MASTER OF THE MINE

By Robert Buchanan.

CHAPTER XIII.

It seemed as if the days of my boyhood had come back to me. Never since then had I experienced such feelings as now filled my heart, for with Madeline's fading they had faded, and during the years of our separation I had passed my time with tolerable tranquillity; but now that she had been so miraculously restored to me, the old fire was rekindled in my soul, and I became another man. Her very presence in the house that night drove away all thoughts of sleep.

All that day, overcome by the fatigue through which she had passed, Madeline remained in her chamber; while I, utterly unable to work, hung like a restless spirit about the house. The next morning she awoke refreshed; and when we three sat at breakfast, she astonished us all by appearing amongst us, fully dressed, and looking bright and well.

As all her own clothes had been lost in the wreck, she wore a dress of my aunt; over it she had thrown the cloak which she had worn on the wreck. She came forward languidly, leaning on the shoulder of her black attendant, and sank down into the chair which my uncle had placed for her, while the native began crying and kissing her hands. They spoke together in the foreign tongue; then Madeline raised her eyes and looked quietly around. Her glance swept the room and finally rested with a look of recognition on my face. I felt the hot blood mount to my temples.

"Am I mistaken?" she asked, softly; "did you take me from the wreck?"

I bowed my head. In a moment all her languor disappeared, the old fire darted from her eyes, the old flush suffused her cheeks—she was the Madeline of my childhood once more. She looked at her hands, with one quick movement pulled off the most valuable of her rings, and held it toward me.

"Will you not take it?" she said, with a bright smile. "You saved my life."

Her whole manner was that of a lady speaking to an inferior. Under my excitement I hardly noticed it. Scarcely knowing what I did, I sprang forward and took the ring; then, eagerly kissing her hand, I placed it again upon her finger.

"Madeline," I said, "don't you know me? Madeline—Miss Graham!"

She looked at me more critically and shook her head.

"Have you forgotten Munster's?" I said, "and Hugh Trelawney?"

If I expected a wild outburst of pleasure at the mention of my own name, I was quickly disappointed. She only smiled; and, with her eyes fixed upon vacancy as if she was reviewing the past, said:

"Munster's? Hugh Trelawney? Oh, yes; of course I remember now! Hugh Trelawney was the nicest of those Munster boys, and we were friends; but," she added, fixing her eyes anxiously upon me, "surely you are not that boy?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am Hugh Trelawney!"

Her eyes opened wider, she glanced from me to my uncle and aunt, then round the kitchen, then she was silent. I felt that some explanation was due to her, and I gave it. I told her of my father's death—of the kindness of my uncle and aunt, and of my subsequent life at St. Gurlott's.

"St. Gurlott's?" she said. "Is this St. Gurlott's, in Cornwall? I have an aunt living in a place of that name. Perhaps you may know her; her name is Mrs. Redruth."

"Wha, that be our master's mother!" broke in my aunt. But I added:

"Are you sure it's the same, Miss Graham? This Mrs. Redruth has a son who owns the mine."

"Yes, I know—my cousin George!" she answered; while my heart misgave me at the familiar manner in which she mentioned the name. "Oh, it must be the same," she continued, enthusiastically; "and to think I should be shipwrecked here, of all places in the world! Mr. Trelawney, are they far away? Would it be possible to let them know that I am here? Perhaps if you tell her the story and show her this," she continued, drawing a quaint signet ring from her finger, "my aunt will come to me. This was my dear father's ring, and she knew it well, for he always wore it—and he had it on even when he died!"

I started off on my mission. The events of the last few hours had made me a changed being. I began to wonder if it was all real. It was clear to me now that she thought little of the past. While I had been living upon the memory of those dear days, she had let other events obliterate it entirely from her mind. Well, it was clear I must do the same. I must deliver her up to the custody of her relations as coldly as if she were a stranger who had casually been cast in my path for a day.

Having made my decision, I became calmer, and walked with a steady step up to Redruth House. I inquired for the young master; learned that he had left for London two days before. I asked for the mistress, and she saw me. She listened to my story quietly enough; when I showed her the ring, her white face flushed, her hand trembled, and her eyes filled with tears.

"It is my brother's, my poor brother's," she said, more to herself than to me; then she added: "My niece is at your cottage, you say?"

"Yes, madame."

"Tell her I will come to her at once."

I left the house and, instead of returning to the cottage, walked straight down to the mine. Where was the use of my returning to Madeline; to stand by and see that grim and stonyhearted woman bring to her queenly eyes the light of happiness, to her lips the cry of jay, which the sight of my face had failed to do?

All day I worked with a fierce persistence which alarmed me. I looked at myself in my mining suit, then recalled Madeline as I had seen her that morning—with her soft hands sparkling with gems, and the black servant crouching at her feet—and realized more than ever the distance that divided us from one another. I returned home in the evening and found the cottage much the same as it had always been. Madeline was gone.

"She be up at Redruth House, Hugh," said my aunt. "The awld missus came and took her away, and right glad she was to go, poor lass!"

She showed me a five-pound note which Madeline had given her, borrowing it from her aunt to do so. She put the note into an old work box where most of her treasures were kept, and set about getting the tea, imagining that the romance of last night's wreck had ended.

CHAPTER XIV.

For some days after that I saw nothing whatever of Madeline. One day, the seventh from that on which the lifeboat had brought her to shore, I made a minute inspection of the mine, which every day grew more dangerous, and came up from my work covered with filth from head to foot. I had passed the last ladder, and stood at the mouth of the mine, dazzled by the quick transformation from pitch darkness to broad daylight, when my ears were struck by the sound of a voice which passed like sudden music through my frame. I rubbed my eyes and looked about me, and there, not far from where I stood, was my old sweetheart. She was dressed now in an elegant costume of gray, which fitted her to perfection; a little hat with long plumes was on her head, and her face, looking lovelier than ever, glowed and sparkled in the light; with her rich brown skin and sparkling black eyes, her erect carriage, graceful tread, she looked like some Eastern princess! She was walking toward the spot where I stood; George Redruth was beside her; while behind followed the black girl, Anita, her dark eyes fixed upon her mistress. This sudden encounter unnerved me. Quickly recovering myself, however, I was about to move away, and so avoid embarrassment, when the master's voice arrested me.

"Trelawney," he said; "one moment. Miss Graham wishes to go down the mine. I tell her it is impossible. What do you say? Is it fit for a lady?"

"Don't worry about it, George," she said, "I've abandoned the idea." Then, stepping up to me, she held forth her little gloved hand. I bowed over it, but did not take it, giving as an excuse that I was not fit to approach her.

"I daresay you were in quite as forlorn a condition the other morning when you snatched me from the wreck," she said; "yet you did not hesitate then, when your own life was in peril. Mr. Trelawney, take my hand."

I did as she requested, I clasped the little hand in both of mine and raised it respectfully to my lips. In doing so, I caught a glimpse of George Redruth's face; it was black as the pit mouth.

"Now, my dear Madeline," he said, impatiently, "shall we go back?"

But Madeline was not ready, or perhaps she was too imperious to be so ordered by her cousin. She had abandoned all intention of descending the mine; but she was nevertheless anxious to inspect the outside of it.

"But you can go," she said. "Mr. Trelawney will escort me."

"Nonsense!" returned her cousin. "Trelawney has got his work to attend to. I will stay."

And he did stay for fully two hours; at the end of which time she allowed him to take her away.

Three other days passed without a sign from her; then I encountered her again. It was in the evening, when I was walking home. This time she was alone; except for the servant, who walked at a respectful distance behind her. She came up to me unreservedly, and again held forth her hand.

"I came to walk back with you," she said. "Do you mind?"

"I mind?" I repeated in amazement. "You forget, Miss Graham, it is an honor for me to walk beside you."

She gave a little impatient toss of her head, and we walked on together. For some time not a word was spoken, but I felt that she was watching me keenly. Presently she said:

"Do you know what I have been doing, Mr. Trelawney? I have been trying to find in you one trace of the boy I knew, years ago, at Munster's—and I have failed."

"I don't understand."

"No? Well, I will explain. The boy I knew was kind to me; frank, openhearted, generous. You are somewhat unfriendly, reserved, harsh, and, if I may say so, churlish. Why are you so changed?"

"I am not changed, Miss Graham; or, if I am, it is but with the tide of fortune, which has ebbed and not flowed with me since we met before. When we were at Munster's I believed we were equals, but now you are Miss Madeline Graham; I am overseer of your cousin's mine."

"Then you wish us to remain as strangers?"

"I think it would be better."

"Ah! you are crueller than I thought; if you will not accept my friendship for the sake of the old days when we were boy and girl together, you will, at least, have some pity upon me. I am lonely and among strangers here. You seem like an old friend. If you will suffer me to talk to you sometimes it will make my stay here more pleasant."

Her pleading won the day, and we became friends. I never went to Redruth House, and she never came to the cottage. I never sought her, but quite innocently and frankly she sought me. We often went on the moor when, after my long day's work, I was making my way home, and I could not regard these meetings as purely accidental on her part. She was always accompanied by the black girl, until one evening, when she appeared alone.

"You are looking for Anita!" said Madeline, noting my glance. "She has gone to London with my aunt's maid, and will not return till close on midnight. My cousin counselled my staying at home to-night, or allowing him to accompany me. I knew I should not want for company, so refused to submit. I may not enjoy these walks much longer."

"What! are you going away?" I asked, in some alarm.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Perhaps! I do not know; certainly I shall have to go sooner or later, but I trust it may not be sooner. When I was shipwrecked here I was on my way to London, to take up my abode with some other relations. They are troubling me with questions, so I have sent Anita to satisfy them as to my safety. Yet I suppose I shall some day have to go."

She tried to speak carelessly, yet I fancied I detected a ring of regret in her voice, and I quailed before the feeling of desolation which her words brought to my heart.

In that one sentence she had unwittingly shown to me myself—revealed to me the terrible secret which I had been vainly trying to crush from my heart. Even as she had influenced my boyhood, she had influenced my manhood.

I loved her with the same unthinking love which had filled my soul as a boy—loved her even while I felt that such a love might be the means of blighting my life. I knew that no good could come of it, for was she not as far removed from me as the moon was removed from the sea? and yet I felt at that moment that to love her so, be it only for one hour, was worth whole centuries of pain.

(To be continued.)

WAGNER AS A HUMORIST.

How He Complied with the Suggestion of a London Newspaper.

Richard Wagner was not a man to whom one would naturally ascribe the faculty of ready joking. It is not from the creator of the serious, somber, "Flying Dutchman" or the composer of the half mystical, half religious opera "Parsifal," that one would expect cheerful pranks at the expense of other people. Nevertheless, an instance is on record of how the great tone-painter of Bayreuth played a very funny trick on a newspaper and probably a good many of the readers accustomed to relying on what it said. It was in the '50's. Wagner, then still climbing the ladder of fame, was conducting the Philharmonic concerts in the British metropolis for a season. Being, as he remained to the end, a very ardent admirer of Beethoven, and, in fact, knowing that master's nine symphonies by heart, he selected several of them for performance in the said series of concerts. The first time, then, that Wagner conducted a Beethoven symphony in London, the public received the rendition kindly enough, but the next morning a certain newspaper with a very large circulation came out with a rather severe criticism. The author of "Lohengrin" was in cold print, but in unreserved terms, scolded for directing a symphony by the immortal Beethoven without a score in front of him. Such a proceeding, to which London was unaccustomed, was sheer presumption, so ran the criticism. And after further uncomplimentary remarks, the great and influential journal advised young Herr Wagner to use a score when he conducted a Beethoven symphony again. Well, soon Herr Wagner did, this time with a book of music open before him on his desk. He was seen to turn over the leaves with a certain amount of regularity, too. His reward came, next day, in the form of a commendatory article in the aforesaid newspaper, which praised him for a very much better interpretation of Beethoven than his last, due, of course, to the suggested use of the score. Whereupon Wagner (we think our pun is justified in this particular instance) announced the fact that the score in front of him the previous evening was that of Rossini's opera, "The Barber of Seville"—turned upside down.—Collier's Weekly.

Saved by Chance.

"His life was saved by a button?"

"How fortunate. Tell me about it."

"A girl asked for a button as a souvenir. He gave it to her. Then he fell in love with her and she fell in love with him. They were married.

"But you said she saved his life?"

"Oh, yes. His wife would not let him go to war, and the man who took his place was killed."

Babies to Burn.

Teacher—Johnny, what are you going to name the twins at your house?

Johnny—Anthracite and Bituminous, I think.

Teacher—Aren't they rather strange names?

Johnny—No, ma'am; I guess not. I heard pop telling the man next door that he had babies to burn.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Indiscretion.

"Isn't the perfect trust and confidence engaged people have in each other perfectly beautiful?"

"Perfectly idiotic, I should say."

"Why?"

"Because when I was engaged I told my future wife all about my income and prospects; and now I can't spend a dollar on myself without her knowing about it."

Suited His Surroundings.

Lady—I wish to select a pet dog.

Dealer—Live in town, I suppose, mum?

"Yes, I live in a flat."

"Then I would advise an Italian greyhound, mum. No matter how much you feeds a greyhound he allers stays narrer."

An Art Critic.

Ethel—What do you think of this landscape, aunty?

Aunt Hannah—Well, er—I don't think so much of the trees, but that grapevine is perfectly good.

Ethel—Grapevine? Why, dear, that is the artist's signature.—Philadelphia Record.

A Case in Point.

"It was Shakspeare who wrote: 'What's in a name?'"

"I know it, and it's funny, too. If they could prove that Bacon wrote Shakspeare's works most of us wouldn't think half as much of them as we do."

The exiled Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage is a spectacle that has moved many a schoolboy to oratory.

SONG OF LIFE.

Maiden of the laughing eyes
Primrose-kirtled, winged, free,
Virgin daughter of the skies—
Joy!—whom gods and mortals prize,
Share thy smiles with me!

Yet—lest I, unheeding, borrow
Pleasure that to-day endears
And benumbs the heart to-morrow,
Turn not wholly from me, Sorrow!
Let me share thy tears!

Give me of thy fullness, Life!
Pulse and passion, power, breath,
Vision pure, heroic strife—
Give me of thy fullness, Life!
Nor deny me death!
—Harper's Magazine.

Lucky Rain Drops

As the weather had been fine for quite half an hour people had donned their light spring clothing and had sallied forth into the park, feeling spruce and merry. They sallied out again, however, with undignified haste when a sudden downpour of rain came from nowhere in particular—for no one had noticed any clouds—transforming most of them into mere masses of drenched misery in less than three minutes.

Lily, her head bent forward against the wind, and with both hands holding her wind-driven skirts, started to run toward Grant monument. Not many yards had she gone when she collided with Clayton, who was scurrying toward the park corner.

"I beg your pardon," said he.

Lily stood still, her back to the wind and her wavy golden hair blowing prettily over her shoulders and framing her flushed face.

"You!" she exclaimed.

Now he was standing still, too. They stared confusedly at each other, neither knowing what to say.

"I thought," he ventured at last, "that I had nearly killed somebody. I sincerely hope—— But, there, I'm forgetting the rain and you've no umbrella. Hi, there—you with the tent! I'll give you five dollars for it!"

This to a ragged old man who, nevertheless, seemed to be comparatively happy, having a mishapen but inviting umbrella.

"Done!" said the old fellow, jumping eagerly at the bargain. "It ain't much of a beauty for promenading, sir, and mebbe it ain't worth so much, but——"

"It is to me," said Clayton. "Here's the money. Now," turning once more to Lily, "let's find a more sheltered place."

Beneath the ugly umbrella the young couple hurried along toward a huge tree that seemed to offer some protection from wind and rain.

"How strange," remarked Clayton, "that we should suddenly find ourselves journeying along together again once more, just as we used to do, as though we had never quarreled! At this moment I can scarcely realize that all is over——"

"It isn't," snapped the girl emphatically, "I mean, the rain isn't over yet. But it will soon be, and—and you really needn't have bothered about an umbrella."

"Well, you needn't stand so far away, if you do hate me."

He took her arm and pulled her, ever so gently, toward him.

She noticed, as she leaned nearer, that his heart was pounding violently, but hoped he was not as observant of the fluttering of her own.

"I suppose Wilfred Gray would begrudge me these few moments with you if he knew."

"Let us talk about something impersonal," said she. "The rain, for instance."

"Don't you find that a sufficiently dampening subject already?"

"Well, then—um—er—Oh, yes! Have you seen Miss Gertie Terry lately?"

"I have, very lately. I tell you, I like Gertie Terry tremendously."

"I know you do. It's an old attachment."

She made a proud but unsuccessful attempt to free her arm from his.

"Why shouldn't I like her?" he continued. "I'm to be the best man at her wedding next month. She marries my friend Bentley."

Lily unconsciously breathed a sigh of relief.

"Aren't you happy, alone here with me, Lily?" he queried, with sudden and uncontrollable tenderness.

"Goodness! There's a perfect stream running down this slope. My skirt is all draggly!"

"What a thoughtless fool I am!" he exclaimed. "Here, step up on this bench."

He helped her upon the bench, and took his place beside her, and both laughed again like children.

"I wouldn't part with this umbrella now for a million. Why, where on earth is your engagement ring, Lily?"

"What has that to do with the umbrella?"

"Answer me. You must. What has become of your rng?"

"I'm sure I don't know what he did with it, after I sent it back to him."

"Then you're not—— You're free?" Silence.

"Lily, guess what I'm going to do."

"Don't you dare. Remember, you said when we parted you would never forgive me for flirting with Wilfred. That's why I grew reckless and engaged myself to him. That's why——"

"Hang Wilfred! I'm about to kiss the tip of the prettiest ear in Chicago!"

"If you do I'll never forgive you. Besides, they can see us plainly from the boulevard."

"I don't care if the whole world——"

A nondescript, woebegone woman, with a sodden hat, its limp black feathers trailing mournfully across her cheek, suddenly made her appearance in front of the bench and paused shiveringly, as if anxious to remain in the company of two beings so warm and happy looking in the midst of all the bleakness.

"I'm a stranger here. Won't you please tell me the way out of the park?"

"Certainly, madam; go that way," replied Clayton, pointing anywhere.

She had scarcely disappeared when the history making umbrella, in response to the invitation of a passing gust of wind, turned suddenly inside out. Clayton, after a moment's dismay, reversed the ludicrous looking object, and held it over them by its apex, the homely bulldog handle standing on guard far above.

Then he repeated his question to Lily—the only question in the world at that moment.

"Won't you forgive the past, Lily? Won't you let bygones be bygones, and wear my ring once more?"

The "inverted bowl" of the umbrella was brought down so far over their heads that it completely hid them from view, and for two foolish young lovers the beating rain was turned into a golden mist.

* * * * * *

A policeman's finger tapped Clayton sharply on the arm.

"You can sit on the bench if you like, but you're not allowed to scratch the paint by standing."

The bewildered couple suddenly became conscious that the sun was shining brightly, and that half a dozen idlers stood there in the walk, gaping curiously at them.

"Nor you don't need your umbrella now,' added the policeman, with an incipient grin. "It's been fine for the last half hour."—Chicago Tribune.

BARON KUROKI IN THE FIELD.

BARON KUROKI, COMMANDING THE FIRST JAPANESE ARMY.

Baron Kuroki, commander-in-chief of the First Japanese Army, is renowned as an organizer and as a fighter, qualities which he proved in the victory of Kiu-lien-cheng on May Day, and in the masterly movements by which he has isolated Port Arthur and rendered General Kuropatkin's position in Manchuria one of extreme difficulty. Kuroki saw service during the Chino-Japanese War in 1894. At first he superintended the mobilization; he then went to the front and was present at the storming of Wei-hai-Wei. The Japanese soldiers are devoted to their commander, who, although 62, has all the energy of a young man.

SOME WAYS OF THE WORLD.

Little Delusions and Realities Keep Children Happy and Contented.

"Where are you going, Tommy?" said his mother, as a small boy with a big basket, and looking very important, stalked into her room. "Goin' to woods to look for babies," said Tommy, as if the quest was the most natural one in the world. His pretty young governess, who followed him, explained: "Yes, we are going to look for baby trees," she said; "baby oaks, baby elms, baby walnuts and chestnuts. In fact, every baby that will grow into a big tree, and then we are going to bring them home and have a baby farm." "Yeth, we're goin' to have a baby farm," repeated Tommy, brandishing a trowel. His mother laughed. "You look as if you were going to chop up the poor little things by way of a beginning," she remarked. "No, only dig them carefully up," said the pretty young governess, smiling. "Dig 'em keerfully up," echoed Tommy seriously, evidently impressed by his responsibility.

The next morning he called his mother out to inspect his "baby farm," which was really most interesting. The gardener had given him a border at the end of the flower garden where future shade would be desirable, and here he had made his "nursery" and planted his "babies" under the direction and with the assistance of "Mif Mary." They had succeeded in collecting fully ten specimens of the infants of the great forest trees, two of each kind. A couple of beech babies, with their two butterfly outside wings protecting a pair of queer little crimped, folded green fans; two fat oak babies, sucking their nutriment from the divided halves of their acorns; a pair of horse chestnuts, with their stems pulled out of their broken, shining nuts like loops, to be straightened shortly into a stem with green leaves; several sycamore maples, with their winged caps like infant Mercurys announcing spring, and two pine seedlings, like elfin umbrella sticks without the covering. "We've fed 'em so good," explained Tommy, "and put 'em to bed. Jim digged a little hole and put in manure; then I put on some nice, soft earth, and Mif Mary made little puddles with water and put the babies to bed. Plant babies in beds like that!" And Tommy roared with laughter at the queer habits of the underworld people.

Push Cart Trust Formed.

City officials have discovered the existence of one of the most interesting of trusts—a combination among holders of push cart licenses over on the east side of Manhattan, which controls, it is believed, almost exclusively the push cart trade and is extorting unreasonable rates from peddlers for the use of its carts. One of the heads of departments under Mayor McClellan has been investigating the process by which the combination manages to control the push cart trade and the matter has been brought to the attention of the mayor. The investigation is being continued and before long some interesting disclosures in connection with the operations of the push cart trust are expected.

According to the city official who has had the matter under investigation there appears to be a padrone system on the East Side which has managed somehow to obtain licenses for push carts at $2 and $4 a year. Instead of using the push carts themselves those behind the system let them out to peddlers at the rate of 15 cents a day. On this basis one push cart alone would bring in a profit of over $50 a year, and as the number of carts controlled by the syndicate is large it can readily be seen that the push cart trust derives a handsome profit from its scheme.

The city authorities are somewhat aroused over the condition of affairs which has been unearthed and threaten to make it warm for the promoters of the syndicate if they obtain evidence against them, as it is claimed that not only are they charging extortionate rates for the use of the push carts which they own, but that they are mulcting the city by depriving it of revenue which if there were no combination would readily fall to it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Not Changeable.

"Isn't this climate changeable?" asked the newcomer.

"No," answered the old inhabitant, rather brusquely. "It ain't changeable. If it was, don't you suppose we'd have traded it off for somethin' else long ago?"—Washington Star.

Case of Spilled Milk.

She—You married me for my money.

He—Well, no use to grieve over it now. It's all gone.—Town Topics.

Beware of the man who freely gives advice. He probably wants to get rid of it.