A DEFIANT BEAUTY.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, who shall lightly say that Fame
Is nothing but an empty name!"

As the pretty heroine of the hour drew her bow for the last time across her fiddle, and beat her swift retreat, under corver of well deserved applause that greeted her artistic finish, a tall, loosely built man, who had been speechlessly attentive all through her playing, turns suddenly to his companion—a man also :

"Professional?" asks he, as if a little puzzled.

"Good Heavens, no!" says Sir John Amory, with a slight laugh. "Though, after all, your question should not so much surprise me. She can play, can't she?"

"Play! It was astonishing! Not professional then?" There is a touch of relief in his tone. A professional, and such a one and he not to know it! No, the world has not come to an end yet.

"Mere amateur. Do you mean to say you have not heard her before? Your ignorance, my dear Barbour, is astounding. Not to know her argues yourself unknown. Why, where have you been, man, not to have seen her, here or there throughout the season?"

"Can't bear crushes: very seldom go to them," says Barbour, as if in self-defence. "And I suppose she never gets out of strictly proper society grooves. Who is she? It is difficult to believe she is only that inconsequent creature—the amateur."

"The orthodox reading of that word is certainly a libel on her—but she must plead guilty to it, for all that. She is the Hon. Eleanor Fairfax, granddaughter of old Lord Carbyne, and heiress to his immense wealth."

"An heiress, and a fiddler!" says Barbour, with a groan.

"I can see how you regard it. Yes; quite an important little person in herself, even if you leave out the marvellous gift."

"But what a betise; Mother Nature should be ashamed of herself," says the big man, with an angry shake of his leonine head. "I could have made that girl's fortune, and here she has one without my aid. It is an act of unparalleled injustice."

"Tut, you can never take your mind off the boards," says Sir John Amory, lightly. "You would not let the poor rich folk have any of the tit-bits of life. Pray try to come down for a moment or two to our poor level, and see that talent may occasionally be of service to a private individual, though she may not need to make her living out of it."

"I have come down," says Barbour quaintly, "yet I cannot help thinking how immeasurably of greater use a genius such as hers might be to a poor devil without a farthing." There is some honest feeling in his words, though they are uttered jestingly. An excellent actor for many years, until circumstances compelled him to leave the stage, he is now the lessee of one of the most popular theaters in town, an authority among the artistic lot, and a man sought after by fashionable London. A kindly man, with a heart as large as his body—which is saying a good deal.

Sir John, a young man of thirty or thereabouts, laughs a little.

"You evidently grudge Miss Fairfax, the divine spark," says he. "Don't tell her so, she might not forgive you. The Fairfax blood is famous for its warmth, and she was born with a goodly heritage I hear, so far as temper goes."

"I grudge her nothing," says Barbour; "I only say to myself, 'There goes a comfortable competence for somebody,' and it is absorbed by a little girl who doesn't want it at all; a rich little girl, and one with beauty thrown into her bargain."

"It certainly sounds unfair as you put it."

"It is monstrous! And Paganini in petticoats, and all for nothing."

"Not quite that. Miss Fairfax draws the chief pleasure of her life from her talent"——

"Genius, my dear fellow!"

"And manages besides to soothe the temper of that terrible old pagan grandfather of hers, by means of it. His evil moods are proverbial, and she and her violin alone can sometimes induce him to listen to reason."

"We are determined to turn her into a boy," says Barbour laughing. "First, I make her a Paganini, and now you would have her play David to your Saul. An absurd conceit! I dare say something might be made of it," musing.

"Oh, don't" says Amory, with an imploring gesture; "forget the beloved stage for a moment or two."

"Right—right," says Barbour, who is the soul of good humor. "Laugh and grow fat," says a merry old sage, and truly his wisdom has been exemplified in the person of this stout "merryman," who is of a girth that might well by Dominie Sampson have been called "Prodeagious." "Still," says he, "you must confess yourself that she lends herself to the ideal! That little clipped head of hers, with its crisp locks, might well be a boy's; truly, 'tis a shame," says he, stroking his beard. "Beauty and genius, both to find shelter under that one small roof!"

"A well thatched one!" says Amory. "Her cousin, Miss Sylvester, you know her, I think? She is wonderfully fond of her." It would seem as though, in Sir John's opinion, to be admired by Miss Sylvester is a passport to all the virtues.

"Miss Sylvester her cousin! Oh, ho! she has another cousin, then," as if recollection suddenly returns to him. "Colonel Dalrymple—man in the Life Guards."

"You know him?"

"Very well, indeed. Engaged to her, isn't he?"

"As for that no one is quite sure. At all events if there is an engagement it can only be in the first stage. However, the world talks of it. The old man, Lord Carbyne, is all for it, and as he is an arbitrary old person, and she is absolutely dependent upon him, I daresay it will come off."

"Not if she is inclined to rebel," says Barbour, having in his mind that small mutinous face, that but a few moments since held all the room in silence.

"I don't fancy for that matter that there is much love lost between them," says Amory, with a shrug, "on her part at all events. But a 'little aversion,' you know, is generally supposed to be an excellent ingredient in the commencement of a matrimonial career, and I darsay she will give in in the end, like most women. Persistency is the thing that conquers them. They would do anything rather than be worried."

"Would they ?" says Barbour, who seems amused. "Most sapient sage! where did you gain your depths of knowledge?"

"Not from you, at all events," says Sir John, laughing who evidently regards Barbour with a curious affection. "You, who believe in everything and everybody. Well, she is a quaint little creature anyway; so perverse! The very fact that her grandfather wishes her to marry her cousin would no doubt militate against his chances. She is all for fame, and glory, and violin."

"It is interesting. One would like to keep an eye on her, to follow it to the end, says Barbour.

"The law does not forbid such mild inspection," says Amory. "Keep your eye on her by all means if it so pleases you."

"In the event of her quarrelling with her grandfather, she would be left to her own resources ?"

"Quite so. Not a penny can be hers unless the old man so wills it."

"There will probably be an entr'acte," says Barbour slowly.

"Dear me, no;" says Amory easily. "How stagey you always are! Poverty is so painful a thing that she will probably do anything to escape it."

"You have not taken her chin and her violin into consideration," says Barbour mildly. "I tell you, it will be interesting. I should esteem it an honor if I might be introduced to her."

"An eye to future possibilities?" says Amory, with an amused glance. "The world is right, you are a great man! 'An opportunity once lost, says the moral copybook, "is never to be regained.' You lose no time. You believe you will have this distinguished young violinist on your hands before long."

"I hope not," says Barbour gravely. "But if ever it was in my power to give her a helping hand, I should like to do it. From all you have told me, it is possible she may come to loggerheads with her grandfather."

"Always the dramatic instinct; you are incurable," says Amory, shaking his head.

"Well," says Barbour, apologetically, "I only think that she is young, pretty and rebellious, if I am not an utter duffer about humanity. And I have helped many a one to a good living, or to—home again, as the case might be."

"I know—I know," says Amory, who indeed knows of many a case where Barbour has been as an angel unawares.

"You will introduce me," says the latter, breaking through the other's memories.

"With pleasure! She has a craze for 'the profession,' as you call yours, so you may be sure of a pretty welcome. Come—this way—I saw her just now, going with Dicky Sylvester toward the supper room."

CHAPTER III.

"I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will; and having my will, I should be contented, and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it."

"No, grandpapa, I will not!"

"And I tell you, you shall!"

"You tell me a great deal," says Miss Fairfax, with a little scornful smile.

"Sit down, Eleanor. I insist upon settling this matter once for all. Your cousin is not only willing to give in to my whim and marry you, but is violently attached to you."

"Pshaw!" says Miss Fairfax, promptly, and with much eloquence.

"Don't attempt to 'Pshaw' me!" roars Lord Carbyne, now thoroughly incensed, and started with every favorable symptom on the road to a fine rage. "Do you think a little absurd girl like you is to frustrate a plan of mine? I tell you, I've set my heart on this marriage; I can't last long, and there isn't a soul in this world to receive you when I am gone. Therefore,"—striking his crutch upon the ground—"marry you must, in my lifetime, that I may be sure of your welfare before giving myself up to the worm."

There is extreme kindness, and love and longing in this speech, but, unfortunately, all are marred by the fierceness which he utters it.

"I can take care of myself," says she, sullenly—poking her small foot to and fro across a dark patch in the turkey carpet.

"That is what you can't do—you, with your infer—— a— ahem——: I never saw a girl who could put me out so much as you do. You can't take care of yourself. Your sole longing is to get away from civilized life, and try your fortune on the stage."

"Oh, no, not the stage," says she.

"Stage—concert room—it is all the same. You fancy you have genius because you can bring out a decent note or two from that fiddle of yours; but I can tell you"——

"Well, if you despise my fiddle," says she, catching up that beloved friend, and preparing to beat an indignant retreat, "you certainly can't want to hear it to-day; so there was little use in my coming. And what a story teller you must be, grandpapa," turning flashing eyes on him, "to pretend, so often as you have done, that you found pleasure in my playing."

"That's one thing, to please an old man; to please a cultured public quite another. There! where are you going, Eleanor? Sit down again, I say. You have not at all understood me about this proposal of Noel's."

"Good Heaven's, what is there to understand?" says she, with a stamp of her foot. "You want me to marry him; I don't want to marry him. There it all lies in the palm of your hand. Quite a little affair; and the victory lies with me. Marry him I never shall."

"Then I shall disinherit you," cries her grandfather, hitting the ground with his crutch. "You understand that, too, I hope. Not a penny—not a penny."

"I don't care," says she, after one long minute. "I still have this," tapping her violin.

"Well—take it—and go; I've done with you See what that precious bit of wood will do for you," says he, still in a fury of anger and disappointment. "See if it will bring so much grist to the mill as will compensate you for Carbyne Castle, and all its lands."

"You are rather vulgar, do you know, grandpapa?" says she, gathering up her violin and moving toward the door. "There must have been a wealthy bourgeois somewhere in your family. You think money is everything. I don't. You have threatened me; you have said you will disinherit me; you sha'n't do that twice."

"I don't suppose I shall," says he with a chuckle. "You will reconsider it, and give up playing the fool."

"I certainly sha'n't marry Noel—if that is what you mean."

"But why not? What is there against him? He is young, handsome, rich"——

"Possibly nothing. He may be immaculate for all I know—or care. The fact remains that I don't want to marry any one I am"—pausing, and giving a tragic tone to her voice—"married already!"

"What!" roars the old man.

"To this; to my violin," says she, laughing in spite of herself, and laying her lovely flushed cheek with ineffable grace upon the beautiful instrument pressed against her heart.

"A truce to such rubbish," says Lord Carbyne. "There, go. Quit my sight. You have heard my decision. Think it over, I advise you."

"I am not easily frightened," says she in a low, curious tone. In truth, just now, it seems to her that it would be a sweet experience to find herself alone in the world, with her violin for a sole friend. With it to carve a fortune. That strange man, Mr. Barbour, had hinted to her of delightful possibilities on that night before she left town, now a fortnight ago. The cool freshness of the country had not killed the longing to which his words had given life. Oh! to be free; penniless, indeed, but with a fortune before her, and a wild hope that, in time, the breath of fame might yet descend upon her head. To escape, too, from an enforced marriage!—and, with Noel, of all people! A man who sneered at her longing for a public career—who said she was not suited to that sort of thing. Well—she could show him!

It all runs through her wilful mind as she stands there, apparently bent on immolating the roses in the pretty Etruscan jar beneath her fingers, while her grandfather storms freely, and says many a thing that to-moroow he will regret.

"Above all things," he winds up, furiously, "I consider Noel to be the one man in the world for such a headstrong child as you. He has character and common sense for two. He will hold you well in hand, and control your ridiculous vagaries."

"He shall never control me," says she, in a little choking tone, and without another word she throws up her pretty, proud head and marches to the door. There she turns and looks back at him, her face pale but determined. "You have said your last word gradpapa," says she, "and I have said mine !"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Found Her Purse in Her Horse's Hoof.

Mrs. Jacob Darue, living a few miles north of Canandaigua, N. Y., drove to that town the other day to do some trading. She tied her horse on Main street and made several purchases, but found that her pocketbook containing $50 was missing. After searching through the carriage and the stores she advertised in the evening paper offering a reward. On her way home she noticed that the horse was somewhat lame, and the lameness increased until she alighted from the vehicle and made an examination. The animal lifted his foot at her bidding, and Mrs. Darue was surprised when she found, firmly embedded in the hollow of the hoof, the missing purse with all the money. Mrs. Darue believes that in alighting from the carriage the purse fell from her dress and under the horse's feet.

London Grocer Too Considerate.

A story is told of a grocer engaged in business in a London suburb, to the effect that he once declined to attend a very popular concert, even though a free ticket was offered him. "Ye see," he said to the person who gave him the ticket, "if I went I'd see so many people who owe me money for groceries it would spoil my fun, and the sight of me would spoil theirs. I'll stay at home."

A BLESSING IN PEACE.

In War of Inestimable Importance to Germany.

Work on the Baltic Canal was begun in 1877, when the old Emperor William laid the first stone. The plans were drawn by a Dane, Herr Dahlstrom, and the waterway runs entirely through Holstein, the Danish territory seized and annexed by Prussia in 1864.

The canal starts at the town of Holtenau on the Baltic side, three and a half miles north of Kiel, and runs south by west to the port of Brunsbuttel, on the Elbe, a little above Cuxhaven, the seaport of Hamburg, and twenty-eight miles from the city.

The stretch of sixty-three miles traversed from the Baltic to the Elbe is almost level. The greatest difficulties encountered were in crossing streams, highways and railways. The latter were provided for by bridges of great height which allow the passage of the tallest vessels.

The entrances at both termini are provided with dock gates 27 1-3 yards wide, inclosing a space of 164 yards in length.

The lowest depth of water at either end is five fathoms, while in the canal proper four and a half fathoms is the lowest. The breadth of the canal at bottom is 24 1-10 yards.

Tugboats meet vessels at the entrances to render necessary assistance, and special pilots are required for the passage, which cannot be made at a speed exceeding five and three-tenths knots. It is figured that the average time of passage, allowing for delays, will be thirteen hours. To allow vessels to get out of the way of speeding war vessels seven widened passages 273 yards long and 27 yards wider than the canal itself are provided as temporary harbors.

BRIDGES AND FERRIES.

The canal is crossed by several swing bridges and several ferries. The piers of the permanent railway bridges have casemated buttresses with portholes for guns and provisions for the garisoning of large bodies of soldiers to prevent an enemy's passage.

At Rondsburg a vessel of less than ten feet draught can pass through a lock into the Eider River and thus reach the North Sea. Count von Moltke, however, used to declare that in time of war it would take an entire army corps to properly guard the big canal.

The canal is lighted throughout with electricity furnished from power stations at either terminal.

The mass excavated from the sixty-three miles of waterway amounted to 67,000,000 cubic yards. From 5,000 to 10,000 men were employed constantly. Skilled artisans were paid from $1 to $1.50 a day.

The total cost of the canal has been $38,500,000.

One of the impediments was a morass impossible to drain. Heavy sand was brought from Kiel and placed on the swamp ground until its weight displaced the soggy soil and gave the machines a purchase.

The commercial importance of the new canal can scarcely be expressed in figures. To bring it down to some comprehensible comparison it is necessary to give a few apparently disconnected facts.

PERILS OF OLD ROUTE.

Since 1858 there have been recorded 3,500 wrecks and the same number of less serious mishaps off the Danish coast. Since 1877 more than 1,000 lives have been lost in these accidents.

There is by the new route a saving of 239 nautical miles in the trip from London to the Baltic, while from Dunkirk and other points along the French, Belgian and Dutch coasts the saving varies from 236 to 250 miles. A similar saving is of course effected for the Baltic ports of Prussia and Russia.

This change in the channel of commerce means a lessening of the importance of the Danish and Scandinavian ports. Copenhagen, long the greatest port in Northern Europe, has already felt the effect of the new route and has been declared a free port in the hope of retaining some of her threatened commerce.

The strategic importance of the big canal is manifest. It more than doubles the effectiveness of the German fleets, as in case of war they can be shifted from the Elbe to the Baltic in a few hours, while an enemy would be compelled to lose several days in a dangerous coasting voyage.

As a line of communication or base of operations the canal will certainly be of great importance in the next German war as its various points are strongly protected by forts and arsenals.

How a Talkative Woman Was Quieted.

The story told about the doctor who got a talkative lady to put out her tongue, and who, after she had protested that he had been writing all the time, and had not looked at her tongue at all, replied that he had merely made the request in order to get a moment of quiet to write a prescription in, called out a companion story from a dentist. "One day," he said, "a young lady came to me for some dentistry. Her mother came with her, and remained sitting on a sofa in the room. As she sat there, she talked so incessantly that I became nervous, and hardly knew whether I was conducting the operation properly. Presently the woman began to talk about her own teeth, and to complain of a certain vague distress that she often felt in them. I saw that my opportunity had come. I called the lady to the chair, looked at her teeth, and then applied a liberal brushing of iodine. 'Now,' said I, 'if you will go back to the sofa, and keep your mouth closed so as to exclude the air from your gums, I think you will have no further trouble.' From that time on she sat with her hands over her mouth, and did not, it is needless to say, disturb me any more."

Like His Impudence.

Landlady—I don't know what I shall do There's no water for the dishwater.

Star Boarder—Why not use this coffee

THE FOLDING BICYCLE.

It May be Doubled up so as to Occupy Half Its Ordinary Space.

Bicycle inventions come thick and fast. Every week some inventor comes forward with some new device designed to make cycling easier or safer or faster or to make a wheel lighter. A folding bicycle is the newest novely in the steel line. By a simple and ingenious arrangement the connecting rods of the frame may be folded until the machine is reduced to the size of one wheel, as shown in the illustration.

Inventors claim for the folding bicycle the possibility of storing it in one's room, the ease with which it may be carried up or down stairs or hoisted in dumb waiters or elevators. It can be readily doubled up for carrying on the shoulder up and down

FOLDING BICYCLE.

bad roads. Such a bicycle can be readily placed in a carriage or other vehicle for transportation. Doubtless, also, the policeman who has had an experience in leading the bicycle of a prisoner to the station-house will appreciate the merits of a machine that can be folded up and carried under the arm, where it is powerless to work injury.

The inventors claim further that in its folded shape the bicycle may be securely locked, but seems to forget that in its portable shape it presents an extraordinary inducement to the intending thief.

The folding bicycle is one of the things that, now that it has been invented, will cause people to wonder why it had not been thought of before. There is no reason why it shouldn't be hung up on a peg out of everybody's way.

The man who invented the baby carriage which could be flattened out and jerked under the bed or stood against the wall behind a sofa worked a great benefaction. It was the best thing since the jointed fishing rod. Then a Brooklyn man invented a piano which could be readily taken apart and carried up the narrow stairways of an apartment house and then set up in a little room, instead of being swung into an outside window, as a safe is generally put into an office window. But there are more bicycles than there are either baby carriages or pianos in New York, so for the present the inventor of the folding bicycle is entitled to a seat on the right side of the throne.—New York World.

Bottle of Catsup Exploded.

Mrs. Alexander Baxter of Newtown, L. I., met with a serious accident at her home the other night from the explosion of a bottle of catsup. She was coming from the cellar, where the catsup is stored, when the bottle exploded, knocking her down. Her screams brought her husband, who found her in a pitiful condition. The blood was flowing from several cuts about the face and head, and her left eye was completely torn from the socket. A piece of glass two inches long in length was stuck in her cheek an inch deep. Fragments of the broken bottle were inbedded in her forehead, chin, and neck. Her hands were also severely cut. A physician was called, and he removed the splinters of glass from her face and bandaged the wounds. The sight of one eye is totally destroyed, but the doctor said with careful treatment that o the other may be saved.

Growth.

Do you know there's a time in one's life
When the weeds grow wild and high,
And we're hedged in by many a sin
And we nothing can see but sky.

There's many a mountain walled fiord
That when we it closer scan
Has gates where a thousand could pass abreast,
Tho' they look too small for a man.

If your soul is bound with iron bands,
And your hands are held with a chain,
And the weeds grow bold and rank around
And into your life falls rain—

Know then 'tis your growing time,
Your season of sowing and tears,
Of longings fraught with cruel pain,
Of hopes that are partly fears.

—Ruth Ward Karn, In Boston Transcript.

The Clock Stopped.

Mr. Staylate— Dear me ! I don't believe this clock is going, is it ?

She(wearily)—No. We always wind it up before going to bed. It ran down an hour ago.

One Exception, Anyhow.

Tupman—The more a man has, the more he wants.

Snodgrass—Did you ever have twins at your house?

No Cause to Grumble.

Alas ! I am not in it, exclaimed the homeless dog as he passed the sausage factory.