# LORD KILLEEN'S REVENGE

## CHAPTER XIII.

It was, as has been said, a glorious night. The heavens were bright with stars. Outside, in the perfumed darkness of the gardens, a light breeze,flower-scented, was rustling through the trees; a dainty wind, soft as a heralding breath from the summer, now so near.

The silver moon hung high in the vast dome; "a dewy freshness filled the air;" from the woods beyond, a sleepy, tremulous cooing, as of many birds, stole on the senses. Here and there colored lamps gleamed through the dusky vail that covered all things, lighting up the gleaming limbs of statues, or throwing a sparkling radiance upon the water that dripped from the fountains.

Low seats were arranged in subtle corners to tempt the unwary into the meshes of that dangerous game, flirtation; and through the open windows the sound of the sad, soft music was wafted out to those who sought the coolness of the night air.

Mrs. Dundas, slowly descending the steps that led from the conservatory to the sward beneath, glanced upward, as though struck by the brilliancy of the sailing moon; perhaps it was to show the purity of the lines of her throat and neck. Fair as these were undoubtedly, the heavens were fairer still, and full of a strange, mysterious power. The sense of fairness, the awful calm, the serenity, the eternal silence—all seemed to descend suddenly, and make the heart stand still within its bosom, as the vast grandeur of it made itself felt, and sunk into the soul. The terrible immovability would have been unbearable, save that sometimes a pale cloud stole over the radiant moon, and some times a star shot across the sky, leaving for an instant a trail of fire behind it.

"He has behaved to us pretty well about the night," said Mrs. Dundas, with a complacent and complimentary glance around her; and another cast backward, over her shoulder, at her companion, Lord Varley. She was alluding to her host.

"Why take that tone?" Have his other arrangements failed to please you?" His manner was cold and slightly combative.

"On the contrary, everything is as perfect as a nouveau riche would be safe to have it. The mayonnaise was beyond praise, and for once it is impossible to cavil at the champagne. Coronis says—"

"It can scarcely matter what he said," interrupted Varley, with a sneer. Coronis was the name of the Italian prince who wasted so much adoration on Mrs. Dundas. "A poor beggar like that, who lives, or starves rather in that empty palace of his in Rome, commits an imprudence when he criticises the arrangement of a house like this."

Mrs. Dundas cast a swift glance at him from under her long lashes. The fact that he was with difficulty restraining an outbreak of temper caused her some amusement. That jealousy of the Italian's attentions to her had created the temper caused her delight.

"Oh! it matters to me," she said, sweetly. "His opinion is something, at least in my eyes! You forget he is my friend—poor though he may be."

"Only a friend?" asked he, insolently.

She laughed. Another woman in all probability would never have forgiven him this speech—or rather the meaning of it—but Donna was above all such weakness. The only pride she knew was in the accomplishment of the ends she had in view, and so she laughed lightly and easily.

"My lover, you mean? Well, yes. He makes that apparent enough, poor man. But an accepted one, which you also meant? No. He is a very great nuisance and almost a folly, I admit, but he is amiable, and handsome, and he has his uses.

Dundas seemed wonderfully complaisant.

"My husband is fully aware, Lord Varley, that his honor is safe in my keeping!" She uttered this dignified assurance with quite a grand air, but as she did so she made a saucy little moue for Lord Varley's benefit, and a mocking gleam full of wicked merriment lighted her eyes. She lifted her shoulders, gave herself a hug full of enjoyment, and shut up her fan with a little sharp snap, a trick she had learned abroad. Then it was all over, and she was looking at Varley once again in her would-be demure way, with a mischievous smile upon her lips. Varley gave her no smile in response. That sudden bit of acting had occasioned him no mirth; had rather deepened his anger into passion. And she looked so lovely there in the moonlight, with that wild light in her lustrous eyes, and her soft, naked arms, and—

"If I were your husband I should kill you!" he said, hoarsely.

"It suggested itself to me—that," returned she audaciously, "many a month ago. So long ago, indeed, as when we were together in Italy. You remember? and yet, Varley," she drew closer to him, and laid the feathered tip of her fan upon his arm, "and yet had we been married, you would have had no reason for the slaying of me. Where I loved, I should not be false."

Her tones had grown tremulous; the smile had died from her, and all her exquisite face was quivering with a feeling she took no pains to suppress.

"False!" said Varley. "That is a matter not to be gone into; the real question is, could you be true? You speak of those far-off days—in Italy—when you were mine in heart and soul, as I madly believed, and when—" He paused abruptly. "Pshaw!" he said, with a frown.

"Well? But— Go on," she entreated, gently.

"What need is there to go on? What is there to be said?"

"Nothing, perhaps. Except that you forsook me."

"None of that, Donna!" His face was stern and pale, as he looked at her with flashing eyes. "Delude the rest of the world if you will, but do not waste your powder upon me. I know you."

"Yet it is the truth I speak," declared she, quickly. "Were you not the one to cry off, to draw back, to leave me? And all for a cause so trivial."

"Trivial! when the man was making love to you before my eyes—when I was openly discarded for him?"

"Yet I could have married him, and did not. Yes, it was trivial; it was selfish!" she said, with superb contempt. "You would have denied me such a small amusement for the sake of your amour propre. You cast me off because of it; me, whom you professed to hold so dear! Pouf! a murrain upon such love, cry I?"

"I did, then, what I should do now."

"The opportunity happily is denied you," retorted she, a trifle bitterly. She drew back from him an angry line about her lips; and then all suddenly her mood changed from scorn to a soft, seductive tenderness.

"Freddy!" she whispered. A sigh broke from her parted lips. The old fond name fell on the passing breeze, and all at once the air seemed full of it, and of more than it; of orangegroves, and moonlit terraces, and love, and light, and joy.

"Why should we quarrel?" she said. "Have I not cause against you, and—yes—not another angry word now! You have your cause, too, doubtless. But shall we not forgive? Has there been no punishment meted out to me, as well as to you? Ah! let cold words die between us two, now we are once more—"

"What?" demanded he, unsteadily.

"Together!" she murmured, softly; "together, and—"

"And?"

"Lovers!" The word broke from her like a sigh. Her breath came quickly through her parted lips. The moon shining on her head, turned her hair to threads of living gold. She put up her long white arms, that gleamed snow white, to push back her hair from either side of her head, and kept them thus upraised, as she looked straight at him with soft entreaty in her eyes.

She could see the effort with which he withstood her—the restraint he placed upon himself in this, his last struggle to remain )at least in act( faithful to the woman he had married. She marked all, and felt only a fresh access of desire to obtain the mastery.

She let her arms drop slowly to her sides.

"You have not forgotten," she said, "you remember all, and yet—what holds you from me? Let the past die! What good is there in anything for joy or grief, when the ashes are scattered, and lie on the path behind us? To-day alone is ours. Take the sweet present, Varley—take it, when I give it."

She held out her hands. She moved as if to go to him. The darkness of the night lay around their feet, though the moon illumined her lovely face, and as she took a step forward, she felt herself checked by the root of an old elm-tree that had grown upward and crossed the path. She swayed a little. Involuntarily Varley sought to save her, and in a moment she was lying in his arms.

She was close in his embrace. Alas! it was not for the first time, and he knew the sweetness of it! His heart seemed to stop beating.

"You are not hurt?" he whispered, bending over her.

"No; oh, no." The answer came to him a little indistinctly, and a soft, tremulous breath seemed to pass through her. She was within his arms, and now the agitation was at an end, yet she made no effort to free herself. She did not even stir. She lay there contentedly, and presently let her head drop slowly backward until it lay upon his breast, and she could turn up to his her large, lustrous eyes in the seductive moonlight.

An odd expression grew on Varley's face. He had not meant to hold her thus. So far he had been loyal to his wife, inasmuch as deeds count, but now— Her bold, beautiful eyes seemed to burn into his, and draw them down to her. He could feel her breath upon his cheek; the little fond yet half-mocking smile that widened her red lips could be so plainly seen.

If she had been an acquaintance of a year ago—six months ago—one known but yesterday, as it were, it might have been all different; but oh, those old past days, so full of life—those days that will not die; the memory of them dwelt so near the surface that a touch, a glance recalled them.

Again they are floating on the Maggiore—the oars idle, the arms that should have labored at them wound round her. As she is lying now, so she had lain upon his breast a score of times in that soft, rose-hued past, her fingers twined in his, their hearts beating in unison to one same sweet tune. Almost he can hear the rhythmical rise and fall of the oars of the other boats, so far away as to leave him and her in a blessed solitude. He can hear, too, the faint splashing of the sparkling water-drops, the sound of voices singing, now coming, now going—swelling—dying.

He started violently. All at once he came back to the life he was now leading—the life chosen. He remembered how things were with him. and Yolande's pale, grave face (so unlike the brilliant, laughing one now looking into his) rose before him. With a slight shudder he threw up his head, and turned his glance from the warm gaze riveted upon him.

Marking the shudder (which, indeed, ran through her), and feeling his arms loosen round her supple form, Donna, with a swift, lithe turn of her body, so moved herself that now her cheek lay pressed to him, and lifting one hand, slowly, slowly, she laid it upon his throat. Very delicately it crept ever upward ,this small, clinging, devilish little hand, now with the fingers closed ,now opening, until at last her naked arm had risen with it, and had formed a soft, warm, palpitating necklet round him.

The magic worked. He drew her to him. Once again his eyes sought hers, and then once again he remembered. If he fell now, he fell forever, and he knew it. He lifted both his arms, and, taking hers, resolutely pushed her backward, still holding her.

"Have you no heart—no conscience?" he said.

"Conscience! No." She shook her head deliberately. She felt the game was won, as she looked into his wild eyes, and triumph made her reckless. "Heart! Yes—for you!"

"Think of Dundas!"

She laughed softly, merrily, with uplifted brows; a laugh full of music.

"And you to call yourself my friend!" she whispered, gayly. "What have I done to you, then, that you should compel me to call to mind that amiable misfortune?"

"Do you know what you are doing?" asked he, still holding her from him.

"What am I doing, then?" she laughed again. "That question should be to you. Do not put little red marks upon my arms, Freddy, for all the world to see. You ask me why I do not think of Mr. Dundas. And you thinking of Lady Varley?"

She was reckless indeed, and sure of the end, when she said that.

"Leave Lady Varley out of it," commanded he, in a low, vehement tone.

As he spoke, he shook her slightly.

"Ay, gladly!" whispered she. Her eyes took fire again. She had been standing erect, drawing herself, as it were, away from his masterful grasp; but now she gave in to it. She leaned toward him; her lips trembled. "Let her go—let all the world go," she breathed passionately, "so long as you and I—are left—to love—"

The victory was hers! The arms that had tried to hold her from him, now fastened round her. They drew closer—closer still. Their lips met.

A slight sound roused them from the mad joy they felt. It had lasted, altogether, but a minute or two, and now it was at an end; but it had changed the course of many lives.

"We had forgotten," said Donna, drawing herself quickly from his arms. "The world as yet is peopled. You heard a sound. Come."

She threw herself into a little stilted society attitude, and moved toward the house. Varley, unable to bring himself back from that past sad dream of love as quickly as she, walked beside her in a silence he could not break.

Donna, on the contrary, seemed gay with life, and full of a vivacity as real as it was reckless. She chattered to him, unceasingly, and rallied him on his silence, and laying her hand lightly, delicately, upon his arm, glanced up at him every now and then with that fond, sweet smile on her lips, that then in the old days, as now, belonged to him alone. He knew that, and seemed, silent as he was, to care for nothing else. Her touch thrilled him. He hardly heard or heeded her light banter, the voice that spoke being so sweet. He had given himself up to her. His day of grace was past.

As they drew near the lighted windows, Mrs. Dundas stopped suddenly and looked up at the balcony that overhung the nearer garden, where a tall figure leaned over the balustrade.

"Good heavens! There is my old man," exclaimed she. "I must run." Her tone was slightly alarmed, yet comical. She made a movement as if to go in another direction. But Varley stopped her.

"He has seen you," he warned her in a low tone.

A second glance at the tall figure on the balcony convinced her of this, and instantly she changed her tactics, turned once more to the house, and threw into the whole air quite an access of joyousness. Meantime she told Varley to leave her.

"You are to the right about, I to the front," she said, with a little grimace, and then went leisurely across the moonlit space alone, and ran up the stone steps that led to the balcony. As she reached the top and saw Dundas she started very naturally, and let an expression full of delighted surprise cross her face.

"You!" she cried, gladly, and came to him, with loving eyes, and parted, smiling lips.

"Yes," he said, and drew her to him, and gazed with a grave rapture into the exquisite upturned face. She was beautiful, truly, and she was his! He loved her with a passion, the depth of which he hardly understood himself. She was his sole joy, the one delight of a life that up to fifty had been singularly solitary.

"And what are you doing here, you bad, bad boy?" she went on in a soft, purring tone, giving his tie a little pull this way and that, as if to arrange it. She put her head on one side to mark the effect of her meddling. "Trying to catch cold, eh? And when you know I have forbidden you, on pain of death, to seek the air at midnight."

"It was so warm," returned he, quite apologetically. It was so sweet to him to hear her scold him for this little act of imprudence; to know himself so dear to her.

"Tut! Nonsense! Warm? Feel me?" She was still prettily scolding; and as she spoke she lifted a cool, slim hand, and drew it in a slow, caressing fashion across his brow. He caught it and pressed it to his lips with a vehement fondness—with all the ardor of a newborn lover.

"My own wife!" he breathed, in a low, eager whisper. His usually austere face grew bright as he gazed at her. There was deep thankfulness, and a certain pride in it. "How is it that I have been so blessed above my fellows," he asked her, "as to gain your love?" And not a little of it—not a part—but all the love of your sweet life!"

She laughed—she seemed thoroughly amused. She placed one finger beneath his chin, and looked at him archly.

"You would have compliments, then? But not one—not one, I tell you, tonight! Is it not enough that I should waste all my precious time here alone with a foolish old husband simply because—well, because I'm happier here—whilst there within," pointing airily to the ball-room beyond, "all my many swains are searching for me high and low? Is that nothing to you, sir?" Here she changed her position slightly, so as to get a better view of his face. "Tell me," she went on lightly; "you saw me coming here a moment since?"

"I felt you coming, even more than I saw it. You stood in shadow, and your gown is black, but yet I knew you. I should know you amongst ten thousand. Were I lying in my grave and you drew near—you remember those lines, sweetheart? They haunt me always. 'My heart would know it and beat, had it lain for a century dead.' Oh, yes, I saw you. Who was that with you?"

"Captain Craddock," returned she easily, running her cheek softly up and down against his sleeve.

"I thought it was Varley."

"Well, do you know I've often said it—"

"Said what?"

"There is a wonderful similarity between those two men."

"A likeness, yes, perhaps. But certainly one should give the palm to Varley."

"Ye-es," indifferently, "I dare say."

"I am glad it was not Coronis," said Mr. Dundas, after a slight pause.

"Oh, that absurd patriot! Do you think I would fling away an hour on him? Pas si bete. By the bye, when does he leave? He grows insufferably dull."

"He grows troublesome. He makes the idle tongues round here wag; and I wish no silly talk about my wife." He uttered the las ttwo words with the utmost tenderness.

"I think I hate Coronis," cried she petulantly; "he makes you unkind to me."

"Unkind, Donna?"

"Yes, terribly unkind. You are scolding me now because that odious man fancies himself hopelessly attached to me. As if that was my fault."

"When have I accused you of a fault? Where is the fault in you? And as to scolding, that is a little unjust, is it not?"

"Well, there's a fault," cried she gayly, tapping him on the chest. "You have accused me of injustice. Now I've caught you, eh?" She had thrown off the vague suspicion of ill-humor of a moment since, and was now all life and smiles again. "And as for your scoldings, you tyrant—bah!" she snapped her fingers at him. "If these silly fellows who run after me annoy you, why, that is part of the burden you must bear—a little of the price to be paid for having married a lovely woman like me."

She threw up her head and darted a saucy glance at him. He laughed, as she meant he should.

"And, after all," whispered she, nestling closer to him, "what does it all—what does anything matter, so long as we love each other, you and I?"

"Nothing, indeed," returned he with some emotion. "To know that you are entirely mine in heart and feeling makes me a king above all others. Not to many, I believe, is it granted to have so supreme a trust in anything mortal as I have in you. If I were deprived of that, my life would be savorless; it might go when it would—it could be of no further value to me. But it will not go. As for Coronis, you fancy me annoyed about his too evident admiration; but it is only for your sake I care. Beauty has need to be very guarded, so swift, so undying is the hatred it engenders—as well as the love! I would guard you from even the faintest sting of scandal. And this Italian— No; I trust you."

"You say that over often, I think," she said, with a pensive uplifting of her brows.

"Do I?" He smiled again, and patted her cheek indulgently, as if a little amused by her pique. "Well, I won't do it again."

"What! not trust me?"

"Always that," with a return to his gravity; "but of this Coronis I would speak. You need not fear my being uncivil to him, your guest—he is harmless, he may go; but avoid public censure. He is only a handsome fool, who could have no influence over you—"

He paused; his grasp tightened unconsciously upon her arm, and into his eyes came a fierce light. Donna moved a little beneath his touch.

"You are thinking?" she suggested calmly.

"A mad thought—an unnatural one!" He drew his breath sharply, and his grasp loosened on her arm—the round, perfect arm, the smooth whiteness of which was just a little damaged by the pressure of his fingers. She refrained, however, from even a glance at it.

"Come—your thought?" she persisted playfully.

"Influence!" He had in part forgotten her again, and had gone back to his first disturbing idea. "If," he said slowly, bending his stern gaze on her, "the time ever came for me to find some one who could thus influence you—I should shoot him as I would a dog!"

Donna laughed lightly; but as she did so she felt her blood run cold within her veins, and was conscious of a quick shiver that chilled her.

"A terrible threat," she said gayly. "Let us be thankful that it must perforce be an idle one. Ah! what a solemn face to turn to his lovely wife! Come, then, a smile to reassure her."

In her grace, her beauty, her deviltry, she was irresistible. Mr. Dundas forgot his moody reflections, and, with a sharp sigh, banished them.

"Don't assassinate the poor prince quite yet," she said, with a charming grimace; "think of what a bore, an expense, it would be to forward his long body to Rome to repose in the tomb of his moldy ancestors. Spare him yet awhile; if we go abroad in the autumn, you can do it then far more cheaply. And now, in-doors with you, these moonlight flittings are bad for your morals. In with you I say. Ah! a moment; I had almost forgotten. In the garden just now I thought of you (when, indeed," with a delicious little touch of heartfelt sentiment, "do I not think of you?), and I plucked you this flower."

She went up to him, and having detached a rosebud (given her by Varley) from her bosom, arranged it carefully in his button-hole.

"For you!" she said, coquettishly, stepping back as if to admire her handiwork, and lifting gay, saucy, laughing eyes to his. "For your own self! From your own Donna!"

(To Be Continued.)

## WATCHES.

**How They Are Frozen and Then Baked For Adjustment.**

Before a first-class watch is sold it has to go through a variety of tests or "adjustments," and one of the most important is the adjustment for temperature.

Chronometers are adjusted for temperatures varying from 50 degrees to 90 degrees, as a rule, but some makers—especially in France—cool them down to zero, and often they are heated to 120 degrees. Beyond this point it is dangerous to heat them, as the oil would be liable to injury, and even the works might suffer.

Pocket watches are adjusted for temperatures varying from 35 degrees to 95 degrees. The process consists in putting the watch in a close-fitting case, and placing this in a cold room, or a refrigerator with ice, and leaving it there for some time, altering the works so as to make it keep regular time. Then it is very gradually heated, great care being taken not to let the moisture in the warm air condense upon it.

Next it is put in a specially constructed oven, and heated to 90 or 100 or 120 degrees, the machinery being again adjusted to go regularly. Chronometers are usually kept a week in the cold chamber. After that they are ready to make voyages to any port between the Equator and the Poles without losing or gaining a minute.

# FINNS AND THEIR BATH.

## THE BATHHOUSE IS HEATED BY MEANS OF HOT BOULDERS.

**Once a Month is Often Enough, and the Whole Village Indulges the Same Day—Race From Their Huts to the Bath-House in Nature's Own Garments.**

If you lived in as cold and uncomfortable a country as Finland, it is highly probable that you would never take a bath. Therefore you will appreciate this remarkable story, which proves the great virtue and bravery of the Finns. There are Finns, no doubt, who bathe every day but, like the most of the real heroes of this world, they live and die in obscurity, unhonored and unsung.

There are, on the other hand, no Finns who do not take at least one bath a month. And this is a pretty high average, when you consider that for all France the average is one bath a year for every Frenchman, and in Germany the average is seven-tenths of a bath a year for every German, and in England the average is one-half a bath a year for every Englishman. These are thin and poor averages when compared with the Finnish average of twelve baths a year a person.

But it is not the number of baths that is so interesting as the Finlander's method of taking those baths. Of course, even in such centers of civilization as Keitele, the people have long ceased to be quaint. But take a village like Trasborg, which is tucked away in an obsecure corner of the banks of Ulea Trask, and you find the ancient and honorable Finnish bathing custom in full force.

### PRIMITIVE BATHING.

On the banks of the lake about a quarter of a mile from the huddle of huts called Trasborg you will see a small log house with no windows and apparently with no door. All around the outside of this queer hut runs a bench, the back of which is the wall of the hut and the seat a single board supported by uprights.

There is no chimney. There is a box like a sentry shelter at a little distance from the hut, and it is from this box that an underground passage leads to the interior of the cabin.

On a certain day you will see a huge fire blazing near this cabin. And after it has been going for several hours you will observe that the old woman who has been watching the fire will reach into it with a huge pair of tongs and lift out a boulder. The boulder is red hot.

### PREPARING THE BATH.

She will drag this into the box and so through the underground passage. She will lay it finally in the center of the earthen floor of the cabin. And so she will go on dragging red hot boulders out of the fire and piling them up in a mound in the ceter of the cabin floor. When she has brought the last boulder she has a large mound, and the cabin is beginning to warm up.

In a corner of the cabin stands a huge barrel of water. She dips a bucket into the barrel and throws the water on the mound of rocks. Steam bursts from it. When she has thrown on half a dozen buckets the cabin is choked with steam.

The joyous bathers begin to arrive. While the old woman has been making the steam the villagers have been getting ready. In every family there has been a grand disrobing.

### GATHERING OF FAMILIES.

And now from every hut burst the inhabitants, clad only in the simple, tight-fitting and innocent garments with which nature has provided all her children. The weather is cold—bitter cold. But the hardy Finnish men, women and children are not disturbed.

They leap over the frozen ground, shouting with laughter and going at full speed to keep their blood circulating. The Finns are far from lovely to look upon, even when swathed in their winter garments of fur. In a state of nature they would never attract offers from painters or sculptors seeking models.

But they are so frank and so cheerful and so happy that one does not mind their squat bodies, their rolls of fat, their coarse and greasy skins. So they go bounding to the common bath-house of the village, running races, tripping one another, jostling one another aside. All are in the merriest possible mood.

There is quite a scramble at the door of the sentry-box, as so many arrive at the same time. But gradually they disappear until the whole village population is lying or sitting about on the shelves that line the interior walls of the cabin. The mothers have brought the babies. Not a soul is left in the village huts. It is a deserted village.

### VILLAGE DESERTED.

There are lively times in the bath-house, as you may imagine. The women are all on one side, the men on the other. And forms can just be dimly made out by the dim tallow dip that sheds a faint, smoky light. The place is full of steam, and the temperature is away up towards blood heat. Hour after hour the ingenious Finns lounge or sleep or gossip. They stay until they are thoroughly boiled out and the room begins to get chilly.

Then they sit outside the house on the bench. They do not mind the freezing air. They lounge about as if it were summer time, smoking, drinking were summer time, smoking, drinking, feeling clean and light-hearted.

They do not destroy this pleasure by indulging too often. Once a month is often enough. Thirty days of quiet and then one day of the full, round joy of perfect cleanliness is just about right for keeping the balance adjusted.

## OUR TEETH.

An adult should have 16 teeth in each jaw, viz., 4 incisors or cutting teeth (front teeth), 2 canines or tearing teeth (eye teeth), 1 on each side of the incisors, and 10 molars or grinders, 5 on each side of the jaw.

## SMALLNESS OF MICROBES.

Louis Pasteur once said that there were forms of bacteria and microbes that were so small that a bundle of them containing 1,000,000,000 specimens could be put through the eye of a common sewing needle.