

When Love Was Blind.

However if you will come to see us soon we will spare your blushes. Your loving sister, ANNA. That week a second telegram reached Miss Armour. It read: New York, Sept. 30th, 1899. I sail to-night for Liverpool. Farewell. Ralph Hodgson. A clipping from the Warnham Globe, London, Oct. 25.—(Special cable) Capt. Hodgson, formerly of the Canadian volunteer force, who arrived here last week has received a commission in the 31st, Northumberland Guards, and will take transport for South Africa at once. Lieut. Downey, also of Warnham, has been gazetted to a similar appointment. IV. Myrtle Armstrong was Enid Armour's bosom friend. During the long dull weeks and months which followed Mrs. Armour's death the girls were together continually and it was only the gay companionship and affection of her friend that made existence bearable for the lone little orphan. The bitter blasts of the 20th of February did not reach the cosy seclusion of "Uncle Joe's" library where the two girls were curled before a glowing grate. "Enid dear," said Myrtle breaking a long silence, "don't you think you have lived the life of the cloister long enough now. You are getting so worn and pale looking; I don't like it a bit. I tell you," she continued brightening, "I'll have two or three of our old friends in some night next week, and you will come over and we'll try and cheer you up a little. You'll come, won't you?" "No, no, Myrtle, don't ask me please I simply couldn't go" and the tears, always near the surface, sprang to her eyes. "I'm sorry, dear," said Myrtle, leaning over and stroking the other's burning temples. "I know how devoted you were to your mother."

There was another long silence, broken only by an occasional crackle of the gas in the grate and the whistling of the storm outside. "It isn't mamma altogether," said Enid finally, gazing abstractedly into the fire. "What then, dear?" "It's Ralph."

"What about him?" asked Myrtle in the tone of one who was on the edge of sacred ground. The secret of Ralph's sudden departure had never been disclosed to her. "I never told you" began Enid; how in writing me a letter he enclosed a page written to some woman that he evidently was either married or engaged to, nor how nearly it came to breaking my heart. For I did love him. He seemed so manly and noble and brave and he saved my life. But when I found that he was playing double it nearly killed me."

She paused while Myrtle gazed with wondering eyes. "Ralph Hodgson false. I can't believe it. I know him years ago you know." Enid continued. "I have felt all the time that there is a misunderstanding somewhere. Oh! if there was! and I wrote him such a cruel bitter little dismissal and the next day, he left. And to think of him away in that horrid war. Last night I saw him so plainly. I heard his voice calling me and it seemed to waken me. 'Enid, Enid,' he cried and I opened my eyes and beheld such horrid sights. I seemed to see men lying about on a battlefield, wounded or dead. Horses staggered about throwing their riders to the ground and trampling upon them. At last, through the clouds of smoke and sand, I saw Ralph running towards me. He shouted to me again. I tried to run to meet him but was riveted to the spot. When he was but a few paces from me he staggered and fell. I tore myself by a superhuman effort from where I stood and ran to him. I turned his head over; his face was ghast and pale and there was blood on it. I tried to open his eyes but couldn't. Something told me he was blind. I called to him. He opened his lips to answer, and then I was wakened by Susie come to call me for breakfast. Oh, Myrtle it was awful. Myrtle was speechless. She had seen little of mental suffering. "I know what I am going to do," continued Enid. "One of the physicians at Netley hospital is an uncle of mine. I am going straight there and I will make him let me be a nurse. I cannot stand this inactivity any longer and I simply must do something to help those poor soldier boys."

The tears were in Myrtle's eyes now. Enid stood up pale but calm. "I'll do it," she said with determination. And so it came about that within a month's time Enid's uncle at Netley was surprised one morning by the arrival of a tray bearing a card—"Miss Enid Armour."

When Jack Downey heard from Ralph's lips his decision to sail immediately for England and there to enlist for service in Africa, he forthwith gave out his decision to do likewise, and no entreaties nor persuasions on the part of his friend were sufficient to make him reconsider his determination. The how or the wherefore of Ralph's transformation to a wild untrained spirit, full of recklessness and bravado, he did not know. He surmised that he had been jilted and he thought it would be well to be with him until the edge had worn off his disappointment. The companionship of the two, who had been friends from childhood did much to alleviate the keen unpleasantness of the African campaign. The sun seemed not to beat so hotly, the nights seemed not so chill, the sand storms seemed not so biting by reason of the assistance they could lend each other, not so much in the way of any material services but by the joyful manner in which by mutual consent each accepted the most painful circumstances.

The eve of the 20th of February found half a dozen congenial spirits from among the officers of the Northumberland Guards assembled in the tent pitched for Lieut. Hodgson and Downey. The Canadian guards had early in the campaign established their popularity with the Englishmen. "Well, I guess we'll have a brush with those infernal Boers to-morrow," said a dapper little chap. "Our scouts say their camp is not five miles to the west."

A hard cynical expression had developed on Ralph's face which was all the more prominent by reason of his deeply bronzed skin. "That's good news. Let's at them," he cried, "I'll wager five pounds now that by to-morrow night my revolver has turned up the toes of more of the pigs than any other man's in the party."

"No takers" remarked Jack as he delved with a business-like air in the bottom of his box, for something which proved eventually to be a pair of big black bottles of Canadian Claret. "You run a first class chance, my brave Canuck," said another of the Englishmen in reply to Ralph's toast, "of forming a handsome target for those delightful 'snipers,' who can sit up on a tree a mile away and spot your heart as though it were the side of a house."

"The sooner the better," muttered Ralph under his breath. "Come on boys, here's to 'Little Bobs,'" cried Jack, "all got your glasses full!"

"Little Bobs," shouted all together and the glasses clinked. "Little Bobs" wouldn't do a thing to six little officers of the Northumberland Guards if he saw them bowling Canadian Claret, the night before a battle," remarked some one grimly.

After that the toasts came thick and fast despite the foregoing mournful reflection. Each man had the health of an absent fair one to submit for the generous approval of his friends and no sweetheart passed unhonored. Ralph's glass was always emptied first and filled quickest.

"Now boys for mine" he shouted, "Here's to the woman who lies, steals and swears, my ideal wife. When she lies, she lies on my heart, and when she steals—she steals to my side, and when she swears—she swears by me."

"Name, name," cried the Englishmen. "Drink," commanded Ralph, and they drank. It was well advanced in the night when Jack and Ralph curled up in their blankets for a few hours sleep. Jack had been abstemious with the liquor, and Ralph was as sober as though he had not touched a drop although they had sent their English brothers home in such a state of hilarity as to put them in danger of being court-martialed.

"Jack," broke out Ralph, "I think I'll get shot to-morrow."

"Don't be foolish, old boy. Aren't you feeling well?" "I don't care much, as you have guessed doubtless, by this time Jack," continued Ralph, ignoring the interruption. "You know I loved Enid Armour, and I thought, not in vain, but when I wrote and told her so, she threw me down so hard I didn't know what happened. It nearly drove me crazy. If I hadn't come out here, it would have, I am sure."

After a moment he went on: "I would like to see her again. I think something must have gone wrong that I don't understand."

Jack had no words of sympathy, although he sympathized. He had been through it before. Both lay in their blankets with wide open eyes that night. An hour later, Ralph spoke once. "Jack, if anything should happen to-morrow, and you ever see Enid, again, tell her, will you, that I loved her to the last."

"I will," answered Jack, and all was silent again.

The night next day was the wildest of the campaign. The press agencies and the various special correspondents gave it ample space and the result was the capture of a large force of Boers. Ralph promised well to win his wager hands down for he deported himself with extravagantly reckless valour. Jack was never very far away.

It was well on in the day when a piece of shell encountered Jack's leg and he fell in full range of the enemy's fire with two bones broken. Ralph saw him fall. With dark mutterings he rushed towards him perfectly heedless of the shot which rained around him like hail. It was the work of a second to pick him up—little mite that he was—and start for cover. As he was rounding the crest of the hill a shell burst almost at his feet. As he staggered a bullet from behind struck him in the shoulder and the two bodies fell heavily to the ground. Fortunately they were out of range and the stretcher bearers bore them away.

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Two months later Ralph found himself in Netley Hospital. He had come through fever and all the trials of a "knitting" bone in the meantime. His eyes were in a critical condition they had not yet seen the light of day. The physician said it was a peculiar case and if they could succeed in restoring his sight they would strike a great blow for science. So they took extra pains with him.

Enid Armour was there. She saw Ralph, with his bandaged eyes, the day he was admitted. She had a conference with her uncle forthwith and she was appointed to attend his cot. A week passed and Ralph wanted nothing that could be obtained for him. The doctors said his eyes were improving. "It seems that I have heard your voice somewhere," he said to Enid one day, but she told him that a man threatened with blindness had no license to joke with an unprotected nurse, and he did not refer to the subject again.

"Lieut. Hodgson here's a letter for you," Enid sang out one morning. "Oh! it's been all over the world. It's from Canada, and it's been to Africa and now it has followed you here. Isn't that wonderful?" "Open it for me and read it, will you please," he said and his languor was replaced by a sudden tinge of expectancy. "It's from your sister," said Enid soberly. "The corners of Ralph's mouth fell. "Dear Ralph, didn't you bungle things finely. Do you know, you silly boy that you mixed your pages up? It seemed very funny to read a proposal of marriage from one's own brother."

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QUEEN MARIE'S BLOOD Visible on Part of Execution Robe Now in This Country

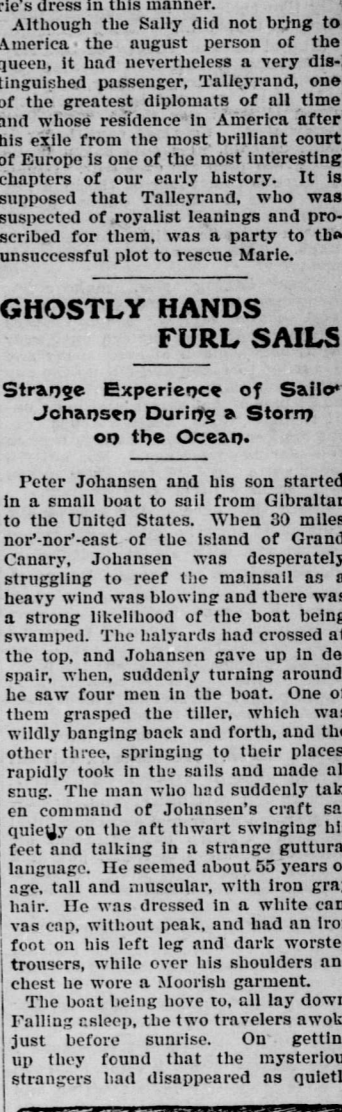
A relic of French history now in possession of W. F. Decker of Minneapolis is of the deepest tragic interest. It is a scrap of heavy, finely woven silk embroidered with colors and yellow with age. In one of the corners is a dull dark stain. Incontestable records prove that this aged bit of flowered fabric figured in the culminating atrocity of that debacle of blood and horror, the reign of terror. It was part of the white robe worn by Marie Antoinette when she ascended the scaffold to meet death by the guillotine. The dark stain is a spot of the lifeblood of the hapless queen of France. In view of its well attested genuineness and intimate association with one



EXECUTION OF MARIE ANTOINETTE. of the great figures of French history it seems strange that such a valuable relic should have been permitted to escape from France and allowed to come into the possession of an American. The story is a very romantic one and throws an interesting side light on the desperate efforts which were made by loyal friends to save Marie even when all chance had apparently passed. The present owner, Mr. Decker, secured the relic five months ago while on a visit to Maine. It was then the property of Mrs. Sarah Chase of Edgecomb, a lady 70 years of age and a granddaughter of Captain Stephen Clough, a noted sailor of the early days of the republic. Accompanying the piece of silk was an extended report made by the Historical Society of Maine, which, after careful investigation into the history of the relic, had confirmed its genuineness. The circumstances detailed in this report fit it perfectly with the known and established history of the French revolution. It is a fact referred to by several historians that a few weeks before the death of the queen on the scaffold a plot was discovered to aid her to escape. This probably hastened her execution. French history, however, is silent upon the details of the plan, but American research among family records and traditions throws an interesting light upon this incident. At the time of the revolution Captain Joseph Decker and others of Wiscasset, Me., were engaged in the spar and salt trade between that point and France. Gouverneur Morris, then minister to France, and other American sympathizers with the royal family sought to arrange for the escape of Queen Marie Antoinette after the execution of the king. Captain Decker's ship, the Sally, which was engaged in the French trade and was then in a French port under the command of his son-in-law, Captain Stephen Clough, was chosen to convey the queen and her companions in safety to a new country. The ship had been freighted with furniture suitable for fitting up an abode for the queen, and many personal belongings of the king and queen were in the cargo. A plan had been formed by which it was thought she could elude the guards and escape. Lamartine in his record of the plot says that many joined in the plot, even municipals. A gentleman of royal sympathies gained access to the prison and contrived to see the queen, handing her some flowers in which was concealed a note telling her of the plan. Unfortunately the guards detected it, and the secret was revealed. The authenticity of this conspiracy can scarcely be doubted. It has formed the basis of several well known romances and has been accredited to many authorities. The vigilance of the authorities prevented all attempts at a rescue, but even to the last they feared that some desperate effort would be made. In the crowd which witnessed the pitiable spectacle of the execution it is probable that the queen numbered as many sympathizers as enemies, and had some daring adherent taken the initiative and made a bold attempt to wrest the hated monarch from her guards it is

GHOSTLY HANDS FURL SAILS Strange Experience of Sailor Johansen During a Storm on the Ocean.

Peter Johansen and his son started in a small boat to sail from Gibraltar to the United States. When 30 miles north-east of the island of Grand Canary, Johansen was desperately struggling to reef the mainsail as a heavy wind was blowing and there was a strong likelihood of the boat being swamped. The halyards had crossed at the top, and Johansen gave up in despair, when, suddenly turning around, he saw four men in the boat. One of them grasped the tiller, which was wildly banging back and forth, and the other three, springing to their places, rapidly took in the sails and made all snug. The man who had suddenly taken command of Johansen's craft sat quietly on the aft thwart swinging his feet and talking in a strange guttural language. He seemed about 55 years of age, tall and muscular, with iron gray hair. He was dressed in a white canvas cap, without peak, and had an iron foot on his left leg and dark worsted trousers, while over his shoulders and chest he wore a Moorish garment. The boat being holed to, all lay down. Falling asleep, the two travelers awoke just before sunrise. On getting up they found that the mysterious strangers had disappeared as quietly



GHOSTLY VISITORS IN MID-OCEAN. as they had come. The weather had moderated, and Johansen and his son, sorely puzzled over their strange visitors, made all haste to crowd on every rag of sail and get out of such an uncanny neighborhood. But that afternoon, just before sundown, Johansen and his son, who had been sitting well forward, turned around and saw their four strange visitors again quietly standing around the tiller. Two of them took hold of the jib and swung it back and forth as though a signal to some one astern. Johansen scanned the water carefully, but could see nothing. No craft of any kind could be discovered. That night soon after dusk the visitors again disappeared and were seen no more.

Cheyenne Death Dance.

Both men and women took part in the ceremonies. All entered the dance naked. In the center of the dancing circle was a large iron kettle filled with boiling water. Into this water was pitched the body of a child who had just died. It was cooked to a jelly, and before beginning the dance each squaw and buck was made to take a drink of this soup, which, the medicine men declare, filled them with energy for the occasion.

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