



**Worth the Duchess**

CHAPTER I.

Below a great broad stretch of ocean, calm as death, slumbering placidly beneath the sun's hot rays; above, a sky of palest azure, flecked here and there by dainty masses of soft, fleecy clouds; and far inland, a background of high hills, clothed with a tender foliage, a very baby leafdom, just bursting into the fuller life.

Toward the west the trees give way a little, letting a road be seen, that like a straight pale ribbon runs between the greenery for the space of quite a mile or so, and then reaches the small fishing village where the simple folk of Glowing Destley toll from one year's end to the other, some in careless joy, some in ceaseless labor, some, alas! in cruel weeping, because of those "who will never come back to the town."

Along the white road, that gleams thirstily in the burning sunshine of this hot midday in June, a carriage is crawling with quite an aggravating slowness—an antiquated vehicle of a type now almost unknown, but which once beyond doubt "cost money." The carriage, being an open one, enables the people as it passes through the village to see without undue trouble the occupants of it are two girls; both very young, both singularly alike, though in distinctly different styles.

"It is charming!" says the younger girl, with a little quick motion of the hand toward the sweeping bay, and the awakening trees, and the other glories of the landscape. "All charming, far better than I ever dared hope for; and yet my mind misgives me, Vera."

She turns a brilliant glance on her sister, full of terrible insinuations, and then laughs a little. Thus animated, she is a very pretty girl, half child, half woman, as fresh as the morning, and with eyes like stars. She lifts one slender black-gloved hand, and placing it beneath her sister's chin, turns her face gently to her.

"Such a beautiful face!" Very like the faint one beside it, yet unlike, too. There is a touch of sadness round the lovely lips, a mournful curve; indeed, a thoughtfulness too great for her years is stamped on every feature. A tender, loving, yet strong soul shines through the earnest eyes, and when she smiles it is reluctantly, as if smiles all her life had been forbidden to her.

"Oh! that reminds me," said Miss Dysart. "I quite forgot to tell you of it, but the day before we left Nice, Nell Stewart said that this cousin you speak of, if he does exist at all, at all events does not do it here."

"Which means?"

"That either he won't, or can't, be with his father. Can't, Nell? I led me to believe."

"Can't it be, you may be sure," says the younger girl, restlessly. "Fancy a father whose son can't live with him! And yet, after all, virtuous astonishment on that score is rather out of place with us. I can imagine just such a father."

"Well, never mind that," says Miss Dysart, hastily.

"Yes, very good; let us then go from sire to uncle," says her sister with a little shrug. "Do you think we shall gain much by the change? This old relative of ours is, perhaps, as delightful as we could wish him, and yet I wish father had not left us to his tender mercies."

"Do not dwell on that," says Vera, with nervous haste; "do not seek for faults in the inevitable. He is all that is left us. You know the sudden decision arose out of a letter received by father from Uncle Gregory about a year ago. When father was—was—dying—she pauses abruptly, and a tremor shakes her last words.

The younger girl turns quickly to look at her. There is infinite love and compassion in her glance, but perhaps a little contempt, and certainly a little impatience.

"Do you know," she says, "it may seem heartless—positively coarse, if you will—but I do not think our father was a man to execute respect, much less love or regret, or—"

"Oh! it is better not to speak like that," interrupts Miss Dysart, in a low, shocked tone. "Don't do it, darling. I know what you mean, but—"

"And I know that I shall never forgive or forget the life he led you," says Griselda, with a certain angry excitement.

"Well, that is over," says Miss Dysart, with a quick sigh, heavily withdrawn.

"What was this vendetta, this terrible lifelong quarrel that was kept up between him and father with such monotonous persistence?"

"That had to do with our grandfather's will. Papa was the eldest son, yet the property was left to Uncle Gregory; and that for no reason at all. Naturally, papa was very angry about it, and accused Gregory of using undue influence."

"Just so, and of course there is a good deal behind that you don't know. There always is: nobody ever tells quite everything. And besides—Oh! Oh, Vera! Oh! what has happened?"

Griselda clutches in an agonized fashion at the leather side of the crazy old chair, which has toppled over to the left side and stands in a decidedly dispirited position. The ancient driver, presumably asleep, had let the horses wander at their own sweet will, and they being old and sleepy, too, the result was that they had dragged two of the wheels up on a steep bank and nearly capsized the carriage.

"Oh, thank you," says Miss Dysart, leaning forward and addressing with earnest glance and heightened color the young man who had risen—descended, perhaps, sounds pleasant and more orthodox—like good angel from somewhere—the wood on their right, no doubt. A fishing rod, lying on the road where he had flung it when preparing for his ignoble battle with those poor old horses, proclaims the fact that he has been whipping the stream that gleams here and there brilliantly through the interstices of the trees.

"Oh, no," says he, lifting his hat. "You mustn't thank me. It was really nothing. Poor brutes, I think they were asleep;

been applying her ear to the keyhole, a woman enters.

"You are singularly prompt," he says, with a lowering glance and a sneer. "This is Mrs. Grunch," turning to Vera, "my housekeeper. She will see to your wants. Grunch, take these young ladies away. My nerves," with a shudder, "are all unstrung to the last pitch."

Thus unceremoniously dismissed, Miss Dysart follows the housekeeper from the room, Griselda having preceded her. Through the huge dark hall and up the wide, moldy staircase they follow their guide, noting as they do so the decay that marks everything around.

She flings wide a door for the girls to enter, and then abruptly departs without offering them word or glance. They are thankful to be thus left alone, and involuntarily stand still and gaze at each other. Vera is very pale, and her breath is coming rather fitfully from between her parted lips.

"He looks dying," she says, at last, speaking with a heavy sigh, and going nearer to Griselda, as if unconsciously seeking a closer companionship. "Did you ever see such a face? Don't you think he is dying?"

"Who can tell?" says Griselda. "I might think it, perhaps, but for his eyes. They—they shudder—they look as if they couldn't die. What terrible eyes they are! and what a vile old man altogether! Good heavens! how did he dare so to insult us! I told you, Vera—"with rising excitement—"I warned you that our coming here would be only for evil."

A moment later a knock comes to the door.

"Will you be pleased to come down stairs or to have your tea here?" demands the harsh voice of the housekeeper from the threshold.

"Here" is on Vera's lips, but Griselda, the bold, circumvents her.

"Down stairs," she says, coldly, "when we get some hot water, and when you send a maid to help us to unpack our trunks."

"There are no maids in this house," replies Mrs. Grunch, sullenly. "You must either attend to each other or let me help you."

"No maids!" says Griselda.

"None," briefly.

"And my room? Oh—is this mine, or Miss Dysart's?"

"Both yours and Miss Dysart's; sorry if it isn't big enough," with a derisive glance round the huge, bare chamber.

"You mean, we are to have but one room between us?"

"Just that, miss. Neither more nor less. And good enough, too, for those as—"

"Leave the room," says Griselda, with a sudden, sharp intonation, so unexpected, so withering, that the woman, after a surprised stare, turns and withdraws.

CHAPTER III.

A few days later the girls are sitting in the garden. It is a beautiful day. Even through the eternal shadow that encompasses the garden, and past the thick yew hedge, the hot beams of the sun are stealing.

"A day for gods and goddesses," cries Griselda, springing suddenly to her feet, and flinging far from her on the greenward the dusty volume she had purloined from the mustier library about an hour ago.

"Perhaps I'll never come back. The spirit of adventure is full upon me, and who knows what demons inhabit that unknown wood? So, fare thee well, sweet love! and when you see me expect me." She presses a sentimental kiss upon her sister's brow, averring that a "brow" is the only applicable part of her for such a solemn occasion, and runs lightly down toward the hedge.

She runs through one of the openings in the hedge, crosses the graveled path, and, mounting the parapet, looks over to examine the other side of the wall on which she stands, after which she commences her descent. One little foot she slips into a convenient hole in it, and then the other into a hole lower down, and so on and on, until the six feet of wall are conquered and she reaches terra firma, and finds nothing between her and the desired cool of the lovely woods.

With a merry heart she plunges into the dark, sweetly scented fume of the giant trees, with a green, soft pathway under her foot, and, though she knows it not, her world before her. She has stopped short in the middle of a broad, green space encompassed by high hills, though with an opening toward the west, when this uncomfortable conviction grows clear to her that she is lost. She is not of the nervous order, however, and keeping a good heart looks hopefully around her.

Far away over there, in the distance, stands a figure lightly lined against the massive trunk of a sycamore, that most unmistakably declares itself to be a man. His back is turned to her, and he is bending over something, and so far as she can judge thus remote from him, his clothing is considerably the worse for wear. A gamekeeper, perhaps, or a well-something or other of that sort. At all events the sight is welcome as the early dew.

"To be continued."

To a Poet.

To learn poetry "for repetition" is doubtless a means of cultivating a knowledge of literature, but schoolboys sometimes regard the authors of poems learned as taskmasters and personal enemies. This view is amusingly expressed in a letter which was found among the papers of the venerable German poet Gelbel. It was written to him by some schoolboys of Lubeck, and is signed "Karl Beckmann, II. Klasse." The letter is printed in literature. After stating that two boys had been flogged because they could not learn Herr Gelbel's "Hope of Spring," the letter reads as follows:

We suppose you did not think of such things when you wrote the poem. The Herr Lehrer says it is a very beautiful poem, but there are so many very beautiful poems and we are obliged to learn them. Therefore we beg and entreat you, esteemed Herr Gelbel, make no more beautiful poems. And to make it worse we have to learn the biography of every poet, what year he was born in, and what year he died in. We write to you because you are the only poet still living, and we wish you a very long life.

Senator Mark Hanna wears as a watch charm a gold nugget which is worth several hundred dollars. It was presented to him by a number of Methodist friends who reside in Cleveland, Ohio.

**NEW AIRSHIP FOR WHICH GREAT PROMISES ARE MADE.**

A model of a new dirigible airship was recently on exhibition in Chicago. It represents the results of five years' work on the part of William Reiferscheid of Streator, Ill. The model shows a contrivance consisting of two major parts, a cigar-shaped balloon, to which is attached a frame, on which are six propellers. Four propellers are used for ascending and two for steering. The power is supplied by a gasoline engine.

The owner of the machine claims it will do many evolutions unknown to the flying machine of Santos-Dumont. The Streator inventor declares his Eagle, for that is what he calls it, could be driven from Chicago to New York at the rate of 100 miles an hour, and that it could be sailed around a tower with its side touching the structure at all times. He also contends that the Eagle could be turned around all day in the same spot in the air. It is planned to construct a machine at an expense of \$10,000.

It to attend to customers in the store. It was done with an ordinary engraver's tool.

"I had heard of some man who had done this," said Mr. Houseal in explaining his design, "but I did not believe it could be done, and determined to try myself. I first rubbed the head of the pin on an oil stone to obtain a flat surface. Then I heated the cement on the disk which we use for holding such small articles. When the cement cooled I screwed the disk tightly to the stand. The most difficult part of the matter to me was in keeping track of the pin. I used a four-inch lens on the job, but I am not accustomed to using a glass of any sort, and frequently I'd lose the pin and go digging around like a man in the dark. But I managed to keep pretty well on its track."

The regularity of the letters as they are seen under the glass testifies to this. Mr. Houseal says he will keep the pin as a curiosity. Mr. Houseal is 25 years of age.—Baltimore American.

To Preserve Old Chapel.

The lovers of the antique and picturesque architecture of former centuries in the City of Mexico are pleased at the announcement that an ancient landmark, the little chapel of La Concepcion, is not to be destroyed. It has been variously claimed for this chapel that it marked the spot where Cuauhtemoc surrendered to Cortes, also that it was the first Catholic temple in which mass was said in the City of Mexico. A recent investigation of these points among the best authorities on ancient history of the capital did not establish them positively, but the little chapel is without doubt one of the earliest places of Christian worship built in the city by the Spaniards and probably in the whole of North America.

The chapel of La Concepcion now stands in the rather neglected little plaza of the same name, which is the public stand for the heavy carts and wagons licensed for hire. It is to be rescued from this unromantic surrounding, however, and a park laid out about it. The chapel will be given a few needed repairs and protected by a suitable railing. It has been proposed that the new garden to be called Jardin Berrioza, after Mexico's late minister of war.

The Groom Was Forehanded.

Ministers have many interesting and amusing experiences.

A local clergyman was engaged in conversation with a number of friends the other day, when each started telling stories of weddings he had performed. One of the party had this to offer:

Some time ago a great big fellow, roughly dressed, and a wee mite of a young woman came to him. They had no witnesses, and, in fact, did not care to have any. Nevertheless, a bridesmaid and groomsmen were selected from the household, and the ceremony began. They had promised to love and obey and all the rest of the service, when the preacher announced: "Kiss the bride."

The groom, on bended knee, hesitated a little, tried to say something and couldn't.

"Kiss the bride," said the pastor.

"Why, parson, I did, afore I came here at all," replied the groom, whose face had taken the color of a June rose.

The witnesses burst forth in laughter, while the minister had all he could do to retain the serious expression which he always wore when wedding people.—Duluth News-Tribune.

Something Sharp Needed.

A young married woman who began housekeeping a short time ago went into a hardware store in a Maine town and asked for a biscuit cutter.

The proprietor, one of her friends, selected a small ax, and with a sober face presented the same to her.

Without smiling the young lady took the ax, put it over her shoulder and marched out of the store and to her home with it.

And now the young hardware merchant is in some doubt as to its being much of a joke on the young lady.—Boston Journal.

All the mean acts of his life are quickly brought before a drowning man or a candidate for office.

**NOT TOO YOUNG TO MARRY.**

**Mere Children Are United in Wedlock in Many European Countries.**

Among the peoples of Europe there is no fixed age at which people may marry and as a consequence children of tender years frequently assume the responsibilities of cares of wedded life. In Austria a boy and girl having arrived at the age of 14 are considered to be old enough for matrimonial purposes and the law allows them to marry and begin housekeeping as soon as they please. In Germany a man is not considered to have arrived at a marriageable age until he is 18, and in France and Belgium the man must be 18 and the girl 15. In Spain the bridegroom must have arrived at the mature age of 14 and the bride must be a staid young lady of 12. The law is the same in Portugal.

Hungary has a funny marriage law. For Catholics the marriageable age is considered to be 14 for the boy and 12 for the girl, but for Protestants it is 18 for the boy and 15 for the girl. Why this distinction? In Switzerland and Greece the ages are 14 for the boy and 12 for the girl, the same as in Spain and Portugal. In Spain, Greece and Portugal boys and girls mature rapidly and a boy 14 there is as old physically as a boy of 18 in more northern countries, but it seems strange that the hardy mountaineers of Switzerland, where there is no such excuse for child marriages, should set such an early age for matrimony.

For really youthful marriage one should go to Turkey. There the law allows any boy and girl who can "walk properly" and who understand the meaning of the necessary religious service to be married for life. In Bulgaria and Servia girls are allowed to marry as soon as they cease to be babies and the girl who is not engaged by the time she is 16 is considered a hopeless old maid. In America a woman never loses hope—nor a man either.

LATE JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

A State license to practice medicine bestowed upon a physician is held in Hurley vs. Eddingfield (Ind.), 53 L. R. A. 135, to impose no obligation to respond to every call, so as to render him liable for arbitrarily refusing to attend a sick person, although no other physician is procurable.

The payment of a negotiable promissory note by one to whom it is indorsed for collection is held, in People and Drovers' Bank vs. Craig (Ohio), 52 L. R. A. 872, not to render the maker liable either on the note or as for money paid to his use, unless such payment is made with his assent.

Representations made for the purpose of procuring a contract, with the intent that they shall be acted on, without knowledge whether they are true or not, are held, in Simon vs. Goodyear Metallic Rubber Shoe Company (C. C., 6th C.), 52 L. R. A. 745, to be within the rule that a contract procured by false representations may be disaffirmed.

The existence of a disease in the applicant at the time of taking out a life-insurance policy of which he is entirely unconscious is held in Fidelity Mutual Life Association vs. Jeffords (C. C., 5th C.), 53 L. R. A. 193, not to avoid the policy; although in his application he denies having disease, and agrees that any untrue statement shall render the policy void.

Acceptance by a man of annuity provided for him by his wife's will in lieu of all other interest in her estate is held in Re Qua vs. Graham (Ill.), 52 L. R. A. 641, to make him a purchaser of it, so that it is not within the provisions of a statute placing beyond the reach of creditors trusts in good faith created by, or trust funds proceeding from, some person other than the debtor himself.

The power of a city council to compel a telephone or telegraph company to put its wires underground is upheld in Northwestern Telephone Exchange Company vs. Minneapolis (Minn.), 53 L. R. A. 175, to the extent of exercising a reasonable discretion, but with the denial of any arbitrary power to make such a requirement unreasonable, where the overhead wires have been placed in the streets under authority of an ordinance constituting a contract.

Dog Climbs Trees.

Shap is a brindle bull-terrier dog of unusual brightness, who belongs to a deaf and dumb girl at Silver Lake, Mass. Shap's favorite occupation when not chasing rabbits and woodchucks is to try to climb trees after the saucy little red squirrels which abound in the grove in the vicinity of his mistress's home. So much have they aggravated the astute dog that in his endeavor to get at his provoking enemies he has developed into quite a tree climber.—Boston Post.

Army Impediments.

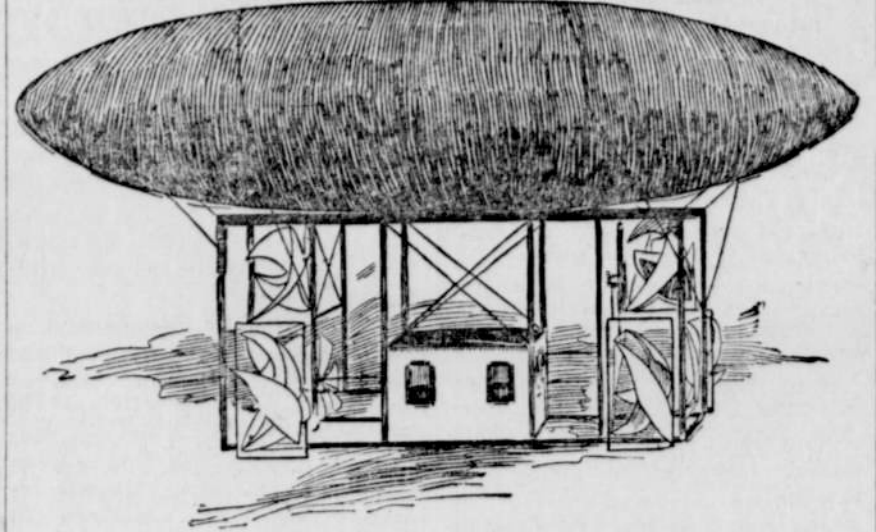
Armies are adding so many curious vehicles to their impediment that it is a grave question in some quarters whether their mobility will not be seriously impeded in future wars. There were the movable forge, the movable armatorium, the hospital, the ice machine and now comes the traveling disinfecting apparatus. The latter is a wagon so fitted that it can readily move from camp to camp to disinfect the clothing of the soldiers.

China Pays Old Scores.

A Chinaman in the Philippines instructed the innocent natives to address all Americans as "John." And yet they say Chinamen have no sense of humor.—Buffalo Express.

Post-offices in the United States.

At the close of the fiscal year 1900 there were 75,688 post-offices in the United States, or one to every 1,000 inhabitants.



A model of a new dirigible airship was recently on exhibition in Chicago. It represents the results of five years' work on the part of William Reiferscheid of Streator, Ill. The model shows a contrivance consisting of two major parts, a cigar-shaped balloon, to which is attached a frame, on which are six propellers. Four propellers are used for ascending and two for steering. The power is supplied by a gasoline engine.

**AWFUL BOER MORTALITY.**

**British Reconcentrated Camps in South Africa to Be Abolished.**

The horrors of the British reconcentration camps in South Africa are to be abated. The appalling mortality that has marked these camps from the beginning has at length aroused the Government to action and the system under which thousands of Boer women and children have perished unnecessarily is to be changed.

The reconcentration policy of England in South Africa will be one of the darkest chapters connected with the Boer war. Even Secretary Broderick, under whom they were instituted and maintained, does not defend them. The death rate in them has been awful. In six months 13,941 persons perished in them. During one month 3,156 deaths of whites are recorded, and of the victims 2,633 were children. The death rate for six months approximates 253



MISS HOBHOUSE.

per 1,000, and if children alone be regarded the death rate will exceed 400 per 1,000.

To an English lady, Miss Hobhouse, the modification of the system under which so many unfortunate Boer women and children perished is due. This lady, who comes of a good English family and whose interests in the Boer reconcentrations is merely a feeling of pure humanity, visited South Africa last spring and sought to ameliorate their condition. She appealed to the Government to act and it did. It expelled her from South Africa. On her return home Miss Hobhouse again appealed to the Government to interpose and end the system under which Boer prisoners, or pensioners, were being judicially murdered. Nothing came of her appeals. She then published the facts she had collected in South Africa and the result has been an awakening of the British conscience. The Government felt constrained to take notice of the opinions and feelings created by the publication of her pamphlet and the order was given for a change in the concentration system.

**ALPHABET ON A PINHEAD.**

Wonderful Achievement of a Baltimore Engraver Excites Surprise.

H. A. Houseal, an engraver employed by George Walter, jeweler, has accomplished a task in the engraving of the Lord's prayer upon a silver dollar, which eclipses the engraving of the alphabet complete on the head of a common pin. Mr. Houseal, who rarely uses a glass in his work, can read the letters with the naked eye, and although there are few persons whose eyesight is so strong, a common magnifying glass serves to make them easily distinguishable. The letters range from left to right and are all capitals.

In the first circle around the edge of the head of the pin are the letters from A to M, inclusive. Within this is a second circle beginning at N and ending at Z, and directly in the center is the &c mark. The diameter of the pin-head is barely a sixteenth of an inch, and it can be understood how small the letters must be. They are about one-fourth the size of the letters in the Lord's prayer engraved on a dollar. The work occupied about an hour and a half, Mr. Houseal occasionally leaving