

A DEFIANT BEAUTY.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

"You are wrong there," says Eleanor, eagerly. "You may quarrel with him, but you will not be able to reason him out of his belief. And," nervously, yet with some excitement, "I am not sure he isn't right, too; I agree with him, only," with a faint smile, "I haven't the courage of my opinions. I am too poor-spirited a creature to help any one in any cause, be it great or small."

"It was iniquitous of Barbour to keep us in ignorance of your whereabouts!"

"You must not blame him. You must not, indeed. Do not think he did not argue with me, and try to persuade me to return. But when he saw how determined I was, he could not resist the temptation of offering me up to his Deity."

"Yes; he sacrificed you," savagely. "He would not see it in that light. Noel, don't say one unkind word to him," says she, turning suddenly to her cousin with a suspicion of the old defiance breaking forth for the first time in voice and eye. "I won't have it. He is a good man. The very kindest man. I shall love him all my life. He took such care of me. He got me into such a pleasant home, with two old German people, Herr Schawner and his wife."

"Herr Schawner! Good heavens, what a name! You have indeed been evelving with the very cream of society. There is more angry regret than sarcasm in this speech. But Miss Fairfax refuses to see anything save her sarcasm."

"You can sneer as you will," says she loftily; "but I have known some men who considered themselves the cream of society who were not half so good gentlemen as Herr Schawner. And besides having perfect manners and being a person quite incapable of making any woman unhappy by taunts and insinuations he could play the violin divinely."

"He, too, seems to have been a genius," says Dalrymple very meekly, thoroughly subdued, and reduced to a most proper frame of mind by this last withering attack.

"So he is," cries she, eagerly, forgetful all at once of her own wrongs in her desire to trumpet abroad the virtues of her friend. "But he is poor—very poor. He is clever—oh, so clever, you should hear him play—but he is unfortunate."

"If so clever, why so unfortunate?" "There are many people like that," says Nell, with sad conviction; "it's because they're so clever, I think. They can't fix their minds on one thing so crowded are their brains with lovely ideas. He could improvise by the hour sometimes, until he made the tears come into your eyes; but then other times he could do nothing at all. The mood was not with him, he used to say. He could not solidify himself as it were. He is," with a sigh, "a little inconsequent, perhaps."

"It might strike one as so," says Dalrymple, dryly. "And was it with this inconsequent person that Mr. Barbour saw fit to locate you?"

"Yes; why," turning large, surprised eyes on him, "do you speak of him so? I tell you, he and his wife are the kindest souls on earth. They," taking fire for her whilom friends, in spite of the depression and fear under which she is laboring; "they gave me more love and care and sympathy in four weeks than I ever yet received from any one."

"Nell," says Dalrymple, with shocked reproach, and then checks himself. "If they have been kind to you and if they are poor, surely we can do something to show our gratitude to them," he says presently, in a constrained tone, yet with evident feeling.

"Ah!" cries she, turning eagerly to him; "if you would help me, there, I should be grateful. But," nervously, "grandpapa, he"—Long pause. "Is he very angry, Noel?"

"He isn't exactly delighted with you," says Noel, rather ungenerously, "it must be confessed."

"You mean—Where are we going?" cries she, suddenly. "Oh, not to anybody I know, I couldn't—I couldn't face them again; and especially grandpapa. I'll go back," springing up.

"I'd rather face the audience again than grandpapa."

"Sit down," says Dalrymple, compelling her rather unceremoniously to resume her seat. "Your grandfather is not so formidable as you choose to believe him. You," stiffly, "needn't be uneasy about meeting him; he is decidedly anxious to get you home again."

"To scold me? To lock me up, perhaps?" questions Miss Fairfax, who has evidently small faith in Lord Carbyne's tender mercies.

"No—to forgive and receive you," says Dalrymple. And then, sadly: "What had we all done to you, Nell, that you should regard us as so many ogres?"

"Will he forgive, Noel, are you sure?" says she, tears starting in her eyes. "Oh, if I were sure of that. But—but he has been always so stern that I'm afraid to meet him now; and yet," she pauses, struggles with herself for a moment, and then is vanquished. She bursts into tears. "I'm even more afraid to go back to that awful theater," she sobs, crying now as if her heart will break.

"Nell, Nell! don't go on like that! I tell you, I swear to you that Lord Carbyne will receive you with open arms. My darling—my dear girl, if I had a doubt of what I say, do you think I would speak like this or deceive you in any way? As for going back to the theater, you may be as-

sured that that is out of the question for ever." He has almost unconsciously slipped his arm round her waist, and she, unconsciously, too, no doubt, takes no notice of it.

"It must seem strange to you that I should now so hate the publicity that before I so craved," says she, drying her eyes, yet sobbing a little every now and then. "I didn't know what it would be like, I suppose. You see," forlornly, "it was all very well playing to one's friends and acquaintances, even though they might be counted by hundreds, but to play to everybody—to the crowd! Do you know," lifting her tear-stained eyes to his, "I used to think that because it was the crowd it would be more intoxicating to play to it—but—I was wrong. It did not please, it only frightened me."

"Yes," says he, apropos of nothing. In truth he hardly hears her. He is overcome by the fact that she has let him keep his arm round her slender waist without rebuke.

"It was dreadful," goes on Miss Fairfax, lost in her own reverie. "All at once I felt those myriad eyes fixed upon me. Upon me alone! If I had been acting with somebody, like the heroine of the play, it would have been different, we might have divided the honors, but the part assigned me left me alone."

"Not more alone than if you had been playing at a concert."

"Oh, yes, yes! I was a novelty in a play, don't you see? One doesn't often get good music out of a trifling third part in a comedy, and I know my music is good," says she, as if very much ashamed of herself for saying so, but compelled to be honest. "Mr. Barbour thought it would be a good opening for me. The play was sure to be a success, and people would come and talk of my playing."

"And the coming of the people would insure the financial popularity of the play. Barbour is wise in his own generation."

"Mr. Barbour is not what you think him," says she, quietly if distinctly now, as though she has grown weary of argument. "Never mind that, however."

"No, go on; tell me of how you felt to-day, when?"

"You know," says she, nodding her head. "Just frightened; nothing more. My nerve nearly gave way, but not altogether, did it? Did I—raising troubled, misty eyes to his—did I disgrace myself?—did I know that I was such a coward? Was," with a tremulous little laugh, "positively her first and last appearance a dismal failure?"

"I don't know—I hardly remember—I saw nothing, could think of nothing but that you were there before me, after having been for so long a time lost to me. Oh, yes!" impatiently, "of course I did hear you. You played magnificently. The whole theater sat silent with delight. They had expected nothing of that sort in a simple play. Yes, be satisfied. It was a glorious triumph!"

"You—to speak like that?" says she, regarding him with wide eyes. "Well! and so I was given white beans, not black"—she pauses, sighs slightly, as if with some strange contentment, and then, "Well, I've had my day," says she in a low tone.

CHAPTER XIII.

"O darling eyelids' delicate droop! O sweet mouth, so red, so pure! There in the twilight while I stoop, Beautiful Amoret looks demure. There's a word to whisper; who can guess?"

Will it be Noel, sweet? will it be, Yes?"

After all, Dalrymple was right. In spite of Eleanor's dismay at the thought of the meeting with her grandfather, that old gentleman received her with open arms. Arms more open, indeed, than they had ever been before in their own life. Stern, tyrannical, intolerant, accustomed to obedience from those connected with him, he had been struck down to the very earth by the desertion of his grandchild. Eleanor, whose spirit in truth was in some points akin to his own, had defied him, flung his threat in his face, and left him to repent of it at leisure.

He had not known that he loved her till he lost her. She was the sole remaining link between him and his past, and the girl's lovely face and spontaneous laughter and petulant ways had become so dear to him, so much a part of his daily existence, that when he looked and listened for them in vain, the existence itself seemed worthless.

When Miss Fairfax, in fear and trembling approached the library door on her return and stood irresolute without it, and finally found herself inside it, through the good management of Dalrymple, who had given her a determined push that placed her on evidence whether she would or not. Lord Carbyne rose and held out his hands to her.

"Nelly—Nelly!" said he, in a low tone, but with such eagerness, such delight, such comfort, that she ran to him with a sob and threw her arms around his neck.

The old man clung to her. He, who had proudly repressed all feeling throughout a lifetime, became now demonstrative. Perhaps it was a relief to him to give way at last to some honest emotion. He spoke no word of condemnation to her, but held her to him and patted her pretty, naughty head and implored her to cease from crying. A bond of friendship and love was signed that day between her and him that never afterward was cancelled.

"You see I was right, Nell; he bore you no malice," says Dalrymple, turning back from the window, which is

open, to look at her. Dinner is at an end, and so, indeed, is, or ought to be, the evening, but Miss Fairfax who is too tired to be sleepy, has lingered in the drawing-room, instead of sensibly taking up her candle and going to bed.

"He has been too good to me," says she, gently. "How is it, Noel? What has changed him? Do you think he'll wake to-morrow his old self, and give me the usual round dozen?"

"He will never scold you again," says Dalrymple. "You have conquered the conqueror. You are safe for the future. To be just to him, Nell, he has found out that he loves you, and that discovery has worked a miracle."

"I'm not worth it," says she contritely. To this Dalrymple, who is looking out at the starlit sky, makes no response.

"You evidently agree with me," says she, with a nervous laugh. He turns quickly toward her, but, as if dreading his reply, she springs to her feet and goes toward the window. "What is the attraction there?" says she, with all the air of one who is determined to keep up the conversation or die.

"Stars? A moon? Oh, what a lovely sky." She steps on to the balcony.

"It is cold. Don't go out or if you will, put this round you," says Dalrymple, throwing a large white shawl over her shoulders. "Yes, the night is lovely. But look here, Nell, I don't agree with you; understand that, once for all."

"Well, that's rather a rude speech," says she, with a little laugh. "Isn't it? Never mind, you needn't explain; I know everything you would say."

Thus silenced, Colonel Dalrymple leans his arms upon the balcony, and gazes into the night, and she, doing the same, a rather awkward pause ensues with which neither of them knows what to do.

"What are you thinking of?" asks he at last.

"Of many things. Of that afternoon in the theater, principally."

"Regretting it?"

"No," emphatically; "but yet hoping I did my best."

"You need not be uneasy about that. You did magnificently. Even I, upset as I was by your unexpected appearance there, was thrilled by your playing. What spirit helped you?"

"What! you appreciated my music?"

"Am I so altogether Heaven-forsaken a creature that I cannot like sweet sounds?"

"But my music. I thought you hated my poor violin."

"Why, so I do. Has it not been ever my rival—it—and—There is one thing, in a low tone; "I have hated Darford more!"

"You were foolish," says she slowly. "He was nothing to me—nothing at any time. Not," lightly, "that it matters at all now; only—"

"He was clever," says Dalrymple, gloomily. "A born musician. He had the pull over me there. No, you needn't speak; I know I had no chance, whether or no, out still I shall always feel that he had one chance the more. Did he know of your intention to go upon the stage?"

"He! Why should he know? When I would not tell even Mary Sylvester, I should think I would not tell anybody. And he—why should he be told?"

"I don't know, I fancied—"

"Your imagination seems to be your indignant sarcasm. As a novelist, strong point," says Miss Fairfax, with you'd make your fortune. But I know you disapprove of publicity in any form. I can quite understand the feeling of horror with which you now regard me after my late escapade."

"You can imagine my feelings for me, if you will," says Dalrymple, coldly. "That won't affect them in any way. However, if only to please you, I will confess that I can't imagine why you wished to try your fortune in the way you did."

"How else was I to do it? It was a failure, of course; but a great many people want to make their bread cake, and so did I."

"It was not a failure," says he, as if jealous for her. "Your courage failed indeed, but that only."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Magic Wine-Glass.

Pour water into a wine glass until it is nearly full and place the palm of your hand squarely over the mouth of the glass, taking care to bend your fingers at a right angle, as shown in the lower illustration. Still holding your hand firmly upon the glass, stretch out your fingers suddenly in



a horizontal position and this will produce a partial vacuum under the palm, which will permit you to lift the glass from the table.

It is claimed that, owing to the good work done by the Improved Industrial Dwelling Company of London the death rate of that city has been reduced from forty to only eleven in a thousand.

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Mrs. Langtry's jewels are valued by experts at over \$850,000.

The number of draught dogs in Belgium probably not less than 50,000.

The wearing of corsets by men is not uncommon in the British metropolis.

The best brier wood for pipes comes from the borders of Italy and France.

The tallest people in the world are the Patagonians; the shortest are the Laplanders.

The spring sales of Aberdeen Angus bulls in England show an average of \$102 for 250 animals.

With the exception of the King of Denmark, Queen Victoria is the oldest reigning sovereign of Europe.

To keep a race horse in even moderate condition in England, with proper attendants costs \$1,625 a year.

Up to the present time the Neopolis Company, the biggest undertakers in England have buried 126,000 bodies.

The wheat crop of South America has steadily increased from 48,850,000 bushels in 1891 to 104,000,000 bushels in 1893.

More than 1,000 people earn a living in Paris by fortune telling, and their total earnings are estimated at £400,000.

The Madagascar correspondent tells of 400 pineapples being bought and delivered for a school picnic there for \$1.

It is announced that Denmark intends to construct a great naval port on the island of Bornholm, to compete with the new German canal.

The drink bill in most London hospitals is said to be much less than it used to be. So much for the influence of the Temperance Hospital.

The long-distance telephone between Paris and London has over two hundred calls a day. At the rate of two dollars for each call it pays.

Sir Henry Bessemer, known in England as the "Steel King," has just reached his 83rd year, and is said to be proverbially hale and hearty.

In Southwark, London, an old hostelry, "The Crossed Keys," is about to be torn down, which belonged to John Harvard in 1637, before he emigrated to America.

Mr. Gladstone has given a bell to the new chapel of Selwyn College, Cambridge, founded in memory of his old friend and school fellow at Eton, the late Bishop Selwyn.

Mr. W. Murray, harbour master at Harwich, England, is the last survivor of the earliest expedition sent out under Sir James Ross to rescue the Franklin explorers.

An English officer has discovered a working telephone between two temples of Panj in India. The system is said to have been in operation for over two thousand years.

Nine horse power gas engines propel the street cars in Dresden. They run at a speed of nine miles an hour, carry 36 passengers each, and the cost is 15 cents a mile for gas.

A special mouthpiece for public telephones has been introduced in Germany with the object of avoiding the spread of diseases carried by the condensed moisture of the breath.

The number of Roman Catholics and Greeks in the world is 280,000,000; of Protestants, 135,000,000; of Mohammedans, 173,000,000; of Jews, 8,000,000; of heathen, 874,000,000.

A new test of human endurance has been made by a painter of Marseilles named Durand. On a wager of 10,000 francs he remained standing in one position on a pedestal for 28 days.

It is reported that the bicycle clubs of St. Petersburg were so delighted with the announcement that Count Tolstoi had taken to the wheel that they presented him with a silver bicycle.

"Guelph eyes" are a protrusion peculiar to all her Majesty's descendants. The Prince of Wales has it in a marked degree, and it is to be noticed in the German Emperor and the Grand Duke of Hesse.

The report that "Trilby" had created little, if any, interest in England appears to have been erroneous. So far 34,000 copies of the book have been sold there, and the new six-shilling edition is in lively demand.

Miss Margaret Smith has just died at Ferndale, Inverness. Her father, Dr. Neil Smith, then a surgeon's mate, attended to Lord Nelson on board the Victory at Trafalgar, when the great admiral was mortally wounded.

Dr. Stuhlmann, who is travelling in Africa, has come upon a tree whose fruit gives out a tallow-like fat. The tree is one of the largest in the forests of Usambara, and the fruit is big and heavy, measuring a foot in length by half a foot in diameter.

Ismail Pasha, the late Khedive of Egypt, left three widows, one a Georgian princess and the other two Circassians, who live together in the palace of Resina, on the Bay of Naples. They now drive about Naples without their veils, and are very fond of shopping and the theatre.

It is said that Corot, the painter, used to give needy artists paintings which he had done, and would tell them that by skillful bargaining they might get twelve francs for each of them. One of these paintings was recently sold for 48,000 francs and another for 12,000 francs.

In Finland Jews are to be allowed to engage in trade and industry on the same footing as foreigners residing in the country, by regulations just issued by the Government. They may also contract marriages with Christian foreigners who belong to countries where such marriages are legal.

No fewer than 1,939 estates are to be sold at auction this month by the state bank of Russia, which has foreclosed the mortgages. They nearly all belong to nobles who are hopelessly insolvent, in a few cases through a succession of bad harvests, but generally through extravagance and neglect.

By command of the Emperor of Russia, three enormous volumes, bound in black seal, with purple silk linings, and another in red seal with white linings, all with massive clasps in gold and silver, have been filled with cuttings from the entire American press referring to the illness and death of the late Czar.

Electric cars have been prohibited on the road from Berlin to Charlottenburg. They would have passed by the Imperial Technical Institute, and experiments showed that the current for the railroad strongly affected all the apparatus in the building, so as to make delicate scientific observations and experiments impossible.

Lord Selbourne drew up his own will and left some money to St. Matthew's church, Blackmoor, in rather significant terms, "for maintaining divine service therein according to the order and principle of the Church of England, whether connected for the time being with the State as an established church or not."

An old lady of 112 named Rostowska presented herself recently at the prefecture at Lille to draw her pension. She served as a canteen woman in Napoleon's campaign in Russia, was under fire in twelve other campaigns, was three times wounded, and wears the silver cross for valour in the field. She acted as surgeon in a Polish regiment in 1831. She brought up fifteen children, her last surviving son dying some years ago at 80.

ODD FACTS ABOUT WATCHES.

How the Sign of Four o'clock Was Made and How to Tell the Time in the Dark—A Watch Compass.

Said a jeweller to several gentlemen who were inspecting his watches: "How many of you can tell without looking at your watches how the hour of 4 is indicated on the face of a timepiece?" The four gentlemen unanimously agreed on IV.

"All wrong," said the man of watch wisdom, who pointed out that the hour was indicated by four I's.

"There is a nice little story connected with that peculiar thing," he continued. "Charles V. of France, who was called 'The Wise,' heard of a clockmaker named Henry Vick, who, about the year 1370, was producing the best and most accurate chronometers of that period. Clocks kept all sorts of time in those days. Charles V. ordered an elaborate clock from Vick, which, in the course of time, was finished and delivered. The King complimented Vick on his work, but insisted that IV. was not the way to indicate four and demanded that the numerals be changed to IIII. For daring to question the correctness of the King Vick narrowly escaped the guillotine. Ever since that time watch and clock makers the world over have used IIII, to indicate 4 o'clock on the dial.

"The man who wants to find out what time it is in a dark room need not have so much trouble in doing it if he owns a watch and will follow my advice. Let him notice what time it is when he goes to bed at night and then wind the watch up fairly tight. And, by the way, a watch will give much better service if it is wound regularly at a certain hour. Suppose it is 12 o'clock when he retires. On waking up let him wind the watch again, counting the ticks made by the ratchet as he winds. Suppose there are eighteen ticks. Let him multiply 18 by 10, the latter number being the minutes which elapse at one release of the ratchet as the watch runs down. This gives 180 seconds, and dividing this by 60, the number of minutes in an hour, he finds the result to be three. Therefore since he retired at midnight three hours have elapsed, and it is 3 o'clock in the morning.

Certainly, he may be five or even ten minutes out of the way in his estimate, but he knows approximately what the hour is.

"Another interesting fact in connection with a watch is that it can be used as a compass. Hold it face upward so that the hour hand points directly to the sun."

Dog Taxes in Paris.

Every Parisian who owns a dog has to pay about \$1.60 annual tax on his pet. The latest statistics on the subject give the number of dogs declared by their owners and taxed as about 72,000. The number of dogs seized by the dog-catchers shows a remarkable and unexplained drop in 1894 over the previous year. In 1893 about 25,000 dogs were put to death by the city, but the year following only 5,000 were destroyed. There has been some talk in Paris of establishing a "Dogs' Home" for cast-off canines, similar to the one in London. This refuge is very prosperous and popular, and but lately received a bequest of \$5,000 from the estate of a wealthy dog fancier. During the year 1894 this institution gathered up 16,121 abandoned dogs—not abandoned in the sense of being disolute, of course—and out of that number 3,225 were reclaimed or sold. Not a single case of hydrophobia was observed.

He Denied the Call.

An English army officer tells an amusing story of an incident that occurred at Maidstone, many years ago, in the time of the old Cavalry Depot. On a certain very foggy night there was a complete silence, broken only by the voices of the sentries, who, at regular intervals, passed the usual word down the line. The officer woke up just as the usual watch was passing, and this was what he heard: First sentry—"Number one, and all's well." Then there was silence for a moment, and a voice called into the darkness, "Number three, and all's well, and number two's asleep." Before number four could take up the thread of the proceedings, a voice, in which more than a suspicion of slumber remained, cried hurriedly: "Number two, and all's well, and number three's a liar!"

Worth a Contest.

Caller—I wish to contest my uncle's will. Lawyer—Is the estate worth it? Caller—He left \$100,000. Lawyer—Let me see. That's fifty thousand for me, and fifty thousand for the lawyer on the other side. Yes, it's worth it.