

held to has been little more than a fig-ment of the imagination—a false im-age."

"I am given to image making myself, have cherished one for so many years that it has come to be more real to me than any actual thing of life and more beautiful, I often suspect than the reality in which it had its spring could have been. You see I am a bit of an artist by nature and training, and have the habit of eliminating what I don't want, and adding what I do, so that in the end the thing I create may be little like the model from which it was drawn. at the front.

"Not five minutes before we saw you Captain Stanley and three of his officers left us. They were sitting in those chairs and they came to tell us that they had orders, if they were fired upon from the bluff, to turn their guns on our house. We should be left without a roof to shelter us. Is it not enough that we should give to the cause all our men—all that is dear to us in the world?

was drawn.

"And more lovable, perhaps, because of the elimination of non-essentials that disturb the harmony of a personality or bit of nature."

men—all that is dear to us in the world?

"Oh, it is very hard, sir. You must spare us our home. Why, even Captain Stanley, Yankee that he is, was so affected when he told us of his orders that tears came into his eyes.

"It would be just as if you burned our house to the ground yourself—you, one of our own men, whose duty it is to protect us who have given so much to the cause.

It is dreadful; it is shameful, sir! You must not do it," she exclaimed, petulantly, and then the beautiful violet eyes were in tears.

"It is not I, Miss Sackett," exclaimed Page, "who will have anything to say in the matter. I have no authority; it is he, the adjutant, Lieutenant Pelham, who is in command, and who is to make the report. In the circumstances I would report the position as unfit, but I have nothing to say, no authority. It is he"—pointing to the small, clean-cut, beardless adjutant.

"Oh, sir, you who are scarcely older than myself, cannot be so crue!" For or bit of nature."

"Still the real artist, being human and having constantly to refresh his imagination in the springs of nature must long more than other men to find there a realization of some one of his ideals, at least.

"But they are so exacting through training and habit that a few human beings may expect to live up to their expectations. Their sensitiveness is greater than their affections, and they had best go on holding to ideals that may never be realized out of the books they write or the pictures they paint."

"Perhaps—perhaps you are right." said the Admiral, meditatively, and rather sadly. rather sadly.

"Oh, sir, you who are scarcely older than myself, cannot be so crue!! For more than a hundred years the Sacketts have lived in that house, and our dead are there—yonder under the trees. I could never be happy anywhere else. If you destroy our home I shall never forgive you!" she cried with a flash of

"What is the history of Mrs. Pelham?" asked the Admiral of Mrs. Blank after a year's absence.

"You have not forgotten? That is unusual with you, Admiral."

"An unusual woman—you must admit—one not easily forgotten. I imagine, and then I am unable to recall when and where it was I have known her before. Somewhere, sometime, I am sure, but it is an illusive personality—enigmatical. It could not have been in England, for I can recall quite distinctly all my acquaintances there."

"Virginia Pelham is named after her own state; she is an American, a Virginian." anger.

"If," said the adjutant quietly, "I find the position available I shall have to report accordingly, but I shall make a full explanation of the circumstances. I can do no less than my duty."

his duty. Go, gentlemen, do your duty at whatever cost to us. The cause is ginian."
"And who was Pelham?"
"Charles Pelham, the novelist, whose posthumous fame is so great."
"I see. She married an English-

his identity concealed from all but a few friends."
"And he married Miss Sackett there?"

"Partly." "Ah!"

great."
"It is shameful," said Lieutenant
Page, taking the hand of the young
woman. "I will do what I can for you,
and I think it may be something."
The command was given and they advanced to the bluff. "I see. She married an English man."

"No, he, too, was an American—Virginian."

"That is news."

""To the public, yes."

"Why should it be so?"

"There was an incident."

"Of an unpleasant nature?"

"Rather. You may recall the shooting of Carter Page by Berkley Pelham."

"Of which Miss. Sackett was the cause?"

"Partly."

"The adjutant is right," said Mrs. Sackett. "We are little as compared with the cause. Your father, Virginia. would burn the home himself if it were

world?

"Yes, our lady of the inscrutable vio-let eyes and distinguished mien has a history. Presently I will introduce you," said the hostess to the gray ad-

"This was in Washington in the early ghties, at a Wednesday afternoon of leader of society, the wife of Jusce Blank. "You see, although acquitted by the jury, to which it was made clear the shooting was done in self-defense, it was a dreadful thing with which to be dentified. So when he went to London Charles Berkley Pelham was admitted to the bar as Charles Pelham and his identity consenied from all his identity.

tice Blank.

It is Admiral Stanley, the gray admiral, but he is not so old, as you will find after you had talked with him for a white. He is very rich, very clever, not a woman hater, but, for reasons best known to himself, a confirmed bachelor."

"This is Mrs. Polham. Admiral Stanley—you should know each other," said

"I am told, said the admiral to Mrs. Pelham on the first occasion offering for more than casual conversation, "that you are really an American."

"I freely admit it—now."

"Then there was a time?"

"When I wished to forget."

"And did not?"

"One may not forget, but how good it is that time softens the bitterness, heals wounds and brings, with its passing, a better sense of proportion—of relative values."

"Then there was a time?"

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"One may not forget, but how good it is that time softens the bitterness, heals wounds and brings, with its passing, a better sense of proportion—of relative values."

"You have found it so?"

"Yes, when I went with my mother to England shortly after the close of the war, I left nothing behind. All was lest; the cause, father, brothers, home. We had nothing but sorrow and regret and bitterness of spirit to take with us to our new place. When we saw the pailid cliffs of England rise out of the sea, our haarts went out to meet them. Here long, long ago had been the home of our people and we felt that we were going back to our own, not to a foreign land, but to our own place, to be happy and like an ugly dream."

"And you were escaping the Yankees."

"Yes, the dominion of the odious Yankees—the false, cruel Yankees."

"Yes, the dominion of the odious Yankees—the false, cruel Yankees, who had robbed us of all we loved."

"Well Admiral Stanley need not transmigrate for that. Mrs. Pelham can say that Miss shockett forgave him long ago and for many years suffered uncessing—and for many years suffered country, madame, will not cease to be proud of you and the many like you and your mother, on both end will the many like you and your mother, on both end will the many like you and your mother, on both end wit we many like you and your mother on the many like you and your

Yankees—the false, cruel Yankees, who had robbed us of all we loved."

"Were your expectations realised?"

"Are the expectations of youth ever realized, admiral?"

"Seldom, I imagine."

"We learned to love England—the people, who were kind to us, and the land, for what it was, possibly, more than for what it is. So much of human glory is buried there that is sacred soll one treads upon in that island."

"Glory-and shame," seid the admiral, gravely.

"Yes, shame, that is everywhere, unfortunately, and not always buried, but we learned, little by little, to turn from that old country, with its great history, its noble and shameful past, to the new one with a sense of joy in its newness, and hopefulness, and its freedom from old forms. My mother lies there now in a peaceful churchyard, with people of long ago, and I am here now, glad to be of my own country, and with the liv-

HE RIDDLE OF AMERICAN

of information whereby he was kept posted on every move of the government to the Delty. On a recent tour through the states he publicly reminded the troops. The company went so far as to refuse to transmit Castro's messages, and even violated the secrecy of his commanders' telegrams.

The company went so far as to the parameter of the states he publicly reminded the sages, and even violated the secrecy of his commanders' telegrams.

It looked very much as if Matos that His work was good, but that he would succeed and after the fight had.

(Continued from First Page of this Section.)

lack of restraint peculiar to himself. Impulsive and daring to a degree, he thinks a long way ahead and has a keen eye to solid results. His visionary and overwhelming ambition has hypnotized him into believing that he is specially ordained by his Maker to restors the fallen fortunes of Venezuela and reweld into one harmonious whole the scattered fragments of grand Colombia. His dominating individuality was manifested from the earliest days of his precoclous boyhood. The son of a typical Venezuelan peon, who had given indiscriminate birth to a numerous progeny, he was watering mules and selling aguardiente at a ranchmen's

progeny, he was watering mules and selling aguardiente at a ranchmen's rendezvous about the age when American boys begin to attend school. In the little Tachiran village of Capaicho, where he made his unceremonious appearance in 1860, among the wild hills on the border of Colombia, every one is proud of "el chico," the kid who never took a dare and who could ride and shoot as straight and hard as any man. They tell how, when yet a mere stripling, rough and uneducated, he dominated the village and was feared for miles around for his cat-like agility and skill with the knife.

Castro always aims high, and the manner in which he entered the political

Castro's visit to Caracas opened his eyes to the paramount importance of some kind of education, and when the accession of Crespo drove him into exile he hied himself across the Colombian border with a young wife and a goodly stock of books. For six years he led the life of a frontier ranchman. He spend his a fight in study.

Even if Castro's ambition is but a dream, it is a glorious dream, part of which has already become true. He is undisputed master of Venezuela, and out of seemingly inextricable chaos has evolved something approaching order. He has instilled fear into the hearts of his enemies at home, and, by diplomacy, won the respect of foreign nations. For three years his country has and before nightfall more than 1,000 men lay on the ground.

In the bour of victory Castro's horse wealth with impunity. The day may yet come when he will reunite Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador into one vast republic, as they were at the beginning of the last century, thus forming the nucleus for a United States of South America.

The Keynote of Success.

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