

A WOMAN'S LOVE

OR, A BROTHER'S PROMISE

CHAPTER XI.

For several days there had been inconclusive fighting. If there was any advantage, it lay slightly on the side of Hispaniola, not by reason of any superiority of her troops or her generals, but because in spite of Hector's admonitions to caution—the hour was not ripe for the mad melody his heart was set on—the Palmettos had been profuse of life and limb. As Bravo said in chess phrase, "they preferred a risky gambit to the safer, sterner Ruy Lopez of War." Yet these few days taught each somewhat of respect for the other; the Palmettos learned that the Hispaniolans were not to be overcome by wild rushes and the Hispaniolans recognized that they were facing no half-starved Aruban horde.

All this preliminary tit-for-tat skirmishing took place in and across the space between the demi-lune of low hills that fences Palm City on the land side and the demi-lune of craggy slopes that forms the foot of the Monte—Half a mile wide it is in some places, and as much as two miles in others; orange groves and banana plantations, fields of potatoes and stretches of maize score it criss-cross, and form the best kind of cover for desultory fighting.

On the rim of the seaward demi-lune lie the Hispaniola lines guarding Palm City, on the rim of the hillward lie the Palmetto: keened-outposts glancing hither and thither for a sign of movement among the growths of the level. But under the silver of the moon and the pale gold and steel blue of stars nothing stir: save grass and scrub and leaves at the wind's will, and here and there dim figures busy at cooking-pots. In the centre of the five-mile-long seaward sweep looms a great flag, marking Stampa's headquarters; and facing it, a mile and a quarter off, flaps lazily in the slow breeze creeping from the sea Maddalen's white ensign, with the purple-crowned R, over Hector's tent.

Hector is alone. Earlier in the evening he has held a council of war and announced to his generals a plan of attack that has commanded admiration, if not enthusiastic approval. He is sitting at a table studying a map, making a red pencil mark here, pricking in a tiny white flag there. In a little while his work is done, and throwing himself back in his chair with a sigh of satisfaction he lights a cigarillo, and under the soft influence of the tobacco begins to dream.

He looks out through the open door of the tent and sees the Hispaniolan lights twinkling across the plain. They dance before his eyes until he is swung to the very top of his dream. His thoughts are back in London; he sees that summer night of rain when Don Augustin brought him to the house in Bloomsbury and showed him "the last argument"—the Queen. Ah, yes, it is over the Queen. At whatever point he may begin the race of thought, always and always he reaches the goal, Maddalena, the Queen, the Queen of all these fighting thousands around him, the Queen of him; the now golden note that came into the chant of his life scarce four months ago, and that dominates it now, as a clear soprano rises over a deep chorus and seems to float upon, and then soar over, the waves of song. A new golden note, with joy and pride of life in it, and sometimes a tone of melancholy that makes it better loved, because to it responds in full harmony the Celtic minor of gloom that, his by nature and birth, an inheritance of forlorn hopes and fallen fortunes has sharpened with sorrow and remembrance of past glories. Here in this tent he sits, the last of his race; four months ago, a slave, sapped to sluggishness by six or seven years' drinking at "daily labor's dull Lethæan spring" to-day, a king by grace of the light of her eyes on him, a fighter by grace of the smile of her lips on him, a man by grace of the subtle sweet poison she has breathed into his blood. The end of all his dreaming is Maddalena, Maddalena in London, Maddalena here in Palmetto, in that little house in the cup of Caldera: all else is forgotten—the Orange King, Bravo, Asunta, the past, the present task, the future to be provided: they are nothing and the shadow of nothing—Maddalena, Maddalena, Maddalena!

Involuntarily, his lips frame her name, and into the utterance of it comes the spirit, and more than the spirit, of abandonment that rang like a thousand trumpets you great night when like a thousand trumpets you great night when she came to the cave, and her people rose at sight of her, rejoicing and acclaiming.

"Maddalena!"
More than the spirit of a people's abandonment, for behind it, and through it, and under it, and round it, goes the divine primeval cry of love of one for one—the cry separated twin stars send across the hopeless eternities of space, the cry that moves the lonely heart in spring, "when the sap begins to stir."
"Maddalena!"
And in answer she stands before

him. In the door of his tent she stands and holds out a hand.

"You called for Maddalena—Maddalena is here."
"The Queen!" He rose to his feet, spell-bound.

"No! not the Queen—Maddalena!"
"It cannot be the Queen!"
"It is not. It is Maddalena."
He is dumb, for through him, through every nerve and fibre and filament and blood-corpuscle goes, with one mad tremble and tingle, the tempest and whirlwind of love that lifts to heaven and dashes to hell, and holds stock-still with one searching breath. Dumb, and yet not dumb—for from him flows that speech of all speeches most unmistakable: the speech of attitude and look: the speech that is felt, not heard. He is caught in the "divine shuddering" that every man of what degree soever feels once in his life.

The silence seems like a sheet of glass: to speak would be to shiver it. For a century Hector holds his breath. Maddalena takes a forward step, and Hector has her hand.

"Your Majesty," he begins.

"General," she answers, with a forgiving smile of reproof.

"Madame," he substitutes.

"Senor." Her tone cuts.

Dare he? There is no time for thought—it is done.

"Maddalena!"
"Hector!"

O! what wall can hold back the warm tide? What flood can put out this fire? Whose finger point to level valleys when young feet tread to the peaks? Who so inane as prose of reason when youth and love make this drab earth lyric with mere holding of hands, mere gazing into eyes, mere coming and going of common breath?

Darkness falls upon them, and in the cloud of it they meet—the man and the woman—as Adam must have met Eve in the green dark of the garden. Darkness falls upon them, and from each to each, as from charged thunder-cloud to charged thunder-cloud, leaps fluid passion, fusing heart with heart, so that they are no more twain but one.

"Hector!"
"Maddalena!"

After every dream—alas! how short is every longest dream!—comes the awakening: soon or late, swift or slow, like a tropical dawn, like a winter daybreak, the awaking comes. How it happens neither can tell, but they are sitting on camp-stools, facing, Hector and the Queen.

"I was mad." It is Hector that speaks.

"That wonderful smile that runs down from lips to throat and up from lips to eyes, makes spring and then summer of his winter of co-trition. Was ever lover that was not content after he knew that he had thrilled maiden into woman?"

"I should have hidden my secret better." It is still Hector.

"And I—Hector?"
"Ah! you are the Queen."
"Queen or no Queen, I am a woman."

"A woman worthy of the best."
"Enough to be worthy of you."
"Maddalena!"
"Ector!"

"But you are the Queen—the queen of women."
"Without love, I am without a crown."

"And I? What am I? And my love—however great, how little for you?"

"However small, how great for me—my crown, my kingdom."
"I, that was proud of my name, my descent, my line of ancestors—O! what a pin-point it all is!"

"And I—daughter of kings, a queen—am I not to be the equal of one of my own girls of the Monte?"
"Maddalena—you love me?"
"I love you."

"Since when?" (What lover ever forbore to ask this, the second inevitable question in the catechism?)
"I cannot tell—I cannot think. I am here with you, and I love you."
"Maddalena!"

"Hector!—And you love me?"
"More than life or death, I love you."
"Since when?" (Lovers themselves laugh at the tide-like regularity of question and answer.)
Hector laughs.

"God knows. It seems to me, ever since I can remember. I cannot conceive the time when you did not fill my heart, when you did not make heaven of all my waking thoughts, and a seventh heaven of my dreams. I have loved you always."

"Even before you saw me?"
"You grew real that night."
"O! that night."
"Real—and farther off than ever."
"Why farther off?"
"Because you were real."
"Are you sorry I am real?"
"Sorry? I shall never know sorrow more; I have my hour now."

He glanced towards the door of the tent, and for the first time realized that all the world of Maddalena's army might pass by and share his hour. He rose and stood erect before her.

"I must stand—" He waved a hand to the door. "They would

think it strange if I sat in the presence of the Queen."

Then flashed on her remembrance of her people, and she felt guilty because in their time of travail she snatched happiness for herself. She blushed like a child caught pilfering. She, too, rose. Up and down she walked swiftly once or twice, as if reluctantly seeking her way out of a delightful maze, back to the straight path outside the happy hedges. She must thrust all this behind her. Her people, her people—she belonged to them; she must belong to them always. She had not thought of them before—well, she would not think of them now; if this was to be her one hour, she would take it, she would make the most of it, every moment should have its crown of remembrance in the long days to come, every second should diamond-pointed. Surely, surely, her people would not grudge—she turned to Hector, who, at half obedience, followed her with furtive eyes.

"Hector!"
"Heckie!"

To left and then to right he gave an answering look. To left was Maddalena, to right was Alasdair.

"Heckie!" The word was uttered gall.

"Alasdair! The Queen!"

The burly red-beard sank on one knee and uncovered, as Maddalena made him happy with her hand to kiss.

"It is important, matam—you will allow a word with—?" a nod indicated Hector, and he took the answer as given in his favor.

"Heckie! O! man, Heckie!"

It was Hector now who was the child caught pilfering.

"Well?" Resentment swelled the word the more as it was in Gaelic.

And in Gaelic Alasdair replied.

"O! son of my mother's breast! black is the day that I should take the cup from your lips. It is sweet, my brother, it is sweet. But I have looked into the depths of it, and I have seen—not with my one eye, Heckie boy—and O! the blackness of misery there. That it should not be—I would go from here to Rothiemurchus on my knees and think the road short."

"And think the road short. She is a queen among women, and a queen among queens, and she is worthy of the man that nuzzled my mother's breast. But I have looked into the cup you are drinking, and I have seen a cloud rising from the bottom of it—a cloud like a woman's hand—o hance hain!—a woman's hand, a woman dark as the hour before the dawn."

Instinctively Hector turned his eyes to Maddalena.

"No, no, my brother, she is the darkness of a soft summer night when the scent of the heather loads the air, and the summer tars make warm the purple of heaven: the woman I speak of holds in her heart and her hair and her hand, the blackness of the morning hour when the blood runs cold, and the stars go out before the day. Share of my mother's milk! the day may be good, but the hour before it—O! the hour before it. And it comes, Heckie boy, it comes."

Love made Hector blind as itself.

"Alasdair, Alasdair, all this of visions and the bottom of the cup is old wives' fables and the foolishness of the inward eye. The day has dawned on me and I am a man."

"No, no, Hector, the day has not dawned—the time is not yet—nor has the dark hour before the dawn come—but it does come, it does come. Put this from you, Heckie boy, put it from you—there is death and the coldness of a lonely grave behind it."

"My grave cannot be cold, Alasdair, for the Queen's eye shall light it, and the Queen's love shall warm it, and the great joy of one hour shall make eternity a flying moment."

Alasdair made the sign of the cross.

"God's will and not mine," he muttered.

"Ector!"
"She spoke in the soft tongue of her land."
"Maddalena!"

"What does he say? He is very sad."
"He has been looking into the future—but what is the future? I cannot think of it. I look on you, and all my life is pressed into this moment."

And so these two made their heaven while they might.

It was right down when Hector and Alasdair returned to the lines from seeing Maddalena back to the little house in the cup of Caldera; dark and cold it was, and in Hector's ears still sounded the ominous echo of Asunta's laughter that greeted the Queen's return—an echo that sounded on and on until the burden of the drums rose to drown it and rouse Palmetto to the fight.

(To be Continued.)

COST OF MARCONIGRAM.

The charge of transmitting wireless messages from ship to ship at sea is sixpence a word, with the address and signature free. From ship to shore the rate on the American side is \$2 for ten words and 12 cents for each additional word, with no charge for address and signature. On the English side the charge for a marconigram from a liner is 6 shillings for twelve words and sixpence for each additional word, the signature and address being charged for.

THE NELSON OF JAPAN

ADMIRAL TOGO, COMMANDER OF THE FLEET.

He Was Prominent in Chinese War and Knows What Fleet Can Do.

More perhaps is heard and known in this country of the army of Japan than of her sister service, but without her navy she would not, and could not, be the centre of the world's interest as she is to-day.

Admiral Togo, the man in chief command at sea of her splendid fleet, is likely to be one of the foremost figures of our time, for on him will devolve, in all probability, as prodigious a responsibility as fell to the lot of Nelson in our own national history.

It is his destiny to wield one of the finest, one of the most formidable instruments ever forged. In her navy Japan has created, in less than ten years, as perfect and as tremendous a fighting machine as any on the globe. At this perilous crisis in her fortunes she has chosen to place the working of this machine in the hands of Admiral Togo—a choice, we may be sure, that has been made with the utmost deliberation and after a complete survey of all the possibilities of the situation. Japan feels this is a matter in which there must be no mistake, and the unanimous approval of the nation expressed on his appointment to the chief command shows that he is regarded as the right man in the right place.

A SIMPLE GENTLEMAN.

Admiral Togo is now about 55 years of age. He is not of princely or noble birth, but is a simple gentleman, a Samurai of the great Satsuma clan, as so many of his fellow-officers are. His senior rank, Admiral Count Ito (not to be confused with his namesake Marquis Ito), who was in chief command of the navy during the Chino-Japanese War, and is now chief of the Naval Headquarters Staff in Tokio, is also a Satsuma Samurai, and formerly the whole Japanese fleet was officered and manned by the Satsuma, in the same way that the Japanese army was drawn from the Choshu clan. Nowadays neither navy nor army is entirely given over to these, the two most powerful of the clans of Japan; but many men from all over the empire are to be found in both services. When Togo entered the navy, however, its whole personnel was Satsuma.

Admiral Togo received a great part of his education at the Naval College, Greenwich, where he went through the regular courses of instruction current some thirty odd years ago. He thus understands a good deal of the history, training, and traditions of the British Navy, and he has brought the knowledge thus acquired to bear on his own with excellent effect. Returning to Japan, he was employed in various capacities. In 1894, when war broke out between China and Japan, he was in command of the Naniwa, a cruiser of 6,500 tons, one of the vessels composing what was then known as the First Flying Squadron of the Japanese navy. During the war he greatly distinguished himself, and earned the reputation of being a first-class fighting man.

SINKING THE KOWSHING.

It was in connection with the episode of the sinking of the Kowshing that his name first came into world-wide prominence. At the time some adverse criticisms of his action on that occasion were heard, but these died away on a fuller knowledge of the circumstances. The story reveals something of the character of the man, so it is worth telling again.

It was wearing on in the year 1894. Though there had been no actual declaration of war, it was evident enough that Japan and China were about to fight over Korea. Warships had been assembled, and large bodies of troops were either on the field or were on the way to the scene of conflict. The Kowshing, a transport vessel flying the British flag, with a British captain and crew, and carrying some 1,100 Chinese soldiers for Asan, was met by Togo in the Naniwa, who signalled to her by firing two blank cartridges to stop, which she did.

Thereafter a Japanese lieutenant went on board the Kowshing with a peemptory order from Togo that the transport must proceed no further towards her destination, but at once accompany the Naniwa to the main Japanese fleet. Captain Galsworthy, of the Kowshing, was willing to obey these orders, but not so minded were the officers of the Chinese forces on the vessel; they immediately raised a great clamor, and threatened Galsworthy.

STARTING A WAR.

Seeing what was occurring, Togo sent a boat to bring off Captain Galsworthy and his crew; but, meanwhile, the disturbances and confusion on the Kowshing had increased, and the Chinese prevented them from leaving her. Some time then passed and at length Togo signalled Galsworthy to take one of his own boats and come over to the Naniwa; but the British captain was not allowed by the Chinese to do so. For four hours Togo stood off and on trying to save him and the ship, but finding there was no chance of this, he at last ordered the red flag, which announced that he was about to fire, to be hoisted. A few moments later a well-directed shot from the Naniwa struck the engine-room, and penetrated the hull of the Kowshing,

which soon afterwards filled and sank. As Galsworthy and his men leaped over the bulwarks of the transport into the sea they were fired on by the Chinese. Togo at once sent out boats, and rescued as many as he could.

In this way Togo began the Chino-Japanese War. His countrymen have never forgotten the part he played in this episode. "Togo!" they say, "it was Togo who sank the Kowshing." And they draw a confident augury from it.

In the course of the war Togo saw a great deal of actual fighting, so he is a naval man of no little experience. He was present at the first battle of Phungdo at the Battle of Haiyang, took part in the bombardment of Tangchow, and saw the final overthrow and destruction at Wei-Hai-Wei of all that was left of the Chinese fleet. Nor did his ship, the Naniwa, pass entirely unscathed through these ordeals, though she received no vital damage. But the fame of Togo Heihachiro grew; he was known as a man of resolution and resource, most of all as a hard and determined fighter.

HIS POSITION TO-DAY.

After the war he was raised to the rank of rear-admiral, and promoted to the third command in the Japanese fleet. Prior to his present appointment he was commander-in-chief at Maizuru, a dockyard on the Sea of Japan. Maizuru is not one of the largest yards in the Island Empire, but it may become of great importance as a suitable port from which troops can be despatched to Korea, owing to its comparative nearness to that peninsula. His present rank is that of vice-admiral.

All information with respect to the Japanese fleet has been so absolutely withheld for the past few weeks by the censor that it is not quite certain on which ship Admiral Togo has hoisted his flag, but it is understood that the Hatsuse is the vessel. The Hatsuse is a sister ship to the Mikasa; that is to say, she is one of the largest and most powerful battleships afloat, having over 15,000 tons displacement.

In person Admiral Togo is a short, somewhat stout man, with full black beard and moustache, and a distinctively Japanese appearance. He is not a great talker; indeed, in manner he is somewhat reserved. Above all, he is a cool, resolute, determined, very courageous sailor, quick and alert of perception, but calm and unprecipitate in action. He knows his fleet well—knows what it can do to a nicety. He knows the spirit and temper of his men, freshly and passionately moved at this time by a consuming fever of patriotism. Japan confidently expects much from him and them, and has no fear that they will disappoint her fervent anticipations.

ANOTHER BRITISH EMBLEM.

Football is Co-extensive With the Lion's Influence.

Wherever the British have gone—and they have gone everywhere white men can go—they have carried football with them. The negroes among whom they have dwelt, in all parts of the tropics, have picked up the game from them, and become just as enthusiastic over it as any British boy.

The Maories of New Zealand prefer football to any of their own national games, and many of them have become first-class players. They easily defeat all the white clubs in New Zealand.

The negro boys of the British West Indian Islands play football with energy when the thermometer stands at 90—as hot as the hottest days in this country. The grounds on which they play, being baked day after day by the tropical sun, are as hard as rock. When a boy is knocked over he is very likely to break his arm or his leg; but no such accidents as those can spoil the West Indian's pleasure in the king of games.

The Chinese residents of Georgetown, Demerara, got up a team about three years ago to play a negro club at football. The game did not last long. The Chinese objected to being kicked about, and wanted to stop playing every few minutes to argue with the referee in "pidgin English." The game ended in a free fight, and half of the players were arrested by the police for assault.

In India, in West and South Africa and in the South Sea Islands, football is a favorite pastime of the native as well as of the white resident, and very often "color" matches take place.

VERY CONVENIENT.

In Germany and in other parts the continent cherry trees are commonly planted by the roadside. The road from Brunn to Olmutz, 60 miles in length, is bordered with cherry trees. This useful kind of hedge-row has many parallels in Austria. Any passenger may eat of the fruit of these trees, except those few about which the owner has bound a wisp of straw in token of reservation. The sign is universally respected.

COULDN'T STOP IT.

The recent effort of Mr. Fred Taylor, a director of a leading woollen firm of Batley, Eng., to discourage smoking has not been very successful. The sum of \$5 was offered to each 1,000 employees of the firm who should abstain from the use of tobacco in any form for six months. It was ascertained the other day that 300 of the male operatives have already disqualified themselves. The offer extends to women and girls.