CHAPTER XIII.

but Janetta drooped and pined for her heart by storm and held it fast-Harry Merivale.

She saw his arrival in England recorded in the daily paper. Later on she noticed that his valuable services in the late campaign were to be rewarded by a high appointment in the war office.

"Janetta," said Clarice, one day in June, "are you going to wear black clothes for the rest of your days? It's more than a year since your brother

"I'll go into colors again, if you like," answered Janetta, obedient to Clarice's faintest wish. "Come up with me to London tomorrow and you shall choose my dresses for me."

"I'm afraid you must go alone, Janetta, because because Sir Robert has telegraphed to say that he will be here and I must be at home to receive

Janetta looked up quickly, and Clarice's eyes fell before the questioning glance. "Is it that you have given him leave to come, Clarice?"

'Well, yes," Clarice admitted, half reluctantly. "He loves me as I believe never woman was loved before-a million times more than I'm worth loving -and I'm going to marry him. And I've got it into my head that I wish you to mark the occasion by dropping your black frock. So go to London and come back in the prettiest dress you can buy."

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" cried Janetta, between laughter and tears, "how happy you have made me-how happy you will make the man who marries you! I'm so glad, so glad, that I feel as if I could sob my heart out for very

That day Clarice wrote a short note to Harry Merivale asking him to come down on the following afternon and spend the night at Sea Grange.

"Surely it is time we met again," she wrote. She said nothing of her invitation to Janetta; but asked her to be sure and return to Northcliff by a certain train she named in the afternoon.

"And you are to come back in that new frock, Janetta. Sir Robert will be here, remember." So it came to pass that, on that June afternoon, Janetta stood on the platform of London station, prepared to

return to Northcliff. She was dressed in a pale gray costume, with soft frills about her throat, and a large gray hat with drooping feathers, and stood by the door of her carriage, unconscious of the many glances of admiration that were cast at her as the passengers hur-

She was thinking of her first journey to Northcliff, only sixteen months ago, and feeling that a lifetime seemed to have passed since then.

"Good evening, Miss Howard. Shall we travel together?" said a voice behind her. And, turning, she found herself face to face with the man of her dreams.

It was impossible to keep the tumultuous joy that his presence brought with it out of her greeting. A fabulously large tip to the guard

insured their privacy; and Harry could not repress a little triumphant laugh as the train steamed out of the station.

Then for the first time Janetta trusted herself to look steadily at him, He was bronzed with exposure to sun, and weather; he was thinner, too; perhaps not so strictly handsome as when he had gone away, but the face had gained much in nobility.

"You knew I should come, Janetta. You were certain that, when it seemed right and fitting, I should come?" "I was not quite sure," Janetta fal-

tered. "Then you ought to have been, my darling, my darling!" said Harry, drawing nearer. "I can't be mistaken, Janetta. Love like mine have its echo in your heart.'

"Yes," said Janetta, simply. And the next instant Harry's arms closed round her.

"Oh, what will Clarice say?" cried Janetta, when the train drew up at Northeliff an hour or so later. "She is here to speak for herself,"

said Harry, jumping on the platform, "and Drake is with her." (The End.)

WHITE FEATHER

There is no need to mention the name of his regiment here. That is a secret that belongs to the army alone. Suffice it to say that his comrades are proud of his name.

He should never have entered the army at all, much less a hard riding cavalry regiment, which had a reputation to sustain by a yearly tribute of broken necks and collar bones.

His proper vocation was that of a linen draper's assistant, and he had filled that occupation very satisfactor ily till one evil day he had fallen in love with a girl, a silly, shallow girl, at whom no practical man or boy

would have taken a second look. He adored her, and she adored soldiers. In their walks abroad she would

direct his steps toward the Horse To Clarice, the consciousness of a guards or Wellington barracks, that new lover, who waited only for the she might gaze in admiration at the faintest sign of encouragement from | fine, strapping soldiers who were to be her to declare himself, brought un- seen there, and every time she pinched doubted consolation for the effort it his arm and exclaimed: "Oh, Jack, had cost her to renounce the old love; | look at that lovely soldier!" his heart gave him a pang at the thought that some tidings of the man who had taken he was only a draper's assistant, with nothing in common with the military but the handling of red cloth! He was a dreamer by nature, and falling in love did not lessen his weakness in this direction. Dreaming is pardonable in a poet, but an unpardonable crime in a linen draper's assistant, and as he stood at his counter his mind was far away from his work. Instead of listening to the "Forward!" of the shopwalker he could only hear the short-flung word of command and the blare of the bugles that sounded through his dreams: wherefore it was not long before he came into conflict with his practical chief. A few sharp words passed. He threw up in three seconds a position it had taken six

> He gained his title on his first display in the riding school, where, after a short ride on the neck of the riding master's pet buck jumper, he turned deathly pale and cried aloud that he might be allowed to dismount.

years of hard, unremitting labor to

attain. Then he enlisted.

The horse at once gratified his desire by throwing him on to the tan, where he lay trembling in every limb, much to the diversion of a couple of rough riders who were standing by. They were quick to inform their respective squadrons, and his former occupation being known, he was promptly christened White Feather.

In those dark days it was the joy of the more hardy recruits to take him aside solemnly and request the service of three pence three farthings worth of white feathers. Any morsel of down or fluff that might float into the barracks was promptly captured and presented to him with due ceremonies by Trumpeter Pipes, the low comedian of the regiment.

The older men forebore to join in with these somewhat tiring repetitions of a stale joke. They remembered their own experiences in the riding school and recognized that White Feather was a quiet and inoffensive fellow, devoid of the impudence and bad manpers peculiar to recruits and respectful and helpful to his seniors.

The sergeant instructor, too, after a time took a fancy to his timid recruit and took extra trouble to teach him how to keep his heels out, his hands down and his head up.

"I've made smart cavalrymen out o' bigger duffers than you," he used to remark encouragingly as he flicked White Feather's horse into a canter "and I'll make a rider o' you, or I'll break your neck!" White Feather's neck remained unbroken, so it is to be presumed that the sergeant instructor fulfilled his word.

Presently he began to lose the hangdog look of suppressed terror with which he had been accustomed to enter the riding school and to acquire the easy swagger of a cavalryman. His chest, contracted by long hours at the counter, developed under healthy training. Fresh air and much exercise helped White Feather's development, which had been sadly retarted by the heavy, gas-laden atmosphere in which he had lived. His nerves acquired tone, and he learned to take a tumble now and then as a matter of course and to fire his carbine without shutting his eyes and blanching at the explosion of the cartridge.

"Blow me, if he isn't going to shape into a man at last!" quoth the sergeant instructor.

Then a great blow fell upon him. He received one morning a letter from the girl to tell him that she had given him up in favor of a shopwalker who had expectations of being set up in business by his father. She admitted that she had adored soldiers and that she had caused him to enter the army for her sake. But she had omitted to state that the soldiers she adored were soldiers who possessed the queen's commission and who wore stars instead of a worsted stripe.

If poor White Feather was a physical coward, he was a moral hero. There is no chance of a display of feeling in a barrack room, so, like the Spartan boy of old, he hugged his trouble to him, slipping the cheap little engagement ring with which he had sealed his troth into his pocket without a sign beyond the twitching of his white lips. Then he lit his pipe with the letter, not out of contempt, but because there is little privacy accorded in the correspondence that comes to the barrack room, and a private soldier is not provided with a desk wherein to keep his faded flowers and other sentimental

tokens of the past. The blow was a very heavy one, for White Feather was without the worldly knowledge that should have told him long since that he had fixed his affections upon a vulgar, selfish and brainless flirt, and he still believed in

For her sake he had learned to evercome his physical cowardice. He had dreamed of a possible commission in the dim future and had rejoiced in the recently acquired promotion as a step toward her.

For her sake, too, he received the news cheerfully when the word passed through the barracks that the regiment was ordered to South Africa to

by nature a coward, but for the memcry of her he swore an oath to himself to do his duty without sparing himself in the coming fight.

"Look 'ere, old chap, we ain't going to call you White Feather no more!" said Trumpeter Pipes as they lay together behind the shelter of a large bowlder, against the face of which the Boer bullets were pattering like a

heavy rain. In full sight of the whole army their squadron had crossed the Boer front amid a hail of bullets which had brought twenty men to earth.

White Feather's horse had been shot under him, and, at the risk of his life, he had carried the wounded trumpeter into the shelter of the bowlders. He was unhurt, but trembled in every limb from fear and great exertion.

From between two bowlders he peeped out and saw, amid the bodies of men and horses that littered the plain, a wounded man crawling on his hands and knees amid a spatter of bullets that were kicking puffs of dust from the dry earth all around him.

It was his captain. White Feather watched him for a moment; then he saw him stoop and lie down on his side despairingly. He could crawl no more.

"I will, for her sake!" he murmured between his clenched teeth, and, rising from the shelter of the rock, he faced the hail of death that pattered to the earth around him.

As he walked into the open a faint cheer reached his ears from the British troops half a mile behind him. The Royal artillery backed him with a shricking flight of shrapnel, which whistled for a moment overhead, then burst over the Boer lines a quarter of a mile away in a shower of bullets that for a moment quelled the storm around him.

He reached the wounded man, lifted him on his back and returned step by step to where Trumpeter Pipes lay hid-

The trumpeter gave him a faint 'Bravo!" as he staggered and fell with his burden into the kindly shelter of the rock. That was White Feather's reward.

On a distant hill the British commander shut his field glasses with a "Tell the general to keep down the

fire on the right there and get those men in from behind those bowlders," he said to his aid, "and bring me that man's name. If he is alive, tell him that I saw it all, and that I'm going to recommend him for the cross. Never saw a finer show of finer discipline in my life!" added the commander to himself as his aid galloped off. White Feather's eyes glistened as he.

received the messages and heard the cheer that swept along the lines as he was carried in. "Perhaps I shall get that commission

after all," he said to himself; "then she will think more of me." Perhaps it was just as well that he

died five minutes later—this faithful worshiper of a goddess of clay.

STORMS ON BAIKAL. Tempestuous Times on One of Siberla's Great Inland Sess.

The part of the Siberian railroad that will skirt the southern shores of Lake Baikal has not yet been built. It involves difficult engineering, and the railroad authorities decided, for a few years, to use ice-breaking steamers, tie barges to them, load them with passengers and freight cars and thus ferry trains across the lake. But now they have come to the conclusion to build the line around the foot of the lake as soon as they can, for they are having no end of trouble with stormy and foggy Baikal. The lake is sixty-five miles wide and it is no joke for the passengers to be penned in their cars on the barges for twenty to forty hours at a time, as has happened now and then within the last year. On these occasions a storm on the lake or a heavy fog has made it impossible to reach port on the farther side. Anyone knowing the conditions of travel on this take might expect such accidents. There is no good port and one cannot be made without spending a fortune. A while ago sailing vessels were the only means of transport, and they sometimes took over a fortnight in crossing the lake, beating up and down and waiting for a chance to get to the landing while storms were raging for days and days. Millions of Russians seem to have an erroneous idea of Baikal. It is the largest fresh water lake in Asia, but the Russians do not hesitate to call it the largest in the world. In fact, the lake is thus ranked in some of the geographies used in Russian schools. The compilers of these text books would seem never to have heard of our great lakes and those of central Africa.-New York Sun.

Clinging to Polish Language. The Poles who inhabit the province of Posen, a part of the former kingdom of Poland, wish to maintain the public use of their language, but tha authorities do not approve of their desire. Hitherto those Poles ignorant of the German tongue addressed letters and parcels to their friends in their own language. This has now been strictly forbidden. The chief postmaster for the district of Posen has given orders to all postoffices and postal agencies in his district that no mail shall in future be accepted, forwarded or delivered which bears as its address an inscription in the Polish language. By way of explanation he adds that the postal service is not merely a public servant, but has also national and educational functions to perform

The interest bill of the city of New meet the Boers. He knew that he was York amounts to more than \$13,600,000.

-Wolfgang Voltz, in Chicago Record.

THE REPRESE *********** Woman's Glance for Man presente. MARKEREE

When you grieve, and let it show,
And may tell me nothing more,
You have told me, o'er and o'er,
All a woman needs to know.
When I show you that I care. When I show you that I care (Meet your eyes and touch your hand), I have made you understand

All a woman may or dare. So, the ears of Friendship heard So, 'twas seen of Friendship's eyes! You are sad, I sympathize, All without a single word.

The Feud of the Fergusons.

BY KATE M CLEARY. (Copyright, 1901: By Daily Story Pub. Co.) "There's a buggy comin' over the hill," announced Mrs. Ferguson. "Well, if I don't believe something's gone wrong with the gear!" She was peering eagerly between the sitting-room curtains of warm red chenille. "Come here, an' see, Lessie-your eyes are younger'n mine."

But the girl sitting listlessly by the little open stove did not stir nor speak. Her bright bit of knitting had fallen neglected on her lap. Upon it her slender brown hands lay clasped in the idleness of indifference.

"Scems like you don't take interest in nothin' since you been up to Cartville to visit," went on her mother irritably. She sent a sharp glance in the direction of her daughter. Then she turned again to the window. "Its broke or something," she enunciated with brisk recurrence of curiosity. 'The man's comin' this way. He's leading the horse. He's comin' straight here!"

It was a comfortable common little room that wherein mother and daughter sat. The rag carpet had mellowed to dull tones and tints so subdued as to suggest the wonderful weaves of the Orient. There was a glass lamp on the crocheted mat of green wool which ornamented the round walnut center table. The couple of wooden rockers had crazy-work cushions and headrests. On the shelf which did duty for a mantel was a clock, a china dog, and two frost-white glass vases decorated with scarlet roses. The yellow light of the winter afternoon came in between the chenille curtains, and gave to the oval cheek of the girl by the hearth an almost peach-like translucence. Except for that skin of childlike fairness and the lustrousness of her long gray eyes, Lessie Ferguson could hardly have been called a pretty girl. Her tace in repose was soberalmost sombre. But when she was pleased, gay, animated she quite took the palm from the other girls in that part of the county. Just now her face reflected her mood, which was that of downright melancholy.

Mrs. Ferguson, still sentinel at the window, kept issuing bulletins. "He's got far as the rye patch now. First I thought 't was Ellis Dix, but it ain't. Ellis don't come here much since you got to puttin' on airs after gittin' back from Cartville. This one is taller'n Ellis-he's got a moustache too. He don't belong in these parts. You go to the back door, Lessic. I'm skeered of the wind in my face with the neuralgy I got. Find out where he's from. You can tell him where's the tool

chest in the barn if he wants to fix his harness. There—he's knockin'!" Mrs. Ferguson looked frowningly after the slow-moving form of her

daughter. "I wish I'd never let her go visitin' to Cartville!" she was muttering to cared for the stock, and dug paths, and herself in accents of annoyance. mended the roof where it leaked, and "P'raps if I hadn't told her she shouldn't have had anything to say to that Rene Ferguson she'd never have thought of lookin' at him. Like as not the elder woman lay in the fact that 't was just the contrairiness of a girl that made her take up with him. An' then, to come home and throw over Ellis Dix like he wasn't worth wipin' her shoes on-him with the likliest bunch of steers of any man in the township! Sayin' she'd marry Rene -or no one. An' now mopin' away like the life was throwed after her. We've had trouble enough with them Fergusons of Cartville. If they was blood relations instead of only happenin' to be folks of the same name, their family and our'n couldn't have got on worse all these years we been dealin' up to Cartville!"

Lessie, opening the back door, saw silhouetted against the white expanse of the snowy prairies, a big, burry figure in great-coat and slouch hat.

"If you need the tool box," she began with perfunctory politeness, "you'll find it in the right-hand-She broke off with a little gasp-her heart plunging. "Lessie!" said the stranger. "My

girl—Lessie!" .Then the slim little form in the blue, gold-braided gown was swallowed up in the fervent grasp of two powerful,

rough-coated arms. "Oh, Rene!" Her voice was sweet-"Oh, Rene-how dared tremulous.

He kissed the loving reproach on her lips to silence.
"For you!" he answered. "I've

driven over from Cartville to see your father. I'm going to ask him for you. And if he refuses--" The masterful look that came into his blue eyes was a good thing to see.

"But-Rene! Father has gone to Iowa. And even when he is at home he has nothing to say if mother's around."

"But he's been keeping up the feud between the families all these years, and-" No-no! Its been mother. Father

has only fired the bullets she made. If you can once get mother to favor you -hush, here she is!"

"Land's sakes, I know now who that young man is!" The voice of Mrs. Ferguson preceded her like a heralding horn. She appeared in the doorway, rosy, excited, voluble. "He's the nephew of Hiram Sands has been expectin' to come to stay till ploughing time. Come in Mr. Sands—that's your but a business is wound up to stop it

name, ain't it, Tom Sands? Hiram, no went to Chicago with cattle. He says for you to make yourself to home till he gits back. The house is took keer of by old Betsy Lynch. She ain't much account. You better stop right here till the boss is home. Got your buggy out of kilter, didn't you? Lessie, you pint out the barn to him. We'll have supper soon's I can git some spice cake stirred up an' the pork fried. You set the table, Lessie!" And she bustled off into the buttry.

Lessie looked at her lover. Her face was lovely in its sudden illumination. Her eyes were sparkling. She put up an imperious little hand and laid it on Rene's lips.

"Don't say one word!" she whispered. "Its luck-all sheer good luck! Now's your chance if-" The dancing eyes flashed at him a smile of tender coquetry—"if you want me!" she concluded. "Yes—mother, I'm coming. That is the barn Mr.—Sands!"

If ever an intriguing lobbyist laid deep and intricate plans; if ever an insinuating suitor paid serious slege to the parent of his adored: if ever a bold and ardent lover determined to win by strategem and hold in pride the one woman he loved, the wiles of these were trivial compared to those of Lessie Ferguson's adorer.

"That young man," said the deluded hostess when her guest had gone to his repose in the little slant roofed bed-room upstairs, "is the best judge of spice cake I ever see! Did you hear



"Come here and see Lessie."

him praise it? And he said he never ett such pickles-which is sayin' the truth-if I did make 'em! He knows my family too, and how high my father held his head when he drove his own covered carriage as well as a buggy. What was the matter with you? You didn't have a word to fling to him?"

Lessie looked up with a weary little pout. 'Why should I? I supposed it was Ellis Dix that you-

"Ellis Dix!' 'echoed Mrs. Ferguson with an unabashed change of opinion. "What is Ellis Dix to a man that will likely come in for all Hiram Sands' property-let alone a man that knows a lady an' the best of cookin' in the county when he sees 'em?" To this triumphant argument Lessie

ventured no reply. That night a snow storm set in-a memorable snow storm that lasted three days. Then it was indeed, that Mrs. Ferguson learned how valuable an acquisition was her temporary lodger. It was he who got the kitchen fire lighted before there was a glimmer of gray at the window pane. He too, brought water, and made himself adaptive, agreeable, and altogether delightful. Not the least of his charm for he listened with sympathetic if silent interest to her laments as to the affection of her daughter for a man upon

whom she-Mrs. Ferguson, had "never laid eves." "The trouble between our families? Indeed, it dates so far back I can't tell you just how it begun. But anyhow, the old man of the Cartville branch cheated my nusband's grandfather out of some land. An' here's that girl of mine havin' ears an' eyes for no one since she met Rene Ferguson. What's the matter with you now?" For Lessie, white and frightened-looking stood in the doorway. "It's Mr. Sands," she faltered. "I

Mrs. Ferguson jumped up. "I'll be sorry to have you go over to your uncle, Tom!" she cried. "I hope you'll come over real often to see Lessie an' me!" The young man rose also. "He isn't

saw him driving into the yard."

my uncle. I have never heard of Hiram Sands. I came here for-for Lessie!' Lessie colored a delicious pink. She summoned all her bravery. She went and stood beside her lover. "You like Rene, mother," she said.

The pleasant kitchen with its tins glistening like silver in the fireshine, went round and round. Mrs. Ferguson stared blankly at the two confronting her. "Rene," she said at length. "Rene Ferguson!

"Yes, mother. You know he didn't say he was Tom Sands. You said so, and I-I made him pretend. He-Rene-thinks a heap of you already,

mother!" "You've been mighty good to me!" cried the young fellow gratefully. The mother-in-law he longed to

claim was silent. Rene tried again. "If only Mr. Ferguson were at home now, he might persuade you-" "Persuade me! Dave Ferguson! He

wouldn't think of tryin' to! I'd settle

matters right now if-if it wasn't for -the feud." "But there isn't any feud now! I'm only afraid," with a long sigh, "Lessie will never be as good cook as her mother!" The mother meditated-then

"Guess I'll stir up some of that spice cake for supper," she said.

smiled.

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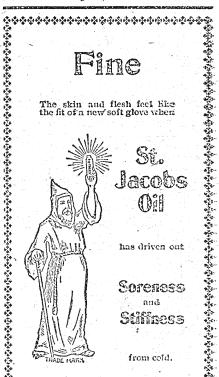
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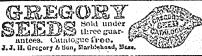


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