Cupid's Revenge.

"Your wife, Thornton? Why, it seems only yesterday you were carrying my books to school. What do boys know of love?"

And Nellie Rivers glanced innocently up into the face of him she addressed—as innocently as though she had not known for many a month the question just put to her had been trembling on his eager lips.

A hot flush dyed Thornton May's cheeks at her words. The last sentence cut like a knife; a flash of anger leaped into the dark eyes, a moment before so tenderly passionate, as he answered quickly:

"I am here to talk of a man's love, not a boy's. I am twenty-six, full eight years your senior, Nellie; but, this is subterfuge on your part, and all unworthy of you. Answer me, darling; tell me you will be my wife, will place your happiness into my keeping, to guard for ever more!"

"How prettily you talk, Thornton! It reads just like a story book. Really, I'd scarce expect one of your years—Now don't be angry, but you have taken me so by surprise, I hardly know how to reply—except, Thornton, I believe I won't think of it just now, if you don't mind. I am afraid your age would weigh too heavily on your shoulders to burden them with any added weight."

And the laughing voice had in it a ring of mockery, which gave to every word an added sting.

"Flirt! heartless!" burst in a muttered whisper from the young man's white lips.

Then he rose, with a dignity which seemed suddenly to have sprung into life.

"I will not, then, detain you longer, Miss Rivers; but when another man offers you an honest love, sealed by his name, will you not remember that true women wound when a wound is necessary, if not with regret, at least with care that the spear-thrust go no deeper than the case demands? I shall go abroad to study my art, to remain indefinitely; and since I shall not again see you, I will now bid you good-by!"

And, without even extending his hand, with simply a low bow of courtesy, he left her, she sitting motionless, the echo of the closing of the outside door ringing in her ears strangely like a knell.

* * * * * *

"If you would wreak revenge upon a woman, first gain her heart; then she is at your mercy."

Four years had wrought but little change in the young man who had left his native land to find elsewhere forgetfulness, and who now stood once more upon its shores, with this sentence—a piece of advice picked up in some book on his foreign travel—ringing in his ears.

An added shade of bronze was on his cheeks, the broad shoulders were a trifle broader; the dark eyes wore a more earnest look; the long, silken mustache drooped more heavily. This was all. In all else Thornton May was unchanged outwardly. Within no eye can penetrate.

But as once more the sentence rose before him, his eyes kindled and he said aloud:

"Revenge is sweet."

"Four years have not failed," he added to himself, "to teach the folly of the past."

"If you would wreak revenge upon a woman, first make her love you."

Ah, this was the work left him, this the sweet revenge—to gain the heart which once had mockingly trampled on his own, then show her how worthless was the prize.

Once more he stood in the library which had witnessed, so long ago, the scene branded upon his memory. Was it possible it still had power to burn, as he strode, with impatient steps, up and down, waiting the moment of Miss Rivers' entrance?

She had sent for him. Purposely he had waited until she should do so,—until the message should come asking if his old friends had been forgotten.

But the door opened. His reverie was interrupted, as, glancing up, the slight graceful figure, which in spite of himself had entered so often into his dreams, stood before him.

The years had added to her loveliness, but deepened the rose upon her cheeks, but lent a softened brilliancy to the dark gray eyes, which rested so reproachfully upon him.

"Why did you make me send for you?" she asked.

Once more the low, sweet voice thrilled him with its old magic power; but, remembering the part he had to play, he put his weakness behind him as he answered:

"Four years make many changes, Miss Nellie. I did not know I should still find a place in your memory."

"You have grown older!" she exclaimed, unthinkingly.

"Ah, I have put away boyish things since I last saw you, Miss Rivers."

The hidden meaning of the words rang through his tone, and scarlet crept up to the white temples; but no other sign betrayed her, and so for an hour they chatted on commonplace the past, one portion of which both so carefully avoided.

"As hearless a flirt as ever!" he soliloquized as he descended the steps, remembering her glance of welcome, which seemed to say so much, as in the olden time it told the self-same story. "The man who wrote his wise advice should have given us some other weapon for women who possess no heart," he added, all unconscious of the gray eyes watching his figure till it was blurred by a mist of tears, while a sobbing cry broke from the red, parting lips.

"How cold, how indifferent he has grown. Surely he never could have loved me, while I—ah! Thornton, how many many times I have prayed that I might forget you!"

* * * * * *

"They say Thornton May is engaged. What wonderful strides he has made in his art!"

"Wonderful indeed. But who is the fortunate winner of such a prize?"

"A Spanish girl, whom he met abroad. His last picture, about which every one is raving, is said to be her counterpart."

Such was the idle conversation at an evening party three months later, which fell upon Nellie Rivers' listening ear.

She had seen the picture of which they spoke. The lovely painted face rose once more before her—the half-laughing mouth, the delicate nose, the passionate, luminous eyes, the hair rippling in dark waves, over the low, white brow, making the perfect, bewitching whole.

And this was the meaning of his indifference, when she would have made atonement forr the past—for the folly of a girl, who did not know herself, and who had learned the lesson only through four years of bitter suffering, of which this was the end.

"Dreaming, Miss Nellie, and alone! What does this mean?"

It was his voice which broke upon her reverie, his eyes resting on her, from whom, at any cost, she must hide the truth.

"I am growing old," she answered, lightly. "Like yourself, I have put away childish things, though, unlike you, I have not assumed fresh responsibilities, upon which, by the way, I believe you are to be congratulated, although you hardly deserve it for keeping such a secret from your friends."

"You speak in enigmas. Of what do you speak?"

"If so ,it is a Spanish enigma, and painted in very lovely characters, however cabalistic they may be."

"Oh!" a sudden light breaking in upon him, "you speak of my picture. And does rumor give her to me as my bride? I am indeed, then, open to your congratulations. But come, as I am not yet a benedict, may I not have this waltz?"

"And this is my revenge?" thought Thornton May, as a few hours later he sat alone in his bachelor apartments, moodily surveying the dying embers in the grate. "I, who fancied her voice could no longer thrill, or her beauty move me, have but riveted the chains I thought struck off from me forever. To-night how differently she congratulated me upon my supposed engagement! Had things been different, how charmingly my pretty model might have helped out my plan! I will put the ocean between us, ere in my weakness, I once more give her the right to mock me."

* * * * * *

"Going away, Mr. May? Have you tried so soon of your old friends that you must desert them? But I forget—some one is waiting for you."

In spite of herself, a thrill of sadness rang through the girl's tone. She had known that this must come, yet the shock was none the less keen.

"Yes," he answered. "I must once more say good-by; but this time, Miss Nellie, I hope you will add God-speed! I have not forgotten our last parting, though I hope my folly has long ceased to be remembered. You were right. It was a boy's presumption, and I must thank you for my lesson."

This was almost more than she could bear. For a moment tears shimmered in the dark eyes, a sob rose in her throat; but she answered, bravely:

"It is I who should rather ask your pardon for the idle vanity of a girl who knew not the meaning of her own words, but who through them has been the only sufferer. Good-by, Mr. May, and God-speed!"

She the only sufferer! What could she mean?

For a moment a wild hope crossed his mind, to be extinguished the next, as he glanced into the calm face, and the eyes from whence all trace of tears had fled; but at the hall door, a moment later, he paused.

He would return, to disabuse her mind of this idle folly of his engagement. So again crossing the hall, and mounting the stairs, he stood upon the threshold of the room he had left so short a time before. But, oh, how changed!

Down upon her face lay the figure of the girl who had haunted him all these years, while sob after sob racked her frame.

"Nellie!" he said, and at his voice she sprang in an instant to her feet.

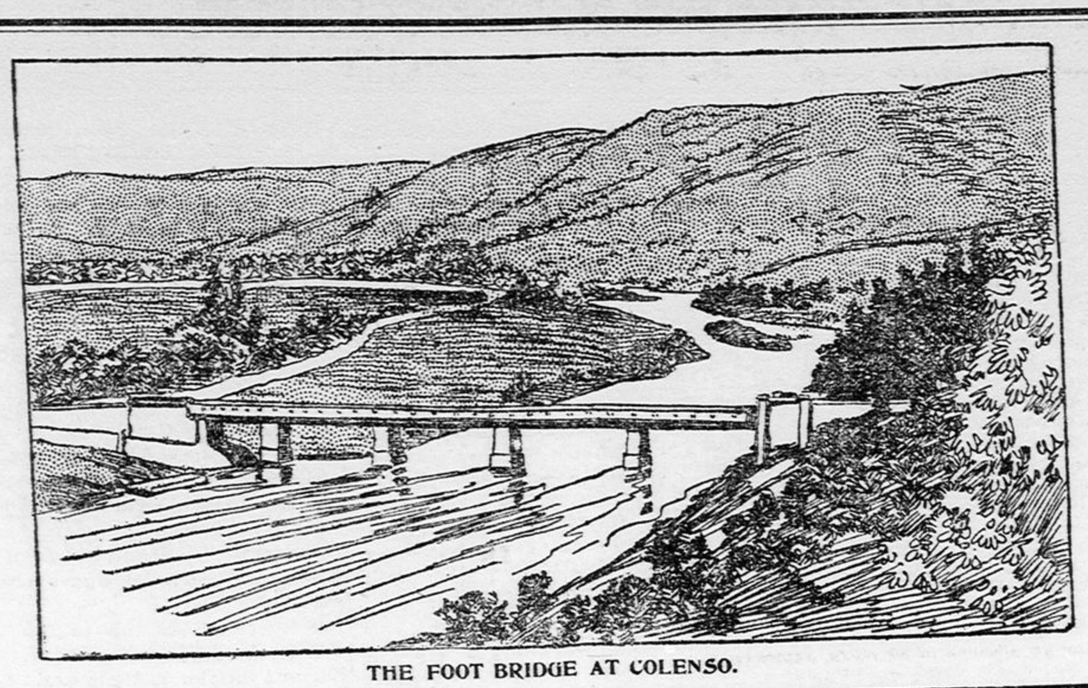
"How dare you?" she cried. "How dare you come back? Did you want an added triumph? Was it not enough to taunt me with the past, to show me how gladly you would recall it, but that you should add this to the tale you will pour into the ears of your Spanish bride?"

Impetuously, eagerly, the words burst from her trembling lips, he to whom they were addressed standing transfixed.

His revenge was in his hands at last. The moment had come to mock her as she had mocked him; but surely the light growing in his eyes had no mocking ray, as he clasped the sobbing girl close to his heart.

"Is this true, my darling?" he said, "and has our game been cross-purposes all this weary time? O Nellie, my pride would have kept me, but I forgot I had learned the lesson long ago—a lesson whose sweet teachings will guard all my future life."

Thus with lip pressed to lip, and heart to heart, her sobs now sobs of happiness, Thornton May wreaked his revenge.



THE FOOT BRIDGE AT COLENSO.

QUEER MARINE VOYAGES.

MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION MADE BY "BOTTLE PAPERS."

Set Afloat by Scientists to Trace Out the Rivers of the Ocean—Extracts From Their Log Books.

People in this country can hardly conceive the importance that the course and temperature of the Gulf Stream have upon the entire climate of Western Europe, until they realize that Scotland corresponds in latitude to our northern Labrador, and that sunny Spain would otherwise be subject to all the rigors of a Canadian winter.

In order to search out the bounds as well as the origin of "this mighty river of warm water" that runs steadily but silently through the ocean the government has resorted to what are known as "bottle papers," and by their use much valuable information has been obtained. Thrown over in the aid of science, these bottle incased papers go drifting about hither and thither, but always taking the direction of some well defined ocean current, which carries them along slowly but surely on their secret mission.

DRIFT OF GULF STREAM.

A car study of this drift shows the course of the Gulf Stream. With the Gulf of Mexico for a starting point, this singular river flows around the southern extremity of Florida, then northward along the coast and inside the Bahama Islands, spreading out as it goes, but always maintaining a certain well defined limit, which is easily told by the temperature of the water and the cold walls or currents on either side.

At an average rate of two knots per hour, it sweeps by Cape Hatteras, then, veering to the northeast, flows steadily onward until it reaches the Banks of Newfoundland. Here it turns more to the eastward, but, spreading out like an immense fan, it skirts the entire coasst of Europe and affects the climate as before mentioned.

The upper half, turning sharply to the north, reaches the coast of Scotland and Norway, and even Iceland. The shores of England, Ireland and France are washed by the middle portion, while the southern branch makes a big curve to the south, touching and going to the eastward of the Azores or Western Islands.

Off the northwestern coast of Africa it turns more and more to the westward and flows all the way back across the Atlantic as a return current. Then passing between the many islands of the Windward group, it enters the Caribbean Sea and finally the Gulf of Mexico, from which it originally started.

The length of a voyage made by these "bottle papers" depends much on where they are thrown overboard, some making long cruises and others very short ones. One of these papers, found after 994 days, or nearly three years, had a drift of more than forty-five hundred miles to its credit.

On September 1, 1894, it was thrown from the Bremerhaven, in latitude 49 north and longitude 37 west, directly east of Newfoundland and a little more than one-third of the way from there to the Irish coast. Not until May 22, 1897, was this messanger heard from, and then the word came from a small island in the West Indies, just north of Hayti.

The bottle evidently was carried into the southern edge of the Gulf Stream, where it slowly but surely drifted to the eastward until beyond the Azores, when it bore to the south; then, curving to the southwest off the coast of Africa, it sailed on before the northeast "trades" and once more across the Atlantic to this little island, averaging four and one-half miles a day.

SLOW IN ITS TRAVELS.

Another bottle cast adrift on May 27, 1896, from the Venetia in latitude 47 north and longitude 45 west, 378 days later was picked up on the southern coast of Iceland, twelve hundred miles from the low average rate of a little more than three miles a day.

A third bottle was set adrift from the Nautilus on November 15, 1896, close to the Canary Islands, off the northwest coast of Africa. Crossing the great tropical ocean in the "trade wind belt," this bottle went coursing along between the islands of the Windward group and across the Caribbean Sea to the coast of the English colony of Belize, just south of Yucatan, almost within the Gulf of Mexico. The date of finding, March 26, 1898, shows an interval of 496 days, and as the distance covered was about 4,700 miles, the bottle drifted on an average nearly ten miles per day.

A study of the government chart indicated that the summer and fall flow of the Gulf Stream is usually to the northeast, and this lands the bottle in high latitudes.

Many other "bottle papers" have been found and their records kept, but with few exceptions they follow the same general course of those mentioned, some turning up in Iceland or Norway, others on the coasts of Ireland, Scotland and England, while still others land in Holland, France, Spain, the northwestern coast of Africa, and even along the shores of the West Indian Islands and the Gulf of Mexico.

AN INTERESTING TRIO.

Perhaps the most interesting of all is the record of those "bottle papers" numbered 94, 95 and 96, launched from the Dago October 29, 1897, when the ship was in 52 deg. north latitude and full five hundred miles east of St. Johns, N. F.

As this position is close to the dividing line between the Arctic current and the Gulf Stream, where the latter curves to the northward, these three companion voyagers may have taken a trip to the Arctic regions and back before drifting well into the easterly flow of the Gulf current and setting out on their voyage to the coast of Europe.

Day after day they went "bobbing" along, and all brought up in the comparatively short space of four months, each on a different island, but so close together as to indicate the same general drift. On the same day, February 28, 1898, No. 95 and No. 96 were found after an interval of 122 days, each covering a distance of twelve hundred miles. Although going ashore on the Hebrides, off the west coast of Scotland, they stranded on different islands. No. 94 made a somewhat longer voyage, as it was not found until March 7, a little further to the northeast, on one of the Orkney Islands.

DON'T BELIEVE THE MIRROR.

A mirror is by no means always a faithful portrayer of likeness, and the statement that the "mirror tells the truth" is not to be relied upon. As a matter of fact a looking-glass makes one look worse than one really is. The hair is always slightly wrong in tone, and the eyes not correct in color, and the complexion is libelled. In fact, the tone of the complexion is influenced entirely by the hangings of the room, the window shades and the strength of light. Then it is impossible to assume a natural expression when looking into a glass. The eye can be observed in only one position, and the eye controls, for the most part the facial expression.

NOW A PROPER TERM.

Now that the Countess of Warwick has opened her needlework shop in Bond street, London, she can with justice lay claim to being a genuine "saleslady." Her establishment so far has been crowded with the members of nobility, and each visitor has made a purchase of some sort, whether it was needed or not.

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