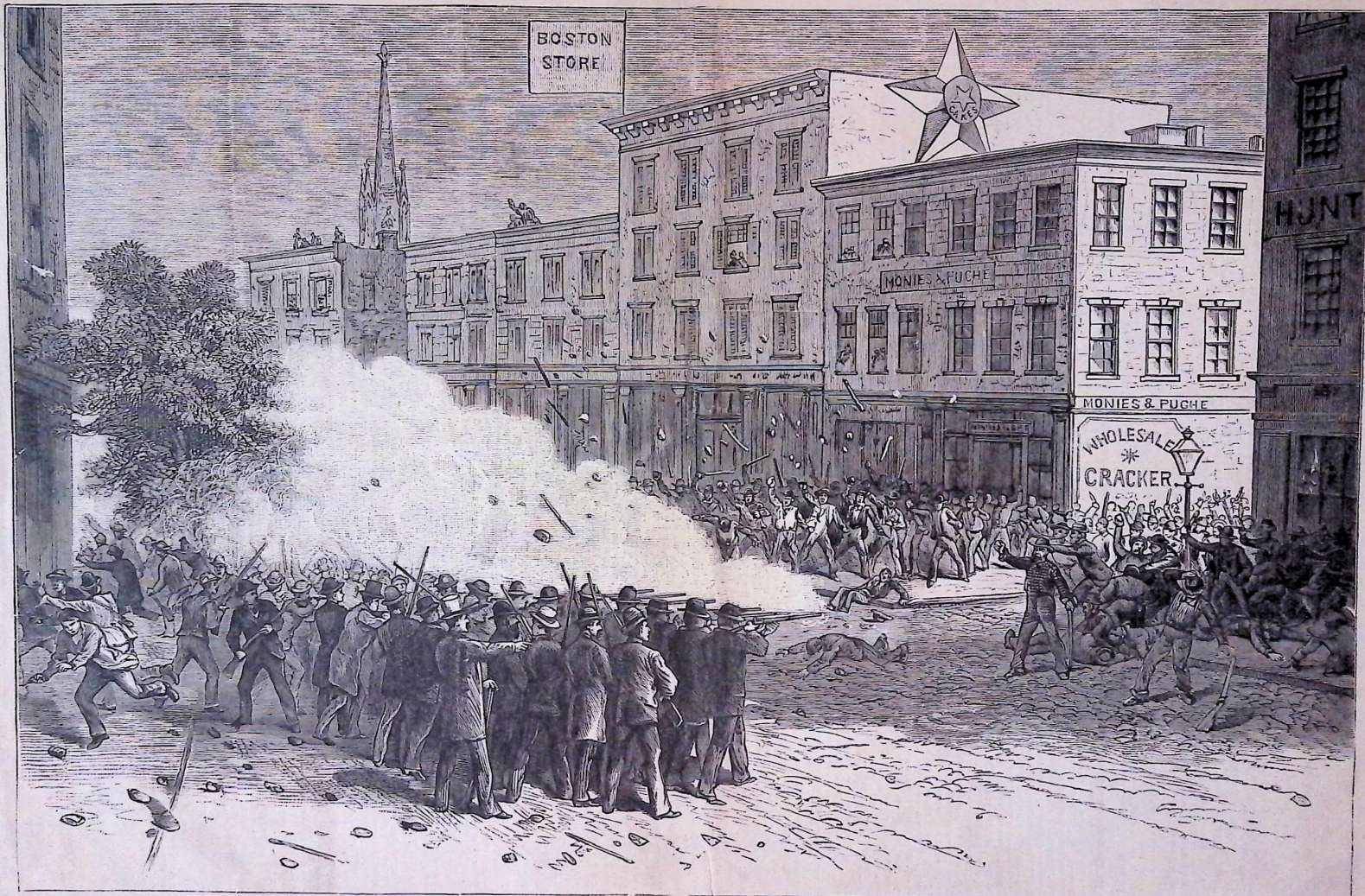


AUGUST 18, 1871.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE LABOR RIOTS.—CONFLICT IN THE CITY OF SCRANTON BETWEEN THE IRON AND COAL COMPANY'S POLICE AND A MINERS' MOB, ON LACKAWANNA AVENUE, AUGUST 1st.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 407.

A JAR OF HONEY.

There is a hive in my garden,
Such as one sometimes are
In their old country places
Close by the orchard trees—
A house full of little people,
Swarming with busy bees;
You may have seen them often,
But never any like these.

There are flowers in my garden
That are good enough for me,
But not for these little folk,
Though once they used to be;
So they found out others,
To which at will they flee;
They are sometimes so long about
I think they cross the sea.

They all come back to my garden
Wherever they have been,
Back to my hive in my garden,
And its mysterious queen.
Hark! you can hear them stirring,
At work in the cells unseen;
They are singing and making honey—
You don't know what I mean.

If you know more of poets,
And how their poems grew,
You would understand my bee-hive
And its swarm of bees, too;
How they fly to other men's gardens,
And steal as other men do—
They have stolen this for me,
Which, lady, I offer you.

R. H. STODOLSKY.

THE LAST OF THE LATOUCHESES.

By the Author of "ALL IN THE WIND MARIE MONROE,"
"THE DOOR OF THE ADVENTURES," "A VOYAGE UP
THE SEA," etc.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

IT TO do Anthony justice, he did not think much of himself or the advantage that might accrue from a wealthy brother-in-law; his desire was that Lizzie, beautiful, high-bred, delicate Lizzie, might have a luxurious home and equipage and servants such as the plebeian Anthony argued was her right. He was only too glad to provide for the fair patrician who honored him by permitting him to call her his wife—that Lizzie should govern the country halls, and give parties and give the county gossips—those county queens who, Anthony perceived, looked but very coldly and distantly on her and on him—the last of the legendary, ruined Latouches.

If Lizzie had plenty of money, she would make them regret their insolence. She could patronize and refuse to admit in her house those who now never dream of asking her to theirs for fear she should outshine them all—mean upstarts, the half of them! he often thought in silent rage; and the thought recurred to him freshly at this moment, as he looked at her and fancied he saw the triumph and pleasures from which she so obstinately turned away, and it added fuel to the fire of his temper.

"Well," he began, making an effort to speak quietly, "considering the numerous advantages of your present life, and the life you may reasonably look forward to as long as you remain in your present position, I can scarcely see the common sense of your not availing yourself of what those people who think your presence in their houses the greatest favor and endorsement are only too ready to offer you—wealth, and the enjoyment and advantages of wealth."

"But it is repulsive to me to associate with people who regard my presence as a condescension," Lizzie retorted. "I can go into the kitchen for that, Anthony."

Anthony saw the blunder his coarser ideas had led him into; but his irascible humor would not suffer him to palliate a statement which he gallingly felt to be only too true.

"Well, Lizzie," he said, threateningly, "all I say is, let me not find that you are associating with any one who thinks they are condescending to you!"

"I never do, Anthony," she replied, coolly, taking up her work again, and trying to sew with shaking fingers. "Oh, does he know—can he know anything?" she whispered to herself.

"Ah, but I think you do!" Anthony went on, doggedly. "I told you I did not wish you to visit that old woman at Glenisland. I won't have you going there, I tell you. I don't care whether that precious scamp of a nephew of hers is at home or not, I won't have you going there. Do you hear?"

"He does not know that Richard is there yet," she thought, drawing a long breath, and it gave her courage to speak calmly.

"You know Mrs. Fremont to be a woman of good family, a perfect lady, and a most kind friend to me, Anthony," she said; "the only friend I may say, I possess amongst the county people. You know she is growing old and is in very delicate health, and I think you can scarcely mean to be so arbitrary as to wish me to give up my only friendly neighbor because you and Captain Stirling are not good friends."

There was a sorrowful hesitation in her tone, a timid hesitancy in her quick glance at her brother, which touched some fibre in Anthony's rough nature in spite of himself.

"You will never do anything I wish you to do," he said, impatiently.

"I try to do as," returned his sister, flushing, "when it is anything that I feel sure you would not be sorry for my doing afterwards. I am sure you will be sorry if you or I allow our acquaintance with this family of Mountjoy-Hutchinson-Sutton to go any further than Christy's connection with them."

"Well, Lizzie, you are hard-hearted!" Anthony said, trying to treat the matter jestfully. "There is that poor fellow Sutton adores the ground you walk on, and you never make him happy by a look even!"

"When Mr. Sutton attains to the manliness and gentlemanly feeling," rejoined Lizzie, icily scornful, "of not announcing the interesting fact of his adoring the ground I walk over to every one

who will listen to him, well knowing that my only present sentiment for him is one of utter contempt, I may perhaps look at him and speak to him as I used—'it not till then.'"

"What has got into the girl this morning?" Anthony thought, angrily. "She used not to be so decided in her opinions, or in venturing to state them either." Aloud he said, roughly, "I may thank Mrs. Fremont for making you ten times determined to annoy me, but—"

A knock at the door made him pause.

"Well? What the deuce do you want?" he demanded, irritably.

"Only to tell you, sir, that the colts' legs should be looked to," Nick Flynn said, deferentially, standing on the door-mat, his bushy eyes resting on Lizzie by the window. "I tried the blister, sir, and it's no use at all. Would you come and take a look at him yourself, if you please, sir?"

After the first involuntary glance, Lizzie had erected her head, and never noticed the man again; and mean, covertly creature as he was, the scornful indifference to his presence or his power to annoy her, the contemptuous aversion which her face and attitude betrayed whilst he remained in the room, stung him, and provoked his malicious inference to his presence or his power to annoy her, the contemptuous aversion which her face and attitude betrayed whilst he remained in the room, stung him, and provoked his malicious inference to his presence or his power to annoy her.

He even glanced aside at the open window of the drawing-room, as he tramped past it behind his master, and saw only the proud, fair face calmly leaning over her dainty sewing, the steady gaze of the head with its freshly-coiled tresses of lustrous hair, the tasteful dress of clear pale-green muslin, with the white lace falling over her wrist, stirring within as the bright sunbeams flew in and out of her work—a fair, calm picture she was in the framework of the open window, with the dark background of the shaded room to her light, graceful form.

"You think you might as well take it easy, miss," he muttered, brutally chuckling to himself, as he followed his master into the stable-yard and shut the door.

Half an hour afterwards, Anthony dashed into the little office or study where Christopher was as usual making calculations, and casting up his accounts—a dull, dingy little den, where Mr. Parnell spent by choice almost all his spare time.

Mr. Parnell himself looked by no means out of keeping with this respectable Christopher, though he wore clean linen and a well-brushed coat—too well brushed, indeed, for it was thrallingly long since, and its fringe of faded brownish grey was in strict harmony with his dull bluish-tinted skin, his lack of greyish-brown hair, his dull, slate-colored eyes. There could not have been in nature a greater contrast than those two men who were sons of one mother.

"Christopher, where is Lizzie?" he asked, loudly; and Christopher, putting one long finger on the page of figures to keep his place, knew when he looked up that it was the hoarsest cry induced by one of Anthony's fits of suffocating fury.

It is not disingenuous him in the least. His stepmother and stepfather might quarrel from morning till night if they liked for all he cared. "I think she has gone out," he answered, quietly. "Five and five are ten, and five are fifteen."

"Where has she gone to?" Anthony shouted, the one beside himself, his face glowing crimson to the roots of his crisp, brown hair, and the purple veins of his temples swelling up like whipcords.

"He'll go off in a fit and one of these days, like his father," thought Christopher, feeling almost amused at any one suffering their feelings to get the better of their judgment in such a fashion. Christopher never stamped, nor swore, nor shouted at the farm-labors or servants as Anthony did; he fined them for losses, or mulcted their pockets in some way for disobedience; he made punishment for them, he made profit to himself, in a calm and decorous fashion.

"I don't know, indeed, Anthony," he said, trying the point of his pen. "I think she is in the garden or somewhere about the grounds."

The wall of the garden was formed by the side of the great brick-built granary and coal-house; the other three sides the garden were enclosed by walls equally high, topped over with well-trimmed fruit-benches, for the soft green leaves and ruddy and gold-tinted fruit of which the warm, shaded-red tint of the bricks formed a pleasant background. It was a sunny, silent, odorless place, full of the delicious floating odors of ripening fruit, of over-blown blossoms, of luscious green vegetables.

Hot tropical scents rose from the mien-beds, and from the open grasses of the forcing-houses, where Christopher assiduously tended the fine green and purple grapes that brought him half a crown a pound, wholesale price. The golden-bellied vases "bizzed" merrily over the luscious amber gooseberries that drooped, copper-rimmed, across the warm earth beneath their loaded boughs. The raspberries in their distant corner grew larger and ruddier and clearer day by day in the hot August sunbake; and Lizzie, picking them into a little white basket laid with cool green leaves, found them in such a hurry to be gathered that they tumbled over her little white hands and dried them red with ripe juice.

"I will have these and the little silver jug of elderberry this evening, and ask up poor old Miss Sutton to tea," she said, musingly. "I have no objection to her, poor old lady; and perhaps I've loved Anthony with what I said about them."

But gentle words and kindly thoughts the next moment had fled, leaving nothing but alarm and distress behind in poor Lizzie's breast. The tall raspberry-cane rustled noiselessly, the shorter and weaker were crushed and broken, the fruit fell in showers and was trodden under foot, as Anthony pushed his way through them, in fierce haste, to his sister's side, and confronting her with his blue eyes gleaming with passion, caught so roughly the hand that held the basket, that it dropped to the ground and the contents fell out in a most, rody heap.

"Lizzie, did you—did you—mind you tell me the truth—did you dare to meet that—that fellow in Knockley Wood yesterday?" he said, his words almost inaudible.

"Who told you that, Anthony?" she asked, quietly, although she felt herself growing cold with fear in the warm morning sunlight.

"Never mind who told me; it is true enough—I see by your face!" he retorted, furiously. "I thought there was something spurring you on to scold and scorn a respectable marriage and a wealthy husband!"

"There was nothing spurring me on," said Lizzie, her brother's half-trembling anger raising her spirit with his old animosity. "You mean to be a contempt of the man that dares to think he can marry me against my will, and—"

"And what, Miss Latouche?" Anthony asked, menacingly. "You admit the admission of Captain Stirling, why don't you admit it?"

"Now, I tell you what it is—and what I say I swear to, and you know that is enough for me. I will put this once and for all to rest about it—I dare say you are ashamed of yourself—you leave this house this day, and go to your aunt's, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, in Dublin, until Christy's wedding; and then, when you can bring your home safely, for you are not to be trusted, I see plainly. Go in now and get ready, Lizzie, and I will drive you to the station myself."

"Anthony, what have you to speak so to me and to treat me so?" she said, trembling, and trying in vain to keep back her tears.

"A right and a just thing, though his act is terrible. You had better not provoke me any further, I tell you. I can't strike you or beat you with a horse-whip, but if you don't do as I bid you quickly, I'll make sure you are smart for it."

"You don't!" cried Lizzie, bursting into an agony of weeping.

"Don't I?" said Anthony, fiercely.

Shortly after the early dinner, the domestics of the household were surrounded by an order to assist Miss Lizzie in her packing-up. Dresses and shoes were crushed into boxes by the ignorant hands of Bridget and Mary Anne, and the half-past-three train from Derrymore Station—away poor Lizzie in the close custody of her brother.

He had half repented all the time of his harshness with her, and when he left her some ten miles on her journey, the ache-gone, thousand-remembered pain like that one she admitted of Lady Tower's—perhaps some dresses for her own troupe—she might give in suddenly, finding herself caught in a trap, and she might be so much the better for it.

"Good-by, Lizzie, and take care of yourself," he said; and then with a sudden impulse—for only the second time since he could remember, much he loved her—he stooped and kissed her cheek, and Lizzie burst into tears again as he did so.

Two minutes further on, as she sat still staring drearily out of the window at her own side, some one entered the carriage and took the seat nearly opposite her.

"Some one who will deign me to know if I with the window up or down, or if I have read to-day's paper," she thought peevishly, turning her face closer to the window to avoid conversation.

The engine gave its sharp shriek, the train glided swiftly on, and the stranger, leaving his place, took the one beside Lizzie.

"One little right-hand turn in my lap, he raised it tightly clasped in both of his, and when she turned with an indignant exclamation on the presumed change he met the love-light of Richard Stirling's blue eyes.

CHAPTER III.

"DEAR me! Dear me! I don't think I have ever had such a shock, Selina!" Mrs. Fitzwilliam remarked, stepping back from the chimney-glass after a final survey of her best-dressed son.

"Nor I, Abeline," said Miss Selina Fitzwilliam, placing her hand on her heart. "Give me a little more of that salubrious mixture, Abby dear, if you please."

"You poor dear! Your nerves are dreadful!" responded Abby, sympathizingly, doing Miss Selina while she spoke with a teaspoonful of a sickly, teasing draught. "These telegrams are unbecomingly things!" she added, vindictively regarding the progress of modern science.

"I am sure, when that horrid thing in the yellow envelope came in here, I thought it was Uncle Dillon who was dead. I did indeed, Selina."

"Oh, my precious! Did you, Abeline?" said Selina, clasping her hands. "But couldn't she have been here at six?" she asked, glancing anxiously from the old-fashioned cuckoo-clock in the corner to the tea-table, laid out invitingly.

"It is not good for you to be so long without your tea, sister."

"My dear," said Abeline, reprovingly, "I would rather fast until nine to-night than be courteous to a guest, and especially poor dear brother Anthony's child."

"Coming up to the wedding, didn't her brother say, Abeline?" asked Miss Selina, a faint gleam of curiosity and womanly interest—"and is obliged to come a week or two sooner than she expected?"

"Yes, something about dress, I suppose," the elder sister said, shaking her head; "the fashions of the present day, you know, Selina. I suppose she will have some grand silk dress, but I don't think I should wonder a bit, Anthony never grudges her anything—the Latouches were always generous," added Mrs. Fitzwilliam, proudly. "Oh,

Selina, if you only saw the diamond brooch he bought her when he was in Dublin last year!"

"Splendid, I suppose," said Selina, with a great air of inquiry, she having neverthless heard the story of the diamond brooch ten times over.

"Splendid, my dear!" cried Abeline, with a gust of enthusiasm. "Splendid! It is no wonder! It was magnificent—dimplly magnificent, Selina; the Lady Lieutenant might wear it."

"How dear, how sweet to see a brother and sister so attached!" exclaimed Selina, sighing deeply.

"Attached, my dear?" chimed in her elder sister. "He adores her; I have never seen anything like it. 'The beauty of the county, Aunt Fitzwilliam, she is,' he said to me—'the beauty of the county. Such a dear, nice, gay young fellow as Anthony is, too.'"

"I have never seen Lady," Selina remarked, deprecatingly. "Very pretty, my son you thought her, Abby?"

"My dear, 'pretty' isn't the word—lovely—lovely, Selina—high-bred, graceful, stately—"

"But she was only ten years old, Abby, when you saw her," objected Miss Selina, timidly.

"My dear, there was a promise. I can always tell when there is a promise," said Abby, emphatically. "Dear, dear, how times flies! It is seventy years ago since I went down to Derrymore Castle. Are you sure this cap is becoming to me, Selina? I should like to make a good impression on my dear niece."

"Very—quite exquisite and uncommon," replied Selina, with a critical eye, putting her head on one side to survey the tremendous assemblage of black lace and white lace lappets, surmounted by a large deep-green velvet cluster, nodding ceaselessly above Abeline's gentle, old-lined brow and snowy, silver-streaked fair hair. "But do you think my neck-ribbon is not too showy, Abeline?"

"Oh, no, Selina—certainly not!" said Abeline, looking at the blue ribbon. "A young woman as long as she remains unmarried may wear what little ornaments she pleases."

"Yes," said Selina, in a satisfied tone, smiling a little at the reflection in the mirror of her slender, attenuated figure, her thin, delicate, sorrowfully lined face, and the sparse tresses of soft golden hair, camped prettily over her hollow temples. "But, dear me, Abby, she has been so much too much; and I'm afraid the corks are scorching up, she—"

"Here she is," interrupted Abeline, excitedly. "Here she is, getting out of a cab—a beautiful, tall, fair-haired girl, or I said always, Selina dignified, graceful—a Latouche every inch! Come back from the window, Selina, child. What would she think of our idea of good-bredding?" she reproachfully added to Selina, who in a flutter of excitement had rushed to see the visitor's arrival.

"Sit down in your chair, Selina, dear, and rise as we will have some in. I will go to the hall to meet her, Abeline!"

As Lizzie entered the little hall, with a little white painted parasol, covered with a gay red carpet in front of her, and a vista of a little glass-door opening on to a little flower-garden, she saw beside the figure of the scrupulously clean servant who opened the door a figure of a mild-faced, smiling old lady in a bright-green silk gown, made in the height of fashion twenty years before, a luxuriant black silk apron, handsome old lace collar and sleeves, and with a massive gold watch, with a dial-plate nearly as large as a modern carriage-clock, hung from a hook at her girdle.

"How do you do, my dearest niece?" she said, formally, kissing her.

"Quite well, thank you, aunt," said Lizzie, rather coldly, her color rising at the thought of the questioning and surmising there would be as to the cause of her unexpected visit, and how she would have to give a false coloring to her brother's message and her own plans and purposes.

But Lizzie wronged her hostess in this. Full of childlike curiosity at their simple minds were, easily excited by trifles which, breaking the monotony of their secluded lives, were apt to become magnified into events of startling importance, tenderly interested in their fair young guest—what she said and did, and ate and drank and wore—so they were, there was above all these feelings, in the breast of the two old-fashioned, innocent-minded gentlewomen, the paramount one of kindly courtesy. They saw that Lizzie was depressed in spirits, that she was strangely silent about home and home-interests, that she seemed to scarcely remember that the great epoch of a marriage in the family was at hand, and that even Selina, whom her sister put forward as "an unmarried young woman," to converse confidentially with the young lady who was to be their bride, could not make her discourse freely respecting the *trousseau*, or the price of fashionable robes.

It puzzled them immensely, it troubled them not a little, but they refrained from betraying either sentiment. They pressed her to refreshment, they aired their little topics of conversation for her amusement, and they advised her to retire early to bed, to which she needed most gladly.

Late that night, in their bedroom, the two old conference with bated breath, Abeline with her hair crested into two little knobs over her forehead and her night-cap on, and Selina with two corresponding little knobs and a night-cap of the same pattern.

"For I know, sister, that it's heart-sorrow," said Selina, with a solemn wax of her can-brothers.

"You, Abeline, who have never tasted that bitter draught, cannot tell as I can," went on Miss Selina, waxing melodramatic, "how it poisons the sap of existence."

"Yes, dear, I know," allowed Abeline, soothingly; "and I hope the poor, dear, pretty creature has not that before her which you had, dear."

Selina shook her head and sighed heavily, and then, the story of poor Miss Selina's heart-sorrow some eight-and-twenty years before was one of the sacred legends of the little household.

"Not like mine. To fore it is given to suffer that which I endured," she said, in a hollow tone. "But I know, Abeline, that there is some cancer blighting her young life."

"Dear, dear," responded Abeline, innocently, "what an awful thing! But don't you think, Selina, dear, that a little dandelion wine every morning fasting would do her good?"