

# HOW IT ENDED

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"I see. I am sorry, darling. I suggested it. Of course you would not care to appeal to him in any way. Not that I meant anything like appealing; I thought only of giving him a loophole of escape."

"Escape?"

"From this foolish engagement between you and him, where love has no part on either side."

"Oh, I see," says she, and bursts out laughing. Such curious laughter—laughter so extreme that it brings tears to her eyes. "You think he would be glad of a chance to find himself free again?"

"I guess so much from what you have told me, and the sourness of his expression, whenever I have seen you with him."

"You have guessed rightly," says she, standing up and looking down at him with parted lips and brilliant eyes. "I myself have noticed how changed he has been of late. He is tired—tired of me." She laughs again; it is the strangest little laugh. "Fancy two people wanting to get rid of each other, and not knowing how to do it! But I shall help him—I shall let him go free."

"To-morrow, then, I shall speak to your father."

"To-morrow? Must you put it off till to-morrow?" She has grown as anxious now for him to interview her father as she had been frightened about it before. "Well—and say everything. Everything you can about my—my dislike to Sir Ralph. You might even call it hatred. You know I told you I hated him. Yes, say I hate him."

"I'll say all I know," says Eyre, fervently. "You may be sure I shan't let a single point be lost."

"I must go now," says she, rising. She is looking very pale and tired. "There are some things I must attend to. I shan't see you again to-night."

"Not to-night! Why, it is only six o'clock now!"

"Six o'clock! Is it really so late? Time for all invalids to be in bed," says she, smiling, though half heartedly.

"I expect you will be glad to get rid of me," says he, smiling in turn, and by no means believing in his words.

"No," returns she, shaking her head. "That is well, because as things stand, you are not likely ever to get rid of me. But—What a hurry you are in, Dulcie! I suppose if the doctor is to be relied on, I shall be able to move by the end of the week?"

"You mustn't hurry yourself; you must be careful not to undo all the good work he has done," says she kindly, hospitably. "And, to begin with, you ought to be in bed now surely. I shall send Patsy."

She moves to the door. Patsy, the factotum, has been in the habit, up to this, of helping Mr. Eyre from one room to another. At the door, however, she pauses, and looks back at him. Her eyes are troubled.

"You needn't be uneasy," says he, lightly. "I'm all right; better than ever I was."

"Yes, I think you do look better," says she, softly. "But there was something—confusedly—"I wanted to say to you; and you have put it out of my head."

She turns again to the door, hesitates again, and again looks back at him.

"By the by, did I abuse him to you?" asks she.

"Hum—who? Oh, that fellow! Anketell?"

"Yes."

"Well, you did, rather. Why?"

"He has crossed the room to her. Oh, nothing!" letting him take her hand and caress it; "only—it sounds horrid, doesn't it?"

"What does?"

"Why, horrid to abuse anybody. It isn't a nice thing to do—oh! Your other friends—the girls you know, I mean—who are in society, they wouldn't do it, would they?"

"Do what, darling?"

"Why, speak unkindly of people, even their enemies, openly."

"Oh, wouldn't they, though!" says Mr. Eyre, giving way to mirth. "My word, you don't know them! You should hear them sometimes, and—with tender meaning and a loving glance at her—"You shall some day, I hope; and, believe me, they will open your eyes. The way they abuse their friends—that's a surprise, if you like!"

"I shouldn't like," says Dulcinea, disparagingly.

"I know it. That's why I so love you," says he, frankly. "Well, to-morrow, then, Dulcie," detaining her; "you give me leave to try my—our luck to-morrow?"

"Yes," she pauses, and then, "Yes!" with sudden vehemence. "Oh, how I should like to show him how independent I am of him."

"After all, it is hard to be independent of one's father," says Eyre.

Mrs. McDermot stares at him for a moment. Her father! Then she turns and runs away. It had seemed to her impossible to explain.

CHAPTER VI.

"I've a sweetheart blithe and gay, Fairer far than fabled fay,  
Light and airy,  
She is bright and debonnaire,  
Softly falls her golden hair,  
I all other loves forswear,  
Little fairy!"

Mr. Eyre, having brought himself to a thorough belief in Dulcinea's misery, dwells upon it. That she has been forced into an engagement with a most objectionable man by a mercenary father seems to him the correct reading of her history so far. To alter that history seems to him also to be the work allotted to him. Her beauty has come home to him with a persistency that has dwarfed all other beauty remembered or imagined, and the plaintive face of his pretty hostess has awakened in his breast a chivalrous desire to hazard all fortunes in her cause. As a fact he has fallen in love with her; not very seriously, still seriously enough to make him ambitious of making her his wife. A considerable zest is added to his passion by the belief that he, and he alone, can save her from a "loveless union"—that is how he puts it—with another—and that a most despicable creature, according to her account. The certainty that she is wearing her heart away with grief—that joy is unknown to her—that she is fast growing into a state that will produce consumption in the body—is somewhat rudely destroyed by her entrance into the old schoolroom next morning, shortly after his own descent into that time-honored apartment.

"Oh! I've such news—such news!" cries she, rushing in and banging the door behind her with an emphasis that makes his nerves, still rather beyond his control, jump again.

It is evident she has run to him straight with her news, whatever it is. Her pretty hair is flying all over her head, her eyes are sparkling. Smiles wreath her charming lips. She is waving a telegram over her head. The very incarnation of joy and fresh young life might be painted from her as she stands there, laughing, triumphant. She is looking lovely.

"A telegram from that fellow, breaking off the engagement," decides Eyre, within himself. "It is settled, then?"

"Oh, yes—a certainty this time?"

"Then I needn't speak to your father?"

"To father?"—as if puzzled—"oh, he knows of it! He will be glad, too!"

"Your father?"

"Why, yes—yes—yes!" almost dancing up to him. "Do you think that because they have had a skirmish or two, father won't be pleased to see him? I tell you he is pleased! And so will you be when you see my Andy!"

"Your what?"

Mr. Eyre has retreated to his chair once more.

"Andy! He's coming! Haven't you understood? He's coming to-day!"

"And who is Andy?" demands Mr. Eyre, feeling a trifle aggrieved.

Of course, he tells himself, he is glad of anything that has lightened the burden that so hardly presses upon her. But that it should be—Andy! And such a very beloved Andy to judge by appearances! What a name! Perhaps, after all, Andy is a girl; Andromeda—Andromache. Some people called their children by queer names, and Andy might be an abbreviation of either of these.

"Not know Andy?" cries Dulcinea, lifting her brows.

"A friend of yours?"

"Yes"—smiling.

"Evidently a nice girl!" hazards Mr. Eyre.

"A girl! Andy a girl! Miss McDermot breaks into irrepressible laughter. "Oh, wait till he hears that! Why he has just been gazetted to the 18th Hussars!"

"Ah!"—somewhat stiffly—"brother, perhaps?"

"No, no, indeed, I—as if by if by means sorry for the fact—have no brother. But Andy is better than any brother."

"Is she? As"—disagreeably—"you haven't had one, I don't quite see how you can know that."

"I've seen other girls, and heard what they said of theirs," says Dulcinea, savagely.

"Then this Andy is—"

"My cousin. And such a nice one!" says Miss McDermot, warmly. "Fancy you not having heard of him! Well, when you see him, you'll know him all in a moment. He—happily—is such fun!"

"Is he?"

"Oh, wait—wait! By the by"—bringing out her left hand from behind her back—"I had nearly forgotten, but I found these, and I brought them to you. Violets! Smell them—bursting them under his nose. "Delicious, aren't they? I found them under the ivy wall. Andy and I planted them there last year."

"Andy and you seem to be great friends," says he in a gentler tone, taking her hand, violets and all, and holding it.

Somehow, it has come to him that this charming child is not in love with "Andy," however delightful that young gentleman may be.

"Oh, the best, the dearest! I don't disguise from you," says Miss McDermot, growing suddenly serious, "that times we quarrel. We—thoughtfully—"quarrel a good deal when together. But when Andy is away from me—ah! then I know what a perfect darling he is."

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," murmurs Mr. Eyre, wisely refraining from a smile. "And Andy, how does he regard you?—here—and there?"

"Here, as I tell you," says she, with a fresh, delicious laugh, he makes himself abominable now and then. But when he is there,—oh, then, Andy loves me!"

"I should think you and he should

always be there," says her companion, gravely.

"Well, I don't. I'm delighted he's coming. Bless me," glancing at the clock. "I've only half an hour to see about his sheets and things! And I don't believe Bridget has thought about lighting a fire in his room. There! Good-by for a while. I must run. He'll kill me if he finds himself without a fire in his room!"

She rushes out of the room as she had entered it—like a heavenly spring wind that brings only joy to the receiver of it. Eyre, staring after, feels a quick throb at his heart. What a delight she is! How different from most girls! And this cousin of hers—this Andy! No doubt he is a young Adonis; a "curled darling"—a creature half boy, half man, and wholly charming. But she is not in love with him. So much can be read by those who run.

When he does see Andy, which is three hours later, his astonishment knows no bounds. Andy is indeed a revelation! He is perhaps the ugliest young Irishman on record; and that is saying a good deal. As handsome as Irishwomen undoubtedly are, so in proportion are Irishmen hideous.

But his manners make up for a good deal. He is full of bonhomie, brimming over indeed with the milk of human kindness. In the course of the five minutes he is permitted to spend with Mr. Eyre, who is still considered an invalid, he fires off as many jokes as would have made a reasonable supply for a month with anybody else.

Having then said he felt he ought to go and present himself to the McDermot, who is his guardian, he beats a retreat, dragging Dulcinea into the corridor outside as he goes.

"I say, he isn't half a bad fellow; but he isn't fit to hold a candle to Sir Ralph," says he in a whisper, still clutching Dulcinea by the arm.

"You know my opinion of Sir Ralph!" returns she, trying unavailingly to extricate herself from his grasp.

"Girls never have an opinion worth a ha'penny!" retorts he, letting her go with a disgusted grimace.

Already one of the quarrels!

CHAPTER VII.

"Honor's a mistress all mankind pursue;  
Yet most mistake the false one for the true."

Eyre having received permission and being anxious on his own part to bring matters to a climax, makes an early opportunity of requesting a private interview with his host. The time chosen is to-day. As wet a day as ever came out of the heavens, and the one after that on which Andy McDermot arrived.

There had been a hurried interview between Eyre and Dulcinea in the morning, in which the girl had seemed downhearted and dispirited, and inclined to let matters stay as they were, bad as they undoubtedly must be considered; but Eyre—fired with sorrow for her, and determined to save her from the impending disaster that threatens her, namely, her marriage with that miscreant Anketell—had refused to listen to her fears, and is now standing outside the McDermots' private den, waiting for admission.

It is soon given.

The den is an awful agglomeration of things useful and useless—principally useless—but beloved as having once belonged to better days than these. In the midst of the chaos sits the McDermot, calmly smoking a pipe that could never have seen a better day than this, and it is now as black as black can be.

"Bless my soul, Mr. Eyre! You," says he, rising and pulling forward a chair for his guest—"you sent me word, I now remember, that you wanted to see me. Feeling strong, eh?—better, eh? Have a brandy and soda?"

"No, thanks. No, I assure you. The fact is, I—I wanted to speak to you about your daughter."

"About—my daughter?" The McDermot lays down the decanter, and turns his eyes, all on Eyre. "Well, and what about her?"

"It is a little difficult to explain to you; but—I have come to the conclusion that your daughter is not happy in the engagement she has contracted."

"Ah!" says the McDermot, wrinkling his brows. "Is that all? Don't you want to tell me you have fallen in love with Dulcinea—that she would be happier in an engagement with you, and therefore you think her coming marriage with Sir Ralph Anketell an iniquitous arrangement?"

"Not iniquitous so much as mistaken," says Eyre, keeping his temper admirably, "under the other's ill-concealed sarcasm; besides, must it come to marriage?"

"So I have been given to understand by both parties."

"Engagements have been broken before now."

"I dare say—I know nothing of that. I know only this, that my daughter's engagement with Sir Ralph Anketell shall not be broken."

"Not even if it were for her good?"

"Happiness counts," says the younger man, quickly. "McDermot!"—earnestly—"I should not try to disarrange your views for your daughter, if I could not offer as much as I should cause her to lose. I can make settlements."

"No doubt, no doubt! That is matter, sir, for the lady you may choose to marry."

"Just so; that lady is your daughter."

"There you make a mistake, Mr. Eyre," says the McDermot, distinctly. "You will never marry my daughter with my consent. With regard to her own consent, that is already forfeited. Her word is given to another. And one word, sir; permit me to say that as my guest you—"

"No, I shall not permit you!" interrupts Eyre, passionately. "Is every sacred, earnest feeling to be ruled by society's laws? Your daughter is unhappy. Surely there are occasions when the best, the most honorable rules should be broken! And, knowing her unhappy—"

"You are eloquent, sir," says The McDermot, with a reserved smile. "Forgive me if I break in upon your admirable dissertation on the weak points of society. You say my daughter is unhappy. May I ask your authority for that speech?"

"Certainly," hotly, "she herself has said so!"

"Excellent authority indeed! My daughter"—grimly—"is evidently even a greater fool than I thought her."

"You misjudge her," said the young man eagerly.

The McDermot let his eyes rest on him for a moment.

"I can follow your line of thought," says he slowly. "The woman who could appreciate you could be no fool—eh?"

"Sir!" says Eyre, frowning.

"But are you so sure of her affection? Is every young girl's first word worthy of credit?"

"I desire to keep to the point," says Eyre, a little haughtily. "I can offer your daughter a position. I, on my uncle's death, shall inherit a title. I can offer her quite as much as Sir Ralph can."

"Sir!" interrupts The McDermot, sternly, "if you make her a duchess, I should still decline your proposal. My daughter has given her word to marry Sir Ralph Anketell, and that word she shall abide!"

To Be Continued.

## BY A MYSTERIOUS BOND

### THE PRATT BROTHERS HAVE A REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE.

These Chicago Boys Not Only Look Alike But Their Very Thoughts Are the Same—Not Only Physical, But Mental as Well.

The strong sympathy of mind existing between twins, practically amounting to telepathy, has long been a matter of scientific record. Dumas has treated of it in his story of "The Corsican Brothers," and now we have an interesting illustration, in the case of the Pratt twins, of Chicago, Frank Fay Pratt and Fred Roe Pratt are as like as the proverbial two peas in a pod. And the strangest part of it is that the resemblance is not merely a physical one. Their minds are linked by some mysterious bond, and although the twins may be miles away from each other each seems to know just what the other is doing, and even what he is thinking about.

Frank Fay Pratt is a lawyer. The two brothers dress exactly alike and are rarely seen out of each other's company. Since they were boys they have dreamed the same dreams, and thought the same thoughts. They experienced all the ailments of childhood, together, invariably falling ill on the same day, and recovering at the same time.

Frank Pratt has made a study of the esoteric phenomena of mind, "I know from my own experience," he said, the other day, "that there is such a thing as telepathy. I could give many instances, but the most remarkable is, perhaps, what happened when I went to England. It was the first time I had ever been separated from my brother, and then I was absent eleven weeks.

"When I returned my ship was to come in upon a Friday, Saturday or Sunday. As a matter of fact the ship reached port Saturday morning. Saturday night, when I was sitting at dinner at the Imperial Hotel, it occurred to me that I ought to call up my brother by telephone about a business matter I was to transact while I was in New York. I went to the telephone, and the girl said the line to Chicago was busy. I waited a moment, and the girl said there was a man at the other end of the line in Chicago who wanted to get the Imperial Hotel and inquired for a man named Pratt.

### INSTANCES OF TELEPATHY.

"The girl asked me if I was the man. Sure enough, it was my brother. He called me up from Chicago, at the same moment I called him up from New York. He wished to inquire about the same matter that I wanted to speak to him about. Not only did he know I had landed, but he knew I was stopping at the Imperial.

"I think this is the most remarkable instance of telepathy in my experience. But that happens every day. My brother will call me up by telephone and begin talking to me about something I was myself thinking about. Or he will say:—'I called you up at so-and-so, and you had just left there.'"

There is, however, another curious phase of this matter of sympathy between brothers which is, perhaps even more remarkable than the fact that they are able to converse by thought transference. It is this:—When Frank Pratt was in London, he was away for the first time from his brother. When he came back from abroad there was quite a marked difference in the appearance of the two. Frank Pratt, it seemed, had gained during his absence. Fred Pratt had lost flesh. The difference in their weight amounted to fourteen pounds. In two weeks, however, they weighed precisely the same to within an ounce. Frank Pratt believes this was due to sympathy.

What is still more remarkable is that the hands of these two brothers are exactly alike. The lines of the palms are identical, and the thumb marks ex-

actly the theory of Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson" that

NO TWO ARE JUST ALIKE.

Frank Pratt is a firm believer in palmistry, having studied the science with a distinguished East Indian, now dead. He consulted a Chicago palmist the other day. Among other things the palmist said:—"You have a very dear friend, a very dear friend on the male side. He is a brother, a twin brother. And as you were born very near together, so you will die very near together, within a few hours, or days at most, of each other. It is your fate to be linked together through life, and the one will not survive except for a short time the death of the other."

Frank Pratt is firmly convinced there is some mystic tie of pre-natal sympathy that links him to his brother. They have lived together as perhaps no two brothers ever lived before. Until they were twenty-five years of age they were never parted for a single night. Frank Pratt believes that perhaps if they had separated when they were children, grown up under different environments, they might have had quite different personalities. He thinks they might not only have had different minds and morals, but that they would probably have come to be dissimilar in physical appearance. The mere absence of a few months seemed to make quite a difference in them, but the balance was restored again as soon as they were together.

Students of criminology in its psychological phases may recall the case of

THE RUSK BROTHERS,

of Philadelphia. They were the opposite of the Pratt twins in every particular except that of mental unity.

A psychologist would have gone into rapture in studying the lives of these remarkable twins, and in tracing out the influences which only served to link their very souls together. Even their mother, who clung to them with a true mother's love throughout their brief career, stood in superstitious awe of the strange beings whom she had brought to life. She said they were two bodies with one soul.

When separated the one seemed to know by an inexplicable instinct what the other was doing. Their very thoughts seemed to be one. On more than one occasion when one would be in trouble the other, although far removed from the scene, seemed to know by intuition of his brother's danger, and, guided by an irresistible impulse, would fly to his aid.

So striking was their similarity in appearance that even their most intimate friends were often at a loss to tell them apart. At the age of nineteen William was arrested on the charge of killing John McCool.

When the case came up for trial both the brothers appeared in court. They looked so much alike that the jurymen were completely nonplussed. Witnesses who swore to the circumstances of the murder, many of whom had known the brothers for a long time, utterly failed to distinguish one from the other.

Counsel for the defence entered the plea of mistaken identity, and so confused did the witnesses become in their testimony that the accused boy was acquitted.

### THE SNOW SHOVEL AT SEA.

A Familiar Implement of Land Use That Is Found on the Water as Well.

The common idea of a snow shovel is that it is used to clear the sidewalk and that sort of thing, but the snow falls on the sea as well as on the land, and if there is a ship in the way of the storm the snow, of course, falls on its decks just as it would fall on anything ashore. It may be that the snow that falls on the ship will be washed off by the sea, or it may be necessary to clean it off, so as to give a better and securer foothold on the decks and to facilitate the working of the ship. This is often done with snow shovels, which are carried by probably nine out of ten of the deep-water ships, from one to three each, according to the size of the vessel.

The snow shovels used aboard ship are made especially for that use. They are not iron, or steel-shod along the edge, as most of the snow shovels used ashore nowadays are, and whatever metal is used in their construction is so placed that it cannot come in contact with the deck. No iron shovel is ever used on a ship's deck.

As a matter of fact the snow shovel is used on shipboard mostly when the ship is in port, where she may remain for a period of weeks, discharging and reloading; but when the vessel sails the snow shovels are stowed away, in the lazaretto, aft, or under the forecastle deck, forward. On a ship bound for San Francisco the snow shovels may be needed when she is rounding Cape Horn, where snow sometimes falls in summer. Snow that falls upon the deck in the waist of the ship is likely to be washed away by the water she takes aboard; the decks more likely need shovelling are those higher above the sea, the forecastle deck, and the quarter deck. In a time of snow squalls the Capt. would perhaps keep a man standing ready with a shovel to shovel off the snow after every squall. There might be times when the decks were iced and slippery, when the Captain would have ashes strewn upon them to give a securer foothold.

### Navigate on Stilts.

On the large plains called Landes, in the southwest of France, which are usually flooded, the people go about on stilts as a matter of course.

### THE LION'S LENGTH.

The lion, though he stands no higher than a large mastiff, is from six to eight feet in length.

### CUTTING O

If the family is as good as a fortnight, on Tuesday, this leaves and look over the what might get more look the clothes over cold water, and if "in," put the boiler, water on the stove, of sliced soap in it. breakfast should be on a washday. By the the clothes through water in the boiler four tablespoonfuls into the boiling clothes in this, the boilerful. By seven batch of clothes is ing remains but to two waters, blue is not the slightest and the clothes are Underclothes to when ironed, but not smell as sweet long, and are not the clothes must be dried in the house storm, hang them day. By denying ironed garments you happier, stronger whose lives are bo As to tablecloths, chiefs, and pillows little at a time the trouble. Pull the and be careful that ped and folded as a line.

Whenever a carpet are short-squares, and art-squares, I blyhly swept once wiped up with a old pall of water with it, no rooms need times except the kitchen. A parlor sweeper run over every few days, need er than once a mo thing must be take must be thorough. house with one se others do with fo woman down.

Have a wire "dra ing and two dish and rinse in boil crockery in the d you have dried the tied the kitchen almost if not quite Wash a quantity time, using a whis ration. Pick these and when dry put are ready for bak the hands very m them.

### CAKE M

A great many i wives think if they that is all that is r make good cake, b realize that the be in the hands of a c cake making requi good material as w ment and painstaking. Before starting all the ingredient cake tins ready. well greased with l ed with flour, th eske from adherin baked. Eggs shoul cely sweet and taint. A granite is better to prepara tin. If you are g powder sift it wi three times, this finer grained.

The eggs should place before being and white shoul A small pinch of whites will enable to a stiffer froth, but do not melt i and sugar togeth yolk than the mi which the baking t ed, and lastly the ped to a stiff froth I prefer to ad some however, ad

Cake should be red and the long beaten the lighter Fruit should be adding to the cak cup for each ing means a teacup. S makes should not oven for at least t cakes one half bo close the oven do is the frequent ca Sprinkle the top vent the frosting should be taken t right temperature best for layer cak for loaf cakes.

CLEANING Directions are of ing a stove every is deadened. This the stove has bee ing the day. If a the top, wash or t Rub grease off w ton cloth. A piec makes a good sto hanging near the be used to rub of