

AT WAR WITH HERSELF.

The Story of a Woman's Atonement,
by Charlotte M. Braeme.

CHAPTER VI.

Poets and artists all went into raptures over Crown Leighton. It was the most picturesque as well as the most magnificent of mansions. Excepting, perhaps, its royal palaces, England has nothing more beautiful or more superb, and it derived its name from the fact of its having been built in the reign of Charles II., whose favorite retreat it was.

The late Earl—Stephen—had been quite indifferent to all. No one knew what had gone wrong in his life. He was an only child and succeeded when very young; for a few years he had done as the rest of the world does—to London, ridden, danced, flirted, and then a sudden gloom had fallen over him. He came back to Crown Leighton; he avoided society as much as he had hitherto sought it; he looked coldly on friends and neighbors; he did what no Charleigh had ever done before—placed his estates in the hands of a steward, or agent, making only one request, which was that he should not be annoyed with any consultations or arrangements. He shut himself out at Crown Leighton, and never cared to leave it.

He did not neglect the place; a large establishment of servants was kept there, with carriages and horses that he never used—a whole retinue of people whose faces he never saw. He gave orders that everything should be preserved in the same perfect state as that in which he had found it—those orders were carefully obeyed.

He lived until he was 55, never taking the least active part in the arrangements of his estate or household. Mr. Dunscombe attended to all. The only time he ever left the place was when his confidential adviser and trusted counsellor, Mr. Rawlings, died; then he went to London, and placed his affairs in the hands of Messrs. Clements & Matthews; and again, when the old family retainer, Morgan, who had been butler at Crown Leighton for more than forty years, died, the Earl left his home until his death.

Several times Mr. Clements had tried his best to break through the wall of reserve with which his employer had hedged himself round, and suggested to him the propriety of making a will; he was invariably repelled with the haughtiest and most freezing words. "There will be a terrible mess some day," he was wont to observe to Mr. Dunscombe, "and twenty lines might settle matters. Captain Paul Fleming ought to be found."

But if ever, in any unusual moment of bravery, he named the young Captain, Lord Charleigh gave him instantly to understand that the settlement of his affairs was his own business entirely, and the lawyer dared say no more.

Mr. Clements' predictions were fulfilled at last. Just before Christmas Lord Charleigh was seized with a sudden and dangerous illness. He died almost before medical aid could be summoned, and then the lawyer was almost beside himself.

There were no instructions; no will could be found; there was no heir expectant. Mr. Clements sent for Captain Fleming, but he was unable to leave his regiment, besides, it was very uncertain whether he was heir of Charleigh that he did not like to assume authority; neither did any one like to place him in office, lest there should be the pain of deposing him. A grand council was held, and the nearest living relative of the dead Earl was Leonie Rayner, henceforward to be known to the world as "Leonie, Countess of Charleigh."

It was done, and after a painful and most laborious investigation, it was clearly ascertained that the nearest living relative of the dead Earl was Leonie Rayner, henceforward to be known to the world as "Leonie, Countess of Charleigh."

CHAPTER VII.

On this bright June morning Crown Leighton seems to be wearing its fairest dress. The long months of winter have been dreary and desolate, given up to the rule of servants, uncared for save by those whose care was hired. All was different to-day; from roof to basement the grand old mansion had been swept and polished, and the turreted order. There was no trace of confusion; the flowers were all blooming, the birds singing, the fountains throwing up their silvery spray, the long white face hanging from the side, and the sunbeams gleamed down with warmth and fragrance.

Flags and banners waved over the tall ancestral trees, bands of music were stationed in the park, the bells of Leighton church rang out with jubilation, and the old gray spire for many a year.

The tenantry, the numerous bands of laborers, the poor dependents and pensioners, the large household of Crown Leighton, were all assembled to meet the young Countess of Charleigh.

Mr. Clements was to bring her, and with her was to come Lady Fanshawe, a distant cousin of the late Earl's mother, a stately, aristocratic dame, who for the family's sake had consented to live as duenna and chaperon with the young Countess.

Orders had been given to prepare rooms for three ladies, the third being Miss Templeton, whose affection for her once despised governess-pupil had reached such a point that she could not bear to be parted from her, and had accepted an invitation to attend Lady Charleigh on her triumphal coming home.

The June sun was pouring down a flood of rich light, and the light seemed to rise from the fragrant flowers, and the bells were pealing merrily, when the delighted crowd first caught sight of the carriage. It was driven slowly along—perhaps Mr. Clements had ordered it, that the eyes of the people might dwell with delight on the lovely face of the young girl.

Then well-trained servants came to the carriage-door and opened it. As the young girl descended there arose another ringing cheer, the bells pealed afresh, the music came in strong, sweet waves of sound.

"Welcome home—welcome, Lady Charleigh!" the people shouted, and she stood quite still on the broad stone step. Her face had grown pale with emotion, but there was no sign of weakness or tears.

Then Mr. Clements took her hand and led her forward; in his heart he felt that it was a lonely coming home for her, with no friend, no relative, no mother or sister to meet her on the threshold of her new life, and bid her "God-speed."

He took her hand and led her where the June sunbeams fell on her. "Lady Charleigh bids me thank you," he said, "for the welcome you have given her; and she bids me say that the nearest and dearest interest in her heart will be yours."

"Heaven do me as I do to them," he heard her say, and then she smiled and bowed with a grace that seemed all her own, and the great doors were thrown open.

Again Mr. Clements was master of the ceremonies. The housekeeper, Mrs. Fearon, made her most respectful salutation to Lady Charleigh, and mentioned her long years of service. Lady Charleigh held out her hand with a smile, and so won her heart forever. Then the butler, Mr. Clarkson, came forward, and received the gracious words with which the new mistress of Crown Leighton inaugurated her reign.

I thank you for your welcome, she said, in a voice as clear and sweet as the sound of a silver bell. "I am quite sure you will all do your duty to me, and I, in return, will do mine to you."

After which little impromptu speech there was not a servant in Crown Leighton who would not have laid down their life for the kindly young Countess.

CHAPTER VIII.

Four hours later Leonie, Lady Charleigh, was seated in the sumptuous drawing-room at Crown Leighton. She had in some measure recovered from the fierce, wild excitement of finding herself mistress of that magnificent home.

A teacher's dinner had been served in the dining-room; the gold and silver plate—the pride of the Charleighs for many generations—had been used, and looked at in wonder. Before she took her seat at the table, she went to Lady Fanshawe with a sweet humility that would have touched any one.

"I know nothing," she said, "of the little ceremonies and the etiquette needful to be understood by the lady of such a house as this. Will you teach me?"

Lady Fanshawe looked earnestly at her, to see whether the humility was real or feigned; then she felt to admiring her young relative when she found that the wealthy heiress, the mistress of the establishment for twenty years. Even Mr. Clements, who gave her credit for being one of the most gifted of girls, could not understand how she had so quickly fallen into the ways and manners of the elite of society.

"Women so soon adapt themselves to new circumstances," he thought. "In her place I should have been awkward and ill at ease."

That ordeal was over. No young lady born to be a duchess could have gone through it with greater dignity and grace; and now the ladies had retired to the drawing-room, while Mr. Clements lingered over a bottle of claret of choice vintage.

The sun was still shining, and the color of flowers came in through the open windows. Lady Charleigh was seated with a book in her hands, but she had neither read a line nor turned a page; her beautiful violet eyes were turned on the glorious and well-kept lawn.

"You found everything in order, I hope, Lady Charleigh?" said Lady Fanshawe. "The young person I engaged as your maid has been in the Duchess of Moretown's service; she will suit you, I think."

"She seems to understand her duties," said the Countess, "and the faintest shadow of a smile rippled over the lovely lips. Only two short weeks ago she had assisted in dressing others; now the maid of a duchess was hardly thought good enough for her."

The evening is still so bright, and will be so long, said Miss Templeton, "we might go round the house if Lady Charleigh is not too tired."

"There is nothing I should like so much," responded the young Countess, rising from her seat.

Mrs. Fearon was summoned, and Mr. Clements, hearing what was proposed, offered to join the expedition.

Presently the party went to the library, which was said to contain some of the choicest literary gems in England, and afterward visited the sunny grounds that looked toward the west—the suite of apartments set aside for the use of visitors.

Here Mr. Clements left them to hold a council on business matters with Mr. Dunscombe, and the ladies went to examine what was perhaps one of the greatest curiosities of Crown Leighton—the enormous wardrobe, containing the treasures in silks, satins, velvets, and gowns that had belonged to former ladies Charleigh.

There were jewel-cases filled with precious stones, old-fashioned in setting, and almost priceless in value. Miss Templeton looked until she declared her eyes ached, and she could look no longer.

"This," said the housekeeper, opening the door of a small room, "was the late Earl's favorite apartment; he preferred it to any other."

Lady Charleigh wondered why it was so very cheerful, nor was it less so. Just at that moment the whirring sunbeams filled it, and they fell on a picture of such grace and vivid beauty that she was startled by it.

It was the portrait of a young man; but the face struck her no other face had ever done. She could have imagined Sir Lancelot had such a one, or any of her favorite heroes; it was dark, grand, passionate, and noble, with a melancholy, patrician beauty of words could never paint; the eyes were dark and dreamy, with fire and passion in their depths; the brow was a square, Grecian one, with clustering hair brushed from it; the lips were firmly closed and grave, yet with lines round the mouth that showed a sweet and gracious as a woman's; the whole gave the idea of veiled passion and sleeping strength, or magnificent manhood not yet fully developed.

Leonie, Lady Charleigh, stood almost motionless before the picture; its dark, passionate beauty enchained her. There was nothing about it to denote what it represented. She turned to Mrs. Fearon, who stood ready to answer any questions that might be asked.

"What picture is that?" she inquired. There was a half-reluctant expression on the housekeeper's face as she replied.

"It is the portrait, I believe, of a relative of the late Earl's. The young Countess looked at it again.

"But who is it? Is he living? What is his name?"

"It is Captain Paul Fleming; he is an officer in the army," was the reply, still reluctantly given.

Lady Charleigh did not seek to repress the cry that rose to her lips. "Captain Paul Fleming?"

"This was the man, then, who but for her would have been Earl of Charleigh, whom she had unconsciously and innocently deprived of this princely inheritance. She looked at the portrait with a curiosity that was almost a passion, and she turned abruptly away.

"He is very handsome," she said to herself, gently. "He would have made a noble Earl."

thoughts went back to that splendid face, worthy of Velasquez. But on the day following she found no more time for dreaming. Her table was covered with cards; the drawing-room was never without visitors. The full tide of life had set in, and Leonie, Countess of Charleigh, woke to find herself famous.

CHAPTER IX.

The sun was shining brilliantly over the blue sea and the white rocks of Malta. The day was warm and sultry, the air heavy with the scent of flowers and the odor of the sea. It was a day when work is a toil and idleness a pleasure. Two gentlemen were seated on a ledge of rock overlooking the heaving waters.

"I never could bear much heat," said one of them, Major St. John; "I hope our regiment will not be ordered to India. I would rather go to the North Pole."

"All places are alike to me," observed his companion, Captain Paul Fleming, serenely, "and all climates the same."

"I could be as cold as the North Pole, if I had the prospect of an earldom with a good many thousand per annum. Philosophy, under such circumstances, is no virtue."

"I am not at all sure of my prospects," commented Capt. Fleming; "they seem very uncertain. At any time I may hear that some one has been discovered whose claims are nearer than mine; then there will be a long farewell to all my greatness."

He could not have spoken more indifferently had the subject been the foreign to his interest. Maj. St. John laughed.

"You do not seem very anxious about it," he said.

The dark, handsome face flushed, and then grew pale, a light gleamed in the dark eyes, and then died away.

"Do not misjudge me," he rejoined. "Crown Leighton is a grand inheritance; Charleigh is a glorious name. If they should both be mine, no man would be so to do honor to them. I would make a good and noble use of the vast wealth intrusted to me. But, if they are not to be mine, I cheerfully forego them."

"Well, from my heart I wish you success. I hope you may greet you one day as Lord Charleigh, of Crown Leighton. Jest apart, they will find one more worthy of the name."

"Thank you," said Captain Fleming, gravely; "a noble name should make a noble man."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A JAPANESE POSTOFFICE.

How the Mail is Handled in the Land of the Mikado.

The interior of a Japanese postoffice is interesting not only from the lack of mechanical appliances, but also from the great number of hands employed, as is customary in Eastern countries, where labor is so cheap. First there is the posting office, with the curious sawtooth little faces crowded into the 12x12 window space. Next comes the stamping room, each table surrounded by busy workers. The stamps are not put together for the first time in the power house itself.

The transportation service is effected by trains running at four-minute intervals, each train consisting of a motor car and three trailers, the trains weighing sixty-three tons each, seating 280 people, and the cars being of the same length as those generally used on elevated roads—about forty-five feet from end to end. The weight of these trains, as compared with a train drawn in the usual way by a locomotive, shows a saving of about twenty tons dead weight. The cars are open, with doors on each side opening at the seats. By means of a lever at the end of the car all the doors are opened or closed simultaneously, and one man opens the doors of two cars. Thus three men only—one motorman and two conductors—suffice to operate the train, where five would be required in ordinary steam elevated service.

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IZAAK WALTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

Where the Quaint Old Fisherman Is Supposed to Have Been Born.

It is 300 years since Izaak Walton was born, and it is fitting that the tercentenary of his birth should have been celebrated in this country and

The first tornado recorded in America dates back to the May of 1761. South Carolina was the district then afflicted. In 1840 a tornado struck Natchez, Miss., tearing houses into fragments, and blowing down some of the town's longest chimneys through the air, seriously injuring 109 others, sinking between sixty and seventy vessels, flooding the city to the depth of a foot, and passing off within four minutes. The instant that it made its first appearance.

In 1842 another tornado visited Natchez with even more disastrous results, leaving behind it upon this occasion between four and five hundred dead.

For nearly forty years there was a cessation of these visitations, namely, until April 18, 1880, when Marshfield, in Ozark Township, the capital of Webster County, Mo., was totally destroyed by a cyclone that struck it and left it in five minutes. At that time Marshfield had a population of 655, but it was an enterprising town, with an unusually large number of houses for its population. After the cyclone had killed 100, its population had been killed, and it did not remain 555 every individual was seriously injured.

Previous to the experience of a week ago, the most destructive tornado to strike the United States was probably that which struck Louisville, Ky., and the neighboring States on the afternoon of March 27, 1880.

The tornado, accompanied by a terrific rain, entered the city of Louisville at one side, passed through, leaving it at the opposite side, and in its wake two square miles of prostrate buildings, one hundred dead, and a vast amount of suffering.

Europe's Twenty Million Soldiers.

It is estimated by Major General Turrel that whereas at the time of the Crimean war, the last European struggle in which this country was engaged, the aggregate strength of the armies of the great powers of Europe did not exceed 3,000,000 in round numbers, today it is more than 20,000,000.

Without including the final reserves and only reckoning those men who have been thoroughly trained as soldiers and are liable for service before the frontiers, Russia has in round numbers 5,000,000 of men, France and Germany 4,000,000, Austria 2,500,000, and Italy 2,000,000. And these numbers are being continually increased. Lately France, by lengthening the term of liability to service from a period of twenty to twenty-five years, made an enormous addition to her military strength, and the present German army bill contemplates a large increase in the numbers of the German army.—London News.

PULLED BY LIGHTNING.

How the Intramural "L" Is Operated at the World's Fair.

In the Intramural Railway and its operation the public visiting the World's Fair found one of its strongest attractions. The remarkable extent of ground embraced within the boundaries of the Columbian Exposition rendered the question of adequate and satisfactory transportation one of considerable gravity. The idea of using surface cars could not be entertained, and this left but one alternative—an elevated road.

As the Exposition was to be symbolic of the highest point reached by nineteenth century civilization, the operation of the road by steam was out of the question, and the plan finally adopted was an electric elevated railroad running almost entirely around the Fair and obtruding itself as little as possible. The line, consisting of 14,800 feet of double track and 1,900 feet of single track, was not laid out until after the work of construction had begun on

the Fair buildings and many of them completed, and the line is necessarily circuitous. The exhibit in this power house is the most complete single exhibit of advanced types of mechanical and electrical machinery in motion at the Fair. In the center of the building stands the electrical wonder of the Fair, and, indeed, the electrical wonder of the world—the great 12-pole, 1,500 kilowatt electrical generator, coupled directly to the huge 2,400-horse power Corliss engine. This generator is the largest ever constructed, and although it is rated at 1,500 k.w., or about 2,100-horse power, it can be operated to give 3,000-horse power under emergency. Its tremendous size precluded the possibility of its shipment complete to the Fair. The different parts were, therefore, shipped separately, and were put together for the first time in the power house itself.

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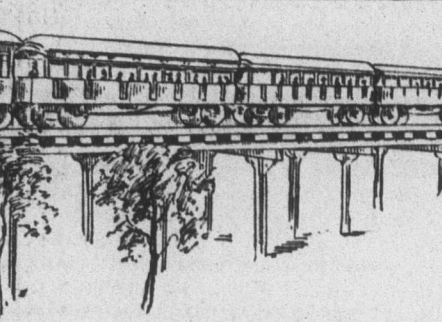
owlish fancy for quiet gloom. She lives alone, although abundantly blessed with kith and kin, and the rooms in her stately house are in such perpetual low light that the visitor finds it necessary to advance with his or her hands outstretched. She is never without diamond ornaments, although it is said on authority of personal observation that she spends half her life in her dining room, sitting in her stockings, reading the daily papers.—Troy Times.

WILL OUR GIRLS FOLLOW?

Parisian Women Bicyclists Have Discarded Skirts for Trousers.

The latest craze among the feminine population of Paris, or rather among those who style themselves "bicycle women," is to wear trousers. This had been carried to such lengths as to call forth controversies from eminent people, some of whom express themselves as being decidedly against women riding at all, while others declare that they should ride by all means, and, if they prefer, in

trousers and leggings or gay stockings. In the illustrations a few of the favorite Parisian costumes for bicycling are depicted. They are made



PARISIAN BICYCLE COSTUMES. (One of dove-colored serge and one of brown Scotch tweed.)

In various colors, navy blue, russet, dove color, or tan, and all are short-skirted with pantaloons, or else there is no skirt at all except that belonging to the coat. One, in dove color, has a close-fitting coat with wide lapels opening over a white shirt-front, full trousers, leggings and a sailor hat made of the same dove-colored cloth. Another has a coat of dark-brown corduroy over light tan trousers, and still another is russet from head to foot—hat, shoes, belt, leggings and all. The interesting



PARISIAN BICYCLE COSTUMES. (One of light gray corduroy and one of a combination of navy blue and gray.)

question now is: Will our American girls fall in line with their French sisters?

An Unwise Plan.

"I learned to take quinine just about the time that I discovered my wife was a scold," said a married man. "One day she was as bitter as the other; now I can swallow either without giving it a thought." Not a very gallant speech, but wonderfully suggestive. The most deluded mortal in the world is the woman who fancies that much is gained by scolding or whining or complaining. She may seem to gain her ends for a while (for at first one will do most anything to avoid swallowing a bitter dose), but if she would stop to consider, she would soon discover that every day she had better cease for scolding or whining or complaining, whichever method she adopts, and that, as the months roll by, an ever increasing amount is required to accomplish the same result. The scolding woman has things her own way at the cost of a vast expenditure of nervous strength—much more than the object to be gained is worth. Why cannot she realize that, and adopt some pleasanter method?

Singular Proclamations to the Dead.

There have been delivered to certain persons through the postoffice during the last week notices which, aside from their solemnity, are somewhat ludicrous. Here is one of them, addressed to a former citizen, who is now, it is hoped, in a better land than this: "You are hereby notified that, pursuant to the statute in that behalf, a court of revision of the voters' list for the municipality of the city of St. Catharines, for the year 1893, will be held by the judge of the county of Lincoln, at the court-house in the city of St. Catharines, on the 5th day of September, 1893, at 10 a. m.; and you are requested to appear at the said court, for that—ha! ha! complained that your name is wrongfully inserted in the said voters' list, because you are dead."—St. Catharines Star.

Mrs. Scalchi, the operatic singer, has a collection of eleven parrots in her home at Turin, Italy. The parrots are accomplished birds, and among them speak all the languages of modern Europe. They all talk at once, so that there is nothing remarkable in the fact that Signor Lolli, the diva's husband, prefers to spend most of his time outdoors trimming his grape vines or cultivating his garlie beds.

The fighting arena at Roby ought not to be sold by the Sheriff until the Board of Lady Managers has a chance to bid on it.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

Blown Through a House.

A Tree's Strange Experience in an Indiana Cyclone.

A cyclone