THE LADY OF LYNN

By SIR WALTER BESANT

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CHAPTER XIII.

A RESPITE.

I WAS as one who carries a respite for a man already in the cart and on his way to Tyburn, or I was as one who himself receives a respite on the way to Tyburn, for if the charges in those letters were true there could be no doubt as to the result of an inquiry. Nor could there be any doubt that Lord Fylingdale in such a case would refuse an inquiry. I ran, therefore, as if everything depended on my speed, and I arrived breathless.

Molly was alone, walking about the garden restlessly. The sun was now set, but the glow of the sky lingered, and her face was flushed in the western light. "Jack!" she cried. "I thought we had parted this afternoon! What has happened? You have been running. What is it?"

"A great deal has happened, Molly. For one thing, you will not be married tomorrow morning."

"Why not? Is my lord ill?"

"Not that I know of, but you will not be married tomorrow morning."

"You talk in riddles, Jack."

"Would you like to put off the wedding, Molly?"

"Alas, if I could put it off altogether! I am downhearted over it, Jack. It weighs me down like lead. But there is no escape."

"I think I have in my pocket a means of escape—a respite at least—unless there are worse liars in the world than those we have at Lynn."

"Liars at Lynn, Jack? Who are they? Oh, Jack, what has happened?"

I sat down on a garden bench. "Molly," I said, "you told the private character of Lord Fylingdale in the highest estimation, do you not?"

"There is no better man living. This makes me ashamed of being so loath to marry him."

"Well, but, Molly, consider. Who has bestowed this fine character upon his lordship?"

"Everybody who knows him—Sam Semple for one. He is never weary of singing the praises of his patron."

"He is a grateful soul and, on his own account, a pillar of religion. I will show you presently what an ornament he is to religion. Who else?"

"The Rev. Benjamin Purden, once his tutor. Surely he ought to know."

"Surely. Nobody ought to know better. I will show you presently how admirable a witness to character this reverend divine must be esteemed."

"There is Sir Harry Malyns, who assured us that his lordship is thought to be too virtuous for the world of fashion."

"He is himself, like the parson, a fine judge of character. Is that all?"

"No. The Lady Anastasia herself spoke to me of his nobility."

"She has also spoken to me—of other things. See here, Molly." I laid out the two letters. "What I have here contain the characters of all these excellent persons—the latest scandals about them, their reputations and their practices."

"But, Jack, what scandals? What reputations?"

"You shall see, Molly. Oh, the allegations may be false, one and all. For what I know Sam may have the wings of an archangel, and Mr. Purden may be already overtipe for the new Jerusalem. But you shall read."

I offered her the letters. "No," she said. "Read them yourself."

"The first, then, is from my father's first cousin, Zachary Pontoppane, a bookseller in Little Britain, which is a part of London. He is, I believe, a respectable, God fearing man. You will observe that he does not vouch for the truth of his information."

I then read at length the letter which you have already heard.

"What do you think, Molly?"

"I don't know what to think. Is the world so wicked?"

"Here is another letter, concerning the Rev. Benjamin Purden. Observe that this is another and an independent witness." So I read the second letter, which you have also heard.

"What do you think of this worthy gentleman, Molly?"

"Oh, Jack, I am overwhelmed! Tell me more, what it means."

"It means, my dear, that a ruined gamester thought to find an heiress who would know nothing of his tarnished reputation. She must be rich. All he wanted was her money. She must not have her money tied up; it must be all in his own hands, to do with it what he chose—that is to say, to dissipate and waste it in riot and raking and gambling"—

"Lord Fylingdale? Jack, think of his face, think of his manners. Are they such as you would expect in a rake?"

"There are perhaps different kinds of rakes. Tom Rising would spend the night drinking and bawling songs. Another kind would practice wickedness as eagerly, but with more politeness. What do I know of such men? Certain I am that Lord Fylingdale would not scour the streets and play the Mohawk, but that he has found other vices more pleasant and more, apparently, polite is quite possible."

"I don't understand, Jack. All the gentlemen like Mr. Rising drink and sing. Do all gentlemen who do not drink practice other vices?"

"Well, Molly, you have seen the vicar taste a glass of wine. He will roll it in the glass; he will hold it to the light, admiring the color; he will inhale the fragrance; he will drink it slowly, little by little, sipping the contents, and he will not take more than a single glass or two at the most. In the same time Tom Rising would have gulped down a whole bottle. One man wants to gratify many senses; the other seeks only to get drunk as quickly as he can. So, I take it, with the forbidden pleasures of the world. One man may cultivate [illegible] manner may be satisfied [illegible] coarse and plentiful debauchery. This is not, however, talk for honest folk like you and me."

"Go on with your story, Jack. Never mind the different ways of wickedness."

"Well, he heard of an heiress. She belonged to a town remote from fashion—a town of simple merchants and sailors. She was very rich; much richer than he at first believed"—

"Who told him about this heiress?"

"A creature called Sam Semple, whom the captain once cudgeled. Why, Molly, it was revenge. In return for the cudgeling he would place you and your fortune in the hands of a man who would bring misery upon you and ruin on your fortune. Heavens, how the thing works out! And it happened just in the nick of time that a spring was found in the town—a spring whose medicinal properties—Ha!" I jumped to my feet. "Molly, who found that spring? Sam Semple. Who wrote to the doctor about it? Sam Semple. Who spread abroad a report that the physicians of London were sending their patients to Lynn? Sam Semple. How many patients have come to us from London? None, save and except only the party of those who came secretly in his lordship's train to sing his praises and to work his wicked will. Why, Molly"— I burst into a laugh, for now I understood, as one sometimes does understand, suddenly and without proof other than the rapid conclusion, the full meaning of the whole. "Molly, I say, there has never been any medicinal spring here at all. The doctor's well is but common spring water. There are no cures. The whole business is a plan, a lure, an invention of Sam Semple!"

"Jack, have a care. How can that be when the doctor has a long list of cures?"

"I know it, but I do know that Sam Semple invented the spa in order to bring this invasion of sharpers and gamblers and heiress hunters. Oh, what a liar he is! What revenge!

What cunning! What signal service has this servant of the devil rendered to his master?"

Truly I was carried out of myself by this discovery, which explained everything.

"So," I went on, "they came here all the way from London, their lying excuse that they were ordered here by their physicians, and we, poor, simple folk, fell into the snare. All the countryside fell into the snare, and we have been fooled into drinking common water and calling it what you please, and we have built gardens and engaged musicians and created a spa, and, oh, heavens, what a liar he is! What a liar! This comes, I suppose, of being a poet."

Then Molly laid her head upon my arm. "Jack," she said very seriously, "do you really believe this story? Only consider what it means to me." Molly was more concerned about Lord Fylingdale than about Sam Semple.

"I believe every word of it, Molly. I believe that they have all joined in the conspiracy more or less; that they have all got promises and that tomorrow morning, if you do not refuse to meet this man in St. Nicholas' church, you will bring upon yourself nothing but misery and ruin."

"I have promised to meet him. I must at least send him a message, if only to say that I shall not come."

"I should like to send him nothing, but you are right. It is best to be courteous. Well, you may send him a letter. I will myself take it to the Crown."

"But afterward, Jack? What shall we do afterward? If he is innocent, he will take offence. If not"—

"If you were engaged to marry a young merchant, Molly, or to a skipper and you heard rumors of bankruptcy, drink or evil courses, what would you do?"

"I would tell him that I had heard such and such about him, and I should ask for explanations."

"Then do exactly the same with Lord Fylingdale. He is accused of certain things. The captain must make inquiry. He is bound to inquire. Why, the vicar himself says that he would, if necessary, in order to ascertain the truth, travel all the way to London, there to learn the foundations, if any, for these charges, and afterward into Gloucestershire, where his country mansion stands, to learn on the spot what the tenants and the people of the country know of him."

"But suppose he refuses explanations. He is too proud to be called to account."

"Then send him packing. Lord or no lord, proud or humble, if he furnishes explanations, if these things are untrue, then—why, then you will consider what to do. But, Molly, I do not believe that any explanations will be forthcoming and that your noble lover will carry it off to the end with the same lofty pride and cold mien."

"Let us go into the parlor, Jack. There are the captain's writing materials. Help me to say what is proper. Oh, is it possible? Can I believe it? Are these things true? That proud man, raised above his fellows by his virtues and his rank and his principles! Jack, he risked his life for me."

"Ask no more questions, Molly. We must have explanations. Let us write the letter."

It was Molly's first letter—the only letter, perhaps, that she will ever write in all her life. Certainly she had never written one before, nor has she ever written one since. Like most housewives, her writing is only wanted for household accounts, recipes for puddings and pies and the labeling of her bottles and jars. I have the letter before me at this moment. It is written in a large, sprawling hand, and the spelling is not such as would satisfy my father.

Naturally she looked to me for advice. I had written many letters to my owners and to foreign merchants about cargoes, and the like, and was therefore able to advise the composition of a letter which should be justly expressed and to the point:

"Honored Lord—This is from me at the present moment in my guardian's parlor"—writing parlor when I as mate of the ship should have written port or harbor. "It is to inform you that intelligence has been brought by letters from London and Cambridge. Touching the matters referred to in these letters, I have to report for your satisfaction that they call your lordship in round terms a gamester and a ruined rake and your companions at the spa—viz. Sam Semple, the parson, the rickety old bean and the colonel—simple rogues, common cheats and sharpers. Shall not, therefore, meet your lordship at the church tomorrow morning as instructed. Awaiting your lordship's explanations and commands, your most obedient, humble servant,

"MOLLY."

This letter I folded, sealed, addressed and dropped into my pocket. Then I bade Molly good night, entreated her to be thankful for her escape and so left her with a light heart. Verily it seemed as if the sadness of the last two months had been wholly and suddenly lifted, and on my way back to the Crown I passed the Lady Anastasia's lodging just as her chair was brought to the house. I opened the door for her and stood hat in hand.

"Why, it is Jack!" she cried. "It is the sailor Jack, the constant lover. Have you anything more to tell me?"

"Only that Molly will not keep that appointment of tomorrow evening"—

"Oh, that interesting appointment in St. Nicholas' church. May a body ask why the ceremony has been postponed?"

"Things have been disclosed at the last moment, fortunately in time."

"What things, and by whom?"

"By letter. It is stated as a fact well known that Lord Fylingdale is nothing better than a ruined rake and a notorious gamester."

"Indeed! The excellent Lord Fylingdale! Impossible! Quite impossible! The illustrious example of so many virtues! The explanations will be, I am sure, complete and satisfactory. Ruined; a rake; a notorious gamester! What next will the world say? Does his lordship know of this discovery? Not yet? You said it was a discovery, did you not? Well, my friend, I am much obliged to you for telling me. You are quite sure Molly will not be there? Very good of you to tell me. For my own part I start for London quite early—at 5 o'clock. Goodby, Jack!"

Then I went into the Crown, where I learned that the captain had been reading another letter containing accusations as bad as those in the other two.

So we fell to talking over the business, and it was resolved that the captain should demand explanations by letter, that he should refuse to receive the villain Sam Semple or his lordship and that the vicar should, if necessary, proceed to London and there learn what he could concerning the past history and the present reputation of the noble suitor. Meantime I said no more about the intended marriage at St. Nicholas' church and the abandonment of the plan. As things turned out, it would have been far better had I told the captain and had we both planted ourselves as sentinels at the door, so as to be quite sure that Molly did not go forth at 6 in the morning.

That evening, after leaving me, Lady Anastasia sent a note to Lord Fylingdale. "I am leaving Lynn early tomorrow morning. I expect to be in London in two days. Shall write to Molly."

CHAPTER XIV.

A WEDDING.

I HAD rowed myself aboard that evening in a strange condition of exultation, for I had no doubt—no doubt at all—that the charges were true and that a conspiracy of the most deadly kind was not only discovered, but also checked, and I could not but admire the craft and subtlety with which the favorite of the muses had devised a plan by which it was made possible for the conspirators to come all together without the least suspicion to the town of Lynn.

Nobody could stand against him, nor could any one in Lord Fylingdale's rank visit the town in its ordinary condition without receiving an invitation to Houghton if Sir Robert was there unless, indeed, there were reasons why he should not be visited or received. What Sam had not expected was without doubt the wonderful success of his deception, the eagerness with which the country round accepted his inventions, the readiness with which they drank these innocent waters, the miraculous cures effected and the transformation of the venerable old port and trading town into a haunt and resort of fashion and the pursuit of pleasure.

Thinking of all these things and in blissful anticipation of the discomfiture of all the conspirators, there was an important thing that I quite forgot—namely, to send Molly's letter to her suitor in his room at the Crown. I carried the letter in my pocket. I undressed and lay down in my bunk. I slept with a light heart, dreaming only of things pleasant until the morning, when the earliest stroke of the hammer from the yard and the quay woke me up. It was then 5:30. I sat up. I rubbed my eyes. I then suddenly remembered that the letter was in my pocket still.

It was, I say, 5:30. The engagement was for 6 o'clock. I might have to run yet to step Lord Fylingdale.

It does not take long to dress. You may imagine that I did not spend time in powdering my hair. In a quarter of an hour I was over the side of the ship and in my dingey.

By the clock in the Common Staith it was five minutes to 6 when I landed and made her fast. I climbed the stairs and ran as fast as my legs could carry me to the Crown inn. As I reached the door the clock struck 6. Was Lord Fylingdale in his room? I was too late. He had left the house only five minutes before and had been carried in his chair across the market place.

I followed. It was already five minutes past the hour. I should find him in the church chafing at the delay. I should give him the letter and retire.

The market place was filled with the market people and with the townspeople who came to buy. I pushed across, stepping over a basket and jostled by a woman with poultry and vegetables. It was seven or eight minutes after 6 when I arrived at the church. The doors of the south porch were open. Within I heard the sound of voices or at least of one voice. I looked in.

Heavens! What had happened? Not only was I late with my letter, but—but could I believe my eyes? Molly herself stood before the altar. Facing her was Lord Fylingdale, who held her hand. Within the rails stood the Rev. Benjamin Purden, beside him the clerk to make the responses, and the minister, when I arrived, was actually saying the words which the bridegroom repeats after the minister, completing in effect the marriage ceremony.

"I, Ludovic, take thee, Mary, to my wedded wife," and so on, according to the form prescribed, and again the words beginning:

"With this ring I thee wed"—

I stood and listened, lost in wonder.

Then came the prayer prescribed, after which the clergyman joined their hands together, saying:

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

I heard no more. I sat down on the nearest bench. What was the meaning of this sudden change? Remember that I had left Molly only a few hours before this fully resolved that she would demand an inquiry into the statements and charges made in the two letters—resolved that she would not keep the engagement, her admiration for the proud, brave, noble creature, her lover, turned into loathing.

And now, now, in the early morning, with her letter in my pocket stating her change of purpose, I found her at the altar and actually married.

"Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

What if the man Purden was all that he was described? The priestly office confers rights and powers which are independent of the man who holds that office. Whatever his private wickedness, Purden was a clergyman, and therefore he could marry people.

Molly stood before the altar, as had been arranged. She wore a black silk domino; she had on a pink silk cloak with a hood drawn over her head, so that she was quite covered up and concealed. But I knew her by her stature, which was taller than the common, and by her dress, which had been agreed upon.

Then the bridegroom offered his hand and led the bride into the vestry. They were to sign the marriage register.

And here I rose and slunk away. I say that I slunk away. If you like it better, I crawled away, for I was sick at heart. The thing which I most dreaded, the marriage of our girl to a rake and a gamester, had been actually accomplished. Misery and ruin would be her lot. And in my pocket

was her letter asking for explanation—and withdrawing her promise for the morrow. Could one believe one's senses?

I crawled away, ashamed for the first time in my life of the girl I loved. Women, I said to myself, are poor, weak creatures. They believe everything. Lord Fylingdale must have been with her early. He had but to deny the whole; she accepted the denial. Despite her resolution she walked with him to the church as the lamb goes to the slambles. Oh, Molly! Who could have believed it of you?

I left the church and went away. I thought of going to the captain; of telling my father; of telling the vicar, but it seemed like treachery, and I refrained.

Instead, I walked back to the quay and paddled to the ship, where presently the barges came alongside and the day's work began. Fortunate it is for a man that at moments of great unhappiness his work has to be done and he is desirous to put aside his sorrow and to think upon his duty. But—alas! Poor Molly! Who could have believed it possible?

Well, you see, I did not follow this wedding to an end. Had I gone into the vestry I should have been witness of something very unexpected.

The clergyman had the registers lying on the table open. He took a pen and filled in the forms. He then offered the pen to the bride.

"My lady," he said, "I must ask your ladyship to sign the register—in duplicate, if you please."

The bride sat down and in a large, bold hand wrote her name—Mary Miller.

Then the bridegroom took the pen and signed "Fylingdale."

The clergyman sprinkled the pounce box over the names and shut up the books, which he gave to the clerk. This officer took the books and locked them in the great trunk which held the papers and books of the church, putting the key in his pocket.

"And now," said Mr. Purden, "let me congratulate my noble patron and the newly made countess on this auspicious event. I have brought with me a bottle of the finest port the Crown possesses, and I venture to drink health, happiness and prosperity." So saying he produced a bottle and glasses. The bride, without saying a word, inclined her head to the bridegroom and drank off her glass. Lord Fylingdale, who looked, if one may say so of a bridegroom, peevish and ill at ease, raised his glass. "To your happiness, Molly," he said.

So all was finished. "You are going home, Molly?" he asked. "For the present—that is to say, for a day or two—it will be best. I shall claim you very soon. There is no one but ourselves in the vestry." (For the clerk, having locked the box and accepted the guinea bestowed upon him by the bridegroom, was now tramping down the church and through the porch. No one but themselves was in the vestry or the church.) "You may therefore take off your domino."

"As your lordship pleases." Lord Fylingdale started. Whose voice was that? "As you order I obey." So the bride removed her domino and threw back the hood.

The bridegroom started. "What is this?" he cried, furious with certain words which were out of place in a church.

"Lady Anastasia!" cried Mr. Purden. "Good Lord! Then we are all undone!"

"What does it mean? Tell me, she devil! What does it mean? Where is Molly? But this is play acting. This is not a marriage."

"I fear, my lord," said the parson, "that it is a marriage. The registers are in the strong box. They cannot be altered."

"Go after the clerk, man. Order him to give up the keys. Tear the pages out of the registers."

"I cannot," said Mr. Purden. "I dare not. The man is a witness of this marriage. He has seen the entry in the register. I dare not alter them or destroy a single page. I have done a great deal for your lordship, but this thing I cannot do. It is a marriage, I say. You are married to the Lady Anastasia here."

"Talk! Talk! Go after the man. Bring back the man. Tear the keys from him. Silence the man. Buy his silence. By heaven, I will murder him in order to stop his tongue!"

"Your lordship forgets your bride—your happy, smiling, innocent bride."

He cursed her. He raised his hand as if to strike her down, but forbore.

"I told you," she continued, "that in everything I was at your service—except in one thing. Tear the registers—murder the clerk—but the bride will be left. And if you murder her as well you will be no nearer the possession of the lovely Molly."

The bridegroom sank into a chair. He was terrible to look at, for his wrath and disappointment deprived him of the power of speech. Where was now the cold and haughty front? It was gone. He sat in the chair, upright, his face purple, his eyes starting from his head, as one who hath some kind of fit.

The clergyman, still in his white surplice, looked on and trembled, for his old pupil was in a murderous frame of mind. There was no knowing whom he might murder. Besides, he had before this divined the true meaning of the visit to Lynn, and he foresaw ruin to himself as well as his patron.

Lord Fylingdale turned upon him suddenly and cursed him for a fool, an ass, a villain, a traitor. "You are in the plot," he said. "You knew all along. You have been suborned."

"My lord, my lord, have patience. What could I know? I was bidden to be here at 6 to marry you. I supposed that the bride was the fair Miss Molly. I could not tell. I know nothing. The lady was in a domino. It is irregular to be married in a domino, but your lordship wished it. What could I do?"

"Send for the key, then, and destroy the registers."

"Alas, my lord, it is now, you may be sure, all over the town that you have been married, and to Miss Molly."

"Where is Molly? Where is Molly then? Why did she keep away?"

The bride looked on with her mocking smile of triumph. "You may murder me," she said, "but you will not undo the marriage. I have been married, it is true, under a false name, but I am married none the less."

"You have brought ruin upon us all," her husband said, "ruin, headlong ruin. I am at my last guinea. I can raise no more money. I have no more credit. You yourself are as much discredited."

"If you are ruined," the lady replied, "you are rightly punished. How many vows have you made to me? How many lies have you invented to keep me quiet?"

"With submission, my lord," Mr. Purden stammered, for terror and bewilderment held him. "This is a bad morning's work. Let me advise that before the town is awake we leave the church and talk over the business in her ladyship's rooms or elsewhere. We must be private. To curse and to swear helps nothing, nor does it help to talk of a jealous revenge. Let us go."

It was with a tottering step, as if he was smitten with palsy, that the bridegroom walked down the aisle. The bride put up her domino and threw her hood over her head and so, with the parson, in silence, walked away from the church to her lodging, leaving the bridegroom to follow by himself. As yet the market people had not heard the news.

But the news spread. The clerk told his wife. "I come from the church," he said. "I have witnessed the marriage of Miss Molly—Captain Crowle's Molly—with the noble lord, who wears the star and looks so grand. A private wedding it was. I know not why. The parson was the Rev. Mr. Purden, he who reads the morning prayers and preaches on Sunday."

Then the clerk's wife, slipping on her apron for such folk find the shelter of the apron for their hands necessary in conversation—ran round to the pumpkin. No one was there as yet but the two slippers. To them she communicated the news.

Then she went on to the market and told all the people of the town who were chattering there.

At 7 o'clock, the captain, walking in his garden, was surprised by the arrival of the horns, who stood before the house and performed a noble flourish. "What the devil is that for?" said the captain. Then there arrived the butchers with their marrowbones and cleavers and began to make their music with zeal. The captain went out to them. Up went their hats.

"Huzza for Miss Molly and her husband!"

"Her husband? What do you mean?"

"Her husband, his lordship; married this morning."

"What?" The captain stared in amazement. Then he rushed into the house. Molly was in the kitchen. "What is this?" he asked. "The butchers are here and the horns, and they swear you were married this morning, Molly."

"Why, captain, I have not been outside the door. I am not married, I assure you, and I begin to think now that I never shall be married."

The captain went out and dismissed the musicians, but the thing troubled him, and he was already sick at heart on account of the last night's discourse and its discoveries.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MEN AS THEY PASS.

Senator Hawley of Connecticut is the senior surviving officer of the original organization of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Senator Clark's Parisian house is one of the handsomest in that city and generally regarded as only second to that of ex-Queen Isabella of Spain.

General Harris C. Hobart of Milwaukee is one of the few survivors of the Libby prisoners who escaped through the famous tunnel. He is eighty-nine years old.

Henry Rustin, the electrician who designed the Pan-American illumination at Buffalo, is to get a gold medal for his work. He has given golden memories to many thousands.

M. Santos-Dumont, the Brazilian aeronaut, is the son of an enormously wealthy father, who has forty miles of private railway on his estate, 4,000,000 coffee plants and 9,000 laborers.

Sven Hedin, the explorer, reached Charkhlik, in the heart of China, last April without hearing of the troubles in the eastern part of the empire. He found the Chinese polite and obliging.

General Nelson A. Miles has had added to his collection of arms, which is one of the best in this country, a sword worn by Simon Bolivar during one of his South American campaigns.

Governor Orman of Colorado is credited with being one of the best shots in that state and has a collection of trophies won on hunting trips into the Rockies which can be equaled by few sportsmen in this country.

Pierre Maurier, who has just died in Genoa at ninety-eight, lived on Elba when Napoleon was sent there. He used to carry eggs and fruit to Napoleon's kitchen and was once scolded by the emperor for throwing stones at a dog.

Mr. W. C. Whitney's great park in the Adirondacks has never been "lumbered." He is setting a good example to forest owners and also preserving its value by cutting off the trees over ten inches in diameter, leaving all the smaller ones to grow.

Commissioner Kerr, the head of the city of London court, who is retiring after a long career, is a native of Glasgow. His leaving the bench was delayed some years by the dispute about his pension, which will now be $15,000 a year. Mr. Kerr is about eighty years old.

THE WHIRL OF FASHION.

Gloves for the elbow sleeved gown are shown with lacing of gold or silver cord from waist to elbow on the outer seam.

Some of the new garments of the kimono variety are made of very sheer albatross or French challie, lined with pink, blue, cherry or mandarin yellow surah.

A handful of roses—red, glowing garden beauties—with a helping of dark green velvet leaves will be one of the effective bouquets for the early fall hat, with green velvet lined with rose colored silk for the crown band and a narrow drapery of the same velvet at the edge of the brim.

Beautifully fine costume cloths of light weight and exquisite suede finish, to be used for dinner, visiting, carriage and other demidress gowns in opal gray, pale golden olive, turquoise blue, fawn color, tan, old rose and black, are being made up for autumn wear in elegant tailor fashion, and in finishing the costume some real lace is the adjunct.

PULPIT AND PEW.

The French episcopacy has lost one of its most prominent members by the death of Mgr. Isoard at the age of eighty-one.

The Independent Methodist Church of America, which was organized in Newark, N. J., a little more than a year ago, starting with a membership of six, now has 1,000 members.

A lawyer of Scotland who died recently left to the Free Church of Scotland about $150,000, "provided it should never depart from the Westminster Confession of Faith or adopt the false principle of abstinence."

The Rev. Albert A. Sinnott, D. C. L., who has recently completed his postgraduate course at the Canadian college at Rome with high honors, is one of the youngest doctors of canon law in the world, being only twenty-four years old. His bishop has appointed him professor at St. Dunstan's college, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

GOT HIS WISH.

Harry—"Girls take things so literally, you know."

Fred—"As for example?"

Harry—"Five years ago, when my sister was 25, I wished her 'Many happy returns.' And if you'll believe it, her 25th birthday returns regularly every year."—Tit-Bits.

Among the speakers at the Dartmouth celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Daniel Webster will be President Tucker and Profs. Richardson and Lord of the college, Samuel McCall, ex-Gov. Black and Edwin W. Sanborn of New York, Dr. E. E. Hale, Senator Hoar, the governor of New Hampshire and Chief Justice Fuller.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
"Digests what you eat."

BILL OF THE PLAY.

Irving is to revive "Faust."

Mexico has appropriated $500,000 for a new national theater.

The production of "Sherlock Holmes" in England has proved a great success.

An enterprising circus proprietor has adopted "Quo Vadis" for show purposes.

In English theaters a programme costs sixpence, equal to 12 cents in our money.

Joseph Arthur's new play for this season is a Florida drama called "Kissim-mee."

"Petticoats and Bayonets" has been selected as the name for the new play of Arthur Byron.

William Young, the novelist who dramatized "Ben-Hur," is slowly recovering from a serious illness.

Mark Ashton's new novel, "She Stands Alone," the heroine of which is Pontius Pilate's wife, is being dramatized.

America and England are the only countries where theatrical advertisements are published by newspapers.

Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott have duplicated in London their American success in "When We Were Twenty-one."

Barr McIntosh, the actor photographer who made the photographs of Mary Mannering as Janice Meredith, states that he has sold more than 7,000.

PEN, CHISEL AND BRUSH.

Louise Chandler Moulton was a schoolmate of Whistler. She has a number of the painter's earliest pictures.

A woman sculptor, Helen F. Mears of Oshkosh, will model the statue of Frances E. Willard which the state of Illinois is to present to the national capitol.

Rider Haggard is now a sober going justice of the peace in Norfolk, England. He does a little gardening, a little bicycling and doesn't let his imagination interfere with his law.

The colossal statuary groups which are to adorn the four corners of the new government building at Chicago are to be by R. H. Park. They will depict the four quarters of the globe. Each will be eighteen feet high and will be of bronze.

Carolus Duran, the artist, has a connection, not generally known, with the stage in that he was a brother-in-law of Croizette, the French actress of the Francais, a "comrade" of Bernhardt. He painted a portrait of this woman, which was exhibited at the Centennial exhibition in this country.

THE ROYAL BOX.

Abdur Rahman, the ameer of Afghanistan, is a horse breeder on a large scale.

The German emperor wears two bracelets on his left wrist. One contains a useful little watch; the other is in the form of a gold cable.

The sultan of Turkey is himself something of a theoretical soldier. His favorite reading is military history of the most detailed and technical sort.

King Edward VII. has a violent dislike of poor English. His own words come slowly, but are always well chosen, and he frequently corrects any bad grammar that comes to his ears.

The emperor of Japan is a poet. According to Baron Takasaki, scarcely an evening passes that he does not compose from twenty-seven to thirty of the thirty-one syllabled couplets called "wa-ka." In nine years he has written 87,000.

THE BLACK DRAGON.

It is said the reformers in China propose to cut off their pigtails, but the conservatives threaten to retaliate by cutting off every head that is shorn of its cue, so that the game seems to be one of heads or tails played in earnest.—San Francisco Call.

Americans are warmly appreciative of Minister Wu's intelligence and amiability, but he cannot persuade this country to open its doors indiscriminately to his countrymen. Unfortunately all Chinese do not look alike to us.—Washington Star.

THE REVIEWER.

The government is quite severe with those who engage in moonshine whisky making. Why should it be easy on moonshine banking?—Philadelphia Times.

The Pullman porters complain that the newspaper writers have almost ruined the tipping system. Here is a tip from a practical quarter.—Washington Post.

They say that the redecorated senate chamber at Washington looks as if it had unconditionally surrendered to the Hawaiian School of Art.—Boston Journal.

A New Jersey man who stole a section of railroad bed has been held for court. In matters of this kind the only safe plan is to take all or none.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A new fad in education is "organized play." The idea of teaching "the kid" how to play is a good deal like teaching your grandmother how to fry potatoes.—Minneapolis Journal.

A road is to be built in the Alps past the famous St. Bernard, and the progress of modern improvement may in the future dig the travelers formerly saved by the heroic dogs out of the snow with steam plows.—Baltimore American.

The tea drinking habit is said to be displacing the liquor drinking habit among women of social position in England. If true, the temperance movement in that country is making substantial progress. Tea drinking can scarcely become a degrading vice.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ECHO ANSWERS, WHY?

Boy—"Does that man have to play on the organ?"

Mother—"Yes, that's the way he makes a living."

Boy—"Then why does he want to live?"—Indianapolis News.

Rev. J. T. Bassett, rector of the Methodist church at Chaston, Ind., has declined the place of president of the New Orleans University. He was formerly president of De Pauw University.

The Society of American Wars is raising funds for the erection in San Francisco of a monument to John Paul Jones.

DOCTORS IN CONSULTATION

Trying Position of a Man Traveling on a Borrowed Pass.

"Traveling on another fellow's pass is sometimes a dangerous thing," said a well known man. "Not long ago I had occasion to go out of town and borrowed a pass from a friend of mine who is a physician in addition to being one of those favored by the railroad for political reasons. The conductor took up the pass, with the others, for overnight, as is the custom, and I thought everything was all right. But about 3 o'clock in the morning I was aroused from a sound slumber in my berth by some one shaking me. I looked up, startled. It was the conductor.

"'Sorry to disturb you, doctor,' he said, 'but there's a man in the car very sick. Won't you take a look at him?'

"'Here's a pretty fix,' thought I. 'But I'll have to make the bluff good or forfeit the pass.' So I got up, slipped on my clothes and looked at the patient. He was breathing heavily. I felt his pulse solemnly measured it by my watch and then said, as though I knew just what ailed him, 'Is there any one here who has a flask?' I had half a dozen offers in a minute. 'Give him two teaspoonfuls of whisky every ten minutes,' said I, 'and bathe his head with ice water.' I knew that prescription wouldn't hurt him, anyway. After the first dose the patient rallied, and I was just congratulating myself when the conductor came up with another passenger.

"'Here's a fellow physician, doctor,' he said. 'Perhaps a consultation will be in order.'

"I shook hands with the newcomer, trembling in my boots. 'What have you given him, doctor?' he asked sharply. I told him. 'Excellent,' he said. The patient got better, and the next morning when we had alighted at Pittsburg, the joke being too good to keep, I made a clean breast of it to the physician. He laughed. 'So you're not a doctor at all, eh?' he said. Then he laughed again and looked about him cautiously. 'Say, old man,' he said in a whisper, 'that's a good one. Neither am I.'"—Philadelphia Times.

Analyzing His Affection.

The young lovers sat beside the waterfall. The rapids and the nearby whirlpool had a strange attraction for the romantic young girl. She had heard the story of the unhappy maiden and the brave who had gone to their doom clasped in each other's arms to the slow music of the swan song. That seemed very beautiful to her.

"Jack," she said, "if you saw me struggling in the water near the edge of the falls would you jump in after me?"

"What would be the use, my dear, when I can't swim?" he answered.

"But at least we should perish together," she replied bravely.

"Yes, there would be no doubt of that," he returned, shuddering at the sound of the cruel waters.

"But haven't you often said you would die for me?" she asked, piqued at his coldness.

"No, my dear," replied her practical lover. "If you'll remember, I've always told you that I had an undying love for you."—Smart Set.

Lamentable Forgetfulness.

As the steamer pitched and rolled in the waves the traveler heard through the thin partition a wailing voice in the next stateroom exclaim:

"Oh, mamma, it's coming on again worse than ever!"

Then he heard a sleepy voice in reply:

"Marie, why don't you follow the directions you told me about before we came on board?"

"Because I've forgotten whether I ought to breathe in as the vessel rises and let the breath go out as it moves downward or whether it ought to be the other way, and, oh, oh, oh, I wish I was dead!"—Chicago Tribune.

Careless Man.

"Bingle is about the most careless fellow I have ever known."

"What's he done now?"

"Why, he passed the butcher's down the street whistling, 'Oh, Where Has My Little Dog Gone?' and a sausage jumped from the hook and followed him home."

"Was careless, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but that's not the worst of it. Half an hour later he was arrested on a warrant charging him with kidnaping the sausage."—Denver Times.

Trying to Place Him.

"Sir," cried the aggrieved stranger, "you have grossly insulted my chosen profession! I am an ornament of the stage, sir."

"Eh? Might I ask what your special line of entertainment is?"

"I hold the glass to nature, sir."

"Oh, I see, you are a blower."

"A blower, sir!"

"Yes, a glass blower."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What He Would Do.

"My poor, hungry man, if I were to give you a nickel what would you do with it?" inquired the lady with the angular smeller and the uncertain spectacles.

"I'll tell yer, mum," replied the gentleman with the straggling whiskers and yearning bread pouch. "I'll git a Turkish bath an buy a ottymubbile wid the change. Where's the ten, mum?"—Denver Times.

His View of It.

"Here's a queer story," she said as she looked up from the paper. "A prospective bridegroom was delayed by a train wreck, and the girl, not understanding the circumstances, became so angry that she called everything off, and the marriage didn't take place."

"What wonderful luck some men have!" was his only comment.—Chicago Post.

Not His Strong Point.

"I met Hargus in the street yesterday morning, and he flicked his cigar ashes in my face. I'm waiting to him now to tell him what I think about it."

"Why didn't you tell him what you thought about it then?"

"Because I never can express myself with any satisfaction extemporaneously."—Chicago Tribune.

A Stupid Bellboy.

Colonel Corktight—The blamed bellboy in this hotel is enough to give a man a spasm. Guess what he did when I told him to bring me a "horn" before I dressed.

Major Nash—What, eh?

Colonel Corktight—He brought me a shoehorn.—Philadelphia Record.

SHARED RESPONSIBILITY.

"So they were divorced, eh?"

"Yes; incompatibility of temper."

"How did it come about?"

"Well, you see, he had the incompatibility and she had the temper."—Leslie's Weekly.

A monument is being erected to the memory of Dr. William Beaumont, whose important medical discoveries of a half century ago are well-known in the profession. The site chosen is the old government fort at Mackinac Island.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
"Digests what you eat."