puzzled. "The Red Window?"

"Ah! You don't know the legend of the Red Window. There is a window of that sort at the Hall, which was used during the Parliamentary wars to advise loyal cavaliers of danger. It commands a long prospect down the side avenue. The story is too long to tell you. But, you see, Conniston, I can't get near the house, and my only chance of knowing if Sir Simon is better disposed toward me is by looking from the outside of the park up to the Red Window. If this shows a red light, I know that he is relenting; if not, he is still angry. I have been once or twice to the Hall," said Gore, shaking his head, "but no light has been shown."

"What a roundabout way of letting you know things. Can't Lucy write?"

Gore shook his head again. "No. You see, she is engaged to Julius, who hates me."

"Oh, that Beryl man. He comes in for the money?"

"Now that I'm chucked, I supposed he will," said Bernard, gloomily; "and I don't want to get poor Lucy into his black books, as he isn't a nice sort of chap. He won't thank her if she tries to bias the old man in my favor. And then there's the housekeeper, who doesn't like me—Mrs. Gilroy her name is. She and Julius will both keep Sir Simon's temper alive. I can't write to him, or my letter would be intercepted and destroyed by Mrs. Gilroy. Lucy can't write me, because of Julius, so my chance of knowing if the old man is thinking better of his determination is by watching for the red light. I shall go down again twice before I leave for Africa."

"And if you see the red light you won't stick to soldering?"

"Yes, I will. But I'll then walk boldly up to the Hall and tell Sir Simon how sorry I am. But in any case I intend to fight for my country. Alice herself wouldn't ask me to be a coward and leave. I go to the Cape with you, Conniston," said Bernard, rising.

"Good, old chap," said Conniston, delighted; "you're the only fellow I'd care to chum up with. I have often thought of you since we parted. But you rarely wrote to me."

"You were the better correspondent, I admit," said Gore, as they walked across the bridge. "I am ashamed I did not continue our school friendship, as we always were such chums, but——"

"The inevitable woman. Ah, Delilah always comes between David and Jonathan."

"Don't call Alice by that name!" fired up Gore.

"Well, then, I won't. But don't get in a wax. What a fire-brand you are, Gore! Just as fierce as you were at school."

"Yes," said Bernard, quieting down. "I only hope my bad temper will not ruin me some day. I tell you, Conniston, when Sir Simon pitched into me I felt inclined to throw something at his head. He was most insulting. I didn't mind what he said about me, but when he began to slang Alice I told him I'd pitch him out of the window if he didn't stop. And I said many other foolish things."

"Shouldn't do that. He's an old man."

"I know—I know. I was a fool. But you have no idea how readily my temper gets the better of me. I could strangle any one who said a word against my Alice."

"Well, don't strangle me," said Conniston, laughing. "I won't call her Delilah again, I promise you. But about your Red Window business—you needn't go down to the hall for a week or so."

"Why not?"

"Because Sir Simon is in town."

"Nonsense. He never comes to town."

"He has this time. Queerly enough, his lawyers are mine. I saw him at the office and asked who he was. Durham, my lawyer friend, told me."

"How long ago was that?"

"Three days. I came up on business, and was in plains!"

"Plains?"

"What! you a soldier and don't know plain clothes are called so? You are an old ass, Bernard. But, I say, I've got digs of a sort hereabouts. Come and dine with me to-night."

"But I haven't any dress clothes. I got rid of them, thinking I was going to the Cape sooner."

"Then come in khaki. You look A1 in it. Here's the address," and Conniston hastily scribbled something on his card. "I shall expect you at 7."

The two friends parted with a hearty handshake, and Gore walked away feeling happier than he had been. Conniston, gazing after him, felt a tug at his coat. He looked down, and saw a small boy. "Judas," said Conniston, "you young brute! How did you know me?"

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

SHELLEY.

Knight-errant of the Never-ending Quest,
And Minstrel of the Unfulfilled Desire;
Forever tuning thy sweet earthly lyre
To some unearthly music, and possesst
With painful, passionate longing to invest
The golden dream of Love's ethereal fire
In garments of terrestrial attire,
And fold perfection to thy throbbing breast!

What wonder, Shelley, if the restless wave
Should whelm thy life, the leaping flames consume
Thy mortal form on Viareggio's beach?
These were thine elements, thy fitting grave,
But still thy soul rides on with fiery plume;
Thy wild song rings in ocean's yearning speech.
—Henry Van Dyke in the Atlantic.

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