



CHAPTER VI CONTINUED.

Once a sort of heathen as Mrs. Francis Armour had been, she still could grasp the situation with considerable clearness.

Thrown upon the mere resources of wit and language, Mrs. Francis Armour must have been at a disadvantage for Lady Haldwell had a good gift of speech, a pretty talent for epigram and no unnecessary tenderness.

Behind Lady Haldwell's visit curiosity chiefly ran. She was in a way sorry for Frank Armour, for she had been fond of him after a fashion, always fonder of him than of Lord Haldwell.

Presently Lady Haldwell said, as Lall gave her hand: "I am Lady Haldwell. As Miss Sherwood I was an old friend of your husband."

A scornful glitter came into Mrs. Armour's eyes—a peculiar touch as of burnished gold, an effect of the light at a certain angle of the lens.

"I never heard my husband speak of you. Will you sit down?"

"And Mrs. Armour and Marion are not in? No, I suppose your husband did not speak much of his old friends."

"The attack was studied and cruel. But Lady Haldwell had been stung by Mrs. Armour's remark, and it piqued her that this was possible."

"Oh, yes, he spoke of some of his friends, but not of you."

"Indeed! That is strange."

"There was no necessity," said Mrs. Armour quietly.

"Of discussing me? I suppose not. But by some chance?"

"It was just as well perhaps not to anticipate the pleasure of our meeting."

Lady Haldwell was surprised. She had not expected this cleverness. They



Lady Haldwell presently rose and said goodby.

talked casually for a little time, the visitor trying in vain to delicately give the conversation a personal turn.

"So old a friend of your husband as I am, I am hopeful you and I may be friends also."

Mrs. Armour saw the move. "You are very kind," she said conventionally and offered a cup of tea.

Lady Haldwell now ventured unwisely. She was nettled at the other's self-possession.

"But then in a way I have been your friend for a long time, Mrs. Armour."

The point was veiled in a vague tone, but Mrs. Armour understood. Her reply was not wanting.

"Any one who has been a friend to my husband has naturally claimed upon me."

Lady Haldwell, in spite of herself,

chafed. There was a subtlety in the woman before her not to be reckoned with lightly.

"And if an enemy?" she said, smiling.

A strange smile also flickered across Mrs. Armour's face as she said, "If an enemy of my husband called and was penitent, I should—offer her tea, no doubt."

"That is, in this country, but in your own country, which, I believe, is different, what would you do?"

Mrs. Armour looked steadily and coldly into her visitor's eyes. "In my country enemies do not compel us to be polite."

"By calling on you?" Lady Haldwell was growing a little reckless. "But then that is a savage country. We are different here. I suppose, however, your husband told you of these things, so that you were not surprised. And when does he come? His stay is protracted. Let me see, how long is it? Ah, yes, near four years." Here she became altogether reckless, which she regretted afterward, for she knew after all what was due herself. "He will come back, I suppose."

Lady Haldwell was no coward, else she had hesitated before speaking in that way before this woman, in whose blood was the wildness of the heretic north. Perhaps she guessed the passion in Lall's breast, perhaps not. In any case she would have said what she listed at the moment.

Wild as were the passions in Lall's breast, she thought on the instant of her child, of what Richard Armour would say, for he had often talked to her about not showing her emotions and passions, had told her that violence of all kinds was not wise or proper.

Her fingers ached to grasp this beautiful, exasperating woman by the throat. But after an effort at calmness she remained still and silent, looking at her visitor with a scornful dignity. Lady Haldwell presently rose. She could not endure the furnace of that look, and said good-by. She turned toward the door. Mrs. Armour remained immovable. At that instant, however, some one stepped from behind a large screen just inside the door. It was Richard Armour. He was pale, and on his face was a sternness the like of which this and perhaps only one other woman had ever seen on him. He interrupted her.

"Lady Haldwell has a fine talent for irony," he said, "but she does not always use it wisely. In a man it would bear another name, and from a man it would be differently received." He came close to her. "You are a brave woman," he said, "or you would have been more careful. Of course you knew that my mother and sister were not at home."

She smiled languidly. "And why of course?"

"I do not know that. Only I know that I think so, and I also think that my brother Frank's worst misfortune did not occur when Miss Julia Sherwood trafficked without compunction in his happiness."

"Don't be oracular, my dear Richard Armour," she said. "You are trying really. This seems almost melodramatic, and melodrama is bad enough in Drury lane."

"You are not a good friend even to yourself," he answered.

"What a discoverer you are! And how much in earnest! Do come back to the world, Mr. Armour. You would be a relief, a new sensation."

"I fancy I shall come back if only to see the engineer hoist with his own torpedo."

He paused before the last word to give it point, for her husband's father had made his money out of torpedoes. She felt the sting in spite of her, and she saw the point. "And then we will talk it over at the end of the season," he added, "and compare notes. Good afternoon."

"You stake much on your hazards," she said, glancing back at Lall, who still stood immovable. "Au revoir!"

She left the room. Richard heard the door close after her and the servant retired. Then he turned to Lall.

"As he did so, she ran forward to him, with a cry. 'Oh, Richard, Richard!' she said, with a sob, threw her arms over his shoulder and let her forehead drop on his breast. Then came a sudden impulse in his blood. Long after he shuddered when he remembered what he thought at that instant; what he wished to do; what rich madness possessed him. He knew now why he had come to town. He also knew why he must not stay, or, if staying, what must be his course."

He took her gently by the arm and led her to a chair, speaking cheerily to her. Then he sat down beside her, and all at once again, her face wet and burning, she flung herself forward on her knees beside him and clung to him.

"Oh, Richard, I am glad you have come," she said. "I would have killed her if I had not thought of you. I want you to stay. I am always better when you are with me. I have missed you, and I know that baby misses you too."

He had his cue. He rose, trembling a little. "Come, come," he said heartily. "It's all right, it's all right—my sister. Let us go and see the youngster. There, dry your eyes and forget all about that woman. She is only envious of you. Come, for his imperial highness."

She was in a truce of feeling. It was seldom that she had shown emotion in the past two years, and it was the more ample when it did break forth. But she dried her eyes, and together they went to the nursery. She dismissed the nurse, and they were left alone by the sleeping child. She knelt at the head of the little cot and touched the child's forehead with her lips. He stooped down also beside it.

"He's a grand little fellow," he said. "Lall," he continued presently, "it is time Frank came home. I am going to write for him. If he does not come at once, I shall go and fetch him."

"Never! Never!" Her eyes flashed angrily. "Promise that you will not. Let him come when he is ready. He does not care."

"But he will care when he comes, and you—you care for him, Lall."

Again she shuddered, and a whiteness ran under the red excitement of her cheeks. She said nothing, but looked up at him, then dropped her face in her hands.

"You do care for him, Lall," he said earnestly, almost tearfully, his lips twitching slightly. "You must care for him. It is his right. And he will—I swear to you I know he will—care for you."

In his own mind there was another thought, a hard, strange thought, and it had to do with the possibility of his brother not caring for his wife.

Still she did not speak.

"To a good woman, with a good husband," he continued, "there is no one—there should be no one—like the father of her child. And no woman ever loved her child more than you do yours."

He knew that this was special pleading. She trembled and then dropped her cheek beside the child's. "I want Frank to be happy," he went on. "There is no one I care more for than for Frank."

She lifted her face to him now, in it a strange light. Then her look ran to a confusion, and she seemed to read all that he meant to convey. He knew she did. He touched her shoulder.

"You must do the best you can every way, for Frank's sake, for all our sakes. I will help you—God knows I will—all I can."

"Oh, yes, yes!" she said from the child's pillow. He could see the flame in her cheek. "I understand." She put out her hand to him, but did not look up. "Leave me alone with my baby, Richard," she pleaded.

He took her hand and pressed it again and again in his old, unconscious way. Then he let it go and went slowly to the door. There he turned and looked back at her. He mastered the hot thought in his mind.

"God help me!" she murmured from the cot.

The next morning Richard went back to Greyhope.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Columbus and Queen Isabella.

As it happened, Isabella had no money at hand. Her war with Granada had cost a prodigious sum. She found herself in debt even to her own servants. Political reasons, of great weight with the resolute Ferdinand, who was justly content with the practical results of concentration of power, and economical reasons, of great weight also with the conscientious Isabella, who was most anxious to bring about some system and regularity in her revenues, induced their refusal, in view of the fresh outlays required for the expedition, and of the exaggerated demands for rank and office should the expedition yield its promised results. But to the friends of the discoverer neither of these considerations appeared sufficient to warrant the abandonment and rejection of such marvelous plans.

As soon as Santago heard of the flight of Columbus he went to the queen's chamber and implored her to order him to return, being supported in this by the Marchioness of Moya. And when the queen complained of the exorbitant demands of the discoverer he reminded her that the cost would be but a trifling consideration if the attempt succeeded, and if it failed could be reduced to nothing. Yet in this cogent reasoning the queen objected to the emptiness of the Castilian treasury, and the need of again paying for jewels to raise the means, Santago unhesitatingly assured her of the flourishing state of the Aragonese finances, doubtless because of the revenues yielded by the expedition to the Jews, and of the resources there available, promising at the same time to win over the perplexed and inert mind of Ferdinand the Catholic.

Thereupon messengers were sent post haste, who stopped Columbus at a neighboring bridge some two leagues away and made him turn back to Granada, where, in April, 1492, the articles of agreement known as the capitulations of Santa Fe were signed, granting to Columbus all he asked. Thence he went to Palos.—Emilio Castelar in Century.

ROSES.

With rarest of roses my garden's replete; Red roses, copsest and dewy and sweet; Pale vestal robes born of a prairie; Young blushing pink roses, sweetest to wear; Ruby red roses with deep golden heart; Rose of Ophir, by winds kissed apart; Roses who've folded the sunset's late ray 'Close in their velvety petals away; White roses that hide 'neath a veiling of snow The dainty blush of the pink shell's glow; The dainty blush of the pink shell's glow; Roses illumined with ruddiest gleam; Roses as pure as a young maiden's cheek; Rose cream tinted as foam on the sea; Scarlet lipped roses, caressed by the dew; Starry eyed roses drenched with the dew; Variegated roses, like petals of rain; Jacquemont roses, martial in aisle; Royal blood roses, saffron, the queen; Fair Duchesse roses, with beauty of state; Marchal Nell roses, pompous and great; Roses all yellow with locks of rare gold; Roses that whisper the tale that is old; Roses and roses, gay, feasting and new; But where is my rose love, tender and true? Of all the bright beauty the garden discloses, She blooms in the summer, the queen of the roses.

—Boston Woman's Journal.

LONG STRING of diseases and derangements have their origin in torpor of the liver. Deregulated appetite, constipation, headache, sour stomach, gassy belchings, indigestion, or dyspepsia, are due to sluggish liver.

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Does it not strike you as strange, considering the fact that more than half the coffee consumed in the world is grown in Brazil, that one seldom sees Brazilian coffee advertised? Should you ask your grocer for "best Brazilian" he would not know what to give you.

The reason is because the best coffee grown in Brazil is sold under the name of "Java" and "Mocha," and a large share of the inferior grades are marked "Bourbon" and "Mauritius."

Yet nowadays the latter island produces hardly more than 500 sacks of coffee in a year—a mere drop in the world's big bucket; and Bourbon yields perhaps 6,000 sacks per annum—just about enough to supply the markets of Rio for twenty-four hours.

At least nine-tenths of all the "Mocha" coffee that you drink with such gusto because it costs an extra price is the small, round bean of the Brazilian plant, picked from the tips of the upper branches where the tropic sun has had most chance to infuse richness into it, and afterward "separated" by hand. The fazendeiros (coffee planters) of Brazil, unlike those of Java, do not sell their crops under any special trade mark. Between the fazendeiro and exporter a class of "middlemen," unknown elsewhere, intervene—half bankers, half brokers—locally designated as commissarios, who lower the standard of the crop by mixing different harvests, thus reducing individual producers of all responsibility and depriving the product of its true value.

—Rio de Janeiro Cor. Boston Bulletin.

Make a Beginning.

A good woman in Philadelphia twenty odd years ago asked two or three of her friends to join her in renting a little room where they could meet occasionally to drink a cup of tea and consult together how to help other women whose lot in the world was harder than their own.

Out of that little room has grown the stately New Century club, with its collateral guilds, classes and clubs of working women, which have helped and strengthened many thousands.

Many readers who live in inland towns are bewildered when they visit the cities by the great libraries, hospitals, associations for charity, education or mutual aid, and wish hopelessly they had the same helps to broader and higher life in their own homes.

Let them begin with a little effort, and persist in their good work. Some good will come from every attempt of this kind. The most firmly grounded institutions are those which grew out of poverty slowly, and were not built to order.—Youth's Companion.

Why a Boy Obeys.

"It isn't 'cause, perhaps, he'll get a whipping, mamma," explained a six-year-old, "but 'cause he's 'termed in his mind."

Which delicious bit of child wisdom is referred to parents as a valuable hint. Teach the boy or girl the obedience which remains in his mind, and the battle is over.—New York Times.

Incessant Novel Readers.

The general notion seems to be that girls of from sixteen to twenty form the main audience of the novelist. But we are inclined to think that the real audience consists of young married women sitting at home in the first year of their marriage. They find themselves without any constraint upon their reading—they choose what they will, and they read incessantly.—Yankee Blade.

Killed His Man.

Cowboy—Guess you never killed a man, did ye? Tendeer—Huh, I helped to kill half a dozen of them.

"Here?"

"No. At college."

"Fighting with 'em?"

"No. Initiating them."—New York Weekly.

Matthew Henry's Dying Words.

When about to die Matthew Henry said: "You have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men; this is mine. That a life spent in the service of God and communion with him is the most comfortable and pleasant life that any one can live in the world."

John J. Taylor, of Streator, Ill., once wrote 4,100 words on the blank side of a postal card without artificial aid. The words on that single card if printed in regular newspaper type would fill 2 1/2 columns of any of the great metropolitan dailies.

If you are painting a boat or anything that will be much exposed to the atmosphere, take pains to buy a good paint, made of white lead and linseed oil and other reliable ingredients, from a trustworthy dealer.

In Australia there are caterpillars from six inches to a foot long, and when a young lady has one of them drop on her back hair she says something in a seven octave voice, with a callop attachment rung onto it.

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