LORD KILLEEN'S REVENGE

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

Mrs. Dundas turned back into the hall with O'Grady, and for once in her life did, without deliberation, a foolish thing. She renewed the discussion of a moment since.

"You accuse me of denying you a dance," she said, with a coquettish smile, lifting her eyes boldly to his. "A polka was it you said?"

"I don't think I said anything," replied he, with an amused gaze that should have warned her.

"No? My mistake, then. But yours is still to be explained. It was probably my cousin, Miss MacGillicuddy, to whom you spoke."

"Pardon me, no. You are both the same height; you are both"—with a slight bow—"beautiful; your costumes were identical, but my eyesight is still very good."

"Don't depend altogether upon it," said she, lightly. "All that sand in the East may have done its work without your knowledge. Take my word for it, it was Constantia who rejected you." She glanced at him archly. "I do not think I should have had the heart to do it." Her eyes, as a rule, were irresistible when she chose; but O'Grady, though still perfectly friendly, was not to be subdued by them.

"Your word is no doubt as good as your bond," said he, smiling; "but I assure you it was not your double who threw me over for—Lord Varley!" He laughed a little as he noticed how she started. "You see I am a hopeless person; when not all the sand of the desert could blind me, you can readily believe that it could not be easy to throw dust in my eyes—with a successful result.'"

"You have a meaning in what you say, of course," said she, leaning back indolently against a pillar, and gazing at him through lids lowered. "Let me hear it."

"I desire Lady Varley's happiness," he said, boldly.

"Beyond doubt; one can see that." A faint sneer curved her lips. "Do you intend to be the creator of it—is that your role?"

O'Grady controlled himself admirably.

"Varley's faith means her honor," he said, ignoring her vile insinuation. "You are, as all the world knows, very charming, very fascinating. Many men bow at your shrine; all I demand is that you let that one man go."

"And who are you that you should demand?" asked she, in a low tone that now he felt was dangerous.

"Pardon me; I put it badly. I entreat, then."

"It is a great compliment, doubtless," she said, with a curious laugh. "Is she so poor a creature that she must beg her husband out of my hands? And you—what is it that you are doing in this imbroglio? Should Lord Varley and I never meet again, she would presumably be happy; should things continue as they are——"

"She will be unhappy," said he slowly.

"Tant mieux pour vous!" whispered she, casting a side glance at him from under her long lashes. He did not lose his temper, however. "Of what use?" he thought. "She is a soulless thing; she would drag down the very saints to her own level if she could!"

He made her a cold salutation.

"I regret, for your own sake," he said, "that it is out of your power to comprehend her."

He turned leisurely away, and, pushing aside a curtain, made his way once more to the ball-room. Mrs. Dundas, thus deserted, watched his retreating figure until the curtain dropped between her and it, and then she slowly let the back of one hand fall into the palm of the other. It was a thoughtful gesture, and there was a strange gleam in her eyes as they were still turned to the spot where he had disappeared. After a little the intense expression vanished from her face, and she threw up her head with a disdainful air, and a smile warmed her lips.

"This place grows too hot for me," she said to herself, with a quick sense of amusement; "I expect I shall have to make tracks before long. I have offended Featherston hopelessly to-night, and this man—this man, to whom I have done no ill—will work me harm." She frowned, and pressed her fingers tightly together. "There is, too, Andrew Stronge, who knows rather too much of those old Italian days! Oh, to be back in that sunny South with—" She hesitated, even in her thoughts, and made a substitution—"without my legal lord." She sighed heavily; then all at once her mood changed. She threw off her depression as swiftly as she had donned it, and the old gay, insouciant, reckless air took its place. "But after all," she said, "the present is my own, and, whatever happens, it is a thrice blessed thing to know that nothing can possibly interfere with my settlements."

She turned sharply aside, feeling unwilling to show herself in the ball-room for yet another minute or two; and opening the door of the library she pushed aside a heavy portiere and entered quickly.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A dim lamp, shaded and turned down, was burning on the center table; in an arm-chair, leaning back as if a little tired, sat Mr. Dundas. She was a very clever woman, and—without the detestable adjuncts attributed to that class was—also strong-minded. She suppressed her first vehement start of surprise and disgust, and advanced toward him with a radiant smile.

"You Jo!" she cried, with quite a rapturous intonation.

"Why, yes," said he. He rose and came toward her. All at once he seemed a new man. Love illumined his face, and took away the fatigue from it. "I confess to you I felt some weariness. I am not so young a man as I was, my Donna. The fact is," sadly, "I am too old for you."

"Not you!" she said. She lifted one dainty bejeweled hand, and patted his cheek with a fond touch. He caught the treacherous hand and pressed his lips to it—poor fool!

"Well, at all events, I was tired," he went on, but now he did not look tired at all, but only full of happiness. "I came here to get a moment's rest. And you"—he looked at her quickly, hopefully, "you missed me?" he said. "You came to look for me?" There was intense delight in his tone.

"Do you think you could be absent without my missing you?" asked she, reproachfully. "Yes, you have guessed it. That is why I came." She said it quite readily, without a moment's hesitation. Time to think had been denied her, yet she was prepared, and had made the one answer that was most sure to charm, and hold, and blind him. She could have laughed aloud as she spoke, but she restrained herself, and looked into his eyes with a vision clear, and soft, and tender, that seemed to him the perfection of all things womanly. She was false as Judas. Yet to him she appeared as a very angel of love and goodness.

"Sweetheart," said he, "I am sorry if I caused you even a second's uneasiness. But as I tell you, I felt tired. And now that I look at you, my dearest, how pale you are—how sad—how lovely!"

The last assertion, at least, was true. She was dressed in pure white; she always wore white, as a rule, so that there was nothing extraordinary in that, but to-night her gown was a very marvel of beauty. It was a dream, an inspiration of the immaculate Worth, and was singularly attractive. It suited her a merveille, and added another charm to her wonderous beauty. Pale drooping blossoms of jonquils, a bare degree less white than the robe, lay hidden amongst its folds; a bud or two nestled in her bosom. Around her neck she wore a string of pearls. Above all these her large eyes shone, bright as sapphires; her red hair rested like a crown upon them all.

"Pouf! You are always paying me compliments," she cried, gayly. There was nothing in her manner to suggest the idea that such compliments were but as a wearying of the flesh to her. "As to my paling, it is most likely that I get through an affair of this kind without some slight anxiety."

"That is true," said Dundas. He spoke with a certain eagerness. "And as for these foreign affairs, these masked dances, I do not think I should care for them. They give rise to little complications that are scarcely to be desired."

Donna looked at him. How much did he know? Had any one been poisoning his mind? She knew him sufficiently well to be certain that if he was ever uneasy about her reputation, he would speak. She guessed, too, that if he so much as suspected her, he would in all probability kill her. Why should he not? She was all his. There was nothing after—there would be nothing left to regret.

"You are vexed about something," she said very tenderly, feeling it wise to get at the root of the matter.

"It was a trifle rash, perhaps, your giving your cousin a domino the same as your own," said Mr. Dundas. "I don't believe I have ever been so disappointed in any one as I have been in her."

"Poor Connie!" said Mrs. Dundas, with a soft laugh that sounded kindly apologetic for her cousin. "What has she been doing now?"

"She's young," said Mr. Dundas, "and—er—no doubt thoughtless, and I should not have troubled my head about the matter at all had not you, in your good-nature, given her a gown the facsimile of your own. You know, my dear girl, how censorious people's tongues can be, and how ready they have always proved themselves to say unpleasant things of a woman so beautiful as you."

"I know." She nodded her head carelessly. "But of Connie, how is all this apropos?"

"Well, I saw a few things to-night by the merest chance that rather disturbed me—for your sake alone. Sir George had been making inquiries about that new telescope of mine, and I offered to show it to him. You know he is mad on such matters. I went up to the turret chamber where I kept it, and by chance looked through the window on the moonlit scene below. I was fascinated by it. It was charming beyond my belief. As I gazed, I saw your cousin come through the shrubbery with some man—who, I could not distinguish"—Donna here drew a little quick breath of relief—"but Constantia was unmistakable, because you had told me her domino was to be the counterpart of your own."

"Well," said she impatiently, "why do you stop? Go on. What has my giddy cousin done now?"

"I think there are limits to even the most innocent gayety," said Mr. Dundas, severely. "Constantia hitherto has always appeared to me to be a girl with discretion, therefore I was the more surprised to see her let that man kiss her in the open moonlight, as though there were no such thing as maiden modesty. You must acknowledge it was a rather risque thing to do with all the world astir."

He appealed to her, so she was obliged to answer.

"Would it make it more decent were the world not astir?" she asked, with a flippancy that might have annoyed him had his idol not been perfect and without flaw in his eyes. "And as to kissing in 'open moonlight,' how is it to be managed otherwise? One can't bottle the precious beams and bring them out in private, can one? I think Constantia is to be applauded, and regarded as a rather model young woman in that she does her love-making thus publicly. There! Now I have teased him. Isn't it?" She leaned back her graceful head against his shoulder, and turned her exquisite eyes upward to his. She was so tall that, as she did this, her lips were almost on a level with his, and with a slow, sweet swaying of her body, she sought and obtained a caress. "Forgive me!" she whispered.

"For your sweet defense of your cousin? My darling, who is there in the world like you? So true, so good, so charitable! I would not, indeed, have thought much of Constantia's suffering herself to be embraced thus lightly, had not her whole air and manner suggested coquetry or a sort too pronounced to be forgiven. I was shocked, and was about to withdraw, when I saw her give way to an act of frivolity that utterly disgusted me."

"I must speak to her. She is very young, and she has no mother," said Donna, pathetically. "Go on, dear; let me hear in what further way she angered you."

"She picked up her petticoats," said Mr. Dundas, not without a blush of shame. "Picked them up quite beyond the bounds of decency, my dear girl, and began to dance before this man, whoever he was. She was plainly imitating somebody, because it was not the movement of a young girl, but rather those of an advanced age that she portrayed. I was never so surprised in my life. Constantia has always seemed to be so specially sensible for a girl."

Mrs. Dundas, after a faint struggle with herself, burst out laughing.

"And so when she 'picked up her petticoats beyond the bounds of decency' you still stayed and watched," she cried. "Oh, you naughty boy! Oh, Jo!" She stood back and shook her finger at him reprovingly. "That it should come to this between us two!" she went on. "That I should have to lecture you! Oh, you terrible man! I, who used to be the wild one, have now to bring you to task! But, seriously, then, about our poor Con. Don't be hard upon her, Jo! Don't now, I entreat you! I shall speak to her, in private, you know, just by our own two selves. But you must promise to say nothing at all, and, more than that, you must give me your word you will not, by look or sign, let her see you are displeased with her. Poor dear Con! It would make her thoroughly wretched if she thought she had fallen in your estimation. You are one of her chief gods, you know." She smiled admiringly at him. "You can not expect me to be surprised at that," she said.

He drew her to him and kissed her.

"There is no man on earth as happy as I am," he said.

"And you will give me your word not to be cold to my poor Con?"

"I will give you my word for that and anything else you like."

"And you will trust me to speak to her, and show her where her fault (an innocent one, I swear), lies?"

"Where is it that I would not trust you?" said he, proudly, fondly.

She was conscious of a sense of relief. Her plans were not yet formed, and it was essential that she should stand well with him until the last. "I new you would trust, dear," she said. She nestled closer to him, and drew one of his willing arms around her neck. "It is so dear to me that you should thus trust me," she whispered. "To tell you a secret, I was a little uneasy about those two dominoes (Connie's and mine) being so exactly the same, and when I found how she—poor darling foolish girl—was behaving in so silly a fashion with—but," playfully, "that would be betraying a girlish confidence, so you must not ask me about it just yet. But I could not help saying to myself once or twice to-night, when I was busy trying to make my guests happy—and a difficult task it was," plaintively—"how would it be if you were to mistake me for Connie, and—and—" Her voice quite faltered, her lowered eyes surely were suffused with tears!

"My darling—my beloved? How could I mistake you?" cried he, with quick emotion. His broad chest heaved, he put out his arms and drew her to him unresisting. It only just struck her at the moment what a powerful man he was, though no longer young, and what a simple thing it would be to him to press the life out of her! "If all the world were in league to hide you from me, I should find you. I should know you anywhere."

"Ah, well! you only," she said, rubbing her cheek softly in a kittenish fashion against his arm. "There are others, however, who might have imagined that frivolous Con was me, because of the similarity in our gowns; but you, never. That I believe. But there are always the others to be considered wherever one is."

"That is true. No one could, of course, know you as I do," replied he, with a satisfied and trustful smile. "That would be impossible."

His tone was so tenderly boastful that it touched a sense of amusement in Donna's breast. It was all so perfect, so flawless, such a pure bit of comedy! She appreciated it so thoroughly that she could not repress the smile that rose involuntarily and curved her lips. His proud belief in her, his fond trust, evoked only a mirth, suppressed but intense. It did not touch her in any honest way, it only suggested itself as an exquisite joke that it seemed a pity she should enjoy alone. But she consoled herself with the reflection that she could retail it at her leisure, and she assured herself that she would forget none of the emphatic utterances, not one of the tender glances.

"Ah, yes! you indeed know me," she said, lifting her cool, soft little hand to push back, with a tender touch, the gray hair from his brow.

(To be Continued.)

A NEW NIAGARA BRIDGE

To Be Substituted For an Old Without Disturbing Traffic.

A despatch from Harrisburg, Penn., says:—The Pennsylvania Steel Company has closed a contract with the Niagara Falls Suspension and Niagara Falls International Bridge Companies for the erection of a steel arched bridge to take the place of the present suspension bridge, built by Roebling in 1855. The arch measures 550 feet, and the centre will be 260 feet above water level. This is the longest single steel arch ever designated. The entire length of the bridge will be more than 1,100 feet. The bridge will be a double-decked open structure, On the upper deck two tracks will be laid, and on the lower one will be two electric car tracks, a roadway, and two footwalks. There will be two ribs or main arches, 550 feet long by 4 feet deep and 8 feet wide, which will be shipped in 25-ton sections from the steel plant. Every particle of the structure will be made at Steelton from the raw material, and shipped to the falls.

The structural work will be done by the cantilever process, and no superstructure will be necessary. The traffic of the steam and electric lines will not be interfered with, yet the new bridge will occupy the exact position of the old one.

The structure will cost about $500,000. It is to be completed in one year.

EVILS OF OVERSTUDY.

An Example of How the Brain Is Ruined By Stupid Pedantry.

In June, 1894, a beautiful young woman was removed from one of the New England colleges and placed in an asylum for the insane. She had been unwell for some months, owing to over study and insufficient sleep; but her aberration of mind was directly brought about by her failure to pass the examination in philosophy at the end of the term.

Being a friend of the family, I visited her soon after her incarceration. I was struck with the change that a few short years of study had made in the girl. She was sitting near the window, apparently reading, when I appeared at the door of her apartment. She looked up, but evidently did not recognize me, and after eyeing me suspiciously for a few moments, rose and began to pace the room, laughing at intervals that peculiar mirthless laugh which characterizes the insane.

Finally, with a shudder, she approached me. "So you are another tormentor," she said. "How did you know I failed in that wretched examination? I tell you, I did not fail. I only forgot the words—just the words. I can say them all now. They're from Kant. Listen. "The teleology of nature is made to rest on a transcendental theology which takes the ideal of supreme ontological perfection as a principle of systematic unity, a principle which—which—oh, how my head aches. Do you know, I worked that problem all right. It took me all night, but I solved it; and when I lay down in the morning I thought that very triangle was in my head, with the apex piercing my forehead. That must have been the beginning; but I am not insane—only studying, studying, studying. I hear people say so much study is of no use, but I only laugh at them, the idiots. I say, give me knowledge—knowledge. I adore learning. I worship education." (Here she flung herself upon the bed and fairly hugged and kissed two volumes which happened to be lying there. These proved to be a Hebrew grammar and a work on differential calculus.) "When I was a child," she continued, "I rebelled against the good that was in books. I loved the air and sunshine. I hated the school room. The sight of my playmates sitting silent and motionless oppressed me. Then I was a stupid animal. Now I am an intellectual soul. Oh, heavens! How happy I am." (She raised her eyes with an expression of ecstacy.) "What care I for the things of this world," she went on. "I study for eternity. I can speak fourteen languages. I will be God's interpreter. He has promised me that position when I go to heaven. I will be God's favorite child, for was I not always first in my class—did I say always? Oh, that examination." (At this point she sank to the floor, and I could stand the strain no longer.)

I walked slowly out of the building, saying to myself: "Idolatry is not dead in this nineteenth century. Learning is doubtless of inestimable value when rightly applied; but the belief, which so many hold, that there is embodied in a set of college text books that which is intrinsically and necessarily good is mere fetichism."

COLLECTING RENT.

The Old Lady Took Her Knitting and Waited on the Doorstep.

Commend us to the old lady in Rochester, N.Y., who sought novel and successful means of collecting her house rent last week. She was an old lady of ideas and a knowledge of human nature gleaned from a lifetime of experience with the world. She owned a house and lot in Rochester, and the income from it was the substance upon which she depended for life's necessities. It was rather an ostentatious house and lot, and the tenants were persons with a reputation to sustain, although apparently embarrassed for ready money. Two months' rent was due, and the agent was not able to collect.

The old lady said it was simple enough. She would collect it herself. Now, she wasn't a stylish nor an artistic old lady, but she was sturdy and imperturbable, and her proportions were ample and her spirit unfaltering. She rang the door bell at an early hour the other morning and inquired for the head of the family. The servant glowered at her and said he was not to be seen yet for two hours, because the family had not yet risen. The early caller was cheerful, and said she'd sit on the doorsteps and wait.

Finally she was granted an audience with her tenant, who put her off with smooth promises. "I'll just sit here and wait till you can pay it," replied the righteous collector, and she settled herself once more on the doorstep, took some knitting from her basket and prepared to spend the day. She made a quaint-looking picture, and all the neighbors wondered. When any one came within conversing distance and stared rudely at her she explained in a friendly way that she was waiting till the tenants paid their rent. She looked truthful, and no one doubted her, and her plan worked like a charm. The rent was paid long before sundown, and she ambled home more than ever convinced that nothing is impossible.

CURE FOR HICCOUGHS.

A woman in a French hospital had a hiccough which had resisted all treatment for four days. She was asked to show the tongue, and it was noticed that with the putting out of the tongue the hiccough ceased. The same thing has since been tried; and with success in other cases. All that is necessary apparently is to strongly push the tongue out of the mouth and hold it so for a minute or two. It is also suggested now to try the same thing in suffocative cough, as whooping cough, and choking by irrespirable gases.

THE PATH OF THE CYCLONE

QUEER PRANKS WHICH IT SOMETIMES PLAYS.

Paint Rubbed From a Barn That was Uninjured—Fowls Stripped of Their Feathers, and a Watch was Blown Through a Cow—You Can Believe These Stories if You Like.

The awful cyclone that swept over Northern Kansas Sunday evening, bringing death to 30 people, injuries to many and destroying property whose value will aggregate millions, produced many queer contortions of ordinary objects, and almost incredible stories of its pranks are being received.

Mrs. Knotte, living near Seneca, who was blown from her home, was found dead, with her living babe clasped in her rigid arms.

An oak stave was driven clear through a cow's body.

A frame in which a mirror was set was smashed to splinters, but not a crack or blemish could be discovered on the glass.

A schoolhouse was blown away, leaving the floor undisturbed, with the chairs and desks remaining upright in place.

The paint on a barn near Irving was rubbed off. Otherwise the barn was uninjured.

An organ in a church at Spring Valley was scattered to the winds. The stove sitting under it was not moved.

Not a trace of two missing pianos at Frankfort can be found.

Three boys in a schoolhouse at Palmer were blown 50 feet through the air, but were deposited on the ground without injury. The building was wrecked.

NEVER STOPPED TICKING.

At Frankfort it is said a watch was blown through a cow without stopping ticking.

A field was furrowed by the wind as though it had been done by a plow.

The only person in one district who suffered no damage was the only person who carried cyclone insurance.

It required 176 stitches to sew up the lacertions of Joseph Knotte, of Seneca.

A barrel of lime was lifted up and its contents scattered over fruit trees as perfectly as any horticulturist could have done.

Two horses were in a barn near Waterville. One was blown quite a distance over the tree tops and deposited safely. The other was not injured, though the barn was blown from over it.

Another horse was carried 100 feet through the air and landed uninjured through the roof of a cyclone cellar.

Another horse was blown astride a barbed wire fence, from which it was extricated alive, but was horribly mutilated.

A heavy refrigerator car was blown over an embankment and deposited as debris 200 yards away.

One man had his stable blown into the next township, but his horse, cow, calf and buggy, which had been in the barn, were found next morning on the ground where the barn had formerly stood.

A blind child was found clinging to the dead body of its mother and begging piteously for her to wake up.

Every tree in a grove of 200 cottonwoods was twisted off at a distance of six feet from the ground.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPES.

The house of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, near Bigelow, was blown away while they were sleeping. They were only slightly scratched.

The house of Robert Sweeney, at Reserve, was blown away. His two boys were in bed together. One was killed, while the other was uninjured.

A twelve-year-old girl at Preston was blown through a window, but was not injured.

When Mr. Irvin's family emerged from their cellar, where they had taken refuge, the house formerly above it had disappeared.

A pump, with connecting pipe and chain, was pulled from a cistern and blown into a neighboring yard and deposited upright.

Chickens, ducks and geese were entirely stripped of feathers.

A farmer was riding a horse and leading four others. Lightning killed him and the four horses he was leading. The horse he was riding was not injured.

The gyrating funnel seemingly had a special spite against church edifices, every church building in its path, regardless of denominations, being demolished.

Preacher Mason, at Barnes, while occupying his pulpit, had a leg broken. His congregation was scattered, many being injured, and his church wrecked

MILITARY BANDS OF EUROPE.

The two leading bands of Europe today, which met in honorable rivalry at the French Exhibition in London during the summer and fall of 1890, are those of the Grenadier Guards, of England, conducted by the world-famed bandmaster, the Hon. Lieut Dan Godfrey, and the Guarde Republicaine, of are composed of picked men, artists who France, conducted by M. Wettge. Both have served a long apprenticeship in other bands previous to being honored and gratified by being called to join these. And when upon state occasions, such as the trooping of the colors on the Queen's birthday, the Guards' bands of the Grenadiers, Coldstreams and Scots Fusiliers are massed together for combined effort, or the full complement of the Guarde Republicaine is pouring forth glorious melody under the trees of Paris' great parks and gardens, one can fully understand how it comes to pass that their fame has extended so widely.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's last gown cost a little over £1,200. It is decorated with diamonds and turquoises, and the skins of 200 ermines were required to line the train.