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Correspondence Invited.

June 7, 1889.

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THE GOLDEN SWAN

Concluded from Last Issue.

"I have kept my word. I have just died."

We all looked toward the door. No one had entered. The wind wailed outside, and that was all we heard after. The party looked at each other mutely, as people do look when something is said that cannot be grasped all at once; and then, with a big, round oath, Mr. Cranford Douglas did accuse some one in the party of being a "ventriloquist;" but they all swore in their beards that they were guilty of no trick, and so he tried to appear as if he believed that which they said. In a little while they left the Swan, and Dick and I locked up and went to bed, wondering and whispering what we had seen.

About a month after that, one snowy, blewy night in the wild December weather, two days before Christmas, I think it was, at about eleven o'clock, when Mr. Douglas, and Colonel Forrest, and the rest of the gentry were laughing and chattering, and telling wild stories of wilder times, the door of the Swan was thrown violently open, and there entered, in a whirl of snowflakes, a gentleman that looked for all the world like the cavaliers I used to see when I was a little girl, long before the war came. He had on a soft, broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat; he was well made; he had on a great cloak, and high, strong boots, that came over his knees, and large gloves, that come over his wrists. He drew off one, very slowly, and warmed his delicate white hand at the great open fire, glancing round, with his big, gray eyes, in every corner of the room, and on every face, at once, it seemed.

"A wild night, dame!" he said to me, in deep, rich tones.

"It is indeed, sir," says I. "Can I get something for you to eat and drink, sir?"

"Not just yet," he answered, kindly; "I came here to your tavern on business only."

"When he said, "I came on business only," it sounded just like the farrier's hammer striking the anvil at the forge down the road. I grew very nervous. Something was in the very air that made everybody quiet. He looked at Mr. Cranford Douglas and his party, as if he were trying to recognize some one of them. He then blew the melted snowflakes out of his whiskers, by a peculiar movement of his mouth, as if he were trying to blow specks off his shirt front, stamped his feet, and then said to me, loud enough to be heard by all in the room:

"You are pretty well acquainted in these parts, dame, I take it?"

"I ought to be, sir," I says, with pardonable pride, I hope; "seeing I was born here in the Swan, which my father and his kept before me."

"Perhaps you know one Mr. Cranford Douglas, then?"

Before I could reply, Mr. Douglas arose, and said, rather stiffly, which I could see no earthly reason for:

"I do not think that she knows two Mr. Cranford Douglases, sir. What is your business with me?"

"So you are Mr. Cranford Douglas? Well, I have a message for you, which I have brought over three thousand miles. You should have had it a month ago, sir; but England is far away, and I have just come from there to New York, from New York to you. There is your message, sir!"

Saying which, he flung a letter right into Mr. Douglas' face.

"Fennel, will you oblige me by reading aloud the contents of that envelope?" said Mr. Cranford, quite calmly; but the devil was in his eyes, all the same. And then Mr. Cram Fennel read:

"The year is gone. In two minutes I shall be dead.

"Signed, WALTER MARLOWE."

"You," to the stranger, "were evidently his friend?" said Mr. Douglas.

"His dearest," was the measured reply.

"And you wish to take up his quarrel?"

A nod from the stranger.

"Very well. My friend, Colonel Forrest, will wait upon any friend of yours in the morning——"

"Dame!" cried the stranger, "those little balls—the white and black—from the billiard room!"

Mr. Douglas shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say: As you will!"

Well, the conditions were the same as a year and a month before, when the pale gentleman drew the black ball.

"Stay," said Mr. Cranford Douglas, as he was about to draw; "tell me, have you a friend to avenge you, after you follow your friend? I ask out of mere curiosity."

"I shall need no avenger. You are bound to draw the black ball."

His tones were like ice.

Mr. Cranford Douglas did draw the black ball!

With a reckless laugh, he shouted:

"Well, that's hard luck! Just to think, in one year I must die! But what a year I'll live!"

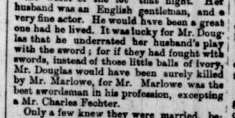
"Say you must blow your brains out here in five minutes, or put a bullet through your heart. It's all one to me, so you are out of the world."

"Well, if I do," roared Mr. Cranford, "may I be everlastingly roasted!"

"You curse!" said the stranger, with a contemptuous sneer. "And to think that Walter Marlowe kept faith with such as you!"

Oh, the words were bitter—bitter—bitter. I understood, after. I don't know how they arranged it, but they met next morning, off there in the clearing, near the lake, and Mr. Cranford wounded the stranger so badly that he had to fly the country. We have never heard of Mr. Cranford since—except once; and then we learned that he was in the silver mines of South America. Yes, now I do remember, that someone said that he went down in a diving-bell, on a wager, to a wreck, off the South American coast, and that some of his drunken companions cut the air tube while he was down, and flung it overboard.

The poor, dear wounded thing was carried in here by Colonel Ferrest and Jarvis McVey, bleeding awfully, and up to my chamber. That day, along toward night, my boy was born. I didn't think that he would live, but the doctor said that he wished he was as sure of the mother's life as he was of her boy's. She lingered on for a few days—five, I think—and then she passed away. I learned, by shreds and patches, her story, partly from her ravings and partly from what she told me.



The pale gentleman was her husband. She was the actress Mr. Cranford had said was "the worst of the lot" that night. Her husband was an English gentleman, and a very fine actor. He would have been a great one had he lived. It was lucky for Mr. Douglas that he underrated her husband's play with the sword; for if they had fought with swords, instead of those little balls of ivory, Mr. Douglas would have been surely killed by Mr. Marlowe, for Mr. Marlowe was the best swordsman in his profession, excepting a Mr. Charles Fechter.

Only a few knew they were married, because they thought it was best so for awhile; for the public doesn't think so much of a married actress as of an unmarried one. That seems very funny. I don't understand them at all. Well, they used to play together in Shakespeare's plays, and her husband was bound to become the best player of the part of Prince Hamlet since Mr. Edmund Kean's day.

After Mr. Marlowe went away that night, he went to his wife (they were visiting some of his friends over yonder) and told her just what had happened. She took him up North with her next day, and tried to talk and reason with him, but it was of no use. Then they gave up all their engagements, gave out that they had been married for some time, and went to England, his home, where his great relations lived. She thought on the way over that he had forgotten all about it, but they were only one day over there when he shot himself. It nearly killed her. She loved him so. Women always do love their husbands, when they know that their husband's characters are not quite so strong as their own, with a sort of motherly love mixed with the wifely. I know that's the way I felt toward my poor Dick. I don't think I would have had the same feeling toward him if I knew that he didn't sort of look up to me.

It is all so sad. I can't write any more. I would be sorry I wrote this, only that my boy must have things by Christmas; and I am not rich enough now to do things that I would like to do, since Dick died and the Swan lost it's good customers.

Poor lady! if her husband had had her gray eyes, and she his soft blue ones, he would be alive to-day. My boy has her eyes. God bless him!—here he comes!

A HARROWING EXPERIENCE.

Trials of a Young Man with a Suit of Bearded Underwear.

The other day I went into a furnishing store to buy some underclothing. I told the clerk what I wanted, and he said he was glad of it, for he had just received a line of goods which he felt sure would suit me. I often wonder how it is that trades people always anticipate a man, and order the goods he wants so they arrive the day before he calls.

The clerk produced some soft, fluffy material, and ran his hands over it caressingly like a spoiled girl with a pet dog. "This," said he, in his flutelike tones, "is a material which we warrant not to shrink. It is soft to the skin, and the very best you could possibly get. Price only $3 a suit."

"It's too rough," I ventured.

"Excuse me," said the clerk, as he leaned up against the counter and wound up his Waterbury, "this material is manufactured in strict accordance with the laws of hygiene. It acts as a gentle irritant to the skin without producing discomfort. It is a scientific fact that a soft material loosely woven is warmer than a smooth surface. I have a suit of it on at this moment myself."

"Can you assure me of that fact?" I persisted.

"I can," said the clerk, and he rolled up his sleeve.

"That settles it," said I. "I'll take a suit, for I never feel quite comfortable unless I know that the people I buy of use their own goods."

I stopped on my way uptown to take a Turkish bath, and exchanged the light suit of underwear I had been wearing during the summer months for the new one. I can truly say that I felt the change. The fibers of the new material seemed to get tangled up with the pores of my skin.

That evening I called on a young lady. I am not usually bashful, as I used to be in the advertising business, but I can truly say that I was not wholly at ease in her presence. I arose frequently from the chair on which I was sitting and sat down in another chair. Sometimes I would sit on the sofa for a change. I did not like to mention the cause of my apparently feverish search after the unknown. I wanted to ask her for a back scratcher, a roll of sandpaper, a large vacant room, or a bean pole, but I did not dare.

As time wore on, I saw that she misunderstood me. I longed to tell her that my excitement was not due to love for her so much as to the fact that the underwear was getting in its work. I talked to her feelingly about commonplace topics for some time until finally I asked convulsively for a glass of water. She ran to get it, and I scratched against time. I never realized before the real sufferings of the poor dog with a tribe of fleas camped out in regions of his anatomy where he can't get at them. I was still scratching. She came back and caught me in the act.

"Why, Tom," she said, "whatever is the matter! Have you got a fit?"

"No," I responded, hoarsely. "It's prickly heat."

"At this time of year!" she shrieked.

"Have you considered the warm weather we have been having?" She looked at me a few moments in silence.

"Yes," she replied, "I have considered everything, and I really think you had better go home and——"

She blushed and was silent. I skipped. A friend of mine lived within a few blocks, and I called on him. I hurried out of the fatal underwear as quickly as possible, and my friend examined it carefully.

"Well, what do you think of it?" I asked.

"I think," he replied, "that you ought to have given it a good hair cut before you put it on."—Clothier and Furnisher.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

In flower pins the pansy holds sway.

Fluted gold lockets with diamond set centers are all the go.

An odd design in bronze card receivers is the head of an owl flattened out.

Scarf pins in the form of silver knots of twisted wire bid fair to become popular.

Among scarf pins is noted a cluster of pearls abundantly interspersed with diamonds.

There appears to be quite a demand again for pearl headed pins with opal pendants.

Extremely rich looking is a bracelet set all around with opals and rubies alternately.

The newest queen chains are composed of small links divided into three sections by pearls.

Cunning gold crochet needles, with carnelian agate handles, have just made their debut.

The ring of the period is a neat Roman gold belcher shank set with a rich cluster of colored pearls.

An oblong opal set slanting in a bright gold frame is a fashionable scarf pin of modest pretensions.

It has become a fad to have the handles of glove buttoners beautified with numberless garnets.

BITS OF SCIENCE.

The aurora spectrum does not, as a rule, contain the lines of iron.

An interesting find in shape of a boulder of jade was recently made in Sitka.

The mines in the Argentine Republic are again attracting capitalists after a ten years' rest.

Evidence seems to show that age affects the intensity of sleep more than the frequency of dreams.

The new course in electricity at Columbia college will be opened to graduates of all scientific schools.

From a general view taken in England, the natives appear to be increasing in vigor, rather than degenerating.

Lake Biwa, in Japan, is the largest sheet of fresh water in that country, having an area of 500 square miles.

It may be generally stated that tornadoes do not occur in the United States west of the one hundredth meridian.

A society has been formed for the granting of premiums for the killing of animals preying upon the elder duck.

Kustner's observations on the aberration of fixed stars tend toward proving that the altitude of the pole is variable.

Professor Waage thinks that sterilized infusorial earth would be very much better as a means of preservation than boric acid.

A new compound containing allumninum in a lower state of oxidation corresponding to ferrous iron has been obtained.

An exhibition will be opened in Paris in September next for machines especially adapted for the peeling of ramie stalks.

The necessity for the artificial application of water is said to be far greater in California than in the older countries of Europe.

In the Berlin observatory a series of astronomical panoramas has been prepared to explain the phenomena of solar eclipses.

Dew on growing vegetables is said to be produced by the condensation of the transpired moisture from the plant on its own leaves.

The so called annelid tubes of the Sutherland quartzite are said to be the remains of terrestrial plants that grew upon sand dunes.

Ergostering crystallizes in alcohol in the form of pearly pellets, and in ether in that of sharp needles, and it is quite insoluble in water.

About 2300 B. C., when Emperor Yan gave the order for the observation of the meridian stars is thought to be the beginning of Chinese astronomy.

From Nov. 1 to Jan. 6 at least twenty meters were added to the height of Vesuvius, while the size of the base of the cone of eruption was proportionally increased.

Hertz's recent experiments prove that actual magnetic waves are reflected and interfere with one another, and that the velocity of such waves is about what is calculated.

The great advantage of high speed engines is that the steam has no time to condense, or, rather, that very little of it is condensed in comparison with the amount utilized.

Helmholtz has shown that if an invisible jet of steam be electrified or heated it becomes visible with bright tints of different colors according to the potential of the atmosphere.

The temperature of Siberia was once much milder than at present. This change of climate is said to account for the conversion of what were once sedentary birds there into birds that migrate to south Africa and elsewhere.

The density of a medium capable by its resistance of causing a secular acceleration of half a second in the mean velocity of the moon would correspond with a kilogramme of matter uniformly diffused through a space of 390,000 square miles.—New York Times.

IDEAS FOR DRESS.

White astrakhan is the favorite fur for long, dressy evening and carriage wraps.

The Sara Crewe frock is as fashionable for little girls as the Little Lord Fauntleroy suit is for boys.

Ribbon striped nets and gauzes are again on the dry goods counters among new ball dress fabrics.

Slippers or low shoes, with big rosettes or Louis XIV bows on the instep, are the rigueur for evening wear.

It looks incongruous to see new spring fabrics on the counters alongside the furs and heavy woolens of the passing season.

Russian collars of otter, beaver and long pile Alaska seal are worn effectively with seal plush wraps in the coldest weather.

London women are carrying very small muffs this winter, but their little children's muffs are all made of exaggerated size.

High heeled shoes and boots are no longer worn except by women who do not know how to dress and who wish to attract attention.

Boas are as fashionable as ever, but the preference is given to those which are made flat around the neck like a collar and gradually assume a round shape as they taper to the ends.

A black and white costume always attracts attention, and therefore must always be well conceived, well thought out and well carried out to be in good taste and altogether pleasing.

There are signs of a return to low coiffures, and with the Eighteenth century styles in gowns and overcoats we are preparing to put on wigs and to powder the hair of the same for evening entertainments.

The latest seal plush garment is a half long coat, closing without buttons or loops in front, and slashed open in the skirt at the back, but provided with concealed buttons to fasten this up with in the coldest weather.—New York Sun.

His Conclusion.

"Mrs. Hashem," said Billy Blivin to his landlady at the breakfast table, "have you been reading that little book on hygiene that I have in my room?"

"No, Mr. Blivin. What made you think so?"

"There is quite a lengthy chapter in it on the theory that overeating is unhealthy."—Merchant Traveler.

Picnics! Picnics!

To Clergymen, Temperance Societies, and Managers of Picnics, Church Fairs, Tea Meetings, etc.

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January 11, 89.

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June 7, 1889. 3

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