

AT SUNRISE.

A cloudless sky-line stretching far To right and left, where hilltops bar The eye's untrammelled view; Hugging the faint horizon's edge, It tapers to an ether wedge That cleaves the distance through.

And stretched above this belt of blue, In colors of the brightest hue, Sky-hung, a picture swings; Painted on rifts of splintered cloud, White as the robes the saints enshroud, And light as angel wings.

Curdles of crimson, pile on pile, It catches the blushing Dawn's first smile, Purple, amber and gray; With rosetts from the rainbow's dye, And the blue of an Irish colleen's eye, And gems of purest ray.

Shimmering lights and shadows play Across its surface, like the spray The foaming torrent throws; Faint pencilings of sapphire trace Its border, wrought of filmy lace, In colors of the rose.

Brief as the raptures of a dream Its splendors fade, while yet they seem To be but scarce begun; Faint now its crimson dyes, and pale; Its banners fall and meekly trail, Before the rising sun.

—Charles H. Doig, in Washington Star.

Across The Lines

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CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

"What is it we can do for this woman who has been so badly treated? She has no cause to doubt me. Tell me how I may serve her." Her voice was calm and insinuatingly conciliatory.

"She demands a public marriage, madam. Until this year she has believed herself less than the legal wife of Raymond Holbin, though God knows she never intended to be less than that. She was his wife abroad, openly acknowledged as such, and now she has proof of that fact—absolute, undoubted proof of the highest character—affidavits of acquaintances, registers, letters addressed to her in his own handwriting and photographs. All this mass of evidence is properly certified in duplicate, and she has one copy of each in the hands of her lawyers in Washington and one copy here. Madam, your son has lived with this woman as his acknowledged wife, and I am assured that under Virginia law she is his wife and would inherit his estate."

"Ah! She wishes money?" "No. She wishes to have her child restored."

"Her child? Raymond's child?" "Alas, madam, one word answers you—yes!"

"He has not told me this," said the mother. "It is all that he had left to tell; his life has been a great, a painful disappointment to me."

"It is likely that he has not told you other things. He is preparing for transmission information which he thinks is good for a vast sum of money; and there is the trouble, for I believe, as you sit before me, madam, that, having given me his sacred promise, his sworn promise to send it by Louise, join her later and right all her wrongs, he is really planning to desert her again. And in that event, madam, he would leave a desperate woman behind."

"What could such a woman do then? Who would believe her—a self-confessed spy?"

"That thought has already impressed me deeply. I am satisfied now that the woman's safest plan is to see that he doesn't leave until he has met her demands. And, madam, you have the power to control him. At six o'clock, unless I see you both earlier, I shall address an anonymous communication—"

"Will you take tea with us at six, instead—in my own apartments? I think that better."

"At six then. I like the idea!"

In the privacy of her own room Mrs. Brookin gave unrestrained expression to a rage that was consuming her. No one who knew the cool, suave, tactful woman of affairs would have recognized her at that moment. She paced the luxurious apartment with the fury and abandon of a tigress entrapped, her crushed parasol and the emblems of her mourning beneath her feet. Responsive to her furious ringing, William came running to the room at intervals of five minutes to answer over and over:

she was carefully righting the room. Her face was pale, but her old expression of resolve had returned, and a dangerous light shone in her eyes. "You spoke of marriage," he said. "Do you think Louise will insist upon that? Will she not be satisfied with the child?"

"She will dictate the terms, not you. She is desperate enough for anything; and I know what a desperate woman will do to save herself." Raymond turned quickly and looked at his mother. She did not avoid his questioning gaze. "She will denounce us both to the government if you do not marry her and give her back the child. I should if I were in her place. And she will make public announcement of her claim to a common law marriage with you."

He waited in silence a minute, as though to weigh her words. "Whether or not Louise substantiates her claim, proof of your immoral life would kill the will of my husband, for public policy would not compel Frances to marry you to inherit her property. It will not compel a young girl to condone immoral conduct for which it would grant a married woman a divorce."

"Then we are ruined!" said Raymond. "I shall look out for myself. Promise her anything to-night." The selfishness of the decision would have been appalling to anyone but his mother. She looked at him a moment, a sarcastic smile hovering about her lips.

"And I shall look out for myself." She began this self-preservation instantly, and with a falsehood so ingenious that its use at that moment would alone have proven her ability as a diplomat. "But hard as it is upon me, great as is my disappointment, for you the blow is heavier; I should not, except under these circumstances, tell you, as I do tell you now, that Frances and I have reached an agreement; she has consented to carry out her father's wishes; she stipulated only that you were not to be informed of this agreement until she chose to tell you; she will not place herself in a position to be harassed or worried by a lover now; her whole thought is on the wounded soldiers." She saw the sudden rush of blood to her son's face, and then the pallor return. A groan burst from him, and he turned away; and therein was apparent the vast difference in the natures of mother and son; helplessness, weakness and surrender was possible with the man; but with the woman, though storms of adversity might overwhelm her and clouds darken her path, nothing could long daunt her fierce, relentless spirit.

For her there was no such thing as complete despair. Her time had come in this battle which she was fighting against odds; she approached her despairing ally and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Raymond," she said, "what would you sacrifice to clear the way for marriage with Frances?"

He saw the calm, confident look in her face, and a breath of hope stirred his fainting manhood.

"Anything—everything!" he said, at length.

"If you will yield implicit obedience to me—if you will be guided—I shall clear the way for you. Will you?"

"Yes."

"Human life or lives must not be regarded. We have no friends; we are surrounded by enemies; we must fight."

"I shall leave it all to you, mother. What is first to be done?"

"Meet Louise here at six o'clock, and take your cue from me. She must be disarmed of suspicion."

From the moment of his surrender Raymond Holbin was ripe for anything his mother might suggest. It was her mind that conceived the plan to convince Louise that she would be permitted to ride through the confederate picket line; that, under an arrangement secured by Raymond through friends in the war department, only a pretense of firing upon her would be made. It was a plan that would have deceived no other than a woman.

That six o'clock tea was the triumph of a brilliant diplomatist's career. Louise was forgiven, caressed, received back as a member of the family, her claims and wrongs acknowledged, and full reparation agreed upon. No one could have excelled Mrs. Brookin in the tenderness with which she treated the now happy woman. She blamed Raymond openly for having concealed the truth from her.

"I knew nothing of the unfair advantage he took of you—nor of the child," she said to Louise. "My husband's niece! It was indeed a crime! And yet I see now that I largely have been to blame. I threatened him; my heart was set upon another plan. My dear child, if loving care and sym-

pathy can compensate in part for what you have suffered, they shall be yours. But although the circumstances seem to demand that marriage should at once be solemnized, the ceremony must not be performed in Richmond. In all likelihood this city will be your home, and you should come here as Raymond's wife. Fortunately, he has given no one here reason to suppose he is single, and it will be very easy at the right time to have you and the little girl arrive. I assure you, my daughter, that your reception will leave no room for doubt as to your future position." As Louise sat looking into the benevolent face of the older woman, with tearful eyes, her heart overflowed with gratitude.

"My child, madam," she faltered. "Where is she?"

"Near the city, but just now beyond the lines. You will be directed how to reach her when you get through; or better, Raymond will join you, and together you will find her."

Louise went back to the hotel almost content.

CHAPTER XIII.

Raymond Holbin had found it difficult to advance his cause with Frances, if for no other reason than that few opportunities for seeing her alone presented themselves. He had sought interviews repeatedly and offered the many little courtesies which the male resident of a house may extend to those of the other sex, but they had been declined with a persistence that only added fuel to the flames which were consuming him. The girl seldom dined with the family; she had during her father's long illness instituted a little house-keeping plan of her own and took her meals in her apartments, a matter very conveniently arranged by reason of the position of the apartments and the constant attendance of mammy. Occasionally, yielding to the insistence of her stepmother, she joined the family upstairs, but on such occasions she carefully avoided a tete-a-tete with Raymond, withdrawing always with the elder woman. On such occasions, the inevitable topic had been the war, its vicissitudes, and the responsibilities it involved. In these meetings and the presence of great events she after awhile learned, if not to like her stepmother, at least to suspend judgment upon her; indeed, sometimes she had been tempted to doubt the correctness of her former judgment, for when the city began to be crowded with wounded Mrs. Brookin threw open her house to them and gave much of her time to their care. The gentleness with which the elder woman entered into this work, her generosity and her universal courtesy were bound to impress such a girl as Frances. Once, as though yielding to a noble impulse, she placed her arm about the girl and said:

"My child, you have surprised and gratified me of late. If I had known you years ago we should never have been less than friends. Try to forget the days when I seemed unkind, please, and do not cherish anger towards an old woman." Frances tried to forget, but always in the presence of Mrs. Brookin she felt a constraint. She seemed ever to have entered an atmosphere that had been stripped of its electricity. Try as she might, it had been impossible to respond unreservedly to her advances; the best she could do was to meet them with courtesy.

The presence of wounded men in the house gave Raymond for a short time an opportunity to see something of Frances, and he, too, became a famous nurse. But one day Frances assured him that if he should prove as good a fighter as he was a nurse promotion would follow; then he came less often. Twice before she had been unable to resist the temptation to touch the raw place; once she had asked him directly how it was that a man could keep out of a war in which other men were winning fame; and once, in reply to his question: "Will you ever like me, Frances?" she said: "A Virginia woman should not be expected to like civilians overmuch when Virginia soil is invaded." At length, to avoid him, she gave more of her time to the hospital, yielding the care of those in the home to her stepmother and the trained nurses. Mrs. Brookin won golden opinions in those days. A week seldom passed without the appearance of her name in print coupled with lavish commendation.

Dr. Brodnar, busy every hour of the twenty-four in which his giant strength could sustain him awake, had but little time to spare for Frances; but one day in the hospital he got a brief report of the girl's new experience.

"If I had not discovered that I am better at sawing off legs than fighting scheming women, my child, I should say that you have never been in so much danger as now; but I have retired as an adviser of young women. By the way, have you decided that you will come out and keep us company at home? My wife sends an invitation not less than once a week."

"No," she said, "it would seem like running. But tell Mrs. Brodnar I am very grateful for her kindness."

"All right. Come when you please; and, Frances, call me a fool as often as you wish, but be careful what you eat in your stepmother's house—and take no medicine there! How have you satisfied them about the night when a friend of ours got his wound?"

"They have never been satisfied, I think. They tell me I am full of whims, and perhaps they class that night among them. You have not heard—?"

"Not a word. Good-by!" Dr. Brodnar in the brief meetings with Frances would never discuss Somers. It is likely that his friend's choice of sides had been an immense disappointment. Frances was bound to receive Brodnar's hint unfavorably when she con-

sidered the new and continued kindness of her stepmother. Often the latter said:

"When it is all over, my child, this cruel war, these scenes of suffering, we will take our trunks and go abroad somewhere for a year of rest." The idea seemed to be a favorite one with her; she told all of her acquaintances that she and "poor dear Frances" were going abroad as soon as hostilities closed; that the child was simply worked down. And in the face of this tender solicitude and the old lady's devotion to confederate sufferers, people shook their heads and acknowledged that one should not always believe the unkind things whispered of a neighbor. From the isolation of a suspected person, it is a year Mrs. Brookin achieved immense popularity and won the confidence of even the highest officials, in whose home circles she was as welcome as they were in hers. How welcome they were might be estimated from certain government records, if the records were accessible and possible of translation now.

[To Be Continued.]

GOT THE WRONG RECIPE.

Unexpected Result of a Colored Cook's Efforts at Cake Making.

It has been said that the black servants of the south have no objections to cooking in their own remarkable, though usually highly palatable, way, says the Troy Times. A northern lady tried for a long time to procure a cook who could read, and so make, according to recipes, some of the remembered New England dishes. She got one finally, a mulatto man, who could read. She gave him a recipe for making cake, written plainly on a scrap of paper. When the cake came on the table it was not a white cake, which the recipe was calculated to compound, but had a remarkable gold color. The lady called the cook. "Did you make the cake according to that recipe?" she asked him. "Oh, yes, mum." "Did you put in all the eggs?" "Oh, yes, mum." "Put in everything?" "Oh, yes, mum, vinegar, too. I put in flour and sugar, 'cause I knew them was required for a cake. But I put in all them other things, too. Vinegar, mustard, pepper," he enumerated, thoughtfully. "Vinegar," cried the lady, "mustard; get me the recipe." On the back of the paper was written a recipe for salad dressing. "Well," said her husband, looking at the golden paste on his plate, "it tastes good. It's the best cake I've eaten in this house." And the housewife looks only a little discouraged. A year ago she might have cried.

Too Much for Him.

There is a story of a layman who conducted a service one day for a western mission. He had been a stout old soldier in his time, but his knowledge of Hebrew was limited, and his pronunciation of unfamiliar Bible names a thing to wonder at.

When he opened the Bible that day he could not at once find the place, and, after turning the pages nervously, in the face of a tittering congregation, he finally took a passage at random and began to read. As ill luck would have it, he lighted upon one of the genealogical chapters in Ezra, and there he struggled hopelessly through half a column of Hebrew names, seeking all the time for better luck.

At length he turned the page, in the vain desire of seeing some change in the substance of the chapter on the other side. What he found proved too much for him, and, after one frightened glance, he thus concluded his reading:

The Good Natured Queen.

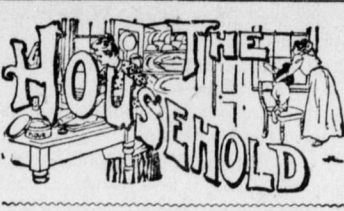
A characteristic story is told of two church dignitaries who were one day vis-a-vis at a dinner party with Queen Victoria at Windsor. One was a courtly, polished cleric, high in her majesty's good graces, the other a blunt but important personage whose rank entitled him to a position on the queen's right hand. She talked to him for some time, and then, turned to Dean —, referring accurately to the dramatic personae of a long past event. "What a wonderful memory your majesty has!" murmured the dean, suavely. "Nonsense," interposed his brother cleric, "it's nothing of the kind. I told her majesty all that myself five minutes ago!" And horrified guests, who almost expected to see the earth open and swallow up the plain-spoken ecclesiastic, were relieved to observe the queen smiling with the most evident delight.—Troy Times.

He Didn't Like the Cheese.

"A few years ago," said Harry Cunningham, of Montana, to a writer of the Post, "the late Charlie Broadwater, of our state, gave a banquet to about a score of his personal friends. It was an elaborate spread, and one of the chief items was some 20-year-old brandy that cost Mr. Broadwater a fabulous price and regarding which he spoke with much enthusiasm. At the wind-up of the feast coffee and Roquefort cheese were brought in, though the latter was not commonly down on Montana menus at that period. Sitting near the host, was one of his special friends, who, after eyeing the Roquefort a trifle suspiciously, tasted it, made a wry face and shoved his plate to one side. 'You don't seem to like that,' remarked Mr. Broadwater. 'Indeed I do not, Charlie. Your 20-year-old brandy is all right, but I'll be hanged if I like your 20-year-old cheese.'"—Washington Post.

Auctioneers Are Obliging.

Auctioneers are an obliging lot; they always attend to everyone's bidding.—Chicago Daily News.



WOMAN POLICE SERGEANT.

Mrs. Mary E. Owens, of Chicago, Holds This Rank, and Is Earning Her Salary, Too.

Sergeant Mary E. Owens, of the Chicago police department, is the only woman in the world holding such rank and title, and if she is not a good officer six mayors of that city have failed to find it out. She is on the regular police pay roll, wears sergeant's badge No. 97 and reports daily to Chief Coleran, of the detectives. Nobody, from the chief of police down, gives her orders. In the language of the street, "she knows her business," and it is an open secret that she knows it so well that she can wear her badge and draw her salary as long as she likes.

She began her official career in 1889, says the Chicago Record-Herald, soon after the death of her husband. The support of a family of three young children devolved upon her suddenly, while she was yet ignorant of any profession, trade or method of money-making. Her husband's friends brought enough pressure to bear to have her chosen one of the five women health officers appointed by Mayor Cregier. She did the rest herself.

When the women were dropped by the health department Mrs. Owens had made herself so conspicuously useful to the police that the elder Carter Harrison told Chief McClaughry to appoint her patrolwoman, with a special assignment in the sweatshops, department stores and shopping districts, where most of the violations of the child labor and compulsory education laws were being violated.

"I never arrest anybody," said Mrs. Owens, laughing, "and it is mean to say that I am 'the shoplifting sleuth.' I have nothing to do with general detective work and never had."

"For years I have been attached to the board of education as a special officer. Of course, I have full police power, but I find myself more than busy rounding up truants, looking after cruel parents and preventing violations of the child labor law. Sometimes I arrest tots whom I find peddling around the saloons or sleeping in down-town doorways when they ought to be at home in bed. One night, not long ago, I picked up a mere baby dozing in a doorway, all

MRS. MARY E. OWENS.



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played out and with a box of chewing gum she had been peddling. I took her to the Harrison street annex, and when we got there the child's father and mother suddenly appeared and claimed their baby. Of course they had been hiding in some adjacent doorway while their little one worked on the sympathies of passers-by. I kept the child all night, and the parents, protesting in vain, waited for her. But they never again sent her out to peddle among saloons or on the streets.

"If a truant is reported at the school headquarters as having gone to work under the legal age I make a round of stores and find the child. The affidavit of the parents stating that the child is 14 years old or older must be forthcoming or I send the little one home in a hurry."

"I can generally get the truth out of the children, and storekeepers are usually anxious to aid me. I have known cases where the earnings of a child 12 or 13 years old were absolutely necessary to the support of a widowed or invalid mother. I don't push the law too hard in such cases, and so long as the affidavit is there I don't bother them."

Mrs. Owens is nearly 35 years old, but she looks younger and is enthusiastic over her peculiar situation. She has four children, three boys and a girl, the eldest of whom is 18 and the youngest 12. She is giving them all a good education, and her housekeeping is done by a hired maid. City officials agree in stating that, aside from her police work, she has accomplished great good in the cause of charity. Every factory employer, manager and owner of a store in the business district of Chicago knows Mrs. Owens, and she has made most of them her friends.

How to Wash Real Lace.

Duchess point or any real lace may be cleaned by washing it carefully in tepid water with fine soap, rinsing well and pinning it carefully while wet on a board covered with flannel. An iron should not be allowed to touch this lace, and the points must be pinned very carefully, so as to keep the pattern true and even. If it becomes dry before it is pinned, moisten with a damp sponge, and let the lace dry thoroughly before removing it. By careful handling the lace may be made to look as good as new.

Jackets with Low Collars.

The English fashion of breakfast jackets with low sailor collars is being taken up by many beauty seekers. It is a sensible and becoming style, and the best possible way to acquire a pretty neck and throat. Any number of society girls are making a practice of having all their house gowns constructed without collars, and as a consequence the improvement in the color of the skin is much hastened.

LANGTRY'S NEW HAT.

Famous English Actress Inaugurated a Millinery Fashion That Should Become Popular.

From across the water comes the news that Mrs. Langtry has a wonderful hat which she wears with stunning effect in her new play, "The Royal Necklace." It is a leghorn, that charming straw of smooth, delicate weave which is beloved by every woman who ever looked into a hat window. It is heavily trimmed with a simple wreath of May flowers.

As every woman knows, these "simple" effects are not simple at all, but "simply maddening" to arrange. Since



MRS. LANGTRY'S NEW HAT.

Mrs. Langtry has set the style it is likely that there will soon be a raid on American millinery counters for these particular hats.

There is something deliciously charming about a hat of this style. It is so distinctly feminine and its waving brim can give an air of coquetry to even the most uncoquettish face. Correctly, it should be worn with a dimity or organdie gown of many ruffles, with silk mitts—which are quite the vogue—and with a parasol that is a fluff of chiffon and a foam of flounces or a great big slapdash bouquet of real lace.

Probably no style of hat is so becoming to all ages and all types of women as the leghorn. It is pretty on the petite girl with her fluffy pigtail tied with ribbons. It is picturesque and lovely on the large girl—the Mrs. Langtry type, for instance.

Even on elderly dames it is not entirely out of place, and everyone knows how cunningly lovely the leghorn hat is on babies, its waving, lifting brim shading kissable curls and sweet laughing eyes.

THE ATHLETIC GIRL.

Her Prestige Is Being Slowly But Surely Usurped by the Soft, Clinging Maid of Yore.

Backward and forward swings the pendulum of fashion. We fancy we have put away certain frivolities forever, and, presto! here they are back again as pronounced as ever. The fact is that the man and woman in esse have not changed at all.

Circumscribed as we are, therefore, by the limitations of our humanity, we find in our orbit that now, as in the days of Solomon, "there is no new thing under the sun," and fashion must perforce swing around in an erratic circle of periods—the Victorian, the Napoleonic, the Louis XVI., the Renaissance, the Grecian, etc.—to gratify the love of change. This may seem like a rather elaborate preamble to an analysis of the coming summer girl of 1901, but it is curiously apropos to observe that the athletic girl's prestige seems to be more or less on the wane, and that a soft feminine creature, like the grandmother of 50 years ago, who does nothing but look supremely pretty in her muslins and laces and makes herself entertaining, is coming very much to the fore.

A couple of years ago it was generally thought that the athletic movement which was so pronounced all over the country would develop a new woman, and that the fluffy summer girl of yore had vanished forever, but to the great joy of the maidens (and they are not a few) who have all along secretly detested sport, it seems now quite on the tapis that they may be as much in the fashion this summer as their more amazonian companions and may openly avow their preference for shady corners and tete-tetes without incurring disapprobation.—Chicago Daily News.

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