

# THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS

## CHAPTER XXX.

"Oh that the things which have been were not now, or that the things which are now were not then. In memory's shall be late, and Pillingham Junior without Watts would, I feel positive, sink into an abyss of vice. They might as well bite and do other dangerous things."

Bailly. Of course it is quite impossible to her from Clarissa Peyton that everything is going wrong at Sartoris. George's pale unsmiling face (so different from that of old) and Dorian's evident determination to absent himself from all society, tell their own tale.

She has of course heard of the unfavourable gossip that has connected Ruth Annersley's mysterious disappearance with Dorian, but—staunch friend as she is—has laughed to scorn all such insinuations; that George can believe them, puzzles her more than she does the gossip. For a long time she has fought against the thought that Dorian's wife can think that had of Dorian; but time undoes her.

Today, George, who is now always feverishly restless, tells herself she will go up to Gorran and see Clarissa. To her alone she clings—not outwardly, in any marked fashion, but in her innermost soul—as to one who at her worst excitement will support and comfort her.

The day is warm and full of colour. Round her "flow the winds from woods and fields with gladness laden;" the air is full of life. The morning grass rustles beneath her feet. The leaves fall slowly one by one, as though loath to leave their early home; the wind, cruel, like all love, woos them only to their doom.

"The waves along the forest bore," beat on her head, and half-choke the despairing thought that she is always the hidden deep down within her breast.

Coming to Gorran and seeing Clarissa in the drawing-room window, she beckons to her, and Clarissa, rising hastily, opens the hall door for her, herself, and leads her to the room into another cozy room, where they may talk without interruption.

It so happens that George is in one of her worst moods; and something Clarissa says very innocently brings on a burst of passion that compels Clarissa to understand (in spite of all her efforts to think herself the wrong party) that the discussions at Sartoris have a great deal to do with Ruth Annersley.

"It is impossible," she says, over and over again, walking up and down the room in an agitated manner. "I could almost as soon believe Horace guilty of this thing!"

George makes no reply. Inwardly she has conceived a great distaste to the handsome Horace, and consider him a very inferior person, and quite unfit to make with her pretty Clarissa.

"In your heart," says Miss Peyton, stopping before her. "I don't believe you, think Dorian guilty of this thing."

"Yes, I do," says Mrs. Branscombe, with dogged calmness. "I don't ask you to agree with me. I only tell you that I myself honestly believe." She has given up fighting against her fate by this time.

"There is some terrible mistake somewhere," says Clarissa, in a very distressed voice. "I will not argue the point further. Time will surely clear it up sooner or later, but it is very severe on Dorian and me. I have known the dear fellow all my life, and cannot now begin to think evil of him. I have always felt more like a sister than anything else, and I cannot believe him guilty of this thing."

"I am his wife, and I can," says Mrs. Branscombe, icily. "If you loved him as you ought, you could not refrain from."

George laughs unpleasantly, and then all in a little while she varies her performance by bursting into a passionate and most unlooked for flood of tears. "Don't talk to me like that," she cries miserably. "It is a delusion, a mere mockery, a worn-out superstition. You will tell me that Dorian loves me, and yet in the very early days before our marriage, when his so-called love must have been as bright as he insulted me beyond all forgiveness."

quietly, "there is something wrong with you, or you would not so speak, don't ask you now what it is; you shall tell me when and where you please, only entreat you to believe that a time, knowing you as I do, could I possibly think anything of you but what is kind and good and true."

Branscombe draws his breath quickly, his pale face flushes, and a gleam that is surely born of tears, shines in his eyes. He is talking to some of the children, who are looking at him with interest and slip her hand through his arm. Is he not almost her brother?

Only his wife stands apart, and with what lips and dry eyes and a most miserable heart, watches him without caring—or daring—to go near him. She forgotten the fact of Kennedy's existence (though he still stands close beside her)—a state of things that young gentlemen hardly admit.

"Has your class been too much for you? Or do other things—or people—distress you?" he asks, presently, in a meaning tone. "Because you have not uttered one word for quite five minutes."

"You have guessed correctly; some people do distress me—after a time," says Mrs. Branscombe, so pointedly that Kennedy takes the hint, and shaking hands with her somewhat stiffly, disappears through the door-way.

"Oh, yes," the vicar is saying to Clarissa, in a glad tone, that even savors of triumph. "The vicar is saying to Clarissa, in a glad tone, that even savors of triumph. The vicar is saying to Clarissa, in a glad tone, that even savors of triumph."

"We won't go into that, my dear Clarissa, if you please," says the vicar. "If you please," says the vicar. "If you please," says the vicar.

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Among the English advocates of the doctrine of Karl Marx, the most widely known is the poet, William Morris. He is the author of "The Earthly Paradise." No one is better qualified to judge the recent history of socialism. Great Britain or to indicate the present and prospective relations of the movement toward the principal parties. In the current number of Forum he gives us some information on these points.

It is unquestionably true, as Morris observes, that the British workingman toward socialism has altered materially during the last few years. He is no longer a man who has followed another, as a rule, but has formed his own opinion. He is no longer a man who has followed another, as a rule, but has formed his own opinion.

The victory of the Unionists down by Mr. Morris's own admission is that it is a victory against the thing that seems progressive to the masses. In other words, the Unionists are, in fact, a party of reaction. It is not only by opposition to the home rule, but also by a violent opposition to the socialist movement that the Unionists obtained an overwhelming victory in the House of Commons. This is not a victory, but a defeat.

Still, it may be that the early propositions of the Unionists were due to a considerable degree to a widespread determination to check the growth of socialism. The proposition will not win with interest, as it is not a party of reaction. It is not only by opposition to the home rule, but also by a violent opposition to the socialist movement that the Unionists obtained an overwhelming victory in the House of Commons.

A despatch from Teheran while the Shah was en route to the court of the Shiraz of Azim, six miles south of Friday afternoon, he was slightly wounded.

Immediately after the Shah was arrested by his own army, he was taken to the palace in the city. He was attended by Dr. T. H. physician, and other physicians were hastily sent for. But their combined efforts had no effect. The assassin was arrested, it is believed, by a man named "The Yellow Fellow," who had been employed by the Shah as a bodyguard. The assassin was executed on the spot.