

GUILTY OR INNOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER.

gone," Mrs. Saville remarks. "By the time you get out to Tasmania she will have forgotten Bouverie and be very glad to see you."

"I hope so," says Sebastian drily, "considering she is to have all the accumulated savings of her father and her mother's fortune as well." Then his face changes suddenly. "And if she hadn't a penny I should marry her all the same. She is the only woman I ever wanted for my wife"—rising and leaving the room.

And while the great steamer containing Barbara in her second-class quarters ploughs her way through the grey billows, George Bouverie once more looks out into the world, with hope shining in his eyes and a look of relief on his handsome face.

Today, that before sunset is to be a day of tragedy, is as other days with the scent of coming spring in the air. Mrs. Bouverie has been moved to the sofa, and lies like a fragile lily, with her white hair and meek, quiet eyes.

George is beside her, and her delicate, blue-veined hands are lying in his broad, sunburnt palm. They have had a long talk, mother and son—one of those rare talks that have brought heart very near to heart. The mother's lips are tremulous, her eyes tearful. They have been talking about Barbara, and if the young man has given his all to the woman he hopes to make his wife, there is no jealousy in the heart that has loved him since the moment he was born.

"You don't know what she is, mother," he is saying. "I cannot tell you all, but she is an angel. I don't think there is any one like her. Barbara has saved me," he whispers very low, his sunny head bent. "I am going to be a good man, mother, for her sake, to fit myself to be her husband; and, God helping me, she will never have cause to blush for me again."

For a moment it seems to Mrs. Bouverie that there is bitterness in the thought of the easy victory won by a girl's love, the promises made that all her prayers and tears could not gain; but it is only for a moment. The mother-love crushes down every ungenerous thought, and it is a very tender, smiling face that lifted from the silk-trilled pillows.

"My boy, my son, you have made me very happy."

George stoops and kisses her. "Some day you will know how Barbara has saved me. Mother dear, I must not tire and worry you when you are so weak. I am going to turn over a new leaf and take to farming. Oh, you don't know all I am going to do!"—laughing as he speaks, a laugh that is a little tremulous because he feels like one who has been relieved.

George goes off to Portraven, still with that tremulous joy and relief in his heart, and feels very humble and thankful.

George goes to the bank, cashes a small cheque—a cheque that now he feels ashamed of because the money has been won from a bookmaker. However, it is the last time, he says to himself, pocketing the gold and leaving the bank. As he runs down the steps he comes face to face with Sebastian Saville. The two men nod to each other in the manner of those who foster a mutual dislike.

Afterwards they meet at the post-office, where George is dispatching a telegram. In fact, he is transmitting the sum of one hundred pounds through the postoffice by telegram. A little pile of yellow gold is handed in the office window. Sebastian stares, and George turns first crimson, then white, and his hands shake. He feels the eyes of Sebastian Saville on him, and his confusion increases.

Again the two men exchange hostile glances. George finishes his business and swings out of the postoffice. Mr. Saville buys some postage stamps, and goes out into the sunny street again.

(To be continued.)

WHEN A WOMAN WILLS.

Daring Deed of a Washington Dame with Social Aspirations.

People who go about and in society tell me that when a woman ardently desires to make herself one of the favored few of the smart set, there is really nothing she will stop at, and some of these same persons have been telling me this story in illustration of what they say. In high officialdom, says a writer in the Washington Post, is a little lady, dainty as a spring crocus, who was a member of the inner circle long before she became a part of officialdom. On one of her last reception days she was chatting with two cabinet women, when the servant announced the arrival of a woman who is struggling to get into things as never a social climber struggled before. The hostess knew her by sight merely, and had never so much as had a bowing acquaintance with her, but official people are used to seeing strangers at their receptions, and the lady of the house bowed with her usual graciousness. The climber's quick eye took in the situation. She saw the two cabinet women, and she knew they say her. She rose to the occasion in masterly fashion. "My dear Mrs. Blank," she said warmly, "I was so sorry not to have been at home when you called on Friday. It was so sweet of you to come so soon, and I do hope you will come in very often, informally, that way." And before the hostess had recovered from her surprise the climber had passed on, well content, for she had appeared in the presence of two cabinet women as the intimate friend of a lady who had never even set foot on her doorsteps.

A lady man's burdens are heavier on his mind; but your interest in your work and your work will soon be to your interest.

NOMINEES OF THE CONVENTION.

Biographical Sketches of Bryan and Stevenson.

LITHOGRAPHERS' STONE.

It is Found Mostly in the Kingdom of Bavaria.

The territory in and around the village of Solnhofen, in the Kingdom of Bavaria, forms the world's chief supply of lithographic stones, says United States Consul Weber, stationed at Nuremberg. The lithographic stone, near Montpelier, cannot compare with the solnhofen stones. Lithographic stone is nothing but a compact and homogeneous limestone, and the villages of Solnhofen, Moersheim and Langenlathem, with a population of about 8,000 inhabitants, lie right in the center of such limestone strata. These cover an area of about ten acres, of which the greater part has not yet been worked. The statement which is given out from time to time, mostly from interested parties, that the supply of Solnhofen stones is rapidly diminishing is therefore absolutely without foundation. These stones will not be exhausted for the next 300 years at least. Rumors of newly discovered litho-stone beds in other countries have so far proved to be untrue, or the stones found have turned out to be of little use. Nowadays, I hear, litho-stones must be of excellent quality in order to satisfy the requirements of the art. Many stones found at Solnhofen are laid aside as not coming up to the standard. These are sold to builders and are used for paving floors, etc. A scarcity, therefore, of superior lithographic stones, if it should ever arise, would have the effect of bringing into the market inferior stones. It is interesting to note that the stones here do not lie deep in the ground. In fact, only the earth and some rock have to be removed as a rule. The stones lie in layers and



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.



ADLAI EWING STEVENSON.

William Jennings Bryan's father, Silas L. Bryan, was born in Culpepper county, Virginia, at the base of the Blue Ridge mountains. He went to Illinois when a youth of 18, settling finally at Salem, on the edge of Egypt. Here he made a permanent home, became distinguished in public life, married and reared a family, of whom William Jennings Bryan was the fourth out of nine sons and daughters. In 1853 Silas Bryan married Mariah E. Jennings, who was born in Marion county, near Salem, in 1834. Judge Bryan's young bride was from a distinguished family in Marion coun-

removed to Lincoln, Neb., his present home. Some legal matters in Nebraska had required Mr. Bryan's personal attention. At his first visit to the state capital he was so pleased with the place that he made up his mind to remain there. He opened a law office in partnership with A. R. Talbot, who was a classmate of Mr. Bryan's in the law school.

From the outset of his Nebraska career Mr. Bryan took part in politics. In 1890 he was elected to congress from the first Nebraska district over W. J. Connell of Omaha. Mr. Bryan's political career really began with his nomination for congress. His success was rewarded at Washington, where Speaker Crisp gave him a place on the ways and means committee. Mr. Bryan's first speech in congress was delivered March 12, 1892.

At the next congressional session Mr. Bryan was reappointed on the ways and means committee, and rendered much service in subsequent legislation.

Early in 1894 he wrote a letter declining to again become a candidate for congressional honors. By this time he had become the recognized leader of the Nebraska Democracy. At the state convention, which met Sept. 23, 1894, Dr. Edwards of Lincoln placed Mr. Bryan in nomination for United States senator. Delegates from every section of the state seconded the nomination, and on the roll-call it was made unanimous. He was beaten in the legislature by Senator Thurston.

Four years ago he became a figure of national prominence at the Democratic national convention at Chicago, which nominated him for president of the United States. The stampede in favor of Mr. Bryan for the presidential nomination followed what was considered the greatest speech of his political career. The remarkable can-



BRYAN'S LINCOLN RESIDENCE.

vance that followed Mr. Bryan's nomination in 1896 is still fresh in the public mind.

In the stirring days of the Spanish-American war two years ago Mr. Bryan raised a regiment from his own state and was commissioned colonel. He served with his regiment in the south until the close of hostilities.

The Bryans live in a handsome house in one of the prettiest parts of Lincoln. Their children are Ruth, age 14; William J., Jr., age 10, and Grace, age 8. The study, in which both Colonel and Mrs. Bryan have desks, is filled with books, stationery and souvenirs of various campaigns. In the room are busts or portraits of Washington, Webster, Clay, Jefferson, Benton, Jackson, Lincoln, Douglas, Gladstone and one of Mrs. Bryan's father. Sketches of different kinds adorn the walls.

Adlai Ewing Stevenson, the Democratic nominee for vice president, was born in Christian county, Kentucky, Oct. 23, 1835. In 1852 he removed with his parents to Bloomington, Ill. Here he attended the public schools. His education was finished at Center College, Danville, Ky., and at the Illinois Wesleyan University. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1857. In 1864 he was chosen prosecuting attorney for the twenty-third judicial district. He was elected to congress as a currency reformer in 1874, and was re-elected to the forty-sixth congress. He served as first assistant postmaster-general during Mr. Cleveland's first term, and was elected vice president of the United States in 1892. He is a man of affairs, and also an excellent campaigner. As presiding officer of the United States senate he gained the friendship of all the members irrespective of party. He was among Mr. Bryan's most ardent supporters in



MRS. W. J. BRYAN.

The house where William Jennings Bryan was born March 19, 1860, is on Broadway, Salem. The house was originally built of logs, hewn by the elder Bryan's own hands. A few years later he began work on a substantial brick farmhouse about a mile east of Salem. This was the pride of Judge Bryan's life. Surrounded by 600 acres of splendid land, the brick mansion stands 500 feet back from the road and is approached by a private driveway, lined with six rows of maples. Judge Bryan set apart a space for a deer park and at the time of his death had a fine herd.

It was on this farm that young "Billy" Bryan spent the years of his boyhood. He has little early recollection of the house in which he was born, having left there when about 5 years old and moved to the farm. His chief sport when a boy was rabbit hunting and jumping. He is said to be still fond of both. After his graduation he won a prize for a standing jump, covering 12 feet 4 inches.



MRS. A. R. STEVENSON.

he graduated from the Illinois college at Jacksonville. He entered the law office of William Springer for a short time, and then went to Chicago for a two years' course at the Union College of Law. This was in 1881, and during the next two years he was in the office of the late Senator Lyman Trumbull, besides attending law classes. At the end of his Chicago course Mr. Bryan returned to Jacksonville and began practicing law with moderate success. He stayed at Jacksonville until October, 1887, when he



RUTH AND W. J. JUNIOR.

have simply to be taken carefully from the earth. The bulk of the ground beneath which the litho-stones lie belongs to the communities of Solnhofen and Moersheim, and therefore such gemeindebürger (homestead owner) of these communities has a share in the ground.

Chinese Words Monosyllabic.

However many syllables there may be in a Chinese place name it is composed of as many words as there are syllables, for all Chinese words are monosyllabic. If we know the meaning of even one of the words in a geographical name it helps to convey a definite idea. The words Ho and Kiang, for example, both mean "river," and when we see them on the map we know they refer to a river or stream. Many of the names of rivers are descriptive of them: Hoang Ho, for example, means "Yellow river"; Tsin Kiang means "Clear river." Observe how definite is the idea expressed in the name of each of the three rivers which converge upon Canton. One of them is the Si Kiang, or "West river," another the Pe Kiang, or "North river," the third is the Tung Kiang, or "East river." The names of these rivers tell the direction from which they come. They help to simplify the study of the geography of that part of China. When they unite they form Chu Kiang, or "Pearl river." The Chinese named their largest river in the north the Hoang Ho because it cuts its bed through yellow soil from which it derives its color. The yellow flood it pours into the sea colors that part of



MISS GRACE BRYAN.

(Aged 8.)

Cost of Elective Studies.

A short time ago the rector of Oxford University received from a man the following: "How much would I have to pay for the education of my son in your university? Let me know if I shall have to pay more in case my son, besides rowing, should wish to learn to read and write."

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)
He casts one quick look at Barbara's bent head and sees the tears dropping through her fingers, noticing her shoulders heaving with these sobs that should not be controlled.
She is cut up at leaving Bouverie, thinks Sebastian, who just touches her bent, dusky head with his fingers.
"Come out into the garden, Barbara; the servants are coming into the room to take away the things. Come."
His voice is kind, and Barbara, yearning for sympathy, goes.
"So you are going to be transported," Sebastian says, as she walks quickly at his side down a garden path bordered by thousands of mauve and white crocuses.
"Sebastian, you know it is not nonsense!" Barbara says, tragically. "Father says nothing, and your mother says play at being engaged if you like; but it is true—quite true. And father need not take me to Tasmania, for it will not make any difference!"—speaking vehemently in her excitement.
Sebastian stoops his dark head.
"You don't expect me to side with Bouverie? Barbara, you do not think I could do that?"
"I would if you were generous enough," breathes Barbara, her wet eyes seeing the crocus border blurred like a rain-bow mist. "Sebastian, you are my cousin, and I haven't a friend in the world!"
The man's dark face is inscrutable.
"I wouldn't give my faith to George Bouverie if I were you," he says slowly. "Barbara, I cannot be a hypocrite. I love you, but you shall not trade on my affection to help you to marry another man; for if I can help it you shall be no man's wife but mine."
The tears that had been welling up in Barbara's eyes are checked suddenly; a look of resolution comes over her troubled face.
"I will tell father everything, and he will understand," she says, almost hopefully. "After all, I think I am glad I am going; and it cannot make any real difference—we can wait."
"Yes, I dare say you will have plenty of waiting," Sebastian says, with sunny familiarity and an evil smile.
Barbara gives him one look from her tear-filled eyes—a look of anger and reproach—and without a word leaves him and walks back to the house.
Mrs. Saville does not think it necessary to inform Barbara that in the autumn Sebastian is to follow her across the sea. She pins great faith in distance and change of scene. In all human probability the silly love affair between Barbara and George Bouverie will die a natural death, and very few people marry their first lovers.
Sebastian will have a very good chance when he goes out to Tasmania, and the honeymoon can be the return journey. It is really a charming arrangement. Mrs. Saville feels quite pleased, and it is a great blessing that Barbara is taking it all so quietly.
By and by she comes into the morning room, where Mrs. Saville is writing lists and letters at a great rate. Barbara has on a pale gray coat and skirt, with a white silk waist and a great bunch of violets in her button-hole. She looks pale, but the grave mouth is firm.
"I am going to Portraven, Aunt Julia. I am going to meet George to say Good-by to him," she says, with an air of decision, as if opposition were to be expected.
But Mrs. Saville makes no objection. A parting scene between the lovers is inevitable, and the sooner it is over the better. Still Barbara lingers.
"Aunt Julia, I know quite well why father has sent for me. It is to try and make me forget George; but it will be no use. We are promised to each other. I cannot help it—I can never care for anyone else."
Her aunt looks at her, sees the rising agitation, and smiles.
"My dear Barbara, I have never attempted to dissuade you from engaging yourself to Mr. Bouverie if you choose, neither can I prevent you meeting him in Portraven and saying Good-by. You are old enough to know your own mind. I do not for one moment suppose your father will regard an engagement of that sort as anything in the least. I know he will not. You see, dear, I am quite candid, and I know that some day you will be very glad to have escaped matrimony with a very worthless young man."
"He is not worthless."
Barbara looks splendid in her indignation as she nobly champions her lover. Then she leaves the room, and walks down the gloomy, dimly lit passage, and out on the road, beneath the budding trees. Her step is light, and her dark-lashed eyes are full of hope.

haps before they meet again. "She will yearn for the touch of a vanished hand," she will long with a sick longing for the sound of his merry voice, the sight of his face.
"George," she whispers—and her voice is trembling—"my father has sent for me, and I am going to Tasmania."
"Going to Tasmania?"
In the face of his other hideous trouble, he hardly takes it in, and echoes her words mechanically.
"Yes," Barbara says, almost in her usual tones. "I am to sail immediately, and we have got to say Good-by."
Still George stares at her with his heavy eyes, that look as if they had long been strangers to sleep, and he seems as if he could not find anything to say.
But at last words come.
"My darling, my darling, it is better for you to go away, after all."
He is white as chalk as he gazes down at her; but Barbara is quite calm, and he is dimly conscious of a smile that is quivering and dancing in her eyes.
"George, I have something to say to you," Barbara says, and clasps both her hands upon his arm. "Come."
They walk down the road together. It is their last interview. How shall they crowd in all the vows and promises—the promises that are made when young hearts seem breaking?
It is over at last—the girl's face very tear-stained, and the man's pale with feeling.
"You have promised me," she is saying. "Swear it, George—you will never bet on a race again, for my sake, for my sake!"
"God helping me, I never will!" he says solemnly, his golden head bent over hers.

CHAPTER V.

When Barbara returns to the Court, with pale cheeks and without her bunch of violets, that repose in George Bouverie's pocketbook as a farewell souvenir, it is to find a scene of confusion and a group in the hall, consisting of the servants, and they are surrounding a central figure, which turns out to be Mrs. Saville lying on the floor.
A loose stair-rod has precipitated her down the stairs, with the result of a broken ankle.

The accident effectually puts a stop to the trip to London. When—with the aid of the coachman, Sebastian, and the cook—she has been conveyed up stairs, she turns to Barbara with a moan.
"I shall be tied here for weeks! I am suffering horribly! You must go to London with Sebastian."

"Don't worry about me, Aunt Julia," Barbara says, pitying the pain that is shown in the twitching face. "I can travel alone."

"Nonsense! As if Sebastian would allow such a thing! You can go straight to your Uncle Henry's, and Sebastian will see you safely on board. My foot is fearfully painful! I hope the doctor has been sent for."

"Yes, Sebastian rode off for him at once."

"Then you may go down stairs and send Mason to me. What a figure you look, Barbara! I suppose you have been having a scene with that young Bouverie!"

Barbara says nothing. Her spirit is in pain, and pain makes most people irritable; so she leaves the room, and prepares to continue her own packing, folding away her possessions with a strange sense of unreality, wondering idly what manner of life she will be living when her gowns see the light of day again.

It is all over at last! The lovers manage a last farewell, and then Barbara is gone, whirled away on the first part of the long voyage, to begin a life that to her will only be a time of probation till George Bouverie shall come and claim her.

Within a week Sebastian is home again, having seen Barbara safely on board, and started for Tasmania.
"She is a most extraordinary girl," he says, sitting by his mother's bedside, and giving her a report of his proceedings. "Just fancy! She would not buy a single thing for the voyage except a deck chair, a rug and some lavender water; and she insisted on traveling second class, though her father's friends were going first, and seemed greatly annoyed. They will, through Barbara's obstinacy, be unable to be of the slightest use to her during the voyage."

"What can she mean?" speculates Mrs. Saville, looking very grim and gray as she reclines on her pillows.
Sebastian shrugs his shoulders.
"Who can assign any reason for the vagaries of a woman's mind? That fool Bouverie came to the railway station, and they stared into each other's eyes like a couple of quails. I thought Barbara was going to have hysterics. Well, she has seen the last of him. If rumor is right, he has about come to the end of his tether. He looks bad enough, and it strikes me his expression spells ruin more than good at leaving a woman."

"If he is a fool," Mrs. Saville says, "it is a pity he should have married her."

"It is a pity," Mrs. Saville says, "that he should have married her."