

# LYNDON OF HIGH CLIFFE.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S LOVE STORY.

By C. DESPARD, Author of "When the Tide was High," "The Artist and the Man," "Into a Larger Room," Etc., Etc.

## CHAPTER IX.

BETWEEN CASTLE ETRICK AND DEEP DEANE.

Mr. Winstanley came back the next day, bringing with him news that gave the greatest pleasure to every one at Castle Etrick. Percy had obtained his exchange. The regiment to which he was now attached had its headquarters, for the moment, at Edinburgh. He had joined at once, and there could be no reasonable doubt that he would soon obtain further leave.

For the few days of Percy's absence—a circumstance which naturally strengthened Lady Flora's view about the true point of attraction at Castle Etrick—there was less intercourse between the castle and farm than there had been. Both houses were busy preparing for the company of shooting visitors, who were to arrive on the twelfth and this, no doubt, was one reason for the change. But Janet, who rode over alone one afternoon, to take a message from her father to Mr. Winstanley, told Lady Flora that Veronica did not seem so well or so bright as usual. "We are a little puzzled about her," she said. "Mother thinks the air may be too strong for her. But I can't believe it is that."

"Oh! no: not at all likely. When did the air of the moors ever do harm to any one? and you are sheltered at Deep Deane," said Lady Flora. "Persuade Miss Browne to come over to me, and we will cheer her up." Janet did not answer that it was precisely to Castle Etrick that Veronica refused to come. She thanked Lady Flora, and promised to take her message.

When she reached home, she found that Veronica's depression had gone, and that she had made up her mind to ride over to Castle Etrick on Brown Bess the following day.

"I met the school-room party out on the moor," she said: "Milly I mean, and her pretty governess; and your gallant old soldier, Colonel Lyndon, was strolling about with them, and they all pressed me so warmly to go over that I could not resist. Will you come, Janet? I think the colonel may ride out to meet us."

"Oh! in that case I will stay at home. We have about as much as we can get through before the twelfth," said Janet.

She was surprised by the change in Veronica, whom she began to think capricious; but she thought it wiser to make no remarks.

Percy was due at Castle Etrick on the following afternoon, and we shall imagine how pleased Lady Flora was with her good colonel and her dear Letty when she heard that they had persuaded Miss Browne to ride over.

"We must do our best to keep her until Percy comes," she said artfully. "It would never do for him to feel the house dull after having sacrificed so much to stay with us a little longer. Colonel Lyndon, I shall depend upon you."

"We shall all exert ourselves," said the colonel cheerfully. "What do you say, Miss Morrison? will you do your part?"

"Oh, yes, indeed I will," said Letty. "Veronica loves Letty," cried Milly; "she said so to me. I believe she would like to take her away from us."

"But there is no danger of any one taking me away from you, Milly," answered Letty with an affectionate smile at her little pupil.

"We shall see! we shall see!" said Lady Flora.

As for the colonel, he pulled his long moustache and said nothing. Letty continued to be friendly and confidential towards him; but he had not ventured yet to cross, by the minutest point, the boundary that separates friend from lover. In spite of all Lady Flora could say to reassure him, he felt keenly the difference between them, and he feared to do or say anything that might prevent her from looking upon him as a friend.

On the following day he rode out to Deep Deane early in the forenoon, and found Miss Browne looking marvelously handsome and capable, in her close riding-dress, going over the farm on horseback with General Mackenzie.

The colonel was well mounted; but his horse was not so swift as Brown Bess, and once or twice, as they rode back to the castle over the springy ground, she shooed in front of him, and before, by coaxing and gentle handling, Veronica could bring her back into line, he had time to admire the girl's seat, her courage, and the easy way in which she managed her horse.

They had a delightful ride to ether. The colonel, who felt amiably disposed towards all the world, and who was sufficiently interested in Lady Flora's designs to wish to make the day at Castle Etrick pleasant to Miss Browne, played his part well.

She saw that he admired her horsemanship, felt his friendliness of manner, and hoped that he had forgotten her foolish mistake of a few days before.

Throughout that day Veronica was amiable and expansive, full of bright spirits, which gushed out occasionally in little sallies of harmless fun, and more interested than ever—so, at least, Lady Flora thought—in Castle Etrick and its inhabitants.

No one had any difficulty in persuading her to prolong her visit until after Percy's arrival. He came sooner than he was expected, to the great rapture of the expectant house. Veronica was in the drawing-room, listening to some old mother's stories about Percy's precocity as a child and amiability as a man, when he rushed in, radiant with health and recovered energy, to report himself to Lady Flora.

They had purposely refrained from telling him that Miss Browne was in the house, and it seemed like a good omen to him to see her sitting there, looking very much at home, as was her custom under every set of circumstances.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he said, shaking hands with her.

"Not to me," answered Veronica frankly. "Then you knew I was coming?"

"Knew you were coming! How could I have helped it!" said Veronica mischievously. "When I rode over this morning the very windows seemed to blaze with the news."

"You must excuse us," said Lady Flora, looking with tenderness at her darling. "It is foolish to make such a fuss over him. And

he does not deserve it in the least. But I am afraid we can't help it."

Her heart she thought the weakness excusable, and believed that Veronica thought the same. Who that was unprejudiced could have felt differently? To see him standing there—so bright, and handsome, and gay, a smile on his lips, and the light of happiness in his eyes—then to see him was to love him. He was born to be loved; he was born to be happy; he was born to make difficulties give way before him. So thought Lady Flora on that summer day when she welcomed her son home after his brief absence.

Poor Lady Flora! And she was said to be one of the most capable and far-seeing women in London. "I would depend on my wife's judgment in an emergency sooner than on my own," her husband said, and there were many who agreed with him. Her judgment! Ah! how Love blinds us! and how sweet it is to close wide-awake eyes, and have them tenderly bound up by his subtle hand! Lady Flora had no judgment where Percy was concerned, nor did she desire to have any.

As for Veronica, she was touched and charmed by the happiness she witnessed Percy did not look ridiculous, as so many do when they are put on pedestals by their partial friends. He was the kindest, as well as the handsomest, of young princes. If he had not been so young, and if another feeling had not taken possession of her heart, Veronica might have fallen in love with him that day. She had never seen him—no one, perhaps, had ever seen him—at greater advantage. He had no little airs of superiority with his friends; he accepted their kind speeches and the many small services that were showered upon him with a most charming grace. No one, not even Milly, who hovered about him like a dove round a favourite flower, was told to let him alone and not make a fuss. Then he was perfectly frank about himself, concealing from none of them his boyish delight at finding himself at home again. Veronica, as she watched him and Milly together, thought that it would be one of the pleasantest things in the world to have a brother like Percy Winstanley.

She had two cavaliers to escort her across the moors that evening, for in spite of her protest, Percy, who declared that he was longing for a gallop, would persist in accompanying them to Deep Deane. All the way over, his spirits were at their highest, and when, at the gates of the farm—further than which Veronica refused to take them—he and the colonel bade her good evening, it was with urgent entreaties that she would come over again soon.

Veronica promised readily. "Oh, yes; you will see me again," she said. "I am not tired of Scotland yet, and I delight in Castle Etrick. But go home; go home. I promised Lady Flora not to keep you late."

She turned from them, waved her hand, and put Brown Bess into a canter; and the colonel and Percy, seeing that she would not take them further, went back through the farm-gate, and up the valley.

Silence had fallen upon them both. Percy was exhausted by the high spirits of the day, and was in a mood to be confidential, though he scarcely knew how to begin. The colonel was thinking of him, and thinking of himself, and wondering, with a vague sense of uneasiness, whether everything would come right in the end.

Further and further they went up the valley, pacing slowly, and still in perfect silence. They were out in the open now, and they stopped to look round them. The colours had faded from the west; in the "miraculous vault" overhead star after star came tremulously forth; the silvery grey of twilight rested still upon the hills, and the yellow harvest moon, rising slowly over the level plain to the east, touched with pale gold the light clouds that lay sleeping in the silent heavens.

The deep pathos—the unspeakable mystery of the scene—touched the hearts of the two men. They were neither of them poets; they were men of action, to whom the ecstasies of silent meditation was unknown; but Love, the magician, had laid his hand upon their lives, and, for once, they felt as poets feel the magic of the world.

"Colonel," said Percy, when they set out again, "doesn't it make you feel rather queer?"

"What, Percy?" said the colonel, with a smile.

"Why—everything. It does me. But perhaps I am in a peculiar state of mind."

"That is uncommonly likely, I should say," returned the colonel.

"Then you have guessed?"

"My dear fellow, no one could look at you without knowing that you are in love. I have seen a good many in your condition," said the colonel, with a laugh, "but, upon my word, you are the most transparent sort of lover I ever met."

"I have been behaving like a fool—a merry Andrew!" said Percy hotly. "Say so at once, Colonel Lyndon! Say that I have no more self-control than an infant! It would be the truth."

All at once he stopped, pulled up his horse, and stood listening.

"What is it?" said the colonel.

"Did you hear nothing?"

"Nothing whatever. What did you hear?"

"I fancied—Ah! there it is again!"

## A NOTEWORTHY TRAVELLER.

The Russian Shoemaker Who Journeys for the Sake of Journeying.

Norosti Dnya of St. Petersburg tells of an old "townman" who, according to its judgment, is the most noteworthy traveler of the present time. D. V. of Sitchevsk, government of Smolensk, does not travel for fame or to win a prize, but he makes long journeys on foot merely for the love of traveling. He is a sympathetic old man, a shoemaker, and of a very charitable disposition. For many years he has made it his practice to start from home early in the spring and to travel about in the country until late in the autumn. He has covered many thousands of versts throughout the length and breadth of Smolensk and neighboring governments. He carries with him in a hand-cart a change of clothing, a supply of provisions for two or three days, a little samovar (Russian tea kettle), and a few tin utensils. It makes no difference to him where night overtakes him, in the fields or in the forest; he quietly builds a little fire, prepares his modest meal, drinks a few cups of tea, and lies down to sleep until the morning wakes him. Rain does not disturb him; he covers his wheelbarrow and himself with an oilcloth and travels on or sleeps peacefully, as the case may be. If he stays over night in a village, or makes a stop at a farmhouse, all the children he meets get little presents from him—toys or pieces of sugar for which he has no special compartment in his vehicle. In September he returns home. The first thing he does is to buy a number of sheepskins, which he works up into fur coats and gloves and distributes among the poor peasants who have to chop wood in the forest for a living. When this is done he sits down at his cobbler's bench to "work for himself." He always gets plenty of work to do, and lays by during the autumn and winter as much as he needs for his travels in the fair seasons of the year. If he has more than he thinks he may need he gives it away to poor peasants before he starts on his regular trip.

## SIAM'S GEM MINES.

Rubies and Sapphires in All the Diggings—How They Are Mined.

The gem mines of Siam are at Krung Krat and Phailin, points or districts dependent on the seaport of Chantabun. They are shortly to be leased; but at present the only condition required for entering the mines is the payment of a small fee to the head man of the district.

The digger's first object is to discover a layer of soft, yellowish sand, in which both rubies and sapphires are deposited. This stratum lies at depths varying from a few inches to twenty feet, on a bed of subsoil in which no precious stones are found. A pit is dug, and the earth removed is taken to a neighboring canal or stream, where it is mixed with water and passed through an ordinary hand-sieve. In his search for this peculiar alluvial deposit which is generally free from any admixture of clayey earth, the digger has often to penetrate into the jungle that grows thickly around, and combines the work of clearing with the occupation of gem-digger.

No sapphire has yet been extracted of higher value than about \$1,400, or ruby of higher price than \$4,800. No artificial or mechanical processes for washing the soil have so far been introduced.

Rubies and sapphires are found at all the diggings, often deposited side by side, in the same layer or stratum of sand. The rubies are usually of a dull, light red hue. The sapphire is of a dark, dull blue, without any of the silken gloss distinctive of the Burmal and Ceylon stones.

## One Oyster for Two.

We laugh at the innocent young housewife who ordered "half a dozen halibut" for dinner. Had she lived in the South Pacific Islands she might have been equally laughed at for ordering half a dozen oysters—not to say a pint. The author of "Oysters, and All About Them" gives some examples that nearly match the giant clams and abalones of the California coast.

Pliny mentions that, according to the historians of Alexander's expedition, oysters a foot in diameter were found in the Indian Seas, and Sir James E. Tennent was unexpectedly enabled to corroborate the correctness of this statement, for at Kottier, near Trincomalee, enormous specimens of edible oysters were brought to the rest house. One measured more than eleven inches in length by half as many in width.

But this extraordinary measurement is beaten by the oysters of Port Lincoln in South Australia, which are the largest edible ones in the world. They are as large as a dinner-plate, and of much the same shape. They are sometimes more than a foot across the shell, and the oyster fits his habitation so well that he does not leave much margin.

It is a new sensation when a friend asks you to lunch, at Adelaide, to have one oyster fried in butter, or in eggs and bread crumbs, set before you, but it is a very pleasant experience; for the flavor and delicacy of the Port Lincoln mammoth are proverbial, even in that land of luxuries.

## An Actress Criticized to her Face.

A good story is told in the Stuttgart Neue Musik-Zeitung concerning one of the most eminent German actresses and a theatrical critic, equally well known to fame. A number of ladies and gentlemen were the other day travelling together in a railway carriage from Dresden and Leipzig. Only two of the passengers knew each other, but the conversation soon became general, and the Court theatre at Dresden became the subject of discussion. One lady, who had been present the evening before at the representation of Eurynome, was loud in her expressions of disapproval. "Worse than all," she exclaimed, "that Madame Schroeder is much too old for her part; her singing is becoming unbearable. Don't you think so, too?" she asked, turning to the gentleman next to her. "Would you not rather tell all this to Madame Schroeder herself? She is sitting opposite to you," he replied coldly.

After the general silence which followed this remark the critical lady turned to the actress with many confused apologies. "It is that horrid critic, Schmieder, who has influenced my judgment concerning your singing. I believe it is he who is always writing against you. He must be a most disagreeable and pedantic person." "Had you not better tell all this to M. Schmieder himself?" calmly asked the actress; "he is sitting next to you."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

## UTILIZING THE OLD UMBRELLA.

A Pretty Piece of Ornamental Gardening.

A very pretty piece of ornamental gardening, not too difficult for beginners, can be done with an old umbrella or parasol and some plants of cypress vine, maurandia, sweet-pea, or any thing that is not of too aspiring a nature. Such climbers as the morning-glory, canary bird vine and other 20-footers are better left for unsightly eucées and buildings. Plants are better than seeds, because more certain, and they do not take so long to catch the knack of twining and spreading. Umbrella ribs are not decorated, and to see such an object standing there week after week waiting for its clothes does not give people a pleasant impression of a garden.

But first find your umbrella, and this may not be so easy, for "retired" umbrellas that are no longer fit for use are seldom seen. Some members of the family, however, may be able to produce one, and then it should be immediately stripped of the few tatters left to it. The next step is to paint the frame and handle brown, and when quite dry plant the end of the handle firmly in the ground, with the frame fully opened. If the handle is rather short it will be an improvement to add a piece of wood to it.

It is now ready for the vines, which should have made some progress in growing; and when they once begin to do their best, the old umbrella frame makes such a lovely green bower studded with blossoms of red or purple or white—or all together if the vines are mixed—that everyone exclaims over its beauty.

A parasol with the same treatment is equally pretty on a smaller scale, and it would be very ornamental in the center of a round bed edged with bright-colored phlox or candy-tuft. With a long-spouted watering pot the vines could have a daily drenching in warm weather, when the sun is not shining on them, from their roots to their highest green tips, and this would keep them fresh.

## What Keeps the Bicycle Upright?

To persons of an enquiring turn of mind the question has, no doubt, often come as they have either themselves sped along on these modern instruments of locomotion, or have watched others seated on their airy perch. What is it that prevents the bicycle from falling? To this question Mr. Chas. B. Warring, Ph. D., has given an answer in the *Popular Science Monthly* for April. The usual explanation, that the upright position is due to rapid motion, to the action of the centrifugal force, or to proper balancing on the part of the bicyclist, Mr. Warring contends are inadequate. He refers to the well-known and clearly demonstrated physical fact, that two forces acting at right angles to each other do not interfere, and holds that inasmuch as it is gravity which causes the riders to tilt over on the side towards which he is leaning, and the gravity operates at right angles to the forward motion the latter will not prevent the bicyclist from falling. So, too, the centrifugal force can only operate when a deviation from a right line takes place, as in rounding a corner or making a circle. As long as the cyclist moves in a straight line the centrifugal force cannot exert any influence whatever. Nor is the upright position due to balancing, as is proved by the fact that if the handles be made immovable, so that neither of the wheels can be turned to the right or left, it is impossible for any rider to keep from falling after he once begins to tilt. Mr. Warring's explanation is based on the physical fact that the equilibrium of a body which rests on two points of support, is maintained only so long as the centre of gravity passes through any point in the straight line which joins the points of support. Thus, when a rider finds himself tilting to right or left he turns the wheel in the direction of the leaning, so as to cause the centre of gravity, which for the moment had fallen out of the straight that joins the points of support, to again pass through that line. In Mr. Warring's own words, "Stability is secured by turning the wheel to the right or left whichever way the leaning is, and thus keeping the point of support under the rider." It is the peculiarity of this solution as compared with the others that it is sufficient to account for the phenomenon which it undertakes to explain. That it will render it any easier for beginners to acquire the art of riding the ticklish steed may be doubted, and in this respect the utility of the solution may be questioned. But as speculative knowledge has its use as well as knowledge that is strictly and purely practical, many will thank this clever writer for the light he has thrown upon the question, "what keeps the bicycle upright?"

The discrepancy between preaching and practice, so often found in the case of those who assume the role of moral reformers cannot be justly charged against Count Tolstoi, the famous Russian novelist and reformer. He preaches a life of self-denial and, though a count, he lives in the companionship of peasants, welcomes them to table and devotes himself to their interests. We may not be able to accept his extreme views touching marriage and the Christian life; but we may at least respect him for his sincerity and candor, and heartily wish that in these respects his imitators might greatly increase.

There has been a case of lynch law or mob law at Walla Walla, Washington, in which the United States government has a pretty clear responsibility, inasmuch as the overriding of the constituted authorities was done by a party of soldiers from the garrison. A private soldier had been killed in a quarrel in a saloon, and though the murderer had been arrested and was in jail, and there was no reason for assuming that he would not be dealt with according to the law in good time, a large party of the dead soldier's comrades overpowered the sheriff and the officers of the jail, and executed judgment with their revolvers. There would seem to be a very important question of army discipline involved in this performance, and an occasion for teaching United States soldiers the necessity of submission to the authority of law. It is pretty bad business if the troops of a garrison are liable to take possession of a town and execute the law to suit themselves.

## Rigors of Exposure.

Those most exposed to the rigor of a Canadian winter suffer most with what cannot be well avoided, but can be certainly and promptly cured by St. Jacobs Oil, and that is frost-bites. If neglected, they sometimes cause the loss of a limb, but they can be easily cured, as stated.

# King of Medicines

**A Cure "Almost Miraculous."**  
"When I was 14 years of age I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and after I recovered had to go on crutches. A year later, scrofula, in the form of white swellings, appeared on various parts of my body, and for 11 years I was an invalid, being confined to my bed 6 years. In that time ten or eleven sores appeared and broke, causing me great pain and suffering. I feared I never should get well.  
"Early in 1886 I went to Chicago to visit a sister, but was confined to my bed most of the time I was there. In July I read a book, 'A Day with a Circus,' in which were statements of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was so impressed with the success of this medicine that I decided to try it. To my great gratification the sores soon decreased, and I began to feel better and in a short time I was up and out of doors. I continued to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for about a year, when, having used six bottles, I had become so fully released from the disease that I went to work for the Flint & Walling Mfg. Co., and since then

**HAVE NOT LOST A SINGLE DAY**  
on account of sickness. I believe the disease is expelled from my system. I always feel well, am in good spirits and have a good appetite. I am now 27 years of age and can walk as well as any one, except that one limb is a little shorter than the other, owing to the loss of bone, and the sores formerly on my right leg. To my friends my recovery seems almost miraculous, and I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the king of medicines." WILLIAM A. LEHR, 9 N. Railroad St., Kendallville, Ind.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 per 50. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.  
**100 Doses One Dollar**

Appropos of the subject of wills the late Mr. Barnum has left an example which all men who have property to bequeath would do well to follow. It is stated that several years ago, after making his will, he called in a number of physicians and caused himself to be examined as to his mental condition, the physicians attesting that he was entirely sane. The result is that his will

# "August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX.

G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,  
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

has been promptly admitted to probate without so much as the suggestion of a contest. Many of the prolonged will contests which have occupied the time of the courts in recent years might have been prevented had the rich men with millions to bequeath adopted a course similar to Mr. Barnum's. As an example it carries a lesson that ought not to go unheeded.

## WHY!

**WHEREFORE.** The virtues or merits of a remedy for pain do not consist in its being as good for relief as other remedies, but in the fact that it is better, in being more prompt and sure, and therefore the best for the specific purpose. It is not an idle catchline that strikes the eye thus:

**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
**THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN,**  
**IS THE BEST.**

It is the best cure for all aches and pains, and it holds

**THE TRUE PROOF.**  
To this specific fact Archbishops, Bishops, Clergymen, Lawyers, Doctors, Governors, Generals, Senators, Members of Congress and Legislatures, U. S. Consuls, Army and Navy Officers, Mayors and Officials, testify and unite in saying: "We suffered pain;

**OTHER REMEDIES FAILED,**  
and St. Jacobs Oil cured promptly and permanently." For the same reason

**THE POOR MAN**  
finds what he seeks and needs, is not deceived and will have it at any price.