

AS FORTUNE SMILES.

A TALE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

CHAPTER VI.

Miss Lucy, simple daughter of nature, nursed in all the savage frankness of the wild West, and taught from early infancy to call a spade a spade, and, being a natural woman, a true woman. Now, it is one of woman's most highly-prized attributes—be the fair one a Parisian mondaine, an English aristocrat or a Turkish odalisque—to obtain from simple man what she desires and to give just as much as she wishes, and no more, in return. Miss Lucy had a shrewd little head on her shoulders. We have already seen that she was endowed with a strength of will and purpose of a most unusual kind, and by adding together these qualities in a sort of psychological arithmetic, the sum obtained would form a remarkable example of female supremacy over the helpless animal man.

Miss Lucy set her little wits to work the moment she had recovered her wonted self-possession, to extract by a process of insinuating wheedling, and a pleasingly deceptive pressure of inquiry, from Lord Cleve all he had learned about her cousin, her father and Lady Evelyn. She had no trouble in eliciting from the young man that he had once been engaged to Lady Evelyn Wynter, and thereby started Herbert upon the idea that he must needs, in his usual slap-dash manner, write a letter of apology to the lady who had once upon a time consented to be his wife. The thought was no sooner born than it was acted upon, and young Cleve sat down at the old-fashioned mahogany bureau to pen his apology, while Lucy stood behind his chair looking over him.

"The Earl of Cleve presents his compliments to Lady Evelyn Wynter," he wrote, "and desires to explain a circumstance which, he is afraid, must have surprised Lady Evelyn. Lord Cleve is afflicted with loss of memory, the result of some wounds in the head. It was, therefore, his misfortune, and not his fault, if he did not recognize Lady Evelyn Wynter this afternoon. He hopes that this apology will be his excuse, and that Lady Evelyn Wynter will believe that Lord Cleve could not possibly have acted towards her in any spirit of discourtesy."

"It's jest a bit soapy, aint it?" Miss Lucy exclaimed, when the young gentleman had dotted all his "i's" and crossed all his "t's." "An' it's a little smeary, like maple sugar, when yew get too much of it on yewr spoon. I guess she's a hensum young woman. Waal, it aint no matter." With that she danced away, apparently unburdened by thoughtfulness or care.

That was all outward show, however; all nervous determination not to show to the man she loved how much she loved him. If it had been possible for a prying eye to penetrate into Lucy's chamber that night, it would have found her walking up and down the softly-carpeted floor like a caged panther. Her bosom heaved, she wrung her tiny hands with a nervous grip, and big tears were flowing down her cheeks. At last she flung herself on her knees by the bedside and buried her head on the coverlet, while the soft masses of her hair fell like a glossy shower around her. She sobbed, sobbed and sobbed, as if her heart would break.

On a sudden, she jumped up in a silent fury, both against herself and the fortune which oppressed her. She gnashed her white teeth and tore at her hair. "God!" she cried, "don't try me too severely! I'm only a woman after all, and it'll soon be more than I can bear. What have I done, how have I sinned to deserve it all?"

The paroxysm of her grief prostrated her and she gradually sank on her knees and thence on the floor, where her lissome figure lay extended, white and cold as the garments which sparsely covered her, while her babbling lips murmured: "What have I done? What have I done? What have I done? What have I done?"

Even the equidiligence of London architecture could not rob a summer morning of its rosy beauty, and Lucy could see the first softly blushing light of day, creeping from across the houseposts, through the aperture between her curtains, ere she recovered her wonted composure. She went into her dressing-room and sponged herself with cold water. The touch of the refreshing element seemed to bring back vigor of mind and elasticity of body, and the previously-mentioned prying intruder, had he seen Miss Lucy at that moment, would have deemed her the most hardened of cynics.

"Waal, it's jest another slice o' my luck, I s'pose," she said, as she splashed and flung the water about her in all directions; "an' what can't be cured 's got to be endured. I've gone that far, an' I'll jest see it out, I reckon."

Five minutes afterward, her head resting on her sun-bronzed arm, and her bosom moving in as tranquil sleep as a child might enjoy, Lucy's mind was at rest.

The next morning brought Lady Evelyn's reply to Lord Cleve. Lady Evelyn told the young man that she had felt sure that a sufficient explanation would be forthcoming, and that she had since learned from other lips, as well as from Lord Cleve's letter, that he was not to blame. The writer ended with a statement that most likely she would meet Lord Cleve, and would then be able personally to assure him that the matter had passed from her mind.

"That's a downy young woman," Lucy exclaimed when she had read the letter which Lord Cleve had tossed to her across the breakfast table. "She knows a caterpillar from a skylark. A Yankee couldn't get over her with the brass-earring dodge, I don't reckon. But I guess she's nice, none the less, else yew'd never bin fond of her."

Lord Cleve smiled; he was rather pleased to see a little nascent jealousy clouding Lucy's face. It looked to him like an awakening of that electric womanhood which flashes and sparkles by the contact of responsive love, as distinguished from that merely holy feeling which joins mother and child, brother and sister, in mutual affection.

Lord Cleve's arrival was no sooner heralded about town than he was inundated by a perfect shower of congratulations and invitations. Had the young man believed about one tithe of what was written to him, he might have wondered why the bells of Bow Church were not rung as a token of the universal joy at his return. He might indeed have been persuaded that his personality was not only of importance to society, but to the commonwealth.

People began to wonder, and society began to inquire, who was the lovely girl in that quaint no-fashion habit who so often accompanied Lord Cleve. Society, according to its habit, in similar cases, speedily solved the question, and shocked itself beyond measure by the assertion that Lucy was Lord Cleve's mistress. What else could she be? asked society. She was not Lord Cleve's wife, that society knew, neither was she his sister or relative; therefore society, without further ado, wrote down Lucy a wanton, and considered Lord Cleve's conduct positively shocking. Society, its outraged notions of propriety notwithstanding, looked upon Lord Cleve as a much injured and interesting young man, and found excuse for his life—a la grand Turk—in the circumstances that he had passed so many years among the savages. "He'll make as good a husband as most young men," the Duchess said to the Marchioness. "If I were Evelyn I should prefer him to that young man of whom we know so very little." And the Marchioness confessed that her views coincided with those of her Grace. A mistress was a shocking thing, but young Cleve would soon become civilized under the influence of a handsome and polished leader of fashion.

I will not go so far as to say that either Lady Evelyn or Lady Gwendale went purposely out of their way to throw themselves across the young man's path, but they came as near that course of action as an impartial judge would allow without actual admission of the truth of the charge. They missed no entertainment, ball, or function of any kind, where they could imagine or hope to meet Lord Cleve. But as Lord Cleve for a good many days and nights, went to none of these their love's labor was lost.

In the meantime, Lord Cleve had endeavored to learn from Lucy, why she had held no communication, and wished to hold no communication, with her father and cousin. Her reply was simple enough. She said that she hated her cousin, that she had had a deadly quarrel with her father, and vowed never to live with them again. In answer to more pressing inquiries, she turned up her big blue eyes at him and looked into his eyes with such a tender pleading, that he had not the courage to persist.

"Don't ask more," she begged, and he who was so deeply indebted to her was happy to look into the face that bore such a heavenly stamp of truth, and, by one deep gaze, to silence the promptings of curiosity.

On the other hand, the Maclanes, George and David, seemed to take no trouble to reopen intercourse with Lucy. When the girl had first disappeared from the hut in the mountains, they explained Lucy's absence by the statement that she had gone off with a young man. Heaven only knew whither, and that Dick Ashland had gone away with the pair. Lucy's many admirers came to the conclusion that the girl whom they had thought unconquerable had, after all, turned out a woman like the rest of the prairie wenches, and had fallen a prey to the insinuating speeches of a handsome young stranger. From that moment, the interest in her welfare disappeared. Dave made an imposing pretence of a broken heart, but George brazenly asserted that his daughter, having left the parental roof without his authority, might lie on the bed she had made for herself, for all he cared. The result of this line of conduct was that out little inquiry was made after the fate of the fugitives, and even such as the Maclanes pretended to make, was naturally and intentionally abortive. In those days, the vast plains swallowed human units as the great sea might, and unless by chance, or by dint of persevering and strained inquiry, the whereabouts of Lucy and Herbert could not have been easily discovered. As to Dick Ashland people had always been wondering why he had been living in that out-of-the-way place, and his habits had always been solitary and retiring. It excited no surprise, therefore, that he should have left the neighborhood, his assassins having taken care so to strip his cabin as to give every semblance of truth to their story.

The Maclanes had been wise enough in their generation to allow a sufficient stretch of time—more than a year, in fact—to elapse before proclaiming their discovery to the world. In the meantime they had taken all the necessary steps to secure to themselves the safe and undisputed possession of the land that thus teamed with wealth. The red-handed Fortune smiled, and, by her guilty leer, Lucy was, and remained forgotten.

Nearly three weeks had passed since Lord Cleve's arrival in London, and he had not, for a second time, set eyes on Lady Evelyn Wynter or the Maclanes. He had taken part in none of society's ceremonials, until, one afternoon, in company with Mr. Quenthelm, he strolled into the Royal Horticultural Society's grounds at South Kensington, where a charity fete was being held. The lovely gardens were ablaze with the choicest bloom and green, and filled by a fashionable throng. Delicate, high-born ladies hawked trinkets and trifles, while others had, for the nonce, transformed themselves into stall tenders and barmains.

Lord Cleve and Mr. Quenthelm sauntered up and down the broad walks, stopping here and there to purchase or to chat, for, although the young earl knew few persons, his companion has some measure of acquaintance with most. Quite a buzz of excitement followed their footsteps, as everybody wanted to have a look at the young nobleman, whose romantic career, and, perhaps, also his bachelor condition, made him so very interesting. Eye glasses were

raised, and opera glasses were pointed with but slight ceremony, and Herbert, to escape if possible, from the well-bred rudeness which dogged him, walked leisurely with his companion toward a more secluded part of the grounds. He thus managed to free himself from the stargers who mobbed him, and was about to express to his companion his satisfaction at the result, when he heard himself addressed by name.

"Lord Cleve, won't you buy something from me?"

He turned and found that the speaker was no less a person than Lady Evelyn Wynter.

"Do buy something, Lord Cleve," the lady chattered on, exhibiting a basket with a heterogeneous profusion of oddities and uselessnesses. "It is for a charity, you know—a hospital—most deserving."

With that the young lady dipped into her assortment of wares, and produced a handsome embroidered cigar case.

"Only five pounds, Lord Cleve, and it's such a deserving charity. I know you won't refuse me."

Lord Cleve naturally neither could nor did refuse. He counted out the five sovereigns, and as he did so he looked into my lady's languidly smiling eyes. They were big, and they were blue, and although they were neither as big nor as blue as Lucy's, Lord Cleve thought them very beautiful, Lady Evelyn was not as pretty as Lucy—that she could not possibly be—but Lord Cleve thought she was as handsome a young woman—next to Lucy—as he had seen in his life. As he placed the coins on the young lady's extended palm, his finger tips barely touched the soft and velvety hand, and whether it were from union of feeling or just for the fun of the thing, both Lady Evelyn and Herbert smiled.

The young lady had no difficulty in admitting that the young earl was a handsome example of distinguished manhood, and harmony of sentiment between the pair was quickly so far established that they began to chat, apparently in fun, of their, as they called it, past and forgotten engagement.

Lord Cleve found Lady Evelyn's society charming, and the young lady, on her side, had forgotten all about her self-imposed duties as a vendor on behalf of charity. She thought the young man much improved by his long residence abroad, and his manner towards her simply delightful. In the result, the conversation degenerated into a not too harmless flirtation, which was kept within bounds by the opportune presence of Mr. Quenthelm. As it was, they became so interested by each other's converse that they did not notice the approach of Lady Gwendale, who, accompanied by Messrs. George and David Maclane, stopped for some seconds in front of the little group without either of the three being aware of her presence. Lady Gwendale acted as a cautious general; she neither appeared to approve nor to rebuke; she did not even evince astonishment. She was nevertheless, just a trifle afraid that a word might escape from her daughter's lips which could be misconstrued by Mr. Maclane, and therefore ended the slight temporary embarrassment by saying:

"My dear, Mr. Maclane has been looking for you all over the gardens." Then seeing that the young earl rose and bowed, she held out her hand. "Lord Cleve," she said, in her blandest tones, "you must allow me to introduce myself, for I am aware that you most likely have forgotten me. I am Lady Gwendale, and your mother was one of my earliest and dearest friends."

The young man, taken aback by her ladyship's sudden apparition, and even more by the presence of the two Americans, whose cold gaze seemed to penetrate him like something uncanny or inexplicably loathsome—he knew not why—stammered a few incoherent words. The moment afterward he decided himself for his seemingly unreasonable dislike to the Maclanes.

"Now that you know me," continued Lady Gwendale, in her brightest mood, "you must allow me to introduce to you my future son-in-law, Mr. David Maclane."

At these words Lord Cleve discovered a new, and to him reasonable, excuse for disliking the young Westerner. He was, shortly to marry Lady Evelyn Wynter, and strange as it may seem, the young earl suddenly considered this a personal injury.

David Maclane, in return, looked at the young Englishman as if he could have poisoned him.

"I have an idea," said Lord Cleve to Mr. Quenthelm, as they were walking back, "quite a confused idea, but still an idea, that I have met these men before. I wish Lucy were not so reticent on the subject. The pity is that the more I try to think the less my brain will lend itself to the work, and I generally break down hopelessly in any attempt of the kind."

"Why don't you go and see Sir William Cuthbertson?" suggested Mr. Quenthelm. "He is the great specialist in cases of this sort, and some of the cures he has made are nothing short of marvellous."

"I don't think there is much chance for me," Herbert answered. "My injuries, I am afraid, are permanent."

"It cannot possibly do harm to try," the lawyer replied. "It is surely worth while."

"I will take your advice," exclaimed Herbert, with a hot and sudden determination in his eyes. "I'll go and call upon Sir William Cuthbertson to-morrow."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Glimpse of Balacava.

At Balacava there is a marble obelisk which marks the entrance to the Valley of Death, down which the Six Hundred rode to their doom, or rather to their immortality. The open space of shelving plain narrows between the majestic cliffs, which close around it and bound the harbor. The hopelessness of a cavalry charge in such a position is apparent, exposed to a raking fire of shot and shell on either side from the guns planted on the heights. The sacrifice which won the admiration of the world seems ignored by the Russians of to-day, and the presence of a huge merry-go-round in the valley consecrated by the life-blood of English heroes gives us a shock of indignant surprise. Balacava is now the favorite playground of the rising generation, and the Valley of Death resounds with the laughter of a holiday-keeping crowd.

A bill is before the New York Legislature to compel the street car companies to charge only half fare to passengers who fail to obtain seats.

BABOON HUNT ON A SHIP.

THE PATHAN'S STEWARD DIES OF THE BRUTE'S BITE.

It Broke out of Its Cage and Ran up to the Mainmast—All the Crew Made for It With Bamboo Poles and Finally It Leaped Into the Sea.

A cargo of tea and a log book full of sea tales arrived at New York the other day on the British steamship Pathan, a long, narrow, rakish steel freighter from Japan, Chinese, and East Indian ports. The oddest of the tales relates chiefly to a nameless baboon from an Indian jungle, and to Lam Tuck, a Chinaman from Hong Kong, who was chief steward of the Pathan. The Pathan arrived at Singapore on Feb. 6, and Lam Tuck and several of the eight lascars in the crew went ashore. The lascars bought five monkeys intending to sell them in America. Lam Tuck saw a big baboon 3½ feet high, with tusks like a wild boar, at a native dealer's shop, and asked how much. He got it for about \$5. He knew that it would be worth at least \$50 in New York.

On the ship the baboon was kept in a heavy wooden cage about four feet square, with stout bars in front. It was no handsomer than most baboons, and was subject to moods which indicated a lack of mental balance—even a suspicion of insanity.

When the Pathan was about in the middle of the Red Sea, on Feb. 26, her commander, Capt. W. H. Wright, who is an amateur photographer, decided to group the five monkeys and take their pictures. The sky was cloudless and the sea so smooth that there was barely a ripple. It was a fine day for a snap shot. The ship was approaching the Daedalus lighthouse. The lascars brought up their monkeys and told them to look pleasant. Lam Tuck noticed the proceedings and suggested that his baboon could look pleasanter than all the monkeys put together, and that it also should be included in the picture. Capt. Wright recalled the baboon's two-fathom smile and decided to immortalize it.

Lam Tuck started down after the baboon, taking with him a rope to tie around its neck to restrain any desire it might manifest to attack anybody. Lam Tuck thought that the baboon was on friendly terms with him, as he had cared for it and fed it regularly. He shoved his right hand between the bars of the baboon's cage and grasped the beast by the neck. Then he opened the door, intending to take the baboon out, and, after securing it by the rope, to bring it on deck. The baboon shook off the Chinaman's grip and sunk its sharp, tusk-like canines into Lam Tuck's right wrist. The wrist was pierced through and through. The Chinaman yelled and several lascars ran to the cage, and by prodding the baboon with the end of long bamboo sticks, used as dunnage aboard the ship, made it let go. The baboon vented its rage in shrill cries and a wild tugging at the bars of the cage. The lascars beat it with bamboos until it became submissive. Chief Officer C. H. Butler cauterized Lam Tuck's wound and bandaged it.

Meanwhile the group of monkeys, all docile, had been transferred to the skipper's dry plate. Lam Tuck went about his work and the Pathan steamed on serenely through the pulseless sea. At noon a lascar was startled from his siesta by a noise on deck. He saw the big baboon, looking bigger in the open air than he appeared in the cage, running on all fours toward the starboard main rigging. The lascar uttered a cry of alarm, and instantly nearly every man aboard ship was prepared for a baboon hunt. The baboon leaped on the ratlines, stopped a moment, perhaps to size up the strength of the opposing force, and then clambered nearly to the masthead swifter than the nimblest sailor man that ever lived. The skipper went to his cabin and got his revolver. He came out on the upper deck and blazed away at the baboon, which climbed to the topmast and dodged around it. Five more times the skipper's revolver barked, and each time the baboon shivered and made itself as compact as possible. The skipper's ammunition was exhausted. Since the baboon's attack on the Chinaman all hands had agreed that it wasn't a desirable shipmate. The skipper said that it must be killed or captured, and that he preferred to have it killed. Officers and men, swinging their bamboo sticks, swarmed into the port and starboard shrouds of the mainmast. The baboon, when the firing ceased, came down several feet and clung to the starboard shrouds. Slowly his pursuers climbed the ratlines. Presently two bamboo sticks whacked the baboon's flanks. The wild creature grabbed at the sticks and screamed. It then leaped ten feet athwart ship to the port shrouds. There the bamboo wielders lashed it again and it made a desperate jump for the backstay, a steel strand running down to the port rail, just abait the mainmast. It caught the backstay, and men in the port and starboard shrouds tried to dislodge it. There was a swishing of bamboo sticks and a shriek from the baboon. It slid down the backstay to the port rail, ran along the rail a few feet, jumped down on the main deck, and made the poop in a few phenomenal leaps. Fifteen men, with bamboo sticks poised like spears, charged after it. It ducked under the wheel house. Hearing the rush of feet it ran out and faced its pursuers for a moment. They approached more cautiously.

The baboon saw that it was doomed to either death or captivity. Before the nearest of its pursuers could touch it with his bamboo stick it turned and leaped into the sea. All hands ran to the taffrail and looked over. They saw the baboon struggling in the water. They watched it a few minutes, and then returned to their duties. The Daedalus lighthouse was two miles away. Maybe the baboon reached it and caused the lightkeeper to swear off. Anyhow, there has been no news from Daedalus since the Pathan passed, except that the light is still burning.

Capt. Wright went to the baboon's cage and found out how it had escaped. It had gnawed apart a plank twelve inches wide and an inch thick at the back of its cage, and had then ripped the board out.

The Pathan arrived at Port Said after passing through the Suez Canal on March 1. Lam Tuck's wrist had swollen and become discolored. A doctor came aboard at Port Said and said that he thought the injury merely needed poulticing. It was poulticed, but it became worse when the Pathan put into Gibraltar for refuge from wild weather on March 11. Lam Tuck had taken to his bunk with blood poisoning. A doctor was sent for, and he came aboard and had Lam Tuck brought up on deck. The Chinaman died while the lascars were carrying him up. He was taken ashore and buried near six of his countrymen, all of whom had died on ship-board while bound to or from their native land.

A BUFFALO SAMSON.

Four Hebrew Clerks Put Up a Job to Test His Strength and Lost \$28.

A despatch from Buffalo says: The examining surgeons of the Sixty-fifth Regiment, National Guard, found a Samson the other day. Among the candidates examined was Bert Bartram, a cartman, about 32 years old. When he had stripped for the examination he sat on a chair and asked the physicians to stand on his ankles. One stood on each ankle, and then, apparently without any great effort, Bartram raised his legs until they stood like parallel bars, and held the doctors in the air for two minutes. Four Hebrew clerks in the wholesale clothing house of Warner Brothers & Co. found this Samson a week earlier. They knew that he prided himself on his strength, and put up a job on him. He gets the wages of two men on account of his great strength.

A few days ago Bartram was delivering some heavy cases at the clothing house and lifted the cases on and off the dray without the aid of skids. One of the clerks pointed to a big case on the floor and asked Bartram if he could lift it. They told him it held 700 pounds of cloth. He offered to bet that he could, and agreed to return as soon as he had delivered the other packages on the wagon and do the trick for them. While he was gone the young men emptied the case, drove four long nails through the bottom of it into the floor, and went into the cellar and clinched the nails. Then they returned the goods to the box and waited for Bartram. He appeared at the appointed time, strode over to the case and took hold of it. It didn't budge.

"Sure there's only 700 pounds in it?" said he. The four young men assured him that that was all it contained, and then offered to bet him that he could not lift it. Bartram put up \$20 against \$20 raised by the four clerks. Then he removed his coat, fastened his big hands on the case, gave a powerful tug and the case rose in the air with a crackling of timber and a cloud of dust. Six square feet of the floor came up with the box. Bartram pocketed the money and after reproving the young men for the attempted fraud went away. The carpenter bill of \$8 was paid by the crest-fallen clerks.

SHEEP INDUSTRY OF PATAGONIA.

Immense Flocks Owned by European Companies—Ravages of Animals.

Down in Punta Arenas, a port on Terra del Fuego Island, there is much enthusiasm over the sheep industry. A manager for a French company, owning something over 100,000 sheep, with the necessary horses, said that they made 3 francs (about 60 cents) on every head clear of all expenses from the sale of wool alone. The increase of the lambs averaged about 90 per cent. of the ewes, and this was an additional profit. When told that estimates made up the coast called for 100 per cent. increase, he replied that that could be had only when labor was abundant enough to care for the lambs when first dropped. The lamb at birth does not know anything—not even its own mother. Such helpless beings need great care, though after a week or so they require no more attention. The long-wooled varieties of sheep are in favor there. A common ewe will weigh from 160 to 180 pounds in the fall. The lowest average of wool sheared is said to be 7 pounds a sheep. A printed table of statistics which the manager carried showed that the average yield in 1889 in all the Argentine was 4.4 pounds. His range was considered poorer than the average, but it had sustained two sheep per hectare (two and a half acres).

The one disease to which Patagonia sheep are liable is the scab. This is kept under by dipping them in various kinds of baths, the expense for bath running from \$80 to \$90 gold per year for every 1,000 sheep. The next greatest expense is for the killing of panthers. A common night's work of a panther is the killing of sheep to the value of \$100 gold. Every shepherd, therefore, carries a carbine, and must be supplied with all the cartridges he wants. These rifles sell for less money in Punta Arenas stores than in our gun shops, but the annual expense for rifles and cartridges on some ranches runs up to hundreds of dollars. Foxes and a species of wild cat make havoc with the young lambs, and so these must be exterminated, too. What with hunting down vermin and looking after the sheep to keep them on the range and to dip them for the scab, the French manager has to employ a man for every 2,500 sheep in his flock. On the whole, his flocks, numbering a little over 100,000 sheep, cost the company 200,000 francs (\$40,000) per year, while the sale of the last clip yielded 500,000 francs (about \$100,000), and the price was not high. In his judgment it would be a very poor business man who, after starting with a good outfit and 1,000 ewes on the Patagonia range, did not attain an income of \$20,000 gold a year at the end of ten years.

A Lightning Phonographer.

Business Man—Can you write shorthand?
Applicant—Yes, sir.
How many words a minute?
I never counted 'em; but the other day, when my wife found in my overcoat pocket a letter which she gave me to mail last fall, I took down every word she uttered as fast as she said them.
You'll do.