



"Humph!" ejaculated the Hon. Barry, and made no other remark.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A lovely morning in November—not November as it is known in England, with leaden skies and bleak, biting winds that whistle mournfully among bare trees—but November as it is in India, warm still, yet gratefully cool after the exhausting heat that has gone before; the sun shining in the cloudless heavens, bright-hued birds singing in the leafy branches, all nature fluttering and trembling beneath the caressing touches in the ambient air.

It was the 7th of November. Jane never forgot the date, though the thought had crossed her mind several times during the morning how uneventful the days were, each resembling the other in its dullness.

Nearly a week had passed since the theatricals, and she had seen nothing of Colonel Prinsep. Though the weather had been fine, once or twice there had been a shower of rain in the evening.

The clock had just struck four on that especial afternoon of that date, when she heard footsteps in the veranda. It was the hour Stephen Prinsep had generally chosen for his visits, when they were engaged; and she thought it might be the Colonel now. But when a few moments passed and no servant came to announce him, she opened the sitting-room door and went into the hall. No one was there, but almost immediately Mrs. Knox came out of the quartermaster's writing-room looking flushed and put out.

It was the next rehearsal more promising. Jane spoke her words correctly, but infused no spirit into the part. And this time Colonel Prinsep was also impractical, repeating his lover-like speeches with parrot-like precision, but avoiding carefully any sentimental inflection.

Barry Larron, who was generally present when they rehearsed, guessed the reason of the stiffness which was mutually assumed whenever any tenderness was required. He knew that they loved each other still, and therefore dared not trust themselves to pretend what they really felt. Yet he did not give up hope.

And so the evening arrived. The time had been so short that they had no full dress rehearsal; and the station, being a small one, would scarcely furnish an audience for two performances.

"It will be only for this once, so we can make a supreme effort," said Colonel Prinsep to her as they stood alone in one of the wings waiting for the rising of the curtain.

She was trembling visibly; but as he spoke encouragingly she tried to smile. "You must not be nervous," he went on. "After all, it is only acting, and no one will misunderstand if you throw yourself into your part, as I know you could."

The bell rang; and a minute later she was called to go on the stage.

A storm of applause broke from the audience as she stood before them in her old-fashioned, short-waisted frock and sandals, her white arms almost hidden by her long mittens, and her brown hair gathered on to the top of her head with a huge comb. The enthusiasm increased when Colonel Prinsep came on, boisterously impulsive, and betraying the love he felt in every glance and gesture. And Jane was so divinely coquettish, so bewitching even in her declared heartlessness, and again so pathetic in her despair when he left her; and the curtain fell as she laid her head on the table and sobbed aloud.

They were encoraged vociferously, Jane responding to the call, led on by Colonel Prinsep, her cheeks crimson from excitement, and her eyes still red from the tears that had really fallen.

Then the band played during the twenty minutes' interval, which was supposed to be equivalent to thirty years.

Jane was now a sweet old lady. Quaintly robed in plain gray satin, prematurely silver-haired, and leaning for support on a gold-headed stick. Her voice, which before had been so joyous, was subdued into habitual pathos, and manner and appearance both spoke of the sadness which had pervaded her life.

The years had dealt very differently with her lover. The romantic boy had grown into a crotchetty, matter-of-fact, middle-aged man. Yet her loyalty never faltered, though it was keenest pain to see how entirely he had forgotten the events of the past which by her had been so treasured.

Jane was acting almost beyond herself. It was all so like a dream that for the moment she believed it might be actually true that she and Stephen Prinsep had met in the after-time of their own life, as loyal as her nature was, the oblivious of everything save the merest details of time and place.

In his carelessness, boisterous way he declared she had never loved him, and as she sadly put aside the doubt, an accent so plaintive and tender came into her voice that Colonel Prinsep himself forgot that it was acting, and involuntarily glanced into her face. There he saw the whole truth written so plainly that he was on the point of answering very differently from the book. Recollecting himself, he tried to recall his part, but for a moment failed.

The prompter came to their rescue, and to most it had appeared only a momentary forgetfulness of their parts; but to two of those who were looking on it seemed clear enough. Major Larron bit his lip with rage.

The other who had noticed, and understood what passed, had no such command of facial expression.

He stood up, his eyes glaring, his face distorted with the violent passions that moved him. Several of the men around him looked at him curiously, but he never heeded them; he raw and knew only what his jealousy had shown him. The play was ended, and when Jane had spoken her last word she allowed her glance to sweep the audience, but it was arrested by the first object on which it fell—the tall figure and passion-distorted face of Jacob Lynn.

The only clew lay in Jane's keeping, and it seemed to her as though the footprint had been seen by her alone—that she, who had been the indirect cause of his death, might be also its avenger.

A court of inquiry was convened by the Colonel, but nothing transpired at it beyond the fact that the murdered man had once been engaged to marry the quartermaster's daughter. This lent to the affair an adventurous interest, and public curiosity was proportionately disappointed when it was decided that to call Mrs. Knox and her daughter to give evidence would be needlessly distressing to them. —Chicago Times-Herald.

"The strange thing about it all," continued Valentine Graeme that same night to Major Larron, who rode back with him to their quarters, "was, that they did their best just where I expected them to fail—in the love-making."

"Died by the hand of some person or

persons unknown," was the verdict.

And so the matter was allowed to rest. The deceased had no relations to insist upon further investigation, and the general opinion seemed to be that all inquiry would be of no avail. It had probably been a drunken brawl; and even if there had been any witnesses to it, a feeling of loyalty would prevent them from saying what they knew would ruin a fellow-soldier. They would indeed be apt to look only too leniently on a crime that, though so fatal in its results, had yet been accidental, and not the fruit of malice.

Yet his death had been a great shock to the whole regiment, and the sympathy felt was shown by the number of those who followed him to the cemetery. Most of the officers were present—among them the Colonel and the Adjutant—and just as the service began the wife and daughter of the quartermaster came up quickly and stood beside the grave. Mrs. Knox was darkly dressed, though not actually in black, out of regard to the melancholy occasion; but Jane was in rigid mourning, and her pale face looked the whiter by contrast with her sable gown.

The quartermaster was not with them; and when the funeral rites were ended Stephen Prinsep moved toward them with the intention of seeing them home. But Jane, with a gesture of repugnance that he could not understand, still less account for, shrank back behind her mother and drew her quickly away.

For a moment their eyes had met, and the Colonel stood inert, utterly incapable of speech or action, transfixed by the look of fear strangely mingled with contempt that she had cast upon him.

When he recovered himself, she and her mother were out of sight, and the troops moving noisily away reminded him that there was no reason he should remain behind.

(To be continued.)

THERE WAS A DISTINCTION

And the Hitherto Moral Young Man Got the Heaviest Sentence.

When Lawyer Charles W. Brooks practiced at the bar in Philadelphia years ago he one day was called upon to defend a man in the United States district court before Justice Cadwallader for counterfeiting. Mr. Brooke's client was a young man who had never before been charged with crime. His companion was a well-known counterfeiter, who had served a term of imprisonment. Both men were convicted. When they were brought to the bar for sentence the old offender was the first to hear the judgment of the court. Justice Cadwallader, who was an old-school gentleman of punctilious politeness, said, in a mild tone: "Mr. Jones you have been convicted, unfortunate for yourself, of the crime of counterfeiting. Very justly, Mr. Jones, the law prescribes a severe penalty for the offense for which you have so unfortunately been found guilty. It becomes my duty, Mr. Jones, under the law, to pass sentence upon you, and I therefore, under the circumstances and in consideration of your having upon a previous occasion been found guilty of a similar offense, sentence you to the term of twelve years' imprisonment." Jones stepped back, and Mr. Brooke's client took his place at the bar. "Your honor," said Mr. Brooke, "I would like to call the attention of the court to the fact that this young man has never before been convicted of a crime, and has always, up to the present, borne a most excellent character." "Very good, Mr. Brooke, very good," said the justice. Then to the prisoner: "Young man, you have doubtless heard the remarks that I addressed to your partner in this offense. It is unnecessary that I should, therefore, repeat them to you. It becomes my painful duty to sentence you now, and I will likewise send you to prison for the term of twelve years." "But your honor," protested Mr. Brooke, "my client has never been convicted before, and has had an excellent reputation. There surely should be some distinction between his punishment and that of the other man, who is an old offender." "Ah, that is quite true, Mr. Brooke," said the justice. "I thank you for reminding me of it. There ought to be a difference surely, and there shall be. Mr. Clerk, make the sentence for Jones sixteen years instead of twelve. Thank you again, Mr. Brooke, for reminding me of what I overlooked." —New York World.

The Deadly Railroad Mortgage.

It is said that the late Samuel J. Tilden was the inventor of the modern railway mortgage, with all its deadly possibilities of foreclosure, receivership, lawyers' quarrels and general wreck and disaster. It was a diabolical invention. It has made the fortunes of thousands of lawyers and has proved the undoing of many thousands of stockholders and bondholders. The lawyers get into a puddle when the railroad gets into the hands of receivers. The comptroller of one of the great transcontinental lines, now run by a

United States District Court, told me lately in New York that it had cost the past year \$600,000 to operate the line under the receivership than it would have cost had it been run in the regular way by a board of directors. The lawyers got most of this big lot of money. A lawyer told me in Milwaukee the other day that there is no law whatever authorizing a court to operate a railroad and that the practice has grown up during recent years without any sort of statutory provisions regulating it. A judge now takes a railroad, appoints receivers, requires them to account to him, issues orders to buy rails and locomotives, to construct new roadbeds and bridges, to make or abandon leases, to pay interest or not to pay interest on bonds, and practically absorbs in his own person all the functions of president, directors, auditor, treasurer and general manager.

He is only a lawyer raised to the bench and he knows nothing about railroading, but he runs the road year after year with the absolute authority of a czar. —Chicago Times-Herald.

Silk hats have a muslin body as a basis. From two to six thicknesses of muslin are employed for the brim and one or two for the top and sides.

"Died by the hand of some person or

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ITEMS OF INTEREST ON THE FASHIONS.

Mushroom Shaped Hats—Study Your Dress—An Angora Cat Farm—Russian Female Doctors.

MUSHROOM SHAPED HATS.

Hats of the Gainsborough and mushroom shape are the order of the hour. A smart Gainsborough has a high fluted crown of Tangerine velvet with a steel ornament in the immediate center. The brim at the back is cleft, and filled in with black plumes and satin bows. A mushroom shape is of black velvet trimmed with black ribbon and feathers, and with striking rosettes of nasturtium colored velvet by way of color.

STUDY YOUR DRESS.

Girls ought to study harmony in dressing. The hair fluffed out over the ears is very becoming, but that style is not correct with a sailor hat. It makes the face look ridiculous. Moreover, nautical headgear should not be ornamented with flowers, feathers or rhinestone buckles. Speaking of incongruities in dress, I saw a woman in a Fourth avenue car dressed in deep morning, or I presume she intended to be, but she missed the point by wearing a pair of big solitaire diamond earrings. She might as well have had a red feather in her crimped bonnet.

AN ANGORA CAT FARM.

Mrs. W. D. Thrasher, of Covington, Ky., has a cat farm on a small scale at her home. At present Mrs. Thrasher has only about twenty cats. Mrs. Thrasher raises only one breed of cats, the Angora. The features are the soft, white, flowing fur and the long, curling tail, which make the animal an object of much admiration. The Angora cat is quite valuable, Mrs. Thrasher having recently sold a pair for \$50. The cats are raised in an apartment when they were brought to the bar for sentence the old offender was the first to hear the judgment of the court. Justice Cadwallader, who was an old-school gentleman of punctilious politeness, said, in a mild tone: "Mr. Jones you have been convicted, unfortunate for yourself, of the crime of counterfeiting. Very justly, Mr. Jones, the law prescribes a severe penalty for the offense for which you have so unfortunately been found guilty. It becomes my duty, Mr. Jones, under the law, to pass sentence upon you, and I therefore, under the circumstances and in consideration of your having upon a previous occasion been found guilty of a similar offense, sentence you to the term of twelve years' imprisonment." Jones stepped back, and Mr. Brooke's client took his place at the bar. "Your honor," said Mr. Brooke, "I would like to call the attention of the court to the fact that this young man has never before been convicted of a crime, and has always, up to the present, borne a most excellent character." "Very good, Mr. Brooke, very good," said the justice. Then to the prisoner: "Young man, you have doubtless heard the remarks that I addressed to your partner in this offense. It is unnecessary that I should, therefore, repeat them to you. It becomes my painful duty to sentence you now, and I will likewise send you to prison for the term of twelve years." "But your honor," protested Mr. Brooke, "my client has never been convicted before, and has had an excellent reputation. There surely should be some distinction between his punishment and that of the other man, who is an old offender." "Ah, that is quite true, Mr. Brooke," said the justice. "I thank you for reminding me of it. There ought to be a difference surely, and there shall be. Mr. Clerk, make the sentence for Jones sixteen years instead of twelve. Thank you again, Mr. Brooke, for reminding me of what I overlooked." —New York World.

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RUSSIAN FEMALE DOCTORS.

A medical college for women is about to be opened in St. Petersburg. Many Russian women have taken degrees in foreign universities, but have not been permitted to practice in their own country. One of them Miss A. Bogolubsky, native of a mining village (Nechirinsk) in East Siberia, having taken the degree of M. D. at the University of Berne in 1887, was obliged on her return to take the position of nurse, and in this humble capacity bravely worked for eight years. On the breaking out of the cholera epidemic in 1892 she begged and obtained permission to labor among the masses of suffering peasants who had migrated from different parts of Russia to settle there. Some of the districts were so congested that thousands would have been without any medical aid had it not been for her untiring energy. On her return to St. Petersburg this year she presented a petition to the emperor, and received permission to take a degree in Russia, which gives the right to practice in any part of the country. The urgent necessity of female physicians is but too apparent, considering the many tribes (Tartars, Yakuts, Turkestan, etc.) whose women are prohibited by the laws of their religion from receiving medical treatment from the opposite sex.

THE GIRL IN YELLOW.

An American girl who is passing the season in London is called "the girl in yellow," because she wears nothing but gold color in the evening. A gown recently worn by her is thus described: It had a very full plain skirt of yellow corded silk, while the bodice was fashioned of accordion-pleated chiffon, with a slight fullness to the front. It was trimmed with bands of gold galloon, three of them being drawn down over the front of the corsage, while one band was placed down the sleeve, reaching to the elbow. Two rows of this same adornment were used in the back, and the entire effect of the glistening gold against the soft yellow chiffon was charming. It was finished around the shoulders with a narrow band of marabout, and this was also used around the sleeves, at the elbow. Yellow satin stockings and slippers, with a tiny gold gauze, completed the toilet.

KEEPING SLEEVES FROM GETTING WRINKLED.

From the fertile brain of Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter has emanated an idea for a contrivance for hanging elaborate gowns. It is likely to gain popularity among women whose wardrobes include dinner and ball gowns, which require more than ordinary care. Mrs. Potter's contrivance solves also the problem of how to keep big sleeves unrinkled. Her scheme has been admired and used to advantage by those who have seen it in London and Paris, and now New York is ready to see it and improve on it with true American ingenuity. It is made of light wood, and is about twelve feet long and nine feet high. It has a canopy, curtain and a carpet or rug of stiff muslin. There are two rows of hooks set at intervals, easily accommodating the spreaders for the large sleeves. It will hold about fourteen gowns, giving each one ample room, with no chance of mousing or crushing. These affairs might be converted into pretty accessories for a feminine sanctum. Suppose the frame were of white enamel with its delicate traceries of gold, with chintz or cretonne curtains of white, introducing the Empire or Louis design to carry out the order of the room. There need

be nothing ugly about it, while its value

is unlimited, as every woman can readily see. Mrs. Potter has an excellent arrangement for carrying her hats while traveling. One large trunk is devoted exclusively to them. Square frames, made to fit the trunk, have four cloth straps, to which the hats are pinned. These frames are then slid in so the crowns of the hats lie facing the ends of the trunk and are therefore in a firm position without touching at any point.

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ABOUT DRESS FABRICS.

The mohairs are filling the demand for present wear that was catered to by crepons in the spring. Not that crepon has lost much in favor, though it has almost lost its identity in the charming new weaves that are being shown in the shops just now. Crepon in every one of the new shades will be worn just about as much as ever, but the deep crinkle will be missing, and boucle effects will take its place. In fact, the newest crepons look a good deal like fine Turkish toweling, and over this ground work are brocade effects, the whole forming a charming combination to attire the reluctant dollar. Another crepon is worked in large pattern with fine cut jet. It is warranted to ruin every bit of hard wood polish in the house, and to strew beads, like acts of kindness, in waste places. The mohairs come in a most remarkable number of styles, most of them very pretty, a few rather outre, and some decidedly absurd and quite impossible. To see them in all their best points, and bad as well, you must test the powers of endurance of the nimble-fingered clerks.

You can't make much mistake on mohair, though for it is a lasting friend, if you are but careful in selecting the colors. Bands of trimming are to be worn at the foot of dress skirts again, but not the old plain band of velvet or braid, nor yet of silk or satin, but a giddy, gaudy spangled band of netting, on which impossible birds and impractical flowers are embroidered in glass beads, jet or tinsel, as the case may be. These will be adjusted over crepon and mohair, over silk and velvet, homespun and cheviot. You can readily see that the fat will die a natural death, for anything much uglier could scarcely be imagined. The real affinity of jet and spangles is smooth satin or silk, and when you apply either to any other fabric, you make both common. It is even tried to outline plaids with spangles of like colors. The effect is tragic! You will see a good deal of that sort of thing on the stage, but not much off of it, and the woman with it on is probably answering some advertisement of "chaperonage for rent!"

FASHION NOTES.

The round waist of the fashionable gown is of fancy velvet in some light color, and the hat and muff, of plain dark velvet, the same shade, have a fur trimming.

A little band bonnet of last season, with its door-knob bunches of flowers at the tips, can be made quite