A STRANGER AT THE DOLPHIN

The voice called again and the girl ran quickly into the house. After the closing of the door Thorburn did not linger. He picked the way carefully back to the White Road, thinking, as he went, of the sweet candor of Sue and of the awful hubbub that would rage about him when the world knew. And there was something, too, for Sue to learn; but he had no misgiving about that, since he himself would light her to the knowledge.

At half past eight o'clock the following morning Mr. Thorburn's valet went into his master's room. Mr. Thorburn was asleep. He had slept so soundly that even the jingling bustle of an arrival beneath his window had not disturbed his dreams. The amplitude of the bed in which he lay was out of all proportion to the needs of any human creature. Our ancestors, truly, loved to rest and die beneath heroic canopies.

The man awoke Mr. Thorburn. He sat up and stretched himself.

"Draw the blind and open the window," he said. "Ah, he went on when this was done; "what a morning, Hyde, and what a sun!"

"Yes, my lord."

"Sir, sir! I am not my lord here. Must I tell you so for the hundredth time?"

"I beg your worship's pardon. But I cannot forget your rank, sir it comes hard to me."

"You must forget, Hyde, until I tell you to remember. Bring me some chocolate." The man hesitated. "Well," said the other, "have you anything to say?"

Hyde withdrew a little and paused again. "Some one has been asking for you, my l—, sir!"

"Who?" asked Mr. Thorburn, with one leg out of bed.

"Mr. Luttrell, sir."

The leg went back again and Mr. Thorburn's face manifested lively annoyance. "Damn Mr. Luttrell!" he cried; "tell him I'm dead!" Hyde smiled uneasily, glanced out of the window, rubbed his hands together and brought his gaze, still vacant, back to the bed. "Tell him I'm dead, do you hear, or likely to die, or sick. Say anything and bid him good-day."

"He'd never believe it," Hyde said "He'd laugh at me. You know his way, sir."

"And a devilish impertinent way it is. What right has the fellow to follow me? If he won't go, order some breakfast for two and say I'll join him in half an hour. Mr. Luttrell and I, Hyde, will have a talk together."

When Mr. Thorburn came down he found Mr. Luttrell sitting on the edge of the table, playing with his sword-hilt. A grey cat watched him from the window seat.

"This visit is unexpected," Mr. Thorburn said after they had greeted one another.

"And you would doubtless add, unwarranted, my lord."

"That depends upon the reason for it."

"The reason is to beg you to think twice before it is too late."

"My dear Luttrell, I have thought fifty times and the way is clear before me."

"Have you considered your family?"

"I answer with another question; has my family ever considered me?"

"If I may say so, the Earl of Templemore should act on higher grounds."

"I beg you to remember that here I am not the Earl of Templemore. I am plain Philip Thorburn; the title is in abeyance."

"I rejoice to hear it, my lord."

"And why, my dear Mr. Luttrell, do you rejoice?"

"Because I gather from it that your errand is less serious than I had imagined."

"Explain please. Our breakfast waits: before we eat let us understand each other."

Luttrell slipped from the table and stood with folded arms against the wall. The Earl of Templemore regarded him with amused interest; "Come," he said, "speak out, cousin."

"Your lordship is good enough to remind me that we have a touch of the same blood.

"Tut, man, leave my lording alone. Give me the name you knew me by before this unsought honor put a mask on all my friends. Call me Philip and be done with it."

"You may remember, then, that in those far off days we sometimes changed our names for safety's sake. It was then that ladies wore the masks.

Templemore's face darkened: but as he paced the room it cleared again. "You remind me," he said, "of what one would willingly forget. We must all be young once, Luttrell; we must all play the fool and truant once, nay, a score of times, and be none the worse for it. I do not propose at my time of life to set up for moralist. But here rings the true coin. This is not one of those. I take my name of Thorburn because she knows me by no other."

"And when she learns the other, Philip, what then?"

"That is what I propose to discover. I remember, Luttrell, that she is a woman, perhaps hardly more than a child. If she loves me the name will make no difference. We people have a habit of holding ourselves too dear. My name is an accident: it is, I, I who am everything. My name does not make love, my name does not fight, my name does not play the villain: I do these things. As for my family, well, they are my family and will hold by me. Besides, I propose to bring new, clean blood into a somewhat wasted stock: they will be my debtors. Go back to town, but at a slower pace. I assure you this is a charming country and will repay any time you like to spend upon the road. Or, better still, stay here as my guest and take a lesson from my wisdom."

"I will be your guest to the extent of breakfast. Afterwards, if you still hold to your purpose and refuse to return with me I must go alone."

"I shall certainly refuse."

They sat in silence for some time. Templemore without a shadow of embarrassment, the other watchfully, like a chicken or a cat. Luttrell spoke first. "Since you are determined to go through with this very doubtful affair, Philip, how is it that the lady knows only half your name?"

"Because I met her under unusual circumstances; mainly because her father, like most of the world, is something of a fool." Luttrell nodded acquiescence. Templemore smiled and went on: "I have a habit, as you know, of wandering into strange places and stranger company. There are certain societies which presume to sympathize with the bloody-minded villains who are murdering Frenchmen, and women too, in the name of France. To one of these societies I had an easy entrance, of course under the name of Thorburn. And there one evening I found old Fuller and his daughter—he nodding with wine and treason, she alternately frightened and ashamed. Why, the foolish fellow took her there I don't pretend to guess. I often went to these meetings, not to agree with the sentiments expressed there, but to express my own sentiments to the jewel set in that showy and harmless fustian."

"Did you not consider it your duty," asked Luttrell, "to your order and the king to have these revoluntionaries suppressed?"

"Why suppress flies? They only buzz. My duty lay in the direction of my pleasure my honest pleasure. That is why I am here. Let me give you this wing or a little of that cold pasty—leveret, I think. No? I cannot press you to remain, because, as you see, my occupation gives me companionship enough. My respects to my family they are really too solicitous. When I return to town you shall hear of me." Luttrell being thus happily dismissed, the Earl of Templemore spent an hour in contemplative idleness. But as he was pleasantly engaged in dwelling upon the last turn of fortune, all Churchsea was being made free of the secret of his name; for the girl who waited on him had not thought it unmanenrly to listen at the door and she fled from that post with the name of the Earl of Templemore filling her pretty mouth and silly head. She blurted it out to every soul she saw, and by noon the truth had reached as far as Fuller's farm, being carried there by Fuller's head shepherd, who had called at the Dolphin for his morning ale.

Early in the afternoon Templemore set out to call upon Sue's brother, that Mr. John Fuller whose voice he had heard the night before. He did not notice the added deference of the landlord who met him in the porch; he did not observe the inquiring heads that popped out of doors after he had passed. As a matter of fact Churchsea was doing itself honor on his account, for it is a place apt to glory in itself and in any accidental circumstance that may be made to serve as a spur to pride.

The great pasture-lands were vivid with spring; the White Road cut them like a strip of ribbon on a green cloth; the blue line of the sea glittered beyond the high natural break-water of heavy pebbles. Templemore descended into the plain and made his way without a single misjudgment of the route to the gate of Fuller's farm. He waited there for a moment hoping to see Sue's face, or at least the flutter of her gown. But he saw nothing and heard only the bleating and stir of innumerable sheep. He lifted the latch, entered and knocked briskly at the door.

He was again disappointed, for he had expected Sue to open to him. A red-cheeked country maid, in a blush of excitement, ushered him, with many bobbing curtseys, into a parlor on the right. There she left him with a final bob.

Templemore looked about him with reverence. This was the room which so often held Sue. Indeed, some of her work was stretched upon an embroidery frame, and near it was a low chair,—Sue's chair. He sat down in it, and felt himself instantly exalted. The room was heavily furnished with old mahogany, almost black. Upon a sideboard shone a few silver cups and tankards; above it hung two crossed swords. The window-ledge was closely packed with flowers, which served to give sweetness and an intangible air of purity to the place. The grate was fireless, filled with dry rushes, which rustled to the tune of the wind in the chimney. Templemore had hardly completed his survey of the room when the door opened and John Fuller stood before him. He bowed stiffly: the earl swept him a profound reverence.

"You do us too much honor, my lord," Fuller said, not moving from where he stood. He fumbled awkwardly with his hands, and his color was high and defiant.

"How,—my lord?" said Templemore, for an instant, but for an instant only, pricked in his composure.

"Down here we are not ashamed of our names."

Templemore smiled and offered his snuff-box. "Nor am I ashamed of mine," he said.

The other took a pinch of snuff, a large pinch, hesitatingly. He was extremely angry, up in arms to defend his sister, and yet doubtful as to the best method to conduct a quick assault to victory. "You saw my sister last night," he said.

"I did," said Templemore, "and the sight of her, though it was nearly dark, gave light to my eyes. You should be proud of your sister, Mr. Fuller, as, indeed, you doubtless are."

"I am so proud of her," said the other, "that I will not allow gentlemen who change their names to wander about my premises at night and play the gallant to her. If they wish to come, let it be by day, when they must deal with me first."

Templemore bit his lip and half turned away. Then he faced Fuller smilingly again, and himself took snuff. "I admire your heat," he said. "You are a very able champion, and I make no doubt your hand is as ready as your word; but you misunderstand me and I am anxious to put myself in the right with you. I remember that you are Miss Fuller's brother, in itself no mean distinction, and it is your pleasure and your privilege to defend her. I never came upon your ground last night—my progress was blocked by a very substantial wall. My meeting with your sister was an accident."

"She told me so."

"And I trust that you believed her. Take my advice and never doubt a lady's word. I am your senior by about six years, I judge; my experience may be of service to you. Always believe until the contrary is proved."

"Your lordship is too fine for me. I put two and two together, and act on it. Why did you change your name?"

The manner of the question made Templemore's blood tingle; but he checked the answer that was hot upon his lips and took a moment's thought. "Your question," he said, "hurts me because it impugns my honor. I hold my honor very dear. You are inclined to doubt it, and I am bound to admit you have an appearance o fjustice on your side; but I beg you to be as just to me as I wish to be to you. I assure you, on this honor which I hope to keep unstained to the end of my life, that the changing of my name was nothing. Your sister knew me first as Philip Thorburn; the Earl of Templemore she had probably never heard of. And may I now ask how you came to know my title."

"My father's shepherd brought the news from the Dolphin this morning."

"They have long ears at the Dolphin," said Templemore.

"At the Dolphin they know everything," said Fuller simply.

There was a moment's pause, during which Sue's brother rapped his heavy boots together. He was obviously unconvinced. "The fellow is almost a gentleman," thought Templemore. "There is blood in this family; he means to fight me." He added aloud: "Now that we understand each other, Mr. Fuller, will you be good enough to ask your sister to have a word with me?"

"I understand nothing of the whole matter, but that I will have nothing to do with it. Why your lordship should choose to pay us attentions which we neither merit nor desire I will not persume to question too closely. I have the honor to wish your lordship a very good-morning." And with that he opened the door and stood aside to let his visitor pass.

"Am I to count you as an enemy?" asked Templemore, quite unruffled, flicking a speck of dust from his sleeve.

"In this matter it is my duty to be your enemy."

"You mistake your duty. But since the lady must be consulted first I can go no further at present. Perhaps your father——"

"I act for my father, who is absent."

"He has a candid agent: and I will not be less candid, Mr. Fuller. I shall see your sister, you may be sure of that. To tell you how and when I mean to see her would be unwise. You proclaim yourself my enemy, but, believe me, I am not yours. I am sorry that my title offends you: I regret that you doubt my honor; some day you will think well of both. For the present, good-bye." He bowed himself from the room and so out into the clear spring air again. At twenty paces from the house he turned and saw young Fuller standing at the door. He raised his eyes and caught Sue's face glancing between the curtains of an upper window. He uncovered and kissed his hand to her. Then, without waiting to see the effect of this upon her brother, he walked rapidly across the level green to the White Road.

Having reached his inn he called for the landlord, who entered the room with shame and awe in his mottled face. Templemore stood facing him. As the man turned to close the door he stopped him. "Leave it open," he said; "then we shall know that no one is listening at the other side. When a gentleman gives his name it is the business of a host to respect it, even though he guesses it to be assumed."

"It was the maid, my lord," stammered the other.

"Of course—it always is the maid. Choose your women with more discretion, or if that is impossible, keep a tighter hand upon them. It would be best to choose them dumb."

"If your grace will overlook it this once,"

"I can do nothing else, since there is no other decent inn in Churchsea—and after all, your wine is excellent. Let me have two more bottles to-night, and see that I am not disturbed till then. You may go now—wait, in half an hour send me a lad who can carry a message quickly."

When the landlord had gone, Templemore sat down to pen and ink. He had an idea, and time was short. When the lad came the note was sealed and addressed. "Take this to Mr. John Fuller, at Fuller's Farm," he said, "and deliver it to him yourself. Bring me an answer." he had written:—

Sir.—If you will meet me to-night on the east side of the castle on the marsh, I don't know what name it has, at nine o'clock I will explain everything clearly to you. As you do not wish me to see your sister, poor child! you are too hard upon her, this will satisfy you that I am honorably anxious to be just to you. Let me have a word from you by my messenger. I shall come unarmed.—Templemore.

Within an hour the boy returned panting, with the answer, written on a corner torn from the earl's note; it consisted of the one word, Yes.

To say that Templemore was hopeful would be to say too little; he was confident. He never reckoned with the possibility of failure: he meant to have Sue at any hazard. If all Churchsea had stood arrayed against him, with Mayor and Jurats at their head, he would have snapped his fingers at them all, called to his postillions to ride on, and have driven down the entire corporation with the utmost composure. This he would have done if Sue were beside him; otherwise, he would have treated the dignitaries of the ancient town with amused respect.

He dined carefully, as he had done the night before, and called in the landlord to crack the second bottle with him as though the creature had not sinned against him. He was in the best of spirits, for he had Sue always before his eyes; her face danced in the reflection from his glass, her lips pouted in the early blossoms that stood upon the table, her hands beckoned to him from the corner of the room at once. He saw himself triumphantly carrying her away to town; he imagined the hush that would fall upon any drawing-room to which she gave her fresh beauty and young grace; he smiled at the fancy of her introduction to his family. But most of all he liked to see her in her own surroundings, a child of the marshes and of the wind, of the sun and of the dew.

(To Be Continued.)

TICHBORNE CASE.

An Australian Court to Hear Evidence in Cresswell's Application.

Within the next two or three weeks the Sydney Supreme Court will be occupied with the case of the lunatic Cresswell, at present an inmate of the Gladesville Hospital for the Insane, near Sydney, who is alleged to be the long missing Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne.

The proceedings have been delayed several months in consequence of it being necessary to obtain from the Rev E. Williams in England, an affidavit to the effect that in instructing counsel in Australia to obtain Cresswell's release, he was acting as afriend of the lease, he was acting as a friend of the family, and had no ulterior motive in seeking the custody of the lunatic. The affidavit having arrived in Sydney, the whole of the evidence upon which the claim for the release of Cresswell is based

WILL BE HEARD IN FULL.

The details will be of a sensational character, none of the witnesses having been examined in England and it is expected that the Bella-Osprey mystery will be fully cleared up. It is asserted that the Bella and the Osprey were one and the same vessel, and that Cresswell was a passenger by it to Australia. The whole of Cresswell's movements from the time he left the ship up to the present day have been traced, and a large number of witnesses will give evidence to the effect that Cresswell frequently hinted that he could claim large estates if he choose to return to England.

For a considerable period he was on confidential terms with Arthur Orton or the claimant, and it is asserted that the latter obtained what knowledge he possessed respecting the Tichborne family from Cresswell, and was encouraged to prosecute his claim by reason of Cresswell's lunacy. All the witnesses are old colonists, mostly from the neighborhood of Gundagai and Wagga Wagga, in New South Wales, and

OF UNBLEMISHED CHARACTER.

It is admitted that Cresswell possesses all the physical characteristics of the missing baronet, has a fair knowledge of the French language, and some familiarity with military life. He knows nothing of what has been done on his behalf, and evinces no desire to leave the institution of which he has so long been an inmate. It is feared, however, that should the courts decide upon his release, the voyage to London would prove fatal to him, his health being somewhat delicate.

HE WAS MR. ARDEN.

The Man From Bloomdale Arranged To Keep Hanner.

During a lull in the conversation, five or six of us were holding in the smoking car, an oldish man leaned forward and queried of the man beside me:

"Didn't I hear you mention the town of Bloomdale?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Yes, I live at Bloomdale."

"Glad to know it," continued the other, "I used to live there, too, but my wife hit me a crack with the poker one day and I got up and walked off and am jest returnin' after an absence of ten years. I'm playin' the Enoch Arden business, you know, and the ole woman will jump a foot high when she sees me."

"Who was your wife?", asked my seat-mate, with a tremor in his tones.

"Hanner Bliss, sir. Maybe you know her— tall woman—squint eyes—long chin—peaked nose—voice like a file."

"Great Scott!" whispered the man, "but you don't tell me that the Widder Bliss is your wife. Why, she thought you dead years ago."

"Did she marry again?"

"S-she did, sir. The papers said you were killed out West, and after wearing mourning for a year she married me."

"Wall," chuckled the old man, dryly, "here I am, alive and kicking and a purty healthy Enoch Arden. So she married you, eh? Does Hanner break out in sudden fits like she used to?"

"Say, man, this is awful!" exclaimed husband No. 2 as the perspiration gathered on his face."

"Wall, you needn't git so excited about it. Enoch Arden didn't git a cent when he played the hero and skipped out, but that's whar' I differ with Enoch. If you and Hanner are takin' comfort and you have $50 you kin spare, I'll git off at the next station and let you alone, although I'd kinder like to git squar' fur that crack on the head. I couldn't git a fine comb through my ha'r fur 'leven weeks arter I left home."

The man from Bloomdale brightened up immediately and eagerly counted out the money, as the other shoved it into his vest pocket and started for the door he remarked—

"Enoch Arden is satisfied, stranger, and he hopes you ar'. Good-bye to you—good-bye all, and let Hanner continue to imagine that I fill an unknown grave and feel sorry to think that she can't plant sunflowers above me."

Enfant Terrible.—Caller—"Nellie, is your mother in?" Nellie—"Mother is out shopping." Caller—"When will she return, Nellie?" Nellie, calling back—"Mamma, what shall I say now?"

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Jean Ingelow's personal estate amounted to only $30,000 at her death.

Lord Charles Beresford is at last a Rear-Admiral and may soon reappear in Parliament.

Fontainebleau's great grapevine produced 7,672 pounds of grapes this year, which, when recently sold at auction brought in $715.

Lord Rosebery is said to have bought the late Count of Aquila's villa at Posillipo near Naples, and to intend to spend his winters there with his children.

A British pauper, aged 70 years, came into a small inheritance lately and treated his friends to a champagne supper at a swell London hotel. It killed him within three days.

Queen Natalie, of Servia lost a diamond ring at Biarritz and vowed that if it was found she would give to the Little Sisters of the Poor. The ring worth $2,000 was found and the ex-Queen is selling it by lottery.

In preparing a cable off Cape Frio a whale was found entangled in it by the cable ship Norseman but it had not broken. The whale must have been there for two or three weeks and had been bitten into by sharks.

Prince Victor Emmanuel of Naples is said to be an expert electrician. He experiments on all its applications to light, sound, motive power, and photography and was one of the first persons in Italy to investigate the Roentgen rays.

Switzerland's bears were supposed to be extinct but some chamois hunters in the lower Engadine recently shot and secured one and report that another escaped them. This will add to the excitement of mountain climbing in the Alps.

Sandycombe Lodge, at Twickenham, where Turner, the painter, lived according to Mr. Ruskin, from 1808 to 1827, and where he painted many of his views of the Thames, is offered for sale. The house is said to have been constructed after Turner's own designs.

Cork now possesses the remains of Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy, recently beatified by Pope Leo. They were conveyed in a golden box from Ivrea in northern Italy, where the Bishop died 500 years ago on his return from a pilgrimage to Rome, and have been deposited in Cork Cathedral.

A parliamentary cricket team, consisting of five lords and fourteen members of the Commons is going to make a tour of the British colonies, including Canada and Australia, next season. The Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, is captain, and several of the younger members of the Government are included in the team.

Fingoes in the Transkei are giving the English trouble and may soon become as well known to them as the Akund or Swat. They are rising because their cattle die after being inoculated for the rinderpest and they believe them to have been deliberately poisoned. The Transkei is the southern part of Kaffraria in South Africa and the Cape rifles are trying to put down the revolt.

Land riots have occurred in the Roman Campagne, the peasants at Albano and Marino, driven by distress, having made an attempt to squat on the land of Prince Colonna and being driven off by police and soldiers. The great uncultivated estates of the nobles are looked upon by the peasants nowadays as the cause of Italy's distress just as the latifundia are said to have ruined Rome.

England has just discovered that sweet corn is a delicious vegetable and that corn stalks make good fodder for cattle. The London Standard lays down correct principles in recommending it: "There is no help for you; you must take it up with your fingers and bite the corn from the cob; to attempt to cut it off with a knife spoils it. It is an American dish, and Americans know what is good. We have much to thank them for in that way."

A curious landslip occurred a few days ago in the village of Sattel, in Canton Schwyz. An inn situated by the side of a road which runs across the slope of a hill was carried, without sustaining any injury, thirty-five feet down the hillside, stopping just short of being precipitated into the River Steinen. The road in front of the house, the garden, and all the immediate surroundings of the inn are intact. By the house were too large elms, and even these have in no way suffered.

Amsterdam has prepared a programme for the celebration of Queen Wilhelmina's coronation next September. There will be three exhibitions, one of the history of the House of Orange, another of Rembrandt's works, and a third of Dutch national costumes, to which every town is invited to send a boat with a crew in the local dress. The Dutch Union of Singers will sing for three days, there will be a historical procession illuminations on the river, and concerts of works by Dutch composers.

Prince Henry XXVI. of Reuss-Kostritz has been shut up in a Berlin private insane asylum under the name of Graf Plauen, the title given to his morganatic wife. The Prince is forty years of age and a Captain in the German Navy. He had been buying land in Hungary recklessly and paying for it in worthless checks. An adventurer with whom he was associated is said to have in his hands letters belonging to the Prince which compromise persons in high station at the court of Berlin.

the flames threw the clear-cut features into strong relief against the

also saw that the will was dated some years back, and therefore one under