# THE SPECTRE OF THE REAL

BY THOS HARDY.

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A certain March night of this present "waning age" had settled down upon the woods and the park and the parapets of Ambrose Towers. The harsh stable clock struck a quarter to ten. Thereupon a girl in light evening attire and wraps came through the entrance hall, opened the front door and the small wrought-iron gate beyond it which led to the terrace, and stepped into the moonlight. Such a person, such a night and such a place were unexceptionable materials for a scene in that poetical drama of two which the world has often beheld; which leads up to a contract that causes a slight sinking in the poetry, and a perceptible

lack of interest in the play. She moved so quietly that the alert birds resting in the great cedar tree never stirred. Flitting across its funereal shadow over many yards of turf, as far as to the Grand Walk, whose pebbles shone like the floor-stones of the Apocalyptic city, she paused and looked back at the old brick walls-red in the daytime, sable now-at the shrouded anullions, the silhouette of the tower,

ness of les influence upon the lower and weaker side of her nature. It gratified him as a man to feel it; and though she was beautiful enough to satisfy the senses of the critical, there was perhaps something of contempt interwoven with his love. His victory had been too easy, too complete.

"Dear Jim, you are not going to be vexed? It really isn't my fault that I can't come out here again! Mother will be downstairs to-morrow, and then she might take it into her head to look at any time into the schoolroom and see how the Harmony gets on."

"And you are going off to London soon?" said Jim, still speaking gloomily. "I am afraid so. But couldn't you come there too? I know your leave is not up for a great many weeks?" He was silent for longer than she had

ever known him at these times. Rosalys left her seat on the bench and threw her arms impulsively round him. "I can't go away unless you will come to London when we do, Jim!" "I will; but on one condition."

"What condition! You frighten me!"



TEAR JIM, YOU ARE NOT GOING TO BE VENED."

though listening rather than seeing seemed her object in coming to the pause. The clammy wings of a bat brushed past her face, startling her and making her shiver a little. The stamping of one or two horses in their stalls surprised her by its distinctness and isolation. The servants' offices were on the other side of the house, and the lady who, with the exception of the girl on the terrace, was its sole occupant, was resting on a sofa behind one of the curtained windows. So Rosalvs went on her way unseen, trod the margin of the lake, and plunged into the distant shrabberies.

The clock had reached ten. As the last stroke of the hour rang out a young man scrambled down the sunk fence bordering the pleasure-ground, leaped the iron railing within, and joined the girl who stood awaiting him. In the half light he could not see how her full underlip trembled or the fire of joy that kindled in hereyes. But perhaps he guessed from daylight experiences, since he passed his arm Therefore, how should I ever have round her shoulders with assurance and kissed her ready mouth many times. Her head still resting against his arms, they walked towards a bench, the rough outlines of which were touched at one end only by the moon's rays. At the dark end the pair sat

"I cannot come again," said the

girl. "This is "This is happened? I thought new. What has happened? I thought you said your mother supposed you to be working at your Harmony, and would never imagine our meeting here?" The voice sounded just a trifle hard for a lover's.

"No, she would not. And I still detest deceiving her. I would do it for no one but you, Jim. But what I meant was this: I feel that it can all lead to nothing. Mother is not a bit more little Rosalys, with that one moon- in 1435, when an act was passed imworldly than most people, but she nat- beam making your forchead like pure posing a tax on every person "seized urally does not want her only child to marry a man who has nothing but the You must go back, my darling, I'm' pay of an officer in the line to live afraid. And you won't fail me in Lonupon. At her death (you know she has don? I shall make all the plans. Goodonly a life interest here) I should have by-good-by!" to go away unless my uncle, who succeeds, chooses to take me to stay with him. I have no fortune of my own beyond a mere pittance. Two hundred a year.'

Jim's reply was something like a sneer at the absent lady: "You may as well add to the practical objection the sentimental one, that she wouldn't allow you to change your fine old crusted name for mine, which is merely the older one of the little freeholder turned out of this spot by your ancestor when he came."

"Dear dear Jim, don't say those horrid things! As if I had ever even

thought of that for a moment!" He shook her hand off impatiently and walked out into the moonlight. Certainly as far as physical outline went he might have been the direct product of a line of Paladins or heredof limb, with an aquiline nose, and a almost motionless watching him.
There was no mistaking the arder of her feelings; her power over him beemed to be lessened by his conscious-

"That you will marry me when I do join you there."

The quick breath that heaved in Rosalvs ebbed silently, and she held on to the rustic bench with one hand, a trembling being apparent in her gar-"You really-mean it, Jim, darling?"

He swore that he did; that life was

quite unendurable to him as he then experienced it. When she was once his wife nothing would come between them; but of course the marriage need not be known for a time-indeed must not. He could not take her abroad. The climate of Burmah would be too trying for her; and, besides, they really would not have enough to live upon. "Couldn't we get on as other people do?" said Rosalys, trying not to ery at these arguments. "I am so tired of concealment, and I don't like to marry. privately! It seems to me, much as I love being with you, that there is a sort of-well-vulgarity in our clandestine meetings, as we now enjoy them.

day after day with the shadow of this secret between us?" For all answer Jim kissed her, and stroked her silky brown curls.

strength enough to hide the fact of my

being your wife, to face my mother

"I suppose I shall end in agreeing with you-I always do!" she said, her mouth quivering. "Though I can be very dogged and obstinate, too, Jim! Do you know that all my governesses have said I was the most stubborn child they ever came across? But 6s. 8d., or, if they had no land, 3s. 4d. then, in that case, my temper must be really aroused. You have never seen of London was rated as an earl, alderme as I am when angry. Perhaps, Jim, you would get to hate me." She looked at him wistfully with wet

eyes.
"I shall never cease to love you desperately as I do now!" declared the young man. "How lovely you look, white marble. But time is passing.

One clinging, intermittent kiss, and then from the shadow in which he stood Jim watched her light figure of Amiens, Addington repealed it on the passing the lake, and hurrying along in the shelter of the yew hedges towards the great house, asleep under reaching deeps of sky and the vacant haze of the round white moon.

When clouds are iron-gray above the prim drab houses, and a hard cast wind blows flakes of dust, stable straws, scraps of soiled newspaper and sharp pieces of grit into the eyes of foot passengers, a less inviting and romantie dwelling spot than Eaton place can hardly be experienced.

But the prince's daughter of the Canticles, emerging from her palace to see the vine flourish and the pomegranates bud forth with her beloved, itary Crusaders. He was tall, straight | could not have looked more unconscious of crime than Rosalys Ambrose, mouth fitfully scornful. Rosalys sat as she came down the steps of one

made up her mind, "qualms of predence, pride and pelt" had died within her passionate little heart. After to-day she would belong absolutely to Jim, be his alone, through all the eternities, as it seemed; and of what account was anything else in the world? The entirely physical character of his affection for her,



AFTER TO-DAY SHE WOULD BELONG TO

and perhaps of hers for him, was an unconjectured element herein which might not render less transitory the most transitory of sweet things. Thus hopefully she stepped out of the commonplace home that would, in one sense, be hers no more.

The raw wind whistled up the street, and deepened the color on her face. She was plainly dressed in gray, and wore a rather thick veil, natural to the dusty day; it could not, however, con- the amnesty of the Irish "political" ceal the sparkle of her eyes; veils, to take her to the corner of the Embankment.

In the midst of her preoccupation she noticed as the cab turned the corner ort of Eaton place that the bony chestnut horse went lame. Rosalys was superstitious as well as tenderhearted, and she deemed that some stroke of ill-luck might befall if she drove to be married behind a suffering animal. She alighted and paid off the man, and in her excitement gave him three times his fare. Hurrying forward on foot she heard her name called, and received a cordial greeting from a tall man with gray whiskers, in whom she recognized Mr. Durrant, Jim's father. It occurred to her for a second that he might have discovered the plot and have lain in wait to prevent it. However, he spoke in his usual half-respectful, half-friendly tones, not noticing her frightened face. Mr. Durrant was a busy man. Besides holding several very important land agencies in the county where Rosalys lived, he had business in the city to transact at times. He explained to Miss Ambrose that some urgent affairs he was supervising for a elient of his, Lord Parkhurst, had now brought him up to London for a few

"Yes. A thorough sailor. Mostly afloat," Mr. Durrant replied. "Wellwe're rather out of the way in Porchester terrace. Otherwise my wife would be so pleased if you would come to tea, Miss Ambrose? My son Jim, lazy young beggar, is up here now, too -going to plays and parties. Well, well, it's natural he should like to amuse himself before he leaves for Burmah, poor boy. Are you looking for a hansom? Yes? Hi!" and he waved his stick.

"Thank you so much," said Miss Ambrose. "And I will tell mamma where you and Mrs. Durrant are staving." She was surprised at her own com-

posure. Her unconscious father-inlaw elect helped her into the cab, took off his hat, and walked rapidly away. Rosalys felt her heart stand still when she drew up at the place of meeting. She saw Jim, very blooming and very well dressed, awaiting her, outwardly calm, at any rate. He jumped into her vehicle and they drove on city-wards.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sulphur stone pins. Davidow Bros. ORIGIN OF THE INCOME TAX.

Some Interesting History Concerning the

Tax on Thrift. The origin of the income tax is interesting. In England in 1377 a "tax unheard of before" was imposed by parliament, which took the form of a poll tax, graduated chiefly according to rank, though partly according to property. Dukes had to pay f6 13s. dd.; earls, f4; barons, f2; knights, f1; squires, Beggars were exempt. The lord mayor men of London and mayors of other towns as barons. Yet the whole amount collected was under £25,000.

The poll tax having falled, the country reverted to the previous system of granting fifteenths and tenths. The first indication of an income tax occurs of manors, lands, tenements, rents, annuities, offices, or any other posses-sions." But, although we have here the idea of income tax, yet this mode of raising revenue is generally considered to have been introduced by Pitt in 1799. The rate was 10 per cent., and it produced about £6,000,000. After the peace ground that it ought to be exclusively reserved for times of war, but re-imposed it for the same reason, when the war broke out again in the following

It was very unpopular and was repealed in 1806, as soon as possible after the close of the great war. The tax was re-imposed by Peel in 1842 for four years, his object being "to relieve trade and commerce from the trammels by which they were bound" by repealing other taxes in his opinion more injurious.

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From Harper's Bazar. Mr. Biddleby-"What's that cur'us buildin' over thar to the left, mister?" The Policeman-"Thot's Castle Gar-

Mrs. Biddleby-"An' air you the gar-

Richard Willis

spondent Across the Pond.

POLITICAL SITUATION

Important Events in "Sassiety"-Sensational Exposures in Theosophy-Annie Besant on the Gridiron-W. S. Gitbert's Latest Production.

special Correspondence of The Tribune. London, Nov. 4, '94. "The czar is dead, long live the czar!" After the most intense suffering we learn that Alexander III, one of the strongest and strangest men of the tear a pack of cards in two and bend a painter; the other joined together the rouble with his fingers-died wrecked Marquis of Hamilton, eldest son of the in body though strong in mind. What Duke of Abercorn and godson of Ted-Americans and Britishers alike will dy's-I beg pardon-I mean the Prince most admire about the man is the of Wales and Lady Rosalind Cecilia marvelous pluck he showed. He was Caroline Bingham, the Earl of Lucan's in danger of his life during the whole only daughter. It required three clergy of his existence and when dying looked men to unite so many names and the through important dispatches and bride—it is instructive to note—wore documents. We all die in the same Brussels lace that her ma way. Kings and beggars, emperors and wore when she was married. The soof all the Russians sighed away his of her dress, but the following about breath in his wife's arms with his famfather was, Europe will rest in peace, and at rapid calculation possessed

Last Monday a deputation representing the Dublin corporation, in accordance with a resolution recently passed by that body, visited John Morley with a view to urging him to bring his influprisoners. Amongst others the mayor, had determined not to set these murderers and maimers at liberty. He special elemency, but he promised to there will be a libel action sure. faithfully report what they had put forward, and added: "If it should apfull satisfaction of Irish feeling-then, produced with instantaneous success. and not befor,e as I said in 1892-I, for The book is as good as any this clever has been asking in the nineteenth century, "What has become of home rule?" Then again Mr. Healy roundly abuses unfairly by being compared with the everyone and finishes up by asking for work of the master Sullivan, but it is away with the peers plecemeal and ful. Among the actors and actresses crushing the power of "the bitterest are many old favorites, Grossmith makenemy of the Irish people." No, no, ing a most welcome re-appearance on but he has a peculiar way of putting it into force. Unity is what the patriots McIntosh, John C. Hay and last, but well, God help Ireland!

The premier has spoken, and has opera more readily than they did to spoken pretty freely, too. It was at "Utopia," and it will be over the pond Bradford, in Yorkshire, that Lord Rose- before very long. How is this for a "Lord Parkhurst is away?" she bery delivered a vigorous speech before asked, to say something. "I hear of a large and unusually enthusiastic au- the practical joker: him sometimes through his uncle, Col. dience. The whole of the peroration "No fun compare with easy chairs whose He hinted strongly at an early dissolu-tion. "What?" he asked. "What will be the question of lower particles of lower people's backs. be the question at issue next election.

The liquor bill? I think not Home plnt of fat black beetles; The liquor bill? I think not. Home rule? I think not. No, I think the question that will decide whether the other questions will come through their And cobbler's wax for ladies' skirts, ordeals successfully or not will be And slimy slugs on bed room floors, whether the lords are to retain their present power, or whether that power shall be crushed. Liberal governments have no chance as long as an irresponsible house of peers remains to mutilate every bill they send up," said the premier. "The result of this is that the people of England cry 'Oh, these

> any bill relating to finance." We have not yet come across them, but game this season, and proves himself hope to. On Hampstead Heath-the re- a dashing player. If his ankle does not sort beloved by Cockneys and their play him any tricks, he will assuredly from a scent tube over 'Liza, wears her also a record. The Rugby union is hats and "shoves her abart" for love- making vigorous efforts to free amathere is a tumulus, and for years anti- teurs ranks of the many pseudo-profesquarians have been itching to get to sionals it undoubtedly contains. British museum, has at length obtained | to be taken and trouble is sure to ensue. permission to excavate and the work is now going on. Up to the present the warrior queen's shin and other bones have not been found, and Mr. Read is unkind enough to say that he does'nt believe Boadey was buried there at all! Although he is inclined to think some "other fellers" may be.

> A remarkable discovery has been made the mud is a foot deep in most parts, at Lough Neagh, where an ancient boat and we've just bought nice new patent embedded under five feet of dense black shoes, too. It's very annoying. bog, and measuring 23 ft. long, 4 ft. wide in the center and tapering to 2 ft. 9 in. at each end, has been dug up. The boat is cut out of solid black oak with inclined foot rests for the oarsmen, grooves for the seats, etc., etc. The remains of a pair of oars were also found. The boat was evidently used at a very remote period in traversing in all directions this extensive and off-times stump this fall, I should say you ought to tions this extensive and oft-times stormy inland sea. The boat will be presented to the museum.

To what extent will credulity go? Well, it is a hard question to answer. An extraordinary case came before the court this week where a servant girl of smart appearance appealed for an affiliation order against a Mr. Howarth. There was some lovely lying in the case and Mr. Howarth underwent a very severe cross-examination, He denied writing the girl letters, he denied that Mrs. H. was a fortune teller, denied answering the door to admit carriage folk, in fact, he gave an angry No! to everything. But, alas, Mrs. H. was out of court, and when she appeared counsel elicited the facts that letters had passed. She did tell fortunes and practice clairvoyance and that many carriages did stop at the door. In spite of this, she described herself as a "copy-ist and corrector for the press." She also proved a perfectly beautiful liar, and between the two of them there is trouble ahead. The names of many fashionable callers are likely to come out and their ignorance will be exposed It is said that a great number of carriages have deposited their occupants into Mrs. Howarth's dwelling, and there is "going to be some fun, sure."

There is an old lady in London, Mrs. Cathcart by name, who spends all of her time and most of her money in the

law courts. She has never done any good for herself yet and now attends to bother the unfortunate justices as Mirrors London much as possible. She prepared an Interesting Lefter from Our Corresponds at the difficult position the lord justice must find himself in as being a brother-in-law to Mr. Leale, who was a friend of her own trustee. It would make it difficult for him to decide against his own friend, she pointed out, and suggested that the case should be sent to another court. Mr. Justice laughed-aye! laughed! "I am not a brother-in-law of Mr. Leale and never ffeard of him," he said. "Then your pedigree is all wrong," said Mrs. Cathcart, "for I looked it all up; I must look fnto this." Mr. Lindley said he was sorry, and to give her plenty of time he dismissed her application.

There have been two marriages in "sassiety." The one accounted for the nineteenth century-a man who could youngest son of Sir John Millais, the We read that the mighty czar ciety papers get about six columns out ily around him. The eyes of the world and was covered with orange blossoms, are on Russia and its new emperor and there was a long court train which if he proves the man that his august swept quite a large portion of the aisle, about ninety-eight folds. There, now! As far as politics go Ireland still occupies by far the most attention, and honorable somebody-or-others, and all Erin's agitators and "patriots" are wore-oh, bother! The Prince and making matters exceedingly lively. Princess of Wales would have been present but for their sudden departure for Livadia.

"Sensational exposures" are the order of the day and Annie Besant is the ence to bear upon the government for central figure in the most recent showup. A series of articles are appearing nightly entitled "Isls Very Much Uneven thick ones, happily, never do. Hailing a hansom, she told the driver of Dublin attended to "persuade" hon- osophy" of course. Madame Blavatest John. Mr. Morley's reply was sky gets very hard hit and the magic straightforward and to the point; he Mahatmas get shown up (although they pointed out that not only he himself, have never shown up yet!) Several but the whole of the existing cabinet chapters and a number of long words are devoted to the versatile Annie, and unless the articles are substantially recognized no claim on their part to true-they are certainly very warm!-

W. S. Gilbert is very much before the pear when the time comes that the re- public just now. A new piece from his lease of these men is a condition of a pen, with lyrics by Dr. Carr, has been one, shall be ready to consider the ques- wit has written, which is saying a great tion which you have now brought be- deal. It is full of quaint Gilbertisms fore me, with every desire to make con- and hits at present day society, all in cessions to a current of popular senti- good taste, but none the less biting. ment in Ireland." Then Mr. Redmond The play turns on practical jokes, the joker of course being badly left in the last act. The composer suffers very unity, whilst Mr. Dillon is for doing clever and original and decidedly tune-Mr. Healy's notion is the correct one, the scene of old triumphs. Jessie Bond, require and until they do act together certainly not least, Rutland Barrington and that tremendous woman, Alice Barnett. Americans will take to this sample? It is a verse from the song of

And treakle on a chair will make Then sharp tin tacks, and pocket squirts,

And bed room jugs on open doors.

Then the pleasure is so cheap-If you commence with eighteen pence, it's You may command a pleasant and a most instructive day."

Football is going very strongly, and, already, the coming struggles between people are no good, turn them out,' and | the rival 'varsities are causing specuout' goes the Liberal government in lation and attention. A far as paper consequence. In any case," concluded form goes, Oxford should win both his lordship, "the house of commons matches. That versatile young sportsmust possessalone the means of passing man, who competed against Yale--C. B. Fry-who has won his "blue" at athletics, cricket and association football, We are looking for Boadicea's bones. has turned his attention to the Rugby "donars," where 'Arry squirts water gain his fourth "blue" this year, and the bottom of it. Mr. Read, of the Prompt and harsh measures will have

Fox and other hunting is in full swing. there being 156 packs of fox-hounds, 114 harriers, and 17 of staghounds running in England alone. Ireland number respectively 20, 28 and 6, and Scotland, 10, 2 and 0, these numbers proving how popular hunting is in our little empire. Goodday? No!itisn't, it's a beastly day; While on the subject of excavations, all the days are beastly just now, and

Training. From the Washington Star.

"Maria," said the rural candidate. "If I'm defeated in this campaign-and, of course, there's always a risk in politicswhee do you red on I'll do for a living" 'I can't say exactly; but from the trainmake a first-rate auctioneer.

The Poet Interpreted. From the Washington Star. "Don't you think our new postoffice will be a work of art?" said the man who struggles to keep his local pride up to

concert pitch.
"M-yes." replied the person who quotes. "Especially when you consider that art is long and time is fleeting."

SOME TIME.

Last night, my darling, as you slept, I thought I heard you sigh, And to your little crib I crept, And watched a space thereby; And then I stooped and kissed your brow, For oh! I love you so-You are too young to know it now, But some time you shall know.

Some time when, in a darkened place Where others come to weep, Your eyes shall look upon a face Calm in eternal sleep. And then I stooped and kissed your brow,
The patient smile shall show—
You are too young to know if now, But some time you may know.

Look backward, then, into the years, And see me here tonight— See, O my darling! how my tears Are falling as I write; And feel once more on your brow

The kiss of long ago—
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.
—Eugene Field in Chicago Record.



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