

Hearts Courageous

By... HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

Copyright, 1902, by THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY

king's ministers, but he loved the king. At the leer Foy gave him some half rose angrily, but others of the lower sort, scenting what was coming, slyly winked and smiled behind their palms. "One could scarce be too severe with such a bloody knave, my lord." "He should rot in Tyburn!" blazed the old man. "Swelp me!" cried Foy with a coarse laugh. "And you, gentlemen, think you was this hangman's cur, this dirty factions scoundrel? Why, Colonel Washington, I faith—turncoat since the French war!" There were murmurs at this from all sides, even from those Tories, at the trap that had been set, at the wanton affront to a friendship that had been well known throughout the colony since the days when Lawrence Washington first brought sweet Anne Fairfax from Belvoir to Mount Vernon. "Hound!" ground Henry between his teeth. A cold hand seemed pressed upon Anne's heart. The stanch old loyalist's face had turned a gray white. He half choked, and his hand went fumbling to the lace at his throat. He was silent for a moment, his great brows together, his fingers on the arm of the chair clasping and unclasping, while Foy sneered audibly in the quiet. "Not George?" he faltered at length. Something almost like a dry sob escaped him. He seemed not to see the sneering face before him, now searching about for applause. He turned to the company with a gesture appealing and pathetic. "Why, gentlemen," he said—"why I've known him since he was sixteen! I remember in '48 when he was a ruddy faced boy and ran my lines for me! The Whigs have misled him, maybe, but he could not take up arms against his king!" There was a little stir in the place, a sort of waiting silence. Then a young man arose in the back part of the room and bowed gracefully. It was M. Armand, and he held a slender stemmed glass, which he filled. "Messieurs," he said snappily. "I am not of your country, nor am I of the allegiance of your king. My country is one far away, and it is one that has learned of war to love a soldier and a brave man."



"I teach it to you—you dog of the kennel!"

nor the wondrous beauty that came softly courtesying in her eyes. The voice went on: "But we of my country know one American so well—we know him because it is against our own arms that he has fought, before Duquesne, Messieurs, I pledge you a brave man, Colonel George Washington!" Armand lifted his glass gravely as he finished and drank, and a little hushed cheer ran around the room. One could not have told from the speaker's face that he knew he had drunk alone. My Lord Fairfax had no glass, but he rose in his seat and bowed to him. The toast drunk, Armand set down the glass with a clasp on the table. His face became all at once set and cold, and he stood very straight. "One thing more, messieurs," he said, "we know in my country. We know the courtesy. Our postillions know what is due to the gentleman of birth. And thus"—he turned sharply upon Foy—"I teach it to you—you dog of the kennel!" With this he flung the glass full into his face. So unexpected had been the reaction that Anne gave a little scream, unnoted in the stir across the sill, and Henry let out a great oath of admiration.

Foy's countenance turned a devil's, and his sword was out before he got up. Armand bowed to Lord Fairfax and then to Foy. "Monsieur," he asked the latter, "is the affront to your liking?" "Death and wounds!" raved Foy in a fury. "We need go no farther than here to settle this! I killed a man at Minden for less." The old baron got up, with the aid of his negro body servant, breathing heavily. "Sirs," he protested, "let there be no bloodshed, I beg of you!" "My lord!" Armand's voice was quiet and contained, and it was all he said. Lord Fairfax stopped short, looked at him a moment, swallowed and stood still. Ralph came lurching forward, his shifty eyes sobered by the outcome. "Gentlemen," he cried, "clear the room and send the servants away. We shall need to confer." The baron crossed the room at this and held out his hand. "I beg of you," he said, "to honor me by your presence at Greenway Court tomorrow." "I thank you, my lord," said Armand. Then the old man, with his head up, erect and leaning on his servant's arm, passed out to his chariot. He knew very well that Foy was reputed to be the best swordsman in the colonies. "Have you a friend who will serve?" asked Ralph. Armand shook his head. "Aye," said Henry slyly, and, swinging his long legs over the sill, he strode into the room. "If you will allow me, sir!" Anne waited to hear no more, but ran back through the courtyard to the door. Her eyes, blinded by tears, scarce saw the great gaunt figure till she felt his hand upon her hair. "You here, my dear, in Winchester?" he said gaily. "You must ride to Greenway Court. We shall be blithe for you! I have just invited a guest for tomorrow." Looking up as she held his hand, Anne saw two drops—little shining miniatures of his big heart—roll down his cheeks.

CHAPTER VII.

AND you will not stay?" "I cannot, mademoiselle." They stood a little way from the inn porch between low box rows, and the young Frenchman's eyes looked back the stenciled moonlight. "Yet," Anne continued, "last time we met, monsieur, I should not have deemed it too much to ask of you. There are those of your sex who would not scorn the tedium of an evening with me. Would I had spared my invitation and my blushes?" "Cruel! When you know I would give so much—anything—for an hour with you." She touched his sleeve lightly. "We shall sit before the fire," she said, "and you shall tell us tales of France and of the life in your own country. 'Tis chill here." "Mademoiselle, I cannot. I have a tryst tonight." "With beauty? Then will I not delay so gallant a cavalier." She left him and walked toward the porch, but her steps lagged. Turning, she saw him standing still, looking after her, then came back, lacing her fingers together. "You will not stay?" He shook his head. "I know why you go," she said after a moment's pause. "I heard it—I saw it." "You saw?" "The quarrel in the parlor. I was in the courtyard by the window. I know what you would do." He looked at her uncertainly, his eyes dark and bright. "'Twas a craven thing," she went on, "a dastardly sneer at a brave, true hearted gentleman. My Lord Fairfax is old, and the cowards, the pitiful cowards who knew him and have eaten at his table, they sat and heard and tittered behind their hands. But you must not fight! You must not!" "And why not?" he asked. "An old man, a noble baited by a swine! Should not such be resented by gentlemen? And shall I, who have struck that scoundrel, refuse to meet him?" "He has killed before!" she cried. "He has the quickest rapier in Virginia. It would be murder." "Mademoiselle, I ask you—would you have me fear?" "Tis no question of courage," she went on hurriedly. "Must not I, who saw it, know that? Only you of them all dared to resent it. Monsieur, you are brave." "Mademoiselle!" "But it was in my lord's cause, and I ask it for his sake. If—if you fail, he would sorrow for it till his death. And—and—" "And you?" He had bent forward eagerly. "Would you sorrow, mademoiselle?" "My lord's grief would be mine." The young Frenchman drew a deep breath. "That is all?" he said sadly. "I am nothing but a shadow—a passing stranger, whose coming or going cannot make your heart beat one bit faster or make you slow? Because our ways have crossed but once, shall you tell me I cannot know your heart? We are like stars, mademoiselle, we human ones—little stars wandering in a vault of

blue. When one star has found its mate, about which God has made it revolve, shall the star refuse to obey because it has never known that star before? Have I found the one woman in the world for me, and she does not see the divine in it?" Somewhere far away a whipoorwill began to call, a liquid gurgle through the clapping dark. There came the stamping of horses and a whinny from the stables. "Tell me, am I no more to you than that stranger passing by?" Anne's voice held a tremor, but she spoke earnestly and softly: "You are more than that. You are one who once guarded me from danger—one whom I have this evening seen do a gentle deed that I shall remember always." "Ah, it was nothing," he answered. "Was it more than any gentleman might do? They were not gentlemen there. But I would be so proud of it, mademoiselle, if it made you care ever so slightly, as I have said. If it made you think of me not as a stranger, but as suddenly a little nearer, a little closer than all else besides. Do you remember what I told you that day as we rode in the wood? That a man has a want for two things—a cause to fight for and some one to wait for him? It is near the time now, and I must go, mademoiselle, out into the moonlight. I should go joyful if you but told me that last want was mine. You—you cannot give me that?" Anne did not answer, but she was trembling with a new sense of intoxication. "I ask you to give me a token, something to carry with me as I ride to keep the memory of always, to—"

"Monsieur!" "I love you!" "No, no!" she cried. "I cannot listen!" "I love you!" "Stop!" "Once to touch your lips!" He was leaning near her, so near she could feel his breath warm upon her cheek. In a sudden surge of revolt she thrust out her arm as if to further the distance between them. "No!" she cried. "No! How dare you ask me that? How dare you?" "Ah, mademoiselle!" "Count you me so cheap?" she asked, turning half way, but she did not hasten. He dropped on one knee and lifted the hem of her skirt to his head with a fluttering gesture. Then, as he started up with a joyful exclamation, she ran back toward the porch. Standing with bared head in the moonlight, he saw her pause on the threshold—saw the heavy door close behind her. "You elud!" bubbled a furious voice behind him. The young man turned comically as the figure came out of the darkness of the highroad behind him. "Ah, my Jarrat," he said, "is it you, then?" "Look you!" Jarrat's voice was hoarse with passion. There are some things that are denied you. This is one. Be warned!" "Warned? And by you?" laughed the other. "You lay a law for me? Wherefore?" "Our compact!" "And do I not hold to it, monsieur? Did you not tell me to search out the bright eyes and red lips? Did you not say to me that love was fair in the middle plantation? Did you not whisper of proud ladies waiting to be kissed?" Jarrat burst into a laugh. "You! Why, you pitiful fool! So this is the why of such brave daring! Insults, forsooth, and duels with gentlemen! A fine nobleman it is, to be sure! Think you the toast of Virginia is to be charmed by your tinsel swash-buckling? Think you that Mistress Tillotson would lower her eyes to you?" "She has already lowered her eyes to me, monsieur." "I tell you I will have you keep your clerk's face elsewhere!" "Clerk?" repeated the young man. "No, no. Not a clerk; a nobleman, a marquis—one of the high blood—a title guaranteed me this morning by my lord the Earl of Dunmore." "So that is it," jeered the other fiercely. "You think to wed a lady by this brave masquerade. You dream!" "Not by this masquerade—no," said the Frenchman, a brightening stain coming to his face. "By only my heart. By only what it holds, monsieur. I said she had already lowered her eyes to me. Yes, the fairest lady in Virginia, and still she does not guess of our plan and of my bargain this morning with his excellency! Ah, such happiness! I did not even dream it would be so—that she would regard me, me, just as I am. When his excellency has returned—when I am a nobleman—I shall have this to remember—that it was so. That when she first gave me her hand to kiss it was to me, just to M. Armand—not to the marquis which I shall become." "A title," prompted Jarrat. "good only so long as I please." "You will not tell her otherwise. No. Because you wish me to carry out this purpose—this pretty play the plan of which has so joyed the noble earl in the fort yonder and made him smile upon you and swear you were fit for a cardinal. You would not cloud this beaming favor of his with early failure. No, you will tell no one. A man serves either love or ambition, and your ambition is master. And I? I am not worthy to kiss her hand. No one on earth, rich or proud as he may be, could think himself that. But I could offer her more than you, for if I had the whole world I would give it all—wealth, name, ambition—just to be a vagabond on the street with her! No, you will not tell her, monsieur, that I am not what I may come to seem. You will not tell her." Jarrat's face purpled. "Beware, you spawn!" he said in a

choked voice. "On other points you are free while you serve in this. But go not far along the way you have chosen—with her. She is not for such as you." "She is for whom she loves," answered the young Frenchman. The clatter of horses sounded, and the lank figure of Henry came from the stable yard leading two mounts. As the pair took saddle and rode away Jarrat stood looking after them down the highroad. "So the lady has lowered her eyes to you?" he scoffed, with a dark smile on his arrogant lips. "And I dare not spoil your gay masquerade? I wouldn't give a pistol for your chances with Foy. He will end you as he would undo an oyster. You made a mistake, my new laid marquis, in soaring so high, and a worse one in bragging of it. But for that touching scene in the yard I had stopped that blundering idiot, but now he may spit you and welcome!" The rattle of departing hoofs had scarce died away when Anne crept softly down the stair of the inn. She had donned a long cloak, and from under the edge of its hood, drawn over her hair, her blue eyes looked out with a feverish brightness. The hall was lighted with a great lantern, whose yellow flood added to the flower white pallor of her countenance. The clock was striking 10. The soldiers had sought the fort to gain early rest, and the townfolk were gone home. The long parlor was still and dark. Through the open door Anne could see the litter of tankards and pipes and a lean dog, stretched with black muzzle laid to the threshold, asleep. She slipped through the door and to the highroad, and then, with tremulous fits of fear at the shadows, ran at her best pace toward the fort. It was a good half mile, and she reached it out of breath. A sentry at the gate stopped her, and to him she said she wished to see the governor on important business. "I know not if he will see you," he objected doubtfully. "It is late, and the march is to begin at sunup." "But he must see me," she told him. "Tell him he must!" He left her for a moment, then, returning, led her across a court of hard beaten earth into a log building containing a single room. At the far end was a table strewn with papers and maps. A sword rack was nailed to the wall. In an armchair before the table, his plumed hat and sword tossed across it, sat the governor, heavy, coarse featured, with reddish, muddy skinned complexion under a black curled wig. He was pig necked and his eyes were bloodshot. She came into the center of the room and courted slowly, while the earl rose clumsily, his red eyes flaming over her lithe young beauty, and sat down again, tilting back his chair. "Your excellency," she began, "will pardon this intrusion and my haste. A duel is to be fought this night on London field, and I—I appeal to you to prevent it." "A duel?" The earl bent his bulky neck. "I faith, this is not the court at Williamsburg. I have weightier redskin matters at present to fill my time.

Wood and Cheap Press. There is a close connection between the tree in the forest and the paper at the fire-side for wood is the chief ingredient of the paper on which the modern popular journal is printed, says the *Lodon Chronicle*. Its cheapness as a raw material has made great half-penny journals commercially possible. The paper issued from wood pulp; and the timber most suitable for the purpose is the pine of Norway and Sweden, and the spruce of Canada. As these countries besides possessing abundant supplies of the timber are also the fortunate owners of immense water power, the process of manufacturing wood pulp is to them so cheap that they have virtually a monopoly in it. Wood pulp is one of those commodities difficult to classify, for it is both a manufactured article and a raw material. Mr. Chamberlain has been graciously pleased, however, to consider it a raw material, and it will consequently continue to have a free entry into this country, whatever fate may befall foreign paper—an article which is just as much the raw material of newspapers and printers as pulp is of paper makers. At the season of the year when the snow lies thick in the forests the harvest of wood is being gathered. The axe is busy at the root of the tree and the frozen snow presents a suitable surface for transporting the logs to the river. Arrived there they are thrown into the stream, probably ice-bound. When the thaw comes, about April, the mighty rush of water and wood takes place and sooner or later the timber arrives by this natural means at its destination—the pulp mill. Here it is cut into short lengths and consigned to the grinders, the most important parts of which are the Newcastle grindstones, revolving at a high velocity. In America and Canada also produce them, but none are so good as certain kinds from Newcastle. That, therefore, is one of the industries that happily still remains with us. The wood is ground into pulp, and after some other process is ready for working up into paper on the spot, in Great Britain or elsewhere. Some 555,000 tons of pulp are imported into this country every year, and it is largely owing to a plentiful supply of this material at a cheap price that a half-penny *Daily Chronicle* is possible. But not entirely to this, for machinery in the paper mill plays its part, and has advanced with rapid strides in the direction of economy and progress. Not very long ago 150 feet per minute was considered a fast speed at which to produce paper. But fast speed double the width is turned out at a speed of 450 to 500 feet per minute, with very little cost for labor, in the paper mills of the *Daily Chronicle*. Then the setting up of type by hand has given place to typesetting by machinery, at an infinitely faster speed; and the printing of a newspaper such as this is now made up of the almost incredible speed of 50,000 complete copies per hour from each press. When a dozen presses are at work, as in the case of the *Daily Chronicle*, some idea may be conceived of the scale upon which these things are done. THE SUPPLY OF TREES. But just as we hear warning that our coal supply is giving out, so we are continually reminded that the fearful inroad now made upon the forests of Scandinavia, Canada and America will sooner or later end in their total depletion. Undoubtedly the drain upon them is very great, and planting is not keeping pace with the cutting. Germany already feels the pinch, and so does America. Big as the forests of the United States have been, they are rapidly disappearing before the axe of the woodman and the fire of the incendiary, and American paper mills are drawing upon Canada for their supplies of timber to a most alarming extent. Happily, the importance of replanting is being more and more recognized by the governments concerned. In Norway the school children are allowed a half-penny once a week to go out and plant trees—a system which serves the double purpose of afforestation and of instilling into the youthful minds the value of this great national asset. And in many of the States, Arbor Day, or tree-planting day, is carefully observed, while better forest laws are being brought into operation to safeguard this great natural wealth. When all these things combined make a half-penny morning paper possible without decrease in size, he would be a bold man who would say that in view of the rapid depletion of the world's stores of timbers such a thing can be absolutely permanent. Anyone who considers these matters is staggered by the prodigal wastefulness of paper which goes on. Cold Siberia. Barometric Pressure Higher in Asia in Winter than in North America. A fact which is related to the development of cold in Siberia, and which has an influence on Manchuria and Korea as well, is that the barometric pressure is higher in Asia in winter than in North America, says the *New York Tribune*. Whether the cold accounts for the unusual banking up of the cold air, or the banking up accounts for the cold, need not be considered at present. This much, however, is beyond question. The direction and strength of the winds which pour out of Siberia to the coast are controlled by the excess to pressure. The air flows from a high area to a low one, and with a velocity proportioned to the difference in barometric readings. It is safe to say, therefore, without having actual figures to prove it, that Fort Arthur Vladivostok and Korea are subjected to more copious aerial baths, proceeding from the coldest part of the continent, than is any part of the Atlantic seaboard in corresponding latitudes. Roughly estimated, the distance between Verkhohansk and Port Arthur is about the same as that between York city—a want two thousand miles. Fort Arthur suffers more severely because the cold waves from Siberia are really worse than those born in the coldest part of the American continent. Even down at Lake Baikal the climate of Siberia is something appalling. So large a body of water—it is over 200 miles wide—has a modifying influence both on hot and cold weather in its immediate vicinity. Irkutsk, a trifle to the west of it in about latitude 52.30, is apparently worse off than Calgary, in British America. Exact figures for the latter station are not available, but the mean temperature for January at the former place is 6 below zero. It is not surprising that Lake Baikal should be covered with heavy ice for four or five months every year, or that one thousand soldiers should be badly frost-bitten in crossing it on foot. Everything considered, they got off easily. —Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Quite recently, the fashionable set has awakened to the fact that electric lights, no matter how skillfully they are shaded with color, nor how the rays are diffused through opalescent globes, do not furnish the ideal means of illumination. Nothing serves to soften and beautify the countenance so well as the soft flame of the old-fashioned tallow or wax candle. Therefore, the huge and quaint candelabra are being brought forth from family plate chests, whence they have been hidden for a generation or more; and, therefore, silversmiths are busy designing silver candlesticks which shall simulate antiquity. For the belles of society propose to have the dinner tables at which they sit gazed only by the mellow glow of the homely wax candle.

THE PANNE MOTIF.

A pretty garniture for a spring gown is of wheels of lace gathered around a centre of panne velvet which serves as the hub of the wheel. These are more elaborate than the regular-made wheels, because the gathering of the edge lace gives more fullness. The centre of panne in black or in colors is a conspicuous part of the decoration, so its proper name, the "motif" of panne, is applied to the entire circle of lace and velvet.

Valenciennes lace is liked for the wheel. One never tires of this lace, although other waxes come and go in ephemeral bursts of popularity.

Motifs of panne are used on sheer summer gowns of barege, batiste, silk muslin. Liberty silk and mull and chiffon.

The motifs are spaced at regular intervals over a blouse front or simply on the yoke. They appear on a narrow front breadth of a many-gored skirt, or again on the middle section of a wide and full skirt, as a heading to a "motif" of panne, is applied to the descent of the outer or full section of a fashionable sleeve, and, in short, materialize in unexpected places.

Narrow panels on a skirt or stole-end arrangements on a blouse are appropriate positions for the handsome "motif" with its surround of gathered Valenciennes lace.

A dress of pale-blue veiling or chiffon would be set off cleverly with wheel-like applications of Valenciennes lace surrounding a motif of brilliant peacock-blue panne velvet.

In this way harmonious developments of the "motif" can be made to gratify the eye, and to produce a toilet which will be an exclusive product, and not be copied by the dozen in every shop window.

It would surprise the average man to know what pains some fashionable women take to have their clothes a little unlike those of everybody else, by variation of cut, combinations of color or arrangement of trimmings, etc.

THE LINGERIE.

Besides the lace-trimmed lingerie that has been in vogue so long, a number of this year's modes are decorated with openwork eyelet embroidery in line with the prevailing fashion craze for broderie anglaise. This last-named style of garniture is especially attractive for corset covers or chemises, of which necks and armholes or sleeves have hand-work scalloped edges.

Little upright buttonholes worked right in the garment itself are more durable and better liked for running ribbon through for lingerie than the more ordinary beading. This is true whether the ribbon is intended to hold in fullness, catch the garment artistically or merely for ornament.

Sheer materials are always far and away daintier and prettier for lingerie than the heavier kinds, and more than repay for all the difference in wear by their charming effect. Linen lawn is a wise choice where hand embroidery is to be the embellishment, and lace trimming shows to great advantage upon fine batiste, sometimes called wash chiffon. For long petticoats or winter night robes both French and English nainsook serve admirably as they are more substantial than the two first named.

White wash silk, such as China, Slau-tung, wash taffeta and a wash silk in a tiny basket weave, are used for novelty or bridal sets, but are neither so daintily refined nor so generally popular as sheer linen or batiste. Small sprays of embroidery or lace medallions are used to adorn silk underwear. A pretty notion is to form hownocks from Valenciennes insertion and apply them upon the silk.

Of course, hand embroidered marking of the initials or monogram on lingerie is always very desirable. A new fad is to have the first name of the wearer in a facsimile of her own writing, hand embroidered, upon each piece of dainty underwear.

Many of the newest night robes are so elaborate and so carefully designed and fitted that they may easily be transformed into lounging robes by the addition of a ribbon run heading around the waist and a lace trimmed flounce around the bottom of the skirt.

A number of very handsome corset covers and chemises have strips of ribbon coming from the bust line in front and the shoulder blade in the back and finishing in a bow on the top of the shoulder as a shoulder fastening. Or they run into a point at the top of the shoulder, back and front, and are tied together with buttons. These devices are especially convenient for letting down when a décolleté bodice is worn.

Short sleeves, coming to or above the elbow and finished with a graduated double ruffle of lace or needlework, are much favored for nightgowns. More elaborate nightgowns have their seams hemstitched, and some have a shaped flounce at the bottom hemstitched onto the main portion of the gown.

FOR THE LITTLE LADIES.

Fine white frocks are made of nainsook, fine cambrie and Paris muslin.

French waists are still made, but they will not have the vogue they had a short time ago.

A great many little Duchess frocks are seen, these having the ordinary waist-line; while Empire waists will be very fashionable for girls up to ten or eleven years of age.

Something decidedly new for children from two to four is a little frock cut in narrow goss and joined by embroidery insertion. The tiny square-out-yoke is formed of two strips of the insertion, joined by faggotting, while a ruffle of fine embroidery to match finishes the bottom of the skirt.

Young children will also wear lingerie hats, with broad crowns and comparatively narrow brims. A very pretty one for morning wear is of fine white lawn, with two broad insertions of embroidery across the crown. More elaborate ones are made of mull and lace, or lace alone, and have the brims faced with pleated chiffon.