

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.
BY PERMISSION OF RAND, McNALLY & CO.

(CHAPTER I—CONTINUED.)

"It is unreasonable," she said, "though not quite in the way you mean. You had, I am sure, no thought but to honor me, and I thank you in all sincerity for your homage. But you have acted in this without due consideration."

He would have spoken, but she raised her hand to check him.

"You did not reflect that we have not, between us, all that should go to the making of a marriage. You have a man's strength and faith, an honorable name, a career of promise—it is much to bring; I have beauty, wealth, and a high spirit; these, too, perhaps, are worth something; you love me, and there is, I dare be sworn, no reason why I should not love you. But where in all this is the string that binds the pony together—where is the guarantee of our tranquil and continued friendship afterward? I sometimes think," she continued, "that an intimacy of a lifetime is scarcely enough to warrant such a risk; and you and I have but a yesterday's acquaintance on which to found such perilous hopes."

He raised his head. "I have known you for three months," he said, "and all of that time I have thought of nothing else on earth."

"All that time in truth," she answered, "but of what have you been thinking in the thirty years before? I do not know. I have ridden and danced with you, I have sung and laughed with you; I know your favorite actor and the minister in whom you believe; but of yourself how little!"

"I am afraid there is little more to know," he said. "I am like most other men. But if you would set my great love against my deficiencies the scales might not weigh so uneven as with some."

"I believe sincerely," she replied, "that you love me—as you know me, but I fear I cannot say, like you, that I am of the common type of my sex; my beliefs, my hopes, my work in life are all singular; the very circumstances of my birth and nationality are unusual though you hear it now for the first time. So, Capt. Estcourt," she continued, rising to her feet, "you see that in your haste you have asked a woman to become your wife who, for all that you know, has nothing in common with you but the lighter feelings and more trivial interests of life."

He bent his head and said nothing for a time. She looked at him a little remorsefully.

"Is it good-by, then?" he said, slowly, like a man awaking from sleep.

She reflected, looking downward in her turn.

"I will grant you this," she said, "and remember that it is no more and no less than I would do for any man of honor. I will make no change for what has happened to-night; I will meet you, if chance so orders it, upon the old terms; but you shall promise me one thing in return." She paused for his assent.

"I promise blindfold," he said, "for the first time in my life."

She nodded approval. "Then I have your word," she said, "that you too will make no change in your career; that you will follow your fortune wherever and whenever it calls you without allowing thoughts of me to hold you back."

"It is hard," he said, "for I have tonight been promised an immediate command."

"She held out her hand to him as she spoke; he stooped and kissed it in silence."

"Come," she said, "I hear the music beginning; this is my last dance."

They passed down the staircase without another word, and entered the ballroom once more. To Estcourt the dance was even more of a dream than the first one had been. To the thrilling influence of her beauty and her youth there was added that regretful consciousness of the inevitable end which makes the peaceful melancholy of autumn and gives the last perfection of pathos to the deep eyes of passion.

If he had felt himself favored of the gods before, he was now conscious, in his exalted state, of an even greater dignity—that given by the heroic endurance of a great misfortune. Among the phantoms that flitted around him, gliding of their unreal joys, he moved in a kind of funeral triumph, as one with the grandeur of a tragic doom upon him. The whirling dance was the chaos of eternity, and the music filled it with exquisite sadness.

But now the measure rose sobbing to a final cadence, and lapsed again, and died slowly away upon a single note. He found himself standing by the door, with the colonel's bland figure in front of him.

"If you will pardon me," the latter was saying, "it is time for me to take my sister-in-law home; unless," he continued, with a courteous gesture, "you are free to enjoy that privilege yourself."

Estcourt turned to his partner.

"I could not think of it," she said; "but perhaps Capt. Estcourt will attend to it for you. You get your hat and cloak," she said, and she turned to the colonel and disappeared. In these moments the moon had risen, and the moonlight shone down upon the scene.

"It is Richard," he replied; "they call me Dick."

The colonel appeared in the doorway. "Thank you," she said; "mine is Camilla. Good-night!"

CHAPTER II.

TWO DAYS AFTER the ball Estcourt paid an afternoon call at Glamorgan House. There he found a large and fashionable crowd of visitors upon the same errand as himself, and spent the greater part of a short stay in talking to strangers.

But when he rose to go, Lord Glamorgan, who had been keeping him in view ever since, crossed the room quickly and caught him as he turned away from taking leave of his hostess. Estcourt saw by the twinkle in his eye that the general old nobleman was in his own opinion the bearer of good news, but he shuddered inwardly at the sudden recollection of his promise so lately made.

"Dick," said his lordship, taking him under the arm and leading him toward a corner of the room, "I've been doing what little I can for you, and I only wish it were more. Compton tells me that the Favorite is almost ready for sea; she's only a thirty-two, but she's the last ship to be commissioned for ever so long, and I thought you'd rather be walking the deck of a frigate than the pavement of Whitehall."

Dick forced himself to return thanks in terms of suitable fervor. "This is too kind of you, Lord Glamorgan," he said, with unintentional irony. "I could really wish that you had not taken so much trouble for me; I do not know what I have done to deserve it."

"Nonsense, my boy," said the old man, kindly; "I owe your father's son more than that, and I'll pay it, too, if ever we get our turn again. But now," he continued, returning to a more matter-of-fact tone, "if I were you, as this is your last chance for the present, I'd go down to the admiralty to-morrow—not too late, remember, it's Saturday—and just make, as it were, a casual inquiry whether they've received your application all in due form, or something of that kind; jog them up at the right moment, if you see. That's it, that's it!" he concluded, shaking Dick's hand.

Dick escaped at last and hurried back to his lodging without any clear idea of where he was going. What was it he had promised Madame de Montaut? He remembered but too well the very words:

"You will follow your fortune wherever and whenever it may call you." The bargain was but two days old, and here already, with grim mockery, the call had come to the cheery tones of his well-meaning old patron's voice. And for what price had he thus sold his birthright of freedom? For permission to meet one from whom he would soon be separated by a thousand miles of ocean, and perhaps by the wider gulf of many years; for a concession which his own pledge had rendered valueless before he could reap the slightest advantage from it. If ever man entered into a one-sided bargain, surely this he bitterly felt, was one.

Should he give himself the vain consolation of seeing her? He felt instinctively that it would be better to deny himself until all had been done. But he could sit still no longer; he rose from table, leaving half his meal untouched, and set himself to think over his visit to the admiralty next day.

He decided at once that he would not trust himself to make his inquiry by word of mouth; he might say too much or too little, or betray some noticeable sign of agitation—a thought from which he always shrank by nature, and never more than now. No, he would write a letter and present it in person.

Next morning he dressed himself carefully in uniform, and started out shortly before noon with the letter in his pocket. He crossed Oxford street and made for the straight line of St. Andrew's street and St. Martin's lane.

But just before reaching the latter he found himself face to face with a crowd which blocked the entire width of the thoroughfare. It was composed of a wild and motley collection of men, women and children, accompanied by uncounted music, and fantastically adorned with bunches of green ribbon, whose freshness threw into more hideous prominence the universal squalor of their clothing and appearance.

At the head of this strange procession marched, in a body rather more compact than the rest, a dozen or two of men whose dress and features marked them even more clearly than their companions for thoroughbred Irishmen. They were apparently, in some sort, under the leadership of a tall ruffian with high cheek bones, a wide mouth, and large side whiskers of a flaming red color, and as they came along they shouted, and waved their sticks wildly above their heads with no apparent provocation.

The few occupants of the street fled into their houses or up the neighboring by-ways. Estcourt contented himself with glancing to one side, with the intention of passing along under the wall or of waiting there until the densest part of the crowd should have gone by. But his uniform made it impossible for him to escape thus without notice, and the temper of the mob being at the moment highly aggressive they deliberately blocked his path.

At first he was rather amused than apprehensive, and addressed them in a tone of good-humored remonstrance.

"Come, ladies," he said, "let me pass; I'm on business, and have no time to spare," and he pushed boldly forward. The crowd swayed about, yelling and shouting derisively, and with a rush of feet swept him forward with violence, and he was hurled against the wall, where

he stood at bay, uncertain whether to try persuasion or such force as he could bring into play.

"God save Ireland!" howled the leader, who stood directly in front of him, and seemed to be in a paroxysm of unexplained excitement; "God save our Ireland!"

"Certainly," said Dick, promptly, hoping that he saw here a chance of conciliating them. "With all my heart," he shouted, "God save Ireland!"

"Hurroo for the Emperor Napoleon!" shrieked his tormentor, striking the ground with his stick and capering like a maniac. Dick shrugged his shoulders and assumed a passive attitude.

"Hurroo for the Emperor Napoleon!" the Irishman, screaming in his face, "Say it, ye murderer in divile of a king's outfit; say it, or I'll tear thim golden shtraps from yer dirty shoulders!"

Dick drew himself together, clenched his fists, threw back his head, and raised himself to look for the thinnest part of the crowd. At that moment a carriage and pair was quickly making its way down the other side of the broad road, which had been left bare in part by the concentration of the mob around their victim. He recognized his chance and struck for it with all his force. He was not armed even with a stick, but in a flash his two nearest antagonists had gone down before his fists and he was half way to the carriage, fighting his way desperately through a storm of confused blows and shouts. Once he fell, and rose again without his hat; a second time he was beaten to his knees, in the act of laying his hand upon the side of the carriage, which had now stopped, and in which he was dimly conscious that a lady was standing upright.

She opened the door and stepped quickly out. The crowd fell back a little, and she began to speak.

Dick scrambled to his feet, still holding on to the side of the carriage, and stood looking at her in a half-stunned condition of dull astonishment. Her face and form were those of Camilla de Montaut, but her speech and manner were strange to him and produced upon his confused senses all the effect of an incongruous dream.

"Whisht boys!" she said; "tell me now what let ye're after here?"

There was silence for a moment. "It's St. Patrick's Day," said a voice at last.

"It is so," said the lady, readily, "or why would I be wearing shamrock?" and she took a small bunch of green leaves from her dress and held them up.

"But that's no reason at all," she went on, vivaciously, "why ye should be after murdering me, and me the daughter of Anthony Donoghue."

The crowd showed a tendency to shuffle back and get behind one another. A ragged youth, who found himself left without support in the front rank, took off his cap respectfully.

"Shure, 'twas none of us at all, me laddy," he said; "it was only Tim O'Halloran that ast would his honor be pleased to say hurroo for the Emperor, and he would not."

"Would he not?" said the lady, with an irresistible air of drudgery; "thin it's meself that'll do ut for 'um. Hurroo for the Emperor!" she cried, heartily; "and whin he comes back to his own may I be there to give him the dead millia falts?"

She turned to Dick, pointed to the open door of the carriage, and jumped in behind him. The mob were cheering wildly all around; one or two of the nearest of them were taking the opportunity to beg a trifle of her ladyship.

"Drive on!" she cried to the coachman. And in a moment they were whirling southward down St. Martin's lane in safety.

Dick, without knowing quite why he did so, had placed himself on the back seat of the carriage, and now sat looking at his companion. Yes, beyond doubt it was Camilla herself, and when she spoke to him it was this time in her own familiar tones.

"I am afraid I was just too late," she said; "you are hurt."

"It is nothing," he said, slowly. He was holding his hat, which some one had thrust into his hand as they drove off; he put it on his head and winced a little involuntarily. Camilla saw that he was hardly yet himself and wondered what to do.

"Where can I take you?" she asked, quickly.

"Whitehall," he replied with an effort. His head dropped back against the cushion, and his eyes closed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CAT UP A TREE.

Gallant Policemen Sent to Its Rescue and the Relief of the Ladies.

A singular request was made to Chief of Police Willard yesterday.

A woman who lives in the neighborhood of 169 Hamilton street called up police headquarters, and this is the conversation that followed:

"Hello! Is this police headquarters?"

"Yes."

"Is Chief Willard in?"

"Yes; I'm the chief."

"Well, chief, have you got a policeman who can climb a tree?"

HAS A SILVER TONGUE.

SENATOR TILLMAN WILL STIR UP THE SENATE.

The Man Who Is Beloved by the "Poor White Trash" of the South Will Take the Reins of Leadership—He May Be a Presidential Candidate.

(Columbia, S. C., Correspondence.)

HIS ancient and peculiar commonwealth is at this moment under the domination of the most notable and exasperating leader the South has produced since the war. With one or two exceptions he is actually dictating the terms of the new constitution to the convention that has been sitting in the famous old state house. Benjamin Ryan Tillman is the absolute ruler of the state, overriding all other authority and trampling down friends and foes alike when they oppose his will.

When Tillman enters the United States senate next winter that august body will receive a shock, for this is no sing-songy whiskeerder like Mr. Pepper, but the incarnation of agricultural socialism armed with lightning that can blast and scarily. There is not a man on the floor of the senate today fit to cope with Tillman when his oratorical bowie knife is out. He thinks in pictures and has a nimble wit. Even a G. K. dr. odg. lowar th F R R R F F of the untrifled John James Ingalls would have a hard time of it with this one-eyed leader of the agrarian revolution, who has smashed the saloon power, overthrown the heirs of the old-time oligarchy of landed proprietors, humbled the pride of cities and towns

and sometimes furious sentences, brooking no contradiction and forgetting nothing that he ever learned.

The heat of the pine blaze injured his left eye, and an indiscreet plunge in cold water brought on a pulpy tumor. For nearly two years young Tillman was an invalid. When he was well again, the war was over and his eye was gone. From that time on he labored to improve his mind. He was an omnivorous student, reading without system, but gathering together an array of facts and ideas, ancient and modern, which astounded those who hear him in debate today. He was a great hunter and fisher. On the plantation he was "a steam engine in breeches."

Although he is the most remorseless enemy of negro suffrage in South Carolina, his whole history is full of acts of generosity towards his black farm laborers.

Before twenty he married, and he has now six children. One son is at Clemson Agricultural college, on the old Calhoun estate, to establish which the Senator made his first entry into public life, and his eldest daughter, Miss Adie Tillman, is studying at the Hollins institute, Virginia—a bright, pretty, high-spirited girl. His son Henry, 12 years old, has inherited his father's extraordinary memory, and can tell you off-hand any fact in the almanac, the names of congressmen and the majorities by which they were elected, how many gallons of liquor is consumed in the country, and how much money is in circulation.

Often when the fierce, ruthless leader returns from battle with his enemies, he lies down on the floor and in a minute his children are piled on top of him, pulling his hair, pinching his cheeks, and searching his pockets. Like all really strong men, he is gentle at home.

There is not a more remarkable orator and debater in the country. His invectives bite to the bone. He can



PROFILE VIEW OF TILLMAN.

and let loose seas of reckless rhetoric, engulfing the traditions of South Carolina in a flood of Greek, Latin, slang, profanity, crankiness and common sense. He towers up in the South.

The sergeant-at-arms of the senate has my sympathy, but the senate itself has a stirring experience in store for it. The Tillmans of this generation have mostly died in their boots. One of the senator's brothers was killed in the Mexican war, another died from wounds received in the battle of Chickamauga and two others were shot dead in personal encounters. The whole family is high strung and full of grit. "Uncle" George Tillman, who served in congress for fourteen years, was actually turned out of his seat for daring to oppose the will of his younger brother. Today you may see the two brothers grappling with each other in this curious convention, which has met chiefly to provide for the permanent disfranchisement of the negro race and to recognize the socialistic principle of state ownership of saloons in the constitution.

Senator Benjamin Ryan Tillman was born forty-eight years ago on his father's plantation at Chester, at Edgefield county, S. C. Shortly afterwards his father died, and his mother, assisted by her elder sons, conducted the hilly cotton farm on the edge of Chevils Creek. They had a hundred slaves when the war broke out. Mrs. Tillman was an intelligent, not to say brilliant, woman, for a plain planter's wife. During the war young Tillman went to school at Liberty Hill, thirty miles from home, under the tutelage of George Dolphin, a teacher and linguist of local renown.

The lad's thirst for knowledge and his indomitable will were displayed in his fifteenth year. He knew that at sixteen he must enter the Confederate army. His brothers, then serving in the field, wrote back, urging him to get a good foundation of knowledge, for the war might last so long that he would never have another opportunity for education. When school hours were over, and supper was eaten, young Tillman would carry a lighted pine knot into the woods and, lying down in the leafy solitude, would ponder over Greek roots and Latin conjugations by the dim, flickering light. He was a lank, sinewy, silent and dictatorial youth, expressing his opinion in short, sharp

turn and twist around corners with astonishing dexterity, deluding and confusing his opponents. He despises and ignores politicians, slashing and stabbing them indiscriminately, whether they support him or not. The secret of his power is his strong hold upon the mass of the white people. He is the god, the redeemer of the "poor whites." Nothing in heaven or earth escapes his vehement invective. He has an especial hatred and contempt for President Cleveland.

"When I get to the United States senate," he says, "I'll punch that old bag of beef in the ribs with my pitchfork and make him show up something about these Wall street deals."

Whereat enthusiastic hayseedism wags its head, sticks its tongue in its cheek and swears that Benjamin Ryan Tillman is the mightiest man that lives, has lived, or ever will live. And they really believe it.

Tillman aspires to be president. All his hopes are centered in a union of the silver forces of all parties next year. Already silver men have mentioned the combination Tillman and Teller, Tillman and Harvey, Harvey and Tillman, Teller, and Tillman and many others with the name of Tillman included. Should he be the nominee on such a union ticket, Tillman believes that he could be elected. He believes that he is the son of destiny, that he is doing God's work, that he will not only kill the rum power in South Carolina, but all over the country as well.

There you have Tillman summed up. But you really do not understand the man until you see him facing his enemies in debate. The opposition to him has no leaders and practically no policy except the annihilation of Tillman. But the end of Tillman may be very near. He declares that South Carolina will withdraw from the next national democratic convention unless the free coinage of silver is agreed to. The results of such a course would be very painful to Tillman, politically speaking. But he is impetuous and headlong, in spite of his hard head. So oddly are some men fashioned.

JAMES CREELMAN.

Many people mistake stubbornness for bravery, meanness for economy, and violence for wit.

Thought She Was Watched.

There was a correspondence in the papers some time ago about the cruelty of leaving servants alone in town houses while the family is away at the sea. A curious commentary on the matter has just been supplied by Evelyn's cook, says girl's gossip in Truth. Evelyn left her in town for a fortnight, quite alone, but told her she could have a friend to tea when she liked, and added: "My mother's cook is a very nice, superior woman, and I will ask her to come round and have a cup of tea with you." After the fortnight the woman was very disagreeable and huffy—so much so that Evelyn told her that she could not keep her unless she could manage to be rather pleasant. "What has upset you?" she asked. Whereupon, among other grievances, the cook said, "You asked your mother's servant to come here for no other reason than to keep watch on me." So the very thing that was kindly meant was converted into an insult. It only goes to prove that we shall never understand servants, try as we may.

Inexcusable Neglect.

Great Editor—We have no longer any use for your services, sir. Brightwit—Eh? You said that the article that I had in the paper yesterday was the best thing you'd ever published. Great Editor—Yes, but you neglected to write a lot of letters from old subscribers and general readers, praising the article as a brilliant example of this great paper's enterprise. A pretty sort of a nineteenth century, fin de siecle, metropolitan journalist you are!

A man who is rated as smart in good luck, is often rated a fool in adversity.

It is a Pleasure

To recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all afflicted with blood or skin diseases. My blood was out of order, and I suffered for years from psoriasis. I tried several remedies without benefit. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for two months I was restored to my former good health and feel like a different person. As a blood purifier I think Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal."

CHAR. L. COCKLEBAS, Irving, Illinois.

Hood's Pills get harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. See

WORLD'S FAIR HIGHEST AWARD.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Always WINS HOSTS of FRIENDS wherever its Superior Merits become known. It is the Safest FOOD for Convalescents!

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE! John Carle & Sons, New York.



A few Doses of Dr. Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills will relieve

Pains in your Back, Sides, Muscles, Joints, Head, etc. and all Kidney Troubles; Rheumatism, Gout, Anemia, and other Blood Troubles, caused by sick kidneys.

A few boxes will cure.

All druggists, or mailed postpaid for 50c. per box. Write for pamphlet.

HOBB'S MEDICINE CO., Chicago, San Francisco.

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 30 days. You can be treated at home for same price under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will come to you by railroad and hotel bills and carry, bottles, potent, and still have shoes and caps. Knewen Fatches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We submit the most obstinate cases and challenge the most obstinate quack to cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our medical guaranty. Absolute proof sent sealed on application. Address: COOK, REEBY & CO., 207 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Many people mistake stubbornness for bravery, meanness for economy, and violence for wit.