



#### CHAPTER V.

It was late when Angela woke the next morning, and even as her eyes opened, a dark shadow seemed to settle upon her as she remembered that her mother was going to marry Captain Vance Wynyard. A weight as of lead lay upon her heart; her bones seemed bewildered.

"My misery is greater than I can bear!" she cried in an agony of despair.

The pretty breakfast-room was usually redolent of roses, was scented with "she entered"; her mother was not there. Thinking she was in the drawing-room, Angela made her way thither listlessly enough. She had opened the door and entered the room before she saw that Captain Wynyard was there too.

"Angel, come here," said Lady Rooden. "I have something to say to you."

Slowly, and with aversion in her eyes, she went up to her mother. Captain Wynyard noting keenly the expression of her face.

"She does not like me, and does not like the marriage," he said to himself. "I shall have an enemy in this slender girl; but it will not matter."

"Angel," went on Lady Rooden, "I am glad you came in. I want to speak to you." Then a flush rose to her face, and a certain shyness came over her manner.

"Let me speak for you, dearest Laura," interrupted her lover; and Angela started at the words. Never since her father's death had she heard her mother addressed by that name. "I am sure that the daughter who loves you so dearly and so devotedly will be pleased to hear of anything which will add to your happiness." The Captain spoke fluently enough, and he turned his handsome face with a smile to Angela; but there was a certain uneasiness about him, a restraint that almost made his manner ungraceful, for he knew well in his heart that he did not love this woman whom he was so anxious to make his wife. "Your mother," he continued, "has been so good and generous as to look on me with favor, and I have promised to devote the remainder of my life to her. I shall do my best to make her happy; and with the love of the mother I hope to win the love of the daughter. I will do my best to deserve it."

As Vance Wynyard spoke, Angela's face grew white even to the lips. A burning feeling of hate rose in her heart against him. She could not control it for a few moments so as to answer him, and was almost glad of her silence, when on:

"I promise to devote myself to your interests, and, as far as I can, to fill worthily your father's place."

This unfortunate allusion to her father roused the girl at once. She raised her face to his with an indignant flush of anger that, callous as he was, was quailed before it.

"We will leave my father's name quite out of the question. Let me say, once and for all, that you will never fill his place, and that to my mind it is a desecration of his memory even to say such a thing. He was my mother's husband; he loved her; he was a noble-minded man!"

"I hope in time to win your good opinion," he said. "Vain, cold and calculating as he was, there was something in the attitude of the girl, standing at bay, as it were, that touched him."

"My dear Angel," cried Lady Rooden, "speak to Captain Wynyard; I must have you nothing to say in answer to his kindly words."

"Nothing, mamma," she said, wringing her hands. "I have not a word to say."

"Then, Vance," said Lady Rooden, turning to Captain Wynyard, "I must love you doubly, to atone for my daughter's ungraciousness."

"I shall hope," he said, suavely, "to win from Miss Rooden greater grace and greater kindness."

Then Angela raised her eyes to his; and there was something both pathetic and wistful in their expression.

"Captain Wynyard," she said, "my mother and I have been very happy together; we shall never be so happy again."

Somehow taken aback by so straightforward a question, he replied quickly nevertheless, and with great presence of mind:

"Because I love her, Miss Rooden."

"I do not believe it," said the girl, promptly. "I am sure that you do not love her; and thus will prove that I am right."

"Angel," cried Lady Rooden, "I have told you that I will not allow you to say such things."

"I cannot help it, mamma," she answered. "It is the voice of my heart that speaks, and I cannot control it."

Lady Rooden, finding that the interview was not likely to be a pleasant one, thought it prudent to put an end to it. She dismissed her daughter, therefore, with a few words, and Angela left the drawing-room without touching the hand that Capt. Wynyard extended to her. She went to her room and remained there until the bell rang for luncheon.

"I am so grieved," said Lady Rooden, apologetically, to her lover. "I saw last night, when I told Angela about our marriage, that she did not like the idea of it; but I never dreamed she would treat you as she has."

#### CHAPTER VI.

The Captain was on his guard. He felt angry, and resented Angela's manner boldly; but he was wise enough to see that assumed generosity would best answer his purpose.

"I hope, my dearest Laura," he responded, "you will think no more about it. I shall never resent Angela's dislike, but shall, on the contrary, do my very best to overcome it. Let us speak now of our wedding day, Laura, darling," he said. "Can I persuade you to let it be the tenth of July? Why should we wait? I love you with all my heart, and shall never be happy again for one moment out of your presence. Why need we wait?"

"It seems so very soon," she objected, shyly.

"There is no such thing as time in love," declared the Captain; and, after a few more persuasive words, Lady Rooden consented.

#### CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS.

##### MONGOLIANS IN NEW YORK ARE FUN-LOVING PEOPLE.

Always Joking and Playing Pranks With One Another—All of Them Are Very Fond of Companionship.

solved that he would not show any signs of haste, that he would not seek her as soon as she entered the room; but, when his eyes rested on her fair face, all his resolutions vanished. It was as though she had stretched out her white hands and touched his heartstrings. He forgot his wife, he forgot Angela, and left them standing alone while he went slowly up to Miss Rane, walking like one spell-bound.

"Gladys!" he said; and then all further speech failed him.

"I knew you would come," she whispered.

She laid her hand on his arm, and they walked away together. For some moments there was perfect silence between them; then Gladys spoke.

"This is the first time I have seen you since your marriage, Vance. I was in the church. I witnessed the ceremony."

"I wish to heaven that it was you who had been my wife," he said, in a low voice.

"Are you happy?" she asked; and her voice trembled.

"Happy!" he cried. "I am happy enough, so far as money and luxury can make a man happy; but I am horribly tired of all the rest."

"Then your wife?" she began.

"My wife," he said, hastily, "is the most beautiful, most loving, most soulless and inane woman I have ever met. She has never amused me for five minutes since we have been married. She thinks of nothing but making me costly presents and giving me the whole of her tresses society."

"I understand," said Gladys, softly.

"I was obliged to marry for money," he urged, apologetically; "and certainly my wife is all that any man could desire, except that she is a great deal too affectionate; but—Well, I must not complain of no man can have everything. Life at home bore me. Gladys, will you take compassion on me; you will let me come and see you sometimes?"

"Yes; but you must not come too often."

"I wish your aunt were at Timbuctoo!" he said, hastily.

"In that case I should probably be with her, so that you would not gain much," she replied, with a forced smile.

"But, Gladys, you will be kind to me; you will let me spend some of my time with you? I know I must not come here often; but there are many other places where we can meet."

"But, Vance," she said, sadly, "how will it end? You know it is useless; you know that I must not learn to care for you more than I do. It will make me only the more unhappy. How will it end?"

Neither she nor he had the faintest idea.

"You will give this waltz to me?" he said.

"I cannot refuse," she replied.

And the next moment Lady Laura Wynyard, crossing the ballroom to speak to her hostess, saw, to her great surprise, her husband waltzing with Gladys Rane.

(To be continued.)

#### DISPELLED THE ROMANCE.

##### What a Reporter Heard When the Commuters' Train Slowed Up.

The personality of each was so strong and attractive that the reporter had regarded them for some time, wondering what was their station in life. They were passengers on a Jersey Central suburban train, and they occupied the same seat. They were not man and wife. That was evident from her manner of drawing her upper lip across her teeth when she smiled at him, and from the polite nod of his head as he assented to her animated statements.

She had a strong, handsome face, and was almost young—past 30 perhaps. Although she was plainly dressed, her hair was covered with expensive plumes and there were diamonds in her ears. Her hands were white and soft. Her feet were slender and well shod. There was an air about her that marked her as no ordinary mortal. She was a woman of force and brains.

They dwelt together for years in the same apartments, happy and comfortable. They minister to one another in sickness, bury a relative or neighbor when dead without calling on public charities for help, and in the case of a relative assume the support of the family of the dead man when he is gone. These people—these much derided people—spend hours together in one another's apartments, conversing together, eating together, sometimes smoking the long water pipe, always with a pot of steaming tea between them. In two years I have seen thousands of such groups, but never yet have I found these men drinking liquor together. I have found them playing games—sometimes, but not always, gambling; have found them playing their musical instruments, which are harmonious to them, however much they may lack of melody to other ears; or have found them reading or discussing the last Hong Kong or Shanghai daily; but I repeat I have never found them drinking liquor, or in any degree under the influence of intoxicants.

The Chinaman celebrates his wedding, not by a drunken carousal, but by the finest feast that his pocketbook can command, to which not only his immediate relatives are invited, but all who have the slightest claim of friendship upon him. A Chinaman who was recently married in Mott street gave three large feasts in as many restaurants, entertaining several hundred people at each before he had gone round of his acquaintances and friends. Yet this man was not one of the most prosperous ones. A child's birthday is likewise celebrated with a feast, the wife entertaining her friends in the family home, while the husband entertains his friends at his place of business or in a public restaurant.

A man and a woman to attract attention anywhere. What could they be discussing. It would be worth while to be an auditor. The merits of a new book, perhaps, or the summer's experience at the seashore, or the new library or church building in their town.

The train slowed down approaching a station, and as the roar subsided her voice rose. "What! Three hundred? So many?" (Undoubtedly, the attendance at the ball.) "Why, we have only about seventy-five left. We killed a great many this summer and eat 'em. I find that when a hen gets to be over 3 years old she don't pay for shocks any more."—New York Mail and Express.

#### Edibles From Refuse.

have lost their lives in this way. This mortality is not limited to any one species, but includes nearly all the birds known in this region. Strange to say, few English sparrows have lost their lives by flying against the monumen, but the beautiful golden finches, cedar birds, starlings, tanagers, grosbeaks and many others of bright plumage and great rarity have been found. The watchman takes these birds up town to a taxidermist, who stuffs and mounts the rarer specimens, which are sold for a good round price to collectors, and the skins of those less rare are prepared for the milliner. Hardly a morning comes that there are less than a score of dead birds about the base of the shaft.

Another queer thing to know about the monument is that its height and width vary. It is taller in summer than in winter, and in the latter season its width on the south side is about an inch greater than on the north, east or west side. This is due to expansion under the heat of the sun's rays. This phenomenon was determined by Captain Greene during the erection of the shaft. Plum lines were hung at each corner of the marble wall, and the plumb "bobs," or plumbum, were suspended in pots of glycerine and molasses. Across the top of each pot was laid a finely graduated steel bar, and three times a day an army engineer "took off" the registration thus made of the expansion of the walls. It was held that the plumbum moved precisely with the points at which the plumb lines were attached to the top of the shaft, and the glycerine held them firmly without vibration or oscillation, so that the officer could note any change of position. All these registrations, twice a day every day of the year, were recorded in a book during the seven years that were occupied in finishing the monument.—Washington Star.

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