



CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)
"So, you were spying on me!" cries he, in little gasps.

"What brought you, eh? That door below was locked—has been locked for fifty years. Is there a conspiracy against me, then, that you can thus force yourself into my presence, in spite of bolts and bars?"

"The lock gave way," stammers Vera; "it must have been old, broken by age, rusty. I had nothing to do. It was by the merest chance I came here. I am sorry, sorry." Her voice dies in her throat.

"I don't believe it; there is more that you keep behind. Speak, girl; speak, I command you! Who showed you the way here?"

"I have told you," says Vera, tremulously; "you must believe me. I—I had known I should not have come. I—I am sorry I have so frightened you, but—"

"Who says I am frightened?" He turns upon her with a bitter scowl and a piercing glance. "Why should I care about being disturbed when I was merely idling away a dull hour by looking through my own will?"

"You're" asks Vera, innocently enough. "Ay, whose else?" he asks, with a snarl of anger.

"What do you mean, girl? Do you doubt my word? Whose else should it be—eh, eh? Go, leave me," cries he, furiously; "and cursed be the day you ever saw my house!"

He waves to her to leave him, and, more unmoved than she has ever been in all her life before, she retreats behind the heavy curtain and runs with all her might down the dark corridor without, down the steep stairway, and so out into the passage into the hall.

CHAPTER XV.
Going to where Tom Peyton is diligently wooing, Griselda takes him to task.

"Why didn't you tell me your sister was the sweetest woman on earth?" demands she, in quite an aggrieved tone.

"Because she isn't," says Tom, striving with a giant dock that has treacherously concealed itself beneath the spreading leaves of a magnificent dahlia; "you are that."

"Nonsense!" says Griselda; and then, "Oh, Tom! what do you think she is going to do—at once? She is going to make an effort to induce Uncle Gregory to let Vera and me stay with her at the Friars! Only fancy if she succeeds! Wasn't it perfectly lovely of her to think of it?"

"Oh, she isn't bad," says her brother, broadly; "but may I ask how she proposes tackling the old gentleman?"

"Through Seaton,"

"If Seaton helps her—"

The words die on his lips, his jubilant air forsakes him—having turned a corner of the secluded pathway they had chosen, they run right into the arms of Seaton Dysart! For a moment the two men gaze blankly into each other's eyes.

"What is the meaning of this masquerade?" demands Dysart presently with an angry frown; "what brings you here, Peyton, in that dress, and with my cousin?"

"You certainly have every right to ask," says Peyton, with a rueful glance at his damatory clothing, "but surely you might guess the answer. The fact is, I'm—in love!" He makes this confession with a careful artlessness not to be surpassed.

"In love?" exclaims Dysart, frowning still more darkly.

narrow gold bangles that adorn Vera's wrist, and begins to push them up and down with a childish, diffident gesture.

"What's your name?" asks she, gravely.

"Vera,"

"Vera!" Both children repeat the word with a sort of gratification. "But—tell us—you have another name, haven't you?"

"Dysart," confesses she, softly.

"Why, that's Seaton's name," cries Dolly, brightening, and looking up at the tall young man who is standing near them; "isn't it, Seaton? Why, you must be something to him, Sister—eh?"

"No," says Vera, shaking her head.

"You can't be his mother?" hazards the younger child, uncertainly.

"No," she says again.

"I have it! I know it!" exclaims Dolly the wise, glancing up triumphantly; "you are—his wife!"

This innocent bombshell spreads dismay in the camp.

"Who is that pretty little girl over there?" Vera asks, with a wild longing to change this embarrassing conversation, pointing to where the girl who had first attracted her is sitting, "quite opposite, in the red-and-white gown? Do you see her?"

"Oh! that is Mary Butler. Don't you know her? Everybody knows Mary Butler. We love her, so does everybody else."

"Mamma says Seaton does," says little Flossy, mildly; "perhaps that's why he won't marry you."

"It was true, then," thinks Vera. A great sense of disgust rises up within her, swallowing all other thoughts. And yet he would have sworn himself! Would have—nay, he would do so still. Oh, the shamelessness of it!

Perhaps something of her secret sears communicates itself to him, because even in the midst of his apparently engrossing conversation he lifts his head abruptly and his eyes seek hers, and read them as though he would read her soul.

And then a curious light flashes into his face. He makes a movement, quick unguarded, as though he would rise and go to her, but, even as he does so, someone steps out from the shadows behind her, and, bending over her, holds out his hand—a young man, tall, well favored, smiling, with an air about him of sudden, warm delight.

"You remember me?" he says, so distinctly that Seaton can hear him across the room. "To think that I should have the happiness of meeting you—here—today—and after so many vain inquiries. How it brings back the past to see you, Venice, Rome, that last carnival. Vera, say you are glad to see me!"

Some people walking past them, and suddenly standing still, obliterate them from Seaton's view, but when next he looks the stranger is sitting beside her, and Vera, with flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes, full of an unmistakable welcome, is murmuring to him in low, soft tones.

"Who is the man talking to my cousin?" asks Seaton, indicating Vera's companion by a slight gesture, and speaking in a tone so changed that Miss Butler involuntarily lifts her head to look at him.

"Lord Shelton," she says. "George Sandes he was. Don't you know him? Great hunting man. He came in for the title about eight months ago. That brought him back from his big game in the East."

CHAPTER XVI.
In the last four days Peyton has mysteriously disappeared, no one knows whither, except perhaps Griselda, his sister and two others.

"North" he was going, he said to inquiring friends. To-day, however, he has turned up again, admirably dressed as ever, and as radiant as a good conscience should make any man.

"I'm so glad Tom has got back in time," says Griselda. "I quite feared Uncle Gregory would be too many for him. Vera, what makes you look like that, darling? Now tell me what it is that has annoyed you."

"I must be mad to be annoyed," says Vera, with angry self-contempt.

"Seaton again?"

"It is always Seaton," with an increase of her irritation, "when it isn't his father. Was there no other path into which fate could have flung me, except this? Yes, it is Seaton."

"She imagines—or, of course, it is all a mistake—but she has somehow got it into her head that you are here to—to watch her."

"Is that how it strikes you?" says he, slowly; a sudden, short, miserable laugh breaks from him. "So that is how you look at it? Great heaven, to think how I have loved you—such as you—so poor a thing! It shames me now to think of it!"

He draws his breath sharply, though she writes. "No, you shall hear me! I have heard much from you, first and last—this shall be the last, I swear! Here, even now, in this moment when I find you so altogether, contemptible a creature, it is my misery to know that I still love you! Day after day you have heaped insults upon me. Your every look has been an affront. I have said too much," he continues, wearily; "but with a little eloquent gesture she renders him silent."

"Oh, not too much, but perhaps enough"—she smiles again, that cruel smile that hurts him like the sharpest stab—"surely it would be hard to expect me to find another insult to-day. To-morrow, perhaps. And now let me say one little word. Have I no cause to doubt you?"

"None, none!" declares he, vehemently.

She throws out her hands with a little expressive movement. "I leave that to your own conscience, to your own sense of right and wrong," she says, shrugging her shoulders, finely. "But once for all, raising her voice and throwing up her head, 'I warn you. Rather than marry you,' making a slight gesture of horror, 'I would accept the first man that asked me!'"

A faint rustle among the bushes outside, a footstep—and Lord Shelton steps into view.

"I hold you to your word," cries he, gaily; he steps lightly within the flower-crowned archway, and looks straight at Vera. He is smiling, but underneath the smile lies a longing to be taken seriously.

"You give me a chance," he says; "I here, before witnesses, declare myself a suitor for your hand"—his expression is still wavering between mirth and gravity, and he holds out to her both his hands.

"You are not, however, the first to ask me," says Dysart, in a voice vibrating with many and deep emotions. His brow is black, and anger fights for mastery with despair in his dark eyes.

Vera, pale as death, but with a little indignant frown, steps between the two men.

"What does it all mean?" she asks, contemptuously; "would you make a tragedy out of a farce? If so, at least be good enough to assign me no part in it."

She sweeps both men out of her path by a slight imperious gesture, and passing them, walks swiftly away in the direction of the house.

(To be continued.)

THE FILIPINO SCHOOLBOY.

He learns Very Little About the United States.

It has been frequently remarked that the Filipinos could have no conception of the extent and resources of the United States or they never would have been deceived into the hallucination that they could successfully combat us.

In going through their school here I found a little manuscript volume in which, in less than a hundred manuscript pages, was comprised all of syntax and geography that was taught the children here. And it must be remembered that Malolos, before the insurrection, was an important city in this part of the world, and one where the children would be expected to receive the average education. Turning to one of the pages in this book that I picked up, I found the United States of America discussed upon, immediately after Nigricia, and just before Mexico. Here is the entire lot of information given as to the United States, in the form of questions and answers:

"Where is this country (the United States) situated? In North America.

"What are its boundaries? To the north, British America; to the east, the Atlantic ocean and the Bahama channel; to the south, the Strait of Florida and the Gulf of Mexico, and to the west, Mexico and the Grande (Pacific) ocean.

"What is the form of government? It is a federal republic.

"Of what is this republic composed? Of forty different States.

"What are its rivers and mountains? The most notable rivers are the Mississippi (literal spelling), the Niagara, the Missouri (again the literal spelling), the Colorado and the St. Lawrence, and the principal mountains are the Cumberland and Rockies.

"What is the capital? Washington, but the most important city is New York.

"Protestantism prevails, but there are Catholic archbishops."

And this is the sum total of what the average Filipino boy has been taught about our rather considerable and somewhat prosperous country.—Manila Letter in Leslie's Weekly.

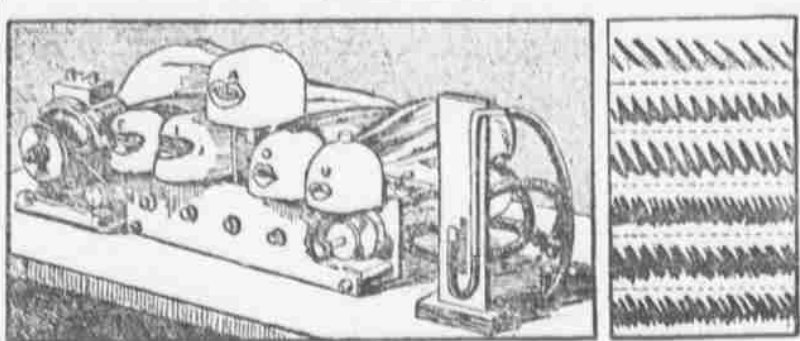
Milk and Eggs a Bad Diet.
"People over 30 would do well to give up milk and eggs in any form as a diet," said a well-known physician.

"These are the structure-forming food of animals which mature in a short time, and when taken in quantities by human beings whose structures have already formed they tend only to the hardening and aging of the tissues. I have seen people who were beginning to find stair climbing difficult, and who were losing their elasticity, much benefited by eliminating these articles from their diet. That there has been a great increase in the duration of life before the age of 30 statistics prove, but beyond that period there has been no improvement. In my opinion, the person over 30 would have as good a chance to preserve life as the child just beginning its struggle with existence if he would only suit his diet to his years."

A Harem Car.
Central Asian railroad managers try to meet the desires of their public. A harem car with latticed windows has been constructed for the Emir of Bokhara.

The population of the world increases 10 per cent. every ten years.

HERE'S AN INTRICATE MACHINE THAT CAN UTTER DISTINCTLY FIVE VOWELS.



A remarkable triumph in mechanical invention has just been achieved by Dr. Marage of London, who has succeeded in constructing a machine that can utter plainly and distinctly the five vowels—*a, e, i, o, u*. This remarkable result is achieved by passing currents of air through a series of receptacles, the interior shapes of which are exactly like those of the human mouth when it pronounces the vowels. The first illustration shows the machine, and the second shows the waves of vibration of various vowel sounds.

Although many attempts have been made, it is only now that success has been attained, and before long we may expect to have a machine that can really talk. Of course, the phonograph is not a talking machine, because it merely gives off a record that has already been made upon a cylinder by an actual human voice. Dr. Marage's machine, however, creates the vowel sounds at first hand.

This machine, as will be seen by the illustration, has been constructed so as to reproduce the interior of a person's mouth while pronouncing the different vowels, using the plastic substance employed by dentists.

These false mouths, as it were, are made of plaster of paris and are fitted to sirens giving the appropriate combinations of sounds. Dr. Marage then sets his machine in operation, and the vowels are produced synthetically.

Dr. Marage proposes to modify the steam sirens used on shipboard so that they will imitate the vowel sounds. Thus different phonetic syllables may be obtained which may be used as an international alphabet.

IN A MORALIZING MOOD.

The Children Have a Hard Time of It According to This.
How useful children are! When I am ill-tempered I don't swear any more—I simply spank one of the children, says a writer in the Yellow Book.

Now don't sneer and set me down as a mean, contemptible man. You do it yourself, if you have any children, and if you have not you hate them all on general principles. Come down off your pedestal, illustrious sir or madam, and analyze your actions with an X-ray. There, now, didn't I tell you so? That conscience of yours doesn't look very well in print, does it?

However, let us return to our children. They are just as useful when we are in a self-satisfied mood. When I feel like swelling out my manly bosom and am nearly bursting with pride I don't talk about myself as I used to. I just blow about the children and make myself disagreeable without laying myself open to the charge of conceit.

And what slaves children are! From morning till night they are bossed around by everybody from their mighty father down through the descending scale of elder brothers and sisters, servants, neighbors, tradesmen, street cleaners, policemen, to their own mothers. Think of the "Don'ts" a small boy hears in one day. All the books "Don't" ever published wouldn't make up the sum of "Don'ts" my small boy hears in the waking hours of any twenty-four hours. How in the world he ever accomplishes anything, in spite of such an avalanche of "Don'ts" I fall to see. But he does, sturdy little Titan that he is.

Behold him now. He is playing football with his baby sister in the title role. I suppose I ought to stop and yell "Don't" at him. But there, his mother has saved me the trouble. And baby sister is madder at the interruption than he is. How essentially feminine! The same chord has been touched that makes a woman mad when you interrupt her husband while he is beating her. But stay! I must not begin to moralize about women. That is a task that would take a lifetime.

CLUBMEN IN AMERICA.

There is a Very Small Class as Yet of Professional Idlers.
Nothing better proves that this town is a community of busy men than the peculiarities of the clubs. In all the great capitals of Europe the clubs are frequented at all hours of the day and far into the night. Most of the New York clubs are nearly empty during business hours, and few of them are open long after midnight. The class of professional idlers is relatively so small in New York that they make up a considerable proportion of the membership of very few clubs. In the large clubs they are an insignificant fraction of the membership.

Most New York clubs have an early breakfast hour, and in nearly all of them there are members who would like to have the hour earlier than it is. On all business days most of the club habitués breakfast between 7:30 and 9 o'clock. After 10 o'clock the breakfast room usually has three or four occupants. A few men of leisure breakfast later, but between 10 o'clock and 12:30 it would be hard to find a score of men in any one of the great clubs unless some special occasion had brought them together.

Within the last ten or twelve years luncheon has become an important meal at many up-town clubs. It used to be that only a few men of leisure took luncheon at their clubs. With the up-town movement of business, however, hundreds of men have adopted the habit of taking luncheon at some one of the clubs between 20th street and 50th street. A good many clubs, indeed, owe a considerable part of their membership to the fact that they are conveniently situated for business men who prefer luncheon at their club to luncheon at a restaurant. Men estimate that they can literally save money by joining a club that furnishes luncheon at a moderate price. Tips given at 300 luncheons equal two-thirds the annual dues of the ordinary club, and food and cigars are a little cheaper at a good club than at a good restaurant.

The club luncheon hour is an unusual pleasant one, very different from the same hour at a down-town restaurant. But most men do not linger long even at the club luncheon. The business habits of the town assert themselves even here.—New York Sun.

TYBURN.

Tyburn was the place of execution in London for felons, and was used for this purpose from the reign of Henry IV.—1399-1413. The bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were exposed at Tyburn, Jan. 30, 1661. The last execution at Tyburn took place in November, 1783.

Mudlie's Library.

Mudlie's circulating library in London has 3,000,000 books constantly in circulation, and employs 178 people.

Locomotive F1-ures.

In fifteen years a locomotive will run 240,000 miles and earn \$300,000.

Seattle Assay Office.

The Seattle assay office has handled \$55,000,000 since its establishment.

Blood in the Human Body.

The amount of blood in the human body is 1-13 of the body weight.

His Privilege.

An author wrote to his publisher: "Can I hope for any royalties from my book this year?" The publisher replied: "Yes; you can hope. There's nothing in the world to hinder you."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Shiftless Man in Always Honesty.

What he would do if he had money.

WON'T SELL TO AMERICANS.

Filipinos at San Fernando Opposed to Yankee Business Men.

American enterprise in the Philippines is meeting with opposition at some places where the natives have stopped fighting, but are evidently not ready for Yankee business methods. One of these places is San Fernando, capital of La Union province, in the island of Luzon.

The city has a population of about 13,000, and is 171 miles north of Manila, with which it is connected by wagon road. The province is fertile, raising much rice, corn, tobacco and sugar cane.

Gold is found in the sands of the rivers of the province, but it is coarse. San Fernando has a good harbor on the western coast of Luzon.

Naturally some of the Americans in the Philippines have been attracted to this fertile part of Luzon, which is peaceful now, but their reception, in a business way, has not been a hearty one, according to a correspondent of the Manila Freedom. He says:

"The effect of American justice and discipline is very noticeable in this province and in adjoining districts. Everybody is at peace with his neighbors, and Americans pass through here often without arms.

"The natives are thoroughly convinced that bamboo canoes with tin cans and chunks of barbed wire are no check to American soldiers, but they are stubbornly opposing American occupation and enterprise by refusing to lease or sell vacant land in lots for building purposes.

"I know five American citizens who have been trying for more than a month, two of them for two months, for a location upon which to erect business buildings. The president is the chief monopolist and succeeds very well in discouraging Americans from locating here.

"This place has a fine harbor—the best there is on the western coast, with possibly one exception. It has fine natural drainage, the gateway to the gold deposits of Benguet and Lepanto provinces. San Fernando is the shipping point for the famous Niguillan tobacco district.

"If the civil commission will look up the titles to terra firma about here it will perform a benefit which will be appreciated by all well-disposed persons residing here. Oh, for about 75,000 Tagalogs from the vicinity of Manila to settle here and teach the dog in-the-manger Bocanos what civility and progress are.

"With that number of energetic Tagalogs planted in this province, with its natural advantages, it would become the garden spot of the archipelago."

"Pipe-Oasis Chinititis.

"Have you ever noticed," said an up-town physician the other day, "the number of young men who are nursing sore chins? Some have swellings on one side only; the majority have them on both sides. Not one in fifty of those young fellows knows what is the matter with him. Most of them imagine that their blood is out of order, and go dosing themselves, but the disease still stays. Do you see this?" And the man of medicine pulled a small bulldog pipe out of his coat pocket and placed it in his mouth. "I put the pipe to the right side, and note where it rests. The bowl almost invariably comes in contact with the skin just at the forward bend of the chin, and the heat of the lighted tobacco acts like a poultice and draws to a head whatever impurities may be in the vicinity. I have treated some twenty cases, and as soon as the short style chuddee was abandoned for the straight stem variety, the trouble ceased. I think that I am the original discoverer of the malady and have called it 'pipe-oasis chinititis.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Poverty and Pride.

The Woman's Aid Society of this city has many cases of improvidence on record, and one of the best of them is the story of the woman whose husband was in jail and whose family had been supplied with food and clothing by the society. To the woman herself they gave \$10, thinking she would know the wants of her destitute family better than an outsider. A week after the gift a deputation of members called at the squalid home to see the results. They found no betterment in the condition of the home, so one asked:

"Well, Mrs. Nolan, how are you getting along?"

"Fine," Mrs. Nolan said.

"Did the clothes fit?" And did you find a place for the money?"

"Sure. The clothes fitted fine, and, d'ye know, they looked so nice that I had all the children's pictures tuk with the money you gave me, and I'm going to have me own taken this week, to send to the old folks in Ireland."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Didn't Dare to Risk It.

Inhabitants of a Minnesota town remember Eben Jones, the crabbed millionaire lumberman who hired all the mill hands himself. One day a Swede applied to the irritable old man, and secured a place on the saws.

As he was leaving he said, "Mester Jones, in dees job you geeff me dooher an hallef a day. Besides dat, do you eat me or do I eat myself?"

"Oh, eat yourself!" replied the old man. "I have dyspepsia."

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