

THE TONE OF VOICE.

It is not so much what you say as the manner in which you say it. It is not so much the language you use as the tone in which you convey it.



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CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"I wish I knew she he was," the younger girl persisted, looking intently into the coals at a dimly-sketched procession with background of white lace and orange blossoms.



MISS CLAY'S EYES WERE STUDYING THE PICTURE IN THE FIRE.

around me, I should be worse than base to think of such light things. Once, perhaps, I was very different—the red glow burned on her face once more, the firm lips trembled an instant, ere she went on gravely—"but, even then, these rumors were idle."

"How should I guess?" There was more weariness than of interest in Miss Clay's reply; but inborn courtesy forced the addition: "I am such a stranger—an exile—now."

"Why not, dear? He is an old friend of mamma's, and very popular here with both sets."

Abruptly, almost roughly, Miss Clay ignored the caress and repudiated the suggestion.

"You are wrong—utterly wrong, child!" she cried. "I do not care for that—that man. On the contrary, I hate—despise him. He is not fit to let your feet spurn him—far less to touch your hand. Does not your mother know—suspect—"

"What?" Bessie's eyes grew wide with wonder, as the other paused suddenly. "Why, Caro! I never saw you so excited—so worked up. It must, indeed, be something terrible! Tell me, please!"

Miss Clay's face darkened, and her breath came hard and quick. She clinched her hands fiercely; but still she did not speak, only staring at the other. Then, with a great effort, she turned a deadly white face, lit by gleaming eyes, upon her:

"Bessie, that man is—He it was who—Memory, gratitude—whatever stronger feeling it may have been—was too much for her. Again she broke down, sinking in her chair and covering her face, with the piteous moan:

"Oh, God! I cannot—cannot!"

Wondering more still, but still deeply sympathetic, Bessie Westchester watched this unvoiced weakness of the woman who had been her model of fearlessness and strength.

Only one instant, though. The next she was kneeling by her side, her arms close about the heaving bosom, her lips pressed upon the glorious, bowed head:

"Forgive me, dear! Please forgive me! I was silly even to mention him—worse than silly to press you so. I think I understand—"

Once more Miss Clay broke roughly from the circling arms. Once more she stood erect with raised head and blazing eyes; no weakness on her face now—only resolve so fixed as to make its lines seem hard and cruel.

"Bessie Westchester," she said, in cold, metallic tone, "you do not understand me, but—you shall! Not for base, selfish reason, not to protect myself from silly suspicion, but to protect you and yours, so good to me, I will speak! That man, whose name I have sworn shall never pass my lips—that man, who has my just contempt and scorn, is—"

The door opened quickly and Mrs. Gray stood in it, panting from hasty ascent and with troubled face.

"Caro, Willie is here."

"Thank God! I am ready!" The light of battle on her face melted into tender longing; hope to be realized swept away thought of right and justice as the words brought plainly before her the wide, dark river, the yearning loved ones far beyond.

"Stop, dear," the matron said, stopping with a gesture the quick grasp for hat and gloves, the careful, instinctive touch for precious packages sewed into the skirt. "Willie must see you first. Some difficulty has—"

"Difficultly? Oh, do not say he comes to disappoint me!" The color hope had driven to the girl's face dropped out, leaving it ashen, her lips quivering senselessly.

"Not so bad as that, I hope," Mrs. Gray answered, gently, and, stepping to the door, she called softly, and Willie McKee tiptoed into the room.

gesture imperious beyond question, and, turning to McKee, said, hoarsely: "Go on. Tell me all."

"I know no more," he answered. "Only this note was left for me by unknown hand ten minutes since."

The woman seized the crumpled note eagerly, bending over the firelight and reading rapidly. Then, pressing her hand hard over her eyes, she stood an instant still and cold, only heaving bosom and deep breath telling of some struggle to be calm. Again she bent down, scanning the paper closely, her eyes burning each word into her brain. Then, leaning her head upon the low mantel, covered by one hand, she held the note to Bessie with the other; and she, understanding the command, read in tremulous voice the fateful message:

"Do not start to-night. South bank swarms with stragglers. Rosser struck. Show her this and wait advice. She should obey warning from one who prayed her to pray for his soul."

Dead silence was on the little group. No one spoke, nor moved, and the stillness grew almost unbearable as the disappointed woman struggled fiercely with herself for the mastery.

At length she raised her head, turning full to them a face pale and deplined, but firm and hard as the hollow voice that said:

"I will obey. He was viler than Satan did—he lie now—to me—"

The effort of the soul was too great for the tried flesh. Suddenly she swayed, staggered forward a step, and would have fallen had not Willie McKee caught her, dead fainting, in his arms.

CHAPTER VIII.

"AS THEY MARCHED THROUGH THE TOWN." The Sabbath morning broke clear, but piercing cold, the garish sunlight giving little warmth in the teeth of the fierce east wind.

Two days had passed, heavy, leaden-footed days to all inmates of the Gray mansion; and to one of them expectancy became almost torture, as no word came from Carolyn Clay's unnamed watcher on the shore. Willie McKee stopped daily, to talk with his cousins; but he only shook his head gloomily in answer to eager queries, and avoided all suspicious mounting to the hidden visitor above. And she, cheered by the sympathy and love of trusted, tender women, recovered from the shock of surprise and disappointment. She seemed almost her old self again—quiet, patient, almost hopeful outwardly, even if well-nigh despairing at heart.

Of the cause of her fainting fit she spoke little, calling it mere reaction from too high hope; but not even to Bessie—her special pet and favorite—did she once allude to the mysterious writer of the warning, save to say, finally:

"I can say nothing, dear. In these days, when a man's life may pay forfeit for one chance word, I dare not speak." And the strong woman shuddered, as she added: "Besides, God only knows! I may be wrong. Later news has proved the truth of that warning. It was surely well meant and—timely. But by this time the Virginia bank must be clear." She finished with almost a groan: "Oh, when will I get away?"

And Bessie Westchester, with the delicate tact of her race, forebore all question; nor did she ever hint for the finish of that broken-off warning about Fitzhugh, even while, woman-like, she was gnawed by curiosity, which had, in this case at least, good basis of right to question. Yet, as her guest's lips remained sealed, and no allusion to him escaped them more, the younger woman remained silent, wondering sorely.

But this cold Sabbath morning brought McKee very early, and with him anxiety and activity to all the household. At breakfast when he came the family rose promptly from the unfinished meal at the news he brought, and rapidly all vials within reach, all contents of the ample pantry, that was Mrs. Gray's prideful boast, were parceled out and put in portable shape. Great tins of boiling coffee soon hissed in the kitchen; a passing baker's cart was captured by McKee and its entire contents quickly went beneath long knives in nimble hands.

For that morning was one of those dies irae which made every sympathetic heart in Baltimore beat with heavier throb—days which made firm lips tremble and strong hands clinch hard, while they forced tears to tender eyes of all true women, southern or union in their sentiment.

Rebel prisoners were to march through those streets, a spectacle and a warning, not wantonly, perhaps, "to make a Roman holiday," but because McHenry, the Old Capitol and other border prisons overflowed; and these men, unexchanged, must go to prison-pens farther from chance of escape or recapture by sudden raid.

In almost every residence along that fashionable street—nearest route of march to the northern depot—now showed activity and bustle unwonted at such an hour or on such day, and many window-shutters bowed, then closed, as eager-watching eyes saw one approaching column, and their owners went back to the work of lore.

Then, after anxious waiting, the sad procession wheeled into view from a street below, the guard that encircled it moving slowly, as at a funeral, to fit the worn and painful step of many a one who followed. And a long, dreary line it was; pitiful to see, in its evidences of wrecked manhood, often; of broken spirit, sometimes; of wasted hopes and longings, everywhere.

Piteous was the plight of many a prisoner, weak, already prison-worn and as sick in body as at heart. Here, one who might be a grandeur, tolling along the stones with stockingless feet, scarce held to shreds of shoes by bits of twine; there, a mere stripling, blue-faced in the blast and shivering in thin, buttonless jacket, blowing his numbed hands for warmth. Again, a bold, defiant figure—a newer capture, doubtless—striding along with head erect and deep defiance smoldering in his eyes; and close to him, the limping, shattered remnant of a man, hollow-eyed, with sunken cheeks and narrow chest, racked with coughing under the bleak December wind.

In pairs, or fours, the prison-gang moved slowly forward, many scarce able to keep up even with the slow time of the guard. And, in the long line, few were more than half clad, scarcely one with an overcoat, but some hugging the torn and filthy blanket, or the scrap of old carpet used in its stead, as a very luxury of prison lot!

Some men were hatless, or wholly barefoot, victims of prison wear, or, worse, of wanton theft, which not seldom escaped the vigilance of higher office and left those vile enough to prey upon the helpless creatures in their charge.

On almost every face, grayish pallor, familiar to all who watched the prisoner of that time—a sickly, leaden ghastliness, as of ashes, which accentuated more the pinched features and seemed to sink most fiery eyes deep back in their hollow sockets,—a hue not to be described, but born largely of bad fare and confinement, equally largely perhaps of despairing heart and of that scourge even of the busy camp, nostalgia.

On every porch and door-step along that dismal route, often lining the curb as well, stood grave-faced men and women, many with trembling lips or tear-blurred vision, eagerly scanning the pitiful passers for chance of one familiar face. Almost every hand held something,—packages of solid food, dainties long unknown to those men, famishing on prison fare, warm wraps, such clothing as haste collected, and sometimes even blankets.

WANT STRAIGHT EYELIDS.

Japanese Undergo an Operation to Remedy the Slanting Eye.

"The Japanese are not only adopting American social and business customs, but they are also trying to conform their physical features to the appearance of Americans," said H. D. Neumann, of San Francisco, to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter. "I was in Yokohama recently, and I met there several American and German doctors who were getting rich by straightening the slant in the Japanese eye to make it look like the beloved Caucasian's optic. The Japanese, you know, show the traces of their Mongolian origin more plainly in the shape of their eyelids than in the color of their skin, and those who can afford it are ridding themselves of this unmistakable evidence of their despised ancestry by submitting to a simple and comparatively painless surgical operation, which consists in the surgeon splitting the outer rim of the eyelids in a straight line for the barest infinitesimal part of an inch. The wound is then covered with this piece of chemically prepared sticking plaster, the faithful subject of the mikado goes on about his business as if nothing had happened, and in a few days the wound is healed and he looks on his envious fellows through lids as straight as the American's. It is contended by scientists that this racial physical defect in the Japanese eyelid will entirely disappear in a few generations if each succeeding generation continues to undergo the surgical operation described. The experiment is of especial value to the student of evolution."

A Wonderful Bottle.

The venerable Dr. Slop, of Blanktown, was a doctor of the experimental and eclectic school of medicine years ago. It was a rule of the doctor's never to have anything wasted; and, therefore, when any prescription remained untried after the patient had died or recovered he would empty it in a bottle kept for the purpose, which became the receptacle of a heterogeneous compound that science could not analyze. A younger member of the faculty noted this as a very singular fact, and asked of him the reason for it. The doctor hesitated a little, and then replied that, though in ordinary cases he knew well what to do, there were instances when all his medical skill failed, and he was floored with doubt. At such times it was his custom to resort to the big bottle, and leave nature and accident to accomplish the cure. "And will you believe it," said he, "some of my most brilliant successes have resulted from it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Moqui Indian Albinos.

There are several Albinos among the Moqui tribe of Indians on the Moqui reservation in Apache county, Ariz. Some of these Albinos are pure white with regular Indian features—reddish yellow hair and blue eyes. Others again have pink eyes, which are constantly twinkling as if suffering from some nervous affection. There is one of the Albino girls, about twelve or thirteen years old, attending the government school at Kern's Canyon. She is one of the brightest scholars in the school. Her parents are pure Indian and unusually dark colored. Another Albino among them is a man of about forty or forty-five years of age and small in stature. His hair was long and coarse and of a light yellow, eyes a bright blue, with a reddish glint, and constantly moving. There are several more of these people among the Moquis.

AGREED—Miss Elderberry—"Girls do not marry so young nowadays as they used to." Miss Singletree—"Yes, I've noticed that, and I'm glad they're getting more sensible. A girl doesn't really know her own mind until she's thirty-six or eight."—Black and White.

In Germany the extent of land devoted to agriculture amounts to 75,405,000 acres.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

International Lesson for March 11, 1893.—Ezra Before the King—Ezra 4:10-17; 5:1-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy.—Prov. 21:2.

PLACE IN HINDU HISTORY.—The Book of Esther belongs in the fifty-eight years' interval between the sixth and seventh chapters of Ezra. It was after the dedication of the second temple, B. C. 516, and before Ezra came to Judea, B. C. 458.

LESSON NOTES.—The Persian Empire. When, more than a century before this time, Nebuchadnezzar destroyed Jerusalem and carried the Jews captive to Babylonia (606-586), he was the greatest king then living, his empire the most powerful, his capital the most magnificent. Then followed the seventy years' captivity. Nebuchadnezzar's successors were as little likely to permit the Jews to return as was the great king himself. But God saw the way out. When the time came, the Babylonian empire was conquered by Cyrus (538), and in 536 fifty thousand Jews returned from exile under Zerubbabel. In twenty years (515) the temple was built. Then came a pause of nearly sixty years in the history of the Jews. In the meantime the Medo-Persian empire had become larger than any previous one known in the world, and surrounded its chief with almost unimaginable splendor and wealth. Its ambition was to conquer Greece, and extend its sway over the known world. According to Kell the Persian empire in its whole extent from India to Ethiopia must have contained a population of at least one hundred million. Canon Rawlinson estimates the population at fifty millions.

Xerxes, the Persian Emperor. The Ahasuerus of Esther has been identified almost beyond doubt with Xerxes, the son of Darius Hystaspes (the one under whom the temple of Zerubbabel was completed.) The dates of Esther and of secular history agree, as a key fits a lock. Their Xerxes is the Greek shortened form of Ahasuerus. The martial deeds of Xerxes are fully told by Grecian historians, especially by Herodotus and Xenophon. He was remarkable for his natural beauty, but he was proud, self-willed, amorous, careless of contravening Persian customs, reckless of human life, yet not actually bloodthirsty, impetuous, facile, changeable.

The Great Feast. According to Herodotus, Xerxes held an assembly to arrange for the Grecian war in the third year of his reign, and it is probably this feast which is described in the first chapter of the book of Esther, as given to the nobles of the realm, assembled at Shushan from all parts of the empire. It lasted one hundred and eighty days or six months. The king, having before this conquered Egypt, determined "to lay a bridge over the Hellespont, and to transport an army into Greece to punish the Athenians" for their defeat of his father Darius at Marathon. Then he added: "I intend to march through all the parts of Europe, and to reduce the whole earth into one empire; being assured that no city or nation will dare to resist my arms." At this long-continued fete were gathered the chief officers and nobles of the whole empire. Everything was done to impress upon them the greatness and power of the king, and the unlimited resources at his command.

The War with Greece. An interval of four years occurs before a new queen is found in place of Vashti. It was during this interval that his great invasion of Greece took place. Dipping his pen in the life-blood of Persia's noblest, he wrote for himself a record on fame's glittering temple. It is said that the army with which he invaded Greece numbered 5,283,320 souls, exclusive of women and other attendants. This multitude was met at Thermopylae by Leonidas and his 300 Spartans, at whose hands 20,000 Persians fell August 7, 480 B. C. Two months later the Persians were terribly defeated in the great naval battle of Salamis. Themistocles, with 380 Greek vessels, defeated Xerxes with 2,000 sail. This disaster was closely followed by others, which compelled Xerxes to abandon the field and return home with scarcely 5,000 soldiers left of all the multitude with which he set out.

Queen Esther. After the return of Xerxes thus defeated, he ceased for a time from warfare, and sought consolation in the pleasures of the harem. At this time, the seventh year of his reign (2:16), occurs the story of Esther's elevation to the throne as given in chapters 1 and 2. She must have been young at this time, between fifteen and eighteen years old; for maidens in Persia (says Justi) are in their glory at twelve, and fade by the age of twenty. She was very beautiful; and she seems to have preserved her purity and beauty of character, even amid the baseness of an Oriental court. Esther has not been identified with any queen mentioned in secular history. The Persian emperors had many wives, so that it is not strange that Esther is not mentioned in secular history. It would be strange if she had been.

"It is a principal effect of love to unite the wills of those who love, so as to make them but one and the same will." He who gives his will to God, gives him everything—property, talents, heart, all.—Liquori.

—It is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but it is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man, I will oblige a great many that are not so.—Seneca.

—Honesty is the best policy, because it is the only policy which insures against loss of character.—Century Magazine.



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