

Hemming, The Adventurer

BY THEODORE ROBERTS

(Concluded)

"What has that shameless adventurer written to you?" asked Mrs. Travers, purple with curiosity, and with fear that the chances for her daughter to marry a fortune were ruined.

"What shameless adventurer?" cried Molly, looking up with flashing eyes.

"Herbert Hemming."

"How do you know the letter is from Herbert Hemming?"

"I—I happened to notice the handwriting."

"Paul Pry," cried Molly, and with that she burst into tears. Mrs. Travers sailed from the room, must against her inclination, but her dignity demanded it of her. Left to herself, Molly stifled the sobs, brushed the tears from her eyes, and opened the other letters. Her uncle's she read with wonder and delight. It ran thus:

"DEAR NIECE—Herbert is in town. I ran across him at the club. He was in very low spirits, suspecting something between me and Major Anderson; but I soon cheered him up. Now is my time to confess that I wrote to H. H. a few days ago. Fortunately I had started for London before receiving the letter (has not seen it yet), so there is nothing for you to get angry at a dotting uncle about. He tells me that never a scratch of pen has he received from you, since the beginning of your misunderstanding. He means to call on you to-morrow, at the informal hour of ten in the morning. His happiness is all in your hands.

"Your loving Uncle."

Anderson's communication, a hopeless scrawl, in which he said that Hemming was in town, and that he himself was going to France for a little while—only interested her in that it proved to be a key to her lover's message. Presently she glanced up at the clock. "Within half an hour," she cried, softly, and, gathering together her papers, she left the room.

Of course Hemming was twenty minutes ahead of time. Mr. Pollin might have known that, under the circumstances, a lover always allows thirty minutes for a ten-minute cab-dance. Unfortunately, Mr. Pollin, though an estimable man in a hundred ways, did not know everything about a lover. He had very seldom been one himself, even of the mildest type. So when Hemming, short of breath, glorious of visage, and flushing hot and cold, in fact, with all the worst symptoms of a recruit going into action, entered the long and formal drawing-room, he was received by Mrs. Travers a long

way from what Pollin had led him to expect. He stood aghast; he got a grip on himself, and, bowing low, extended his hand. Mrs. Travers ignored his hand. But, for all her awestruck front, she, too, was agitated. She knew that she was about to play a desperate game. Favor and ruin had made the Brazilian colonel's game seem feasible. Conceit, stupidity, and love of money were her excuse for making a fool of herself.

"Mr. Hemming, I believe," she said.

This was too colossal for Hemming. He could not pass that, however eager he might be to get this unexpected interview over with. He lifted one hand close to his face and stared at it intently for several seconds.

"Pon my word," he said, "I believe you are right. May I ask if you recognized me by my eye-glass or my feet?" His smile was politely inquiring. He looked as if he really wanted to know.

"You will leave this house immediately," cried the lady, as soon as she could command sufficient breath. "My daughter is very wise in deciding to have nothing to do with you."

This shot told, and his manner changed to one of haggard doubt and dread.

Mrs. Travers saw her advantage, and, knowing that her time was limited, hastened to follow it up. But at that moment Molly tripped into the room. At sound of the light step and whispering of skirts Hemming turned toward the door. The old woman and all her works were forgotten, for Molly's eyes proved the truth of his dreaming. But he did not approach her. She paused on the threshold, not speaking, not smiling, but with the whole dear secret in her radiant face. How long was it—seconds or centuries—that her eyes looked into his across the furniture of that formal room? Presently, with a little catch in her breath, like a sob, she spoke, turning her gaze to Mrs. Travers.

"Mother," she said, "when I tell you that I overheard your last remark, I think you will understand and forgive the anger—and disdain which I feel toward you."

Mrs. Travers, suddenly grown old and ugly, moved toward the door. She recoiled, and nearly fell. Hemming sprang forward, caught her firmly and gently, and helped her to a couch. By this time her great face was dead-white, and her eyelids fluttering. He tore open the neck of her dress, and then ran to the dining-room for water. This he used upon her with a liberal hand, and soon

and leaned forward in the saddle. "Dearest boy," she said, "I can't believe that you will ever forget how cruel I was to you, though I know that you forgave me long ago."

"The memory of it is buried somewhere in the Pernambuco bush, with the body of Penthouse," he answered, gently.

"But tell me," she began, and paused.

"Anything," he laughed back.

"Did you ever care for Marion Teton?"

"Not even in those days—when she was really charming."

Several months later, at the house of a mutual friend, Mrs. Travers met General Davidson. The general beamed upon her with marked cordiality.

"I am glad to know that some English people appreciate a good thing," he said.

The rest of the company turned to see what was going on, and the old lady stared.

"I am speaking of your distinguished son-in-law, Herbert Hemming," continued the general, in a dress-parade voice. "and I assure you, madam, that when he took command of the military district of Rio Janeiro, England lost a valuable man. It is a crying shame," he added, glaring around, "that the English government had not Mrs. Travers's discernment."

The dame numbed a meaningless reply. A curate sniggered behind his hand. Later Mrs. Travers cornered her hostess.

"Why didn't the ungrateful girl tell me?" she asked.

"Tell you what, my dear?"

"About that Rio Janeiro military district."

"You should have read the papers, my dear," replied her hostess, coldly. "then perhaps you would not have made yourself so ridiculous."

The End.

IF IS IMPORTANT

To Know What You Are Taking When Using Catarrh Remedies.

Catarrh is the short route to consumption, and the importance of early and judicious treatment of catarrh whether located in the head, throat or bronchial tubes, cannot be too strongly emphasized.

The list of catarrh cures is as long as the moral law and the forms in which they are administered, numerous and confusing, from sprays, inhalants, washes, ointments, and salves to powders, liquids and tablets.

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POPULATION OF THE WORLD.

Latest statistics place the population of the world at 1,539,600,000, and it is estimated that it's a case of being about half and half monotheists and polytheists. Of Christians there are 549,018,000; of Jews, 11,937,000; of Mohammedans, 202,049,000; of Hindus or Brahmans, 210,000,000; of old Indian religions, 13,000,000; of Buddhists, 120,000,000; of Confucians, 253,000,000; of Taoists, 32,000,000; of Shintoists, 17,000,000; of fetish worshippers, 144,000,000, which still leaves 3,000,000 or so of unclassified religionists, but out of the whole total it is safe to estimate that 44 per cent of all the religionists are but believers in name, the sincere practice of all religions is much on the wane, and in whole sections of the world the practice of religion is very largely a matter of form and hereditary customs.

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PORT ARTHUR SOON TO FALL.

Japanese Visitor Talks of His Country and Her Prospects.

(Winnipeg Telegram.)

Mr. Kosugi, a Japanese on his way from England to Japan, is in Winnipeg. Mr. Kosugi is on a trip around the world, and is direct from London. Being interviewed by a reporter for The Telegram yesterday he said: "The sympathy of the English people is very much more on the side of Japan than is that of the people of the United States. The Japanese people do not contemplate that England will be drawn into the present struggle, unless the last incident in the North sea, over which they had no control, will do so. It has never been desired by Japan that Great Britain should not feeling the cost of the war to any appreciable extent. They are as determined as ever to win, and feel confident that they shall do so. The coming on of winter may affect the Russians, but it will not hurt the Japanese. They will carry on the war during the whole of winter or until the Russians surrender. The Japanese troops are well provided for to carry on a winter campaign. In the beginning of the war the Russians secured their food from China, but being driven north to Mukden and the surrounding country not being able to support them, they must now depend on the Trans-Siberian railway.

"Port Arthur may be receiving some small supplies by way of junks running the blockade, but it cannot be much, and we expect the place to fall inside of two or three weeks.

"The feeling in London and of Great Britain generally is cordial toward our people. The London Times lately had good comment on the ability of the Japanese to carry on the war. It pointed out that while Russia was affected in every branch of her commerce, Japan's shipping was ever on the increase. Japan's Mr. Kosugi, left last evening for Kobe.

AT THE COUNTRY FAIR.

By Heck
I'm right on deck,
To see this here State fair—
I do declare
Them cattle's fine—
Wish they wuz mine!
Them horses—say,
That one big bay
Pears like the best I ever see!
I'd like to hitch her up with Mabi
By Grab!

By Hen!
Us country men
Appreciate these fair's.
Them pumpkins, apples, pears,
Fime horses, bang up rigs,
And Poland China pigs,
That's more worth lookin' for
Than news about the war,
The army or the navy,
By Gravy!

Milwaukee Sentinel.

Happy is the wife who finds the heart
her husband loses.

NOVEMBER.

No sun—no moon—
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earth—view—
No distance looking blue—
No roads—no streets—no 'tother side the way—
No end to any row—
No indication where the crescents go—
No tops to any steple—
No recognition of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em—
No traveling at all—no locomotion—
No inkling of the way—no notion—
"No ev" by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no rings—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth—no cheerfulness—no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade—no shine—no butterflies—no bees—
No fruits—no flowers—no leaves—no birds—
No—venber.



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