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AN OLD SOLDIER'S LOVE STORY.

By C. DESPARD, Author of "When the Tide was High," "The Artist and the Man," "Into a Larger Room," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE CURE WORKED.

The drawing-room party broke up early that night. Lady Flora seemed tired and cut of sorts, and she was glad to escape from the task of entertaining, which, during these few days, had been a heavy burden to her.

Hoping to see something of Colonel Lyndon and Letty, she stood out on the terrace for a few minutes after her guests had gone; then, hearing and seeing nothing, she went to her own room.

She had not been there for more than a few moments before there came a knock at her door. Guessing who the intruder was, she cried to her to come in, and a little white-robed figure, with a curiously rapturous expression in its eyes, stood before her.

Lady Flora smiled. "Ah! Letty, my darling," she said; "I was expecting to see you. Here, you shall take down my hair, and bring me my dressing-gown, and then we can sit down together and have a talk."

Silently Letty obeyed. In a few moments Lady Flora was in her favourite arm-chair, and she was curled up on the rug at her feet.

"I have a confession to make," she said, tremulously, taking one of Lady Flora's hands, and clasping it in both hers.

"I thought so," answered her friend, upon which Letty coloured and faltered, for how could Lady Flora know unless her son had told her?

"Then you are not angry with me?" she murmured.

"Angry! my child, how could I be angry? I knew, of course, that this would happen some day, and with my great interest in you—"

"But," broke in Letty, to whom all this was very perplexing, "it has nothing to do with me. I want nothing except—except to see you all happy. Why do you look at me so, dear Lady Flora? I believe it is all right. I think he sees how foolish he has been. I do not think he will go to Turkey or Russia now."

"Oh! yes, yes! you were so kind; you helped me so much by what you said," answered Letty very earnestly.

"Did I help you? I am very glad," said the colonel. "And you made me a promise. Do you remember that?"

"You asked me to look upon you as my friend."

"And I ask you again," he said gently. "I admire you not as a young man would, of course. I am a middle-aged man enough to be your father, Letty. And I—well! the fact is that I can't help being sorry sometimes, when I think of the loneliness of your position. It has come to me that if I had married at the age when men generally marry, I might have had a daughter like you, and that I might have died and left her alone, and that if, when I was dying, a comrade of mine had offered to be her friend, it would have been a comfort to me. I want you to look upon me just as if I were that—an old comrade of your father's who takes an interest in you. Will you?"

The tears sprang to Letty's eyes. He was very kind, and it was pleasant to think that she had a friend in the world—and such a friend! But why was he so sad? And why did her heart ache as he looked at her?

"Thank you! thank you!" she cried, holding out both her hands. "Indeed I will." And then—for the overflowing pity of her woman's heart would have a vent—"and I can't bear your going away," she said gently. "The place will seem so empty without you."

For the space of an instant he looked at her searchingly. Could it be that, after all, he was mistaken? Then, while he stood hesitating, feeling for the next word, there came through the trees a sound they both knew. It was nothing but the whistle with which Percy Winstanley was accustomed to summon his favourite dog—a beautiful old deer-hound—from the yard; but it made a diversion.

The call was repeated two or three times impatiently, and Letty became restless.

"I do believe they have tied poor old Beauty up," she said. "It is too bad. Shall we come and see, Colone Lyndon?"

There was no further quiet talk between Letty and the colonel that day, and on the following morning he left the Castle before she was up.

Shortly after the colonel's departure, Veronica, who looked pale and worn after her recent illness, but who was on her feet again, called to say her farewell visit to Castle Ettrick. Lady Flora had been prepared to receive her coldly; but being touched by the change in her appearance, she forgot the displeasure in motherly anxiety.

"Are you really fit to travel?" she said kindly. "Are you quite sure you will not be overtaxing your strength?"

"Oh, no! And if I do, what matter? I shall have plenty of time for rest. You know I need never do anything else," said Veronica, with a forced smile.

Veronica's visit, and the change in her appearance and manner, made hope revive in Lady Flora's breast. Girls—especially rich girls—are whimsical. It might be that Percy had not taken quite the right way with her. Or perhaps she expected him to persevere in the teeth of refusal. A sprained ankle, Lady Flora was convinced, could not have caused so great a change.

Percy, who had rejoined his regiment, was away from home when Miss Browne paid her farewell visit to the Castle. On his return for one of those brief leaves which, he often took now, his mother spoke of it, hinting at her suspicion; but the contradictory young fellow did not take the hint and see you often after dinner."

Slowly and sadly Letty went up to her own room. She had done it for the best: because she would not give pain to those she loved: because, under this new and strange stress of feeling that had come to her, she could not trust herself; but no one knew, no one who had not once felt as she had felt could imagine, what the sacrifice of that evening meant to her. When, having locked the door, to shut out intruders, she threw herself upon her bed in the darkness, it seemed to her as if the rest were nothing. The leaving of her home, the separation from her friends, the looking forward to long years of loneliness, all this she could bear; but to go away without once looking into his face, without thanking him for his love to her; without telling him that though she must leave the place where she had the unspeakable happiness of seeing his face, she would never, never forget him—this was almost more than her gentle heart could endure.

She was up until the heavy eyelids fell, but she could not sleep long. Lady Flora was at the door of her room, and Milly, looking curious and anxious, was with her, and she had to shake off her languor, and prepare for her journey to London.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

Gambling in England.

The facts elicited in connection with the notorious baccarat scandal case, which has just been reviewed in the London courts are not calculated to give a very exalted impression of the manner in which members of the "upper" classes occupy their time when they meet on social occasions. To end a day which had been passed on the race course by gathering around the baccarat table in a mutual friend's drawing-room and spending an hour in playing for stakes, as is done in any ordinary casino, is not what might have been expected of persons so distinguished as were several of those who made up the party on the memorable night in question. Henceforth quiet people, not abreast with the age, and who have been wont to imagine that when eminent men and distinguished ladies meet in social intercourse they are accustomed to spend the days in profitable and ennobling employment and to devote the long evenings to refined amusements and to brilliant conversations wherein statesmen lay aside the burden of office and august personages let still weightier burdens of rank, will to conjure up a different picture, the picture of a gaining table surrounded by ladies and gentlemen who worship the Goddess of Chance with an earnestness and devotion which no professional gambler can surpass. For that the gambling habit during the last few years has made enormous advances among the English "upper" classes is a fact too patent to be denied, and not only has this unhealthy habit been growing, but according to the London *Standard*, a journal of unquestionable repute, it is being pursued with an openness which is nothing short of shameless. Says the *Standard*:

"There is no concealment about it. The man who wants a game of baccarat, or who desires to risk money at *rouge-et-noir* is under no necessity to dive into some furtive and half illicit private hell; he can gamble to his heart's content in the drawing-rooms of some of the stateliest country houses in England and some of the noblest town mansions in London; and the number of these private *casinos* is increasing rapidly. Gambling is becoming the favorite after-dinner amusement of certain influential sets, and if we can believe the stories that are told, vast sums are won and lost with a frequency and freedom the old days of Crockford's. we have adopted an innovation unknown to our great grandfathers. In their time, if men sat up till daylight gaming and drinking it was in the company of men. In our modern gambling *coteries* women are free of the guild. The ladies are not expected to withdraw when their male friends call for a pack of cards and express a desire for cigars and 'long drinks.' In the game which amuses the charming and graceful hostess takes a hand; she can put her money on the red or the black with coolness and judgment; she is acquainted with the innermysteries of poker, and can 'bluff' an opponent in that fascinating game with the skill and pertinacity of a veteran player in a Texas bar-room."

This is not a delightful picture surely, nor one to be contemplated with equanimity by those Englishmen who are solicitous for the moral well-being of their fellow-countrymen. It is to be hoped that His Royal Highness, whose experiences in connection with the recent trial have been so humiliating will henceforth consent to lend the weight of his powerful influence in discountenancing a practice so universally condemned by moralists as tending to subvert the best interests of the people.

The Rats Won.

The question is frequently asked, writes a correspondent of the Lewiston *Journal*, whence comes the name of Thomson Pond, a sheet of water in Western Maine, extending through four towns and lying partly in three counties. Dan Thomson says it was named from the first settler, Dan Thomson, of whom the following anecdote is related:

Mr. Thomson was greatly disturbed by rats, which assailed his premises in hordes, and at last he took an original method of getting rid of them.

He placed an empty hogshead in his log hovel, leaving the bunghole open, through which he dropped a small quantity of meat scraps and bread crumbs. Then taking a large leather bag he retired outside and peeped through a crevice to see what would happen.

Presently he espied an old gray veteran approaching the bunghole. The rodent looked in, then sniffed, and seemed to take an inventory of the room to ascertain what dangers there were, and finally he disappeared inside the hogshead. Very soon he emerged from the bunghole and scampered off. In a half-minute the old rat appeared, followed by a drove of a hundred or more hungry rodents which went after him into the hogshead.

"Now is my fun!" Joe chuckled, and he went quietly through the door and adjusted the open mouth of his leather bag over the bunghole, at the same time tapping the hogshead with the toe of his boot, which produced a ringing sound.

With loud squeals and fierce struggles the frightened rats began to scramble through the bunghole, and soon they all landed in the bottom of the bag.

Joe's first thought was to drown them by sinking the bag in the pond, but being in a rather gamesome mood, he concluded to put the bag in his boat, and, after rowing a good distance from the shore, release the rats, with his ox-goad have some fun knocking them in the head.

He rowed out from the shore so far that he was certain the rodents would be unable to swim to land. Then he untied the bag, expecting to see the frightened creatures leap pellmell into the pond; but he did not know the nature of his prisoners.

Instead of fleeing into the water, or even retreating to one side of the boat, the rats charged upon the man in a body, and with teeth and claws so severely lacerated his face, neck and hands as to cause him to leap from the boat and swim for the shore, leaving the craft in possession of his one-time victims.

Some Roses.

How many gleams of pink in the world!
The light of the dawn and the eve,
The life of a fleeting cloud,
The happy cheek of a girl,
The glow imprisoned in pearl
And oh, the sweetness and the gladness
Melting, pouring, through the pinkness
Roses' petals hold for love!
Leaf on leaf folding over,
Or breaking bonds and bursting cover,
Rolling backward, lucious, full;
Wrapping closest at the centre,
Curving there in buoyant whirl;
Tilting lightly at the edges,
Where the richness pales away.
Burning somehow through the color,
Transfiguring and making fuller,
Shade of pink and hidden yellow.
Lives and glows, a light, a spirit,
Essence subtle, whence and whither?
Mingling softly with this spirit,
Breathing out from form and texture
Of the roses' every fold.
Wafted upward to the senses,
Come a fragrance and a rapture,
Scent of gardens, trace of heaven,
Sweet to wildness, dear, ecstatic.

Don't be too severe on the man who smokes cigarettes, he may have promised a dying mother that he would never touch tobacco in any form.

THE HOME.

Wife and Parenthood.

Let us have a confidential talk this afternoon.

You are asking what you shall tell your children concerning wife and parenthood, and how. It is a topic of concerns of loving, and should be handled only by lovers; this will indeed be a difficult task, and one you may be obliged to delegate to some suitable book.

Perhaps you lost this magical "key" to their inner natures when you rudely closed the door of truth against their first peering questions concerning the mysteries of life. "mamma, where did the baby come from?" Instead of wisely seizing this God-given moment to build their little hearts to yours with this holy, this beautiful secret, you gave them what, in very short, they learned from their wiser playmates was a "lie."

From the same unhallowed source, when the loving but careless mother believed them too young and innocent, to know aught of the more sacred things of life, they learned them in such a low, debasing way, that a lifetime of counter training of thought will not suffice to restore them to their God-intended purity and sacredness.

Many a mother who has thus lost the "key," often does not find it again until her daughter (she never does her son) is herself a mother—sometimes not then. This is indeed very, very sad, and should make all young mothers doubly watchful, but it doesn't relieve this class of their responsibility, because they can't "talk with their children."

Fortunately, there are many chaste and beautifully-written books and pamphlets that will partially atone for the lack of your personal, loving instruction. And as many of the overburdened mother finds little time to look into these things, and does not know what book to get or where to obtain it, I will mention some that I consider most excellent.

"Tokology," by Mrs. Dr. Stockman; "True Manhood," and "For Girls," by Shepard. Then there are two valuable leaflets for boys and girls: "A Fathers' Advice to his Son," and "An Old Woman's" Letter to Young Women."

Don't place these books in the hands of your children until you have studiously read them yourselves; you will doubtless find much in them that is new and that will better fit you for your duties; but if not new or of special practical value, bear in mind that intelligence is always desirable. Then, too, it may be that you can talk over the book with your son or daughter.

To the mothers of the "wee ones" feeling the importance of these questions, but dreading them, let me first of all beg of you to keep close to your little ones' hearts, so that still weightier burdens of rank, will to conjure up a different picture, the picture of a gaining table surrounded by ladies and gentlemen who worship the Goddess of Chance with an earnestness and devotion which no professional gambler can surpass. For that the gambling habit during the last few years has made enormous advances among the English "upper" classes is a fact too patent to be denied, and not only has this unhealthy habit been growing, but according to the London *Standard*, a journal of unquestionable repute, it is being pursued with an openness which is nothing short of shameless. Says the *Standard*:

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An Easy Way to Wash.

Here is a nice, easy way to do your washing. Take one ounce of ammonia, one ounce salts of tartar, and one box of concentrated lye. Mix it in a jar, and pour over it one gallon of boiling water. Stand as far away from the jar as you can while pouring in the water, and do not breathe. Put this fluid away where the children can not reach it. On wash day put half a cupful of it to the water in which you boil your clothes, with half a bar of soap which has been dissolved in hot water. Put your dirty clothes directly into the boiler and let them boil about twenty minutes; then put them through clear water, rubbing out the dirty spots if any remain, after which they must be rinsed and blued.

I have large washings but I usually do them in about three hours. The ingredients of the fluid cost twenty-five cents, but it lasts six or seven months. If the washing is very large and the water in the boiler gets low, replenish it from the sudsing water, instead of using more fluid and clear water.

The worst all-around striker is the borrower.

A HEBREW HELL IN RUSSIA.

It is, of course, Elijah Cohen, who says that more will perish in the battle for existence, or of extinguishing the Jew than ever before in one purpose since the world began; but that, somehow, that Jew will first be extinguished. He is tough and enduring beyond all precedent, admirably well fitted to survive. He has survived the persecutions, the ignominy, the intolerable homesickness of twenty centuries; he has come out into the light, he has made a home for himself among the foremost of every land where life is possible; the deadly duel between 400,000,000 Christians and the poor 7,000,000 Jews, which is the history of the European race, has resulted not to his disadvantage. He has received scars in that conflict, for wrongs do not pass; by endowment and by possibility he was the most fortunate of all the nations, but as it is, he will never have, now, the distinctive virtues of a dominant race. Yet he is rich, virtuous, honored, gifted beyond any other type of man with a keen, two-edged intelligence, with the power to feel for the sufferings of his own people, and with the skill to enjoy artistically the good things of this world.

Such is the case of Germany and France, of Great Britain, of America; the Jew of whom Renan writes so brilliantly, as the special product of the last half-century in the great commercial centers of the world. But "there is a poor blind Samson in this land;" there is another type of Jew—starved, oftentimes, and hollow-eyed, numbering a good many indefinite millions, and differing vastly from the shock Jew of high commerce—who has begun to throng the purlieus of our great cities, and to make his strong voice of agony heard from the dark forests of the Nieper to Hungary, of whom Dr. Schindler, the chief Rabbi of Pesth, is a famous Jew, and to that in a recent lecture on charity referred when speaking of our duty to be patient with all men, with the Arab, the Hottentot, "even the uncultivated Russian Jew."

I happen to have an affection for this same uncultivated Russian Jew, and would like to be allowed to write a few words about him. He has long lately been celebrating the feast of Purim, which began on the fourteenth day of the Hebrew month Adar, or March—April. This is otherwise called the Feast of Haman, and commemorates the death of, or rather the elevation on the gallows fifty cubits high, of Haman, the famous enemy of the Jews. We can read yet in the Bible how the Jews of the villages that dwell in the unvalleled towns made the fourteenth day of the month Adar a day of gladness and feasting, and a good day, and of sending portions one to another. It is pleasant to watch the survivals, through at least twenty-five centuries, of this old-world custom, and to note that among the "portions" are a kind of turnover called "Haman-taschen," made of sweetened bread-dough filled inside with poppy seeds and honey, and shaped in imitation of the cocked hat which Haman is supposed to have worn. The Russian Jews have learned, as a rule, to submit to evil for which there is no remedy, and to lead a quiet and humble lives in which renunciation plays a pathetically large part. But the Feast of Haman rouses all their spirit. They cannot but remember that millions of their relatives in Poland are at this moment passing through a persecution from which Mordecai and Esther came then, are walking in a furnace heated seven times hot, but with no appeasing angel by their side.

It is important to remember that "the uncultivated Russian Jew" represents recently one-half, and perhaps two-thirds, of all the Jews in the world. The lowest respectable estimate which I have seen puts the Russian Jews at 3,000,000. Mr. E. H. Lewin, who has written upon this subject in many magazines with so much force, and with a keen, lessened which may be but the calculated effect of art, speaks constantly of the Jews as numbering at least 5,000,000. We have thus a nation of the size of modern Belgium, or of twice the size of classical Greece. In fact, with its few unimportant exceptions in the Danubian principalities, Russia is the only country where the Jews still form a distinct community. Everywhere else they are but a sect, or a social order; here they form a nation, which for six centuries has undergone five times the independence of the United States, has been autonomous, and benighted nation, existing for so long unknown in the midst of the vast Russian and Polish barbarisms, have been irrevocably doomed to extinction. It is not enough that the nation, as a self-governing factor in Russian affairs, must pass; each individual composing the nation must be destroyed. Those who understand the conditions lent say that the Russian Jews have no chance. Mr. Lanin has even said that never before was a *losing game* for such large stakes, played with such undaunted spirit as by these uncultivated Jews.

If the reader ever has the luck to listen to the narrative of some sailor, escaped across the ice, who came to the Arctic icebergs of Alaska or of Greenland gathered around and crushed his doomed whaling vessel? Or has he followed, step by step, the way in which the growing Christian powers of Spain closed in around the unwilling Mohammedan principalities until, as illustrated on some map, the whole of the peninsula was pink, and the Mohammedans were represented only by a yellow spot about Granada?

Yet the Mohammedans, while they stood in Spain at all, maintained their touch with the delivering sea. For the Jews in Russia there is no sea, no escape, no hope. This is the day of the growth of great powers, and Russia is as clearly on the increase now as was Christian Spain in the fifteenth century. A despotism can bear no exceptions, and the recent fate of Finland, independent and constitutional for nearly a century, where the Czar was no Czar, but merely King, shows the tendency of things. The Russians are not merely jealous of the political existence of the Jews—they are in deadly terror of their superior intelligence, industry, and virtue.

Russia proper, Great Russia, Holy Russia, never had any Jews. At present there are no Jews in all the body of the Empire, with the exception of a few merchants who are allowed to reside from year to year in the great cities, by paying an enormous fine, on the same principle that dogs pay taxes in America. It would be easy and amusing to quote some of the edicts by which successive Russian monarchs endeavored to keep the "scurvy Jews" off their borders. The most liberal of these edicts allowed the Jews, for example, to enter the country for a limited time in order to attend the annual fairs, but forbade them to carry any money at all out of the country, even copper change.

The Jews came to Russia with Poland, which was annexed in 1772 and in 1792. They had been living in Poland for about five centuries, since they had been first brought into the country by Gedimir the Great. They came from the direction of Germany, and had carried with them the sort of German which was spoken in the thirteenth century. This language, terribly mispronounced, and with the addition of Semitic and even of Slavic words, is the *Judisch-Deutsch*, which still makes the vernacular of the Russsian Jew, and in which a play was even performed in London not many years ago, representing the tribulations of the orthodox Jew, who is dragged away from the study of his favorite Talmudical books to serve in the army, where, from his race, he can hope for no promotion.

One born among the Polish Jews has ably described the peaceful, pastoral state of things which existed for six centuries, until the beginning of the present persecutions. They were governed, I hesave, "by deputies and an elder elected by the householders of the *kahal* or commune, which was nothing less aristocratic, or rather plutocratic. With the government of the country the *kahal* had slight connection. It paid an annual tribute to its overlord, whose chattel it was; and further than that it had no responsibilities. The government was in strict accord with the legislation of the Old Testament and the Talmud. All cases at law were brought before the rabbi of the commune, whose functions were almost wholly judicial, whether he had to pronounce judgment in a serious litigation or to decide as to purity and impurity upon a pewter spoon. The individual Jew had few social dealings with the Gentile world. He knew that he was not like "them," that he was dwelling with his brethren in captivity, awaiting with sweet hope the trumpet-blast of the Messiah. For that reason his relations with the children of his people were of the closest kind. He met them three times each day at the synagogue, etc.

"Old as it may seem, these interests and hopes were of the most ideal kind. What with prayers, vigils, fasting, baptism, and the Talmud, the Jews were kept busy indeed. On what they lived—who knows? Although in each community there were Jewish masons, carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, and smiths, no Jew could take up a trade without losing caste. Most of them knew very few words of the tongues of the Gentiles. Of Hebrew every Israelite has some knowledge. To be unable to read it at least was not to be a Jew. On the contrary, the study of Gentile tongues was a sin.

"Such a regime made the Jew, what he was in the first half of this century. He was a Jew, body and soul; in faith, in speech, in habits, in his social relations. Outside of Judaism he knew and he would know nothing. He looked down upon the Gentile as an animal without an immortal soul, as unfortunate creatures, as barbarians whom God kept on earth. He, also, knew why.

As far as he knew, the world existed for the children of Israel, and the day would soon come, it was hoped, when the Israelites alone should occupy the earth.

Such was, until within a few years, the harmless and interesting community which has been doomed to extinction. The special persecutions began with the accession of Alexander III.—ten years ago—but for whom, it has been said, there need never have arisen a Jewish question in Russia. I can do no more, in closing, than recall to my readers' minds a few of the countless new edicts that are incessantly falling upon the unhappy Jews.

Formerly a Jew was allowed to lend money on landed property, although he could not possibly own land. This privilege has been taken away, and the very foundations of many a business have been dislocated. Formerly, oppressive as were the laws of military servitude, the only son of a widow, or a son who was the support of his mother's family, was not included. Now all these tender exceptions have been done away with. The Jews have always had a fine thirst for intellectual things, and, in spite of their excessive poverty, they have thronged the universities. By a decree of 1886 they were excluded altogether from many schools and colleges, and admitted only in proportion of ten, of five, or of three per cent. of the entire number of students into others. I shall never forget, says Mr. Lanin, "the harrowing scenes I witnessed, the tears, the entreaties, the wailing and despair immediately after the passing of that drastic law." Formerly, when they had no need to do so, the Jews could emigrate; now they can no longer leave the country except under false pretenses, and by exposing themselves to fearful penalties if unsuccessful, or if they ever venture back to see their dear ones. The laws dissolving all family and business relations by the huge rewards offered for apostasy from Judaism have been frightfully complicated of late. A Jew cannot change his residence except every two years; he cannot wear a skull cap without paying a yearly tax of five rubles; he cannot employ his own butcher without paying double or triple meat prices. And so it might go on forever.

The most fearful thing of all is the recent decision of a Russian superior court that where a law can be made to operate to harm a Jew, it must always be construed in the restrictive sense. In other words, the prisoner is no longer to have the benefit of the doubt. As Mr. Lanin says, "the written law is ten times against the Jews, and the unwritten law is a thousand times more." The actual amount and kind of suffering inflicted on this unfortunate people by unfortunate creatures, called barbarian without