

SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

CHAPTER XIV.

"Kate, I never saw a better fashion'd gown. More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable."

Taming of the Shrew.

This dressing of Lillian for the undoing of her cousin is a wonderful affair, and occupies a considerable time. Not that she spends any of it in a dainty hesitation over the choice of the gown fated to work his overthrow; all that has been decided on long ago, and the fruit of many days' deep thought now lies upon her bed, bearing in its every fold—in each soft fall of lace—all the distinguishing marks that stamp the work of the inimitable Worth.

At length—nurse having admired and praised her to her heart's content, and given the last fond finishing touches to her toilet—Miss Chesney stands arrayed for conquest. She is dressed in a marvellous robe of black velvet—cut a la Princess, simply fashioned, fitting a merveille,—being yet in mourning for her father. It is a little open at the throat, so that her neck—soft and fair as a child's—may be partly seen (looking all the whiter for the blackness that frames it in) and has the sleeves very tight and ending at the elbow, from which rich folds of Mechlin lace hang downwards. Around her throat are a narrow band of black velvet and three little strings of pearls that once had been her mother's. In her amber hair a single white rose nestles sleepily.

Standing erect before her glass she contemplates herself in silence,—marks the snowy loveliness of her neck, and arms, her slender hands (on one of which Guy's ring is sparkling brilliantly), her rippling yellow hair in all its unstudied sleekness, the tender, exquisite face rose-flushed, and looking gladly upon it all,—for very love of it,—stoops forward and presses a kiss upon the delicate beauty that smiles back upon her from the mirror.

"How do I look, nurse?" she asks, turning with a whimsical grace to the woman who is regarding her with loving admiration. "Shall we captivate our cousin?"

"Ay; so I think, my dear," replies nurse, quietly. "Were you willing, my beauty, I might sure you could coax the birds off the bushes?"

"You are an old dear," says Miss Chesney, tenderly, pressing her own cheek, soft with youth's down, against the wrinkled one near her. "But I must go and show myself to Taffy."

So saying, she opens the door, and trips away from Mrs. Tippi's adoring eyes, down the corridor, until she steps at Taffy's door.

"Taffy!"

"Yes." The answer comes in muffled tones.

"May I come in?"

"Yes," still more muffled.

Turning the handle of the door, Lillian enters, to find Mr. Musgrave in his shirt-sleeves before a long mirror, struggling with his hair, which is combed straight over his forehead.

"It won't come right," he says, casting a heart-rending glance at Lillian, who laughs with most reprehensible cruelty, considering the situation.

"I am glad to find you are not quite suffocated," she says. "From your tone, I prepared myself—outside—for the worst. Here, bend your head, you hopeless boy, and I will do it for you."

Taffy kneeling before her submissively, she performs her task deftly, successfully, and thereby restores peace once more to the bosom of the dejected dragon.

"You should hire me as your valet," she says, lightly: "when you are away from me, I am afraid to think of all the sufferings you must undergo. Are you enter to your mind now, Taffy?"

"Oh, I say! what a swell you are!" says that young man, when he is sufficiently recovered to glance around. "I call that right-downright fetching. Where did you get that from?"

"Straight from Monsieur Worth," returns Lillian, with pardonable pride, when one remembers what a success she is, drawing up her slim young figure, to its fullest height, and letting her white hands fall clasped before her, as she poses for well-earned admiration. "Is not it pretty? And doesn't it fit like a glove?"

"It does. It gives you really a tolerably good figure," with all a brother's calm impertinence, while examining her critically. "You have got yourself up, regardless, so I suppose you mean mischief."

"Well, if this doesn't soften his heart, nothing will," replies Miss Chesney, vainly, regarding her velvet, and alluding, as Musgrave well knows, to her cousin Archibald. "You really think I look nice, Taffy? You think I am chic?"

"I do, indeed. I am not a judge of woman's clothing, but I like black velvet, and when I have a wife she shall wear nothing else. I would say more in your favor, but that I fear over-much praise might have a bad effect upon you, and cause you to die of your own dear loveliness."

"Mechant!" says Lillian, with a charming pout. "Never mind, I know you admire me intensely."

"Have I not said so in the plainest Queen's English? But that time has fatally revealed to me the real character of the person standing in those costly garments, I feel I should fall madly in love with you to-night."

"Silly child!"—burning up her small nose with immeasurable disdain,—"do you think I would deign to accept your boyish homage? No; I like men! Indeed!"—with disgraceful effection,—"I think it my duty to warn you not to waste time burning your foolish fingers at my shrine."

She moves him aside with one small finger, the better to see how charming she is in another glass. This one reveals to her all the sweetness she has seen before,—and something more. Scarcely has she glanced into it, when her complexion, that a moment since was a soft and lovely pink, changes suddenly, and flames into a deep crimson.

There, at the farthest end of the long room reflected in the glass,—staring—back at her,—coatless, motionless, with a brush suspended from each hand, stands a man, lost in wonder and most flattering astonishment.

Miss Chesney, turning round with a start, finds that this vision is not belonging to the other world, but is a real bona fide creature of flesh and blood,—a young man, tall, broad-shouldered, and very dark.

For a full minute they stare silently at

each other, oppressed with thoughts widely different in character, while Taffy remains blissfully ignorant of the situation, being now engaged in a desperate conflict with a refractory tie. Then one of the brushes falls from the stranger's hands, and the spell is broken. Miss Chesney, turning impetuously proceeds to pour out the vials of her wrath upon Taffy.

"I think you might have told me," she said, in clear angry tones, casting upon him a glance meant to wither. But Mr. Musgrave distinctly refuses to be withered.

"Eh? What? By Jove!" he says, vaguely, as the awful truth dawns upon him. Meanwhile Lillian sweeps majestically to the door, her velvets trailing behind her. All her merry kittenish ways have disappeared; she walks as a young queen might who has been grossly affronted in open court.

"Give you my honor I quite forgot him," murmurs Taffy, from the spot where he is rooted through sheer dismay. His tones are dismal in the extreme, but Miss Chesney disdains to hear or argue, and, going out, closes the door with such determination behind her. The stranger, suppressing a smile, stoops to pick up the fallen brush, and the scene is at an end.

Down the stairs, full of vehement indignation, goes Lillian, thoughts crowding upon her thick and heavy. Could anything be more unfortunate! Just when she had got herself up in the most effective style,—just when she had hoped, with the aid of this velvet gown, to make a pleasing and delightful *entree* into his presence in the drawing-room below,—she had been led into making his acquaintance in Taffy's bedroom! Oh! horror! She has been face to face with him in his shirt-sleeves, with his odious brushes in his hands, and a stare of undeniable surprise upon his hateful face! Oh! it is insupportable!

And what was it she said to Taffy? What did she do? Hastily her mind travels backward to the conversation that has just taken place.

First, she combed Taffy's hair. Oh! miserable girl! She closes two azure eyes with two slender fingers from the light of day, as this thought occurs to her. Then, she smirked at her own graceless image in Taffy's glass, and made all sorts of conceited remarks about her personal appearance, and then she said she hoped to subjugate "him."

What "him" could there be but this one? and of course he knows it. Oh! unhappy young woman!

As for Taffy, bad, bad boy that he is, never to give her a hint. Vengeance surely is in store for him. What right had he to forget? If there is one thing she detests, it is a person devoid of tact. If there is one thing she could adore, it would be the power to shake the wretched Taffy out of his shoes.

What is there left to her but to gain her room, plead bad headache, and spend the remainder of the evening in retirement? In this mood she gains the drawing-room door, and, hesitating before it, thinks better of the solitary-confinement idea, and, entering the room, seats herself in a cosy chair and prepares to meet her fate with admirable calmness.

Dinner is ready,—waiting,—and still no Archibald. Then there is a step in the hall, the door is thrown open, and he enters, as much hurried as it is possible for a well-bred young man to be in this nineteenth century.

Lady Chetwoode instantly says, with old-fashioned grace, the sweeter that it is somewhat obsolete,—

"Lillian, permit me to introduce to you your cousin, Archibald Chesney."

Whereupon Lillian bows coldly and refuses to meet her cousin's eyes, while kind Lady Chetwoode thinks it is a little stiff of the child, and most unlike her, not to shake hands with her own kin.

An awkward pause is almost inevitable, when Taffy says out loud, to no one in particular, but with much gusto,—

"How odd it is they should never have seen each other until now!" after which he goes into silent agonies of merriment over his own wit, until brought to his senses by an annihilating glance from Lillian.

The dinner-hour is remarkable for nothing except Lillian's silence. This, being so utterly unexpected, is worthy of note. After dinner, when the men gain the drawing-room, Archibald, coming over, deliberately pushes aside Miss Chesney's velvet skirts, and seats himself on the low ottoman beside her with modest determination.

Miss Chesney, raising her eyes, regards him curiously.

He is tall, and eminently gloomy in appearance. His hair is of a rare blackness, his eyes are dark, so is his skin. His eyebrows are slightly arched, which gives him an air of melancholy protest against the world in general. His nose is of the high and mighty order that comes under the denomination of aquiline, or hooked, as may suit you best. Before his arrival Cyril used to tell Lillian that if Nature had meant him for anything it was to act as brigand in a private theatre; and Lillian, now calling to mind this remark, acknowledges the truth of it, and almost laughs in the face of her dark-browed cousin. Nevertheless she refrains from outward mirth, which is wisdom on her part, as ridicule is his *bete noire*.

Despite the extreme darkness of his complexion he is unmistakably handsome, though somewhat discontented in expression. Why, no one knows. He is rich, courted, as are all young men with a respectable rent-roll, and might have made many a titled *debutante* Mrs. Chesney had he so chosen. He has not even a romantic love-affair to fall back upon as an excuse for his dejection; no unfortunate attachment has arisen to sour his existence. Indeed, it is seldom the owner of landed property has to complain on this score, all such luxuries being reserved for the poor of the earth.

Archibald Chesney's gloom, which is becoming if anything, does not sink deeper than his skin. It gives a certain gentleness to his face, and prevents the ignorant from guessing that he is one of the wildest, maddest young men about London. Lillian regarding him with quiet scrutiny, decides that he is good to look at, and that his eyes are peculiarly large and dark.

"Are you angry with me for what happened up-stairs?" he asks, gently, after a pause spent in as earnest an examination of her as any she has bestowed upon him.

"Up-stairs?" says Lillian, with raised

brows of inquiry and carefully studied ignorance.

"I mean my unfortunate *rencontre* with you in Musgrave's room."

"Oh, dear, no," with clear denial. "I seldom grow angry over trifles. I have not thought of it since." She utters her fib bravely, the truth being that all during dinner she has been consumed with shame.

"Have you not? I have. I have been utterly miserable ever since you bestowed that terrible look upon me when your eyes first met mine. Won't you let me explain my presence there? I think if you do 'ou will forgive me."

"It was not your fault; there is nothing about which you need apologize," says Lillian; but her tone is more cordial, and there is the faintest dimpling of a smile around her mobile lips.

"Nevertheless I hate myself in that I caused you a moment's uneasiness," says Mr. Chesney, that being the amiable word he employs for her ill temper. "I shall be discontented until I tell you the truth: so pray let me."

"Then tell it," says Lillian.

"I have a man, a perfect treasure, who can do all that man can possibly do, who is in fact faultless,—but for one small weakness."

"And that is?"

"Like Mr. Stiggins, his vanity is—brandy hot. Now and then he drinks more of it than is good for him, though to do him justice not very often. Once in six months, regular as clock-work, he gets hopelessly drunk, and just now the time being up, he, of course, chose this particular day to make his half-yearly exhibition of himself, and, having imbibed brandy *ad lib.*, forgot to bring himself and my traps to Chetwoode in time for the first dressing-bell."

"What a satisfactory sort of servant!" "He is very, when he is sober—absolutely invaluable. An then his little mistakes occur so seldom. But I wish he had not chosen this night of all others in which to play me false. I don't know what I should have done had I not thrown myself upon Musgrave's mercy and borrowed his brushes and combs and implements of war generally. As it was, I had almost given up hope of being able to reach the drawing-room at all to-night, when just at the last moment my 'treasure' arrived with my things and—any amount of concealed spirits. Do I bore you with my explanation? It is very good of you to listen so patiently, but I should have been too unhappy had I been prevented from telling you all this."

"I think, after all, it is I should explain my presence in that room," says Lillian, with a gay, irresistible laugh that causes Guy, who is at the other end of the room, to lift his head and regard her anxiously.

He is sitting near Florence on a sofa (or rather, to speak more correctly, she is sitting near him), and is looking bored and *gene*. Her laugh pains him unaccountably; glancing next at her companion he marks the still admiration in the dark face as it gazes into her fair one. Already—already—he is surely *empress*.

"But the fact is," Lillian is saying, "I have always been in the habit of visiting Taffy's room before he has quite finished his dressing, to see if there be any little final touch required that I might give him. Did you meet him in London?"

"No; never saw him until a couple of hours ago. Very nice little fellow, I should say. Cousin of yours?"

"Yes; isn't he a pet?" says Lillian, eagerly, always glad to hear praise of her youthful plunger. "There are very few like him. He is my nearest relative, and you can't think how I love that boy."

"That boy! I, I should say, older than you are."

"Ye—es," doubtfully, "so he says: about a year, I think. Not that it matters," says Miss Chesney, airily, "as in reality I am any number of years older than he is. He is nothing but a big child, so I have to look after him."

"You have, I suppose, constituted yourself his mother?" asks Archibald, intensely amused at her pretty assumption of maternity.

"Yes," with a grave nod, "or his elder sister, just a life I feel it my duty at the moment to pet or scold him."

"Happy Taffy!"

"Not that he gives me much trouble. He is a very good boy generally."

"He is a very handsome boy, at all events; you have reason to be proud of your child. I am your cousin also."

"Yes."

A pause, after which Mr. Chesney says, meekly,—

"I suppose you would not take me as a second son?"

"I think not," says Lillian, laughing: "you are much too important a person and far too old to be either petted or scolded."

"That is very hard lines, isn't it? You might say anything you liked to me, and I am almost positive I should not resent it. And if you will be kind enough to turn your eyes on me once more I think you will acknowledge I am not so very old."

"Too old for me to take in hand. I doubt you would be an unruly member,—a *mauvais sujet*—a disgrace to my teaching. I should lose caste. At dinner I saw you frown, and frowns—with a coquettishly plaintive sigh—"frighten me!"

"Do you imagine me brutal enough to frown upon my mother?—and such a mother?"

"Nevertheless I cannot undertake your reformation. You should remember you are scarcely in my good books. Are you not a usurper in my eyes? Have you not stolen from me my beloved Park?"

"Ah! true. But you can have it back again, you know," returns he, in a low tone, half jest, though there is a faint undercurrent—that is almost earnestness—running through it.

At the moment Lady Chetwoode saves Lillian the embarrassment of a reply.

"Sing us something, darling," she says.

him presently with a smile full of kindness, that claims and obtains an answering smile in return.

"Have I ever seen that gown on you before?" he asks after a pause.

"No. This dress is without doubt an eminent success, as everybody admires it. No; you never saw it before. Do you like it?"

"More than I can say. Lillian, you have formed your opinion of your cousin, and— you like him?"

"Very much, indeed. He is handsome, *debonnaire*, all that may be desired, and— he quite likes Taffy."

"A passport to your favor," says Chetwoode, smiling. "Though no one could help liking the boy." Then his eyes seeking her hands once more, fasten upon the right one, and he sees the ring he had placed upon the third finger a few hours before now glitters bravely upon the second.

The discovery causes him a pang so keen that involuntarily he draws himself up to his full height, and condemns himself as a superstitious fool. As if she divines his thought,—though in reality she knows nothing of it,—Lillian says, gazing admiringly at the glittering trinket in question,—

"I think your ring grows prettier and prettier every time I look at it. But it would not stay on the finger you chose: while I was dressing it fell off: so, fearing to lose it, I slipped it upon this one. It looks as well, does it not?"

"Yes," says Chetwoode, though all the time he is wishing with all his heart it had not fallen from the engagement finger. When we love we grow fearful; and with fear there is torment.

"Why don't you ask Florence to sing?" asks Archibald, suddenly.

Archibald Chesney has risen and lounged over to the piano, and now is close beside her. To Guy's jealous ears it seems as though the remark was made to rid her of his presence.

"Because I detest French songs," he answers, somewhat sharply,—Miss Beauchamp being addicted to such foreign music.

"Do you?" says Lillian laughing at his tone, which she fully understands, and straightway sings one (the gayest, brightest, most nonsensical to be found in her repertoire) in her sweet, fresh voice, glancing at him with a comical challenge in her eyes every time the foolish yet tender refrain occurs.

When she had finished she says to him santly,—

"Well, Sir Guy?"

And he answers,—

"I am vanquished, utterly convinced. I confess I now like French songs as well as any others."

"I like them ten times better," says Archibald, impulsively, "when they are sung by you. There is a *je-ne-sais-quoi* about them that other songs lack. Have you any more? Do you know any of Gounod's? I like them, though they are of such a different style."

"They are rather beyond me," says Lillian, laughing. "But hear this: it is one of Beranger's, very simply set, but I think pretty."

This time he sings to him,—unmistakably a soft little Norman love-song, full of grace and tenderest entreaty, bestowing upon him all the beguiling smiles she had a moment since given exclusively to her guardian, until at length Sir Guy, muttering "coquette" to his own heart, turns aside, leaving Chesney master of the field.

Lillian, turning from her animated discussion with Archibald, follows his departing footsteps with her eyes, in which lies a faintly malicious smile; an expression full of suppressed enjoyment curves her lips; she is evidently satisfied at his abrupt retreat, and continues her interrupted conversation with her cousin in still more joyous tones. Perhaps this is how she means to fulfil her mysterious threat of "showing" Sir Guy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW A HERD IS ROUNDED UP.

It is Effected by Means of Long Days of Hard Riding.

The general round-up of a district requires from sixty to one hundred cowboys and from three hundred to five hundred cow-punches. Two or three big wagons, filled with bedding and cooking and camp utensils, accompany the round-up over mountains and across valleys and bad lands.

The entire district is ridden over thoroughly by the cowboys. Gulches, canyons, draws, sagebrush bottoms, cotton-wood groves, bad lands, in fact every foot of the district is explored and every head of stock driven to the daily camp of the round-up. Viewed from the hills fringing some vast valley a round-up, with its circling cowboy riders, big herds of noisy cattle, bands of led horses for the riders and the wild Western landscape of far-stretching plain and distant mountain, combine to make a thrilling and picturesque scene.

Fifty or sixty miles of hard riding a day is the average distance covered by a cowboy during the round up. Five or seven horses are in his string. Tough and wiry as they are, the fierce chasing over broken, rough and stony country uses them up and for a time takes the spirit out of them. No day's riding is too hard, however, to keep a cowboy out of a race if one is proposed. No cavalry charge could be a more spirited sight than that of a line of cowboys, every man yelling like an Indian and every horse doing his best in a half-mile race across some level stretch of soft prairie. There is quick work to be done when some mother and calf too weak to be driven with the herd are found. A couple of ropes thrown around the head and legs of the lusty young calf hold it to the ground. A fire of sage brush or drift-wood heats the branding irons to a dull red and the cabalistic signs which mark the ownership of the victim are burned irradially into the animal's quivering sides.

There are but two meals a day on the round-up. Breakfast is long before sun up and dinner when the day's work is over. After dinner is a period of enjoyment. The appetites, sharpened by fifty or sixty miles hard riding, have been appeased with bacon, potatoes, hot biscuit and coffee. Unlucky candidates for the duties of night herd have gone swearing and grumbling from the camp to their lonesome duties, and there is nothing to do but talk over the day's adventures, smoke and tell stories. The anticipated routing out at 4 o'clock the next morning cuts short the evening's pleasures, and by the time dusk changes into the early darkness of the spring night beds are pulled from the baggage wagon and the camp is asleep.

INDIANS KILL INDIANS.

Trouble on Sorrow Island—A Daring Party Completely Annihilated.

A Vancouver, B.C., despatch says:—Stanley Smith, who arrived here from Bella Coola a few days ago, brings word that rumors are in circulation in that district of a terrible Indian massacre that took place a few weeks ago on Sorrow Island. Some Rivers Inlet Indians went there to hunt otter, and on the island were some of the Kitkatalas tribe, further north, also hunting. The story is that a Rivers Inlet man molested a Kitkatala girl. Her tribe avenged the insult by killing the offending man. A general fight ensued, and the Rivers Inlet men were vanquished. All were killed with the exception of three chiefs, who were spared because of their rank. These chiefs were imprisoned in a hut. The victorious Indians held a powwow and it was decided that if the Rivers Inlet chiefs were allowed to return, their tribesmen would avenge themselves. So it was decided to act on the maxim "dead men tell no tales." They were therefore shot to death. The story was told to Smith by some Indians, and he also heard it mentioned by several of the crew of the steamer Coquillon, which had just returned from a fishing cruise in the locality. Sorrow Island is quite distant from any trading post, so that it is probable the affair will not become generally known for several weeks. The Indian agent at Albert Bay has been notified of the matter, and he is making an investigation.

The World's Coal Supply.

One of the greatest authorities on coal, Herr Nasse, the official mining expert of Prussia, has just published the result of his long investigations as to the probable duration of the coal strata of the world. He believes that the next five or six centuries will exhaust the coal of Europe; that the supply of Austria-Hungary, France, and Belgium will be the first to give out; that the coal mines of Great Britain will be exhausted next, and finally those of Germany. Herr Nasse does not believe the American product will outlast that of Europe. There are, however, sources of supply which do not enter into these calculations, and may take out the world's coal resources for some centuries longer. Coal is found in many of the newer parts of the world. Recent discoveries encourage the belief that other finds of importance may be made as exploration goes on. It is only within the past few months that we have heard, upon good authority, that along the northern bank of the Zambesi River, about three hundred miles from its mouth, are some thousands of square miles of bituminous coal lands. The coal is said to be of excellent quality and well adapted for the furnaces of ocean steamers. It is only four years since it was discovered that in the Chinde branch of the Zambesi delta, ocean and river vessels may meet; and Mr. Rankin says that the product of the new found coal fields may very cheaply be placed in the holds of ocean steamers.

We know just enough about the coal fields of the middle and upper Yangtze Valley in China, to be able to assert with confidence that they are among the greatest in the world. It has been asserted that the Yangtze-Kiang coal fields can supply the entire needs of the world for many generations. Thus far this great source of wealth has availed even China very little; the native methods of mining are very rude. The coal resources of our own continent are still very imperfectly understood. Not many years ago it was thought that the long, cold winters and the almost total lack of timber for fuel were an unsurmountable obstacle in the way of colonizing the Canadian Northwest. Then came the discoveries of coal in southwestern Alberta, British Columbia, and along the northern branch of the Saskatchewan River. The fuel question was solved. Canada has coal for her own use and for export. The known area of our coal lands, still almost untouched, is as great as that of the United States and it is reasonably certain that coal will be found in large quantities in the Peace River region, where petroleum will be among the products of the future. There are many thousands of acres of coal in Alaska, and coal mining will soon be an important industry of that Territory. The Alaska Coal Company, which is about to begin mining on a large scale, says it can make a good profit by selling the product in San Francisco at \$2.50 to \$4 a ton. The company's property is in Cook's Inlet, and the coal, semi-bituminous in character, lies in veins of six to eight feet in thickness. It is a good deal more likely that, in the progress of knowledge, a desirable substitute for coal as a heat producer may be discovered, than that the world will be panic stricken on account of the exhaustion of its coal supply; besides, we may draw for coal upon regions still little known, for centuries after our present sources of supply give out.

An Awful Accident.

A British Columbia paper says:—A horrible accident occurred on board the steamer Nelson on a recent run down Kootenay Lake. A man named McDermott, one of a party of three prospectors, tried to steal a ride on the boat and avoided the purser on his rounds. One of the slight wooden railings on the upper deck was found broken, and on looking below at the stern of the boat alongside the paddlebox, the bulk-head was found to be stove in and portions of a human skull were discovered. It is supposed the man, who was not sober, tried to get down and the rail giving way he fell on the crank arm of the paddle wheel, and after being crushed by a few revolutions was pushed overboard. No sign of the body existed and the wash from the wheel had obliterated all traces of blood, etc. Captain Morris states that this is the only accident that has occurred in connection with the steamer.

The steamer La Bourgogne which sailed on Saturday from New York for Havre carried \$1,000,000 gold.

Late reports from the gold mine of Mount Morgan, in Queensland, Australia, the richest in the world, show that the prospecting which has been carried on makes it evident that gold bullion to the value of scores of millions of dollars will be taken from this deposit before it is exhausted. Ten years ago the entire hill which goes by the name of Mount Morgan was sold for \$3200. Since that time it has paid in dividends to the stockholders in the company that own the mine more than \$15,000,000.