Colonel Drury.

IN all the country there was no better liked man than Colonel Drury of the Chase, Elmhurst, that quaint old red dwelling house of two stories, which stood in its well wooded grounds just off the high road between Selehurst and Hastings. The colonel had served with the great Marlborough and had named his only son John Churchill, after the chief whom he still worshiped, and still regarded as a hero without flaw or stain.

Long since had the fever blood and war faded from the colonel's life; and now, in summer days, he loved to daily in the terraced garden, with its box hedges and plashing fountains, and its riot of blossoms and color and perfume, plucking here a flower and there a half-opened bud that looked coyly for the first time upon the morning, and veiling them with lacy ferns of tender green. Then he would carry the whole bunch of sweets within doors to dark-eyed Mistress Betty, his niece, and present them to her with a word of loving grace, like the old courtier that he was; and Betty, who loved the dear old man and his flowers too, would fill great china bowels with the treasures of the garden, and drop them into slender vases, and altogether work such wonders of loveliness among them with her slim white fingers that the colonel's admiration was scarcely to be expressed.

Tall and erect, his white hair queued in a club, always dressed with almost foppish precision, the colonel, with his fine features and bronzed face, was a man whom no one would pass unnoticed. Grave, yet kindly, and easily pleased, he had marched through life with as little concern for danger as a brave and not foolish man may have. Four times he had been wounded, and at Ramillies he had defended the colors against such odds that Marlborough had said: "Drury has more devil in him than the greatest fire-eater in the army!"

Always the same calm gentleman, in battle or at home, was the colonel. He had led the way to danger, and followed to safety. Few officers at that time were so beloved by their men, for it was too generally the custom to treat the private soldier as a brutal gladiator, bought and paid for, soul and body—a debased creature, drilled and forced to fight, to whom hardship was but a right measure, and death the final reward of a slavish service. Captain Drury—as he was then—treated his company as men of honor, and expected implicit obedience and respect in return.

"I respect every honest man, sir," he would say, "and if he does not respect me, then I would avoid him, for either he or I cannot be fitted for the positions we ocupy."

Now in his latter days he employed himself with the management of the property he had inherited, and of the larger inheritance of Betty, an estate, which, under his care, increased in value year by year.

One great wish the colonel had, and it was that Betty, whom he loved as a daughter, should marry her cousin John; but it seemed that his wish would not be gratified, for the lady, who was at this time not much over 18, had many admirers, and was of a capricious and haughty disposition. She loved her cousin as a brother, so she said; and John, mindful that she was an heiress, would not press his suit a second time. Betty might have regretted her words when the bright-faced, handsome young man left her and joined his regiment; but she never showed it, for she was proud, and of that nature which can suffer in silence. Never had she been so gay as on the morning when John left the Chase, and the good colonel, who knew naught of the ways of women, lost all hope of the fulfillment of his cherished wish.

Betty had many suitors, and her estates had some ardent admirers, and among these latter was Sir David Noakes, who was in the same regiment as John Drury, and whose heavily mortgaged lands adjoined the Chase. When at length creditors became pressing, Sir David determined to put his fate to the test, and rode to the Chase one afternoon, and requested an interview with Mistress Betty.

He found the heiress in the garden, among her rainbow flowers, and advancing across the soft turf, he gazed at her critically, and told himself that the prize had other attractions than its money value. Betty was arrayed all in snowy white muslin, and had a wide-frilled kerchief, crossed over her breast, and secured by a tiny brooch of pearls, a cap of flimy muslin crowned her powdered hair, and her rounded white arms were bare to the elbow. She was a handsome girl, with her big dark eyes and long eyelashes, and the deep rose-hue of health and youth flushing her cheeks. She was all red and white, like a York and Lancaster rose, Sir David thought. As he crossed the gravelled path his heavy footsteps became audible, and Betty looked up with a certain eager anticipation, which passed away when she became aware of her visitor's identity.

"These young military men walk so much alike," she thought; and there was a heightened glow upon her cheeks which Sir David altogether misinterpreted.

"I am fortunate, madam, in finding you alone," he said, after the usual formal salutations had passed.

"The colonel will be with us very soon, I hope," she said, and stooped to gather a gorgeous peony.

"Two is company, three is none," he ventured.

Betty was perverse. "So my uncle and I find," she said.

Sir David's eyes looked angry, but still he smiled.

"Your wit is as keen as ever, Miss Drury. It has often wounded my heart."

"Then 'tis keener than I could have believed, Sir David."

"Meaning that my heart is hard, Mistress? Ah, well, perhaps 'tis true of it when I go into the world, for it is a hard world, and would crush a heart unready to bear its cruelties—but 'tis tender enough when I meet you, dear Miss Drury."

"Ah!" said Betty indifferently, and moved off, as if desirous of plucking flowers that grew farther away. He followed her, growing hot with indignation at her disdain, but displaying a self-control which his comrades would not have given him credit for possessing.

"Why should you take pleasure in wounding me, sweet Mistress Betty, when you of all the world can create Paradise for me with a smile? What is life if one heart takes no pity upon another? Take you pity upon mine, dear lady!"

He seized her hand and showered kisses upon it. She managed to release it, and although she said nothing, the sparkle in her eyes betrayed her rising anger at his persistence.

It became evident to Sir David that his wooing was not prospering, and in vague sweet words he was but wasting his time, so he came to the point at once.

"I think of no one but you, Miss Drury. Will you not take pity on my misery and my loneliness? Will you be my wife?

She was standing with her back to him, and she turned slightly and looked over her shoulder.

"What think you of my estates, Sir David?" she said coolly, as though she had not heard his last speech.

"Why speak of them now?" he asked, perfectly comprehending the innuendo, but deeming it wise to feign ignorance. "My thoughts are of you! Let us forget that there is aught in the world but love, or other people save lovers who wander in a summer garden, hand clasped in hand, breathing joy with the fragrant air! Have mercy upon me, dear Miss Drury—tell me if you will be my wife!"

"No!"

She said it very quietly, very unconcernedly, as though it were a matter in which she had little interest one way or the other, but the tone carried conviction to the listener. Nothing could have been more effective, more crushing, than that single monosyllable, coming as it did at the end of the suitor's flowery rhapsody. It stung Sir David to fury, and he sprang from the kneeling posture he had so gracefully assumed but a moment before, and grasped the girl's arm with an almost brutal force, crying:

"I say that you shall marry me!"

"Shall—to me, sir!" she said angrily, her eyes flaming, her red lips set in a curve of contempt.

Sir David saw that he had gone too far.

"Forgive me," he pleaded, releasing her arm. "I am mad with love of you! I cannot live without you!"

"Not in such a fine mode as you might wish, sir," she returned, with an affectation of the most stately ceremony, "but I have no doubt but that you will contrive to live in a passable comfort nevertheless; and I wish to assure you that I shall live in most excellent comfort without you!"

Sir David could restrain himself no longer: his fine manners, which were but a surface polish after all, went to the winds.

"You vixen!" he cried, with an oath.

Betty grew very pale, but she faced him, her eyes full on his.

"It is well for you, sir, that my cousin is not here!" she said, haughtily.

"Your cousin! Aha, that is it, is it, my lady! So you've been brought up to be his wife, eh? Stap me! 'Tis a fine fortune for the boy and a plan well contrived!"

"Silence, sir!" and her tone was such as she might have used to a disobedient dog. "You are a craven cur to speak thus! You would not dare so far in my cousin's presence!"

"Would I not, mistress? Would I not? Show me the man that David Noakes dare not speak his mind to! I say that all this contrivance shall go for naught! You will not marry me, mistress, but I say that you shall not marry young John Drury! On that I'll wager my fortune, stap my vitals!"

"Or wager its mortgages, sir!"

"Gad's life, you need have estate to balance that cursed tongue!" he cried out in a violence of fury. "Mark you, mistress, what you have said, and remember it on that day which is coming when you will wish that your tongue had been cut out rather than given such freedom with me!"

He had recovered himself a little as he spoke, and he bowed to her, and walked away with something of his accustomed ease.

That evening, strolling in the garden, with her little hand fondly clasping the colonel's arm, Betty told the story of Sir David's wooing, but not of his insolence. Her anger was over, and she could laugh at the episode, and she related it, with such quaint conceite that the old soldier laughed, too.

"I scarce thought he would have presumed to ask for thy hand, Betty," he said.

"I fanced he would," she answered demurely.

"Ah, little one, perhaps thy bright eyes glanced his way," said the colonel, stroking her dimpled hand.

"Uncle!" she cried indignantly.

"Nay, Betty, I ask thy pardon. Your pure instinct would tell you his character. The man is profligate; his very soul is black with sin!"

"Uncle," said Betty, thoughtfully, "do you know that I have never heard you speak so harshly of any one before. You have always tried to find excuses for people who are spoken against."

"God forgive me if I am unjust! But when I think of this man, Betty, my blood boils in anger. He is a murderer—for such I account all those who are known as duellists, and he is a noted one."

A duellist. Some troubling thought must have crossed Betty's mind, for her mouth drooped a little, and her face lost some of its rose tint.

"It is his boast," went on the colonel hotly. "Seven times has he been out, and every time has killed his man. I say 'tis murder!"

"Seven men he has killed," repeated Betty. The mirth had gone from her voice altogether.

"Yes. The last was poor young Foster, my old comrade's only boy. Poor lad, por lad! He was murdered. This man, Sir David, never misses his mark. Betty, my child, it is my boast that, though I have done my best against my country's enemies, I have never shed the blood of one of my countrymen. Once I was in a duel, I confess. I could not avoid it—but I did not fire. Yet, thank God, my courage and my honor have never been doubted!"

The colonel had not been looking at his niece while he was speaking, but as she clutched his arm he glanced down at her. He was amazed, horrified! Her face was colorless and an awful fear was in her eyes.

"Betty! My child! What is it" he cried.

The words forced themselves from her pale, parted lips.

"My John! My John! He will kill him! That is what he meant!"

Joy and pain came to the old colonel's heart together when he understood her fears, for he saw that his boy had not bestowed his love in vain, and he felt that Sir David's words had been no idle threat.

"John will not quarrel with this man, Betty,' he said, comfortingly; "he will not be led into a duel, for he thinks with me on that point."

"Supposing he were grossly insulted?" whispered Getty.

"Then the honor of the regiment would demand that he should go out with the man who insulted him."

Betty was half fainting, and as she leaned heavily upon the colonel's shoulder, her fancy showed her a terrible picture, wherein was John, fallen to the ground, a bullet wound in his forehead, the dark blood dabbling his golden hair, and his blue eyes staring blankly at the heavens above him.

The colonel tried to soothe the poor child, but his face was white and stern, and his mouth had lost its sweet look of gentleness and had become almost hard in its lines.

"Believe me, Betty," he said, in a hushed but steady voice, "believe me that John is in no danger. I know that he has nothing to fear!"

"Oh, uncle! and yet——"

"You think I may be mistaken. No love, not that—not that. Be of good heart, little one; let us not think of this again. Come now, Betty, within doors, for I must prepare for my journey. I go to London tonight!"

"Tonight?"

"Aye, tonight. 'Tis a fine night for a ride, and will do me good."

And later on the colonel kissed his niece, and bade her farewell so tenderly, so regretfully, that the tears filled her dark eyes and welled over on to her soft cheeks; and then the old soldier had to kiss her again before he rode away, and to assure her that his business in London would not keep him long.

"And what if I should see John, little one?" he asked, half sadly.

Betty looked away and blushed until even her pretty neck and little ears glowed; and then she looked up bravely into the colonel's eyes and said in a tremulous little voice, very unlike her usual ringing tones, "give him my dear love, and tell him to bring my uncle back to me soon."

"God bless you, Betty!" said the colonel gently; and then he rode away, and the groom clattered after him, and soon they had passed down the avenue and were lost to sight in the gloom of the trees.

Young John Drury's regiment was then stationed in the Tower, and thither the colonel made his way the following afternoon. He was well known to all the officers, and hearty were the greetings he received. Merry faces surrounded the mess-table that night, but the influence of the colonel was noticeable; instead of questionable stories, tales of past campaigns were told, battles were fought over again, until subalterns, with bright unflashed swords by their sides, listened eagerly, and felt the blood course more swiftly through their veins.

The colonel's stories were all of others; and to hear him tell of gallant deeds done by his old comrades was to make his hearers feel proud that they were soldiers, to sweeten their hearts, and drive self from their souls. He was speaking of his old comrade, Major Foster when Sir David Noakes entered the mess-room. The baronet had just returned from his country seat, and after carelessly saluting his commanding officer and his comrades, he flung himself into his seat, and helped himself plentifully to wine. John Drury was on guard duty, and Sir David, looking round, saw the colonel in the young man's place with some surprise.

There was a minute's pause and the colonel went on with his interrupted story.

"It was a miserable daybreak, cold and wet, and a mist hung over the ground so that we could not see ten yards ahead, and it was chilly enough to freeze the valor out of our bodies. All night we had heard the challenge of the French sentries only half a mile away, and we knew that we might expect an attack in the morning. My company and Foster's were detailed to hold a bridge across the canal and we had instructions to blow it up if we could not hold it. We had the powder bags stowed all ready, and there was a dreary wait. At last came the muffled tramp of many feet, and we stood at the bridge ready, straining our eyes to see through the fog.

"Foster, who was in command, gave the word to fire, and in sections we sent in volleys which drew their fire; and we saw by the flashes that the enemy was within fifty yards of us, and on they came, firing when they had the chance. They tried to charge over the bridge, but of course failed, and after three repulses they spread out along the opposite bank and fired at us. We had only a hundred and sixty men, and they had probably ten times as many, and soon our numbers were terribly reduced. Again they charged, their men on the banks trying to clear the way for them; and again they met with a repulse, during which I received a wound that spoiled my sword arm for a while. By the time we had sent them back across the bridge we hadn't sixty men left, and so Foster agreed with me that we must blow it up. Whether or not the French had divined our purpose I cannot say, but certainly they concentrated such a fire on one end of the bridge that it was almost impossible for us to reach the powder bags.

"A sergeant, and then five men, one after another, tried to fire the charge, and were shot down, riddled by bullets. Then Foster insisted on marching up to the bridge with me close behind him, so that when he fell I should be nearer the powder bags and unharmed. Ah, he was a gallant fellow, was Foster, a marvellous gallant fellow! He placed himself before me, and on we marched, for there was no disobeying him; and we hadn't gone five yards when he was hit.

"'Hold up and double!' he cried, and then he staggered as he was hit again; but he wouldn't let me stop him, and he only dropped when we had reached the bridge, which was about twenty yards from the bank behind which our men lay. I set the match alight and picked Foster up to carry him back; but having only one arm I could use I could not get far away before the bridge blew up and sent us flying!"

"A gallant fellow, that Foster!" said the commanding officer, with kindling eyes.

"Ah, he was a gallant fellow sir!" said Colonel Drury, rising. "Gentlemen, I drink to the health of my old comrade, Major Foster, and confusion to the villian who has embittered his last days!"

The colonel's clear voice rang through the mess room, and there was a stir and amazement among those who sat around the table, for it was well known that Captain Noakes was the man who had shot young Foster.

Amid dead silence the baronet arose, and, pallid with excitement and anger, he turned toward the noble figures of the old colonel, who was still standing.

"Your age shelters you from the consequences of this insult, Colonel Drury," he said hoarsely, "but if your son has a particle of honor in him, he shall ——"

The colonel interrupted him.

"My age shall not debar me from the pleasure of offering you satisfaction, sir," he said. "My hand is still as steady as your own. If you refuse to meet me, you prove yourself a coward, a despicable poltroon who dares not face death!"

There was a hush and then a movement to make the colonel sit down, and an endeavor to prevent the affair going any further. The colonel was so popular, so reverenced; he was old and unduly excited; the whole incident was painful to every one present. Sir David Noakes left the mess room in silence.

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, calmly and courteously, "I tender you a heartfelt apology for acting as I have done, but there are times when, if a man be a man, he must speak. Colonel Beauchamy and gentlemen, I crave your forgiveness. And now, gentlemen, may I ask who will act for me?"

"Your son?" suggested some one.

"I beg you you to say nothing to him of this; I would have this little matter settled quietly and at once!" replied the colonel.

Then one Captain Davies and another man came forward, and the three left the mess room together, saying that they would be found in the captain's rooms should they be inquired for And the colonel told his seconds a tale that made them look at each other and remember the heroes who marched through a storm of bullets to what seemed certain death, to blow up the bridge.

Then, while Sir David's seconds called on Captain Davies, the colonel withdrew and sought his son, to whom he bade farewell, saying that he was called away.

And when Sir David's seconds heard the colonel's conditions through Captain Davies, they stared aghast.

"But that is murder!" they cied out.

"The choice is with us," said Captain Davies gravely; "either your man accepts, or, by God, I'll let the world know that he was afraid to face us!"

Sir David had but the choice between accepting the colonel's conditions and a ruined and dishonored life; and so it came about that he faced the old soldier that night, pistol in hand, with only the width of the now deserted mess-table between them, as they waited for the word to fire.

There was a smile on the colonel's handsome clear-cut face and the light of peace in his grave blue eyes; and Captain Davies whispered to his assistants that their principal was the finest looking man he had ever seen, and a soldier and a hero every inch of him, by God! And Lieutenant Spencer whispered in return that Sir David looked a hangdog wretch who was afraid of his doom.

Truly the baronet's pistol-hand was trembling, his face was blanched and sunken into dark and heavy lines, his teeth clenched upon his lower lip. He was gazing into the black barrel of the colonel's duelling pistol, and he knew with a sick horror that the bullet would strike him between the eyes, and that in another minute he would have passed into the hereafter. He was not wanting in a certain kind of courage, this noted duellist; but the man who can face certain death, without the faintest shadow of hope of escape, must be the bravest of the brave, and only those of noble heart and unstained honor can claim that glorious title.

"At the word 'three,' gentlemen, you will fire together."

The voice fell upon Sir David's ear like his death-knell, and seemed to come from far away. He had a wild thought of flinging down his pistol, but the fear of what would follow restrained him. Should he pretend to mistake and fire first? The idea nerved him, and he took steady aim as the voice cried: "One!"

The colonel thought of his beloved son, whose life would be safe now; and of little Betty, who would weep so bitterly and pray so earnestly for the old man whom she loved. He fixed his eyes on the distorted face of his enemy, and kept his weapon steady.

Sir David's purpose was formed. He would wait for the word "Two" to pass, and would fire before the interval was over. His lips curved downward into a strange smile as he waited. But the words followed quickly upon each other, as though the dastardly thought had been read.

"Two-three!"

Two reports rang out together, and both men dropped, each with a bullet wound in his forehead.—John le Breton in the Pall Mall Magazine.

THE YAQUI PROPHETESS.

Why the Mysterious Santa Teresa Was Banished from Mexico.

"I notice," says a correspondent, "that some enterprising reporter has tried to make Santa Teresa responsible for the Yaqui rebellion. Santa Teresa is at her home in Clifton, Ariz., and has not been on Mexican soil since she was banished some years ago.

"I have heard the story of Santa Teresa's life from her own lips, and from her father, and I know that she never did have anything to do with Indian uprisings in Mexico.

"Santa Teresa was born on her father's farm, in the state of Sonora. Her father was then a wealthy farmer, residing more than 100 miles from the Yaqui reservation. The Yaqui Indians heard of the wonderful healing powers of Santa Teresa, and a number of sick Yaquis had been cured by her. She won their everlasting gratitude, and their simple, superstitious minds endowed the kind-hearted farmer's daughter with divine power.

"One day there came to the Yauqi settlement a priest. The settlement had a little cathedral, but no priest, except such as occasionally visited the village as this one did. The priest found in the little cathedral a very fine old painting which had been left there by the Spaniards. The priest wanted the painting, and said he would take it and replace it with another painting. The Indians objected, and finally notified the persistent priest that he should not touch the painting. On returning to his regular station the priest reported that the Indains had rebelled against the Mexican government. As a result of that report troops were ordered to the Indian village to subjugate the rebels.

The Indians heard that the troops were coming and supposed that they were being sent to support the priest and take their painting. War signals flashed from every hill, and the Yaquis gathered in force to protect their painting of the Virgin. They went out to meet the soldiers, after having taken a vow that if they won the fight they would all go to see Santa Teresa and take their wounded for her to heal.

"Well, the battle resulted in the slaughter of all the troops. To remember their vow the Indians went into the battle shouting, 'Remember Santa Teresa!' Mexicans hearing the battle cry, concluded that Santa Teresa was responsible for the uprising, when, as a matter of fact, she did not know anything about it.

"After winning the battle the Indians headed for Santa Teresa's home. It was a long march, but they were going to keep their vow. Runners notified Santa Teresa's father of what had happened, and told him the Indians were coming. He knew their visit would cause the government to suspicion him, so he took his family and hurried to the nearest military fort and notified the officers of the advance of the Indians. He returned to his home with the troops. The Indians had been there, and, finding Santa Teresa gone, had left several of their wounded and returned to the Yaqui country.

"The presence of the wounded Yaquis in Santa Teresa's home was accepted by the army officers as proof positive that Santa Teresa had been aiding the rebels, so she was ordered to leave the country. She did so, and has never returned or had any communication with the Yaqui Indians. So you can see her banishment was a mistake, as was the Indian uprising."

As She Plays.

Soft across the sunshine leaves of scarlet fall,
Deep within my heart a tender song is singing;
Faint from out the distance comes a robin's call,
With his happy sweetheart to the Southland winging
Over fields of waving gold for many a mile,
Scent of other autumns in my memory lingers,
Sweet and unforgotten as the dead—the while
Drips the matchless music from her straying fingers.
--Kate Masterson, in The Criterion.

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Mme. Ruppert's White Rose Face Powder, an exquisite powder	.50	43c
Mme. Ruppert's Almond Oil Complexion Soap, a perfect soap, a combination of almond oil and wax, not a boiled soap and contains no lye	.25	18c
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