



CHAPTER XII.

Griselda, darting homeward through the twilight garden, after another stormy meeting with Tom Peyton on the garden wall, stops as she reaches the summer house, a favorite resort of Vera's, notwithstanding the father unpleasant associations connected with it, and pokes in her head to find Vera there.

"I've come back," she cries, breathlessly, sinking into a seat and looking at Vera with despair in her eyes. "I have done as you desired me, I have said good-by to him forever."

"What did he say? Was he very much upset?" with burning interest. "He said he'd manage to see me in some way or other," says Griselda, with a heavy sigh.

"Oh, well—come now, that's not so bad," says Vera, cheerfully, forgetful of prudence at sight of her sister's grief. "He seems from all I have heard from you a—sort of a person who would be difficult to baffle. I think I should put faith in that declaration of his if I were you."

"Oh, he said more than that," cries Griselda. "Why, it appears that Tom—Mr. Peyton—knows Seaton quite well, and likes him, too. Mr. Peyton says that he, Seaton, is engaged to be married to a Miss Butler, a friend of Lady Riverdale's."

"For a moment there is a dead silence, during which the pretty crimson on Vera's cheek dies out, leaving her singularly pale. No doubt the surprise is great."

"Is that true?" she says. "I should not be surprised, though I confess I am; it is only what I might have expected from my first judgment of him. And one should not condemn him, either; it is not his fault that he calls Uncle Gregory father."

which I speak," says Seaton, his face now livid. "Who?" he repeats, in a low but terrible voice. "Grunch," replies Mr. Dyaart, shortly; something in his son's face warned him not to go further.

"You hear?" says Seaton, turning to Vera. "It was Grunch who betrayed you. You are satisfied now?" "On that point, yes, I suppose I should after you an apology," says she, icily.

"But, with a swift glance at his father, 'how can I be satisfied when—' Her voice breaks. "Sir," cries Seaton, addressing his father with sudden passion, "why did you speak to her of this? Why have you deliberately insulted your brother's child?"

"There was no insult. I may have told her that if she chooses to do such things as society disapproves of, she must only submit to the consequences and consider herself ostracized."

"Compromised," you said. "Well, it is as good a word; you are welcome to it."

"Pshaw!" says Seaton, with a quick motion of the hand, as if flinging the idea far from him. "Let us have no more of such petty scandal. You forget, sternly, 'that when you seek to compromise Vera, you condemn me, your son.'"

Dyaart shrugged his shoulders. "The man is never in fault; so your world rules," says he, lightly. "You persist, then, in your insult," says Seaton, going a step nearer to him, the veins swelling in his forehead. "You still say that she—"

"It's nothing. I'm not a scrap uncomfortable. It strikes me as being a sort of a lark—a joke, I mean. I feel as jolly as a sand-ey, and, with a tender, earnest glance, 'far jollier, because I can now see you.'"

"But how long is it to last?" says she, nervously. "It can't go on like this forever, and Seaton comes down here sometimes, and he knows you."

"I dare say I shall manage to avoid him. Though I have often thought lately that it would be a good thing to take him into our confidence."

"Oh, no, no, no, indeed," cries she; "he might tell his father, and then all would be up with us."

"Well, there's my sister, Gracie—she's a very good-natured woman, and clever, too. If I were to tell her all, she would tell Seaton, and between them they might manage something. There's a step! Go away, and try to see me to-morrow if you can."

They have barely time to separate before the gaunt figure of Grunch is seen approaching through the laurels.

CHAPTER XIV. To-day is wet; a soaking, steady down-pour that commenced at early dawn is still rendering miserable the shrubbery and gardens.

Vera, depressed by the melancholy of the day, has cast her book aside, and, with a certainty of meeting nobody in the empty rooms and corridors, wanders aimlessly throughout their dreary length and breadth. These rooms are well known to her, and presently wearying of them she turns aside and rather timidly pushes open a huge, faded, lace-covered door that leads she scarcely knows whither.

She pushes it back and looks eagerly inward. It is not an apartment, after all. A long, low, vaulted passage reveals itself, only dimly lighted by a painted window at the lower end. It appears to be a completely bare passage, leading nowhere; but presently, as she runs her eyes along the eastern wall, a door meets them, an old oaken door, iron-clasped and literally hung with cobwebs.

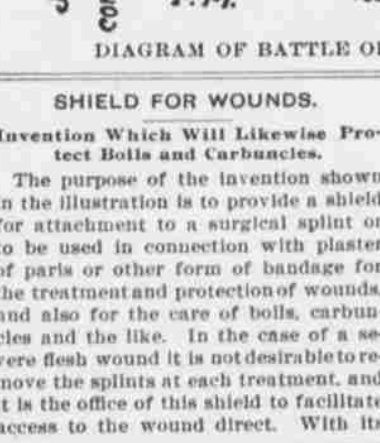
THE BROOKLYN'S LOOP WAS NOT A MARKER FOR THIS.

THE much discussed loop of the Brooklyn at the battle of Santiago was a minor matter compared with the loops and evolutions of warships propelled by sails in the days prior to steam navigation.

The diagram is of the action between the United States frigate Constitution, Commodore Bainbridge, and the British frigate Java, Capt. Lambert. This fierce sea fight occurred on Wednesday, December 30, 1812, in the Atlantic, off the coast of Brazil.

This being the case, the efforts of the old-time fighters were largely directed to destroying the masts and sails of the enemy's vessel—which, if the effort were successful, put her at the mercy of the other—and to getting into such a position that all of the guns on one side could be trained on the enemy's deck from one end, thus raking it from stem to stern with a hail of missiles, and disabling more men at one broadside than could be done in any other way.

The destructive effect of this raking fire on the Java's decks is clearly shown by the loss of the masts and sails of the enemy's vessel.



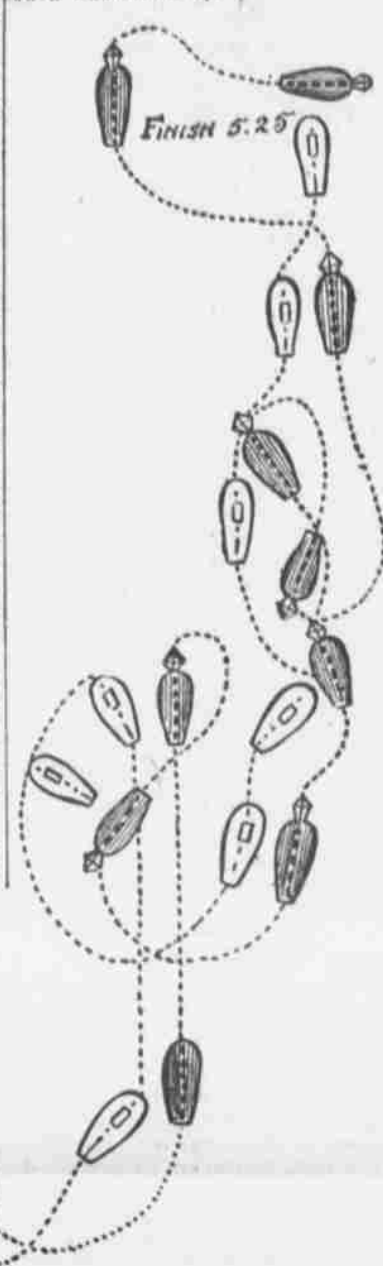
SHIELD FOR WOUNDS. Invention Which Will Likewise Protect Boils and Carbuncles. The purpose of the invention shown in the illustration is to provide a shield for attachment to a surgical splint or to be used in connection with plaster of paris or other form of bandage for the treatment and protection of wounds, and also for the care of boils, carbuncles and the like.

Too Much for Him. The other day a young man was presented to Senator Hanna who wanted a subordinate place in the army. The Senator saw to it that his application was properly filed. Nothing was heard of the application or the young Irishman for several days, until he sent his card through the doorkeeper of the Senate.

Bad Instead of the Expected Good Luck Resulted from the Encounter. It is a very common superstition that to rub the hump of a cripple's back is sure to bring good luck. In some parts of the country women believe good fortune may be assured by touching a Chinaman while passing him on the street, and the women of New Orleans seem to have gone daft on the subject.

shown by the losses on board the British frigate. There were 60 killed, and 101 wounded out of a crew of 400, while the Constitution lost but 9 killed and 25 wounded—among the latter being Commodore Bainbridge himself, who was shot twice during the engagement, but pluckily kept at his post until the victory was won.

The effect of the American fire upon the rigging of the Java was no less remarkable. When the British commander struck his flag, his vessel had not a single spar standing, and floated, an unmanageable wreck, upon the sea. The British fire damaged the Constitution's sails very much, but fortunately none of her spars was cut. The prisoners and their personal effects were removed to the Constitution and the Java was blown up.



From this I awoke in great pain in the center of a crowd on the beach, whither my rescuer had borne me. My first thought was one of infinite and unreasoning shame, but the nausea caused by swallowing so much salt water quickly brought me back to earth again.

A Very Big Boy. A lady from the country, who recently had occasion to send to town for a suit of boy's clothes, took the measurements herself. She received the following reply: "Dear Madam: Your favor received, but we regret to say that we have no clothes such as you want, and we doubt if they can be found outside a museum with a fat boy. Fifty-four inches round the chest, twenty-four round the neck, and sixty round the waist is a little out of our line. Possibly you might squeeze the boy down a little, but this would hardly be advisable, for, as you say, he is only 12, and the chances are that he would grow with all you might do. We should advise you to take the youth to some wholesale tailoring establishment. A boy with arms sixty-three inches long and legs just six feet to an inch is a little beyond the capabilities of this establishment, though we study to please."

Modern Things in Old Manila. There is a central electric lighting station in Manila which supplies current for 1,200 incandescent and 250 arc lamps. There are about 720 miles of telegraph in the island and 70 miles of steam railways. Manila has also a telephone system. The conductors are all overhead lines carried on poles with porcelain insulators.

Drummer—Any mail for me—John H. Klawback? Potty-yule Postmaster—None! Drummer—Good! The firm hasn't fired me yet!—Puck. The almighty dollar covers a multitude of queer transactions.