

"IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS."

ROBT. BARR, IN "LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

"Our conveyance," he began, "is not as comfortable as it might be, yet I shall be very happy if you will accept its hospitalities."

The young woman flashed a brief glance at him from her dark eyes, and for a moment Yates feared that his language had been rather too choice for her rural understanding, but before he could amend his phrase she answered, briefly,—

"Thank you. I prefer to walk."
"Well, I don't know that I blame you. Might I ask if you have come all the way from the village?"

"Yes."
"That's a long distance, and you must be very tired." There was no reply: so Yates continued, "At least I thought it a long distance; but perhaps that was because I was riding on Bartlett's hay-rack. There is no 'downy bed of ease' about his vehicle."

As he spoke of the wagon he looked at it, and, striding forward to its side, said in a husky whisper to the professor,—

"Say, Silly, cover up that jug with a flap of the tent."
"Cover it up yourself," briefly replied the other; "it isn't mine."

Yates reached across and in a sort of accidental way threw the flap of the tent over the too conspicuous jar. As an excuse for his action he took up his walking-stick and turned towards his new acquaintance. He was flattered to see that she was loitering some distance behind the wagon, and he speedily rejoined her. The girl looking straight ahead, now quickened her pace, and rapidly shortened the distance between herself and the vehicle. Yates, with the quickness characteristic of him, made up his mind that this was a case of country diffidence which was best to be met by the bringing down of his conversation to the level of his hearer's intelligence.

"Have you been marketing?" he asked.

"Yes."
"Butter and eggs, and that sort of thing?"

"We are farmers," she answered, "and we sell butter and eggs"—a pause—"and that sort of thing."
Yates laughed in his light and cheery way. As he twirled his cane he looked at his pretty companion. She was gazing anxiously ahead towards a turn in the road. Her comely face was slightly flushed, doubtless with the exercise of walking.

"Now, in my country," continued the New-Yorker, "we idolize our women. Pretty girls don't tramp miles to market with butter and eggs."

"Aren't the girls pretty—in your country?"
Yates made a mental note that there was not as much rurality about this girl as he had thought at first. There was a piquancy about the conversation which he liked. That she shared his enjoyment was doubtful, for a slight line of resentment was noticeable on her smooth brow.

"You bet they're pretty. I think all American girls are pretty. It seems their birthright. When I said American I mean the whole continent, of course. I'm from the States myself,—from New York." He gave an extra twirl to his cane as he said this, and bore himself with that air of conscious superiority which naturally pertains to a citizen of the metropolis. "But over in the States we think the men should do all the work and that the women should—well, spend the money. I must do our ladies the justice to say that they attend strictly to their share of the arrangement."

"It should be a delightful country to live in, for the women."

"They all say so. We used to have an adage to the effect that America was Paradise for women, purgatory for men, and—well, an entirely different sort of place for oxen."

There was no doubt that Yates had a way of getting along with people. As he looked at his companion he was gratified to note just the faintest suspicion of a smile hovering about her lips. Before she could answer, if she had intended to do so, there was a quick clatter of hoofs on the hard road ahead, and next instant an elegant buggy, whose slender jet-black polished spokes flashed and twinkled in the sunlight, came dashing past the wagon. On seeing the two walking together the driver hauled up his team with a suddenness that was evidently not relished by the spirited dappled span he drove.

"Hello, Margaret," he cried; "am I late? Have you walked in all the way?"

"You are just in good time," answered the girl, without looking towards Yates, who stood aimlessly twirling his cane. The young woman put her foot on the buggy step and sprang lightly in beside the driver. It needed no second glance to see that he was her brother, not only on account of the family resemblance between them, but also because he allowed her to get into the buggy without offering the slightest assistance, which, indeed, was not needed, and graciously permitted her to place the duster that covered his knees over her own lap as well. The restive team trotted rapidly down the road for a few rods until they came to a wide place in the highway, and then whirled around seemingly within an ace of upsetting the buggy, but the young man evidently knew his business and held them in with a firm hand. The wagon was joggling along where the road was very narrow, and Bartlett kept his team steadily in the centre of the way.

"Hello there, Bartlett," shouted the young man in the buggy; "half the road, you know,—half the road."

"Take it," cried Bartlett over his shoulder.

"Come, come, Bartlett, get out of the way, or I'll run you down."

"You just try it." Bartlett either had no sense of humor or his resentment against his young neighbor smothered it, since otherwise he would have recognized that a heavy wagon was in danger of being run into by a light and expensive buggy. The young man kept his temper admirably, but he knew just where to touch the elder on the raw. His sister's hand was placed appealingly on his arm. He smiled, and took no notice of her.

"Come, now, you move out, or I'll have the law on you."

"The law!" raged Bartlett: "you just try it on."

"Should think you'd had enough of it by this time."

"Oh, don't, don't, Henry!" protested the girl, in distress.

"There ain't no law," yelled Bartlett, "that kin make a man with a load move out fur anything."

"You haven't any load, unless it's in that jug."

Yates saw with consternation that the jug had been jolted out from under its covering, but the happy consolation came to him that the two in the buggy would believe it belonged to Bartlett. He thought, however, that this dog-in-the-manger policy had gone far enough. He stepped briskly forward and said to Bartlett—

"Better drive aside a little and let them pass."

"You tend to your own business," cried the thoroughly enraged farmer.

"I will," said Yates, shortly, striding to the horses' heads. He took them by the bits, and, in spite of Bartlett's maledictions and pulling at the lines, he drew them to one side so that the buggy got by.

"Thank you," cried the young man. The light and glittering carriage rapidly disappeared up the Ridge Road.

Bartlett sat there for one moment the picture of baffled rage. Then he threw the reins down on the backs of his patient horses and descended. "You take my horses by the head, do you, you good-fur-nuthin' Yank? You do, eh? I like your cheek. Touch my horses and me a holdin' the lines! Now you hear me? Your traps comes right off here on the road. You hear me?"

"Oh, anybody within a mile can hear you."
"Kin they? Well, off comes your pesky tent."

"No, it doesn't."
"Don't it, eh? Well, then, you'll lick me fast; and that's something no Yank ever did, nor kin do."

"I'll do it with pleasure."
"Come, come," cried the professor, getting down on the road, "this has gone far enough. Keep quiet, Yates.—Now Mr. Bartlett, don't mind it. He meant no disrespect."

"Don't you interfere. You're all right, an' I aint got nothin' ag'in' you. But I'm goin' to thrash this Yank within an inch of his life; see if I don't. We met 'em in 1812, an' we fit 'em, an' we licked 'em, an' we can do it ag'in. I'll learn ye to take my horses by the head."

"Teach," suggested Yates, tantalizingly. Before he could properly defend himself, Bartlett sprang at him and grasped him round the waist. Yates was something of a wrestler himself, but his skill was of no avail on this occasion. Bartlett's right leg became twisted around his with a steel-like grip that speedily convinced the younger man he would have to give way or a bone would break. He gave way accordingly, and the next thing he knew he came down on his back with a thud that shook the universe.

"There, darn ye," cried the triumphant farmer, "that's 1812 and Queenston Heights for ye. How do you like 'em?"

Yates rose to his feet with some deliberation, and slowly took off his coat.

"Now, now, Yates," said the professor, soothingly, "let it go at this. 'You're not hurt, are you?' he asked, anxiously, as he noticed how white the young man was around the lips.

"Look here, Remark; you're a sensible man. There is a time to interfere and a time not to. This is the time not to. A certain international element seems to have crept into this dispute. Now, you stand aside, like a good fellow, for I don't want to have to thrash both of you."

The professor stood aside, for he realized that when Yates called him by his last name, matters were serious.

"Now, old chuckle-head, perhaps you would like to try that again."

"I kin do it a dozen times, if ye ain't satisfied. There ain't no Yank ever raised on pumpkin-pie that can stand ag'in that grape-vine twist."

"Try the grape-vine once more."

Bartlett proceeded more cautiously this time, for there was a look in the young man's face he did not quite like. He took a catch-as-catch-can attitude and moved stealthily in a semicircle around Yates, who shifted his position constantly so as to keep facing his foe. At last Bartlett sprang forward, and the next instant found himself sitting on a piece of the rock of the country, with a thousand humming-birds buzzing in his head, while stars and the landscape around joined in a dance together. The blow was sudden, well placed, and from the shoulder.

"That," said Yates, standing over him, "is 1776,—the Revolution,—when, to use your own phrase, we met ye, fit ye, and licked ye. How do you like it? Now, if my advice is of any use to you, take a broader view of history than you have done. Don't confine yourself too much to one period. Study up the war of the Revolution a bit."

Bartlett made no reply. After sitting there for a while until the surrounding landscape assumed its normal condition, he arose leisurely, without saying a word. He picked the reins from the backs of the horses and patted the nearest animal gently. Then he mounted to his place and drove off. The professor had taken his seat beside the driver, but Yates, putting on his coat and picking up his cane, strode along in front, switching off the heads of Canada thistles with his walking-stick as he proceeded.

CHAPTER IV.

Bartlett was silent for a long time, but there was evidently something on his mind, for he communed with himself, the mutterings growing louder and louder until they broke the stillness; then he struck the horses, pulled them in, and began his soliloquy over again. At last he said abruptly to the professor,—

"What's this Revolution he talked about?"

"It was the war of independence, beginning in 1776."

"Never heard of it. Did the Yanks fight 'em?"

"The Ionies fought with England." "Wha' Colonies?"

"The country now called the United States."
"They fit with England, eh? Which licked?"

"The Colonies won their independence."
"That means they licked us. I don't believe a word of it. 'Pears to me I'd a' heard of it; fur I've lived in these parts a long time."

"It was a little before your day."
"So was 1812; but my father fit in it, an' I never heard him tell of this Revolution. He'd a' know, I sh'd think. There's a nigger in the fence somewheres."

"Well, England was rather busy at the time with the French."
"Ah, that was it? I'll bet England never knew the Revolution was a goin' on till it was over. Old Napoleon couldn't thrash 'em, and it don't stand to reason that the Yanks could. I thought there was some skullduggery. Why, it took the Yanks four years to lick themselves. I got a book at home all about Napoleon. He was a tough cuss."

The professor did not feel called upon to defend the character of Napoleon, and silence once more descended upon them. Bartlett seemed a good deal disturbed by the news he had just heard of the Revolution, and he growled to himself, while the horses suffered more than usual from the whip and the hauling back that invariably followed the stroke. Yates was some distance ahead, and swinging along at a great rate, when the horses, apparently of their own accord, turned in at an open gate-way and proceeded in their usual leisurely fashion towards a large barn past a comfortable frame house with a wide veranda in front.

"This is my place," said Bartlett, shortly.

"I wish you had told me a few minutes ago," replied the professor, springing off, "so that I might have called to my friend."

"I'm not frettin' about him," said Bartlett, throwing the reins to a young man who came out of the house.

Remark ran to the road and shouted loudly to the distant Yates. Yates apparently did not hear him, but something about the next house attracted the pedestrian's attention, and after standing for a moment and gazing towards the west he looked around and saw the professor beckoning to him. When the two men met, Yates said,—

"So we have arrived, have we? I say, Stilly, she lives in the next house. I saw the buggy in the yard."

"She? Who?"

"Why, that good-looking girl we passed on the road. I'm going to buy our supplies at that house, Stilly, if you have no objections. By the way, how is my old friend 1812?"

"He doesn't seem to harbor any harsh feelings. In fact, he was more troubled about the Revolution than about the blow you gave him."

"News to him, eh? Well, I'm glad I knocked something into his head."

"You certainly did it most unscientifically."

"How do you mean—unscientifically?"

"In the delivery of the blow. I never saw a more awkwardly delivered undercut."

Yates looked at his friend in astonishment. How should this calm learned man know anything about undercuts or science in blows?

"Well, you must admit I got there just the same."

"Yes, by brute force. A sledge-hammer would have done as well. But you had such an opportunity to do it neatly and deftly without any display of surplus energy that I regretted to see such an opening thrown away."

"Heavens and earth, Stilly, this is the professor in a new light. What do you teach in Toronto University, anyhow? The noble art of self-defence?"

"Not exactly; but if you intend to go through Canada in this belligerent manner, I think it would be worth your while to take a few hints from me."

"With striking examples, I suppose. By Jove, I will, Stilly."

As the two came to the house they found Bartlett sitting in a wooden rocking-chair on the veranda, looking grimly down the road.

"What an old tyrant that man must be in his home!" said Yates. There was no time for the professor to reply before they came within earshot.

"The old woman's setting out supper," said the farmer, gruffly, that piece of information being apparently as near as he could get towards inviting them to share his hospitality. Yates didn't know whether it was meant for an invitation or not, but he answered shortly,—

"Thanks, we won't stay."
"Speak for yourself, please," snarled Bartlett.

"Of course I go with my friend," said Remark; "but we are obliged for the invitation!"

"Please yourselves."

"What's that?" cried a cheery voice from the inside of the house, as a stout, rosy, and very good-natured-looking woman appeared at the front door. "Won't stay? Who won't stay? I'd like to see anybody leave my house hungry when there's a meal on the table. And, young men, if you can get a better meal anywhere on the Ridge than what I'll give you, why, you're welcome to go there next time, but this meal you'll have here, inside of ten minutes.—Hiram, that's your fault. You always invite a person to dinner as if you wanted to wrangle with him."

Hiram gave a guilty start and looked with something of mute appeal at the two men, but said nothing.

"Never mind him," continued Mrs. Bartlett. "You're at my house; and, whatever my neighbors may say ag'in' me, I never heard anyone complain of the lack of good victuals while I was able to do the cooking. Come right in and wash yourselves, for the road between here and the fort is dusty enough, even if Hiram never was taken up for fast driving. Besides, a wash is refreshing after a hot day."

"There was no denying the cordiality of this invitation, and Yates, whose natural gallantry was at once aroused, responded with the readiness of a courtier. Mrs. Bartlett led the way into the house, but as Yates passed the farmer the latter cleared his throat with an effort, and, throwing his thumb over his shoulder in the direction his wife had taken, said, in a husky whisper,—

"No call to—mention the Revolution, you know."

"Certainly not," answered Yates, with a wink that took in the situation. "Shall

we sample the jug before or after supper?"

"After, if it's all the same to you," adding, "out in the barn."

Yates nodded, and followed his friend into the house.

The young men were shown into a bedroom of more than ordinary size on the upper floor. Everything about the house was of the most dainty and scrupulous cleanliness, and an air of cheerful comfort pervaded the place. Mrs. Bartlett was evidently a house-keeper to be proud of. Two large pitchers of cool soft water awaited them, and the wash, as had been predicted, was most refreshing.

"I say," cried Yates, "it's rather cheeky to accept a man's hospitality after knocking him down."

"It would be for most people, but I think you underestimate your cheek, as you call it."

"Bravo, Stilly! You're blossoming out. That's repartee, that is. With the accent on the rap, too. Never you mind; I think old 1812 and I will get along all right after this. It doesn't seem to bother him any, so I don't see why it should worry me. Nice motherly old lady, isn't she?"

"Who? 1812?"

"No, Mrs. 1812. I'm sorry I complimented you on your repartee. You'll get conceited. Remember that what in the newspaper-man is clever, in a grave professor is rank flippancy. Let's go down."

The table was covered with a cloth as white and spotless as good linen can well be. The bread was genuine home-made, a term so often misused in the cities. It was brown as to crust and flaky and light as to interior. The butter, cool from the rock cellar, was of a lovely golden hue. The sight of the well-laden table was most welcome to the eyes of hungry travellers. There was, as Yates afterwards remarked, "abundance and plenty of it."

"Come, father," cried Mrs. Bartlett, as the young men appeared, and they heard the rocking-chair creak on the veranda in prompt answer to the summons.

"This is my son, gentlemen," said Mrs. Bartlett, indicating a young man who stood in an anon-committal attitude near the corner of the room. The professor recognized him as the person who had taken charge of the horses when his father came home. There was evidently something of his father's demeanor about the young man, who awkwardly and silently responded to the recognition of the strangers.

"And this is my daughter," continued the good woman. "Now, what might your names be?"

"My name is Yates, and this is my friend Professor Remark, of Toronto," pronouncing the name of the fair city in two syllables, as is, alas! too often done. The professor bowed, and Yates cordially extended his hand to the young woman. "How do you do, Miss Bartlett?" he said. "I am happy to meet you."

The girl smiled very prettily, and said she hoped they had a pleasant trip out from Fort Erie.

"Oh, we had," said Yates, looking for a moment at his host, whose eyes were fixed on the table-cloth, and who appeared to be quite content to let his wife run the show. "The road's a little rocky in places, but it's very pleasant."

"Now you sit down here, and you here," said Mrs. Bartlett; "and I do hope you have brought good appetites with you."

The strangers took their places, and Yates had a chance to look at the younger member of the family, which opportunity he did not let slip. It was hard to believe that she was the daughter of so crusty a man as Hiram Bartlett. Her cheeks were rosy, with dimples in them, that constantly came and went, in her incessant efforts to keep from laughing. Her hair, which hung about her plump shoulders was a lovely golden brown. Although her dress was of the cheapest material, it was neatly cut and fitted; and her dainty white pinafore added that touch of wholesome cleanliness that was so noticeable everywhere in the house. A bit of blue ribbon at her white throat and a flower of the spring just below it completed a charming picture, which a more critical and less susceptible man than Yates might have contemplated with pleasure.

Miss Bartlett sat smilingly at one end of the table, and her father grimly at the other. The mother sat at the side, apparently looking on that position as one of vantage for commanding the whole field and keeping her husband and her daughter both under eye. The teapot and cups were set before the young woman. She did not pour out the tea at once, but seemed to be waiting instructions from her mother. That good lady was gazing with some sternness at her husband, he vainly endeavoring to look at the ceiling or anywhere but at her. He drew his open hand down his face, which was of unusual gravity even for him. Finally he cast an appealing glance at his wife, who sat with her hand folded on her lap, but her eyes were unrelenting. After a moment's hopeless irresolution, Bartlett bent his head over his plate and murmured,—

"For what we are about to receive, oh, make us truly thankful. Amen." Mrs. Bartlett echoed the last words, having also bowed her head when she saw surrender in the troubled eyes of her husband.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sordid Love Tragedy in Paris.

No little excitement has been caused in one of the little populous quarters of Paris by a tragic affair in which a young man stabbed his father's mistress and nearly killed him as well. Some years ago the head of this family was left a widower, and not long afterwards he took into his service a woman a little over 20, who speedily assumed the airs of mistress of the establishment. The son, deeply disgusted at this state of things, and fearing moreover that this liaison might eventually prove very detrimental to his interests, frequently remonstrated with his father, and indulged moreover in threats which appear to have produced no little misgiving in the mind of the servant. Protests, however, were unavailing, for the father being undeterred by mode of life, the father being undeterred by the fear that these menaces would be put into execution. On Sunday morning, the young man and a friend made their way into the room in which the woman was sleeping, and while the son was stabbing her, the father, attracted to the spot by her cries, rushed in. A desperate struggle ensued, and but for the intervention of the neighbours it is probable that the old man would have fallen in his turn. As it is he has escaped with some trifling injuries, but his mistress is in a very critical condition, and little hope is entertained that she will recover.

FIGHTING THE FUZZIE WUZZIES.

A Stern Battle With Emin's Murderers.

A very exciting account of the campaign by the Belgian Congo Company against the Arab slavers of the Upper Congo districts appears in one of the recent English papers. Manyema, the district where the Arabs have hitherto been all-powerful, is to the east of the Lualaba, or main tributary of the Congo, between the Lualaba and Lake Tanganyika. The Arab stronghold was Nyangue, a great native town on the right bank of the Lualaba, or about two hundred miles west of Lake Tanganyika, and about eleven hundred miles as the crow flies, east of the mouth of Congo. Here the last of a series of great battles between the negroes commanded by Congo officers and the Arabs was fought and won by the Europeans. The conquerors were too weak, however, to do more than hold the town and wait for reinforcements.

The following is an extract from a letter written by one of the officers from Nyangue, where were found the papers of the murdered Emin Pasha.

"We are still here waiting for reinforcements and cartridges to attack Kassongo, a town well fortified, and as big as this, where all the Arabs are collected. It is just four days' march from here. We are, as you know, about 20 days' good marching from Lusambo. The reinforcements are now 57 days arrived at Lusambo, and we do not know what they are playing at. They know we have scarcely 300 men left, and not 100 rounds per head, and yet they do not hurry up. You know there are about 5,000 men on foot 'to resist the Arab movement,' and we have, with scarce 400 men, defeated the Arabs in five big battles, and after six weeks' siege taken Nyangue, the capital, so there is, no doubt, any amount of jealousy, and the three columns on the march would not object to have the pleasure of rescuing or avenging us."

"We are in a curious state of mind, and feel as if in a dream. Now, after three weeks' rest in Nyangue, we cannot believe we have succeeded. Nyangue had about 50,000 people here when we attacked it. It is entrenched—mud walls, loop-holed—and you know the Arab houses, some dried brick in hollow square, each side thirty or forty yards long, and loop-holed. In Nyangue itself I counted over 200 houses like this. Of course, if they had not got a panic we would have lost all our men taking one house. Oh, I forgot to tell you about the battle of the Lualaba of the 20th. I had a hot time. My bodyguard of fifteen men had two killed and five wounded. The Arabs had given orders to their men to fire at the whites, throw down their guns, and rush in and take them with their knives and lances. Another white man and I got suddenly into the head of the Arab columns. We do not know how we had only about sixty men to them, and were in high grass, with Arabs all round. We were in single line, with two guides, supposed to be friendly, in front. The road was only two feet wide, and we were blocked by the guides. The Arabs rushed in—now I know—to take De Woturs, who was twenty yards in front of me. I gave them a right-left of ouck from the twelve-bore, and the whole front line went down. This let them see De Woturs was not alone (our men were firing at random—over their heads mostly—they killed a lot of a couple of hundred yards in the rear.) One big Arab caught a soldier, and was dragging him off by the belt, but the soldier lopped off his hand with his knife. Then I fired twenty-seven cartridges from my repeating-rifle. You know how a man shoots when he expects every shot to be his last."

"De Woturs and I were then about ten yards apart, back to back, and he knew nothing about the rush behind him, being fully engaged in front. After, when he saw the corpses, he said, 'Who killed them? They must have almost got me.' He is a splendid fighting chap, but will get killed one of these days, for he is not quite cool enough to look around him. I hold that if an officer has to shoot he should floor a leader every time. It's a good example for the non. I have often thought, when in the act of firing, of one of the last things you said to me, 'Don't fire at a man if you can possibly avoid it,' and I am sure you would have added, if you had thought it necessary for me, 'but if you do, don't miss him.' I remember you said to me when I was going to school first, 'My boy, don't you ever hit a man, unless you mean to knock him down,' and I never have."

LOADED ROUND WITH DYNAMITE.

Thoughtless Conduct of a French Quarryman.

When a man calmly carries about with him six cartridges of dynamite and ten detonators, it is not surprising that he should cause a scare in a hospital and be regarded as a pre-eminently dangerous member of society by sick nurses and male attendants.

Prosper Millot, quarryman, aged fifty-four, went to the Pitie Hospital, Paris, recently in order to see his son, who is a patient in that institution. On entering the lodge, he had to submit to the operation of searching, which was performed by the gate porter in the presence of a soldier of the Republican Guard and of several male and female ward assistants. The porter soon observed that Prosper was carrying something bulky in his double-thighed waistbelt, and naturally insisted upon knowing and seeing what it was.

"Oh! it's only dynamite," coolly remarked the professional manipulator of explosives, to the horror and dismay of his auditors all of whom, with the exception of the soldier and the porter, took to their heels.

After the cartridges had been put in a place of safety, Millot was taken off to the nearest police station, and there he made a statement to the Commissary about his exceedingly perilous burden. He said that he had received the dynamite from his employer for the purpose of blowing up rocks, and that he had had no time to carry it home before going to the hospital in order to see his son. Notwithstanding this explanation, the Commissary ordered the dynamite to be deposited in the municipal laboratory, and the quarryman, much to his amazement, was summoned for carrying about explosives to the detriment of the public security.

Real merit of any kind, can not long be concealed; it will be discovered, and nothing can depreciate it but a man exhibiting it himself. It may not always be rewarded as it ought; but it will always be known.