A WOMAN'S LOVE

OR, A BROTHER'S PROMISE

CHAPTER II.

To Hector Grant, sitting this rare morning under the trees by the fountain, where lovers and lawyers' clerks, tourists and estrays from the throng of the Strand and Fleet Street, gather to watch the pigeons strut and the sparrows bathe and prink—to Hector Grant, sitting there, money seemed the most desirable thing in the universe. The gold of the morning sunshine was nothing; the green of the Middle Temple lawns was irritatingly raw; the plash of the cool water was a burden, the flirting of the sparrows a grave irk. Nature and the children of Nature can be intolerably unsympathetic. Rain pours on happy wedding days; sunshine flushes the earth that will fall in a few moments on all we love; our grief hears the lark sing, our joy is chilled by an infant's wail. And so with Hector. He was miserable, and Nature chose to be irresponsibly gay. He felt it an insult. His Highlands would not have treated him so.

He wanted money, a great deal of money and he was in the darkest of moods because he could see no reasonably respectable way of laying hands on it. He wanted money now. That was the difficulty. Twenty-four hours before there was no need of his own which he was not able to satisfy; but twenty-four hours may change a man greatly, may turn all his long-cherished notions topsy-turvy, may revolutionize him, may convert a rabid anarchist into a law-abiding citizen or the other way about. A revolution it seemed in Hector Grant's case; it was really the last stage of an evolution, yet to him it had all the importance of a world-heaving cataclysm. A white hand had done the mischief, a pair of deep black eyes, and a voice that made his heart-strings vibrate with new music.

"Her Majesty Queen Maddalena, whom God preserve!"

Unconsciously his lips formed the thrilling words. What an experience that had been for him! A Queen? Yes, truly, she was a Queen, lonely and forsaken—lonely but for the dream she lived in, forsaken but for one old man—a Queen like the immortal Mary, "to live and die for."

"Her Majesty Queen Maddalena, whom God preserve!" The scene lived again before him.

She let the curtain fall behind her, and stepped towards the throne, while Hector still clutched Senor Bravo's arm and gazed in wonder. She seated herself, and sat for a moment or two in silent thought.

Hector gasped in Bravo's ear "Is this your last argument?" And at the affirmative nod he whispered: "Good, my God, good."

Then she lifted her eyes and let them roam over the empty hall, as if searching among a throng of courtiers for some well-known face. At last, they lighted on Senor Bravo. They gleamed with pleasure, and a slow smile broke over her features and touched her lips with kindness. But the smile died when she saw a strange figure by his side.

She beckoned with her hand. Bravo left Hector and knelt on one knee before her. He kissed reverently the hand she held out to him.

"My faithful Bravo," she murmured.

"Your Majesty," said he, "I crave your pardon.

"The stranger?" she asked.

"It is because of him I crave your Majesty's pardon."

"Well?" she asked, as she saw that he hesitated.

"It is not difficult to explain, madame, He is a Scottish gentleman who has the desire to serve your Majesty and your Majesty's cause."

She smiled. "You must have faith in him, Don Augustin, to bring him here."

"I answer for him, madame, with my life."

"Let him be presented," she said.

Don Augustin bowed, and returning to where Grant stood bewildered in the middle of the hall, tossing conjectures through his mind as a juggler tosses the balls, said, "Come." Grant followed in a dream knelt in a dream, and kissed a white hand—not quite in a dream. In that brief moment of homage his mind photographed the royal hand, every line of it; the shapely fingers, white and strong; the filbert nails; the delicate blue veins. And with this picture there passed into his memory a sweet sense of graciousness, born of the touch of it. Her hand crowned what the sight of her had completed; he was clay to the potter. His warm plastic nature was ready to receive impressions, commands. A word, and his life was under her feet.

"We are pleased to see you here," she said.

Grant rose to his feet, and looked straight into her eyes.

"I am pleased, madame," said he, "as much as I am honored."

She smiled, and then he saw what a lovely thing the Queen's smile was. It began at the corners of her mouth, and seemed to spread slowly over her face, until the upward radiation rippled into light in her eyes and the downward was lost in the snowy curves of her throat. It was the smile a man remembers when he shuts his eyes and says the loved name softly to himself, the smile of a summer morning when the green tastes the sun. It snared Hector and held him in a silken mesh.

"Madame," said he, "I am a poor man, but my heart is with you in all your hopes. Pray command me."

He could not think of anything else to say, yet had he thought of a thousand things else this was what was really uppermost in his mind. The romance of the situation had taken him. He was ready enough when Don Augustin Bravo had given him the story. Without such attraction as a wronged Queen, the case of the Palmettos appealed to him, and his resolve to help in freeing them was a genuine and warm-hearted one. But with a Queen—and such a Queen!—why, no man could refuse to lay down fortune fame and life for the sake of righting the wrong.

"We thank you, sir," she said. Our hope is stronger, although the Fates have been against us. The day comes, however long the night."

"I make bold," said Bravo, "to ask your Majesty to honor us with a little time, so that Mr. Grant may be more fully informed of all the circumstances——"

She interrupted him by rising from the throne.

"Pray follow me, gentlemen."

They passed into an ante-room, hung in lilac brocade. Don Augustin pulled the curtains close. As he turned Queen Maddalena flew towards him and embraced him with much liveliness.

"My dear old friend," she cried, "how have I comported myself? Have I come well through the ordeal?"

"You are my own brave pupil," said he, tears rising to his eyes. "You have acquitted yourself as only a daughter of the Ribeiros could, bravely, bravely. There was not a sigh, not a tremor."

She turned to Hector.

"Mr. Grant—it is Grant, is it not? (this with a look at Bravo, who nodded)—it is rather a hard name to say—Mr. Grant, you wonder, perhaps. I must explain. Here, I am Maddalena Ribeiro, free to do as I please, to say what I please, to laugh, to cry, just as if I were one of my own peasant girls, singing down the road from the Monte to Palm City. There, in the Silver Hall, I am the Queen, so please you. There, my dear old master, whose teachings I have so frequently neglected" (Bravo dissented smilingly), "insists that I be what I am, so that when I come to my own, as I shall, I may not be lacking in any of the—the—help me, master!"

"Any of the Royal attributes," said Bravo.

Grant bowed. He was so taken aback at this bouleversement, he had all his preconceived notions so knocked on the head, that words failed him absolutely.

"You smoke, Mr. Grant?" said she.

"Madame, I do," he answered with ridiculous gravity.

"Please, Mr. Grant, do not 'madame' me, now. We have left the Silver Hall. You are now in Liberty Hall." And she went to an old Sheraton cabinet and produced some of these fine Palmetto cigarillos, which, if you smoke once, you will smoke always. "These are real Palmettos. If you smoke tobacco, you will like these."

In a curious state of bewilderment Grant helped himself. So did Bravo. So did Her Majesty Queen Maddalena.

"Pray sit, Mr. Grant," said she. His name came slowly from her lips, as if she was afraid of mispronouncing it.

He sank on to an ottoman, and amid all his varied emotions was astonished to find that he could think about what he was smoking. He declared to himself that for, perhaps, the first time in his life he was inhaling what was not flattered by being called tobacco.

"A certain explanation is due to you," said Maddalena. "You must know that for the last ten years—ever since I was nine years of age" ("So she is nineteen," said Grant to himself) "I have been under the care, the fatherly care" (and she turned an affectionate look Bravowards) "of Don Augustin. When I was five my dear dead father communicated to me my destiny. When I was nine he died," She paused for a moment. "The first thing Don Augustin did was to accustom me to think of myself as the rightful guardian of my people. And the next thing was—no, you must not laugh, Mr. Grant."

"How could I laugh, madame?" said Hector.

"The second thing," she went on, "was to become used to the idea that one day, soon or late, he would bring to me, at the foot of my throne, the man who should be able to help me to win back my kingdom, and who would help me to win it. From then until now I have gone each night into the Silver Hall, sat on my throne and waited. He never came. Night after night, and he never came. I prayed for him to come. Holy Mother! how I have prayed! Always my good friend Bravo was there. He said, 'Be patient, your Majesty; be patient!' Every night he said the same. He said it last night. To night you were with him. Did I show surprise? Was I discomposed? I was not flurried, was I?"

"'Not a sign, not a tremor'—did I not say that?" cried Don Augustin.

Maddalena rose from her chair. She moved about the room and laughed hysterically.

"O my God! I thank Thee! Mother of God! I thank thee! Sweet Christ! I thank Thee! I thank Thee! Santa Maddalena, thou hast interceded for me! I thank thee! My night of nights has come! The end is near!—the end is near!"

She flung herself into a chair and sobbed. The two men turned their heads away, themselves not less moved. It was she who broke the silence.

"Forgive me, gentlemen," said she. "A little indulgence is surely permitted to one whose lesson has always been one of unceasing repression."

"My daughter," said Bravo, "you have said that this is Liberty Hall. Can you not then do as you please?"

The paroxysm was soon over. She was now calm as the Queen who had sat on the Silver Throne—calm and stately. Hector had many doubts as to which of her sides showed the real Queen Maddalena. To be frank, her calmness was cultivated; the other side was the real one. She had the South in her blood, the laughter and the sunshine and the gaiety of the Isle of Palms, the brio of its clear air and the merry dance of its blue waters. Yet she could be earnest, and firm, and strong. She knew herself for Queen, and she had the rare purpose to be and not seem to be.

For an hour and more Maddalena and Don Augustin and Hector sat and talked like three old friends. The latter did not feel his position at all strange. His impulsive nature was at all times ready to adapt itself to unusual circumstances, aught savoring of romance was grateful to it; and here were surroundings and events the most romantic. Maddalena spoke of her years of waiting, of hope, of despair, of her steadfast belief that one day all her wrongs would be righted. Bravo spoke of how he had striven to enlist British sympathy on the side of his Queen and country; how he had searched for the man who, by force of will and highness of heart, would win freedom for the Palmettos and a throne for their queen; how he contrived to keep the flame of patriotism burning among the hillfolk of the Isle of Palms: how the palace in Bloomsbury was created and then kept secret; and of all the interesting details of a hidden life in the very heart of London. Hector spoke little, preferring to show his confidence by listening. Yet one question he ached to ask, and after hesitating a number of times he did ask it.

"Tell me," he said to Bravo, "why do you think I am the man who is going to win back freedom for the Palmettos and her throne for Queen Maddalena?"

"My friend," was the answer, "on the day when my Queen is crowned in the cathedral of Palm City, ask me that question and I will show you my answer."

And with this enigmatic reply Hector had to be content.

They talked too of plans for the rising against Hispaniolan rule. Everything was in train; the island was mapped out into districts and the number of faithful supporters in each was known to a man; the strength of the Hispaniolan forces in the island was also known to a man, to a cartridge; commands had been assigned, rallying points had been fixed, secret stores of food had been accumulated; ten thousand men were ready to take up arms for freedom and Maddalena at a moment's notice! Everything was ready but three things—and those the most important—arms, ammunition and the presence of the Queen. The two first requisites were lacking because money was lacking. Maddalena possessed enough to give her a few hundreds a year, but not enough to purchase armaments for a rebellion. Her presence in the island was demanded because the Palmettos had never seen her; they wished to see her, and surely her appearance among them would do much to confirm the strong and win over the wavering. But Hispaniola took stringent precautions that she should never set foot on the Isle of Palms—an attempt had been made once, with humiliating results. She would not venture another landing until her subjects were armed and ready to avenge insult were insult offered, as it surely would be.

Therefore the prime consideration at this juncture was money, money, money!

As he sat by the fountain Hector came once more to the impasse he had been facing blankly for half an hour. Where to find the money needful to carry on the revolution. He was in no two minds about the revolution; that was a certainty. He had only to start it, but to start it——

"O! damn money!"

The exclamation relieved his feelings a little, and he got up and walked out of the cloistral quiet of the Temple into Devereux Court, intending to go down Essex Street and walk on the Embankment for a quarter of an hour before going to his office. His office shared the anathema he had bestowed on money but unfortunately when the press day of a weekly paper comes round responsibility may not be shirked, even though the heavens should fall. You may be dying, you may have toothache, you may have lost your wife, you may even have kissed a Queen's hand overnight, sworn yourself her servant, and been accepted her chosen knight; your office claims you, and no amount of heartfelt objurgation will set you free from the very present bondage. The paper must come out to time; if it does not there is a publisher with whom to reckon, and if "the trade" has been reckoning with him Hades let loose is a Sunday-school treat compared with the resulting scene. So Fleet Street says, and Fleet Street knows.

As he walked through Devereux Court Hector Grant found his fortune. A moment ago he was in the unplumbed depths of despair, and now, plucked from the inky waters, he is riding the fiery barb of fancy, as mad a gallopade as ever Don Quixote rode. He had looked up as he came to the little fruiterer's shop, and there in the window he spied——

O! if you could see into the circus ring of his brain. How Pegasus plunged and caracoled, leaping all kinds of barriers, spurring a thousand miles in a twinkle of hoofs, dashing along levels, and rushing down declivities. It is the maddest of rides, but the reins are loose, and the long-stabled barb laughs at the leagues. Ah! he arrives at the gate of the enchanted castle. A word to the seneschal, the drawbridge falls; he clatters into the courtyard, the Prince is at the great entrance, a word tells his business, the Prince leads on to the treasury, and in a trice our barb is laden with bags and bags and bags of gold. Heavens! the thing is done; the Isle of Palms is free, and Queen Maddalena—whome God preserve!—is set securely on her throne. If every labor in the world were done as easily as this, there would be no more need of work at all, for all work would be happy play.

Hector smiled at his fancy, and then he smiled again because he had found his fortune—or at least a way that seemed to have fortune at the end of it. For a moment he thought of flinging his hat into the air and dancing for joy; but looking back he saw one of the sedate Temple porters at the little gate, and he remembered that he had a reputation to sustain.

"Oranges!" he murmured to himself. "Why didn't I think of that before?"

(To be continued.)

SUFFOCATED IN BED.

Mortality Through Infants Being Overlain.

"Shamefully high" is Dr. Wynn Westcott's description of the death rate from overlaying of infants in London, in an article which he contributes to the British Medical Journal. Last year, in London alone, the coroner for the Northeast Division says, there were 588 overlain infants. In 1900 there were 615 cases.

England appears to excel all other countries in Europe in the proportion of deaths of infants under one year from suffocation in bed with their parents or nurses. During the recent ten years there were 15,009 overlain infants in England and Wales.

In Germany and France the use of a cot, cradle, or perambulator is universal, and in the country districts of England the use of a cradle is general. Dr. Westcott thinks that a desirable form of Charitable institution would be one to provide cradles for the poor.

The British Medical Journal suggests that the introduction in England of the common custom of southeast Europe would get over the difficulty both of expense and space. It consists in putting the baby into a rough hammock of sacking stiffened by a stick at each end and slinging it out of the way from a hook in the ceiling.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Sin sharpens sorrow.

All things are easy to the earnest.

A leader is never afraid of being alone.

Burden bearing brings blessing sharing.

Self-indulgence is the secret of indigence.

Faith's forelook brighters to-day's outlook.

There are no rights without responsibilities.

Honor is too big a price to pay for any honor.

Blows from the bellows of ridicule leave no bruises.

The best cure of a bad habit is the culture of a good one.

Where vulgarity passes for wit virtue passes for folly.

The man who has time to burn has to borrow a match to start it.

The best way to bury your sorrows is to get your sympathies busy.

The man who needs a place should look for the place that needs him.

It is folly to boast of your frills before you have built your foundation.

No man thinks of his life as a grind who has any grist worth grinding.

He best expresses his own gratitude who causes another to be grateful.

It does not take much of a saint to denounce the sins he cannot digest.

The man who hasn't enough religion to last till he gets home from meeting hasn't enough to take him through to heaven.

RECIPES WORTH FORTUNES

SOME CANNOT BE BOUGHT AT ANY PRICE.

A Valuable Liver Pill—Eau de Cologne Secret Is Very Valuable.

Quite recently the recipe how to make a certain bilious and liver pill was sold in a London auction mart for $24,500. Another pill was put up for auction at a reserve of $2,500. It produced of net profit only $1,705 per annum, but the auctioneer explained that this could be largely augmented by judicious advertising.

Undoubtedly the most valuable recipe is that of the liqueur Chartreuse green and yellow. When the monks were expelled from France they carried in a small steel casket the recipe, or rather volume of recipes, of the world-famed stimulant. At open auction it was sold for $1,650,000.

Eau de Cologne is a valuable secret. Giovanni Farina, the inventor of that wonderful perfume, at one time offered to sell the recipe for $3,750, but since then the value has risen enormously, and only a millionaire could buy it.

Worcester sauce was the invention of a butler many years ago. It was an indispensable requisite in the house where he was employed, and in course of time the head of the firm of Lea and Perrins bought the recipe for a trifle. That little scrap of yellow paper which made the fortune of the firm is carefully preserved, and is valued at many thousands of pounds. And the recipe for Day and Martin's blacking was given to Mr. Day 150 years ago by a grateful soldier whose coach fare he had

GENEROUSLY PAID.

When the Pope was enthroned the brilliant red robes of the cardinals arrested the attention. All the crimson cloth of which these robes are made has been supplied for generations past by the same family of cloth merchants. They have a secret process by which the special dye is distilled, and the recipe is not to be purchased at any price. Only the heads of the family have been entrusted with the secret.

Typefounders have their secret methods. One very old firm, famous for the quality of its type, has a recipe for mixing the necessary ingredients for turning out a metal hard, durable, and yet which will not chip. The heads of the firm jealously guard this, and the disclosure to a trade rival would be a loss of many thousands of dollars.

The Oxford Press are proud of the quality of the paper used in making their Bibles. It is thin and tough, and was the outcome of exhaustive experiments. The formula is valued at a quarter of a million sterling. Bank of England notes are of a special paper, which belongs to the Portals of Laverstoke, That firm supplies all the paper to the Bank of England, and the possession of the recipe for making the paper has enabled the fortunate owners to

ACCUMULATE A FORTUNE.

Bacon is a popular dish, and a Wiltshire firm of bacon driers paid $50,000 for the Brandenburg method of curing hams. There are many trade secrets in connection with ham-curing.

Restaurateurs have any number of sauces and condiments brought under their notice. Every gourmand has a special way he likes a dish seasoned, and the happy proprietors of the old recipes are in the enjoyment of large incomes, simply because they own a bit of paper an inch or two square. Usually, the most successful article is the simplest to make, if you know the way. A special chutney was sold a few months ago for $37,500; originally it was the invention of an Indian, and the recipe was obtained from him at the outlay of only a few rupees.

Absinthe was at one time only known to a French chemist, and perhaps for the good of the world it would have been better had the secret died with him. He sold it for a few hundred francs. A distiller detected the merits of the seductive liqueur, and paid $50,000 for the chemist's note-book. He is said to have

MADE $1,250,000 BY IT.

But patent medicines have the steadiest value. Any popular pill or ointment or tonic recipe cannot be bought. The recipe means the whole business of the firm, and represents an annual profit of thousands of pounds. To sell the recipe would kill the goose that laid the golden eggs. A sum of $125,000 cash was offered for the recipe of a certain medicinal syrup, but the bargain was not effected.

Lavender water is supplied to the King by Sprules, and the particular method by which this water is distilled is a carefully guarded trade secret. Maraschino comes from Dalmatia, and was easily enough obtained, But there must be many recipes of great commercial value in existence the use of which is confined to families. If known and taken into favor by the public a fortune would result.—London Tit-Bits.

A LONG-FELT WANT.

Casey—"Oi see there's bin another railroad wreck due to an open switch."

Cassidy—"Ay, 'tis a pity some man don't invint a switch thot'll stay shut whin its open."