

# Captain Brabazon

BY B. M. CROKER

A Military Romance of South Africa

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Go on, go on; I'm just boiling to hear the sequel," said Mr. Gee, nodding his head like a mandarin.

"Give me time, my dear sir. In a few days back came a letter, saying that the other was a hoax, and he had only sent it to try me, and feel the family pulse, so to speak; and I had responded in a liberal spirit I would never have any cause to regret my generosity."

"I wish to goodness a relative would play me the same trick. A sprat of ten pounds landing a salmon of forty thousand is plenty good business," as they say out here. And, by the way, about your cousin; did she tip him too?" grinning.

"Not that I am aware of. She must have been in short frocks at the time of this particular episode."

"And have you never seen her?" inquired.

"Not to remember distinctly. There were two little girls at Aunt Jane's when I went to say good-by, years ago. I recollect chasing one of them round the garden, and kissing her tremendously; but which it was I don't know, and I suppose it would be a delicate subject to inquire into."

"Pretty picture. But if she were as ugly as the pig-faced lady herself, I'd marry her and never think twice about it," said Mr. Gee resolutely. "There's a lot of spending in forty thousand pounds; but I can't fancy an old stick-in-the-mud like you chasing and kissing any girl, young or old," grinning. "Tell me some more about her. Where does she live when she is at home? Has she any sister that would be likely to come in for money? Come, don't be so glum, man, alive."

"I would have to go into our family history," said Miles. "I will read you a letter and enlighten you, for I know very little about her myself. There are lots to choose from. See what it is to come in for a fortune! There's Mrs. Brabazon's frightfully gushing and full of delight, congratulation, and consent. It would be manners to wait till she was asked! There's Aunt Jane's, that looks as if it were written with a pin, crammed with advice. There's my sister Annie's—"

"That's the one for my money," interrupted Mr. Gee, loudly snapping his fingers. "Mrs. Curzon will tell us all about it, so fire away," and his companion, having picked out the letter in question, began to read the following effusion:

"My Dear Miles—Of course you have opened and read Mr. Barker's letter, and know the great news, that you are now a rich and an engaged man! I wonder how you are taking it? I'm sure your face is a beautiful study this minute; I wish I could see it. Do you know how it happened? No, of course you don't; and you shall hear without further delay. Three years ago, when Esme was returning from school, just as the train was starting from Victoria, an old gentleman and his man servant came scuffling up. He was the queerest old fellow you ever beheld, in a white beaver hat, a blue cutaway coat and a checkered tie, and carried an umbrella that would frighten you. The carriage door was flung open, but the inmates showed no flattering desire for his society; very much the other way, squared themselves and scowled. But Esme, who is good-natured, made room for him; in fact, did the honors of the compartment so agreeably, and comforted herself so worthily, that when he descended at a station he begged the favor of her name and address, which she gave, little dreaming that the yellow-faced old fog was the renowned Uncle George. About six months later came an invitation, asking her to spend three days with the old gentleman. It seems that she made a very favorable impression on Uncle G., and the conclusion that she was to be awarded with her hand, and that it was a pity to divide the money in the funds."

"Seriously, my dear Miles, she is a very nice girl—pretty and lively, or would be the latter, only for her stepmother, who keeps these poor girls strictly in the background, and is the embodiment of a dozen wet blankets; consequently they are shy—at any rate, Esme is—and contrived. I should like her for a sister-in-law very much; and you have my full and free consent. Of course, you will come home at once. By the time this reaches you six weeks of the six months will be gone. You will never be so mad as to let the money go to the college in Calcutta; if you do, I shall consider that you are not responsible for your actions. Mind you sell off your little effects without delay, and come home immediately to your affectionate sister,

ANNIE CURZON.

"Sell off my little effects! I think I see myself!" exclaimed her brother, folding up her letter with deliberate contempt. "With the snipe just coming in, and the races on next month!"

"But there are keaps of racing and shooting at home," observed Mr. Gee.

"No sport to hold a candle to what we have out here. Thirty brace of snipe within four miles at Ya Goo; or if you like to go down the river to Liriam, there are a couple of hundred actually expecting you! Besides all this, I'm going to have a shot for the gold cup with Deshay, and I've promised Patterson to ride Typhoon in the hunt steeplechase, so I don't stir for a month—if then."

"I'll tell you what! Mr. Gee's favorite preambles, "you are too old to be talking such nonsense! A child would know better than to be playing with his—his fate in this way! And, as to Typhoon—a bad-tempered, puling little brute, with as much muck as a whale, he'll nearly kill somebody yet!"

tion to take his passage in the next steamer.

Miles arrived in England early in the month of August, and spent some time with his sister at Folkestone, staying off the evil day, as he called it in his own mind, when he must present himself at Baronsford in the ridiculous character of an engaged young man who had never set eyes on his fiancée. Mrs. Curzon was a well-jointed widow, some years older than her brother, and any affection she could conveniently spare from her three idolized boys was bestowed on him.

"There is no use in postponing the visit," she declared for the tenth time. "It looks so extremely odd; it looks as if you did not want to carry out the engagement."

"Neither I do," muttered her brother.

"You don't know when you are well off!" said Annie, with decision. "It's not one young man in a thousand who has your opportunities. A pretty girl and a large fortune for the mere picking up. You would be mad not to go to Baronsford, at least to see her. Time is getting on."

In the end her eloquent counsels prevailed, and Miles sat down and wrote off a letter announcing his arrival for the following day. "Strike while the iron is hot," was Mrs. Curzon's maxim. The resources of Baronsford were large, its hospitality in old days famous, so he waited for no reply, but turning his back upon the attractions of Folkestone, set forth for Thorsbury the next afternoon. In three hours' time he found himself on the platform at Byford station, about four miles from Baronsford; and leaving his portmanteau to follow, set out across the fields, thinking he would make the old short cut and meet with familiar streets and pathways. But ten years had worked a change. He rambled about and lost his way, and nearly an hour and a half elapsed before the big red chimneys of the house he sought were to be seen shyly peeping through the surrounding trees.

As he approached the gate all his dreamy speculations and nervous forebodings vanished; his mind was galvanized to sudden alertness as he noticed for the first time the figure of a tall girl in white standing on the drive beyond the trees in the full light of the harvest moon. She was young and slender, as well as he could judge. Her head was bent forward in an attitude of listening and her whole pose denoted eager expectation. She was, without doubt, waiting for somebody. Waiting for him? Impossible! The instant she heard his footsteps and caught an outline of his figure, she made a quick gesture of welcome, and, gathering up her dress, with one sudden swoop came flying down to meet him with the swiftness of a white squall.

He could now hear her running toward him in the dark—for it was dark—her hasty, high-heeled shoes pattering rapidly over the gravel. Nearer, nearer, nearer they came. His heart beat faster even than when in dense and distant Indian jungles he had heard the stealthy tread of a tiger creeping through the underwood and approaching the tree in which he was posted. She was at the gate even sooner than he was. She had dashed it open with hurried hands, and almost before he could realize the fact, her arms were round his neck.

He drew his head back with a jerk, while she breathlessly exclaimed:

"I can hardly believe it! I've been waiting for you for ages, and now you have really come. It seems too good to be true. But how funny and dignified you are. Let me have a look at you," she panted, taking him by the arm and dragging him toward the light.

To say that he was astonished at this reception but feebly conveys his feelings. The first shock over, and having successfully eluded her proffered kiss, his next thought was his unhappy collar.

However, he yielded amiably enough to her blandishments, and suffered himself to be almost hauled into the full, searching white moonlight to be inspected.

As its first gleams fell upon him, his companion stopped, as if she had been shot, gazed into his face with an expression of agonized incredulity, dropped his arm with a kind of smothered exclamation, and led up the avenue like an arrow from a bow. He stared after her speechless figure in speechless amazement till she disappeared into the shrubbery and vanished like the Maid of the Mist. The whole adventure had been so sudden, and had passed so quickly, that it seemed a kind of dream. It could not be a ghost? Another White Lady of Avenel? But no; that hug was certainly human.

"There is no use in my standing here and staring like a stuck pig," he said to himself at last, having somewhat recovered his mental equilibrium; "I may as well be moving on, and ten to one I'll find the key to this riddle. It's certainly some girl who has mistaken me for her lover; she was a lady by her voice, and young, decidedly. By Jove! she can run a bit. May be it's Miss Augusta; there are only two of them."

Supposing it had been his young lady! But, strange to say, this notion did not please him at all; and, turning over this very disagreeable idea in his own mind, he reached the hall door. He was ushered into the drawing-room, just five minutes before dinner-time, where he found Mrs. Brabazon dressed for the evening, awaiting the go-as, with her hands lying idly in her lap, and an air of pleasant anticipation pervading her aquiline features. Eight o'clock was her favorite hour in all the twenty-four. Florian was lounging in a deep arm-chair, absorbed in a yellow paper-backed French novel. Few and evil were the books that he read. Gussie was flitting about the room, putting away papers, work and magazines. "So it was not Gussie," observed the new arrival to himself, when he had once more made acquaintance with his Cousin Augusta, with her saucy black eyes and bewitching smiles.

"This is quite an unexpected pleasure," said Mrs. Brabazon, assuming her

very best company manners. "I think it very nice of you, taking us unawares like this, without any formality."

"Unawares?" he echoed. "did you not get my letter?"

"Your letter will probably arrive here the day after to-morrow," said Florian, sarcastically. "Don't you know that we live in the backwoods here, and have no second post? What did you put on the envelope? Byford?"

"Yes."

"Then that means that it stops in Byford postoffice for twelve hours."

"You seem to be progressing since I was here last," said Miles, with a laugh, glancing surreptitiously around in search of another figure.

"Gussie, my dear," said Mrs. Brabazon, interrupting the pause, with her usual alertness of understanding, "go and tell Nokes to see about a room at once, and Brown to lay another plate, and, in a stage whisper, "let Esme know."

Gussie, having given some hasty directions to Nokes, rushed into the school room with her great news. But it was empty. So was the dining-room; accordingly she ran up the shallow stairs, two steps at a time, breathless, to pant forth the intelligence to her sister, and plunged into their mutual bedroom heading. At the first glance there was no one to be seen. Stay. What was that limp, crumpled object on Esme's white bed? Esme herself? Never. Esme, who had cast herself down in an attitude of hopeless misery, and seemed crushed out of all shape and form.

"Why, pausing in mid-room, "what on earth is the matter? Are you ill?" demanded Miss Brabazon, aghast.

"No," returned a choked voice half buried in the pillows.

"Then what are you about? Get up this instant," imperiously. "Mrs. Brabazon says you are to come down at once; Miles, your Miles is in the drawing-room."

No answer.

"Esme, do you hear me?" irritably.

"Yes, of course, I hear you. I'm not stone-deaf," she moaned querulously; then, all at once sitting erect, revealed scarlet cheeks, swollen eyes, and a very disheveled head.

"Why, you've been crying," exclaimed her sister, amazed. "Your nose is like a plum."

"I should rather think I have," impressively. "Gussie," she added slowly, keeping her eyes intently fixed on her companion's face, "did you ever hear of anybody dying of shame? because I shall."

"Look here, Esme," returned the other, severely, "this is no time for such nonsense. Dinner is just going in, and you must come down. Mrs. B. says so."

"Here," going over to the wash-stand, and hastily pouring out some water, "get up and bathe your eyes, and smooth your hair, and don't be an idiot."

"What will you say," inquired Esme, slowly, getting off the bed and rising to her feet, a tall and very much creased young figure—"what will you say," she reiterated solemnly, "when I tell you that I have seen him already, that I was a long way the first to welcome him?" with a rather hysterical laugh.

"Have seen him? And when, if you please?" disbelievingly.

"At the avenue gate! Oh, Gussie, I don't think I ever can leave this room alive. I took him for Teddy."

"And what harm if you did," replied her sister.

"Harm!" echoed Esme; "just listen, and you will soon hear. You know since my last letter from Teddy announcing his home coming how I have been counting the days and hours till he came, and I was waiting for him near the white gate ever since 6 o'clock."

"Esme, how rash of you! Supposing Mrs. B. had seen him skulking about," ejaculated Gussie.

"I would not care two straws if she did. I would meet him on the hall doorsteps in broad daylight," she panted, breathlessly. "But to go on. I waited ages for Teddy, and at last I heard foot steps, and saw someone that looked very like him coming along the road in the moonlight. Need I say that I tore down to the gate, threw it wide open, caught him in my arms, hugged him like a bear, telling him I could hardly believe it, it was too good to be true, that I had been counting the days till I saw him and altogether was nearly beside myself with joy. I forcibly dragged him into the light to feast my eyes with a good look at him, and I then discovered that I had been hugging a perfect stranger—a dark young man, who did not seem to approve of it at all, and who my prophetic instinct told me was Miles Brabazon."

(To be continued.)

**A Promising Pupil.**

A little girl who had just entered school lately jubilantly announced to her father that she did better than all the girls above her in the arithmetic class and went to the top.

"That was smart of you," said he, encouragingly. "How was it?"

"Well, you see, Miss Maggie asked the girl at the top how much was 8 and 5, and she didn't know, and said 12; then the next girl said 9, and the next one said 11, and the next 14. Such silly answers! Then Miss Maggie asked me, and I said 13, and Miss Maggie told me to go up top. Course it was 13."

"That was nice," said the father. "I didn't think you could add so well. How did you know it was 13?"

"Why, I guessed it! Nobody said 13."

**Our Little Friend Once More.**

Her little brother was entertaining in the front room the young man who had just called.

"Look here," he said, suddenly, "are you goin' to propose to my sister tonight?"

"Why—er—er—What do you mean?" asked the youth, with some agitation.

"Oh, nothin', only if you are, you aren't goin' to surprise her. At ten just now she bribed me an' my little brother to go to bed at half-past 7. She's hung four Cupid pictures on the drawing-room wall, got pa and ma to promise to go callin' next door, shut the dog in the cellar, and 's been practicin' 'Cause I Love You Dearly' on the pianer all the afternoon! You'll get her all right, only if she starts talkin' 'bout its bein' sudden, tell her it don't work with you."

The average length of a whale's jawbone is seven feet.

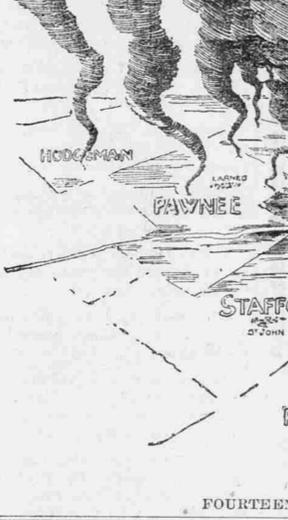
## WILD DAY FOR WIND.

### FOURTEEN TORNADOES SWEEP OVER KANSAS.

Many Prairie Counties Are Visited—Breaking Up of Hurricane Center Reduces Force of the Wind—Small Loss of Life Results.

This season Kansas has had fourteen tornadoes in one day. This beats all records in the tornado line, even in Kansas. According to weather forecasters, however, the unusual number of these storms is precisely the thing that prevented the wholesale destruction of life and property that ever visited the State. Originally it is believed that one great tornado was formed and that almost at once it split up into subdivisions. This subdivision reduced the force of the wind, so that only two people were killed by the storms and twenty injured. A great deal of damage was done to crops and many cattle and horses were killed. Over the whole Southwest as far as Texas the storm wave spread, and as far as human presence could discover conditions in that section of the country were never so favorable for great loss of life and property. For some mysterious reason the storm wave widened and the strength was reduced by 50 per cent or more.

The first storm formed in the neighborhood of St. Peter and Paul's Church, five miles north of Ellsworth, Kan., at 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon, destroying one house completely and damaging several other farm houses and outbuildings. Almost simultaneously another tornado formed about four miles east of Great Bend and, moving in a northeasterly direction, demolished fences and barns and killed considerable live stock. Here a farm house and building were demolished, but the family escaped. Another storm at about the same time struck near Pawnee Rock, thirteen miles southeast of Great Bend, and wrecked several buildings and destroyed crops. Considerable damage, with no loss of life, is also reported at and near Clifton, in the northeast part of Barton County, and at Fredrick, in the western part of Rice County. Rain and hail following the storm did great damage to crops in some localities.



FOURTEEN TORNADOES IN KANSAS IN ONE DAY.

was given the visitors and they presented no credentials.

The envoys were received in the blue parlor, no one being present but themselves, the President and Secretary Cortelyou. At first the conversation touched upon a variety of subjects. The Boers talked about Washington; told how they admired the city and the President escorted them to the porch at the rear of the executive mansion, where a splendid view is obtainable of the Washington monument and the Potomac river. President Kruger's name finally was mentioned and the visitors then stated their purpose in coming to this country. They said they understood that what Secretary Hay had told them was final and that the position of the United States was that this country could not interfere in the present struggle in South Africa. The President confirmed this view. He said that the action he took some time ago



PEACE ENVOYS FROM THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

he did with great pleasure in the hope that it might possibly bring the conflict to an end. This offer had been declined by Great Britain, and he said, there was nothing further that the United States could do in the premises.

The envoys intimated that they were glad to feel they had friends in this country and then bade the President good-by.

President McKinley Tuesday pardoned H. S. Knickerbocker, formerly bookkeeper in the First National Bank at Chicago. He embezzled \$4,000 and was sentenced to the pen for five years in 1898.

New York ice trust has decided to sell ice in 15-pound lots to the poor for five cents.

Arctic installation at the Paris exposition burned.

## CUBAN POSTAL OFFICERS.



MAJOR BATHBONE, Director of Ports.



POSTMASTER THOMPSON, Of Havana.

### BISHOPS ARE CHOSEN.

Methodists Elect David H. Moore and J. W. Hamilton.

Dr. David H. Moore of Cincinnati, editor of the Western Christian Advocate, and the Rev. John W. Hamilton, also of Cincinnati, corresponding secretary of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, were chosen bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the seventeenth ballot at the general conference in Chicago Tuesday. The balloting was: Total number of votes, 665; necessary to choose, 444; D. H. Moore, 534; J. W. Hamilton, 510; J. R. Day, 104; H. Spell-



DR. DAVID H. MOORE, REV. J. W. HAMILTON.

meyer, 71; T. B. Neely, 41; J. F. Berry, 22; C. J. Little, 13; scattering, 23.

By an overwhelming vote the general conference on Wednesday decided to abolish the pastoral time limit, by which a minister has been able to remain in one charge not longer than five successive years. Thus one of the fundamental laws of the denomination and one of the principal features of the itinerant ministry is laid aside, and preachers may remain in places as long as the bishops appoint them.

### FACTS ABOUT THE CENSUS.

When the young man with the winning smile rings the door bell and announces that he is a census enumerator, if you have the slightest hesitancy in accepting his word for that fact, just ask him to show you his badge. If he is really Uncle Sam's agent he will unbutton his coat and display a silver badge just like that shown in our illustration. This confers upon him all the powers of an officer of the United States Government, and as such he is entitled to all due respect. When his labors are over Uncle Sam generously is going to allow him to keep the emblem of his authority as a souve-



CENSUS BADGE.

**MUTINY ON THE TEXAS.**

Ten Men Are Court-Martialed at the End of a Long Cruise.

The crew of the warship Texas mutinied on the ship's last voyage, which has just concluded at the Brooklyn navy yard. The commanding officer was insulted, the officers and men guarding the mutineers were attacked and one petty officer was injured fatally. Orders for the court-martial of ten of the men have been issued.

an event of great interest and far-reaching importance was the action of the conference in changing the words "lay man" to "lay member" wherever they occur in the organic law of the church. This admits women to the conference and as a result Methodism begins the new century on as liberal a platform concerning women as the latter can ask.

Mr. Wu, the Chinese minister at Washington, has issued a proclamation to the Chinese residents of the United States, explaining the purpose of the census and requesting them to give all the information asked for by the enumerators without hesitation. Ten years ago the enumerators found it difficult to obtain information from the Chinese, who suspected that it was to be used against them, and Director Merriam, anticipating similar difficulties this year, requested Mr. Wu to allay the suspicion of his fellow countrymen.

It may be a matter of interest to superstitious people that the enumeration of population this year will be made on Friday—the 1st of June happening to fall on that unlucky day.

For the first time in the history of the national census there will be an enumeration of this year of animals employed in cities and towns. Heretofore the live stock census has been confined exclusively to farm animals, horses, cows, sheep, etc., but Director Merriam has ordered the enumerators to ascertain the number of carriages and saddle horses, draft animals and other live stock owned in cities, towns and villages.

John Lutz, Wilkesbarre, Pa., will hang for killing his wife.

This is the most startling case of mutiny that has taken place on board a United States vessel in years. The Texas has been on a long cruise, during which it touched at Galveston and the Bermudas.

It is said the crew were in a condition of insubordination during the whole cruise and the Navy Department officials are at a loss to understand why severe measures were not adopted at the very first uprising. The cause of the trouble is said to have been rum secured at Galveston.

This country last year exported more meat products, leaving out sheep and mutton, than all the rest of the world combined. The amount was nearly \$200,000,000, and the great crops of Indian corn are the foundation of the trade.

CHAPTER V.

True to Mr. Gee's doleful prophecy, Typhoon threw his rider in the races which took place a few days later, with the result that Miles was laid up with three broken ribs. Captain Brabazon's accident detained him more than a month in Rangoon. It was the first of July before the doctors gave him a reluctant permis-