The Wedding Eve;

Or, Married to a Fairy.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

"Sardines," she said; "yes, I like those. And what are these little red fishes? And what an odd idea to have pancakes for breakfast. Omelet, do you say it's called? What a funny name! I'll try it, please. I'll have something of everything, and a large cup of tea, and plenty of milk, and four lumps of sugar. Isn't this jolly? Like that first even'ng at Lythinge, when I brought my tea in—do you remember? And wasn't the supper last night fine? I dreamed about it. I'm sure I should soon grow to be a lady if I always had such nice things to eat. I don't much like your friend, though. He's sort of sarcastic, and seems to look right through me with those queer, bright eyes of his. He's very handsome, isn't he? So tall, and such nice long hair and mustache, and such lovely hands, like the heroes in the pictures outside the penny novelettes. But I like your face ever so much better, dear, dear Mr. Hervey, with your beautiful straight nose, though you haven't got a mustache, and your hair is cut short. Why are you laughing? Mr. Wray was always laughing at me, too. And he called me a little animal, which I thought very rude of him; don't you?"

"Lilith," I said, "I am going out of town this afternoon, to see a lady who keeps finishing-school for young girls in her house in the country. I have seen her portrait, and if she is really as pleasant and kind as she looks, and everything about her is as satisfactory, I hope to place you in her charge very soon."

Lilith put down her knife and fork. A look of most wobegone disappointment crept over her face.

"I thought you seemed to be getting used to having me with you," she said pathetically, while big tears began to gather in her eyes. "And now, after all, you want to get rid of me."

"It isn't that, dear, and you mustn't think it for a moment. But you want to be educated; you said so yesterday."

"Why can't I be educated here in London, and see you every day? If you put me away in the country, I shall only run back to you. I hate school, and I am really too old for it. I only want to learn anything at all just to please you; and if I'm to be miles away, and never see you, what's the good of it all?"

I took both the hands of this most unreasonable child in mine and stroked them, while I tried to make her listen to reason. But she was only too ready to be consoled, and in a moment she had slipped off her chair, and was kneeling by my side, rubbing her cheek against my coat-sleeve, smiling, and almost purring with restored good humor.

"And you won't send me away from you, will you?" she whispered, with her arm round my neck. "If I may only go to school in London, near you, and see you every day, I'll be as good as gold."

And at that identical moment, after so brief and hurried a knock that neither of us heard it, Wrenshaw, in evident excitement, entered the studio, and looked with ill-concealed indignation at the loving group we made at the breakfast-table.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, standing stiff as a ramrod just inside the door; "but I thought as you would like to know that Lady Margaret Lorimer's carriage is coming up the street, and in another minute I shall have to open the door and show her up into the studio."

CHAPTER XI.

Lilith, who had remained on her knees by my side during Wrenshaw's speech, looked searchingly from him to me at the close of it, and then sprang to her feet.

"Who is Lady Margaret Lorimer?" she asked me.

Before I could answer, Lady Margaret's carriage drew up before the door, and her footman's thundering rat-tat echoed down the street.

Wrenshaw looked at me and hesitated.

"Well, Mr. Wrenshaw," cried Lilith, "why don't you answer the door? Is there any reason why this lady shouldn't come upstairs?"

"Show Lady Margaret up at once," I said, turning to Wrenshaw in a peremptory manner; and the man, with an odd, parting look at me, which seemed something in the nature of a warning, left the room.

I went up to Lilith, who was standing quite still in the middle of the room, looking unusually pale and serious.

"Lilith," I said, "this lady is my dearest friend, step-daughter of the uncle who brought me up. I want you to know her. She is very clever and very kind."

A shiver ran down the young girl's frame.

"I don't want to know her" she whispered almost fiercely. "It's great ladies such as her as would take you away from me."

I could hear the door open downstairs and a little later Madge's clear, well-modulated voice in colloquy with Wrenshaw.

"Nonsense, my dear child," I said. "She will be your friend, just as I am your friend."

For all that, I do not deny that in my secret heart I considerably dreaded the coming interview between Madge and Lilith, and was much exercised in mind as to how my satirical cousin would take the young girl's outbursts of demonstrative affection toward me. Still, it was vastly better that they should meet openly; and I could only trust to Madge's good sense and fairness not to place a wrong construction upon Lilith's unconventional behavior.

Already I could hear footsteps on the stairs; Wrenshaw was showing Madge up, when suddenly Lilith threw my detaining hand off her shoulder.

"I don't want her friendship! I don't want to know her! And she sha'n't put on airs with me!" she sobbed out, a red spot showing on each cheek.

The next moment she had darted across the room, leaped over the sofa, and had completely concealed herself under the tapestry table-cover which hid the belongings of Nicholas Wray.

Barely had she done this, when the studio door opened, and Wrenshaw, with more than necessary sonority, announced:

"Lady Margaret Lorimer."

I saw a look of intense surprise and relief pass over the good man's face when he found me alone. But these expressions had barely time to give place to a suspicious glance round the room when he was constrained to leave it, and Madge and I were, to all appearance, tete-a-tete.

She was exquisitely dressed, as usual, in something cool, and soft, and flowing, of light tan-colored material, with any amount of delicate lace-edging and flouncing, and a great black lace hat, in which a cluster of red roses supplied the requisite note of color. Her soft cheek was thickly dusted with some sweet-smelling powder; I smelt it as I dutifully kissed her when she offered me her face.

"You may kiss my lips if you want to," she said, blushing prettily enough through all her powder.

"I'm afraid I should kiss the lip salve off, and spoil the general effect," I said, laughing.

Madge frowned, and taking a fragrant, lace-trimmed handkerchief from her pocket, she sedulously wiped from her lips the cherry-colored paste she habitually used, and offered them to me again.

I touched her lips very lightly with my own, feeling pained and awkward. To me, this trifling act seemed hypocritical toward Madge and unkind toward the over-sensitive girl in hiding. Madge looked at me for a few seconds with an expression I could not understand in those unfathomable dark eyes of hers.

"You are not very—very ardent, are you?" she said. "Do you realize that, after telling me you were going to return on Monday, you never came back until last Wednesday, and that meanwhile you never wrote, and no one had the least idea where you were?"

"It was not my fault, Madge. On the very night of my arrival, a man, a total stranger to me, came to a most sudden death in my presence, and I had to stay and give evidence at the inquest."

"Still, you could have written?"

"I was expecting every day to return. And I was scouring the country, learning its features for future sketching tours."

"Did you do much work?"

"Hardly any. Just an outline here and there. Here is one which I think may interest you."

It was clearly out of the question to try to hurry her off. She had seated herself in the deep armchair in which we had sketched Lilith, looking, in her dainty draperies, fashionable, high-heeled shoes, and elaborately curled and waved coiffure, like an attractive fashion-plate endowed with life, and offering the most absolute contrast possible to what I remembered of the picturesque little marsh fairy curled up there asleep last night.

I took my sketch-book over to her, and showed her a rough drawing on one of its pages.

"It's the most picturesque pitch you can imagine," I said, anxious to divert her talk from personal topics. "Locally, it is called the 'French House,' and, of course, locally no one can explain the name. The style of the building is early sixteenth century, half-timbered, with lattice-windows and little leaded panes under the projecting eaves of an enormous red-tiled, lichen-grown roof, smothered here and there with ivy, from which great red-brick chimney-stacks of irregular shapes and sizes protrude at intervals. A little fruit and flower-garden and many outhouses are enclosed by fragments of a colossal wall, which was one part of a Roman castrum, and the whole is placed on a wild bit of moorland, overrun with sheep, half-way down a grassy slope, the base of which was once washed by the sea, but which now rises sheer from miles of marsh and meadow bordered by the distant sands. A quieter spot you cannot well imagine. Some day, when I want to hide from the world, I shall go and live there."

Little did I think as I talked thus, more to enchain her passing attention than with any special intent how prophetic and of what deep import my words would prove.

"Do you so hate the world, then, Adrian dear?" she asked me softly, looking not at the sketch, but at my face.

"This fashionable world in London, to which you are tied? Frankly, yes; I detest it."

"I want to talk to you about that," she said quickly. "I have often thought it a pity that our tastes should differ so in that respect, and I have hoped that in time we might look at the subject from more converging points of view. But if you won't come to my way of thinking, I must come to yours. Lord Carchester had a long talk with me yesterday. I told him how unhappy it made me not to know where you were, and he—well, you know he is very punctilious in some things, and he didn't quite think you ought to go away for four or five whole days and never let your affianced wife know where you were. You know I trust you wholly, dearest, but I couldn't help feeling anxious. Then papa talked to me about our marriage. He has not been at all well lately, and he wants to hurry it forward, so he was all for fixing an early date. I assured him we were not in a hurry, and fought the point, bit by bit, month by month. Finally I agreed to marry you when I am twenty-six. That will be, as you know, in the spring of the year after next, just one year and eight months from now. So that I have left you rope enough, haven't I? But that is because I want you to carry out the brilliant promise you have shown and to make so great a name by your genius, Adrian dear, that instead of your being known as 'rich Lady Madge's husband,' I shall be known as wife of one of the greatest painters of the day!"

With that she bent forward, and, laying her gloved hands on my shoulders, she kissed me very gently, very tenderly, on each cheek. Rising the next minute, she declared that her mother would be waiting for her, as they were going for a morning's shopping together, and hurried out of the room, down the stairs, and into her carriage waiting for her outside.

When I returned to the studio, Lilith Saxon, pale, red-eyed, and strangely subdued in manner, faced me.

"I heard everything that lady said," she exclaimed; "and you can put me in that school you told me of at once, or anywhere you like, for I never want to see you any more."

CHAPTER XII.

It was in September, more than a year after Lilith's installation as one of the Morland House pupils, that I made my second visit to Clifton Downs.

During all that period I had not once seen her, although from time to time I had received dutiful little letters, excellently spelled and worded, reporting her progress in the various arts and accomplishments she was studying under Mrs. Morland's care. On her sixteenth and seventeenth birthdays I had sent her little inexpensive trinkets, which she had duly acknowledged, but from the conventional tone of her prim little letters I felt certain that they were supervised by Mrs. Morland, and in not one of them was there mingled with her frequently expressed gratitude the least wish to see me again.

Absurd as it may appear, this omission, which should have relieved my mind, distressed me greatly. The child's spontaneous affection had delighted me, and it had gone to my heart to repress it. During all that year of absence I never once forgot her lovely face, her bright laughter, and her frank, confiding chatter. Time blurred all remembrance of her trifling slips in grammar and other solecisms, and her image remained in my mind as my ideal of innocence, sweetness, and beauty, of youth and gaiety and love made manifest in woman.

Meantime, incessant work, and work of a moist enchanting kind, had occupied every sunlit hour of my days. My cousin Madge, who seemed as jealously eager to secure a brilliant reputation for me as I myself could be, had presented me with a beautiful little yacht, far larger than the boat in which I had been wont to haunt the southern coasts, but by no means of ostentatious pretensions. The sole purpose of this gift was that I should realize what had long been my day-dream—a protracted painting cruise in the Mediterranean. In duty bound, I christened my new boat the Lady Margaret, although another and more fanciful name, the Marsh Fairy, would have been far sweeter to me.

My uncle, Lord Carchester, and Madge spent several days with me on board the yacht. But that was during the Cowes season, of course, when Madge's different toilets were reported in all the papers, and the decks were forever overrun by bands of her vapid admirers. Peace never came until the shades of evening fell and Madge had departed on shore for some festivity under my uncle's care, for I resolutely declined being dragged off to evening entertainments in such hot weather. Then, in the lovely moonlit quiet of the harbor, lying on deck, smoking, with my face turned up to the stars, I would let my thoughts wander off to a yellow-haired child who had once loved me in a wholehearted and unquestioning way, and whose last stiff little letter I would take from my pocketbook to read by the light of the moon.

"Dear Mr. Hervey: Thank you very much for your letter, and for the pretty birthday present. It is most kind of you to remember me. I have got on very well indeed with my French. I like the language, and can speak and read it easily. It is also most pleasant to play whatever music takes my fancy. The weather here has been very sultry; we are quite looking forward to a thunder storm. I am sorry I cannot send you the photograph of me you ask for. I have not been taken since I was a very little girl. I should find difficulty in keeping still, and Mrs. Morland is of opinion that I am too fair to photograph really well. Hoping that you are in good health, always sincerely yours,

"Lilith Saxon."

This neat little letter, written in a hand which was almost copper-plate in its regularity, was not much for a man who was fool enough to cherish for a whole twelve-month a romantic fancy for a child he had known for barely a week. And yet I dreamed of my marsh fairy, and read and reread her silly little letters, and tried in vain to discover some faint reminder of the personality which had so charmed me.

In this last one, the only touch of the Lilith I used to know came in the words: "I should find a difficulty in keeping still." She had indeed been a veritable piece of quicksilver, and the words made me hope that perhaps she had not altered so very much, after all.

"Surely," I said to myself on that summer night, as I lay on deck staring at the stars; "surely now, after a whole year of discreet absence, spent wandering in southern seas, and working at my art like a Trojan, I may feast my eyes on Lilith's sweet face again without disloyalty to Madge or harm to Lilith. Lilith's was a childish fancy, the equivalent of calf-love in a boy. By this time she will probably have reached the self-conscious, young-ladyish stage, and would resent the mere idea of ever having kissed me."

I smiled to myself as I recalled the child's absurd jealousy of Madge, and our uncomfortable journey down to Bristol, Lilith moping in a corner of the railway-car, and I vainly trying to comfort her with sweets and illustrated papers.

(To be continued.)

HANGED A BLOOD INDIAN.

Duncan J. D. Campbell Was McLeod's First Sheriff.

Among the quite distinguished old-timers in the Canadian West, Duncan J. D'Urban Campbell, late sheriff of Macleod Judicial District, occupies a prominent place.

Born at St. Hilaire, Quebec, on July 16, 1855, young Campbell was educated at his home schools and at Bishop's College, at Lennoxville. He entered the Bank of Montreal in 1874 and resigned in 1882. When the Regina settlers came West to colonize a new land, he was with them, but shortly afterwards came on to Macleod at the invitation of Lieut.-Col. Irvine, commissioner of Mounted Police. He was under contract to supply beef to the Indians on the western reserve till the Canadian Pacific Railwtay reached Gleichen. During that time he also supplied the railway dining service as far as Morley, Alta.

He was appointed one of the five deputy sheriffs of the territories in 1883, and was also at this time appointed postmaster at Macleod. He occupied the position of deputy

Sheriff D. J. Campbell.

sheriff until April, 1897, when the Supreme Court was organized in Alberta, and he was made sheriff of the South Alberta judicial district, which position he held till the organization of the Province, when he was appointed sheriff of Macleod Judicial District. Mr. Campbell had one of the largest judicial districts in Western Canada, requiring six bailiffs.

He superintended the hanging of Charcoal, the only Blood Indian that ever paid the death penalty, at Macleod. This desperado murdered an Indian on his own reserve and then shot a Mounted Police, Sergeant Wilde, in the discharge of his duties on patrol. Mr. Campbell also made arrangements for the hanging of a Chinaman and a Galician at Macleod.

In the early days the territories had no penitentiary, and for years after the organization of the Province there was no place to incarcerate prisoners serving long terms. Sheriff Campbell has taken many a horse thief to Stoney Mountain, Manitoba. Among the noted Indians he escorted to the "Pen." was Nez Perces Sam, a redskin desperado, over whom Winnipeg people got so excited.

Sheriff Campbell has been in continuous service as sheriff for more than 30 years. His successor in office is A. B. McDonald, late Superintendent of Banff National Park. Mr. McDonald was the defeated candidate for Federal representation against John Herron, in 1896.

In the social life of his home town, Macleod, Mr. Campbell has always taken a prominent part. His office as sheriff excluded him from accepting many Parliamentary honors that were offered him. He has been a keen advocate of all that goes to help a town educationally, and in civic affairs he has been active and prominent.

Although appointed to office by a Conservative Administration, Mr. Campbell has never taken any part in politics since his appointment, and has just as many and as warm friends among the Liberals as among the Conservatives. He has been longer in office than any other sheriff in the Province of Alberta, and has seen many governments come and go.

MAKE THEIR OWN LIGHT.

Power of Many Plants and Animals One of Marvels of Nature.

Among the most remarkable of all nature's phenomena is the marvellous light-giving power of many of our common plants and animals.

Under certain conditions nasturtiums, sunflowers, dahlias, tuberoses and yellow lilies may be seen to glow with a soft radiance, varying in color and intensity. Only those flowers that have an abundance of yellow or orange shades exhibit this phosphorescence. The best time to see the light is after dark, when the atmosphere is clear and dry. The light is sometimes steady, but often intermittent and flashing.

Often in the early fall the ground will be illuminated by the glow from the dead leaves. The Australian poppy is the most remarkable of all the luminous plants, for it has been found to send out a light of its own of quite notable brilliancy.

Mushrooms growing on decayed wood often have a degree of brilliancy that, when they are placed on a newspaper, will enable one to read the words in their vicinity with no other light. One species of mushroom in Australia, 16 inches in diameter, was of such brilliancy that, seen from a distance, its light frightened the natives.

More interesting than the luminous plants are the luminous animals. The Pacific coast, famous for its many curious specimens of plant and animal life, is the home of many of them.

Of all these the Ascidians are most noteworthy. One of them, the Pyrosama, was seen first as a blaze as big as a bucket. When captured it was found to be a foot long and open at one end, at which there was a faint light. When touched the light at once blazed forth into a vivid silver phosphorescence. One of the animals kept in a dark room furnished enough light for the reading of medium-sized print.

The creatures are of almost indescribable beauty, and by their radiance when moving about under water near-by fish can be discerned. Bibra, the British naturalist, utilized the animals for light, and a half-dozen of them at one side of a small room would furnish sufficient light for the reading of a newspaper at the other side.

Crabs are notable light-givers, and the Salpa, of California, is the most wonderful of all. Bodies of water 20 miles square have been seen glowing with them, and in the Santa Catalina Channel one naturalist reported that as far as the eye could see the creatures lay gleaming like gems in the sunlight.

Many luminous frogs have been discovered from time to time, and any frog may be made luminous by inoculating it with certain bacteria which produce this phenomenon.

Many theories have been brought forward to explain the phenomenon of luminosity, but as yet very little is known about it. In many instances, such as the cases of dead leaves or decayed wood, luminosity is evidently due to fungus growth, but in other cases, where no growth can be seen, the riddle remains unsolved, along with many other marvels of nature.

POLITICAL REPARTEE.

Disraeli Awarded the Palm for Repartee by Mr. Gladstone.

In a recent article on the humors of British elections, Mr. Brian Phillips declares that Mr. Gladstone always awarded the palm for political repartee to his great opponent, Disraeli, because of a retort he made to an unfriendly crowd quite early in his career. The future Lord Beaconsfield, then scarcely known, was standing for Parliament against Colonel Grey, who had the powerful backing of the great Whig family of that name. The audience was inclined to regard the brilliant young Jew as an alien and an upstart.

"We know all about Colonel Grey," some one shouted, "but, pray, what do you stand on?"

"I stand on my head," was the instantaneous reply.

If there has been nothing in recent years to match this famous flash of wit, there have yet been some excellent answers, in which the heckled candidate has got the best of the heckler.

When the ship-owning millionaire, Sir Donald Currie, was asked at Greenwich if his father had not been the local barber, he admitted promptly:

"It is true—and if your father had been a barber, you would have been the same."

When the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd-George, who is proud of his lowly birth and bringing-up, was asked a similar question, he scored as swiftly and even more severely. The heckler unwisely inquired if he remembered that his grandfather used to drive a donkey and cart.

"You will have to forgive me, ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Lloyd-George apologized; "the cart had quite escaped my memory, but I see the donkey is living yet."

A parallel case in which the young aristocrat proved as able as the self-made man to hold his own when jeered at, was that of Viscount Lewisham, a protectionist, or, as the English say, "tariff reform" candidate, who was suspected of a lack of sympathy for the poor, because of his too fortunate birth.

"Yah!" cried a ragged listener, as he began to speak. "You wants to tax our food!"

"Be calm, my good man," the viscount reassured him. "We don't intend to tax thistles."

A temperance orator, speaking during the same campaign, was so frequently interrupted by a rowdy in the crowd that the rest, even those who had been at first hostile, turned against the offender, and there were lusty shouts of "Turn him out!"

"No, don't turn him out," suggested the speaker, mildly. "Turn him upside down, and let the beer run out of him."

The suggestion, although it was not literally complied with, met the uproarious favor of the audience, which remained wholly friendly to the orator to the end of his address.

Most of the type used by Chinese printers is made in Japan.

"Madam, do you give any of your time for self-reflection?" "Certainly I do. What do you suppose looking-glasses are made for?"

"Our greatest glory," says Confucius, "is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall." Some consider it their greatest glory tripping other people up.

Ethel—"Jack Roxleigh is good-looking enough, but I don't care for his ways." Maris—"Never mind about his ways, my dear; think of his means."

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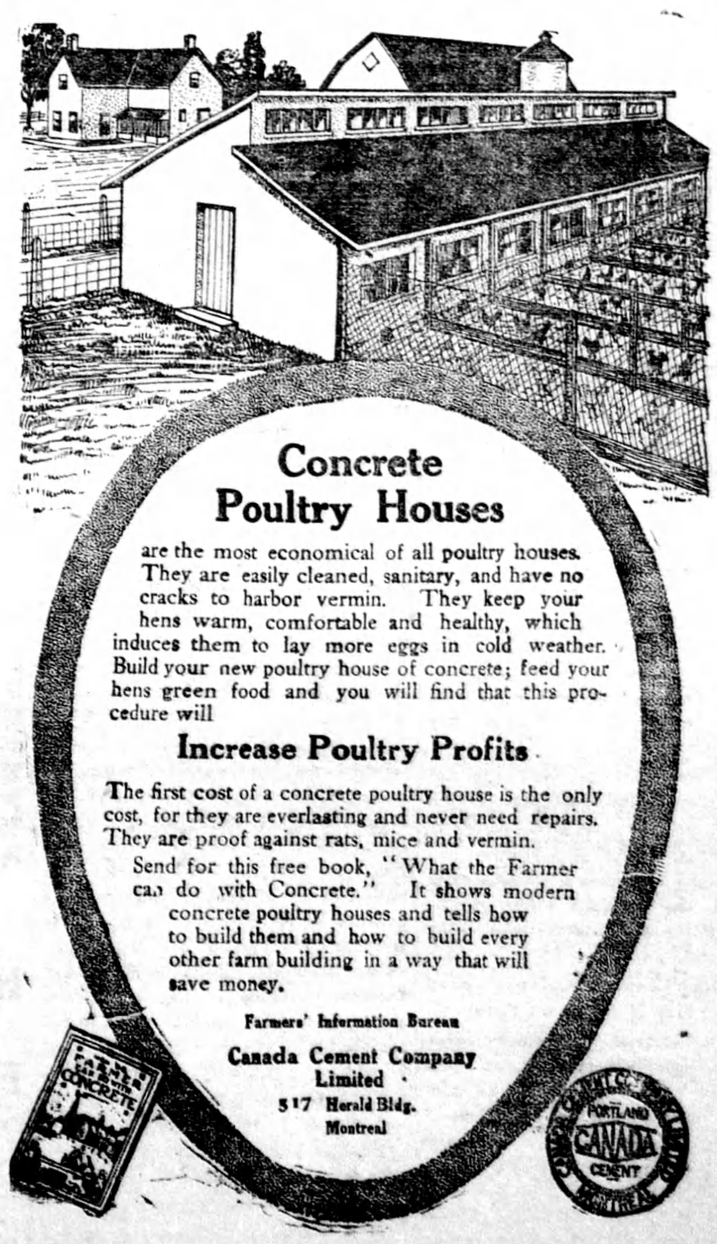

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