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CHAPTER IV. WAS GOING ON RESEWHERE.



"It's all deen worsense; but PR do it to white yew," said Inige. Joselyz and the impresario staid over night at the Randolphs', and completed the details of the agreement for Mademoiselle Marana's appearance. She was to come to the city in affew days, take up her above at a hotel, and begin arsals immediately. Before leaving

handed Mr. Randolph a sheck for 0, as advance salary, to enable him t take the necessary arrangements; and the two gentlemen took their departure with many professions of good will on both sides.

Late in the afternoon a sall, rather stern looking young man, with grave blue eyes under thick, level brows, and a short, dense brown beard covering the lower part of his face, walked into Gen. Inigo's office, and was informed that the general was expected every minute. He seated himself at a table, undid the roll of paper that he carried, and proceeded to busy bimself in making calculations and aketelies.

This young man, whose name was Geoffrey Bellingham, was a New Englander, whose family had lived for many generations in an ancient town not very And yet there is another side to them far from Boston. From the early part, but only very few—perimps only sene of the present century, however, their prosperity began to recede, along with that of the town with which they were so closely allied. Large families of children divided and dissipated the property; many of them moved to other parts of the country; those who remained, proudly mindful of their past grandeur. and newilling to descend to a lower level in search of new ways to fortune, gradually faded out of sight or existence, retaining to the end the old traits of chartheir more restricted circumstances. At length, about thirty years ago, Geoffrey Bellingbam was porn. He was a child of unusual intelligence, and with a strong appetite both for reading and adventure But the monotonous and lifeless existence of the sluggish old town vexed and wearied him; he wished he had come into the world a hundred years carlier, when men went forth to battle, and to sail the seas, and the days were full of novelty, activity and excite ment. His heart stirred within bim to bear a hand in the work and movement of the world, and such echoes as reached him of what was going on in other places and lands kept alive this longing and developed it. He met with no sympathy, however, from his own family circle and at length ceased to make them confidants of his desires and projects; yet this discouragement to the utterance of his thoughts led him to cherish them not less but more ardently. Finally, in his twelfth year, he ran away to sea, taking passage on board a Boston vessel bound for the Pacific.

came home first mate on board an Epglish blockade runner from Liverpool. It was in the midst of our civil war; the blockade runner was captured and Bellingham was taken prisoner. On his announcing his readiness to take service under the federal flag, however, he was allowed to join the crew of a government war vessel. He had the good luck to see a great deal of fighting, and was promoted for gallantry and general effiziency. Before the year was out he met a Confederate bullet, which put an end to his participation in the war, and very nearly severed his connection with all human affairs. Nevertheless he recovered and made his way to the north with \$1,000 in his pocket. On reaching his native place he found his father and

He was absent three years, and be

only child besides himself) married. He was at this time about 17 years old, but as tall and robust (barring the temporary effects of his wound) as a much older man; with a premature gravity and dignity of demeanor, and a strong, penetrating and resolutemind. After remaining quiet for a month or two, to recuperate and to think over his position, he determined to be an architect. He set to

work at once, with his usual energy and

mother both dead, and his sister (the

persistence; and after having famillarized himself with the rudiments of the profession at the best scientific school in the country be entered an architect's officin New York, and worked there from twelve to fifteen bours a day for seven years. Unremitting application such as this, rendered physically possible as it was by an invincible constitution, and turned to the best advantage by a powerful and comprehensive intellect, could not fail to have its effect.

When Bellingham, at the end of his apprenticeship period, set up in busines on his own account there were few mea in the country who pessessed a broader and sounder knowledge of architecture than this young man of 23, or who had so much taste and originality in matter of design. The remainder of his professional history, being mainly a record of well deserved and increasing success. has little interest. At the epoch of his entrance into this story he had had a hand in many of the best buildings of our large cities, both private and public. and incidentally be had been brought in contact with a great number of people whomit might be deemed socially expedient to know. But Bellingham scarcely seemed to have the ordinary social instinct. His manners were abrupt and reserved, and he had a very discorcerting glance for these who seemed disposed to attempt to be familiar with him. He seemed to have a temperamental antipathy against aristocratical or exclusive pretensions of any kind, though in a certain sense no one was

more exclusive and aristocratic than he The type is no uncommon one, as the critics say; and it is perhaps a pity, nowadays, that it is not a great deal com-moner. Though repellent in several ways, it has some qualities of almost infinite redemption. It includes every thing that we call easenline. Its ex-emplars are often deficient in humor: but they have a sternness and simplicity that are to the other parts of human unture what sea salt is to water. The are often unjust, but they are never con plaisant. They may be bitter, but they are never sweet; or hard, but never noft And yet there is another side to themover comes to knew it. Enough of gen egalizations

Geoffrey Bellingham had not the air of being susceptible to feminine charms His manner, when he was brought in contact with the gentler sex, underwent no gentle and illuminating change. The clements of his nature seemed avera-from harmonizing with those of weemen When he happened to speak with waman he would express himself in his usual curt, faconic way, keeping hiseyes face the while, with a sor of unsympathetic inquisition. The im-pression conveyed was that he considinsufficient and untrust erad women worthy. On the other hand he never railed against them, as self conscious misogynists do; his indifference seemed not to be the result of an exhaustine or mortifying experience of them in the past; it was scientific or temperamental rather. He recognized their functional uses to the race and to society, but did not care to be personally concerned with there more than was necessary.

But his professional reputation was so high and so well attested that his social disqualifications did not injure his success; and when Gen. Inigo conceiped the idea of a grand new opera house Bellingham was among those to whom he applied for a plan and an estimate and it was Bellingham who got the cop tract. The result was a building which many judges considered to be second to none of its kind in the world. It was beautiful it was luxurious, it was acoustically a marvel, it was fireproof. Incidentally a number of artists achieved renown and made money by the decorations which they executed, under Bellingham's supervision, for its inner and outer walls. New York beasted of it. the papers contained descriptions of it. and the illustrated journals published pictures of it, and endeavored, but unsuccessfully, to obtain a portrait of the architect. But, as a compensation, there was engraved a dignified and imposing representation of Gen. Inigo, and a record of his brilliant and typically Amer ican career.

Bellingham had been waiting in the neral's office fifteen minutes when the latter appeared, with Jocelyn on his arm, both in the best of spirits. The architect did not rise from his chair or make any other response than a preoccupied nod to the expansive greetings of e gentleman. "If you have your wits about you," he said to Inigo,

this plan and tell me your idea about it. "What's it all about, anyhow?" turned the impresario, removing his cigar from his mouth and pulling him-self together. "Stage entrance! What's the use botherin' with that? Just make it so as they can get in and out, and the gals can see their fellows"

"No, sir," interposed Bellingham qui-

"I want to stop that." 'Stop what, in the name o' gracious?'

"Fellows hanging round the stage door for the girls to come out. I don't like it, and I mean to give the girls a chance to get off free if they choose,"

"Your saving clause will cover ninety nine cases in a hundred. I fancy," re-

marked Joselyn with a laugh.
"What has that got to do with it?" demanded Bellingham, looking at him: and what have you to do with it. oither?"

"Oh, I was only startled to see you turning missionary," replied the other. moving away.

Bellingham paid no further notice to

"By connecting the window above the lower door, by means of an iron bridge of fifteen feet span, with the corridor in the building on the opposite side of the alley," he said, referring to his drawing. "you give additional means of exit either by the street door of that building or by the upper passage leading to the elevated railway station. Well?"

"What'll it cost?" inquired loigo. "Not more than eight hundred, or I'll pay the difference.

'It's all darn nonsense; but I'll do it to oblige you," said Inigo.

"That way, if you like," said Belling ham, folding up his plan. "Good day.
"Odd fish, that fellow," observed Joes lyn when the architect had gone out.

"I just tell you what," said Inigo, "if that old fish was an impresario the divas wouldn't go back on him-not

"Why wouldn't they?" "Oh, maybe they wouldn't dare; but they wouldn't, anyhow."
"What do you know about it?"

"I know a man when I see him," returned the other, wagging his head. "and so do they.

CHAPTER V. HOW EVERYTHING WAS MADE PLEASANT AND EASY FOR HER



"What are the services for which this is the payment?" Mrs. Bemax inquired.

Two ac three days afterward Jocelyn. betook himself to a small and rather shabby looking house in East Eighteenth street, and asked if Mrs. Bemax were at The woman whe opened the door said, in a weary and discontented voice, that Mrs. Bemax was in, and Jocelyn went upstairs. He entered the front room on the first floor. This room had a dingy and brownish aspect. The furniture was meager and mckety. Upon the wall between the windows hung askew a print of the Prince of Wales and his tamily, taken from some illustraced paper and framed in a wooden frame stained black and varnished. The only pretty thing in the room was a photograph of a chubby little child about 4 years of age. It was mounted in a tasteful etandard frame of stamped leather, and a small vase containing two or three flowers stood in front of it. The photograph itself was much faded and was in the style of ten years ago.

In a few minutes a tall, middle aged woman, with a square shaped face and rather strengly marked features, came into the soom. Her eyes and brown were dark; her hair was slightly touched with gray. The corners of her large mouth had acquired an indrawn look, apparently from a habit of pressing her lips together; her general expression was studiously ampassive. She flooked like one accustemed to meet with rebuffs and disappointments, and to put up with them when necessary, though never with meekness and resignation. There was an air about her that showed she had once been familiar with the handsome side of the world, but, frem whatever cause, bad discontinued to enjoy or practice its refinements. There were more hard and unpleasant things in her memory than the contrary, and these memories and experiences had worn away her former comeliness and made her skeptical and somewhat malicious instead of gentle and engaging.

"Well, Hamilton," she said, as she came in, "I hope you've brought me some money."

"Money, my dear Meg! Didn't I send you some last week?" "Yes, encogh to pay up my arrears of board. I've had none to spend on myself for a month, and I have only one

other dress to my back, and that is not

fit to be see ..." "Things are more expensive here than in England. I told you that when you insisted on coming here. You would have been more comfortable at home." "Home is where the heart is," she re plied, with an intonation of somber sar-

casm. "My heart is not in England, wherever else it may be." "Well, I've been very busy," said Jocelyn.

sume, as usual, it is no business

"So you always tell me; but I pre-

"Well, my dear, it's only the money aspect of my business that you feel any interest in.

"If you mean there is no longer any sentiment latween us I cordially admit it." was the recept. "I don't cure the snap of my larger for you or for any one else nox alive. But I have some claims upon you, and I've come here to enforce them.

"You have the photograph there still, I see," remarked Jocelyn, turning to the table, "Poor little fellow! If he'd lived I'd have made a man of him."

"Yes! You'd have made the same sort of man of him as you've made woman of his mother. I'm glad he's dead, if it's only to save him from knowing what sort of a father he's got! However, you said that to put me in a good humor I suppose. What do you want?"

"I vow, Meg, you're too confoundedly sour for anything," exclaimed Jocelyn. twisting his wiskers. "I've come to tell you of an arrangement that will enable you to live at your ease the rest of your days, and this is the way I am re-Come, now!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Lincoln and the Widow.

During all that dreadful period when the civil war was ravaging the country Lincoln held the reins of the government, and, although worn out with ungensing toil, he never neglected an opportunity to belo those who suffered.

One day a pour woman, whose tears had worn furrows down her cheeks gained an andience with Lincoln, and in a few words related the sad tale of her husband, who had fought in the Union army only to lose his life, and of her three boys, who were then fighting. She requested the discharge of her eldest boy, that she might have some one to support her. Lincoln's beart responded to the appeal, and he replied, "Certainly if you have given us all and your prop has been taken away you are

justly entitled to one of your boys."

The poor woman went away light of heart, only to return later, tearfully begging the release of her second son. The discharge of the first son had come too late. He was killed before it reached him. Sadly Lincoln sat down and wrote the requisite order for the release of the second son, and, rising, handed the paper to the afflicted woman, saying: "Now you have one and I have one of the two boys left. That is no more than Weeping with joy, the poor mother blessed Lincoln and burried out to send her precious order.-Harper's Round Table

A Traveling Library.

An insatiate reader on his travels. Napoleon complained, when at Warsaw. in 1807, and when at Bayonne, in 1808, that his librarian at Paris did not keep him well supported with books. "The emperor," tyrote the secretary to Barbier, "wars a portable library of 1,000 volumes is 12mo., printed in good type without margin, and composed as nearly as possible of 40 volumes on religion, 40 of eptis, 40 of plays, 60 of poetry, 100 of news is, 60 of history, the remainder, to real emp 1,000 of historical memreligious works are to be the Old and New Testaments, the Koran, a selection of the works of the fathers of the church, works respecting the Amount Colvinie etc. The epics are to be Homer, Lucan, Tasso, Telemachus, 'The Henriade, etc.' Machiavelli, Fielding, Richardson, Montesquien, Voltaire, Corneille, Racine and Rousseau were also among the authors mentioned -Lew Rosen.

A Disappointment.

"I never was so disgosted and angry in my dife," said Mrs. de Garmo.
"What's the trouble?" her husband inquired.

"This afternoom that rich Mrs. Hilton, whom I have been dying to have call on me, came just as I was getting

'Too bad! Wouldn't she stay until

you could get ready to see her?"
"That's just it. I rushed around and almost broke my neck getting into my best clethes, only to find out when I got down-stairs that she had called to see if I wouldn't like to buy a 50 cent ticket to an entertainment that the Good Sa. maritan society was getting up for poor sewing girls. I shall cut her dead the next time we meet."—Cleveland Leader.

Query of the Times.

The lever was enthusiastic. "She has poetry in her eyes," he exclaimed.

"Yes?" returned the cynic tantalizingly. "She thus roses in her cheeks," per-

sisted the lover. "Yes?" returned the cynic again. "She has music in her voice," assert-

ed the lover defiantly.
"And what in the bank?" queried the cynic. - Chicago Post.

Albuquerque.

"The live and progressive town of Albuquerque," says a citizen of that town in the Washington Post, "is sadly handicapped by its name. The percentage of people ontside the territory who can spell it is small, and often it worries a home man to get it just right. One of these days, when New Mexico becomes a state, we are going to give the town a shorter and easier name, the spelling of which there will be no chance

In California 50 pounds make a bushel of barley; Georgia, Kentucky and Pennsylvania, 47; in all the rest, 48.

DOGS OF INTELLIGENCE.

A Strict Subbatarian and a Traveter In

The Ladies' Kennel Journal consists of a number of dog anecdotes selected from many sources, new and old. The stories are arranged to illustrate different features of the dog's character. Here is an example of what is called a dog's "tenacity of impression," vouched for by an Edinburgh minister:

"One sacrament Sunday the minister left his house to the care of the servants, who thought it a good opportunity to give a party. During the day the dog (a Newfoundland) accompanied them through the garden, and indeed wherever they went, in the most attentive manner and seemed well pleased. the evening, when the time arrived that the party meant to separate, they pro-ceeded to do so, but the dog, the instant they went to the door, interposed, and, placing himself before it, would not allow one of them to touch the handle. On their persisting and attempting to use force, be became furious and in a menacing manner drove their back into the kitchen, where he kept them until the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson."

From which it would appear that some dogs are Sabbatarians. At all events, he seems to have been of opinion that to velers in a manse on sacramer. Sunday were out of place.

Another story, illustrating the reason of a cog, is quoted as having been told by William Rebson of Penshaw, the owner of the animal. The dog was in the liabit of going about in bansom cabs with his master. One day, after being lost, be went home by himself in a bansom.

"The cabman rang for his fare, and, thinking he had somehow captured the runaway, I inquired how and where he found him. 'Oh, sir,' said cabby, 'I didn't hail him at all; be hailed me. I was standing close by St. James' church looking out for a fare, when in jumps the dog. I shouts through the winder. He wouldn't stir. So I gets down and tries to pull him out and shows him my whip, but he sits still and barks as much as to say, "Go on, old man." As I seizes him by the collar I reads his name and address. My fine gentleman settles himself with his head just a looking out, and I drives on till I stops at this gate. Then out jumps my passenper, n-clearing the doors, and walks in as though he'd been a regular fare.

The driving in cabs dog is by no means a rare variety. It is told of Lady Ashburnbana's collie that, after jumping into a handsom, he so plainly intimates that he wants his collar read that, as one cabman said, "Blowed if he didn't ask me to."-Westminster Budget.

AS AN ARMY RATION.

Beans Briefly Considered by an Old Army Veteran.

"Take it altegether," said the old soldier, "I think I liked beans the best of the army rations. Hard bread, of course, was essential, and we expected to get that anyway, but I am speaking now of the comparative luxuries on the army bill of fare. I should prefer corned beef, if that issued in the army had been uniformly of a desirable quality. But often it was of a hardness more like that of quartz and of a saltiness past belief by those who have never tried it.

"Salt pork-well, fat salt pork, even of the best quality, is not descrable as a steady diet of food, and we got more salt pork than any other meat, and it was most always not of the best. In fact, no old soldier will ever forget the salt pork of the army. But his recollections of it will not be surrounded by an aurora be realis of delight

'Not everybody liked beans, but according to my notion they were the best of the army rations, all things considered. If we had a piece of pork to put in the kettle, so much the better. But we had salt anyway, and bean soup, with hard bread to break into it, and a cup of coffee made a meal that had decided elements of hopefulness in it.

"It is true that sometimes when we had beans day after day for days together some of the men would get tired of them. But you would grow tired of omsolans, wouldn't you, if you had too many of them?

"I always used to be glad when we had beans, and to this day I like now and then a dish of bean soup, and I never eat it without pleasant recollec-tions of the army."—New York Sun.

A Poet's Chivalry.

The poetry of Longfellow reveals its author's sensitive, chivalrous spirit, so that those familiar with his verses will read without surprise this story told by Mrs. Phelps-Ward in her "Chapters From a Life:"

Longfellow was reading aloud a poem one day to Mme. Modjeska, whose eyes filled with tears as the reading proceeded. "I shall never forget," observes Mrs.

Phelps-Ward, "the tone and manner with which he turned toward her. 'Oh, he cried, 'I meant to give you happiness! And I have given you pain. "His accent on the word"pain' was

like the smart of a wound."

Nerve Strain.

"It must be a good deal of a strain to run a trolley car," said the talkative man on the platform.
"You bet it is," said the motorman.

"W'y, when I go along for two or t'ree weeks without runnin over anybody I git so nervous I can't eat nor sleep. Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Dance Dictator.

The large private dances given in New York afford a means of livelihood to a number of women whose work does not appear conspicuously in the results as important as it really is. The lists of many of the hostesses that entertain in this way are taken charge of by young women who make a business of sending out invitations, overlooking lists and generally superintending the entire dis-tribution of the invitations. This necessitates a revision of the names and the omission of all who happen to be no longer available for social entertainments from one cause or another. The women who attend to work of this kind relieve the hostess of all further responsibility than the delivery to her of the invitations. This is a particular relief to the people in society who happen to spend any considerable part of their time in Europe and are unfamiliar with the changes that take place in New York. One young woman and her mother have for several years made a very good living out of work of this kind, and there are a half dozen or more who devote their time to it. At many of the large balls a hostoss never expects to know personally all the people she in-Some of them play no more important part in her acquaintance than a place on her visiting list, and, that distinction having once been gained, it is likely to be secure until something very serious happens. One of the duties of the women who make a basi less of this sort of thing is to see that invitations do not go to people whose friends would be grieved by the suggestion of their at-

The Senator's Striped Underwear.

tending a ball .- New York Sun.

A western senator, who has always been addicted to the habit of wearing striped underwear, had a narrow escape recently on that very account. striped underwear worn by the distinguished senator looked for all the world like a prisoner's garb, but of course that aspect of the case did not suggest itself to the senator. While en route to Washington on one occasion the fact came to him in a striking way. It was on a sleeping car at night. The car pitched and threw him out of the lower berth on to the floor, clad in his striped under-

wear. The lurch of the car startled other folks, too, and two ladies on the opposite side of the senator stuck their heads out to see what the commotion was all about. When they saw the senator crawling under cover in his striped garb, thinking he was an escaped convict they screamed, and pandemenium reign-The perter was summened, whereupon the ladies commanded him to remove the "convict."

It took all the "senatorial convesy" the senator could rake up to prove a alibi, and he was finally able to demonstrate who he was, but he has since abandoned the idea of wearing striped underwear, having reached the concinsion that plain flannels without stripes are much better and far safer. - Washington Post.

Indian Eninmakers.

All the Indian tribes had rainmakers, and some are yet left. This is one their methods of operation: A sur-body of Creek Indians had gathered, a decked out in their best finery. elderly men retired a short distance at seemed to be mumbling to each or r something like prayers or invocations. After some time a fire was made on the bank of the stream, when the two raigmakers gave an order, and a young make plunged into the river, which was there very deep. When he came up, he had a blue catfish in his hand, which one of the old men took and threw into the fire, the tribe looking on in perfect silence. Then there was more mumbring, accompanied by various contortions and gesticulations, when the gathering arepersed. It rained that night. Perhaps, on the whole, the Indian rainmaker is more generally successful than the civilized, one occasionally appearing on the frontier in times of drought, the former having a shrewder and more experienced forecast of weather probabilities and putting in his incantations at the right time. - New York Tribune

Haste In Courtship.

Among the many faults of the ninewenth century is often reckoned in The world, one says, is full of larry and bustle. Time is outrageous yet in the business of courting new marvels in patience and leiser lines when compared to what they were the middle ages. They liked them commence a courtship by what garded now as the next to the har in it, "Will you marry me?" and they had little use for preliminaries. If the gentlewoman was wise and various, she, of course, knew immediately what to say, for she previously had been informed of her suitor's fortune, as he of her dowry, and a few minutes on a were necessary for the young people to me whether they were mutually agreement or not.-Emily Stone in Lippincott's.

Revivined Habit.

The convict under sentence of sufficery confinement had utterly collapsed. Var heaven's sake," he begged, "I must have rest! My conscience will not he me sleep—unless—unless, I can lest u to the chaplain's sermen!"

Remembering that he had been a puller of the church, they were disposed of grant his request.

Habit, it must be remembered, is alltimes more remerful even than a page --