

# A WOMAN'S LOVE

## OR, A BROTHER'S PROMISE

### CHAPTER X.

There are times when it is impossible for Intelligence Officers to maintain their hereditary, and always carefully preserved, attitude of indifference toward events and happenings. "Intelligence" is thrust upon them, and unless they possess a real skin like a tunip's it pricks its way through. Major Don Pedro Santiago di Borja y Montanar—descendant of the noble house that gave to the Church of Rome its most infamous Pope, to tyrant and libe-tine-rid-den Italy its most flagrant Caesar, to a gasping world its most beautiful and devilish Lucrecia—was General Stampa's chief Intelligence Officer, and he was worthy of his class.

But when Don Pedro awoke from dreams of "Jagt-et-ou" and oleaginous liquors, to find Palm City more than half deserted, and the flag of Hispaniola limp under threat of immediate furling, even he was moved to do something: facts make acrobats of the most drowsy. It was all a confounded nuisance since it meant the postponement of that picnic with Senorita Lola Montijo, second queen of Palm City demi-mondaines, in her villa at Isleta the high-priestess of that doubtful hierarchy was consoling the General in his martyrdom of sequestration from Senora Stampa and her cherubs in the Sierras.

A pigeon takes but ten minutes to wing from Palm City to Isleta: as the tartanero zig-zags by the road, two hours and a half is not considered exorbitant. Yet, although Di Borja started at eleven, and the tartanero rivalled the saints for miracles, it was a quarter past one when Stampa was roused from his pre-siesta coffee and cigarillo to hear the news. He laughed at Di Borja's panic, and offered him sweet champagne: yet, by-and-by, by some process of mental endosmosis, the notion that Hispaniola was in danger soaked into his brain. The slumbering tiger awoke, contemptuous and cruel.

"Sword and fire!" he snarled, "fire and sword! Aruba knows me; Palmetto shall. A week of my system, and they shall have as much freedom as they like—freedom to die, freedom to be buried, freedom to kill me if they are able. As for that English jackanapes, he shall hang higher than Haman—hang in his English tourist clothes! Pepita, mia querida, you shall see how your gentle generalissimo deals with those he does not like! Sword and fire, fire and sword. I am hungry for work. I have been idle too long. I rush to the fray. Di Borja!"

"I await your orders, General." "Get back to Palm City at once. Have the troops under arms within the hour, prepared to march to the hills. Fifty rounds of ammunition per man will be sufficient—forty-nine of the fifty will be useless—but let fifty be taken. They will be useful for the prisoners. I can trust you to see to this?"

"Absolutely."

"I shall com. in myself to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" Di Borja could not suppress the ejaculation.

"I said to-morrow," snapped Stampal, "and I meant to-morrow. Have you any objection to the word?"

"No, no, General; no!" with much emphasis.

"Then do not echo me as if you were a parrot. I come myself to-morrow when all is ready. Now—I take my siesta. Adios!"

"Adios!"

The hour of revolt was well chosen. Hispaniola was grappling with the Free States of South America, and the combat promised to be mortal. Her credit was depreciated, her treasury was bare while the Free States, rejoicing in plithoric exchequers, bought battleships and cruisers, torpedo-destroyers and quick-firing guns, by the million pounds a day. For them Armstrong's and Cammell's hammered and clanged the ror-r-d of the clock; and the Pacific British shareholder, foreseeing swelled dividends, dropped a sixpenny instead of a threepenny piece in the offertory of Sundays. Hispaniola tried to raise money, and was refused on every Bourse in Europe; she pleaded, she grieved—she was spurned. At the moment when her ships should have been describing search-circles in the Atlantic, her dock-yard, coal-yard and arsenal laborers were amusing themselves on strike pay: tinkering leaky boilers, bunkering of rubble, manufacture of non-explosive shells.

The sole sign of activity in Hispaniola was on the part of the weeping Ministers, who wrung hands, shrugged shoulders and called on their great god Manana. But at last, by pleading Import Duties for ten years, money was raised, and the Hispaniolan equivalent of work was resumed. The fleet cleared to sea, touched at Palmetto on its westward course, and was gone to its fate four days before Maddalena came home.

The turmoil of unrest that troubled Ministers at Madura, had spread to Hispaniolan representatives abroad. The envoy to the Court of St. James's had his hands full: the

poor man lacked leisure, even for theatre-going—he was a patron of the lighter drama—and he almost forgot that he rented a box at the Alhambra. Each day there were hundreds of calls at the Embassy, but the First Secretary exercised a masterly discrimination: the ambassador could see no one—affairs of moment engaged him. He was learning the intricacies of bridge.

When news trickled through that the Hispaniolan fleet had forsaken touch with civilization—had, indeed, signalled brave boasts from the horizon to Stampa in Palm City—the ambassador bethought him (especially as he found bridge-building expensive) that a little relaxation might not be amiss. In one day he saw three visitors. The last of them stayed for an hour and a half. When she departed she was the richer by a piece of blue paper, bearing a "promise to pay" two hundred and fifty pounds on certain conditions; and the Marquis di Guadamara set the wires to Madura, thrilling with disquieting news. Madura laughed; it had heard talk of revolutions in Palmetto before, and besides, was not Stampa there? The Chancellor sent di Guadamara a single word, which may not be set down here, and Judith Frere's bit of blue paper looked valueless.

In imagination Judith Frere spent her prospective fortune three times over. Her little room in a Sloane Street hive of women-workers—the Home for Irreconcilables, a wag called it—saw her build afresh youthful dreams of comfort, small luxuries, pretty frocks, decent food and drink, dreams that ten reality had transformed into the grim facts of sordid existence. Her hungry heart was empty of warm blood, the cheerful blue of youth was smudged over with chill grey.

Years of struggle and rough elbowing had brought Judith Frere to the desperate pass where choice has to be made between right with poverty and wrong with comparative comfort. The moral support of a shapeless tailor-made, heelless shoes and close-cropped hair is not always reliable—as Judith found.

The temptation came subtly. Out of the goodness of her heart—when the great events was accomplished Judith would have columns of valuable copy—Hector took her to the house in Bloomsbury: Maddalena, all trust and tenderness, received her graciously, and after Hector had departed, continued to receive her and speak freely before her of this and of that. The tempter used the pinch of poverty unmercifully. "You know so much," said he, "that Hispaniola will pay for. Why don't you sell it? It won't matter to Maddalena: it means a great deal to you. She is young and rich: you are growing old and you have been poor all these years. Why should the young have all the good things? This is so easy, and who would know?"

She met the tempter with hollow scruples. It would be so despicable; it would be so mean; honor, she liked to think, was more than a mere name to her. But all the barriers she threw up were swept away before the remorseless stream-tide of circumstances. She sought the Hispaniolan Embassy. Di Guadamara was affable and credulous, and Judith was breathless to handle gold. All that she knew was told—nothing was hidden. Fortunately for Palmetto, Ministers at Madura were more than ordinarily crass. "Stampa," said they, "is at Palm City: his frown will terrify them." But they had forgotten what a power can be a people roused by years of the good, and stimulated by the truest goddess of revolution, a beautiful and forlorn young woman. What of Joan of Arc? What of Mary Queen of Scots? Could they have seen the thousands that filled the cup of the hills, ready to be poured out in a bitter draught of death for Hispaniola, Ministers might not have relied so much on Stampa.

Yes, Caldera was alive with men. Maddalena had been seen of every man, and not a heart but had gone out to her. Hector and Don Augustin were ever with her, one on this hand, one on that. The older man, with rare self-sacrifice, gave way to the younger, and not only gave way, but insisted on thrusting him forward on every needful occasion. Now that the hour of fighting came, Hector was the man of action: dreaming was a thing of the night, the day was come: his soul had long craved. There was no man in Maddalena's army whose heart rose louder in him than did Hector's when the drums sounded at the dawn: at the sombre summons, reverberating from side to side of the cauldron of Caldera, his fingers itched for steel, a warm tingle ran through his veins, a certain savage coldness (not the chill of fear) housed in his heart, his eye glowed with expectancy, and to his step came the spring of eighteen. He was a goodly sight to see as he lifted his plumes to call for a last shout of devotion to Maddalena, ere the regiments should file through the gorges to achieve victory or meet death.

Maddalena's own heart, as she

looked upon him and her brave thousands, and as she heard that fierce cry of dedication over the roll of the drums, stood still in exaltation of pride: tears filled her eyes. But she was a queen, and the daughter of kings: and her lip was firm when to the regimental commanders she gave her last word: "God bless you all, my brothers, and God send you victory!"

The Hispaniolans had crept to within a couple of miles of Caldera during the night. Scouts had brought in such alarming intelligence that di Borja was driven to stir Stampa again. His excellency refused to forsake the table, but he so far relaxed as to issue orders for a midnight march.

"Bring your prisoners to the Governor's Palace at ten to-morrow morning. I shall shoot them on the Mole—it will save us digging graves. Now go; and don't worry me again to-night. And remember, your own life or that Englishman's. Him I must have. Don't let me see you unless you catch him."

Di Borja knew his master well, and he understood that unless he could lay hands on or remove Hector Grant, his military career was at an end, for Stampa was a power at Madura, and from Madura came all preferment. As a matter of fact, Stampa did not see di Borja again for several weeks, but that was because the Intelligence Officer was a prisoner: and when Stampa did see him—alas! and alas!

The first encounter was but a mere skirmish, in which matters were fairly evenly balanced: indeed, it was more of a reconnaissance in force than anything else. But the Palmettes took some seventy prisoners, among whom was di Borja, and the Hispaniolans made captive fifteen wounded Palmettes, who were carried before Stampa with every circumstance of triumph.

The court-martial at which they were tried for their lives was a wild mockery of military justice, and the president, our gentle generalissimo, out-Jeffreyed Jeffreys for truculence. His passing of the sentence of death was unique.

"The Blessed Virgin," he said, "has again honored the arms of Hispaniola. The cause of right and justice has won, and you, dogs of rebels, who dared to set yourselves up against the majesty of Hispaniola, have been delivered alive into our hands. The courtesies of civilized warfare would be lost upon such swine as you, rebels and traitors. So—so—at one o'clock to-day you will be shot. It will be a brief ceremony. Take them away."

At one o'clock the unfortunates were ranged on the Mole, the more grievously wounded leaning for support on their abler brethren, their backs to the sea, their unbandaged eyes looking down the black barrels of Hispaniolan Mausers, fearless and unconquered. A hoarse order, a scorching crackle, and the wall of wounded broke, toppled and fell into the blue waters.

(To be Continued.)

### WAR AND WOMAN'S DRESS.

Fashion Following the Eastern Cloud.

As trade is said to follow the flag, fashion seems to adapt herself to the conditions of lands and scenes to which public attention is directed. This is particularly so in the case of war.

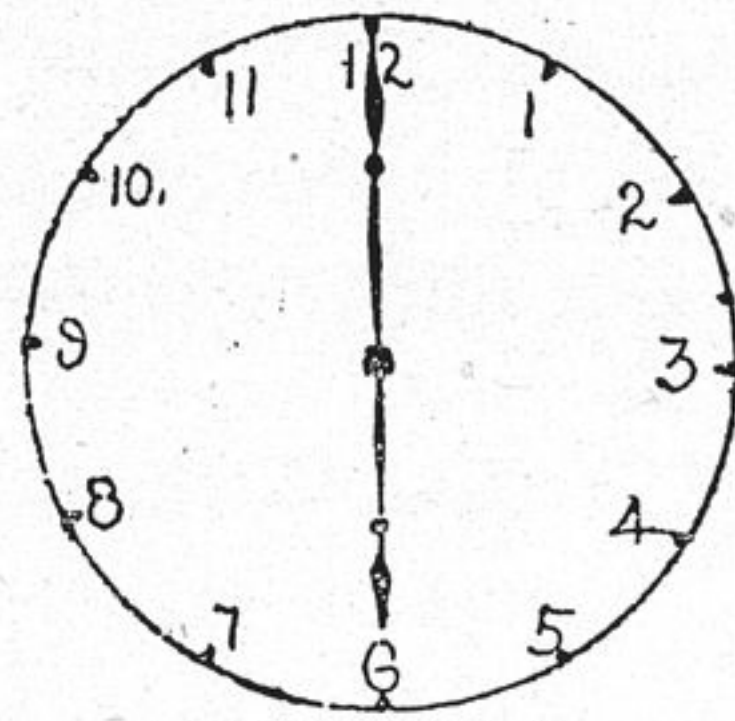
The dramatic siege of the Peking Legations made popular the conspi-

### TIME IN THE FAR EAST.

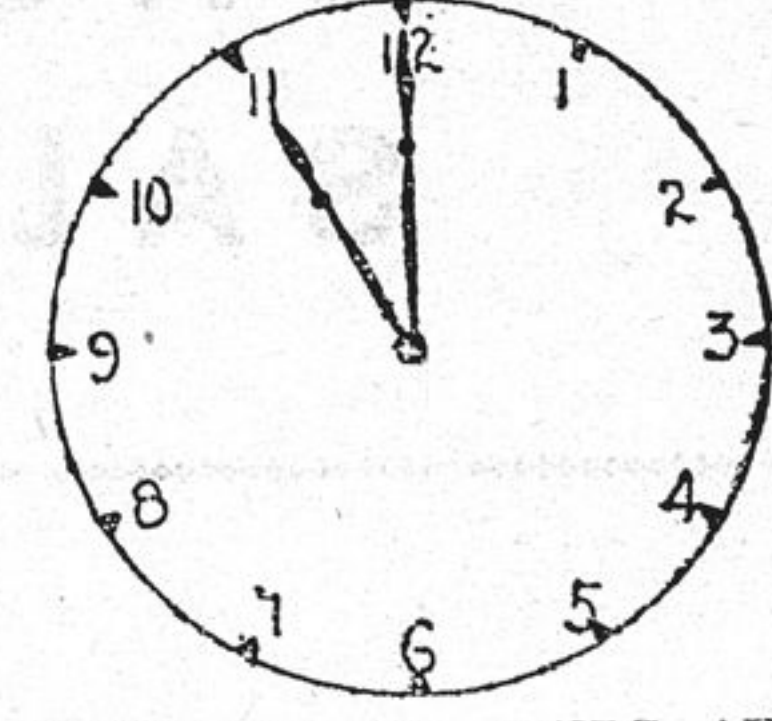
Interesting to Know on Account of the War.

Since the talk of hostilities between Japan and Russia there has been some discussion as to the exact relation between our time and the time in Tokio and the other cities brought into prominence by the present war. Every person realizes that high noon varies with every

eration. When noon leaves London there is a "to-day," a "yesterday" and "to-morrow" on the earth. Suppose noon had arrived at Toronto (roughly speaking 79 degrees west longitude), Toronto's antipodal meridian is the one which passes through Bangkok, Siam. Thus when it is noon here it is midnight at Calcutta and all of that portion of the earth east of Calcutta is therefore in to-morrow and there people could say



SATURDAY P. M.

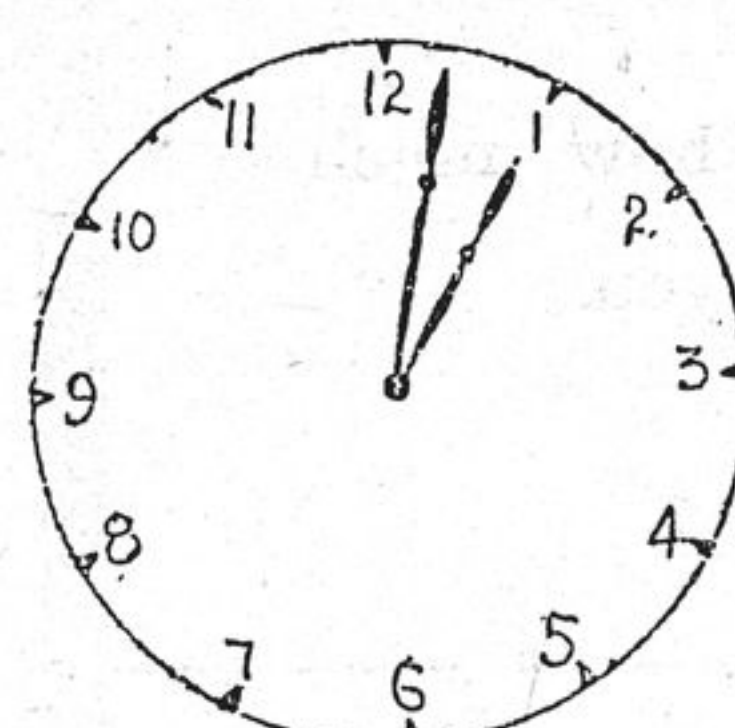


SATURDAY P.M., 5 HRS. AHEAD.

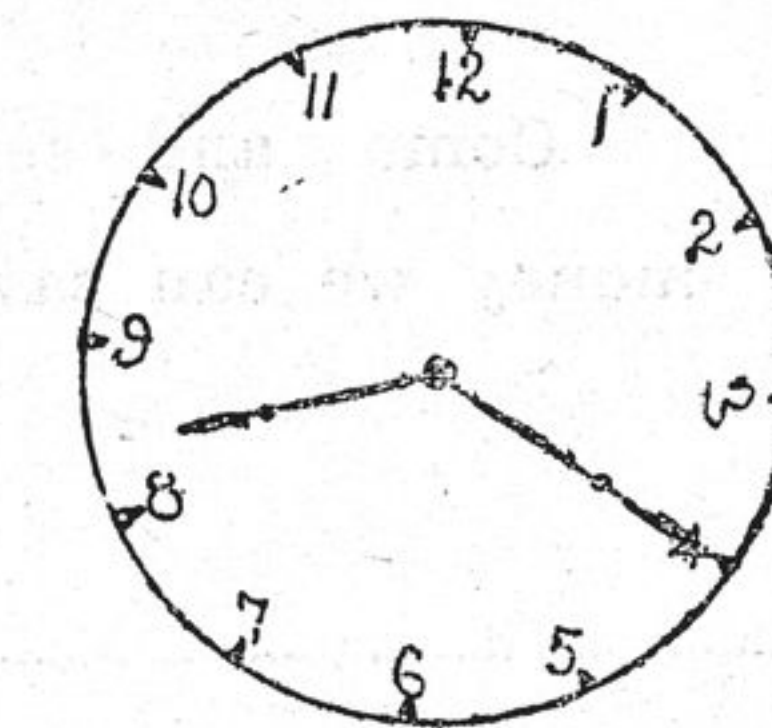
mile one goes east or west. The confusion that would necessarily ensue is minimized on the continent by a system called standard time, which was adopted by the railroads in 1883 and since adopted by nearly all of the large cities. This system divides the continent into four sections, each fifteen degrees of longitude in width. The time taken for one district is the solar time at the middle point of the section. Consequently we have east-

of that part west of Calcutta that it is yesterday, and every one has a "to-day."

Japan has its midnight 14 hours and 20 minutes before we do, and when we turn into Sunday, Japan has already reached the hour 2.20 p. m. St. Petersburg has reached 2 minutes after 7 o'clock a. m. and the London time is 5 a. m. Thus when the Torontonians is preparing to go to church on Sunday evening the



SUNDAY A.M., 7 HRS. 2 MINS. AHEAD.



SUNDAY A.M., 14 HRS. 20 MINS. AHEAD.

ern, central and mountain and Pacific time, each one an hour later than the one to the east of it. But our system is not universal and, except in those countries where the railway systems make such a method necessary, solar time is in use.

At a conference which met in Washington in 1882 to adopt a common prime meridian to be used in reckoning longitude and delegates representing 26 countries decided in favor of taking the meridian of Greenwich. A resolution was adopted to the effect that the universal day be a mean solar day, beginning at the hour of midnight of the initial meridian.

When it is noon at London one date and day prevail all over the earth. If noon is either east or west of London there are two days in op-

er, central and mountain and Pacific time, each one an hour later than the one to the east of it. But our system is not universal and, except in those countries where the railway systems make such a method necessary, solar time is in use.

When a despatch dated Tokio, Thursday, 6 a. m., is published in the daily papers, we must remember that the telegram was sent when our clocks registered 3.40 p. m. on Wednesday. Such a despatch is published in a morning paper on Friday, so it must be seen that the event occurred more than two days before, instead of the day before, as the date would seem to show.

The above diagrams will show more plainly than words the relation between the time shown by our clocks and those of London, St. Petersburg and Tokio.

cuous mandarin jackets; the Anglo-Japanese alliance anglicised the kimono in various forms, and even, to a certain extent, the quaint obi; and now, with war probable in the Far East, there is a boom in all things Japanese.

The most practical blouses have their Japanese effect in quaint touches of embroidery.

Small pieces of this embroidery—faithful copies of work centuries old,

and of great value—may be bought at reasonable prices, and delightful effects are obtained by their use, for these old Japanese embroideries are soft and beautiful in coloring.

A blouse in dull blue silk crepon, trimmed with Japanese embroidery of dull old blues on buff silks, is a particularly good example of this style. The green and orange embroideries harmonize wonderfully with several of our modern dark shades.

More pretentious, but still with old Japanese embroidery as their characteristic feature, are the blouses made from mandarins' jackets.

These are almost solidly covered with the old embroidery, and frequently have gold interwoven with it; but even with a gold dragon on the blouse front the effect is not so gay or spectacular as it sounds, for the dull soft tones of the old embroidery are quiet, in spite of the somewhat startling designs.

A dull red satin, embroidered all over with dull blue shaded butterflies of varying sizes, is one of the Japanese ideas in materials. A dull green pencee boldly embroidered in ceru cotton is another.

At one of the Oriental shops are to be found decorative buttons covered with old Japanese embroidery and set in metal rims.

### THE DEADLY STREETS.

According to official figures furnished by Police Commissioner Greene, it costs the city of New York one life per day, or 365 lives per annum, to keep the traffic of the streets moving. Out of this total sacrifice of human life, street cars were responsible for 172 deaths, waggons and trucks killed 146, sundry accidents caused twenty-nine fatalities, runaway horses killed seven persons, bicycles killed two, while nine deaths were charged to the automobile.

### WHAT GOLD-BEATERS DO.

Gold-beaters, by hammering, reduce gold leaves so thin that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch, yet each leaf is so perfect and free from holes that one of them laid upon any surface, as in gilding, gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin that if formed into a book 1,500 would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper, and an octavo volume of an inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well-stocked library of 1,500 volumes with 200 pages in each.

## RUSSIANS IN MANCHURIA.



COSSACK REGIMENT ON THE MARCH.