



CHAPTER XVII.

It is what happened to Dallas. In the afternoon, as he was sitting in his room, a letter from the beloved was brought. The door opened suddenly and a veiled lady entered with some luggage. There was no need for her to say her name. Dallas was aware of his visitor as Lady Dangerfield. "What is the matter?" he cried, springing to his feet.

"My lordship knows all. I have left her forever, and I have come to you." Dallas grew white under the bronze of which the sun had dyed him. He sat through a moment long and comprehensive silence, and then, with a gasp, he rose and, with a look of horror, he rushed to the door, and, with a look of horror, he rushed to the door, and, with a look of horror, he rushed to the door.

Dallas leaned against the chimney piece, gazing at his under lip, and incapable, in his desperate situation, of saying anything. He only felt an unutterable horror, a sickening sense of a lost life, of misery, wretchedness.

"What does he know? How does he know?" he gasped at length. "I gave that wretch Amelia warning at night, and she went to him after he came to-day, and he came straight to me and made the most violent scene. It seems she found one of your letters and kept it—the fiend!"

Dallas racked his brain to remember that he could ever have written to her. He did not believe himself foolish enough to have sent her a really compromising letter.

"What was in the letter?" he asked. "I don't know. He would not let me see it; but he threatened me, and I told him I should leave him, and I have." "But you can't stay here!" cried Dallas, with more energy than he had yet displayed. "Any moment some one may come in and see you."

"What do I care?" cried her ladyship, solemnly, bursting into a passion of sobs. "You have got me into this, and you must get me out of it."

Dallas felt himself a brute. He ought to soothe the grief of this distracted lady; the circumstances required expressions of tenderness on his part, and he felt nothing but anger, impatience and general despair. He must move heaven and earth to get her away from his room—to prevail on her, if possible, to go back home; but it was hopeless, knowing her moods as well as he did, to say a word until she had calmed down a little. And, perhaps, after all, the worst would happen, and he would have to take and keep her forever. What in the world had he even done in her? And then he thought agonizingly of the girl he loved, whom he looked upon as an angel, and who would now perhaps be lost to him forever. The door opened again—very quietly this time; Dallas had not heard the slight preliminary tap—and Mrs. Trevanion came in. She was well in the room before she saw Lady Dangerfield crouched in a low chair, sobbing violently. Then she looked at Dallas' pale, distracted face, and gasped, in part at least, the situation. She prepared to retreat, and made a beckoning sign to him, which he obeyed.

"What on earth does this mean?" she asked, looking at him with frightened eyes. "My dear boy, how can you be so imprudent?"

"Imprudent!" he gasped. "I expect I am about ruined!"

He leaned against the framework of the door, looking the picture of despair. "She has left Dangerfield and come to me—says he knows everything; and what in the name of heaven am I going to do with her?"

"That is nonsense!" said Mrs. Trevanion, sharply. "She must be mad. She cannot stay with you. Does she want to ruin you?"

"I suppose so," uttered Dallas, despairingly.

"We must get her away from here somehow," said Mrs. Trevanion, who was as anxious about Dallas as she would have been had her own son been placed in a similar predicament.

"I don't know how," he answered. "When she is in one of her tempers, she won't listen to reason."

"I shall go and talk to her," said Mrs. Trevanion, with determination.

"Impossible!" cried Dallas, in a soothing voice. "She would never forgive me. Besides, awful as this business is, I can't shirk it."

"You must go away and leave her to me."

Dallas was so much in the habit of doing what his friend told him, that, in spite of dreadful misgivings, he obeyed her, and when the street door closed upon him Mrs. Trevanion went to interview Lady Dangerfield, feeling about as uncomfortable as she had ever done in her life.

Mrs. Trevanion's manner is so quiet, and her tone so cool that they have a mesmerizing effect on Lady Dangerfield; and every word is so true that it goes home. She stands with her face averted from the speaker, and a new light begins to dawn upon her. After all, she has committed this escapade in a fit of passion; his lordship has been very angry, but he said nothing about leaving her or turning her out of the house; she left it in an access of passion; he is not to know where she has been, unless Mrs. Trevanion betrays her, and that (with a pang of rage) she is not likely to do, for Dallas' sake. But her head is not cool enough to reason, so she simply does what the impulse of temper prompts.

"I have not the least intention of sacrificing anything for Mr. Broke," she said, contemptuously, behaving, figuratively speaking, like the ostrich, who puts its head in the sand. "I came to say something to him, and he ran away like a cur, so I can't say it. But I suppose," with sarcasm, "if you can come and see him there is no reason why I should not do the same."

Mrs. Trevanion smiled. "You flatter me very much," she said. "But what a woman of my age can do is not what is permitted to a young woman like you."

Lady Dangerfield curls her lip superciliously, as though to say: "You need not think you take me in by that."

"Well," she remarked, "we may as well go out together, and I will get into a hansom."

Mrs. Trevanion turned to her with a sudden movement.

"Just this once," she said, "make a friend of me and trust me. Let me drive you home; it will be better for you, and," looking Lady Dangerfield straight in the eyes, "think what you will of me, but when I give my word it is sacred; no one shall ever know a syllable of this."

"I don't care whether they do or not," said her ladyship, recklessly. "And I would not trust any woman in the world on her most sacred oath. But I think it quite possible, for the sake of your dear Dallas," scornfully, "that you will hold your tongue. All right; you can drive me home if you like, and then come back to be thanked and blessed by him."

The following morning Dallas received a letter from Lady Dangerfield, which was a choice specimen of invectives, malice, and sarcasm, but it was dated from her husband's house, and contained no hint of spending the future or any part of it in the society of Mr. Broke. Indeed, she went so far as to caution him against presuming to call at her door or approaching her in public. With a deep sigh of relief, Dallas tore the letter into fifty pieces; she was his enemy for life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

June was delighted to return home. As for Tom, his joy at recovering her was exuberant; he could hardly take his eyes off his darling, and returned for the nonce to the lover-like demonstrations of the first part of their married life, which June in later days had so sorely missed.

Madge came up to the Hall every day, and the cousins talked with much interest of the incidents of their stay in town, and looked forward exceedingly to the advent of some of their London friends at the end of the month. Mrs. Trevanion was coming; Dallas was to spend a week with them, and also a Mr. Carslake, in whom Madge took a certain amount of interest, and who had evinced a decided partiality for her society. In her mind June had already arranged a marriage between the pair, as Mr. Carslake was in every way desirable, with the exception of being perhaps rather too old. It would have seemed strange that so very grave and quiet a man should attract and be attracted by a madcap like Madge, did not the very smallest experience teach one that opposite and not similar qualities most frequently draw the sexes together.

A week later Mr. Carslake and Dallas arrived. Mrs. Trevanion was to have come on the same day, but her son had caught a severe chill and had to be nursed at home.

Three days went by—three pleasant summer days, with blue skies, and a hot sun tempered by delicious breezes. Mr. Carslake, Dallas, June and Madge made a very happy quartet. They rode and drove, played lawn tennis, strolled in the gardens, sat under big trees, went on the lakelet—always together, and yet sufficiently apart to be able to carry on their conversations out of each other's immediate hearing. Tom was tremendously busy with various bucolic operations, and no smallest thought crossed his mind of there being any danger in leaving two such handsome young people together as

his wife and Dallas. June was his; to his way of thinking, the marriage ceremony locked the doors of a woman's heart and gave the key over to her husband's keeping. There were only two sorts of women—the right sort and the wrong sort. June was the right sort; therefore, for her, there only existed one man in the world, and there was no earthly occasion for him to watch that no one else had designs on his property.

So far his confidence was perfectly justified. June loved her husband, and was not likely to have a thought about any other man, except, perhaps, that he was good to look at and good company, and Dallas was full of his unfortunate passion, and, although never unappreciative of a pretty woman, had no thought or wish that might endanger his host's and cousin's peace of mind.

Dinner was over. June was about to rise from the table.

"Let us go with you; may we?" said Dallas, in a low voice. "We don't want to drink any more, and this night is too heavenly to be spent indoors."

Tom and Agnes remained sitting; the other four had risen.

"I will stay with you, Tom," said Agnes. "May I, June, I have several things to say to him, and then we can go and look at darling boy."

June was sensible of that irritation which her cousin invariably produced in her. She had remarked how Agnes had been straining every nerve to amuse and interest Tom during dinner. The embryo saint had even herself little coquettish airs, and Tom had laughed and talked more than usual, and seemed in the best of tempers and spirits.

"By all means stay and talk to Tom," returned June, with a perceptible change of tone from that in which she had just been speaking. "But please," with decision, "do not go up to the nursery. I particularly dislike having Tom disturbed in his sleep."

"Why, Juny," cried her husband, "you go up every night of your life yourself, and the boy sleeps like a top; nothing ever wakes him."

June would have reiterated her prohibition, but, not wanting to be made to look unamiable before her other guests, she turned and went out of the door, which Dallas was holding open.

"Let us go in the boat; shall we?" he suggested. She acquiesced readily. The moon was coming out, and both thought, as Dallas pulled lazily at the sculls, of the last time they were there together.

"What a night!" she said. "I wonder," smiling, "what has become of those young lovers."

"It is going to be a match, is it not?" asked Dallas. "Well, he is a thorough good chap; but I should have fancied him a little bit too old and serious for Miss Madge. But one can see that she does not think so."

"How I wish," said June, drawing her slim fingers through the water, "that Lady Jane was here! Then you would be happy, too."

"I am very happy," he answered, with a long sigh which a little belied his words. "I wonder," pausing to rest on his oars, and looking very earnestly at June, "if it will ever come right?"

"I hope so," June uttered, kindly.

Dallas bent still nearer June, and gazed at her even more intently.

"Do you really think," he said, "that marriage is a good thing?"

"A very good thing," she answered, smiling.

"But," said Dallas, "what is one to do? Most likely a man can't marry the first woman he falls in love with—very lucky too for him, generally—and is he to go on being faithful to her memory? And then," a little smile curling his lip under his fair moustache, "there are so many charming ladies going about the world, one would have to be made of marble not to fall in love with them. Do you remember," resting on his oars and looking at June, "this time three years ago? I was most awfully in love with you. I was miserable for a long time afterward."

June smiled; the time is past and gone when the memory of Dallas' short love-making and sudden flight could wound her amour-propre; she has even got over the dreadful humiliation of having been kissed by him.

"Were you awfully in love?" she asked, archly. "Yet you went away and made no sign. By the way," as if stimulated by sudden curiosity, "why did you not wish me good-by or send me a message before you left? It was not at all civil of you."

"Don't you know?" said Dallas, with some eagerness. "Did Tom not tell you? It was he who sent me off and made me promise not to see or speak to you again. And"—here Dallas was about to reveal how Mrs. Trevanion had dissuaded him from writing to her, when it occurred to him that Lady Nevil, however much she liked the other lady, would not care to have been discussed by her and himself, and paused abruptly. "It was rather a shame of you," he went on, changing his sentence, "to let me think you did not care for Tom."

June leaned back against the cushions and looked up at the dark-blue sky.

"It was quite true," she said, thoughtfully. "I did not love him then; I felt quite sure I never should; and yet," bringing her eyes slowly down again to the water, "a year later I adored him, and have gone on adoring him ever since. I suppose," smiling a little, and letting her eyes meet Dallas', "a woman's heart is a very curious and complicated thing."

(To be continued.)

Keeping large quantities of dynamite and gun-powder in a wooden store in a thickly settled portion of an incorporated town, in close proximity to many buildings and persons, is held, in Rudder vs. Koopman (Ala.) 37 L. R. A. 480, to constitute a nuisance which will render the proprietor liable for damages caused to other persons in case of an explosion, even if this is due to a fire which originated without his fault on the premises of a third person.

Do not read while lying down.

ANKENY IS NAMED.

Washington Legislature Selects the Man from Walla Walla.

Olympia, Jan. 30.—Levi Ankeny, of Walla Walla, became United States senator from Washington yesterday, receiving 99 votes on the 13th joint ballot. After the action of the caucus the voting was merely a formality, but it brought with it more oratory of an explanatory nature than has ever before been heard at Olympia on the last ballot of a senatorial contest. The sudden death of John B. Allen, who in years gone by had fought fierce political battles on this field with the man now enjoying the plaudits that go to the victor, threw a sombre spell over the joint session, and much of the rancor and bitterness which has marked the closing hours of the fight had vanished before the shadow of death which hung heavy over the hearts of the men who had stood by the dead leader in many a similar contest. This almost tragic closing of the life of one who had made so much political history in Washington, coming simultaneously with the long-deferred victory of his rival of many years' standing, gave an intensely dramatic air to the situation, and at the joint session tumultuous applause for the living mingled with eloquent and heartfelt tributes to the dead.

The final ballot was: Levi Ankeny, 99, Harold Preston 9, John L. Wilson 2, W. L. Jones 1, George Turner 23.

Preston and Wilson were put on the committee to introduce Ankeny, and all three made speeches, in which there was a note of sadness on account of the death of John B. Allen.

PREPARING FOR TROUBLE.

Venezuelan Crisis Causes Increase in Appropriations for Army.

Washington, Jan. 31.—The Venezuelan situation, especially the attitude of Germany, was discussed by the senate committee on military affairs today, and the situation influenced the committee on some matters pertaining to the army appropriation bill, among which was the decision to accept the house provision relating to transports—that they be retained in the service.

The committee also provided for an increase of electricians, skilled gunners, machinists and others who take care of and handle guns in the seacoast defenses. Some other additions were made in the bill with a view of improving the service.

The discussion was general and earnest, and the conclusions reached were that the honor and dignity of the country would be maintained, and that Germany should not be allowed to "bluff" the government by any attitude she might assume.

Will Retain Army Transports.

Washington, Jan. 31.—The senate committee on military affairs today made an adverse report on Senator Perkins' amendment to the army appropriation bill authorizing the secretary of war to lease the army transports for terms of five years and to award contracts for transportation of troops and supplies for a similar period. This action is taken to mean that the committee favors a continuance of the present transport service, sending by commercial lines only such freight and supplies as transports cannot handle.

MEXICANS STEAL BULLION.

They Break Into Bonded Car and Throw Out \$40,000 in Silver Bullion.

Alamogordo, N. M., Jan. 31.—Somewhere between this place and El Paso, Tex., a United States bonded car, in transit from the El Paso smelter to Chicago, loaded with 600 bars of silver bullion, was entered by robbers and 80 of the bars stolen.

At Jarilla Junction the broken seal was discovered, and an investigation revealed three Mexicans in the car. When an attempt was made to eject them they pulled knives and a lively fight took place, in which the crew was victorious and drove the robbers away.

At Dog Canyon Sheriff Hunter saw three Mexicans, who took to the brush. A call to halt was answered by a fusillade. A running fight ensued. Hunter shot a Mexican through the heart. The other two men escaped, but poses are after them. Officials are of the opinion that the bonded car was entered by the robbers just outside of El Paso, who threw the bars out of the car, to be gathered up by confederates. The value of the missing bullion is estimated at \$40,000.

Urged to Be Brutal.

Chicago, Jan. 31.—Major General Elwell S. Otis, in a lecture before the students in the college of commerce and administration at the University of Chicago tonight, declared that prominent Filipinos urged him to put down the rebellion in the Philippines by devastation and murder.

NO ANSWER YET

Bowen Still Waiting Reply to His Demand from the Allies.

WAS PRACTICALLY AN ULTIMATUM

If Rejected, He Will Call Together Seven Other Creditor Nations to Protest Claims for Preference.

Washington, Feb. 2.—The European allies have not yet answered Mr. Bowen's proposition, made several days ago, that there shall be no preference of claims of Germany, Great Britain and Italy against Venezuela over those of other nations. Minister Bowen thinks the delay should be construed in a hopeful light, on the theory that the delay in the answer of the powers indicates that they realize the importance of the matter. He still expects a favorable reply to his contention, and believes that the questions at issue will be settled at Washington between himself, acting for the government of Venezuela, and the representatives of the powers.

It is reported that an answer to Mr. Bowen's demand has been received in Washington, but the report cannot be confirmed officially, and the answer, if received, was not transmitted to Mr. Bowen. If the answer did arrive, the suspicion is that it was unfavorable to Mr. Bowen's contention, and in view of his positive attitude in the matter, was not presented to him, but was withheld by the representatives of the allies, in order that they might again impress upon their governments the importance of the question before submitting a final answer.

It became known today that Mr. Bowen had addressed to the representatives of the allies what might be regarded as an ultimatum, as defining his position. Mr. Bowen declines absolutely to discuss the question, but it is known that he said to the allies that if they persist in their determination to receive preferential treatment he would call together the other creditor nations having claims against Venezuela, with a view to their making a formal protest against the demands of those who participated in the blockade. The effect of this would be that the other seven creditor nations would be lined up against the three allied powers, with the result that the settlement of the whole matter in all probability might go to The Hague, if it is to be settled at all. This note is believed to be having its effect in staying the final determination of the question by the allied governments.

HARD WINTER IN ALASKA.

Much Snow and Temperature so Low that Even Eskimos Suffer.

San Francisco, Feb. 2.—Alaska is undergoing the severest winter that has visited the Northern country in 20 years. Even the Eskimos, who are accustomed to the cold, are suffering. The little cod fishing schooner Pearl, which has arrived from the North, brings news of the condition of affairs in the icebound land. The Pearl comes from Unga, Alaska, with 18,000 codfish. Her officers state that the thermometer at Unga fluctuated between 10 and 12 degrees below zero. Snow has fallen, covering the ground to a great depth. The white men residing in Unga were greatly affected by the cold. The crew of the Pearl had also suffered. The Pearl had a hard time fighting her way out of the ice. For 16 days the schooner lay motionless in an ice field, 200 miles from Unga. Only by strenuous efforts was Captain Ipsen able to free his vessel from the pack and reach open water.

Cuba Don't Want Spanish Guns.

Havana, Feb. 2.—The interest displayed here in the claims presented by the Spanish minister at Washington for payment for Spanish guns left in the Cuban fortress is only lukewarm, and even if it should appear that the ownership of the guns is vested in Spain, it is not probable that the Cuban government will consent to pay for them. The guns in question number 40 in all, but all save four 11 and 12-inch Krupp guns are considered of too old a type to be worth purchasing.

Explosion in Oil Refinery.

Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 2.—As a result of an explosion at the works of the Standard oil company today, four men were more or less injured. One of them probably will die. The others, it is thought, may recover. A safety valve on an oil still blew off and a tremendous explosion of gas followed. The pecuniary loss is slight.