

ER SUSPENDED.
Anderson's Case to
re Conference.

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The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

All this George Archer had seen before, for this is not his first visit to Anne's parlor by a great many times; and the pretty bluish-covered furniture, and the dainty womanly ornaments, and the leather-framed engravings, and quaint old articles of vertu, the carved brackets and little statues, and the harp covered with green velvet standing in a recess, he has often looked at and admired. But his heart leaps up in a sudden burst of anger, surprise and pleasure, strangely commingled, at the sight of that which is unfamiliar, but fairest of all. Gillian, white, with knots of rich black ribbon here and there, sitting on the little red-cushioned sofa just beneath the high window.

And the golden light through the leaves and flowers falls on the gentle brow, on the pure white brow, on the dark-fringed, soulful eyes, like a glory crowning the saintly young novice of some mediaeval picture.

In an instant, even while he is struggling with cold thoughts of suspicion, bitterness, and proud recollection, his heart softens with a sudden memory of the tenderly-witty reproach of the song "Love and the Novice."

"Here we dwell in holiest bowers,
Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend,
Where sighs of devotion and breath-
ings of flowers are mingled as we ascend!

"Do not disturb our calm, O Love!
So like its form to the cherubs above,
It might well disturb such hearts
as ours!"

And whilst he pauses and gazes at her, her eyes meet his and she sees the glad welcome, the surprise and delight that flash into them with a radiance and fire of half-revealed joy.

"They have betrayed her innocent soul for one moment, but the next they are modestly veiled, and the swift emotion of surging color and shy tumult visible in the pure, pale face, is forcibly quelled, and Gillian's greeting of almost turning away a little cold in its gentle, maidenly reserve—a little cold in its very graciousness.

"Others have planned this meeting for us, she is as innocent as I, and she is as ignorant as I of what is about to be brought to pass. I am a man of the world, and she is a novice in the ways of life."

"And then somehow the sight of that pretty little hand, with its dainty rings—one of large gleaming pearls, one of splendid emeralds—on the delicate, waxen fingers, seems to touch his heart with a keen pang of shame and remorse—seems to point to a deepening stain on the honor of his manhood.

"What have I to do with a dainty, patrician thing like this?" he says, looking at her with a scornful way and sitting down at the far side of the room. "What right have I, in common justice, or honesty, to try and steal a costly exotic blossom from a rich man's home, and then to try and compare my own poverty in addition to the means of existence for the stolen exotic, well knowing that if he did not it would soon wither away and die miserably in the bleak air of poverty?"

"It is nothing but knavery, nothing but common, vulgar knavery and dishonesty," George mutters to himself under his moustache, portinaciously staring at the pattern of the crimson Kidderminster carpet on the floor—a carpet concocted by those clever hands of Anne O'Neil's out of pieces of carpet too much worn for even any of the bedrooms of the house.

"See is brought it, presently, strong, hot, and excellent in flavor, as is almost universal in an Irish household, and it is accompanied by delicate triangles of potato-cake, smoking-hot, crisp, buttered, and speckled with caraway seeds—all that an Irish potato-cake ought to be.

But George Archer, though he drinks the tea and eats the cake, which Anne herself hands him, with one of her keen, inquiring looks, sits apart from the rest of the little group, with a stern, set look on his firm lips, and a cold, determined light in his blue eyes, when he looks at either Mr. Damer or Gillian, which is very seldom.

His voice is cold and curt also when he speaks, which is more seldom still, and that only to Mr. Damer or Anne. Gillian he never once addresses, and she never asks him any questions in the briefest possible way.

"I have brought it on myself, I know," he thinks resentfully; "but after what I told Mr. Damer, he must think me a bigger fool or a greater knave than I am. If he thinks I am going to fall in with his suggestion after all, I dare say I had had a couple of extra glasses of the whiskey and soda that night."

George thinks with a bitter self-contempt that makes him avoid even an accidental glance at the pale, Irish face with the big, dark eyes, timid and innocent as a young fawn's.

"I even hinted boastfully to Lacy of my intentions, and he took it as a matter of course—the Lacy always does take everything as a matter of course—and coolly told me to remember that the race was open to them, and that it was to be a fair field and no favor, and I agreed, and told him mine was just as well-worn a motto, 'All's fair in love and war.' I dare say he went away laughing heartily at my empty bragadoos," George says, nearly talking aloud in his perturbation, and imperiling the existence of one of the Chelsea china cups—among poor Anne O'Neil's few private treasures—by placing it half over the edge of the table.

"Bingham Lacy knew well enough how very likely I was to find a fair field for winning a wealthy heiress, with anything like honorable dealing!"

And yet—and yet poor Gillian remembers the parting at the white gate in the shrubbery, yesterday morning, and for a few foolish moments of self-delusion she fancied these were no things, but gladness and peace for her, and the light of friendship for her, and the light of George's blue eyes, when he met her again this afternoon.

She is anxious to forget that pleasure of deception as quickly as may be; and as if some idea in her mind bids her to play Irish melodies on her harp.

"As you know, you promised me yesterday morning," she adds, with her winning smile, and a coaxing touch of her little hand on Anne's, "that you would play Irish melodies on her harp."

For short as the time has been, Gillian has discovered already that neither chateleine nor guest in Mount Osory can lay claim to half the credit due to the accomplishedness of the lady who styles herself in her proud humility "One of Lady Damer's waiting-women." Anne plays and sings in three foreign languages. She is good pianiste, and a brilliant performer on both harp and guitar. She sketches from nature, and paints in oils and water-colors. She makes exquisite lace for Lady Damer's adornment, she makes and alters delicate dresses, she is even a seamstress and deputy in a hundred ways; bears the brunt of her temper and her tyrannies as other female martyrs of her class bear from female tyrants, and is rewarded in full by five-and-twenty pounds a year.

"I will play for you with pleasure," Anne says, with the natural cordiality and cheerfulness of her class, but utterly hidden by her, "if you will ask Mr. Archer to sing."

"Now, Anne! Are you utterly merciless?" George exclaims, with an empty bragadoos, "To sing after hot potato-cake?"

"Will you not?" Gillian asks, coldly, but her eyes have deepened and darkened with eager longing and anxiety, and there is an involuntary quiver in the cold voice with those wistful eyes.

George meets the wistful look, and answers it with a smile.

"I will, if you wish," he says, at last, in the tone of the fine harp tone, "Very good," Gillian says, with a chill politeness, for she knows well that even the slight compliment is false.

He is going to sing because of that swift touch of her hand on his shoulder, and her low-muttered words as she stoops to uncover her harp.

The harp is attuned presently, and Anne begins the opening chords of the grand air, "The Lamentations of Anghrim." She plays like one inspired, her eyes flashing, her cheeks pale, her lips crimson, and her strong, proud, handsome face, and the straight, thick, brown eyebrows lowered over the averted eyes.

And then the grave, wondering glance passes from George's face to Anne's. But it receives no enlightenment there.

"Now, this is the very first time you have ever eaten real Irish potato cake, Miss Deane," Anne says, with a bright smile. "You must wish, and if your wish comes to pass, you will either see its fulfillment or a promise of its fulfillment in nine days, providing you keep your wish a secret."

"Indeed," Gillian says, smiling, but her smile is rather constrained; and after a pause she says, looking down and speaking in a grave, formal tone, "I have wished now, and I hope it will come true. I cannot see why it should not."

"Mightn't we guess the wish, Anne? Would that spoil the charm?" Mr. Damer asks, very wistfully. "Upon my word, these cakes of yours are the best I ever cat-barring none. Anne, you made me yourself, I know," Mr. Damer says, taking his fourth triangle. "Eh, Anne? Mightn't we guess Gillian's wish? I think I can, and that it's mighty likely to come true."

"Well, guess it, if you can, Mr. Damer," Gillian says, smiling.

Mr. Damer laughs, and his blue eyes light up, and his bright smile is full of gallantry and admiration as he bows to his Irish cousin with all the easy courtesy of an Irish gentleman of the old school.

Looking at him just now, Gillian can recall, without any surprise, his mother's stories of him in his gay young manhood as "handsome Harry Damer," as he was popularly known through the country side.

"I guess the likeliest wish to come true, my dear," he says smiling, "is that you ever see your meet on your own soil, and that you may meet one worth the winning, to win your own heart in return."

George laughs sarcastically.

"What means that 'ing int'preter'—he says—that Miss Deane must make a great many men miserable before she relents and makes one man happy."

"Couldn't Miss Deane win women's hearts as well as men's, I should like to know?" Mr. Damer says, dryly, and turning on George sharply. "You're only speaking for yourself and your own sex," my dear fellow."

As was most natural, George retorts, rather disagreeably.

"I hope it was not your wish, at all events, Miss Deane?" Anne says, with a curious, intent look. "Why should you have everything given you, when others have—so little?" Gillian crimsoned hotly, and a little flash of temper is in the glance she gives Mr. Damer, but she answers Anne's question with a certain girlish dignity.

poor George thinks, with a swelling heart and pangs of hopeless jealousy. Heaven deliver her from him at all costs! Whatever love his cold, calculating, passionless nature can feel is given away long ago. It is a very different woman to this poor little ewe-lamb who could keep any hold over Lacy's selfish, worldly heart.

"Poor little lamb," George repeats to himself, folding his arms to try and repel the fierce temptation that begins to assail him, "now that you have fallen among wolves, I wonder if—to eat of my meat and to drink of my cup and to be in my besom, like 'the poor man's ewe lamb' in the Bible story—would not be the best fate that can befall you in the dangers around you?"

"What have you done?" he asked, repeating her words. "Nothing—only come amongst us and roused up evil passions and desires in our nature, not because you are young and lovely, but because you are rich! Don't forget that, Miss Deane. You are reputed to be very rich, and your money is a great temptation to us all, greedy for wealth and covetous of gain as Celtic people—Irish people—are apt to be."

"And your money is a temptation to us all here—don't forget that," he says, hoarsely, in a suppressed voice, whilst he stands with wide-open eyes of fear, and pale to her lips, listening breathlessly.

"To Lady Damer, and to her husband, kind and good as he is, and to others as well. They all will be glad to see some share of the wealth you represent; for we Irish people are very poor, and very greedy of money—so our enemies say; and though I speak against the evil friends I have on earth, Miss Deane, in a lover, sadder tone—'though I am placing myself in your power and at your discretion, to be branded as a traitor by those who have been good and kind to me all my life, yet no one can deny that I am a liar. I have told you but the truth, though I know it is a shameful truth.'"

(To be continued.)

HE RECEIVED HIS REWARD.

During a recent convale of railroad magnates in New Orleans something reminded a well-known General Manager of a whimsical story.

"I have a moral to this yarn," he said, "but it happens to be true, and I'll give it to you for what the newspaper boys call 'human interest.' Not long ago the illustrious President of a big manufacturing concern up in Ohio made a speech at a banquet, and to illustrate how seeming misfortune may prove blessings in disguise, he said that he got his start in life through being kicked off an accommodation train in the dead of winter. It was during the hard times of the '80's, he went on to relate, and although he was a skilled mechanic and engineer, but the ticket puncher refused to melt. On the contrary, he pulled the bell rope when they came to the next station, grabbed the unhappy young mechanic and propelled him out of the car with a series of swift kicks. He landed in a snow bank and slept in a freight shed. But next day his chance came.

His Luck Turned.

"A span suddenly gave way in a new iron bridge over a big creek at the edge of the town, and the whole structure threatened to go down before experts could arrive from the builder's foundry. At that critical juncture the stranger jumped into the breach, built a temporary supporting trestle of logs and cross-ties and saved something like \$20,000 worth of work. Of course the bridge people were delighted, and when they saw what a really scientific job he had done they offered the shabby engineer a handsome position in their establishment. From that on his rise was rapid, and in concluding the little tale he laid especial stress on the apparent hopelessness of his position the night he was ejected from the train and made the point that one should never give way to despair. 'If that conductor had carried me on instead of kicking me off,' he said, 'I would have missed the great chance of my life, and might be working now at the pumps. I am really indebted to him for my start in the world, and I have often wished that I could meet him and tell him about it.'"

"This curious little narrative was generally copied by the papers," continued the railroad man, "and one day a conductor in our service came into my office in great excitement and showed me a clipping. 'I'm the very man that put that fellow off,' he declared, and after questioning him a little as to dates and details I concluded he was correct about it. He remembered the incident perfectly, and also recalled the fact that the

'big bridge' at the town had broken the following day, but the subsequent career of his hobnob passenger was something he had never heard of. It filled him with awe and veneration, and he was especially impressed by the generous disposition on the part of the lucky man to attribute his fortune to the circumstance of having been kicked off the train, and his expressed desire to meet the person who did the kicking. After ruminating over the matter for a week or two and reading the speech until he knew it by heart, he concluded it would be wrong to deny the millionaire an opportunity to express his gratitude, and accordingly he applied for a leave of absence to pay him a visit. I granted the leave, got him a pass, and he departed in high feather.

Went for His Reward.

"As soon as he arrived at his destination, according to his own story, he went at once to the manufactory, which was a great deal vaster and more impressive than he had expected. After some delay he was shown into a magnificent private office on the second floor, where a stalwart grey-haired gentleman was seated behind a big mahogany table. The conductor had prepared quite a well-turned and witty little speech of introduction, for he realized, of course, that the millionaire wouldn't know him from Adam's house-plant, but the splendor of the surroundings and the cool, blue eyes of the man himself knocked it all out of his head, and the only thing he could do was to spread the newspaper clipping on the table and blurt out: 'I'm the fellow that put you off, indeed,' said the president, looking at him keenly. 'How do you know?' The conductor stammered over his story, and before he concluded the magnate jumped up, smiling broadly. 'This is a great pleasure,' he said, 'a very great pleasure—something I have been looking forward to for years.' It's mutual, said the conductor, grinning. 'Thanks,' said the manufacturer. 'You noticed, perhaps, in my little speech that I gladly ascribed my start in life to the fact that you kicked me off the cars instead of carrying me to Dayton on that winter night which you recall with such remarkable precision.' 'Yes, I noticed that,' said the conductor, who, without knowing why, suddenly began to feel a curious sense of apprehension. 'Exactly,' pursued the president, rubbing his palms, 'and as far as results were concerned you were, of course, merely an instrument in the hands of Providence. I have returned thanks to Providence in various ways, and think Providence and I are about even. But the kicking,' he went on in the same silky voice which the conductor says made cold chills crawl down the roots of his hair—'the kicking was a personal touch of your own—a sort of humorous embellishment, without which the throwing off of a half-sick, half-clad penniless wretch might have been a little too somber. Let me say, he added musingly, 'it seems to me you were a good deal heavier than I used to weigh 180,' said the conductor, swallowing in his throat, 'but I've run down since.' 'Yes, said the president, politely, 'my own experience was just the reverse: I was greatly run down that night and have since gained considerable weight, which makes things about even at present.' With that he suddenly grabbed the conductor by the collar, whirled him around like lightning, and kicked him all the way down stairs. He landed on the pavement all in a heap,' said the railroad man in conclusion, 'and spent a day debating whether he would bring a damage suit or go gunning for his cruel assailant. At last he decided that he was up against it and had better come home before anything else struck him. He is a hot anarchist now, and says the millionaires have no souls.'—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE ATTIC PHILOSOPHER.

A stopped-up geyser is an ex-spurt in its way.

A wealthy parent may cut off his son without a cent, but he can't cut off the lawyers.

A young lawyer ought to do a few nominal business.

The "right side" of the stock market is usually the outside.

The sweets of married life are not to be found in family jars.

All coons look alike to me," remarked the hungry bird as it swallowed the embryo butterfly.

Some of the hardest work in the world is done by the people who run labor-saving machines.

Generally the person who is fond of a secret is the one who doesn't think enough of it to keep it.

Education is like love, men think they have it until they get to be 40.

At the age of sweet sixteen a woman's rights are several lengths ahead of a man's.

Many a man who is open to conviction manages to escape it by hanging the jury.

Nell—She must be awfully homesick. Belle—Why do you say that? Nell—Oh, I hear she has so many girl friends.