

# A Woman's Treachery

Another burst of weeping prevented his hearing Catherine's gentle explanation. And Kate was not anxious to exculpate herself from an unjust charge; indeed, after once giving her little, meek explanation, she never thought of it again—she only thought of his agony of regret, and only wished to soothe it. He still held her wrist, unconsciously straining it in the strength of his emotion, until it pained her severely. But she did not care for that; she did not even feel it; she only cared to see him weep so convulsively, and losing all self-consciousness, and with it all reserve, she threw her arm around him, and, dropping her head against him most tenderly, most lovingly, she said:

"Oh, do not grieve so! See how calm and cheerful she is! Try to emulate her calmness!"

"I loved her, Kate! I loved her more than ever son loved mother before! I loved her more even than I ever loved you, Kate!"

This was Clifton's first declaration to Catherine, and a strange time, place and circumstance. "I loved her more than I ever loved you, Kate!"

But it did not seem strange to Catherine. It seemed perfectly natural: It did not startle her.

"I know you do. Don't you know that I would willingly give my life for hers, if I could restore her, in health, to your affections?"

"And yet you did not even write to let me know she was ill! It was bitterly wrong!"

"I told you, but you did not hear me, that she would not permit me to write! she did not wish to give you pain, or to interfere with your arrangements for the year."

"Catherine, that does not excuse you! Could not your own heart have told you how precious, how inestimable to me would have been every hour of her company? Could you not have written to me secretly?"

"I never did anything secretly in my life. Besides, I could not have had a secret from her, so open, so noble as she is. No, I proposed to write for you to come home. I entreated permission to do so. I would not have deceived her for the world."

"Then I have been unkind to you, but you will pardon me when you see how thoroughly weakened and unmanned I am!"

The gust of sorrow was over, and Kate, with sudden self-recollection, withdrew herself from him, and hastened down-stairs, and the thought of her transient self-forgetfulness rendered the girl even sadder than ever.

And when he entered the parlor, an hour after, no one would have suspected from his animated face the existence of the sorrow that lay subdued at the bottom of his heart.

After dinner Catherine thought it best to leave the mother and son alone to enjoy more fully their reunion.

"How pretty and ladylike Catherine is growing," said Major Clifton looking after her, addressing his mother.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Clifton, "ladylike. Kate will never be pretty; but if she be 'blest to her mind,' she will be more; she will be handsome."

After spending a long afternoon with his mother, Major Clifton went over to White Cliffs, to pay his respects to Mrs. Georgia. Most happily for all concerned, Georgia had just left home for a visit of some weeks in Richmond. He returned and spent the evening with the ladies at Hardbargin.

The next morning found Mrs. Clifton very much better—and in the evening she rode out, accompanied by Major Clifton and Catherine. Mrs. Clifton's cheerfulness infected all the party. Her decline was so gradual that she never took to her bed—but when weakest, sat in the easy-chair, often with a little light knitting in her hands, while she conversed with Catherine and Major Clifton or listened while one of them read or both sang. There never were more pleasant, serene days, than these of the invalid's gentle decay. It was genial, pensive autumn; the fall of the leaf without the house, and the fall of the leaf within.

Catherine was now the housekeeper. She had so gradually slid into this office that she scarcely knew, at what time its whole burden had accumulated upon her. One morning, while Catherine was in the stercorom giving out meal and bacon to the negroes, Mrs. Clifton and Major Clifton occupied the parlor alone. He had been reading to her, but she had dropped her knitting, and was sitting back with a look of weariness.

The lady was silent for a little while. After some little thought, she raised her eyes until they met his own, and, looking at him full in the face, she asked:

"When are you going to marry Catherine, Archer?"

Major Clifton started, violently, and looked at the lady in silent astonishment.

"Nay, pray answer me—my question is an earnest one."

"My dear madam, you have taken me by surprise!"

"You did not open the subject to me, therefore, feeling more anxious upon that matter than upon any other on earth, I am forced to broach it to you. But you have not answered my question yet."

"Dear madam—what—exactly—was it?"

"When are you going to marry Catherine?"

"Upon my honor I have no intention of marrying Catherine; nor have I ever given her reason to suppose so."

"I had hoped otherwise," said the lady relapsing into silence, while Major Clifton subsided into painful thought. The dark suspicions insinuated by Mrs. Georgia again arose in his mind, and he said indignantly to himself: "It is not true! I can never believe her to be a frigate. Georgia is mistaken—Georgia's grateful interest in my welfare leads her to unjust suspicions of others. Kate is noble-hearted—Kate is true—is true itself. It would be misery to believe otherwise."

Mrs. Clifton interrupted his self-communion, by saying:

"Well, Archer, since you have no intention of marrying Catherine, you can have no reasonable ground of objection to her union with another?"

He looked up in surprise, but soon the startled expression subsided into calmness, and he replied coolly:

"Catherine's union with another involves an impossibility."

"I know you feel perfectly secure of this sweet girl, and that is the reason why you take things so coolly and listen to your pride. It is not as you think. You are not forever secure of Catherine. If you hesitate between your pride and love, she will naturally arrive at the conclusion that many a generous-hearted woman has come to before her, and say to herself, 'Well, I cannot be happy myself, but I can make someone else happy,' and, being scorned by one she loves, give herself away to one who loves her."

Major Clifton started to his feet, with all the dark side of his character uppermost, exclaiming:

"I would stop such a marriage at the altar! Catherine is mine, or nobody's. She could not repel my claim."

"Archer, do not excite yourself or me. I am in a dying state."

"Dear madam, forgive me; but why introduce this subject? I have had conflict enough in my own bosom about it. I love her jealously, fiercely; but there are objections and difficulties. There is time enough. Kate is very young yet."

"But you are not very young, Archer."

"I know it, dear madam. I have arrived at that age at which men do not make imprudent marriages for love."

"But when they too often make unhappy marriages of convenience. Dear Archer, it is a false and sinful principle that keeps you and Catherine apart. Will you spoil two lives by your pride? Your hesitation between inclination and prejudice weakens you and destroys her."

"Well, I suppose they are prejudices, but just think of the horror of having Carl Kavanagh for a brother-in-law, and being called 'uncle' by his ragged progeny!"

"Oh, Archer, your inhumanity shocks me!"

"Don't you see, besides, if I should marry Catherine, and introduce her into society, the first question would be, 'Who is she?' and the answer, 'The sister of one of his farm-labors,' would expose us to contempt."

"Archer! Archer! can it be that you weigh these falsities with the deep realities of life?"

"It is a deplorable thing, indeed, that a girl of such noble nature should come of such ignoble parentage."

"No, it is a congratulatory thing! Archer, you will find more moral worth, more mental worth, among the so-called lower classes than among the higher. Look at some of their brows, of Shakespearean height and breadth. And I tell you, with all their disadvantages, the lower classes will give to our republic the greatest of her future great men."

"Archer! Archer! can it be that you weigh these falsities with the deep realities of life?"

"My dear mother, the objections I have advanced have arisen in my mind, from time to time, giving me much pain. I wished to hold them up before myself, as I have just done, in order to see what they really consisted of. I have seen them in their ugliest light, and they will not deter me from taking to my heart the girl I love. I have weighed them. I will marry her. I will go and tell her so now. And the ceremony shall be performed whenever you think proper."

"Whenever Kate thinks proper, my dear Archer," replied the lady, smiling.

A servant entered, and delivered a note to Major Clifton from Mrs. Georgia, announcing her return to White Cliffs, and begging the company of Major Clifton to tea that evening.

CHAPTER XXX.

Major Clifton held the note between his finger and thumb, in a fit of abstraction; a pleasant smile dwelt on his face.

"Well, are you not going to answer?" asked Mrs. Clifton, adding, "the servant waits."

"Oh! answer it! yes! what is it about?" he exclaimed. Then he arose, and penned a hasty excuse. "No, I cannot leave home this evening. I wish to have a good, confidential talk with my little Kate. How much I have to say to her, how much to draw from her, if I can. What a prison delivery of thought and emotion it must be on both sides, if I can get her to talk! But she is so shy, except when under some strong, disinterested feeling for another. Move her sympathies, and she forgets herself and loses all reserve."

"Yes, very, very shy to you, Kate's heart and brain are sealed volumes to you. It will require the easy intimacy of long companionship to find out all her excellencies. Her husband will love and esteem her far more dearly and highly than ever lover has done—but hush, here she comes."

Catherine entered from her morning's household duties, with her little basket of keys hanging on her arm.

"Come hither, dear Kate," said Major Clifton, holding out his hand. Catherine quietly went to his side. He encircled her waist with his arm, and holding both her hands captive in his own, looked fondly in her face till she dropped her eyes in confusion, then he said: "Dear Kate, my mother, who loves you almost as much as I do, wants to know when you will make us both happy by becoming my wife and her daughter."

He paused for an answer, never removing his eyes from their gaze upon her glowing cheek.

"Yes, I am very anxious to know," said Mrs. Clifton, and she also paused for a reply.

Catherine, in extreme confusion, glanced from one to the other, finally dropped her eyes again.

"Come, dearest Kate, it is but a word—some day in the week whispered very low," said Major Clifton, in her ear.

"Yes, let it be soon. My time is short, Kate, and I want to bless your marriage."

"Come, Kate, if you cannot speak, give me one of your short, quick nods. Come, this is Saturday—shall we be married to-morrow?" Catherine, whose heart had been filling all this time, now burst into tears. He drew her head upon his shoulder, where she sobbed awhile, until he stooped and whispered: "Dear Catherine, try to calm yourself—do you not see how you excite our mother? Go to her, and both together arrange all these matters as mother and daughter should. She will let me know the result," and tenderly withdrawing his arm he stood her beside Mrs. Clifton's easy chair, and arose and took his hat and left the room. Kate sank down by the side of Mrs. Clifton, and dropping her head upon the lady's lap, wept afresh.

The gentle invalid put her hands upon the maiden's shoulders caressingly, but did not seek to arrest the current of her emotion.

The fit of emotion exhausted itself, and she lifted up her face, wiped her eyes, and said:

"Lady—"

"Call me mother, Kate."

"Mother, dearest mother! do you think he mistook me?"

"How, Kate?"

"I couldn't speak! Indeed, indeed, I could not. But I want you to tell him, mother, how grateful I am, and how happy! Tell him for I never can, how much and how long I have loved him. My heart has been single to him ever since I first knew him. I will try to make him a good time—indeed, indeed I will. And where my weakness or my ignorance fails, I will pray to Heaven daily for more strength and light. Oh! I know what a sacrifice of pride and prejudice he has made for love of me—tell him so, mother, and tell him—"

"He has made no sacrifice. And if he had, you are worth it all, all—his wealth, rank, position, pride and all! Be true to yourself."

"What can I bring him but my love and my duty—all my love and all my duty!"

"And do you undervalue these, Kate? Why, they are the treasures of treasures. And you would judge them so in another's case. I am so anxious to see you the wife of Archer. And I wish to enjoy that pleasure as long as I can—when shall it be?"

"Mother, you and he have made me what I am—now what can I do but give back myself and my life to you? Dear mother, fix it as you will; I shall be happy, any way."

"Thursday, Kate!"

"Yes, Thursday, dear mother."

The lady then embraced and dismissed her, and settled herself back in her chair to take a necessary nap.

Catherine left the parlor in that half-blissful, half-fearful trance that falls upon one when the great life's desire and hope is about to be realized—happy beyond measure, but somewhat incredulous that this could be really fact. Major Clifton was standing within the open front door, looking out upon the glorious autumn landscape and the changing foliage of the trees. But he turned to Catherine, with a buoyant smile and step, and led her out upon the piazza.

The habitually grave Archer Clifton was almost gay. He was in that happy state of mind that all will recognize who have ever had a severe, long-standing moral conflict brought to end, in which the reason, conscience and heart are all satisfied. A fine, vigorous, healthful joyousness had taken the place of all reserve. So great and happy was this change that Catherine felt no more the strange, shy fear of him that had ever placed her at such disadvantage in his presence. He led her to a shaded seat at the end of a piazza, where there were no intruders. And there he poured out the long-boarded mysteries of his heart, until successively the sun went down, and the stars came out. And still he talked, not even heeding the approach of a servant, until Henry's voice was heard, asking Miss Kate to come and give out tea and sugar for supper. Then he arose, and half-unmindful of the presence of the maid, he said:

"This is very, sweet, dear Kate; very, very sweet—to be able to say to you everything without reserve. When will you show me your heart?"

The next day Major Clifton rode over to White Cliffs.

The beauty received him with unrestrained joy; but in the conversation, reverted to what she called "The intricacies of that low-born manoeuvrer, Miss Kavanagh."

It gave Major Clifton great pain to hear Catherine traduced, but he believed Mrs. Georgia to be perfectly sincere in her opinion, and only the victim of a mistake. He told the lady so, adding:

"I am about to give Miss Kavanagh the highest proof of confidence that one can place in a woman. I am about to take her for my life's bosom friend. We shall be married in five days."

Had a bullet sped through her heart, she could not have given a more agonized bound. Then she struck both hands to her temples, started hastily half across the floor, paused, and suddenly cried out:

"You shall not do it! By my soul, you shall not do it! You never, never shall become the dupe of that woman! I have entered the lists with her. I mean, that to save you, I have done so, and before I leave them I will prove her false and treacherous."

Major Clifton gazed upon her in wonder. The strong emotion that she had exhibited imposed upon him, for there was no doubting its reality; and far from suspecting its cause, an unhallowed passion for himself, he ascribed it solely to her strong conviction of Catherine's unworthiness, and to her disinterested regard for his own welfare. And when she came and threw herself upon the sofa beside him, and besought, with all the eloquence that passion and the demon could lend her, that he would pause and not hurry on to his ruin, his confidence in Catherine's integrity was shaken to the foundation. If love has the divine power of transfiguring its object until faults are excellencies, suspicion possesses the demonic faculty of deforming its victim until virtues seem vices, and under its influence the highest and best gifts of the maiden, her intellect, virtues, and graces were turned against her; her talent seemed intriguing art; her meekness and humility became meanness and sycophancy; her piety, hypocrisy.

It was well that on his return he met Catherine only in his mother's presence, where deep regard for the lady constrained him into something like forbearance; though even then his moody manner excited some uneasiness in the bosoms of the two ladies. When Catherine left the room to order dinner, the conversation that ensued tended to strengthen his newly revived suspicions. Mrs. Clifton told him, that with his consent she would like to leave the farm of Hardbargin to Catherine, as a testimony of her esteem and affection.

"For you know, my dear Archer, that the estate of White Cliffs being entailed—if you should die before her, and without male children—Catherine and her daughters, if she should have any, would be left homeless. But if I leave her this farm of Hardbargin, it can make no difference to you during your life, and if Catherine happened to survive you, it will secure her a home. What do you think of this plan, Archer?"

"I have not the least right to object, my dear mother."

"You have the right of nature, Archer. I see you dislike this arrangement; therefore it shall not be made."

"Believe me, I have not the slightest fault to find with this plan; neither does it take me by surprise. I have been prepared for it months since. Mrs. Georgia Clifton informed me that such was your intention."

(To be continued.)

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Groves' signature is on each box. See

## A MAD ELEPHANT

Captains Medlicott, of the Rifles, and Mr. Ballard, of the Hussars, accompanied by a platoon of men, were on their way to the station. They succeeded in getting right in the middle of a troop and fired upon the elephants made off, with trees and bushes cracking. The hunter, led by Umlope, the tracker, and confronted a huge elephant.

The tracker trumpeted "charge," and the hunters rushed out. The elephant aimed at, for he raised aloft his trunk full speed across the clearing, growling, snorting, and screaming. Umlope made a dash for movement to the right; his object, a thorn tree; he and the elephant flung in the middle of the clearing. The elephant swerved like a dog doing the outside edge. Umlope, however, did not wait. With a yell to Medlicott, of "fire, boss!" he made a dash for the fig tree, which his trunk had located as the best harbor of refuge. Then the elephant charged Captain Medlicott, who saw three feet in front of him in the ground.

He didn't wait to investigate, but the agility of a rabbit, and the tenacity of the elephantine charge in his head, he first, down the apex of the hole which he had left aloft, and the hole and remained outside, dislocating his right arm with the movement. He was so dazed that he didn't know where he was, but a second sufficed to reassure him. He had landed in one of the old meadows of the island, those circular exclosures about five feet deep and eight feet in diameter, in which natives empty their troughs, sufficient for an adult to stand, that connects with the surface.

Thinking of Mr. Ballard, the captain crept quietly to the hole and listened. Not a sound. He raised himself cautiously and pushed his head through the orifice. The sight that met his eyes froze his blood. The elephant stood right over him, both wicked eyes on the water, and as he backed his head, a long, nervous trunk followed him into the pit. The terrible death to be dragged from the hole like a trout from the stream and crushed by the pulp under the huge pedal extremities of the mammoth. He resumed his trunk—under it, past it, behind it, round the edge of it, into the centre, now crushed round and round, and missing it by a half, until it almost seemed best to put an end to all by one final, desperate, savage onslaught on the thing that pursued him.

Umlope watched a strange scene. The elephant, with a scream of triumph, withdrew his trunk, and waved aloft a remnant of human clothing a khaki coat. The captain had lost his coat. Casting it on the ground, the huge animal danced with rage on this outer shell of the human form, and, having pounded into the earth, he resumed his search. The next event, after a prolonged underground search, was the abstraction of a shirt, which his lordship tore into shreds and cast into the four winds of heaven. This was soon followed by a pair of trousers, and these, after being for a moment or two to flick the files off the aristocratic back and reins, were ripped to pieces, and followed in the wake of the shirt; and the hunt was resumed.

Next time it will be the Kattitenti himself, thought Umlope, when at that moment he heard a groan, and looking to his right, he saw a slight movement in the fallen thorn tree branches. He did not wait to follow the groan, but all he could do was to stand there, and otherwise, should one of them survive, he would have to account for his inaction. He did not hesitate, but slid quietly down that part of the stem out of sight of the lord in possession, crept silently into the jungle, and made all haste to the nearest kraal.

When he got back with help Mr. Ballard was rescued from the bush, where he lay, seriously injured, and the next move was toward the meadow pit. Calls to "Come out!" brought no response. Then two adventurous warriors descended, and soon a human shape, with nothing European about it, but the boots, was passed to the surface. Caked from head to ankle with red clay and congealed with perspiration, who would have identified in the inert form the agile figure, that three hours previously, like Mephistopheles and his trapper, had descended to the depths below.

As the two Europeans were hoisted on to quickly improvised stretchers of wattle, the one exhausted after three hours' scrimmage with an elephant's trunk in a chamber eight by ten feet, and the other not quite sure which bone in his body was the most completely smashed up, Malekela, the Induna, turned to his people and said: "Surely it must have been the chief, which Umkwelwa, I have heard the chiefs—was it not in this old garden that he caught Maffia and smashed him into red mud only a year ago? This is his favorite sitting place. But one day we will catch him, and then it will be fitting that we cut off his nose and hand it to the chief with the red skin, that he may eat of that which has tickled him this morning."—Swaziland Times.

WIVES IN INDUSTRY.

Urban Conditions Have Robbed Them of Usefulness.

Under the title of "Young Wives in Industry," Professor Simon N. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, outlines in the Independent the interesting, but serious, problem that faces this country as a result of modern conditions, brought about by the productive industries and the other revolution in society, necessitating, perhaps, a new reorganization.

"The American home," says Professor Patten, "springing from agricultural life, has been erected on two principles:—one states that men and women of all ranks must marry, and marry young; the other productive industries, under her husband's roof, because he is the natural money-maker for his family. These principles maintained a joint supremacy until they were overthrown by the other fermenting industrial revolution, and swept to the fore on the very issue of their validity. They are aligned there now by organic changes with society in general, and to each other and to economic realities as well.

"If one is to give way, which shall it be? Where lies the fundamental necessity—in the husband-support of the semi-secluded wife? Scores of thousands of young men and women are unable to marry in the ordinary course of events, and thousands frankly say they do not wish to. Shall we approve a celibate class as the sacrifice to our principle, or shall society permit such structural alterations in the home and a reconstructed ideal of it as shall bring thither the excluded and the unwilling?"

At one time "men were glad to marry young because a wife was a calculable factor in the kinds of work they had to do, and desire ran hand in hand with self-interest. The wife, placed at once in the current of production broadened with the power which the education of the time denied to the non-producing girl. She was the quality in this order of things whom the home ideal revolved. She is still the basic centre of our sentiment, and we think of her of the type of home-maker by which to test the right and wrong of other married women's activities. She retains the title won generations past because of her economic usefulness in her husband's house, because of her function as director of its necessary business taken over by her to the general convenience. They have been taken away from her for the same reason, and given to the market gardener, dairyman and poultry dealer."

City conditions have changed all this. "The wife of the man with \$10 in his pay envelope must buy her chicken, not raise it; she must buy her butter, not churn it; buy her carpet, not weave it. Yet poultry raising, dairying, weaving, which are now productive industries, were classified formerly as married women's work, so that wives and mothers were, in fact, primarily income earners."

"A man earning \$10 a week finds it hard to support a wife, whose economical value is almost nil. 'The low-paid employe to-day,' says Professor Patten, 'enveloped as well alone as with his wife, which his ancestors could not do. At the same time his selfish enjoyments are greater without her, for he may live irreverently without her, or he may save, and with all his surplus available for wayside pleasures of an anti-social sort. The disintegrating forces of the city upon the homeless youth are too obvious to need emphasis. The wage-earning girl, on her part, is likely to acquire the taste of fragmentary, palatial and unproductive expenditure. Both forms habits harmful to the home idea. A man who goes from the saloon, street corner or cheap pleasure club; a girl who leaves the dance hall and pavement glitter to make a home for him, the bare necessities of which are hardly met by his wages, are not qualified by their experience to bring to a successful issue the supreme test of character that makes stable a high standard. Their years of waiting and the postponement of marriage

## Devotion of Slaves to T

The devotion of slaves to time of war is no new thing. The fact that their masters always, no doubt, bore its burden. But it is a new thing for the absolute duty is to the eternal of and of the negro. Usually, the choice of for some of the young servants, while the would be for some of the staid members of the care of their masters, much heartburning and never violated. The devotion of the masters' fortunes was in this paper is owing to the statement of the class from which thinking it necessary. When the southern

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Carbo Magne

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It was declared at Ed that more fishermen wear the custom of wearing by all the sta