

# Hearts Courageous

HALLIE BY... ERMINIE RIVES

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"I am Louis Armand," he said as one whose heart is broken.

Anne closed her eyes and stood trembling, and in that moment he dropped his arms to his sides and turned to the waiting soldiers.

"Take him away!" said Foy.

Seeing Anne struggled piteously to speak. She stood an instant with both hands stretched out after him; then she slipped back into Colonel Tillotson's arms.

The dance was breaking up as the door opened for Armand and his guards.

Then across the quiet struck discord. A far babble drew suddenly nearer. There was a din and a scurry of crying. Windows were opened.

"Haste!" fretted Foy. "To his excellency with the prisoner! Conolly has been seen. The alarm is out, and the town will rise!"

Gallants and dames issuing into the street in their ball finery, the ladies' rouged cheeks faded in the early light, saw a horseman who rode by bawling:

"The powder! The powder!" he shouted. "Dunmore's men have robbed the magazine!" And with the shout the great bell of the palace began tolling the summons calling all soldiers of the king to assemble.

"The governor has come to his senses at last," Mrs. Byrd said with satisfaction as she came out to her chair. "We shall presently see these precious rebels scampering to their holes. You must go, I suppose, Francis?"

"Aye, mother," he answered, his eyes bright with Anne's pain, and gave her his cheek to kiss.

But he did not go to the palace. The resignation of his commission went to the earl instead, and he himself hastened to the narrow house in Duke of Gloucester street which bore the name Albert and the sign of the violin. It was long before he saw his mother again.

The volcano had burst. There is to be small doubt from this time where any Virginian stands. By noon the bank of the James river at Burwell's ferry, where lies the man-of-war Magdalen, whither Dunmore's crafty agent Conolly has marched his marines with the powder rapped from the Williamsburg magazine, is black with threatening men.

Steadily numbers swell the crowd that chokes Duke of Gloucester street—city councillors, some in furtive delight at this loyal ruse, others stamping angrily, with powdered wigs askew and hands seeking the hilts of their dress swords; sober men mounting and dismounting horses; ladies, brilliant as ever, in red heeled shoes and clocked stockings, eager, excited, voluble. Here is all the aristocracy, the blue bloods of the valley planters; here are the duller garbed bourgeois of the inner counties.

The mob surges up and down past a square, prim house of glazed brick brought as ballast in the tobacco ships. It is fronted by a little garden, through which leads a path between exact flower beds of white lupins, love-in-a-mist and Canterbury bells, and here in his chair sits old Baron Fairfax, leaning on his cane, listening to the tumult, knowing it means anger against the royal authority, but not bending his stubborn loyalty enough to pass beyond the gate. He is all a-queiver with rage at the seizure of the marquis.

"Fools!" he storms, grinding his teeth. "Idiots! I will to the governor so soon as this cursed uproar ceases. The king shall hear of it!"

In his stronghold on Palace street the royal governor sits glowering, list-

tening to the hum. He has the powder. Let the rebels rave. In the night he has converted his palace into a fort. Cannon look from the windows. Rows of muskets are lying on the floor to arm the household.

The council, hurriedly summoned, is met in the library—a few smiling, Colonel Byrd wavering, some indig-

nant. At the indignation ones the governor rages like a wild beast, vowing that if violence be offered him by the people he will proclaim freedom to the slaves and lay Williamsburg in ashes.

The streets are in a boil. Betsy, who has wept an hour for Anne's sake, looks on from the Byrd porch, while her mother, having heard of the defection of Francis, watches red eyed behind her bedroom curtains.

The crowd has centered opposite in the wide square at the foot of Palace street. There are cries: "The palace! To the palace!" The mass moves restlessly as if meditating an attack. Slower counsel prevails. There is a hubbub of talk.

Then a delegation is sent to the palace to demand the powder. Betsy sees them, four grave men, start from the crowd, go up the street, pass the guards, enter the door. There is a wait.

They return with their news. The wily earl has smoothed his rage, has heard them with courtesy. He has received the report that the slaves are about to rise in an adjoining county. If the powder be needed at Williamsburg he pledges his honor it shall be returned "in half an hour." The delegation has seen the muskets. The crowd smolders—is nonplused.

The earl looks through an upper window and rubs his hands. These Virginians are no match for him.

Al! the end is not yet. He has still to reckon with a sallow man who sits in the upper room at Albert's.

This man is to ride like a whirlwind to New Castle, make a fiery appeal to the Hanover volunteers and to march back to Williamsburg at the head of 5,000 men with arms in their hands.

Before they reach the town a spark flies along the angry streets that turns them to a flame. It is the news of the battle of Lexington!

And when Patrick Henry marches into Duke of Gloucester street, John Murray, earl of Dunmore, you pay for that powder!

But how dars the secretary pose as his master?"

"Because the marquis is dead!" fell a heavy voice behind them.

The host got up frowning.

"Captain Jarrat," said he brusquely. "I like not well these soft footed intrusions. Nor, if I may say it, do I like the dress you wear. Times are come when I no longer welcome a coat of that color in my house."

A smoldering red rose to Jarrat's cheek, but he spoke evenly. "I should beg pardon, colonel, for an unceremonious intrusion into a conversation. Rashleigh let me in."

"Curse Rashleigh!" said the colonel unmistakably.

"I rode to inquire for Miss Tillotson," the visitor continued, "but since I am unwelcome, why, I will betake myself home again."

"One moment, colonel," interposed Henry. "Captain, we spoke of a gentleman as you entered. May I ask what basis you have for your information?"

Jarrat took out his pocketbook, drew forth a yellow paper and handed it to Henry. "The Marquis de la Trouerie died en route to these colonies and was buried at sea. There is the leaf from the logbook of the Two Sisters recounting the unhappy incident. The news of his death was suppressed in British interests."

"And the secretary?" Henry's voice was calm.

"The incident is now closed, gentlemen, and I violate no confidence. He was bought by the earl—for services."

"My God!" ejaculated Colonel Tillotson. "Are we never to know truth in this world? He was not an impostor and a charlatan. No. He was a British spy!"

"Why, then," interrogated Henry, "did Dunmore expose him?"

"I exposed him."

"You!" the colonel cried.

"I had crossed on the same ship and recognized him at Williamsburg. Discovering the true state of affairs, can you wonder, Colonel Tillotson, at my concern for the intimacy which I saw growing between your niece and this person? I think," he said, masking a glowworm gleam in his eyes, "that my feeling for Mistress Tillotson is not misunderstood by you. I knew Lord Dun-

The new-comer's look ignored the captain. He bowed to Colonel Tillotson and addressed himself to Henry:

"Monsieur, I come to warn you that a detachment of Dunmore's men is on its way hither from Yorktown to seize your person."

"The deuce!" shot out the colonel like a javelin. "I thought the price the earl put on you, Patrick, was but brag. He dares violate my house, then. Mount at once and away by the north road."

Henry's gaze had seemed to dart and play about the young Frenchman's face like yellow summer lightning. "And what would the governor with me this time?"

"To transport you to trial for high treason. It was plotted this day aboard the Fowey."

"From which you are escaped?"

"Yes, monsieur."

Jarrat's voice entered: "To attack the residence of a Virginian gentleman without crown warrant is not so ready a thing even for a royal governor, but a man may disappear by night from a lonely road and who to blame? Our fleeing marquis, with his nose for delicate deceptions, is a likely catspaw. I swear such overt folly of Dunmore's will yet drive me into Whiggery!"

Colonel Tillotson paused in perplexity, but Henry looked at the speaker with a gaze keen and inscrutable as an Indian's above that flickering half smile of his.

"You have no time to spare, monsieur. They were to leave the Fowey at sundown. I implore you to haste."

"As well," cautioned Jarrat, "to go by another way than the marquis anticipates."

"You liar!" said Armand, flaming on him. "This man was in the plot. He waits the troops here at this moment. Monsieur, I beseech—"

He did not finish, stricken dumb by the entrance of Anne. She had caught her breath at sight of him and stood, statue-like, in the candlelight. Then she held out both arms and ran toward him with a glad cry:

**New Postal Scandal.**

C. G. Madden Charged With Serious Irregularities in the Disposal of Stamp Albums.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Record says: "It is stated with much positiveness here Thursday night that third assistant Postmaster General Edwin C. Madden will shortly be requested to resign his office. While the investigation of the department was under way last summer and fall charges were brought against Mr. Madden of various irregularities, but they do not seem to have been taken cognizance of by fourth Assistant Bristow and his corps of inspectors, Mr. Bristow taking the position that he would not go outside the office of the first assistant unless he had special orders to do so.

Since the Bristow investigation closed, however, it appears Assistant Attorney General Robb has been looking into the charges against Madden and he is said to have found sufficient evidence of irregularities to warrant the president in asking for the resignation of the third assistant. It is the next serious charge is that of having issued without authority of law a production of all the stamps of the government since its foundation. These stamps were placed in finely-bound albums, which were distributed to a few favored people. The value of the stamps to philatelists was very great and some of the albums are said to have been sold for large sums by those to whom they were presented.

Another charge was in connection with the introduction into the department of the manifold forms made by the General Manifold company, of Franklin, Pa., in which Representative Sibley is interested. There was a third charge of a personal nature. It is said that as to two of the charges Attorney Robb found enough evidence against Mr. Madden to cause the President to decide the good of the postal service required a change in the office of the third assistant. This change is now understood to be near at hand.

**The Ocean's Floor.**

The Highest Mountain Would Sink in Deepest Hole.

While carrying on her work for the Bureau of Fisheries, says the National Geographic Magazine, the Albatross has made more than 10,000 soundings, and more than 400 dredgings, and has brought up from the bottom of the sea hundreds of tons of fishes and other animals and mud.

The greatest depth from which the Albatross has secured any life was 475 fathoms. This was in the South Pacific between Tonga and Ellice Islands. The dredge brought up silicious sponges, radiolaria and brown volcanic mud. The greatest depth from which she has brought up fishes is 2949 fathoms, or about 31-3 miles. This was in the edge of the Gulf Stream off the coast of Virginia. The deepest sounding ever made by the Albatross was at Station 4010, near Guam, where the enormous depth of 4813 fathoms, or nearly 5½ miles, was found.

The deepest sounding ever made by any vessel was by the U. S. S. Nero while on the Honolulu Manila cable survey, with apparatus borrowed from the Albatross. When near Guam the Nero got 5269 fathoms, or 31,614 feet, only 66 feet less than six miles. If Mount Everest, the highest mountain on earth, were set down in this hole, it would have above its summit a depth of 2612 feet, or nearly half a mile of water.

**Cheering the Invalid.**

Mrs. Barr, an elderly Scotch woman, had been seriously ill for weeks, during which time even the members of her immediate family had been excluded from the sick room. At last, however, she so longed to see her relatives that it was deemed advisable to admit them, one at a time. When the moment for Mr. Barr's visit arrived the trained nurse cautioned him against showing too much emotion over his wife's changed appearance.

"What you must do," said the nurse, "is to cheer her up. You must tell her how much better she is looking, what a nice color she has in her cheeks and how bright her eyes are. Above all things, you must be cheerful."

Mr. Barr promised faithfully to say the proper things, but when he approached the bedside and beheld the pitiful ravages that illness had made in Mrs. Barr's once plump countenance, he became so agitated that he forgot the nurse's caution and exclaimed, in the rich Scotch brogue that strong emotion always called forth:

"Oh Maggie, Maggie, woman! whar wad ye like to be burrit?"

"Ye'll no a chance to bury me this time, William Barr," returned the invalid, with unexpected spirit. "Ye're altogether too anxious."

It was afterwards said that Mrs. Barr's rapid recovery dated from that moment.

—Lippincott's.

**Three More Bishops.**

They Were Elected at the General Conference— Altogether Four Have Been Chosen Which is Just Half the Number to be Elected.

Three additional bishops were elected Wednesday at the Methodist Episcopal general conference—Dr. W. F. McDowell and Dr. Henry Spellmyer on the second ballot, which was announced at the morning session, and Dr. J. W. Bashford, chosen on the fourth ballot Thursday afternoon. The third ballot resulted in no election. Four of the eight bishops to be elected have thus far been chosen, as follows:

Dr. J. F. Berry, Chicago; Dr. Henry Spellmyer, Newark; Dr. W. F. McDowell, New York; Dr. J. W. Bashford, Delaware, O.

The fourth ballot, which was announced late that afternoon, and which resulted in the election of Dr. Bashford, presented Dr. William Burt and Dr. T. B. Neeley at the head of the list in the order named, with 480 and 440 votes respectively. The other highest votes were Dr. R. J. Cook, 394; Dr. L. B. Wilson, 344; Dr. Bowen (colored) 253.

The fifth was taken just before adjournment and as a result of it it is reasonably certain that Dr. William Burt is declared as the fifth bishop, and perhaps Dr. T. B. Neeley a sixth.

**Didn't Want the Family.**

He had at last summoned up sufficient courage to "ask papa," when, to his astonishment, the blustering parent demanded, "Are you capable of supporting a family, sir?"

"No, sir," he replied with great firmness. "My father tackled that job and has had his wife's family on his hands ever since. I only want your daughter, sir, not the family."

—Chester Kamsay, of near Oriole, shot a fox, from his back porch, recently. He was sitting on the porch when the animal came down from the mountain side.

**The Best Ones.**

The best law—the Golden Rule.  
The best education—self knowledge.  
The best philosophy—a contented mind.  
The best theology—a pure and beneficent life.  
The best war—to war against one's weakness.  
The best medicine—cheerfulness and temperance.  
The best music—the laughter of an innocent child.  
The best science—extracting sunshine from a cloudy day.  
The best telegraphy—flashing a ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart.  
The best biography—the life that writes clarity in the largest letters.  
The best engineering—building a bridge of faith over the river of death.  
The best navigation—steering clear of the treacherous rocks of personal contention.  
The best mathematics—that which doubles the most joys and divides the most sorrows.

**Poor Place for Thieves.**

Bermuda is not accustomed to thieves. No experienced Bermudian will enter the profession of pilfering, at least of taking things that cannot be immediately eaten. For what can be done with them? If any property is taken the thief of the docks. The stuff cannot be disposed of on the islands. They are too small, and everybody knows everybody.

It is a Bermudian legend that once a bicycle was stolen. It was the talk of the town. The next ensuing problem of the thieves was how to get any good of it. He did not dare use it; he could not send it out of the country. That he finally "gave it up" was proved when six months later a fisherman brought up the missing wheel from fairly deep water upon his hooks.

**Disgusted.**

Amos Cummings, of New York, used to tell this story of his first assignment as a newspaper reporter. He was sent out to write up an accident where an Irish hod-carrier was injured in a fall from a building. He arrived just as two officers were assisting the injured man into an ambulance.

"What's his name?" asked Cummings of one of the officers. At the same moment pulling out his pad and pencil.

The Irishman heard him and, mistaking him for the timekeeper on the job, exclaimed, with a look of disgust covering his face:

"Isn't it trouble enough to fall three stories without being docked for the few moments I lose going to the hospital?"

**Hindoo Witchcraft.**

All Hindoos believe in witchcraft, and, in strange contrast to the old believers in witchery, they believe that young and pretty maidens are the chief actors in such innumerable nummers. If crops are blighted, or if a general sickness prevails they write the names of all the young women of the vicinity on separate tree branches and then immerse the stems of the twigs for four hours and a half in a solution of holy water and aromatic herbs. If one or more of the twigs wither during the specified time the young woman whose name or names are attached thereto is immediately put to death. Thus the influence of the witches counteracted, the crops saved and health restored.

**Reduced Rates to Uniontown.**

For the accommodation of those desiring to attend the Prohibition State convention to be held at Uniontown June 7th to 9th, the Pennsylvania railroad company will sell round-trip tickets to Uniontown, June 6th and 7th, good to return until June 10th, inclusive, from all stations on its lines in the State of Pennsylvania at rate of single fare for round-trip (minimum rate, 25 cents.)

**How Heavy a Brick May Be.**

Some years ago one man bet another that he could not move an ordinary brick tied to the end of a cord two or three miles long. A straight and level road just outside Chichester, N. Y., was selected for the trial. The brick was not moved, and the man lost his bet for a large amount. It was stated by some one present that the brick, although weighing seven pounds, would from a distance of two or three miles represent a dead weight of nearly a ton.

"Yes, my hands are soft," said young De Dudley, at a Fifth Avenue party the other night, as he gazed at his useless appendages. Then he added: "Do you know how I do it? I always sleep with my gloves on."

"And do you sleep with your hat on, too?" asked a pert young lady.

"Oh, no," answered the dude. And then he could not imagine what the company were smiling about.

**How It Happened.**

Hawkins—You look out of sorts, old man. What's the trouble? Parker—Just lost my new silk umbrella. Hawkins—How did it happen? Parker—Fellow that owned it happened to come in the office and recognized it.

**Becoming Serious.**

Clara—What did you break off your engagement with Charlie for?  
Maud—I felt as if I ought to be getting married.—Life.

**THE FIRST STEP.**—Helen—"Oh, dear! How shall we ever learn to operate this motor car?"  
Grace—"Well, as a starter, we might throw away the book of instructions."  
—Puck.

**PERENNIAL.**—"I suppose Lizzie Oetimer is glad it is leap year," said the soft-spoken Heloise.  
"I don't suppose it makes much difference to her," replied the mellow-voiced Irene. "She has been jumping at every chance she saw for fifteen years."  
—Judge.

When a man's hair stands on end, an ordinary person says to his hair stands; but you can't get a doctor to talk in that way. The doctors call it horripilation. This makes the patient's hair stick up worse than ever, but it gives the family confidence in the doctor.

"Forget yourself and be a gentleman," may not be a new phrase, but it is a good one to paste in somebody's hat—maybe your own.—New York Press.



"Take him!"

tening to the hum. He has the powder. Let the rebels rave. In the night he has converted his palace into a fort. Cannon look from the windows. Rows of muskets are lying on the floor to arm the household.

The council, hurriedly summoned, is met in the library—a few smiling, Colonel Byrd wavering, some indig-



"Because the marquis is dead!"

more's plan, and I could not openly tell you the truth. Is it a wonder I forgot that I was a king's man? I did the one thing left to me. I set adrift such suspicions that the governor, to save his own reputation with Williamsburg, was compelled to sacrifice his minion, to himself expose the imposture and to cry himself also deceived. I tell you thus much in confidence. Believe me, sir, I steered the best I knew between the hurt of a lady whom I honor and the governor's displeasure. It was the Scylla of duty and the Charybdis of love. Colonel, I love your niece, and I would not see her suffer humiliation."

Colonel Tillotson rose and paced up and down the floor, plucking at the side curls of his wig.

"And if what you tell us is true," he said, meditating, "I have done you wrong. I am not overlook to your colors, but I have a respect for honest loyalty. God knows 'tis scarce enough. Mayhap I have been unjust. Will you be seated?"

Jarrat sat down, his watchful eyes turning about the room, something strangely like expectancy in them.

The colonel rang for his major domo.

"Rashleigh," said he soberly, "ask your Miss Anne to come to the library. And admit no one—no one. Do you hear?"

"Yes, marse; yes, suh! Nuttin' but er graveyard ha'n't gwinner git by dat do!"

"Poor child!" Henry's tone was pitiful. "You mean to tell her? At least wait till your wife is returned."

"The sooner she hears some things the better for her. She has her share of pride; never fear."

"The day I was last here, sir," observed Jarrat, "she boasted she would wed him as he were a laborer in your fields."

"Aye, maybe, but not if he were a conspirer against her country. My niece is a daughter of Virginia, sir." And the master of Gladden Hall noisily took snuff to cover his feelings. Henry's face was like a sphinx.

While they waited came a clatter of hoofs outside. A moment later the hall door was flung open, and Rashleigh was heard in excited jabbering. The colonel repeated an objection.

The next instant he jumped to his feet, and Jarrat started as if at an apparition. Armand stood on the threshold, mud splashed and dale.

**Curious Facts for Curious People.**

There are in use in the United States 1,400,000 miles of telegraph wire.

The age at which the greatest number of Japanese girls marry is between 20 and 21.

The earliest spur known consisted of a sharp prod mounted on a base to fasten about the heel. Antiquarians place its date at from 300 to 100 B. C.

For a new variety of rhubarb it is claimed that it not only fruits all the year round, but that its flavor resembles a combination of the raspberry and strawberry.

There are more than a dozen business women in Chicago enjoying incomes of from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year resulting from their own enterprise, prompted and managed by themselves.

In 1873 in Germany 1,500,000 trees are said to have been destroyed in the Hartz forest alone by two small species of beetles. These burrow beneath the bark and thus cause the injury to the growing trees.

The Trans-Siberian railway is nearly six thousand miles long, and cost, in rough figures, \$5,000,000,000. The first sod was turned in 1895, and in nine years 3,375 miles were laid, including 30 miles of bridges.

A big parade called the "Parade of Peoples and Beasts" will be a feature of Pike day at the World's Fair, June 4th. Six thousand natives from all climes, speaking 30 tongues, will take part. Thirty thousand dollars will be spent on the demonstration.

The Chamber of Commerce at Denver is considering a proposition to bore one and an eighth mile into the earth at a point 14 miles east of the city in search of natural gas, oil and coal. The cost is estimated at \$30,000, but the plan is considered feasible by experts who have investigated the geological formations.

Stockings were first used in the eleventh century. Previous to that cloth bandages were worn on the feet.

Dr. Welwitsch brings news of a wonderful tree which he found growing in the west of Africa and named for himself, the welwitsch. The extraordinary proportions of a trunk four feet in diameter, with a height of only one foot, make the plant look like a round table. The tree never has more than two leaves, and these are the seed leaves, which appeared when the plant first began to grow, and which it never sheds or replaces with others.

There has always been much curiosity, as well as much diversity of opinion, about the population of China. The latest estimate is based upon a census, taken by order of the Imperial government, for the purpose of reassessing taxes. It gives to China proper, including the 18 provinces, 407,737,325 people. Manchuria is credited with 8,500,000, Mongolia with 3,354,000. Tibet with 6,430,000 and Chinese Turkestan with 426,000, making a grand total of 426,447,325.

Mrs. Charles King of Corpus Christi, Tex., owns more land than any other woman in the world. Her husband was a famous cattle breeder, and he left her 1,300,000 acres in Nueces, Hidalgo, Starr and Cameron counties, and there are now about sixty-five thousand cattle on her ranges. The vast estate must be kept intact until her oldest grandchild becomes of age.

Yorkshire, England, has a farm on which moths and butterflies are reared for sale. It is planted with trees and shrubs for the purpose. Forty thousand caterpillars are always on hand and orders can be filled at any time of the year.

Missionaries are at work in 247 of the walled cities of China. There are still 1,500 walled cities without missionaries.

A municipal return gives the number of trees belonging to Paris as 91,458.

**The Usual Things.**

"So the Count is to marry Miss Gotrox. What does he expect to get from her?"

"A million dollars and a divorce later."

—Most of our worry is due to the anticipation of things that never happen.