

Cromwell's Iron Heart.

BY JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN.
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"Tis the fashion of these latter days to hold that Oliver Cromwell, the great Lord General of Parliament, was of such hardness of heart that the none of the emotions that sway the common clay found lodgment in his breast. Therefore do I adventure this statement that my children and my children's children may have it on record over my sign and seal what Old Noli did for me, that time I was Captain of the First Troop of the Ironsides.

It began—where of a verities most things do begin—with a woman. Mistress Margaret Fullerton. I loved her and so did many, notably one Oliver Hepworth. Now, of a truth, this Hepworth was not by nature more cruel and violent than other men, and we were friends of a sort. But when Mistress Margaret had no ears for his suit he straightway conceived a most bitter hate for me. And in this he was unwarranted, for though I was sick with love for Mistress Margaret, I worshipped afar off, not daring to make my passion known. Now, when war was proclaimed the girl did go with kith and kin, as was most natural, and so did our side with the King, while Hepworth and I made haste to offer our swords to Colonel Cromwell, who was our neighbor and much looked up to by us. As the war went on we rose in favor with our colonel until we both were given a troop. And then one day we clashed and Cromwell had the day. Major Hepworth transferred to a regiment of foot. Whereupon Hepworth straightway came to be named as a man who had no mercy in him and his fierce zeal made him a major.

Then came the day that Lord Willoughby, the commander-in-chief, ordered that Grafton House should be taken and put the undertaking in the charge of Major Hepworth, giving him choice of foot and horse and some ordnance. Major Hepworth chose a company of his own regiment of Londoners and mine own troop of the Ironsides. At this I marveled much and had suspicion of some secret design.

We drew up about the wall that surrounded the park of Grafton House and made formal demand for its surrender. The answer came back to take it if we could.

"Ha!" cried Hepworth. "The malignants refuse our terms and send back violence. Lord, I thank Thee!—and then he shouted, with exultation in every tone: 'I order no quarter—spare none, whoever they may be.' I sickened at his words, for I guessed

to right and left. He saw me sitting at naught his order. He saw on the proud, calm face of the woman he had wooed and lost contempt and loathing unspoken. Then the devil in him broke loose.

"Mistress!" he cried. "Wycherleigh, you are under arrest. Drop your sword and retire to the rear. Londoners, I give the prisoners into your hand to work your will. To the attack!"

"Ironsides, stand fast!" I shouted so that my voice rose above all the hell of sound that broke loose upon his order. And like a living wall of steel the First Troop of Cromwell's Own closed up behind me. Oh, but the clang of their spurred heels on the marble floor was a sound to hear and thank the Lord of Hosts! So we thank the Lord of Hosts! So we thank the devil Hepworth's face went livid for rage and the Londoners strained and surged behind him. A devil he was and with the devil's own courage. For, shouting the charge, he came on sword in hand, and his men behind him.

Midway I met him. His sword went whirling half across the great hall. My point stood at his throat. Perchance the devil glaring out of his eyes discovered a blacker devil in the eyes that glared into his.

And Lord Chillingford and his, 375, to the meaneast scullion under his roof-tree, went out of Grafton House under safe conduct.

I sat in the guardhouse, waiting for the dawn and death. Yet I was at peace with fate. Even to die the death of a mutineer had no sting. For I had laid down my life to save the woman I loved, and I thought of the morrow's dawn with a smile.

Cromwell was in London on pressional business with the Parliament, and in his absence, they had given me short shrift. The deadly mischance of it! For had he known he would have saved me; that I felt in my heart.

A key turned in the door; the bolts were pushed back. The door opened and shut and a woman's figure stood dark in the feeble candle light. No need to ask who it was. I rose and stood staring. I could not speak.

"John Wycherleigh," she said, "when we walk in the valley of the shadow of death a maid may do that which at another time she would not. So it is that I have come to you unbidden. If I am not welcome I will give you thanks for the gift of life at your hands and get me gone." So low and sad was her voice that I scarce knew it for hers. For Mistress Margaret Fullerton was a proud woman, holding herself aloof, and not given to a show of feeling. She went on:

"For I would not have you think, John, that we were thankless or idle in your behalf. First we sent word to Cromwell. I made a way to Lord Willoughby. I told him all that I asked for your pardon. But the most he would grant was this pass to the guardhouse. And when Cromwell came half an hour ago I went to him—

"Ha!" I cried. "Cromwell here! And what said he?"

"Little," she answered sadly. "He heard me to the end, then questioned me close. He sat silent a space and then strode up the door without a word. John, he is a man of iron—body and soul and mind of iron—I understand him not."

So this was the end—no word of hope from my colonel!

"Margaret," I said, and I knelt down at her feet. "do not know what I was saying in my heart when you came in? 'Twas this: 'Though she lie in some other man's arms she can never forget!' There was silence between us for a space and then her little hand drew me to my feet and I took her in my arms.

"Jack," she whispered, "on my knees I begged of Lord Willoughby the life of the man I loved. If not you, then none shall—Hark! What is that?"

Of a sudden the ground shook with the tread of a horse and the air was full of the clink and rattle of stirrup and sword. Then came stillness again.

I dragged the oaken bench to the window and together we stared out into the darkness. Round the guardhouse was ranged company upon company of horse, the fitful light of the campfires flashing on helmet and sword. It was the Ironsides.

And as we clung together, staring and doubting our eyes, the door of the council hall opened and Cromwell strode out. Behind him was Lord Willoughby and General Crawford and others of the council. In the glare of the torches we saw Cromwell point with outstretched arm to his regiment with a gesture of assent and submission and went off to his quarters without looking back.

We sprang to the floor in an agony of expectation. The door flew open and Cromwell came striding in, booted and spurred and plastered with mud from his ride from London.

"Free you are, my lad!" he cried, "and still captain of my First Troop. The fools! They swore you should die till I showed them our Ironsides here and told them to take you if they could. Then they changed their minds."

And this much I will tell you of what my colonel said, but his further speech to me and to the blushing woman on my breast I will not set down; it is for my wife and me and none others.

But this I will say: When the Ironsides beheld us three come forth, for once their iron discipline was forgot and a shout went up that minded me of the day when the First Troop took the Royal Standard at Edge Hill.

For a space of a score of seconds Major Hepworth hesitated, glaring

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NEWS NOTES FOR WOMEN

For the Woman Who Walks.

Corduroy forms a useful walking dress, and is being a good deal used for tailor-made costumes. Smoke-gray and castor beige shades are the most worn; no trimming is put in the most buttons, except large and handsome buttons, sometimes of mother-of-pearl. Parisiennes usually affect rather a severe style of cravat with a corduroy gown, generally a natty bow and a muslin collar only. Given really good corduroy, it has endless wear in it.

The New Underleaves.

The newest underleaves look exceedingly odd and old-fashioned. The first of these revived accessories were dainty and small; the later styles were large full pear-shaped puffs that ran from wrist to elbow, and the bell sleeve above is, therefore, cut very short. These are called Victorian shapes, and the Queen Anne models have two puffs from the elbow, the top one fastened with rosettes; the lower one, finished with many shirings, making it fit the wrist with an expanding cut beyond reaching over the hand.

New Occupation For Women.

In an English magazine appears the following: "Some weeks ago a contributor to the kennel department of the paper mentioned the post of kennel-woman as offering another field of employment for women. One woman, in an appreciation of the fact, is about to act upon a suggestion made in the paragraph referred to, and writes to say that she would like to take a pupil and teach her thoroughly the duties of a kennel-woman. The woman in question has been a successful breeder and rearing of dogs, and is her own vet."

Grace McKinley, Schoolmistress.

It is seldom that a young girl who may have wealth and the highest social position chooses the drudgery and irksome duties of a school teacher. Such a unique specimen is found in the orphan maidenhood in the orphan plan niece of President McKinley, Miss Grace McKinley. A year ago Miss Grace McKinley and Mrs. McKim, with a party of friends—Cabinet officers and other prominent officials—went to that staid and distinguished seat of learning, Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass. To see Miss Grace take her degree of B. A. Miss Grace stood at the head of her class, while her record during the entire course had been of fair praise-worthy endeavor. The President, to show his appreciation of her success, bestowed on his niece a beautiful diamond pin. The graduation dress, a natty creation of white chiffon and lace, was Mrs. McKinley's gift.

It was after this great event that the President offered to adopt Miss Grace, formally, and thus make her the reigning belle of the nation—the social leader of the capital—the only young girl in the great Presidential mansion at Washington.

This is surely a tempting offer, but it did not swerve this beautiful and brilliant girl from a long cherished aspiration. She wished to use her gifts in a fitting way—in one to which she had endeavored to train herself during her long and severe probation at Mount Holyoke. She chose the arduous profession of a school teacher, and this fall, on her own application, sustained by her record at college, she secured a position in the High School of Middletown, Conn. She began her duties in September—Success.

Four Famous Sisters.

Four sisters of American birth have made reputations in France through varied but very great accomplishments. Anna Klumpke had made a reputation as an artist before Rosa Bonheur bequeathed to large a legacy to her that she surrendered part of it rather than be involved in a struggle with Rosa Bonheur's family. She lives in Rosa Bonheur's former home at Fontainebleau and is continuing to advance in the field she selected for herself. Since she received the legacy from the famous painter her struggles have been a high place in her profession are said by those who know her intimately to be more eager than ever.

The family comes from California, but the daughters have lived for some years in Paris. One of the other sisters studied medicine at the College of France, and was rewarded with the degree entitling her to practice in the hospitals. This honor had never been bestowed on any woman. For several years she devoted herself to practice in Paris, and was then married to Dr. Verne, of La Salpêtrière. He is a special lecturer in nervous diseases. Before her marriage Miss Dijkens' writings on the same subject had attracted considerable attention. Since her marriage husband and wife have collaborated on several important works on the same subject.

Seven years ago Dorothea Klumpke won a degree of doctor of sciences at the Sorbonne. She had studied astronomy long before it became her intention to devote herself seriously to the science. Her thesis was a study of the rings of Saturn, and it has come to be an authority on that subject. She became an astronomer at Paris soon after leaving the Sorbonne. She passed her verbal examination successfully, and was the first woman to obtain the degree of doctor of science and mathematics. All the members of the faculty voted in her favor.

Julia Klumpke, the fourth sister, has just begun to attract further attention to the name. She has chosen music as her field of endeavor, and has shown the possession of the family talent within certain limits. She has played the violin with success in Paris, and there are already prophecies that the name of the family will soon be illustrious in another field. Miss Klumpke has not reached as yet the importance obtained by some other women abroad in her sisters, and persons with faith in the family talent believe that she will yet become as well known in her field as the other Klumpkes are in theirs.

Many of the waiter girls in Swiss hotels belong to well-to-do families. Frau Nina Auerbach, widow of the eminent German novelist, is dead. She survived her husband eighteen years. The Empress of Germany is particularly fond of photography, and has an interesting and large collection of photographs.

Among the 1550 Cubans who took the census of the island were many women, and they received the regular remuneration of \$5 a day.

A woman has built a house with her own hands, near Fountain Ferry Park, Ind. It is a one-story wooden structure of four rooms, with a stone foundation.

The widow of Justice Stephen J. Field has presented to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco a finely executed oil portrait of the jurist.

In some parts of China the young women wear their hair in a long, single plait, with which is intertwined a bright scarlet thread. This style of ornamentation denotes that the young woman is marriagable.

Miss Eugenia Washington, great-granddaughter of George Washington, one of the founders of the Society of Daughters of the American Revolution, and President of the Society of Founders and Patriots, died in Washington recently.

Dr. Rebecca Johnston, of New York City, is a woman physician who gives certain hours of her time to working for philanthropy. Three days of every week she conducts a free clinic during the morning hours in the basement of her home.

In Paris paper the assertion is made that one of the cherished customs of France—an institution not despised in other countries, the custom of giving a dot to marriageable girls—is rapidly dying out, and will soon take its place with the great auk and other extinct species.

The Business Women's League of Atlanta, Ga., has joined the large body of similar associations that have lately sprung into existence. The league already has seventy-five members, and has applied to the Legislature for incorporation under the name of the Atlanta Business Women's League.

The women's suffrage organizations of the West having succeeded in getting women into the lower house of the Legislature, the women's clubs of Colorado, led by those of Denver, intend to make an effort to have women admitted to the State Senate, and have so far met with encouraging prospects of success.

From London comes the interesting intelligence that a young woman's cooking club, formed about a year ago in the northern part of the city, has been completely disorganized by the marriage of all the members. The club gave weekly dinners, ordered, cooked and served by members in their turn, and each member had the privilege of inviting a masculine guest to each dinner.

Old Pirates

The memory of the last of the buccaniers has again been revived by the discovery of undoubted relics of his career as far north as Bangor, Me., says the Boston Post.

It is true the present discovery amounts to nothing more definite than a hole which is said to be the exact size of the reported mysterious boxes of gold, which the doughty Captain Kidd is believed to have thrown along the coast of America, and which have been traced all the way from South Carolina to the present location, which is believed to be the "farthest north" yet made in Kidd's record. Of course, however, a hole cannot sustain a pirate's reputation, and the present treasure trove includes also, as a recent dispatch from Bangor states, "an old-fashioned hip, such as covered an old-fashioned lock, and a broken key, found near the hole." These, the narrator naively adds, are "proof of the discovery."

The legend that has existed for years in this favored locality, that some of the coveted "relics" of the great pirate were buried at Eber's Point, in the immediate vicinity, is thus proved to have a somewhat more stable foundation than the credulous imagination of several successive generations of Maine farmers. "Many parties," says the dispatch before referred to, "have dug over the ground in the hope of finding the treasure. The land is owned by Messrs. Wood, man and Buzzell, and Mr. Woodman has discovered a hole from which it is evident a box 12x16 inches has been removed." Historic hole! In addition to the whole American nation, to say nothing of the pitch of Eber's Point, which the dwellers of Eber's Point have been wrought, this parallelogram place among the great legends which hover fondly over Captain Kidd's name. These have connected his place of hiding, or rather that of

his treasure—Kidd himself was, we believe hanged in England, is the natural close of his picturesque career, with almost every island, peninsula, or promontory, to say nothing of every natural cave, gully, or even promising growth of underbrush on the Atlantic coast. Some of the most likely of these legends have been done into immortal fiction and have even figured on the stage. Who can forget Edgar Poe's weird story of the "Gold Bug," wherein the genius of this eminent literary artist is devoted to evoking the mystery in a cryptogram, which stands today one of the curiosities of literature? The scene of the story is laid on an island off the Carolina coast. Northward past the sea boundaries of Virginia—a somewhat unprosperous spot, as being too densely populated in the bold pirate's time, and which fancy seems to have left quite untouched—southward to such unromantic preserves as New Jersey and the shores of Long Island, the legend bears us. It is even reported on credible authority that a substantial citizen of Boston crossing the common less than a twelvemonth ago in the company of a spiritual medium received a startlingly real "message" to the effect that the long-sought-for gold lies buried there. This last must be accepted as belonging rather to the realm of pure imagination than the more credible tales which have transmitted a considerable portion of the Atlantic coast into veritable sand heaps. The Maine discovery, however, restores us once more to the realm of material things, and must be considered as the most important contribution to the history of American history that has been vouchsafed us for a generation. The reign of romantic fiction is now upon us, and although there are many good single stories a syllabus of this grand cycle of American legends is evidently the golden opportunity for the creator of a "Richard Carvel."

Retiring Senators

Six of the 13 Whose Terms Expire in March.

At the end of the session of congress which is soon to open, a considerable number of men who have achieved more or less distinction in the senate will retire. Some republicans will be succeeded by democrats, some democrats by republicans, and some of both parties by men of their own political faith. The senators who will leave Washington next March, retiring in private life, are Baker of Kansas, Butler of North Carolina, Caffery of Louisiana, Carter of Montana, Chilton of Texas, Keener of Delaware, Lindsay of Kentucky, Pettigrew of South Dakota, Sharp of Idaho, Sullivan of Illinois, Thurston of Nebraska, Turley of Tennessee and Wolcott of Colorado. There are several others at the forthcoming legislative sessions who may also be obliged to remove their senatorial togs, but whose re-election is probable. These are Chandler of New Hampshire, Callom of Illinois and Nelson of Minnesota. Bacon of Georgia, Berry of Arkansas, Ellins of West Virginia, Frye of Maine, Hoar of Massachusetts, DeWitt of Iowa, McBride of Oregon, McMillan of Michigan, Martin of Virginia, Morgan of Alabama, Sewell of New Jersey, Tillman of South

Carolina, Warren of Wyoming and Wetmore of Rhode Island either have been or are sure to be re-elected. The Globe published pictures of six of the retiring members. Of these Wolcott of Colorado and Thurston of Nebraska are easily the most distinguished. They have been counted among the most brilliant and eloquent members of the upper house, and their retirement is a loss to the republicans. Tom Carter of Montana has not added to his reputation in the senate. His ability is mediocre and he gained his seat as a reward for clever campaign work for the republicans. But he is genial and popular. Butler of North Carolina is the youngest member of the senate. He was a popular leader and has made a name for himself at Washington as a debater; Danelson Caffery, the Louisiana sugar planter, was one of Governor Cleveland's most ardent supporters and forfeits the senatorship because he is a gold democrat. Shoup of Idaho is a notable figure from the fact that, although he has served two terms, he has done nothing that has made his name familiar to any except the most critical students of congressional life. He is a republican, was a stock raiser and mine owner, and helped establish Idaho as a statehood.

EAT WITH SPOONS.

How to Make an Ottoman.

An ottoman, if space will allow, is a very useful thing to have in a bedroom, and would look well at the foot of the bed. This is easy to make at a very small cost, as an ordinary wooden box can be made to do duty. Line inside, not forgetting the lid, with glazed lining, or anything you may have by you will do so long as it is clean and tidy. If the box you are using possesses hinges so much the better, but if not you must get some, for it would be useless without, except for a seat. The outside should next be enameled (the box part, not the lid), and a flounce made long enough to reach the ground. The best way to fix this is to sew it on a tape which, in its turn is sewn to the lining of the box. The lid must be measured, and a cushion the exact size made. The stuffing might be of velvet, but it must be very full, and be finished off with a frill about four inches wide to cover the joint. A piece of webbing or a strip of the material neatly doubled, about eight inches long, should be nailed to each side to prevent the lid falling back too far when opened.

Brush Band on Bicycle.

In New Zealand there exists a brass band whose members are wholly mounted on bicycles. This band, which is located at Christchurch, consists of ten players, and these not merely ride their bicycles to practice, but fulfil all their engagements on the wheels. At first the band in its perambulations through the town attracted universal attention, but it has now become a common sight and the people take it as a matter of course. To strangers visiting the town the band is a source of wonder and amusement, while the music they discuss quickly places them in high favor.

CLEANINGS SHOPS

Ladies' box calf shoes with Cuban heel.

Netted veillings in very pretty designs.

Jackets very short on the hips and at the back.

Stocks of chiffon embroidered in gold threads.

Elderdown wrappers and jackets trimmed with braid.

Toilet articles with handsome sterling silver trimmings.

Imitation tortoise shell stray hair-lock pins in all designs.

Irish point scarfs and shams in elaborate openwork patterns.

Children's hosiery of heavy cotton in fast black for school wear.

Patent leather belts—patent leather both sides—with gold braid.

Barettes made of gold plate ornamented with imitation jewels.

Marie Antoinette handkerchiefs of sheer lawn with Venise lace border.

Ladies' velvet hat in black and all colors and in all the leading shapes.

Double-breasted box front coat of French kersey, some with stitcheed, others with strapped, seams.

Mercurized satteen petticoats in black and all the fashionable shades made with accordion pleating and pinked ruching.

Pretty hair and ribbon clasps for keeping the bow in place.—Dry Goods Economist.

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Six of the 13 Whose Terms Expire in March.

At the end of the session of congress which is soon to open, a considerable number of men who have achieved more or less distinction in the senate will retire. Some republicans will be succeeded by democrats, some democrats by republicans, and some of both parties by men of their own political faith. The senators who will leave Washington next March, retiring in private life, are Baker of Kansas, Butler of North Carolina, Caffery of Louisiana, Carter of Montana, Chilton of Texas, Keener of Delaware, Lindsay of Kentucky, Pettigrew of South Dakota, Sharp of Idaho, Sullivan of Illinois, Thurston of Nebraska, Turley of Tennessee and Wolcott of Colorado. There are several others at the forthcoming legislative sessions who may also be obliged to remove their senatorial togs, but whose re-election is probable. These are Chandler of New Hampshire, Callom of Illinois and Nelson of Minnesota. Bacon of Georgia, Berry of Arkansas, Ellins of West Virginia, Frye of Maine, Hoar of Massachusetts, DeWitt of Iowa, McBride of Oregon, McMillan of Michigan, Martin of Virginia, Morgan of Alabama, Sewell of New Jersey, Tillman of South

Carolina, Warren of Wyoming and Wetmore of Rhode Island either have been or are sure to be re-elected. The Globe published pictures of six of the retiring members. Of these Wolcott of Colorado and Thurston of Nebraska are easily the most distinguished. They have been counted among the most brilliant and eloquent members of the upper house, and their retirement is a loss to the republicans. Tom Carter of Montana has not added to his reputation in the senate. His ability is mediocre and he gained his seat as a reward for clever campaign work for the republicans. But he is genial and popular. Butler of North Carolina is the youngest member of the senate. He was a popular leader and has made a name for himself at Washington as a debater; Danelson Caffery, the Louisiana sugar planter, was one of Governor Cleveland's most ardent supporters and forfeits the senatorship because he is a gold democrat. Shoup of Idaho is a notable figure from the fact that, although he has served two terms, he has done nothing that has made his name familiar to any except the most critical students of congressional life. He is a republican, was a stock raiser and mine owner, and helped establish Idaho as a statehood.

EAT WITH SPOONS.

How to Make an Ottoman.

An ottoman, if space will allow, is a very useful thing to have in a bedroom, and would look well at the foot of the bed. This is easy to make at a very small cost, as an ordinary wooden box can be made to do duty. Line inside, not forgetting the lid, with glazed lining, or anything you may have by you will do so long as it is clean and tidy. If the box you are using possesses hinges so much the better, but if not you must get some, for it would be useless without, except for a seat. The outside should next be enameled (the box part, not the lid), and a flounce made long enough to reach the ground. The best way to fix this is to sew it on a tape which, in its turn is sewn to the lining of the box. The lid must be measured, and a cushion the exact size made. The stuffing might be of velvet, but it must be very full, and be finished off with a frill about four inches wide to cover the joint. A piece of webbing or a strip of the material neatly doubled, about eight inches long, should be nailed to each side to prevent the lid falling back too far when opened.

Brush Band on Bicycle.

In New Zealand there exists a brass band whose members are wholly mounted on bicycles. This band, which is located at Christchurch, consists of ten players, and these not merely ride their bicycles to practice, but fulfil all their engagements on the wheels. At first the band in its perambulations through the town attracted universal attention, but it has now become a common sight and the people take it as a matter of course. To strangers visiting the town the band is a source of wonder and amusement, while the music they discuss quickly places them in high favor.

CLEANINGS SHOPS</