CHAPTER XI.

weeks, it may very well have been six or Paris. seven or even more; I will not really un-With short-hand clerks at his disposal, his I actually believe that the tedious letters out in a moment." he sent me were rough draft of despatches afterwards toned down, mellowed and varnished for the Foreign Office.

else to do, and dutifully to acknowledge | Serge ?" them and answer any questions they might contain. And in a dull methodical kind of kind of growl, fawned with his tail, and, bow was grinding on the shingle. way I folded them up and docketed them, in obedience of the gesture slunk to heel, and put them away in a despatch-box. This and slouched along behind us. His manner was really the only responsibility which my marriage at this time entailed upon uncanny.

showed no intention of going. She reminded me of one of those funny little animals which you see at the Aquarium-the hermit crab.

Mr. Hermit Crab has powerful claws, and a well-armored chest, but the remainder of his body is hopelessly soft and unproconvenient shell-usually that of a deceased pent. No one who has ever been in the at the door. When he is tired of his particular shell he gives it up for another, and if he sees a smaller hermit than himself with a more comfortable home, he promptly | quired. There was nothing supernatural in lugs him out of it and takes possession it. himself. This was Mrs. Fortescue all over.

At present she had a shell that suited her. But she was ready any day to change his own nerves consciously exercised. So it for a better. She had not even the com- it seemed to be with Mr. Sabine. He had mon industry of the spider which constructs its own web, or the caddis worm which a dispute. builds its own house.

But on the other hand she was distinctly amusing, and in many ways very useful. She was a parasite, no doubt, but one of those contrary, she always had some happy suggestion as to how the day ought to be sailing vessel will in a strong current when spent. She took all the trouble of housekeeping off my hands. She could guess my humers, and new to a nicety when to speak, and when to keep a tranquil and golden silence.

And I think I may honestly say, that in my case at any rate, she was exempt from flattery, which is the besetting weakness of parasites. If anything, she was frank, myself? Destiny was stronger than I and and would even take me to task with such justice that it was impossible to be angry was equally impossible not to be amused.

In fact, I really believe that she had found me useful at the outset, and had like anybody.

Mr. Sabine soon became a regular visitor. There was no yachting at Brighton, he explained, because it was a lee shore, and Skewton found out. harborless. The Brighton Harriers were teneath contempt, the thing was a gallop g ested a stroll, and I gladly threw on a heavy cloak and sallied out with him on to from first to last, with no hunting in it, the Parade. We sauntered down the King's reach out your hand and pluck them like and if there was a check for more than ten Road, and as we made our way along a ripe fruit. And then, somehow, there stole ping her lips together smartly. "Oh, with a new and enterprising enemy on the seconds, the hounds were lifted. It was smart man in quiet navy blue and gold no more hunting than circus riding in horsemanship.

For himself, he had long ago come to the conclusion that one of the greatest pleasures in life is to do nothing in your way and at your own time. And he thus found sufficient occupation.

When Mrs. Fortescue pressad him as to how he dealt with the "wicked old enemy," and begged him with much coyness to teach her his infallible secret of perpetual youth and spirits, he answered cheerfully that he knew it I was on board the yacht. It was feared the methods which he employed were beyond a lady's reach.

-He used, he explained, to commence the day with a plunge into the sea from the bathing station under the end of the pier; then he allowed the weather to guide him. Sometimes he would play tennis; at others betters in not a few.

Cricket, tandem, and tennis; were all and disappeared. nerve, health, high animal spirits, and con- sion, by way of formality, to light a cigar, siderable patience and practice; and it and having accomplished the process sat-

Of course Mrs. Fortescue had nothing to

say in reply. common-place. And Mr. Sabine combined | for the South?" the strongest common-sense with a humor which, as he pleased, could be either genial or exasperating. Mrs. Fortescue certainly

did not seem to find it genial. Some few days later I was out alone, Mrs. Fortescue had got what she called a sick headache. I turned on to the Parade and was leisurely making my way towards! Hove, when I recognized a springy step be-

was at my side. I was more than usually disposed to welcome him, for I was irritated out of meas- daughter at the price of his debts, a posi- here the old man fairly broke down. ure with the Dean, with my husband and tion, and an income. I value nothing I might almost say with the world gener-

Mr. Sabine seemed to divine this, and almost majestically accommodated himself to my humor.

hound almost as large as a calf, and brindled, a heavy hunting knife. with white feet and a white blaze on his chest. I inquired about the monster, and Mr. Sabine teld me that it was a bear perform the same service for myself. Here immoveable."

hound from the kennels of the Czar at Moscow, and that he had obtained Things went on in this way for several through the Russian Ambassador at

"Look at him," he said, as, half in play, and half by way of reminder towards good | dragged like a ploughshare through the dertake to say. I know, however, that I behavior, he gave the brute a gentle kick | flesh. had heard from Sir Henry several times. in the ribs, "he will tackle a Russian bear almost as big and as heavy as a dray horse, and enjoy the business into the bargain; as tendency to be prolix grew upon him, and for a man unarmed, he would tear his throat

"A nice sort of an animal to take about," I remarked.

replied, "that it was dangerous to have him I used to read them, having nothing much around but Serge obeys me don't you,

And Serge, hearing his name in the interrogation, looked up with an ugly in its canine fashion was so distinctly belligerent as to almost make one feel

Presently, I cannot tell how, I found Mr. Mrs. Fortescue still stopped on, and Sabine talking to me in a low tone, but earnestly and almost passionately. I knew that I ought not to listen. I knew that I ought to leave him then and there, to seek any refuge, to escape from him under any pretext. And yet I listened and let him talk on.

I had read before then how the serpent fascinates its prey, and how the snake charmer in his own turn asserts the ultimate tected. So he fixes himself, tail first, into some superiority of man of fascinating the ser-East doubts for a moment that certain whelk, hiding his defenceless portion within | Hindoos possess this particular skill, just it, and boldly thrusting his mailed half out as certain men-Van Amburgh, Carter, Bidel, and Maccomo are born dompteurs,

before whom the savage beast quails. Now this man had this particular kind of power, whatever it may be and however ac-

Van Amburgh would have laughed in your face if you had told him that he relied upon anything beyond the power of made up his mind to have his own way, he took it, and he had it without the show of

For myself I ought hardly to say that I began to abandon all idea of resistance to his wishes; for, to be exact, the very word abandon implies quite as much a conscious resolution as is involved in the act of laying parasites that give no annoyance. On the down your arms or hauling down your

> I somehow found myself drifting, as a there is not so much as a capful of wind to fill her sails or give her the way to hold

I knew perfectly well what was going to happen. I could see it all before me as did Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott" when, "Seeing all her own mischance with a ghastly countenance she looked down to

Why should I trouble? Why weary would work things out in its own way.

One evening, about the beginning of November-as a matter of fact it was the very and with such geniality and humor that it first day of that month-Mr. Sabine called in the afternoon. It was five o'clock, and twilight was past. Mrs. Fortescue was indisposed, a bad sick headache had confined her to her room. Such, at all events ended by liking me as it was her nature to was her excuse; although I believe that, as a matter of fact, she was awaiting the ing to everybody. And Mr. Sabine was than you think, and of that I am con- covered for butter has inspired him with arrival of certain very special cosmetics at the wheel, and I was seated close by vinced. He was very deeply moved, the ambition to try the same experiment from town, for the fresh air of Brighton him. tries the complexion terribly, as poor Mrs.

> After we had some tea Mr. Sabine sugbuttons, with a broad gold band round his cap, stepped forward, touched the peak of his cap, and fell back again.

> "I had quite forgotten to tell you," said Mr. Sabine carelessly, "my yacht is lying here. Would you care to see her? We can go on board for a few minutes."

> We went down some battered old stone steps and picked our way over the shingle where a four-oared cutter was lying in wait every man at his thwart and the coxswain in the stern.

> In a moment we were off, and before I so dark that I could make very little out; but I distinctly remember the quiet luxury and comfort of the cabin, which was fitted in dark walnut with deep crimson velvet and gold and lit by swinging lamps most carefully trimmed.

We seemed to have been expected. Anyne would go out with the fishing boats; at how, a steward, unordered, brought in a others walk or ride on the downs. Some- variety of dainties worthy of the "Arabian added, which not even Americans had ever | like a schoolgirl with a cup of chocolate, some mastered, although American gentlemen superb grapes thickly covered with their were our equals in most things, and our own bloom and some little marvels of French confectionary, all of which appeared

peculiarly English. They all required Mr. Sabine having obtained my permiswas for this reason that he was so fond of isfactorily, removed it from his mouth and gravely commenced .

"Suppose, Lady Craven, at this moment | a fit. you began to hear the engines throb and to The least approach to common sense was | feel the vessel vibrate, and found that we always sufficient to neutralise her babble of had weighed anchor and were under steam

looked at him and said defiantly: "You would never do such a thing.

You know as well as I do that it would be are not a coward."

cowardly thing to do and very treacherous. hind me, and the next moment Mr. Sabine I always prefer fair fight. It is utterly untrue that all is fair in love and war. It is not fair, for instance, to buy a man's

there." He pointed to the cornics of the cabin. and I saw in a small glass case, grinning | "you understand me perfectly well. Heaven through reeds and sedge, the head of an knows this miserable business gives me I remember he had with him an immense Indian tiger. Beneath in a small case hung more pain than it does you. Your father like to have that woman stabbed in the

ped him up, in fact, before he had time to where that is concerned, I am rosolute and

is one of his claws." And he detached from his watch-chain an immense talon set in a filagree of gold.

"And here, if the sight of it will not make you scream or faint, is the scar.' And he drew up his sleeve above the elbow. There, clearly enough, ran down the whole length of the arm a long, deep scratch, looking as if some cruel steel hook had

I could not help a little cry.

"Oh, no," he laughed, you need not be afraid of me, Lady Craven. I love you too deeply not to respect you, and I have full faith in my own star. Everything in this world comes to the man who trusts himself, whether his object be an embassy, or a pearl "I have been warned once or twice," he beyond the price of empires. Come; let me see you ashore."

> He blew a shrill call on a whistle and offered me his arm up the companion. At the side of the vessel lay the long boat, and after a very few strong, sharp strokes her

He sprang on the beach and held out his hand. In a second I was by his side. We it. were exactly opposite the street leading to Montpelier Road, and in a very few minutes I was at my own door.

"I deserve something;" he said, with a low laugh, "for my self-denial in not slipping cable as, if I recollect my Eton days rightly, Jason did. But I will not inflict myself upon you to-night; I shall try to nd you in to-morrow. Meantime I think I shall for once in a way stroll round to the club and have a game of billiards. I feel exactly in the nerve for it."

I had taken off my right glove and had given him my hand. He caught my hand and raised it to his lips. The glove he thrust into the breast of his coat, and he then stood bareheaded in the street for one or two brief seconds until the door had closed upon me.

Mrs. Fortescue had heard that I was out. Apparently the news had restored her, for she had come down to the sitting-room and was patiently awaiting my arrival.

"Where on earth have you been, dear Miriam, at this unearthly hour, and in this terrible weather?"

I looked her full in the face. "I have been to and fro upon the earth, Mrs. Fortescue, something like Satan in the Book of Job, who went about looking for an honest man. I, however, have been looking for an honest woman, and, not finding her abroad, have come home to yourself."

"You are joking, my dear," simpered Mrs. Fortescue, as a bright red patch burst outupon each cheek, blazing luridly through the powder and enamel.

"No, Mrs. Fortescue; on the contrary, I never was more in earnest in my life. And now that I am home at last, and really very tired with the sea air, I think I shall go straight to bed."

"Won't you have any dinner?" I declined all creature comforts, and in their place ordered an ample supply of hot water to be taken up to my bed-room. Then I sat for a while before the fire and watched its ruins crumble away into bridges and mountain-passes, and at last I arose with a superstitious kind of shudder, and, after a brief good-night to Mrs. Fortescue,

made my way to my own room. The day had thoroughly wearied me out, and I was soon asleep. My sleep, however, was disturbed by dreams, not so much

terrible as amusing. the yacht together, and my father, in a unintelligible? Or die he tear his wig, and sickness, had proposed to Mrs. Fortescue feigned?" and been accepted by her. And Sir Henry

turned into one glorious glimmer of dim | that I was disgraced forever, that he had | tralian imports next year. The 220 tons of purple light. The waves feil. Our path lay left the whole matter to his solicitors, that | cheese which were shipped last season have through great beds of water-lillies, the stars he should refuse to see me, and that he found a ready sale at prices which are sathung down from heaven, as if you could should take no explanation or excuses." over me the sense rather than the sound itself of dim far-off music, and my tired eyelids closed on my tired eyes.

## CHAPTER XII

One afternoon, about a fortnight later, was in the drawing-room, reading. It was a dull day, and I was near the fire, which crackled cheerfully. The particular book that interested me happened to be, by a curious kind of coincidence, Beckford's "Vathek."

I had given orders that I was not at home, so I was not troubled by a loud knock at the door. To my surprise, the person who had knocked came straight in, straight up the staircase, threw open the door and entered the room.

It was Sir Henry himself, and he was obviously in a state of the most extreme and violent excitement.

I rose to my feet and advanced to greet him, but he waved me back with both his times he would drive tandem, a secret, he Nights," and I just remember running riot hands, and I could see he was quivering with emotion.

In a few seconds he sufficiently recovered himself to sit down. I, for my part, remained standing, not to give myself any advantage over him, but simply in utter bewilderment.

When he found speech at last, his utterance was slow and labored, and I cannot help admitting that I was seized with a fear lest he should be taken suddenly with

"I have heard everything," he said, or stammered out, "and I know everything. Explanations and excuses are out of the question. I have come down to-day, I just hesitated for a moment. Then I against the express advice of my solicitors, to let you know as much, and also to tell had. you that in this world we shall never meet again. I could wish it had been cowardly. And, whatever you are, you otherwise. It is a sad ending to my life, and it is absolute ruin to yours. He seemed pleased and laughed merrily. But we cannot undo what has been "No," he said, "it would be a very done. I suppose-I know you never cared for me ; but I had hoped you might learn, at any rate, to like me. That hope is now past, and it only remains for both of us to forget, if we can possibly do so." And

I was so astonished, that I could hardly myself for which I have not fought. Look | ask what he meant, and what had happened to so agitate him.

I do not suppose, will trouble himself. "I killed him with that," he said; "rip- But I have my own honor to guard, and

"Don't pretend ignorance," he replied,

Again I looked at him in blank bewilder-

"I do not suppose you will marry him," he proceeded. "In fact, I am sure that he will never marry you, and had never the slightest intention of doing so, under any conceivable set of circumstances, whatever he may have led you to believe or suppose. I may say good-bye, I cannot say God bless you; but I hope that the remainder of your life may be happy, and its end brighter than that of mine is now destined to be.'

Again I advanced towards him, and again he motioned me away. Then he passed through the door, and I heard him descend the stairs with slow steps and make his way into the street. From the window I saw him get into a fly, and motion the flyman to drive away.

I sat down for some few minutes and wondered; but my wonder did not help me to any solution of the problem. Then hastify hurried on a bonnet and cloak, and made my way down to the Parade, where I walked slowly along, revolving the situation and wondering dazedly what might come of

Never, I suppose, could woman have felt more helpless and isolated in this world. My father, the Dean, was the frailest of all broken reeds. Jackson had evidently somehow been making mischief for her own purposes. Mr. Sabine had gone to town, as I knew. Mrs. Fortescue was the only soul to whom I could turn; and I had never longed for her so much as I did at that

As luck would have it I met her within a very few seconds. She was making her way homewards and quickened her pace as she

"Why, Miriam, what is the matter with you? You look as if you had seen a ghost; and I believe you are trembling. In fact, I can see you are. We cannot go to Mut- this is no joke. We must pay them off." ton's with you looking like that. Now just come with me."

She seized my arm, hurried me along for some few yards, and then dragged me into a chemists shop, where she administered a compound which she ordered unhesitatingly. One notices trifles at times like these. and I noticed that the chemist seemed amused at her professional knowledge.

The mixture was a curious one. It tasted or rather smelt of chloroform, spices, and lavender. But within a minute after I had swallowed it, I felt the color returning to my cheeks, and blood coursing through my

We left the shop, and made the best of our way home. Mrs. Fortescue motioned me to the sofa and said, "Lie down my dear child." Then she rang the bell sharply, and inquired for Jackson. Miss Jackson had gore out.

"That is all right," laughed Mrs. Fortescue, as the door closed. Then she locked the door itself, and gently and deftly inserted her pocket-handkerchief into the key-hole. Then she came and sat down on the edge of the sofa by my side.

" Now, my dear, I can guess pretty well what is coming; but at the same time, I am dying to hear all about it from yourself in your own way. Of course, you have heard from that old mummy, and he has threatened all kinds of things." "Sir Henry has been here," I replied.

"Whew !" Mrs. Fortescue fairly whistled in her amazement. "I never knew such a mummy so galvanized before. Come here himself, has he? And did he condescend to Somehow or other we were all on board articulate speech, or was he diplomatic and moment of abject depression from sea- crack his stays with emotion, genuine or

"Oh, indeed," said Mrs Fortescue, snap-Almost too big to condescend to be Am- in a department of his business which is not you, that the whole thing was a lucky laurels. riddance of bad rubbish, and should be disposed to feel correspondingly thankful. 2,000 DROWNED IN THEIR BEDS. And is that really all?"

"That is all," I answered. "Surely it is enough." "Enough, my dear Miriam," said Mrs.

Fortecue. "Quite enough. I do not see how things could possibly have turned out better."

This was a novel view of the situation for me, and I wondered what it might mean. her fingers. "You are rid of your father | flood, strewn with wreckage of all kinds, for life, that is the first clear point you rose six feet an hour. Seven hundred large who says he is never coming back. Mind | The loss of life is appalling, the estimate you keep him to that promise. Well, that being that nearly 2,000 men, wemen and nificent but a very good income. You are in their beds, were drowned. Official the old fellow cannot live for ever. What

there is to grizzle about I fail to see." "Sir Henry is going to divorce me," I stammered out. "I shall be disgraced for | were thrown up on the bank at one point. ever," and here I fairly broke down.

"Divorce you!" cried Mrs. Fortescue. "Where are his proofs? He can't go into | hours. Court on his suspicions, you know. Suspicions go for nothing, even in diplomacy.

Where are his proofs?" At this moment there was a knock at the door. I held up my finger for silences and then quietly undid the lock. It wa, the housemaid-a pleasant girl enough, too honest to have been listening, and too simple to have understood anything if she

"What is it, Mary?" I asked.

"If you please, my lady, Miss Jackson has just gone away, my lady, and have told me to tell your ladyship that her wages is paid up to date, and that she'll send for her boxes to-morrow morning."

commandment with promise.' Dear me. dear me, what fools we must have been! would not join in the villainous enterprise. Do you know I really feel, as if I should back, or tied up in a sack and thrown into the sewers; or otherwise unpleasantly dis-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALMOST TOO COOL

Brave Sergt. Daniel White-An Incident of the Sepsy Mutiny.

At the talking of the Shah Nujeef, one of the bloodiest engagements of the Sepoy Musiny, the English troops had to face not only bullets but arrows. This mode of warfare made a particular impression upon Sergeant Daniel White, who, besides being the coolest and bravest man in his regiment, was an excellent vocalist and amateur actor. Under fire he was as cool as if he had been acting a part on the stage.

On the day in question, when White raised his head above the wall, an arrow was shot right into his feather bonnet. Inside the wire cage of the bonnet he had put his forage cap, folded up, and in this the arrow stuck. "Dan, as he was called, pulled fout the arrow coolly, and at once paraphrased a quotation from the "Legenp of Montrose."

"My conscience !" he said, "bows and arrows! bows and arrows! Have we got Robin Hood and Little John back again? Bows and arrows! My conscience! And why not weavers' beams as in the days of Goliath? Well, well, Jack Pandy, since bows and arrows are the words, here's at

With that he raised his bonnet on the point of his bayonet above the wail, and instantly another arrow pierced it through, while a dozen more whizzed a little wide of

Just then a poor fellow, raising his head for an instant above the wall, got an arrow through his brain. As he fell dead at our feet, Seargant White exclaimed, " Boys, We all loaded and capped, and pushed

our bonnets up again. A shower of arrows went past or through them, and then we sprang and returned the fire. Several of the enemy fell. But one of our men exposed himself a

little too long, and an arrow was sent through his heart, passing clean through the body and falling on the ground some yards behind him. He leaped into the air and fell stone dead.

White could not resist another quotation, this time from "Chevy Chase:"

He had a bow bent in his hand Made of a trusty tree, An arrow of a cloth-yard long Up to the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomerie So right his shaft he set,

The grey goose wing that was thereon In his heart's blood was wet. Readers who have never been under excitement of a fight like this, may think that such coolness is an exaggeration. It is not so. The men here written of had stood in the "Thin Red Line" of Balaclava without wavering. If familiarity breeds contempt, continued exposure to danger breeds coolness, and, it must be added, selfishness as well.

## Australian Butter in England.

During the last five years the importation into England of butter from Victoria has been rising by leaps and bounds. When it began in 1889, the value of the butter which the colony sert to the English market was £51,300. In the four following years it was respectively £91,200, £225,000, £404,430 and £761,273. The average price during the last butter season, which has just clos-"Not at all," I said. "None of these ed, was 11d. per pound. The great market was writing ceaseless despatches, and talk- things. The matter is far more serious which the Australian farmer has just disand evidently in earnest. He told me with cheese, and accordingly that commo-And then the sea and the sky together | that we should never meet again, and | dity is to form a great feature of the Ausisfactory to the Australian dairy farmer. The British agriculturist is thus face to face indeed, what a very big man to be sure! other side of the globe, who can beat him bassador, even at St. Petersburg. Well, my dependent on the low price of wheat. The dear I should say for my part, if I were | Canadian farmer had better look to his

Appalling Flood in China-The Water Was 27 Feet.

A Shanghai correspondent writes under recent date: - At Yangtsekiang at Hanyang, the populous city opposite Hankow on April 21th, a sudden freshet swept from the "Look here, my dear," and the little | Han River. The first rush presented almost woman began to check off her points upon the appearance of a wall of water. The have scored. You are rid of your husband, junks and boats were dashed to pieces. is the second point. You have not a mag- | children, the most of whom were sleeping entirely your own mistress, and of course reports record the recovery of 1,500 bodies between Younglo and Hankow, while many others are known to have been washed ashore and buried. Three hundred bodies. At several places where the river was narrow the water rose 27 feet in as many

## CRIMINAL COLLUSION.

## A Grand Trunk Official Said to be in With a Gang of Confidence Men.

Special Agent James C. Maxwell, of the Grand Trunk railroad, is under arrest at Chicago, charged with being implicated in the fatal shooting on an incoming train the other night of George C. Newcomb, assistant special agent of the Western Indiana railway. Maxwell after the shooting reported that Newcomb had been shot by confidence men ; but in an ante-mortem state-Mrs. Fortescue looked at me and laughed. | ment the latter made disclosures that in-"Voila lavipere dans les fleurs. That dicate the existence of a conspiracy between woman was about as bad and treacherous Maxwell, the chief prosecuting agent of an egg as ever was hatched into a basilisk | the Grand Trunk, and the gang of confior cockatrice, or whatever you call it. dence men which has been operating on the Now we know everything, my dear. 'Tell road, to rob the passengers and divide the a lie and stick to it, which is the eleventh plunder. Newcomb, who is dying at Mercy hospital, thinks he was shot because he

> Hicks-"What queer terms are employed in our everyday language. Dryleigh speaks of the book he has just written as a 'work,'" Wicks-"I guess you never tried to read that book."