



AT LOMA... CHAPTER X--(Continued.)

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"She was only a servant girl, uncle; but it seems to me that she more lowly the lot, the more striking is her generosity. Had she been rich and had influence, he might have hoped for some reward; as it was, he could not be expected any. Uncle, I am glad that I read this. I shall always believe in heroes now."

"He is a clever man as well as a good one," said Peter Lennox. "What, Beatrice--I am sure to drift into a lawsuit with the Eastern Mining Company; I shall place it in his hands. It will be worth several hundred pounds to him."

"When will that begin, uncle?" she asked. "Not for some time," he replied. "I must have their answer first."

"I should like to see Mr. Carew, and tell him what I think of him," she said. "So should I," added her uncle. "If he wins my case, I shall be delighted. That Eastern Mining Company is a complete swindle, although I am not prepared to prove it just yet."

"I am going to see Mrs. Carew. How do you look in those trailing black lace, Beatrice? They suit you so well. Yes, I am going to see Mrs. Carew."

"Who is Mrs. Carew?" "The duchess opened her fine blue eyes. "Have you not seen her, Beatrice?" she said. "Then I will tell you about her. To begin with--she is a wonderful woman, a perfect woman. She must be more than forty; yet she has the look, the manner, and the grace of a girl of twenty. She is witty; and even her husband--whom I really consider most dense, so far as understanding goes--can understand her jests, and laughs and smiles at her pretty ways; she is charming in a drawing room."

"But who is she?" asked Beatrice, a little smugly. "You have not told me who she is." "My dear girl, she is an artist," replied her uncle, "but an artist such as the world does not often see. She paints portraits--and such portraits! They are masterpieces of art. She selects her subjects, I assure you. Mrs. Carew came to London some twenty-five years ago, and she has conquered her world. It is one of the things that every one who has seen a portrait painted by Mrs. Carew. You must have yours painted, Beatrice, as Duchess of Heathland."

CHAPTER XI. Mrs. Carew was an important unit in London society. She held ground peculiarly her own. As the duchess had said, her personal appearance was a portrait in itself. She had the fair, unruined face, the clear, serene eyes and calm smile of a young girl. She was so quick, so vivacious, so animated, that it was difficult to imagine forty summers had passed over her head. She had a charm of manner that was irresistible. Every one liked Mrs. Carew. No one was jealous of her. The gentlemen admired her--ladies did the same. It was her talent that made her so popular--the bright-eyed, fair-faced lady, who wielded her brushes with almost magical skill, was a genius.

"The music of her voice was dangerous--" "The gentlemen who give Miss Lennox such infinite trouble to save a poor girl's life?" "Yes, I helped to save her life," he answered.

"You are a noble man," said Beatrice, never thinking how dangerous praise might be from such lips. "When I read that story, I said that I should like to see you and thank you. I little dreamed that I should soon be able to do so."

"I have my reward," he said, bending before her, his heart beating high and fast. At this point Mrs. Carew called her son to decide upon some designs for a picture frame, and then Beatrice was able to look at him. He seemed to her as though every moment of his life were of immense importance to him, as though every instant were filled up. The large blue eyes were bright and intent; the face was lit with earnest, ardent; the lips were clear-cut and closed firmly--there was no weakness, no vacillation about them. Presently Beltran crossed the room and spoke to her about art and pictures, and in a short time they were talking about Strathman.

"You lived there all those years and saw no one but the members of your own household," he said. "Why, Miss Lennox, that must have made you a poet or a painter."

"I am afraid," she replied, "that it has made me somewhat of a misanthrope." "I should be surprised," said the little boudoir in which she sat was exquisitely furnished. The hangings were of violet velvet and white lace, the carpet had a white ground with violet lines as though the flowers had fallen upon it. There were first left Strathman and came to London," she said, "my life was quite unendurable; but now I have grown accustomed to it--I like it better than any other life I have known."

"I am sure this is meant for King Arthur," she said to herself. "It is just the face for the blameless king, who strove all his life against evil. It is the best face I have seen." "Something in it charmed her. She sat bending over it, looking intently at it; and the blue eyes seemed to look back into her own eyes with a strangely intent gaze."

"It is a fine face," thought Beatrice. "But there are no such men in these days. The Duke of Heathland is the best specimen I know of, and his face could not compare with this. It is a face of real vitality, strong, perfect life here, with goodness and honor. In the faces of many living men, I find vanity, self-love, indolence, or greed. King Arthur is a face that I shall hold to be the best for having seen it."

She placed the photograph on the table; the duchess was doing kindly. A short time afterward Mrs. Carew was disengaged. Her grace and Beatrice went at once to her studio, the duchess protesting vigorously, although unconvinced, that she had not closed her eyes. "It was not my fault," said Beatrice, "I was only gazing so admiringly at her! The duchess introduced Mrs. Carew to Miss Lennox, and the artist's face paled as she looked at the lovely girl in the flush of youth and health."

Mrs. Carew began to arrange with the duchess as to when she should begin her sittings; but while she talked to her grace she was looking the artist in a tangled web of that of the wonderful artist who gazed so admiringly at her! The duchess introduced Mrs. Carew to Miss Lennox, and the artist's face paled as she looked at the lovely girl in the flush of youth and health."

"Now that our business is concluded, would your grace allow me to show you some very beautiful sketches?" The duchess gave glad consent. "Miss Lennox, you will be pleased with them, I think," added Mrs. Carew, "I have been ready to listen to them with some interest for Beatrice's voice. She looked intently at her as she spoke. She watched her keenly as she placed the sketches before her. Some were landscapes, others figures."

"This is pretty," said Mrs. Carew. "A little summer idyl; it is called 'The Lover's Quarrel.'" "My dear Mrs. Carew," said the duchess, "Miss Lennox's peculiarities is that anything relating to love and lovers annoys and vexes her."

Such a strange light passed over the beautiful face of the artist--a strange, beautiful face of a girl of twenty. She looked into the dark beautiful eyes raised to hers. "Is that so?" she said. "So young and so capable of winning love, do you not believe in it?" "It is more than I do," declared the duchess; and then the door opened, and a gentleman entered the room.

CHAPTER XII. "Mother," cried a manly, fresh, musical voice, and then the voice stopped. "I beg pardon," he said, in an altered tone; "I thought you were alone." "I thought you were alone," said Beatrice, with a beaming smile. "Come in, Beltran," she requested. "I am sure that the duchess and Miss Lennox will excuse you. Pray come in, my dear."

"I am glad to see Mr. Carew," said the duchess; while Beatrice, with a low, startled cry, dropped the sketch that she held in her hand. It was "King Arthur" himself, the original of the photograph, who was standing there--"King Arthur," whose face she had thought too beautiful and too good to be that of any mortal man!

"We have met before, Mr. Carew," she remarked the duchess, good-naturedly. "Pray come in. I ought to apologize for monopolizing your mother; but I have been very anxious, and my peace of mind has only just been secured."

"FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS." Little Miss Mischief. They say I'm very naughty. I almost 'specks I am. But somehow when I shut the door I'm nearly sure to slam.

Those little muddy footprints All up and down the hall, They say they're mine. I don't believe I could have made them all!

It seems as if too many blots Lived in one pot of ink. But when they're wet and shiny They're pretty, don't you think?

Why does my hair get tangled? What makes me talk all day? And why don't toys and books just try To put themselves away?

But now I'm asking questions I ask them all day long. And grown-up people seem to think That even that is wrong.

I think that p'raps I might be good A little by and by It's very hard, but sometimes I almost 'spect I'll try.

How Fishes Are Drowned. Fishes, like other animals, need air. If, therefore, you can think of their being so situated that they cannot get a supply of fresh air from some source or other, they must perish. They are frozen for miles, as in the Arctic ocean, the fishes find it very hard to rise to the surface for fresh air. They must then take in the oxygen which is dissolved in the water. When that gas, of such vital importance to every creature, is used up, there is nothing left to sustain life, and they must then die. Thus, strange as it may seem, it is possible for fishes to be drowned.

A Full Circus in Miniature. The children in Kokomo, Ind., ought to be the happiest in the world, for a circus that outdoes Alice in Wonderland and all the nursery fairy tales rolled into one is being prepared for their amusement.

Every actor in the new circus is to be a lilliputian. The whole performance is to be on a miniature scale. There is not to be a full-sized person or animal in the show. The whole performance has been gone over for months, horsemen, jugglers and acrobats performers who are tiny in stature. The collection is now almost complete, and includes baby elephants, baby bears, baby giraffes, all inexpressibly fascinating to children.

Dens, chariots, cages, band wagons, cars and other necessary equipments are being constructed for the new circus, which will go on the road one of these days. A great many Japanese have been engaged as performers, as it happens that the cleverest Japanese are always tiny. The others are children, dwarfs or midgets.

Instead of horses of the ordinary size, patrons of the new circus will see Shetland ponies, burros, and baby zebras. The largest elephant will be but 41 inches tall. A baby camel and a baby hippopotamus will be two of the greatest wonders of the show.

This extraordinary performance of the tiniest creatures in creation will be closed with a spectacle. One of the spectacles decided upon is Cinderella and the Crystal Slipper. Cinderella's fairy godmother will enter in her pumpkin coach, drawn by spiders. The transformation scene will be a marvel that will mightily please the children.--New York World.

Some Birds' Nests. Woodpeckers use holes drilled out with their strong bills, the chips making the lining. If you follow up a series of round holes drilled in the decayed branch of a tree, you will usually come upon one of these nests. These birds waste much time and labor in drilling several holes before they find one to suit their fancy. These holes, besides forming the nest in summer, answer for a home in winter, though sometimes the male bird drills a hole just large enough for himself, and lets his mate weather the winter storms as well as he can.

The woodpeckers drill new holes for nests each season, and the old ones are quietly appropriated by the nut-hatches, the chickadees and the brown creepers. Each has her notions of furnishing the borrowed home. The chickadees put down a soft carpet or rug of caterpillar silk or spider webs, mixed with down from plants. The nut-hatches are satisfied with a mat of grass.

The great-crested flycatcher also uses a convenient woodpecker's hole, but not finding it furnished to meet her fancy, she upholsters it with the most curious material you could possibly guess. Snake skins! How can a bird know where to find them? Yet she does, and almost invariably in every great-crested flycatcher's nest, you will find one or more cast-off snake skins. Whens, swallows, bluebirds, owls, eagles and some hawks, use last year's nests with some slight repairs, or appropriate a deserted one that seems suitable.

His wife would busy herself about the tiny cabin until he came home again, when they would have their meager evening meal and then a cozy little chat. One day the woodcutter went out as usual, and making toward a tall oak, he was startled to hear a voice exclaim: "Touch me not!"

In startled surprise the woodcutter stared around him, peering everywhere. Then he heard the same voice again--"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed, and right in front of him Hans saw a little dwarf with a long flowing beard, scarlet breeches and a blue cap. He had a band around his waist that glistened like gold.

Hans continued to stare until the dwarf lifted his tiny cap and with a mock bow said: "Good morning, Hans." "Good morning, Hans," stammered Hans, "who are you?"

"Me," the dwarf asked, "I am king of the forest dwarfs. I have watched you, how you work day after day whistling and singing merrily instead of grumbling and murmuring about your hard lot. Now I intend to reward you, and taking the golden belt from about his waist the dwarf said: "Whenever you hold this belt in your hands and wish, you will receive what ever you want, but beware of letting anyone else use it!"

With these words the dwarf disappeared. Hans thought that he would test the qualities of the wishing belt at once, so he wished for a dinner. Immediately there was spread in front of him a bountiful feast, with fruit, meats and wine. After eating all he desired, Hans ordered the table to disappear, which it immediately did.

Hans then picked up his ax and putting the belt away carefully in his pocket, he started homeward. His good wife was astonished at seeing him home so early, but on being acquainted with his good fortune her joy knew no bounds.

They decided to quit their old cabin, and going outside, they ordered it to appear and a grand mansion to take its place, which immediately occurred. They went inside of it, believing themselves in a dream. They found the rooms handsome, furnished and servants in superb livery in each room.

Then, for the first time, they realized that their own clothes were exceedingly shabby. Again consulting the wishing belt, they were clothed in magnificent attire.

They continued to live in this wise for many years and were beginning to get old, when they wished for a beautiful daughter. As of old their wish was granted.

As the child grew up the flowers bowed to her, the sun hid his face in admiration and her parents almost idolized her. But, for all this, she was so innocent and lovely that even birds seemed to love her.

She had noticed that whenever she wanted anything her father always took the belt in his hand and wished for it; so one day she watched where he put it, and climbing up on a chair, she took it from the shelf and running quickly out to the clearing, loudly she wished and wishing to see it covered with beautiful swans she held the belt in her hand and made her wish.

Instead of swans there appeared a huge monster who seized her and flew over rivers, forests and mountains, until he came to a cave; gruffly ordering her to stay there until he came back. Looking around her Anetta saw that the cave was bleak and bare, and she gave a shudder of fear, but she tried to wait as patiently as she could for deliverance.

Meanwhile, she had been missed in her father's home and he going out in the garden saw her footprints as they led to the pond. He followed them and at the edge of the pond saw the marks of claws upon the soft ground. Looking in the pond he saw the wishing belt glistening at the bottom.

Reaching into the clear water he drew it out, and holding it in his hands he wished for his daughter. Immediately there appeared a tiny man almost like the King of the Forest Dwarfs, only he had no golden belt around his waist.

"Your daughter is held a prisoner by the mountain monster," he said, "and if you will give her to me as my wife I will rescue her for you." In his agony the father promised anything if only he might see his child once more.

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