



CHAPTER XII.

Griseida, darting homeward through the twilight garden, after another stolen meeting with Tom Peyton on the garden wall, stops as she reaches the summer house, a favorite resort of Vera's, notwithstanding the father's unpleasant associations connected with it, and pokes in her head to find Vera there.

"I've come back," she cries, breathlessly, sinking into a seat and looking at Vera with despair in her eyes. "I have done as you desired me, I have said good-bye to him forever."

"What did he say? Was he very much upset?" with burning interest.

"He said he'd manage to see me in some way or other," says Griseida, with a heavy sigh.

"Oh, well—come now, that's not so bad," says Vera, cheerfully, forgetful of prudence at sight of her sister's grief. "He seems from all I have heard from you—a sort of a person who would be difficult to battle. I think I should put faith in that declaration of his if I were you."

"Oh, he said more than that," cries Griseida. "Why, it appears that Tom—Mr. Peyton—knows Seaton quite well, and likes him, too. Mr. Peyton says that he, Seaton, is engaged to be married to a Miss Butler, a friend of Lady Rive's."

For a moment there is a dead silence, during which the pretty crimson on Vera's cheek dies out, leaving her singularly pale. No doubt the surprise is great.

"Is that true?" she says. "I should not be surprised, though I confess I am; it is only what I might have expected from my first judgment of him. And one should not condemn him, either; it is not his fault that he calls Uncle Gregory father."

A footstep upon the gravel outside makes them both turn their heads.

"What is it, Grunch?" Vera calmly asks as the housekeeper appears on the threshold.

"The master wishes to see you, Miss Dyrant, in the library." There is an expression of malignant amusement in the woman's eyes as she says this.

Vera had gone into the library with a pale face, but it was with one paler still she came out of it half an hour later, white as death, and with a strained look of passion on every feature not to be subdued. She might perhaps have given way to the blessed relief of tears if she had had time to escape Griseida; but as she finds herself looking at Seaton Dyrant, who has at this moment entered the inner hall leading to the room she has just left, all her being seems to stiffen into a cold horror of contempt.

She stops short and fixes her heavy eyes on his.

"So you betrayed me!" she says, in a low tone that vibrates with scorn.

"Betrayed you?" echoes he, starting. "There is that in her face not to be mistaken, and a presentiment of coming evil sends a hot flush to his brow."

"You are a bad actor," says she, with a pale smile. "You change color, at a crisis; you have still a last grain of honesty left in you. You should see to that; kill it quickly, it spoils your otherwise perfect role."

"You are pleased to be enigmatical," says he, with a frown. "I am, however, at a loss to know what you mean."

"Oh, are you ashamed to keep it up?" the deception? cries she, with a sudden outbreak of wrath. "Oh, how could you do it?"

"Great heaven! how can I convince you that I have done nothing?" exclaims he, growing pale as he speaks.

"There was no one else awake, there was no one to see me," says she, trying to stifle her agitation. "What, then, must I think but that you were the one to tell your father of that unlucky night when I was locked out in the garden?"

"He has heard that?" Seaton, as if thunderstruck, looks blankly at her.

"Why do you compel me to tell you what you already know?" says she, with a little irrepressible stamp of her foot. "If you will listen to what is already no news to you, learn that your father sent for me just now—a long time ago, hours ago, I think;—putting her hand to her head in a little, confused, miserable way, and accused me of having spent the whole night alone with you, purposely, in the garden."

"And you think that I—"

"I don't think that with a condemnatory glance. As I told you before, I know your father has insolently accused me of an impossible thing; but even if I had stayed in the garden with you that night, of my own free will, I cannot see where would lie the disgrace he connects with it."

"You are right, no one could see disgrace where you were," says Seaton, calmly. "My father is an old man, he—"

"Is old enough to know how to insult a woman," coldly, "when, with a terrible glance at him, 'shown the way. Oh,' laying her hand upon her breast in a paroxysm of grief, 'it was abominable of you, and you said—twice you said it,' coming closer to him, and lifting accusing eyes to his, 'Trust me, I remember it as though you uttered it but now, and I believed you. Trust me, you said.'"

"I should say it again," says Dyrant, "a hundred times again. Come," he says, and leads her back again to the library she has just quitted.

which I speak," says Seaton, his face now livid. "Who?" he repeats, in a low but terrible voice.

"Grunch," replies Mr. Dyrant, shortly; something in his son's face warned him not to go further.

"You hear?" says Seaton, turning to Vera. "It was Grunch who betrayed you. You are satisfied now?"

"On that point, yes, I suppose I should offer you an apology," says she, icily. "But, with a swift glance at his father, 'how can I be satisfied when—'

Her voice broke.

"Sir," cries Seaton, addressing his father with sudden passion, "why did you speak to her of this? Why have you deliberately insulted your brother's child?"

"There was no insult. I may have told her that if she chooses to do such things as society disapproves of, she must only submit to the consequences and consider herself ostracized."

"Compromised," you said."

"Well, it is as good a word; you are welcome to it."

"Pshaw!" says Seaton, with a quick motion of the hand, as if flinging the idea far from him, "let us have no more of such petty scandal. You forget," sternly, "that when you seek to compromise Vera, you condemn me, your son."

Dyrant shrugged his shoulders.

"The man is never in fault; so your world rules," says he, lightly.

"You persist, then, in your insult," says Seaton, going a step nearer to him, the veins swelling in his forehead. "You still say that she—"

"I say that, and more," replied the old man, undaunted, a very demon of obstinacy having now taken possession of his breast. "I feel even bold enough to suggest to her the advisability of an immediate marriage with you, as a means of crushing in the bud the scandal that is now arising out of her impudence."

"Go, Vera; leave the room," says Seaton, with great emotion.

"Why should she go? It seems to me you give her bad advice," says Mr. Dyrant, looking from one to the other with a satirically friendly glance. "Let her rather stay and discuss with us your marriage with her."

If he had been so foolishly blind as to hope by this bold move to force Vera into an engagement, his expectations are now on the instant destroyed by his son.

"Understand me, once for all, that I shall not marry Vera," says he, white with anger, and some strong feeling that he is almost powerless to suppress. "Were she to come to me this moment and lay her hand in mine, and say she was willing so far to sacrifice herself, I should refuse to listen to her."

Vera, for the first time since her entrance, lifts her head to look at him. Was he thinking of Miss Butler? He was true at last to her? A little blither smile curls her lip.

"I thank you," she says, with a slight inclination of her head toward her cousin, and with a swift step leaves the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

Four long days have crept languidly into the past, four of the dullest days Griseida Dyrant has ever yet endured, and she is compelled to acknowledge even to herself. Slowly, with aimless steps, she rises and flings aside the moldy volume she had found in one of the rooms below, and with a sigh she has been making a fruitless effort to read, and looks out upon the sunless pleasure-ground beneath her window. She becomes suddenly aware of an unfamiliar figure that, kneeling on the grass before one of the beds, seems to be weeping.

It is certainly the new gardener. Poor creature, whoever he is, what desire has induced him to come here? Uncle Gregory had evidently found no difficulty in replacing his former employee. Had he secured this new gardener on the old poor creature's terms? Griseida, however, indeed must have been his guest before and his clothes came to such a sorry pass! At this moment the "unhappy creature" lifts his head, turns it deliberately toward her, and she finds herself face to face with Tom Peyton!

A little sharp cry breaks from her; she stifles it, but turns very pale.

"You!" she says.

"Don't look like that!" he says, in a low tone, but sharply. "Would you betray me? Remember, it was my only chance of getting near you. Don't faint, I mean, or do anything like that."

"Oh, how could you do such a thing?" says she, in a trembling voice. "And—"

"And how strange you look, and what dreadful clothes you have on!"

"Well, I gave a good deal for them," says he, casting an eloquent glance at his trousers; "more—four times more—than I ever yet gave for a suit. I'm sorry you don't approve of them; but for myself, I think them becoming, and positively glory in them; I would rather have them than any clothes I've ever yet had, and I think them right down cheap. It's rather a sell if you don't think they suit my style of beauty."

He is disgracefully unalike to the horror of his position. He is even elated by it, and is plainly on the point of bubbling over with laughter. Given an opportunity indeed, and it is certain he will give mirth away; Griseida, however, declines to help him to this opportunity.

"It's horrid of you—I don't know how you can laugh," says she, beginning to cry. "I can't bear to see you dressed like that, just like a common man."

"Well, there's my sister, Gracie—she's a very good-natured woman, and clever, too. If I were to tell her all, she would tell Seaton, and between them they might manage something. There's a step! Go away, and try to see me to-morrow if you can."

They have barely time to separate before the gaunt figure of Grunch is seen approaching through the laurels.

CHAPTER XIV.

To-day is wet; a soaking, steady down-pour that commenced at early dawn is still rendering miserable the shrubbery and gardens.

Vera, depressed by the melancholy of the day, has cast her book aside, and, with a certainty of meeting nobody in the empty rooms and corridors, wanders aimlessly throughout their dreary length and breadth. These rooms are well known to her, and presently wearying of them she turns aside and rather timidly pushes open a huge, faded, blue-covered door that leads she scarcely knows whither. She pushes it back and looks eagerly inward.

It is not an apartment, after all. A long, low, vaulted passage reveals itself, only dimly lighted by a painted window at the lower end. It appears to be a completely bare passage, leading nowhere; but presently, as she runs her eyes along the eastern wall, a door meets them, an old oaken door, iron-clasped and literally hung with cobwebs.

Curiosity grows strong within her. Catching the ancient handle of this door, a mere brass ring sunk in the woodwork, she pushes against it with all her might. In vain. But not deterred, she pushes again and again; and at the last trial of her strength a sharp sound—a ring of something heavy falling on a stone floor—crashes with a quick, altogether astounding noise upon the tomblike silence that fills the mysterious passage.

At the same moment the door gives way, and she, unexpectedly yielding with it, steps hurriedly forward into a dark and greasy little room.

The poverty of the light has perhaps dimmed her sight, because after a little while a shadow on the opposite wall, that resolves itself into an opening, becomes known to her. It is not a door, rather a heavy wooden partition, and now, resolutely determined to go through with her adventure, she advances toward it, pulls it aside, and finds herself face to face with Gregory Dyrant.

He is on his knees, next that peculiar cabinet described in an earlier chapter, and as he lifts his head upon her entrance, a murderous glare, as of one hunted, desperate, comes into his curious eyes.

The side of the cabinet is lying wide open, and, as he involuntarily moves, the clink of golden coins falling one upon another alone breaks the loud silence that oppresses the atmosphere. In his hand he is holding an old and yellow parchment.

"I am sorry," murmurs Vera, terrified. "I did not know I was here."

"What brought you here, girl—here where I believed myself safe? Go, go—there is nothing—nothing, I tell you, they lied to you if they told you anything—go, I say!"

He has entirely lost his self-possession, and is still kneeling on the floor, now hugging, now trying to hide beneath him the paper he holds with his shivering, nervous fingers. "Go, go, go!" he shrieks, beside himself. He is in a perfect frenzy; all dignity is gone; to the girl standing trembling there is a loathsome sight to see this old man on the brink of the grave thus crouching, abashed, disheveled.

"I am going," she says, faintly. She is ghastly pale; the sight of him in his horrible fright, crouching thus upon the ground, has so unnerved her that she actually grasps at the curtain for support. (To be continued.)

Mutually Surprised.

There must have been about four hundred people at Lake Bennett, writes Mr. Secretan, in his entertaining book, "To Klondyke and Back," making four hundred different varieties of death-dealing conveyances, for each had to construct his own boat for descending to the Yukon River. The owner of a little wheezy, portable sawmill, which was puffing away day and night, tearing spruce logs to pieces for one hundred dollars a thousand feet, was getting rich.

Anything that would float was at a premium. Once in a while you would see something resembling a boat, but not often. As a general rule, the soap-box and coffin combination was the most popular pattern.

Some men could not wait to be supplied by the wheezy sawmill, but went in for whipsawing on their own account. One man stands on top of the log, and the other below, and the saw is then pushed up and down along a chalk mark.

A story is told of two "pardners" who commenced whipsawing. After working a while, till his tired muscles almost refused duty, the lower one excused himself for a moment, and having hired the first man he met to take his place in the pit, disappeared. The sawing proceeded until the uppermost "pardner" all unconscious that he was working with an entire stranger, brought him of a device to rest. Making some ordinary explanation, he got down from the log and quickly hired an Indian to take his place at the saw.

The "pardners" were mutually surprised to meet each other shortly afterward in an adjacent saloon.

A Certain Wax.

"How can you tell mushrooms from toadstools, little boy?"

"Easy! If de guy dat eats 'em is alive next day dey mushrooms. If he's shifted off de mortal coil den dey toadstools."

EVENTS OF THE DAY

FROM THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.

A Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week, Presented in a Condensed Form, Which is Most Likely to Prove of Interest to Our Many Readers.

Cortez, a leading Filipino rebel, has been captured.

Miss Stone, the American missionary, has been released.

Secretary Hitchcock is expected to leave the cabinet soon.

SPANISH RIOTS CONTINUE.

Serious Conflicts Still Occur at Barcelona—Troops Fire on Strikers.

Madrid, Feb. 24.—Official dispatches received here assert that calm has been restored at Barcelona, Saragossa and Valencia, but newspaper telegrams report that the situation is still serious.

The rioters at Barcelona are devoting their energies to preventing food supplies from entering the town. In one such case the troops escorting a convoy were obliged to fire on the rioters, several of whom were killed or wounded. A serious conflict also occurred today in the center of the town. The orders of the captain general to persuade the dock laborers to resume work have failed, and the entire trade of Barcelona is at a standstill. Revolutionary proclamations are still being circulated there.

PHILIPPINE CONSTABULARY.

Captain Allen, Chief, Asks that the Forces at His Command Be Doubled.

Washington, Feb. 20.—The war department has made public a report of Captain Henry T. Allen, sixth cavalry, dated Manila, December 15, concerning the Philippine constabulary, of which he is chief. Captain Allen says the constabulary consisted of 2,500 men, and was able to control, without the aid of troops, the provinces of Abra, Ilocos, Union, Lepanto, Banguet, Nueva Viscaya, Bataan, Principe and Infanta.

Up to the date of the report there had been only two men lost from the

THE NATION'S GUEST

PRINCE HENRY AND PARTY ARRIVE AT NEW YORK.

Royal Salute from the American Forces—Met Down the Bay by Admiral Evans—Disembarking from the Steamer Kronprinz the Prince Receives Callers on Board the Royal Yacht Hohenzollern.

New York, Feb. 24.—Prince Henry of Prussia, representative of his brother, the emperor of Germany, at the launching of the latter's American built yacht, reached New York yesterday



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

Nineteen lives were lost in the Park Avenue hotel fire in New York.

The Philippine Commission favors modifying the Chinese exclusion order.

The provinces of Laguna and Batangas have been entirely cleared of insurgents.

Barcelona, Spain, rioters continue their depredations upon the stores and factories.

A severe sleet storm that prevailed on the Atlantic coast tied up all traffic for a time.

Senators Tillman and McLaurin, of South Carolina, engaged in a fist fight and were required to apologize to the senate.

Fire in Portland destroyed \$94,000 worth of property and for a time threatened to get beyond all control of the firemen.

Prince Henry and staff arrived in New York one day late. They were delayed on account of a severe storm off the Atlantic coast.

Twenty lives were lost in a \$2,000,000 hotel fire at New York.

A tidal wave on the Salvadorian coast caused the loss of more than 50 lives.

The riots continue at Barcelona and other Spanish cities. Almost the entire nation has been placed under martial law.

The house committee on territories unanimously voted to report bills for the admission of the territories of New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma.

The Hay-Pauncefote treaty, giving England's assent to the construction of a canal across Central America by the United States, has been ratified.

Hundreds of forced Bank of England notes have been put in circulation in London during the past few days. They are hard to tell from the genuine.

A financial crisis is about to occur in Chile.

Germany will abolish the bounties on sugar.

Rich gold and copper discoveries have been made in Africa.

The president has made public his decision in the Schley appeal.

The Korean army will be reorganized with British officers in charge.

Two hundred persons have been killed in the riots at Barcelona, Spain.

The most stringent measures have been prepared to protect traffic and business. The strikers have few rifles, but are well supplied with revolvers and daggers.

The search of suspected houses continues, resulting in the arrest of large numbers of anarchists and revolutionists of all kinds, who are considered to be the prime movers in the troubles.

The cosmopolitan character of Barcelona makes it a resort for representatives of all the revolutionary elements in Europe, and the ranks of the malcontent workmen have been swelled by French and other foreign political agitators.

The Republicans are busy among the troops, urging them not to use their arms against their own class in defense of plutocrats.

The working people of Madrid favor the strikers.

Martial law has been proclaimed at Tarragona. The strike is spreading in the Llobregat and Cardener valleys.

There is a general cessation of work at Castellon de la Plana and Gave, and much excitement prevails at Batea. Forces of gendarmes have been dispatched to those places.

LONG MAY SOON RESIGN.

Now That the Schley Controversy Is Settled He May Soon Retire.

Washington, Feb. 22.—Now that the Schley matter has been settled officially, it is understood that Secretary Long feels he is at liberty to carry out the project cherished by him to retire to private life. However, this is not expected to ensue at once, for there is no certain knowledge of what may follow in congress, notwithstanding a belief by the administration that the case is now settled beyond revival. Therefore, it is understood that the change in the cabinet circle will not take place before the adjournment of the present session.

Factory Fire at Toronto.

Toronto, Feb. 22.—Fire that started tonight by spontaneous combustion in the finishing rooms of the Menzies Manufacturing Company, Ltd., manufacturers of furniture, and spread to the adjoining premises of the Merchants' Dyeing and Finishing Company, did damage to the extent of \$2000.00.

Claim Swindlers in England.

London, Feb. 24.—The operations of American swindlers, who are extorting money in England through representations regarding fortunes awaiting their victims in America, have become so extensive that Mr. Boyle, United States consul at Liverpool, has published a letter warning people not to be deceived by the statements made by these men.

Correctness of Russia's Intentions.

Washington, Feb. 24.—The United States government is now perfectly satisfied as to the correctness of Russia's intentions respecting Manchuria. The pledges heretofore obtained from Russia have been renewed and reinforced so strongly that they must be accepted as satisfactory, unless our government is prepared deliberately to question Russia's integrity, which it has not the least disposition to do.

Effect of American Ship Subsidy.

London, Feb. 20.—The Daily Mail, in its issue this morning, discusses the effect upon British shipping of the American ship subsidy bill. The paper contends that the bounty suggested by Senator Frye will completely counterbalance the advantage now held by British shipping, but that the only remedy hitherto proposed—that American ships entering British ports should be fined to the extent of their subsidy—is impracticable.

MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, Who Will Christen the German Emperor's New Yacht Meteor.

force by desertion—a showing attributed to the care in the selection of the men. Captain Allen says that experience has shown that the cost of a single constable for one year does not exceed \$250 gold, while the cost of maintaining an American soldier ordinarily is reckoned at about \$1,000. Captain Allen states that in chasing down the robber bands the constabulary is unquestionably more efficient than the American troops, and while one large garrison in many of the provinces may be always necessary, it is his opinion, after a thorough study of conditions, that in one year's time 15,000 American soldiers, with the native contingent of troops and constabulary, will suffice to garrison the Philippine archipelago.

Captain Allen says that the general conditions of the islands as regards pacification have never been so favorable as now, when the "crumbling from the top" is duly manifested. In his opinion the campaign in progress in Batangas and Laguna will be the coup de grace of the insurrection. The better class of people, he says, are extremely tired of the struggle, and ardently desire peace. The recently enacted sedition law, he says, has had a potent value in bringing evil doers to a realization of their allegiance to law and order. In a recapitulation of the work of the constabulary for a little over four months, it is shown that in 15 engagements 20 outlaws have been killed, 20 wounded and 374 captured.

BIG SANITARIUM BURNED.

One Life Lost and Several Persons Injured—Property Loss \$500,000.

Battle Creek, Mich., Feb. 20.—Early today the large Adventist sanitarium and hospital buildings, located here, were destroyed by fire, causing a loss of about \$500,000, with only \$60,000 insurance, besides great personal loss to 300 patients who were in the main building, and who had only time to escape in their night clothes. One life is supposed to have been lost.

There were at least 300 persons in the main building when the fire broke out in the basement. This building was five stories high, and as soon as the fire was discovered the night attendants on each floor gave the alarm in the corridors, and the patients made their escape down the fire escapes aided by the nurses. They did not have time to save their personal effects. Two of the inmates were slightly injured.

Chinese Minister to Russia.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 20.—Yang Yu, minister to Russia died here today, after a short illness. Yang Yu was formerly Chinese minister at Washington. He was transferred to St. Petersburg in November, 1896.

Tolstol at Point of Death.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 25.—The latest news received here from Yalta, Crimea, is to the effect that Count Tolstol is at the point of death.

Ted Roosevelt Improves.

Washington, Feb. 25.—The condition of young Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., continues to improve and he is progressing steadily toward complete restoration to health.

and was cordially welcomed as a guest of the nation. The land batteries that guard the outer harbor sounded the first greeting in a ponderous greeting of 21 guns, the rifles of a special naval squadron assembled in his honor echoed the sentiment, there were verbal greetings from the representatives of President Roosevelt, the army, navy, and the city of New York, and a great crowd lined the way in the city to see and cheer the sailor prince of Germany.

The great storm which the Kronprinz Wilhelm had struggled for days, and which had glared the Atlantic coast in an armor of ice, had lost its force and resigned its sway to warm sunshine and cheery blue skies, so there were no regrets that the royal guest was a full day late for the entertainment provided for him.

There was a curtain off the Hook early in the morning, and it was after 9 o'clock before the watchers caught the shadowy outlines of the cautiously approaching liner.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, commander of the special squadron and honorary aid to the prince, accompanied by his staff, left the flagship Illinois at 9:40 o'clock in the naval tug Nina. They were all in full dress uniform.

The Nina met the Kronprinz Wilhelm beyond Fort Wadsworth, and, sailing around on the starboard side of the liner, steamed up the bay. Prince Henry, attired in the uniform of an admiral of the German navy, and surrounded by his naval and military staff, stood on the bridge of the liner.

As the naval tug drew nearer to the side of the steamship, Prince Henry and Admiral Evans caught sight of each other and exchanged informal salutes. The distance from steamer to tug was too great for conversation, however.

As the two vessels, with a flotilla of tugs and official craft, moved in past Fort Wadsworth, the first of the salutes of 21 guns was fired. As the first gun sounded the prince advanced to the end of the bridge of the Kronprinz Wilhelm and stood at attention. As he passed the big American flag floating over the fortification he raised his cap in salute, and the members of his suite did likewise. The flag at the jackstaff of the Kronprinz was dipped, and the German naval band accompanying the prince played "The Star Spangled Banner." The guns of Fort Wadsworth were not silent before those across the narrows at Fort Hamilton boomed out their salute.

When that ceremony was over the Kronprinz was stopped, and the Nina hauled around on her port side, and Admiral Evans and his staff boarded her.

Admiral Evans was escorted forward at once, and in the quarters of the master of the Kronprinz, he and the prince met. The prince came forward, and, taking the hand of the naval officer, shook it warmly.

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