LORD KILLEEN'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER V.

The seventeenth came in due course, and with it Lady Varley's ball. It was already so far advanced as to enable one to declare it a success. There was a superabundance of flowers, excellent music, and a floor beyond praise. There were almost as many men as their were women, which in the country means everything, being a rare occurrence.

Mrs. Dundas arrived late. She always arrived late as a rule, perhaps thinking it a pity to waste her entry on an empty room, as she was generally the best dressed, and quite as generally the loveliest women wherever she went. Having taken this fact to heart early in life, she molded her plans to suit her knowledge. To-night, being a stranger, she would have been sure of much attention had she been plain and dowdily attired; as it was she created a perfect furore.

And, indeed, she was well worth a lengthened examination. Her gown was white satin, her ornaments diamonds; but one hardly noticed all this, as jher face caught the eye. She looked superb, sparkling, brilliant. There was a touch of expectancy, too, about her that heightened her animation.

As she let her plush cloak drop from her into the arms of the attendant in the dressing-room, and as her whole exquisite figure betrayed itself to her in an opposite mirror, she smiled to herself complacently, and her blood ran quicker through her veins, and her eyes grew brighter with the sense of coming and sure triumph.

It was in one of the dainty rooms off the ball-room that she stood, a little later on, looking round her. She was listening, with parted lips that smiled enchantingly, to the man beside her; but her glance was straying delicately here and there from one form to another. At last it rested.

If she started, it was so slightly that her companion knew nothing of it. The pupils of her eyes enlarged and, though she still spoke to and smiled at him beside her, her glance did not again wander. It was fixed on a corner of the room in which she stood, where a man of about thirty, distinguished, if rather dissipated in appearance, was leaning against the wall, conversing with a fair-haired woman sitting on a lounge below him.

She was a very ordinary woman, an every-day person—a nobody, in fact, as Mrs. Dundas decided after the first cursory glance; but he—

She bent her large, full gaze upon his bowed face, and waited. Perhaps there was some magic in the concentration of her regard, because after a very little while he grew restless, absent, troubled, as it were, and at last lifted his head and stared impatiently around him. He appeared to Mrs. Dundas bored, weary, dissatisfied, and this belief did her good; added new fuel to the life within her.

His eyes traveled slowly, as if against his will, up the room and down again, even nearer and nearer to where Donna stood in all the insolence of a beauty that could hardly be surpassed; nearer, nearer still, as though the magnetic fire in hers was compelling him to seek her.

At last he saw her. She was still smiling, with her beautiful head thrown little backward. She noticed the quick indrawing of the breath, the pallor that overspread his features upon his recognition of her, and—she noticed, too, how he withdrew his gaze, and bent with redoubled eagerness upon the woman near him. She saw all, and laughed to herself, and watched again patiently for what she knew would come.

A sense of amusement stirred her, as she noted his evident determination to escape her, his resolve not to look again.

A soft color began to burn in her cheeks, her fingers tightened on her fan, she drew all her will into the steady look she directed toward him. The battle had begun, and she would be victor. As she watched, she could see that he grew even more assiduous in his attentions to his companion; he threw all his energy into his conversation, he said something to her, and laughed aloud as he said it. He seemed very near victory, when all at once he gave in, and raised himself, and with a beaten, but a passionately glad glance, looked straight at Donna.

It was a strange, long look, a miserably hungry look, as of one long denied and now at last to be satisfied; it dwelt upon her beautiful, debonair face in a speechless sorrow that was yet exultant, for there was in it the memory, full and complete, of a wild, mad, happy past.

Mrs. Dundas drew her breath quickly, and her teeth came down sharply on her still smiling lips. The smile died, indeed, and she seemed on the point of giving way to some emotion when she conquered herself by a supreme effort, and forced herself to return his gaze. As she did so a divine light shot from her eyes. She leaned a little forward, she made a faint movement with her fan. He came to her.

He was beside her now, and her partner of a moment since having somehow faded away, they were virtually alone. Three years floated from them as though they had never been, and Venice, and moonlight, and a love that then had appeared endless, and even now seemed strong as death (at least to him), was all that was left them.

She was first to recover herself. "So you did come back," she said mockingly, yet with a latent tenderness. Her lips took a half-scornful curve. He knew then that she had read his departure on her arrival, his hesitation about returning for this dance where he knew he should see her, his final craving to see her that drove him homeward, all aright. Something reckless within him that was always there, made him rejoice in that she knew, for the moment; later on, when her presence was withdrawn from him, he felt a sense of shame.

Just now he had no thought for anything but those old days in which she had reigned queen. He was slower to emancipate himself from such memories than she was, perhaps because they clung to him with a greater persistency.

"You are changed," he said at last.

She shook her head.

"It is only that you have forgotten," she said, knowing well that forgetfulness had not been with him. She had never removed her eyes from his since that first time when she saw him leaning against the wall, and now the swift warm blood rushed into her cheeks and lit her eyes and made her beautiful. Varley seemed to find a difficulty in removing his gaze from her face.

"Forgetfulness is what you would wish me; it is not what you can accuse me of," he said in a low tone.

He spoke strangely; it was evident that he was battling with some powerfull emotion. His dark eyes burned into hers. He had forgotten that there were people in the room, and that he was still holding her hand. She, who never forgot, remembered this, and noted his agitation, and, lifting her head, laughed softly. She moved her hand with a tremulous coquetry within his, as though to remind him of it.

"Would you hold me thus for ever?" she asked.

The words were simple, the tone full of meaning. Varley caught it, as she intended he should, and some fire shot into the dull despair of his eyes. She checked it as it was born.

"Forgetful are you, indeed, in spite of your protestation," she said. "It does seem to me that you have forgotten that there is any one in the world beyond you and me." She indicated by a swift glance from under her long lashes the other occupants of the room, one or two of whom were regarding them curiously.

"Yes, I had forgotten," said Varley. He dropped her hand.

"It is very warm here; is there no cooler place? This is your house, yet you must remember I am a stranger in it," said Donna. Her beautiful bosom rose and fell with a quick sigh.

"Come," returned Varley unsteadily.

She went with him out of that room, across a minor hall, and into a dimly lit fernery beyond. The drip, drip, of water fell pleasantly upon the ear, and the tender notes of the music, coming to them from the distant ball-room, sounded sad, remote and plaintive.

Donna sunk upon a cushioned lounge, but Varley remained standing. The faint lights from the colored lamps shone like drops of blood upon her satin gown, and threw many glittering rays into the diamond stars that lit her rich hair red

"There was a reproach in that last speech of yours," he said presently, standing over her. "A stranger in my house! That is true; but by whose fault?"

"Was it mine?" said she. "Would it be wisdom to deny it? After all, was I not always in fault? And yet—" She paused, then looked full at him: "In what hot haste you were to wed!"

"My wedding broke no hearts," retorted he bitterly.

"I was too frivolous for you," said she. "I hear you went from the ridiculous to the sublime. Lady Varley has been described to me as a saint—not a mediaeval one, however, the gods be praised! I have seen her and her clothes hung pretty well."

"I hope you and Lady Varley will be friends," returned he in a studiously careful tone, which was, however, thrown away upon her.

"Don't be a hypocrite," she said calmly but shortly.

At this moment Lady Varley appeared at the entrance to the fernery, came in, and passed through it to a door at the other end. In passing she looked at Mrs. Dundas, smiled graciously and inclined her head. Donna, who had followed her movements in silence, turned to Varley as the door closed on her.

"You see, old adages come true," she said. "Talk of an angel—we were talking of her just then. To think that you—you—should have married such a one!"

"To think that you should have married John Dundas!"

"You have me there, I confess. But there was nothing else left to me. My uncle was dead; you were gone; I was penniless."

He moved abruptly, and paced once or twice up and down the narrow space between them.

"You could have written," he said.

"Too late! You were married to your saint. Why should I disturb your beatitude? I abstained from troubling you and later on I received my reward in—"

"In what?" eagerly.

"John Dundas! Every one tells me he is quite perfect. And we have always been taught that what every one says must be right. So you see"—with a sudden outburst of gayety—"if you have your saint, I, too, have mine. I am as good as you any day. You can't outshine me. A word in your ear, however." She leaned forward and whispered to him. "Don't you find the sanctity rather trying?" she said. "Deadly dull, eh?"

He laughed in spite of himself, and taking up one of her little gloved hands, beat it lightly against his own palm once or twice.

"A truce to all such heretical sentiments," he said.

"Which, after all, only means that you agree with me, but have not the courage of your opinions. Do you know, Frederic—" she stopped abruptly. "Frederic," she said again, as though wondering at the sound of the word, and then: "how it recalls everything!" she said. "You recollect? You were Fred to me then, and sometimes—in fun—I used to call you my Friedrich d'or."

"Don't!" said he, sharply.

"It touches you still?" she spoke as if surprised. "And yet it is a long time ago." She sighed quickly, heavily, and then smiled. "I shouldn't have thought you would ever be the one to take anything au grand serieux," she said; "more especially so ordinary a thing as an affair of the heart."

"You have outlived it, then?"

"I have outlived most things. I have seen more trouble than most."

"It has not left its marks upon you," said he, bitterly. He looked with angry admiration at the fair, serene face before him, without line, or mar, or sear, or any of grief's disfigurements.

"Do you regret that? Would you have me bent and bowed with sorrow's burden? Am I not better as I am?" She seemed a little amused. "What a blood-thirsty person you are!" she said. "I believe you would have me, if you could, crushed out of all remembrance. But when one comes to think of it, I don't believe I am a person easily crushed. I have endured a good deal, and yet I live."

"What have you endured?" said he, scornfully.

"John Dundas, for one thing," returned she, with an irrepressible laugh.

"I hear he is kindness itself to you," said Varley, gravely. He was in the humor to quarrel with any one, even with her—most of all with himself.

"For once gossip speaks true," replied she, unabashed. "Did you hope he was unkind? What a face, Varley—so cold, so reproving! If you were somebody else it might have its effect, but as it is—I confess it only wearies me."

She yawned behind her fan, and rose slowly to her feet.

"You will return to the ball-room?" asked he, reluctantly, in spite of his ill-temper, as she noticed.

"To dance? No. I am sick of dancing. Oh, for some new sensation—something to lift one out of the slow death of boredom that these days breed!"

As she spoke, she threw back her head languidly, and stretched out her lovely, naked arms rather toward him, then suddenly dropped them with a wicked little laugh.

"No, not that," she said, warning him back with a light gesture. "But cards, dice. You remember Monaco and the old nights?"

"A needless question. I have already told you that my misfortune is that I can not forget." His voice was strained, his face pale. He was evidently intoxicated by her beauty, and the memory of past delights that still held him, because—fatal thought—there might yet be warmth enough in them to bring them back to life!

Donna watching him, read him easily, and leaning against the silken curtain behind her, laughed in her triumph in that strange, noiseless fashion that she had. He was hers now at this moment, as he was hers then in the past days, as he would be hers forever—so long (she understood him well) as her beauty lasted. And that would be till youth was over. Afterward what signified anything? After that, the deluge.

"There was at least no fear of stagnation in them," she said, alluding to those "old nights," that had their fascination for her still. "You recollect how we used to play, you and I together, and our luck? It grew to be proverbial. Why was it?"

"Who can say? You spoke awhile since of old adages. Hear another: 'Lucky in play, unlucky in love.' We were lucky in play."

"It was the only luck we knew," said she. "Then we were together; now we are as apart as the poles." Then suddenly her whole air changed. She turned her eyes quickly upon his. "But are we?" she asked in a whisper that was only a breath. She had drawn nearer to him. He put out his hand, and pressed her back from him.

"Take care!" he said, in a dangerous tone. "Take care what you are doing, you may go too far! Has nothing changed you? These two interminable years? Your marriage?"

Her white-fringed lids fell half-way over her eyes, and she laughed contemptuously.

"Pouf!" she said; "if she has taught you morality in so short a time, I confess I think her clever. If you have it, keep it, Varley; don't waste it upon me. You were sadly in want of it yourself when I first knew you, so now you have acquired it, let me beseech you not to squander it."

Here her ill-temper being ever a thing as light as herself, she flung it from her and laughed gayly, and threw at him a handful of snowy scented blossoms.

"Don't scold me," she whispered, with a mischievous pretense at penitence that had its charm, and heightened every beauty she possessed; "I'll be very good for the future. I won't do it any more, if you will only—" She made a deliberate pause; and then with an exquisite pout of her red lips, and an inclination toward him: "If you will only kiss and be friends." A second later she was laughing gayly. "No, no!" she cried. "I did not mean it—of course not. Though after all it would not be the first time. But if they knew it, what would my old boy and your stately saint say? Fred!" Contrition smiled within her eyes. "So long as my hands are idle, I warn you I shall work mischief. Is there nothing to be done? No card-room in this house? Not even a bagatelle-board?"

"There is a billiard-room, and a card-room also," said Varley, rather absently.

"No! you don't say so! And here have I been all these hours wasting my precious time. You have degenerated, Fred; once you would not have been so dead to the desires of a pretty woman. And I am that, eh?"

"Go on. What is it you want?" asked Varley, refusing to look at her.

"To handle once more an ace of trumps; to feel myself victor on one field if not on another. I doubt I am growing old and ugly; my empire in Cupid's camp is past; and I would therefore lord it over the card-table, if kindly chance permit."

He laughed grimly.

"Are you tired of conquest?" he said. "Satiated at last! That must be a new experience for you. Card-tables—yes, of course, there is a room somewhere, where all the old fogies, the fathers and mothers of the rustic maidens, are now assembled."

"So much the better. I am not so dead to les convenances that I can not see the use of old fogies. I shall be chaperoned, countenanced by them. A quiet little loo will suit me down to the ground, and I leave it to you to make up the table. As for our stakes, the fogies need know nothing of them."

"They will wonder at your absence from the ball room."

"On the contrary, they will regard me as a steady and sedate young matron, who very properly has turned her back upon such frivolities as dancing."

"You would have to be born again before they would believe all that."

"Not a bit of it. And if the frivolity business won't do, why let us say I am delicate, and that much dancing might make me mad."

As she said this, she smiled saucily, yet with a put-on languid air that was admirable.

"I'll make you up a table if you like," said Varley. "There is Barry, he likes a game; and Featherston, he will probably demur on principle at high stakes, but there won't be any trouble with him. And there is Colonel Blood and his wife. I don't know that she would run to much, but—"

"She will do—as a sop to Mrs. Grundy; and if she has even a smallest touch of the fire, I can trust myself to raise it to a flame. To tell you the truth," said she, with a sincerer touch of reality than she had yet shown, "if I am to live here at all, I must have something to keep me going. Otherwise there will be mischief."

"And your husband; he will not object?"

"He is not by any means a stupid man," said she.

(To Be Continued.)

EMBASSADORS IN LONDON.

The Extraordinary Privileges They Have Against Laws and Customs.

The foreign Embassadors accredited to the Court of St. James are, as in fact the law looks upon them, little kings, being privileged beyond any subject in the realm.

The law of nations has decided that the Embassador, like the royal sovereign, is above the law, a statement which implies that he may do just as he likes. It is certain that he may commit murder and not be liable to arrest by the myrmidons of New Scotland Yard; he may be guilty of robbery with violence, and no Judge can threaten him with imprisonment or "the cat;" he may forge, rob banks and even seriously assault the Prime Minister, and yet go quietly home to dinner without the least fear of being served with a Police Court summons on the following morning. He can do more than this—he may actually endeavor to dethrone the Queen, as did Mendoza, the Spanish Embassador, in Elizabeth's reign, or plot to take her life, as did L'Aubespine, the French Embassador, in 1584, and yet not suffer the penalties of the law; for though the arm of the law can take hold of most wrong-doers, the Embassador is an exception.

It may be asked what can be done to an Embassador who, for instance, commits murder or treason. Has the State no remedy? All that the State can do in such cases is to oppose force to force, expel the offending Minister from the country, and make a representation to the Embassador's sovereign, requesting him to punish him for his behavior. In the event of the sovereign ignoring the request, this would probably be the cause of war between the two nations.

As we have seen that an Embassador may with impunity commit all these criminal acts, it is not surprising that the civil injuries which one suffers at his hands are not redressible in the English courts of law. The baker, butcher or fishmonger, in fact any tradesman who supplies goods on credit to an Embassador or members of his suite, does so

AT HIS OWN RISK.

You cannot County Court an attache or sue an Embassador; in fact, if you attempted even to serve a summons, you would eventually appear before the Lord Chancellor and two Judges, who would impose upon you certain penalties, and corporal punishment if need be, for thus violating the law of nations. This privilege, according to most authorities, even extends to the Embassador's domestic servants, provided their names be registered with the Secretary of State.

But the Embassador's privileges do not stop here. Neither the rate collector nor the tax collector calls upon him, for he pays no taxes, and, though it is true that he can not send his letters without first affixing postage stamps in the ordinary way, yet, so far as sending things to his own country goes, he is privileged in the following manner: There is in all embassies what is known as the valise, a big bag, as the name signifies. In this he may put whatsoever he will, dutiable articles included. This bag is sealed at the embassy, delivered to the postal authorities and forwarded to its destination without being opened. In the same way he may receive from his country the valise, no matter what it may contain, and it will be delivered to him unopened. Household supplies, too, such as wine, game, etc., for the use of the household he may likewise receive from abroad duty free, provided he first obtain from the Foreign Office a special permit, which is never refused.

Not only is the person of the Embassador sacred, but his carriage and hotel, or place of residence are also looked upon as inviolable. To force one's way into an Embassador's house is a most heinous offense. Neither officers of justice nor revenue officers can enter. In early times to such a length was this privilege carried that if a man committed a crime and gained admittance to some foreign embassy, it was thought that he could not be taken. However, it has been definitely decided that there is no right of asylum in embassies, and if an Embassador harbors a criminal, police officers may take him into custody without breaking the law of the nations.

A Great London Store.

The greatest English department store is Whitley's in London. There is practically nothing that he does not furnish. The story is told that a foreigner made a bet that Whitley could not furnish anything asked for. The wager was accepted. The foreigner gave the order: "An elephant, to be sent to my hotel before evening." Whitley sent out to a circus that was exhibiting in the city, bought the elephant and delivered it as requested. Whitley has an immense farm, provides his own dairy products for customers, puts up preserves and jellies, runs a great meat market, conducts a number of omnibus lines and has a dozen enterprizes which converge into the store and augment his great retail trade. He makes a specialty of providing houses and furnishing them complete. The customer merely informs him of the locality in which he would like to live, and how much total investment he desires to make, and Whitley buys the house, furnishes it in every detail—even to stocking the cellar and pantry with things to eat—and presents his bill.

Aiding the Movement.

Are you the new woman?

Yes.

Well, come in, and I will give you some of my husband's old clothes.

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered from His Daily Record.

The Anaconda mines of Butte, Montana, which are mainly copper, made a net profit of $1,931,307 during the first half of last year.

The sword and handcuffs worn by John Brown were bought last week by James Eldridge, of Hartford, Conn., from Daniel Lizer, of Wabash, Ind., for $51.

Chief Engineer Brown of the Pennsylvania railroad, is regarded as the most serious official in the employ of that system. He never laughs and he dislikes to be interviewed.

The picture, "Breaking the Home Ties," by the late Thomas Hovenden, which has been on exhibition in Philadelphia for some time, is to be exhibited in various western cities.

Professor E. Otis Kendall has resigned the chair of astronomy at the University of Pennsylvania. He served that institution for just forty years having become its professor of mathematics in 1855.

The wife of Bishop Hurst of Washington, formerly Miss Root, of Albany, has become a great leader in church and charitable work at the national capital and a social favorite among church people.

The ore shipments from the Lake Superior iron mines reached the enormous aggregate of nearly 11,000,000 tons this season mostly from the Minnesota mines. The output of the same region last year was 7,748,932 tons.

Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Parkhurst, of New York, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage in Northampton, Mass., on Saturday night. The celebration was at the old Bodman home. It was a quiet affair.

Eugene Field's estate has been brought into court by his widow, who asks for letters of administration. It is estimated at $25,000 in personal property. The home, valued at $10,000, was conveyed to her not long before his death.

Xaver Scharwenka, the distinguished New York pianist, speaks English very slightly after his five years' residence in this country. In German-American social circles he is noted for his overflowing good humor and high spirits.

Ex-Gov. Campbell of Ohio is said to have struck it rich in California gold mines. He is in partnership with a man who owns a cattle ranch on the San Joaquin who has discovered a great placer deposit of unusual richness.

Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, has been more conspicuous socially since the Venezuelan dispute arose than ever before. He entertains lavishly, his manners are delightful, and he is one of the most if not actually the most, popular diplomats at the capital.

It is said that Denmark wants to sell to the United States the three islands in the West Indies which she owns—St. Croix, St. Thomas and St. John. These islands have an area of 118 square miles, and a population of 32,000, mostly negroes. Their trade is very small.

Among Americans who have made a distinguished success in Europe lately is the artist Edwin A. Abbey. He has been exhibiting a collection of paintings at the rooms of the Fine Arts Association in London, and society flocks to see and admire them. Mr. Abbey himself is much sought after socially.

The State Federation of Women's Clubs and Societies met in Brooklyn last week. This was the first annual convention of the federation, which was formed a year ago under the auspices of Sorosis. It has grown continuously, and now numbers 100 clubs, and probably from 12,000 to 15,000 members.

Richard Henry Dana, jr., best known as the author of "Two Years Before the Mast," also wrote the account of the Monroe doctrine which appears in Wheaton's "International Law." He was a lawyer of great ability, and in 1876 was nominated for Minister to England, but the Senate refused to confirm him.

At the recent meeting in Chicago of the Board of Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal church, it was stated that the receipts for the past year were $171,237, of which amount conference collections furnished $127,743; personal gifts, $11,871, and bequests, $6,770. The disbursements included $103,399 in gifts to the churches.

Chicago is a great market. During the year past the cattle receipts aggregated 2,591,060 head. Hogs received during the past year, 7,910,000 head, an increase of 427,000 over last year. The receipts of sheep foot up for the year 3,385,000 head, an increase of 285,000 over last year. The receipts of horses reached 113,000 head, an increase of 16,000 head over 1894.

There are 50,000 women and children in New York city working from ten to sixteen hours a day. In the far east and west side stores women and children are often employed until nine or ten o'clock, until after midnight on Saturday, and occasionally a half a day on Sunday. There are 20,000 children under sixteen employed frequently sixteen hours a day. The average wages of cash girls is $1.50 a week, and they are fined for absence, tardiness, and mistakes. As a rule merchants do not allow the wages of saleswomen to exceed one per cent. of their sales.

A New Way of Preserving Meat.

Arrangements have been made in New York to test the merits of a new method for the preservation of meat destined for shipment to remote points by vessel. The process is of German origin, and its inventor claims that a more digestible and nourishing quality of meat is secured. The method of slaughter is entirely new. A cap or mask hermetically sealed inclosing the respiratory organs is placed on the head of the animal, which is then quickly killed by the introduction of carbonic acid gas. Immediately after death the heart is opened and the blood drawn off by means of a tube. A preserving fluid is then injected and remains in the flesh. This fluid is prepared from a powder consisting of a mixture of milk, sugar, cream of tartar, carbonate of magnesia and biphosphate of soda.