

A Woman Scorned

"You mean that you wish me to release you from your promise—to give you back what you are pleased to call your freedom?"

"There's no need for you to take it like that, Betty. You know it has been very pleasant, but—"

"But it cannot last?—I see. It seems a pity you didn't think of that sooner."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I thought of it some weeks ago, but I was under the impression that you—well, that you had money, you know, and—"

But Leonard Bryng quailed before the flashing scorn of the blue eyes. "Go on," said the girl, coldly; "please finish."

He wasn't gifted with a very keen intelligence, this debonaire young curate, so he went on, blundering, to his doom.

"Well, you see, if there had been money in the case my brother couldn't have objected; we should be independent of his allowance. But, considering that he's an old bachelor and never likely to marry, he naturally looks to me to—well, to place a suitable woman at the head of the family, you know. No doubt if she had money he would overlook the lack of birth and position, but—"

"Stop!" cried Betty, fiercely. "You ask me to marry you, then, because you see in me a penniless girl, with neither father nor brother to avenge the wrong, you not only break your given word, and talk about 'freedom,' but you add insult to injury and tell me that if I had sufficient money to pay your price, you would have condescended to marry me. Go!" she cried. "I will not hear another word! I thank heaven I know you as you are! And you, coward that you are, will know when you stand in the pulpit that there is at least one woman in the world who knows that you dare not preach as you practice! Don't speak to me again! I will not hear another word!"

Rev. Leonard turned away with a sheepish expression on his handsome face.

"What a little fiend she is!" he muttered. "A perfect little vixen, for all her pretty face. Who'd ever have thought she could go on like that! And I thought her so sweet and gentle, too!"

Betty stood with her little quivering form drawn to its full height in a very paroxysm of passion, and wounded love till he was out of sight, then she flung herself on the ground and gave way to a storm of grief.

They had been engaged three months and Betty had thought him perfect, in spite of the fact that he insisted on keeping their engagement secret. They must wait, he declared, till his elder brother returned from abroad; to tell him by letter would spoil all. Raymond was such an old bachelor he would have no sympathy with lovers' hopes. So Betty waited. There was no one to be humored or deceived by her, but Betty had her secret.

In six months she would be 18, and would come into her estate. In the meantime she was too old to stay at school; her guardian was crusty and took little trouble. Betty didn't care for society, so she was sent to rusticate with her old nurse and foster mother till the time arrived for the king to enjoy his own.

Often the child had pictured to herself how Leonard would tell her his brother had refused his consent, that there was nothing before them, but poverty, which he dared not let her share, and yet he could not give her up. How the clouds would lift and his dear eyes brighten when she told him that soon she would have a thousand a year of her own! It was sweet to think that he knew her only as "Betty," Mrs. Brown's niece. She had always called the old woman "Auntie," and he never suspected she was an heiress in her own right, and no relation to her humble friend.

But a day had come when Leonard met her in the primrose glen and told her of his brother's return, and instead of telling him of their engagement he had asked Betty to give him back his freedom. It wouldn't be "honorable" to ask any girl to share his poverty, and the squire would never consent to marriage with a farmer's niece.

"The man who asks a woman to share his riches has some love for her; the man who asks her to share his poverty has more."

The words flitted through Betty's mind before she took in the full force of Leonard's words and recognized the great, unpardonable insult he offered her. Then, as the truth was driven home, she forgot all else in the blinding pain of a woman scorned.

II.

"Is anything the matter? My child, are you hurt?"

Betty raised her tear-stained face, and met the glance of two steadfast brown eyes; then the speaker swung himself from the saddle and led his horse across the mossy sward to where she lay. With a stifled sob the girl sprang to her feet, but her bosom was heaving, her breath coming in gasps, and she couldn't speak—nay, she could scarcely stand—and the stranger slipped a strong arm round her for support.

"You have had an accident. No?" as she shook her head. "Then you've had bad news? Ah, when we're young troubles are apt to feel very heavy, and clouds look very black."

Betty freed herself from the protecting arm and leaned against the horse's shining coat, her white fingers playing idly with the pommel of the saddle.

"You will think me very foolish," she said. "I've had no accident—no bad news, at least—"

"Only a lovers' quarrel, that will come right in the morning?" "It will never come right," the girl said quickly, impelled by a sudden impulse. Then, checking herself, "But you are too kind to trouble about me. I must not detain you, sir."

"I will see you out of the wood, at any rate," he returned kindly. Then together they strolled toward the farm. There was a pleasant feeling of curiosity in the stranger's mind as to who the pretty child was. As she paused at the white gate it suddenly flashed across him. It couldn't be! He had just been at the farm. This couldn't possibly be the little niece Mrs. Brown had talked about in a rambling, mysterious way? This dainty girl, with her supple figure and gracefully poised head, could never be that woman's relative? But Betty had opened the gate while he meditated, and with a shyly murmured "Thank you!" she was gone.

And the squire—for he it was—rode slowly homeward, thinking, trying to recall what good Mrs. Brown had said about young folks and flirtation; how folks wasn't always as poor as they seemed, and how it was good for parsons to marry young and settle down with a wife and family round them. She couldn't have meant to imply anything about his brother and—No! to speak of that pretty childish thing in the same breath as anything so prosaic as a "wife and family" was too absurd.

The idea annoyed the squire in a most unreasonable manner. "Wife and family!" How these folk did talk, to be sure! He must ask Leonard. And later he did drop hints on the subject, but his brother most emphatically averred that he hadn't yet seen the woman on whom he would bestow his hand and heart.

Of course, it had been the squire's mistake—he shouldn't have jumped to conclusions, but Mrs. Brown's hints and Betty's tears had got mixed in his mind, and he had fancied his brother responsible for one or both. It was a relief to think that Leonard was free.

After that the squire called often at Mrs. Brown's. She was one of his best tenants—there might be repairs needed at the farm.

Always Betty was there, either helping to make sweet butter, collecting eggs or feeding little fluffy chickens, and one day the squire pulled up his horse at the home paddock and watched.

Old Farmer Brown had been breaking in a colt, and there was Betty, seated on its back, her pretty face flushed with excitement. Then the farmer let go the leading rein, and Betty cantered triumphantly round the field.

"Bravo!" At the squire's voice the girl looked up. She was just about to leave the saddle, and her hold on the high-spirited little animal's head was relaxed. With a start it reared, then bolted. Betty tried in vain to regain her seat. She fell, her foot caught in the stirrup, and the colt started at a mad gallop round the paddock.

"Good God!" The squire sprang over the low wall, and in a moment the recreant little steed was brought to a stand and the fainting girl was in his arms. Kneeling down by the brook close by, they bathed her face and hands and soon the blue eyes opened.

"It was all my fault!" the squire groaned. "I was a fool to shout like that. You—you might have been killed."

"Nay, nay, sir, don't take on. There's no harm done," said Farmer Brown good-naturedly. "The lass is no worse are you, Betty, child? I'll just catch Rob Roy before he does further mischief, then, I'll help Betty up home."

Betty was still resting against the squire's rough sleeve. She felt dazed and queer, but very comfortable, and the squire kept chaffing her little cold hands in his own warm clasp.

"You might have been killed!" he repeated hoarsely. "Betty, do you know if you had died the light of my life would have gone out? Oh, childie, could you ever accept an old man's love? I am old enough to be your father, but I love you more than all the world beside!"

III.

"So you have money after all, it seems! Raymond has done well for himself. You won't tell him we were ever engaged?"

"I shall tell him some day that you asked me to marry you," said Betty proudly. "But I will not betray you. Don't be afraid, I know how to be generous. And Raymond trusts me; he will not press the matter."

"Well, you can afford to be generous, I suppose," Leonard answered sullenly. "You've not come off badly after all. You see, you and I might have had to wait years for the property."

"Oh, how dare you speak like that!" she cried. "Is all honor dead within you? But you are going away; after this we need not meet again till—"

"Till you are married. Well, you can afford to despise me now, Betty."

"Your one cry is 'Afford! afford!'" she said. "But the girl who is loved as I am loved can afford a good deal. Even a woman scorned can afford to be generous to the man she thought she loved, when real love comes and conquers all."

It was nearly a year after their wedding and Betty and the squire stood among the primroses where he had first found her, and she told him the story of why she cried that day.

"And you've never cried for him since, Betty?"

"Never, Raymond. Those were my first and last tears for a false lover, and I have never regretted that day."

"Regretted it!" The squire drew her close and kissed her sweet lips almost reverently. "It was the happiest day of my life," he said, "for it brought me you."

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is fond of art, but has declared that she wholly dislikes music.

English brook trout grow in the New Zealand rivers are now exported back to England in cold storage.

Le Petit Congolais, the first newspaper published in the Congo Free State made its appearance at the end of February.

There have been 71,000 deaths from plague in India so far, according to a recent report by the Secretary for India to Parliament.

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro has written a farce for the Cetinje stage, entitled "How One is Born." He had previously written a tragedy.

A bugle on which the charge was sounded that sent the Light Brigade to destruction at Balaklava was sold at auction in London recently for \$3,935.

Standard Hill Farm, near Northampton, on which the Battle of the Standard between King Stephen and the Empress Maud was fought in 1138 is offered for sale.

The old Guion line steamer Arizona, which once held the Atlantic record, has been refitted and will be used in the North Pacific. She is an iron ship and is nineteen years old.

An eighty-year-old elephant, whose life has hitherto been devoted to crushing the life out of condemned criminals in India, has been acquired by a Hamburg dealer for a Berlin menagerie.

Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., was summoned before a police court lately for not muzzling his dog. He pleaded that he was sorry and that the dog had died since, but was fined ten shillings.

What struck a Flume, Austria, warehouse and set it on fire turns out to have been a meteor. It was assumed to have been lightning till a four-ton meteoric stone was found in a deep hole in the cellar.

Lord Bute has tried to encourage marriage at Cardiff, Wales, by offering a dowry once a year to a deserving girl. The Mayor of the town reports, however, that during a whole year he has received not a single application.

When the Gordon Highlanders went into action at Dargai it appears from the confession of one of the wounded pipers that each of the six pipers sent ahead played a different tune. In spite of this the Gordons followed them.

Liverpool's Chamber of Commerce is considering the plan of bridging the Mersey by a suspension bridge 150 feet above high water, with a central span 2,000 feet long and two side spans each of 1,000 feet. The estimated cost is \$12,500,000.

A British spinster, who chastised her servant merely with "her fists, a poker, a clothes pole, a stick, a hammer, and the arm of a chair, and by compressing her neck and kicking her," has been punished by the unusually severe sentence of 12 months' imprisonment.

Karl Marx's daughter, Eleanor has completed a consistent socialistic career by ending her own life with prussic acid. She lived with the Socialist Dr. Aveling and bore his name, but at the inquest he asserted that they had never gone through the form of marriage.

A curiously annoying theft is that of a negative film of the late solar eclipse, taken for the cinematograph by one of the British astronomical expeditions to India. Somewhere between Buxar in India, and London one of the boxes was opened and only the eclipse film taken out.

William Rees, of Llandovery, pig killer, died recently at the age of 104 years, having worked at his calling till within ten days of his death. He boasted that he had killed over 20,000 pigs. He was seized by a press gang before the battle of Waterloo, but was released, as he was too small.

Sir Henry Hawkins, the sporting Justice of the Queen's Bench, though he is 80 years of age, does not intend to write his memoirs. He says: "If you begin by saying what a splendid fellow you are they call you egotistical, and as for saying anything against myself, I'll be hanged if I will. Would you?"

M. Brunetiere has lost his case again to the author of the tragedy "Fredegonde" in the court of appeal. The decision is that the French law is clear on the subject of criticism, and that an author whose work is reviewed unfavorably has the right to reply at any length in the columns of the periodical that criticised him.

Miss Charlotte Yonge's name is to be given to three free scholarships for girls, for which her admirers, headed by the Princess of Wales, are collecting money in England. Miss Yonge

is 75 years of age now, and has written more than eighty books. "The Heir of Redclyffe" first appeared forty-five years ago, and "The Daisy Chain" three years later.

Berlin cemeteries are now infested by people who try to lift the gravestones in the hope of finding banknotes under them. Grunenthal, the Government bank official who is accused of having appropriated either misused banknotes or notes withdrawn from circulation, had picked out graveyards as hiding places for his plunder. Large sums have been found by the police under three gravestones already.

Though only sixteen murders of children have been traced certainly to the murderer Vacher and eighteen more were probably his work, it seems that in the three years after his release from the madhouse there were no less than ninety-eight murders and attempts to murder and outrage in France where the police were unable to find any clue to the perpetrators.

Russian Don Cossack regiments are being drilled in crossing rivers on a novel sort of improvised bridge. Seven or eight lances are passed between the handles and tops of a dozen cooking kettles and are held firmly in place by the handles, and are besides tied together by forage ropes. A dozen bundles of these lances fastened together form one section of a raft or floating bridge, which it has been found will support half a ton of weight. A section can be put together in twenty-five minutes.

Gen. Zur Linden, Military Governor of Paris, has taken up his official residence in the Hotel des Invalides, the old soldiers for whom the building was intended having been turned out. Their number had grown small owing to the establishment of the system of universal military service for a short term of years. The survivors have been either sent back to their families, receiving a money pension instead of the State support they enjoyed, or else have been placed in other asylums.

NEWSPAPERS OF SPAIN.

Very Little News in Them—Some Names

Spain is a country of 18,000,000 population, but there are fewer newspapers published in it, daily, weekly, and bimonthly, official, semi-official, secular, and scientific, than are published in Ontario and Quebec. And many, if not most, of the newspapers published in Spain are newspapers in the name only, for their most distinguished characteristic is that they do not contain any news, being devoted to what are called "matters in general," or such matters in particular as permit of the publication of the paper any day of the week or any hour of the day—it doesn't make much difference which.

Barcelona is now the most populous of the Spanish cities, exceeding by the recent census the population of Madrid by several thousands. But the two Barcelona papers which have the largest circulation are El Loro (the Parrot), a Catalan journal devoted to jokes and El Modo Espanol (the Spanish Fashions). As the Spanish fashions have been precisely the same for several centuries, without the slightest deviation in cut or color, fabric or article, the urgent necessity of publishing a newspaper devoted to them is not entirely clear.

Other Barcelona papers are the Voice of the Neighborhood, the Bludgeon (a satirical journal with a grewsome and gory name), Publicity, the organ of the Republicans, and the Family Pictorial. In Madrid, the capital, a newspaper which has been frequently referred to in the cable despatches from Spain during the past few days is La Epoca, a Conservative Journal, which makes claim to a circulation of 5,000. It is a four-page paper of blanket style and makes a feature of foreign despatches—when it gets them. El Globo, a journal of Liberal tendencies, has a much larger circulation, though smaller in size than El Liberal or the Imparcial two other papers well-known to European readers generally who are familiar with Spanish journalism.

The propensity of Spaniards to indulge in combastic titles is reflected somewhat in the press of that country. Cadiz has two daily papers, one known as the Defender of Cadiz and the other as Clamor. One of the Madrid papers, a paper almost wholly devoted to allusions to the past and the greatness of Spain, is called the Future Century, and two of the papers of Malaga are known respectively as the News and the Future. A favorite title among the provincial papers of Spain is Publicidad (publicity), which can hardly be regarded as a wise selection of title for a country which receives so few foreign telegraphic despatches and in which a press censorship exists of so stern a quality as to divest Spanish papers generally of all claim to independence in matters relating to the Government.

There are, approximately, 1,200 papers in Spain, of which 500 are described as newspapers, 300 as scientific journals (mostly monthly journals) 100 are religious papers and 300 deal with fashions (Spanish fashions), satire, poetry, music and art subjects. Nearly one-half the papers of Spain are published in Barcelona or Madrid. In the latter city there is one paper published in French, and in Gibraltar, under English control, and there is one published in English. The average circulation of a Spanish newspaper is 1,300 copies.

THE ELEPHANT IN WAR.

THEY ARE THE IDEAL BATTLE-SHIPS OF THE JUNGLE.

Their Great Strength and Intelligence—United States Army Officers Advocate Their Use in the Cuban War—They Were Used in the Wars of Olden Times

No more formidable panic-inspiring engine of war could be imagined than a five-ton elephant transformed into a moving armed fort. Twenty-five of them sweeping forward at a rate of fifteen miles an hour, a speed the elephant can easily maintain without consternation into the Spanish lines.

The military qualifications of an elephant are his size, strength, docility, power of swimming rapidly and long distances, the remarkable toughness of his skin, which in most places was impenetrable to weapons of ancient warfare and which will flatten many of the bullets used in modern warfare. Another great advantage is his ability to go, like the camel, a long while without a fresh supply of food and water.

The military history of elephants commences with the invasion of India by Alexander the Great. The battle fought with Porus is the first well-authenticated account of the appearance of these largest of animals in war. Thenceforward, they were used by the successors of Alexander the Great, particularly the Ptolemies and the Seleucidae. Antipater introduced them into Greece and Pyrrhus took them into Italy.

The elephants used by these Princes were of

THE ASIATIC RACE.

but the Carthagenians and Numidians about the commencement of the Punic wars, began to make a similar use of the African elephant, which differs from the other by having less size, weight and strength, with larger ears and tusks.

The elephant is exceedingly sure-footed and shows remarkable sagacity in its choice of routes over mountainous districts. It feeds largely on grass and is particularly fond of the stalks of sugar cane and the feathery tops of bamboo, as well as fruits of every description. The products of Cuba comprise everything that an elephant might desire.

In actual warfare elephants have been and probably would be used as a covering force. Where heavy artillery was not likely to be encountered the best might be stationed in front of the lines, the intervals between them being occupied by light troops, who could prevent the enemy from turning the elephants back on their own ranks.

Being held in reserve in the rear a herd of twenty-five elephants might be brought forward at the moment of a crisis in battle and turn the doubtful scale of victory. The military value of the elephant was best tested in the Punic wars, Hannibal attached more importance to the animal than any contemporary general, and he made more skillful use of them than any other great commander of antiquity.

At the battle near the river Trebia (Hannibal charged and

ROUTED THE ROMAN CAVALRY with a large herd of elephants; but the infantry stood firm against them and eventually drove them back on the Carthagenian lines.

Hannibal had brought his elephants over the ice-clad Alps, subjecting them to the rigors of a climate to which they were not accustomed, and had consequently, greatly lessened their fighting value; so in this campaign he lost all but one of the animals and did not receive a fresh supply until after his victory at Cannae.

Hanno joined him at Capua with forty elephants and 4,000 Numidian cavalry. Later he was defeated at Nola by Marcellus, with a loss of four elephants killed and captured. He met a similar loss at Grumentum, two elephants being killed in an unsuccessful attempt to relieve Capua, and five more slain in the battle of Camillus.

At the battle of Metaurus his elephants were repulsed by pikemen, four being slain on the spot and the rest being driven back on the Carthagenian lines.

The most remarkable example of the use of elephants during this period was presented at the battle of Zama, where Hannibal covered his line with no less than eighty elephants. Scipio immediately changed the usual formation of the Roman lines. Where the Romans had stood before

IN A SOLID PHALANX

he left wide spaces like lanes between the manipuli of the legions, masking the arrangement by throwing forward a number of skirmishers and light troops.

Hannibal gave the usual order for the elephants to charge the Roman lines in a body. As they went tearing down upon the army the skirmishers retreated through the lanes and the passages were left wide open. Elephants on the charge will keep on in a straight line. As they sped through the passages, Scipio's pikemen threw spears, javelins and darts into their feet and trunks. Thus tortured, they soon turned back and fled in fright upon their own people. That battle taught the Romans the value of the open formation.

The last Roman battle with which elephants were connected was the battle of Thapsus, when Julius Caesar overthrew the last army of the republic and its African auxiliaries. That the victory over them was regarded as important was shown by the frequent appearance of elephants on Roman coins and medals.

Elephants were used in large numbers in the wars of India as late as 1779, and they form at this day a very important factor in the British army in India, being used for the transportation of batteries and supplies.