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A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

CHAPTER VI.

FOUR VIEWS OF POVERTY.

When Brian descended to the breakfast-room next morning, he found Margaret alone.

She was standing near the open window, and so intent upon arranging some lilies in a bowl that she did not notice his presence until he was close beside her.

He noted her absent thoughts, and, looking up with a start, the warm blood mounted to her brow, notwithstanding her effort to control the momentary weakness.

"I did not expect to see you so soon," she said, in answer to his "Good morning."

"And I did not expect to see you at all. We are both disappointed—I most sincerely. Will you allow me to make [illegible]? No? Perhaps you doubt my sincerity. I shall improve it by watching you. Or, better still, I shall take advantage of this opportunity to tell you that I am sorry I ever came here."

"That is a poor compliment to Miss Hilton and me," replied Margaret, with an [illegible] of sightliness, and an absorbing interest in her task.

"You know what I mean," he returned, with some warmth. "You know why the very sight of you is painful for me. You seem happy enough, but I am utterly miserable."

"Did you sleep well last night?" she broke in, with quite needless irrelevancy, pushing the flowers, which she could [illegible] further pretext of fixing, in the middle of the table.

"No, I didn't sleep at all," was the rather abrupt reply. "I was haunted."

"Haunted? How unpleasant! I wonder why they don't bring us breakfast. Will you ring that bell by you, please?"

"No, no! Wait one moment, Margaret. I know the coffee isn't ready, or the cook isn't cooked, or something. I don't like my breakfast half done, besides. I'm not hungry."

"But I am. I've had a long ride this morning."

"You don't use to ride at S'conset. Confound that hole! How I wish it had been swallowed up before I ever saw it! Why did you deceive me, Margaret? You told me your name was Smith."

"And so it was while I was there. Others knew me as Miss Smith, why should you?"

She colored in spite of herself.

"You might have told me afterward," he answered reproachfully. "What a difference it would have made!"

"I'm afraid," she replied, with not [illegible] and Brian, feeling that he had [illegible] himself again, was about to [illegible] in his own vindication, when the door opened and Miss Hilton entered, thus putting an end to the tete-a-tete.

He saw Margaret's expression of relief, and his heart sank accordingly. But during breakfast she talked to him as pleasantly and naturally that he began to feel less depressed. He was even planning a quiet hour with her during the long day, when she arose from the table with the words:

"I think I'll deliver to The Cedars, Mrs. Hilton. I haven't seen Alice since her return, you know. I am sure you and Colonel Brian will have lots to talk over, and I'll leave him in your hands."

Mrs. Hilton noticed the change that passed over Brian's countenance, but all she uttered was quite cheerfully:

"Very well, my dear. You mustn't neglect your friends. Brian and I will have a nice, quiet morning together, [illegible] let the Colonel keep you too long."

After your remark about the quiet morning, I think I'll spend the day," was Margaret's quiet rejoinder, as she passed through the door which Brian had opened for her.

Twenty minutes later she had mounted her horse, and was following the well-worn road through the hazy little village. But though she was nodding every few minutes to the people she passed, her thoughts were far from her pretty surroundings.

Certain ideas had obtained lodgment in her mind and refused to be displaced. For the first time, the possibility that her uncle had looked forward to a union between Brian Hilton and herself came to her with a force that was absolute pain. She recalled many incidents and allusions, many half-forgotten conversations, which it now seemed to her she could read a deeper meaning from this new possibility.

She remembered that often, in speaking of Brian, her uncle had said a good wife would be his salvation, that home ties would bind him to a more useful life, and that his most earnest desire was to see his wayward son well and happily married.

She also remembered, above all, that when her uncle lay dying he had awakened, after many hours of unconsciousness, to say, in accents which only her ear could catch: "God will bless and guide you, Margaret. Don't forget, Brian; and be good to him for my sake."

The request had sounded oddly then, but now it had a new meaning. Was her uncle looking into the future even then, or did he in his dying moments enjoy the happy delusion that his hopes were realized?

Margaret was trying to answer this painful question when she reached her destination—a handsome, modern-looking house, surrounded by stately cedars. Handing up the broad staircase, with the air of one familiar with the surroundings, she paused before a half-open door, with the words:

"May I come in, Alice?"

For answer, there was a glad cry; the sound of a chair falling, followed by rapid footsteps, and a pretty girl of a brunette type rushed into Margaret's arms and kissed her with affectionate impetuosity.

"Oh, I knew I'd see you," she cried, between her spasmodic caresses. "You dear, child, you've been away an age. You look pale, too, or perhaps it's this black dress. Come right in. Everything's mussed as usual. There, take my big chair, and smooth your ruffled quite provokingly. [illegible] place didn't upset you."

"No," [illegible] herself to be placed in the chair in question. "I am very much [illegible] you."

"You and Mr. Hilton look as much [illegible] in your ideas of [illegible] as ever. It is a wholesome [illegible] health. I am really not an object of sympathy, so your pity is wasted."

"So it does, and I forgive. Why didn't you tell me before, I could have saved some. Still I'm glad to see you back. Uncle will be delighted. He has been positively unbearable, and I think your presence will improve his temper. Oh, I had quite forgotten. Your mouth is with you, I see. [illegible] dose does he like [illegible] like him?"

Alice moved nearer to Margaret, and taking her head [illegible] turned back her face.

"Yes, he [illegible] yesterday afternoon, and [illegible] simply unendurable. [illegible] playing he [illegible] you have taken his [illegible] are people in this place who think me fortunate [illegible] fond the [illegible]."

"Well, [illegible] said Alice, [illegible] fault. I [illegible] His return [illegible] of course. I'm [illegible] Mrs. Peaker. [illegible] Ally's [illegible] Thursday. He has [illegible] your absence. Margaret—"

A contemplative [illegible] passed over Margaret's face.

"I'm wicked [illegible] and carry [illegible] head, she [illegible] tired [illegible] be the [illegible] him. I dare say [illegible] enough to be [illegible]. I'm [illegible] a little [illegible]."

"Don't be [illegible] Ally, my dear. [illegible] young man [illegible] will reach from [illegible] Mexico."

"Perhaps [illegible] be better. [illegible] Margaret. Money [illegible] the trouble in this world."

"The worst [illegible]," [illegible] Alice [illegible] no doubt. [illegible] tiful, [illegible] necessary [illegible] it makes [illegible] my dear, [illegible] under the sun. [illegible] there. I [illegible] morning, and [illegible] it."

"How [illegible] Margaret's [illegible] up. "I [illegible] painted. [illegible] face of her [illegible]."

"No, [illegible] of her [illegible] her better. [illegible] lovely little [illegible] and when I [illegible] the contrast [illegible] lake and [illegible] everything [illegible] few days, [illegible] be more, and [illegible] my trunk, [illegible] or the dust [illegible]."

"My [illegible] down to [illegible] knowledge [illegible]. My head is [illegible] but I'll [illegible] gratitude before [illegible] I will [illegible] Check. I spell it with a [illegible] you observe. I don't know that my [illegible] according to the rules [illegible], but under the [illegible] portant or [illegible] we are [illegible] order. [illegible] showing [illegible] for money.

"This paragraph [illegible] apropos. We [illegible] met wandering [illegible] as it [illegible] ating [illegible] to add the [illegible] Top of the [illegible] through [illegible] the fact that [illegible] fond, but the [illegible] what a change! [illegible] with [illegible] picture [illegible] againty, and [illegible] erably [illegible] fat.

"Now, Alice [illegible] keep in with the old [illegible] leave you [illegible] thought the [illegible] ing power. [illegible] take on the [illegible] have led [illegible] among [illegible] want another [illegible] up in [illegible] It matters [illegible] to waiting [illegible] had a fall."

"In your [illegible] against it, we [illegible] child, the [illegible] Flats weren't [illegible] the cheap flats at [illegible] only kind we [illegible]. One person [illegible] one is a [illegible] broader than [illegible] particularly supposed [illegible] We have [illegible] ing degrees of [illegible] and our [illegible] lives, being [illegible] upon the [illegible] prevent [illegible] which, being [illegible] portion to our [illegible]."

Speaking of [illegible] if she ever [illegible] letters to you. [illegible] mation, and I [illegible] of such a [illegible] Lenox, for [illegible] angle, [illegible] has pearls [illegible] the [illegible] into [illegible] and it [illegible] ter of [illegible]

"Alice [illegible] subjects [illegible] a most important [illegible] a decided [illegible] dent [illegible] as [illegible] sans [illegible] that, like charity, it covers a multitude of sins. He is so enraptured with me, that my red hair is golden in his eyes, from which fact you may estimate the extent of his imagination.

"If he only had a little more [illegible]. I find myself saying nonsense, [illegible] night, but with all the possibilities that [illegible] I am [illegible] that if, the [illegible] he will shrinks [illegible] vacuum, and I, the [illegible] a vacuum.

"Sometimes I wonder if he [illegible] can fill the place where in [illegible] ought to be. As the question is [illegible] memento one, pray give me the benefit of your advice. Meantime I continue to be the son of his existence, the star of his night, and a few other luminaries. And as, also, you must be thoroughly tired of me by this time, I will say goodby, for the present. Everybody joins me in love to you. More in my next.

NIKA.

"P. S. Being a woman, my letter wouldn't be complete without a postscript. So here it is: Give my love to Miss Margaret when you see her. I suppose she is as sweet and as pretty as ever, for I know her good fortune hasn't spoiled her."

Margaret flushed and smiled at this allusion to herself.

"Just as bad as ever," she commented. "Nell will never be staid nor dignified."

"That is what mamma says. We are all a lively set. I dare say they think my nest is feathered, but —"

Alice shook her head doubtfully.

"Uncle is so overbearing at times, and I was never noted for sweetness of temper. Sometimes I get perfectly raving, and then there's a grand scene. Indeed, you wouldn't laugh if you were in my place.

"There is his bell now. He is awake, and I suppose he wants me. Evidently he's in a bad humor. Come with me, Margaret. He will want to see you, and besides your presence may be as oil upon the troubled waters."

Alice hurried off, while Margaret waited to get her hat and gloves. When she reached the hall of the staircase, she heard the Colonel's high-pitched voice, evidently muttering some proposition from Alice.

"Go back! I'll go back when I please, Miss. I'll not be dictated to. Confiness my soul! if there isn't Margaret. When did you get here, child? Just now? Well, well! I'm sorry I was not bothered. I can hardly see you. Come here and let me have a good look at you."

At this invitation Margaret came down the steps, and the old gentleman, despite her blushing remonstrance, took her between his hands and kissed her on each cheek.

"So you've been away, and come back as pale as ever," he added, looking her from him and looking at her critically. "I believe we could have done better for you here. I'm glad to see you, child, mighty glad. Missed you like the devil. By the way, I hear you've got that young scamp with you. I doubt it is he and one foot off the train before some of these confounded tattling women published it to the neighborhood. If I were the husband of some of them, I'd lock or shoot one. What are you waking at, Alice? Nothing? Well, have some sense, come over and take dinner with us, Margaret. No company, you know, only yourself and Brian, if you choose to bring him. I want to see the boy. I suppose he's grown out of joy recognition."

The old gentleman disappeared in the library as he made this last remark, and Margaret turned to Alice with a smile.

"I must be going, she said. "I've left my cousin, you know, and I must not be inhospitable. Please come over soon, Alice. Miss Hilton sent her love and a special invitation."

Alice stood on the porch for some minutes after Margaret was gone.

"If I should turn prophetess, she said, half aloud, I would say. She did not complete her sentence, but, smiling to herself, went into the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

On the Care of False Hair.

In a brochure on the toilet by a professional beauty," a short chapter is devoted to false hair, the care and use of it. Probably few women who are obliged to wear false hair give it any thought after it is laid on the dressing-table. This authority asserts, however, that it should be as carefully brushed and combed every night as natural hair; only in this way can it be kept clean and fresh. It is also suggested that it be put in a covered box of sandal wood when ever it is not on the head. In a New York woman's dressing-room is a small box table with a lid. It is of soft wood painted with pink enamel paint inside and out. To a curious visitor its owner disclosed the intention, which is divided into several compartments of irregular lengths, at the bottom of each of which is a silken sachet filled with Florentine orris and violet powder. Switches, puffs, and curls rested lightly in their proper nests. "A notion of my model," explained the woman. She then matched that in the box, with a laugh, "to preserve and perfume mademoiselle's coiffures."

Something About Lady Mary Gordon.

Lady Mary Gordon, to whom "The Sisters" is dedicated by her affectionate nephew, Algernon Charles Swinburne, is the youngest of the twelve children of the third Earl of Ashburnham, being seven years junior to the poet's mother, Lady Jane Swinburne. She married in 1839 the only son of Gen. Sir James Willoughby Gordon, and possibly from this gallant soldier have filtered down some of the military traditions embodied in the tragedy. Sir Henry Percy Gordon succeeded his father in 1851, but sought distinction in a different line; took honors at Cambridge, and became F. R. S. At his death in 1878 the baronetcy lapsed for want of an heir, and his widow, Lady Mary, was left in possession of North Court, their pleasant seaside home near Niton, in the Isle of Wight.

Extraordinary Remedy for Paralysis.

Dr. Leon Paul of Paris has lately come out in favor of sterilized subcutaneous injections of solutions of sheep's brain as a cure for paralysis. He claims for this extraordinary medicine that it has no injurious reaction, and that in almost every case in which he has tried it there has been a marked improvement in the patient's condition.

THE ENCHANTED MESA.

TRACES OF HABITATION FOUND ON THE TOP OF KATZIMO.

Mr. Hodge Found a Few Shards and Other Weapons, but the Rock Was Too Hard to Dig Deep for Many Secrets—Were the Houses of Indians.

Dr. F. W. Hodge of the ethnological bureau writes for the Century an account of his "Ascent of the Enchanted Mesa," made last September. Mr. Hodge says:

The top of the mesa, compacted by wind and water, and worn smooth by the storm demons of centuries, was the "ancients" of the Zuñis, who, on the crest in the night before had discovered the field, a trail in the early morning of that fateful day.

Although the afternoon was still young, I saw at once that the remaining hours of daylight would not suffice for a thorough examination of the mesa. Directing the two Laguna boys to gather together our blankets and sufficient supply of provisions for a stay of several days, I commenced to dig, and in a few moments a fragment of greatly weather-worn ancient pottery was picked up.

The dawn of the previous day, which drove the Indians from their ancient ceremonies, and gave birth to the glittering little pools in the verdant valley below, afforded facilities for observation on the summer night which would not have been possible. Here and there in the [illegible] "spot-holes" had been [illegible] by wind and rain, and were now filled with water; but nowhere else on the entire summit had the rain found a resting place. Over the [illegible] had passed in scores of cities, [illegible] with stones and [illegible] it managed to gather from [illegible] sources yet remaining.

Incense [illegible] covered with [illegible] vegetation, yucca and [illegible] predominating, but most of the non-scaly plant and have, so far as I can discover, on the black [illegible] other species of subsistence having for a long, long time been [illegible] away. A few [illegible] more [illegible], and the [illegible] would inevitably perish. But the [illegible] of the surface of that [illegible] was not essential to a determination of the fact that it was formerly inhabited with a thick stratum of [illegible]. The tribes had already told the story that on the very site of their village the inhabitants of Katzimo had an abundance of material with which to make the bulk of a hole, and described by one of the Spanish chroniclers of the sixteenth century. The last remnants of their homes, besides with the fragments of their household utensils, save such as we found, are of very the brink generation, but there are still and an abundance of the latter scattered through the [illegible] which in places [illegible] half way up the mesa's sides.

We built a large fire around one of the [illegible] that [illegible] with outstretched arms [illegible] was a mighty blaze, and [illegible] appeared [illegible] as from the face Lucero below.

The next morning, [illegible] Hope Peak in making a survey of the summit, I was not [illegible] passed to and fro three Acoma Indians [illegible]. They were [illegible] hills at first, by having [illegible] the mesa before, they [illegible] to the top by means of [illegible] to [illegible] of the mesa [illegible] and Zuñi [illegible] their ancestors [illegible] the [illegible] from the [illegible]. The leader, [illegible] the [illegible] tribe, [illegible] being a Sun-bear [illegible]. We told him the natives became [illegible] and that their people had [illegible] we were after their bones. Being [illegible] had no desire to make any [illegible] their dry and [illegible] dance in [illegible], but that we were merely looking for pottery fragments, the chief expressed serious doubt that any relics could be found, inasmuch as many years had passed since his people lived on the great table, and he believed all evidences of former occupancy had been swept or washed away. The interest of the three Indians was quite apparent when I showed them the fragment of pottery picked up by Major Pratt the evening before, and they manifested no misgivings [illegible] to search for other pots, which I made the suggestion. They were engaged in this quest only a short while when they returned with several fragments of extremely ancient, greatly worn earthenware, a large pouch, a portion of a shell bracelet, and parts of two grooved stone axes, all broken, flecked with age, and evidently from contact with the ground. Thoroughly satisfied with the outcome, I decided to bring the work to a close as soon as the survey, the photographic work and the examination of the general features of the mesa summit were concluded.

How Cigars Are Sent to the Klondike.

There will be cigars to burn and to be burned in the Klondike as soon as the dog sledge pack trains can get through the Chilkoot. One hundred thousand Canada-made cigars have recently gone on their way to the frozen city of gold millionaires, each box of fifty cigars being placed in a water-tight tin box and packed in lots of 5000 in a strong wooden case.

Each case has rope handles and will fit readily on the dog sleds which are to carry the goods over the Chilkoot Pass. The purpose of placing the cigars in waterproof tin boxes is to prevent damage to them in the event of the shipments being dumped into the rapids. The cigars were bought in Canada to escape duty and save difficulty with the customs authorities. The express charges on this shipment of 250,000 to Victoria alone amounts to $300.—New York Journal.

ANGLO-SAXONS GREAT WRITERS.

Astonishing Facts About the Postal Business of the World.

Two thirds of all the letters which pass through the postoffices of the world are written by and sent to people who speak English. There are approximately 400,000,000 persons speaking English as one language or another, and there about twenty five cents on 12,000,000 per cent, speak English. About [illegible] speak Russian, 7,000,000 German, 40,000,000 French, 12,000,000 Italian, 25,000,000 Italian and 12,000,000 Portuguese, and the Russian, Polish, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Finnish, Bohemian, Hungarian, Turkish, Arabic and Neo-Greek. Thus, while only one quarter of the world employs the language of the postal departments of civilized governments, speaks, in their native tongue, English, "a third of those who correspond in the English language.

The situation is so from the fact that so large a [illegible] of the commercial business of the world is done in English, even among those who do not speak English as their native language. There are, for instance, more than 20,000,000 persons in India, the business of which is done, letters and papers amounting to more than 300,000,000 passed in a year, and the business of these offices, which speak no English, though it is the official language of India, is conducted by natives who speak English, but do not understand English.

The [illegible] of the postal [illegible] Russian, the [illegible] of the Russian postal department, [illegible] small, the number of letters and throughout the year [illegible] amounting to [illegible] with the number [illegible] in Russia alone, there is the regulation of [illegible]. Russia is considerably less than one-half of the population of Russia in Europe.

The Southern and Central America countries in which English is spoken or Portuguese are [illegible] the [illegible] truly little postoffice business, the total number of letters posted and collected in a year in all the central and South and Central America and the West Indies being less than in Italy. Cuba and Argentina are, in fact, the only two South American countries in which any considerable postal business is done, and most of the letters [illegible] from or sent to foreign countries are not in Spanish, but in English, French, German or Italian.—New York Herald.

Best of Character.

[illegible]

Victim of Thieves.

The late Woolf Joel, the money-spent millionaire, who was murdered recently at Johannesburg, was noted for his abstinence from anything in the shape of intoxicating liquor. He rather prided himself on being a teetotaler, and he was a member of the Good Templars. Although he was a man of enormous bulk, which was due to the fact that he was a great eater, he was [illegible] and [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] of the