

# The Breakfast at General Arnold's

BY CLINTON ROSS.

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Now, to explain how I became involved with the great Arnold reason, I must go back to France at the time when I was discharged.

On my twenty-third birthday I was dismissed from the regiment Galesotti, then about to depart for the American service on the Cavalier de France's fleet, for I had brought the same my father gave me lower than in all its history.

I had an impulse to teach him manners, but, remembering, I held my head erect, looking neither to right nor to left. My cheeks tingled with wretched shame, my name was a byword.

I walked on, hurriedly, to the inn where I had left two horses De Vitry had lent. My own long since were grown up with me, my walking.

I had stabled there in coming from Paris, out of shame at the remarks sure to be made in the palace stables at the sight of De Vitry's horses. I knew that gossips' gossip reaches masters, and even in my condition, when it was known did not over the coat on my back, I did not wish it remarked that I borrowed from him with whom I once had quarreled fiercely.

I was reflecting on what Father Sylvester, my tutor, declared of the saints, of the simplicity that counts for true manliness. I forgot all that had been said, and I even thought I could hear the snick of my mother's skin and should see her face bending over me.

But she stared with questioning eyes, and I remember where I had been and noted her, unconsciously, when all the court had been tittering at my disgrace.

"You were there?" I asked, brusquely, trying my hat. She looked at me again and strangely answered. "I was there, monsieur."

"Ah, I cannot lie," I cried. "I am the Sieur de la Renne." She stood there strangely, this English girl. Suddenly her face brightened, and she advanced, extending her hand.

"Mademoiselle Moncrieff," she said in her sweetest voice, "I am Louise Moncrieff, of Virginia, daughter of one of the American commissioners."

he readily devised my purpose in bringing Baptiste.

"Do down to the kitchen, my good fellow," he said to him, while he locked his arm in mine.

"I am delighted to see you," he began affably. "As if anyone could be," said I, whereupon he burst into laughter.

"My dear Michel," he said, "you must not be downcast. I am not about to demand the 10,000 francs post-haste. To the contrary, I ask you to allow me to call the account settled."

"I will pay all owe. But, really, De Vitry, it is good of you to say so much; I assure you, I appreciate it."

For a whipped dog would find on the hand that pats, though secretly holding it hateful; and I confess that I could not even then shake off a prejudice against him, which I know, many shared.

In 1780, a man of seventy-five, the Count de Vitry seemed strong, rich, successful. Inheriting estates heavily encumbered, he had brought to Paris a strange business shrewdness, had become connected with the revenues, and had accumulated millions; till at that time he was said to be as rich as the great Cardinal Mazarin—a millionaire through a king's bounty.

More than that, he was connected with many private schemes which had brought him, it was said, excellent returns, and he was then identified with a land speculation in Louisiana. Nearly adventurous flacked to him with all possible enterprises; if some he encouraged and others he turned away, he always had about a small army of needy sycophants and time servers, who knew him at heart, false, and flattered him.

And as I say, when I began the downward career he stood by me, but I was sure I must pay for his favor.

I moved unquietly under his little, scrutinizing, black eyes. I never could endure De Vitry's eyes, or those of that unfrocked priest, Maurice de Talleyrand.

"Why don't you, Michel, seek service with the Americans?" "I have no money."

## HOW the Modern Woman Dedicates the Bathroom to Health and Beauty.

Few, probably, realize in what a degree the bathroom is a fit de luxe luxury. Less than twenty-five years ago it was found only in the homes of the favored few, but now no house of the smallest pretensions is without one.

The bathrooms of the wealthy today rival those of the Romans in the period when performed baths were taken two and three times a day. The room is large and airy and is flooded with sunshine.

The walls and ceiling are finished in white or light, white and blue. The bath-tubs are of marble sunk deep in the floor. Pure silver gleams in towel rack and soap dish, and as the pure, clear water flows from the nickel shower one is transported to fairyland, in a cavern of sparkling jets, the drip, drip, drip of some ice-cold spring is heard.

It is only in the palaces of the rich, however, that the bathroom suggests anything poetic. The bathroom of the great middle class displays rather a practical understanding of the law of health, and a desire to do things in a sensible way.

The most desirable bathroom has a window facing the south or the west, enabling its occupant to take a sun as well as a water bath. There should also be some means of heating it in cold weather, such a bath taken in a chilly room is apt to do more harm than good.

The walls and ceiling should be finished with soap and water. For the walls and ceiling being is certainly preferable, but as it is very expensive, the most desirable finish is an excellent substitute in tiled paper, which comes in the same colors and designs as the wall paper.

Luxurious bath-tubs demand individual patterns, also in the toilet colors, while ordinary models are content with indigo, which, if not a delight to the eye, may be kept perfectly clean.

Every bathroom should contain a wash stand. In many it is of marble, built in the room, with the polished pipes exposed beneath. If not, it is best to supply one of painted iron, in white, to harmonize with the walls and ceiling.

The newest towel-racks are of nickel, instead of wood, as formerly. One stationary rod, to be fastened to the wall, holds for some years have cabinet tubs. They are usually of hard wood, and if varnished and given a high polish from time to time may be kept in perfect hygienic condition.

Carpeted no longer cover the floors. Luxurious bath-tubs demand individual patterns, also in the toilet colors, while ordinary models are content with indigo, which, if not a delight to the eye, may be kept perfectly clean.

## CELESTIAL TELEGRAPHY

By LAWRENCE BOONE.

There was a little old-fashioned every-day depot at Dumphy's Glen, but everybody knew that it never contained anything of special value. It served well enough to hold the books and papers of the office and a little loose change.

There was practically no business done at Dumphy's. If it had been otherwise the station would never have been left in charge of a mere girl like Lena Stearns.

Fifteen years ago it was quite another story. At that time Dumphy's Glen was in the midst of its boom as a prospective summer resort, and when Lena's father bought the barren little plot of gravel and bare granite upon which he had erected his store he had paid for it at the rate of \$40 a front foot, and had trodden in getting it at that. But he had died long since, broken in fortune and in spirit.

The big dismantled "Sanatorium" on the hill was utterly abandoned. Half the glass in the depot windows was broken; the square of the depot was a mass of rubble, and the depot windows were boarded up.

The depot was not only bright and efficient, but decidedly pretty. This fact had been discovered by John Sturgeon, the station agent at Pine Ridge, ten miles above; it was a source of regret to him that he was not the only discoverer. As it was, he pervertedly turned his back on the well-stocked stores at the Ridge, and did a suspicious amount of trading at the Glen.

He also did more telegraphing at times than business seemed to require. The wires must have felt a queer thrill, as some of those messages passed through them—though the words were as trivial and as remote from the sentiment as they voiced as in any other rustic courtship.

Though scarcely any money ever found lodgment at Dumphy's Glen, a good deal passed through it. About twelve miles below were the great sawmills at Slatine Falls, and every week a heavy cash-box was expressed thither from the city to pay the men. The train which conveyed it, however, scarcely ever stopped at the little flag station; but there was one notable exception.

It was about the middle of March, and heavy rains had stripped the hills of their white winter cloaks. They're just like folks who lay off their wraps too soon, thought Lena, drawing her fleecy "fascinator" more closely about her neck and shoulders for the sky had cleared, and the air was growing frosty.

"You're just like folks who lay off their wraps too soon," thought Lena, drawing her fleecy "fascinator" more closely about her neck and shoulders for the sky had cleared, and the air was growing frosty.

John Sturgeon was also sitting alone in the ticket office at Pine Ridge. The agents of Lena were uppermost in his mind—a thing not unappreciated—but tonight his head was full of fancies. He knew about the cash box, for he had spoken with the express agent as the train backed through.

"O—O—O—Help!" Then a confusion of clicks, and again the instrument seemed to cry out: "O—O—Save—L—"

He sprang to the key and tried to telegraph a question; but he could get no response. The wires seemed body out of order. He was much alarmed. Something was wrong—horribly wrong—at Dumphy's Glen. It would not do to waste time.

He ran up the depot. "Look after the things, Mac," he called to the baggage man.

His bicycle was leaning against the building; he had brought it out that day for the first time since winter set in. With a quick push and a leap he was in the saddle, bounding along the track, from east to west—yet for once straight the night seemed wonderfully luminous. But the light was faint; there were moments when all seemed buried in darkness.

The railway circled the foot of the hill, but the road ran straight over the summit. By strenuous effort he had already reached the end, and the hand driven wheel leaped forward with the burst of speed as it felt the downward slope.

Suddenly the air seemed full of rosy light, as if tinged with the glow of dawn. Though we were now running at a breakneck pace, he glanced upward. The sky was now running down the rough track with a violence that almost defied control.

The overstrained tubing gave under his weight to the very limit of its strength; the machine leaped and palpitated like a frightened horse, and shied wildly amid the rats and stones that he could not avoid. At a sharp turn of the road he swung out so far that he felt the hind tire slipping on the icy edge, and barely escaped plunging down the embankment; then the depot windows flashed in to view.

After that the depot must have chosen its own course for Sturgeon was unconscious of getting it. For the ash was raised, and against the yellow lamp-light he saw the dark outline of a man crawling through the opening another platform.

The man had fled and he had not seen him when his wheels came to a stop on the gravel sand of the station yard. He dropped from the saddle, pocket a 44-caliber revolver from his hip pocket, and sprang to the window, composed of a single pane.

The safe and the teller's apparatus were on the further side. In the middle of the floor stood Lena, defiant, with clenched hands and glowing cheeks, looking straight down the black muzzle of a pistol that a huge desperado was holding close to her face.

"You sneak that safe, right quick, and no nonsense," he was saying. "I won't, I can't," cried Lena. The other intruder, a sleek little fellow with thin lips and a hatched face, was by the safe, examining the lock. He turned toward her.



"What honor have you left before the world?"



Each Turned Tail and Han.



A Model Bathroom.