## HER SISTER'S HONOR.

## A Tale of English Life.

By Walter Besant.

UHAPTER I. OH! MY SISTER.

On a fine Saturday evening in July. There are never many readers in the Free Library. The old men who come in winter, because the place is warm and down the pavement, where the sunshine warms them through and through and chasses away their rheumatic pains. The younger men are all afield, playing orders, beating, cycling, rambling afoot, thinking of nothing but the delights of fresh sit, and rejoicing in their youth. What have the young to do with a musty, dusty library is a cemetry. Books are mostly the tombs of dead men's brains. Young folk are much better coorapted with reading each other's thoughts than with walking among the tombs, so that the library is almost empty. MY SISTER

empty.

It was about seven o'clock. At the
window into which the sun would have
poured its wealth of heat and light—
which it gives to the tombs-of the dead
as well as to the fields and flowers of poured its wealth of heat and light-which it gives to the tombs of the dead as well as to the fields and flowers of the living—a brown blind was hauled down, leaving a-long, narrow line. The sun, pertinacious in its attempt to reach everything, took advantage of the line to make a thin plate or lamins of bright sunshine, across which the merty motes danced with their usual cheerfulness. There was a smell of leather bindings; the tables were becovered with magazines and papers; a few readars sat at the tables. But I think that knowledge was not greatly advanced. One or two of them, agent, one or two looked as if their thinks were elsewife—with the brook babbling over the shallows, with the village cronies gathered under the lean-to beside the ale-house. One of them, gaunt, hold the weed, hungry, as with an illustrate payer before him But he never turned wer gleaf, and he looked not at the pictures? The libratian watched that man suspiciously. He did not like the look in that man a eyes. It meant be bellone it meant a wicked spirit of discontent with the social order which left him starving while it made his neighbor fat, and effused him work while it suffered his neighbor to live in comfort on the work of other mean. Only a year or two ago—or it might be ten, because to one who is a librarian years vame it suiered his neighbor to live in comfort on the work of other man. Only a year or two ago—or-it might be ten, because to one who is a librarian years have no significance in connection with numbers—a man haf come into the place with just such a look in his ayes. That man laked for a book, sat down, and proceeded to tear away its sindings and to wrench its sheets asunder. Then he gave himself up to the librarian with the greatest gentleness and politeness, explaining that liberty without a crust was really a mockery, and that in future he meant to be maintained by his country, and that when he had served his time for the destruction of the book he meant to smash a lamp, and, that atoned for, to steal a stretcher from a police station, and so on, getting perhaps longer sentences, until he should be colled to the content. police station, and so on, getting per-baps longer sentences, until he should be called to his reward. They walked off together to the nearest police station' like two old friends, and parted with a hearty grasp after the sergeant had noted the case.

noted the case.

Another men there was whom the librarian regarded with eyes of compassion. He dragged himself slowly and wearily up the stairs, threw himself upon a seat next the wall, and therefore provided with a back, took up a paper, sighed, and instantly fell fast asleep. This, sort the librarian knew very well—he was the clerk out of work. deep. This sort the librarian knew



THE LIBRARIAN SAT IN HIS CORNER.

The librarian wondered how much longor the weary quost would continue.
The man was clearly well on the downward slope; his next place would be
ower; his next lower still. With adversity arrives too often moral weakening—it is one of the countless ills which
follow in misfortune's train; perhaps
this poor wrotch would take to drink—
many of them do: in the end a clean
many of them do: in the end a clean is poor wrotch would take to drink-nay of them do; in the end, a clean d in the London Hospital, with pneu-na drawing him swiftly to an ignoble

The librarian sat in his corner, a any pigeon-holed cab net against the wall at his side, a great book before him—no libratian is complete without a great book before him—and the usual materials for cataloguing on his desk, because to carry on the catalogue is as necessary a part of the daily work as to open the day's letters is for a sceretary. He was a man of 60, or perhaps more, his beard white, and his gray halt seanty on the top. He were spectacles, and his face showed the clear, unlined surface of one who has never been concerned with markets, prices; or the state of trade. He lived all day in the library, and in the evening he walked home to his solitary lodging, two miles with the state of the solitary lodging, two miles the state of the solitary lodging, two miles

The librarian of a free library is

familiar with every kind of reader. He classifies them all. There-are-first the unemployed, the most numerous patrons of the free bibrary. The librarian gets to know the trade of every man, if he belongs to one of the commoner branches of work, by his appearance. There are the quiet men who use the library in the evening, when their mates are in the public-house drinking, or at the club wrangling or perhaps gambling. They come here not to pursue a line of study, but to amuse themselves in peace. Then in any library there are one or two habitues of the day time. Mostly they are retired tradesmen, or old pensionari, who continue to live in the locality where they have friends. There is the young fellow who comes regularly it consult all the papers on sporting matters. He collects the propheticities, and notes the odds in a book; he would fail be a Sharp, but he, too often, remains a Juggins. There is the boy who comes here whenever he can get the chânce to sit in a corner and dream away the time deliciously over a story. There is the poor country lad who has more knowledge in his little finger than a London artisan in his whole body, who understands how to plow and sow and reap, and stack and thrash; who can cultivate an allotment; who knows sheep and beasts, and pigs and horses; who can foretell the weather. Yet he has thrown it all over and come up to London, where he has nothing but his pair of hands and his strong arms, and his great knowledge a vails him nothing. The saif you turped a professor of mathematics into a draper's shop, where they would use him for nothing but to sweep the floor and carry out the parcels. He rolls into the library accidentally, and not liking the place or the smell (which is not the library accidentally, and not liking the place or the smell (which is not the library accidentally, and not liking the place or the smell (which is not the librarian knows them all. He watches in the silent-room's the ciock, over his head ticks loudly and, makes up their little stories for them. Someti

belious—what called responsible. In the distribution of the several as sympathetic, that there was an observant creature, as well as sympathetic, that there was trouble in the face—abiding trouble. When she took off her worn glove the librarian saw upon her forefinger the usual sign of needlework, which a woman can no more disguise than a mulato can disguise the black streaks below his finger-nails. She took a place about on the tables, and, began to turn over the leaves of an illustrated paper; but languidly, as if she took no interest in what she read. The librarian, watching her from his corner, observed that she presently put down the paper and began to walk about, reading the titles on the books on the shelves as if she was in search of something.

Being a conscientious librarian as well as observant and sympathetic, he left his place in the corner and asked her iff there were any work which she wished to read: She shook her head. There was nothing, she said. The librarian observed that she had an extremely sweet voice. He also observed that she really did want something.

The librarian was experienced as well as conscientious, observant, and sympathetic, He discovered that there was something behind this restless curiosity.

"It think you are looking for some book" "the read of the corner of

was sometime, ocity.

"I think you are looking for some book." he said. "If you will toll me what it is.—"

"Have you got," she asked, coloring deeply, "any book that tells about.—"

"Have you key, deeply, "any book that tells about Bhe hesitated.
"About?" he repeated.
"About women"—here she looked about to make sure that nobody else, could hear, and her voice dropped to a whisper—"about women in prison, how that are treated, and how they live?"

they are treated, and how they live?"
"We have a book called 'Five Years of
Penal Scrvitude,' "he replied, "but that
is about male convicts, not women."
"May I see that?"
He found and gave her the volume.

May I see that?
He found and gave her the volume.
When the library closed she brought
him back the book, and went away.
But her eyes were red. She had been

But her eyes were red. She had been crying.
During the week the librarian found himself thinking a good deal about this woman. She looked refined and delicate, perhaps above the position she now held, which seemed to be poorly paid, judging from her dress. By her language and her manner ahe showed berself what is called ladylike or what ladius prefer to call rather a superiog

person. He could not remember whether she wore a wedding ring. He hoped

that the would come sight.

On Saturday, evening the did come again. The librarian greeted her with the smile reserved for habitual readers. "Let me find you another book," he said.

"Plesse let me have the same"—as if the librarian should remember every book taken up by every reader. But he did remember her book and gave it to her.

book taken up by every reader. But he did remember her book and gave it to her.

She finished the book that evening. But long after she closed the volume she sat with it in-her hand, thinking. She was in a corner where there were no other readers. But the librarian could see her. And from time to time the tears rose to her eyes and ran down her cheeks. He wondered what was meant by this grief, what miserable story lay behind.

She was the last to leave the library. The other readers had all gone, half an hour before the time for closing, but she sat there motionless, thinking, crying silently, and the librarian made pretonse not to see her.

When the clock struck ten he locked the room and went out, a few minutes after her. His mind was quite full of her distress, as he walked along the streots, now growing cool in the July twilight.

Presently he saw before him, going the same way, his reader. He overtook har and ventured to epeak.

We are going the same way? he saked.

"I am going to ......." She mentioned a street not far off.
"It is the same way," he replied;
"may I walk with you? I am the librarian, you know."
She hesitated a little. But an official such as a librarian is not a perfect stranger. Besides, he was old and looked harmless, and his voice and manner were friendly. If you please, ahe said presently.

They walked together in silence, side by side.



WE ARE GOING THE SAME WAY?"

Presently the librarian began to asl resently the librarian began to asia 'few leading questions, and learned that his new friend was a workwomay at a dressmaker's in the neighborhood. It is not a fashionable quarter, and the pay given to the most superior person is but meager—still it was enough, and the work was regular.

"I do not belong to the place," she said, "I gome inom the country. 'I have no friends, and am fortunate in getting any work at all."

"You must come a great deal to the library," he replied. "There you can be quiet and have the companionship of books, if you care for them. But you must not always read sad books."

"I have no heart," she said, "I or anything but sad books. This is my street. Good-night."

A week later she came again. Always on a Saturday evening. The reason was that she worked extra time in order to get a little more money on other evenings.

"I have found you a book about few leading questions, and learned his new friend was a workwoman

get a little more money on other evenings.

"I have found you a book about female convicts," the librarian told her. It is twenty years old, but I suppose things are not changed much."

"Oh, give it to me—thank you!" She snatched it from him and sought her corner, where she sat, her head on her hand, reading the book all the evening.

evening.

They walked home together again. They walked home together again.

You are in great trouble," said the
librarian. "If it will be any help to you,
tell me what it is. A good many people
tell me their troubles. Sometimes M
helps only to talk about things. Have
you no friends?"

"No. I have lost all my old friends,
and I cannot make new ones. Oh! if I
could tell you......."

You may tell me, if you will trust
me."

me."
"You will not give me any more books

if I do."

"Surely—surely—"

"Well then—the reason why I want to read about—about—you know—oh! I must speak to someone—the reason why—it is because my sister is in prison—oh! my sistor—oh! my sistor—oh! my sistor—oh! sistor—oh! my sistor—oh

## CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER IL.

Outside the old wall, a little of which still stands, runs, winding slowly through the meadows, the river on whose banks the ancient northern town is built. It is broad enough for boats, and on summer evenings a few come out, but not many, because it is a sleepy old town, and all the young men who have any go in them seek their fortunes elsewhere when they come to the rowing aggs. For half a mile or so below the town a broad walk has been constituted, having the river on one side and a row of trees on the other. Seats are planted here and there. It is the boulevard of the townspeople, and, when the weather and season allow, the place is crowded and animated with the girls—in this happy fown there are thirty girls to one young man—who go up and down in paira laughing and prattling as merrily as if they were not destined by the rigor of fast to single blessedness, because there are so many of them. I have always thought that this special application of the old law about the sins of the fathers must be very hard for a girl to accept with resignation. You suffer, says the law, because there are too many of you, I am very borry. Tou —it is the sin of the father—why were you 'corn?'. Why, indeed?

In the summer the lillies lie upon the waters; the fiver sparkles and dances.

in the light and simplifies; there are swans and ducks; under the branches disport millions of midges; there is a soft warm smell in the sir, party from the river and partly from the low mand. soft warm smell in the air, party from the river and partly from the low needs ows on the other side; the fields are full of buttercups; from the tower, of the cathedral float the melodious notes of a carillon; the river is lazy, and floweth slowly, lingering beside its banks; now and then a water-rat plunges on the op-posite side as a fish leaps out of the



TELL ME ALL." HR SAID.

water; the cows sit watching the sky and the sunset; the swallows and swifts are the only really active things; it is a pleasant, peaceful place to which the crowd of girls lends an Illusive show of

the only really active things, it is a pleasant, peaceful place to which the crowd of girls lends an Illusive show of youth. I say illusive because youth ought not to be all of one sex, and when there are not male and female in equal proportion, youth loses its brightness.

When the evenings are cold and dark the place is deserted. No one walks there after sunset. This was the reason why a certain couple chose the place on one evening in October. It was a little after sever; the night had fallen upon a gloomy day. A fresh breeze blew up the river, tearing the leaves off the trees, whirling them shout in the air and making drifting heaps of them; the foranches overhead creaked; the meadows were dark; the river was black; drops of rain fell upon the faces of the pair who walked side by side, the young man's arm around the girl's waist.

"Tell me all, he said. "Let me know the worst, and then we can face it. My darling, is there anything that we cannot face to fogether—hand-in-hand?"

"Oh!" she murmured. "It puts new strength in me—only to hear you speak and to feel your presence. Naomi is anxious and troubles herself about the future, morning, noon and night, Harry, will it make no difference to you?

"My darling, how would anything make a difference to me? Do I not love you once for all—for all this world and all the next?"

He bent over her—he was a tall and gallant young fellow—and she raised

bent over her—he was a tall and

He bent over her—he was a tall and gallant young fellow—and she raised her face to meet his lips.

"He fell down," she went on, "while John was putting up the shutters. He was standing at his desk, and he fell down on his face. He never spoke again or knew anybody or felt anything. And next morning about noon he dled."

"Ho dled," echoed the lover. "Poor dear Ruth! You told me of this in your letter. It was a terrible blow to you."

"I wrote to you about it. But I said nothing of what was discovered afterward."

nothing of what was unsecretary ward."

"What was discovered?"

"We always thought he was so well off. Everybody thought so. There was never any want of money. When he died the people said we must remember how well off we should be left, and that pught to console us.

"Well, dear?"

"There is nothing. The business had been failing off for years. There is not enough now to pay rent and taxes, and as for what is left it must all go to pay debts."

pay debts."

"Poor child! This is terrible. What will you do?"

## [TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Work of Daublgny.

Daubigny brought into landscape that had yet been seen, and his work first seizes you by its force, and then charms you. As poems of nature thrown off in the heat of passion and feeling a bit reaches of the passion and feeling a bit reaches of the passion and the passio deling, so his works affect you, and continue to do so the more they: are studied. "He painted better than he knew" when with palette-knife and brush he dashed in effects instantaneously, and one wonders how so much can be expressed by such slight means.

He was among the first "impressionists," and "realism" was one of his mottoes, but how different his art from that too often called by these names to-day. It was not the coarse materiality, the surface qualities, and the bare optical effect alone that and the bare optical effect alone that he sought to render. He penetrated deeper, and the surface was always the outgrowth and expression of a spiritual center. The thing and the thought, the spirit and the matter, were equally balanced, and never did he put a touch of color to canvas that had not first passed, no matter how rapidly, through his own spiritual self. ual self.

ual self.

His interpretation of nature was direct, and he sought to obtain scientific truth; but art, too, for him was expression, never mere reasonless imitation alone. A presiding fiftelligence, and still farther back an impulse of soul, directed the production of all his works. He found ideal in the real, and set to work to record it. Thus each work was the result-of a fresh emotion, expressed in its own way; and if you see fifty pictures by Daublgny you will find each different in conception, color, and execution. as the motive itself differs. Capture

Just at present the English medical journals are discussing the question as to whether a physician should enter a gentleman's physician should enter a gentleman's physician should enter a gentleman's physician should enter a stance or through the servants' questions. The taint of the leach still account the medical profession above. - 7

Carpets were never charge for than abow, but until times we shall have to take care of pets. The moth is the great of pet fought and defeated. It se fought and defeated. The efficacions remedies. One is sine-fourth of a pound of care per in one gallon of water, the two drachms of street. iwo drachms of strychola Strain and pour this into a shap. sel, such as a large tinned in pan. Roll the carpet up and a pand atternately in this mixture minutes, or long enough to have the carpet up and atternation of its edges for a saturation of its edges for the carpet is dry before while tacking with the carpet is dry before while tacking with the carpet is dry before while tacking with the carpet is dry before the carpet in the carpet in the carpet in the carpet up and the carpet in the carpet up and t sel, such as a large tinned in down as the wet poison must the fingers while tacking. We with the liquid throw where its sannot harm anybody, or bots tabel for future use, marking its moth poison." This prepara-not stain the carpet nor corrod-

in contact with the carpet. Another mixture calls for on of quassia chips, one-fourth of of cayenne pepper, steeper ons of water, strained and sbove,

When the carpet to be treated When the carpet to be treated to be taken up, spray ends, edge, gins and corners with an an Perhaps two or three appearing to better than one with

might be better than one we atomizer.

The carpet moth loves the hand margine of a carpet. Input three-plys may be seeded some while down by wringing a clob hat water, laying it over the hand edges and froning with a large three will destroy both moth off. This will destroy both moth off. This method is not affectual for any terms or other heavy come This method is not affectual for a questies or other heavy carpet, heat will not sufficiently pathem, besides which, ironing it the pile of velvets; still, the tieb ob drawn occasionally and the laid over on its edge, one like time, and steamed on the wrong them who the floor under the or far as the arm can reach with be some tea. Also wipe the edge and ings of carpet with a hot rag, rahard before renailing. Some a mend sprinkling salt around the of the room before nailing down sides of the carpet, but this wrong because the salt will sure tract too much moisture.

ract too much moisture. Be on the lookout for the Bufful pet beetle as early in the year uruary and March; look out fortis the windows and window silk over all woolen clothing not in fu ase. The moth has a special little over an month has a special litered carpet. But the pest considered in the year, being some prought into the house in flower performance to the blown of the blown in the performance of the blown in th nas a particular love for the blue of the spirea. It is a good plan, the moths are unusually bad to the the floor with benzine, or my, we think, with spirits of upo which is not so inflammable wille, and then my newspapers under the carpet. This presents ack from the underside. It is to to remember that the mother abhors the light, which is death it segs and larvae, and is really the

hing with which to circumvent Corrosive sublimate and alcoh he proportions of sixty grains former to one pint of the latter is for treating the edges of the season to the latter is the season to be season to he carpet where the pest is be

the carpet where the pest is bethe postson is so deadly that grall iton is required in its use, eye where babies are around.

The moths deposit their eggs harly spring. This, therefore, heasen to put away furs and goods for the summer. It is noth, but the larvae, that ded harm. Thoroughly beat the goods around and air them for several narm. Thoroughly beat the good is rattan and air them for several in the sunlight if possible should be chrefully combed. We no newspaper perfectly tight, work is done properly there will seed of an air-tight chest of these. Machine the property there have any these three are the property than the state of the several three three are the property three three are the property three three are th ased of an air-tight chest of thest. Moths do not have any sedar or moth balls, but they reduced the moth balls, but they reduced the sedar of the sedar of the sedar of the sedar of the sedar as just as good as paper. Once a ake out the goods and examine in the sunlight and give a good when the moths are not so bad tome seasons and locations, they impection may not be sed but this is really the fur delivered of preserving their stock. tret of preserving their stock. beauty by turning them lighter thor may be sprinkled among the ens, but secure wrapping in particular is good enough. The method may be used to present

"Moral courage," said the tel the courage that makes a boy he thinks is right regardles

jeers of his companions."
"Then," said Willie, "if straid of the other fellers of stingy, is that moral course, cinnati Enquirer.

The Medicin Married

RONT OF HIS and Dashing Coreer dis Won

March of 800 Miles ped Campos the news of the prese Cuba reached Antonio Maceo, in cuba reached Antonio Maceo, in costa Rica, he quickly dabout him several veterans en years war, among whom was ther Jose, and hurried to the re-his native island, from which he uctantly taken leave sevente That was in March, before. That was in March, In one short year he has tra-the island from one end to the breaking down military trochas

the island from one end to the breaking down military trochas fring the Spaniards in their very ields. These twelve months bown him to be more than a now mind the chiefted a great general—one reatest of modern times. The given here of his wonderful spased upon information from served with Maceo in the ten ar, and who has been closely ed with his movements, durpresent struggle.

Santiago de Cuba, July 14, 1848. her was Marcus Maceo and his her was Marcus Maceo and his a maiden name was Mariana s. The elder Maceo owned a fon at Barajugua and kept pack or hire. From this circumthe statement has been made nonio Maceo was a driven or before the war. At the begin-the ten years' war in 1868, the prion of the Maceo family conference sons, the youngest beeleven sons, the yōungest be neen years of age. The revelad been in progress and the Maceo far family had and the Macco tamily had oft from taking part in the up-fone day there appeared a band hish guerillias, led by Captain o. This band had nothing to ommit-depredations and the cated in an outrageous manfather called his eleven sons m. All were now grown ex-Marcus Maceo exacted from of the Maceo family now island from one end to the father fell at the battle in. Manuel, Fermin and re killed in the east, Raphail, th wounds, left the island to Miguel was killed by

uno was snot dead in the en-t at Neuvo Mundos. Felipe mas are helpless cripples from unds, while Antonio, Jose and tre still fighting. litary career of Antonio Maceo arly brilliant. He was about be years of age, when he first His dauntless bravery led ke great risks and during the we months of service he re-ixteen of the twenty-one much that marked his body at of the ten years' war. With-

thrust at the capture of Un

lio was shot dead in the

the Cubans numbered only led by Maceo, the Spanish were driven from the forts. were driven from the forts.

Macco received the title of
Soon after he met Brigadier
Campios at the battle of Rathrough a subsequent cam-lasted thirty days, so ag-as Maceo that scarcely a day the did not seek an engagethe enemy. Near Monte was fiercely attacked by adar at the head of a thousaler at the head of a thousaler at the head of a thousard. The Cuban leader had be with scarcely any arms, orcel to retreat. He made a leader could scarce the scarce of th tobas and met the combined alera and Campos. Though the field he did not order

intil after a terrible slaughter his in the sweeping machete id taken place. attle of Zarzal, where 2,500 were routed with great loss co took a distinguished part. Maria de Holguin, he charginish line at the head of his semen with such impetuous many were contained. many were cut down before could fire a shot. General cia was in command, but the machete charge. The ft 400 dead on the field. cture in his military career

destined to meet his arch eyler. Among the young ed a strong force against battle of Guaimaro. Weyan for he was completely r fled among his scurrying ly within the Spanish

of La Galleta is memor glittering pages of Maceo's ord, With 500 men he at-gan Quintin battalies 600 er the command of Colonet, Spanish lost 200 me and ben completely annual ben completely annual let ben for the tenant Tireo.

e Maceo endeavoring of the Spanis bat he received that passed reeled in his Lieutenant ( Mayias Rodr mander must With a swee lards were ch co escaped us carrying Mac In the moun the battlefield life and death

has not one-h Into the sad to burn the pl ed the rich Gu him was his h to manhood. behind him as Everywhere t desolation wit

While prepa Maceo received crushing effect had signed a Spain. The lea sacrifices, could but Freedom fo cil of war at famous docume testa de Baras keep on fighting tion of the Cen

Unwilling to made war on t months. Red the great spirit lated in a haus Campos in which his arms on the ish man-of-war posal to convey from the island. proposal and Ma diers under a part of Cuba. Maceo went

ers in Costa Ric of land on which followers in the lived in peace. cret visit to Cubi stirring up anot Spanish became and frustrated vear of his banish tinually and has l As soon as he herising in Cuba, v ruary 24, 1895, h island, taking wi as his brother Jo and sixteen other March 30. Hardl his foot on Cuban tacked by a force had nineteen mer ing refuge in an for days. Separa

his companions h than two weeks a ed the insurgent Making his way mez he recruited same tree where l arms seventeen ye old time vigor\had years of exile had him more cautious felt that he was when he had ac Starting out with he swept everythi Yateras, Filipina Cristo the Spaniel

proaching from the leader could scarce tle. But years had and he drew up his of battle. Campor battle began. Such never been seen on with a desire for re of the ten years' w soldiers before the Spaniards were sla ing General Santoc forced to leave the l Maceo then crossed routed General Sua parra, Moscones an ing to the west he Echague at Puerto his way through the to Puerto Princpe. Camaguez, broke th and entered Villas p feating the Spaniar Collseo, Paso Real overrran the Villas s ig 500 dead on the vince, breaking anev tary lines and i Reaching Pinar del I west, he had accomp to miles, a military ever place him am

> In 1845 the lower burg was blotted or \*\*

guished leaders of his