

## 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, riding, dancing, living, and then a sudden change 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 Charnleigh 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 up 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 36, never taking the least active part in the arrangements of his estate or household. Mr. Dunscombe attended to all. Every time he ever left the place was when his confidential legal 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 after the funeral.

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 repulsed 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 Flemings ought to be found."

But even in any unusual moment of bravery, he named the young Captain. Charnleigh gave him instantaneously 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 Charnleigh 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 Flemings; but he was unable to leave his regiment; besides, it was so very uncertain whether he was heir of Charnleigh 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 exposing him. A grand council was held. It was arranged that Stephen, Earl of Charnleigh, should be buried with all honor, and then immediate search should be made for his nearest relative.

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 Charnleigh."

### CHAPTER VII.

On this bright June morning Crown Leighton seems to be wearing its fairest dress. For six long months the place has 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 set in perfect and picturesque 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 hangings drawn aside, and the sumptuous rooms filled with warmth and fragrance.

Flags and banners waved over the tall, stately trees, bands of music were stationed in the park, the bells of Leighton church rang out with jubilant music such as had not sounded from 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 welcome the young countess home.

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 duchess 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 despised governess-pupil had reached such a height that she could not bear to be parted from her, and had accepted an invitation to attend Lady Charnleigh on her triumphal coming home.

The June sun was pouring down a flood of rich golden noonday light, incense 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 out afresh, the music came in sweet strains of sound.

"Welcome, young countess, welcome, Lady Charnleigh!" 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 of 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 to where the June sunbeams fell on her.

"Lady Charnleigh 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 to me as I do to them," he heard her say, gently. Then she smiled and bowed with a grace that was fixed with some curiosity on her face, and she turned abruptly away.

Many times that evening her

thoughts went back to that splendid face worthy of Volusagna. 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 Charnleigh, 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 odors 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 Flemings, serenely, "and all climates the same. I could be as calmly indifferent 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. Flemings; "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."

"I could not have spoken more indifferently had the subject been one 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; Charnleigh is a glorious name. If they should both be mine, no man would be prouder of them. I would live so as 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 I may greet you one day as Lord Charnleigh, of Crown Leighton. Jesting apart, they will not find one more worthy of the name."

"Thank you," said Captain Flemings, 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 saluting little faces crowded into the 2x12 window space. Next comes the stamping room, each table surrounded by busy workers who look like women with their pinned-up queues, and full neither garments. The letters are slowly and methodically stamped, one at a time, with a big modern stencil, much like a miniature chum-dasher, and then consigned to a chute running from the table into baskets on the floor. The baskets are taken up when full by boys and taken to the inspection room and thence to the distribution room. Here before long tiers of shelves above great tables, the clerks are busy as bees and silent as the grave; they are not allowed to talk—blessed precaution against blunders.

The foreign and domestic mails are then divided, and the next step is the assorting and the registry rooms, where the mails are bundled up in small brown bags. In the mailing room the clerks wear full European mail coats. The door is the foreign mail carts, a dray consisting of floor and high sides and ends of bright red slate. In this the bags are laid carefully, and a coolie starts in at a trot and lands it at the dock, where it is transferred, by an important uniformed Jap, to the mail steamer.

But the home collecting and delivery service is far more picturesque. The collector uses a hand cart and two boys. At regular intervals on the road are boxes similar to American patrol boxes, but only about a tenth as large. The mail has been shot into them from the openings on each side of the gable roof, and the collector has to unlock a little door near the ground and extract the mail from below.

### Disastrous Tornadoes.

The first tornado recorded in America dates back to the May of 1761. South Carolina was the district then afflicated. In 1840 a tornado struck Natchez, Miss., tearing houses into fragments, killing 317 people, carrying some of them long distances 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 from 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 only, but it was an enterprising town, with an unusually large number of houses for its population. After the cyclone had passed, 100 of its population had been killed, and of the remaining 555 every individual was seriously injured.

Previous to the experience of a week ago, the most destructive tornado in the United States has experienced was probably that which struck Louisville, Ky., and the neighboring States on the afternoon of March 27, 1860.

The tornado accompanied by a terrific gale 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.

"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.

"Who is he?" Is he living? What is his name?"

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

Lady Charnleigh did not seek to press the cry that rose to her lips.

"Captain Paul Flemings!"

She looked again at the handsome face. This was the man, then, who but for her would have been Earl of Charnleigh, whom she had unconsciously and innocently deprived of this princely inheritance. She looked with additional interest at the beautiful face.

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

Even as she said the words she was conscious that the housekeeper's eyes were fixed with some curiosity on her face, and she turned abruptly away.

Many times that evening her

### 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 sym-

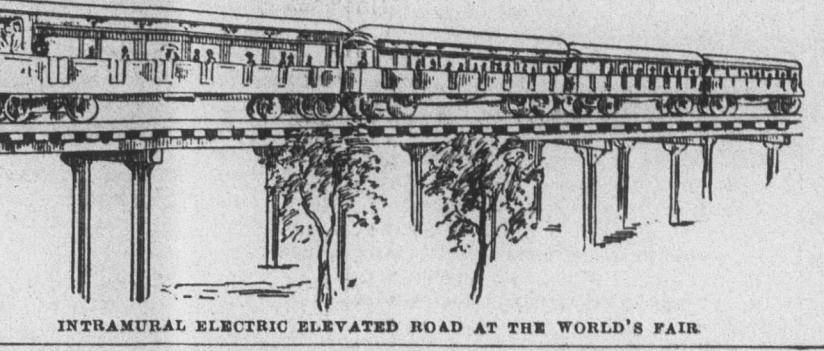
bolical of the highest point reached by nineteenth century civilization, the operation of the road by steam was out of the question, and the plan finally adopted was an electric elevated railroad running almost entirely around the Fair and obtruding itself as little as possible. The line, consisting 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 been begun on

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 fad has been carried to such lengths as to call forth controversies from eminent people, some of whom express themselves as being decisively against women riding at all, while others declare that they should ride by all means, and, if they prefer, in

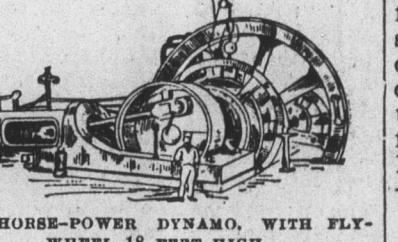


INTRAMURAL ELECTRIC ELEVATED ROAD AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

nearly all 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 emergencies. 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.

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.



PARISIAN BICYCLE COSTUMES.

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 dove-colored serge 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 dose 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 wants to gain her ends for a while (for at first she 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 cause 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!—ha ha! complained that your name is wrongfully inserted in the said voters' list, because you are dead."—St. Catharines Star.

MME. 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, too, so that there is nothing remarkable in that section of the city made famous by F. Hopkinson Smith and A. Janvier with a garden-pot of water in one hand and a stock of paper cups in the other, calling in soft, persuasive tones, "Here, pussy, pussy, pussy." The third grand dame of singular proclivities has an

owlish fancy for quiet gloom. She lives alone, although abundantly supplied 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.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

### Occurrences During the Past Week.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crimes, Casualties and General News Notes of the State.

### Hoosier Happenings

There are 600 convicts in Jeffersonville prison.

ACCORDING to the assessor's report Hancock County has 1,252 dogs.

CLIFFORD PINE, 5, fell in a watering trough at Crown Point, and was drowned.