[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

THE PENNYCOMEQUICKS

—Written for THE DISPATCH by—

S. BARING GOULD,

Author of "MEHALAH," "COURT ROYAL," "JOHN HERRING," "THE GAVEROCKS," ETC

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—ON THE LAKE.

Mrs. Sidebottom had reached Lucerne very rumpled and dirty and out of temper, having traveled all night from Brussels, and having had to turn out and have her boxes examined at Thionville and Basle. She had scrambled through a wretched breakfast off cold coffee and a roll at Strasburg at 4 o'clock in the morning, and then had been condemned to crawl along by a slow train from Strasburg to Basle, and by another, still slower, from Basle to Lucerne. A night in a comfortable hotel had restored her wonderfully; and when she took her place under the awning in the lake steamer, with a ticket in her pocket for Fluelen, which she insisted on calling Flew-ellen, she was in a contented mood, and inclined to patronize the scenery.

The day was lovely, the water blue, Pilatus without his cap, and the distant Oberland peaks seen above the Brunig Pass were silver against a turquoise sky.

"This," said Mrs. Sidebottom, dipping into "Murray's Handbook," to ascertain what it was proper to say, "this is distinguished above every lake in Switzerland, and perhaps in Europe, by the beauty and sublime grandeur of its scenery."

Then past her drifted a party of English tourists, also with "Murray" in their hands and on their lips. "Oh, mamma!" exclaimed a young lady, "this lake is of very irregular shape, assuming near its west extremity the form of a cross. Do you see? There is one arm, we are approaching another, and there is the leg."

"My dear," said her mother, "don't say leg; it is improper; say stem."

"And, mamma, how true 'Murray' is—is it not wonderful? He says that at this part the shores of the lake are undulating hills clothed with vendure, and dotted with houses and villas. He really must have seen the place to describe it so accurately."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Sidebottom; and then, after a pause, "Gracious goodness!"

Lambert Pennycomequick took no notice of his mother's exclamations, till a third "gracious goodness," escaping her like the discharge of a minute gun at sea, called his attention to her, and he asked: "Well, what is it?" As he received no answer, he said: "I don't believe in that honey served up at breakfast. It is not honey at all, but syrup in which stewed peas have soaked."

"Upon my word!" gasped Mrs. Sidebottom.

"What is the matter, mother? Oh, yes, lovely scenery. By George, so it is. I believe it is a hoax about chamois. I have been told that they knock goats on the head, and so the flesh is black, or rather dark colored, and it is served as chamois, and charged accordingly."

"This is extraordinary!" exclaimed Mrs. Sidebottom.

"Yes—first rate," said Lambert. "Our Yorkshire wolds don't quite come up to the Alps, do they?"

But Mrs. Sidebottom was not lost in wonder at the beauty of the landscape; she was watching intently a gentleman in a light suit, of a military cast, wearing a white hat and a puggaree, with mustache and carefully curled whiskers, who was marching the deck alongside of another gentleman, stout, ordinary looking, and comfortable in appearance, like a plump bullfinch.

"Look at my watch!" said the gentleman in the light suit, and as there were vacant places beside Mrs. Sidebottom, the two gentlemen left pacing the deck and seated themselves on the bench near her.

"Look at my watch!—Turned black, positively black, as if I had kept it against a vulcanized india-rubber stomach-belt. If you want evidence—there it is. I haven't cleaned it. No, I keep it as a memorial to me to be thankful to the beneficent heaven which carried me through—which carried me through."

Mrs. Sidebottom saw a silver watch-case extended to be exhibited, the dingy color that silver acquires when exposed to gas.

"I wish, sir—I beg your pardon, my lord—you will excuse me, but by accident—by the merest accident—I caught sight of your address and name on your luggage—I wish, my lord, I were going with you to Andermatt, and I would take you a promenade round the backs of the hotels, and let you smell—smell, my lord—as rich a bouquet of accumulated deleterious odors as could be gathered into one—odors, my lord, diphtheretical, typhoidiacal. You see my face—I have become mottled through blood-poisoning. I was gangrened at Andermatt by the deadly vapors there. I thank a merciful heaven, with my strong constitution and by the warning afforded by my watch, I escaped death. I always carry about with me a silver timepiece, not one of gold, for sanitary reasons—the silver warns me of the presence in the atmosphere of sulphuretted hydrogen—of sewage gas—it blackens, as the arm of Lady Thingabob—I forget her name, perhaps she was of your lordship's family—as the arm, the wrist of her ladyship, was blackened by the grip of a specter. I see that you are bound for the Hotel du Grand Prince. I went there, and there I inaled the vapors of death, or rather of disease. I moved to the Hotel Imperial, and was saved. There, and there only, the drainage is after English models, and there, and there only are you safe from the fumes of typhoid, the seeds of typhus, the corpuscules of diphtheria, and the—the—the what-d'ye-call-ems of cholera. You will excuse my speaking to you, perhaps, forcing myself—unworthy—on your distinguished self."

"Oh, certainly, certainly."

"But when I saw your name, my lord, and considered what you are, and what the country would lose were you to run the risk unforewarned that I ran, I ventured to thrust myself upon you."

"I am really most obliged to you."

"Well—who is it said 'We are all one flesh, and so feel sympathy one with another?' Having suffered, my lord, suffered so recently, and seeing you, my lord, you, you—about—but there—not another word, Homo sum, nil humanum—but I forget the rest, it is long since I was at school, and I have not kept up my classics."

"I really am most indebted to you—and you think that the Hotel Imperial ——"

"I am sure of it. I had my blood tested, I had my breath analyzed. There were diatoms in one, and baccilli in the other, and—I am alive, alive to say it; thanks to the salubrious air and the careful nursing of the Hotel Imperial."

The nobleman looked nearly as mottled in countenance as the other; this was caused by the alarm produced by the revelations of his interlocutor.

"Don't you think," he said, "that I had better avoid Andermatt?"

"On no account, my lord. You are safe at the Imperial. I cannot say that you will be safe elsewhere. I have been to Berne to the University professors to have the atmosphere of the several hotels analyzed for my own private satisfaction. It was costly—but what of that?—it satisfied me. These are the results: Hotel du Cerf—three decimal two of sulphuretted hydrogen, two decimal eight of malarious matter, one, no decimal, of typhoidal germ. Hotel de la Couronne d'Or—three decimal one of sulphuretted hydrogen, five decimal three of compound fermenting putrifo bacteretic stuff. Hotel du Grand Prince—eight decimal one of diphtheretic effluvium, occasional traces of scarlet fever germs, and a trace—a trace of trichinus spiralis."

"Good heavens!"—his lordship turned livid—"allow me, sir, to shake your hand; you have conferred on me a lasting favor. I shall not forget it. I was bound for the Hotel du Grand Prince. What about the Imperial?"

"Nothing—all salubrious, mountain air charged with ozone, and not a particle of deleterious matter in it."

"I shall certainly go there—most certainly. I had telegraphed to the Grand Prince; but never mind, I had rather pay a forfeit and put up at the Imperial."

"Would you mind, my lord, giving my card to the proprietor? It will insure you receiving every attention. I was there when ill, and am pleased to recommend the attentive manager. My name is Yeo—Colonel Yeo—Colonel Beaple Yeo, East India Company Service, late of the Bombay Heavy Dragoons. Heavies we were called—Heavies, my lord."

"Will you excuse me?" said the stout little nobleman; "I must run and speak to my lady. 'Pon my word, this is most serious. I must tell her all you have been so good as communicate to me. What were the statistics relative to the Grand Prince?"

"Eight decimal one—call it eight of diphtheretic effluvium, traces of scarlet fever germs, and of trichinus spiralis. You know, my lord, how frightful, how deadly, are the ravages of that pest."

"Bless me!" exclaimed his lordship, "these foreigners—really they should not attempt to draw English—Englishmen and their families to their health resorts without making proper provision in a sanitary way. Of course, for themselves it doesn't matter; they are foreigners, and impervious to such influences; or, if not, and carried off by them—well, they are foreigners! But to English—it is outrageous! I'll talk to my lady."

"Lambert," said Mrs. Sidebottom in a low tone to her son, "for goodness' sake don't forget; we must go to the Hotel Imperial!"

But low as she had spoken, her neighbor in the light suit heard her, turned round and saw her. Not the least abashed, he raised his hat, and with a flush of pleasure exclaimed, "Ah! how do you do my dear madam—my dear, dear madam? This is a treat—a treat indeed; the unexpected is always doubly grateful." He looked round to see that his lordship was out of hearing, and then said in a lower tone, "you misconstrued me—you misinterpreted me. I had guaranteed you 15 per cent, and 15 per cent you should have had. If you have lost it, it is through want of confidence in me—in me—in Colonel Beaple Yeo, of the Bombay Heavies. Had you trusted me—but ah! let bygones be bygones. However, an explanation is due. I writhe under the imputation of not being above board and straight—straight as an arrow. But what can you do with a man like Mr. Philip Pennycomequick? The landowners of Bridlington got wind of the plan. They scented Iodinopolis. Their greed was insatiable, they demanded impossible prices. There was nothing for it but for me to beat a retreat, make a strategic move to the rear, feign to abandon the whole thing, throw it up and turn my attention elsewhere. Then, when they were in a state of panic, my design was to reappear and buy the land on my own terms, not any more on theirs. Why, my dear madam, I would have saved the shareholders thousands on thousands of pounds, and raised the interest from perhaps a modest 5 to 25 per cent, and from that to more. But I was not trusted, the money confided to me was withdrawn, and others will make fortunes instead of us. I schemed, others will carry out my scheme. Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes, and you know the rest, aratis bovis, and so on."

Then Beaple Yeo stood up and handed his card to Mrs. Sidebottom, saying: "You will at least do me this favor: give my card to the proprietor of the Hotel Imperial, and he will care for you as for a princess of the royal blood." Then he stalked away.

Mrs. Sidebottom turned dejectedly to her son. "Lamb, I believe I was premature. After all, there was management in that affair. Of course his was the right way to bring those landowners to their knees. Let us take a turn."

Beaple Yeo had now attached himself to another party of strangers—tourists, whose acquaintance he had probably made at an hotel in Lucerne; and he walked the deck with them. When they were fore, then Mrs. Sidebottom and her son were in the rear, but when they turned on their heels, then she turned also and walked aft, and heard their conversation during that portion of the walk. The subject was St. Bernard dogs, and apparently Beaple Yeo had some scheme connected with them which he was propounding.

"My dear sirs—when the St. Gothard tunnel is complete—answer me—what will become of the hospice? To what use can it be put? It will be sold for a song, as not a traveler will cross the mountain when he can pass under it. For a song—literally for a 'song of sixpence.' Now, can you conceive of a place more calculated by nature as a nursery of Mount St. Bernard dogs—and the necessary buildings given away—given for nothing, to save them from crumbling into ruin. There is a demand, a growing demand for Mount St. Bernard dogs, that only wants a little coaxing to become a perfect furor. We will send one as a present to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. We will get in France an idea that the St. Bernard dog is a badge of the republic, and that all true Republicans are bound to have Mount St. Bernard dogs. We will get some smart writers in America to dash off some sparkling articles in the illustrated magazines, and the demand becomes furious. Say the population of France is 37,000,000; actually it is more, and of these two-third—say 25,000,000—are Republicans, and of these, one-half are in a position to buy Mount St. Bernard dogs, and we fan the partisan fever to a height, by means of the press, which is easily done by dropping a few pounds into the hands of writers and proprietors. Say that one-third only of those in a position to buy the dogs, actually ask for them—that makes five millions of Mount St. Bernard dogs to be supplied to France alone. Then consider England, if it becomes the fashion there, and it will become the fashion, if the Princess of Wales accepts a dog from us, and walks about with one. Every lady of distinction, and then, in the next year, every servant girl, will want a St. Bernard dog. And furtner—I have calculated that we can feed a dog at less than 3 farthings a day; say the total cost is a guinea. I have made inquiries and I find I shall be able to buy up the broken meat at a very low figure from the great hotels of Switzerland during the season. This will be conveyed to the hospice and there frozen. So it will keep and be doled out to the dogs daily, as required. Let us say that the interest on the outlay in purchasing the hospice and in maintaining the staff of dog-keepers be one guinea per dog; that makes the total outlay two guineas on each pup, and a pup a year old we shall not sell under £10. Now calculate the profit for yourselves—£8 a dog, and 4,000,000 supplied to France alone to enthusiasts for the republic, and quite 2,000,000 to England to those who imitate Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and 7,000,000 to the United States for Americans who copy French or English fashions, and you have a total of 13,000,000 of dogs at £8 each, a clear profit of £125,000,000. If we put the matter in decimals——"

The party turned and were before Mrs. Sidebottom. She could not hear what followed.

"My dear Lamb," whispered she, "did you hear that? What a chance! What a head the Colonel has!"

At the next revolution Mrs. Sidebottom heard something more about the dog scheme.

"You see, gentlemen, the splendid thing is that the dogs suffer from pulmonary complaints when in the plains, and will not breed away from the eternal snows—two great advantages to us. Shares—preference shares at £10—are to be subscribed in full, others as called in at intervals of six months. I myself guarantee 15 per cent, but as you see for yourselves, gentlemen, the scheme cannot fail to succeed and the profits will be overwhelming."

"Are you going on to Andermatt?" asked one of the gentlemen walking with Beaple Yeo.

"No, sir, I have had a bad attack; you can see the traces in my face. I will also show you my watch, how it was blackened. I have been ordered by my medical adviser to cruise up and down the lake of the Five Cantons, and inhale the air off the water till I am thoroughly restored. By the way, if you are going to the Hotel Imperial at Andermatt would you take my card to the proprietor? He is interested about the dogs."

Beaple Yeo now crossed the deck to a party that was clustered together at the bulwarks with an opera glass that was passed from hand to hand. It consisted of a tall man with a broad-brimmed hat, bushy black whiskers, a white tie and clerical coat, his wife, his sister and five daughters. A comfortable religiosity surrounded the group as a halo.

Beaple Yeo raised his hat; "Beg pardon sir; a clergyman?"

"Yes I am."

"And a dean, doubtless. You will excuse my interrupting you, but I have ventured here thinking you might like to know about a very remarkable movement after the truth in Italy, in the heart and center of ignorance and superstition. Count Caprili is the leading spirit. It is no use, sir, no doubt you are aware, pulling at the leaves and nipping the extremities of the twigs, you must strike at the root, and that is what my dear friend Count Caprili is doing. He is quite an evangelist, inspired with the utmost enthusiasm. I have here a letter from him descriptive of the progress the truth is making in Rome—in Rome itself. It is in Italian; do you read Italian, sir?"

"N—no, but, mother, can you?" to his wife.

"No, but Minny has learned it," of a daughter, who reddened to the roots of her fair hair, and allowed that if it were in print she might make it out.

"Never mind," said Beaple Yeo, or Colonel Yeo, as he now called himself, "I can give you the contents in a few words. A year ago his little congregation numbered 20, it now counts 185, and at times even a couple of decimals more. At this rate he reckons that the whole of the Eternal City will have embraced the truth in 25 years and two months, unless the eagerness to embrace it grows in geometrical instead of arithmetical progression. In Florence and Turin the increase is even more rapid. Indeed, it may fairly be said that superstition is undermined, and that the whole fabric will collapse. Between ourselves I know as a fact that the Pope when he heard of the successes of Count Caprili attempted to commit suicide, and had to be watched day and night, he is such a prey to despair. You have perhaps seen my letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the subject; they appeared in some of the papers. Only one thing is needed to crown the whole movement with success, and that is money. The Count has urged me to act as his intermediary—secretary and treasurer—as regards England and America, and I shall be most happy to forward to him any contributions I may receive."

"Dear me," said the dean, "this is most interesting. Have any of our bishops taken up the matter?"

"In letters that I have they express the deepest interest in it."

"I shall be most happy to subscribe a sovereign," said the dean, fumbling in his purse.

"And I also," said his wife.

"And I as well," put in his sister.

"I will note all in my book of contributions," said Yeo, receiving the money, and finding to his disgust that he had been given 20-franc, instead of 20-shilling pieces. "Would you mind, sir, if you go to—as I take it for granted you will—if you go to the Hotel Imperial—

"Ah! we were going to the Cerf."

"That is a very third-rate inn, hardly suitable for a dignitary of the church. But if you will take my card, Beaple Yeo, of the Bombay Heavies, to the proprietor of the Hotel Imperial, he will treat you well and be reasonable in his charges. He is most interested in the movement of Signor Caprili, and is a convert, but secretly; ask him about the movement and he will open to you a window in his mind, and he will confide his religious views to you."

"I am most obliged. We will certainly go to the Imperial. Ah mamma! here we are at the landing-place."

As Mrs. Sidebottom left the boat at the station, which she called Flue-ellen, she held out her hand to Colonel Yeo. "I hope bygones will be bygones," she said. "I will take some shares in the St. Bernard dogs—preference shares, please."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—IN HOTEL IMPERIAL.

Salome had found her sister at the Imperial Hotel at Andermatt. Janet was one of those persons whose bodily condition varies with their spirits. When depressed she looked and indeed felt ill; when happy she looked and felt as if nothing were the matter with her. Janet had been greatly tried by the double shocks of her husband's death and the discovery of her parentage. She had been taken into the secret because it could not be kept from her; when the man Schofield, alias Beaple Yeo, suddenly arrived at Mergatroyd, just after the flood and the disappearance of Jeremiah Pennycomequick, at the time when she was sharing her mother's room instead of Salome.

Mrs. Cusworth at that time was in great distress of mind at the loss of her master and friend; and when her brother-in-law, the father of the two girls whom she had brought up as her own, unexpectedly appeared and asked for money and clothing, she confided her difficulty to Janet, and between them they managed to bribe him to depart and leave them in peace. Mrs. Cusworth had sacrificed a large slice out of her savings to secure his departure, and trusted thereby to get rid of him forever.

When Janet returned to France she found everything in confusion; the factory at Elbœuf was stopped, the men who had been employed in it had assumed arms against the Germans, and were either shot, taken captives, or dispersed. Her sister-in-law was almost off her head with excitement and alarm for her children, three girls just out of school. Prussian officers had been quartered in her house, and had carried off some of her valuables, and ransacked the cellar for the best wines.

Janet had caught cold that night in the train when it was delayed by the flood, on the way to Mergatroyd, and it had settled on her chest, and left a cough that she could not shake off. Anxiety and worry had told on her joyous disposition and deprived it of its elasticity. She gave way to discouragement. Her husband's affairs were unsettled, and could not be put to rights till the war and the results of the war were over, and the current of ordinary business commenced its sober, even flow.

She had been ordered to Mentone for the winter, and then to spend the summer high up in the Alps, where the air was pure and bracing. She had come, accordingly, to Andermatt, and her sister-in-law had sent her three school-girl daughters to be with her; to look after her, Madame Labarte had said; to be looked after by her, Janet found was expected. They were nice enough girls, with simple minds, but it was a responsibility imposed on Janet at a time when she required complete relaxation from care.

At Andermatt the fresh air was rapidly restoring Janet to her normal condition of cheerfulness, and was giving her back the health she lacked, when her father arrived, impecunious, of course, and let her understand that he had come there to be supported by her, and to get out of her what he could. It would have been bad enough to have this dreadful man there posing as her father had she been alone. It was far worse with the three girls, her nieces, under her charge, and in her dismay she had a relapse, and wrote off to Salome an agonizing entreaty to come to her aid.

Janet had been left comfortably off, but till her husband's affairs were settled it was not possible for her to tell what her income would really amount to. The factory was again working, a competent overlooker had been found, and a suitable working partner taken into the firm to carry it on. In all probability Madame Baynes would be very well off, but at present she had not much ready money at her disposal.

Mr. Schofield, or Colonel Yeo, as he pleased to call himself now, was a different looking man at this time to the wretched looking object who had presented himself at Mergatroyd, asking for clothing and money. He was not a year ago—indeed, 18 months ago. He was well dressed, trim, held himself erect and assumed a military air and some pomposity, as though the world were going well with him. He had carried away a little, but only a very little, of the plunder from Bridlington, and he knew very well that what he had would not last him long. It was satisfactory to have a well-to-do daughter to fall back on, whose purse he could dip his fingers into when they itched. But Beaple Yeo could not be idle. He had an active mind and a ready invention, and he began operations on his own account, partly as tout on the lake steamers for the Hotel Imperial at Andermatt, receiving a fee for every tourist he sent it, and partly by his speculations in dogs and missionaries. Janet would have run away from Andermatt but for the three incumberances whom it would not have been easy to shake off in secret and precipitate flight without explanations to them or their mother—explanations which would have been awkward; moreover, she feared that it would be unavailing, as her father could easily discover the way she had gone and follow her. There were only three passes in addition to the road up from Amsteg by which she could leave, and it would not be possible for her to depart by any of these routes unknown to Colonel Yeo. Her fears were groundless, however, when he took himself off to tout on the lake; and she resolved on remaining where she was till Salome came and gave her advice what course to pursue.

Salome decided that it was the best policy to remain where they were, and not attempt flight. She saw that her sister was suffering, and she determined to remain with her, to protect and comfort her, and await what the future had in store for herself. She naturally felt a great longing to be at home with her baby, but at the same time she recognized that the situation at home was not tolerable, that some change must take place before she could return to Mergatroyd.

One day Colonel Yeo was in the salle-a-manger at the Hotel Imperial preparing for table d'hote, when a lady entered, well-dressed, darkish looking, and seven or eight paces from the room towards an alcove where were small tables, at which either a party sat that desired to be alone, or tourists not intending to dine at table d'hote but a la carte. She walked slowly, with a queer sway, she had gone and attracted eyes. Every head was turned to observe her, and her eyes, in return, passed over as mustering and appraising those who occupied their seats at the table. She accepted the homage of interest she excited, as though it were her own.

What was her age? She had arrived at that period of life at which for some time a woman stands still—she was no girl, and no one could say that she was passe.

"Waiter!" called Colonel Yeo.

"Yes, sir—in a minute, sir."

"Who is that lady in the gray dress with red trimming?"

"Gray dress, sir? The stout lady with the little husband?"

"Nonsense, that distinguished lady—young—there at the table in the alcove."

"Yes sir—don't know, sir. Will inquire."

Off skipped the waiter to carry round the soup, and forgot to inquire.

"Waiter!" called Colonel Yeo, to another, the head garcon.

"Who is that prepossessing young lady, yonder?"

"Lady, sir? Don't know her name—I have seen her often everywhere, at Homburg, Baden-Baden, Milan."

"What is she?"

"Do you mean of what nation, sir? I believe American. Said to be very rich—worth millions."

"Worth millions!" echoed Colonel Yeo. "Can I change my seat and get near her?"

During dinner Colonel Yeo could not keep his eyes off her.

"Worth millions, and so good looking!" Which would interest her most—his dogs or his missionaries?—or could she be interested in himself?

He called for champagne. He put one arm over the back of his chair, held his champagne glass in the other hand, and half turned, looked hard at the lady. She observed his notice of her, and their eyes met. Her eyes said as distinctly as eyes can speak, "Look at me as much as you will, I expect to be admired, I do not object to be admired, I freely afford to all who take pleasure in beautiful objects, the gratification of contemplating me. But who are you?"

"Waiter," said Beaple Yeo, calling the head garcon, "if by chance that lady wants to know who I am, just say that I am Colonel Yeo of the Bengal Heavies—a claimant for the Earldom of Schofield."

At a table near that occupied by the lady sat Salome, Janet and the three young girls Labarte. An arrangement had been come to with Yeo that he was not to associate with them, to hold aloof, and to receive money for doing this. He had got what he could, or could for the time being, out of his daughter Janet, and was therefore inclined to devote his energies to new arrivals.

"Garcon," called the lady in gray and red.

"Dereche, m'selle."

"Who is that gentleman yonder, drinking champagne?"

"M'selle, the colonel! c'est un milord."

"English?"

"Bien certainly."

"Rich?"

"Rich! the Colonel! rich! Mon dieu! C'est un Milord Anglais!"

"Is he staying here long?"

"Ah, m'selle! Where else could he stay? All the season."

"What is his title?"

"Mon Dieu! I can't say—Scoville? Scoville? But yes, an earl—Comte de Scoville, I believe, m'selle."

"Waiter—should he or any one else inquire who I am, say an American—a millionaire, as I told you before."

"He has already asked," said the waiter, with a knowing look.

In the alcove where a lady sat at a table by herself was also a larger table, as already said, occupied by Janet and her party, and the lady in gray and red attracted the attention of the girls. These three girls were much alike; they varied in age from 16 to 19, had dark eyes and fresh cheeks, looked a mixture of English and French blood, and though they spoke English with their aunt and Salome, they spoke it with a foreign accent, and when they talked to each other naturally fell into French.

They were not beautiful, were undeveloped girls without much character apparently. The strange lady evidently exercised their minds, and they looked a good deal at her, and passed low remarks to each other concerning her. Their curiosity was roused, and when she was not at her place they searched the visitors' book for her name, and for some information about her.

"Ma Tante," pleaded the eldest, "which do you think she is of all these on this page?"

"Mais—Claudine, how can I tell?"

"Oh! Ma Tante—do ask the waiter."

"But why, Claudine? She does not interest me."

"Oh, we are so puzzled about her; she looks so aristocratic and dresses so well, and has so many changes. She must employ a Parisian milliner. Oh, we do wish we knew where she got that charming walking dress of gray and gold."

"Garcon!" Janet Baynes called a waiter. "Who is the lady who sits at this little table near?"

"Madame—a rich American, a millionaire of New York."

"A millionaire!"

The heads of the young ladies went together and as the lady entered all their eyes watched her with eagerness. So beautiful, so distinguished looking, so wealthy.

"What is her name, waiter?"

"Mademoiselle Du Rhame."

"A French name?"

"Ah, madame, it stands there in the visitor's book," and he pointed to Artemisia Durham, Chicago, U. S. A.

It was not possible for the American lady to fail to observe the interest she excited in the young girls. She saw their heads go together, then fly apart when she appeared; at table she caught their dark eyes watching her, and when they saw that they were noticed, away flew their eyes like scared birds. Miss Durham condescended to look at the girls with a half smile; she did not object to their admiration, and she did not court it.

What was more remarkable than the interest awakened in those children was that which she certainly aroused in Salome. There was a something, a mystery, a fascination in the woman that held Salome and drew her toward the stranger. She felt that this woman was her reverse in every particular, a woman with experience and knowledge of the world, with a power of making herself agreeable when she chose, and to whomsoever she chose. Salome had spent her life in a very narrow sphere, had made few acquaintances, had not had wide interests, and though she was well educated, had no extended range of ideas. Her position had ever been uncertain; she had been neither a member of the lower artisan class nor accepted as an equal by those belonging to the upper class—that is the employing class in Mergatroyd. Her mother had been housekeeper to Mr. Pennycomequick, and consequently she had not been received as a lady by such as regarded themselves as the ladies of Mergatroyd—the manufacturers' wives and daughters, and those of the doctor, and the solicitor, and the parson. This ambiguity of position had in one manner made her strong and independent in character, but in another, timid and reserved. Where she knew she had duties to perform, there she acted without hesitation, but in social matters, in everything connected with life in the cultured world, with its fashions and etiquettes, she was doubtful and uncomfortable. She was now in the presence of a woman who moved with self-consciousness and assurance in that very sphere in which Salome was bewildered; consequently she watched Miss Durham with wonder, interest, and a desire to know her, and wrest her secret from her. That she was a good woman and worth knowing, deserving of confidence and regard, Salome never doubted. Guileless herself, she believed everyone else to be without guile.

When Janet Baynes thought that the girls had been too forward, almost discourteous, in staring at the stranger, she looked apologetically at Miss Durham, who met the look with a smile that said, plainly as words, "Allow them to stare at me—it amuses them and does not hurt me—they may profit by a study of me. Queens of beauty, of fashion, of wealth expect to be looked at." Then Mrs. Baynes smiled in reply, and her smile said: "Indeed, I cannot wonder at these girls admiring you, for you are deserving of admiration."

Whether this conversation of glances would have gone any further may be doubted, had it not been that the French-speaking waiter who had attended on the ladies, disappeared. Whether he was taken ill, or whether, caught doing wrong, he had been dismissed, or whether he had been enticed elsewhere by a higher wage, nobody knew and nobody cared to ask. Waiters are no more thought about by guests than are the mules and horses employed on expeditions. He was succeeded by a German, or German-Swiss who could not speak French, and only an unintelligible English; and the demoiselles Labarte and Madame Baynes on principle would not have asked for a bit of bread in German had they known how to do so. Salome knew little or no German, and the ladies were in difficulties. Claudine was out of sorts—somewhat feverish, but nothing serious—and her aunt advised that she should drink orgeat instead of claret. The waiter was puzzled. "Acn! eine Drehorgel. Freilich, freilich, bestelle gleich," and he rushed off to find an organ grinder with a marmot.

Then Miss Durham good-naturedly interfered, allayed the perplexities of the ladies at the inherent Teutonic stupidity which never can do right, and ordered what was really required.

The orgeat broke the ice, conversation began, and next day the American lady was seated at the same table as the Labartes, with Salome and Janet. It would be impossible for the latter to get on with the stupid, stubborn German waiter, unassisted by someone who was able to speak and understand the language of barbarians. At first there was but the exchange of ordinary courtesies, but now that the three girls were able to speak to the stranger, they hardly contained their attentions within ordinary bounds; they rivaled each other who should gain pre-eminent favor with the lady who wore such charming toilettes.

The girls were triumphant; they had formed the acquaintance; that was the one advantage that grew out of a German waiter; Salome was pleased she could now learn of this brilliant, accomplished woman; and Janet was satisfied because she was feeling dull herself, and wanted a lively companion to relieve the tedium.

Miss Durham had plenty to say for herself. She was clever, amusing, interesting. She had seen much of the world—knew most watering places, baths and health resorts in Europe. The meals, which had passed somewhat heavily before, now became quite full of liveliness. Janet brisked up, felt better in health and looked quite well, proposed excursions and schemed picnics. The whole party now found so much to talk about that they were reluctant to leave the table, suddenly a pallor and tremor came over Mrs. Baynes. She looked up. Beaple Yeo was standing, white hat in hand, with the puggary trailing on the floor, near the table.

"I take the liberty," he said; "introduce me."

Janet looked at Salome, and Salome at Janet.

"I see," said Yeo; "my relatives are in doubt how to introduce me while my claim is being presented in the Upper House. Call me Colonel Yeo, of the Bengal Heavy Dragoons. Hang my title! I shall find the coronet heavy enough when it is fitted to my brow; the eight pearls—eight pearls; and as many strawberry leaves—strawberry leaves. I will not assume my title till it is adjudged to me by the House of Lords. You know your history of England. The attainder was for rebellion, and I now reassert my claim to the Earldom of Schofield."

"And I," said the American lady, "am Artemisia Durham, of Chicago."

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONDAY.)

DOMESTIC MARKETS.

Eggs Firm, Country Butter Easy, Creamery Active.

HOME STRAWBERRIES IN DEMAND.

Light Cereal Supplies---Warehouses Are Unusually Bare.

SUGAR ONCE MORE GOES UP HIGHER

OFFICE OF PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SATURDAY, June 8, 1889.

Country Produce—Jobbing Prices.

Eggs are still firm and demand is active at outside quotations tor entirely reliable stock. Country butter is dull. Creamery holds its own. Old potatoes are higher and firm. New potatoes are drifting toward a lower level. Tomatoes have been very scarce for a few days past. Florida crop is done, and more northerly belts fail to show up with stuff. Home grown strawberries begin to appear, but not in sufficient quantity to meet demand. Maryland berries are coming in in poor shape owing to delay of trains caused by floods. Stuff was well cleaned up along Liberty street at noon to-day, and much more could have been sold.

BUTTER—Creamery, Elgin, 19@20c; Ohio do, 17@18c; fresh dairy packed, 14@15c; country rolls, 13@14c; Chartiers Creamery Co., 19c.

BEANS—$1 75@1 90.

BEESWAX—28@30c ⅌ ℔ for choice; low grade, 18@20c.

CIDER—Sand refined, $6 50@7 50; common, $3 50@4 00; crab cider, $8 00@8 50 ⅌ barrel; cider vinegar, 10@12c ⅌ gallon.

CHEESE—New Ohio cheese, 9c; New York, new, 10½@11c; Limburger, 8@9c; domestic Sweitzer cheese, 9½@12½c.

CALIFORNIA FRUITS—California peaches, $4 00@4 50 ⅌ box; cherries, $3 00; apricots, $4 00@4 50; plums, $4 00@4 50.

APPLES—Fancy, $5@5 25 ⅌ bushel; split do, 2½@3½c ⅌ ℔.

EGGS—14½@15c ⅌ dozen for strictly fresh; goose eggs, 30c ⅌ dozen.

FRUITS—Evaporated raspberries, 25c ⅌ ℔; cranberries, $9@9 ⅌ barrel, 50c@$1 ⅌ bushel; strawberries, 8@15c ⅌ quart; pine apples, $1 25@1 75 ⅌ dozen.

FEATHERS—Extra live geese, 50@60c; No. 1 do, 40@45c; mixed lots, 30@35c ⅌ ℔.

HONEY—New crop, 15@17c; buckwheat, 13@15c.

HOMINY—$2 65@2 75 ⅌ barrel.

POTATOES—45@50c ⅌ bushel; new Southern potatoes, $3 75@4 50 ⅌ barrel.

POULTRY—Live chickens, 65@75c per pair; dudrawn chickens, 10@12c ⅌ ℔; drawn, 14@15c ⅌ ℔; turkeys, 15c dressed ⅌ ℔; ducks, live, 60@70c ⅌ pair; dressed, 13@14c ⅌ ℔; geese, live, $1 00@1 25 ⅌ pair.

SEEDS—Clover, choice, 62 ℔s to bushel, $5 60 ⅌ bushel; clover, large English, 62 ℔s, $6 00; clover, Aliske, $8 50; clover, white, $9 00; timothy, choice, 45 ℔s, $1 65; blue grass, extra clean, 14 ℔s, 99c; blue grass, fancy, 14 ℔s, $1 00; orchard grass, 14 ℔s, $1 25; red top, 14 ℔s, $1 25; millet, 50 ℔s, $1 00; German millet, 50 ℔s, $1 50; Hungarian grass, 60 ℔s, $1 00; lawn grass, mixture of fine grasses, $2 50 per bushel of 14 ℔s.

TALLOW—Country, 4½@5c; city rendered, 5@5½c.

TROPICAL FRUITS—Lemons, fancy, $5 50@6 00 ⅌ box; Messina oranges, $4 50@5 50 ⅌ box; Valencia oranges, fancy, $7 50@9 00 ⅌ case; bananas, $3 00, firsts; $2 00, good seconds. ⅌ bunch; cocoanuts, $4 00@5 00 ⅌ hundred; new figs, 8½@9c ⅌ pound; dates, 5½@6½c ⅌ pound.

VEGETABLES—Radishes, 25@30c ⅌ dozen; marrowfat peas, $2 25 ⅌ crate; new cabbage, two-barrel crates, $2 50@3 00; Bermuda onions, $1 15@1 25 ⅌ bushel; string beans, $2 00; tomatoes, $3 00@3 50 ⅌ bushel.

Groceries.

A rise in sugars has come a second time this week. Fruit preserving time has come and the effect is already seen in strong sugar markets.

GREEN COFFEE—Fancy Rio, 22@23c; choice Rio, 20@21c; prime Rio, 20c; fair Rio, 18½@19c; old Government Java, 27c; Maracaibo, 22@23c; Mocha, 30½@31½c; Santos, 19@22½c; Caracas coffee, 20½@22c; peaberry, Rio, 21@22c; Laguayra, 21@22c.

ROASTED (in papers)—Standard brands, 24c; high grades, 26@28c; old Government Java, bulk, 33½@33½c; Maracaibo, 27½@28½c; Santos, 22@24c; peaberry, 27c; peaberry Santos, 22@24c; choice Rio, 25½c; prime Rio, 23; good Rio, 22½c; ordinary, 21½c.

SPICES (whole)—Cloves, 21@25c; allspice, 9c; cassia, 8@9c; pepper, 19c; nutmeg, 70@80c.

PETROLEUM (jobbers' prices)—110° test, 7c; Ohio, 120°, 8½c; headlight, 150°, 8½c; water white, 10½c; globe, 12c; elaine, 15c; carnadine, 11½c; royaline, 14c.

SYRUP—Corn syrups, 26@29c; choice sugar syrup, 33@36c; prime sugar syrup, 30@33c; strictly prime, 33@35c; new maple syrup, 90c.

N. O. MOLASSES—Fancy, 48c; choice, 46c; medium, 43c; mixed, 40@42c.

SODA—Bi-carb in kegs, 3½@4c; bi-carb in ¼s, 5¼c; bi-carb, assorted packages, 5¼@6c; sal-soda in kegs, 1½c; do granulated, 2c.

CANDLES—Star, full weight, 9c; stearine, per set, 8½c; paraffine, 11@12c.

RICE—Head, Carolina, 7@7½c; choice, 6½@7c; prime, 5½@6¼c; Louisiana, 5@6¼c.

STARCH—Pearl, 3c; cornstarch, 5½@7c; gloss starch, 5½@7c.

FOREIGN FRUITS—Layer raisins, $2 65; London layers, $3 10; California London layers, $2 50; Muscatels, $2 25; California Muscatels, $1 85; Valencia, new, 6@7c; Ondara Valencia, 7½@8c; sultana, 8½c; currants, new, 4½@5c; Turkey prunes, new, 4½@5c; French prunes, 8½@13c; Salonica prunes, in 5-lb packages, 8c; cocoanuts, per 100, $6 00; almonds, Lan., per ℔, 20c; do Ivica, 19c; do shelled, 40c; walnuts, nap., 12½@15c; Sicily filberts, 12c; Smyrna figs, 12@16c; new dates, 5½@6c; Brazil nuts, 10c; pecans, $1@1 50; peanuts, 4@6c; lemon peel, per ℔, 13@14c; orange peel, 12½c.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, per ℔, 6c; apples, evaporated, 6½@6¾c; apricots, California, evaporated, 15@18c; peaches, evaporated, pared, 22@28c; peaches, California, evaporated, unp