

The Adams Affair

"YOU DON'T MEAN to tell me your brother was here?"

"Is it possible that your sister is with you?"

They had come upon one another suddenly round an angle in the hall and they had greeted one another in the above words in accents of indignant consternation. Their exclamations, having been simultaneous, were followed by a pause, and then by a common consent they moved into the study library, the door of which stood conveniently ajar. She spoke first. She was a dark girl, short and sturdy-looking, but with that nameless air about her which is only produced by a long line of well-bred ancestors.

"Why have you not taken him yachting?" she demanded brusquely.

"Because he would not go," he returned. His tone was as hostile as her own, and his face showed his annoyance even more clearly. He was a man of about thirty, apparently just off a journey. "Why are you not at Davos?"

"Because—oh what does it matter?" she answered wrathfully. "We're doing these country house visits first. How long are you staying here?"

"A week."

"So are we?" she returned. "What an abominable nuisance!"

His face flushed slightly, even though his expression conveyed a hearty endorsement of the words. In truth, the pair were somewhat to be pitied.

The case was this: Ralph Adams and his brother Valentine were newcomers into the London world. They were fabulously rich, well educated and well bred; and the fact that their wealth had been bequeathed to them by a more or less impossible father—long deceased—who had made his fortune in what was vaguely alluded to as "oil or tallow, or something of that kind," did not prevent their being exceedingly popular. Pamela Knollys and her sister Sylvia were by no means newcomers in London society. But various causes—their father's death and their mother's illness among them, had kept them from a regular London season. This year a charitable aunt had roused herself to declare that something must be done and had "taken the girls for a season," as she expressed it.

What law of attraction operated between Sylvia Knollys and Valentine Adams it is impossible to say. The fact remains that they "spooned" through the season like a pair of children in their teens. It would have been an excellent match from some points of view—he had money and she had family; he was a "dear fellow" and she was a "dear girl." But the friends on either side smiled a little broadly, perhaps, on the prospective engagement, with the exception of his elder brother and her younger sister.

In Pamela's eyes Sylvia was the most beautiful and charming creature on the face of the earth. In considering the "Adams affair" her mind never dwelt upon the fact that Sylvia was seven-and-twenty. All her energies concentrated themselves on the fact that Valentine Adams was barely twenty-one.

"A mere boy!" she had expostulated indignantly with her sister. "Sylvia, you would be utterly wretched! You shouldn't do it!"

Ralph Adams, on the other hand, had no illusions with regard to his brother. He was well aware that he was impulsive, unformed and fickle. But he passed over these items as comparatively unimportant compared with the fact that Sylvia was seven years Valentine's senior.

"It's madness!" he declared hotly. "Why, she will be a middle-aged woman while you are still a boy! Don't be an ass, Val!"

Pamela Knollys and Ralph Adams early became aware of their common sentiments on the subject. That is to say, they became aware that each was determined to prevent the marriage. But neither cared to give form to the motive underlying his or her determination. It was reserved, therefore, for the gossip of a mutual friend to supply a motive, thus: Miss Pamela Knollys considered, it appears, that Mr. Valentine Adams had betrothed himself altogether out of court as a suitor for her sister; and Mr. Ralph Adams, on the other hand, had strong feelings, as to the mistaken policy of allowing oneself with old and worn-out families.

to speak civilly to one another. It is to be observed in extenuation that they were constantly thrown together under peculiarly trying circumstances. In spite of all their vigilance, the couple under supervision constantly eluded them, and they would then turn and rend one another.

There was one appalling evening when their hostess Sylvia and Valentine, into dinner together, and then complicated matters by pairing Pamela and Ralph, seating the two couples at opposite sides.

"Never saw your pretty sister look so charming, if I may say so," said the man or Pamela's right. He was a newcomer, and it was not until later on that he understood why Pamela abruptly turned her back on him.

He could hardly have supposed that it was because she wished to avoid conversation with Ralph Adams, for three courses went by before he or she exchanged a word. Then, under cover of a general burst of laughter, through which Sylvia and Valentine remained absorbed in one another's conversation, Ralph Adams said, savagely: "We don't do much good by watching what we can't prevent. Don't you think we should make ourselves less ridiculous if we exchanged a few words as dinner went on?"

Pamela started, and flushed angrily. "I don't care in the least whether I'm ridiculous or not," she retorted. "Every one knows what I think about it, and I'm not at all ashamed!"

On the following day following this a long bicycling expedition was organized. Valentine and Sylvia were excellent riders, and, of course, would be in the "first flight."

"You'll come, I suppose, Adams?" said the organizer in a tone of bland unconsciousness. "And you, Miss Pamela? That's all right?"

The goal of the ride was a ruined castle some ten miles away. No one was very certain as to the right road, and there was a good deal of opinion as to whether it was to be traversed by the numerous roads, all in more or less poor condition. The party naturally divided into two, and it was some time before they were able to pass that at about a quarter of the afternoon—the expedition having set forth at 10—Ralph Adams, having hopelessly lost sight not only of Sylvia and Valentine, but of the entire company, came upon a forlorn little figure sitting on a bank of grass.

Ralph Adams was on his feet in an instant.

"Good heavens, Miss Knollys!" he said—and, singular to relate, his breathless tones were quite destitute of hostility—"you're hurt?"

"Yes, Pam. I knew he was coming," she said composedly. "I didn't say anything because I know you don't like him."

"I don't think at all about him," said Pamela. She paused, a moment, and then said, apparently experimentally: "I'm ashamed of you, Sylvia."

"Oh, no, it isn't!" was the nonchalant answer. "You've lost more to say. But it's awfully sensitive of you not to say it!"

"How?" remarked Ralph in the "old style" and stalked out of the room.

The other mentor, meanwhile, was faring very little better. Sylvia Knollys was one of those weak and gentle personalities on whom argument is thrown away.

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threw his cigar slowly away. Then he said: "So it's all over!"

"We needn't have been so anxious," returned Pamela. "Sylvia tells me that your brother will go away tomorrow. You will go with him, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Ralph Adams absently. "I shall go with him."

"So I thought," pursued Pamela, "before you went I would just like to say that I'm sorry for the time when I've been unnecessarily rude to you. I am, indeed."

Ralph Adams stepped her with an odd little gesture.

"Please don't," he said. "You have never been so rude as I have. We would all feel quite out of work, shouldn't we?"

"Quite!" she returned a trifle incoherently. "Well, good-bye."

Presumably as a token of penitence she stretched out her hand. He took it and held it for a moment without speaking.

"You could never have liked the connection," he said.

"There were your principles to be considered."

"Yes, I tell you something," he said suddenly. "I can't tell you that your sister's family I cared about, I thought her—not young enough for Val."

Pamela was quite unconscious of the sudden tightening of the light clasp of her fingers.

"That's why I was so angry with you," she said. "I thought so, too."

"Then—could you?"

"Could you?"

"Yes," he answered promptly.

And they did! It was ridiculous, of course! The most ridiculous thing in the world, people said. But Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Adams considered that of no consequence whatever.

THE MAN WHO IS ENGLAND'S HOPE

Career and Personality of Sir Redvers Buller, the General in Command of the British Forces in South Africa.

From the London Mail.

Sir Redvers Buller, general, privy councillor, K. C. B., K. C. M. G., etc., has so long been a man of mark that his personality is well known to the British public. Soldier, administrator, politician, country squire, he has done much and generally well. Now he is called to the most coveted, if not the highest post that can be conferred upon a British officer, the command of one of a large expeditionary army in the field.

He is not in his first youth, but he carries his sixty years lightly; very varied and eventful service has not laid its weight on him; his figure has lost its slenderness, but not its activity, and Buller still rides in the first flight with the hounds; his brain power, too, always of the first order, is quite unimpaired. Strength, solidity, unflinching self-reliance—self-confidence, it might be called, until wide and onerous responsibility taught him better—are his most striking characteristics, plainly seen in his rather austere, impassive face, plainly proved by his attitude in trying situations, and his successful conduct of his operations in Africa. Buller's first laurels in Ashanti, although he had already seen war in China and on the Red river.

REPUTATION BEGUN.

It was in Ashanti that he justified Wolseley's keen insight into character, and established his reputation as a young officer who would certainly come triumphantly through any and every task with which he might be entrusted. After Ashanti he made acquaintance with the country in which he is now to play such a momentous role; his name is one to conjure with at the Cape, and there will be many veterans of the Ashanti who will have with enthusiasm the return of their dashing commander in the famous Frontier Horse; the man who asked no one to venture his skin where he would not trust his own, and who repeatedly risked his own life to save that of comrades sorely pressed by savage foes. Buller gave earnest thought of what he has since abundantly confirmed, his capacity for troop leading; his tactical skill is instinctive; he can handle men with a promptitude and precision born of natural gifts developed by training and experience. The best generals might have been pardoned proud of the calm, wise control he exercised in the most critical moment at Fama and El Tob. It was Buller's skillful manoeuvring, promptly carried out and resolutely carried, that saved the shaken squares in those hard fought engagements.

Again, it will ever be deemed one of

Buller's best titles to honor that he exercised the same calmness from his perilous situation after Abu Klea, when it was all but hemmed in at Metembeh, and had lost its most trusted leaders, Herbert Stewart, Burnaby and many more. The hard pressed force welcomed Buller's advent, he had been dispatched post haste by Wolseley to assume command, and regaining all its confidence, cut its way back to Korti without difficulty.

VARIED TRAINING.

Buller has seen no active service since then, but he has been continuously employed, and has shown his abounding worth in more than in his war record. He was on the headquarters staff in India for nearly fifteen years at a stretch, serving through all the senior grades, until, at the last, he all but crowned the edifice by securing the highest post of all. It is no secret now that in 1895 Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman intended him to succeed the Duke of Cambridge as commander in chief, and that only the sudden collapse of the liberal cabinet prevented an act which, despite Buller's merits, would have been a grave injustice to Lord Wolseley. At a time like the present, when he is about to assume charge of what should eventually be one of the best found armies that have left these shores, it is satisfactory to know that Buller has all the threads of army administration at his fingers' ends.

He is one of the class which essays to do all the work himself, but his intimate acquaintance with every detail will act both as a check and stimulus to his subordinates. And he will be well and loyally served, for he has the knack of getting the best out of men. All who are brought into contact with him learn soon to respect him. What though his manner may seem cold, harsh, even repellent, his speech often sharp and abrupt, his brief, pithy written memoranda, when they tear through wasted verbiage and fix upon the essence of a question, may be entirely, occasionally cruelly, yet he is freely forgiven because of what is behind. Buller, withal, is at heart one of the kindest of souls; he is intolerant of shams, and will have naught to do with imposture, but he is never unreasonably hard on any one, and will seldom exact the full penalty from any "poor devil" who, as he would say himself, cannot really be blamed "because he is a fool." No doubt the ready support and allegiance he will always command are largely due to the firm conviction entertained by all that he is perfectly straightforward, and has no personal game, his one abiding principle is to do the best with his means and with his whole heart and soul for the good of the country and the service.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

For The Tribune.

Pinarofe was raging then, telephones were new.

Kelly ruled Tammany, "Baby Mine" was due;

Dennis Kearney was rampant, sitting Bull on the go,

And England fighting Zulus, twenty years ago.

"Campanini" was all the talk, Adelaida Neilson played,

Louis Napoleon was slain, walking was "All right,"

Edward Henlon was a giant and knew just how to row,

The Brooklyn bridge was nearly finished, twenty years ago.

Every band played "Fattizita," Grant was on his tour;

The Ute Indians were at war on the western shore;

"Bob" Burdette was in his prime; Leadville on the grow,

Greys succeeded McMahon, twenty years ago.

William first ruled Germany; Zola shocked the world,

In the halls of congress, the "bloody shirt" unfurled;

Stanley went up Africa; Knight then played "Olio,"

DeLoria sailed to the Arctic seas, twenty years ago.

The negroes had an exodus and went to Arkansas;

A state of equal rights, prairies and of law;

Bernhardt made a furor in London with her show;

"She's a Darling, She's a Daisy" was sung twenty years ago.

Hayes was then the president; Disraeli ruled the hour;

Alice Oates adorned the stage; Thomas Nast a power;

Paul Hopson floated many miles down the Ohio;

The Arizona and Berlin were built, twenty years ago.

Lilly Langtry appeared in London, the Prince of Wales got gay;

"Joglah Allen's wife" has been married twenty years today;

Frances Burnett wrote a book, the charming tale, "Theod";

Women shed their bustles, too, twenty years ago.

The King of Zulus sued for peace; the Khedive left his throne;

Congress passed to the Democrats; Republicans stayed at home;

While driving in a Madrid street, one shot at Alfonso;

King Humbert went up the spout, twenty years ago.

Patagonia went to Argentina, by Bismarck's iron will;

The Reichstag, by a heavy vote, passed the tariff bill;

Archery was the favorite sport; base ball was being bow;

And paper collars were the style, twenty years ago.

The humorous artists of the day, were Eytling, Bellow, Worth;

"The Banker's Daughter" ran quite high in theaters of mirth;

"She's a Lamb," "She's a Dumpling" were sung in every show

And boys did the courting then, twenty years ago.

Specie payments were resumed; silver came into port;

Peter Cooper, opposed to Tammany, was elected in New York;

Victoria Woodhull preached free love; women's rights too grew;

Men were shamed out of their boots, twenty years ago.

The United States was very rich in white and never fell below;

Four hundred millions were standing out, twenty years ago.

Shall history repeat itself in this war against the Boers?

Must England have another strife to settle up old scores?

Britain fought them once before, and met her Waterloo,

At the battle of Majuba Hill, some twenty years ago.

Gospel truths were sternly taught in every clime and land;

Preachers told the inhabitants, "The judgment was at hand,"

The weary ones would be at rest, the bad left hell must go;

But the wicked "foisted like the rose," twenty years ago.

—Charles H. Soper.

Scranton, Nov. 6

How One Mother Saved Her Daughter

The first critical period in a woman's life comes at the passing of her girlhood. How to preserve the daughter's health at this crisis is the problem that confronts every mother of girls. Mrs. J. M. Riggs, of Carterville, Mo., solved the problem. She says:

"My daughter Joie during the winter of 1897, suffered a complete breakdown in health. She was thin and pale, had no appetite, and was so weak that she was unable to walk to school. Those who knew her condition said that she was in the first stages of consumption. Shortly after school closed, on the advice of a neighbor, she began giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The effect on her condition was marvelous. Before she had taken half a box her condition was improved, and she kept on taking a specific, strength and flesh until she was entirely well."

"She took three bottles of the pills and today there is not a healthier, more robust looking girl in Carterville. She is fatter and healthier than ever before in her life."

—Mrs. J. M. Riggs.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Notary Public, this 15th day of October, 1898. Wm. WOLCOTT, Notary Public.

From the Journal, Carterville, Mo.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an undiluted specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, neuritis, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. Retail druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medical Discovery Company, N. Y., 60 cents per box, 6 boxes \$2.50.

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Mme. Ruppert's Wonderful Depilatory removes superfluous hair without injury to skin in 3 minutes... 1.00	Mme. Ruppert's World-Renowned Face Bleach, large bottle, cures the skin of any complexion and beautifies the complexion naturally... \$1.65
Mme. Ruppert's Gray Hair Restorer is not a dye but returns gray hair to its natural color... 2.50	Mme. Ruppert's Eye-Brightener, restores the vision of eyes weakened by strain and restores the natural color of the eyes... 1.00
Mme. Ruppert's Pearl Emulsion causes the skin to assume a girlish loveliness, mainly for evening use... 1.00	Mme. Ruppert's White Rose Face Powder, an exquisite powder... 1.00
Mme. Ruppert's White Rose Face Powder, an exquisite powder... 1.00	Mme. Ruppert's Face Bleach, \$1.65

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