

THE SPLENDID SPUR OR THE ADVENTURES OF JACK MARVEL.

By ARTHUR T. QUILLER COUCH.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

A pretty shout went up as I picked myself off the turf and rushed for the back door. 'Twas unbarred, and in a moment I found myself tearing down the passage and out into the Corn Market, with a score or so tumbling down stairs at my heels, and yelling to stop me.

I knew there was no possibility to get past the city gates, which were well guarded at night. My hope reached no further than the chance of outwitting the pursuit for a while longer. In the end I was sure the pot-brother's evidence would clear me, and therefore began to enjoy the fun. Even my certain expulsion from College on the morrow seemed of a piece with the rest of events and (prospectively) a matter for laughter. For the struggle at the "Crown" had unghed my wit, as I must suppose and you must believe, if you would understand my behavior in the next half hour.

A bright thought had struck me; and taking a fresh wind, I set off again round the corner of Oriel College, and down Merton street toward Master Timothy Carter's house, my mother's cousin. This gentleman, who was Town Clerk to the Mayor and Corporation of Oxford—was also in a sense my guardian, holding in trust about £200 (which was all my inheritance), and spending the same jealously on my education. He was a very small, precise lawyer, about sixty years old, shaped like a pear, with a prodigious self-important manner that came of associating with great men; and all the knowledge I had of him was picked up on the rare occasions (about twice a year) that I dined at his table. He had early married and lost an aged brewer, whose money had been the making of him; and had more respect for law and authority than any three men in Oxford. So that I reflected, with a kind of desperate hilarity, on the greenie he was like to give me.

This kinsman of mine had a fine house at the east end of Merton street as you turn into Logis Lane; and I was ten yards from the front door, and running my fastest, when suddenly I tripped and fell headlong.

Before I could rise, a hand was on my shoulder, and a voice speaking in my ear:

"Pardon, comrade. We are two of a trade, I see."

'Twas a fellow that had been lurking at the corner of the lane, and had thrust out a leg as I passed. He was picking up his ears now to the cries of "Thief—thief!" that had already reached the head of the street, and were drawing near.

"I am no thief," said I.

"Quick!" He dragged me into the shadow of the lane. "Hast a crown in thy pocket?"

"Why?"

"Why? For a good turn. I'll give thee twenty for that. Many thanks, comrade," as I pulled out the last few shillings of my pocket money. "Now pluck thy sword over the wall here, and set thy foot on my hand. 'Tis a rich man's garden, rather side; but I'm meaning to explore myself; but another night will serve."

"'Tis Master Carter's," said I, "and he's my kinsman."

"Zounds!—but never mind, up with thee! Now mark a pretty piece of play. 'Tis pity thou shouldst be across the wall and unable to see."

He gave a great hoist; catching at the coping of the wall, I pulled myself up and sat astride of it.

"Good turf below—ta-ta, comrade!"

But now the crowd was almost at the corner. Dropping about eight feet on to good turf, as the fellow had said, I picked myself up and listened.

"Which way went he?" called one, as they came near.

"Down the street!" "No; up the lane!" "Hush!" "Up the lane, I'll be sworn." "Here, hand the lantern!" etc. etc.

While they debated, my friend stood close on the other side of the wall; but now I heard him dash suddenly out, and up the lane for his life. "There he goes!" "Stop him!" the cries broke out afresh. "Stop him, if the King's name!" The whole pack went pelting by, shouting, stumbling, swearing.

For two minutes or more the stragglers continued to hurry past by ones and twos. As soon as their shouts died away, I drew freer breath and looked around.

blood was plain to see running across the supercilious:

"To our trusty and well beloved Sir Ralph Hopton at our Army in Cornwall—these."

'Twas no more than I looked for, yet the sight of it and the King's red seal quickened my step as I set off again. And I cared not a straw for Dr. Kettle's wrath on the morrow.

Having no desire to fall in with any of the royal outposts that lay around Abingdon, I fetched well away to the west, meaning to shape my course for Faringdon, and so into the great Bath road. 'Tis not my purpose to describe at any length my itinerary, but rather to reserve my pen for those more moving events that overtook me later.

'Twas about 5 in the evening, and I still laboring along, when, over the low hedge to my right, a man on a sorrel mare leaped easily as a swallow, and alighted some ten paces or less in front of me; where he dismounted and stood barring my path. The muzzle of his pistol was in my face before I could lay hand to my own.

"Good evening!" said I.

"You have money about you, doubtless," growled the man curtly, and in a voice that made me start. For by his voice and figure in the dusk I knew him for Captain Settle; and in the sorrel with the high white stocking I recognized the mare Molly, that poor Anthony Killigrew had given me almost with his last breath.

"The bully did not know me, having but seen me for an instant at 'The Crown,' and then in very different attire."

"I have but a few poor coins," I answered.

"Then hand 'em over."

"Be shot if I do!" said I in a passion; and pulling out a handful from my pocket, I dashed them down in the road.

For a moment the Captain took his pistol from my face, and stooped to clutch at the golden coins as they trickled and ran to right and left. The next, I had struck out with my right fist, and down he went staggering. His pistol dropped out of his hand and exploded between my feet. I rushed to Molly, caught her bridle, and leaped on her back. It was a near thing, for the captain was rushing toward me. But at the call of my voice the mare gave a bound and turned; and down the road I was borne, light as a feather.

A bullet whizzed past my ear; I heard the Captain's curse mingle with the report; and then was out of range, and galloping through the dusk.

Secure of pursuit, and full of delight in the mare's easy motion, I must have traveled a good six miles before the moon rose. In the frosty sky her rays sparkled cheerfully, and by them I saw on the holsters the silver demi-bear that I knew to be the crest of the Killigrews, having the fellow to it engraved on my sword hilt. So now I was certain it was Molly that I bestrode, and took occasion of the light to explore the holsters and saddle flap.

Poor Anthony's pistols were gone—fished, no doubt, by the Captain; but you may guess my satisfaction when, on thrusting my hand deeper, I touched a heap of coins, and found them to be gold.

It was certainly a rare bargain I had driven with Captain Settle. For the five or six gold pieces I scattered on the road, I had won close on thirty guineas, as I counted in the moonlight; not to speak of this incomparable Molly. And I began to whistle gleefully, and taste the joke over again and laugh to myself, as we catered along with the north wind at our backs.

All the same, I had no relish for riding thus till morning. For the night was chill enough to search my very bones after the heat of the late gallop; and moreover, I knew nothing of the road, which at this hour was quite deserted. I felt that, coming as length to a tall hill with a black ridge of pine wood standing up against the moon like a fish's fin, I was glad enough to note below it, and at some distance from the trees, a window brightly lit, and pushed forward in hope of entertainment.

The building was an inn, though a sorry one. Nor, save for the lighted window, did it wear any grace of hospitality, but thrust out a bare shoulder upon the road, and a sign that creaked overhead and looked for all the world like a galloway. Round this shoulder (that turned churlishly toward the hill side), the wind howled like a beast in pain. I climbed off Molly, and pressing my hat down on my head, struck a loud rat-tat on the door.

Curiously, it opened at once, and I saw a couple of men in the lighted passage.

"Hear the mare's heels on the road, Cap—Hillo! What in the fiend's name is this?"

Said I: "If you are he that keeps this house, I want two things of you—first, a civil tongue, and next a bed."

"Ye'll get neither, then."

"Your sign says that you keep an inn."

"Aye—the 'Three Cups'; but we're full."

"Your manner of speech proves that to be a lie."

I liked the fellow's voice so little that 'tis odds I would have remounted

Molly and ridden away; but at this instant there floated down the stairs and out through the dark-smelling passage a sound that made me jump. 'Twas a girl's voice singing:

"Hey nonni—nonni—no!
Men are fools that wish to die!
It's not fine to laugh and sing
When the bells of death do ring—"

There was no doubt upon it. The voice belonged to a young gentleman I had met at Hungerford. I turned sharply toward the landlord, and was met by another surprise. The second man, that till now had stood well back in the shadow, was peering forward and devouring Molly with his gaze. 'Twas hard to read his features, but then and there I would have wagered my life he was no other than Luke Settle's comrade, Black Dick.

My mind was made up. 'I'll not ride a step further to-night," said I. "Then bide there and freeze," answered the landlord.

He was for slamming the door in my face, when the other caught him by the arm and, pulling him a little back, whispered a word or two. I guessed what this meant, but resolved not to draw back; and presently the landlord's voice began again, betwixte surly and polite—

"Have ye a too high a stomach to lie on straw?"

"Oho!" thought I to myself, "then I am to be kept for the mare's sake, but not admitted to the house;" and said aloud that I could put up with a straw bed.

"Because there's the stable loft at your service. As ye hear" (and, in fact, the singing still went on, only now I heard a man's voice joining in the catch) "our house is full of company. But straw is clean bedding, and the mare'll help to put in stall."

"Agreed," I said, "on one condition—that you send out a maid to me with a cup of mulled sack, for this cold eats me alive."

To this he consented, and, stepping back into a side room with the other fellow, returned in a minute alone, and carrying a lantern which, in spite of the moon, was needed to guide a stranger across that ruinous yard. The flare, as we picked our way along, fell for a moment on an open cart shed, and within, on the gilt panels of a coach that I recognized. In the stable that stood at the far end of the court, I was surprised to find half a dozen horses standing, ready saddled, and muzzling their bills of oats. They were ungarmed, and one or two in a lather of sweat that on such a night was hard to account for.

But I asked no questions, and my companion vouchsafed no talk, though twice I caught him regarding me curiously as I unbridled the mare in the oily vacant stall. Not a word passed as he took the lantern off the peg again, and led the way up a ramshackle ladder to the loft above. He was a fat, lumbering fellow, and made the old timbers creak. At the top he set down the light, and pointed to a heap of straw in the corner.

"Yon's your bed," he growled; and before I could answer, was picking his way down the ladder again.

I looked about and silver'd. The eaves of my bedchamber were scarce on speaking terms with the walls, and trown a score of crannies at least the wind poured and whistled, so that after shifting my truss of straw a dozen times I found myself still the centre of a whirl of draught. The candle-flame, too, was puffed this way and that inside the horn sheath. I was losing patience when I heard the footsteps below; the ladder creak'd, and the red hair and broad shoulders of a chambermaid rose into view. She carried a steaming mug in her hand, and muttered'd all the while in no very choice talk.

The wench had a kind face, tho', and a pair of eyes that did her more credit than her tongue.

"And what's to be my reward for this, I want to know?" she panted out, resting her left palm on her hip.

"Why, a groat or two," said I, "when it comes to the reckoning."

"Lad!" she cried, "what a dull young man!"

"Dull?"

"Aye—to make me ask for a kiss in so many words; and with the back of her left hand she wiped her mouth for it frankly, while she held out the mug in her right.

"Oho!" I said, "I beg your pardon, but my wits are frozen up, I think. There's two, for interest; and another if you tell me whom your master entertains to-night, that I must be content with this crib."

She took the kisses with composure and said—

"Well—to begin, there's the gentleman that came this afternoon with their own carriage and heathenish French servant; a cranky old grandee and a daughter with more airs than a peacock; Sir Something-or-other Killigrew—Lord bless the boy!"

For I had dropp'd the mug and spilt the hot sack all about the straw, where it trickled away with a fragrance reproachfully delicious.

"Now I beg your pardon a hundred times; but the chill is in my bones worse than the ague; and huddling my shoulders up, I counterfeited a shivering fit with a truthfulness that surpris'd myself."

"Poor lad!"

"—And 'tis first hot and then cold all down my spine."

"There, now!"

"—And goose flesh and flushes all over my body."

"Dear heart—and to pass the night in this grave of a place!"



Woman's Realm

Pockets Are Coming In.

A sure-to-be-welcomed-with-joy bit of information is that pockets are coming in again. It is not only that the winter coat will show more pockets than for many a long season, but actually that the tailor-made dress-suit will be made with a big, roomy pocket. However, the dressmakers who have at least consented to make a skirt with a pocket are issuing notices to their patrons who order these skirts, to the effect that the pocket is not to be used as a substitute for the generous "Peggy from Paris" bag or any of the other big wrist-bags which the shops are showing.—Woman's Home Companion.

Great Beautifiers.

Thoughtfulness for others and unselfishness are great beautifiers. For all perfection of skin and feature won't make up for an unlovely expression, and such an expression can come only from a sweet nature, says Christine Terhune Herrick in the Philadelphia North American. We are not all of us born with pretty faces—but we can all of us try to get both. And there is some satisfaction in working on one's disposition. You may not be able to alter the shape of your nose or to make large melting eyes out of a pair of optics that are good for little except seeing. But if you cultivate an interest in those about you, if you try to make the world happier for those with whom you are brought into association, you will not fall before long to get a pleasing expression that will make the physical defects be forgotten, or to seem charms because they are part of a lovely and generous personality. Try it!

And, at the same time, keep up the care of the body!

The Rights of Children.

"We must interpret the laws for the protection of the young against cruelty, oppression and injustice," says Henry van Dyke in Everybody's Magazine. "As evidence of the world's growing sense of justice. Beginning with the Factory Act of 1833 and the Mines and Collieries Act of 1842 in England, there has been a steadily increasing effort to diminish and prevent the degradation of the race by the enslavement of childhood to labor. Even the parents' right of control, says the modern world, must be held in harmony with the child's right to life and growth, mental, moral and physical. The law itself must recognize the injustice of dealing with young delinquents as if they were old and hardened criminals. No more herding of children ten and twelve years old in the common jail! Juvenile courts and probation officers, asylums and reformatories, an intelligent and systematic effort to reclaim the young life before it has fallen into hopeless bondage to crime; this is the spirit of civilized legislation to-day. In 1903 no less than ten of the American States enacted special statutes with this end in view."

The Uplifting Woman.

The cheering up woman is a real entity nowadays. Registered on the books of a certain woman's exchange, she dispenses her cheerfulness at so much an hour, and is in great demand. She reads to invalids, and to them, sings or plays to them as the case requires. She is a bright, hustling little body, with cheery ways and optimistic temperament.

She will come to you for five minutes or thirty. She will darn your stockings or mend your clothes. She will fix flowers in vases and make your room homelike, or talk to you about everything or nothing.

Personally she is just what you would expect such a woman to be. She has a family of her own who rejoice in her optimistic view of life, but she uses her talent also to keep the world from the door.

There was a time when there was plenty in the home, but financial reverses came, and with them the need of extra money, and the husband fell ill and some one must turn breadwinner. It fell upon the wife and mother. To-day she is supporting her family comfortably by acting as a cheering up woman, and her engagement book testifies to the success of the experiment and the demand which exists for her services.—Indianapolis News.

Beautiful Belts and Girdles.

The woman who has a dress allowance will this season put aside an unusually large proportion for belts and girdles. The belt's the thing, and just one step ahead of it is the girdle, which must really count as the final hallmark on a modiste's best effort, says the Star.

First, the belt of the moment is absolutely round; no pointed effects are permissible.

Secondly, the belt must tone perfectly with either the blouse or the skirt, the only exception being the use of an onion-brown leather belt with a tailored suit, which here and there shows a touch of the same coloring.

Thirdly, the girdle must be fitted with the same care bestowed on a princess gown or a banouze bodice, and the shape must harmonize with the figure and its wearer. The very smart waisted woman must religiously avoid the very high round girdle. Pointed effects in the back are for her.

For wear with tailored suits, and shirt waists, suede or leather belts are the correct thing. They come in every shade shown in fashionable suitings, and a deer-skin belt is one of the fancies of the hour for the girl who likes mannish clothes.

An extremely fetching effect in onion-colored suede is finished with two buckles, the one in the back a trifle larger than its companion in the front. These are of gold, but exactly the shape of a Napoleonic hat and studded thickly with topaz. The color combination of onion-brown, gold and topaz is wonderfully harmonious. These large buckles can be secured to follow the curve of any figure; if the wearer has a perfectly round and trim waist, the curve of the buckle is horizontal. If there is a decided dip in the waist line at the back the curve will run vertically. Many of the buckles on these heavy leather belts look like armor plate with eyelets such as may be seen on harness, and spikes for catches. They come in silver, gun metal and gold.

The girl of more delicate fancy does not use a large heavy buckle on her broad belt, but has four or five very small buckles with leather straps. These are very effective, but they must be laced and strapped with care, for the buckles must make a perfectly straight line down the front. Bullet-shaped buttons are also used to finish these broad leather belts.

An extravagant leather belt shows chamois skin in the natural tone, slashed to simulate raw edged broadcloth, and finished with gold buckles back and front. Another fancy in leather for the athletic girl demands belts, turn-over collar and cuffs, all of leather, for wear with the mannish tailor suit. These may be stitched in self-tone, hemstitched or done in heavy broderie Anglaise.

The most delicate leather belts are those intended for house wear with the light colored cloths which will be so popular this winter. White suede, and at least four tones of the pink colors; such as blue, heliotrope, pink, green, yellow, as well as American beauty red, appear in the plainstitched belt, finished with simple gold buckles. There is absolutely no reason why a girl may not have a belt exactly the same tone as her shirt waist or blouse. They are not good, however, with a really dressy blouse, as they should give a tailored touch to the costume.

Metallic belts will be much worn with tailored suits of all sorts. Gun metal, silver, plain and oxidized, and gold are employed. There is absolutely no limit to the price. Imitation metal may be bought cheaply enough on bargain counters at department stores, or miladi millionaire may go into the jeweler's and expend the dividend from a comfortable investment on a single belt with chateaufort or vanity bag attached.—New Haven Register.

Ornaments Increasing in Favor For Hat

Buckles and similar ornaments are more favored than seemed likely to be the case at the beginning of the season; but they are only prized when of a very handsome sort. Rhine pebbles and finely cut steel, mounted in enamelled metal and cut jet, have the lead. I have also remarked that one or two milliners are trying to revive a taste for gold galls, but so far I have only seen it applied to white or beige-colored felts.—Millinery Trade Review.

Humor of Today

A foolish young woman, named Clara—
The rest of her name was O'Hara—
Just worried and worried,
And kept herself hurried,
Because she was tall, and so negra
—Cleveland Leader.

Clerical Jolt.

"Is it a sin," she asked her spiritual adviser, "to take pleasure in having people call me beautiful?"

"Of course it is, my child," replied the good old parson. "It is always wicked to encourage falsehood."—Chicago News.

No Judge at All.

"Isn't that young man fond of music?" exclaimed the young woman. "I don't know," answered Miss Cayenne. "Judging by the way he will stand up and listen to himself sing by the hour; I should say he isn't."—Chicago Journal.

The Confidante.

Well—"Do you know you are in the habit of talking to yourself? I wish you'd get over it."

Bell—"Why? Are you afraid I'll tell all of my secrets?"

Well—"No, I'm afraid you'll tell all of mine."—Detroit Free Press.

It Left Him Quick.

Bill Bo—"I hear you had some money left you?"

Wenry (absently)—Yes; it left me."—New York Press.

Too Much For the Club.

"What broke up the ladies' debating society?"

"The leading member was told to prepare an essay on the yellow peril. She did so and the opening sentence read: 'Yellow apparel is very trying to most complexions.'"—Washington Star.

Marvels.

Tommy—"I can count up to five on me fingers, can't I, ma?"

Ma—"Yes, Tommy, but don't brag. I saw a little boy older than you to-day who could count up to fifty."

Tommy—"Gee whiz! Where did he get all them fingers?"—Philadelphia Press.

May Pay Dearly.

Tessa—"I made a great bargain in diamonds yesterday."

Belle—"How?"

Tessa—"I promised to marry Jack, and he gave me a big solitaire diamond engagement ring."

Belle—"Don't be so sure; you can't tell yet whether it's a bargain or not!"—Detroit Free Press.

No Argument Necessary.

Judge (twenty-one years hence)—"What are all these young men waiting for?"

Clerk of Court—"It's a lot more fellows, Your Honor, who have made application to have their first names changed from Alton B. to Theodore."

Judge—"Let the usual order be entered in each case. Call the next."—Chicago Tribune.

FASHIONS OF THE DAY

There is a great fancy for trimming the necks and shoulders of gowns with bands of velvet. These velvet stripings go over the shoulder and over the arm. A band of velvet also extends around the yoke.

Perfectly plain black patent leather shopping bags are taking the place of the bright colored and more showy fashion for a season. These are not so large as those previously used, and have plain gun metal or gold clasps.

One of the latest novelties in dress materials is a radium-colored silk. It is pearly white, but it is so woven that it seems to give out rays faintly tinged with color. Silver bullion lace makes a fascinating trimming for a gown of this silk.

Bargain counter lengths of silk are boons to the mothers of growing daughters. Young girls dress simply nowadays, but their gowns are as often made of silk as of cotton. Indeed, the vogue of silk is universal at present, and all ages appear in it.

In Paris, at all the smart gatherings, it is quickly to be noted that the new empire green, a medium turquoise blue, a leather brown, or else the new parrot red—a scarlet having not a trace of pink in it—are the very newest shades with white; and most effective are they in such conjunction.

The Louis XV. coats and also the Diorectoire, that are veritable reproductions of those historic styles, are rather old-looking for a miss under sixteen years, but there are many modifications which adapt them to more youthful wearers. The Norfolk is ever with us, and is as promising a candidate for favor this season as ever.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

The Slaby-Arc-Braun system of wireless telegraphy is in use across Lake Baikal.

A new molybdenum compound has been discovered by Professor Moissan. It is obtained by heating charcoal with melted molybdenum and aluminum in the electric furnace. The resultant metallic mass is treated with a concentrated solution of potash, says the Engineering and Mining Journal, and well-defined needle-shaped crystals of the new compound are obtained. The substitution is very hard, and resists all acids but nitric. It is decomposed by water or steam at a temperature below 600 degrees C. It resembles tungsten carbide. It is hoped that the new compound may be useful in making molybdenum steels.

Consul-General Guenther at Frankfurt reports that the chemist, Verneuil, has succeeded in making artificial rubies, pure and brilliant in color, and apparently possessing all the physical properties of natural rubies, by melting a mixture of clay and oxide of chromium at a temperature of 7000 degrees, obtained by means of a blance of oxyhydrogen gas. The molten mass when suddenly cooled becomes very hard, and can then be cut and polished like the natural stone. A ruby weighing five pounds has thus been produced, but so inexpensive is the process that the value of this huge artificial gem is sold at only \$600. Natural rubies of fine color are among the most costly of precious stones.

In the great corn and wheat belt of the Middle West improved windmills are now used to develop electric power for general use on large farms. At first the electricity so obtained was employed only for lighting houses and barns, but more recently it has been utilized for running small motors. For many years windmills for raising water to irrigate the land have been almost as common in some parts of the prairie States as in Holland, but after they were quite crude in construction. The Department of Agriculture has now taken up the subject, and begun the distribution of information among the farmers concerning the latest forms of windmills, and it is such improved mills that are found useful for developing electric power. In Germany electricity derived from the wind for agricultural purposes has been used successfully for the past two years.

Although the problem of color photography is still far from solved, progress is being occasionally made. A new German discovery—that of Dr. Koenig—relates to printing from color negatives, and depends upon the use of paper coated with colloidal solutions of colorless compounds of greenish blue, cherry red and yellow dyes that develop into original colors on exposure to light. The set of three negatives is first made under the usual light filters. The printing paper is first coated with the solution of the dye that is changed by light to greenish blue, and, after drying, it is exposed about thirty seconds under the negative taken through the red filter. When the required depth of color is reached, it is fixed in a solution which removes the unaltered dye compound. The paper is then re-coated, this time with the colloidal for the red print, and exposed in exact register under the green negative. After this is fixed the third coating is made, and the yellow image is developed under the blue negative.

Artificial cotton is now made from various woods, as from pine in Bavaria and from fir in France. In the French process, the wood, freed from bark and knots, and pulverized by a special machine, is steamed ten hours in a horizontal brass lead-lined cylinder of 3500 cubic feet capacity, after which 2000 cubic feet of a bisulphate of soda wash is added and the whole is heated thirty-six hours under a pressure of three atmospheres. The fibre, thus made very white, is then washed and ground by a series of strong metallic meshes, after which it is given electrochemical bleaching by chloride of lime. The mass is dried between two powerful rollers. The resulting pure cellulose is reheated in a tight metal boiler with a mixture of chloride of zinc and hydrochloric and nitric acids, to which is added a little castor oil, casein and gelatine to give resistance to the fibre. The very consistent paste produced is drawn into threads through a kind of draw plate. The threads are passed over gummed cloth, then immersed in weak carbonate of soda solution, dried between two slowly turning cylinders and finally given solidity by an ammoniacal bath.

The Sign of the Framed Sign.