

WHAT THEN?

What if the day be cold and dark and long? What if though I drag a burden through the street? ... When men are coldest and the killing grind weighs heaviest upon me through the day.



A COLONIAL FREE-LANCE By CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS

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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

The broad light from the window fell full upon him, showing him to be a man of but medium height, though stout and pale of face. His eyes were dark, his nose long and slightly dished at the bridge. The mouth was sensual, and bespoke his character at a glance, though his face was by no means coarse or weak. His brow was not broad, but it was smooth and open, and his brown hair, greatly puffed about his ears, was tied into a queue behind and profusely powdered.

"Yes, your excellency, if it be feasible." "It is feasible; it is easy, and you shall be well rewarded. Have you money?" "No, your excellency; I have nothing but my promise of prize money. I am living on the credit of that." "Indeed! Have you the paper with you, properly indorsed?" "For an answer I took it from my pocket and laid it before him, at the same time realizing with a start that the communication given to me the day before had been left in my room in the hurry of escaping from the tavern. He picked up the document I laid before him, glanced at it, and then, rising, went to a bookcase, which on being opened disclosed a small strong-box. This he unlocked, and taking from it several rouleaux of coin laid them on the table.

Instead, she stood tall and graceful, with lips apart and eyes widely strained. Her color faded a trifle, but after a breath or two she answered stoutly: "Gen. Clinton, that is false! My brother held no communication with anyone beyond the lines at Kingsbridge. You have over-shot your mark. It was I, sir, who informed Gen. Washington of your intended movement into the Jerseys, but my poor brother has been doomed because he is in possession of facts which would compromise Sir Henry Clinton were they known abroad. I, too, know them. Work your will on me, a girl—I care not; but if you injure a hair of the head of Beverly, all England shall know how Mr. Henry Clinton obtained his knighthood. Together with other matters which would make interesting reading. [Two years before, Gen. Clinton had challenged Lord George Germain, of the British ministry. In fear of his life, Germain promised Clinton a title and the command of the army in America if he would withdraw the challenge. Clinton did so, obtained leave of absence from America, went to London and was knighted by the king. Returning, he succeeded Gen. Howe, who resigned shortly before the evacuation of Philadelphia. The affair caused great scandal at the time.] By his appearance, here is doubtless one of your familiars," she went on, indicating me by a fine look of intense scorn.

"see her canonized. Do your own dirty work." "Hell and furies!" he thundered, fairly bounding from the floor. "What means this treason? You are under arrest yourself, sir! What, sir! you defy me?" As he spoke he moved from behind the table and took a couple of strides toward the hall; but seeing his intention was to call the sentry, and that for me it was now the whole pace or the scaffold, in an instant I was ahead of him, and, quickly locking the door, threw the key through the open window. I was none too soon. Through the heavy mahogany I heard the approach of hurried footsteps, and the knob twisted while yet my hand was on it.

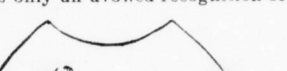


WOMAN AND HOME

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

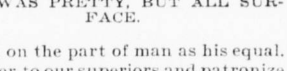
Its Passing Away, Cleverly Argues This Woman Writer, Is a Sign of True Equality.

When we sigh over what we are pleased to call the "decadence of manners" and long for the return of "chivalry," do we, as women, realize what such a state of affairs would mean for us? It would mean no more clubs, no gymnasiums, no education higher than housekeeping, fine needlework and dancing. It would mean weakness, both mental and physical, dependence, loss of personal liberty in every form.



COOKING AT NINETY-FIVE.

No, this is not an age of chivalry; but never before in the history of the world have women had so much liberty—liberty in thought, in action, in everything—or been such an influence in public affairs. True chivalry does not consist in knowing how to pick up a lady's kerchief gracefully—and doing it—nor in guiding the steps of a healthy woman as though she were a wooden doll. Nor does it consist in ordering "coffee and pistols for two" in the gay dawn of early morning because of some implied insult. But rather does it consist of a recognition, an appreciation and—what is more to the point—an acknowledgment of our moral and mental qualifications.



THIS WAS PRETTY, BUT ALL SURFACE.

woman on the part of man as his equal. We defer to our superiors and patronize our inferiors; but those whom we consider our equals, whose whom we meet on the same social and intellectual plane we treat with a "bon homie," a good fellowship which has in it a refreshing sincerity. In the days when "chivalry" flourished with all its benefits and harmfulness, physical delicacy was considered "good form," and women resorted to all kinds of villainous devices and cosmetics to produce an "interesting pallor." Firm rose-tinted flesh was frowned upon as "vulgarily healthful" in any but housemaids. Nowadays not to have good health is almost criminal, and is usually an acknowledgment of the, at least practical, ignorance of sanitary laws.

AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

Mrs. Martha Darrow, of Martha's Vineyard, Gets All Her Meals at Ninety-Five.

Imagine, ladies, doing one's own housework at the age of 95! Martha's Vineyard boasts such a feminine prodigy. She is Mrs. Martha Darrow, and she has the further distinction of being the oldest inhabitant. She is one of the objects of interest to the summer visitors at Edgartown, and is never too busy or too tired to receive her callers and chat with them about her life and old times in the old town.



COOKING AT NINETY-FIVE.

a widow nearly a quarter of a century. Her husband was captain of a packet in the palmy days of New Bedford. She has had six children, and one of her daughters now lives opposite to her. At 95 Mrs. Darrow does her own work, attending to the household duties as she might at 50—a fact worthy of a little more than passing comment. She lives alone in the large white house on the road skirting the harbor.

Perhaps one of the most striking characteristics of the aged woman is the keenness and accuracy of her eyesight. Without the aid of any artificial agency she still reads her favorite passages from the Scriptures and her beloved hymns from the Methodist song book.

GOOD MANAGEMENT.

Haste Makes Waste in Housekeeping as in Every Other Pursuit or Undertaking.

The best managers in household affairs are not those who never sit down from early morn until night close about them. Ah, no! the best managers are those who secure for themselves an hour of that healthful tranquillity so necessary to every human being, says Portland Transcript. The habit of rush and haste takes possession of some housewives and their life is a burden to them as well as to those who love them.

Every woman loves to be thought a good manager. You are, if every device known to make your work lighter is used. For instance, the washing of dishes three times a day and cleaning up the cooking vessels is a business in itself. So make it easier, and to do it in half the time let me tell you the New England way.

Always have plenty of hot water, as hot as you can bear your hands in, in fact, it's best to use mops with china and glass, so as to use very hot water and to have a nice lather instead of using soap. Use washing powder in the hot water and wash quickly and have plenty of nice tea towels to wipe with. You can get through a large pile of dishes directly. Clean the cooking vessels the same way. You will gain an hour by this process of washing. Then, if you have a dining room where you can keep the table set and ready for use, it saves many steps to have a waiter ready to put your dishes in, and to place them on the table after washing.

Disinfecting the Sick Room.

For the sick room a pleasant disinfectant is made by putting in a saucer some freshly-ground coffee and lighting a piece of camphor gum on top of it. As this gum burns it emits the odor of roasting coffee, an aroma that is agreeable to most people. This perfume has the advantage of being healthful, and is to be preferred to the pastilles and incense powders, which to some are very sickening. The odor of the coffee will counteract any bad aroma in the room and the fumes of the camphor will kill ordinary disease germs that may be floating around.

To Clean Chamotte Gloves.

Make a strong suds with white Castile soap, or any other kind of good white soap, and to two quarts of suds add one teaspoonful of borax dissolved in half a pint of hot water. When the suds are cold, put the gloves on the hands and wash them slowly and gently, as if washing the hands. Rinse in the same manner in clear water; then draw off gently and hang in a shady place to dry, drawing them into shape when they are almost dry. When perfectly dry, rub them with the hands to soften them.—Ladies' Home Journal.

STUCK TO HIM.

The Annoying Experience of an English Bishop with a Horse Station Master.

A certain bishop, in traveling through his diocese had occasion to change at a wayside junction. While waiting for his train, he seized the opportunity of making friends with the station-master. One of the kindest-hearted men he was very fond of trying to enter into the varied interests of those with whom he came in contact. However, on this occasion he did not find it easy to discover the exact topic in which his new friend was interested. So reluctantly he fell back on his particular "shop," i. e., the traffic. "I suppose, with the race meeting taking place to-day, there has been some very heavy traffic on your line?" Inadvertently, the bishop had indeed struck the station-master's weakest point—not the traffic, but racing. So for the next quarter of an hour he listened in his kindly way to the various merits of the horses engaged in the St. Leger, and the chances of success. At last, to the bishop's great relief, it must be admitted, the train arrived, and, shaking hands with his racing friend, he got into a carriage. He had not traveled very far, however, when the train having pulled up, he heard the station-master's voice, asking if the bishop of — was in the train. Hastily the bishop declared his presence. Of course, his fellow-passengers in the third-class carriage (it was the bishop's boast that he always traveled third) were on the quiver to know what the station-master wanted with the bishop, while quite a little knot of spectators gathered around the carriage window. Up comes the official, making a prodigious salute to the great ecclesiastical dignity. "I've just received a wire, my lord, from the station master at —, asking me to tell your lordship that Donovan won the Leger." — Cornhill Magazine.

CHAPTER X.

THE HEROISM OF GERTRUDE KING.

Gen. Clinton stood as if stricken with catalepsy, while I sprang to Mrs. Badely. Discarding the useless disguise, I threw my sling from me and, lifting the lady, bore her to the beach. As she sank to the floor the girl had given a violent start, and, as though taking for granted that the escaped party referred to was her brother, she raised her hands and exclaimed fervently: "Thank God! thank God!" Then the emotion she had bravely suppressed when her misfortune seemed at its height overcame her on the relaxation of the strain, and she broke into a torrent of tears. Giving no further attention to Mrs. Badely, I turned and looked at Clinton. He had sunk into his chair, and was undergoing a strong inward struggle, but the expression of his face boded ill for the girl who still stood before him. In a moment he straightened himself, and pointing to the weeping maiden, sternly said: "Capt. Lounsbury, call my orderly, and see that this woman is placed in confinement. Report to me when it is done." It appeared that the moment had arrived when I must declare myself, for to allow this heroic girl to suffer the indignity of arrest while I could prevent it, was not in my books. I was about to turn on him with my answer when she lifted her head, and, directing her wet eyes toward Clinton, said as firmly as she had before spoken: "Gen. Clinton, I care little for what you may do to me. The only load I have been lifted. My brother is free! Listen to me! He was never arrested as a spy, never tried in any court, never condemned to be hanged! I know he was to be secretly removed from his prison; that I was informed by one of your own officers, and I came here to demand his whereabouts. Is not my so-called beauty as powerful for my interests as your commands for yours? Look to yourself, Sir Knight! What I know of you will find a ready ear, but, Sir Henry Clinton, you will scarce have the courage to demand an earldom from the one who hears it." The utterly fearless way in which she spoke, coupled with sarcasm and a taunt the nature of which I then knew nothing, drove the British general into a fury. Springing to his feet and again slamming the table, he shouted: "Arrest her, sir! Arrest her instantly! Stop her vile mouth! Good God! am I to be thus bearded by a self-confessed traitress?" By this I had gotten to a pitch of spirits that ripened me for any deed insuring the safety of the gallant girl, and yet my head was left clear enough to see the possible consequence of my act. "Nay, Sir Henry," I replied, clearly, but without moving, "I shall never arrest her nor see her arrested here; rather would I