

He was Norman Beauchamp-Gledmore now, and Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp spoke of him as "our son."

"Will it pain you, mother?" he asked Mrs. Harvey, before the final step was taken and the name legally assumed.

"No; I am glad—very glad—and very happy, when I remember how different it might all have been."

"It is your doing and yours only," he said. "They will not speak in your presence, as they do to me, of all you did for Jack. If the sin of the father has not been visited upon the son, it has been because the mother warded off the blow."

"There is one thing I want to know," said Colonel Gledmore meditatively the next morning at the breakfast table.

"What is it, papa?"

"You don't know, my dear. If you could have told me, I should have known by this time."

Mrs. Beauchamp laughed.

"Who can tell you, then?"

"Oh, I shall get it out of Norman, by-and-by."

"I'll tell you now if I can. What is it?" he asked.

"When is the wedding coming off?"

"That is exactly what I want to know myself," he said, with a smiling glance at Eileen.

"Oh, do you?" Eileen said calmly.

"Well, the point is soon settled. Mother is white and frail and wants warmth and sunshine, and I am going to take her to the south of France. You can marry me first and come, if you like, or wait till we come back—just as you please."

"Really, Eileen, you never do anything like other people!" said Mr. Gledmore.

"My dear child, you must not think of me," said Mrs. Harvey. "It would be too absurd!"

"I don't see the absurdity," answered Eileen composedly. "You go or I stop at home—that is all."

"She was of age yesterday!" said Mr. Beauchamp jocosely. "Can't we manage somehow to let her have her own way?"

Meanwhile Jack's eyes were fixed upon the sweet pale face of the woman at his side.

"Mum dear, you can't go with any one else, because you are going with me," he said. "I shall take you down to Torquay for a few weeks, and then, if they'll hurry up this wedding, we'll come back for it before I carry you off to Cannes, where they can join us by-and-by."

"Really, Jack, it is not necessary, dear," she expostulated.

"It is, because you see Eileen is already beginning to be unmanageable; and you must give Norman a chance. If you indulge her now, he won't dare to call his life his own by-and-by."

"I am quite satisfied to call my life yours," Norman whispered softly to the girl at his side. "Thank you for your thoughtfulness for my mother."

Again the village was on foot. It was a lovely February morning, clear and bright, with just a suspicion of frost in the air.

As the wedding-party came out of the pretty church, the bells pealed from the old square Norman tower overhead, and the villagers joyously greeted the young bridegroom.

No one suspected that the sweet white-haired lady leaning on Mr. Beauchamp's arm was the little dressmaker who had stood so shyly near the church porch at that other wedding more than twenty-three years before. But Mr. Beauchamp's eyes rested for a moment on the spot where the stalwart stranger had stood on that day; and his companion glanced aside at a white marble cross in a distant corner bearing only the letters "E. H. S."

Then she turned her eyes on her handsome young son and his bride. The sunshine was beaming upon them as if to give promise of future brightness, and her heart was full of thankfulness and of hope. The sorrow was past, the clouds had rolled away, and even the memory of the bygone sorrow was not one of un-mixed gloom.

Norman bent over his bride as their carriage rolled off.

"Do you remember," he said, "I told you on the river one day that some word had been foretold for me and one friend so true that it would be worth while to bear it all to find that true friend?"

"I remember, dear," Eileen answered, laying her hand in his.

"It was worth while—worth while while!" he said fervently. "Nothing but crushing, overwhelming trouble could have shown me the full value of my treasure, my true friend, my Eileen Arden."

[THE END.]

ADDITIONS TO THE DICTIONARY.

Not a few words have been added to the dictionary by recent literature. Carlyle is foster father to more of these than any one writer. Some twenty-eight are traced to him. Browning leads the poets. Quite a number of slang words and phrases such as "bulldoze," "cheek," "cheeky," "fad," "fillibuster," "firebug," "slabstony," "a dark horse," and "to have on the brain" now find a place in new standard dictionaries. The technicalities of the Stock Exchange, "bulls," "bears," "long," "short," "option," "margin," and the rest make their appearance for the first time. "Telegrapher," "telephone," "microphone," and "phonograph" are well established, and "cablegram," though still viewed with suspicion, is probably inevitable.

PERSONALS.

Gov. Sayers of Texas is one of the champion golf players of that state and is devoted to all outdoor athletics.

Mrs. R. Day, wife of the former secretary of state, is an excellent musician and has composed some music of a high order.

Admiral Schley believes in war. He says: "It is necessary once in a while to have a good, stand-up fight. It clears the moral atmosphere."

Among the delegates to the International Council of Women was Dr. Ida Kahn, a Chinese woman, who was educated at Ann Arbor by American missionaries.

## THE GOOD SHIP "MOHOCK"

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

author of "The Golden Hope," "A Romance of the Deep," "The Sea Queen," "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "My Danish Sweetheart," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I

CAPTAIN AMELIUS SINCLAIR.

I was on a visit at my sister's, the widow of a clergyman, when I received a letter from my stepfather, Captain Sinclair, asking me to join him in London. Maria said, "What can he want? You have not been here three weeks. When does the Mohock sail?"

"In about a fortnight."

"Can't he manage without you?" said Maria, who did not love her stepfather, not indeed because she disliked him as a man, but because he happened to be our father's successor.

But Captain Sinclair was a little urgent in his request, though he did not tell me what he wanted; so I left Canterbury early next morning and on my arrival in London drove to my stepfather's house just out of the East India Dock Road.

In that year of 1844 Captain Sinclair was about fifty years of age; a tall, erect, noticeably handsome man, with well-colored regular features, white teeth, a steady dark grey penetrating eye; his hair a little grey. The habitual expression of his face in repose, even when sleeping, was a frown; it seemed a forbidding look till he smiled when such was the grace of that expression, the frown seemed to explain itself away as a corrugation or contortion entirely natural, without reference to disposition or mood. Yet it prejudiced him with many—my sister, Marie Holford, amongst others. He was brown with sun and wind, and the easy motion of the sea was in his carriage; he had followed the ocean as a sailing since he was twelve years of age, and was one of the most skilled seamen out of the port of London yet he looked more like a soldier than a sailor, and needed but mustache and side whiskers of the Army to pass for a Colonel. He had married my mother ten years before this date, and in this house I had come to, she had died whilst he was at sea.

A cosy old house it was, with green shutters and black tarnished windows, and snug low-pitched rooms, the walls covered with marine canvases; in the dance of the freight the ships under full sail seemed to spring to the brow of the surge. In my mother's room hung a picture of a schooner Captain Sinclair had commanded. When my mother lay dying, whilst I nursed her, I'd look at that schooner by the fire-light and the rushlight in the basin, till the blast of the wide ocean strobed her milky canvas, the white water flashed from her bow, and over the race of her wake the sea birds drove like shadows of flying sand. I made many voyages in that sick room in the painted schooner whilst my mother lay dying, and when I shut my eyes I see the wan and hollow face on the pillow, and the dark canvas touched with the fire glow, and the schooner in the midst of it white as light, growing with life upon the steadfast sight, till it became reality itself, and I heard the wind seething betwixt her masts and the cry of the gulls.

"Well, Laura," said Captain Sinclair giving me a kiss on the cheek. "I'm glad you have come. You turn to willingly. You ought to have been a sailor's child." He patted my face, then carelessly asked after Maria, as though he would not heed my answer anyhow and told me to go upstairs and remove my things, by which time dinner would be served and he would then tell me why he had sent for me.

When we were at table he said with a smile, "Now for the startling revelation. I'm going to give you a treat. I shall take you to New York with me this trip. The owners consent, and you shall have a cabin next to mine. How do you like the idea?"

I was surprised, perhaps a little startled; in those days a voyage across the Atlantic was reckoned a more considerable undertaking than a journey round the world is now. I had never been to sea. Ever since Captain Sinclair married my mother he had held commands of importance, but had never offered to carry one of us on a voyage with him.

Observing me silent and surprised, staring at him, he exclaimed, "Oh, but you'll come. The voyage is fine enough at this season. You'll make friends—which you need: you're getting old. Two and twenty is it? About time that a husband turned up, hey? You shall be berthed by some friends of mine at New York."

"I think I should enjoy the voyage after all," said I, suddenly taking a fancy to the offer. "But why now? Why not earlier—throughout the last ten years—or later? You'll not retire for some time yet. Why this voyage?"

"Because," he answered with one of his stern looks, "the master of a ship isn't his owner. I get you this passage as a favor. I should have thought you'd jump at it."

"Shall we be a crowd?"

"The average number."

"I dare say Maria would go if you asked her."

"I dare say she would," he answered

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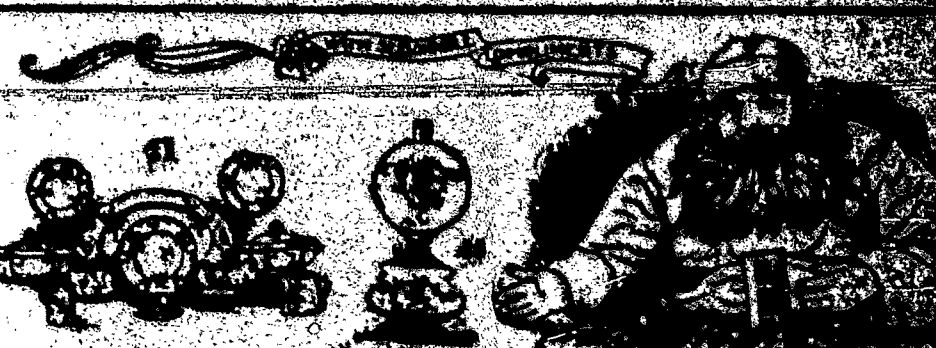
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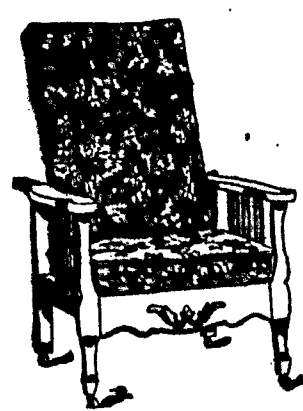


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- 48 Jacket or vester desk, with drawers, leather mahogany, \$2.95
- 49 Golden oak or mahogany hall desk, large, 4-drawer oak seat, \$2.95
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- 51 Kitter library table, choice quartered oak, high polish, \$22.00
- 52 Oak giant frame extension table, spiral turn-lags, \$14.95
- 53 Quartered oak box seat dresser, \$14.95
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- 55 Choice quartered oak sideboard, polished, \$14.95
- 56 Magnificent line of sideboards, \$14.95 to \$14.95
- 57 Oak table with shell seat design, \$14.95
- 58 Step saving kitchen cabinet, 36 x 24, \$4.95
- 59 Quartered oak china cabinet, French mirror, \$14.95
- 60 Wall and floor china cabinets, beautiful designs, \$14.95
- 61 Oak china cabinet drawers and box pattern, French plate, cast trimmings, (without box \$2.95)
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arrogantly. "Come, I am offering you a fine treat! Be grateful and don't trouble me with Maria."

I had seen very little of him since he returned from his last voyage, and I thought whilst we talked at dinner that day and afterwards that he was depressed and worried. He looked careworn and anxious, and would again and again sink in deep thought, drumming upon the knuckles of his left hand. I attributed this to his "affairs," as they call it, being embarrassed. I had heard he was in debt, though to what extent I could not guess. In fact, though he had used the sea all his life, he was a poor man when he married my mother, who had brought him a few thousand pounds, all which was gone, lost he would tell us in ill-judged speculations in shippings. My sister and I were separately endowed, and I was as independent of my stepfather as a hundred and forty pounds a year could make me. But I am bound to say he never allowed me to spend a shilling of my own money on his home. Indeed he made me presents, treated me with the free heart of the sailor; was his companion when he was ashore and kept his home when he was at sea, so that whilst I cannot say that I had any particular warm affection for him, yet I had a certain liking for and was even attached to him, and was entirely without my sister's prejudice, whose views I laughed at; for why should not people marry twice or as often as they can get rid of their mates who are called bone of their bone, who sacramentally are indissolubly one with them? The dead cannot be pained, and there is no disloyalty in the transference of passion from what death has made a memory of to a beating heart and a fine figure.

Next morning, after a good night's rest, I found myself willing and eager to make the voyage. He had given me a home thrust when he spoke of my getting on in years, of my being twenty-two in short. I had seen very little of the world. The company we kept was chiefly, indeed wholly, maritime—it had been so in my mother's life. I own I never much enjoyed the society of captains and mates. One young fellow, a handsome, high-hear-

ed boy or eighteen or nineteen, full in love with me and proposed in a letter independent as I was I would do nothing without consulting Captain Sinclair. He was away when the letter reached me, and before he returned my young sweetheart sailed as third mate of an Indianman, and was drowned by the capsizing of a boat off Madeira.

Captain Sinclair took me to view the ship this same morning after breakfast. Though I had dwelt long in the neighborhood of the docks I had never visited them; which is perfectly consistent with Cockney tradition, for I have heard of people who, though they lived within a bow shot of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, yet never in all their lives entered the door of either building. Well, it is true a girl need not plead for being ignorant of such a scene of commerce as the docks of the Thames. And still when I looked round me from the deck of the Mohock I could scarcely imagine that the life of a city offered a more stirring, inspiring picture than this amazing show of lofty spars, brilliant bunting, trembling in the dim blue of the river sky; quaysides covered with machinery and the produce of the world lifting and sinking at the end of huge cranes. Seamen sang songs as they wound round capstans; from time to time the shrill command of a boatswain's pipe rang from a tall forecastle; a large Indianman was moving out of the dock; her drunken crew were sprawling and yawning about her bowsprit; a knot of passengers upon the poop waved handkerchiefs and waved hands to a crowd upon the pier, many of them in tears. She was a noble ship and sat so laughingly as an English frigate upon the waters.

"She is for Madeira," said Captain Sinclair. "How do you like the Mohock?"

"I had seen nothing then but the docks and rigging. It is difficult to judge of a ship's hull in dock, though as we approached to board her I had noticed that she was painted black with a rope of gilt along the length of her on either side as an embellishment, and that she was sparkling with white and black handkerchiefs waving of gilt around about them, and upon her quarters; her 'run,' as it is called, came aft in a slippage-like sweep. Captain Sinclair had pointed this out to me, and said that when the wind filled her sails she looked like a sea with the grace and speed of a running thoroughbred, and that sailing a mile to the sunbaked shore of Madeira."

I must ask you to look at this, this with me if you mean to read my story. It is she not I that is the heroine of an extraordinary adventure related in these pages truthfully for the first time with the help of another hand, but not without compunction, for I cannot forget that my mother loved the maid.

In those days the American clipper did the work that is continued by the magnificent steamers of our own time. By American, I mean English ships trading to America. Most of them were sumptuously furnished. They were built to sail fast and often made rapid passages; some of the best sailed from the Mersey, but the Thames also despatched a fine fleet.

The Mohock was one of the best, some of her class. She was tall, decked, and you looked from her fore-rail right along a platform of almost white plank, rising with a dominant spring into the bows, unbroken throughout the length save by the galley, long boat, skylights, and huge windlass forward. I followed my stepfather into the cabin and took myself in a drawing room. The deck wall and the ship beyond seemed the cabin windows, and yet there was a light as of noon in the glance of the skylights in the fine mirror of glass of crystal and panels of mosaic in gilt. I stood upon a thick carpet, and

At the extremity was a handsome piano. On either hand ran the cabin, rounding into two large berths under the wheel. The captain opened the door of one next his, which was the left hand cabin right aft. It was a snug sleeping room, and furnished like a bed room ashore.

"Does the mate for the trip go with you?" said my stepfather, looking at me.

"I think it does," answered me

will be the mate.