

A giance around the cozy room lit up with the soft effulgence thrown by the yellow shade of the lamp was sufficient to reveal that the owner was a man of expensive and artistig taste. Yet the whole place was in orderly confusion. The desk at which he sat was littered with pracfs of books; there were books on the floor and books on the seat of every chair within reach of his arm. Most of these volumes were uncut.

Most of these volumes were uncut.

Percival Dufferin, poet, critic and reader to the publishing firm of which, he was partner, was perhaps the most conscientious worker in London. Els face, handsome always, was almost beautiful at this moment. The brown eyes were sparkling and the well-formed mouth was parted in a smile which seemed to express unfathomable depths of hapipness.

Although still early, he was in even-g dress. The tallcoat, however, had

himself, coming suddenly to an object on the position. "How pleased Gwen will be!"

He bent forward as he spoke and opened one of the drawers of the burrens. The manuscript of a novel lay inside, neatly tied with pink tape. It was typewritten, but on the uppermost sheet was scrawled, in a running hand, "'Madame Delilah, by H. R. H. Prince," and then followed the name of the illustrious author.

"Adame of the illustrious author."

"And in the contemplation of the illustrious author."

"You see," she went on, "this engage much has been published as it were on the housetops! It cannot very well be broken off. Bealdes a woman must some day."

open, and it was only at the sound of the soft fron-frou of a woman's skirt which made him look up quickly and then spring to his feet with a little ex-clamation of delight.

She east a quick glance around the room, and he went forward to meet her with outstretched hands.
"I thought I must come up for a mo-

ment," she said, rather breathlessly.
"You are not busy?"
"Never, when I have you to idle with,"

he answered, softly.

Her white fingers lay in his for a moment, and then he furned and swept a pile of books from an easy chair, wheeling it up to the fire for her. "I must not stop," she said, with an-other quick glance around the room.

trembled a little as they rested on his poked the fire into a blaze, and came back to where she was standing in her shimmering white silk dress, and the plumes of her fan pressed against her cheek. Dufferin noticed a subtle per-fume in the room: It was a scent he loved, the scent of violets, which, some-how, he always associated with her in

"Are you glad to see me, Val?" the

and stared down with unseeing eyes at the leaping flames.

The fan, which lay across the girl's

knee, trembled a little.

Gwendoline Mallow was a girl whom men called beautiful, and women, with a shrug of their shoulders, good-looking. She made a lovely, pitture in that dim she made a lovely picture in that dim ruddy light as she sat in the depths of the low, roomy chair, such as a men delights in. The rippling hair was brought down low over the forehead—so low that only a glimpse of white skin showed over the delicate arch of the ryebrows. Her eyes were bluest of blue, large and rather expansive. Her featlarge and rather expansive. Her features were small and regular, and the bright coloring lenf a certain piquancy to the face. Yet the smiling lips had a dangerous tendency to fall in sarcastic curves at the corners. There were many times when the tender expression melted away till the mouth became stern and aimost cruel.

A moment passed in silence, and then the man spoke again without changing

the man spoke again without changing his position. There was a palpable fremor in his voice.
"Gwen, how long have you been engaged to Sir Henry? How long has this

miserable farce been going our

She had arisen with an evident inter of going, and stood for a moment her hands outstretched towards the

with her hands outstretched towards the firs. Her heart was beating fast, and the lons, white arms trembled a little. "There is no law against her marrying the man she loves," observed Dufferin dryly.

"Perhaps he has never said a word that could be construed into a proposal of marriage. It would be rather ven-turesome for a woman to set her heart on that before he had ever asked her to his wife." Just for a moment a sudden light

Just for a moment a sudden light came into the man's face. Was it possible that she meant all her words conveyed? He hesitated for a moment, and then his countenance fell.

"It's all very well for you to cast that in my teeth," he said with sudden warmth. "Yet you know why I have never spoken; you know that your ambition is too great to be content with any husband who could not give you a title." without saying.

"That goes without course," she said lightly. But she was dreadfully angry with him all the same—more angry, per-haps, than she had ever been in her

Dufferin, however, did not notice the ominous compression of the lips. To him there was nothing extraordinary "Are you glad to see me, Val?" the ominous compared to the girl asked. She had sunk into the profit in there was nothing extraordinary fered chair, and her biue eyes looked in such an appraxion. In hiss Malup half coquettishly into his handsome face.

"Gwen, when you are not with me life becomes merely existence."

He spoke passionately, and then, with a restless movement, he turned round and half his fingers on the mantelplece and half his fingers on the mantelplece of the could hear the dult foar outside they could hear the dult foar.

He stood before her with bowed head.
Outside they could hear the dull foar of the Picadilly traffic—the rumble of wheels, the thud of horses' feet on the slippery wood, the shrill voices of the newsboys.

There was still anger in the girl's heart. Yet she felt that she was power-less before this man; her body and soul were his.

"I am afraid, Gwen, you are not a woman of business. The manuscript you have will not even be mentioned to the firm. It will simply be rejected with thanks."

Gwen's eyes flashed indignantly.

"And what excuse will you give?" she inquired, swinging round in the chair, with an ironical lift of her pretty eye-brows.

noul were his.
At last she spoke, "Trat would certainly make a difference," she said, deliberately,
"Then you will marry me?" cried

Dufferin eagerly.
You are not a baronet yet," she re plied with a rippling laugh.

It was then that there came to his meet eyes that look which had given a sort at 8."

to be contained.

He went across the room to his deak clock. She forgot everything, except and laid his hand on the open drawer.

"In here," he seid, "is the manuscript of a novel, called 'Madame Del-wery near to here. Hah, by Prince —; that is good enough for me." Miss Mallow came across the room

There was a disdainful shrug of the will get a baronetcy for publishing a pretty shoulders.

"I don't know. About three years, I suppose. It seems an interminable time."

"Not in the ordinary way, perhaps. But, in the first place, this is the ut-

Although still entry, its fing dress. The tailcoat, however, had been discarded for a well-worn smoking-facket emblationed on the pocket with the Magdelen arms, while a hox of clume.

"And yet you are going to make it immelf, coming suddenly to an upright him in spite of everything" He turned position. "How pleased Gwen will be!"

He bent forward as he spoke and one of the drawers of the bush one of the formation of the for

pense for that. Besides I have already done something for my party! This will be the finishing touch.

He untied the pink tape as he spoke and placed the first two chapters of the story in Miss Mallow's hand.

"It seems to me," she said, dropping for a moment into the comfortable writing chair and spreading the manuscript upon the table, "that it is iniquitous that members of the royal family do this kind of thing. Their books ought to be published for private circulation only. To the public, of course, it does not matter; they take a morbid delight in getting a peep into the worklings of these august minds; it is struggling authors and those who have to

whom it is so hard?"

"It is not a bad plot," said Dufferin, haif apologetically. He was quite in accordance with the girl's sentiment that if "Madame Delilah" had been written by anyone else more than the first three or four chapters would never have been read. He told her the outline of the story briefly while she sat at the table turning over the leaves in her hand.

sat at the table turning over the leaves in her hand.

When he finished she looked up.

"What an extraordinary thing," she exclaimed. "You remember that manuscript you gave me to read the other day. Val. and which you said began so well that you were sure it was quite worth reading? Well, that turns much on the same plot as you have been telling me. Precisely the same. And what is more, it is a masterplece; it is a book which is bound to sell and which will become famous. I meant to have told you before."

Dufferin shrugged his shoulders.

Dufferin shrugged his shoulders. "It is hard on the author, whoever he may be—some absolutely unknown man, wasn't it?" "It is hard on the Prince, I should

Why, it won't make any differ to him."
"Yes it will. The novel I read for you was written first: you will have to publish it and let the other go."
Dufferin laughed with a quiet amuse-

brows.
"That—oh! Anything," don't , you know? That it is not suitable; that the

plot is not a new one."

The sound of the clock striking made the girl look up.

Surely it is not so late as that! I must be going at once. I promised to meet father at the Lyceum punctually

of sublimity to his face earlier in the She rose in sudden consternation at of sublimity to his face earlier in the She rose in sudden consternation at evening. His joy was almost too great finding how the time had slipped by to be contained.

Duffering went across the room for her to be contained.

enough for me."

Miss Mailow came across the room to his side. Her blue eyes were opened with amazement.

"But surely you don't mean that you met. A minute later, and she was gone."

She felt his warm breath on her cheek: size could almost hear his heart beating just world it was which drove men to such extremities.

"Perhaps," he said to himself, "this is a man of education and refinement. Sometimes it is weeks before a publisher has time to read the MS, which is sent in to him." She felt his warm breath on her cheek:

Suddenly he leaned across the desk and drew a pile of manuscript towards him. I was the story which he had given Gwendoline Mallow to read.

He took it up, glanced through the first chapters, which he had already perused, and began reading with the extraordinary rapidity which men who read much acquire.

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"It is not a had plot." said Dufferin.

Finally the last chapter was reached. The room seemed to have become close. There was perspiration on his forehead, yet, when he turned around, he found that the fire had burned down and was

out.
"It is a pity," he said musingly. "Yet this will have to wasted." He rose and began pacing up and down the room. In the interests of the firm he ought to reject the prince's book. Yet to do that was to throw away everything which made life worth living, to ruin his own

made life worth living, to ruin his own happiness.

Finally he went back to the writing table, sorthbled a short note, and ringing for his servant, told him to take the manuscript round that night by hand. The sight of it was becoming obnexious. Then he remembered that he had had nothing to eat since lunch, and for a cab, and drove round to the club for dinner in an exceedingly happy frame of mind.

and and drove round to the club for dinner in an exceedingly nappy frame of mind.

The following evening Percival Dufferin went to call on the Mallows. It was a clear starlight evening, and as he was early in starting he decided to go yia Hyde Park on foot. As he strolled a clong, his mind went back to the previous evening. His conselence had pricked him more than once during the day on the matter of the rejected manuscript. Yet he consoled himself with the thought that a poor novel by a member of the royl family would possibly as ell as well as a clever book by an untangent of the royled family would possibly as the strayed his trust.

Very few people were about in the Park. As he emerged by the side of the Serpentine it was hard to realize that he was standing in the heart of the busiest city in the world. There was not a sound to be distinguished except the deft licks of the water against the sides of the likes of the water against the sides of the likes of the water against the sides of the likes of the water against the sides of the likes of the water against the was now standing gasing down into the water. By degrees the man came towards the bridge Duffern could not distinguish his face, but he saw he was now standing gasing down into the water. By degrees the man came towards the bridge Duffern could not distinguish his face, but he saw he was no a range and his movements some how raised his supicions.

"If I were driven to alcepting here," he thought, "I think I should be coward emough, to put myself out of my misery."

Then he began to think what an unjust world it was which drove men to such extremities.

Without a cry, without a sign of his intention the melancholy stranger had suddenly plunged into the water. It did not take an instant for Dufferin to fling off his coat and dive from where he stood into the circling eddy, which

marked the spot where the man had

There was a short struggle in the water; the suicide fought with terrible despair for death. More than once Dufferin felt himself being drawn down in the clutches of this desperate man.

Finally he conquered.

The two men, dripping from head to foot, stood facing one another on the bank. By the light of the flickering gas lamp Dufferin saw that this poor crea-ture he had saved was little more than

ture he had saved was little more than a boy; his face was white and thin, his eyes bloodshot.

They were both out of breath.

Presently the boy spoke.

"Why did you not let me drown?" he asked, in a thick, husky voice. "I don't want to live. What is the use of living?"

Dufferin laid his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder.
"Some day you will thank me. No

"Some day you will thank me. No man, remember, has a right to put an end to his life. Existence is a debt which he owes to his Maker."

The boy began to shiver. Dufferin himself feit a chill run through him.

"My rooms are near here," he said.
"Come along and I will lend you something day to put on."

"It came back last night—rejected."
Dufferin feit inexpressibly sorry for

The boy seized his hand in sudden gratitude. The tears sprang to his eyes and choked him. He attempted to say something, and broke down utterly.

"My name is Dufferin," the publisher went on, deeply moved by the other's emotion. "You may, perhaps, have heard."

broke from the boy's lips. Dufferin stood still as if he had been shot. Per-haps a suspicion of the truth flashed through his mind.

"It was you who sent back my book."
Dufferin said afterwards that that
was the supremest moment of his life,
yet he did not hesitate an instant.
"What is your name?" he inquired

"Your manuscript was not returned."
"It was, and a letter came with it from you."

from you."

"There must have been some mistake; that is all. Your book will be published as soon as we can set it up in type."

No one, perhaps, will ever know what that moment cost Percival Dufferin. He was acting on impluse. Yet he spoke deliberately—deliberately he swept away his whole future happiness; in a dozen words he banished forever his hope of marrying the firl he loved.

After that he went on like a man in a dream.

a dream.

At last his rooms were reached; he shook himself together, ordered two baths to be prepared, and arranged everything in his own bedroom that the

was and sat down in the sitting-room, and covered his face with his hands, and, strong man that he was, cried his heart out like a child.

Presently he looked up and discovered a letter lying on his blotting pad. One giance, and he knew that it was demnie Mallow's writing.

He opened it mechanically.

It was perfumed slightly with the violets, and the scent made him turn sick and faint. He pushed it away from him; his eyes were blurred and he could not see to read.

Presently a little slip of newspaper cutting inclosed in the envelope caught his attention.

his attention.

Then he made another effort to the letter; perhaps there was somet which he might do for her.

It was quite a short note

"Dear Mr. Dufferin," it ran

deliberately—deliberately he swept away his whole future happiness; in a dozen words he banished forever his hepe of marryins the firi he loved.

After that he went on like a man in a dream.

At last his rooms were reached; he shook himself together, ordered two baths to be prepared, and arranged everything in his own bedroom that the boy could want.

Then he loft him, and went as he swept away his went found and took Murray with him to introduce the boy to the woman who had first found merit in his story.

Wireless Telegraphy Among Barbarians

B ARBAROUS tribes in various parts of the world employ signal fires at nights and other methods for the rapid conveyance of information. In some respects the system employed among the mountains in the interior of British New Guinea is the most effective yet de-

A E. Pratt, the naturalist, who recently spent two years among the natives of this great island, gives in his new book rather more detailed information on this subject than earlier writers have done. More than once he found the extraordinary system of intercommunication among the Papuans of the greatest assistance to him in his work. He calls it the wireless telegraphy of the wilds.

One day he needed to send a message to a native named Gaberio, who was collecting butterflies and birds for the expedition. His whereabouts was not exactly known, but he was in the northeast somewhere, about 20 miles away.

From the naturalist's camp could be seen hill after hill arising to the north, each of them covered by native villages. Men with especially good voices are assigned to the service of passing these wireless messages from hilltop to hilltop until they reach their destination.

Mr. Pratt set the service in motion to

Mr. Pratt set the service in motion Mr. Pratt set the service in motion to find Gaberio and deliver the message to him. He says that after be had given the order at his station he heard in a few minutes the natives calling from hill to hill. In the pure air of these altitudes their voices carried magnifi-cently for long distances and village answered village with perfect case from

answered village with perfect case from ridge to ridge.

A little later the natives who were attending to this telegraphy at Pratt's camp came to him with the tidings that Gaberio had been found in a village.

only about 10 miles away. The mes-sage was delivered to him and he re-turned word that he was coming back by the same route he had followed on the outward journey and would reach

the outward journey and would reach camp next day.

A few months later Pratt, who was making preparations to move to other collecting grounds, found that he could not secure carelers from the natives around him to transfer his baggage to the other field. One day some big, strong men of the Ivaia tribe, with their chief, called on him and he arranged with them that, when they were summoned by wireless telegraphy, they would start from their homes, 20 miles away among the mountains, and carry his baggage to the new camp. He felt sure that they would respond to his call because he promised them tobacco in payment, and they were very fond of the weed.

Several weeks elapsed before he was ready to move. Then he set the tele-

ready to move. Then he set the tele-graph in motion: one village called up another, and so on, stage by stage, the message was communicated to the dis-tant home of the picturesque mountain-

It seems astonishing, but Pratt says that this message was delivered to the chief to whom it was sent in less than 10 minutes after it left his tent. The journey on foot between these two places among the steep mountains requires five days, though the distance is only 20 miles.

In the afternoon the answer came that the natives would be on their way the next morning. So in due time they appeared on the scene eager to ears their tobacco.

From the Chicago News, When it comes to giving advice the erage man is liberal.