MRS. CLEVELAND AND MRS. HARRISON REST FROM SOCIAL WHIRL

Former Attends Her Old Church, and Latter Visits Relative's Grave at Cemetery.

Washington's honored guests, Mrs. Grover Cleveland and Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, widows of former Presidents, rested today after the strain of social gayety incident to their visit.

Mrs. Cleveland attended Divine service at the old First Presbyterian Church, in John Marshall place, where she and President Cleveland worshiped. Prof. Preston, Mrs. Cleveland's fiance, also attended today's service. Mrs. Cleveland, following her usual custom, declined all invitations for the Sabbath.

Mrs. Harrison was the guest of Congressman and Mrs. Richmond P. Hobson at luncheon, after she had gone to Rock Creek Cemetery to place flowers on the grave of her brother-in-law, Commander J. F. Parker. She leaves at 8 o'clock tonight for her home in Indianapolis.

Former Cabinet Members Present.

President and Mrs. Taft last night entertained both Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Harrison at dinner at the White House. As the dinner was planned in honor of Mrs. Cleveland on her first social visit here in many years, the party included, as a compliment to her, four members of President Cleveland's Cabinets and two widows of Cabinet members. Besides these guests there were present Miss Esther Cleveland, and Prof. T. J. Preston, to whom Mrs. Cleveland is engaged to be married.

Mrs. Harrison, second wife of President Harrison, and niece of his first wife, recalled last night with tenderness, memories of President Harrison, and likewise the White House life of the period. She was married three years after the Administration ended, but had lived at the White House previously. The difference in social life between that period and the present was marked, for then there was opportunity for the President and his wife to pass many quiet evenings alone in the White House. There were fewer brilliant social affairs, and the theaters offered less variety.

Covers Laid For Fifty-two.

Mrs. Harrison is interested in the tariff legislation to be framed under President Wilson, especially as she took great interest in tariff matters during the Harrison Administration.

The friendship between Mrs. Harrison and the Tafts dates back to Mr. Tafgt's appointment as judge of the United States circuit court under the Harrison regime.

At last night's dinner, covers were laid for fifty-two. The three members of President Cleveland's Cabinets present were:

Senator Hoke Smith and David R. Francis, former Secretaries of the Interior, and Hilary A. Herbert, former Secretary of the Navy. Mrs. David R. Francis, Mrs. Thomas F. Bayard, widow of Cleveland's Secretary of State, and Mrs. Daniel S. Lamont, widow of Cleveland's Secretary of War, completed the circle of the Cleveland Administration of guests. Others were President and Mrs. John G. Hibben, of Princeton University; President and Mrs. John H. Finley, of the College of the City of New York; Dean Andrew F. West, of Princeton; Robert T. Lincoln, son of President Lincoln, and a former Secretary of War, and Mr. and Mrs. John W. Griggs.

David R. Francis, former governor of Missouri and Secretary of the Interior under President Cleveland, called at the White House yesterday to pay his respects to the President. He came to Washington primarily to attend the dinner to be given at the White House tonight in honor of Mrs. Cleveland, widow of the former President.

Mr. Francis invited President Taft to attend the dedication of the Jefferson monument now being erected at St. Louis. The unveiling and dedication will take place April 30. President Taft said that he could not make the engagement so far ahead of time.

The monument, for which pretentious plans were made, is being built largely from a surplus remaining after the books of the St. Louis exposition of 1904 were closed. Mr. Francis was manager of that exposition.

Murdock Obeyed Wife, But Didn't Know French

A story on Congressman Victor Murdock of Kansas is being told among his friends. It appears that while his wife was in Europe, she wrote to him from Paris and instructed him to copy the address on the letter head.

Not knowing French, he did so, with the following result:

Madam Victor Murdock,
Hotel Grand Prix.
Every room with bath. Situated in large park. Tennis courts alongside. Hot and cold water.
Private dining rooms.
Mourmelon, near Paris,
France.

And the best part of this story is that it is true.

No Gay White Way For Mister Castro

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—Ciprano Castro's hopes that he would be allowed to ramble among the white lights of Broadway, pending the decision of the special board of inquiry at Ellis Island, as to his fitness to pay a protracted visit to these shores, were dashed yesterday when Judge Holt, of the Federal circuit court, refused to admit the former President of Venezuela to bail.

The peppery general must bide on the island until the board reaches a decision. Then, if he and his counsel, George Gordon Battle, decide to protest against that decision, they can appeal to the secretary of Commerce and Labor.

If still unsatisfied, Judge Holt said today, the whole matter can be brought into his court for a hearing.

Humane Society Will Hold Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the Washington Humane Society will be held at the Highlands, Connecticut avenue and California street on next Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. This is the forty-third year of the society's existence.

Capital Society in General Observes Sunday in Most Approved Fashion

Only One or Two Informal Luncheon Parties, With Family Dinners, Are the Rule Today.

Washington society is observing Sunday in the most approved fashion today. With the exception of one or two informal luncheon parties and a family dinner party here and there to which one or two additional guests have been asked in, there is nothing on the calendar.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leiter entertained a small party at luncheon at their country place in Virginia; Lieutenant Patton had a few guests join him for luncheon at the Chevy Chase Club. The Counselor of the French Embassy and Mme. Peretti de la Rocca will have a small company of guests at dinner this evening, and Brig. Gen. Albert L. Mills, U. S. A., and Mrs. Mills had a few guests in for midday dinner.

—✠—

Mrs. Dimock will entertain about sixty or seventy guests at an informal musicale this evening when Ernest Schelling will be the artist.

—✠—

The dinner given at the White House last evening by the President and Mrs. Taft in honor of Mrs. Grover Cleveland was the most interesting of the series of brilliant entertainments which have been given for Washington's distinguished visitor, and certainly one of the most interesting entertainments of the Taft Administration.

After the dinner a musical program was given in the East Room by Mme. Culp, contralto, accompanied by Coenraad Vos at the piano.

The guests invited to the dinner were Mrs. Grover Cleveland, the Chief Justice and Mrs. White, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, the Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. MacVeagh, Senator and Mrs. Warren, Senator and Mrs. Newlands, Senator Hoke Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. David R. Francis, Hilary A. Herbert, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Griggs, Rear Admiral Sidney A. Staunton, Brig. Gen. William Crozier, Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Clarence R. Edwards, Mrs. George W. Goethals, Hon. Henry White, Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, President and Mrs. John G. Hibben, of Princeton; President and Mrs. John H. Finley, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft, Mrs. Thomas F. Bayard, Mrs. Daniel S. Lamont, Mrs. Leiter, Mrs. Marshall Field, Mrs. Henry F. Dimock, Mrs. M. E. Ingalls, Mrs. More, Miss Mary Patten, Miss Cleveland, Miss Louise Taft, Miss Helen Taft, the Solicitor General, the Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Dean Andrew F. West, Prof. Thomas J. Preston, Francis Lynde Stetson, of New York; Eames MacVeagh, of Chicago; A. Clark Kerr, Capt. Louis McC. Little, U. S. M. C., and Ensign A. H. Douglas, U. S. N.

—✠—

Mrs. John C. Fremont is spending some time in Philadelphia. She was the guest for a few days of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Grove, but is now with Mrs. George W. Childs Drexel.

—✠—

Lieut. Julian Willcox, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Willcox, the latter formerly Miss Laura Wells, of Washington, will leave shortly for Peking, China, where they have been stationed for the last two years and a half, for a trip around the world. They will visit in Spain, Rome, Paris, and London en route to Brooklyn, N. Y., where Lieutenant Willcox has been ordered to duty. Upon their arrival in New York in March, Mrs. Willcox will come to Washington to spend some time with her mother, Mrs. Henry Wells, in Twenty-first street.

—✠—

Mrs. Charles Perry Miller has sent out cards for a tea in honor of Miss Marie H. Adams on the afternoon of January 15 at her residence, 2510 Cathedral avenue.

—✠—

The marriage of Miss Ruth Noyes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore William Noyes, to Dr. Ralph Walker McDowell, U. S. N., will take place Monday afternoon, February 17, in St. Thomas' Church, and will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents.

—✠—

Miss Dorothy Williams, daughter of Gardner F. Williams, whose marriage to Monroe Eyre Pinckard, of San Francisco, takes place about the middle of April, will go over to New York shortly to spend some time with her sister, Mrs. William Wallace Mein.

—✠—

Mrs. Murray, wife of Maj. Gen. Arthur Murray, U. S. A., will leave Washington shortly to make a brief visit in New York. Major and Mrs. Murray arrived in Washington recently from California and are the guests of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ord Preston. Upon Mrs. Murray's return to Washington, a number of entertainments will be given in her honor.

Miss Sadie Murray, who is now in San Francisco, will probably come to Washington before the season closes to spend some time with Mrs. Preston.

—✠—

The Misses Aleshire, daughters of Brigadier General and Mrs. Aleshire, are entertaining as a house guest Miss Margaret Michie, whose father, Major Michie, U. S. A., is stationed at El Paso, Tex.

—✠—

The executive committee of the Georgetown Assembly will meet this evening to decide upon dates for the two dances which it is determined to have this season. Following the announcement some days ago that no more dances would be held this season owing to disagreement over the Turkey Trot, the news that the hatchet had been buried and that more dances will be held has been gladly received.

—✠—

Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Tyler entertained informally at luncheon today at the Chevy Chase Club in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Du Puy, of Pittsburgh.

—✠—

The Counselor of the German Embassy and Mrs. Haniel von Haimhausen will return to Washington this evening from New York where they spent the last few days.

—✠—

Mrs. Cleveland and her daughter are spending the day quietly with their hosts, Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, as Mrs. Cleveland does not accept invitations for Sundays.

—Copyright, Towles.
MISS ALICE VANDERGRIFT.

Miss Alice Vandergrift Will Become the Bride of George A. Garrett, of Chicago, on Saturday Next.

Numerous entertainments are being planned in honor of Miss Alice Vandergrift, whose marriage to George Angus Garrett, of Chicago, takes place Saturday afternoon, January 18, at 4 o'clock in St. Thomas' Church.

Mrs. George T. Summerlin will be the matron of honor for Miss Vandergrift, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Esther Denny, of San Francisco and Washington; Miss Frances Sullivan, of Philadelphia; Miss Isabel Mersman, of St. Louis, and Miss Marian Leutze, of Washington.

Newton Perry, of Chicago, will be the best man for Mr. Garrett, and the ushers will be Francis Hardy, Charles Cushing, Henry McRee, Howard Logan, and Kenneth Edwards, all of Chicago.

—✠—

Justice and Mrs. Van Orsdel have been called out of the city by the illness of Mrs. Van Orsdel's mother.

—✠—

The apostolic delegate, Archbishop Bonzana, was the guest in whose honor Mr. and Mrs. Selwin Tait entertained at dinner last evening at their house on O street.

—✠—

Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, chief of staff, U. S. A., entertained at luncheon today in compliment to the major generals and brigadier generals of the staff who are meeting here. The additional guests were the military committees of the Senate and House.

—✠—

Mrs. Sidney Ballou has arranged a series of Thursday luncheon parties for the season, the first of which was given at her apartments at the Connecticut last week. Mrs. Ballou has spent some years in the Hawaiian Islands and each of the luncheons suggest somewhat the menu of that country.

—✠—

The Congressional Club will give its annual breakfast for the members of the club on Saturday, February 1.

—✠—

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison leaves Washington late this afternoon for her home in the West. During her brief stay in Washington she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Parker, in the Westmoreland, and on account of mourning accepted no invitations except for the dinner given last evening by the President and Mrs. Taft.

—✠—

Tomorrow afternoon the officers of the Mayflower will entertain at a tea and dance aboard the ship in compliment to Miss Esther Cleveland.

—✠—

Personal Mention

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Espey, of 1305 Irving street, will entertain at a reception Wednesday evening in celebration of their golden wedding aniversary.

—✠—

The Young Peoples' Society of St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church will give an oyster supper Thursday evening, January 16, from 5 until 8 o'clock.

—✠—

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Hurley announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Amanda Beatrice Hurley, to Charles M. Schneider.

—✠—

Mrs. Joseph Abel, of Clifton street, has as her guest her sister, Mrs. Gerson Streng, of Pittsburgh.

—✠—

Mrs. S. Rosenwald, who has been spending the past few weeks in Washington as the guest of Mrs. Simon Oppenheimer, of Kalorama road, has returned to her home in Los Zegos, N. M.

—✠—

Mrs. B. Hartz, of Belmont street, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. Levi, of Manning, S. C.

—✠—

Miss Dorothy Whitford, who has been visiting relatives in Baltimore, has returned to her home in Washington.

—✠—

Mrs. Meyers and daughter, Miss Hilda Myers, who have been spending the holidays in Washington as the guests of Miss Della Fischel, of Connecticut avenue, have returned to their home in Baltimore.

—✠—

The marriage of Miss Annette Goldsmith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Goldsmith, and William Thalheimer, of Richmond, will take place at Rauscher's Thursday evening, January 30. A large reception will follow the ceremony.

—✠—

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Straus, of Richmond, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Baumgarten, of the Winchester.

—✠—

Mr. and Mrs. Myer Nordlinger were given a surprise theater party followed by a supper, during the week in celebration of the eleventh anniversary of their marriage.

—✠—

Mrs. Addie Sigmun returned to her home in the Stafford today, after spending the past week with relatives in Baltimore.

—✠—

Miss Miriam Franc, who spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Franc, of Calvert street, has resumed her studies at Goucher College, Baltimore.

—✠—

Mr. and Mrs. Kuhn are in Louisville, visiting relatives.

—✠—

Dr. and Mrs. L. D. Weaver left today for a tour of the South.

—✠—

Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Duffey are spending several days at the Chamberlain, Fort Monroe, Va.

—✠—

Arthur Stephens, L. S. King and George T. Stewart left today for a week's stay at Atlantic City.

—✠—

Mrs. Leon Reizenstein and son, who have been the guests of Mrs. Phil King, of the Mendota, have returned to their home in New York.

—✠—

Mrs. Fred Berman of South Boston, Va., is the guest of her mother, Mrs. N. Wolberg, of Sixth street.

—✠—

Miss Jennie Sanger, of U street, is spending a few days in Baltimore.

—✠—

Mrs. Louis Eiseman and daughter, Miss Erna Eiseman, who have been spending the past few weeks in Washington with Mrs. I. W. Nordlinger, of Biltmore street, returned to their home in Atlanta, Ga., during the week.

—✠—

Mrs. Dave Posner, who was in Washington during the holidays, has returned to her home in New York.

—✠—

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sigmund, of Twenty-seventh street, have returned to their home after spending the past week in Atlantic City.

—✠—

Miss Celeste Goodman, who has been spending the holidays in Richmond, has returned to Washington.

—✠—

Miss Loraine Herman is spending a few days in Philadelphia.

—✠—

Miss Mildred Braeger, who has been the guest of Mrs. Sam Ganss, of the Ashley, has returned to her home in Baltimore.

—✠—

Mrs. Charles L. Bartlett, wife of Congressman Bartlett of Georgia has returned to Washington and will be at the Hotel Cochran for the remainder of the season.

—✠—

Brig. Gen. R. K. Evans, U. S. A., and Mrs. Evans are at the New Willard. They expect to be in Washington for about ten days. General Evans is one of the officers assembled here to consider the plans for the reorganization of the army.

Dates for At Homes.

Mrs. Wendell P. Stafford, 1725 Lamont street, will be at home tomorrow afternoon and again on January 20.

—✠—

Mrs. G. F. Schutt will be at home at the New Ebbitt from 4 to 7 o'clock on Monday afternoon. Mrs. James J. Meade, of the marine barracks navy yard, Philadelphia, will be with her.

—✠—

The women of the Congressional circle who are spending the winter at Congress Hall, will not receive tomorrow afternoon, but will be at home the following Monday, January 20.

—✠—

Mr. and Mrs. L. Cabell Williamson will be at home to their friends at 24 Iowa Circle, the second and third Mondays of each month from 2 to 5, and from 7:30 to 10:30 p. m.

—✠—

Mrs. Ellis Logan, 1253 Irving street northwest, will be at home informally tomorrow and Monday, January 27, from 3 to 6 o'clock.

—✠—

Mrs. P. V. DeGraw will receive informally the last two Mondays in January.

—✠—

Mrs. W. V. Cox and Miss Hazel V. Cox will receive with Mrs. Hannay, 207 I street, Mondays in this month.

—✠—

Mrs. Charles W. Richardson and her daughter, Mrs. Chandler, will receive tomorrow at 1317 Connecticut avenue.

—✠—

The following ladies of Congress Hall Hotel will receive on Monday, January 20, from 4 to 7 p. m.:

Mrs. Poindixter, Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Shackleford, Mrs. Macon, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. Elherbe, Mrs. Sherwood, Mrs. Adair, Mrs. Ansbrook, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. Barnhart, Mrs. Cullop, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Bathrick, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Kindred, Mrs. McGillicuddy, Mrs. Raker, Mrs. Rubey, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Warburton, Mrs. Post, Mrs. Cline, Mrs. Hayden, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Cantrell, Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Denver, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Callaway, Mrs. Jacowcy, Mrs. Burk, and Mrs. Blackmon.

—✠—

Congressman and Mrs. Underhill are at the Cairo for the session. Mrs. Underhill will be at home informally on Tuesday.

—✠—

Mrs. Horatio N. Taplin will not receive tomorrow.

—✠—

Mrs. E. P. Mertz, who is spending the winter at the Portland, will be at home Wednesdays.

—✠—

Mrs. Oliver E. Pagan and her daughter, Mrs. Charles Miller, will be at home tomorrow afternoon at 1965 Biltmore street from 4 until 6 o'clock.

—✠—

Mrs. John H. Stephens, Mrs. Henry T. Rainey, Mrs. Martin D. Foster, Mrs. James T. McDermott, Miss Wilson, Mrs. Thomas L. Reilly, Mrs. William L. Murray, Mrs. D. V. Stephens, Mrs. Horatio C. Claypool, Mrs. Claudine Stone, and Mrs. James Wickersham, of Alaska, will receive at the Hotel Driscoll tomorrow afternoon from 3 until 6 o'clock.

—✠—

Mme. Calderon and Miss Calderon will receive Friday, January 17.

—✠—

Mrs. Fremont Smith will receive Fridays during the month.

—✠—

Mme. Vassilieff, wife of the naval attache of the Russian embassy, will receive Fridays during this month.

—✠—

Mrs. Alexander G. Bentley, of the Highlands, has sent out cards for two at homes, January 14 and 21.

WOMAN HAS HONOR AS FIRST BEARER OF OFFICIAL VOTE

Mrs. Margaret Witcher, of Utah, Selected Messenger to Bring That State's Ballot.

One of the messengers sent to Washington to carry the electoral vote of a State to the President of the Senate will be a woman. According to dispatches from Salt Lake City the electors of Utah have chosen Mrs. Margaret Zane Witcher to have the honor of representing that State in the list of messengers to the Capital. This is the first time in the history of the country such an honor has fallen to a woman.

Dispatches from Salt Lake say that Mrs. Witcher has been chosen to deposit the official vote for President and Vice President with the Electoral College. What this really means is that Mrs. Witcher has been selected for the duty of carrying, as special messenger, the sealed and certified lists of the ballots of the Utah electors on President and Vice President to the President of the Senate.

Requirements of Law.

Under the law, the electors are required to meet in their respective States, vote by ballot for President and Vice President, make up lists of the votes for President and separate lists of the votes for Vice President, seal and certify these, and send one set of lists to the President of the Senate by mail and one by special messenger.

On the second Wednesday of February, in the hall of the House, in the presence of Senate and House, the President of the Senate opens the lists and they are counted. Here will occur the actual election of a President and Vice President of the United States. When this formality is gone through with, Woodrow Wilson will be elected President and Thomas R. Marshall Vice President.

The electors of each State will send a special messenger to Washington with sealed lists of their votes. This is a precaution against loss of the lists sent in the mails.

No Law to Prevent It.

The question has been raised whether there is any objection to a woman acting as messenger. Senate authorities say there is nothing in the law to prevent it.

Mrs. Witcher will have nothing to do with the count of the votes. Neither will any of the rest of the messengers. Her work will be done when she carries her lists to the President of the Senate and turns them over to him.

For her work, Mrs. Witcher will receive 25 cents per mile, one way. That is the extent of her compensation. The President of the Senate will certify the mileage to the Treasury Department and the Treasury will issue her a warrant.

Supply Committee Gets New Orders

Regulations for the general supply committee in its operations in purchasing the Government's supplies, were prescribed by Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh for the first time yesterday.

Under these regulations the current supply schedule will be placed before each department before a new schedule is drawn, that each department and independent establishment can make such recommendations for changes in the schedule as it desires. Complaint on any article will have to be accompanied with written reasons why the articles do not meet the requirements of the department or bureau.

Through the new regulations, the Secretary hopes to do away with friction that has made the path of the supply committee a difficult one in the past.

Two Pound Baby Is Put in Incubator

BROWNS MILLS, N. J., Jan. 12.—Having refused to wait for his entrance cue, that would have brought him properly into this world some time in April, the baby son of Superintendent Walter Joyce, of the Rancocas Poultry Farm, is resting comfortably today in one of his father's chicken incubators.

The family physician believes the tiny infant will thrive in his strange environment. The baby weighed a little under two pounds when born, but has gained an ounce already. It is receiving ten drops of milk, drop at a time, every hour.

"Pretty soon he ought to be able to crow," said the happy father today.

Donath Will Speak At Library Meeting

August Donath, superintendent of documents of the Senate, will be the chief speaker at the monthly meeting of the District Library Association next Wednesday evening in the children's room of the Public Library. Alton P. Tisdel, assistant superintendent of documents, will also speak. Robert A. Church, of the Navy Department, will describe the libraries on American battleships.

"77"
FOR
GRIP & COLDS

Don't wait till your bones begin to ache, take "Seventy-seven" at the first feeling of lassitude and escape the Grip.

Delay means much suffering, Influenza, Catarrh, pains and soreness of the Head, Back and Chest, Cough, Sore Throat, General Prostration, Fever and aching bones, and may take longer to break up.

It pays to keep "Seventy-seven" handy, it is a small vial of pleasant pellets, fits the vest pocket. At your Druggist, 25c, or mailed.

Humphreys' Homeo. Medicine Co., 156 William St., New York—Advertisement.

THE TIMES' DAILY SERIAL STORY.

A DAUGHTER OF THE ARMADA

By Stephen Chalmers

(Copyright, 1913, Frank A. Munsey Company.)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

After the defeat of the Spanish Armada one of the ships, La Trinidad, appears in the Bay of Kilellan, off the west coast of Scotland. She burns, and the sailors who escape to land are hanged by Black Jamie, the Highland laird of Kilellan.

One refugee, Don John, is befriended by young Rorie and his father, Angus MacLean, brother-in-law to the laird. On his way with Rorie to the castle to surrender as prisoner of war to the laird Don John meets Mistress Mary, the laird's daughter, who entreats him to flee to safety; Don John escapes hanging, but is held by the laird to do work at the farmhouse until the return of his son, Archibald.

Ronald Macdonald, chieftain of the Kyles, has discovered Don John's love for Mistress Mary, and in a fight which ensues Don John kills a man. Feeling he cannot imperil Angus Maclean by accepting his hospitality any longer, Don John hides in a cave known only to Rorie.

Black Jamie is murdered. Don John is accused of being the murderer. Mistress Mary declares her father was murdered at midnight by Macdonald of the Kyles. Daft Leezie, a decrepit nurse of Black Jamie's children, gifted with second sight, predicts blood, murder, and war.

CHAPTER VI.

Mariposa.

IN the year 1604 I was grown to a strong man. My father, Angus Maclean, lay at rest in the rose-garden. Black Archibald—dour, fierce, silent Black Archibald—lived alone in the gloomy castle—for his son Jamie was still schooling himself in the world at Edinburgh. Two graves in the cave in the woods marked the marriage-couch of Don John and Mistress Mary; and in the cottage of Daft Leezie lived a maiden whom they called by a sweet, strange name—Mariposa!

I have set down the memories of one year of my childhood. A body might well ask how I remember so finely the happenings of that period? But it is Rorie, grown up, who writes of Rorie of the kilt and milk pails, and that which bore small significance at the time became clearer as the growing mind dwelt upon set remembrances. The more I thought, for instance, of Don John and Mistress Mary, the more I honored one and loved the other; and the more I nursed a silent hatred of their murderer.

For Black Archibald killed them both. After that night in the cave Mistress Mary never returned to the castle; nor did her brother invite her to his door. In the cottage where Daft Leezie lived, the poor girl bided her time. And next day—I mind it well—the old daft woman came to the castle with little Mariposa in her arms and set a curse upon the laird's head.

"Aye, the curse is upon ye, Black!" the witch wife cried. "Ye murdered her sire and ye have murdered her mother and your sister. Would ye look upon her, Black? Then come wi' old Leezie. Ha, ha! I held ye to my bosom, Archibald. Why was the milk no poison in your moo? But I'll still it in the bairn for ye yet. Her tongue will blast your life. Her, eyes will blight your son's. Her bonny face will lie heavy on your black heart. The curse of the dead on ye, Campbell of Kilellan! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

And away went the old woman, yammering and giggling, leaving Black Archibald gripping the door-post of the castle. That night he began to drink—not as our men drink; but silently, sitting over the bottle when he was not walking up and down between the candle and the window. He did not even look upon the face of Mistress Mary; and she was laid, without protest, beside Don John in the cave under the hollow oak. And there these two lovers still lie dreaming.

Between a boy of ten years and a baby of one there is still the bond of childhood; and I hardly ever came to Daft Leezie's cottage on the way to and from the castle, but I stopped a while to play with the little one. When she was able to walk she would stand at the door to watch for Rorie, and her merry little laugh would come through the woods long before she saw me, for I learned to know the rattle of the milk pails.

Sometimes Daft Leezie would bring her to the farmhouse. My mother would take Mariposa in her arms and cry over her, while my father would look on with a curious light in his eyes. He was a righteous man, my father, and he was sore troubled about this child. He had heard my story, and he had said that Don John was a good man and Mistress Mary was a good woman; but, for all that, he was troubled. Daft Leezie would sit by the fire and cackle to herself about blood and curses, and she would nearly always end by saying something about me.

"I ken it! I ken it!" she would gabble. "Ye betrayed the Campbells for a heathen lassie."

At that my father would look anxious, and ask Leezie if there was any evil in the child. At which Leezie would usually chuckle and become silent, but once or twice she burst out in fury.

"It's a lie!" she would shriek. "I saw't in the fire. I heard every word o't. Look on the owld thing on her neck. The face of his mother." Then this poor old creature would snatch the bairn from my mother and press it to her withered bosom, at the same time crooning about "Baldy—Baldy Macnab!"

Sometimes I would see the witch-wife sitting at the door of her cottage in the dusk, swinging the baby Mariposa in her arms and humming Don John's lilt to the words which she had fitted herself:

This was the tune
When she laid her doon.
And dee'd for a heathen laddie—
And dee'd for a heathen laddie.

By and by, as Mariposa grew older and could talk, the little waif would find her way to the farmhouse by herself. Even my father's face would light up when the voice of the wee witch would cry "Rorie!" The door would be opened to wraith-child with bright, deep eyes and black curls, dressed in a plaid. She would run in, scramble into a chair, and call for bannocks and honey with the air of a little queen. Sometimes she would stop eating and put up a finger with a warning "S-s-s-h!"

And when we obediently hushed, she would creep down off the chair, tiptoe to the fireplace, and peer up the chimney. Then she would fill the kitchen with peals of laughter. But my father, knowing where she had learned that trick, would look sad and shake his head.

As time went on Mariposa and I became almost inseparable. Indeed, I was lonely and disappointed the days she did not come to the farm. But she was seldom away, and each dawn saw the wild girl by my side as I went for the cows. She was barefooted most of the time. The exposure to cold and sunshine had deepened the delicate olive tint of her complexion.

In her hand she always carried a switch on those trips, and her merry voice mingled with mine in calling "Coo! Coo-o-o-o!" to the cows. Quite oblivious of the differences of sex and age, she seemed to look upon me as her natural brother-in-arms. She view with me in climbing trees, and as I grew older she could outstrip me in running.

The long summer days we spent in the woods, or playing in the burn. Our favorite spot was the cave by the pool. There she would lead me when tired of play, and, sitting beside the two graves, she would command me to tell her the story about "John-John." It always began with "Once upon a time," for I never told her who "John-John" and Mistress Mary really were. Black Archibald was the ogre in the story, and, of course, I was the brave little boy. I could not tell it, somehow, without getting myself mixed in it.

We always put flowers on the graves; and to make them "real graves" we put "chucky-stanes" around them, and planted primrose and farm roots. When the spring came again Mariposa clapped her hands because the primrose blossomed and the ferns drooped green and glossy. They were "real graves."

When the repetition of the story became tiresome to her and painful to me, Mariposa must play it. I was "John-John" and she was Mistress Mary, and when she waded through the pool and solemnly parted the brambles, to me—lying as "John-John" on the ground—she was the image of her bonny mother, save for the mischievous eyes and the tangled black locks. It gives me an odd chill now when I think of our playing that tragedy in fun, and I think I ought to have known better, for I was fifteen then. By and by Mariposa carried one of the milk pails to the castle, while I took the other; so that age did not decrease our intimacy, for there was hardly an hour of daylight that did not see us together.

Passing through the woods, we sometimes saw Black Archibald slowly pacing among the trees, with his hands behind his back. If curses can hurt a man, I am sure Daft Leezie's hung heavily on him. He seemed possessed of a phantom that made his eyes sunken and his face white. He had grown much like his father, as I remember him, but not so heavy. He was inclined to a gauntness of aspect, and he had a habit of drawing his under lip between his teeth and chewing—chewing—chewing.

Mariposa had no idea who the man was until one day, when we were rehearsing "John-John," it slipped from me that Black Archibald was really the ogre. A few days later we saw him among the trees. He was standing still, looking away down the Firth to the blue-gray tower of Alisa Craig. Mariposa stepped from behind a tree and stood before him. The laird gave a great start and bit his lip savagely.

"Ogre!" the child cried. "I dinna love ye. Ye kilt John-John!"

He uttered a horrible oath and dashed at the elf with hands spread like talons. But Mariposa was gone like an arrow, bewitching the forest with a lohg peal of shrill laughter. Black Archibald rushed after her, his face drawn with rage and terror; but the little witch got behind me and, holding me as a shield, mocked the man, as children do with unanswerable taunts. At that Black Archibald threw himself upon me and beat me to the ground in conscience-stricken rage.

"Bring that brat near the castle again!" he cried, "and I'll strangle her like a pullet!"

The castle got no milk that night, for it was spilled in the fray. My father looked very grave when I told him what had happened. He commanded me never to take Mariposa to the castle again, especially when he heard later that Daft Leezie, learning of the affair, had gone to the castle court, and there set up a jeering and cackling that drove Black Archibald back to the bottle. I heard afterward that again he prayed on the laird that he raved like a madman, and, without provocation, pitched Big Aundra down the castle stairs.

My father's black looks frightened Mariposa away from the farm for many weeks. Indeed, he never looked at her again without a frown, so that Mariposa and I saw less of each other. Sometimes we would drive the cows together; but she seldom came to the house. When she did, her manner was that of a child who felt that some one was doing her a wrong—not that she had done any.

But I found her one day in the cave—weeping bitterly. I tried to comfort her, and, was surprised when she suddenly flung herself on Don John's grave and sobbed worse than ever.

"John-John! Oh, poor John-John!" she cried.

I suppose she was thinking of the ogre and the incident in the woods, for by and by she sat up and resolutely wiped away her tears.

"Rorie," she said, "was John-John a true man, or just a story-man?"

"Why do ye ask?" I said, for this was dangerous ground.

"Because—because the wee boy is true, and the ogre is true—and—and——"

Then she began to sob again. I remember she seldom gave a thought to Mistress Mary. It was always poor "John-John."

That was the first cloud. But she was naturally a child of the sunshine. When she found one avenue of play stopped, she sought another. One day she coaxed me to go with her to the clachan. The existence of this "wonderful" place she had discovered by accident while avoiding the castle. But she had been too amazed at the number of houses there to venture into it without me.

Without telling my mother or father, I set off with Mariposa. The moment we entered the clachan she became greatly excited, and, tearing her hand from mine, began to peer into the cottage doors. The guidwives chased her away, but that did not dishearten her. Presently she came upon a group of children who were building a great sand-castle. Mariposa, with a cry of delight, joined them, and her deft hands decorated the sand-castle with pebbles, while the others built it. When all was done, she stuck a stick pin on top and, clapping her hands, danced around the castle. The other bairns caught the idea, and presently they all joined hands and danced around in a ring. And Mariposa began to sing—of all things in the world—Don ohn's lilt to Daft Leezie's words.

A Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

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