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THE END OF HIS TIME.

By JAMES KNAPP REEVE.

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CHAPTER II.

It was after ten o'clock when the train finally rolled into the Union station.

In two minutes Chalmers was in a cab and had given his order to the driver.

"Number — Prospect street."

Out in the bracing air of the northern winter night he began to feel like himself again.

The blowing of the keen wind in his face served to disperse the cloud of doubts and fears that had so tormented him throughout the long and tedious journey.

He was again a man of action, and would beat down the barriers that stood between him and his brother and his free air.

He began to take some note of his surroundings, and became conscious of the smooth motion of his carriage.

As he passed through the square the theaters were just out and the electric lights up in the tall tower shone down on a brilliant scene of fair women and gallant men.

How George did love to amid such bounding life and a part of it, and how well he had always borne himself in it.

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took to meet at once the glint of feminine armor. Perhaps he would have been better prepared had he known more of women. How they step themselves sometimes against those who would be their most—whose help in their very hearts they most desire.

The room into which Chalmers was ushered, and where he waited for her only a brief moment, bore evident traces of individuality; somehow you could have told that it was a woman's room, though there was nothing of mere pretensions about it, no knickknacks, no hodgepodge of bric-a-brac and home art with which women of nonindividuality clutter their surroundings.

There were many good engravings upon the wall, a small bronze of a flying Mercury, and these were disposed as if they were very real and studied and looked at—not as mere decorative paraphernalia—but as a part of the everyday life of the inmate.

Into such a room, thought Chalmers (and to such a woman, too, perhaps), a man could come and be at his best; here a man (and this mythical woman) could meet upon a common level, talking, thinking, bringing out the best that was in each other, forgetting or unheeding that less and less life there were many people to be lived out in the world and among men.

Into such a room (and to such a woman, too, perhaps) he had once thought it might be possible for him to come; but that time had gone now. He must only think of these things personally.

To this point in his reverie had Chalmers come when Miss Tennant entered the room.

"You have come at last," she said, in an even monotone, as she gave him her hand.

Chalmers was not prepared for the coldness or restraint of her greeting. Yet with a charity that not many who knew him would have thought him capable of he did not resent it.

"You blame me for not coming sooner," he answered, "but I did not know. Your letter and his and the paper that you sent all came to me at the same time. Since then I have come as fast as steam could bring me. I have been in Mexico."

"That much he felt he must say in his own defense, but it availed him nothing. "You should not have gone away so," she said. "You are older than your brother; you have more duties."

"You do well to reproach me," he said moodily. "I went away for you and for the girl who stood at Lina Tennant's door."

"You should not have gone," she said again insistently, "at least not so far—not in this way. There was no reason why you should go at all; and he had only you to look to."

"No," she said, "I have been sorely hurt. Women do not stand well the breaking of their idols. And to cover her hurt, womanlike, she turned upon him who had been in nowise to blame.

Chalmers thought to himself that it was strange that he should not resent this. He had always been a man who was impatient of criticism. Perhaps if he had been in any way to blame in this matter, if there had been any self-accusation to contend against, he might have resented her words. She was calm and pale and cold. But looking at her more closely he could see that she kept herself under control only by the most determined effort. He would not make it any harder for her.

"Yes, I have been to blame," he said finally. "I should not have gone. But I cannot come back now to help him—and you, if you will let me. Tell me what I can do."

"Oh, I don't know," she answered. "I am only a woman. I could do nothing. I thought when you came you would give way without question. She was not ashamed of it; she used no subtlety; she glared in it.

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WASHINGTON TOPICS.

(Special Correspondence of the Herald.)

WASHINGTON, December 10, 1892.

In view of the coming change of administration, gossip at the capital concerning the President-elect and his family is on the increase, and everything in the way of information about them and their movements is discussed with avidity.

Mrs. Cleveland's second term as mistress of the White House will be of a very different character from the first. When, on the 4th of March next, she takes possession of the apartments where she began her widowhood, she will take into them ideas, tastes, and powers she did not possess then, for she is, in herself, a very different woman from what she was then. She was then girlish in appearance; tall and slender, with a figure more flat and angular than beautiful; and she lacked somewhat that indefinable air of the well-poised woman of maturity. Even after two seasons' experience of the social duties of the President's wife, she had not gained the calm repose of the society woman, and her face, in lips and chin and eyes, confessed her immaturity and youthful lack of self-confidence.

Very different is the Mrs. Cleveland of to-day. Measured by the canons of beauty, she is not a truly beautiful woman, nor do her best friends and most sincere admirers insist that she is; but she is undeniably a strikingly handsome woman, with a radiant smile and a commanding height, the figure that four years ago was flat and angular has assumed the full and rounding outlines it needed to make it really fine, and her carriage, which was constrained, is now erect, graceful, and easy. Her face is considerably fuller, and there is a serenity blended with the sweetness that gives it a more perfect charm. But the greatest change, perhaps, is in the spirit. When she was in the White House her steps were taken with the uncertainty of inexperience. She has reached a fuller womanhood now, and her experience in New York society has given her admirable equipoise. She continues to be, naturally, the center of attraction wherever she appears in public, and the people crowd around her and stare at her. She is too sensible a woman not to know that the attention she attracts is respectful, and not to know also that it is not all unqualified admiration; it is not all that some in the crowds are criticising her every feature, as well as committing her face to memory. She bears herself through it all, it is said, with a modest dignity, neither shrinking into the background nor thrusting herself forward; and there is where her equipoise helps her, and that is what she could not do four years ago.

As to Mr. Cleveland, he is changed also, but in a different way and to a lesser degree. He has grown older, of course, and he has been, during the four years he has been away from the White House, to show his age somewhat. His hair has many silver threads, and his moustache is assuming a similar hue. His face, always serious, has grown more so, and lines of care are beginning to furrow themselves across his brow. But with it all he is a noticeably well-preserved man, and is capable of the tremendous volume of work upon which he will enter in a few months hence. He has gained much valuable knowledge and experience since he retired from the Presidency. When he was called to the head of the nation eight years ago he had a remarkably limited acquaintance with the public men of the country; to-day few men know better those who are worth knowing. This will be of inestimable value to the new President in forming his cabinet and calling his advisers about him. Furthermore, his knowledge of the science of government and of the public needs, has grown, and his views and opinions have broadened. Altogether, he is better fitted than ever to give the country a wise and beneficent administration, and he has the courage to carry out his policies.

In one direction Mr. Cleveland has not changed, however. He is not afraid of the politicians, and he is always on the side of the people. He has already served notice on the public that he will promise no appointments until after he is installed in the White House, and declares that office-seekers are injuring their cause by importuning him now. Meaningless as such a declaration is in Virginia, for duck-hunting, and other retreats for a quiet rest, and leaves the politicians to worry among themselves as to his future actions and policies.

Already Republican officials here are "showing their hands" by removing Democrats from the Government departments and appointing Republicans in their places, in the hope that the latter will in some way be retained under the incoming Democratic administration. Recently the notorious Green B. Raum, Commissioner of Pensions, demanded the resignations of two quite prominent Democratic employes of his bureau, and has supplanted them with Republicans. No reason was given except that their places were wanted. This is a sample of the policy that has rendered the civil service law under this Republican administration a sham and a fraud.

Accepting even Republican figures, the Democrats will have a very large majority in the Fifty-third Congress, just elected. According to the estimates made by their Congressional Campaign Committee, there were elected 218 Democrats, 128 Republicans, and 8 Populists, with Rhode Island still to elect. This would give the Democrats a majority over all of 92, which will be

slightly decreased by Rhode Island's election. Senators and Representatives are beginning to gather at the capital in anticipation of the closing session of the Fifty-second Congress, now about to convene. But little legislation, aside from the passage of appropriation bills, is expected this winter, and the question of an extra session of the new Congress during the coming spring or summer will probably remain undecided until after Mr. Cleveland's inauguration.

Christmas Cakes. (Harper's Bazar.) Many rich cakes improve with age, and it has always been the custom with the best Southern housekeepers to make their Christmas cakes several weeks in advance of the holidays. The following recipes are among the best used:

CHRISTMAS PLUM CAKE.—Cream one pound of butter and one pound of sugar together; add the beaten yolks of sixteen eggs, one gill of molasses, one pound of sifted flour, six table-spoonfuls of coarse flour, and one wineglass of brandy; beat all together for five minutes. Add three pounds of seeded raisins, one pound of dried currants, half a pound each of almonds and sliced citron, well floured, two ounces of grated cocoanut, one table-spoonful each of ground all-spice, mace, and cloves, and two grated nutmegs; lastly, add the beaten whites of the eggs. Mix well, pour in one large or two smaller cake moulds, and bake in a moderate oven for six hours; ornament when cold with fancy sugar-plums and a wreath of holly.

CHRISTMAS BLACK CAKE.—Cream three pounds of brown sugar and three pounds of butter together; sift in three pounds of flour; beat twenty-eight eggs separately, and add, with five pounds of seeded raisins, four pounds of dried currants, one pound of sliced citron, one ounce each of cinnamon and nutmeg, half an ounce of mace, cloves, and all-spice, with a glass of blackberry wine. Mix and beat well. Turn into a very large cake mould, and bake for six hours. This cake will keep for years.

CHRISTMAS FRUIT CAKE (a creole recipe).—Take a pound of butter, a pound of powdered sugar, fifteen eggs, a pound of sifted flour, a pound and a half of raisins, half a pound of currants, half a pound of citron, half a pound each of candied cherries, orange and lemon peel, one grated nutmeg, half a table-spoonful each of ground cinnamon and mace; a teaspoonful each of ground cloves and ginger, two table-spoonfuls of rum, and the juice of two lemons. Beat the raisins; wash and dry the currants; slice the citron, orange, and lemon peel thin; beat the butter to a cream; add the sugar; beat the eggs until very light, and add them