es Oath Of Office

. W. B. McInnes Is cial Secretary and nister of Education

surances of Support Make His Election Sure.

Robertson Will Contest Victoria in Govern- ment Interest.

anoy caused in the provincial the resignation of Mr. Denis was filled yesterday morning . W. W. B. McInnes, member Nanaimo, was sworn in as secretary and minister of ed- he portfolio which Mr. Murphy

ately that Mr. McInnes' ap- was made known by wire to ucents, congratulations and as- of support by telegraph began upon him from the Coal City long the line of the E. & N.

al to the Colonist from Nanai- tes that it is very unlikely McInnes will have any serious in fact it is doubtful if any- enough to risk a deposit will to contest the seat with him. atch says:

, Dec. 1.—Special)—Specula- been rife in the city today as ll be brought up in the district Nanaimo to oppose Mr. Mc- is only political enemy in the e present time is J. H. Haw- ite, Socialist, who is opposed y development where there is attached. Business men here for the Prior government, and nt. The Socialists have not nced the name of the man put up in North Nanaimo, and y doubtful if one can be found illing to take a stand against pment policy of the new gov-

t of election for North Nanai- ssued yesterday, addressed to Haggart, returning officer. The n has been fixed for Thursday, 11, and the voting, if a poll be for December 15.

lling places are: MacKay's Wellington; school house, Na- d school house, English River. Innes leaves for his constitu- morning.

NORTH VICTORIA.

Robertson, of Moresby Island, himself as definitely in the e government interest in North Mr. Robertson is well known opular in all parts of the con- and there is no fear whatever eturned by a handsome major- f the opposition should put up te, which is extremely As president of the Islands al Association, Mr. Robert- lone a great deal towards ad- he interests of the district, and e mainly to his efforts that the district exhibit, which took at the Victoria fair against ce. The writ of election will almost immediately, and the will likely take place before

n Victoria, as in North Nanai- great majority of the electors ly in favor of the progressive the Prior govern- at it will go hard who comes out in

L CHANGE HANDS.

aper Will Likely Pass to New Owners.

Dec. 1.—Customs collections he 11 months ended November n increase of $411,941. rld this morning says there are rrent to the effect that an- onto daily will soon pass into s, which will also control pulp mills.

OAL SHORTAGE.

ts Waiting But Few Loading

Dec. 1.—Word comes from N. Y., that 35 boats are laying rbor there waiting for coal, nly two boats will be able to before the end of the month. ns that transportation of coal n ports has practically ceased r the season.

MAIL SACK LOST.

ed Large Amount in Drafts and Checks.

N. Y., Dec. 1.—The loss of mail containing $14,000 in checks, from the Internation- e office here, and $9,000 in ks and drafts, besides regis- rs from various parties, was nday. The sack was stolen or en the Danville post office and or on the Cincinnati mail

ENERAL PARSONS.

His Views on a Colonial Imperial Force.

N. S., Dec. 1.—Gen. Parsons, r-in-chief of the Imperial Canada, in an address here to- ested the formation of an Im- pnial force with headquarters , the different colonies supply- r the companies. He believed enable the Empire to work the general good of the army.

RENCH STRIKE.

Standstill But No Disturb- ance.

s, Dec. 1.—The port remain- hroughout the day, but many ere loitering about the moles es, where work was almost at a standstill. Vessels ar- n abroad, however, find no n discharging. Three thou- hundred strikers met today ted a manifesto demanding wing companies should cease e as regards French vessels. passed a resolution calling on rs and stokers to abandon n 24 hours under the penalty pronounced the false brother. prevails in the city tonight. and troops are here, and the strongly patrolled, but no- urred here to call for the in- of the military.

UNDLAND ELECTIONS.

Contest Will Be Known Tomorrow.

s, Nfld., Nov. 29.—By-elec- embers of the Colonial legis- being held in Newfoundland the Trinity districts members chosen to succeed Messrs. nd Johnson, who have been o the Supreme bench, and in e verde district a successor ted to Mr. Woods, who was ted postmaster-general. The e balloting will not be known day night.

The First Ladies of the Day.

ELLEN TERRY.

V. By Lady Colin Campbell—All Rights Reserved.

If ever it could be said of another woman than Cleopatra, "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, her infinite variety," that woman is Ellen Terry. The years go by, but fail to impair an iota of her charm; her beauty is as bewitching as ever; her voice, with its mingled tears and laughter, grips your heart-strings as much as if not more than it did twenty years ago. She is an incarnation of sweetest, most wholesome enchantment; her nature is a garden of flowers and sunshine, in which ill-weeds have never taken root, but everything is fair to see, sweet to breathe, and healing in its effect. For it is above everything else Ellen Terry's immense humanity which is the secret of her charm. She is broadly, wholesomely human through and through; ready to sympathize with everyone's joys or sorrows as if they were her own, ready always to see the good side of everybody and everything, ready to make allowances for ordinary human nature, to show the real "Christian" spirit, which so few Christians really possess. It is this broad, intense humanity which renders her so immensely lovable, whether on the stage or off, and makes those who even meet her but once feel as if they had met some friend. Sympathy, affection and generosity emanate from her as fragrance from a flower; and the man or woman who has ever heard an unkind comment or remark fall from Ellen Terry's lips has yet to be found. No wonder, therefore, that she should have been loved by the public ever since she first faced the footlights as "Mamillius" in "The Winter's Tale," when she was eight years old. That was forty-six years ago, and in Ellen Terry's case one need not fear to give these facts and dates, for every year has but added to her fame and increased her extraordinary charm. Even the Times, the great Thunderer, was complimentary to the baby-actress, and said that she played "the boy Mamillius with a vivacious precocity that proves her a worthy relation to her sister." That was in April, 1856; and she played the part for 102 nights, until in October of the same year she made her second appearance as "Puck" in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which we are told "she acted with restless, selfish animation and an evident enjoyment of her own mischievous pranks." This second revival by Charles Kean at the Princess' Theatre ran for 250 performances, and was followed by "King John," in which the child had an opportunity of proving the variety of her dramatic talent. The Daily News wrote of her performance that "the pride, the terror and the love are all thoroughly childish and affecting, from the simplicity with which they are portrayed"; and that very simplicity and absolute naturalness, which are usually so entirely lacking in the ordinary stage-child, have remained the key-note of Ellen Terry's acting all through her long and varied career. It is interesting also to note that even at that early age the critics remarked the "great sweetness, clearness of enunciation, and delicate light and shade" with which she played her part. That clearness of enunciation and beauty of phrasing have ever been one of the greatest charms of her musical utterance, bringing out every word clear-cut, like some beautiful gem, and giving it its full value.

After the long engagement at the Princess' Theatre, Ellen Terry went on tour with her famous sister Kate, under their father's management; after which she reappeared in London in 1861, at what has since been known as the Royalty Theatre in Soho, in a company which included Mr. (now Sir Charles) Wyndham and Mr. W. H. Kendal. The following year the sisters Terry played at Bristol (Ellen played Hero to her sister's Beatrice), other members of the troupe being Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal), Miss Henrietta Hodson (Mrs. Labouchere) and Mr. Charles Coghlan. After years of invaluable experience in the provinces, Ellen Terry made her adult debut in London at the age of 15, in 1863, at the Haymarket, where she played Gertrude in "The Little Treasure," translated from the French comedy, "La Joie de la Maison," in which the famous actor, E. A. Sothern, also appeared. She took the town by storm in this character of a buoyant, impulsive ingenue; but after playing this and other parts (including Desdemona to Walter Montgomery's Othello), her dramatic career seemed to have come suddenly to an end by her marriage in 1864, just before reaching her sixteenth birthday. To try and fetter the bright and beautiful bird with the chains and responsibilities of matrimony at so early an age was an impossibility; and in two years' time the bird had broken out of its cage, and the world at large regained its dramatic star. The end of the following year, 1867, marked a memorable event in her career, for it was during her engagement at the Queen's Theatre that she first played with the eminent actor with whom she has since gathered the great harvest of fame, for here she played Katherine to Irving's Petruchio. Shortly after this she left the stage for six years, only reappearing on it in 1874, when she returned to the Queen's to take the principle roles in Charles Reade's dramas, "The Wandering Heir," and "It's Never too Late to Mend." But Ellen Terry was born to incarnate the women of Shakespeare beyond and before every other part; and her biggest success before she was 30 was her Portia in the Bancroft revival of the "Merchant of Venice" in 1875, at the old Prince of Wales' Theatre, near Tottenham Court road. When one thinks of the magnificent setting that this play has received on the immense stage of the Lyceum, one wonders how the tiny little playhouse off Tottenham Court road could ever have presented it adequately; but there can be no doubt about the immediate and overwhelming success of this new revelation of Portia. "This is indeed the Portia that Shakespeare drew," wrote the critics; and it was above all her intensely natural interpretation of the character which astonished and delighted everybody accustomed to the glitter and "high-falutin'" style, which till then had been thought necessary for every actor or actress to adopt with regard to Shakespeares characters. Various other minor successes in modern plays followed, until once more a great opportunity came to her in the part of Olivia in Mr. G. Wills' adaptation of "The Vicar of Wakefield," which was first given at the Court Theatre under Mr. Hare's management, on March 30, 1878. In her "Stray Memories" the great actress herself tells us that "everyone went Olivia-mad. Mr. Hare produced the play, and stage-managed it in an absolutely perfect manner. The whole thing was a great success, and the best success in it for me was that Mr. Irving heard I acted well in it, and a little later on offered me an engagement when he took the Lyceum Theatre under his own management." One cannot do better than quote her own words as regards that historic occasion, the first of an extraordinary series of successes, brought about by one of the most admirable artistic partnerships ever known in the annals of the stage. "In December, 1878," she says, "I acted once more with Mr. Irving. Not Katherine and Petruchio this time, but Hamlet and Ophelia. It seems a lifetime since that night, the 30th December, 1878. For one reason, I have helped in about thirty plays since then; my work has been constant, my pleasure in the work unbounded. I seem to have made the acquaintance of, and to know quite intimately some noble people. Hamlet and Ophelia, Portia, Benedick and Beatrice, Romeo and Juliet, Viola, the Macbeths, Charles I., and Mr. Wills' Henrietta Maria, a pleasanter acquaintance than the real original lady, I am sure! All this makes me rejoice and wonder how it is that I'm not a superior person. I have dwelt with such very good company. It has all been sunshine, with a mere cloud here and there to give zest to life; and my lines have been laid in pleasant places. How terrible it must be to have to do the work one abhors! Mine only comes hard upon me if I am ill. It is the actor's lot that we must have no moods, and even this is not an unmixed evil. It is strange how excitement will carry one through with work. I have come off the stage and found my shoe full of blood from a nail which had entered my heel on the stage, but I had felt no pain whilst on the scene, although I was laid up from it for a week afterwards. * * * * In the good old days the good old actors only acted every other day. That seems to me an ideal state of things. The present time demands more of us, and so we have had to play every night, and sometimes as many as eight performances a week, without including the various benefits, at which so many actors work for one another."

But in spite of the envious praise she here gives for "the good old times," there never has been a greater apostle of work—and hard work—than Ellen Terry. "From the very first I noticed that Mr. Irving worked more concentratedly than all the other actors put together, and the most important lesson of my working life I learnt from him—that to do one's work well one must work continually, live a life of constant self-denial for that purpose, and in short keep one's nose on the grindstone."

It has been said that in her acting Ellen Terry is always Ellen Terry, and this is true in the sense that the Kohinoor diamond is always the Kohinoor, in whatever setting it may be placed. In each, in any part that she may be playing, we have the lovely voice, the charming presence, the exquisitely graceful bearing and movements, and that intangible and invisible jewel that is her soul and intelligence; but nothing save obtuseness and envy could honestly allege that her acting gives no grasp of character, no dramatic power, nothing beyond artistic personal charm. It is impossible to overrate the intense and sympathetic conviction that her reading of a character conveys to those willing to receive it, or at any rate not prejudiced to resist it. Many years ago a very large charity fete was being given, and one of the attractions was a theatre with half-hour entertainments at intervals. Miss Terry, having a great friend who was interested in the fete and assisting therein, kindly came to give help by buying all the innumerable useless articles which are the peculiar feature of all bazaars. Her appearance was the signal for a determined attack by the management of the little theatre. Would she not do something—recite, read, do a scene? How about the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet"? or the dialogue between Portia and Nerissa? She told them how she disliked reciting, and that she could do none of the things they wanted without assistance; but still they clamored in their desire for the star. "Shall I do a little, Arthur?" she laughingly asked. "Oh, do, please do!" "In this dress?" "What does that matter?" answered the anxious manager. "Then you must do Hubert," she replied, mischievously. "I will read it," he said, "come, we shall fill the house!" They did, for the little theatre was packed at the announcement of her consent. Her friend, amazed at such a scene being presented under such circumstances, stood nervously at the wings, afraid of the effect, even on a friendly audience, of Prince Arthur rendered by a tall lady in a pretty blue lines summer frock, pleading with Hubert, arrayed in an immaculate frock coat, his head bowed over a "Globe" Shakespeare! But as the scene went on, the anxious friend and audience alike forgot the strangeness of the setting. Hubert read perfectly; and soon every heart was beating with anxiety for the little prince's peril and sympathy with the beautiful pleading voice, the lovely upturned face, the gentle clinging hands—

* * * "Will you put out mine eyes? These eyes that never did, nor never shall, So much as frown on you." * * *

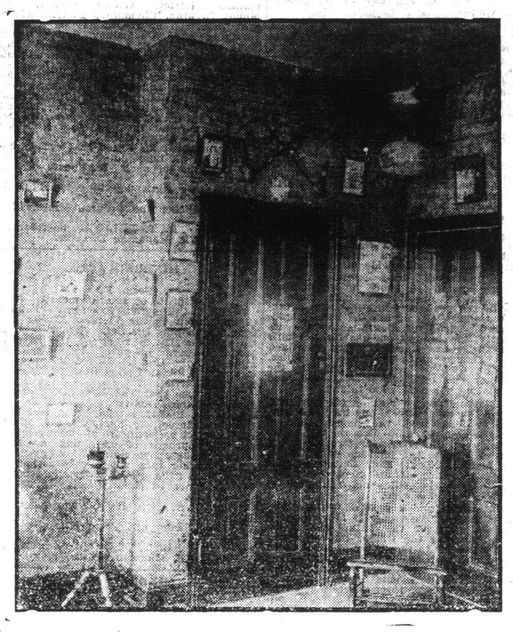
It is safe to say that few other eyes in the little theatre were quite dry, and Hubert's voice was unsteady as he answered: "I have sworn to do it!"

The cult of Ibsen is by no means so strong as it used to be a few years ago; but still as he has yet many followers and imitators, it is interesting to know from her own words what is the opinion of our greatest English actress as regards the creations of the Norwegian playwright. "I am loth to dogmatize on any point," she wrote with that delightful modesty which is so characteristic of her, "but I have received so many letters asking me to state my views on Hedda Gabler that I cannot resist the temptation of speaking my mind outright, though it seems to me that everybody has said everything that can be said about Ibsen's plays. Well, to be frank, I should not myself care to act in them. I consider myself very happy and fortunate in having nearly always been called upon to act very noble, clear characters, since I prefer that kind of part, and love Portia and Beatrice better than Hedda, Nora or any of those silly ladies. Yet Ibsen is attractive to actors, and especially actresses. I think it must be that Ibsen is so extraordinarily easy to act. For instance, how much easier it is to ask naturally for a dirty bonnet to be removed froma a chair than to offer, naturally a kingdom for a horse. Consider the situation, and think of the feverheat that a man would be in before saying, naturally, 'a horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse.' Let anyone try this simple test, and he will know what I mean. * * * Ibsen's characters are drawn in plain, straight strokes, which make it very easy for actors to personate them and 'dress' them, as it were. If only he were more true to reality, and held the mirror up to nature—as she is, streaked white and black, not all black—then I should like to act in his plays, for they give actors immense opportunity. I hear it often said that his plays are so real—natural, true to nature. Very odd, this! They have always struck me as being preposterously unreal—untrue to nature. Ibsen makes his characters converse unnaturally, and that seems their sole source of strength. * * * One cannot do everything. I prefer presenting to an audience and living familiarly with Queen Katherine and Imogen rather than with Dr. Ibsen's foolish women."

Few people will blame such a choice, for Ellen Terry belongs to the ideal few among the human race, great-souled, great-hearted, great-bodied, built in body and mind on generous lines that satisfy both eye and heart and brain, when she moves across the stage with her long, graceful stride, the exquisitely characteristic movements of her hands emphasizing and underlying the music of her lovely voice, in which tears and laughter are ever breaking in on one another in a way that makes her audience thrill with sympathy, hardly knowing why. To think of her embodying the morbid, hysterical, narrow-minded, neurotic degenerates whom Dr. Ibsen draws, alas! so truthfully, would be a sacrilege. It is not that such portraits are unreal or untrue, as she in her healthy optimism declares them to be; they are but too numerous, unfortunately; but Ellen Terry's splendid personality, her superb animal magnetism, her broad humanity and bubbling humor could never be cramped into such pitiful outlines. One has only to think of her most admirable creation of Mistress Page (in the memorable revival at His Majesty's Theatre of "The Merry Wives," when she and Mrs. Kendal played together for the first time since 1862!), and the extraordinarily infectious gaiety which passed clean over the footlights and set even the undemonstrative audience in the stalls jiggling when she led the final farandole in Windsor Forest, to realize that this splendid woman has nothing in common with the neurotic egotists of modern Scandinavian drama. The absence of egotism, the "ignorance of the first person singular" that marks Ellen Terry's dramatic work is intensified in her private life. There is hardly a thought, a word, an action of the day (when not connected with her work) which is not tinged with kindliness for others. The youngest child, the humblest "super" in the theatre in which she works, know the value of her gentle sympathy and ready help. Often at the end of a hard day's rehearsal work, followed by a long, tiring performance at night, instead of listening to those who would urge her to hurry home to rest, she may be seen delaying her departure unreasonably, as regards her own welfare, to listen to the troubles and difficulties of others, and to give all the advice and help that she can command. A shrewd judge and yet more generous critic of the profession, no one has ever heard her say a harsh or unkind thing of another actor or actress. Envy and jealousy are as foreign to her soul as a harsh note to her voice, or an awkward movement to her body. She is silent when she cannot commend, and her nearest friends would never distress her by challenging her direct opinions of what she must condemn. A great-souled, great-hearted artist, a beautiful, gifted, warm-hearted woman, and a faithful friend, Ellen Terry has made the world the brighter for her presence, and found a place in the hearts of the English public, as well as of her private friends, which no one else could ever fill in the same way or to the same extent.

Room Papered With Postage Stamps.

Four walls of a room covered with postage stamps, set in regular order and varnished, is an odd apartment's claim for notice. The room is 18x14 feet and it took 82,944 stamps to paper it. The ceiling is not solidly set with stamps. It is papered with a light wallpaper, and a decorative effect, radiating from a centre made of large stamps of all nations, renders it in keeping with the room.



The work was done by Mr. William W. Wallace, the owner, a lad of 18 years. He lives with his parents in a three-story brick house, and the boy's room is the third-story front.

It took him five years to collect the stamps and more than a year to put them on the wall with flour paste. He shows the room to all his friends with a degree of pride but he says he will never undertake to do another one.

NEW STREET CLEANING MACHINE.

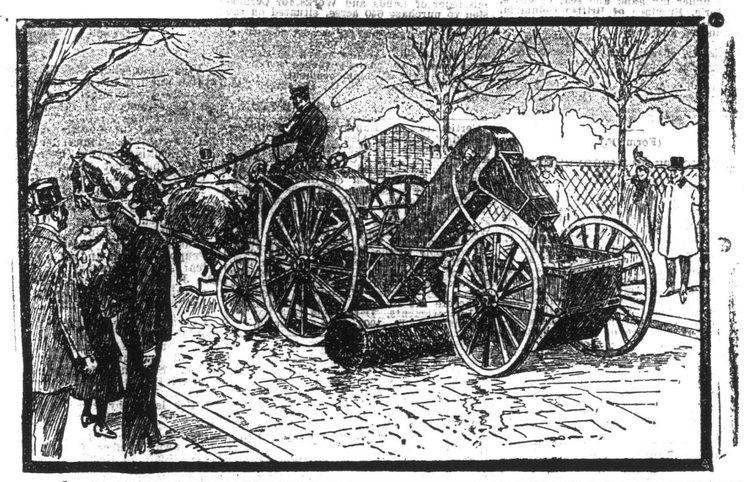
New to street-cleaners is a machine which not only sprinkles streets, but also cleans and sweeps them. It is the invention of an engineer in Dusseldorf, Germany, and it works automatically.

Its component parts are a sprinkling wagon, a dump wagon, and a device for raising dirt from the pavement. The driver, by moving a crank, lowers the brush to the ground, and the moment the machine begins to move, the brush begins to clean and the dirt is raised and thrown into the dump wagon. When the latter is filled it is uncoupled and replaced by another.

As the dirt is raised the street is sprinkled, and in this way dust is avoided. Moreover, various experiments have shown that not only ordinary dirt but also large stones and other weighty objects can be removed from the streets in this manner.

This useful machine will work as well in dry as in wet weather, and the brush is so constructed that it will thoroughly sweep even streets which have numberless curves and depressions. Horses are now drawing machines of this kind in a few German cities, but in the near future they will be replaced by motors.

Experts say that it costs 40 per cent. less to clean streets with this machine than by the ordinary methods.



ENTERPRISE EXPLODED.

During a visit to a western city Mr. William Dean Howells was waited upon by the pastor and Sunday school superintendent of a local church, who were anxious to secure the distinguished novelist to make an address at an entertainment. The plan was to get as much of Mr. Howells' time as he might be imposed upon to give for nothing.

They found the novelest busy, but polite. They introduced themselves with elaborate courtesy. They talked about the church, the novelist, a variety of subjects but without coming to the point. Finally Mr. Howwells, with a shrewd guess as to their errand, turned upon them with:

"Pardon me, gentlemen, is this a pleasure or an enterprise?"

His callers stammered that it was both, but shortly afterwards withdrew. It was only afterward, when they had time to think it over, that they realized how cleverly they had been trapped into a confession.

LONG LAWSUITS.

Frequently several years are required to settle a lawsuit, as every one knows, yet it is certain that even in this respect we have improved upon the methods of our ancestors.

In 1210 the Court of Nevere instituted law proceedings against the town of Nonsy, and they did not come to an end until 1614. Again, the townspeople of Campan and Bagneres de Bigmorre engaged in a lawsuit in 1254, and a decision was not rendered in the case until 1882.

Another remarkable suit is that which began in 1224, the contesting parties being the township of Campan and that of Quatre-Veziaux-de-Ame, for, though it has been tried several times, it is actually still in the courts and no one knows when a decisive verdict will be rendered.

"How did you find the mountains?" "Steep."—Life.

The Amateur Highwayman.

By E. Everett-Green. All Rights Reserved.

"OUR money—or your life!"

He sprang out from the thicket on the crest of the down, and in his hand was a pistol, the gleaming barrel of which looked sufficiently murderous. His face was partially concealed by a black crape mask, from behind which gleamed a pair of wicked-looking dark eyes. Gwendolyn's horse shied at the unexpected apparition; and the rider started at the sound of the words, spoken in a rough and raucous voice. But she was a girl of high spirit, and quickly mastered her horse.

"Your money or your life," spoke the voice again—a voice most certainly disguised—and the pistol was lifted with a threatening air.

"Put that thing down and do not make yourself ridiculous," said the girl with an air of authority. "Tell me, are you really in want of money?"

"Desperately," he answered, "and money I will have, or—"

"You need not threaten. I do not know who you are, or what all this nonsense is about; and I never carry much money out riding. But what I have is at your disposal. Not because you have threatened to shoot me—I know you wouldn't do it—but because you may perhaps want it. I know the world is a curious place."

She drew a little purse from the pocket of her habit, and he stretched out an eager hand. She saw that that hand was white, and not work-hardened. She was very curious as to what manner of man this might be. She did not at once put the purse into his hand. She wished to ask him more of himself.

"Are you in needy circumstances," she asked, "that you take to such desperate measures?"

"I am nearly starving," he answered with sudden fierceness, "and I have not a farthing in my pockets, nor the hope of one unless you give me that purse. I tell you, madam, that when a man has not tasted food for four and twenty hours, he will shoot rather than see the chance of a meal vanishing from his sight."

Gwendolyn reached out her hand, and he came close up to take what it contained. But he got something, too, for which he had not bargained. With a quick and dexterous turn of the wrist she caught the crape mask with the crook of her hunting crop, and whisked it off. The young man uttered a swift and hasty exclamation and clapped his hand, vanishing almost immediately into the brushwood; but she had seen enough.

"I shall know you again, my gentleman, when I meet you—if I meet you again," she said to herself.

Gwendolyn rode home in thoughtful mood. She was the Squire's daughter and only child, and was reckoned not only a beauty, but something of an heiress to boot. She was the idol of her father—a widower—and the great lady of the village and surrounding district. She knew every man, woman and child upon the large estate, and she fancied it would not be difficult to discover something about the strange masked man who had stopped her on the downs. Surely somebody besides herself must have seen him!

She did not mention the matter to her father, who might have taken alarm and set the police on the tracks of the fugitive; but she did make numerous inquiries from the cottagers, especially such as dwelt in the lonelier places and upon the downlands. But nobody appeared to have noticed him. If it had not been that their hands had touched, that her purse had vanished, that she had seen the crape mask lying at her feet when jerked off, she would have been disposed to regard the incident as a dream.

A week later she stood before her long toilet glass dressed for a dinner party at their neighbor Lord Fortescue's. She looked at herself a little critically, and in her cheeks there was a glow of color somewhat deeper than usual. This was not perhaps wonderful under the circumstances; for although little had been spoken on the subject, Gwendolyn very well knew that the family arrangement planned between the two fathers, for her marriage with Viscount Vere—Lord Fortescue's only son—was now being more seriously debated. The young man, who had been away for many years—first at college and then traveling all the world over—had recently come home, and it was felt that the two young people, so suited to each other in age and circumstances, and the prospective owners of adjoining properties, might now very well be brought together, in the hope that they would become mutually attached.

Gwendolyn had not seen Lord Vere since his boyhood. She had been sent abroad for several years to complete her education, and when she returned her mother was slowly dying, and the Squire's house was almost shut up in consequence. The young man was seldom at home. His vacations were spent with college friends, or in sport and travel. Now he had been absent three years from the country, and his letters had been very infrequent. Gwendolyn had the impression that he gave his father some anxiety by his rather reckless expenditure. But she knew very little about him, because he seldom wrote, and then told little of himself and his doings.

Lord Fortescue's daughters were her great friends. One was married, but Lady Margaret and Lady Grace were still at home. They were, she knew, eagerly anxious that she should marry him and become one of the family. For her own part, she scarcely knew what to wish. She was quite resolved never to marry where she could not love; and so far, although she had had several lovers eagerly soliciting her favor, her heart had remained quite untouched.

Fortescue Park was all alive with lights, and carriages were dashing up to the door. It was evidently a large dinner party, and there were guests in the house as well.

Gwendolyn had heard that Lord Vere always brought back companions with him when he appeared at home. When they reached the long drawing-room, where Lady Fortescue stood to welcome them, there seemed already quite a crowd of persons assembled, and the girl had no time to look about her and make out who was who before the announcement of dinner sent her across the hall upon the arm of a neighboring country squire, who was not Lord Vere.

It was when the first entre was being handed that she had a pause of leisure. She was not eating, and her partner was engaged for the moment with the lady on the other side. She gave a glance towards her other neighbor, and was immediately surprised into a violent start. The face was in profile to her. The young man was speaking across the table to a lady opposite. There was a cross-fire of banter passing between him and several persons in his neighborhood. He held his own well. There was a pungency and raciness in his thrust and parry which enchained her attention and provoked little ripples of laughter up and down the table.

Presently, half turning his head, he spoke to Gwendolyn. She did not immediately reply; for she had not yet got over her astonishment. This faultlessly dressed young man, holding his own so aptly before a table-full of guests in Lord Fortescue's house, was without doubt that would-be highwayman, who had accosted her on the downs a few days earlier, demanding her money or her life! She could not be mistaken; she was certain of it. Face, voice, that defiant pose of the head—all were identical. What did it mean? She gave an abstracted answer to his first remark; but he followed it up by another, and almost before she knew what was happening she found herself drawn into one of the most interesting conversations she had ever held in her life.

Although he seemed partly to address himself to Gwendolyn, he never turned to look full at her, and she kept herself a little withdrawn. She did not wish the recognition to be mutual—yet. She could not make up her mind what to think about this paradoxical creature. Admiration and repulsion struggled together for mastery, together with a sense of kindred tastes and sympathy of feeling for which she could have given no warrant. It was instinctive—a thing not to be reasoned about. She was almost angry with herself for the feeling; for this man was guilty of falsehood and deceit, and if his escapade had been just a silly practical joke—well, he ought to be ashamed of himself. She had no patience with such folly.

Divided in mind between perplexity, distaste and a reluctant liking, Gwendolyn followed in the train of ladies back to the drawing room. Almost at once she was pounced upon and carried off into the conservatory by Lady Grace, who eagerly demanded, without waiting for comment or question:

"O Gwen—tell me how you like him? Is he not charming?"

"Charming—who?" she asked. And Grace laughed archly as she replied:

"Why, Vere, of course, you goose?"

"Vere! I haven't seen him yet. We were almost late. Which was he?"

"Gracious! Do you mean to say you did not know each other? It was Vere sat next you on the other side. I saw you talking a lot. Why, Gwen, what are those big eyes about?"

"I didn't know! I hadn't an idea!" spoke Gwendolyn, with a sensation of being absolutely taken aback. "You know we have not met since he was quite a boy. He has changed out of all knowledge. I never guessed."

Then Grace was suddenly called off; but it was not very long before she invaded the conservatory again, and this time she brought in her wake a tall, eagle-faced man, and Gwendolyn felt the color rush to her face and subside into unwonted pallor, as she felt the keen glance of those penetrating eyes scanning her from head to foot.

"I must introduce you properly to one another. Fancy, Vere, you and Gwendolyn sitting next each other all that time and never knowing one another. But you recognize her now?"

The hawk's eye was full upon her face. The clear voice said:

"Oh, yes, I recognize her now."

Grace laughed and nodded and slipped away, and the two were left standing face to face.

"Is it any use my asking your pardon?" spoke the man.

She looked him full in the eyes.

"It was a cowardly thing to do," she said, slowly.

"Cowardly! Do you think I would have hurt you?"

"No; I did not think that all the time; I told you so. But it is a cowardly act to frighten a woman. I was not afraid; I have strong nerves, and I ride a horse that can be trusted to defend me. But some girls might have been scared almost out of their senses. You could not tell it would not be so with me. Therefore I call you coward."

"I will make you unsay that word, if I can—some day," he answered. "Now all that I will say for myself is that I was desperate with hunger."

"You!" There was a fine scorn in her tones.

"Yes, I," he answered. "You can believe me or not, as you choose; but it was the third day that I had subsisted upon nuts and blackberries and such fare as that. I was a desperate man at that moment, whatever you may choose to think."

"What did you do it for?"

"It was this way," he said. "I had not come home; I was staying in the next county with some of the fellows there. We were talking and chaffing together—talking of the good old days that were no more; and I was telling of an experience of mine out West. I scarcely know how it came about, but they dared me to try the same sort of life here. They wagered me that I could not live for a week in this country on the work of my own hands. They told me I should never dare to 'stick up' anybody and demand money. I accepted both wagers. I was a fool, no doubt; but I did. I had a great curiosity to know how the people of this land lived, and whether life were the struggle it is often represented, and I was ass enough not to brook being dared to any reckless act of folly. But what interest has this fool's tale for you?"

"Go on," said Gwendolyn, "it is getting more interesting."

"I did not find it particularly interesting. Farmers laughed at me when I asked for a job. The upshot of it all was that nobody would have anything to do with me. I had been twenty-four hours without food, and was up there in that lonely place, where one could feel that a threat of violence would take effect and be set in a fitting frame."

"So the fitting thing then became to threaten and frighten a woman in that lonely place!"

There was a little smile of mockery upon Gwendolyn's face, which, with her words, seemed to sting him to the quick.

"I was getting pretty desperate then," he replied, throwing back his head. "If you knew what real ravenous hunger was like, perhaps you would understand. I heard a horse. I had been dozing from exhaustion; my eyes were just a little dazed. I sprang out without any real certainty as to what I was doing. I had been dreaming—between sleeping and waking—of the thing I had resolved upon. The rest you know."

"And so you won your wager?"

"Yes; but for your purse I might not have been believed, but I had that as evidence—a dainty purse with initials stamped upon it. Do you wish for it back?"

He spoke with a sudden abruptness. His hand was thrust into his vest. Gwendolyn held her head a little high as she answered:

"I had not thought of asking for it back."

"Then I will keep it," he said, looking her full in the eyes. "I will keep it as a trophy and a memento."

She made no reply, but moved away from him towards the drawing room. He stood aside and let her pass.

That was the beginning of the acquaintance, which followed an erratic course in the days to come. Gwendolyn could never be certain whether Lord Vere most attracted or most repelled her. Something in his quiet air of mastery, something in his cool assumption of a bond between them—a something known only to themselves—produced a curious sense of irritation and revolt. At other times she was conscious of attraction, admiration, wonder. He was not like other men. He had ways of thinking and of speaking which differed from the standards about him. He dominated her imagination. She found herself frequently thinking about him, speculating upon what he would say and do under certain conditions.

She knew that all sorts of speculation was going on about him. Some of the people round declared that he was courting her; but Gwendolyn was conscious of no wooing in his manner and address. Others declared that he was already married, and had a wife somewhere abroad; others, again, that he was in love with beautiful Lady Walters, the young widow of a neighboring deceased baronet.

The hunting season was in full swing. The Squire was always in the field, and he was never so happy as when Gwendolyn was by his side. He had given her two fine new hunters, in addition to her old and tried favorite; and there was no better mounted couple in the field than the Squire and his beautiful daughter.

Viscount Vere had joined the hunt and was seldom missing, and was generally one of those in at the death. He was a magnificent rider, magnificently mounted. His dash and verve were only equalled by his sagacity and quick power of judgment, which astonished the huntsman and whips not a little. He and Gwendolyn were frequently thrown considerably together during these long days in the saddle. She was conscious of his presence; she knew that both she and her father were becoming habituated to follow his lead. She thought he seemed to seek them out, but though they undoubtedly gravitated together, he never spoke one word of love, or played the wooer in any way. Sometimes she told herself that she was glad of this; at others she felt a curious sense of heart-hunger and pain which she found entirely incomprehensible.

Then came that terrible and never-to-be-forgotten day when her father's horse made a terrible blunder crossing an awkward water jump on boggy ground, and she saw him lying almost under the maddened and terrified beast, which was kicking and plunging in its fright like a veritable fury.

No one could approach save at the risk of his life; but it was not a moment before the brute was grappled with by a pair of arms whose muscles were as bands of steel. The horse was so dexterously managed that it was pulled to its feet before its iron-shod hoofs had touched the prostrate figure on the ground, though a few seconds before it seemed as if nothing could save the Squire from having his brains kicked out by the terrified lashings of the fallen creature.

"Take him home quietly, but he's got nothing worse than a shaking," said the doctor, who had hastily ridden up to the trembling Gwendolyn; and her thankfulness was so great that the tears ran down her cheeks, and she must needs turn away to hide them.

That same evening Lord Vere rode up to the Hall—brought thither by a note from Gwendolyn herself. When he entered the dim drawing room it was to see the Squire fast asleep in his chair, and Gwendolyn advancing down the long room towards him.

She uttered a quick little exclamation of dismay, for his arm was in a sling.

"You are hurt?"

"It is nothing—just a sprain. A week's rest will set it straight. Your father—how is he?"

"Only shaken—not hurt. Just a little stiff and bruised; but he will not even stay in bed. He is by the fire there—asleep."

He would have moved on; but she stood before him stiff and straight. He looked at her; her face was full of intense emotion.

"Lord Vere, I called you a coward once. I want to take back that word. Will you forgive me?"

"Miss Rivers, I played you an unwarrantable and even a cowardly trick one day. Will you forgive me?"

Their hands met. Gwendolyn's heart was beating to suffocation. Something in his eyes made hers fall before them.

"Gwendolyn, the first words I spoke to you that day were these: 'Your money or your life!' You gave me the one then; now I have come to ask for the other."

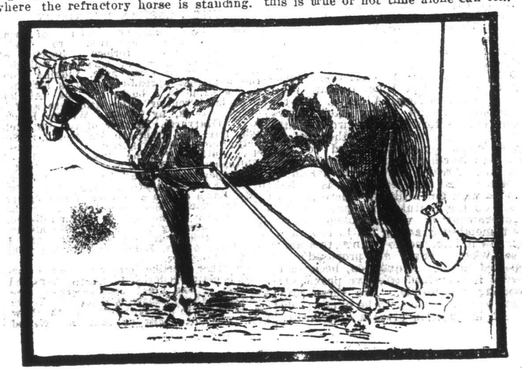
Her heart beat yet more furiously; she could not utter a word.

"I played the robber badly enough that day; but I am going to play it better now. I was half-hearted—an amateur—then. Now I am neither; but I am a desperate man still—a hungry man, Gwendolyn, I am starving for love. I love you—I love you, my beautiful lady. I must have you for my very own. I must steal you away, for by rights you are mine, Gwendolyn; will you be my wife?"

Fearlessly then she looked into his eyes; she lifted her lips to him and answered, "Yes."

A Cure for Kicking Horses.

Many horses have an ugly habit of kicking when in their stalls, and apparently no method has yet been found by which they can be effectually cured of this habit. Here, however, is a plan which was recently tested in Germany, and which is said to have proven effective in every case.

All that is necessary is to hang a bag of sand or gravel from the ceiling of the stable in such a manner that the bag will be a little distant behind where the refractory horse is standing. Whenever he kicks he will strike the bag, and in return will receive a smart blow from it, which he will remember.

It may take a few days to impress upon his mind that he will always be rewarded for his unmannerly conduct in this manner, but unless he is exceedingly stupid he will quickly learn the lesson, and then the bag may be removed. It is asserted that a horse once cured in this manner will never again think of kicking, but whether this is true or not time alone can tell.