

THE SPLENDID SPUR OR THE ADVENTURES OF JACK MARVEL. By ARTHUR T. QUILLER COUCH.

CHAPTER X.
(Continued.)
I was standing there with her hand in mine, and a burning remorse in my heart, when I heard the clear notes of a bugle blown, away on the road to Launceston.
Looking that way, I saw a great company of horses coming down over the crest, the sun shining level on their arms and a green standard that they bore in their midst.
Joan spied them the same instant, and checked her sob. Without a word we flung ourselves down full length on the turf to watch.
They were more than a thousand, as I guessed, and came winding down the road very orderly till, being full of them, it seemed a long serpent writhing with shiny scales. The tramp of hoofs and jingling of bits were pretty to hear.
"Rebels!" whispered I.
Joan nodded.
There were three regiments in all, whereof the first (the biggest) was of dragons. So clear was the air I could almost read the legend on their standard, and the calls of their captains were borne up to us extremely distinct.
As they rode leisurely past I thought of Master Tingcomb's threat, and wondered what this array could intend. Nor, turning it over, could I find any explanation, for the Earl of Stamford's gathering, he had said, was in the northeast, and I knew such troops as the Cornish generals had to be quartered at Launceston. Yet here, on the near side of Launceston, was a large body of rebel horses marching quietly to the rebel host. Where was the head or tail to it?
Turning my head as the last rider disappeared on the way to Bodmin, I spied a squad, oddly shaped man striding down the hill very briskly, yet he looked about him often and kept to the hollows of the ground; and was crossing below us, as it appeared, straight for Joan's cottage.
Cried I: "There is but one man in the world with such a gait—and that's Billy Pottery!"
And jumping to my feet (for he was come directly beneath us) I caught up a great stone and sent it bowling down the slope.
Bounce it went past him, missing his legs by a foot or less. The man turned, and catching sight of me as I stood waving, made his way up the hill. 'Twas indeed Captain Billy; and coming up, the honest fellow almost hugged me for joy.
"Was seeking thee, Jack," he bawled; "learned from Sir Beville where he like I might find thee. Left his lodging at Launceston this morning, and trudged ivory foot o' the way. A thirsty land, Jack—neither horse's meat nor man's meat therein, nor a chair to sit down on; and three women only have I kissed this day!" He broke off and looked at Joan. "Begg'n' the lady's pardon for sea manners and way o' speech."
"Joan," said I, "this is Billy Pottery, a mariner and friend of mine, and as deaf as a haddock."
Billy made a leg; and as I pointed to the road where the cavalry had just disappeared, went on with a nod.
"That's so; old G'arge Cudleigh's troop o' horse sent off to Bodmin to seize the High Sheriff and his posse there. Two hour ago I spied 'em, and had been ever since playin' spy."
"Then where'er is the King's forces?" I made shift to inquire by signs.
"Marched out o' Launceston to-day, lad—an' but a biscuit a man between 'em, poor dears—for Stratton Heath, I' the northeast, where the rebels are encamped. Heard by scouts o' these gentry bein' sent to Bodmin, and were minded to fight the Earl of Stamford while his dragoons was away. And here's the long an' short o' it: tho'rt wanted, lad, to bear a hand wi' us up yonder—an' the good lady here can spare thee."
And here we both looked at Joan—I shamefacedly enough, and Billy with a puzzled air, which he tried very delicately to hide.
"She put her hand in mine."
"To fight, lad?"
I nodded my head.
"Then go," she said without a shade in her voice; and as I made no answer, went on—"Shall a woman hinder when there's fighting toward? Only come back when they was be'er, for I shall miss thee, Jack."
And dropping my hand she led the way down to the cottage.
Now, Billy, of course, had not heard a word of this; but perhaps he gathered some import. Anyway he pulled up short midway on the slope, scratched his head, and thundered:
"What a good lass!"
Joan, some paces ahead, turned at this and smiled; whereat, having no idea he'd spoken above a whisper, Billy blushed red as any peony.
'Twas but a short half hour when the mare being saddled and Billy fed, we took our leave of Joan. Billy walked beside one stirrup, and the girl on the other side, to see us a few yards on our way. At length she halted:
"No leave takings, Jack, but 'Church and King!' Only do thy best and not disgrace me."
And "Church and King!" she called twice after us, standing in the road. For as I rode up out of that valley, the drums seemed beating and the bugles calling to a new life ahead. The

eral's courtly manner of speech set my blood tingling. I seem'd to grow a full two inches taller, and when, in the vale, we parted, he directing me to the left, where through a gap I could see Sir Beville's troop forming at some five hundred paces' distance, I felt a very desperate warrior, indeed; and set off at a run, with Billy behind me.
"T'would be tedious to tell the whole of this long fight, which, beginning soon after sunrise, ended not till four in the afternoon, or thereabouts; and indeed of the whole my recollection is but a continual advance and repulse.
But at 3 o'clock we, having been for the sixth time beaten back, were panting under cover of a hedge, and Sir John Berkeley, near by, was writing on a 'drumhead' some message to the camp, when there comes a young man on horseback, his face smeared with dirt and dust, and rides up to him and Sir Beville. 'Twas (I have since learn'd) to say that the powder was all spent but a barrel or two; but this only the captains knew at the time.
"Very well, then," cries Sir Beville, leaping up gaily. "Come along boys—we must do it this time." And, the troop forming, once more the trumpets sounded the charge, and up we went. Away along the slope we heard the other trumpets sounding in answer, and I believe 'twas a sursum corda! to all of us.
Billy Pottery was ranged on my right, in the first rank, and next to me on the other side, a giant, near seven foot high, who said his name was Anthony Payne, and his business to act as body-servant to Sir Beville. And he it was that struck up a mighty curious song in the Cornish tongue, which the rest took up with a will. 'Twas incredible how it put fire into them all; and Sir Beville toss'd his hat into the air; and after him like schoolboys we pelted, straight for the masses ahead.
For now over the rampart came a company of red musketeers, and two of russet-clad pikemen, charging down on us. A moment, and we were crushed back; another, and the chant rose again. We were grappling hand to hand, in the midst of their files.
Taking breath, I saw the enemy melting off the summit like a man's breath off a pane. And Sir Beville caught my hand and pointed across to where, on the north side, a white standard embroidered with gold griffins was mounting.
"Tis dear Nick Slanning!" he cried; "God be praised—the day is ours for certain!"
The rest of this signal victory (in which 1700 prisoners were taken, besides the Major-General Chudleigh; and all the rebels' camp, cannon and victuals) I leave historians to tell. For very soon after the rout was assured (the plain below full of men screaming and running, and Colonel John Digby's dragoons after them, chasing, cutting and killing, and a wet muzzle was thrust into my hand, and turning, I found Molly behind me, with the groom to whom I had given her in the morning. The rogue had counted on a crown for his readiness, and swore the mare was ready for anything, he having mix'd half a pint of strong ale with her mash, not half an hour before.
So I determin'd to see the end of it, and paying the fellow, climb'd into the saddle. Billy Pottery strode at my stirrup, munching at a biscuit he had found in the rebels' camp.
We turned into a lane, which gradually led us to westward, out of the main line of the rout, and past a hamlet, where every door was shut and all silent. And at last a slice of the sea fronted us, between two steeply shelving hills. On the crest of the road, before it plunged down toward the coast, was a wagon lying against the hedge, with the horses gone, and beside it, stretch'd across the road, an old woman. Stopping, we found her dead, with a sword-thrust through the left breast; and inside the wagon a young man lying with his jaw bound up—dead, also. And how this sad spectacle happen'd here, so far from the battlefield, was more than we could guess.
I was moving away, when Billy, that was kneeling in the road, chanced to cast his eyes toward the sea, and dropping the dead woman's hand, scrambled on his feet and stood looking, with a puzzled face.
Following his gaze, I saw a small sloop moving under shorten'd canvas, about two miles from the land.
She made a pleasant sight, with the last rays of sunlight flaming on her sails; but for Billy's perturbation I could not account, so turn'd an inquiring glance to him.
"Suthin' i' the wind out yonder," was his answer. "What's a sloop doing on that ratch so close in by the point? Be dang'd! but there she goes again!" as the little vessel swung off a point two or three further from the breeze, that was breathing softly up Channel. "Time to sup, lad, for the both of us," he broke off shortly.
Indeed, I was faint with hunger by this time, yet had no stomach to eat this close to the dead. So turning into a gate on our left, we cross'd two or three fields, and sat down to sup off Billy's biscuits, the mare standing quietly beside us, and cropping the short grass.
The field where we now found ourselves ran out along the top of a small promontory, and ended, without fence of any sort, at the cliff's edge. As I sat looking southward, I could only observe the sloop by turning my head; but Billy, who squatted over against me, hark'd took his eyes off her, and between this and his meal, was too busy to speak a word. I stretch'd myself out and found it very pleasant to lie still; nor, when Billy stood up and sauntered off toward the far end of the headland, did I stir more than to turn my head and lazily watch him.
(To be continued.)

Woman's Realm

A Sensible Fad.
Perhaps it is because her attention has been directed to the thrifty, industrious Dutch maiden that the New York smart girl adopted for her very own such a sensible fad as sewing. For some years past the fashionable girl has never been able to find any time for sewing. Now she has suddenly acquired a fondness for making pretty things with her needle—dainty chemises, flilly undersleeves and sheer turn-over collars and cuffs, to say nothing of transforming plain pocket-handkerchiefs into things of beauty. Her sewing afternoon is now as much the fashion as an afternoon tea. Many times prizes are given for the most original bit of hand-work, such as a novel stock or something new in the way of a chemise. And one girl who was most enthusiastic over her sewing had served individual lots at her sewing afternoon in the form of work-bags and very big thimbles.—Woman's Home Companion.

Fans and Gloves.
A new wrinkle in gloves is that the long suede mosquitoes may match the tint of the frock exactly. More white than colored gloves are worn, however, and more white slippers than tinted ones. But to match a faintly colored gown slippers sometimes have the toe trimmed in color, with white lace or embroideries setting off the bow or rosette. All evening slippers are wonderfully fussy, and everything is seen upon them, from a genuine diamond buckle to a little wreath of pink roses.
Fans, be it said to the shame of the makers of modes, are daily growing bigger. Some of the radiant Louis sort, with their superb paintings, are still small enough not to lose in loveliness; but the fan of the moment is an ostrich feather affair, made in a set form or to open and close. It is rather clumsy for small women, though the vents of fashion will carry one off superbly.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Styles in Buckles.
In plain flat gold a buckle of colonial shape with two prongs was set off at the corners by marquis stones in American Beauty red. Another in silver showed sapphires at the corners to match the royal blue belt, says the Philadelphia Telegraph.
Children's heads in silver are employed as clasps and are marvels of the silversmith's art. In one, the features of a little girl smiling through grandmother's spectacles, peered from the depths of a gold bonnet. Another showed a roguish baby's face with tousled hair.
A jeweled buckle will transform an otherwise simple dress. Peacocks have their bodies studded with rhinestones and the fan-shaped tails picked out by rhinestones and emeralds. Crab feet centipedes are another effective. Each of their many legs is a line of rhinestones and the bodies are closely studded with glittering brilliants.
The horsewoman can have her gold buckle a combination of horseshoe and nails, and the girl who has a fancy for her monogram on all her possessions can have an odd though smart buckle showing her initials in Chinese characters.

The Gowns of Liberty Satin.
Negligee effects are becoming exceedingly popular this season and the idea is prevalent in many of the evening gowns and party frocks. Tea gowns are, of course, sort of negligees in themselves, but one which is the acme of fashion and displayed recently is of plain liberty satin, shirred several times at the waist as a substitute for the popular girle. The skirt, which is long and graceful, is inserted with deep cur lace thrice from hem to belt, and around the bottom is employed handsome lace ecru, making a most elaborate conception of the skirt.
The waist is made with the "Dutch" neck and has for a yoke the plain satin, shaped and fitted smoothly across the shoulders. The lace then forms a sort of droop shoulder effect below this, and runs across the sleeves, which are puffed with a tightly-fitted cuff. The material is then shirred onto this lace.
A pretty novelty which has been but lately introduced is a leaf-shaped affair of shirred lace, which is attached at the collar and falls below the waist line. It gives a finish to a gown and is especially adapted to this one in particular.—Newark Advertiser.

Bright Red Coats Now Worn.
For young girls bright red coats are extremely fetching, and a model which hails from London is now being worn by the heiress of a well-known New York family. It is a brilliant scarlet cut in sack shape showing the inverted cape with a modification—that is, the cape comes over the shoulder and sleeves only, and not in front. It is faced with black cloth and has a stand-up military collar lined with the same. The sides of the cape and the cuffs are set off by gold buttons, which are also used for fastening the double-breasted coat itself. The sleeves are gathered full into black broadcloth cuffs. Except in very stormy weather this coat is turned above the bust line in the form of revers and the contrast between the black and red is extremely effective.
Another novel coat is built of tan-colored kersey, trimmed with embroid-

ery and braid, showing the popular brown shades mixed with gold. This is built on long, loose sacque lines, the back showing a broad double box-pleat, from either side of which the belt springs, while the front has inverted pleats running from shoulder to hem. The garment has double sleeves, a tight-fitting undersleeve with a heavily embroidered bell-shaped cuff, and the large angel sleeves which fall over these are fastened on with a yoke emplacement over the shoulders. Their outside seam gives the effect of an inverted pleat. The braid and embroidery which run around the neck and down the front are set off on either side by gold bullet-shaped buttons and the belt has a gold buckle to match.
Garment For Fashionable Woman.
What might be termed a cape with sleeves is a garment which just now finds high favor with the middle-aged woman, because it can be worn over the high-sleeved blouse without injurious effect on the undergarment. The wrap proper is pleated into a collar-shaped neckpiece, which is completely hidden under embroideries. The sleeve and the coat being cut in one, the garment hangs in full folds straight from the shoulder to a point well below the knee. Between each of the dart-shaped pleats are inserted embroidered motifs to match those employed on the collar and shaped neckpiece. The sleeves are gathered into a large flat band of the embroidery and the yoke effect is enhanced by the use of ribbon rosettes with long ends finished off with silk tassels. This model developed in hunter's green cloth, with gold and tan embroidery and tan-colored ribbons, was most effective.
Where the two-piece suit is used the long fur stole is employed to reduce the tailored effect. As the season advances women seem to add more and more tails to these long stoles, and they now sweep the hem of the dress. Particularly with fox and sables, rows of tails are set on at regular intervals until the front of the garment looks like a shower of fur pieces. Muffs go to extreme. They are either very flat, suggesting a great envelope, or they are very tiny, the latter being built from rare lace, complete with tiny fur tails and flowers.
There is no question regarding the revival of seal for next year, and wise virgins in the matter of fashions are picking up sealskin wraps included in the reduced garments, with the view of using them next year, if not to wear them this season. A wonderful importation from a London house shows a long ulster-like coat of seal, with immense shawl collar or sable. It is said that another combination which will be extremely popular is one that was common years ago, that of seal and beaver.—Newark Advertiser.

Women as Rifle Experts.
Rifle shooting at a standard range promises to become a popular sport among the fashionable women of Philadelphia, due to the example set by Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel during her recent visit. She brought the idea from England, and it bears the stamp of royal approval. Society has therefore taken kindly to the sport, and dealers in firearms are being overwhelmed with inquiries regarding weights and kinds of rifles suitable for women.
The secret of Mrs. Drexel's devotion to the sport of rifle shooting did not leak out until just after her departure, together with her husband and Lord Vane Tempest. Upon the return of Mrs. Drexel and Lord Tempest from an extended tour of the West, a valet was frequently seen about the hotel carrying three rifle cases, one of which was much smaller than the others.
It was known that the rifle carrier was Mrs. Drexel's valet, but nothing was definitely known of what was going on until Mrs. Norman Whitehouse, of New York, happened to send a long gossipy letter to a friend in this city in which she told of the interest she and Mrs. Drexel are taking in range shooting and how carefully they compare scores daily and the benefit they feel as a result of the outdoor exercise.
It appears that Mrs. Drexel, while here, was coached on the sport by Lord Tempest. Each afternoon during her stay here Mrs. Drexel would journey with her husband and Lord Tempest to the First Regiment range, near Essington, and before leaving she had scored several bull's eyes; knew what the scorer meant by a "4 o'clock breeze," and had learned to manipulate the sights without jamming her shapely fingers.
Meanwhile Mrs. Whitehouse was practicing at a range near Cressmoor, and the two society leaders exchanged daily letters telling of their successes. Mrs. Drexel tried every range from 100 to 1000 yards. Towards the last Mrs. Drexel induced several of her more intimate women friends to go to the range with her and try their luck, and thus the practice has been given a great impetus. Just before sailing from New York Mrs. Drexel and Mrs. Whitehouse were warmly congratulated upon their skill by Lord Tempest at a dinner party, and arrangements were suggested which will probably result in the formation of a shooting club made up of fashionable women of Philadelphia and New York.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

WIT and HUMOR OF THE DAY

The Lineman.
The lineman is a busy man
In every land, and all the time;
He works each day from pole to pole,
And finds a job in every climb.
—Fort Worth Record.

Must Be.
"Is that plant hardy?"
"Oh, yes. I've had it in my flat all winter."—Life.

The Real Thing.
"Why do you call your auto she?"
"Because it is always breaking down at critical moments, raising trouble most of the time, and keeps me broke."—Life.

Distinguished.
Americus—"That is one of our distinguished statesmen."
Foreigner—"Aw-yes. And what was he accused of doing?"—Town Topics.

Not Insured.
He—"Did you succeed in having your prize cat insured?"
She—"Why, no; they wanted to charge me nine times the regular rate!"—Detroit Free Press.

Does and Is.
"I'm quite taken with the new government," said Gayman's wife. "She certainly does darn beautiful."
"She is, indeed!" exclaimed Gayman, dreamily.—Philadelphia Press.

Chronic.
Manager of Department Store—"Are you aware, madam, that you can be put in jail for kleptomania?"
"Why, no. I've been practicing it on my husband for years."—Life.

Waiting For a Fairy Tale.
Little Clara—"Mother, tell me a fairy tale."
Mrs. Gayboy (glancing at the clock)—"Wait until your father comes home, dear, and he will tell us both one."—Modern Society.

Honest.
Seeds—"Some p ople are always howling for more, no matter how much they have. Don't you think you'd be satisfied with enough?"
Greedy—"Don't know. I've never had enough."—Detroit Free Press.

She Was Great.
"Say, Dusty, I've just been reading about Charlotte Corday. She was a great little woman, all right."
"What did she do?"
"Killed a feller that was takin' a bath."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Easy to Draw.
She—"That young lady makes a great deal of money, but she never has any attention from men."
He—"It's probably her own fault. Why doesn't she let them know that she's making it?"—Detroit Free Press.

Fortified.
"Why do you insist on starting that enterprise on Friday, the 13th?"
"Well," answered the morose man, "the chances are that anything I undertake won't be a success, and I like to have something to blame the failure for."—Washington Star.

True.
Teacher—"Johnnie, name a bird that is now extinct."
Johnnie—"Our canary. The cat exterminated him."—New York Mail.

Dodges Stout Girls.
Jack—"Sh! Don't let Miss Fatz know I'm going skating. She'd be sure to want to go."
Neil—"Nonsense! She can't skate; she's too stout."
Jack—"That's just it. They're the kind that always want you to teach them."—Chicago Journal.

A Common Case.
Broadway—"Too bad about old Gottrocks."
Manhattan—"Why, what's the matter with him?"
"He started in to make enough money to retire on, and made so much that he's got to work overtime to take care of it."—Life.

Some Day.
Maude—"Isn't that new process of photographing through solid substances a wonderful thing? How I do wish I could get a photograph of Algy's brain."
"Why, do you think there's anything the matter with his brain?"
"No, but I want to be sure he has one before I marry him."—Chicago News.

He Had Tried Both.
"Now, my boy, tell me how you know an old pertridge from a young one," asked the squire in an English periodical.
"By the teeth, sir."
"Nonsense, boy! You ought to know better than that. A partridge hasn't any teeth."
"No, sir; but I have."—Youth's Companion.



GOOD ROADS

"The Mud Tax."
RULY we can say agriculture is the great monarch, and its interests should be fostered in every possible way.
If any tax upon this important industry can be lifted without an impairment of governmental revenues it certainly should be done, and if continuous lines of improved interstate highways, as alleged, will reduce the "mud tax" and the cost of transportation of farm products from the farm to the market one-third, or one-third, then surely such improved roads ought to be given the agricultural interest without argument or delay.
We have no fault to find with vast appropriations for pensions, irrigation schemes, waterways and railroads, but it is a crying shame that agriculture, the monarch industry, has scarcely been noticed, and when it demands of the National Government what the individual communities are not able to give—continuous lines of improved highways—its request should be answered by large appropriations for such continuous lines of improved interstate roads.
This Nation claims to lead in everything, and I think it does, for we have the biggest rivers, the biggest assets and the poorest roads on earth.
Surely the National Government should always do those things that make for the National welfare, and how could the National welfare be better promoted than by the National aid for continuous lines of improved interstate highways?
By such highways not only will transportation of farm products be greatly facilitated, but such roads will make for a better education, more social and religious privileges, and in every way tend to elevate the character of our rural population, on whom we, as a Nation, so largely depend.
How absurd it seems when we are told that the National Government can spend \$250,000,000 to build one canal in Panama, and New York State another \$100,000,000 for canal purposes, but that no money can be appropriated to aid the great industry—agriculture—upon which the prosperity of the entire country and these special interests rest!
Were it not for the agricultural interests, canals, rivers, harbors and railroads would be practically useless, for without the products of agriculture there would be little or nothing for them to transport.
The National Government has expended \$400,000,000 in improving waterways, while in capital and interest it has aided railroads to the extent of \$138,000,000, and in addition to encourage railroad building, has given 196,000,000 acres of the public land making a grand total value given for these objects of not less than \$1,500,000,000, besides appropriating for irrigation schemes that the desert may blossom as the rose.
All these appropriations were made from the people's money. We find no fault because such appropriations have been made, for we approve of them all, but we do find fault because the common road, the most important factor among them all, which makes for National prosperity, has been utterly neglected.
Now abideth waterways, railways and highways, but the greatest of these is highways.
Some would be bright minds assume to say that Congress has not the power to authorize outlays for road improvement, because the Constitution does not allow such appropriations.
In answer to that statement all we have to say is that Congress and the Constitution were created by the people and for the people, and that both Congress and the Constitution are simply instruments to do the work and bidding of the people.
All the money held or received by the National Government is the people's money, and do we not insist that a man shall do what he wills with his own when free from incumbrances?
Has the great sovereign people less rights than the individual?
History tells us that Moses sent spies to spy out the promised land, and because the people listened to the advice of timid and heartless leaders, they were doomed to suffer the privations hardships and wanderings of the desert for forty long years.
But as the brave, farseeing Joshua and Caleb affirmed that they were able to go forward and possess the land promised to them and their fathers, a land flowing with milk and honey, so we affirm that our great Government, with the granary of the world in its possession, and with every faculty of the ages in its grasp, is now fully capable of inaugurating new urens and providing the necessary money to aid the different communities in such a manner that continuous lines of improved interstate highways may be constructed and that it should be done at once, thereby saving the people from longer remaining in this wilderness, this slough of despond, this liquid morass, "of mud roads," with all their attendant evils, loss and discouragements.
We demand that forthwith our leaders take us over this Jordan which has been such a hard road to travel to the land flowing with milk and honey, a land of benefits, the land of education, the land of social and religious privileges, the promised land where continuous lines of improved interstate highways exist.—From a Speech Quoted in the New York Tribune.