

# A WOMAN'S LOVE

## OR, A BROTHER'S PROMISE

### CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Day was high when a messenger came from Espoleto, bearing news that the steamer with arms had put in on the previous night. Word was sent ashore to be ready next sunset for the discharge of her cargo, and then again she put out to sea. So Hector had much work to do, arranging for safe transportation of the guns and ammunition. After despatching a messenger to the Orange King in Palm City, he rode to Espoleto in the cool of the afternoon. As soon as dark fell, the Djiiboutil put in, and the work of unloading began. Hands were plenty and willing, and Hector himself labored like any five; so that by three of the morning more than half the cargo was being on mule-back over the mountains to Caldera. The next night saw the task completed.

The Orange King had forgotten nothing; and for the hundredth time Hector recognized the thoroughness of the man. Along with four Nordenfeldt guns came a squad of time-expired English artillerymen to work them. "It's no use spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar," he said afterwards, "and they'll be of more help than a thousand rifles." These guns were placed in the caves of Attalaya, overlooking the cauldron, and as events turned were more than helpful for offence and defence.

For three days Hector was the man of action: the dreamer slept and did not awake until late in the afternoon of the fourth day, when a trail of smoke on the horizon and then the red, white and blue funnel of one of the Smith liners, brought his leaping heart to a standstill. Maddalena at last!

Everything was ready for her. One of the pink and white houses in Caldera was prepared, and Asunta, whom he had not seen since that night of madness at Friganeta, was awaiting her there. In the caves five thousand of the hillmen would be under arms to receive her: the town-men had not yet been bidden to gather, and to the caves must Maddalena go first, that her people might see her and be bound afresh to the cause. To-morrow Palm City would be summoned to the hills and the legion of Liberty would be full. On the morning of the next day—War!

Dark fell; and from the steamer went up a rocket. In answer, Hector put off in a little fisher-boat. At the foot of the ladder Bravo received him, his eyes and his voice full of tears, his moustache and imperial bristling more fiercely than ever. For a moment or two the old man could not speak. Then in a torrent came short sharp ejaculations of lappiness, like the barking of a faithful dog.

"And the Queen?" said Hector, when at last he managed to get in a word.

"The Queen! The Queen is as God made her; beautiful and brave, brave and beautiful, but O! so anxious to be among her people. Captain Marchant will tell you that she wanted to land early in the afternoon, but Mr. Smith—what a man is that, Senator Grant!—he had given orders to wait for the dark; he thinks of everything. Come, now, and pay your respects to her Majesty."

Hector followed Don Augustin to the saloon. There was she waiting. She sat at a table, attempting to hide the unrest that surged in her bosom by trifling with a book; all unconscious that the print was wrong side up. She was attired as Hector had seen her first, in a plain black robe whose simple dignity only enhanced her loveliness, and a red rose (it might have the self-same flower) flamed in the night of her hair.

As they entered she stood up, her hands folded together. She raised her head, the dark welcome of her eyes enclosed the one man in the world, and with her radiating smile went a quick flush to warm the white delicacy of her face and throat and whisper the good news to her heart's dim hiding-place. She made a forward step or two, and her hand was in his. He knelt on one knee in a tumult of surrender. She looked on him—truly, a goodly man. Her eyes hovered from the fair hair and clean-cut pale face to the stalwart body, garbed in the white and purple of Palmetto. He had learned how dear to her were the colors of her country, and he did not hold as too low for attention any trifle that might give her delight.

As he rose and looked on her, he saw that her eyes were brimming. "Beautiful and brave, brave and beautiful," Don Augustin had spoken but the truth.

"My friend," she said, "how can I thank you; you who have done such things for me?"

"Your Majesty must not thank me," he answered, "the work only begins now that you are come. And for the past—to see you here is reward enough."

"And my people?"

"They are longing for you—the power of their longing has brought you. The rest will be easy. In two days now we shall fire the signal gun."

"So soon!—O! and all I can do is to pray! To be a man and take a sword, to lead them and show that I fight not so much for my own as for them—O! my friend, I cannot speak—I cannot speak. Let me on shore: I stifle here: I must see my people—To them I can speak something of what is in my heart. Is there no boat? Where do we go? When?"

"We go to Caldera," said Hector, "whenever your Majesty is ready."

"Ready!" she cried, "I am ready. Come!"

"Your Majesty must be cloaked. The dew on the Monte are heavy," said Bravo. "There must be no risks."

"Get me a cloak, then. Quick—quick!"

She began pacing up and down, just as on that night when Hector first to the house in Bloomsbury, clasping and unclasping her hands, and ever and again pressing them to her breast.

"I try to be calm, my friend. I really try to be calm. But to see you in my uniform"—she pointed to the silver "R's" on Hector's purple collar—"tells me more than your words that the struggle is beginning. What if we should fail? O! what if we should fail? My people would be worse off than now. If I thought we should fail, I would go back to exile gladly. Say we shall not fail!"

"Your Majesty can not fail," he assured her. "Come," he said, as Bravo returned with a cloak, and placed it about her shoulders, while she threw a lace scarf over her head; "come, and I will show you why you cannot fail."

When they were seated in the boat, a horn lantern in the stern, their only light, Hector pointed to the glitter of a dagger in the steerman's sash. It bore the silver R.

"He does not know who you are," whispered Hector. "Try him."

She reached out and took the knife from the man's sash.

"Give me the word," said she in a low voice.

"For Palmetto, freedom," came the answer.

"Freedom is but half."

"Freedom and Maddalena is all."

"Her Majesty Queen Maddalena."

"Whom God preserve!"

She returned the man his knife.

"Heaven bless your fair face, senorita. The cause goes well when the women are on its side."

"The Queen," she said; "you have not seen her?"

"Not yet, but she is coming."

"You would die for freedom?"

"No!"

"No?"

"For freedom and Maddalena, yes—to-night."

Maddalena sighed.

"You say the Queen is coming?"

"Yes, senorita."

"But if I told you she was not?"

"I should not believe you."

"Well, I do say she is not."

A light seemed to dawn on the man. He dropped the tiller and cast himself at her feet, kissing the hem of her garment in an abandonment of devotion.

"She has come, she has come!" he murmured. "My Queen!"

Maddalena gave him her hand.

"Rise, my friend, rise. I shall not forget you."

"You cannot fail," whispered Hector.

Mules were ready, and in a few minutes they were climbing from the rocky shore, up the almost precipitous path that led to the maze of the mountains. Bravo rode on one side of the Queen, and Hector on the other, while in front and behind went guarding parties of ten. They spoke but little until they had reached the comparative level of the uplands. And then their talk was all of things done and to be done. Bravo recounted what had passed in London since Hector had left, and Maddalena contented herself with adding a word now and then.

When they had gone half-way to Caldera, a halt was called, and in the shelter of an overhanging rock, they found Alasdair waiting with wine and things to eat. By the light of a couple of torches they made a hasty meal, and Maddalena wondering at the Highlander's strange figure and outlandish costume, Hector explained. She spoke a gracious word or two to Alasdair, and there was another stark man ready to lay down life for her.

About two of the morning Caldera was reached. Hector guided the little party, not to the entrance to the great cave, but to the opening of a smaller one, which communicated with the central antrum by a natural corridor. Along this alley came the glow of many lights and the sound of many voices, hoarse shouts of command, rattle and clash of arms, and the ring of rifle-butts on the hard rock. The corridor opened high up in one of the walls, so that one might look down upon the scene below as from a window. To this aperture Hector led Maddalena.

Far to right and far to left stretched long lines of men, indistinct in the smoky flare; and as the files obeyed the orders of their offi-

cers, the blue flash of bayonets and the dull glimmer of rifle-barrels twinkled wickedly. The ranks opened and shat, closed, wheeled, clanked, turned, rattled, formed fours, and again clattered out into long lines. Behind them, against the walls, lounged more men. A company was dismissed; and, in a second, from the walls, hundreds stepped forward for instruction and inspection.

Maddalena was silent; but her hand gripped hard on Hector's arm, and her breath came thick and fast.

A little way below them, and easily approached, was a table-like rock, rising some six feet or so from the level of the cave. This had given Hector an idea—now he was to put it to the proof.

A word or two to Bravo, a whisper to Maddalena, and they retired a little farther back into the alley. Hector stepped lightly down on to the rock. He was seen. A shout of greeting billowed up to him; he raised his hand, and the wave died down.

"A dozen torches here!"

Happy were the twelve that succeeded in clambering up beside and behind him.

"Out with all the rest!"

Darkness swept to right and left.

"Gather closer!"

Three minutes of turmoil, and then a hush of silence.

"Men of the Monte! The hour is near, the hour is very near, when you must strike the blow for freedom!—for freedom! Tell me for whom!"

"Maddalena! Maddalena!" rang from five thousand throats, making thunder through the vast aisles of the caves, echoing and re-echoing, until it died away in faint murmurs far in the dark hollows!

"Yes, for freedom and for Maddalena, the Queen! Hope has been strong in you, and with the years hope has grown, until now the sword is bare, and you have but to grasp it! Is there any among you that would now draw back? Answer me—is there any such?"

He paused, but from the wild throng of upturned faces came no reply, save one, and that shone silently in the flash of earnest eyes—in the fierce gleam of determined features.

"You are fixed in your resolve—that I see. It is well. This time the issue is freedom and Maddalena—or death! Let it be death to Hispaniola!"

"To-morrow come your brethren from the towns—from Palm City, from Isleta, from Bernardino, from Oriozza. Then shall the army of free Palmetto, the army of Maddalena's men, be complete—ten thousand faithful hearts ready to do, ready to die."

"Ten thousand's Hispaniolans face you. Man for man, you are equal. But for what do they fight? Have they a good cause? They fight as the dog fights for the bone he has stolen. And you? For what do you fight? Have you a good cause? You fight for the country that has been stolen from you. You fight for freedom!"

He paused for a moment, and wheeling round pointed with outstretched arm to the opening in the wall. There, lit up by the red light of the torches, stood the Queen, in all the sad sweet dignity of lonely youth.

"You fight for Maddalena, your Queen, who comes to bid you be of good courage and quit you like men!"

The apparition struck them dumb. Hector led her slowly forward into the circle of light.

Men of the Monte, this is your Queen!"

He stepped back a couple of paces, people. ("Beautiful and brave, brave and beautiful!") For a few seconds the vast crowd gazed spell-bound. The silence was painful. Hector wondered how long Maddalena could endure it; it seemed endless hours since he had said "This is your Queen!" Was it her beauty that had fascinated them? Or did they not believe.

It was the Queen herself that broke the spell. She made a little helpless movement of the hands; she took a forward step; she faltered. And then lifting her head high proudly, half appealingly, she looked out upon the sea of faces, and said simply:

"I am Maddalena."

What madness of shouting, what wild clamor as they pressed forward to gaze on her, what uncontrollable laughter and tears, what fervent invocations of Virgin and saints! Round about the rock ebbed and flowed and beat the tide of loyal men, their eyes blessed at last with sight of their Queen—she whom they longed for, waited for, hungered for—she the only woman among the five thousand. Maddalena! Maddalena! Maddalena! Would the thunder of welcome never cease? And how steadily she faced it all, though the tears were streaming down her cheeks, and her bosom was rent with insupportable fulness of joy!

Bravo joined Hector. They came to the front and waved hands for quiet. The surge of noise subsided gradually, and far in the hollows of the cave the echoes sank and died.

"My people," said the Queen, beating back the tears; "my people, I too have waited. This is my real hour of victory. God keep you all, now, and in the day of battle! God will keep you, for our cause is just. We cannot fail—we cannot fail. And remember—O! remember—that though I am but a woman, I shall be with you in the fight."

"Your sword!" This in a whisper to Hector.

He pushed the cross-hilt towards

her, but he would not draw it. It was her own hand that plucked it from the scabbard.

She raised the glittering blade high in the air. The action was the spark to the gun-powder. Her lips moved, but what she said then no man heard; for again, and more loudly, broke out the thunder of five thousand hoarse voices, acclaiming her, saluting her:

"Maddalena! Maddalena! Maddalena!"

(To be Continued.)

### TO CLEAN FEATHERS.

#### Not More Difficult Than Cleaning Lace.

"Hardly any woman who owns an ostrich feather thinks of washing it at home," says an expert. "She believes the cleaning of the feather involves some intricate and difficult process, and is withal such a delicate matter that it can only be accomplished by a professional cleaner. But she only knew it, cleaning an ostrich feather is not any more difficult than cleaning a bit of lace. All there is to it is the knowing how, and that is what I'll tell you."

"A suds of soap and lukewarm water must be prepared and then the soiled feather should be dipped into it and drawn through the hands a few times, as often as necessary, until the feather appears clean. Under no circumstances should it be allowed to remain in the soapy water; just dip it in and then draw it through the hands to squeeze the water and soap from it before dipping it again. If it is very dirty it ought to be washed in two sud; then, when the cleaning process is over, it must be rinsed through several bowls of clear, cool water, the rinsing method being the same as the cleaning, dipping the feather in the water and then drawing it through the hand.

"When it is thoroughly rinsed it must be drawn through the hand repeatedly until it is about dry; then it should be placed on the thigh and slapped with the hand, to bring it out fluffy. That is the whole operation. The fluffing of the feather may require a little practice, and it would be well to clean a poor feather before taking a more expensive one through this course of home cleaning, in order that the necessary dexterity, a thing that readily comes to one, may be obtained."

### WINTER IN NEW ZEALAND.

#### Quite Different From Our Canadian Weather.

The winters were short and delicious, except for an occasional week of wet weather, which, however, were always regarded by the sheep farmer as excellent for filling up the cracks, making the grass grow and being everything that was natural and desirable. When it did not rain, the winter weather was simply enchanting, although one had to be prepared for its sudden caprices, for weather is weather, even at the antipodes, and consequently unreliable, writes Lady Broome.

Sometimes we started on an ideal exquisite morning for a long ride on some station business. The air would be still and delicious, fresh and exhilarating to a degree hardly to be understood; the sun brilliant and just sufficiently warming. All would go well for four or five hours, until, perhaps, we had crossed a low saddle in the mountains and were coming home by the gorge of a river. In ten minutes everything might have changed. A sou'-wester would have sprung up as though let out of a bag, heavy drops of rain would be succeeded by a snow flurry, in which it was not always easy to find one's way home across swamps and over creeks, and the riders who set forth so gaily at ten of the clock that same morning would return in the fast-gathering darkness, wet to the skin, or rather, frozen to the bone. I have often found it difficult to get out of my habit, so stiff with frozen snow was its body.

No one ever dreamed of catching cold, however, from the meteorological changes and chances, an immunity which no doubt he owed to the fact that we led, whether we liked it or not, an open-air life. The little weather-bearded house, with its canvas papered lining, did not offer much protection from a hard frost, and I have often found a heap of feathery snow on a chair near my closed bedroom window which had drifted in through the ill-fitting frame. Still these snow showers and even hard frosts (which usually melted by midday) did no harm to man or beast.

### NOTES ON TUBERCULOSIS.

The conclusion that it is not climate, nor sunshine, nor locality, nor life in the open air, nor medical treatment alone which is necessary for the cure of the tuberculous patient, but the judicious use of each and all of these agencies in the treatment of each individual case, is being universally accepted. It is not so much the gathering of the incipient and chronic cases into sanatoria and hospitals, and their maintenance there, which we seek to accomplish, as it is to educate the patient in the care of himself, and the public at large in these measures which not only provide for the care of the sick, but for the protection of the community, by instructing its members in the means of prevention as well as of cure.

### PREVENTION OF PNEUMONIA.

#### Live According to the Laws of a Rational Hygiene.

Because of its extensive prevalence and high rate of mortality, pneumonia has been aptly called the yellow fever of the north; and indeed it was, in its destructiveness to human life, a keen rival of yellow fever in the days before the American army doctors in Cuba robbed yellow fever of its power for evil.

Most persons have an impression that pneumonia is of common occurrence, but they do not realize that during the winter and spring months, when it is most prevalent, it is in some years the cause of more deaths than any other single disease. This is due not only to its prevalence, but also to its great mortality, for of all whom the disease attacks nearly one-half die.

This fact speaks ill for the methods of treatment employed, and emphasizes the need of prevention. The fact that pneumonia prevails chiefly in the winter and early spring has given rise to the popular belief that it is caused by catching cold, and this in a restricted sense is correct.

Pneumonia is a germ disease due to the poison elaborated by a special micro-organism; but a knowledge of this fact helps little in avoiding the disease, for the reason that the germ of the disease is almost always in the body—especially in the mouth, throat and nose. The question, then, is one, not of avoiding the germ, but of preventing its growth.

Normally the tissues do not offer a suitable soil for its development, and it is only when they have been changed in some way that rapid growth can take place. This change may be effected in a number of ways—by catching cold, by the loss of sleep, by living and especially sleeping in badly ventilated rooms, by the abuse of alcoholic drinks, by habitual over-eating, by worry, in fact, by any of the agents, physical or mental, which depress the vital powers.

The prevention of pneumonia resolves itself simply into the avoidance of all those depressing influences which render the system vulnerable to the attack of the pneumonia germ; in other words, it consists in living according to the laws of a rational hygiene—pure air and deep breathing; plenty of water internally and externally; plain food in moderate quantity; abstinence from alcohol; plenty of sleep; bedroom windows open all night, and finally, the cultivation of a poised and unirritable spirit.—Youth's Companion.

### NEW BULLETPROOF CLOTH.

#### Wonderful Things Related of an Italian Invention.

The world is at present intensely interested in a new Italian bullet-proof cloth, and since the Italian Government is negotiating for its use it is of importance that we see just what the results are, although it is necessary to state that the invention remains a secret, and this notwithstanding attempts to discover its details. Thus we shall have to deal with a general description and with the results of experiments.

The armor is a sort of felt, the stuff being capable of adaptation to any form whatever; for example, a breast plate with a collar of a sort of coat which completely envelops the wearer and absolutely guarantees him from gunshot wounds. The thickness of the protector varies from one-sixteenth to seven-sixteenths of an inch, according to the arm the effects of which it is designed to destroy. Against the armor of seven-sixteenth of an inch the regular ordnance revolver with steel covered ball is powerless, and also the gun of the 1891 model charged with smokeless powder. In the numerous experiments which have been made—in firing at a distance of several yards—the ball, whether it be of lead or steel, when it strikes the protector is arrested and deformed, in some cases rebounding and in others being almost reduced to a pulp. Thus there is not only an arrest of the ball, but deformation as well, and in this deformation the force of the ball is converted. While there should be a high degree of temperature at the point touched by the ball, it seems that the ball alone feels the effects, for the protector does not seem to be burnt in the slightest.

These results are not limited to ballistic effects, for in the recent experiments it was sought to pierce the armor with a dagger driven with all possible force. The point of the arm, however, could not penetrate the felt and was bent into a shapeless mass. It is natural to suppose that the force of the ball would be communicated to the armor and that this would be driven violently backward, resulting in a disagreeable shock and one which at times would be dangerous to the wearer. To demonstrate the incorrectness of this view Signor Bendetti attached his protector to a horse and fired upon the animal only six feet away with an ordnance revolver, the ball falling at the feet of the horse while, he, freed from his halter, walked away as if nothing had happened. It is to be noted that with the same revolver a piece of steel had been previously pierced. The same experiment was made with a chicken covered with a breast piece of the felt, the cock, after being rid of his new shell, quietly pursued the even tenor of his way.