

TWO OF A TRADE

A SHORT STORY
BY AUSTEN SANDERSON, IN THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

[By Austen Sanderson.]

"Go on!" said the housemaid, at the door.

The young man, from the Matrimonial Insurance Company, shook his head. "I'll come, sooner or later," he declared. "I've known 'hundreds of cases, through 'em' in the business."

"But what makes you think me of all people?" she asked. "Ah, it's plain enough," he said. "What—me face?" she asked. "Oh, obliged with the expected denial."

"If you'll overlook the presumption," he said, "I'll be so bold as to say you're a remarkably handsome girl. And a pleasant spoken, sensible girl, too, as I can see—just the sort any man might take a fancy for. That's what I mean when I say it's plain you'll not be long in getting married."

"Well, upon my word," said the housemaid.

"I only wonder you haven't told it before," he went on modestly. "But they'll come—depend upon it—not in single spies, but in battalions, as the saying is. And when they do, Miss, let me beg of you, as one who's suffered, don't play with 'em—don't lead 'em on merely to cast 'em aside. But you wouldn't. I can see you're too kind-hearted to do a thing like that."

"I certainly wouldn't," she said with a trace of coyness. "But I really can't help it—have you been unfortunate in love?"

He sighed. "Ah! it's a sad story," he said, shaking his head. "Two years ago it was, but it might have appeared yesterday. I signed again."

"I'm sorry," said the housemaid sympathetically. "I shouldn't have mentioned it. But 'praps one of these days you'll meet someone who'll help you to forget."

"Praps," he said, brightening suddenly. "Though somehow I never thought so till this minute. I believe it's your kind sympathy, if I may say so."

"I'm sure I'm glad if—"

He hesitated. "I suppose, Miss," he said, "you wouldn't take a bit of a walk with me one evening?"

"Well, really, Mr.—I don't even know your name."

"Courtney, Miss—Reginald Courtney."

She tried "Mrs. Reginald Courtney" and found it good. Also, "Florence Amelia Courtney" sounded better than "Florence Amelia Biggs."

"Well, Mr. Courtney, I'm sure I could help you in any way—"

"That's a promise. And now," he went on dramatically, "let me learn the name of the fair being who 'as taken pity on me."

"Mr. Courtney," she protested. "Well, there, then—Miss Biggs."

"The only name I shall think of from this minute."

"What things you do say! And what about the other young lady?"

"Well, now, if I hadn't forgotten her! I declare, Miss Biggs, you're a marvel."

She laughed. They exchanged meaning glances.

"Now, Miss Biggs, which evening may I have the great pleasure of seeing you again?"

"Well, there, really, I don't exactly know. You see we're going away the day after tomorrow."

"Going away?"

She nodded. "The colonel always shuts up his town house in the summer, and goes to Scotland. A few of us upper servants are going to make the family a bit comfortable. I've never been to his Scotch place yet, but cook says it's awfully wild, and the natives are that uncivilized you can't understand a word they say."

"But isn't he afraid of leaving the house empty?"

"Ah! you may say so; but not he! Perfectly pig-headed, I call it."

"Praps he knows there's nothing to tempt burglars," observed Mr. Courtney easily.

"Nothing to tempt burglars? You should just see what he has got. The young ladies have often asked me to put it in the bank, but he's set on his own opinion—why, this year he's persuaded the young ladies to give him what jewelry they're not taking to put it in the safe with the rest. Nice little haul it'd be for any burglar who happened to pop in. 'Till talking of it gives me a shiver."

"Mr. Courtney was sympathetic. "Don't talk about it," he said. "Suppose we talk of ourselves. Now, ain't I to see you again before you go?"

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Biggs, with maidenly hesitation. "Praps I might step out to post to-morrow evening about eight—"

"Till be there," Miss Biggs, you don't know."

"Tomorrow at eight," Mr. Courtney learned (besides certain matters connected with the colonel's property) to call Miss Biggs by her Christian name.

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Mrs. John Pelch, Windsor, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with a nasty hacking cough for the past six months and used a lot of different remedies but they did me no good. At last I was advised by a friend to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and with the first few doses I found great relief and to-day my hacking cough has entirely disappeared and I am never without Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in the house."

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name; and as they parted he kissed her and swore that he would be always true.

"I don't think," he said, with his eyes on her retreating figure.

Two evenings later Mr. Reginald Courtney found himself in the colonel's study, eyeing the safe by the light of a bull's-eye lantern.

"Don't look much of a job," he soliloquized, "and if darlin' Florrie's a faithful little girl I ought to be able to take a holiday after it." He knelt down on the floor.

A switch clicked, and suddenly the room was flooded with light. Mr. Courtney turned round with an unparliamentary word.

Near the door stood a young man in evening dress. "I suppose I should say, 'What are you doing here?'" he observed; "but that's so hackneyed. Stand still, please. Before I came to interview you I provided myself with a little friend of the colonel's; see you're hopelessly outnumbered."

"It's a cop!" said Mr. Courtney. "As you remark, it is a 'cop.' Now, how did you gain admittance?"

"Kitchen window," growled Mr. Courtney.

"A truthful son is the delight of his father. Afraid you're not much of a delight to your paternal ancestor, though, Mr. Sikes."

"Look here, guv'nor, lemme go. I ain't taken nothing—"

There was a sound of heavy steps on the stairs leading to the basement. That's a policeman, afraid it's no go, William. Right turn! By your left, quick march!" They met the policeman in the hall.

"Now, then," said Mr. Courtney. "The man in evening dress nodded cheerfully; he seemed very well satisfied with himself."

"Evening officer," he said; "I was looking for you ten minutes ago, but I couldn't see you anywhere about, so I came in myself. Here's your man, I saw him climb in at the kitchen window, so, as I knew the colonel had left a lot of valuables in his safe, I followed."

The widowed Marchioness of Anglesey, daughter of Sir George Chetwynd and of the late Marchioness of Hastings, has just announced her engagement to John Francis Grey Gilliat, son of the late Howard Gilliat of Hoxington Hall, Hoxington-on-Stour, Warwickshire. Her former matrimonial experiences were of the most extraordinary character. For, marrying the late Lord Anglesey, who was her first cousin in 1879, she brought to the marriage of marriage in 1900, which was granted. Then in 1901 she petitioned that the decree of nullity should be made absolute, and was granted. Then she separated from her husband, and finally became reconciled to him a short time before his death. The late Lord St. Helier (better known as Lord St. Helier) was a man of great wealth, and during the many years of his presidency of the divorce court he never had before him such extraordinary petitions as those of the young Marchioness of Anglesey.

The Marchioness, who is a convert to the Roman Catholic Church, is above the medium height, has a graceful figure, and a lovely shade of red, and an exquisite complexion. She was as extravagant in her way as her late husband, but never was subjected to the same financial difficulties as those which he was called upon to undergo, the allowance settled upon her at the time of her marriage amounting to \$50,000 a year, which she always has retained independently of her husband's estate, which she will continue to enjoy until the end of her days. She also owns some of the most gorgeous jewels in existence, including emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, and has a collection of precious stones.

There are some that ascribe her difficulties with her husband to the influence of the late Princess Frederick Hohenlohe, daughter of Count Paul Hatzfeldt, who died as German ambassador in London, and of his American wife, Helen Moulton. Certain it was that they were intimate with one another, and that the princess' influence was not in favor of the young ladies. It was indeed alleged in London that she was bent on bringing about a dissolution of Lady Anglesey's union and her subsequent marriage with Count Hatzfeldt.

The sister of the princess, Countess Hatzfeldt, has no fortune, and inasmuch as the \$50,000 a year possessed by Lady Anglesey is in the form of a life annuity, it is not a fortune, she does not forfeit it on her marriage.

The reconciliation of the young couple some months before the death of Lady Anglesey was followed, after his demise, by an announcement on the part of his widow that she expected to become a mother—an announcement which led to some delay in the assumption by the present marchioness of the family honors. But the expectations of Lady Anglesey were doomed to disappointment, and she had to remain content with the little girl whom her husband adopted about a couple of years before his death, and of whom she assumed charge when she became a widow. Lady Anglesey had a sister, Guy Chetwynd, whose marriage with Miss Secor, of New York, was dissolved not long ago by the English courts.

Lord Strathallan, chief of the great Scottish clan of Drummond, and head of one of the most historic houses of Scotland, is diversifying for sale his ancestral home, Strathallan Castle, near Machary in Perthshire, a grand old place on the River Arne, the estate extending over some 6,000 acres. Lord Strathallan, de jure, the fifteenth Earl of Perth, but never has taken the trouble to prove his rights of succession to the dignity since the death of the last earl, a remote kinsman, some eight years ago. His failure to do this has been largely on the score of the expense which the legal proceedings would have entailed, for he is far from rich. His Strathallan estate being indeed his only source

of revenue.

Until the other day it was rented by Mr. Whitelaw, formerly member of Parliament for Northwest Lanarkshire, the husbandman rent which he paid served as income to Lord Strathallan. But the tenancy now has ceased, and Lord Strathallan, finding the estate on his hands without means of keeping it, is offering it for sale. As it comprises some splendid salmon fishing and some excellent shooting it ought to find a purchaser.

Lady Maud Barrett, sister of the Earl of Cavan, and widow of the late Henry J. Barrett, has just created a sensation in English society by withdrawing from the world, giving up her London house in Great Cumberland place, which has been the scene of many hospitalities, and entering a Belgian convent of one of the strictest orders of the Roman Catholic church.

She is a convert to Roman Catholicism, and has an aunt, a sister, and a son. Her husband was a member of the Salvation Army. Lady Sarah Sladen, who is an active member of the Salvation Army, is a sister of the late Earl of Cavan, and is a beautiful country place known as Ripple Court, near Dover, and one of her sons is serving on the staff of Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army.

Both Lady Maud Barrett, now a nun, and Lady Sarah Sladen have a number of American relatives. For the late Earl of Cavan's brother, Captain Lord Sladen, was married to a daughter of the late Hiram E. Howard, of Buffalo, and the couple divide their time between Buffalo and a place they have near Ottawa.

The Lamberts have been settled in Ireland since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when one of them, Sir Oliver Lambert, who accompanied the Earl of Sussex to the Emerald Isle, was appointed governor of Connaught, and was created Lord Cavan, his son being advanced to the rank of Viscount Kilcourse and Earl of Cavan by Charles II.

The present Lord Cavan is a soldier, commands the first battalion of Grenadier Guards, served in South Africa, and spent some time in Canada as A. D. C. to the governor-general. His principal home is at Wheatthorpe House in Hertfordshire, which enjoys the distinction of possessing the largest covered tennis court in the world. Like his father, the late earl, he is an all-round sportsman, though he has not as yet followed his parent's example in writing books on yachting, salmon fishing and other kindred subjects.

He has, however, adhered to his father's political opinions and is a Liberal, thanks to which he has been unable to obtain election as one of the representative peers of Ireland. This leaves him, however, the right of sitting in the House of Commons for any English, Scotch or Welsh constituency that may choose to elect him, though he cannot sit for an Irish constituency.

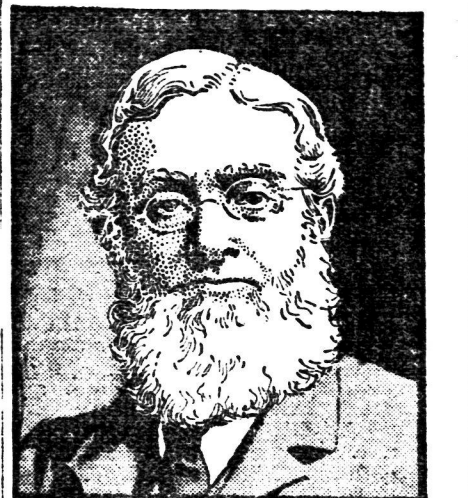
The late earl was a warm friend and adherent of Gladstone, following the latter into the Home Rule camp, and did substantial service to the Home Rule cause at the time that the pigsties in progress by sending over to Ireland at his own expense a large deputation of English workmen, who visited the disturbed districts and saw for themselves the severity of the coercion regime.

Extremely high church, cultured, and clever, sandy-haired, florid, and of medium height, he retained to the last something of the seafaring man acquired during service, first as a midshipman, and then as a naval lieutenant in the "Crimean" and "Chinese" wars. It was as a youth of 19 that he led the Forlorn Hope in the attack on the Pet-Ho forts in China.

Lady Margaret (Crichton) Stuart, whose engagement to Capt. Colin MacRae, late of the Black Watch, and now of the Yeomen of the Guard, has just been announced is the only daughter of the late Marquis of Bute, was his constant companion during the latter years of his life, shared all his

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(Signed) "JAMES DINGWALL,"
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SIDEGLITS ON NOTABLE PEOPLE BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

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POSTAL SERVICE 2,150 YEARS AGO

Result of Explorations on the
Site of Memphis, Egypt—
Palace of the Pharaoh
of the Bible.

Lecturing to the University College of North Wales, Professor Flinders Petrie on the site of Memphis.

The great result has been the discovery of the palace of King Apries—the Pharaoh of the Bible—who was contemporary with Jeremiah. It was a great building about 400 feet long and 100 feet wide, and the ruins are 10 or 15 feet high.

The scale of the palace is impressive. The palace court is well over 100 feet square, and the store rooms had more than 40 feet high. The brick walls were about 15 feet thick.

The approach to the palace led up through a large mass of buildings to a platform at a height of about 60 feet above the plain. These buildings served to defend the entrance as outer fortifications. Between them and the palace was a space of about 90 feet wide, the middle of which is a deep fosse, which was doubtless crossed by a drawbridge.

Crossing the fosse, a broad way travelled the palace was entered which was 16 feet wide. The great stone-lined halls lay to the east of this; on the western side the palace kitchen, the storerooms of which still remained, and the lesser halls of the palace service. The great court was on the west, and beyond that the broad way led out to the largest court on the north, the further part of which had been washed away by the rains that had poured down the slopes of the hill for over 2,000 years.

Little had anyone thought that so great a building remained on the top of the grey mud hill which every tourist passed who went by the north road to Sagara. During the course of clearing the palace several beams of cedar were found, one of which was inscribed.

Hitherto sacred armor had rarely been found in Egypt, but in these ruins there were thousands of scales of iron and bronze, varying in form, evidently the remains of corselets of mail left on the floor of the hall. Some good bronze figures of gods were also found, but the palace service piece was a fitting of a palatine solid silver, cast in weight, and decorated with a bust of Hat-Hor, with

horns and a beard, and was, next to her eldest brother, the present marquis, the largest beneficiary under his will. Moreover, it was to her that he entrusted the task of conveying his heart, which was released from his corpse, embalmed, and inclosed in a gold casket, to Palestine, for entombment on the Mount of Olives at Jerusalem, a city in which he owned a large amount of property, including a house and garden now occupied by the French consul, all his real estate in Jerusalem now belonging to Lady Margaret.

Although slightly lame, she is a handsome and singularly attractive woman, extremely gifted and devoted to her husband. There is little about her that she does not understand, and she is among the few women who have passed the necessary examinations for a sailing master's license.

Lady Margaret is descended from a son of Robert II. of Scotland, and among the former Lord Bute was the husbandman who had to pass close to the spot on his way to his mother's house, and he frequently used to deviate into the churchyard, and there remain absorbed in contemplation; like the youth in the poem, "Melancholy marked him for her own" from his earliest years. Thomas Gray was born in London in 1726, and the concluding stanzas were written there eight years later. The Church of St. Giles supplied the ivy-mantled tower, the rugged elms and the ancient yew tree mentioned in the poem. Gray had to pass close to the spot on his way to his mother's house, and he frequently used to deviate into the churchyard, and there remain absorbed in contemplation; like the youth in the poem, "Melancholy marked him for her own" from his earliest years. Thomas Gray was born in London in 1726, and the concluding stanzas were written there eight years later. 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