

A DEFIANT BEAUTY.

CHAPTER IV.

"I cannot love him. Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble."

Crossing the hall with a view to reaching her own room, without contact with any one staying in the house, she finds her hope frustrated by a sweet, clear voice.

"What is it, Nell? What a hurry you are in; and how angry you look! Come in here and tell me all about it!" taking her arm and drawing her into a small drawing room. "The same old story, I suppose. Lord Carbyne wants you to marry Noel, and you?"

"Don't!" says Miss Fairfax sharply. She moves impatiently from her friend's grasp and throws herself into a low chair. "It has been the worst encounter yet," she says, with a queer little laugh. "He is to disinherit me unless I marry Noel; so—disinherited I am."

"Oh, no," says Mary Sylvester, quickly. She is a tall, distinguished looking girl of about four-and-twenty, with marked features and an expression cold but earnest. She might not trouble herself to be an enemy but she could certainly rouse herself to be a friend. That she is a thorough woman of the world may be read by the most casual observer. She looks troubled now as she watches the petulant anger on the face of her little companion. It will never come to that.

"But, oh, yes, say I. Grandpapa is bent on this marriage, and, as for me, I am bent just the other way. He will not give in, and neither shall I."

"But why not, dear?" very gently. "What is it that you can object to in Colonel Dalrymple? He is rich?"

"I hate money! Money is a bore. I am being so perpetually reminded of it, that now at last I feel it would be good to be without it."

"He is young and—"

"Young!"

"Certainly. Quite young! Only thirty." "What's the good of that if he looks forty, and is grave and stern enough to be fifty? Tell you what, Mary, he is, in my opinion, old enough to be his own father. I'm not going to marry a death's head."

"What has he been scolding you about lately?" asks Miss Sylvester, with a smile.

"Never mind. When is he not lecturing me for the matter of that?"

"To go back to his perfections, then. You cannot, at least, deny that he is handsome."

"Can't I? Positively ugly, I call him." "You are determinedly blind," says her friend, a little impatiently. "You know he is immensely better looking than half the men one meets."

"I can't bear that look in his eyes. So mocking, yet so stern. I am sure he would like to compel all creatures to his will."

"I rather like that in a man."

"Do you?" with a shrug. "It seems to me you like everything about him. Say, Mary," seating herself on the table near Miss Sylvester and gazing at her with eager hope in her eyes. "I see a way out of the difficulty. You can't want more than a paragon, can you? Why not marry Noel yourself?"

Miss Sylvester laughs.

"For one thing, because he has not asked me; for another, because—"

"Somebody else has," cried Nelly.

Miss Sylvester blushes faintly and nods her head.

No! Not Charlie Lyons?"

"No."

"Sir John Amory, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am glad; that is if you must be so silly as to marry," says Nell, with a sigh. "I suppose you like him, but you will never be my Mary again. Everything seems slipping from me—ruefully—'even you."

She has one arm round Miss Sylvester's neck by this time, and is running her fingers through the unruffled locks of that rather stately creature, and having hooked two small fingers inside her immaculate collar is giving her angry little jerks every now and then. Altogether, indeed, she is doing great injury to the calm perfection of her toilette; yet Miss Sylvester bears it like a lamb.

"Not all the John Amorys in the world shall make me lose touch with you," says she fondly, smoothing the girl's short curls.

"After all," says Nell, breaking into a sudden laugh, "you haven't been over complimentary to your John. You like a man who can bend all others to his will, and John could not bend a fly. A man should be rich; John is not so very rich, is he? A man should be handsome—well, now, come; John is not handsome, is he?"

"No," confesses Mary Sylvester, with a laugh. "And yet," coloring warmly; "do you know, Nell, there are moments when I think he is."

This so delights the other, that forgetful of her troubles, and the strange new determination working in her mind, she goes off into a peal of laughter.

"Oh! what it is to be in love! May Heaven defend me from such a folly. Well, there is one thing, Mary, to my eyes, he is ten times better looking than Noel, with all his vaunted good looks. Give me a kind man, not a monster!"

"My dear Nell! Noel is the kindest fellow!"

"That's what the world thinks. I alone know him. If I were to marry him, the very first thing he would do would be to forbid my ever playing the violin except in the privacy of my own room, or to him—with a slight grimace.

"All this is mere fancy."

"Is it? You should have seen his face that last night at Lady Swansdown's, when they were applauding me.

They literally burned in his head. No, he has beliefs that date from the Dark Ages. Women should be kept in their proper place. A man's wife is his chattel, and should never, never permit herself to draw upon her the compliments of the crowd."

"You make him out terribly illiberal, he?"

"You have found the very word I have been seeking. He is illiberal. Why should he be angry because God has given me a talent, and other men can admire it, if he cannot?"

"Perhaps he is jealous—of the other men."

"Tell him that," says Miss Fairfax, with a malicious little grin. "And see how pleased he'll be. A man who prides himself on his strength of will to be the prey of vulgar emotion such as that!"

"Still, he might be, Nell," with a suspicion of embarrassment. "Answer me one thing, will you? And don't be angry with the question, Lord Dartford? You do not care for him?"

"How many times am I to tell you that I care for nothing but my violin?" To Miss Sylvester's anxious ears, however, in spite of the carelessness of the reply, there seems to be a touch of consciousness in the short laugh that accompanies it.

"I am glad of that," she says steadily, watching the lovely mobile face as she speaks. "He would be the last—the very last husband one who loved you would choose for you."

"Not even the one who loves me shall choose a husband for me," says Miss Fairfax. "A gown, a ribbon, even my bonnet, if you will, but not my partner for life. I shall reserve the choosing of that troublesome, and indeed improbable, person for myself."

"Well, don't choose Dartford," says Miss Sylvester, gravely.

"Do you think Noel so very superior to him? I don't. At least Lord Dartford has a soul for music. What a touch! When he accompanies me I feel as though there were nothing left to be desired."

"There is, Nell, a great deal!"

"To such a prosaic old thing as you, yes. You are nearly as bad as Noel! But to a foolish enthusiast like me, Nothing I tell you—nothing. That other night at the Moores'! How he rendered that 'Reverie.' I could have cried."

"You didn't, however," says Mary Sylvester coldly, with a view to reducing her once more to a proper frame of mind. It is unfortunate perhaps that her friend should so thoroughly understand her. Miss Fairfax looks amused. Her, pretty brows go up, the corners of her lips come down, a malicious twinkle brightens her dark eyes.

"No, and it speaks badly for me, Mary. You know those lines of Shakespeare's:

"The man that hath no music in himself,

Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

"Now, read the other way round and surely you have Dartford. He does love music, you must acknowledge that, therefore all bad thoughts and feelings are far from him. Happy Dartford!"

Clasping her hands in fervent admiration. "Would that all were like him. Do you know, Mary, I'm afraid Noel is never moved with concord of sweet sounds."

"The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

And his affections dark as Erebus,

Let no such man be trusted."

"Mark that. His affections, dark as Erebus. And again, 'let no such man be trusted.' I am sorry for poor Noel."

"Nonsense!" angrily. "You should not speak of him like that."

Miss Fairfax bursts out laughing.

"Nevertheless, he is a dull fellow," says she, yawning. "There is no music in him. Not a note, not the smallest pipe. Music and charity are akin, you know."

"You have taken him in quite a wrong spirit," says Mary, with some vehemence. "You teach yourself to think him opinionated and severe, and that he does not care for you, or for talent; whereas the truth is that he is as foolishly in love with you as any school boy, and that you could wind him round your little finger, did it so suit you."

"Well—it doesn't; I trust my little finger was made for better purposes," says Miss Fairfax with a haughty move. "Oh! Mary, do you honestly—honestly think I have genius? Do you believe that if I—had been born a poor girl, without a farthing of my own, that I could have made money by it? That is the test?"

"I do indeed believe it," wondering at her earnestness, but unfortunately not grasping the meaning of it. "But you should be thankful, dearest, that no such test is required of you."

"Yes, yes, of course," hastily. "Yet I should like to try."

"To go on the stage, do you mean?"

"Not that exactly. But at concerts now! to play to the public so. To play to private people is nothing, they flatter, and tell one all sorts of pretty things—but oh! to have the world at one's feet, if only for one little, little moment."

"Be thankful you can't," says Miss Sylvester, brusquely for her, "such a life as you describe would be abhorrent to you. It would kill such a little sensitive thing as you. All that sort of thing sounds entrancing when one is well out of it; but to really have to work for one's gingerbread takes the gilt off it."

"I can't believe it," says Eleanor, impetuously, slipping off the table and beginning to pace up and down the room with some excitement in her

voice and eyes. "The life you advocate is tame, wearisome, monotonous. There is too much snug comfort in it—there is, in fact, nothing in it. But in that other—where by one's exertions one conquers Fate and the world, there surely lies the noblest of ambitions. Oh, Mary! if I dared speak to you. If—stopping short and gazing fixedly at her friend—"If I could lay bare to you all that is now within my heart—I—"

"I say, girls, where are you? Nell, Mary, where the—what on earth are you doing in here, wasting all the afternoon?" cries Dicky Sylvester, bursting into the room at this moment, and for ever checking Miss Fairfax's attempt at confession. "There's Dalrymple giving way to bad language because I won't play a single with him; I know him too well for that, so I do beseech you as you love me to come out, and let's have a double."

"It is so warm," says his sister, laughing.

Amory is in London still, and is not expected down until evening.

"I know it. But what will you? Dalrymple's temper is warm, too. He grows ferocious. Will you abandon me to his untender mercies? Nell, my best beloved," tucking his hand through her slender arm, "come to the rescue."

"Come on, Mary," says she, in a resigned tone, and in truth perhaps a little grateful to him for the sudden entry that has left her secret still her own.

"You know when Dicky's mind is made up, naught is left save to lay down one's arms."

"I wish I could lay down my body," says Mary, with a stifled yawn. "I never felt so tired. The heat is terrible, and to be asked to play tennis in it, is—well! if I die, Dicky, put a decent stone over me. It will be your duty, having been the means of placing me under it."

"Naught was never in danger," quotes Mr. Sylvester gallantly giving her a gentle push toward the door.

CHAPTER V.

"The time I've lost in wooing, In watching and pursuing The light that lies In woman's eyes, Has been my heart's undoing."

Outside the world is in a blaze of glory, although now the sun is preparing to abdicate his throne. The day is wonderfully still, scarce a murmur coming from land or sea, to break the calm. The very intensity of the heat seems to have rendered all nature silent. As silent, indeed, as the All-Mother can be. Yet if you lend your ear, and give your whole mind to it, and conquer the first thought that that noise at last is dead, then you will hear the chirp of the grasshopper, low buried in the turf beneath your feet; the rustle of small leaves; the sighing of faint breezes that but yesterday rushed madly through the field and wood, and now lie bound and chained—all which things with many others, do make up the music of the world.

Afar off, toward the west, the eye rests upon the sunset, more exquisite than any dream. Dying truly, but most lovely in its death. The rich gold of it spreads like a sweet curtain half across the sky. Down below the ocean, placid, and treacherous as ever, while on the grassy slopes which hang over it, sheep nibble at the short, sweet herbage, looking in the distance like mushrooms dotted here and there.

Mr. Sylvester, in a resplendent suit of flannels, waves aloft his racket as he shouts to one afar:

"I've got 'em. I've brought 'em. Now for a licking!"

"That depends," says Colonel Dalrymple, the one addressed, rising with alacrity, suggestive of surprise, from his position upon the grass. He is, in fact, more than commonly surprised at the fact that Nell has consented to come out and play a game with him. In truth they had played a very indifferent sort of game in the morning, in which many unpleasant words had been used, and where, as usual, he had come off anything but conqueror.

"You'll see, my fine fellow," says Dicky. "Mary and I will play you and Nell, and make you sing as small as any Robin."

"Oh, no!" says Nell, quickly. "You and I, Dicky, I'm sure, Dicky," in a wheedling tone, "I'm not so very bad."

"I decline to go into the morality of the thing," says Mr. Sylvester, severely. "Even if you are as black as you're painted, far be it from me to be the one to point out your glaring defects. Still, as a tennis player, I will admit you leave much to be desired, whereas Dalrymple leaves nothing. See?"

"I think you might try me this once," murmurs she, in a voice not meant for the others.

"Your predilection for my society," returns Mr. Sylvester, in a loud and cheerful tone, "is flattering in the extreme. But if we are to play to win, my good girl, permit me to say that you and I against Mary and Dalrymple would not have the vaguest chance of gaining the laurel crown."

"If you don't want to play with me, Eleanor, why not say so at once," says Dalrymple, coolly. He is a tall, handsome, soldierly young man, with dark eyes and dark hair, and a moustache as dark as either. There is no doubt that the famous Carbyne temper runs through his veins, too, as he stands row looking at the dainty, disdainful little maiden, who looks back at him from under half-closed lids.

"It isn't so much that," says she, slowly, "as that I would rather play with Dicky. He is never rude to me when I miss my balls."

"Do you mean that I am?"

By this time Mary Sylvester and her brother have moved away; the latter to adjust the net, the other to get out of hearing.

"Well, not more specially than, than at any other time, I admit."

"Your imagination is your strong point, beyond all doubt."

"Which means," pathfully, "that I am telling an untruth?" "It means this, only," fiercely. "that I don't believe I was ever rude to you in my life, whatever you have been to me."

"Now, what's that, I wonder," says she, with a little scornful laugh. "The essence of politeness, I suppose?" "I say, you two!" calls Mr. Sylvester, from the further end of the court, "stop your spooning and come along, will you? We won't be able to see the net presently."

This mistaken speech is as successful as if it had really struck the bull's-eye. Both Nell and Dalrymple, after an inward struggle, burst out laughing, and turned mechanically toward the place appointed them; and presently the game is in full swing.

"Ah!" says Dalrymple, presently, almost unconsciously, as Nell misses a rather easy ball. There is no reproach in his tone, nothing but regret for her mishap; but she refuses to read it, except in its worst sense.

"There! I knew how it would be," says she, flashing round at him. "That's why I hate playing with you. Just as if you never missed a ball!"

"I assure you, I only meant that—" "I know very well what you meant. You needn't explain, thank you. After all, if I'm not a great, strong, horrid man, it isn't my fault, I suppose."

"You're tired I think," says Dalrymple, too considerately.

"No, I'm not. I'm going to play this out, if only to be revenged on you," says she, with such an absurd attempt at the vengeance threatened that Dalrymple involuntarily smiles, and adds another sin to his already over-full list.

"Good gracious! Can't you spare even five minutes out of the whole day?" calls out Sylvester, indignant. "Whenever I'm in love, I keep my tender speeches for the passages and the stairs. Anything more barefaced than your behavior I never knew in my life."

"Go on!" says Nell, giving Dalrymple a furious little push, whereupon he sends an impossible ball into the very furthest corner of the court.

"Fault!" from Sylvester.

"There! that's worse than anything I ever did," says Nell, triumphantly. "And then: 'What a temper you're in.' After which the second ball drops this side of the net, and the score is to the enemy. And so on throughout. Dalrymple, feeling thoroughly put out, plays villainously. Needless to say, Dicky and his sister win the game."

"Heat's too much for you, old man," says Sylvester, giving Dalrymple a playful, if hurtful, slap on the shoulder. "Never saw you do worse. And as for Nell, she surpassed herself. Is that tea I see crossing the lawn? Hurry up, Tompkins!" with an encouraging shout to the lagid footman.

"You haven't been playing tennis, have you?"

Upon this Tompkins does condescend to hurry, and arrives breathless on the scene, with a rather overloaded tray and a broad grin.

"You pour out, Dicky; I'm quite done up," says Nell, sinking upon a soft rug spread orientalwise upon the grass, and making a place for Mary to sit beside her; whereupon Dicky, who is accustomed to being cast for this part, manipulates the teapot with much grace, while Dalrymple hands round the tiny hot cakes.

"Now for you, Dalrymple," says Dicky, presently. "Tea, claret-cup, brandy and soda? Tea of course."

"No; the other thing," laughing.

"Claret cup, then?"

"No; the other thing?"

"Fie! fie!" says Mr. Sylvester, who is already provided with a godly goblet of that modern Hippocrène. "Nell, you should keep an eye on him. Never marry a man who can't find satisfaction in the simple, if slightly mawkish, tea."

"Dicky, dear, give me another cup," says Miss Sylvester, ever so mildly, turning herself to give her empty cup to her brother in such wise that he alone can see her face, whereupon she bestows on him so many nods and becks without the wretched smiles that that simple-minded youth goes hopelessly astray.

"Got a bad pain?" asks he, in a loud whisper, meant to be confidential.

"You look awful! Bless me!" as now his sister positively glares at him. "You're getting worse, aren't you? Try some of this," holding out to her his brandy and soda, "Best thing out for—"

"Dicky," says his sister, in a tone so terrible that it reduces him to silence. Rising, she seizes him by the arm and draws him toward the tent, where the tea has been placed. Anything to get away from those other two, who now must know that she had been making signs to Dicky to be silent.

That luckless person still consumed with anxiety about her, follows her lead, pouring out recipes all the time in a loud and cheerful tone, which he fondly but erroneously believes to be a delicate murmur.

Nell has risen, too. A flush of annoyance has risen to the Auburn curls that encircle her low, broad brow.

"Going for a stroll?" asks Dalrymple, carelessly, glancing up at her without a trace of consciousness in his face. Has he not heard, then? Miss Fairfax examines him with a judicial eye, but fails to detect a sign of guilt. He bears her scrutiny without so much as a blink.

"To the gardens only, to get some roses for dinner."

"Better take me with you. If you are going to make a descent on the Marechal Niels there is no knowing what may happen. McFarlane is capable of murder where they are concerned."

"You can come, if you like," says she, indifferently.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

After victory strap the helmet tighter.—Japanese.

MISTAKEN IDENTIFICATION.

A Sad Complication Resulting from the Hinckley Forest Fires.

IRON RIVER, Wis., June 29.—A letter from Fort Francis, Minn., telling of the reuniting of Mr. and Mrs. James Trevelin, formerly of Iron River, Wis., furnishes the concluding chapter of an odd story, which began last fall, just before the Hinckley forest fire, in which so many people lost their lives.

Until last September Mr. and Mrs. James Trevelin, were residents of Iron River with their three children, the youngest a baby. Just before the big forest fire Mrs. Trevelin started with the baby to visit friends at Hinckley, where she was living some people from her old home in London, where she was married. When Hinckley was wiped out nothing was heard from the lady, and Mr. Trevelin took his two remaining children and went there, hoping to find some trace of her. In the search that followed the bodies of the people Mrs. Trevelin had gone to visit were found, and near them were the bodies of a woman and a child, which Mr. Trevelin identified as the bodies of his loved ones. The bodies had lain in the hot sun for two days, and it was necessary to bury them on the spot, as was done in the case of several hundred others.

Returning with his two children to Iron city, Mr. Trevelin sold out his business, disposed of his household goods, and removed to Fort Francis, where his brother lives, and where he engaged in the mining business. After the period of mourning for his lost wife and little one he married Miss Annie Varley, the daughter of a neighbor, who had been taking care of his little one, and who was one of the prettiest girls in the town. She was very much in love with him, and for the brief period of their honeymoon there was not a hitch of any kind.

A few days ago the people of Iron River were startled by the appearance of the original Mrs. Trevelin, in the flesh and looking well, but worried, accompanied by her child. She at once made inquiries for her husband, and expressed the greatest disappointment when told that her husband had removed to Fort Francis. In answer to the questions put to her she said that she had never gone to Hinckley, as her husband supposed, but had gone to St. Paul after leaving this town, and after a brief visit there had gone to her old home in London, where she had visited with her parents and her old friends. She had done this she said to spite her husband, who had opposed her going on a visit, and as she had plenty of money of her own in her pocket when she left she thought she might as well keep right on going. Mrs. Trevelin had not written to her friends here because she was afraid that if she did some one would tell Mr. Trevelin where she was. She only remained at Iron River for a day, and then went on to Fort Francis to look for her husband. A letter received by Capt. J. E. Sanders, a friend of the family, contains the sequel of her search.

On reaching Fort Francis she found her husband living with his new wife and the children already accustomed to the change. There was the usual scene, fainting and tears, after which the whole thing was talked over. Miss Varley was completely heartbroken over the turn affairs had taken, and for a short time had to be restrained from doing herself violence. Of course, the marriage between Miss Varley and Mr. Trevelin was illegal, and Mr. Trevelin was innocent a bigamist. Mrs. Trevelin resumed her place as mistress of the house, while Miss Varley left as soon as possible for some place unknown to her friends.

FRENCH LOSSES IN WAR.

Six Million Men Said to Have Perished in the Wars of the Last Century.

Dr. Lageneau of the French Academy of Medicine has been making an estimate of the deaths by the wars of France for the past century. He finds that the civil wars of the end of the eighteenth century and of the republic up to and including the year 1800 cost the lives of more than 2,120,000 Frenchmen. From the year 1801 to Waterloo, when France was fighting Europe in arms, more than 3,150,000 Frenchmen were engaged and nearly 2,000,000 perished. Under the restoration, Louis Philippe, and the second republic, when there were campaigns in Spain, Greece, and Algiers, the army included less than 217,000 men, and the loss in battle was only twenty-two per thousand. Even in the brilliant African campaigns the mean annual loss was less than 150 men.

Next came an era of frequent and bloody wars, the war in the Crimea, the war in Italy, the war in China, the war in Mexico, and finally the war with Prussia. Out of rather less than 310,000 French soldiers sent to the Crimea 95,615 perished. Of the 50,000 that took part in the Italian war nearly 19,000 perished. Nearly 1,000 perished in the expedition to China. The medical statistics of the French in the war of 1870 have not been published, nor have those of the Mexican undertaking. The effective strength of the French in 1870-71 was 1,400,000 men. The number lost is not positively known, but it is believed that the wars of the second empire cost 1,600,000 lives. Dr. Lageneau estimates that the small wars of the third republic have been fought at comparatively small cost of human life. He estimates the total loss for the century to have been 6,030,000 of men, mostly young.

Always Unfair.

Tommy—That new teacher is real mean' that's what she is.

Mamma—What did she do to you today?

Tommy—She said the one that stood up the longest in the spelling class could go home an hour earlier, and then, just 'cause some of us couldn't spell the words, she made us sit down.

A Dull Girl.

Mrs. Wearie—This is the last time I'll have a girl who can't speak English.

Husband—Why don't you send her off?

Mrs. Wearie—I've been trying to for six weeks, but I can't make her understand what the word "discharge" means. She thinks it means a day off, and when I tell her she's discharged, she goes out and has a good time.