

THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS

CHAPTER XIX.

"Look you, how she cometh, trilling
Out her gay heart's bird-like bliss!
Merry as a May-morn thrilling
With the dew and sunshine's kiss."

Ruddy gossips of her beauty
Are her twin cheeks; and her mouth,
In its ripe warmth, smilth fruity
As a garden of the south."

Gerald Massey.

To Georgie the life at the vicarage is quite supportable,—is, indeed, balm to her wounded spirit. Mrs. Redmond may, of course, chop and change as readily as the east wind, and, in fact, may sit in any quarter, being somewhat erratic in her humors; but they are short-lived; and, if faintly trying, she is at least kindly and tender at heart.

As for the vicar, he is—as Miss Georgie tells him, even without a blush—"simply adorable," and the children are sweet, good natured little souls, true-hearted and earnest, to whom the loss of an empire would be as dross in comparison with the gain of a friend. They are young!

To Dorian Branscombe, Miss Broughton is "a thing of beauty, and a joy forever; her loveliness increases" each moment, rendering her more dear. Perhaps he himself hardly knows how dear she is to his heart, though day after day he haunts the vicarage, persecuting the vicar with parochial business of an outside in it. It ought, indeed, to be "had in remembrance," the amount of charity this young man expended upon the poor during all this early part of the year.

Then there is always Sunday, when he sits opposite to her in the old church, watching her pretty mischievous little face meditatively throughout the service, and listening to her perfect voice as it rises, clear and full of pathos, in anthem and in hymn.

The spring has come at last, though tardy and slow in its approach. Now—"Buds are bursting on the brier," And all the kindred greenery glows, And life has richest overflows, And morning fields are fringed with fire."

Winter is almost forgotten. The snow and frost and ice are as a dream that was told. No one heeds them now, or thinks of them, or feels aught about them, save a sudden chill that such things might have been.

To-day is beautiful beyond compare. The sun is high in the heavens; the birds are twittering and preening; their soft feathers in the yellow light that Phoebus flings broadcast upon the loving earth. The flowers are waking slowly into life, and stud the mossy woods with colorings distinct though faint:

"Nooks of greening gloom
Are rich with violets that bloom
In the cool dark of dewy leaves."

Primroses, too, are all alive, and sit staring at the heavens with their soft eyes, as though in their hearts they feel they are earth's stars. Each subtle green is widening, growing. All nature has arisen from its long slumber and "beauty walks in bravest dress."

Coming up the road, Dorian meets Georgie Broughton, walking with quick steps, and in evident haste, toward the vicarage. She is lifting some merry little song of her own fancy, and has her hat pushed well back from her forehead, so that all her sunny hair can be seen. It is a lovely hat,—inexpensive, perhaps, but lovely, nevertheless, in that it is becoming to the last degree. It is a great big hat, like a coal-scuttle,—as scuttles used to be,—and gives her all the appearance of being the original one of Kate Greenaway's charming impersonations.

"Good-morning," says Dorian, though in truth, he hardly takes to heart the full beauty of the fair morning that has been sent, so apt he is in the joy at the very sight of her. "Going back to the vicarage now?"

"Yes," she is smiling sweetly at him,—the little, kind, indifferent smile that comes so readily to her red lips.

"Well, so am I," says Dorian, turning to accompany her.

Miss Broughton glances at him demurely.

"You can't want to go to the vicarage again?" she says, lifting her brows.

"How do you know I have been there, at all to-day?" says Dorian.

"Oh, because you are always there, aren't you?" says Georgie, shrugging her shoulders, and biting a little flower, she had been holding, into two clean halves.

"As you know so much, perhaps you also know why I am always there," says Branscombe, who is half amused, half offended, by her willfulness.

"No, I don't," replies she, easily, turning her eyes, for the first time, full upon his. "Tell me."

She is quite calm, quite composed; there is the very faintest touch of malice beneath her long lashes. Dorian colors perceptibly. Is she coquette, or unthinking, or merely mischievous?

"No, not now," he says, slowly. "I hardly think you would care to hear. Some day, if I may—"

What a very charming hat you have on to-day!"

She smiles again,—what true woman can resist a compliment?—and blushes faintly, but very sweetly, until her face is like a pale "rosebud brightly blowing."

"This old hat?" she says, with a small attempt at scorn, and very well got-up belief that she misunderstood him: "why it has seen the rise and fall of many generations. You can't mean this hat?"

"Yes, I do. To me it is the most beautiful hat in the world, no matter how many generations have been permitted to gaze upon it. It is yours!"

"Oh, yes; I bought it in the dark ages," says Miss Broughton, disdainfully noticing the insinuation, and treating his last remark as a leading question.

"I am glad you like it."

"Are you? I like something else, too; I mean your voice."

"It is too minor—too discontented, my aunt used to say."

"Your aunt seems to have said a good deal in her time. She reminds me of Butler's talker; Her tongue is always in motion, though very seldom to the purpose;" and again, "She is a walking pillory, and punishes more sore than a dozen exactly of ones. But I wasn't talking of your every-day voice: I mean your singing: it is quite perfect."

"Two compliments in five minutes!" says Miss Georgie, calmly. Then changing her tone with dazzling, because unexpected, haste, she says, "Nothing pleases me so much as having my singing praised. Do you know," with hesitation—"I suppose—I am afraid, it is very great vanity on my part, but I love my own voice. It is like a friend to me—the thing I love best on earth."

"Are you always going to love it best on earth?"

"Ah! Well, that, perhaps was an exaggeration. I love Clarissa. I am happier with her than with any one else. You"—meditatively—"love her, too?"

"Yes, very much indeed. But I know somebody else with whom I am even happier."

"Well, that is the girl you are going to marry, I suppose," said Georgie, easily,—so easily that Dorian feels a touch of disappointment, that is almost pain, fall on his heart. "But as for Clarissa,"—in a puzzled tone,—"

"I cannot understand her. She is going to marry a man utterly unsuited to her. I met him at the ball the other night, and"—thoughtlessly—"I don't like him."

"Poor Horace!" says Dorian rather taken aback. Then she remembers, and is in an instant covered with shame and confusion.

"I beg your pardon," she says, hurriedly. "I quite forgot. It never occurred to me he was your brother,—really. You believe me, don't you? And don't think me rude. I am not,—plaintively—"

"—naturally rude, and—and, after all,—with an upward glance, full of honest liking,—he is not a bit like you!"

"If you don't like him, I am glad you think he isn't," says Dorian; "but Horace is a very good fellow all through, and I fancy you are a little unjust to him."

"Oh, not unjust," says Georgie, softly. "I have not accused him of any failing: it is only that something in my heart says to me, 'Don't like him.'"

"Does something in your heart ever say to you, 'Like some one?'"

"Very often." She is (to confess the honest truth) just a little bit coquette at heart, so that when she says this she lifts her exquisite eyes (that always seem half full of tears) to his for as long as it would take him to know they had been there, and then lowers them. "I shall have to hurry," she says; "it is my hour for Amy's music lesson."

"Do you like teaching?" asks he, idly, more for the sake of hearing her plaintive voice again than from any great desire to know.

"Like it?" She stops short on the pretty woodland path, and confronts him curiously: "Now, do you think I could like it? I don't then! I perfectly hate it! The perpetual over and over again, the knowledge that to-morrow will always be as to-day, the feeling that one can't get away from it, is maddening. And then there are the mistakes, and the false notes, and everything. What a question to ask me! Did anyone ever like it, I wonder!"

There is some passion, and a great deal of petulance in her tone; and her lovely flower-like face flushes warmly, and there is something besides in her expression that is reproachful. Dorian begins to hate himself. How could he have asked her such a senseless question? He hesitates, hardly knowing what to say to her so deep in his sympathy; and so, before he has time to decide on any course, she speaks again.

"It is so monotonous," she says, wearily. "One goes to bed only to get up again, and one gets up with no expectation of change, except to go to bed again."

"One dem'd horrid grind," quotes Mr. Branscombe, in a low tone. He is filled with honest pity for her. Instinctively he puts out his hand, and takes one of hers, and presses it ever so gently. "Poor child!" he says, from his heart. To him, with her baby face, and her odd impulsive manner, that changes and varies with every thought, she is merely a child.

She looks at him, and shakes her head. "You must not think me unhappy," she says, hastily. "I am not that. I was twice as unhappy before I came here. Everybody now is so kind to me,—Clarissa and the Redmonds, and"—with another glance from under the long lashes—"you, and—Mr. Hastings."

"The curate?" says Dorian, in such a tone, as compels Miss Broughton, on the instant, to believe that he and Mr. Hastings are at deadly feud.

"I thought you knew him," she says with some hesitation.

"I have met him," returns he, "generally, I think, on tennis-grounds. He can run about a good deal, but it seems a pity to waste a good bat on him. He never hits a ball by any chance, and as for serving—I don't think I swore for six months until the last time I met him."

"Why, what did he do?"

"More than I can recall in a hurry. For one thing, he drank more tea than any four people together that ever I knew."

"Was that all? I see no reason why any one should be ashamed of liking tea."

"Neither do I. On the contrary, one should be proud of it. It betrays such meekness, such simplicity, such contentment. I myself am not fond of tea,—a fact I deplore morning, noon and night."

"It is a mere matter of education," says Georgie, laughing. "I used not to care for it, except at breakfast, and now I love it."

"Do you? I wish with all my heart that I was good enough to say Mr. Branscombe, at which she laughs again.

"One can't have all one's desires," she says. "Now, with me music is a passion; yet I have never heard any of that great singers of the age. Isn't that hard?"

"For you it must be, indeed. But how is it you haven't?"

"Because I have no time, no money, no—"

"What a hesitation! Tell me what the 'anything' stands for."

"Well, I mean no home,—that is, no husband, I suppose," says Georgie. She is quite unaccounted, and smiles at him very prettily as she says it. Of the fact that he is actually in love with her, she is totally unaware.

"That is a regret likely to be of short standing," he says, his eyes on hers. But her thoughts are far away, and she hardly heeds the warmth of his gaze or the evident meaning in his tone.

"I should think I did marry somebody he would take me to hear all the great people," she says, a little doubtfully, looking at him as though for confirmation of her hope.

"I should think he would take you wherever you wanted to go, and to hear whatever you wished to hear," he says, slowly.

"What a charming picture you conjure up!" says Georgie, looking at him.

"You encourage me. The very first rich man that asks me to marry him, I shall say 'Yes' to."

"You have made up your mind, then, to marry for money?" He is watching her intently, and his brow has contracted a good deal, and his lips show some pain.

"I have made up my mind to nothing. Perhaps I haven't one to make up,—I lightly. 'But I hate teaching, and I hate being poor. That is all. But we were not talking of that. We were thinking of Mr. Hastings. At all events you must confess he reads well, and that is something! Almost everybody reads badly."

"They do," says Branscombe, meekly. "I do. Unless in words of one syllable, I can't read at all. So the curate has the pull over me there. Indeed, I begin to feel myself nowhere besides the curate. He can read well, and drink tea well, I can't do either."

"Why, here we are at the vicarage," says Georgie, in a tone of distinct surprise, that is flattering to the last degree. "I didn't think we were half so close to it. I am glad I met you, because, do you know, the wick hasn't seemed nearly so long as usual. Well, good-by."

"May I have those violets?" says Branscombe, pointing to a little bunch of those fair comers of the spring that lies upon her breast.

"You may," she says, detaching them from her gown and giving them to him willingly, kindly, but without a particle of the tender confusion he would gladly have seen in her. "They are rather faded," she says, with some disappointment; "you could have picked yourself a sweeter bunch on your way home."

"I hardly think so," she says, turning up to him the most bewitching and delicious of small faces. "And be sure you put my poor flowers in water. They will live the longer for it."

"They shall live forever. A hundred years hence, were you to ask me where they were, I swear I should be able to show them."

"A very safe oath," says Miss Broughton; and then she gives him her hand, and parts from him, and runs all the way down the short avenue to the house, leaving him to turn and go on to Gowran.

(To Be Continued.)

A BRAVE SPEECH.

What United States Senator Wolcott Says About the Boundary Dispute.

The bravest, worthiest utterance made by any American public man upon the Venezuelan boundary dispute was the speech delivered recently in the Senate by Senator Wolcott. That oration deserves to stand to the everlasting honor of the statesman who made it. Its fairness and courage must startle the American people, who have been listening so long to sounding, flamboyant, and insulting declamation against England. Out of this bedlam of spread-eagleism they hear one of the strongest, most respected characters in the Senate condemning the stand taken by the United States, denying the application of the Monroe doctrine to the splendid frontage of England for the question of her island possessions, and her enemies, and rejoicing that he is of English stock. It takes a high degree of courage thus to stem the flood of jingoism which the majority of his colleagues in both Houses seem to think leads on to success at the polls. The two parties have been vying with each other to score the highest point in aggressive Americanism. The most peaceful members of Congress, those most friendly to Britain, those most convinced of the impropriety of the United States interference, have been swept along by what they supposed to be

A POPULAR WAVE.

Few of them dared to raise the faintest protest against the general drift toward war. Congress gradually toned down, it is true, as it began to catch the real sense of the country from the letters, sermons, meetings, and newspaper articles opposing its hasty action, but it still believes in jingoism. That it is not now so ardent, however, is manifest from the reception that Senator Davis' bill defending the Monroe doctrine appears to have met. Senator Wolcott's splendid speech is likely to knock some more of the fervor out of the jingoes. Even more creditable to him than his fairness and courage are the noble sentiments to which he gave utterance when speaking of the civilizing and Christianizing work that he believed the two English-speaking nations are called to do. "Whatever," he says, "of advancement and progress for the human race the centuries shall bring us must largely come, in my opinion, through the spread of the religion of Christ and the dominance of the English-speaking people, and wherever you find both you find communities where freedom exists and law is obeyed." Such sentiments as these are rarely heard in Congress, and expressed by so distinguished a Senator as Mr. Wolcott they must have a wholesome effect. Senator Lodge, with his boasted culture and boasted jingoism, and Senator Morgan, with his rancorous hatred of the Senator from Colorado. What makes Mr. Wolcott's fact that he comes from a silver State, and is himself an advocate of silver money. The silver men were supposed to bear the strongest dislike to England, because it was the home of the hated "gold bugs." Senator Wolcott's speech could not be more fair-minded and British if it had been delivered in the British House of Lords instead of in the American Senate.

CAREER OF DR. JIM

INTERESTING HISTORY OF THE NOW FAMOUS DR. JAMESON.

A Typical Adventure With All the Virtues and All the Vices of His More Famous Predecessor—Feted and Entertained by Royalty—Some of His Characteristics.

"Dr. Jim" is a Scotsman, and strange stories of his dash and cleverness when a boy are told. Companions of his youth remember how, to get fruit for them out of his father's garden, he would defy all the canes of the household. He was educated for the medical profession, and was in good practice at Kimberley when Cecil Rhodes picked him up. Devoted to his profession and making a large income though he was, he abandoned everything to take part in the opening up of Mashonaland, and his conduct all through the Matabele troubles is written large in South African history.

In 1887 Jameson and Rhodes were living together at Kimberley in lodgings that consisted of one sitting-room and two bedrooms. It is not generally known that Rhodes owes his life to the doctor, who attended him assiduously, night and day, through a dangerous illness. This laid the foundation of their friendship.

When the infant operations of the future chartered company were endangered by Lobengula, Jameson made his way, alone and unarmed, to the dusky King's presence. His friends thought he would never return. But the King was ill, and Dr. Jameson's fame as a medicine man had penetrated to Lobengula's court. He was, therefore, called upon to cure the King. This, fortunately, he succeeded in doing. Lobengula and all his retinue were delighted, and the doctor not only obtained the concession he was in quest of, but permission for the pioneer force to march through Mashonaland.

When Fort Salisbury had been established, the question arose as to a direct route to the coast. Jameson took the matter in hand. Accompanied by Major Johnson, he marched from Fort Salisbury to Sarmento on the Pungwe river, then an unknown region, and so on to Beira. The Beira railway was the result. In his visit to Lobengula and his march to the coast Dr. Jameson had given ample evidence of the stuff of which he was made, and on his return to Fort Salisbury he received the

SUPREME COMMAND.

But a quiet career, however exalted, was not in his way, and when, a little later, it became necessary for an official of the company to visit Chief Gungunyana, at the mouth of the Limpopo, Dr. Jameson undertook the task. It was a two months' journey, practically on foot, through a deadly climate. The doctor on this occasion was accompanied by Dr. Doyle and Mr. Moody and a few carriers. First Doyle was stricken down by fever, then Moody, and finally Jameson himself. They suffered from want of food, and for many days were exposed to a pitiless rain, and a band of Bechuana through forest and swamps they arrived in rage and half dead at their destination. A stay there to recruit, and Jameson and his party started for the coast, and so home again.

It was on his return from this terrible journey that Jameson received the post of Administrator of Mashonaland, in succession to Mr. Archibald Colquhoun, and in that capacity had a very narrow escape of a brush with the Boers. When the latter were preparing to trek across the Limpopo into new territory Dr. Jameson and a band of Bechuana land police met them, and, although bloodshed seemed at first unavoidable, Jameson succeeded in turning back the trekkers without the firing of a single shot.

Later came the Matabele war, which, if its necessity be admitted, even his greatest detractors would declare Jameson carried through in a manner worthy of him. The forces at his command in that campaign numbered about 2,000 and they were manipulated with a promptitude and decision worthy of a veteran in the field. The war was sharp, but short, and whatever credit there was in connection with it was very largely due to Jameson. For his services in Rhodesia the doctor was made a Companion of the Bath about a year ago.

It was about the same time that Dr. Jameson and Cecil Rhodes were feted in England and entertained by Royalty at the Imperial Institute, in the company of such guests as the late Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Fife, Earl Grey, Lord Playfair, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir R. Herbert, and Sir C. Mills. The Prince of Wales on that occasion amid the enthusiasm of nearly 3,000 hearers thanked Dr. Jameson for his "most interesting and excellent address," and "hoped that he would continue to be most successful" in his work in South Africa; and it was also on the same occasion that Dr. Jameson expressed his belief that Rhodesia "must be a great factor in what he hoped would be attained, viz., a commercial union of the different States of South Africa." He ventured to think that "within a reasonable time even the Transvaal would join in a much-desired confederation."

Miss Balfour, in her recently-published account of "Twelve Hundred Miles in a Waggon," gives the following description of

DR. JAMESON'S ABODE

at Bulawayo:—"Dr. Jameson and Sir John Willoughby, who have a house between the old and new towns, about two miles from the latter, are living in tents, and have given up their rooms here. This is a true and faithful description of it: It has mud walls, mud floor, thatched roof, with no ceiling, doors made of two packing-case lids, and an unglazed window, with shutter of rough boards. Furniture—a bedstead, one box upside down, some wooden shelves, a small strip of matting, an empty, a whisky bottle doing duty as a candlestick, and (Oh, luxury!) a table! Dr. Jameson's room is

much the same, only it has a—inch square looking-glass as well. The dining-room and kitchen are close by. The house is very comfortable really, although my description of it may make you think it is an inappropriate abode for the Administrator of a territory as large as France." But the Doctor was always a Spartan in his tastes.

To those who know him it is not difficult to see the reason of Jameson's great success. "He is," wrote Dr. Gowers, who saw much of him as a student, "a man of wide and deep capacity, but not of wide interests, and his ability, is, therefore, concentrated. The secret of success in the work of life is concentration. It is the diffusion of ability, the scattering of the shot, which prevents any great result. Dr. Jameson is one of the men who possess that most precious of all qualities, an instinctive and instant perception of the relation of means to ends, of the ends worth securing, and of the means which will secure them. To this he unites a physique capable of constant hardship, which responds with increasing strength to buffet, and also an intrepid courage and a capacity, when need arises for untiring labor."

YOUTHFUL TRAVELLERS.

Three Little Tois, the Oldest Seven Years.

Travel Alone Across the Continent.

The precocity and independence of American children are proverbial, but being a sufficiently large undertaking—when the C.P.R. officials at the Windsor station, Montreal, beheld three little mites who had travelled a distance of three thousand miles, alone and unprotected, they wondered if this was an illustration of the buoyancy and light-heartedness with which the United States is ready to undertake the most herculean enterprises, the "licking" of England being unsatisfying as not being a sufficiently large undertaking—only a gentle stimulus, compelling merely the exercise of a moderate amount of energy, Ida Lewis, seven years; a sister aged four; and a brother, aged three years, travelled from Soo City, California, a distance of three thousand miles, and arrived safe and sound at the C.P.R. station on Friday night—tired, but self-confident. Their father had deserted their mother, and the latter, yielding to the request of the children's grandmother, at Crown Point, New York State, not far from Plattsburgh, that she should send them on, put them on the train a week ago and bade them good-by. They were

SEVEN DAYS AND NIGHTS

travelling. When the conductor and the passengers understood the case, they were treated with the greatest consideration, although before they had become the recipient of benefit, the children could not resist the candies and peanuts of the newsboy, and upon these they had spent the only dollar they had in the world, so that when they reached Montreal they were as Mr. Miller, the station agent, phrased it, "dead broke." The latter was very kind and directed Constable Richards to have them taken to a hotel, and be fed and kept at his expense till the following morning. An excellent supper was provided for them, and the little boy, aged three, while expressing a candid delight in the first good meal he had had for a week, fell asleep while conveying the food to his mouth. They had a good bath, a good bed and "the nicest breakfast" the following morning which they had tasted for a long time, the eldest girl, who was the guide and protector of the other two, remarked to Mr. Richards, a thoughtful womanly girl, which went to the heart of that good-natured soul, whose voice when he announces the departure of trains, sounds like distant thunder. A "bus" was provided, and the three little travellers were taken to the Grand Train, where they were placed on the train for New York. The children's grandmother was to meet them at Crown Point. The self-confidence of the children and the taking as a matter of course a journey which, a few years ago would have been perilous for grown persons; were what excited their interest and admiration of the officials.

AN OLD-TIME MUTINY.

Crew of the Schooner Maria Kill the Captain, Mate and Others—Prisoners Released.

A despatch from San Francisco says:—"Particulars of a mutiny from the Andrew Islands on board the American trading schooner Maria, Capt. Brown, have been received. Capt. Brown, Mate Hermann Hohlmann, and a passenger were murdered in cold blood by the crew, and Mrs. Brown and her son nearly killed by blows from an axe. After killing the captain, mate and the passenger, late at night, the schooner was headed for the Andrew Islands, and Mrs. Brown and her boy were kept close prisoners, it being the intention of the mutineers to put them ashore on an isolated coral reef near the islands. Before the islands were reached the Chinese cooks, native sailors and boatswain got to fighting among themselves, and knives were drawn. Two half-breeds were killed instantly, and another died of wounds received. All of the mutineers were wounded. Provisions gave out, and when cruising off the Andrew Islands the schooner was manned by the boatswain, two Chinese and a half-breed. The schooner was steered into port, and the King of the Islands gave the murderers food enough to last them for several weeks. Before the vessel sailed again, however, the King became suspicious, boarded the craft, rescued Mrs. Brown and her boy, the former more dead than alive and took the mutineers prisoners. The Spanish gunboat Valasco put in at Andrew Islands, and took the murderers to Manila for trial."

The Doctor Away.

Caller—What a terrible cough you have! Why don't you consult Dr. Knowall, the great lung specialist?
Invalid—I can't. He's gone south for his health.