



By ANTHONY HOPE. (Copyright, 1897, by A. H. Hawkins.)

SYNOPSIS.

Marcia Nettleton, a young widow, and her brother-in-law, Fred Nettleton, are stopping in the country, in England, with the latter's mother. They plan to spend three days' holiday excursion to a distant point. On the evening of the second day out in a heavy rain, and ten miles from an inn, Fred's bicycle goes down. Marcia goes on, intending to send a trap for him, but misses the way. She comes to a house, rings and is received by its mistress, a good-looking young man. By a misunderstanding he supposes that her companion left behind by her husband, and by way of a jest she falls to correct the error. She is shown to a room where a maid and all the necessities of a toilet are in readiness. After changing her dress, she goes down stairs and finds a young man, who introduces himself as Noel Forrester, having apparently arrived at an arrival in an automobile, and Forrester tells Mrs. Nettleton that it is "Celeste," who is expected. Celeste enters, and proves to be a handsome young girl. Mrs. Nettleton and Celeste appear suspicious of each other, and some embarrassment follows. It is announced that Fred has reached the inn, and he appears the next morning. He betrays the fact that he is Marcia's brother-in-law, and not her husband, to Marcia's confusion. Forrester, however, keeps silence. Fred and Marcia leave the Forrester house, Celeste not appearing. Two years later Fred writes Marcia that he has fallen in love with a Miss Vincent. Marcia goes to his mother's town house, and discovers a photograph of Celeste, signed "Celestine Vincent" on his mother's name. She resolves to break off the match. She obtains Miss Vincent's address from Fred casually, calls on her and threatens to expose her. Miss Vincent replies good-naturedly and runs out laughing. Noel Forrester comes in. Marcia reproaches him for having a hand in the matter, and he reminds her that she played a false part on the bicycle trip, also. She sends the companion, but finally agrees to forgive him, at his request.

PART VI.

Fred was not at home when Marcia arrived; indeed he had the good fortune not to appear at all before lunch, thus escaping a very trying interview. Marcia took her meal in solitary misery, conscious that poor Fred, still deluded, still undecisive, still endeavoring to find happiness at the Tancent Terrace. Surely Noel Forrester would not have the effrontery to be present! Yet who could so bound to his effrontery? It seemed to be of that unconscious kind which makes one ignore the duties of propriety and the voice of shame. He was mad, he must be mad; but Celeste was simply wicked. Mrs. Nettleton defined this difference between them quite distinctly and definitely as she drank her coffee. Then she went to Fred's room, removed Celeste's portrait to a remote corner, and sat down to read her Morning Post; after breakfast her agitation and her early start had combined to render a proper study of that journal impossible. As she read, a brougham drove up to her door and three people got out. One of them opened the door with a latch-key and admitted his companions. The

ing more was audible from the inside of the room. Then the three held a whispered conversation; the result was that two of them fled downstairs again, leaving the third in a watchful attitude by the door. He bent and listened again. Another rattle met his ear. Mrs. Nettleton was turning the Morning Post again. "She must have got to the page now," he muttered, and he smiled joyously. A moment later there was a noise as if somebody rising suddenly and of a chair pushed back; then came a gasp, a little scream, and a voice crying aloud in bitter anger and contempt: "His granddaughter! How insolent and ridiculous!" "The waiter outside smiled more broadly, but did not move. The next thing that he heard was the murmur of a puzzled voice. The words he could not distinguish, but he guessed what



WAS IT TRUE?

they were. Marcia was reading over the paragraph in the Morning Post, and trying to understand the insane audacity which inspired it. He could fancy her expression at every line and the culmination of scorn with which she would read the last few words. For there could be very little doubt that Marcia Nettleton was perusing the following paragraph: "A marriage has been arranged between Mr. Frederick Nettleton, second son of the late Lieutenant Colonel R. Nettleton (Coldstream Guards), and Miss Celestine Vincent, daughter of the late Mr. William Vincent of Brighton, and granddaughter of Mr. Noel Forrester, of Mere Park, Shropshire." The murmur ended. "His granddaughter!" came again in scornful accents. There was a swift movement across the room; the door was thrown open wide. But then Marcia fell back in amazement. Noel Forrester stood before her, smiling happily. "You! How did you come here?" she gasped. He stepped in, and, paying no attention to her question, observed: "It may sound odd, you know, but it's quite true." Marcia held up the paper and pointed a scornful finger at the paragraph. The occasion was an admirable one for her, and she was minded to employ it to the full. "Granddaughter! You might have found something a little more plausible," she remarked, with a toss of her head. "Do you think I might?" he asked in a doubtful, rather regretful tone. "I suppose you're about thirty-five, aren't you?" "Don't be too hard on me. Thirty-two, Mrs. Nettleton. Not a day more, on your honor." "And she's—?" "Celestine's just twenty-one, Mrs. Nettleton—birthday in September." Marcia surveyed him with scornful eyes. "Why not be reasonable? Make her your niece," she suggested, bitterly. "Niece?" He seemed to turn the question over in an open mind. "That would be impossible, anyhow. Somebody might believe that—people don't think as much about it as I do." "But I've no married sister or brother either. That makes it difficult." "Oh, you could invent one. That would be nothing to you." "Noel Forrester assumed a candid and appealing smile. "I'll do anything to please you, Mrs. Nettleton," said he. "She shall be a niece, if you wish it. I agree that a granddaughter lacks probability. But, excuse me, would it suit you as well if I made her my sister? For family reasons it would be more convenient to me to have her a sister." "Oh, if you like," said Marcia. "But there's a little difficulty about the names, isn't there?" She glanced at him in malicious triumph. He had forgotten the names! "About the names? I don't quite understand," he murmured, apologetically. "Brothers and sisters generally have the same surnames. You don't mean a half-sister?" "Oh, no; my own sister, please. Nobody ever heard of my having a half-sister." "Really, you're a little dense. You see her name is Vincent and yours is Forrester." A sudden light seemed to break in on Noel Forrester. He advanced a step nearer to Marcia, then after a little pause he asked: "You're quite sure about the personal grade? You remember what you said about it?" "I really have nothing but pity for you. But as for her—"

cent was my sister? And then—well, Celeste has always been fond of private theatricals." He glanced at her for a moment. "And then—" he said, but here he paused. "Well, what then?" asked Marcia. He turned and looked her full in the face. She was flushed and she frowned, but it seemed to him that the line of her lips was not so angry as it had been hitherto. He smiled just a little, in a timid and tentative fashion; Marcia's lips were suddenly pressed together in a marked accession of severity. "And then—" he began again. "Well, in fact, a little anger doesn't spoil your appearance, Mrs. Nettleton." A pause followed this observation of Noel Forrester's. He cast his eyes down to the ground and did not raise them again for several minutes. When he did, Marcia's were downcast. "I never said she wasn't my sister," he murmured. "And you did say—" "Oh, do be quiet!" said Marcia. Suddenly the door opened. Marcia sprang to her feet, ready again to be very angry. But no time was allowed her for expression of any such feeling. A graceful, slight figure darted across the room and, before Marcia could take any defensive steps, she was in Celeste's arms, and was being kissed by that young lady. "Oh, you dear!" said Celeste. "It was perfectly horrid of us, wasn't it? But I don't think I was ever so much amused in all my life!" And she kissed Marcia again with the utmost affection. "Do do forgive us, don't you?" Noel Forrester interposed gravely. "You must not think, Celeste," said he, "that Mrs. Nettleton was acting from personal feelings. It's long ago, and, greatly as she suffered, she will not allow her own feelings to influence her in the matter. It's her brother-in-law—" "And her brother-in-law," said Fred from the door, "is not resentful!" Marcia looked around at them. They were all smiling in the most shameless manner. At last the smile broke out on her own face. "At least I'll never say I'm anybody's wife again!" she cried. Noel Forrester looked at her for an instant, and then up at the ceiling. "You mean—unless it should happen to be true, Mrs. Nettleton?" said he. And in a certain space of time it happened to be true.

THE END.

INGERSOLL ON REFORM. From a Report in the Washington Post of His Latest Lecture. He thought it was the duty of every good man and woman to get a little of the savage out of man; to eradicate a little of the tooth and nail the claw and fang. He appealed to his audience to do all they could to make war impossible. For thirty years, he said, the exponents of Christendom had been preaching peace, yet the Christian nations were now the most warlike of the world. There were 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 of soldiers in Europe ready to take the field at a moment's notice. There was a war debt on which the interest amounted to \$100,000,000 a minute, the greater part of which had to come out of the earnings of the laborer, from people who lacked the very necessities of life. Christendom must become civilized. It was simply appalling to contemplate what it cost to kill the gentlemen whom Christ died to save. "The speaker then went on to advocate an international court, which should adjudicate all questions arising between nations. This court should have the only army and navy in the world, which should be used solely to enforce the de-

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"I'm ready to listen," Marcia declared. "You see—in fact, when I inherited Mere Park, I took the name of Forrester. But Celeste kept her own name." He looked rather as though he wondered whether she would believe him. "Then you mean to say—" cried Marcia. "I mean to confess that she's my sister, Mrs. Nettleton. I never said she wasn't, you know. As for Mrs. Forrester, whom you were so kind as to ask for, the maid thought you must mean my mother, Mrs. Vincent. She's unhappily an invalid, and hasn't been able to take Celeste about, so she's not very well known. I'm sure I hope you will make her acquaintance, though." Marcia had fallen into a chair and was regarding him with a helpless stare. Was it true? Then calamity was averted. But at what a cost? How had they dared to make such a fool of her? Noel came to the hearth-rug and stood looking down at her. "Fred and Celeste are downstairs," he observed. "Fred brought us here. Shall I ask them to come up? Fred knows all about it now, you know." Marcia made no answer. Presently, however, she looked up and asked: "Was it because I said Fred was my husband?" "That put it into my head." He drew up a chair and sat down by her. Marcia did not attempt to avoid this proximity. "And when you were so gloriously suspicious," he went on, with a smile of reminiscence. "The blue room suggested such terrible things to you, didn't it? Now, do you think you'd have believed me if I'd said Miss Vin-

CENTURY OF POLITICS.

The Federalists, the Old Democratic and Whig Factions, and the Republican Period. From the Philadelphia Press. When William McKinley stands up to take the oath of office as president of the United States on the 4th of this month exactly 100 years of American politics will be completed. It is true that the Federalist party, in its existence for eight years before John Adams was inaugurated in this city in 1787, but during Washington's two terms in the presidency political parties can hardly be said to have existed. The second period, which was to justify its organization was being gradually formed, but they did not spring into being until it was known that the decision of the father of his country to retire to private life was unalterable.

This century of politics naturally falls into three periods. The first begins with the administration of John Adams in 1787 and closed with the administration of his son, John Quincy Adams, in 1829. The second includes the period between Jackson's first inauguration and the close of Buchanan's term in 1861; and the third stretches from the induction of Lincoln into the presidency to the present time. The Federalist party, which began in 1787 and closed with the administration of his son, John Quincy Adams, in 1829. The second includes the period between Jackson's first inauguration and the close of Buchanan's term in 1861; and the third stretches from the induction of Lincoln into the presidency to the present time. The Federalist party, which began in 1787 and closed with the administration of his son, John Quincy Adams, in 1829. The second includes the period between Jackson's first inauguration and the close of Buchanan's term in 1861; and the third stretches from the induction of Lincoln into the presidency to the present time.

When, however, the troubles of the Napoleonic era commenced, and especially when the continental blockade was enforced, the timber supplies of the Baltic becoming uncertain and insufficient, attention was directed to the North American colonies, with the result of increasing the quantity of timber which reached Great Britain from 2,600 tons in the year 1860 to 125,300 tons in 1810 and to 508,000 tons in 1820. In 1855 the amount exported to the United Kingdom showed a total of 1,319,985 tons.

Knew What Courts Were Made For. A humorous scene was enacted in the Superior court room at Jackson, Ga., recently just after sentence had been passed upon a negro charged with burglarizing a store. Colonel Watkins defended the negro, and was about to open his case with a well-prepared oration of his innocence, when the negro quietly informed the colonel that he desired to plead guilty. Mr. Watkins then stated to the court words to the effect that the defendant desired to confess his guilt. Judge Beck accordingly read the law in the case and struck the negro for ten long years.

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cutburst of patriotism which the war for the union called out, the determination of the nation to preserve the government intact, the abolition of slavery, the splendid management and steady reduction of a colossal debt, the unprecedented growth of the country in wealth and population and the accession of the United States to a place among the first powers of the world make this the golden era of American politics. Figures showing the progress the nation has made during these thirty-six years, which has been checked only temporarily by a brief supremacy of the Democratic party, could not add to the brilliancy of the picture of this period. It is an era to which the patriotic American can point with wonder and pride and feel a thrill of admiration for the great political party which has had so much to do with realizing the unparalleled achievements of the nation.

A new era is soon to begin, a new period in American politics. Whether the rearrangement of parties made in last year's campaign is to remain permanent or not it seems certain that Republican ideas and policies will continue dominant for years and the nation be enabled to reap that share of the progress of the new century which belongs to a great people.

CANADA'S FOREST WEALTH.

Some Figures Showing the Value of Canadian Timber. From the Northwestern Lumberman. The forests of Canada have supplied more or less the wants of Europe for centuries. From the earliest days of its occupation by the French, the forest wealth of the country washed by the St. Lawrence engaged the attention of the government of France, who saw therein vast resources available for their naval yards. They drew from these forests large numbers of masts and spars, and issued stringent regulations for the preservation of the standing oak. When the country was first ceded to Great Britain but little attention was paid at first to its vast timber supply, owing to the fact that almost the whole of the Baltic trade was carried on in British bottoms, and that the timber of northern Europe provided an unfailing and convenient return freight for the shipping thus engaged.

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