

A GIRL OF GRIT.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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(CONTINUED.)
CHAPTER XI.
MEETINGS.

All fell out as I had planned, except that, to my extreme surprise, at Southampton, when embarking, I tumbled on friends, the dearest, most faithful friends, and the unfailing instinct of gae of them was not to be denied. I met both my love and my dog. The first, I felt certain, was making this voyage on my behalf, and I hungered to speak to her, yet dared not make myself known too soon. I was nearly betrayed, however, for Roy, clever brute, soon penetrated my disguise and was not to be shaken off. Only when I had seen him comfortably stowed away in the fore part of the ship near where my own quarters were would he settle down.

I had no opportunity of meeting Frida, nor was I able to advance my other business, until the voyage was half over. There is a wide gulf set between first and second cabin passengers. My range was strictly limited. I could not go near the hurricane deck nor enter the principal smoking room, the music room or saloon, although I hung about constantly and became at last an object of suspicion to the officers, stewards and quartermasters and met sometimes with rough rebuffs.

The second day out I once more became conscious that I was being watched wherever I went. Recent events had left me very sensitive of espionage. I was no longer disposed to make little of it, but still my feeling was more of resentment than alarm, so much so that I turned sharply on my follower, who was a saloon passenger and quite out of place on the fore deck, our territory, and I challenged him to explain his conduct.

"I am a friend, Captain Wood," he said in a whisper as he took me aside, "Rossett is my name, and I represent Saraband and Snuyzer, who could not sail with us. He went after you, following the Flour-de-Lia. How in thunder are you here?"

As soon as I was satisfied of his good faith—and he proved it by his knowledge of every circumstance of the case—I told him my story.

"Miss Fairholme will be real glad, I tell you, sir. She knows nothing yet, although I made you out from the first, through the dog, sir; besides which, I had your description and your photograph. Snuyzer is great, sir, and misses no point of detail. I have had no chance of speaking to her. This is her first day on deck."

"She must be told at once. I must speak to her myself. You must manage that, please, now, directly."

"Why, certainly, sir. I will bring you together, and at the earliest possible moment after dark. It won't do



I turned sharply on my follower. For that young lady to be seen consorting too openly with a second class passenger. It might spoil the game."

"And that is—"

"Grand, sir, grand, now you're aboard. We'll let them have rope, and just when things look rosier produce you. These ladies will identify you. Saraband has all the threads of the conspiracy, and we'll land the lot in state prison, whenever it suits us. Yes, sir, they're about fixed."

"You say Saraband has all the threads. I haven't. What does it all mean?"

"I got an outline from Snuyzer. The plot originated with one McQuabe."

"I know him. I have reason to do so—"

"Well, he was in with Bully McBaught, the testator; had some of his secrets, and was the first to hear the money was going to you. So he joined in with the Spaniard, who is no duke, and the pair brought over a clerk once in Quinlan's law office. That's the harikin who's personating you on board. But it will all come right now, and you may trust that to Saraband."

"There's one thing I cannot leave to them," and I proceeded to tell my new friend about the missing papers. "I must recover them before we arrive to port. If all else fails, we must have the witnesses arrested on board; but that's not to do, for it might expose the names of documents that are of

confidential nature."

"Don't you suppose this crook will have got them by heart long ago?"

"They are so strange that no one would believe him on oath unless he could back them up by the papers themselves. I don't mind telling you that much."

"Then I guess you must have them, only I don't see a way short of lifting them from the man's stateroom, and that sort of thing has an ugly name—if it's found out."

"It would be theft—for you, not me. They are mine or my employer's, and I tell you I should not hesitate to take them openly or secretly, to fight over them if I could get anywhere within reach."

"Heccken, captain, you'll be likely to qualify, too, for state's prison," said Mr. Rossett, laughing.

I had been promised news of Frida by my new friend Rossett. But day followed day, and yet he had nothing to tell me. It was always the same story. "Missy's still under the weather, like the rest of the women folk. Not able to leave her stateroom. Stewardess thinks she'll be laid by till we make Sandy Hook. But I'll let you know soon as I hear."

At last, on the fourth day at sea, a superb day, fresh and sunny, my dear girl made her appearance on deck, and, as I was over on the water, I saw her from my distant second class station long before Rossett came with his report. Indeed he was too busy, good soul, in seeing to her wants and dancing attendance upon her to think very much of me. When he did appear, it was only to get Roy. "Missy's made to see the dog." There was not a word about me.

When he returned it was with rather a scared face.

"All the fat is in the fire! The duchess has read your name on the dog's collar!"

"And guesses I am on board?"

"I don't say that, not yet anyway, but they're likely to ferret it out pretty slick unless you can be down below for the rest of the run."

"I shall not hide, my friend, not till I've seen and talked with Miss Fairholme, and that I'm going to do with or without your help or leave."

"Right now?"

"Right now, over there on the poop deck, in the face of them all. I can pay for a first class passage, and I'll do it under another name."

"So as to call attention to yourself and bring those toughs on top of you again—spoil all your laid?"

"What can they do to me? And if they chose to try I'm man enough to meet them. I'm not afraid of anything straight and aboveboard."

"That's just what it wouldn't be. If you come out now, you will be playing their game will put them on their guard anyhow. Don't be wrong headed, captain, and wait, won't you?"

"How long? This is the fourth day out—Wednesday. We shall make port by Saturday, at latest, and then what am I to do?"

"See here, captain, I'll bring Miss Fairholme to you my own self this very evening about dusk, or you to her. How's that for high? There's a snug spot right aft over the steering gear just room for two, if they're fond of each other."

I did not know whether to be angry with him or not, but I began to see the force of his argument, and I agreed eventually to wait as he advised.

"Have you told her I am here? If not, I think you will understand I should prefer—"

"A nod's as good as a wink, captain. Never a word has she got from me as to your being on board, and she shan't. Whether she has any suspicion of it or not I cannot say. But I don't know why she should, and if she did cart ropes wouldn't hold her, I reckon. But maybe I am making too free."

I am not ashamed to confess that for the rest of that day, so long as Frida kept the deck, I staid in the place from which I could best see her, and I borrowed a pair of glasses from Rossett to spy the better on her beautiful face. I saw that many emotions agitated it in turn. It was wistful, expectant, sad, downcast, now flushing bright with some vague hope, now tender with soft memories, with thoughts of me, as I was concealed enough to believe, and rightly, to judge by the glad welcome she gave me when I was once more by her side.

How the time passed I cannot say. We sat there hand in hand gazing out across the long track of the steamer as it sparkled and foamed under the moonlight and taking no thought of it, of why we were there, what might be in store for us or what I should do next. We should have sat on far into the night, I believe, perfectly unconscious and unconcerned, except with ourselves, had not a tall figure suddenly thrown its shadow over us, and we were addressed in a low, nervous female voice:

"Pardon me, but I knew I could not be mistaken. It's Captain Wood!"

The Duchess of Tierra Sagrada!

"I could not rest till I had spoken to you," she went on hurriedly. "Yet I felt de trop. I did not like to disturb you, to interrupt you. May I ask one word? You escaped?"

"As you see, duchess—uninjured, too, except for the discomfort and rough handling. You shall hear the whole story some day."

"I would gladly have spared you this suffering from the very first. I tried hard, I did indeed, even that first night in the opera box, and afterward I would have warned you, but I dared not be more precise. Again, in that terrible house I was on your side."

"Indeed, duchess," broke in Frida, "you have made us your friends. We are grateful, and we will show it yet, I hope."

"But why are you here?" went on the other woman impatiently. "How did you come? I have never seen you since the voyage nor have the—"

others. It is fortunate. They would certainly try to do you an injury."

"They have done so already—an injury that may be irreparable. They have robbed me."

"Yes, yes, that I know," she said, "but it will be a small matter, and you would have your redress. You could protect yourself against worse, now you are free, if you were only careful. I cannot think why you should risk so much now. You are within their reach again."

I laughed. "That has never weighed with me, nor do I care for the money. It is my honor that is at stake, duchess. I must recover certain papers that you—your people have stolen or I shall be eternally disgraced."

"Papers? Are they yours? I have heard of them. State papers, belonging to your government and worth a fortune to any one who will give them to ours. You are concerned?"

"Closely, I would give a large sum—any sum—to get them back."

"I need no bribes, Captain Wood," she spoke with dignity. "You cannot mean to offer me money surely! I have not fallen so low as that, I hope. I am ready to make restitution. It is the least I can do for you. You shall have the papers. I will fetch them."

"You are a good woman. I feel for you, indeed I do," Frida said as she staid her for a moment with a gesture as though to kiss her, but the duchess brushed past and hurried away.

"Yes, she is a good woman," I repeated, echoing Frida, only to find that the remark was not exactly pleasing to her.

"I do not quite see why she is so much interested in you, and I shall want to know more about that."

But why need I set down in words the glacial badinage of a pair of silly lovers? And it was ended abruptly when the duchess returned.

"Here, take them, if they are yours. I leave that to your honor. I knew where he kept them, and I have secured them—no matter how."

A single glance under the nearest electric light satisfied me that these were the missing papers. They were still in their official "jacket," a broad band of bright green paper, on which was printed the label, "Strictly confidential."

"Be on your guard, I implore you," she went on. "There may be trouble about them. If your identity is discovered, they will suspect you, and it will be another reason to attack you. Put them by. Lock them up securely."

"Let me have them," interposed Frida. "No one would think of mixing me up with the business, and I'm not afraid of anything they can do to me."

"You shall run no such risk, Frida," I protested. "It is entirely my affair. I came for them, I have got them, and I will keep them against all comers. In the last resort I would throw them overboard. They are of no actual value except in the wrong hands. We have copies of them."

It was so settled, and the party broke up. I was the last to leave the stem, having given my dear girl a rendezvous in the same place at the same time the next evening. But as I passed along the now deserted deck, making for the companion ladder that led to my second class quarters, I was met by a quartermaster in the full light of an electric lamp, who hailed me roughly.

"Hello, my hearty! Vast heaving and run alongside. What brings you in these waters? You've no right here aft, and you know it. I am going to bring you in front of the officer of the watch. He wants you."

"If he does, he knows where to find me in the second saloon forward."

"Aye, aye, that's where you berth. We know that much and more—that you won't stay there. What takes you cruising round the first class deck? That's what you've got to answer for."

"So I will, to the right person, the captain, and no one else. Stand aside! I cried, for I was nettled by the man's surly speech. "Don't dare to interfere with me! I've good reason, the best reason, for what I've done, and I'll give it, but not to you. Clear out, or I'll put you on your back double quick!"

He retorted angrily, and we should soon have fallen to blows, but a sharp voice interposed, that of the captain himself, for the altercation had occurred just outside his cabin.

"What's this, quartermaster—quarreling with the passengers? And who are you, sir, who talk so big?"

The seaman answered, while I hesitated, doubtful how to act.

"A second class, sir, who's been trespassing up here constant, and I'd orders, sir, from the chief officer to watch him."

"What do you call yourself?"

"Hardcastle is my name on the list, but—"

"A purser's name, eh? Fishy on the face of it. However, this is no time for discussion. I'll see you tomorrow forward in the second cabin. Take him there, quartermaster, and tell the steward to have an eye to him; not that he can get very far."



"Here, take them, if they are yours. I leave that to your honor."

"Aye, aye, sir. Now, heave ahead, will you, or must I make you?" No doubt he felt annoyed by the support of the "old man." Now I had recovered my temper I did not resent his tone. I had had time to consider that for the present I had better lie low.

So I went straight to my cabin and to bed. I was doubled up with two others, both ocean "drummers," men who crossed every month or two, and they were already sound asleep. But before turning out my light I climbed up into the privacy of my own little bunk, where I quickly ran through the papers and saw with delight that everything was intact. Then I placed the precious packet under my pillow and felt that I had spent a profitable day.

CHAPTER XII.
H. M. S. VICTRIX.

By next morning I had resolved to take the captain of the "Chattahoochee" directly I saw him into my confidence. He was an Englishman. The liner, although it had an American name, sailed under English colors. On her deck I was on English ground, and I thought I might count on his protection. I was taking too much for granted, as I soon found. The plainest truth does not always prosper when it is contradicted seemingly by a well substantiated lie.

I had not long to wait for my interview with Captain Sherborne. Instead of coming into the second cabin he sent for me, and I was led before him very much like a malefactor, with a steward on one side of me and a quartermaster, my friend of the previous night, on the other. I had the papers on me in an inner breast pocket.

I was not taken to his own cabin on the poop deck, but to the purser's in a central part of the ship, half cabin, half office, and that officer was also in attendance. The captain was a square set, weather beaten sailor man, very bluff and cheery, no doubt, when it so pleased him, but his mottled red face in its fringe of white whiskers could shine fierce and forbidding as a light house through a fog, and it did so just now.

"You are the person calling yourself Hardcastle who has been breaking the ship's rules by trespassing on the first saloon accommodation? I saw you myself."

"I admit it. What is the penalty? To pay first cabin fare, I presume? Then, Mr. Purser, take the necessary amount and give me a receipt. I won't change my cabin."

I tossed a couple of fivers on to the little table in front of which the skipper sat, and the purser, a little, old, spare gentleman with a long white beard, took the money up, but looked at the captain doubtfully.

"Stay, stay, my fine fellow. It's not going to end like that. The trespass is only the smallest part. There has been a robbery on board. It has been reported to me this morning, and, and—"

"You suspect me?" He nodded. "On what grounds, may I ask? I am entitled to be told that."

"I shall tell you nothing. I am captain of this ship."

"But will not be so very long, I think after this voyage. If you adopt such a high handed and unwarrantable course as to accuse a passenger of theft, yet give him no reason for it."

This shot told. His fiery eyes faltered for a moment and there was less assurance in his voice when he went on, "I am answerable to my employers, not to you."

"And, pardon me, to the public, of whom I am one, and to the British government, whom I represent, Captain Sherborne."

His jaw fell, and he looked rather helplessly at the purser, who stooped over and whispered a few words in his ear. They only seemed to still further stir up his bile and more sturdily vindicate his authority.

"By heaven," he shouted, "I'll not be bounced by every longshore scallywag that chooses to face me out with thundering lies! On board my own ship too! British government be hanged! What have I to do with it in midatlantic and with 50 fathoms of blue water under my keel? Besides, it's what you say. How are we to know it's true? You admitted you were sailing under false colors. What's your real name?"

That moment I had intended to tell him everything, but now I did not trust his discretion.

"You shall know all in good time when it suits me. Meanwhile I hold you responsible."

"Yah! You're worse than a sea lawyer, tacking and veering all round the compass. Answer my question. Did you steal those papers?"

"What papers? Whose?"

"The duke's, Terry Grada's, you know. You were seen near his stateroom."

"That's untrue, for I never went there and don't know where it is. But as for the papers— Well, yes, I have them here—I touched my pocket—and I mean to keep them."

The skipper all but bounded from his chair. "I think you must be stark, staring mad; a raging lunatic, no less. I shall have to clap you in irons and send you down for safety to Sand alkey. Hand them over now in a brace of shakes, or I'll—"

He rose menacingly. "Keep your distance. Don't lay a finger on nor don't touch those papers. No one must see them. They belong to the British government."

"Then how came they in the possession of this duke? Yah! Try another."

"He acquired them wrongly and will have to answer for that and other things—be and those with him."

"Including that millionaire youth, I suppose, Captain Wood, who seems even more upset at this robbery—your robbery?"

I could contain myself no longer.

"He is not Captain Wood. He is an impostor. I am Captain Wood, Mr. McFaugh's heir."

(See us continue.)

IN FASHION'S REALM.



ASTER is certainly the season for dainty gowns and soft laces. My lady casts aside her Lenten garrulous of black and purple and arrays herself like the spring flowers in robes of the fairest tints. Over her masses of fluffy hair she tilts a hat covered with roses.

Never has the Easter hat been so pretty. This is a rose season, and the smartest creations are fairly loaded down with these flowers. As regards shapes the milliners have been kind to people with irregular features. There is no one set style, and the brims all curl softly to suit the different faces. The crowns are low, but not so flat as during the winter season. (Chiffon is a favorite material, and when tacked and combined with lace it forms the dressiest of all headgear. Hats made entirely out of ribbon are a novelty, and marquis hats of crape are very pretty when made in pale blue pink or yellow and trimmed with big choux of black net. Large buckles of pearl and jet ornament the handsomer lace and tulle hats.

This is a season of small accessories, and the woman who wants to appear well dressed cannot afford to ignore this fact. The smart woman will provide herself with chiffon boas, lace collars, crinkled satin and velvet bows for the hair to match her different gowns and big choux of contrasting shades to wear with her light dresses. Marie Antoinette Bebus are being worn more than ever and short lace boleros with long ends which tie. In choosing these little articles of dress it is only necessary to consider one's individual style. There are designs for every one, and there is no excuse for the woman who looks prim or mannish this season.

MAUD ROBINSON.

Blessing of the Beautiful Figure in St. Patrick's, New York.

The magnificent new statue of St. Patrick which was presented to St. Patrick's cathedral in New York city by Mr. John B. Manning was formally blessed by his grace Archbishop Corrigan at pontifical high mass on St.

These are very much tucked and trimmed with lace.

The blouse and the Eton jacket prevail for street suits. Plain tailor mades are only worn by a very few women. The Etons are made with postillon backs for stout women and are cut short and rather baggy for the slender and youthful. Little fancy coats of black panne and tacked satin are replacing the taffeta affairs of last season. These are invariably lined with cream or-pearl gray satin, and they are meant to be worn with fluffy fronts and directorie jabots. As for the skirts, they are being made almost plain in the back for those who can stand that style. The thin materials, however, are filled in at the hips.

which cast deep pink shadows on her cheeks. Her gown is pale and clinging, and her dimpled chin rests among the frills of a chiffon or lace boa, which accentuates her youth and grace. Truly the Easter girl is always fair, but this year she is fairer than ever. Never before have the fashions been so artistic and so well calculated to enhance the charms of a pretty woman. Take the very dress materials themselves, for instance, they are all soft and clinging. Vellings, crepe de chine, and grandines are the fabrics for dressy gowns, and the ever popular foulard is relegated to the second place. As for the colors, they are a little brighter this season, but they still follow the pastel shades—mauve, cafe au lait, pearl pale rose, pale blue and lilac green. All shades of red and green are being much used by the fashionable dressmakers, and as the season advances they are more and more in evidence. Old rose is just as popular this spring as it was last winter, and nothing makes a prettier gown for a brunette than an old rose velvety trimmed with black chautilly lace. Speaking of vellings, many of them come beautifully embroidered in a lace pattern, and others come with a border of gold applique.

After a long exile challies have come to the front once more. Last summer a few fashionable women had seashore gowns made of this material and in every case they were admired. This year any number of people are having



Patrick's day. His grace was assisted in the solemn ceremonies by a number of distinguished members of the clergy. The statue, which is a masterpiece of the sculptor's art, is of heroic size. It is eight feet in height and weighs three and a half tons. The material is Carrara marble. In his right hand the saint carries a shamrock and in his left a crozier. Joseph Sibel is the sculptor.

Attendance at Mass.

It is somewhat reprehensible to see how some people attend the holy sacrifice of the mass. They must imagine that all that is required of them is presence of body and not of the mind. These people go to church and are nervous during the mass, wishing it was over. They look around, thereby attracting the attention of others; they have neither books nor beads, and it is even doubtful if they ever think a prayer or raise their soul to God. And so they go on from year to year, no doubt believing that they have complied with their duty in so doing, when in reality they may have committed sin. Perhaps these people do not know the great importance of the mass. Have they forgotten their catechism? Let them recall to their minds the words of our Lord, "Do this in commemoration of me." The mass is the unbloody sacrifice of Calvary. It is the most awful, the most august, the most stupendous sacrifice that could be offered by man. Raise your soul to God and invoke his assistance, his grace and blessing upon yourself and yours.—Morning Star.

Hints of Heaven.

That is not an enviable nature that hears no strange melodies hinting of heaven through the marches of the year, that sees no glorious signs hung out in earth and sky of an infinite love that is never forgetful and never unkind, that pauses not with reverent spirit to ponder the lesson that is told in grass and tree and flower and that feels no benediction in the bright air and palpitating sky. He may be just to his neighbor, industrious and virtuous, but he does not understand the meaning of Jesus in the fields of Galilee pointing to the birds and lilies and telling of our Father's care.