



CHAPTER III.

In the twilight June and her mother were sitting. June was by the window, trying to work in the fading light.

"Come here, my darling," said her mother. "I want to talk to you. It is about Tom."

"Has he been talking to you?" cried June, flushing up. "How unfair of him! He promised me not to say a word to any one for six months."

"Do you want to have any secrets from me?" asked Mrs. Rivers gently.

"But," said June, in a troubled voice, "how can I promise anything when I do not know my own mind? I like him—I am very fond of him—I wish he was my brother; but I am sure," with a little involuntary shudder, "that I do not love him."

It was impossible to approach the subject of Tom any more that evening, but, as Mrs. Rivers had invited him to come and hear the result of her embassy, she felt it absolutely necessary to have something to tell him. She therefore attacked the subject when June came into her room next morning, and the result of the interview was that June promised to weigh and consider the matter seriously for the next few months, and that on Christmas day she would either consent to be engaged to Tom, or would finally tell him that he must abandon all hope.

Tom came to the Rose Cottage in the highest spirits and went away crestfallen; he had expected wonders from the intercession of June's mother; indeed, he had almost dared to hope that June would be waiting with smiles and blushes and her mind prepared to accept him. Now he was absolutely not one step nearer than before. June had already promised that six months hence she would consider the matter; it was the thought of that harassing delay, and the uncertainty at the end of it, which had prompted his appeal to Mrs. Rivers. He was dreadfully mortified at what she told him.

Mrs. Rivers felt for him—felt, too, as if she had been to blame in not having been a more successful mediator.

"You must remember, Tom," she urged, gently, "that June is only eighteen, and has seen nothing of life yet."

"I suppose it will never be," he said, at last, turning with a sigh that seemed to rend his broad chest.

"I should be sorry if I thought so," answered Mrs. Rivers, softly. "But," with an encouraging smile, "I cannot share your gloomy views."

"Is there anything in the world I could do to make her like me?" he said.

"You will be rather surprised if I tell you what your best plan would be."

"What?"—eagerly.

"Try not to let her see that you are so devoted to her."

"I could not act a part," he answered. "And surely deceit is not the way to a good woman's heart."

Not long afterward Tom took his leave. He was going to the rectory to ask his aunt to give him some luncheon; he could not keep away from June any more than the moth can help circling round the light. At first he walked slowly and with downcast eyes, but, as he drew nearer the spot where his love was, his feet involuntarily stepped out faster and hope began to smooth his ruffled brow. Just within the gate he met Agnes, basket and scissars in hand, cutting flowers. She smiled at him very sweetly, for she had two smiles, one when she was really pleased and happy and another when she was spiteful or annoyed and wished to conceal her feelings.

"I am so glad you have come," she said, and pulled off a garden glove to give him her hand. "You won't mind holding this basket for me, will you?"

Tom took the basket. He always felt obliged to do what Agnes asked, because, utterly devoid of vanity though he was, he could not help being aware that she was fond of him in something more than a cousinly way; so he was especially careful not to slight her.

"By the way," he remarked, "I have brought you and Madge a fairing from London. I may as well give you yours now." And he produced a gold bangle wrapped in tissue paper.

"Oh, Tom, how kind you are!" said Agnes. "You never forget any one. How beautiful! It is really too much."

But all the time she was jealously wondering what he had brought June; for, if June's present were handsomer or costlier, it would take all the pleasure out of hers. "Put it on my arm," she said; and then, looking up and letting a little tremor steal into her voice, she murmured:

"You know, dear Tom, how I shall prize this."

"Oh," replied Tom, briskly, "it is quite a trifle. I am glad you like it. I'll go and find Madge and give her hers."

Tom hurried to the spot where June and Madge were playing lawn tennis. Madge greeted him with loud welcome. June was a trifle distant. She wished him to know that she was displeased at his having presumed to speak to her mother, and he noticed the change in her manner, guessed the cause of it, and, foolish fellow, was much cast down and humbled.

"Here, Madge," he said, presenting his offering—"here is something for you from London."

Madge uttered a scream of delight, and, without further ceremony, flung her arms round her cousin and kissed him.

"Oh, you dear, sweet, delicious Tom!" she cried. "How truly heavenly of you! I will never, never take it off as long as I live, not even to wash, and it shall be buried with me." Then, with startling suddenness, "What have you given Agnes—and June?" And she caught both June's wrists to see if either were similarly adorned.

"Tom brought me a locket," said June, blushing a little.

It had been decided by her mother that she might keep it, but had better not wear it for the present.

"Then, why haven't you got it on, you ungrateful wretch?" cried Madge. "Or," suspiciously, "perhaps you have, inside your frock."

Tom's heart beat a shade faster. How he would like to think of his offering lying nestling against her fair neck!

But June shook her head.

CHAPTER IV.

One morning, about a fortnight later, Madge was careering down the road to the Rose Cottage to meet June. Almost before her cousin came within earshot Madge shouted out, "I have seen him!" and when she arrived within reasonable distance, she continued, still in a high key:

"I have seen the lovely seraph!"

"Well," said June, in her usual voice, "and what is he like?"

"I deeply regret to say," she answered, grudgingly, "that he is good-looking, and that he does not resemble a hair dresser's dummy. But," reflectively, "I have always from the first moment intended to call him La-di-da, and I shall, whether it's appropriate or not."

"Oh!" said June, looking rather disappointed. She had quite made up her mind not to like Mr. Broke, because she considered that he stood in Tom's light and was a sort of treacherous Jacob in diverting Mrs. Ellesmere's affections from their legitimate course.

Later in the morning, when the cousins were engaged on a French exercise, Agnes being also of the party, Madge looked up suddenly and said:

"I say, June, I wish I was going to dine at the Hall to-night. It will be awful fun, I expect."

June rested her chin on her hand reflectively.

"I don't know about fun," she answered. "I think I shall feel dreadfully nervous, as I have never been to a real dinner party before."

"Don't you think you had better go on with your exercises?" said Agnes, acidly. "Bother exercises!" retorted Madge, plunging both hands into her curly head. "There isn't a dinner party at the Hall every night. June, I wonder if La-di-da will take you in to dinner? Tom can't, of course."

"I suppose," remarked Agnes, looking at June with what Madge called her crocodile smile, "Tom will be cast off like an old glove now."

"Why?" asked June, looking her cousin full in the face.

"Oh," returned Agnes, "people who are so fond of excitement and fresh faces generally treat old friends like old gloves."

A flash came into June's eyes and a slight tremor to her voice, always a sure sign with her of rising temper.

"I think that is a very poor simile at the best," she said. "People generally discard old gloves when they have done with them. I never heard it was a virtue to go on wearing them after they were worn or dirty."

"Yes," echoed Madge, "and Tom isn't likely to get old, or torn, or dirty."

"And," continued June, now that her blood was up, "I think a person must have a very small heart or mind who can only like or be amused by one friend or one set of ideas."

"As this is supposed to be lesson time," said Agnes, coldly, "I think it would be more conscientious to work than to argue."

The evening arrived, and June, equipped for her first dinner party, was awaiting with nervous impatience the advent of her uncle's carriage. She was to go with Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Ellesmere and Agnes, her mother having declined the invitation on the score of her health.

How June's heart beat as she entered the drawing room with Agnes in the wake of the elder pair, and how Tom's face beamed with pride and delight at the sight of his dear love looking more beautiful than he had ever seen her look! Not even the transient disappointment of remarking that she did not wear his gift could mar his joy at sight of her.

True to the part she had laid down for herself, June smiled at Tom, and looked in his face with so kind an expression that he was in a seventh heaven. Some of the guests, seeing this, said to themselves there was no doubt how matters stood between the young people; and June, who

was more ardent than judicious in her companionship, would have been quite content to know that she was thought to be fond of him. She tried not to see Mr. Broke, but, when Tom was forced to leave her to greet some new arrivals, she involuntarily glanced in his direction, and met his eyes full. Instantly she averted her own, and was miserable to feel the sudden mantling of blood in her cheeks. Oh, how furious she was with herself, and how helpless she felt!

The party went in to dinner. Mr. Broke did not take June, but was placed on her other side, seeing which, she kept her face sedulously averted from him, and talked with the greatest apparent interest to her neighbor, every now and then shooting a kind glance at Tom, which he invariably met and returned with ardor.

"I am not going to be won over by this Adonis; have no fear on that score," said her eyes; and Tom, though not a thought reader, translated her look and felt his heart swell with happiness.

Toward the end of dinner, by an accident which June deeply deplored, she let her fan fall on the side of Mr. Broke, and in a moment he had stooped, picked it up and presented it to her. She could not but thank him and look gracious, and he, having once attracted her attention, did not mean to lose it again just yet. He had seen that she wished to avoid him, and, being unaccustomed to such treatment, was piqued.

"What a charming old place this is!" he said, plunging into conversation with the first remark that occurred to him; and June replied by the monosyllable "Yes." "I had no idea it was so pretty," continued the Guardsman. "You know I have not been here for ages—not since I was quite a little chap. There was a family quarrel or something, and my mother and Aunt Vi didn't speak for years. You are—don't think me inquisitive—but you are a sort of cousin of Tom's, are you not?"

"No," answered June. "His uncle and aunt are mine, and that makes us forget sometimes that we are not actually related."

"What a good chap he is!"

"Yes," she answered, with enthusiasm, "that he is. We missed him so dreadfully when he was away, and we were so delighted when he came back."

Tom, as soon as he entered the drawing room, went straight to June. Duty made no more calls upon him for the present; now he could take his pleasure. So he marched boldly up and sat down beside her, and she welcomed him with her kindest glance, and perhaps was not any more aware than Tom that she was acting.

"How nice you look!" he whispered, with a gaze of devouring admiration—"much nicer than any one else here. I wish you had worn my locket, though. But you will some day," in a happy, confident tone.

"Hush!" said June, smiling, but involuntarily feeling a little shock of coldness. "You must all come up and play lawn tennis to-morrow afternoon—Madge, too. I have got another court marked out; and when Jack comes home" (the rector's son) "we are going to have a cricket match. Dal was in the Eton eleven, you know."

"What an Admiral Crichton your cousin seems to be!" remarked June, with the nearest approach to a sneer which she had ever accomplished in her life.

"Come, you must not set yourself against him," said Tom. "That would be almost as bad as if you liked him too much."

(To be continued.)

NO WONDER SHE KILLED IT.

A Mischievous Parrot That Doomed a Young Girl To Be An Old Maid.

And so you never heard why Miss Elden killed the parrot? said the kindly old lady to a reporter. Well, I'll tell you.

Miss Elden's father, you know, had been a seafaring man. He was a big man, had a hot temper that he never curbed, and a voice like a fog horn. He was not choice of his language and seemed to care little for anything in existence except his daughter and a parrot with a temper like his own, which he had brought with him from the East. That bird seemed to have human intelligence. It not only picked up sentences with the ease of most children, but uttered them in the tones of those from whom they had been learned. It could imitate them all.

As a young girl Miss Elden was very pretty, though a little self-willed and haughty. Because of these qualities and because the captain thought no one was good enough for her, none of the young men found things very comfortable for them at her home. The captain thought nothing of making them get out and stay out. At length she rebelled against this way of treating her beaux, for her chances of marrying were dwindling. In the city she had met a very desirable gentleman and they were so congenial that he came out here to spend a few days so as to be near her. He went to the house with some fear, for the captain had a reputation. They were scarcely seated on the veranda when that bird roared: "Get out of here, you scoundrel, or I'll break every bone in your body." The youth never waited for his hat and before morning was out of town. She promptly wrung the bird's neck, but that was her last beau.

When Greek Meets Greek.

Hold-Up Man—Your money or your life.

Book Agent—I have no money—but here is a copy of the "Life of a Millionaire" that I am offering at the low price of 55, payable in weekly installments of 50 cents. May I have the pleasure of adding your name to my list?

Benjamin Franklin was born in 1706 and died in 1790. His active labors, political, scientific and literary, covered a period of about sixty years.

VENEZUELAN ARE ARMING.

Troops and Guns Sent to La Guayra and Volunteers Enrolled.

La Guayra, Venezuela, Dec. 13.—The British cruiser Indefatigable arrived here at 6 o'clock this evening from Guanta, the port of Barcelona, where she is believed to have been in search of the Venezuelan gunboat Restuardor.

The German cruiser Vineta and the British cruiser Retribution left here at 6 o'clock this evening. It is supposed they have on board Venezuela's answer to the demand of the foreign powers, which arrived from Caracas on a special at 2 o'clock.

What is termed an inopportune demonstration and the strange method resorted to is the remittance to the Venezuelan foreign minister of the demands of Great Britain and Germany, which are freely criticised here.

The government has sent 2,000 men and 18 guns from Caracas to reinforce the garrison at La Guayra. These troops are camped at Cuarcuti, distant one hour from La Guayra. All day and all night ammunition has been carried to Fort Lavigita, which crowns the harbor, and preparations are being made to resist the foreign forces.

Volunteers to the number of 928 men, all from La Guayra, have been armed today, and more are requesting arms. It is asserted here that the government can find sufficient men to resist the foreign forces, as the movement is popular. Everywhere one meets all classes and conditions carrying Mauser rifles.

The news of the capture at Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, of the Venezuelan gunboat Bolivar by the British cruiser Charybdis was communicated to President Castro by a representative of the Associated Press. The event caused great excitement.

The president has called on all Venezuelan citizens between the ages of 18 and 50 to take up arms in the defense of the country.

PAY OF COMMISSIONERS.

Senate Decides on a Lump Sum for Each of the Strike Arbitrators.

Washington, Dec. 13.—The senate late yesterday afternoon passed, with several amendments, the bill fixing the compensation of the anthracite coal strike commission, and it now goes to conference. Sentiment was strongly in favor of allowing the members of the commission who are not employees of the government a lump sum for their service, and after much debate \$4,000 was settled upon as the proper amount, thus taking the matter out of the hands of the president.

Several other amendments were adopted, fixing the expenses of the commissioners and the assistant recorders at \$10 per day, and leaving the question of the amount of salary of the assistant recorders and employees to the commission. The name of the commission was changed to "Anthracite Coal Strike Arbitration."

An amendment by Daniel, of Virginia, intended to prohibit officers in the civil or military branches of the government from serving on commissions or performing duties other than called for by law, provoked a lengthy discussion, and in response to appeals of Allison and Hoar was finally withdrawn. At 2 o'clock the statehood bill came up and there was a brisk exchange between Quay, who favors the omnibus bill, and senators who oppose it. Quay and Bate said they were ready to vote. Beveridge, Lodge, Hale and others protested against pressing the bill so soon after it was reported, and it went over until Monday.

Paris Exhibit at St. Louis.

Paris, Dec. 13.—The prefect of the Seine has submitted to the municipal council a memorial on the advantages to be gained by a liberal representation of Paris at the St. Louis exposition, and asking for an appropriation of \$36,000, which it is expected the council will grant. The memorial points out the Franco-American character of the exposition and urges a Parisian representation which will exceed in its artistic nature that of the Chicago world's fair.

Accept the Goldsboro.

Washington, Dec. 13.—Robert T. Platt, of Portland, representing the receivers of the Wolff & Zwickler ship-building company, called on Secretary Moody today in company with Senator Simon, for the purpose of inducing the department to accept the torpedo boat Goldsboro for the unpaid balance of \$20,000. He urged that, as the Goldsboro now makes as great speed as other vessels of that same plan, 28.1 knots, it should be acceptable to the government.

Diamonds Stolen from Hotel.

Chicago, Dec. 13.—Mrs. Charles H. Blackman, a wealthy widow residing in the Kenwood hotel, has been robbed of \$6,000 worth of diamonds. The jewels were taken from her room in the hotel in daylight, and while the parlor, a short distance away, was filled with people. There is no clue to the thief.

CUBAN TREATY

Reciprocity Arranged by Diplomats at Havana.

NOW UP TO THE SENATES FOR ACTION

Uniform Reduction of 20 Per Cent, With Special Rates by Each Country On Many Products.

Havana, Dec. 12.—A definite treaty of commercial reciprocity between Cuba and the United States was signed at 11 o'clock last night by General Bliss and Secretaries Zaldo and Montes. It lacks only the signatures of Secretary Hay and Senor Quesada, and the approval of the United States and Cuban senates to make it operative.

Although the treaty provides for a uniform reduction of 20 per cent from the present tariff charges on Cuban products entering the United States, a parallel list of products has been drawn up in which is set forth the reduction on each item made by Cuba and the United States respectively. It is impossible now to make any material change in this list.

HAY HURRIES COLOMBIA.

Calls for Quicker Action in Panama Canal Negotiations.

Washington, Dec. 15.—At the instance of Secretary Hay, Dr. Herran, Colombian charge d'affaires, called at the state department to discuss the canal treaty negotiations, that the secretary might be able to report the exact status of the canal situation to the cabinet. Dr. Herran was unable to give the secretary any reply from the Bogota government as to the price which Colombia will accept for the lease.

It was explained to Dr. Herran that, in view of the many other weighty diplomatic matters pressing for attention at this time, and the growing impatience at the capitol at the delay in the conclusion of the canal convention, immediate action by the Bogota government was imperative.

Dr. Herran today cabled the foreign office at Bogota the wishes of the state department, and called attention to serious complications that may arise out of the Venezuelan situation.

* BANK ROBBERS' BIG HAUL.

They Capture \$30,000 In New Mexico and Escape to the Mountains.

St. Louis, Dec. 15.—A special to the Globe-Democrat from Santa Fe, N. M., says:

A report reached Santa Fe late this afternoon that the private bank of Hillsboro, Sierra county, was held up by robbers, who escaped with considerable booty, as but a short time before cattle-men had deposited \$30,000.

The deed was done in broad daylight. The robbers made for the northern part of the county. After midnight three men were heard galloping at a furious rate through Fairview, a mining camp, and were headed for the Black Range. A sheriff's posse is in pursuit.

The bank is owned by Pennsylvania capitalists, and is doing a large business. Hillsboro is off the railroad line, the nearest point being Lake Valley, a number of miles to the north. There is no telegraphic communication.

MEXICO IS INTERESTED.

Watching to See How Far the Monroe Doctrine Will Reach.

City of Mexico, Dec. 15.—El Imparcial, the Liberal newspaper, in discussing the Venezuelan troubles, sees in the attitude of Germany and England an attempt to try how far reaching is the shadow, for some threatening, for others protecting, of the Monroe doctrine. Therefore all eyes are now turned toward the capitol at Washington, for the situation may perhaps become very difficult for the American government.

The Mexican Herald says that blood is thicker than water for the Latins as well as for the Anglo-Celts, and that Latin America looks on at the present crisis with anxiety.

New Minister to Japan.

Washington, Dec. 15.—Secretary Hay has received a cablegram from John Barrett, dated Calcutta, stating that he regarded it his duty to continue his connection with the St. Louis exposition, and, therefore, declining the Japanese mission, which had been tendered him. It is understood that Lloyd Griscom, Jr., now minister to Persia, who was charge d'affaires at Constantinople, and in that capacity did much to effect a settlement of the American claims, will be the successor to the late Minister Buck.

French Banks Losing Deposits.

New York, Dec. 15.—The withdrawals from the savings banks, says a Paris dispatch to the Times by way of London, in the last 10 days have amounted to \$2,000,000, as against \$500,000 deposited in the banks. Since the beginning of the year the withdrawals have exceeded the deposits by \$25,890,000.