

Old Irish Warcries.

Like the modern cowboy yell of the western troops in the Cuban campaign, the warcries and slogans of the ancient Irish clans often had much effect in inspiring fear in the enemy and courage and enthusiasm in the command. The simplest and most frequent of old Erin's warcries was "Faire, faire!" signifying "watch" or "look out." It was a precautionary signal and was commonly written "Farruh." From it the modern "hurrah" is supposed to have been derived. Another cry was "A buaidh!" which meant "to the victory." It was pronounced "aboo" and followed the name of the clan or leader, according to circumstances, like "O'Neill aboo," or "Clann Conail aboo." Frequently "a buaidh" is construed, incorrectly in modern English to mean "forever." That translation applies to "go brath," but not "a buaidh." The famous Irish cry of "Fag an bealach!" meaning "clear the way," scared the spunk out of the French soldiery in the peninsular war.

A Generous Whim.

The London Daily Mail tells this pretty story of a kiss sold at auction: A fascinating actress, whose name need not be mentioned, being anxious to assist a certain charity in the provinces, offered a kiss to be put up at auction. The bidding was brisk and had advanced in three leaps from 2 guineas to 30, when without further parley the round sum of £800 was offered. There being no higher bid, the kiss was knocked down by the auctioneer to a colonel in one of our line regiments, who came forward to meet the blushing lady.

But to the surprise of all present, the colonel introduced a dear little fair haired boy, explained that he was his grandson's fifth birthday, and that he had acquired the kiss as a birthday gift for him. Whereupon Miss — took the child in her arms and discharged her debt with interest. The charity, a local one, in which the colonel took a keen interest, was the richer by £800 for the granddad's generous whim.

Brazil Diamonds.

It is not generally remembered that Brazil was at one time the most important diamond producing country in the world. Between 1778 and 1848 1,354,700 carats were taken out by the "Real Extração." Since that day mining has been carried on exclusively by private individuals and mostly on a small scale. The total production of Brazil up to 1890 is estimated by M. Garceix at 2 1/2 tons. It is impossible to form an accurate estimate of the present production, but it is probably about 40,000 carats a year, including the Bahia diamond fields.

Musical Egotism.

A musician died, and his sleeping soul waited at the gate. Then said the angel, "Has this man sinned?" "Yes," answered the voices of the neighbors. "He has played his own works all day." "What shall be his punishment?" asked the angel. "Let him hear those works forever!" cried the voices. So the soul was awakened in hell by the chanting of its own music. "This must be heaven!" it said.—London Academy.

JENNIE BAXTER: JOURNALIST

BY ROBERT BARR.

III.—The Duchess of Chiselhurst's Ball.

"Then he has more confidence in his eyesight than I have. If such a question, like international difficulties, is to be settled by the emissaries, let us refer it to Austria, who held a long conversation with the lady in my presence. Your excellency," he continued to the Austrian ambassador, who was hovering near, waiting to speak to his host, "my lord duke has some doubt that the lady who has just departed is the Princess von Steinheimer. You spoke with her and can therefore decide with authority, for his lordship seems disinclined to accept my testimony."

"Not the princess? Nonsense! I know her very well indeed, and a most charming lady she is. I hope to be her guest again before many months are past."

"There, my lord duke, you see everything is as it should be. If you will give me that stupid telegram, I will make some quiet inquiries about it. Meanwhile the less said the better. I will see the American ambassador and convince him of his error. And now I must make what excuses I can to the lady for my desertion of her."

Placing the paper in his pocket, he hurried down the stair and out to the street. There had been some delay about the coming of the carriage, and he saw the lady he sought at that moment entering it.

"Home at once as fast as you can!" he heard her say to the coachman. She had evidently no intention of waiting for him. He sprang forward, thrust his arm through the carriage window and grasped her hand.

"Princess," he cried, "you will not leave me like this! I must see you tomorrow!"

"No, no," she gasped, shrinking into the corner of the carriage.

"You cannot be so cruel. Tell me at least where a letter will reach you. I shall not release your hand until you promise."

With a quick movement the girl turned back the gauntlet of her long glove. The next instant the carriage was rattling down the street, while a chagrined young man stood alone on the curb with a long, slender white glove in his hand.

"By Jove!" he said at last as he folded it carefully and placed it in the pocket of his coat. "It is the glove, this time, instead of the mitten!"

JENNIE BAXTER: JOURNALIST

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IV.—The Search for the Girl.

(Copyright, 1900, by Robert Barr.)

Jennie Baxter reached her hotel as quickly as a fast pair of horses could take her. She had succeeded, yet a few rebellious tears of disappointment trickled down her cheeks now that she was alone in the semidarkness of the carriage. She thought of the eager young man left standing disconsolately on the curb, with her glove dangling in his hand, and she bitterly regretted that unkind fortune had made it possible for her to meet him only under false pretenses. One consolation was that he had no clue to her identity, and she was resolved never, never to see him again; yet, such is the contrariness of human nature, no sooner was she refreshed by this determination than her tears flowed more freely than ever.

She felt that she was as capable of enjoying scenes like the function she had just left as any who were there; as fitted for them by education, by personal appearance or by natural gifts of the mind as the most welcome of the duchess's guests; yet she was barred out from them as effectually as was the lost pet at the closed gate. Why had capricious fate selected two girls of probably equal merit and made one a princess while the other had to work hard night and day for the mere right to live? Nothing is so ineffectual as the little word "why," it asks, but never answers.

With a deep sigh Jennie dried her tears as the carriage pulled up at the portal of the hotel. The sigh dismissed all frivolities, all futile "whys." The girl was now face to face with the realities of life, and the events she had so recently taken part in would soon blend themselves into a dream.

Dismissing the carriage and walking briskly through the hall, she said to the night porter:

"Have a hansom at the door for me in 15 minutes."

"A hansom, my lady?" gasped the astonished man.

"Yes." She slipped a sovereign into his hand and ran lightly up the stairs.

The porter was well accustomed to the vagaries of great ladies, although a hansom at midnight was rather beyond his experience. But if all workmanlike tipped so generously they might order an omnibus and welcome, so the hansom was speedily at the door.

Jennie roused the drowsy maid who was sitting up for her.

"Come," she said, "you must get everything packed at once. Lay out my ordinary dress and help me off with this."

"Where is your other glove, my lady?" asked the maid, busily unhooking and untying.

"Lost. Don't trouble about it. When everything is packed, get some sleep and leave word to be called in time for the 8 o'clock express for Paris. Here is money to pay the bill and for your fare. It is likely I shall join you at the station; but, if I don't, go to our hotel in Paris and wait for me there. Say nothing of our destination to any one and answer no questions regarding me should any one ask. Are you sure you understand?"

"Yes, my lady."

A few moments later Jennie was in the cab, driving through the nearly deserted streets. She dismissed her vehicle at Charing Cross, walked down the Strand until she got another, then proceeded direct to the office of The Daily Bugle, whose upper windows formed a row of lights, all the more brilliant because of the intense darkness below.

She found her shorthand writers waiting for her. The editor met her at the door of the room reserved for her and said, with visible anxiety on his brow, "Well, what success?"

"Complete success," she answered shortly.

"Good!" he replied emphatically.

"Now I propose to read the typewritten sheets as they come from the machine, correct them for obvious clerical errors and send them right away to the compositors. You can perhaps glance over the final proofs, which will be ready almost as soon as you have finished."

"Very well. Look closely to the spelling of proper names and verify titles. There won't be much time for me to go carefully over the last proofs."

"All right. You furnish the material and I'll see that it's used to the best advantage."

Jennie entered the room, and there at a desk sat the waiting stenographer. Over his head hung the bulb of the electric light, its green circular shade throwing the white rays directly down on his open notebook. The girl was

once more in the working world, and its tracing air acted as a tonic to her overworked senses. All longings and regrets had been put off with the Paris maid gown which the maid at that moment was carefully packing away. The order of nature seemed reversed. The butterfly had abandoned its gorgeous wings of gauze and was habited in the somber working garb of the grub. With her hands clasped behind her the girl paced up and down the room, pouring forth words, 250 to the minute and sometimes more. Silently one stenographer, tiptoeing in, replaced another, who as silently departed, and from the adjoining room the subdued, nervous, rapid click, click, click of the typewriting machine invaded without disturbing her consciousness. Toward 9 o'clock the low drone of the rotaries in the cellar made itself felt rather than heard. The early edition of the country was being run off. Time was flying—danced away by nimble feet in the west end, worked away by nimble fingers in Fleet street (well named thoroughfare). Play and work, work and play, each supplementing the other, the acts of the frivolous recorded by the industrious.

When a little more than three hours dictating was finished, the voice of the girl, now as hoarse as formerly it had been musical, ceased. She dropped into a chair and rested her tired head on the deserted desk, closing her wearied eyes. She knew she had spoken between 15,000 and 20,000 words, a number almost equal in quantity to that contained in many a book which had made an author's fame and fortune, and all for the ephemeral reading of a day—or a forenoon, more likely—to be forgotten when the evening journals came out!

Shortly after the typewriter gave its final click the editor came in.

"I didn't like to disturb you while you were at work, and so I kept at my own task, which was no light one, and thus I appreciate the enormous strain that has been on you. Your account is magnificent, Miss Baxter; just what I wanted and never hoped to get."

"I am glad you like it," said the girl, laughing somewhat dimly at the croaking sound of her own voice.

"I need not ask you if you were there, for no person but one who was present and one who knew how to describe could have produced such a vivid account of it all. How did you get in?"

"In where?" murmured Jennie drowsily. She found difficulty in keeping her mind on what he was saying.

"To the Duchess of Chiselhurst's ball."

"Oh, getting in was easy enough; it was the getting out that was the trouble."

"Like prison, eh?" suggested the editor.

"Now, will you have a little wine or something stronger?"

"No, no. All I need is rest."

"Then let me call a cab. I will see you home, if you will permit me."

"I am too tired to go home. I shall remain here until morning."

"Nonsense. You must go home and sleep for a week if you want to. Rouse up! I believe you are talking in your sleep now."

"I understand perfectly what you are saying and what I am doing. I have work that must be attended to at 8. Please leave orders that some one is to call me at 7 and bring a cup of coffee and biscuits or rolls or anything that is to be had at that hour. And please don't trouble further. I am very thankful to you, but will express myself better later on."

With this the editor had to be content and was shortly on his way to his own well earned rest. To Jennie it seemed but a moment after he had gone that the porter placed coffee and rolls on the desk beside her, saying, "Seven o'clock, miss!"

The coffee refreshed the girl, and as she passed through the editorial rooms she noted their forlorn, disheveled appearance, which all places show when seen at an unaccustomed hour, their time of activity and bustle past. The rooms were littered with torn papers, wastebaskets overflowing, silent, scrappy, abandoned in the gray morning light, which seemed intrusive, usurping the place of the usual artificial illumination and betraying a bareness which the other concealed. Jennie recognized a relationship between her own up all night feeling and the spirit of the deserted rooms.

At the railway station she found her maid waiting for her, surrounded by luggage.

"Have you got your ticket?"

"Yes, my lady."

"I have changed my mind and will not go to Paris just now. Ask a porter to put those trunks in the left luggage office and bring me the keys and the receipt."

When this was done and money matters had been settled between them, Jennie gave the girl £5 more than was due to her and saw her into the carriage, well pleased with the reward. A hansom brought Jennie to her flat, and so ended the exhausting episode of the Duchess of Chiselhurst's ball.

Yet an event, like a malady, leaves numerous consequences in its train, extending—who shall say how far?—into the future. The first symptom of these consequences was a correspondence, and, as there is no reading more dreary than a series of letters, their substance merely is here given.

When Jennie was herself again, she wrote a long letter to the Princess von Steinheimer, detailing the particulars of her impersonation and begging pardon for what she had done, while giving her reasons for doing it. But, perhaps because it did not occur to her, she made not the slightest reference to Lord Donald Stirling. Two answers came to this—one a registered packet containing the diamonds which the princess had previously offered to her, the other a letter from the princess's own hand. The glitter of the diamonds showed Jennie that she had been speedily forgiven, and the letter corroborated this

fact, the princess upbraided her for not letting her into the secret earlier. "It is just the kind of thing I should have delighted in," wrote her highness. "And then, if I had known, I should not have sent that unlucky telegram. It serves you right, and I am glad you had a fight. Think of it coming in at that inopportune moment, just as telegrams do at a play. But, Jennie, are you sure you told me everything? A letter came from London the day before yours arrived, and it bewildered me dreadfully at first. Don Stirling, whom I used to know in Washington (a concealed young fellow he was then; I hope he has improved since), wrote to say that he had met a girl at the Duchess of Chiselhurst's ball who had a letter inviting the Princess von Steinheimer to the festivity. He thought at first she was the princess (which is very complimentary to each of us), but found later that she wasn't. Now, he wants to know, you know, and he begs me, by our old friendship, etc. He is a nice young man, if a trifle confident (these young diplomatists think they hold the reins of the universe in their hands), and I would like to oblige him, but I thought first I would hear what you had to say about it. I am to address him care of the embassy at St. Petersburg, so I suppose he's stationed there now. By the way, how did he get your glove, or is that merely brag on his part? He says that it is the only clew he has, and he is going to trace you from that, it seems, if I do not tell him who you are and send him your address. Now, what am I to say when I write to St. Petersburg?"

In reply to this, Jennie sent a somewhat incoherent letter, very different from her usual style of writing. She had not mentioned the young man in her former communication, she said, because she had been trying to forget the incident in which he was the central figure. In no circumstances could she meet him again, and she implored the princess not to disclose her identity to him even by a hint. She explained the glove episode exactly as it had happened; she was compelled to sacrifice the glove to release her hand. He had been very kind in helping her to escape from a false position, but it would be too humiliating for her ever to see him or speak with him again.

When this letter reached the chateau at Meran, the princess telegraphed to London, "Send me the other glove," and Jennie sent it. A few days later came a further communication from the princess.

"I have puzzled our young man quite effectually, I think, clever as he imagines himself to be. I wrote him a semi-indignant letter to St. Petersburg and said I thought all along he had not really recognized me at the ball, in spite of his protestations at first. Then I saw how easily he was deluded into the belief that I was some other woman, and so the temptation to further coax him was irresistible. Am I not a good actress? I asked him. I went on to say, with some show of anger, that a quiet flirtation in the gallery was all very well in its way, but when it came to a young man rushing in a frothy barbed into the street after a respectable married woman who had just got into her carriage and was about to drive away it was too much altogether, and thus he came into possession of the glove. As the remaining glove was of no use to me, I had great pleasure in sending it to him, but warned him that if the story of the gloves ever came to the ears of my husband I would deny having either owned or worn them. I should like to see Don's amazed look when the other glove drops out of my letter, which was a bulky package and cost ever so much in postage. I think the sending of the glove was an inspiration. I fancy his lordship will be now completely deluded and that you need have no further fear of his finding you."

Jennie read this letter over once or twice, and in spite of her friendly feeling for the princess there was something in the episode which jarred on her. Nevertheless she wrote and thanked the princess for what she had done and tried to forget all about everything pertaining to the ball. However, she was not allowed to ease all thoughts of Lord Donald from her mind, even if she could have accomplished this task unimpeded. There shortly arrived a brief note from the princess, enclosing a letter the young diplomatist at St. Petersburg had written.

"Dear Princess (if I ran), I am very much obliged to you for the companion glove, as I am thus enabled to keep one and use the other as a clew. I see you not only know who the mysterious young lady is, but that you have since met her, or at least have been in correspondence with her. If the glove does not lead me to the hand, I shall pay a visit to you in the hope that you will atone for your present cruelty by telling me where to find the owner of both gloves and hand."

With regard to this note the princess had written: "Don't let such a fool as I took him to be. He must have improved during the last few years. I wish you would write and tell me exactly what he said to you that evening."

But with this wish Jennie did not comply. She merely again urged the princess never to divulge the secret.

For many days Jennie heard nothing more from any of the actors in the little comedy, and the episode began to take on in her thoughts that air of unreality which remote events seem to gather around them. She went on with her daily work to the satisfaction of her employers and the augmenting of her own bank account, although no experience worthy of record occurred in her routine for several weeks. But a fall in a newspaper office is seldom of long duration.

One afternoon Mr. Hardwick came to the desk at which Jennie was at work and said to her:

"Cadbury Taylor called here yesterday and was very anxious to see me. Has he been in again this afternoon?"

"You mean the detective? No, I haven't seen him since that day at the Schloss Steinheimer. What did he want with me?"

"As far as I was able to understand, he has a very important case on hand—a sort of romance in high life—and I think he wants your assistance to unravel it. It seems to be baffling him."

"It is not very difficult to baffle Mr. Cadbury Taylor," said the girl, looking up at her employer with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"Well, he appears to be in a fix now, and he expressed himself to me as being very much taken with the neat way in which you unraveled the diamond mystery."

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