### 

## The Adams Affair

but there was a difference in their

agreement. They had worked through-

"I suppose you know that a week

town?" Pamela threw the words over

"Where is your sister, may I ask"

There was no direct reply to this. A

ound of voices rose in the hall. A

girlish figure in white flitted past the

door, and Pamela dashed hastily af-

ter it, taking no notice of Valentine

Adams as he entered the library, ex-

cept inasmuch as her hurried exit near-

Valentine was a remarkably good-

"May I inquire whether you knew

Miss Knollys and her sister were to be

here, Val?" observed his brother, with

"Eh?" he said: "Did I--- Oh, yes,

"Then you are the biggest fool out-

"Oh, no, it isn't!" was the nonchal-

But it's awfully sensible of you not to

"Pshaw" remarked Balph in the

The other mentor, meanwhile, was

faring very little better. Sylvia Knol-

lys was one of those weak and gentle

personalities on whom argument is

"Yes, Pam, I knew he was coming,"

she said composedly. "I didn't say

"I don't think at all about him,"

and then said, aparently experiment-

"Freddy Cholmondeley was tire-

"and Val is ever so much richer," she

Pamela stamped her small foot ve-

hemently. "I'm ashamed of you, Syi-

via!" she said. "I would never have

"He hasn't asked me to marry him

The house party was a large and a

merry one. But the lives led by

Ralph Adams and Pamela Knollys dur-

ing the next five days was hardly to

only, it appeared, to participate in the

and sister. Valentine developed a pas-

"Really, Pam, this new craze of

yours for sport will wear you to a

shadow," said the other women stay-

ing in the house. And they spoke, as

eves, for it was not the least among

the trial of this devoted pair of guar-

dian angels that their proceedings were

It was very unfortunate, under the

circumstances. That they could find

no balm in fellow-feeling; and, taken

from the standpoint of mere physical

A mutual understanding, a little tacit

a rule, with a wicked laugh in their

yet," said Sylvia; "and when he does,

I shall marry him for love, Pam."

worth twenty of this boy."

added, parenthetically.

"Pooh!" said Pam.

of her sister.

"Freddy Cholmondelely was

answered Sylvia, petulantly;

finest "old style" and stalked out of

Valentine lifted his eyes vaguely.

by-the-bye, I think I did."

that's all I have to sav.'

looking boy, very carefully and scrupu-

lously got up. He sauntered to a table

"By-the-bye"-facing round-

her shoulder, and Ralph Adams made

with unabated mutual hostility.

a grim gesture of assent.

was the vindictive response

where is he now?"

ly knocked him down-

and took up a paper.

minous calm.

say it!

the room.

like him.

ally.

thrown away.

tinued.

OU DON'T MEAN to | There had been from the first a touch tell me your brother was here?" "Is it possible that your sister is with They had come un-

on 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 ejaculations. having been simultaneous, were foilowed by a pause, and then by common consent they moved into the empty library, the door of which stood conveniently ajar. She spoke first. She was a dark girl, short and sturdylooking, 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," turned. 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 "Why are you not at off a journey.

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

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

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

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 fatherlong 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 new-comers in London society. various causes-their father's death and their mother's illness among them, had kept them from regular London seasons. 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 e xcellent match from some points of view-he had money and she had family; he was a "dear fellow" and she was "a sweet girl," All 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 Pameia's eyes Sylvia was the most beautiful and charming creature on the face of the earth. In considering the "Adams affair" her mind never | duty. Their own tastes and inclinadwelt upon the fact that Sylvia was tions passed into oblivion. They lived All her energies seven-and-twenty. concentrated themselves on the fact amusements of their respective brother that Valentine Adams was barely twenty-one.

"A mere boy!" she had expostulated indignantly with her sister. "Sylvia, you would be utterly wretched! You

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 compara- sturdy-looking frame was by no means tively 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 perfectly understood by all observers 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 case, the antagonism between them to supply a motive, thus: Miss Pa- doubled their fatigues. mela Knolly considered, it appears, that Mr. Valentine Adams' birth put agreement, and one might have rested him altogether out of court as a suitor | while the other watched But this was for her sister; and Mr. Ralph Adams, not to be. The trials through which on the other hand, had strong feelings they were passing seemed to exaceras to the mistaken policy of allying bate their tempers, and, so far from meself with old and worn-out families. acting harmony, they were hardly able

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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 aother.

There was one appalling evening when their hostess sent 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 preity sister look to charming, if I may say so," said the of undefined enmity in the relations of the two and they accepted the attiman or Pamela's right. He was a new-comer, and it was not until later tude of antagonism thus provided for them with alacrity. They were agreed, on that he understood why Pamela abruptly turned her back on him. He could hardly have supposed that it was because she wished to hold conout the season to the same end, but verse with Ralph Adams, for three courses went by before he or she exchanged a word. Then, under cover of here will be worse than a month in 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 "You musn't lose sight of your brother for a moment, that's all!" she conwhat 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 bicycle expedition was organized. Valentine and Sylvia were excellent riders, and they, 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 open moorlan's to be traversed with innumerable roads, all in more or less poor condition. The party naturally di vided and sub-divided, and so it came to pass that at about 5 o'clock in the ant answer. "You've lots more to say. 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 in a lane. Ralph Adams was on his feet in an

> insant. "Good heavens, Miss Knollys!" said-and, singular to relate, his breathless tones were quite destitute of hostility-you're not hurt?"

Pamela lifted a little white face and anything because I know you don't sprang flercely to her feet, "Hurt!" she said. "No, of course, I'm not hurt. But that idiotic tyre is said Pamela. She paused, a moment, punctured, and-oh, you don't mean to say you are not with them?"

The despairing indignation of her . did not constitute a flattering shall feel quite out of work, shan't reception. No man cares to have his flag of truce flung roughly aside and Ralph bent over the damaged bicycle with a singularly grim expression of countenance

gret to say, about five hours ago." he speaking. believed that you could marry for

"Five hours ago!" echoed Pamela. doing a rapid sum in her head. "And I've not seen Sylvia since luncheon!" She pased a moment, and then added with the calmness of desperation; "Then all I can tell you is, that we need not trouble ourselves any further. They are engaged by this time!"

Ralph Adams made no direct answer. be envied by the veriest slave. From On him also the immovable gloom of sudden tightening of the light clasp of early morn to dewy eve they were on fatal conviction had fallen.

'I can't mend this looking up from the punctured tyre, you." she said, "I thought so, too!" "As far as I can make out, we are about eight miles from the Towers. Can you walk it?"

sion for early rising; and Ralph heroi-"Yes," said Pamela. cally rose at 6 o'clock and followed, An eight mile walk with a bicycle in literally, in his footsteps. Sylvia Knollys came to the conclusion that hand needs exceptionally extenuating circumstances to render it tolerable. there was nothing so delightful as a In this instance there were no extenuday with the guns; and Pamela quite ating circumstances whatever. The forgot that she had always hated "that only words which passed between them kind of thing, and tramped miles, unwere brief explanations of the route on complaining, but very tired, since her his part, responded to on hers with monosyllable assents. so robust as the much slighter figure

"Shall we go round to the back?" said Ralph Adams, with a glance at his companion's pale little face and weary dust-covered figure as the Towers at last hove in sight.

Pamela only nodded. They went round to the back. She gave her bicycle to a groom, and disappeared into the house without a

She disappeared, crushed and worn out, mentally and physically. Little more than half an hour intervened, and she reappeared at the dinner table, flushed, radiant, and as fresh as the mern. There was a guest at dinner; well set-up, pleasant-looking man. who was introduced to Ralph Adams as "Sir Frederick Chammondeley, who is staying with neighbors of Pamela was taken in by Sir Frederick Cholmondeley, and she appeared to find his conversation theroughly delightful. It was Valentine Adams on whom the mantle of her depression seemed to have fallen. He had an air of haggard gloom which he cuitivated assiduously. Sylvin was seated on the same side of the table, separated from Valentine by three or four places. She

ty and a little shy. Raiph Adams surveyed the company with grim incomprehension, and awaited developments. Nothing occurred to enlighten him in the interval after the woman left the dining-room. Valentine avoided him pointedly. Ralph had withdrawn to a deserted corner of the conservatory and was ther smoking gloomly, when an unusually small voice at his elbow made him start.

was looking unusually sweet and pret-

"Mr. Adams!" It was Pamela Knollys, and he rose, "Yes, Miss Knollys?" he said stiffly. "I thought I should like to tell you-I think you will be glad to hear-that

-that-Sylvia is engaged." Ralph Adams paused a moment. "You are speaking ironically, of course," he said. "We are both aware that we don't approve of the connection! I really don't know what you

expect me to say." "It's-not your brother!" The small voice was more uncertain than ever. 'It's-we met Sir Frederick Cholmondeley at Cannes last year and we saw a good deal of him-and-and it is he" "Good heavens!" ejaculated Ralph Adams, and for the moment he said no

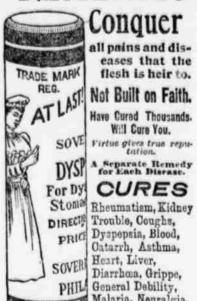
Then he added in a tone of blank bewilderment: "But when?-how?-I beg your pardon! Of course it's no af-

of mine!" "They met him this afternoon with the people he is staying with, close to their place, and they went in to have tea. And he came back here with them and-and-I always did believe she cared for him. She has behaved very badly.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Raiph

Adams egain.

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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 says he will go away tomorrow. You will go with him, I sup-

"Yes," 'said Rolph Adams absently. "I shall go with him." "So I thought, pursued Pamela, "before you went I would just like to say is perfectly straightforward; he plays that I'm sorry for the times when I've been unnecessarily rude to you. I am, indeed.

Ralp Adams stopped her with an odd little gesture. "Please don't!" he sald. "You have never been so rude as I have. We-

"Quite!" she returned a trifle incoherently. "Well, good-bye." Presumably as a token of penitence she stretched out her hand. He took Dennis Kearney was rampant, Sitting "I lost sight of my brother, I re- it and held it for a moment without

"You could never have liked the connection," he said. There were your principles to be

"May I tell yen something?" he said suddenly. "It's rude! It wasn't your sister's family I cared about, I thought her-not young enough for Val."

"That's why I was so angry wi

"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 Red-Africa.

From the London Mail

councillor, V. C., G. C. B., K. C. M. G., etc., Pas so long been a man of mark that his personality is well known to the British public. Soldier, administrator, politician, country squire, has done much and generaly 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 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 slimness, but not its activity, and Buller still rides in the first flight with the hounds; his brain power, too, impaired. Strength, solidity, unfailing 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 arduous affairs. Buller won his first laurels in Ashanti, although he had already seen war in China and on the Red river.

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 intrusted. 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 in South Africa who will hail 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 thrust his own, and who repeatedly risked his own life to save those of comrades sorely pressed by savage foes. Buller gave earnest then 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 pardonably proud of the calm, wise control he exercised in the most critical moment at Tamai and El Teb. It was Buller's skillful manoeuvering, promptly conceived and resolutely carried, that saved the shaken squares in those hard fought engagements. Again, it will ever be deemed one of Scranton, Nov. 6.

Buller's best titles to honor that he extricated the desert column from its perilous situation after Abu Klea, when t was all but nemmed in at Metemneh, and had lost its most trusted leaders, Herbert Stewart, Burnaby and many 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 Pall Mall 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 -uke 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 not 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 win be well and loyally served, for he has the knack of getting the best out of men. All who are brought in contact with him learn soon to respect him. What though his manner may seem cold, harsh, even repellent, his speech often sharp and absupt, his brief, pithy written memoranda, when they tear through wasted verbiage and fix upon the essence of a question, may be caustic, occasionally cruel; yet is he freely forgiven because of what is behind. Buller, withal, is at heart one of the kindliest 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 no personal game, his one atiding 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 Pinafore was raging then, telephones were new Kelly ruled Tammany, "Baby Mine" was

And England fighting Zulus, twenty years "Campanini" was all the talk. Adelaids

Neilson played. Louis Napoleon was slain, walking was Edward Hanlon was a glant and knew just how to row.

The Brooklyn bridge was nearly finished,

twenty years ago. Pamela was guite unconscious of the Every band played "Fatinitza," Grant was on his tour; The Ute Indians were at war on the

ville on the grow Grevy succeeded McMahon, twenty years William first ruled Germany; Zola shocked the world,

In the halls of congress, the "bloody shirt" unfuried; Stanley wrote up Africa; Knight then played "Otto." DeLong sailed to the Arctic seas, twenty

The negroes had an exodus and went to 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; Disraell ruled the hour: Alice Oates adorned the stage; Thomas Nast a power; Paul Boynton floated many miles down the Ohlo; The Arizona and Berlin were built, twen-

Lilly Langtry appeared in London, the Prince of Wales got gay. "Josiah Allen's wife" 's been married twenty years today. Frances Burnett wrote a book, the charm ing tale, "Theo"

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 near went up the spout, twenty years ago Patagonia went to Argentine, by Bls-

marck's fron will;
The Reichstag, by a heavy vote, passed the tariff bill; was the favorite sport; base ball was lying low; And paper collars were the style, twenty years ago.

The humorous artists of the day, were Eytinge, Bellew, 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; sliver 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 yellow ore; Sherman added to the pile fifty millions more; The treasury notes must stand at par and never fall 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 set-tle 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 to hell must go;

But the wicked "flourished like the rose." twenty years ago.

-Charles H. Soper.

# How **Une** Mother Saved Her Daughter

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vers Buller, the General in Command of the British Forces in South

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