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[CONTINUED.]

"That's Whipper," he explained, with a smile, when the gentleman was out of give my love to Thelma!" errshot "The best and most generous" Philip smiled and promised. of men! He's a critic-all critics are of men! He's a critic-all critics are antickly, till with clattering uproar and large-minded and generous, we know-but he happens to be remarkably so. He did forth from the station, winding through the me the kindest turn I ever had in my life. When my first book came out, he fell upon it, tooth and claw, mangled it. tore it to ribbons, metaphorically and sorrow at his heart, and as he as a specifing and metaphorically last turned away, those haunting words speaking, and waved the fragments mock- that he had heard under the pines at the ingly in the eyes of the public. From that day my name was made-my writings sold off with delightful rapidity, and were. words can never tell how I blessed, and cruelly true! how I still bless, Whipper. He always pitches into me-that's what's so good of him. We're awfully polite to each other. as you observe-and what is so perfectly awaited Errington at Hull. Unfortunately charming is that he's guite unconscious how much he's helping me along. He's Friedhof, who had assisted Thelma in her really a first-rate fellow. But I haven't flight-and all their persistent and anxi-vet attained the summit of my ambition" ous inquiries elicited no news of her. yet attained the summit of my ambition" -and here Lovelace broke off with a sparkle of fun in his clear steel-gray a whaler or fishing-smack. In a week's time-possibly later-there would be a eves

"Why, what else do you want?" asked Lorimer, laughing. in the meantime he roamed about the streets of Hull, looking eagerly at every

"I want." returned Beau, solemnly, "I want to be jeered at by 'Punch.' I want 'Punch' to make mouths at me, and give me the benefit of his inimitable squeak and gibber. No author's fame is quite secure till dear old 'Punch' has abused him. Abuse is the thing nowadays, you know. Heaven forbid that I should be praised by 'Punch!' That would be frightfully unfortunate!"

Here the coffee arrived, and Lovelace dispensed it to his friends, talking gayly Alten Fjord-and ending by the most pasthe while in an effort to distract Errington from his gloomy thoughts.

"I've just been informed on respectable authority that Walt Whitman is the new Socrates." he said, laughingly. "I felt rather stunned at the moment, but I've got over it now. Oh, this deliciously mad London! What a gigantic Colney Hatch it is for the crazed folk of the world to air their follies in! That any reasonable Englishmen with such names as Shakespeare, Byron, Keats and Shelley to keep the glory of their country warm, should for one moment consider Walt Whitman a poet! Ye gods! Where are your thunderbolts?"

"He's an American, isn't he?" asked Er

rington. "He is, my dear boy! An American whom the sensible portion of America re jects. We, therefore—out of opposition— take him up. His chief recommendation is that he writes blatantly concerning commonplaces – regardless of music or rhythm. Here's a bit of him concerning taming of oxen. He says the tame lives in a

"Placid pastoral region. There they bring him the three-year-olds and the four-year-olds to break them-

And he nodded kindly to the little maid. The boy went off in a greater hurry than the had regained her rosy color and the parkle of her eyes in the eagerness she elt to rejoin her beloved "Froken." The The name of Lovelace was quite ever. familiar to him-he knew him, not as a distinguished novelist, but as "'im who engine-whistle gave a warning shrick. Philip leaned out and pressed his friend's hand warnly. "Good bro old follow! I'll white the small editorial cham-"Good-bye, old fellow! I'll write to ber at the top of a dark, narrow flight of stairs wherein sat the autocratic Snawley, "All right-mind you do. And I say-

smiling suavely over a heap of letters and disordered MSS. He glanced at the card which his ink-smeared attendant present-The train began to move-slowly at first, then more

ed him. "Ah. indeed!" he said, condescendingly. "Lovelace-Lovelace? Oh, yes-I suppose it must be the novelist of that name-yes! arches like a black snake, till it had twisted itself rapidly out of sight. Lori-mer, left alone, looked after it wistfully, with a heavy weight of unuttered love show him up." Shown up he was accordingly. He enter-ed the room with a firm tread, and closed

the door behind him. "How do you do, my dear sir!" exclaimed Grubbs warmly. "You are well known to me by reputation! I am charmed-de-Alten Fjerd recurred again and again to lighted to make the personal acquaintance his memory—the words uttered by the distraught Sigurd — and how true they were, he thought! how desperately, of one who is-yes-let me say, who is a brother in literature! Sit down, I beg of

And he waved his hand toward a chair, "Good things may come for others-but thereby displaying the great rings that glittered on his podgy fingers. Beau, however, did not seat himself-he

only smiled very coldly and contemptuously

"We can discuss the fraternal nature of our relationship afterward," he said. neither he nor Britta knew of the existsatirically. "Business first. Pray, sir"-here he drew from his pocket the last number of the "Snake"-"are you the writer of this paragraph?" Moreover, there was no boat of any kind leaving immediately for Norway-not even

He pointed to it, as he flattened the fournal and laid it in front of the editor on his desk. Mr. Snawley-Grubbs glanced at it and smiled unconcernedly. "No. I am not. But 1 happen to know

it is perfectly correct. I received the in-formation on the highest-the very highest

and most credible authority." "Indeed!" and Beau's lip curled haughti-ly, while his hand clinched the horse-whip more firmly. "Then allow me to tell you, always hoping that Thelma herself would suddenly meet him face to face, and put sir. that it is utterly false in every her hands in his. He wrote to Neville and told him to send on any letters that ticular-moreover, that it is a gross libel, published with deliberate intent to injure might arrive for him, and by every posithose whom it presumes to mention-and he waited anxiously for one from Thelma. that, whoever wrote it—you, sir, you alone are responsible for a most mischievous, scandalous and damnable lie!" Mr. Grubbs was in nowise disconcerted. but none came. To relieve his mind a little, he scribbled a long letter to her, explaining everything, telling her how

ardently he loved and worshipped her-how he was on his way to join her at the Honest indignation honestly expressed alwavs amused him-he was amused now. "You're unduly excited, Mr. Loverace," he said, with a little laugh. "Permit me ty. He was somewhat soothed when he to remark that your language is rather extraordinary-quite too strong under the the fact that in all probability he himself circumstances! However, you're a privleged person-genius is always a little miserable days went on-the week was mad, or shall we say-eccentric? I supcompleted-the steamer for Christiansund pose you are a friend of Sir Philip Er-rington, and you naturally feel hurt-yes started at last, and, after a terrible stormy passage, he and the faithful Britta -yes. I quite understand! But the scourge of the press-the wholesome, purifying scourge, cannot be withheld out of con-On arrival, he learned that a vessel bound for the North Cape had left on the ideration for private or personal feeling. No-no! There's a higher duty-the duty we owe to the public!" "I tell you again!" repeated Lovelace, firmly, "the whole thing is a lie. Will you previous day-there would not be another

apologize?' Mr. Grubbs threw himself back in his

well endeavored to dissuade him from this desperate project—the further north, the chair and laughed aloud. "Apologize? My dear sir, you must be greater danger, they told him-moreover, the weather was, even for Norway, ex-ceptionally trying. Snow lay heavily over dreaming! Apologize? Certainly not! I cannot retract the statements I have made—and I firmly believe them to be If the country he would have to traverse true. And though there is a saying, 'the greater the truth the greater the libel,' the only means of conveyance was by carriole or pulkha-the latter a sort of I'm ready, sir, and always have been ready, to sacrifice myself to the cause of sledge used by the Laplanders, made in the form of a boat, and generally drawn by reindeer. The capabilities of the car-riole would be exhausted as soon as the truth. Truth, truth forever! Tell the iruth and shame the devil! You are at truth. liberty to inform Sir Philip Errington snow-covered regions were reached, and from me, that as it is my object-a laud-able and praiseworthy one, too, I thinkto manage a pulkha successfully require. skill of no ordinary kind. But the cour-ageous little Britta made short work of all these difficulties—she could drive a pulkha—she knew how to manage reindeer to show up the awful immorality now reigning in our upper classes, I * do not regret in the least the insertion of the If it only makes him ashamed of his vices. I shall have done a good deed, and served the interests of society at large. At the same time, it realize his position, Lovelace closed with im. bent him under, and struck the horse whip smartly across his back and shoul-ders. He uttered a yell of pain and fury, and strove vigorously to defend himself, but, owing to his obesity, his muscles were weak and flabby, and he was powerless against the activity and strength of his opponent. Lash after lash descended regularly and mercilessly—his cries, which gradually became like the roarings of a bull of Bashan, were unheard, as the office boy below, profiting by a few idle mo-ments, had run across the street to buy some chestnuts at a stall he particularly some chestnuts at a stall he particularly patronized. Beau thrashed on with in-creasing enjoyment—Grubbs resisted him less and less, till finally he slipped feebly down on the floor and grovelled there, gasping and groaning. Beau gave him one or two more artistic outg and stread hail. che or two more artistic cuts, and stood above him. with the serene, triumphant smile of a successful athlete. Suddenly a loud peal of laughter echoed from the doorway-a woman stood there, richly dressed in silk and fur, with diamonds sparkling in her ears, and diamonds claspg the long boa at her throat. It was Violet Vere. "Why, Snawley!" she cried, with cheerful familiarity. "How are you? All broken, and no one to pick up the pieces, Serves you right! Got it at last, eh? Don't get up! You look so comfortable! "Bodily assault." gasped Grubbs. "T "T'T summons—call the police—call." his voice died away in inarticulate gurglings, and raising himself, he sat up on the floor in a sufficiently abject and ludicrous posture, wiping the tears of pain from his eyes. Beau looked at the female intruder, and recognized her at once. He saluted her with cold courtesy, and turned again to Frubbs.

upon him with something of wonder and reluctant admiration. Presently she trim-med an oil-lamp, and set it, burning dim-ly, on the table. Then she went to the bed and bent over it. After a pause of several minutes she turned and made a beekoning sign with her finger. Guldmar advanced a little—when a sudden eldritch shriek startled him back, almost curdling the bloog in his veins. Out of the deep Meanwhile, Lovelace, left alone again with Mr. Grubbs, reiterated his demand for an apology. Grubbs made a rush for the door, as soon as Miss Vere had gone, with the full intention of summoning the police, but Beau coolly placed his back against it with resolute firmness, and flourished his whip defiantly.

whip defiantly. none of this nonsense!" he "I don't mean to leave this have satisfaction. If Sir box wrote that scandalous "Come, sir, none of this nonsense!" he said sterniy spot till I have satisfaction. Francis Lennox wrote that scandalous paragraph the greater rascal he, and the nore shame to you for inserting it. You, tered with a strange and dreadful bril-liancy-the face of Lovisa Elsland, stern, who make it your business to know all the dirty alleys and dark corners of life, must have known his character pretty thorougily. There's not the slightest excuse for you. Will you apologize—and retract every word of their pretromething that have shadows of approaching death. She stared inc. and feebly shaded her eyes, as though the she stared was illumined by the ruddy glow of the she saw something that her eyes, as though she saw something that hurt them. Ulrika raised her on her tumbled pillow, and say-ing, in cold, unmoved tones:—"Speak now, for the time is short," she once more beckoned the bonde imperatively. retract every word of that paragraph in

He approached slowly. "Lovisa Elsland," he began in distinct tones, addressing himself to that ghastly countenance, still partly shaded by one hand, "I am here—Olaf Guldmar. Dost thou know me?" At the sound of his voice a strange

retract every word of that paragraph in your next issue?" Grubbs, breathless with rage and fear, glared at him, but made no answer. "Very well," he said, sullenly. "Write what you want put in—I'll attend to it—I don't mind obliging Miss Vere. But all the same, I'll have you arrested: Bean laughed. "Do so by all means!" he said, gayly. "I'll leave my address with you!" He wrote rapidly a few lines on a plece of paper to the following effect:

effect:

"We have to entirely contradict a statement we made last week respecting a sup-posed forthcoming divorce case, in which Sir Philip Bruce-Errington was seriously implicated. There was no truth whatever in the statement, and we herewith apologize most humbly and heartily for having inadvertently given credence to a rumor which is now proved to be utterly false and without the slightest shadow of foundation.'

a foundation." He handed this to Grubbs. "Insert that word for word, at the head of your paragraphs," he said, "and you'll hear no more of me, unless you give me ftesh provocation. And I advise you to think twice before you have me arrested— for I'll defend my own case, and — ruin you! I'm rather a dangerous customer to have much to do with! However, you've for the second sec got my card—you know where to find me if you want me. Only you'd better send after me to-night if you do — to-morrow I may be absent."

may be absent." Not a soul regretted Sir Francis — not even the Vere, whom he had kept and surrounded with every luxury for five years. Only one person, a fair, weary-faced woman away in Germany, shed a few tears over the lawyer's letter that announced his death to her—and this was the deserted wife who had once loved him. Lady Winsleich had heard the news—she seen the "new woman," and I believe a certain contributor to the Chap Book, or Chips aunounces that there Lady Winsleigh had heard the news-she shuddered and turned very pale when her husband gently and almost pityingly told her of the sudden and unprepared end that had overtaken her quondam admirer -but she said nothing. She was presid-ing at the breakfast-table for the first is no new woman. his name in the Chap Book or any other book, and I am sorrier to have to inform the some one who is a wotime in many years; she looked somewhat sad and listless, yet lovelier so than in al man that she has not kept her eyes open, but-there is a new woman, and I have seen her.

She dared not look up—she was trembl-ing nervously. How dreadful it was, she thought, to be thankful that a man was dead!—to feel a relief at his being no longer in this world! Presently her husery excuse in the world for her wearing them

ity, and, by the way, this is no advertisement of any sort of health food or any make of bicycles, al-

She rose and came tremblingly toward consummation. him. She knelt at his feet, though he strove to prevent her-she raised her that I stumble No; this is a section of real life

color crimsoned her face, and she bit gloves and warmed his hands at the cheer-her lips vexedly as she descended the ful blaze, Ulrika again fixed her dull eyes office-stairs. And the special contractor drew her-self up with proper pride and dig-Inity.

Suddenly there flashed over my consciousness that 1 had had an experience of late almost exactly similar to this, and quite as suddenly I traced it to Hopkinson Smith's latest story.

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The story, which is running in the Century just now, is called "Tom Grogan," as is the graphic narrative of one business woman's pluck in business and against all sorts of foul methods to take trade away from her since she will not "come in wid 'em an' jine the union."

Marie Samson and "Tom Grogan" were born to be sister spirits, for their cause and aims are one.

"Do you know," continued Miss Samson, "I think I save \$10 a day by coming down here to work. Yesterday I have four men. One of them is ver' lazy. To-day I will tell him go. We work with three, and I think we do more work than with de four."

"Ain't you afraid your house will be damp, built as it is over a stream?" I inquired. There was no answer to my question, and I looked down to see my compan on engaged in a vigorous struggle with a long pine board.

It could not have been less than ten feet long, and was heavy at that. Nevertheless, it was having decidedly the worst of the bargain. I watched to see what she would do.

She pulled the board toward her, and I saw that she was trying to A "NEW WOMAN" BOSS BUILDER. form an impromptu bridge across a perilous gap in the earthworks, very near to us. Slowly the plank assumed a perpendicular, was grasped firmly by the new woman, and slowly let down on the other side the "lover's leap.'

"There," she said, "now you can see for yourself just how far we go."

"That doesn't look as if you would be in much before June," I ventured. "Before June," re-echoed the strongarmed proprietor. "I tell that when the spring comes I shall be there. I tell my men, my carpenters, my masons, my plumbers, everybody, that I will have no fooling, and that I

shall be in in the spring. "Just as soon as I can I shall get up the frame, buy a boiler, and then we can work inside. So we shall hasten it on, and all will go well." "You are sure of success."

Mlle. Samson stretched toward me two hands-large, brown, and strong. "I came here from Canada in 1878 with nothing but dese hands," she said. I had lost money, and I owed money. They tell me it is vain for me to try in the States. I have been here eight years and I am now ready to build a home of my own."

"Ha! Look out dere, John. That though appearances, at this stage of stone will hit you if you are not ver the game, are all in favor of such a careful," and John dodged the derrick and its heavy stone just in time to escape injury. As I went on my inspired way, for air, to the Hotel Samson, to the "new reality even now than the subway promises ever to be, but-comparisons are odious, especially in this instance.

She Has Built Up a Big Hotel Business and is Now Building a Bigger Hotel. Boston Evening Record. Peabody, Jan. 3.-I heard some one say the other day, and the some one was a woman, too, that she had never

sad and insuess, yet lovener so than in all the usual pride and assertive arrogance of her beauty. Lord Winsleigh read aloud the brief account of the accident in the paper—she listened dreamily—still mute. He watched her with yearning eyes. "An awful death for such a man, Clara!" he said at last, in a low voice. She dared not look up—she was tremble

band spoke again more reservedly. "No doubt you are greatly shocked and grieved," he said. "I should not have told you so suddenly—pardon me." "I am not grieved," she murmured, un-

steadily. "It sounds horrible to say so-but 1-I am afraid I am glad!" "Clara!"

some are such beautiful animals, so lofty looking-some are buff-colored, some mottied, one has a white line "un ning along his back, some are brindl

Some have wide flaring horns (a good sign, look you! the bright hides, See the two with stars on their foreheads

backs. How straight and square they stand on

"Stop, stop!" cried Lorimer, putting his hands to his ears. "This is a practical joke, Beau! No one would call that jargon poetry!'

"Oh!-wouldn't they, though!" exclaim ed Lovelace. "Let some critic of rep ita tion once start the idea, and you'll have the good London folk, who won't bother to read for themselves, declaring him as fine as Shakespeare. The dear English muttons! fine Southdowns! fleecy baalambs! Once let the press-bells tink!e loudly enough across the fields of literature, and they'll follow, bleating sweetly in any direction! The sharpest heads in our big metropolis are those who know this, and who act accordingly."

"Then why don't you 'act accordingly'?" asked Errington, with a faint smile. "Oh. 1? I can't! I never asked a favor from the press in my life—but its little bel has tinkled for me all the same, and a few of the muttons follow, but not all. Are Are ?" this as they rose to take their "Well, Errington, old fellow," and vou off?' he shook hands warmly, "a pleasant jour ney to you, and a happy return home!

Lorimer hesitated, then said:-"All right! My mother's delighted at the idea. Yes. Beau, we'll come. Only I hope we sha'n't hope won " bore you.'

"Bore me! you know me better than that," and he accompanied them out of the smoking-room into the hall, while Er-rington, a little surprised at this sudden arrangement, observed :-- "Why, George, I thought you'd be here

when we came back from Norway--to--to welcome Thelma, you know!"

welcome Theima, you know: George laughed. "My dear boy, I sha'n't be wanted! Just let me know how everything goes on. You-you see, I'm in duty bound to take my mother out of

London in winter." "Just so!" agreed Lovelace, who had watched him narrowly while he spoke. "Don't grudge the old lady her southern sunshine, Errington! Lorimer wants brush ing up a bit, too-he looks seedy. Then I shall consider it settled-the day after to morrow we meet at Charing Cross-morn ing tidal express, of course-never go by night services across the Channel if you can help it."

Again they shock hands and parted. "Best thing that young fellow can do!" thought Lovelace, as he returned to the out of this, into new scenes, the bette" he's breaking his heart over the beauti-ful Thelma. By Jove! the boy's eyes look-ed like those of a shot animal whenever her name was mentioned. He's rather badly hit!"

He sat down and began to meditate. "What can I do for him, I wonder?" he thought. "Nothing, I suppose. A love of that sort can't be remedied. It's pity—a great pity! And I don't know any woman likely to make a counter impression on hm. He'd never put up with an Italian beauty"—he paused in his reflections, and the color flushed his broad, bandsome brow, as the dazzling vision of a sweet. piquant face, with liouid dark eyes and rippling masses of rich brown hair came flitting before him—"unless he saw An-He sat down and began to meditate flitting before him-"unless be saw An-gela." he murmured to himself, softly-"and he will not see her-besides, Angeia

And after this, his meditations seemed to be particularly pleasant, to judge from the expression of his features. Beau was the expression of his features. Beau was by no means ignorant of the tender pas-sion—be had his own little romance, ard beautiful and bright as a summer-day— but he had resolved that London, with its love of gossip, its scandal, and society papers—London, that on account of his movements and chronicled his doings in the most authoritative and incor-rect manner — London should have no chance of penetrating into the secret of his private life. And so far he had suc-ceeded, and was likely still to succeed.

-she entertained not the slightest doub: of being able to overcome all the obstacles on the way. At the same time, she franktold Sir Philip that the journey would e a long one, perhaps occupying several lavs, that they would have to rest at

for you, the heavens are empty!" PART II.-CHAPTER XIII.

Disappointment upon disappointment

ence of the good Norwegian innkeeper.

steamer starting for Christiansund, ana

for this Errington, though almost mad with impatience, was forced to wait. And

fair-haired woman who passed him, and

sionate yows of unchanging love and fidel-

had done this-though he did not realize

might arrive before the letter. The slow,

for a fortnight. Cursing his ill-luck,

resolved to reach the Alten Fjord by

land, and began to make arrangements ac-

cordingly. Those who knew the country

were landed there.

different farms or stations on the road. and put up with hard fare-that the cold the round bodies and broad would be intense-that often they would and it difficult to get relays of the requir-

d reindeer-and that it might perhaps their legsbe wiser to wait for the next boat going

to the North Cape. But Errington would hear of no delays—each hour that passed filled him with fresh anxieties—and once in Norway

he could not rest. The idea that Thelm: might be ill-dying-or dead-gained on him with redoubled force: and his fears easily communicated themselves to Britta, who was to the full as impatient as he, the two made up their minds, and providing every necessary for the journey they could think of, they started for the far sunless North, through a white, frozen land, which grew whiter and more silent the further they went, even as the brooding sky above 'hem grew darker and

larker. The aurora borealis flashed its brilliant shafts of color against the sable preast of heaven, the tall pines, stripped pare, every branch thick with snow and dropping icicles, stood-pale ghosts of the forest-shedding frozen tears; the moon, more like steel than silver, shone frostily cold, her light seeming to deepen rather than soften the dreariness of the land-and on - on - on - they went, Britta, enveloped to the chin in furs, steadily ney to you, and a happy return the enveloped to the chin in furs, second, have you settled whether you'll go with driving the strange elfin-looking steeds, with their horned heads casting long disorted shadows on the white ground-and Philip beside her, urging her on with feverish impatience, while he listened to the smooth trot of the reindeer, the

tinkle of the bells on their harness, and the hiss of the sledge across the sparkling snow.

On the very morning after he had left the metropolis en route for Norway, that the metropolis en route for kolway, that admirably conducted society journal, the "Snake," appeared—and society read the assailing paragraph and rolled it in its rank mouth like a bonbon, enjoying its

It ran as follows:-"We hear on excellent authority that the Norwegian 'beauty,' Lady Bruce-Er-rington, wife of Sir Philip Bruce-Erring-ton, is about to sue for a divorce on the flavor.

ground of infidelity. The offending dama in the question is an acmired actress well-known to the frequenters of the Brilliant Theatre. But there are always tw sides to these affairs, and it is rumored that the fair Norwegian (who, before her marriage, we undstand, was a great adept n the art of milking reindeer on the shores of her native fjord) has private reasons of her own for desiring the

livorce not altogether in keeping with her tated reasons or her apparent reserve. We are, however, always on the side the fair sex, and, as the faithless hus and has made no secret of his nev iaison, we do not hesitate to at once pronounce in the lady's favor. The case is likely to prove interesting to believers n wedded happiness, combined with the

strictest moral and religious sentiments. Quite by accident this piece of would-be "smartness" was seen by Beau Love-lace. He had a wholescene contempt for the "Snake"—and all its class—he would never have looked at it, or known of the paragraph. had not a friend of his at the farrack pointed it out to him with half a soule and half a smeer. "It's a damned lic." said Beau, briefly.

"That remains to be proved!" answered his friend, and went away laughing. Beau read it over and over again, his

blood firing with honest indignation. Thelma! Thelma-that pure white lily of womanhood-was she to have ber stainless bonor to be attainted in his absence, and he condemned without a word uttered in

not be responsible for the return of re-jected MSS."

prospect of seeing her mistress soon again-possibly, she thought gladly, they might find her at Hull-they might not have to go to Norway at all. The train came up to the platform, the tickets were taken. Miss Samson went on :- "Yesterday Dampness is coming scon, so is what—and he now inteed his fur cap, thus displaying his silvery hair, ruddy features, and open, massive brow. At that moment a woman who was busying herself in put-ting fresh pine logs on the smoldering fire, turned and regarded him intently. "Has she been long thus?" he asked, in a low voice for any penny-a-liner living." She paused, and again broke out laughing:-"Poor old Snawley! You do look so sore! Ta-ta!" And she moved toward the door. Lovelace, always courteous, opened it for her. She raised her hard, bright eyes, and smiled came down, as usual. And I got so cold in the head and Catarrh; have cold, so very cold, just standing still. CATARRHINA at hand. go to Norway at all. The train came up to the platform, the tickets were taken, and Sir Philip, with Britta, entered a first relass compartment, while Lorimer stood outside leaning with folded arms on the carriage window, talking cheetfully. "Yow'll find her all right Phil I'm posithat I went to work just to keep my PASTORINI is the best remedy for muscles from being stiff and myself milk-crust. stood outside leaning with folded arms on the carriage-window talking théerfully. "You'll find her all right. Phil. I'm posi-tive." he said. "I think it's very probable she has been compelled to remain at Hull: and even at the worst. Britta can guide you all over Norway, if necessary. Noth-ing will daunt her." from a hard chill. a low voice. and smiled. "Since last night," replied the woman-no other than Mr. Dyceworthy's former servant, Ulrika. "She wakened suddenly, and bade me send for you. To-day she "And then dose Irish women, they "I suppose you carry a memento of some "Thanks! Hope I shall see you again some day!" laugh at me, and they say things that sort in that locket of yours?" "You are very good!" responded Beau, I do not hear. What matters what "Precisely. It is a lock of my husgravely. Fither his tone, which was one of chill. indifference, or something in his lock. He approached the now blazing pine loge, irritated her suddenly-for a rush of hot 'and as he drew off his thick fur driving son, I glory in your spunk,' he say!''. they say when one of de richest men band's hair." "But your husband is still alive?" . "Yes, sir; but his hair is all gone." in

"Will you apologize?"

"No-I-I won't!" Beau made another threatening move-ment-Miss Vere interposed "Stop a bit," she said, regarding him

with her insolent eyes, in which lurked, however, an approving smile. "I don't

urned his watering eyes from one to the other in wretched perplexity. He us an effort to stand up and succeeded. made 'I'll have you arrested, sit!' he exclaimed, shaking his dist at Bean, and quivering with passion, "on a charge of odily assault-snameful bodily assault.

"All right!" returned Beau, coolly. "If were fined a hundred pounds for it, 1 should think it cheap for the luxury of thrashing such a hound. Grubbs quaked at the determined attitude and threatening eye of his assailant, and turned for relief to Miss Vere, whose

smile, however, was not sympathetic. "You'd better cave in!" she remarked, airily. "You've got the worst of it, you

She had long been on confidential terms with the "Snake" proprietor, and she with spoke to him now with the candor of an old friend.

"Dear me, what do you expect of me!" he almost whimpered. "I'm not to blame" The paragraph was inserted without my knowledge by my sub - editor-he's away just now, and-there!— why," he cried with sudden defiance, "why don't you ask Sir Francis Lennox about it£ He wrote the whole thing.'

"Well, he's dead," said Miss Vere with the utmost coolness. "So it wouldn't be much use asking him. He can't answeryou'll have to answer for him. "I don't believe it!" exc

Grubbs. "He can't be dead!"

"Oh, yes, he can, and he is," retorted iolet. "And a good job too! He was ceeded, and was likely still to succeed. Meanwhile, as he sat in blissful reverie. Violet "Here, Alexandre! suddenly! Mettez only chose people who know one anknocked over by a train at Charing-Cross. You'll see it in to-day's paper, if Meanwhile, as he sat in blissful reverie. pretending to read a newspaper, though his thoughts were far away from it. Errington and Lorimer arrived at the Midland Station. Britta was already there with the luggage: she was excited and pleased: her spirits had risen at the prospibly she thought glad'y, they might Beau noted the name and wrote the smiling curiously to himself the while. An hour later he stood in the office of the "Snake." courteously inquiring for Mr. Snawley-Grubbs. Apparently he had prospect of seeing her mistress soon again-ton had left with him the previous day. Mr. Snawley-Grubbs. Apparently he had one on horseback, for he held a riding-ton had left with him the previous day. Mr. Snawley-Grubbs. Beau noted the name and wrote the Meanwhile, in Lovisa Elsland's close and Alexandre, a dark eyed young furs, seemed almost to fill the little place —he had thrown aside the thick scarf of the eyes while driving in the teeth of the wind—and he now lifted his fur cap, thus displaying his silvery hair mddy features Mark eyed young Frenchman, looked up respectfully. Miss Samson went on:—"Yesterday Miss Samson so is une planchette ici-bas!" other very well.

large, dark eyes, full of dull agony, to his. "I've been a wicked woman, Harry," she said, with a strange, imploring thrih of passion in her voice. "I am down-down in the dust before you! Look at me -don't forgive me-I won't ask that-you can't forgive me-but pity me!" He took her hands and laid them round closer, closer-till he pressed her to his

"Down in the dust are you?" he whis-pered, brokenly. "My poor wife! God forbid that I, should keep you there!" PART III.-CHAPTER I.

Night on the Alten Fjord—the long, long changeless night of winter. The sharp snow-covered crests of the mountains rose

in white appeal against the darkness of the sky-the wild north wind tore through the leafless branches of the pine forests bringing with it driving pellets of stinging hail. Joyless and songless, the whole landscape lay as though frozen into sculp-tured stone. The sun slept, and the fjord, black with brooding shadows, seemed silently to ask—where? Where was the great king of Light—the glorious god of the golden hair and ruddy countenance— the glittering warrior with the flaming shield and spear invincible? Where had he found his rest? By what strange en-chantment had he fellen into so deen and Joyless and songless, the whol chantment had he fallen into so deep long a drowsiness! The wind, that rioted across the mountains, rooting up great trees in its shrieking career north-ward, grew hushed as it approached the Alten Fjord—there a weird stillness reign-

ed, broken only by the sullen and mono-tonous plash of the invisible waves upon the scarcely visible shore. On this particular afternoon the appear-ance of the "Death Arch," as they called that special form of the aurora, had im-pressed the Taivig folk greatly. Some of them were at their doors, and, regardless of the piercing cold, occupied themselves in staring languidly at a reindeer sledge which stood outside one of the more dis-tant huts, evidently awaiting for some person within. The hoofs of the animals work.

made no impression on the hardened snow -now and again they gently shook the tinkling bells on their harness, but otherwise were very patient. The sledge was in charge of a youthful Laplander – a hideous, stunted specimen of humanity, who appeared to be literally sewed up from head to foot in skins.

wever, an approximation of the second Inter than the ordinary run of such animals. There was something uncanny in the very look of them! Thus the stupe-fied, unreasoning Talvig folk muttered, one to another, leaning drowsily out of their half-open doors. "This a strange thing," said one man, "that a woman as strong in the fear of the Lord as Lovisa Elsland should call for one of the widted to wist here on here

one of the wicked to visit her on her death-bed."

"Strange enough!" answered his neigh-bor, blinking over his pipe, and knocking down some of the icicles pendent from his roof. "But may be it is to curse him with the undying curse of the godly." "She's done that all her life," said the first sneaker

"That's true! She's been a faithful serwant of the Gospel. All's right with her in the next world-she'll die eastly." "Was it for her the Death Arch shone?" asked an old woman, suddenly thrusting her head, wrapped in a red woollen hood.

out of a low doorway, through which the light of a fire sparkled from the background, sending vivid flashes across the snow.

The man who had spoken last shook his head solemnly. "The Death Arch never shone for Christian yet," he said, gravely. "N There's something else in the wind. Y "No We

and the something else in the wind. We can't see it—but it will come—it must come! That sign never fails." And presently, tired of watching the waiting sledge and the passive Laplander, he retreated within his house, shutting his door against the darkness and the bitter wind. His neighbors followed his example and save for two or three red example, and, save for two or three red glimmers of light here and there, the little village looked as though it had been de-serted long ago-a picture of frost-bound silence and solitude.

that I stumbled upon not twenty. miles away from Boston the other the woman was as a whiff of fresh day. My new woman is a sensible woman, who is building a hotel for herself. Her name is Mary Samson, I was convinced in soul that the new Miss, if you please, and she is a citizen of Peabody.

At the sound of his voice, a strange spasm contorted the withered features of

"So you are come, Olaf Guldmar!" she said. "It is well-for the hand of Death

"It is well, indeed, if I can be of ser-vice, Lovisa Elsland," responded Guldmar, "though I am but a sorry consoler, hold-ing, as I do, that death is the chief bless-the bar of the particular at any

ing, and in no way to be regretted at any time. Moreover, when the body grows too weak to support the soul, 'tis as well to

escape from it with what speed we may.

To be continued.

Now, I am sorry to have to contra-

dict flatly a man who writes over

And she lives very near to Boston,

She's not the strictly bloomer sort

of new woman, although there is ev-

She is an honest, healthful, energet-

c specimen of business-like practical-

is a new woman should.

he dying woman.

Everyone who has lived eight years n Peabody knows Mary Samson, and, if one does not, there is not the shade of an excuse for him, since

the sign of the Samson House has been boldly displayed on Lowell street, near the railway station, for many moons.

Mlle. Mary Samson, for she is a French woman, who came to the States in 1876 "quite penniless," as she told me, runs a boarding and lodging house which has become too small for her "clientele" and her ambitions, and so she will build a greater mansion for herself.

I was attracted to the spot by a crowd of men and boys who seemed rooted to that particular spot by some very special object of interest. There were a few Irish women with shawls over their heads and cotton dresses fluttering in the keen air, standing with the men and laughing loudly from time to time.

I pressed nearer. I saw quite a distance below the street level a stream of running water, across which were laid some beams, a derrick for hoisting purposes, a low wall of stone newly cemented by mortar, and about four masons and diggers hard at

Upon the earthworks across the stream stood the woman who was acting as the magnet of the occasion. She was a tall, stout woman, red cheeked, haie and hearty, dressed in a

bright blue cotton skirt too long for street wear, a brown velvet hood coming down over her ears, and a heavy blanket shawl wrapped closely round her throat and shoulders.

In her hand she held a small leathercovered book, such a one as foremen usually carry with them. She was gesticulating and talking to the men ligging among the foundations when first saw her.

The Irish women were provoked to fresh mirth.

"Arrh-an' luk at her a-orderin' of the min to-day when yesterday she carry out the spirit of the affair, have wuz a-carryin' of the stones an' a- been known to wear the oldest clothes slapping' on the mortar there wid they possess, and the result is very

"Is that a fact?" said I, apropos of this outburst, to a bystander.

"Yes," said he, and added with emphasis, "and if there were more women in Peabody like Mary Samson there'd be more work done than there

He addressed himself to no one in particular, but the Irish women tossed their heads and bridled indignantly. while I caught onto Mary Samson. She greeted me with hearty cor diality. "It is not so cold as yesterday, is it?" she queried cheerfully, "And yet I have put on all warm clothing because yesterday I caught some cold while out here working." "You work here every day then?" "Oh, yes, certainly. What would you? The men work twice as fast when I am here to order. I have no contract, no joreman. I hire these men myself, and I stay right here all the time with them

Doctor-"Nature effects the cure, and we merely Friend-"Collect the bills."

POVERTY PARTIES IN SOCIETY.

An Eccentric and Amusing Method of Entertaining.

A novel style of entertaining this season among some of the society people in New York has been by giving what is termed a "poverty party." To begin with, the invitations to this sort of a party are usually not of the ordinary engraved style. Indeed, very often those asked to the party receive invitations written on brown paper. If the invitations are not prepared in this manner, some other eccentric idea is devised.

At a poverty party you are not expected to wear your smartest evening clothes. In fact, many of the people who attend these functions, and who her cwn hands. Heaven be good to ludicrous indeed. When you reach the party, everything is arranged in the simplest possible manner. The only thing that is not strictly in keeping with the character of a poverty party is the dancing. The music and the floor are not different in any par-

ticular from any other social event. The surprise, however, which is the most startling comes at supper time. You do not sit down to small, daintily arranged tables, for salads and ices and other delicacies. The guests sit down to pine tables, and eat from wooden plates. The centre piece, instead of being a prettily arranged salad, consists wholly of baked beans, and the other dishes are of a similar substantial character. The poverty parties which have taken place in New York this season have been very jolly affairs, but care must be taken in sending out invitations not to make the party too large, and to include