

UNITED AT LAST

MISS M E BRADDOCK



CHAPTER V.
THE DREAM IS ENDED.

Mrs. Walsingham wrote to Gilbert Sinclair, immediately after Mr. Wyatt's departure, a few hasty lines begging him to come to her without delay.

"Something," she wrote, "an event of supreme importance. I will tell you nothing more till we meet."

She dispatched her groom to the Albany with this note, and then waited with intense impatience for Gilbert Sinclair's coming. If he were at home, it was scarcely possible he would refuse to come to her.

"I shall know the worst very soon," she said to herself, as she sat behind the flowers that shaded her window. "After to-day there shall be no uncertainty between us—no further reservation on my part—no more acting on his. He shall find that I am not his dupe, to be fooled to the last point, and to be taken by surprise some fine morning by the announcement of his marriage in the Times."

Mr. Sinclair was not at home when the note was delivered, but between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon his thundering knock assailed the door, and he came into the room announced.

In spite of the previous night's ball he had ridden fifteen miles into the country that morning to attend a sale of hunters, and was looking flushed with his long ride.

"What on earth is the matter, Clara?" he asked. "I have been out since 8 o'clock. Poor Townley's stud was sold off this morning at a pretty little place he had beyond Barnet, and I rode down there to see if there was anything worth bidding for. I must have saved myself the trouble, for I never saw such a pack of screws. The ride was pleasant enough, however."

"I wonder you were out so early after last night's dance."

"Oh, you know my name down among the swells," he answered, with rather a forced laugh. "Yes, I was hard at it last night, no end of waltzes and galops. But, you know, late hours never make much difference to me."

"Was it a very pleasant party?"

"The usual thing—too many people for the rooms."

"Your favorite, Miss Clancy, was there, I see."

"Yes, the Clancys were there. But I suppose you haven't sent for me to ask questions about Lady Deftford's ball? I thought by your letter something serious had happened."

"Something serious has happened. My husband is dead."

She said the words very slowly, with her eyes fixed on Gilbert Sinclair's face. The florid color faded suddenly out of his cheeks, and left him ghastly pale. Of all the events within the range of probability, this was the last he had expected to hear of, and the most unwelcome.

"Indeed!" he stammered, after an awkward pause. "I suppose I ought to congratulate you on the recovery of your freedom?"

"I am very glad to be free."

"What did he die of—Colonel Walsingham? And how did you get the news?"

"Through a foreign paper. He was killed in a duel."

And then she repeated the contents of the paragraph James Wyatt had read to her.

"Is the news correct, do you think? No mistake about the identity of the person in question?"

"None whatever, I am convinced. However, I shall drive into the city presently and see the solicitor who arranged our separation. I know the Colonel was in the habit of corresponding with him, and no doubt he will be able to give official intelligence of the event."

After this there came another pause, more awkward than the first. Gilbert sat with his eyes fixed upon the carpet, tracing out the figures of it meditatively with his stick, with an air of study as profound as if he had been an art designer bent upon achieving some novel combination of form and color. Clara Walsingham sat opposite to him, waiting for him to speak, with a pale, rigid face that grew more stony-looking as the silence continued. That silence became at last quite unendurable, and Gilbert felt himself obliged to say something, no matter what.

"Does this business make any alteration in your circumstances?" Gilbert asked, with a faint show of interest.

"Only for the better. I surrendered to the Colonel the income of one of the estates my father left me, in order to bribe him into consenting to a separation. Henceforward the income will be mine. My poor father took pains to secure me from the possibility of being ruined by a husband. My fortune was wholly at my own disposal, but I was willing to make the surrender in question in exchange for my liberty."

"I am glad to find that you will be so well off," said Mr. Sinclair, still engrossed by the eastern of the carpet.

"Is that all you have to say?"

"What more can I say upon the subject?"

"There was a time when you would have said a great deal more."

"Very likely," answered Gilbert, bluntly; "but then, you see, the time is past and gone. What is it, Fria Bacon's brazen head said, 'Time is time, time's past?' Come, Clara, it is very little use for you and me to play at cross-purposes. Why did you send for me in such haste to tell me of your husband's death?"

"Because I had reason to consider the news would be as welcome to you as it was to me."

"That might have been so if the event had happened a year or two ago; unhappily your release comes too late for my welfare. You accused me the other day of intending to jilt you. I think that was scarcely fair when it is remembered how long I was contented to remain your devoted slave, patiently waiting for something better than slavery. There is a limit to all things, however, and I confess the bondage became a little irksome at last, and I began to look in other directions for the happiness of my future life."

"Does that mean that you are going to be married?"

"It does."

"The lady is Miss Clancy, I conclude," said Mrs. Walsingham. Her breathing was a little hurried, but there was no other outward sign of the storm that raged within.

"Yes, the lady is Constance Clancy. And now, my dear Clara, let me entreat you to be reasonable, and to consider how long I waited for the chance that has come at last too late to be of any avail, so far as I am concerned. I am not overcoomb enough to fear that you will regret me very much, and I am sure you know that I shall always regard you with the warmest friendship and admiration. With your splendid attractions you will have plenty of opportunities in the matrimonial line, and will, I dare say, find little reason to lament my secession."

Clara Walsingham looked at him with unutterable scorn.

"And I once gave you credit for a heart, Gilbert Sinclair," she said. "Well, the dream is ended."

"Don't let us part ill-friends, Clara. Say you wish me well in my new life. I cannot say anything so false. No, Gilbert, I will not take your hand. There can be no such thing as friendship between you and me."

"That seems rather hard," answered Sinclair in a sulky tone. "But let it be as you please. Good-by."

"Good-morning, Mr. Sinclair."

Mrs. Walsingham rang the bell, but before her summons could be answered Gilbert Sinclair had gone out of the house. He walked back to the Albany in a very gloomy frame of mind, thinking it a hard thing that Col. Walsingham should have chosen this crisis for his death. He was glad that the interview was over, and that Clara knew what she had to expect, but he felt an uneasy sense that the business was not yet finished.

"She took it pretty quietly, upon the whole," he said to himself, "but there was a look in her eyes that I didn't like."

Mrs. Walsingham called on her late husband's lawyer in the course of the afternoon, and received a confirmation of James Wyatt's news. Her husband's death had increased her income from two to three thousand a year, arising chiefly from landed property which had been purchased by her father, a city tradesman, who had late in life conceived the idea of becoming a country squire, and had died of the delusion, leaving an unrecognition position in the depths of the country. His only daughter's marriage with Colonel Walsingham had been a severe affliction to him, but he had taken care to settle his wealth upon her in such a manner as to secure her against any depredations on the part of her husband.

WEST AFRICAN CUSTOMS.

Some Interesting Features of Native Life Near Sierra Leone.

During recent years, owing partly to independent explorers and partly to the operations of European powers in Africa, we have learned much about the customs and habits of the natives of the dark continent. Recently a territory east of Sierra Leone, where the English and the French forces came in to accidental and fatal collision, was opened up by the former. It is known as Mendiland. Here there are some curious customs. The Poros are the name of the political meetings of the men, and here all matters relating to peace or war are deliberated. This place, which is merely an encampment in the woods, is sacred to the Poros and none but a Poros can enter it. The opening leading to it through the woods is marked on either side by bunches of a kind of fern.

The Bundu bush is the headquarters of the girls, and into one of these retreats no man can ever enter, under punishment of death or slavery. In this Bundu, which is somewhat of a convent, the girls are initiated into the secret country customs pertaining to their sex. Often a girl of 9 or 10 is betrothed before

WORSER THAN COOLIES.

Frightful Condition of the Peasants of the Island of Sicily.

The condition of the peasants of Sicily, who recently rose against their oppressors, is a picture of horror. A general revolt against the government, is perhaps more wretched than that of any other civilized people in the world. For ages the poorer classes have been the prey of the richer, and have been burdened by the most exorbitant taxation, while the rich have generally escaped without any taxation at all. Corruption is rife in every office in the island and justice is a mere mockery, simply depending on who can give the largest bribe.

The land is owned by a few noblemen who live in Rome or Palermo and who lease their estates to capitalists known as "gabellotti," or tax collectors. These in their turn divide the estates and sublet them to "subgabellotti," who again lease the subletted land piecemeal to the peasants, or, if they wish, farmers. These latter are most shamefully bled. They are permitted to retain but one-quarter of their crops, no matter how poor the yield may be. In addition to this they are compelled to pay an enormous tax and to provide themselves with seed and the necessities of life. Reduced to the most abject poverty, the estate-owner "padrone" sometimes lends them money at 50 per cent a year.

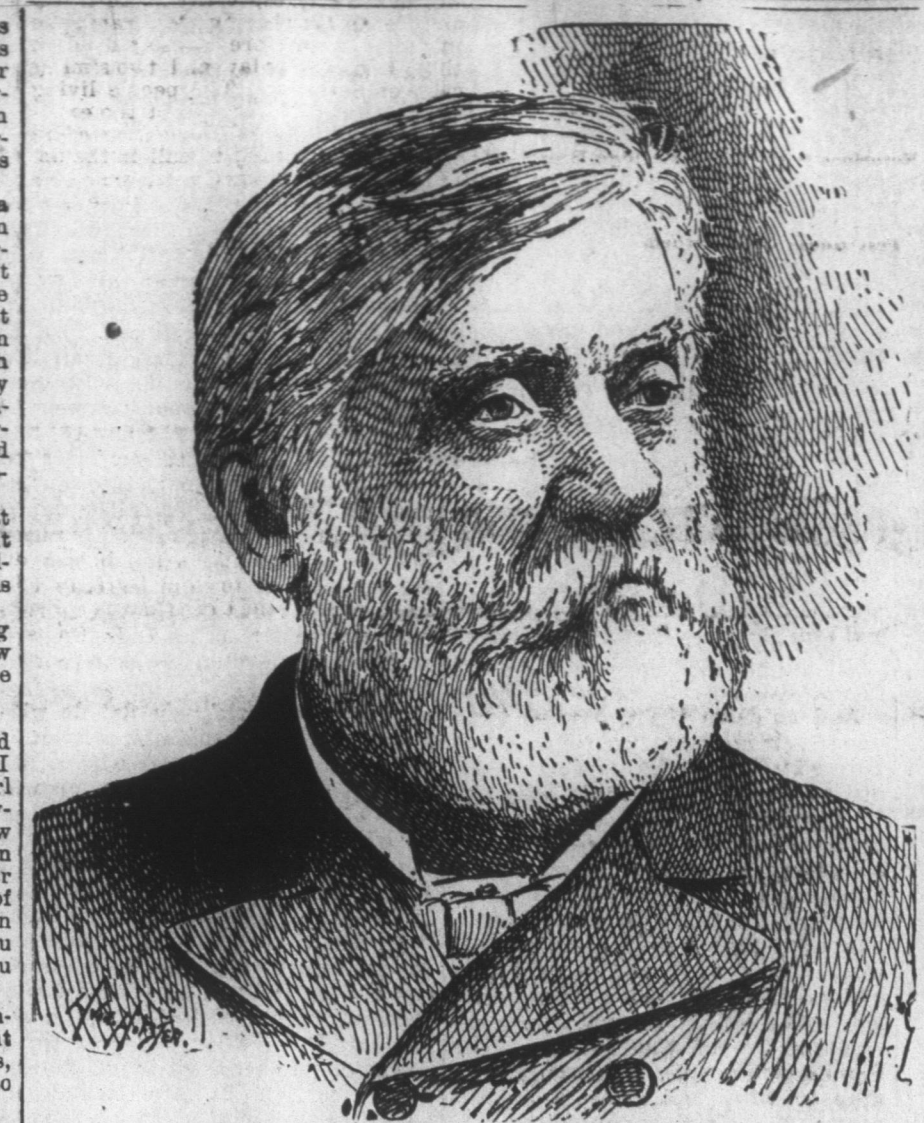
The day laborer who is even worse, if such a thing is possible. The lowest Chinese coolies live in luxury compared with the Sicilian day laborer. The result of this is that agriculture, which is the chief support of Sicily, has become totally ruined. The farmers and peasants are held in complete slavery by the capitalists and landowners.

Lucky Women Speculators.

Lucky real-estate speculations are not confined to men in Pittsburgh, said a real-estate agent. "There is one lady in this city who has built and sold more houses in the last three or four years than any one else in the business. She is a woman of fortune in her speculations, and often when others who consider themselves better versed in property, have advised her not to make a venture, she has gone against them, following her own judgment, and, strangely enough, has always succeeded. She has been able to make a losing deal, and her reputation for good sound judgment has caused many persons anxious to invest in dirt and bricks about the city to consult her. I knew of another very lucky woman who was making much money in real-estate deals. She is a typewriter on Fourth avenue and started speculating by selling some lots which were left her by a relative. With this money she bought other property. This she sold at an increase, and so she went on buying and selling until to-day she has nearly \$10,000 to her credit. This sum she has amassed in three years, with no capital to start with but two lots, worth, possibly, \$200. There are many other like instances of lucky women in Pittsburgh."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A Laugh on the Girls.

A good joke was played on the girls of Marion, recently by the young men of that town. The girls, who were rather remiss in their attentions to the young ladies and had been "staggering" to the theater, parties, etc., until the girls got tired of being left out in the cold and decided to show their independence. They hired a box at the theater and made a very charming theater party. The play was "Wanted: A Husband," and the girls sat serene through it all, never dreaming that the wicked boys had taken one of the largest flaring posters "Wanted: A Husband," and fastened it around the box so that all the audience might read.—Indianapolis Sentinel.



COL. WILLIAM C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.
Defendant in the Pollard-Breckinridge Breach of Promise Case.

GO TO SLAVERY WILLINGLY.

To Enter a Harem is the Height of a Circassian Girl's Ambition.

Far from dreading their sale, says a writer in the Popular Science Monthly, the girls of Circassia look forward to it as the greatest opportunity of their lives. They go to seek it as a conscious jewel might start in search of a costly setting. They show no more reluctance than Esther manifested when Mordecai delivered her over as one of the fair young virgins gathered from far and near to adorn the palace of Ahasuerus. Indeed, the history of Esther reveals the motives which probably animate each of the many maidens of Circassia, who to this day re-enact the old biblical story. Each believes that it is she who may find grace and favor in the royal crown, and thus control at will the rise or fall of the royal scepter. But even if not chosen by royalty, those who purchase the beautiful damsels of Circassia are the wealthy and titled; and not the slightest social degradation is attached to their position even if taken to harems wherein a Turkish wife may be installed as head of the household. The common dependence of all the inmates of a harem upon the favor of a lord who may at any time elevate a Circassian slave to the position of a lady fosters a spirit of equality, of pure practical democracy, that would be inconceivable under any other circumstances, and in our Southern slave relation to nominal mistress was totally undreamed of. As a Turkish lady explained to an astonished English visitor, "A slave may become a lady any day, and in treating her as one beforehand we take off much of the awkwardness which would else ensue." When we consider that all the children of slaves are acknowledged as the legitimate children of their father, we must confess in justice to the Turk that theirs is a condition in which the evils of slavery to the slave are reduced to a minimum.

Promoted by His Horse.

James Byrne is a Swede who has bumped around in all parts of the world for twenty-five years, and he landed at St. Louis the other day direct from bombarded Rio. The story of his life, however, occurred during the Franco-Prussian war. He was fighting on the German side as a cavalryman, says the Republic. One day during a hot conflict the cavalry came to the top of a hill, and on the crest of another hill, across a deep ravine, the French had planted a battery. Suddenly Byrne's horse reared and jumped and started down the hill toward the ravine on a dead run. Byrne tried to check the frightened animal, but found that it had taken the bit in its mouth and was wholly unmanageable. Down the hill, across the ravine and up the hill on the opposite side the horse sped on like a streak of lightning. The French battery began belching out shot and shell, and Byrne then realized that a runaway horse was carrying him right into the mouth of hades. As the cannon boomed the screaming shells whizzed by the head of poor Byrne, but some unseen hand of fate prevented them from harming either himself or his horse. As the horse dashed up the hill to the very mouth of a cannon Byrne concluded to make the best of a dangerous predicament, and drew his saber for self-defense. He was surprised to see the Frenchmen leave their battery and flee like panic-stricken sheep. But Byrne understood the situation when he looked backward and saw his comrades dashing up the hill on their horses. Byrne dismounted and held one of the enemy's guns as the prize he had captured. When the other cavalrymen came up he found out that they did not know his horse had run away, but thought that it was personal bravery on his part, and that he had urged his horse to make this mad race into the "jaws of death."

SECTIONAL JIMMY AND NIPPERS.

Two Tools of a Burglar's Kit Which Are Made by Many Hands.

To the eye of an honest man no tool is a burglar's tool. Were he to find a most approved kit he would merely think that a mechanic had lost his stock in trade. Drills, punches, bits and ordinary jimmies have each almost a counterpart in open daylight work, and only to the sophisticated would it appear that the bits of steel were implements of crime. To those who know, the two distinctive burglar's tools are the sectional jimmy and nippers, the first being a steel bar so arranged that it can be unscrewed into several pieces for convenience in carrying. The other is described by the Philadelphia Times as like a pair of curling tongs, the clutching end being armed with little teeth, and is used for turning of keys in doors from the outside. Manufacture of these tools is not, as has been supposed, confined exclusively to any set of men. A burglar, desirous of obtaining a kit, will go to a hardware store and purchase drills, brace and bits, punches and wedges, these latter being in a series, from those the thickness of a knife blade to others the thickness of one's hand. This assortment of seemingly innocent tools he takes to a mechanic with instructions to temper them to a certain hardness. To another blacksmith he goes, and drawing a diagram, has a piece of iron made in accordance. Still another makes him a second part, and finally the thief has a "drag" the most powerful and perhaps the most useful tool, with his standpoint, that can be used in opening a safe. It consists of a long screw, with simple iron braces to be attached by a link to the knob of the door. A hole is bored through the

AROUND A BIG STATE. CURRENT COMMENT.

Col. Breckinridge. Col. Breckinridge will like the latest English novels.—New York Herald.

Col. Breckinridge should have gone West in early life and grown up with Utah.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There is reason to believe that one of Col. Breckinridge's favorite books is "How to Be Happy Though Married."—New York World.

Any man who dictates his love letters to a stenographer is an 18-karat snuff, whether he has a silver tongue or not.—Chicago Dispatch.

Col. Breckinridge and Madeline Pollard are probably better acquainted with each other now than they were when they were more friendly.—Atchison Globe.

Breckinridge, by his own confession, is a bad man, but some of his loudest critics are going to have a mighty hard time squeezing past old St. Peter.—Daily Amer.

Mary Ellen Lease. Mr. Lease is still wondering why total strangers will pay big money to be scolded by Mrs. Lease.—New York World.

The gentlemen Ma knows, having heard what Mrs. Lease knows about their order, are too gallant to display much annoyance over her determination to establish one for ladies.—Exchange.

If Mrs. Lease's scheme to organize a Masonic order for women proves successful the dry-goods market will undoubtedly be affected. White aprons will be all the rage, and a slump in gingham must necessarily follow.—Baltimore American.

Now that Mrs. Lease is making money, does she go home Saturday night and put half of it in her husband's lap? Does she put her money in the sugar-bowl and let her husband help himself? That's what the women say the men should do.—Atchison Globe.

Bismarck's Birthday. The German Emperor sends official dignity and a gift of armor, serene in the knowledge that Bismarck is too old to make use of either.—Washington Star.

Bismarck appears to have received a great many cases of fine wines on his birthday and not a single temperance tract, so far as heard from.—Boston Herald.

Bismarck will probably not have many opportunities to test the suit of armor given to him by the Kaiser. His battles have all been fought.—Philadelphia Call.

Bismarck assures William that he will wear that steel armor. That's what the Emperor wants. There's nothing like a cuirass weighing something less than a ton to keep an old man quiet.—New York World.

Springtime in Georgia. Spring threatens to come from behind the stove and do some more capering on the lawn.—Atlanta Constitution.

Peach trees are now in full bloom. A great many old people say that peaches in bloom are rarely ever killed by light nights.—New York Herald.

This beautiful weather, with its balsamic breezes, falls like a velvet hammer upon the emaciated constitution of the average northern visitor.—Albany Herald.

The chirp of the early chicken, together with the recent May-like weather, is a reminder, however faint, that what will be in order in a few weeks.—Walton News.

Bombs in Paris. No more in a Paris restaurant nowadays is complete without a few dynamite bombs on toast.—Boston Herald.

When you enter a Paris cafe you should have your mind made up as to how you will have your dynamite served.—New York Advertiser.

The latest Paris bomb injured most seriously the anarchist orator who declared that the victims of an explosion were of little consequence so long as the anarchist idea prevailed.—Kansas City Star.

A French anarchist who was injured by the explosion of a bomb intended for other people has changed his views. This is one good effect from a bomb.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Fate of the Kearsarge. This inglorious end of the doughty corvette was not entirely unexpected.—Philadelphia Record.

Much as the patriotic people of the United States will regret the total loss of the stout old hero, it is a relief that the destruction of the Kearsarge is complete and final. Its career was over.—Philadelphia Times.

A good many persons will think that the fate of the Kearsarge has its consolations. To fall into decay tied to the end of a wharf is not a dignified end. It is better, as Dr. Holmes said of Old Ironsides, to be given to the god of storms, the lightning and the gale.—Providence Journal.

Coxey. Congress may not be able to secure a quorum to receive Coxey.—St. Louis Star-Saying.

Coxey can plead a time-honored precedent. A goose once saved Rome.—Chicago Tribune.

The only terrifying weapon possessed by Coxey's army is Carl Brown's vocabulary.—New York Herald.

It will be to Mr. Coxey's interest to see that his moving army does not come in contact with Uncle Sam's standing army.—Chicago Tribune.

Gov. Tillman. Perhaps Gov. Tillman may effect a compromise by selling a better quality of whiskey.—Chicago Tribune.

The chief trouble with Gov. Tillman is that he views the world with his blind eye.—New York Advertiser.

In attempting to regulate the telegraph, Gov. Tillman put his fingers on the wrong key.—New York Recorder.

The South Carolina "Dispensary law" has one good feature. It discourages emulation in other States.—Baltimore Herald.

Peru and Her Afflictions. Peru has two presidents, a dictator and a revolution. And still Peru for some reason, is not happy.—Kansas City Journal.

And now it is unhappy Peru which is rent with civil strife and afflicted with a surplusage of presidents. Periods of peace in South America are few and soon broken.—Boston Herald.

Sparks from the Wires. Many cattle were killed in Gillespie County, Texas, by a fall of hail.

HORACE ROBBINS was run over and killed by a train at Piqua, Ohio.

A FISHING steamer ran on the rocks off the coast of Grimsby and six of her crew were drowned.

GENERAL elections in Holland have resulted in the defeat of the government by a large majority.

OREGON. Republicans nominated Chief Justice W. P. Lord, of the State Supreme Court, for Governor.

CHARLES HINES awoke at Sheridan, Ind., to find his wife dead at his side, heart failure being the cause.