THE MIDST OF ALARMS

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

CHAPTER VI.

The blessed privilege of skipping is, to the reader of a story, one of those liberties worth fighting for. Without it, who would be brave enough to begin a book? With it, even the dullest volume may be made passably interesting. It must have occurred to the observant reader that this world might be made brighter and better if authors would only leave out what must be skipped. This the successful author will not do, for he thinks highly of himself, and if the unsuccessful author did it it would not matter, for he is not read.

ing the indulgence of the reader. If the plex-burning passion. writer were dealing with creatures of his It was a lovely afternoon in the latter own imagination, instead of with fixed facts, part of May, 1866, and Yates was swinging these creatures could be made to do this or idly in the hammock, with his hands clasped that as best suited his purposes. Such, under his head, gazing dreamily up at the however, is not the case; and the exciting patches of blue sky seen through the green events that must be narrated claim prece. | branches of the trees overhead, while his dence over the placid happenings which, industrious friend was unromantically peelwith a little help from the reader's imagina- ing potatoes near the door of the tent. tion, may be taken as read. The reader is The human heart, Renny," said the or hatred.

them would have been ready to admit this | Absence makes the heart grow fonder, they much. In the chapters which, by an un- say. I don't find it so. Presence is what fortunate combination of circumstances, are plays the very deuce with me. Now, how lost to the world, it would have been seen | do you account for it, Stilly ?" the professor was a worthy member. They waiting for the answer that did not come. had also a subject of difference which, if it building of friendship than subjects of should not be peeled the day before and left going to pretend I'm no good. I started denness that forced a smile even to the stern Yates had been present, and he threw him- previous. self with the energy that distinguished instances and holding those who were been doing your share as well as my own." against the admission of women up to ridihaps have learned that he was in love; but sponge." Renmark was a reticent man, not much given can plummet the depth of a young girl's practical object-lesson. regard until she herself gives some indication? All that a reporter has to record is proachfully. that she was kinder to Yates than she had been at the beginning.

have denied that she had a sincere liking for the conceited young man from New ing to the prosaic details of household most eminent doctors in Canada, who even ing Miss Kitty a frivolous young person, whereas she was merely a girl who had aninexhaustible fund of high spirits and one who took a most deplorable pleasure in shocking a serious man. Even Yates made a slight mistake regarding her on one occasion, when they were having an evening walk together, with that freedom from chaperonage which is the birthright of every | And now Renny, for the hundredth time American girl, whether she belongs to a farm-house or to the palace of a million-

comrade's reserve in these matters) he give the preference?'

said,my cheek that felt like one of those raised head. "Have you cut your finger? I deal more true than you have any idea of. panted. "The fellows that brought 'em maps of Switzerland. I have before now should have warned you about using too Ask the doctor there if it isn't true. Now, said they were important: so I ran out with felt the tap of a lady's fan in admonition, sharp a knife." but never in my life have I met a gentle | But the professor had not cut his finger. reproof that felt so much like a censure from His use of the word given above is not to be through to New York. I would mark it the other's from Buffalo. the paw of our friend Tom Sayers."

he hoped Yates would not forget that he | ing. He said it quietly, mildly, and in a

able and more than willing to take care of learned volumes of higher mathematics did senger, with a certain condescension, as if up at once, out of consideration for the feelthemselves.

And now as to Richard Yates himself. One would imagine that here at least a conscientious relater of events would have them. an easy task Alas! such is far from being the fact. The case of Yates was by all voice. odds he most complex and bewildering of the four. He was deeply and truly in love springing out of the hammock.

with both of the girls. Instances of this kind are not so rare as a young man newly engaged to an innocent girl tries to make her believe. Cases have been known where a chance meeting with one girl and not with another has settled who was to be a young man's companion during a long life. Yates felt that in multitude of counsel there is wisdom, and made no secret of his perplexity to his friend. He complained sometimes that he got little help towards the solution of the problem, but generally he was quite content to sit under the trees with Renmark and weigh the different advantages of each of The reader of this story has, of course the girls. He sometimes appealed to his come to no portion that invites skipping, friend as a man with a mathematical turn She-or he-has read faithfully up to these of mind, possessing an education that exvery words. This most happy state of tended far into conic sections and algebraic things has been brought about first by the formulæ, to balance up the lists and give intelligence of the reader and secondly by him a candid and statistical opinion as to the conscientiousness of the writer. The which of the two he should favor with mutual co-operation so charmingly con. serious proposals. When these appeals tinued thus far encourages the writer to for help were coldly received, he accused ask a favor of the reader. The story now his friend of lack of sympathy with his enters a period that Mr. Yates would de- | dilemna, said that he was a soulless man, scribe as stirring. To compare small things and that if he had a heart it had become with great, its course might be likened to incrusted with the useless debris of a higher that of the noble river near which its scene education, and swore to confide in him no is situated. The Niagara flows placidly more. He would search for a friend, he along for miles and then suddenly plunges said, who had something human about him. down a succession of turbulent rapids to the | The search for the sympathetic friend, howfinal catastrophe. If the writer were a ever, seemed to be unsuccessful, for Yates novelist, instead of a simple reporter of cer- always returned to Renmark, to have as hetain events, there would be no need of ask- remarked, ice-water dashed upon his du-

therefore to know that four written chap- man in the hammock, reflectively, " is a ters which should have intervened between | remarkable organ, when you come to think this and the one preceding have been sacri- of it. I presume from your lack of interest ficed. But a few lines are necessary to that you haven't given the subject much show the state of things at the end of the study, perhaps in a physiological way. At fourth vanished chapter. When people are the present moment it is to me the only thrown together, especially when people are | theme worthy of a man's entire attention. young, the mutual relationship existing be- Perhaps that is the result of spring, as the tween them rarely remains stationary. It poet says; but anyhow it presents new drifts towards like or dislike, and cases have aspects to me each hour. Now, I have been known where it progressed into love made this important discovery, that the boy. girl I am with last seems to me the most Stillson Renmark and Margaret Howard | desirable. That is contrary to the observbecame, at least, very firm friends. Each of action of philosophers of bygone days.

how these two had at least a good foun- The professor did not attempt to account dation on which to build up an acquaint- for it, but silently attended to the business ance in the fact that Margaret's brother in hand. Yates withdrew his eyes from was a student in the university of which the sky and fixed them on the professor,

"Mr. Renmark," he drawled at last, "I leads not to heated argument but is sober- am convinced that your treatment of the ly discussed, lends itself even more to the potato is a mistake. I think potatoes agreement. Margaret held that it was wrong I to soak in cold water until next day's dinin the university to close its doors to wom- | ner. Of course I admire the industry that Renmark had hitherto given the sub- gets work all over before its results are ject but little thought, yet he developed an | called for. Nothing is more annoying then opinion contrary to that of Margaret and | work left untouched until the last mome t diplomatist to conceal it. On one occasion | be carried to excess, and a man may be too

"Well, I am quite willing to relinquish him, into the woman side of the question, the work inco your hands. You may percordially agreeing with Margaret, citing haps remember that for two days I have

"Oh, I am not complaining about that cule, taunting them with fear of feminine at all," said the hammock, magnanimously competition. Margaret became silent as "You are acquiring practical knowledge the champion of her cause waxed the more Renny, that will be of more use to you than that is not versed in the ways of women be as complete as possible; and to this end can say? As the hope of winning her re- I am willing to subordinate my own yearn- down under the tree. gard was the sole basis of Yates's uncom- ing desire for scullery-work. I should "Here's a pencil," said the messenger. promising views on the subject, it is likely | suggest that instead of going to the trouble with the sex were large and varied. Mar- potato in that laborious way you should one out from his inside pocket. garet was certainly attracted towards Ren- merely peel a belt around the greatest cirmark, whose deep scholarship even his ex- cumference of the potato. Then, rather lie on this occasion," continued Yates. cessive self-depreciation could not entirely than cook them in the slow and soggy conceal, and he in turn had natural- manner that seems to delight you, you ly a school-master's enthusiasm over should boil them quickly, with some salt a pupil who so earnestly desired ad- placed in the water. The remaining coat solid truth." scribed his feelings to Yates, who was potato would be white and dry and mealy, idly on the telegraph blank. Suddenly he ophy may be cheap, but I think it is accu- the answer is there is always more or less an expert in many matters, he would per- instead of being in the condition of a wet looked up and said to the professor, "Say, rate. I am really very worried about this local travel on such trains. People get off

"The beauty of a precept, Yates, is the either to introspection or to being lavish illustrating of it. If you are not satisfied with his confidences. As to Margaret, who | with my way of boiling potatoes, give me a | he finished his writing. The man in the hammock sighed re-

> "Of course an unimaginative person like uncalled for."

" All right: then don't criticise." "Yes, there is a certain sweet reasonableness in your curt suggestion. A man who is unable or unwilling to work in the vine- charge in my absence." yard should not find fault with the pickers. of asking, add to the many obligations already conferred, and tell ma, like the good fellow you are, what you would do if you In describing the incident afterwards to were in my place. To which of those two Renmark (for Yates had nothing of his charming but totally unlike girls would you but not quite, grinned, and said, "Is it Bartlett pushed his way through the under-

"Damn !" said the professor, quietly.

defended; still, as it was spoken by him, it 'rush,' only that never does any good and Telegrams were rare on the farm, and Renmark said, with some severity, that seemed to lose all relationship with swear- always makes the operator mad. was, in a measure, a guest of his neighbors. | certain sense innocently. He was astonish-"Oh, that's all right," said Yates. "If ed at himself for using it, but there had you have any spare sympathy to bestow, been moments during the past few days keep it for me. My neighbors are amply when the ordinary expletives used in the not fit the occasion.

there was a shout from the road-way near hope you'll soon be better Mr. Yates."

"Is Richard Yates there?" hailed the and followed him to the fence. "Yes. Who wants him?" cried Yates,

"I do," said a young fellow on horseback. He threw himself off a tired horse, tied the animal to a sapling, -which judging by the horse's condition, was an entirely unnecessary operation, -jumped over the rail fence, and approached through the trees. The young men saw coming towards them a tall lad in the uniform of the telegraph-ser-

"I'm Yates. What is it?" "Well," said the lad, "I've had a hunt and a half for you. Here's a telegram." "dow in the world did you find out

where I was? Nobody has my address."-"That's just the trouble. It would have saved somebody in New York a pile of money if you had left your address. No slowly back to the tent. He threw himself man ought to go to the woods without leaving his address at a telegraph-office, any- ed, the professor was more taciturn than how." The young man looked at the world ever, and although he had been prepared from a telegraph point of view. People for silence, the silence irritated him. He were good or bad according to the trouble | felt ill used at having so unsympathetic a they gave a telegraphic messenger. Yates took the yellow envelope addressed in leadpencil, but, without opening it, repeated

"But how on earth did you find me?" "Well, it wasn't easy," said the boy. "My horse is about done out. I'm from Buffalo. They telegraphed from New York that we were to spare no expense; and we haven't. country on horseback with duplicates of that despatch, and some more have gone along the lake shore on the American side. Say, no other messenger has been here before me, has he?" asked the boy with a touch of anxiety in his voice. "No; you are the first."

two hours ago, and the folks at the farm- and I think I am justified in-" house down below said you were up here. Is there any answer?"

Yates tore open the envelope. The de-- | tired of it." spatch was long, and he read it with a deep ening frown. It was to this effect :

"Fenians crossing into Canada at Buffalo. know." You are near the spot; get there .quick as spare expense."

When Yates finished the reading of this he broke forth into a line of language that astonished Remark and drew forth the envious admiration of the Buffalo telegraph-

"Heavens and earth and the lower regions! I'm here on my vacation. I'm not going to jump into work for all the papers in New York. Why couldn't those fools of Fenians stay at home? The idiots don't know when they're well off. The Fenians be hanged !"

"Guess that's what they will be," said the telegraph-boy. "Any answer, sir?" "No. Tell 'em you couldn't find me." "Don't expect the boy to tell a lie," said

the professor, speaking for the first time. boy, "but not that one. No, sir. I've had A look of dismay came over his face, and too much trouble finding you. I'm not his truculent manner changed with a sudout for to find you, and I have. But I'll lips of Renmark. tell any other lie you like, Mr. Yates, if it will oblige you.'

Yates recognized in the boy the same em- blow. ulous desire to outstrip his fellows that "I say, Renny," he wailed, "It's anwas too honest a man or too little of a and then hurriedly done. Still, virtue may had influenced himself when he was a young other of those cursed telegraph-messengers. reporter, and he at once admitted the injus- Go, like a good fellow, and sign for the detice of attempting to deprive him of the spatch. Sign it 'Dr. Renmark, for R. fruits of his enterprise.

have found me, and you're a young fellow of that when the other boy was here. Tell who will be president of the Telegraph him I'm lying down." He flung himself into Company some day, or perhaps hold the the hammock, and Renmark, after a moless important office of the United States ment's hesitation, walked towards the boy Presidency. Who knows? Have you a at the fence, who had repeated his question

telegraph-blank?" "Of course," said the boy, fishing out a Yates the better for his championship, who only desire is that your education should bundle from the leathern wallet by his side. tossed to the man in the hammock. Yates identification in case of accident, and of Yates took the paper and flung himself seized it savagely, tore it into a score of comfort to their friends by the prompt

"A newspaper-man is never without a that he was successful, for his experiences of entirely removing the covering of the pencil, thank you," replied Yates taking

> "Now, Renmark, I'm not going to tell a casions."

Yates as he lay on the ground wrote rap- some forbearance on all sides. That philos- might probably be done on though trains,

Renmark, are you a doctor?" "Of laws," replied his friend.

paper at arm's length. "JOHN A. BELLINGTON,

Managing Editor Argus, New York. | I am on my vacation. Miss Kitty Bartlett probably would not of suggesting that a man as deeply in love hand's turn for a week. Am under the from the telegram that your on your death- impossibility of keeping trace of the people as I am should demean himself by attend- constant care, night and day, of one of the bed." York. Renmark fell into the error of think. affairs. I am doubly in love, and much prepares my food for me. Since I left New "but you see, Renny, we New-Yorkers live more, therefore, as that old bore Euclid York trouble of the heart has complicated in such an atmosphere of exaggeration, and used to say, is your suggestion unkind and matters, and at present baffles the doctor. if I did not put it strongly it wouldn't have Consultations daily. It is impossible for any effect. You've got to give a big dose me to move from here until present compli- to a man who has been taking poison all his cations have yielded to treatment.

> "YATES." "There," said Yates, with a tone of sat- to anything." isfaction, when he had finished the reading.

"What do you think of that." swer. The boy, who partly saw through it, ously on the fence, turned around. Young

"Of course it's true !" cried Yates, indig- been running.

The boy took the paper and put it in his

continued Yates. he were giving credit on behalf of the com- ings of the young man who had had a race cut across that field and through that Before anything more could be said, pany. "Well, so long," he added.

> "Now, youngster, you are up to snuff, I can see that. They'll perhaps question you said Yates. when you get back. What will you say?" | Bartlett lingered a moment hoping that town."

find you, and let 'em know nobody else the important messages; but Yates did not could 'a' done it, and I'll say you're a even tear open the envelopes, although he pretty sick man. I won't tell 'em you gave thanked the young man heartily for bringme a dollar."

"Right you are, sonny; you'll get along.

The boy stuffed the bill into his vest-pocket as carelessly, as if it represented cents instead of dollars, mounted his tired horse, and waved his hand in farewell to the ground." newspaper-man. Yates turned and walked once more into the hammock. As he expectcompanion.

"Look here, Renmark, why don't you say something?"

"There is nothing to say." "Oh, yes, there is. You don't approve

of me, do you ?" "I don't suppose it makes any difference whether I approve or not,"

"Oh, yes, it does. A man likes to have There are seven other fellows scouring the the approval of even the humblest of his fellow-creatures. Say, what will you take in cash to approve of me? People talk of the tortures of conscience, but you are more uncomfortable than the most cast-iron conscience any man ever had. One's own conscience one can deal with, but a conscience in the person of another man is beyond one's "I'm glad of that. I've been 'most all control. Now it is like this. I am here over Canada. I got on your trail about for quiet and rest. I have earned both,

> "Now, Mr. Yates, please spare me any cheap philosophy on the question. I am

"And of me toc, I suppose?" "Well, yes, rather, -if you want Yates sprang out of the hammock. For

possible. Five of our men leave for Buffalo | the first time since the encounter with Bartto-night. General O'Neill is in command lett on the road, Renmark saw that he was Russian league. The meaning of these words of Fenian army. He will give you every thoroughly angry. The reporter stood with has been the subject of a good facility when you tell him who you are. clinched fist and flashing eye, hesitating. When five arrive they will report to you. The other, his heavy brows drawn down, Place one or two with Canadian troops. while not in an aggressive attitude, was recent visit of Prince Leopold Fred-Get one to hold the telegraph-wire, and plainly ready for an attack. Yates consend over all the stuff the wire will carry. cluded to speak and not strike. This was really connected with negotiations with a Draw on us for cash you need; and don't not because he was afraid, for he was not had forced the conversation, and remembered he had invited Renmark to accompany Norway, for this had been traced more or him. Aithough this recollection had stayed his hand, it had no effect on his tongue.

straight, square, unbiassed opinion of yourto whom your word is law, that it may in-I think, of all the--'

The sentence was interrupted by a cry from the fence: "Say, do you gentlemen know where

fellow named Yates lives?" "Oh, I don't mind a lie," exclaimed the The reporter's hand dropped to his side.

Yates backed toward the hammock like a man who had received an unexpected

Yates.' That will give it a sort of official "No," he said, "that won't do. No; you | medical-bulletin look. I wish I had thought in a louder voice. In a short time he re- tors on trains should take the names of turned with the yellow envelope, which he their passengers with a view at once of pieces, and scattered the fluttering bits publication of names, Mr. McNicoll, Generaround him on the ground. The professor al Passenger Agent of the C. P. R., said stood there for a few moments in silence. | to a Montreal reporter that it would be

good enough to go on with your remarks." Yates, wearily, "that you are a mighty ly, but it is possible. There might be one "I think the truth is better on all oc- good fellow, Renny. People who camp out hundred and fifty people on the train. How always have rows. This is our first; suppose | could any conductor attend to the people "Right you are. So here goes for the we let it be the last. Camping out is some- getting on, collect the tickets and take the thing like married life, I guess, and requires names at the same time? If it be said it newspaper business. I ought, of course, to and on. How could the conductor keep fling myself into the chasms like that track of them? Suppose he had all their "Oh, that will do just as well." And Roman soldier but, hang it, I've been fling- names, how could he tell who got off? And ing myself into chasms for fifteen years, "How is this?" he cried, holding the and what good has it done? There's always escape are only too glad to hurry home, and a crisis in a daily newspaper office. I want thus cover up all trace. The thing is quite

Yates laughed. "That's so," he said; life. They will take off ninety per cent. "Binmore would be a good man to take from any statement I make, anyhow, so you see I have to pile it up pretty high before the remaining ten per cent. amounts

The conversation was interupted by the crackling of the dry twigs behind them, and The professor frowned, but did not an. Yates, who had been keeping his eye nervbrush. His face was red; he had evidently

"Hello, Renny!" cried Yates raising his | nart at the unjust suspicion. "It is a great | "Two telegrams for you, Mr. Yates," he my boy will you give in this when you get | them myself, for fear they wouldn't find back to the office? Tell 'em to rush it you. One of them's from Port Colborne,

young Bartlett looked on the receipt of one as an event in a man's life. He was astonished to see Yates receive the double event "It's to be paid for at the other end," with a listlessness that he could not help thinking was merely assumed for effect. Yates "Oh, that's all right" answered the mes- held out his hand, and did not tear them "I to deliver them.

"Here's two books they wanted you to Yates sprang to his feet with a laugh sign. They're tired out, and mother's giving them something to eat,"

"Professor, you sign for me, won't you ?"

"Oh, I'll tell em what a hard job I hadito he would hear something of the converts of

"Stuck-up cuss !" muttered young Bart-Here's five dollars, all in one bill. If you lett to himself as he shoved the signed books meet any other messengers, take them back | into his pocket and pushed his way through with you. There's no use of their wasting the underbrush again. Yates slowly and valuable time in this little neck of the methodically tore the envelopes and their contents into little pieces and scattered them as before.

"Begins to look like autumn," he said, "with the yellow leaves strewing the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SWEDEN ARMING.

It is Believed She Will Join the Triple Alliance-The Agitation for Separation

in Norway. A Christiania special says :- The Dagbladedt, of this city, published a letter written to it by Bjernstsjorne Bjoersen, the Norwegian novelist and poet, in which he says it is undeniable that Sweden continues arming on a large scale, and that it is therefore useless to deny that that country intends to side with the triple alliance in the event of war. Therefore, the writer adds, Sweden refuses Norway's desire for a separate foreign department. If Sweden was preparing for armed neutrality she would have no need to fear the independence of Norway, because the latter is eminently disposed to be neutral, but Sweden intends to use Norway for her own purposes, against which Norway must continuously and loudly protest in order to attract Europe's attention. The Cologne Gazette recently made a

rather enigmatic remark to the effect that the anticipated insolence of the French after the forthcoming fetes of fraternization with the Russions will be damped by some demonstration on the other side which will show that the international balance of power has enough additional weight at its disposal to neutralize the effect of the Franco deal of conjecture. One report published in a Vienna newspaper said that the view to Sweden joining the triple alliance. a coward. The reporter realized that he King Oscar, it was asserted, had been really alarmed by the Separatist movement in less to Russian influence. Only lately the Russian press urged that a Norwegian port "I believe," he said, slowly, "that it ought to be "acquired" by the Russians as would do you good for once to hear a a coaling station for their Baltic fleet. The Vienna paper added that "The apprenenself. You have associated so long with pupils, sions of King Oscar found a ready ear in Germany, and especially since the Czar's terest you to know what a man of the world speech at Libau, and further negotiations thinks of you. A few years of schoolmas- are now proceeding in earnest." Whether tering is enough to spoil a Gladstone. Now, the Cologne Gazette meant or not what is here stated, it is a fact that in many usually well-informed political circles the anti-Swedish movement in Norway has from the beginning been ascribed to indirect Russian influence. Even the money which was ostensibly sent from America to Norway to keep up the agitation is believed to have really come from Russia. The Norwegian Republicans and Separatists might themselves know of the connection of the leaders of the agitation with the agents of Russia, but on the principle of Cui Prodest, the idea had forced itself upon observers in Germany and elsewhere that Russia must be behind the dangerous agitation in Norway, and subsequent symptoms have strengthened that impression.

TAKING PASSENGERS' NAMES.

The Plan Would not Work Say the Railway Officials.

In reply to the suggtion that the conduc-"Perhaps," he said at last, "you'll be quite impossible to carry out any such idea. "Suppose an accident occurred between the "I was merely going to say," answered city and Cote St. Antoine. It is not likethem to understand in the Argus office that impossible. It would require an army of officials to work it, and then the result "They will be more apt to understand | would not be of any value, owing to the of route.

A Grand Trunk official expressed himself somewhat similarly. He said that twenty years ago it was the custom in the Old Country to book passengers. That was, that each person who went to the ticket office was asked his name, which was entered in a book, the object being to keep some such record as was sought in the present instance. He did not know whether that practice was still in vogue, but he knew that the conductor could not do it here, and that even if clerks were placed on the train for the purpose, it would be impossible to keep track of people who got off at the frequent stations along any route.

He Needed Rest.

"Begobs, auld woman," said O'Hehaly, 'It's up to the doctor's Oi've been this mornin', an' he says Oi'll not be able to work fur some toime, that it's rist Oi' nade an' that Oi must take a nap ivery afternoon. Faith, an' Oi'll be layin' down a bit now, an' f I should happen to fall ashlape, be sure to wake me up in toine fur me afternoon's nap, d'ye moind?"

The Longest Way Round is the Best.

Stranger-" You tell me that to follow the road is the longer way to town, and to orchard is the shorter, and the next minute you say if I take the road I'll get to town sooner. How's that?"

Countryman-"Well, if you attempt to go through that orchard the Coroner will have to be sent for before you can go on to