

The Rose of Wentworth

"Yes, miss; it was the White Star, and she was bound from Calcutta, India, to England."

Arley started, and a cry escaped her; it was the same vessel on which, it was supposed, she had sailed with her nurse for England over some eighteen years ago; and thus it became evident that there were two children of about the same age on board that ill-fated steamer. There might have been more—she did not know; but she was quite sure now that both Ina and herself had been among the passengers, and while Ina had drifted into the hands of those rude sailors of the White Star, mistaken for her, and thus sent to Dr. McAllister, of London.

Something within her told her that she belonged to the beautiful woman to whom that story she has just listened—something aside from the strong resemblance to her of which the two girls had spoken; and she felt that at last she held a clue, though a very faint one, to the mystery of her parentage.

It was very unsatisfactory, however, and she would not be diligent in order to make it of the least avail, but she was impossible with her, she might never get beyond this point.

"I believe you have been telling me about your own father and mother," she said in a trembling voice to the woman.

"Land alive, miss, ye don't mean it!" was the astonished rejoinder, while the burly John leaned forward, wonder depicted on his face.

"Yes, I feel quite sure of it," Arley said; "but, oh, if you could only tell me their names, the way out of this puzzle would be comparatively easy."

Then she told them something of her own life, for she felt it was due to them after their courtesy to her.

"It is all like a story, miss, and it will come out right at last, never fear," said John, "and," he added, "all ye've got to do when ye go back to England is to hunt up the captain of the White Star, if he's livin', and the rest'll be easy enough."

"If he's living?" Yes, that was it; if the steamer had been wrecked it would be more probable that the captain had gone down with her, and thus the sequel to her secret remain forever buried in the deep waters of the ocean.

Arley heaved a sigh, but she looked into the faces before her with a smile and asked:

"Will you kindly tell me your name?"

"My name?" Sartin, miss. It's Jane Collins, and it's one I've never had reason to be ashamed of, either; was the satisfied reply, while the honest creature bestowed an affectionate glance upon her husband.

"John here has been a good man to me," she added, "and we've been middlin' prosperous in this world's goods, and we've roved the world pretty much over together, first and last."

"Shall you go back to England, soon?" Arley inquired, with a sudden heart-bound, and feeling that she could trust herself with these rough, but evidently honest people, more fully, perhaps, than she could with others who might be wiser in the ways of the world.

"Yes, miss. The Rocket—that's the

vessel John's mate aboard and I'm stewardess—starts on her homeward voyage next week, of a Wednesday."

"Would you let me go with you?" Could I obtain a passport in the vessel?" Arley asked eagerly, while her voice trembled with the earnestness of her plea.

"A sailin' vessel ain't no kind of a place for a delicate young lady like ye," Jane Collins remarked doubtfully as she eyed Arley's dainty figure, from tip to toe.

"Oh, I would not mind the vessel, if I only might go home; and, somehow, I feel as if I should be very safe with you and your husband," Arley said, while tears of entreaty actually gathered in her eyes.

Jane bestowed a grateful look on her as she said this; then she replied: "Sure, miss, we'd do the best we could for ye if ye did go, but we are all in the Lord's hands. What d'ye say, John?" and she turned a questioning glance upon her husband.

"Reckon we can fix it somehow," he returned laconically.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," Arley murmured, and the sweet brown eyes brimmed over with the glittering drops that told how intense her longings after England and home.

CHAPTER XX.

"I fear you will think me very foolish," Jane told, trying to smile through her tears, "but, indeed, I am very anxious to go home."

"Sure, miss, I've been somesick myself afore now," Mrs. Collins replied sympathetically.

"I do not like to tell you about it here," Arley replied, looking furtively around, as if she feared someone might be within hearing. "Could you come to my lodging some time tomorrow or the next day? Then I will tell you more about how I am situated, and why I am so anxious to secure an escort back to England."

Yes, Mrs. Collins said, she would come tomorrow, and Arley gave her the address; then, thanking her for her kindness, she took leave of them both and returned to her lodging quite content with her day's work, even though she had failed to see the consul.

On entering the room, however, she was dismayed at the state in which she found it.

She knew she had left it in perfect order when she went out. Now her closet door stood wide open, and her clothing appeared to have been tossed about. Her writing-desk was also open, and her papers scattered about in confusion. Her trunk, likewise, had been tampered with, for its contents had been roughly turned over and left in a disordered state.

But after a hasty glance at these things she turned to her dressing-case, a look of great anxiety on her face. The upper drawer was partially drawn out, but she knew that she had been careful to lock it and put the key in her purse before going out.

With a cry of dismay she sprang forward, drew it further out, and looked into it.

Her face, and even her lips, turned ghastly pale as she did so; her eyes stared wildly at the vacant spot within it for a moment; then, with a despairing moan, she dropped upon her knees, leaning her head against the drawer, sobbing as if her heart were broken.

Her jewel box was gone, and it contained all that she had except what she had worn that morning.

Her diamonds were, of course, more valuable than anything else, and she had saved them by wearing them; but

there were many things which she had prized very highly in the cabinet, and it was very trying to have them stolen from her.

Still, she could have borne even this with fortitude, but for one thing; in one of the compartments pinned to the velvet cushion, there was the hundred-pound note which Miss McAllister had given her on her wedding day, and which she had carefully preserved through everything for a case of emergency.

(To be Continued.)

BUDD DOBLE'S KINNEY LOU WON THE EMPIRE STAKES

Montrose Won \$10,000 Purse at Saratoga—The Belleville Races—General Sport.

After an absence of eight years from the race tracks as a trainer and driver, Budd Doble made his reappearance on the turf last week at Cleveland, and with the trotter The Roman he won a race, showing the same fine reinsmanship and good judgment that placed him at the head of the profession early in his career. Although it was 40 years ago that Doble began driving race-horses, he does not look like an old man. Few who will see him this week at Kenilworth would place him at over 50, and as a matter of fact he looks younger than most men of 50.

It was 38 years ago that Doble was first seen in Toronto, when he won a race with Dexter against Geo. M. Patchen, Jun., and Rolla Goldsmith. The purse was \$5,750 and the fastest heat was 2:25. The next year he came again to Buffalo with Dexter and with him placed the world's trotting record at 2:17 1/2. Since then he has driven two other trotters to the world's record, Goldsmith Maid in 2:14 in 1874 and Nancy Hanks in 2:04 in 1892.

Up to the 1st of August, within two months of the schedule, and a lot of postponed games still to be played, there were sixteen games in the American League and seven in the National at which were won by the lowest possible score, 1 to 0, says the Chicago Tribune. Seventeen games in the American and eight in the National were won by scores of 2 to 1. In the two big leagues there were 38 shut outs recorded, in one of which neither team scored a run in ten innings, and in the same league there were 58 games in which one team made three hits or less.

These figures for a little over three-fifths of the present playing season exceeded by considerable the records of similar performances in both big leagues for all of last year. Yet there are those who claim the foul strike rule does not handicap the batter to any great extent, and that there is as much batting as before the rule was concocted. In games where only one run is made or in which one team scores none at all there is presumably a minimum of action, particularly as fewer bases are being given this year than ever. The public doesn't object to the

foul strike itself, but it does object to the lifelessness of many of these games in which there is no chance for action. The magnates must find some way to put on the pitcher mighty soon to liven up the games and hold the interest of the fans. Will they set the lifelessness of many of these games drive a lot of good pitchers out of the business needlessly or will they rescind the foul strike rule and make the umpire prevent unnecessary delays through fouling off good balls?

Dr. J. Lee Richmond, of Toledo, Ohio, who made such a good showing in the western golf tournament at Cleveland, became famous in a day some 25 years ago by pitching the old Chicago White Stockings out without a run, his "reach first base" in an exhibition game with the Worcester, Mass., team. Richmond was a Brown University student at the time and had been called up from Providence by telegram to pitch the game. One result of Richmond's showing was that Worcester, which was the National League's ensuing season, but there Richmond met with only indifferent success and soon retired from baseball. He tried it again in 1887 with one of the old American Association teams, but did not achieve success. Richmond is now a successful physician. Richmond should get up a match with John M. Ward, who, by the way, appeared on the professional baseball horizon about the same time, but shone longer and brighter.

There is little to say that has not already been said about the merits of Jeffries and Corbett. The champion has the advantage in every respect except science, and Corbett is better in that department. It must necessarily be a battle of strength against skill, and the odds favor Corbett.

A comparison of measurements of two fighters ordinarily shows little, but in the case of Jeffries and Corbett the following table will give an idea of the greater strength of the champion:

Corbett. Height, 6 feet 10 inches. Weight, 175 pounds. Chest, 44 inches. Neck, 15 inches. Forearm, 14 inches. Wrist, 9 inches. Hand, 8 inches. Foot, 11 inches. Arm, 33 inches. Leg, 42 inches. Thigh, 24 inches. Calf, 16 inches. Ankle, 11 inches.

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Some capital is now being made of the fact that Jeffries has never quit

drinking. The champion still likes a cold bottle with his dinner and takes it on the face of it the statement sounds bad, but Jeffries has always used some wine while training, and it is therefore nothing new with him. He uses wine with the consent of Trainer Billy Delaney, who thinks that it does the champion no harm.

THE TURF.

AT SARATOGA.

Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 12.—A big crowd witnessed today's racing on a track sticky, due to the downpour of yesterday afternoon. The United States stake of \$10,000 was won by R. T. Wilson's Montrose. Nine 2-year-olds went to the post. They ran well bunched into the stretch, where Montrose had it out with Mr. Whitely's Reliance, and John W. Schorr's Moharib. Ambrose Clarke rode Rowdy to victory in the steeplechase for gentlemen riders over the short course.

Summary: First race, 5 1/2 furlongs—Hippocampus, 10 (Barnes), 11 to 5 and 1; 2, 1; 3, 1; 4, 1; 5, 1; 6, 1; 7, 1; 8, 1; 9, 1; 10, 1; 11, 1; 12, 1; 13, 1; 14, 1; 15, 1; 16, 1; 17, 1; 18, 1; 19, 1; 20, 1; 21, 1; 22, 1; 23, 1; 24, 1; 25, 1; 26, 1; 27, 1; 28, 1; 29, 1; 30, 1; 31, 1; 32, 1; 33, 1; 34, 1; 35, 1; 36, 1; 37, 1; 38, 1; 39, 1; 40, 1; 41, 1; 42, 1; 43, 1; 44, 1; 45, 1; 46, 1; 47, 1; 48, 1; 49, 1; 50, 1; 51, 1; 52, 1; 53, 1; 54, 1; 55, 1; 56, 1; 57, 1; 58, 1; 59, 1; 60, 1; 61, 1; 62, 1; 63, 1; 64, 1; 65, 1; 66, 1; 67, 1; 68, 1; 69, 1; 70, 1; 71, 1; 72, 1; 73, 1; 74, 1; 75, 1; 76, 1; 77, 1; 78, 1; 79, 1; 80, 1; 81, 1; 82, 1; 83, 1; 84, 1; 85, 1; 86, 1; 87, 1; 88, 1; 89, 1; 90, 1; 91, 1; 92, 1; 93, 1; 94, 1; 95, 1; 96, 1; 97, 1; 98, 1; 99, 1; 100, 1; 101, 1; 102, 1; 103, 1; 104, 1; 105, 1; 106, 1; 107, 1; 108, 1; 109, 1; 110, 1; 111, 1; 112, 1; 113, 1; 114, 1; 115, 1; 116, 1; 117, 1; 118, 1; 119, 1; 120, 1; 121, 1; 122, 1; 123, 1; 124, 1; 125, 1; 126, 1; 127, 1; 128, 1; 129, 1; 130, 1; 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