

At the close of the meal the two met went out together, pausing for a minute at the half open front door to watch the dashing raindrops vex the limpid pool spread over all the yard. One of the long summer storms had broken since morn-The sky was a dun cup, without fold or rift. The slightest hollows held such rainy runnels as assured all who knew the lay of the land that the creeks must be at flood. It was full of sharp hills, from which the waters ran fast as they fell. Already above the plash of the rain came the roar and boom of torrents in the lowlands. But young Fauntleroy stepped without the hall door and said

Major Overton, I feel this intrusion of mine to be so impertinent that if your woman will return me my own ments I will make my way somewhere else till the storm is over.

The grim ghost of a smile played on

Major Overton's face.

"That would be suicide, which is the worst form of cowardice," he said. "Either side of us is a stream that now a man with two good arms could not safely pass on horseback. On foot and crippled you would surely drown. Ridgeley's door can let no man go out to his death. Stay and be sure of your welcome until you can go in safety."
"If only you would let me speak," the

other began. A gesture stopped him. Major Overton had raised his hand, a look of pain unutterable upon his face. After a minute he said slowly, as though weighing each word:

'It is not my wish to embarrass you or add to your discomfort, but surely you must understand that of all men you are the last with whom I can dis--anything.

Why, because of that old trouble? Believe me, Major Overton, whatever Imputation there may have been in the past, I do not believe" - Young Fauntleroy burst out before he could be silenced. His pause, when it came, was due to amazement. The old face fronting him was rage incarnate, the old hands clinched hard. By a supreme effort Major Overton controlled himself and said. half turning away:

"Belief amounts to nothing, certainly as against deeds. It is just possible that you came in ignorance of some things that have gone before. Pray pardon me if I ask to be spared further reference to all painful subjects. Be simply the stranger within my gate for the rest of

"In one minute, sir. All I ask is that you will believe I came simply with the honest purpose of trying to better a bad matter, a very sad one. I am not a sneak. They told me to approach you under a feigned name, but I refused, 1 did not give my full name at first because I feared to startle the young

lady Will you come to my office for a smoke?' Major Overton said, as though he had not heard, leading the way to a small bare room just off the back piazza. As the two came into it they found themselves face to face with Dare. She did not flush, look conscious or seek to evade her grandfather's disapproving eye. Instead she gathered up a handful of torn papers, and stepping to the door

stopped beside it to say:
"I knew you would want to smoke,
grandfather, so I lit the fire, if it is July, and put pipes ready filled there over the mantel

'Very good. I am obliged," Major Overton said grimly, stepping so as to hide his granddaughter from his guest. Dare moved lightly aside, drew a chair to the corner of the hearth and said to Fauntleroy:

Sit down, and I will give you a light for your pipe, as you have but one hand

"You spoil me," he protested, sinking into the seat and looking straight into the girl's eyes. Major Overton frowned heavily, took the girl by the arm and led her through the door, saying, "Stay in your room, Dare, until I send for

CHAPTER VIII.

By midnight the storm had sobbed out its wrath. Morning broke fair over the radiant, new washed world. The rays of dawn were struggling through the window panes ere Allen Fauntleroy dropped ep. When at last his eyes opened, the sun was high in heaven. His host stood at his bedside, grayer, harder, sterner looking in the light of the golden day than in that of rainy skies. still his voice was a well bred monotone, bare of all feeling

"Pardon me for disturbing you. I fear you slept poorly," he said. "But a friend has come in search of you, and I had no choice but to wake you. comes Jubilee with your boots. He will help you to dress and wait on you at breakfast. Take your time. There is no need of hurry. I will take care that your friend does not grow impatient."

'Who is it-Hawkins? I thought he'd look me up if the horse got back without me. I beg you not to let him get at that precious old brandy. He will stay till he drains the bowl," Young Fauntleroy said in an effort to speak lightly. was far from feeling so. All his sleep had been a phantasmagoria of trouble of thick clouds, of swelling waters, with Dare in the midst of them, swept for-ever away in their flood. The night through he had not hidden from himself the fact that in their all too brief encounter she had taken captive his heart and his fancy. He must not, he could not, would not go away without further sight and speech of her. He would not startle, maybe distress her with any talk of love. Instead 'he would speak a little of the gratitude he felt for her timely aid and beg her, if ever the time came that she needed help, to remember that she had in him a faithful friend.

But how achieve so much, guarded as

she was? After breakfast he must go away, and throughout the meal mammy would certainly attend him. If he could get her away-a voice broke through his musings. Jubilee, black and slim, with woolly head and big upturned eyes, stood in the door, saying:

What corrections does you have ter gimme, sir, 'bout puttin on your

Jubilee, turned 14, had been to free school since he was 6, and now could spell in three letters, knew all the figures except seven and had a great de sire to use the longest words he heard and to overcome his tendency to the dialect of his race.

Withal he was a sharp lad, as full of surce as of mischief. So much young Fauntleroy discovered before his clothes were in place. Dropping his voice, he spoke rapidly to the boy, who answered with winks and nods and hushed "Yes. As the stranger made an end by pushing \$1 in his palm, Jubilee said:

"Who-ee-I do my best, sir, but maybe I can't. The ole lady is very ex-

Notwithstanding, when young Fauntleroy sat dawdling over rolls, coffee and boiled chicken under mammy's wrathful eye, Jubilee's head came through the door, Jubilee's voice said in accents of weary disgust:

Aunt Diney, you better come help me. Somebody's knocked over your turkey pen, and that old fool is huffin it to woods as fast as her young ones can go. I ran so hard tryin to head her, my breath is still clean obflusticated.

'De laws a massy, 'pon my soul, dat ole hen tukkey gwine make me lose all my 'ligion, quor'lin at 'er." mammy cried, making a dash for the door. It hardly closed behind her when Dare came through the one opposite and said, with a rosy flush:

"Jubilee said you sent for me. Do you want your arm bandaged afresh?"

'No, no. Something much more important. Miss Overton - Dare-come closer, please. Lay your hand again in mine. Ah, thank you for coming! I sent for you because I-what I want to say is-don't take your hand away-I shall never forget you. Your kindness, your help, and-and-if ever-I can straight en all'this tangle I shall come back to you. Meantime if I can serve you-one never knows what may happen-youyou are to give me the privilege. Don't forget that," the young man said disjointedly, holding fast to Dare's hand.

It was harder than he thought thoke back the words of love, yet to speak them would be madness. ould leave him in affright. Yet he could not forbear raising to his lips the slim rosy fingers that lay fluttering in

"Why should I remember you?" Dare asked, half turning away. "Next week you will forget my existence, except maybe as the heir to a claim that troubles you. Ah, you see, I know something of family affairs. Believe me, I am not so disloyal to our side of the quarrel as to have come here thus clandestinely if I had not thought that maybe you needed -were in pain that I could ease."

"I am." Fauntleroy said, getting quickly to his feet and flinging his sound arm around her. "Dare! Dare! I love you better than my life. I did not mean to tell you just yet. It is so sudden. But from the first look of your eyes into mine as you knelt, an angel of rescue, beside that living grave, I have felt that I belonged to you—solely, entirely; that I would give my life for you and die happy in the sacrifice.'

You may have the opportunity elsewhere," Major Overton said from the door behind him. Hawkins darted through it and caught young Fauntleroy's arm, crying out:

'Allen, Allen, are you mad? Come away at once. You should never have come here, though," turning to the old man, who stood a statue of white fury. "I swear, Major Overton, he did not know everything.

With one stride the old man canght Dare's arm and essayed to drag her from the room. The girl shook herself free of his hold and said, with eyes outblazing

"I am no child, grandfather. Even from you I demand the courtesy due a woman.

"I see. You demonstrate your womenhood by slinking thus to a rendez-



"I cannot go, Mr. Fauntleroy. I am an Overton.

vous," the old man said through his teeth. Fauntleroy sprang to the girl's side, caught her hand in his and cried

"Major Overton, you-no man shall breathe one hurtful word of her. Here to your teeth I beg her to come away with me as my wife-chosen, honored above all the world."

Dare shivered through and through. A red tide swept up over brow and cheek, then faded, leaving her white, with eyes of fire. She was so young, bare ly turned 17, all this seemed so wonderso terrible, it put her happy, careless girl life years and years behind her. She drew her hand gently from Fauntleroy's clasp and said, staring straight before her at her grandfather, who stood a shaking embodiment of speechless fury:

"I cannot go, Mr. Fauntleroy. I am an Overton. I cannot turn against my

own, no matter how I may be wronged."
"Forgive me, Dare, forgive me! You on earth, and I do are your father's child, thank God! For-

give my doubt of you," the old man alnost sobbed, drawing the girl's hand through his arm as though to lead her She half turned from him, but away. in anger, and said to her young lover:

'Goodby. Go away, please, and forget that you ever came.

"I go, since I must, but I will never give you up so long as we both do live, Allen Fauntleroy said. Even as he spoke she vanished. Hawkins caught his arm and drew him away to the vehicle waiting outside the door. As they took their seats in it Major Overton stepped over the threshold, gave them a courteons adieu, then laid his hand lightly in detention upon the reins and said slowly:

"Mr. Fauntleroy, I give you safe conduct from my home. If ever you set foot on it again, your life will pay for it.'

CHAPTER IX.

Until they were past the ford that marked Ridgeley's boundary line, Allen Fauntleroy sat silent, leaning in his corner of the carriage. Hawkins spoke once or twice, but getting no answer relapsed likewise into silence.

When they had splashed through the swift stream, still flush and palely turbid, Fauntleroy said, drawing a long

"I could not hear it upon his ground, but now in heaven's name tell me what all this means.

'Seems to me a matter of names, Fauntleroy versus Overton — Overton versus Fauntleroy," Hawkins said, folding his arms and sticking his chin in the air.

The other looked at him impatiently and said very low:
"Don's fence, Hawkins. The time for

that is past. Tell me now, on your honor, the whole cause of grievance that old man cherishes.

Why didn't you ask him? You had time enough. But I reckon you were so struck with the girl you forgot every thing else. 'Pon my life, Fauntleroy, you must have rushed things. It is not quite common to find a fellow proposing formally to a young woman he has known not quite 24 hours. But if you could make the riffle there-run away with the girl-what a card it would be for our side! She's the major's sole heir, and with her thus well in hand the syndicate would grab at the property at our

For answer Fauntleroy called to the

driver: "Stop! Open the door!"
"What's wrong?" asked Hawkins impatiently as the man clambered down rom his seat.
"Nothing," said Fauntleroy, "only I

refuse to ride with a man who gives me insult in place of information.

You are a touchy one," the lawyer retorted, banging to the door. Dick. I'll give this young man what he wants.

"Very well, but be a little careful how you do it," his client retorted, sinking back upon his cushions so as to look the other full in the face. Hawkins shifted a trifle under the scrutiny, but said:

"You are an odd fish, Allen-nearly is odd as the old one back there," nodding behind them "You know I warned you against going there—as yourself, hat is. If the old man hadn't known who you were, I'm persuaded you would asily have got into his good graces, nough so maybe to induce him to listen to reason. You see, you are to him not merely the heir and agent of the Faunt-There's a heap more that you, that almost nobody knows.

"Why was I not told?" the young man asked sternly. The other laughed disagreeably, saying:

Well, now, it's a bit awkward to say to a fellow in plain English, 'Your father was a thorough paced scoundrel. But that's the frozen fact of the case."
"How did he prove it?" The tone was

even, but Hawkins saw that the other's eyes had begun to blaze. He drew a litmore away before he said

"It's a long story. Did you never hear how he died?"

"He was drowned before he was 30. five years after I was born-at least that is what I have been told and believe."

'Correct, not a doubt of it. In fact, I saw it myself, and somebody else was drowned with him. Can you guess who it was?"

'No. Not my mother?" "Not by a long shot. She went mad at your birth and spent the rest of her life-10 years-in a lunatic asylum. I don't think Peyton, your father, ever cared much for her or she for him if the truth were told. The old folks made the match. So it isn't astonishing that after her misfortune the sight of him set her fairly wild. So he put her wholly out of his mind and went the pace. I tell you I was a lad in those days, but remember well how he opened people's eyes. He drank his company blind, yet went away with head in air, bet high and nearly always won. While as for women, they ran after him until I wonder he didn't despise the whole sex. One winter he went to Alabama and

there met Margaret Overton"-"The major's daughter?" Allen cried.

in spite of himself. The other went on:

[CONTINUED.]

Glad She Lives In America.

"I'm glad I live in America," said a pretty young woman, talking to a Philadelphia Inquirer reporter, "because I am never afraid to travel by myself. Last year I was in London and went around with a friend who is married, and we were spoken to in an insulting manner every time we went out. Paris was still worse. People speak of the French politeness, but it is only a veneer. The men would get in front of us on every street corner and smirk and ogle and chatter like monkeys. I'm glad I didn't understand anything they There are no men like the Amersaid. ican men, and I never was so fully able to appreciate it as I am, now I have those of other nations in their own lands. Besides, the girls are treated better here than anywhere else on earth, and I don't want to cross the

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE KENTUCKY EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

The Poor English Governess-American and English Women-Ida May Spencer. The New Woman-Women of Sweden. Seasonable Hints and Timely Gossip.

One of the most noted women in America is Miss Laura Clay, president of the Kentucky Equal Rights association. She is the daughter of the venerable General Cassius Marcellus Clay, who gained an international reputation as an abolitionist before the war and as United States minister to Russia during the rebellion. Miss Clay's mother was a daughter of the late Dr. Elisha Warfield of this city, one of the foremost men of his time. Miss Clay inherits the strong mentality of both the Clay and Warfield families, and as a clear thinker and convincing reasoner she stands without a peer. She has so far refrained from allowing a picture of herself to be printed, and the accompanying likeness is the first one that has ever appeared in a newspaper. As will be seen, she bears a striking resemblance to her distinguished father.

Although one of the busiest women in the country, Miss Clay submitted to an interview, in which she treats in her clear, logical style of the needs of the women of today and of the benefits which she thinks will follow the enfranchisement of women.

What caused you to become an advocate of equal rights for women?" the reporter asked.

While I was still in my teens, she replied, "even my limited observation of life taught me that woman must have greater financial independence, and hence greater industrial opportunities, to obtain the freedom necessary for mental and moral s. rength. Dependent be-



MISS LAURA M. CLAY.

ings evidently must be, more or less, mere reflections of those upon whom they depend. Therefore, if women al low themselves to owe men obligations greater than men's reciprocal obligations to them, they must assume a weak mental and moral attitude, bringing its attendant evils upon the whole of society, for however highly men's judgment and conscience may be developed they cannot assume women's responsibilities, so whatever dwarfs women's development injures society. After I saw that women ought to have equal rights with men in educational and industrial advantages I did not at once perceive clearly that they should enjoy the same political rights. I had the idea, which is still so prevalent among my sex, that politics was not the 'sphere' for women, and that going to the polls was derogatory to womanly delicacy, which was worthy to be protected even by the sacrifice of what was indisputably an abstract right. But further observation and reflection soon convinced me that under the pressure of false social theories and t laws, unequal because made only by men, essential woman delicacy and worth were continually sacrificed, and that nothing could avail to protect womanhood from such dangers except for conscientions women firmly to claim equal rights everywhere, including the right of helping to make the laws, and by their own womanly exercise of the franchise to demonstrate that politics belongs to women's sphere as well as to man's

"How long have you been engaged in

this work?' "Though very early I avowed my belief in equal rights, circumstances did not permit me to engage in any systematic work for these principles till 1888, when I helped to organize an equal rights association in Lexington. in the same year the Kentucky Equal Rights association was formed. I was elected its president and have been reelected each year since. The object of the association is to advance the industrial, educational and legal rights of women and secure the franchise to them by appropriate state and national legislation. - Lexington Cor. Louisville

The Poor English Governess.

Courier-Journal.

The pathos of advertisements is not confined to what are popularly known as the agony columns of the daily papers. To the thoughtful mind there is convincing evidence of a constant stream of suffering and of that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick to be found in the innumerable applications for employment by all sorts and conditions of advertisers. A notable and typical example of the terrible reality of the struggle for life is to be discerned in a recent notification in a daily paper by the wife of a well known man of letters. The lady in question, after stating that she had selected a nursery governess, went on to "inform the 700 other candidates that the photographs with which stamps were sent will be present-

Seven hundred other candidates! And how many applications would the lady have received if she had advertised for a thoroughly competent high class cook?

known what it is to want a cook and a governess will supply the answer to that question with sufficient accuracy. But what a serious indictment against our social system does this advertise-ment prefer! To be a governess—even to be a nursery governess-a young woman must have some pretensionsmore or less plausible—to education and

to gentility. Probably there is not one among all those 700 who would not be indignant at the suggestion that she would have done better to have been content with the kitchen rather than to have aspired to the superior social eminence which entitles her to be addressed as "miss. And just because she has had that aspiration, and because she has acquired that smattering of education which has unfitted her for domestic service, she is condemned to discover that nobody wants her. Our philanthropists might do worse than apply themselves to the solution of the problem what to do with all young women, of whom those 700 are but an infinitesimally small fraction .-London Graphic.

American and English Women.

Mr. Hall Caine says of his stay in the United States: "Many of my impressions of America, by the way, topoled down like a child's house of cards when I found my elf actually in the ountry and among the people. lightful nation to study is Americafresh and frank and full of originality. Of course, we all know and have always known, for the last century, at least, that Americans are clever, but we can't realize until we go among them and see them in their homes how kindly, how young of heart, they are as individuals. Of American women in general he

deems "it is only natural they should have become what they are-superior, intellectually, or, at any rate, superficially so, to the men. That is, of course as a class. There are always so many exceptions to every rule. But the thing has come about as a consequence of man's putting woman-American man, American woman-on a pedestal, an worshiping her. He has stated below the pedestal and worked for her, not having time, if he was the ordinary man of business, to cultivate his mine and manner while he so worked. But she has had plenty of time, and she has made the best use of it. In our own country I consider that the reverse is the truth. The average Englishman is superior to the average English woman in intelligence and education. because he is likely to think of himself, and of his sons, before he thinks of his wife and daughters. And English women have conscientiously upheld him in his attitude toward them, until comparatively lately, at any rate. In America, on the contrary, I fancy that women have known their own value, and set it rather high, for a number of years-a couple of generations, at least,

In personal appearance Mr. Caine finds our women "prettier, more attractive, more bewitching, than English women, but not so regularly beautiful. straight, almost Greek nose and the ineffably lovely and haughty upper lip of the most perfect type of English girl I bave not seen equaled in America, I must say. "-Providence Journal.

Ida May Spencer

There lives in Edgerton, Wis., young woman, Ida May Spencer, who s an expert jeweler. She is in partnership with her father, the sign reading, John Spencer & Daughter, Jeweiers

Having determined to adopt the jewelry business as a profession, she entered in the fall of 1887 the Horological school at La Porte, Ind. While there she competed with some of the veterans in the business for a prize, a gold medal, to be given to the one turning the best balance staff in the shortest time. She won the medal. Two of the judges were from New York and one fr cago. Her teacher told her that, in all probability, if they had known she was a woman they would not have awarded her the prize. He also remarked that, though fairly entitled to it, he feared it would not be a good advertisement for the school. After learning the trade, her coworkers feared she would not be able to get a situation on account of her sex. However, the teachers, knowing she was fully competent, gave her rec ommendations. During the summer of 1893 she studied to become an optician, attending lectures in Boston. branch she has found very profitable. At the time Miss Spencer took up the work there were probably not more than a half dozen women engaged in the occupation. - Woman's Journal.

The New Woman.

And I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down.

—II Kings xxi, 13.

With this text the Rev. Phebe Hanaford, in her lecture at the house of Mrs. Maria McCullough, 317 West Eightysecond street, proved that man's sphere is also in the kitchen.

"If those men who are forever flaunting in our faces the texts of St. Paul in which he forbids women to speak in the churches would read this text, they would find out where some of the kitchen work belongs," said Mrs. Hanaford. "Every one is not a wife; hence the absurdity of the idea that woman's

whole duties are household ones. "The very mental traits specially characteristic of women-i. e., intuition-is much better fitted to these days of rapid locomotion than man's slower

method-reasoning. "The day of reproach for our sex is well nigh over, and among the ones of whom we are the proudest are those who were formerly called the superfluons women. This is not meant to decry marriage. The new woman makes the best wife, but she will demand of her husband the same fidelity and purity that she practices herself."—New York

Women of Sweden.

Miss Sophia Leyonhufond (later Bar-The experience of family folk who have Olivecrona started anonymously in 1858 oness Adlersparre) and Mrs. Rosalie

a review dedicated to the woman, with the object is standard morally, intellecta cially. This review was the for the woman movement and to it are to a great exe only many reforms, legal of and social, which during the years have taken place in the of women, but also a greate public opinion concerning be

standing. Owing to the great edies vantages which are now wir of woman, they have got free the labor market and are a spects accepted as coworkers It is, however, not only with ary work that Baroness Adir deserving of the gratituded trywomen, but also en acco many institutions which shall ed in their favor. One of the Friends of Female Domesic which has been instrumental the standard of female work an artistical achievement, prominent of these institution theless the Fredrika Breng with numerous committee have for object the benefit of

Helen Gould's Charing

Miss Helen Gould's inher her father has certainly been well as financial. The "b ity" which he possessed is the daughter in her charities, w conducted with the same fe system with which her brothe looks after his vast interbrother Edwin manufacture Woody Crest, the day nursers Sunday school treats which is little children associate with have passed into history, and ish like any well established a made to last Miss Gould's la businesslike generosity is them a check for \$8,000 to Vassarei will be used to found a sele memory of Miss Gould's mother

"The women of Missouri," Philadelphia Telegraph, "are ing a petition to the gover state asking him to appoint ried men as resident physici insane asylums of the state." not appoint women physician after the women who are conf insane asylums of the state? In policy which has been adopted Carolina, and it might well be by the other states. The South experiment has been most a and, under Dr. Sarah Allan, the tunate women in the hospital insane at Columbia have new ter and more satisfactory tre Charleston News and Courier

She Makes It Pay.

Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood h up an entirely unique study and ing profit therefrom. She ha been interested in oriental mi has now so far advanced in the nese language as to be an au poetry and all sorts of art to She is the one woman in this can read the mystic symbol known and recognized by est in Japanese curios. Furtherm Wood is often in demand at the house when an expert opinion at and she has built up a most business. Her own collection nt \$40,000, but serves its bes model for less knowing buyer York Journal.

The woman who laughs is a craze of the vaudeville world. ice Atherton has won fame in through the music and the in quality of her "ha! ha!" h the time honored theory that as never laugh at his own jokes, the woman's success seems due to ity to start the audience into it est fits of merriment. She to stories in a funny way, but it is laugh, heard at the close of as has made her fame.—Exchange

Annette Vedee.

Froken Annette Vedee, who daughter of the chief of the far daughter of the chief of the iss-partment in Copenhagen, has a linquished her post as amans two of the professors at the Sa university, which she has a three terms, and has gone has penhagen, where she will com-important mathematical was which she has been engaged

Wants Her to Presch Mrs. Lydia Tichenor Baile.

gregational preacher, recently ings at Snohomish, Wash., in the churches united. They have decided to hold regular unical and have invited Mrs. Bailey to for them.

The girls of the Lawrence in Wisconsin have adopted at for school wear modeled some the military outfit of the boys di school. It includes a blue ble up in front with black, and a blue trimmed with black.

Some of the new poke hos already been in evidence as heads among the New York se It is significant that only the protecty women have had the appear in them.

Old fashioned mahogany charvery high backs, are being mod-after. The quaint maiden are more charming than when sens of these high backed chairs

Mrs. Irma T. Jones has been ed trustee of Plymouth Congre-church, Lansing. She is also tendent of its Sunday school

Miss Franc Baker of Mores, has written a history of the Foreign Missionary society d'