

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.

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.

But to the surprise of all present, the colonel introduced a dear little fair haired boy, explained that it was his grandson's fifth birthday, and that he had acquired the kiss as a birthday gift for him.

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 Extracao."

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."

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 embassies, let us refer it to Austria, who held a long conversation with the lady in my presence."

"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."

"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!"

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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 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 locket per at the closed gate.

With a deep sigh Jennie dried her tears as the carriage pulled up at the portal of the hotel. The eight 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 experiences.

"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 overwrought nerves. All longings and regrets had been put off with the Paris-made 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, playing, 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—of 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 whose?" 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 jolly 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 fright. 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 Duchesse 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 thinks, quite reasonably, that I must have some inkling who that girl was, 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 frock 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 over 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 erase 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, inclosing 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 jill 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 you. 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 eyes.

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

"The detective was quite evidently very glad to see her."

"I intended to call today at the office of The Bugle on the chance of finding you," he said, "but I am delighted to meet you here, because we can talk without fear of interruption. Has the editor told you anything of this case?"

"Very little. He didn't seem to know much about it himself."

"It was impossible for me to go into full particulars with him. I could only give him a hint or two in order to convey to him some idea of the interest which this mystery, when solved, might have from a newspaper standpoint. Of course I wished to gain his assistance, but he might, perhaps, persuade you to help me in this matter."

"He seems to be quite willing that I should lend what aid I can," said Jennie. "Don't you have full particulars before you? I have a good deal of work on hand, and unless this case is interesting from a newspaper point of view, as you have just said, I don't think that I should care to touch it."

"Oh, you will find it of great interest!" the detective assured her, with much eagerness. "It relates to the sudden and hitherto unexplained disappearance of a woman. That of itself is absorbing, for I may tell you as one having large experience that there is nothing more difficult in this world than for any person, and more especially for a woman, to disappear entirely and leave no trace behind."

"I should have thought it quite easy," said Jennie, especially in a large city like London.

"You have given expression to the universal opinion, but I pledge you my word that a completely successful disappearance is one of the most rare events that we detectives have to meet within our line of investigation."

"Please tell me the story," said the girl. "Then we can meet more understandingly about it."

"The detective selected a pocket case, one of many which he carried

with him, and very anxiously he searched for a card which he had written 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?"

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