



CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

Though June had pleaded fatigue, she did not go to bed, but, having had her hair brushed, dismissed her maid, and waited up to give Tom a lecture and to acquaint him with her wishes for the future.

He came into the room in his usual cheery, rather boisterous manner.

"What! not in bed, little one?" he said. "I thought you were tired."

"No," returned June, rather coldly, feeling even more displeased now that her victim had arrived than before he came. "I wanted to speak to you."

"Speak away, my dear," said Tom, with stolid good humor, planting his broad back against the mantel-shelf and thereby damaging the lace and ribbon with which it was garnished.

"I think," said June, "it was rather inconsiderate of you to ask Agnes to stay to-night, and, if she had had decent manners, she would not have accepted your invitation, as I did not second it."

"It would have looked kinder if you had," answers Tom, bluntly. "And I don't quite see that there is any necessity for ceremony between cousins and friends."

"Friends!" echoes June, her lips beginning to quiver and her eyes to blaze. "I don't think there is very much friendship about it. You know she was in love with you—for all I know, she is in love with you still; and all this pretended affection for the boy is only assumed with the object of getting influence over you and setting you against me."

"For shame!" utters Tom. "I did not think my wife was capable of such paltry feeling. What has the poor girl done to you? If she did like me, is that a fault in your eyes? Do I begrudge any one liking you? Am I not proud and glad that every one should admire and think better of you? Now, because she is just one creature in the world who thinks something of me and shows some pleasure in my company, you turn round and are jealous and rude to her, and want to put her out of the house. Poor thing! What has she got in comparison with you? She dotes on your child, and she likes your husband, who is her own cousin, and that's a mortal offense! I thought you were a bit above the little spites and jealousies of most women."

Things are indeed taking an unexpected turn; her ladyship's pride is up in arms. Tears more of anger than grief start to her eyes.

"It shows what she is," she cries. "All the time we have been away we have been as happy as possible, and never had one word, and the instant, the very instant we set foot in this house again, she is the cause of our quarreling."

"She!" echoes Tom, who is fairly roused by this time. "It is no doing of hers, poor girl! All she wants is to be kind and friendly. We have been away for months, and she comes up in the nicest way to welcome us back, and you are all but rude to her. No, but the saddle on the right horse, it is you who make the quarrel!"

In the morning, calmer counsels prevail. She does not for one moment believe that Tom cares for Agnes, or that Agnes has any real influence over Tom; but she sees that he is obstinate, and that there will be a struggle between them.

CHAPTER XXI.

Christmas came and went; there were guests at the Hall, and the festive season was spent in a fitting manner. No actual reconciliation had taken place between Sir Thomas and Lady Nevil; both had found it convenient to let the cause of quarrel drop; neither had the smallest intention of acknowledging to having been in the wrong. But, like all quarrels not made up and canceled, it left a smothered resentment behind.

Agnes was perfectly aware of the estrangement she had caused at the Hall, and Madge's stinging sneers and sharp reproaches were by no means necessary to show her the mischief she was doing. She redoubled her attentions to Tom's heir; her manner to Tom was more angelic than before; her sweetness increased his admiration and respect for her tenfold. Once, after a smart encounter with Madge, she waylaid Tom in a quiet spot and confided her grief to him. She told him of what she had been accused; she wept before him, not loudly or convulsively, but in a saintly and composed fashion. She set so little store by the world; she was absolutely indifferent to the exciting pleasures which June and Madge loved; she lived for duty.

Poor Tom was deeply moved. He was immensely indignant, besides, at this dear, good creature being persecuted for what was her highest virtue and recommendation in his eyes. He felt extremely inclined to go to her ladyship and reproach her in no measured terms for her unkindness; but calmer reflection made him feel that such a step would do ten times more harm than good, and would set the rectory and the Hall by the ears. So he comforted Agnes to the best of his ability, and behaved to June with a shortness which

she at once took note of and comprehended.

About this time Mrs. Ellesmere sent a most pressing invitation to her daughter-in-law to spend a week or ten days at her house in London, and June accepted.

"And now, dear child," said her ladyship at parting, "what am I to say to Mr. Carslake if I meet him?"

Madge buried her face in her cousin's shoulder.

"Oh, my darling June," she almost groaned, "if you will only bring him back to me, I will be your slave for the rest of my life."

So Lady Nevil promised to do her best—anything in the world short of humiliating her cousin.

June enjoyed her visit to London immensely. Mrs. Ellesmere was a great admirer of good looks in both sexes, and June's beauty, her elegance, her refinement, the way in which she attracted people, were very high recommendations to her favor. She was proud of Lady Nevil, and her ladyship thoroughly reciprocated her mother-in-law's good feeling.

Dallas was in town, and added not a little to the pleasure of the two ladies. He was always a welcome guest in his aunt's house, and, during Lady Nevil's stay, almost lived there. He took June walking and shopping; he escorted her and Mrs. Ellesmere to the play; if they dined at home, he invariably dined with them, giving up every other engagement on their account.

Tom was helpless with his pen. Composition to him was labor and sorrow; spelling an accomplishment no more to be mastered than the piano. But June would have smiled with fond toleration over his lapses in grammar and spelling if his letters had only had the right ring—if he had said he missed her and wanted her back. Unfortunately for her ladyship's frame of mind, he never hinted anything of the sort; on the contrary, he addressed her that she was on no account whatever to hurry back, but to stop and enjoy herself. Everything at home was going on swimmingly. The rest was always about little Tom, over whom he invariably waxed rapturous.

During this visit she received a good deal of attention from Lady Dangerfield, whom she had only known slightly in the season. Indeed, some degree of friendship sprang up between them, as no woman could make herself more agreeable when she chose than Lady Dangerfield, and June was exceedingly amenable to kindness.

They met at a luncheon party where Dallas was also a guest, and Lady Dangerfield at once proposed that they should do a dinner and play together, and this led to other meetings of a similar nature. Dallas was invariably one of the party. He was not a little puzzled, and confided his perplexity to his friend Mrs. Trevanion.

"I can't make that lady out," he said. "For the last six months she has cut me dead, and now she's everything that's civil and delightful. What is she up to?"

Mrs. Trevanion smiled. "I have my suspicions," she answered. "What are they? Do tell me?" he cried, eagerly.

"I don't know that there is any harm in my telling you. When you left off your attentions to her ladyship, it was because you had fallen in love with Lady Jane."

"Yes?" inquiringly. "Well?"

"Well, now that she sees you so much in the society of another lady, she may think that by assisting to bring you together she is revenging herself on Lady Jane."

Lady Nevil was going back home in the best of spirits. She was looking forward immensely to seeing Tom and his heir; she was full of excellent resolutions—almost charitably inclined even to Agnes, and in excellent humor with herself and everyone else.

As the train drew up to the platform Tom's big form was distinctly visible, and in a moment he had kissed her heartily and was helping her out, for Tom had no idea that it was indiscreet or vulgar to salute his wife in public.

Half an hour later, when she went into her boudoir, June found a note in Madge's handwriting lying on the table. She had rather expected that her cousin would be up at the Hall waiting to receive her. When she had read the letter the liveliest emotion was depicted on her countenance. It was rather fortunate that Tom had gone off to his room to see a man on business. Madge's epistle was almost incoherent from indignation. Tom had grossly insulted her that morning—had called her a spy and a mischief maker, and finally had forbidden her the house.

June was still in her traveling attire; it was scarcely dark. A moment later she was on her way to the rectory, leaving word that one of the footmen was to come there in half an hour to see her home.

She found Madge alone in what used to be the school room; the rest of the family were out. Madge, her eyes inflamed with crying, threw herself on her cousin's neck

and began to sob violently. June was scarcely less moved.

"To think," gasped Madge, "that Tom, whom I was always so fond of, should behave so to me! I will never speak to him again, never, never! And oh, June! I wouldn't mind a bit about not going to the Hall if it wasn't for you. But what shall I do without you?"

"Nonsense, my dear," replied June, superbly. "If Tom forbids you the house, he will have to turn me out too. We shall soon see about that. But you haven't told me yet what has happened."

"Well, this morning Aggie managed to steal off without my seeing her, but the moment I missed her I put on my hat and rushed off; to the Hall. When I got to the drive, I saw her and Tom talking in a very earnest manner and standing still in the middle of the road. Just before I came up, Agnes left him and went toward the house, and he came to meet me, looking very red and angry. And before I had time even to say 'Good morning,' or anything, he flew at me.

"Look here!" he said, "I must not go to the end of this sort of thing. I'm not going to have spies set on me and tales fetched and carried to my wife!"

June was almost stupefied by this revelation. A chill passed through her heart. She had come home so full of pleasant anticipations, and here was Agnes interposing more seriously than ever between her and happiness. Here was fresh cause for estrangement between her and Tom, for never, never would she tamely submit to this conduct on his part; never would she allow her favorite cousin to be insulted or to suffer for her affection and championship.

She and Tom did not meet until the gong sounded for dinner. Tom was aware that his wife had been down to the rectory, and felt dreadfully harassed and worried at the thought of the impending unpleasantness between them. For he knew enough of June's temper to be quite sure she would not submit to the events of the morning in a quiet and peaceful manner; there was bound to be a storm. He was not in the least deceived by her ladyship's affable conversation during dinner; that was for the benefit of the servants; he knew so well that little company manner and what it portended when employed to him. She informed him of his mother's health, of the people she had seen, the places of amusement she had visited; she kept up a flow of conversation; but something in her eye said "by and by," and Tom felt ill at ease and miserable.

When, finally, they were left alone, there was a pause of at least a minute. It was coming now, and Tom knew that no human power could avert it.

"I have seen Madge," said her ladyship, looking over at Sir Thomas, and her beautiful eyes, in which he had seen so many moods expressed, were lighted by an ominous flash.

Tom met her glance rather sadly, but was obliged to turn away from it and concentrate his attention on a walnut and the nutcrackers, with which he sought to

"And she tells me," pursued June, "that you have forbidden her the house."

Tom gave his walnut a sudden crack which reduced it to a jelly, and, throwing it aside, he took another.

"She forced me to it," he said, slowly. "Her behavior has been scandalous; no one could put up with it."

"Really!" uttered June, a little red spot coming into either cheek and her eyes growing brighter. "How?"

"How?" Here Sir Thomas raised his voice a little. "By always dodging and spying about in the most improper and impertinent manner."

"Is there any reason," asked June, her voice growing colder as her temper waxed warmer, "why she should not come up here?"

"Not the least reason," answered Tom, warmly, "if she came up in a straightforward manner and with some business to come about; but, when it was only to dog her sister's footsteps and play the spy, I think it was high time for her to be told that she'd got the wrong person to deal with."

"Oh!" uttered June. "And if she came by my wish?"

"Well, then," said Tom, looking up and meeting her eyes with a steadiness equal to her own. "The sooner we come to an understanding the better. Perhaps you will tell me what you suspect me of, and why you think it necessary to set a spy upon me. Heaven knows you must have changed, or there must be something very wrong with your mind, before you can have come to stoop to such a thing."

(To be continued.)

Tact.

The wise lawyer adapts himself to the jury more than the evidence. An Illinois man cites his own case as an illustration. The evidence was conclusive, the law was on his side, and when the attorney arose to address the jury, he thought he had the case won. He briefly reviewed the evidence, stated the law in the case, and was about to close his argument, when he noticed that one of the jury, a stolid old farmer, did not seem to be with him. The other eleven men had already decided the case in their own minds, but the farmer was both stupid and obstinate. The lawyer went over the case again, trying all sorts of arguments, but the farmer preserved his stupid stare. Then the attorney tried a new tack. He repeated his argument until he came to a place where the opposing lawyer had made an egregious error, and then he leaned over to the old farmer and said:

"And there, my friend, that's where he dropped his watermelon."

The old farmer laughed outright, and from that moment the case was won.

Troy, with the ruins Schliemann explored, has been presented to the Imperial Ottoman Museum of antiquities at Constantinople by the owner of Hisarlik, the Englishman, Frank Calverley.

NORTHWEST IN CONGRESS.

Public Building for Oregon City—Light-houses for Pacific Coast.

Washington, Feb. 14.—Senator Simon today reported to the senate his bill authorizing the purchase of a site and the erection of a public building at Oregon City, site and building to cost not over \$100,000.

The senate commerce committee today reported as amendments to the sundry civil bill several bills that have previously passed the senate, among them being bills appropriating \$4,000 for a new building at the Yaquina light station, \$400 for Cape Blanco light station, \$350,000 for a new light house in Alaska, and the bills establishing life-saving stations at Cape Flattery, Wash., and Nome, Alaska.

Senator Foster intends to offer as an amendment to this same measure his bill, recently reported, appropriating \$75,000 for additional buildings, workshops, walls, etc., at McNeill's island penitentiary, Wash., to increase its capacity to 600. He may not succeed, as the department of justice does not approve the expenditures.

A contract was today awarded to Raymond A. Perry, of San Francisco, for dredging Tacoma harbor, the amount of the award being \$13,524.

IMPRISONED IN THE ICE.

Many American and Canadian Fishermen in Deadly Peril.

Channel, N. F., Feb. 14.—The revenue cutter Seminole, from Boston, has arrived safely at Port Basque, after a terrific battle lasting 18 hours with heavy Arctic ice. The Seminole is now 100 miles from the imprisoned fishermen in the Bay of Islands. Between this point and where a dozen or more schooners, some American, are held fast in the frozen sea, still heavier ice must be encountered before the Seminole can succeed in reaching her destination.

The Canadians, who for more than a month have endeavored in vain to penetrate the icefield, have given up hope of reaching their countrymen in the Bay of Islands. They think it impossible for the Seminole to force her way through the pack of ice, but the Americans will make the effort after coal and more provisions are added to the revenue cutter's stores.

No word has been received from the fishermen since one of the fleet which reported the plight of the others. It is believed the men on the ill-fated ships are in danger of starvation, and grave fears are entertained that many have succumbed to the cold. The Seminole carries an extra supply of clothing, blankets and medicines. She will attempt to break up the ice, about the fleet, but if unable to do this will try to get near enough to the vessels to remove the crews.

BLIZZARD IN WYOMING.

Bitter Cold, Deep Drifting Snow and No Feed for Cattle or Sheep.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Feb. 14.—The storm that has been raging for several days has assumed the proportions of a blizzard throughout Southern and Western Wyoming, and stockmen who are ranging herds and flocks in regions where there is little or no feed are now greatly alarmed.

In the western portions of the state snow has fallen to a great depth, but from Evanston east to the Nebraska line the snowfall has gradually diminished. High winds have accompanied the storm, and the snow has been piled up in railroad cuts, greatly to the delay of traffic. The weather has been bitterly cold, and the indications are for even colder weather.

In the Red Desert country between Rawlins and Evanston, which is the most favored of all the winter ranges in the state, sheep are dying, the grass being covered up, and the supply of sagebrush short. Cattle are in poor condition, owing to the long string of severe storms, and in sections where there is no hay to feed the loss will be considerable.

Stifled by Gas.

Chicago, Feb. 14.—Five men met death and 10 were overcome tonight by the fumes of gas escaping from the purifying box in the plant of the Northwestern gas light and coke company at Blue Island. The men had been engaged in changing the purifying box. According to the statements of the men at the plant, when the men finished the work of changing the substance in the box, they did not close the covers of the box. When the gas was turned into the box for the purifying process it overwhelmed the men.

Finish Fight for Statehood.

Washington, Feb. 13.—The friends of statehood today reached a definite decision to have the omnibus statehood bill reported as a rider to the postoffice appropriation bill. It is expected that this action will be taken tomorrow. It is the purpose to make a fight in the senate to have the statehood bill tacked on to one of the appropriation bills, passage of which is absolutely necessary to the running of the government.

MAKING TERMS

Protocols Are Signed in the Venezuelan Affair.

BLOCKADE WILL BE RAISED AT ONCE

Allies Must Return All Vessels They Have Seized—Italy and Germany Secure Better Terms Than Britain.

Washington, Feb. 14.—Herbert W. Bowen, Venezuelan representative in the peace negotiations at Washington today signed with each of the allies' representatives a protocol providing for the immediate raising of the blockade and for the reference of the question of preferential treatment of the claims of the allies against Venezuela to The Hague arbitration tribunal. The final formalities occurred at the British embassy. The British protocol was in English, the Italian in Italian, and the German in German and English. Mr. Bowen signed in duplicate for Venezuela, Sir Michael Herbert for Great Britain, Signor Mayor des Planches for Italy and Baron Speck von Sternberg for Germany.

Immediately on the signing of the last protocol cables were dispatched to London, Berlin and Rome announcing the fact. It is expected that the commanders of the blockading fleet within the next 24 hours will receive their orders to withdraw their vessels at once.

By the provisions of these preliminary protocols, which have required more than three weeks of constant negotiation, Venezuela makes two distinct gains, the immediate raising of a blockade from which she has been suffering for some weeks, and the return of all vessels, war and merchant, which have been captured by the allied fleet.

Great Britain, Germany and Italy each receive advance payments of 5,500 pounds, Great Britain receiving her payment on the signing of the protocol, and Germany and Italy within 30 and 60 days from date. Germany in addition will receive five monthly payments until the full amount paid her in advance aggregates \$340,000. As a guaranty for the satisfaction of allies a share with the other creditor nations in 30 per cent of the customs receipts of the two ports of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello. This percentage will be set aside beginning March 1 and retained in the Venezuelan treasury until The Hague tribunal shall decide whether it shall be distributed without precedence among the claimant nations, or whether the allied powers of Great Britain, Germany and Italy shall receive preferential payments.

Italy by her protocol gains immediate payment of her first class claims without further adjudication, as soon as the joint commission at Caracas shall have passed on the remainder of her claims. In round numbers the adjudicated Italian claims amount to \$560,000, from which will be subtracted the \$27,000 to be paid her in 60 days from the signing of her first protocol. The Italian ambassador also has secured for his government the insertion in the protocol of an agreement that Venezuela will insert in her treaty with Italy the "favored nation clause" possessed by other nations. Great Britain has left her protocol unchanged since it was approved by the London foreign office, some days ago. It is stipulated by the protocols that the claims of the creditor nations shall be adjudicated by joint commissions to consist in each instance of a Venezuelan, a representative of the claimant power and, in case of a disagreement, an umpire to be named by the president of the United States.

Bitter Cold in Nevada.

Salt Lake City, Feb. 16.—Bitterly cold weather prevails over Nevada, Northern Utah, Southern Idaho and Western Wyoming. Wells, Nevada, reports a temperature of 42 degrees below zero last night, while 33 below was reported at Winnemucca. A number of freight trains are reported stalled on sidings across the Nevada desert, the cold having been so extreme that it was impossible for the engine crews to keep up sufficient steam. Much loss to livestock is feared in Wyoming, where conditions before the cold wave were very favorable. It was 2 degrees above zero in Salt Lake last night, the coldest of the winter.

Carnegie Offered to Help.

Washington, Feb. 17.—Moved by the spirit in which Herbert W. Bowen has conducted the peace negotiations at Washington with the representatives of the allies, and anxious that his mission should succeed, Andrew Carnegie, upon hearing of Germany's action in demanding a cash payment of 1,718,000 bolivars, instead of the 5,500 pounds previously promised her, sent the following message to Mr. Bowen: "I shall be glad to hand over at once \$360,000 to meet the German demand if Venezuela desires it."