



CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

He left the house when Constance went out for her daily drive in the park, and strolled in the same direction, taking very little notice upon this particular afternoon. The Lady Mire was thronged with carriages, and there was a block at the corner when Gilbert took his place listlessly among the loungers who were lolling over the rails. He nodded to the men he knew, and answered briefly enough to some friendly inquiries about his luck in Yorkshire.

"The filly ran well enough," he said, "but I doubt if she's got stay enough for the Chester."

"Oh, of course you want to keep her dark, Sinclair. I heard she was a filly, though."

Mr. Sinclair did not pursue the conversation. The carriages moved on for a few paces, at the instigation of a pompous mounted policeman, and then stopped again, leaving a quite little brougham exactly in front of Gilbert and Sinclair. The occupant of the brougham was Mrs. Walsingham. The stoppage brought her so close to Gilbert that it was impossible to avoid some kind of greeting. The widow's handsome face paled as she recognized Gilbert. It was the first time they had met since that unpleasant interview in Half-Moon street. The opportunity was very gratifying to Mrs. Walsingham. She had most ardently desired to see how Gilbert supported his new position, to see for herself how far Mr. Wyatt's account of him might be credited. She put on the propitiatory manner of a woman who has forgiven all past wrongs.

"Why do you never come to see me?" she asked.

"I scarcely thought you would care to receive me, after what you said when we last met," he replied, rather embarrassed by her easy way of treating the situation.

"Lady Mire is forgotten. It is not fair to remember what a woman says when she is in a passion. I think you expressed a wish that we might be friends after your marriage, and I was too angry to accept that proof of your regard as I should have done. I have grown wiser with the passage of time, and, believe me, I am still your friend."

There was a softness in her tone which flattered and touched Gilbert to the cool contempt he had of late suffered at the hands of his wife. He remembered how this woman had loved him; and he asked himself what good he had gained by his marriage with Constance Clanyarde, except the empty triumph of an alliance with a family of superior rank to his own, and the vain delight of marrying an acknowledged beauty.

Before Mrs. Walsingham's brougham had moved on, he had promised to look in upon her that evening, and at 10 o'clock he was seated in the family drawing-room, telling her his domestic wrongs, and freely confessing that his marriage had been a failure. Little by little she beguiled him into telling her these things, and played her part of adviser and consoler with exquisite tact, not once allowing him to perceive the pleasure his confession afforded her. He spoke of his child without the faintest expression of affection, and laughed bitterly as he described his wife's devotion to her infant.

"I thought as a woman of fashion she would have given herself very little trouble about the baby," he said, "but she continues to find time for maternal rapture in spite of her incessant visiting. I have told her that she is killing herself, and the doctors tell her pretty much the same; but she will have her own way."

"She would suffer frightfully if the child were to die," said Mrs. Walsingham.

"Suffer! Yes, I was thinking of that this afternoon when she was engaged in her baby worship. She would take my death coolly enough, I have no doubt; but I believe the loss of that child would kill her."

Long after Gilbert Sinclair had left her that night Clara Walsingham sat brooding over all that he had told her upon the subject of his domestic life.

"And so he has found out what it is to have a wife who does not care for him," she said to herself. "He has gratified his fancy for a lovely wife, and is paying a heavy price for his conquest. And I am to leave all my hopes of revenge to James Wyatt, and am to reward his services by marrying him. No, no, Mr. Wyatt; it was all very well to promise that in the day of my despair, I see my way to something better than that now. The loss of her child would kill her, would it? And her death would bring Gilbert back to me. I think. His loveless marriage has taught him the value of a woman's affection."

CHAPTER IX.

THE BEGINNING OF SORROW.

Sir Cyprian did not again call at the house in Park Lane. He had heard of Constance Clanyarde's marriage during his African travels, and had come back to England resolved to avoid her as far as it was possible for him to do so. Time and absence had done little to lessen his love, but he resigned himself to her marriage with another as an inevitable fact, only regretting she had married a man of whom he had by no means an exalted opinion. James Wyatt was one of the first persons he visited on his arrival in London, and from him he learned a very unsatisfactory account of the marriage. It was this that had induced him to break through his resolution and call in Park Lane. He wanted to see for himself whether Constance was obviously unhappy. He saw little, however, to enlighten him on this point. He found the girl he had so fondly loved transformed into a perfect woman of the world; and he could draw no inference from her carefree gayety of manner except that James Wyatt had said more than was justified by the circumstances of the case.

Instead of returning to Davenant for the autumn months, Mr. Sinclair chose this year to go to Germany, and

no complaint, she expressed no curiosity as to the manner in which he amused himself or the company he kept at Baden-Baden, and though that center of gayety was only four miles off, she never expressed a wish to share in its amusements.

Gilbert was not an agreeable companion at this time. That deep and suppressed resentment against his wife, like rancorous Iago's jealousy, did "grew him inward," and although his old passionate love still remained, it was curiously interwoven with hatred.

Once when husband and wife were seated opposite each other, in the September twilight after one of their rare tête-à-tête dinners, Constance looked up suddenly and caught Gilbert's brooding eyes fixed on her face with an expression which made her shiver.

"If you look at me like that, Gilbert," she said, with a nervous laugh, "I shall be afraid to drink this glass of Marco-brunner you've just poured out for me. It might be poison to me. I hope I've done nothing to deserve such an angry look. Othello must have looked something like that, I should think, when he asked Desdemona for the strawberry-spotted handkerchief."

"Why did you marry me, Constance?" asked Sinclair, ignoring his wife's speech.

There was something almost pitiful in this question, wrung from a man who loved honestly, according to his lights, and whose love was turned to rancor by the knowledge that it had won no return.

"What a question after two years of married life! Why did I marry you? Because you wished me to marry you; and because I believed you would make me a good husband, Gilbert; and because I had firmly resolved to make you a good wife."

She said this earnestly, looking at him through unshed tears. Since her own life had become so much happier, since baby dresses had awakened all the dormant tenderness. In her nature, she had felt more anxious to be on good terms with her husband. She would have taken much trouble, made some sacrifice of her womanly pride, to win him back to that amiable state of mind she remembered in his honey-moon.

"I've promised to meet Wyatt at the Kursaal this evening," said Sinclair, looking at his watch as he rose from the table, and without the slightest notice of his wife's reply.

"Is Mr. Wyatt at Baden?"

"Yes; he has come over for a little amusement at the table—denied lucky dog—always contrives to leave off a winner. One of these cool-headed fellows who know the turn of the tide. You've no objection to his being there, I suppose?"

"I wish you and he were not such fast friends, Gilbert. Mr. Wyatt is no favorite of mine."

TO BE CONTINUED.

STENOGRAPHER'S BILLS.

They Are Hard to Collect—How to Get a Remedy.

If the baby preferred her English nurse to Melanie, the little French girl, for her part, seemed passionately devoted to the baby. She was always eager to carry the child when the two nurses were out together, and resentful of Martha's determination to deprive her of this pleasure. One day when the two nurses had been together upon this subject, Martha, pawning at the French girl under the peculiar idea that she would make herself understood if she only talked loud enough, Melanie repeating her few words of broken English with many emphatic shrugs and frowns and nods, a lady stopped to listen to them and admire the baby. She spoke in French to Melanie, and did not address Martha at all, much to the young person's indignation. She asked Melanie to whom the child belonged, and how long she had been with it, and whether she was accustomed to nursing children, adding with a smile, that she looked rather too lady-like for a nurse-maid.

Melanie was quite subdued by this compliment. She told the lady that this was the first time she had been nurse-maid. She had been lady's maid in her last situation, and had preferred the place very much to her present position. She told this strange lady nothing about that terrible affection for the baby which she was in the habit of expressing in Mrs. Sinclair's presence. She only told her how comfortable she had been made during the time that she had been with the baby, that she looked rather too lady-like for a nurse-maid.

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"I am staying at the Hotel du Roi," said the lady, after talking to Melanie for some little time, "and should like to see you if you can find time to call upon me some evening. I might be able to be of some use to you in finding a new situation when your present mistress leaves the neighborhood."

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Melanie courteously, and replied that she would make a point of waiting upon the lady, and the two nurses moved on with their little charge. Martha asked Melanie what the foreign lady had been saying, and the French girl replied carelessly that she had only been praising the baby.

"And will you say," answered Miss Briggs, rather smugly, "for she is the sweetest child that ever lived: but for my own part, I don't like foreigners, or any of their nasty, deceitful ways."

This rather invidious remark was lost upon Mire. Dupont, who only understood a few words of English, and who cared very little for her fellow servant's opinion upon any subject.

"Why, what do you do here with a man who has lost his head?"

"Lost his head!" said Bonbon. "The lying scoundrel, he told me it was his leg; but I never believed what he said in my life without being sorry for it afterward."

Internal Revenue Figures.

During the last fiscal year the government revenue from spirits was \$94,720,291, an increase over 1892 of \$3,472,779.

Tobacco paid in integral revenue taxes \$11,880,712, an increase over the preceding year of \$889,219.

During the past year tax was paid on 34,555,317 barrels of beer, an increase over 1892 of 2,336,481 barrels.

Snuff takers got away with \$1,912,894 paid last year, a gain over 1892 of \$48,513.

The chewers and users of smoking tobacco burnt up last year 252,399,749 pounds of tobacco.

The consumption of cigars, cheroots and cigarettes last year reached a grand total of 7,900,965,817. This means about one smoke per day for each smoker.

The consumption of fermented liquor continues to increase. Last year the tax thereon yielded \$32,548,983, a gain over 1892 of \$2,511,530.

Our Scandinavian Contingent.

No country contributes so many immigrants to the United States in proportion to population as Norway. It is the most part under 30 years of age. The Norse are good farmers and thrifty citizens. They, as well as their neighbors, the Swedes, have a strong desire for land and the conveniences of life. They frequently return to visit their native country, but they become permanent citizens of the United States. Most of those who come are of marked peasant type.

I was so fortunate as to see him

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Qualt Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

A "Boy's" Ode to the Goat.

I'm a goat,  
Faustiously and derisively  
Called William  
And Billy for short.

I walk with stately tread,  
Climb up to purple bred,  
Climb and down the deck,  
Among the old back lot,  
Among the sans-culotte,  
I lay me down.

At break of day  
I'm up and master away,  
I'm up and down the deck,  
And naturalized codfish,  
Or take the alley in  
And runaway rubber shoes,  
And feed on boot-tops.

I nibble cinders  
And sample corduroy  
And naturalized pavements  
And tilting and gaspings  
Talk about your ostrich—  
He ain't in it with me.  
He's a canary bird  
Along with me.

When the ostrich fills  
His head in the sand,  
His head in the sand,  
The highest place at hand.  
He's ashamed to look  
Arrive to see  
Where he's at,  
But with me;  
I'm a goat  
All over.

I can live on sand  
In any land,  
Or rope, or currumbins,  
Or rakes, or spikes,  
Or temple walls,  
Or tin cans,  
That have had their day  
As growers,  
Or scrawns or scraws  
Red with rust  
And garnished with  
Old paint brushes.

And I can amble away,  
Any time of the day,  
Any time down  
In the sand,  
And enjoy a siesta,  
Like one of the  
Lame, or lame  
Gum for my digestion.

With a goat  
There's no after-claps  
No nightmare  
Monkeys with a goat.  
And there's no statistics  
As to sick goats.

The goat's the only thing  
That's round its youth  
Ad vice versa  
After it quits foraging in the  
alleys,  
And gets a sore appetite  
And gets sore and sore-eyed.

Thinking of the good  
times!  
It has had,  
But not for long.  
The tanner man is a  
fairy  
To the goat  
And takes its hide.

And that's when the goat  
Gets right in the swim,  
And he takes a front seat  
At the open door  
Or in the dreamy waltz,  
As a six-button kid.

I'm a goat.  
An ambling goat.  
Round town.  
Always up or down.

I walk  
With stately tread,  
Like a "trot" trimmed in red,  
Or the old back lot  
Among the sans-culotte  
I lay me down.

WILLIAM METRIMETRY.

TOO NOBLE TO ACT IT.

Salvin Thought Booth Too Good at Heart to Play Macbeth.

The celebrated actor Edwin Booth was at this time in Baltimore, a city distant one hour from the capital. I had heard so much about this superior artist that I was anxious to see him, and on my off nights I went to Baltimore with my impresario's agent.

A box had been reserved for me without my knowledge, and was draped with the Italian colors. I regretted to be made so conspicuous, but I could not fail to appreciate the courteous and complimentary desire to do me honor shown by the American artist, writes Salvin in the Century.

It was only natural that I should be most kindly influenced toward him, but without the courtesy which has adorned him, his elegant personality was admirably adapted to it.

His long and wavy hair, his large and expressive eyes, his youthful and flexible movements, accorded perfectly with the ideal of the young Prince of Denmark which now obtains everywhere. His splendid delivery, and the penetrating philosophy with which he informed his phrases, were his most remarkable qualities.

I was so fortunate as to see him

also as Richelieu and Iago, and in all three of these parts, so diverse in their character, I found him absolutely admirable. I cannot say so much for his Macbeth, which I saw one night when passing through Philadelphia. The part seemed to me not adapted to his nature. Macbeth was an ambitious man, and Booth was not. Macbeth had barbarous and ferocious instincts, and Booth was agreeable, urbane and courteous. Macbeth destroyed his enemies traitorously—did this even to gain possession of their goods—while Booth was noble, lofty-minded, and generous of his wealth.

It is thus plain that however much art he might expend, his nature rebelled against his portrayal of that personage, and he could never hope to transform himself into the ambitious, venal and sanguinary Scot king.

PATENT POSTAL WRAPPERS.

It Does Away with the Trouble Usually Encountered in Opening Papers.

The patent postal wrapper shown below is designed to do away with the trouble usually experienced in opening a tightly rolled parcel. It is an English idea, and is described as follows: Running from end to end of the wrapper are two series of perforations, half an inch or so apart, and inclining toward each other, in the manner shown in our illustration, while at the left-hand side the outer two perforations come right up to the edge, and provide a small tab or

slip that can easily be grasped by the thumb and finger. To open the wrapper, it is held in the manner shown and the tab firmly pulled, when at once a thin slip is torn out of the wrapper throughout its length, the strip being strictly limited to the width of the perforations, and thus preventing any damage either to the papers, within or to any advertisements that may, as is sometimes the case, be printed inside the wrapper.

PHOTOGRAPHED WITH DOGS.

A New Fad Which Has Taken Possession of Englishwomen.

There is a new fad among the fair debutantes on the other side of the water. Its growth can be traced directly to the ever-growing interest that modern women are taking in well-bred dogs, coupled with the old-fashioned liking for being photographed, which dates back a long way, as everybody knows. The mania which has taken possession of the English girls is that of being photographed with their favorite set-

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RANDOLPH COUNTY was visited by one of the hardest storms the other night that has been seen for several years. Farmers report a great amount of fruit trees blown down, some being pulled out by the roots. Several buildings were completely demolished. During the storm the storm hall as large as marbles fell. Seven parties from Farmland attended the theater at Winchester were caught in the storm and their carriage blown from a bridge, but all escaped with slight bruises.

THE first oil found in Delaware County developed in Liberty Township, seven miles east of Muncie, Indiana. The other day ex-County Auditor William Murray was in Muncie with a bottle filled with the petroleum which came from a gas well near his home. The oil is of a very good grade, and except in color, resembles coal oil. The well from which it flowed was drilled for natural gas, and a big flow was struck. Since last February it has been dripping small quantities of oil, daily increasing in quantity, until it now flows about thirty barrels a day.

The find