# LORD KILLEEN'S REVENGE

CHAPTER XXIII.--(Continued.)

"You are silent," cried he, coming closer to her—so close that his very breath lifted the soft hair on her forehead. "You are silent; you do not condemn my presence; you do not censure my persistent determination to find and speak with you at all hazards—even at the chance of rousing your displeasure. You are still silent! Is there no hope to be garnered from that?"

Constantia had moved backward, away from him, into the shadow of an ivied wall, and from that safe shelter she spoke.

"Why should you be without hope?" she asked, faintly.

"'Why should hope be mine?' you should rather say," cried he. "Hitherto you have been so tantalizing, so impossible to comprehend. I have poured out my very soul before you, and yet you have turned aside."

He spoke fluently—eagerly. That he should be reproachful filled her with amaze. When had he poured out his soul before her?

"Oh, do not think I turned aside," she said, with a touch of gentle dignity. "But all this is strange—unthought of—"

"By you, perhaps—yet that I can hardly believe—but not by me. Has all this past time counted as naught? Was I not at your feet night and day? Pardon me, if at mad moments I fancied—"

He hesitated.

"Yes," he whispered very gently, "you fancied?"

"How kindly you speak now!" he cried, impatiently. "Yet how cruel you can be! I fancied foolishly—without reason, if you will—that sometimes those beautiful eyes of yours gave me encouragement. Was that so? Or am I now to be told that love like mine has come too late—that for the sake of mere conventionalism it must be thrust aside—that it is forbidden?"

Constantia made a step forward, and held out her hand to him. He was in grief—in trouble. What did it all mean? How had she hurt him?

"Why should your love be forbidden?" she murmured, softly. Was she not ready to accept and treasure it? Her heart beat violently, her voice was almost inaudible, but he heard her. She was hardly prepared for the change that came over him—for the sudden subtle sense of triumph that brightened his eyes and raised his figure to its fullest height.

"Do you know what such words mean," he cried, "from you to me? Not forbidden—not! You permit me, then, to love you? There was more than I dared believe in that little message you sent me to-night."

"A message!" repeated Constantia, faintly.

"Do not deny it. I will have no evasion from your lips now. That sweet message, see! it lies upon my heart." With a rather theatrical gesture that sat with indescribable absurdity upon his dignified figure, he half drew a crushed note from the folds of his domino. "It has lain here ever since. That one little word about the black cross upon your shoulder, that was to distinguish you from Constantia, that told me all. It gave me hope; it even suggested to me (forgive me, sweet) that you might be jealous of your cousin."

He still held the little scented billet between his fingers, and a wild longing to possess, to read it, seized on Constantia. It would be so simple, so easy; whoever he believed her to be, it was not Constantia, and by putting forth a hand she could gain it. Yet some honest instinct forbade her the act; with a heart bruised, and bleeding, and insulted, she still remembered "Noblesse oblige."

"I sent you no message," she said, controlling herself bravely.

"Are you afraid of me, that you still persist?" exclaimed he, eagerly. "Can you not trust me? How you tremble! Have you not faith in my honor? You think, perhaps, that this note will betray you? You do not know me." He did not, however, destroy the note in her presence as another man might have done. "Donna! my beautiful! my beloved one! believe in me."

The girl stood motionless. The blood forsook her face, all her heart died within her. She knew now surely, what some instinct had told her before, that her cousin was the author of that note. She knew too, that Featherston, whom she had believed in, as in her faith, was false.

She forgot that she ought to speak, to say something that should wither him, as he stood there, so guiltily glad, so sinfully triumphant, in the cold, unsensual moonlight. She remained deadly silent, because she had forgotten all, but the treachery present to her.

"You do not speak," cried he, vehemently. "Have you no word for me? Donna! Donna! Think what anxiety is mine, whilst I—"

"Oh, sir, go!" interrupted she, realizing at this moment through all her sorrow, the wrong done to him in letting him further speak. "Go, I entreat you!"

In her agitation she had spoken aloud, and as her clear, girlish voice, with its musical Irish broadness, reached his ear, so unlike the trainante accents he had expected to hear, he fell back a step or two, aghast, and all his self-possession deserted him, and he stared at her blankly—dumb.

His extreme defeat touched Constantia and made her strong. She laid her hand upon the wall near her to steady herself, and slowly withdrew the mask from her face. Her pale, young, pretty face, sad in its pallor, and earnestness, and contempt, looked straight at him, with a beauty he had been a little dead to, in the past.

"A mistake like this," she said, "is not to be remedied. Words would be wasted on it. I regret that it was my misfortune to lead you so far astray, but—I was innocent of intention!" She looked at him with a keen anxiety. "You must know that," she said.

She had given him, unconsciously, time to recover. To find himself mistaken in the object of his devotion, to know that ears unmeant had listened to his sentimental ravings, this in itself was enough to unsettle for the instant the reason of any ordinary man; but that it should be Constantia who had been the recipient of his love-confidences, poured forth for another, was a vile aggravation of the horror that such a situation was bound to hold. He writhed beneath it, but during the pause that ensued upon recovery—and the time it took Constantia to form and give voice to her protest—he pulled himself together in a measure, and now tried to throw a jaunty air into his speech.

"Not so much a mistake, as a good joke," he said, acting the hypocrite, it must be confessed, with but a poor countenance. "What! Did you think I did not know? That I could not see the difference between you and your cousin? Could you not guess? You were always a little wanting in the finer shades of humor, my dear Connie, but yet I believed you would have seen through my absurd protestations of affection for Mrs. Dundas. (Pray do not betray me to her. She would never forgive me!) A being with a soul sprightly as yours should have read through any disguise, through any—"

"Had you been able to read through mine," said Constantia, coldly, "this scene would not have been."

"Do you not still catch it?" began he, with a daring assumption of laughing surprise. But she stayed him with a glance.

"Oh, cease this deception!" she said, quickly. "It is unworthy of—what I once thought you! No! Not another word. If you would do me one last favor—go!"

She spoke with vigor, though in a low voice. He recognized the power of it, and turned abruptly away. The shadows caught and hid him, and with a sigh of passionate relief, she sunk once again upon the stone seat of the parapet.

CHAPTER XXIV.

So this was what a masked ball meant? Except that she felt so cold so numbed, she could have laughed aloud at the ironical flavor of her thought. This ball to which she had looked forward with such eager impatience. Would she ever care to go to a ball again?

She wondered to herself why she did not feel some sorrow, some regret. Why there were no tears in her eyes? She felt, indeed, no inclination to cry. There was nothing, only a burning sense of anger—a contemptuous anger that curled her lip. Truly her instincts had not deceived her about that woman. She was just, however, in her resentment, as few women are. She did not exculpate the hero in the sorry affair, and blacken beyond all recognition the siren who had led him from safe harbors into the maelstrom of a love that could only end in destruction. If she condemned Donna, she scorned him; and there was no place in all her mind that held so much as one of the old kindly feelings he used to inspire.

By degrees her thoughts traveled back to her first entry to-night into this ill-omened house. She remembered how she had seen Donna, and had noted the slight difference between the two dominoes. She remembered, too, with a little bitter pang, how she had appraised Donna in her mind as being generous beyond her fellows, in that she had made her gift in no whit less desirable than the covering she had chosen for herself—the domino, the gloves, the very fan (with which she had been so foolishly pleased) the same.

She unhooked the fan from her waist in a slow, methodical way, and, breaking it across her knee, dropped it into the rushing streamlet; it fell with a faint crashing sound, having struck the stone-work of the parapet, and then disappeared. She drew off her gloves then, and tore them gently and deliberately, and sent them after the fan. She could not, however, so dispose of the domino, nor of her own thoughts. There was no passion in her actions, no vehemence—only a certain longing to get rid of things detested.

Her musings came back upon her presently. She felt, in a degree, easier because of her bare hands, and the knowledge that the fan was no longer touching her; and after awhile she recalled her meeting with Stronge.

How was it he had not been deceived? She could not mistake his manner, at all events. He had known her, and, besides, she had let him hear her voice. What instinct had forbidden her to speak to—to that other—save in a whisper? She was glad in her soul, however, that she obeyed it, and that so the truth was laid bare to her.

Yes, it was strange that Mr. Stronge had known her; he had not recognized her, but the other had. A little glow of gratitude toward him, that, had he but known it, would have raised him into the seventh heaven, awoke within her heart for Andrew Stronge. He had known through her disguise, though she had not known him; he could not be deceived.

Some words—a line—ran through her brain:

"Oh! lovers' eyes are sharp to see."

Was he, then, the true lover—had Featherston never loved her at all? His eyes, in truth, had not been "sharp to see;" he had proved himself utterly base and false—false to the heart's core!

She brought her fingers together with a force born of passion, though her body still, for the most part, remained obedient to her will, resting calm, quiescent, rigid, as though carved in marble. Tears, however, rose, and welled slowly to her eyes.

"How was it? Has he gone? Was he making very violent love to you? One can imagine it," cried a gay voice at her elbow—a voice consumed with laughter. "Did he comport himself properly. Did he do it nicely? I hope for once in his life the starch was out of him."

Constantia started convulsively. She turned slowly round, and saw Donna's eyes gleaming at her mischievously through her mask. She seemed shamelessly unabashed. Constantia, with her own face uncovered, regarded her with a wonder that should have scorched her, had she been possessed of feeling. The girl was almost too angry to speak. The heat of indignation had dried the tears on her cheeks, and she stood erect before her adversary, with her head well up, though every limb was trembling.

"No," she said, slowly, "It was to you, it seems, that he was making love."

"By proxy! What a sell for him!" said Donna, with a grimace. She broke into open laughter this time. "I would have given a thousand crowns to see his face when he saw yours. Oh, why are the best comedies those that are never seen in public?"

"Your imagination is so vivid that I should think you derive a considerable amount of amusement from these hidden comedies, even at second-hand," said Constantia, coldly. Then suddenly her anger broke forth. "How dare you speak to me?" she cried, in a tone low but full of passion. "I wonder you are not ashamed to stand there before me, knowing what you know. To you—a married woman—he uttered vows of love, he addresseed words that could only be regarded as insulting—to you!"

"My good Connie, recollect yourself," entreated Mrs. Dundas airily. "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth for me. It was to you those flowery vows were proffered, to you those insulting words were said. Oh, fie! Oh, Connie, who would have believed it of you! Oh, well, really now, you know, the line should be drawn somewhere."

"How can you make a jest of it? How try to—"

"But you yourself confessed he was making love to you, and in anything but a seemly fashion."

"In the letter, not in the spirit, as you well know. You laugh. You derive amusement from this. Is all shame dead within you? To-day, Varley; to-marrow, Featherston; the next day, who shall decide?"

"I shall, naturally," returned Mrs. Dundas, with unabated gayety. "Who should have a better right? Surely, my dear girl, you will not deny me a chief voice in a matter of such vital importance?"

"You—a married woman—and with lovers!" continued Constantia, in a choked tone. "So many of them, and your husband ignorant, trustful, loving."

"There is safety in a multitude, my pretty lecturer. If it were only one, now—say Featherston—how much worse it would sound!"

Constantia made a vehement gesture. "Say what you like," she said; "it will be without grace of godliness."

"You are angry," suggested Donna, mildly, and apparently with surprise. "Quelle betise! and with me, who have perhaps done you the best turn you will ever get. Ingratitude dwells with silly girls like you. Have I not, then, opened your eyes?"

"To what?" coldly.

"To the fact that Mr. Stronge, if a trifle depressing, is worth a million of the most fascinating hypocrites alive; and of such last, if I mistake not, is our smooth friend Featherston. As for the trade-mark—every one is in trade nowadays. Stick to your wet-blanket man, say I, and in after years cast blessings on the head of your despised cousin."

"It is not necessary to waste so much eloquence," said Constantia, with a contemptuous glance. "Believe me, I shall in future interfere in no wise with your and Mr. Featherston's arrangements."

"Pouf! It is scarcely worth while trying to manage matters for you," said Mrs. Dundas, "you are so remarkably dense. Why, you absurd child, can't you see that if I wanted your precious Featherston I could have had him without the asking; that it was by my will and pleasure he was betrayed into thinking the domino with the Maltese cross mine. He gave me an unwelcome hint once, and such debts I always repay fourfold."

"You wish me to understand you are revengeful," said Constantia. "That is a valuable knowledge! It shows me what to expect from you in the future."

"Let us prorogue Parliament," said Donna, lightly. "To speak to you in your present mood would be to own myself as foolish as you. You are bent on villifying me in your own mind, so that argument would be useless. Yet I persist saying I am without fault in the affair."

"Does treachery, then, not count? Treachery, not only to your guest, but to one of your own blood; your kinswoman. Was it nothing to clothe me like yourself that I might be pained, humiliated? To press upon me gifts that should help to my undoing? Is your soul so dead within you that you can not comprehend the shame I feel? Have you no feeling? No! Stand back from me. Do not touch me." Her Irish blood was now aflame, and her tall, supple young figure, drawn to its fullest height, shook with the intensity of her emotion. "Traitress!" she said between her teeth. "I would not have treated a dog as you have treated me."

She raised her right arm with an imperious gesture, as if to forbid Donna's approach, and still holding it uplifted, turned away and walked quickly toward the house.

Donna looked after her.

"She is a little savage now," she said, half aloud, "but she will be a superb woman. She can have the world at her feet if she will, but she will spoil her chances, and all her good times, by her absurd morality!"

She, too, left the moonlit parapet and stepped lightly toward the near shrubbery. Again the amused smile curved her lips, her eyes shone gayly; she saw some one who had evidently been waiting for her during her interview with Constantia, and she waved her hand to him. As she drew closer he came to meet her. It was Lord Varley.

(To be Continued.)

## A DEVOTED QUEEN.

The queen regent of Spain, is described by a Madrid correspondent as being very devoted to her people. A few days ago, while driving out with the Archduke Eugene, she met a priest carrying the Viaticus to a dying person. She alighted with her brother, invited the priest to take her seat, and followed the carriage on foot to the house where the moribund person was lying. Her majesty went up to the second floor, and found a young woman of about three-and-twenty awaiting to receive the unction. She spoke in a motherly way to the poor girl, and made particular inquiries as to her parents' condition. On her return to the palace she gave her private doctor instructions to pay the patient several visits a day; and the necessary medicines, and some choice food, besides $50 in money, were sent to that sorrow-stricken house.

# PRESIDENT PAUL KRUGER.

## THE BOER CHIEF AS PICTURED BY FRIENDS AND FOES.

**Honest, and Yet Worth Between One and Two Million Dollars, Made in the Last Ten Years—A Mighty Hunter and of Indisputable Courage—A Strict Calvinist.**

There have been so many word-portraits of Paul Kruger, so many contradictory accounts of his motives and objects, says the London Saturday Review, that a man with a new impression of him may well feel some diffidence in putting it forward. But, after all, the character of a ruler is discovered by invasions and rebellions, and it is easier now to see Kruger as he is than it was a year ago. Speaking roughly, one is able to divide the existing descriptions of the President into two classes—those made by his friends, and those made by his foes. His admirers have presented him to us as a sort of Boer Cromwell—unlettered, it is true, and unacquainted with the conditions of modern life, but gifted with the faculties of a leader and ruler of his people—courageous, honest, pious. The picture of him given by his detractors, on the other hand, is not so consistent nor so clear in outline; the features are blurred by contradictions or dehumanized by exaggeration; but if hate cannot give us a recognizable or even a possible portrait of the man, it can put forward facts and arguments which make one believe that this Village Cromwell is a more complex, and therefore a more human and interesting, if a less ethically perfect, being than his worshippers imagine. "You call Kruger honest and disinterested," cry his adversaries, with a fine scorn; "how, then, do you account for the fact that he's worth £300,000 or £400,000—all made in the last 8 or 10 years?" And if one in defence adduces the fact that President Kruger has always

### SAVED SEVEN-EIGHTS.

of his salary, and invested his savings in farms near Johannesberg and Pretoria, which have increased 30-fold in value in the last decade—if, in fact, one shows that Kruger's wealth has been accumulated honestly, and that, had he been dishonest, he could easily have been worth as many millions as he is now worth hundreds of thousands, his adversaries, instead of admitting the argument, go on to point out that Kruger has winked at bribes taken by his relatives and distributed monopolies among his friends, and that the administration of the Transvaal Government is dishonourably distinguished by incompetence and corruption. "This Government differs from all other Governments," said a financier to me the other day in Johannesberg. In that here you have to buy not only the masters but the men. If you want a document from a Government department, you have to distribute 'fivers' to the clerks in order to get it in any reasonable time." All this is probably true. It must be remembered, however, in extenuation, that the Boers a few thousand ignorant farmers scattered over a great territory, have had in the last 10 years to constitute a Government which should be able to handle all the details of a complex modern civilization, a civilization, too, that has grown, and is growing with unexampled rapidity. Eight years ago there was open veldt dotted with half a dozen makeshift tents and 20 or 30 bullock waggons where to-day stands the town of Johannesberg, with its hundred thousand inhabitants, its streets of brick and stone, its club, its newspaper offices, and its mining exchanges The 40 miles of veldt along the Rand, which could have been bought in 1885 for a few thousand pounds is now worth over three hundred millions. Men who 10 years ago were struggling clerks or needy adventurers are to-day

### MILLIONAIRE MINE-OWNERS,

whose names are mentioned with respect in every European capital. Temptations beget faults, and society that has suddenly shot up from poverty to riches can scarcely hope to be distinguished for honesty. It is sufficient, surely, to say here, that, if Kruger has allowed [illegible] to be taken by his relatives and d[illegible]ents, if he has given concessions [illegible] friends that trammel industry, an[illegible] thus enriched partisans at the publi[illegible]pense, his personal honesty has [illegible] been seriously impugned. Under [illegible] temptation he has been what [illegible] calls "indifferent honest"—honest, that is, after the fashion of poor human nature. For there are those of us who would have our children and relations immaculately virtuous, as if to atone for our shortcomings, while Kruger seems content to let those near and dear to him fill their pockets as they can, provided his own hands are clean.

And if his personal honesty is indisputable, even more can be said of his courage; for courage, indeed, is of the essence of the man; he has shown all sides of it—save perhaps one. His mere physical courage and insensibility of nerves are extraordinary—perfect in old age as in youth. More than 40 years ago he himself amputated the thumb of his left hand, injured in a gun explosion; and a few years ago, when suffering from toothache, he gave proof of similar hardihood. Some of the enlightened members of his family begged him to go to the dentist, But, after hearing what the charges of the tooth doctor would be, Kruger angrily rejected the suggestion. A night or two later the pain increased so that he could not sleep, whereupon he got up and

### PRIED THE TOOTH OUT

with his own clasp knife, and went to sleep afterwards without more ado. A mighty hunter from his youth up—he has killed lions and buffalo with his old single-barrelled muzzle-loader—the temper of his 70th year is that of his early manhood. While driving the other day with Chief Justice Kotze to see the President, the Chief Justice told me that when the news reached Pretoria, late on Tuesday, Dec. 31, that Jameson with his force was nearing Krugersdorp, he found that Kruger had ordered his horse to be saddled, and was getting out his rifle, in order to go and personally lead his burghers to battle. "Now that this Jameson's on the veldt," cried the old man exultantly, "we'll soon see what he's worth;" "and it took a great deal of argument to persuade the President," said the Chief Justice, "that his brains here in Pretoria were of more value to the State than his hand and eye out yonder on the veldt."

Kruger's moral courage is so marked that it might be mistaken for obstinacy. Year by year as the Uitlanders have increased in number, and as Johannesberg has grown to wealth and influence, Kruger has diminished the privileges of the foreign emigrants. Before 1885 it was possible for anyone to become a fully naturalized burgher of the Transvaal after a residence of two years and a declaration of allegiance. To-day one may pass one's life in the Transvaal with the satisfaction of knowing that one's children born and bred in the State will be regarded as foreigners. And Kruger is quite willing to take the responsibility for this

### RETROGRADE ACTION

As a rule it is true, he tells you that the Volksraad is responsible for these measures; but pushed into a corner he will not deny his initiative. At the back of his mind there is the justification aptly phrased by his chief Hollander adviser, "As the flood rises we build the dykes higher." On the other hand, this moral courage makes noble deeds possible to him. When Jameson and his force were prisoners in Pretoria certain Boers demanded the immediate trial and punishment at least of the leader and the officers. But Kruger stood out against argument and anger with resolute imperturbability. One would have said, indeed, that he took a certain pleasure in the assertion of his personal will. But fairness of mind or worldly wisdom and a deep knowledge of the character of his people was shown in the way he went about among the malcontents, setting forth his reasons for exercising mercy, and gradually persuading everyone that Oom Paul felt as he felt, though as head of the state he was compelled to adopt a higher course of conduct—a course justifiable by Holy Writ, and not inconsistent with policy. Again and again in the last three or four months Kruger has stood against public opinion, and at length swayed it to his service. Yet even his high moral courage suffers human lapses; his enemies say that his word is quite untrustworthy. It would be nearer the truth to state that he is impressionable, easily moved by those whom he trusts, and that when moved he makes promises which his practical sense prevents him from fulfilling. His adversaries give curious instances of the peculiar way in which he

### TWISTS SCRIPTURAL TEXTS

for self-justification. But all this testifies to the necessity Kruger feels of explaining and justifying his backslidings; in fact it almost amounts to a proof that the man is in the main truth-loving.

I can say nothing as to Kruger's piety. He belongs to the strictest sect of Calvinists, is proud even of being a "Dopper." It is worth while to explain this word, because it shows the extremely close relationship that exists between the Boers and the English. "Dopper" comes from "dop," which is the German "Topf," a bowl, and is supposed to apply to this sect of religionists because they wore their hair as if the barber had put a bowl upon their heads, and cut around it. According to this derivation, which seems the most probable, "Roundhead" would be an almost perfect translation of "Dopper."

Paul Kruger is not only a sectary but also a preacher of considerable eminence. Almost opposite his house there stands a "Dopper" church, and there President Kruger often holds forth to the intense edification of the faithful. In truth, there is a good deal of the orator in Oom Paul, and not a little of the actor as well. As Cromwell is said to have been an epileptic, so this Boer Cromwell is something of a neuropath. Had he been educated he would have shown a subtle and wide intelligence. Even now, according to Chief Justice Kotze, he will discuss such questions as immortality and the beneficence of the Deity with a singularly fair appreciation of the arguments that make against his own belief, which he nevertheless recurs to, as if yielding to an overpowering instinct developed through generations of pious forbears.

## A BRAVE DEFENDER.

The author of a book on early Canadian life says that a young girl was one afternoon on her way to the spring for a pail of water, when she heard her pet lamb bleat, and saw what she supposed was a large dog worrying it.

Being a brave girl, she dropped the pail, seized a stout stick which lay on the ground and rushing forward began to beat the brute with all her might.

The animal let go the lamb and turned upon the girl, showing his teeth and snarling. She saw then that she had to deal with a wolf instead of a dog. The sharp ears, bushy tail and gaunt figure were convincing. But she was not frightened; excitement and tears for her pet gave her courage, and when the wolf again seized the lamb she valiantly attacked him and again he released his prey. She used the stick vigorously and rained blows upon the wolf, crying for help meanwhile.

Her brother, hearing the [illegible] ran with his gun toward the [illegible] but the wolf saw the reinforcement [illegible] and fled into the woods.

## ABOUT HAIR.

Curious as it seems, there is a distinct relation between man's pursuits and the color of man's hair. An unusual proportion of men with dark, straight hair enter the ministry; red-whiskered men are apt to be given to sporting and horseflesh; while the tall vigorous blonde man, lineal descendant of the Vikings, still contributes a large contingent to travelers and emigrants.

It has been discovered, after numerous experiments that dark hair is much stronger than fair. One dark hair can carry a weight of 113 grammes, while a light-colored hair will break if a weight of 75 grammes is hung from it.