

BEYOND RECALL

CHAPTER XLVII. THE PROOF.

It was ten o'clock when the trap came to the door that was to carry Beeton across the moor. The same lad drove who made the journey before.

"How long will it take one to get across to the cottage and back again?" asked the old man, pulling on his gloves.

"Four hours is the actual journey," I replied.

"Then you may expect to see me shortly after two. In the meantime you can settle what you intend to do with your wife. When she finds I have led her into a trap instead of letting her out of one, there'll be a row."

"I shall know how to silence her."

"You say that she does not know that you are here? Don't know the road, nor the driver there?"

"No."

"Then there'll be no difficulty about bringing her here a little after two," he said preparing to get up into the cart.

"Wait," said I. "You have made no allowance for the time it will take you to persuade her to play me false."

"Oh yes; that's reckoned. I've allowed five minutes."

He stepped up nimbly. His manner, even more forcibly than his words, bore evidence that he entertained no shadow of a doubt about obtaining this fresh proof of Hebe's infidelity.

"If I should be mistaken," he said, turning round as the cart moved: "if I am not back by two, you will come on and find me."

For four terrible hours I walked to and fro along the road starting the moor in a state of mind which I dare not attempt to analyse. Now I was in a frenzy of despair; now in a delirium of hope; at one moment I was tempted to throw myself under a passing wagon for having doubted the sincerity of Hebe's love; the next I had the will to fling her to the earth and crush the life out of her; and between those seizures of conflicting passions my brain, exhausted by the past paroxysm, sank into a state of apathy in which the most trivial things occupied my thoughts: the drifting of a few snowflakes in the wind—a cat prowling stealthily round a rick upon some sparrows. I could not reason—could not class my ideas consecutively; I could walk a hundred yards in one direction, a hundred yards in the other, and watch the moor, but nothing else steadily. What else was there to do?

Beeton had told me to prepare means for carrying my wife away in safety, but there was no need for that. If she returned with him we must finish here. We could go no further. I had no notion what I should say to her; what I should do with her. It would be soon enough to decide upon action when the time came to act. The shorter the struggle, the quicker the end, the better for both of us.

As the hour drew near for her to come I shivered in every limb with emotion. When the church clock chimed one half hour past one, I ceased my monotonous march, and strained my eyes upon the point where the cart should reappear, and then stood motionless, waiting for the sound of the clock like a man on the scaffold listening for the cry of reprieve. For if she did not come within the time prescribed the Beeton, I might hope, yes I might fairly hope that his persuasions had failed to shake my wife's fidelity. At last the clock struck two, and, as if my hopes were already confirmed, I shouted out with joy while the tears starting into my eyes blurred out everything from my sight.

I ran to the inn for the pony, brushing the tears that continued to flow, despite myself, from my face as I went. Then coming back to the road, I dared hardly turn my eyes over the moor for fear of seeing the cart, it being yet barely time for Beeton's return. But when I found that my tears were not confirmed, and that rising in my saddle I could see no moving thing anywhere, my heart again leaped up in exultation, and joy thrilled my body.

I could laugh now at Beeton, but I bore him no ill-will; for had he not been the unwilling instrument to prove beyond doubt that I need never again mistrust my wife? For his own ends, and to justify the conviction on which he had staked that professional reputation by which he set so much value, he would have neglected no effort to induce Hebe to forsake me and rejoin the major. And he had failed. Well, I would pay him ten times more for his failure than ever he would have got out of me by succeeding. The unfortunate old rascal should have an annuity that he might live decently if he chose to; that I resolved to do. To be sure, it was not yet certain that he had failed, but every step onward made the probability greater, and by the time I had got half way over the moor I could hardly find a lingering doubt.

"Now in five minutes," thought I, "as soon as I pass those three boulders, I shall hear Hewler." But the boulders were passed, and the cottage roof was visible above the brown heather, and yet I heard no sound. I made excuses for the dog's silence, and put the pony to a faster pace.

I expected to see the cart in front of the cottage. When I saw that it was not there, I had to invent an explanation, as in the case of Howler's silence. It had been put up under the rocks, and the horse turned into the stable. That was sensible enough to suppose. It was just as unreasonable to imagine that the poor brute would be kept standing there in the driving sleet for no purpose. But, nevertheless, I cast my eyes down to see if there was no track of wheels on the ground. The snow was unmarked.

My anxiety was terrible as I drew nearer the house. There was no movement, no sound. The dog should have come to meet me or given tongue. The silence added to the desolation of the place. It looks as if the cottage was deserted. A childish feeling of mingled sorrow and fear agitated me. When I tried to call out and make my approach known, my voice died away inaudibly on my quivering lips.

"Hebe!" I cried at last, mastering the fearful trembling of my heart. My voice croaked hoarsely in my throat.

I threw myself off the pony long before we were at the cottage, and ran on like a madman to the door. Outside I stood, listening with that irresolution which stays one's hand from breaking the seal of a

letter which is known to contain tidings of death.

I opened the door at last. The fire was out. That was all I saw.

"Hebe!" I called, my heart breaking with despair. "Hebe—my wife—I! I have come home! Kit Wyndham, your husband!"

My ears cracked as I listened for the reply that never came.

Then, seized with one last, mad hope, I ran up the stairs into her room. It was empty! One of the drawers was open. The silence appalled me.

I went down, hoping I know not what—that I should find her dead somewhere—a mystery rather than the confirmation of a more dread fear.

Just in front of me was my bedstead. The drawer beneath it was pulled out. The lock had been burst; it hung inward by one screw. The drawer itself was empty. My clothing was scattered about upon the floor. Everything was there except my box that contained my wife's jewels and my money. I had told her only the night before where I kept her jewels.

"Good God!" I cried, half aloud, "is it possible that she, the woman who lay against my breast last night, is base enough for this?"

Strangely enough at the moment when I had this damning evidence before me, I recoiled from the belief in her guilt. The hopes she had caused to spring up in my heart could not all die at once.

Another explanation offered itself, and I seized upon it as if it were the inspiration of Heaven. Beeton had murdered her for the sake of the money, I prayed it might be so. Anything so that I might love her still, and die loving her.

As I turned away to go out and seek her body, and strode towards the outer door, my eye fell on a piece of paper that lay on the table. Could it be a message left there for me? It was.

Written with a pencil in large characters were these words:—

"We are going to Torquay. You will find me there at the Bell.

B. BEETON."

CHAPTER XLVIII. PREPARING FOR THE END.

It was pitch dark when I left the moor and urged on my lame pony to Torquay. I found Beeton at the Bell eating. It seemed as if nothing could satisfy his hunger.

"Where is she?" I gasped.

"Gone."

"Where?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"All I can tell with respect to her present movement is that she left here by the up train"—glancing at the timepiece—"thirty-five minutes since."

"Why did she not go back to the Hermitage?"

"Because Major Cleveden is no longer there."

I looked steadily at that seedy, cunning old man for a minute or so in silence without disconcerting him; only when I burst out laughing he looked uneasy. It must have been a hideous noise, for my parched throat was contracted as if a rope were drawn tight about it.

"You were right," said I, emptying the teapot into the glass that stood on the table. "Time doesn't change our disposition; she's what she was eleven years ago, and so am I. Once a fool always a fool."

"Simple, my friend, simple," said the old man in a tone of expostulation as I drained the glass.

"A fool!" I repeated, angrily, clutching the glass and half-minded to dash it into his smiling face. "Better men than I have been deceived by the seeming innocence of a pretty woman; but the silliest clown would have more sense than to be taken in by you, a needy trickster, whose very look should warn one to mistrust you. Only an idiot would fall into such a trap—the confidence trick, you call it, don't you?"

"Really, sir, I must ask you to explain," he said, with an absurd air of offended dignity.

"You hoodwinked me to serve your employer Cleveden. I see it all now as clearly as the yoke when his purse is gone, you planked me there at Newton with a fool's trust in my heart while you got her safely out of my reach. The confidence trick—yes, that's what it's called. Tell me that she laughed when you told her that you had left me waiting there while she escaped." Then breaking suddenly from this self-battering tone, I said with menacing vehemence: "Do you know that I could strangle you with one hand?"

"I daresay you could; I daresay you would if you believed that I had deceived you," he replied, trying to maintain an air of confidence as he edged toward the door. "But you can't believe that if you read the paper I left for you to find. Granted that I am not a fool, should I take the trouble to tell you where to find me, and wait quietly for you to come and strangle me?"

"Why did you bring her here?"

"You yourself told me to keep her out of your reach if I succeeded in getting her away from the cottage. Your looks as you spoke impressed the caution on my mind. You would have murdered her if I had brought her to you, and I have too great a respect for the interest of my clients to permit them to fall into errors of that kind."

"You will make me believe that you're not playing a double game—that you didn't bring her here in the interest of your client Cleveden?"

"I have sufficient faith in your common sense to hope that I shall make you believe that—when you are cool. To begin with, should I have brought her here and taken her to the Hermitage, when I knew for certain that the house has been shut up for the past six weeks, if I had intended to restore the lady to the major. Go with me to the Hermitage. The lodge-keeper will tell you that we were particularly anxious to learn where Major Cleveden was to be found, and quite distressed in finding that the lodge-keeper could give us no information. Now, why on earth should I give myself and the lady that unnecessary trouble (supposing my interests were inimical to yours), when I knew perfectly well all the time where the major was to be found?"

He gave me a few moments to digest this, and then continued—

"You will ask me next why, having brought the lady here, I allowed her to go off before your arrival."

I nodded suddenly.

"The answer to that is, that I considered it advisable to keep her out of your reach—it was your own suggestion—a little longer, allowing you time to discuss with me some better scheme of retribution than the unprofessional course of murder. Another reason for letting her go was that I couldn't prevent her. As I warned you this morning, that young woman is sufficiently wide awake to call for the protection of the police if she finds herself in danger of personal violence; and nothing but personal violence could have prevented her going off by that train."

The explanation was plausible enough; but I was suspicious now to a greater degree than I had been confiding before.

"Do you know where she is gone?" I asked.

"I took the ticket for her. She is gone to London."

"The major is there?"

"No, he is not, or I should not have advised her to seek him there."

"I will find her there," said I, making a stride towards the door.

"No, you will not without my assistance. Sit down, my dear sir. There is not another train to Exeter before 8.30. I have been studying the time-tables as you see." He laid his hand on a pile beside the tea tray.

"And if you take my advice you won't go to London then."

"What is your advice?" I asked, savagely.

"My advice is," said he, after a dry cough, and seating himself again, "that we come to a distinct understanding with regard to the future. I decline to take service in the capacity of a 'needy trickster.' There must be no more confidences of that kind. You must have confidence in me, or I refuse to act at all. I expect to be paid for my services; not strangled with one hand."

"Before I accept your services, I must know what you propose to do."

"That is reasonable. There are two courses by which justice, retribution, or what you please to call it, may be obtained. It is a matter of taste which should be taken, and that I leave to you. But mark this, my dear sir; there must be no personal violence committed whilst our professional connection exists. I must insist upon that as a personal safeguard. Should you feel the spirit of vengeance obtaining a mastery over your reason, you must settle up with me before gratifying your vindictive inclinations."

"You mean that I must pay you before I murder my wife and give myself up to the hangman?"

He inclined his head.

"I agree to that."

I saw now another reason why he had been so careful to keep my wife out of my reach.

"As I said, there are two courses open to you. The simplest is to intercept the lady before she reaches the major, and claim her as your wife before he can claim her as his."

"Is there yet time to do that?"

"Plenty," said he, glancing at the timepiece; "we needn't leave here before 8.30. We can get to the station in ten minutes."

"And the other course?"

"That is more complicated, and requires greater patience and self-restraint; but, on the whole, I think it more satisfactory. You will suffer the lady to rejoin the major, and resume her former position. When they have settled down quietly, you will take advantage of some occasion when she shall be surrounded by her family and friends—say, a dinner party or a public ball—and dressing yourself with scrupulous regard for the surroundings and the station of your wife, but still keeping your character as Gregory, the escaped convict—I go a brief outline of your pretended history in the cart this afternoon—still preserving that character, you will publicly denounce her as one with whom you were formerly on terms of close intimacy, and who six months ago had lived with you six months on the moor. The consequence of this public show will be punishment enough in my estimation; but, of course, I shall not pretend to exercise any control over your actions after I have brought you face to face with your wife. As soon as you see her I shall expect a full discharge of your obligations to me."

"You shall have it," I said, drawing a long breath, and trembling with the prospect of this terrible vengeance.

"One question of a delicate nature must be answered before we go further, and that is, what value we shall fix upon these obligations. Possibly at the last moment it will be inconvenient to make out a bill of costs. You might, for instance, on seeing your wife be seized with a wish—a desire—"

"To fire a bullet into her heart! Yes; go on."

"Therefore, the system of payment for services might be attended with inconvenience, besides possibly lengthening the proceedings. Now payment by result—a lump sum down—"

"Yes; I will pay you that way the moment I see her."

"This is very considerate and nice. But unfortunately, my dear sir, you were weak enough to tell your wife where you kept her jewels and your money; and as you perhaps observed, she did not forget the fact in the hurry of parting."

I bowed my head, feeling as if my wife's shame were mine.

"She told you that?" I muttered in wondering regret.

"She also intimated however, incidentally, that you had other resources."

"Otherwise, you would have got her cut off my way altogether, instead of betraying her into my hands."

"It is quite possible," he said, unabashed by the charge; "professional etiquette does not oblige a man to make a fool of himself."

"How much do you want? Speak out."

"Shall we say one hundred guineas—or"—he checked himself abruptly in suggesting an abatement, as I drew out the pocket book in which I had some notes; I had two of ten pounds each and one of five.

"Give me a sheet of paper and I will write for more."

He fetched the writing materials with alacrity.

"Where shall I have the money sent?"

He considered a moment, and then replied—

"Ajaccio, Corsica. You have more than enough to take us there."

"Corsica! Is that where she is gone?"

"That is where she will go when she

finds that the major and her children are there. She has gone to London—as I told you—to learn his address from her father. She cannot start before to-morrow morning. We shall be at Southampton at 11.30, and cross to Havre by the boat that leaves at midnight. In that way we shall reach Ajaccio before she does."

I wrote a few lines to Mr. Renshaw, asking him to send me a couple of hundred pounds, addressed to the *Poste Restante*, Ajaccio.

Now that our arrangement is concluded so far satisfactorily," said he, as I closed the letter, "may I suggest that you should take some refreshment? We shall get nothing before we reach Havre to-morrow morning—if the departure of the Paris train gives time for that. We must fortify ourselves for these exertions, and the cold shoulder of mutton is delicious, so are the pickled walnuts."

He himself took my letter to the post while I ate what I could with feverish haste, rather as if my life were at stake than a worthless woman's.

At 8.30 we left Torquay, and at midnight we were on board the Havre boat. The following afternoon Paris was behind us. Thus far there had been no delay; but at Marseilles we found that we must wait a day for the boat to take us to Ajaccio.

"This is as well," said Beeton: "for I have observed that our present appearance attracts the attention of the police. A bath would do us good; so would a substantial meal. After that a few francs might be judiciously laid out in clean linen and a port-wine. We should then look less as if we had absconded."

Indeed, we looked disreputable enough, despite Beeton's green gloves and umbrella; and, though I was completely indifferent to what people might think of us, or even to personal comfort, I fell in with his suggestion not unwillingly. There was good reason to suppose that we were in advance of my wife, and I hoped to finish with her there in Marseilles.

I had no wish to carry out the elaborate system of revenge Beeton had suggested; all I wanted was to meet my wife and get it all over and be done with it all for ever. It was no use to me to see out such a miserable farce as this life of heartless trickery and cruel mockery had become.

"What do you wish to know, my dear sir?" asked Beeton, when I called for a time-table at the cafe.

"What time the trains come in from Paris?"

He took alarm at once.

"Surely you would not be so ill advised as to make a scene upon the railway platform—to attempt any act of violence in the vicinity of the police, and—"

"You have your ticket for Ajaccio; you can go there and claim the letter at the post office with the remittance from England. My discharge papers are in this pocket. You can take them if—if I don't go to-morrow."

Upon this assurance he ate his dinner in contentment, and suffered me to walk upon the platform alone, while he amused himself with an English paper he had bought at the book-stall.

I was there until the last train came in at night; I was there when the first train arrived in the morning. Not a woman of all those who streamed past the barrier escaped my eyes. I had no sense of weariness or impatience. A dull aching at my heart was all the feeling left to it.

In the evening when I rose from the table of the restaurant, seeing that another train was due in ten minutes, Beeton, with brows expressive of painful regret—

"I fear there will be no time to see this train in: we must go down to the quay and embark in five minutes."

"We may just as well wait here; she must pass sooner or later if she comes at all."

"If she comes, very true; but it seems to me more than probable, as the lady has not yet come, that she has gone on by Leghorn and Bastien to escape the long sea voyage. She is not the kind of person who would encounter unnecessary discomfort."

"That's true," said I. "We'll go down to the boat."

The sun was rising over the mountains as we disembarked at Ajaccio. Beeton, who had been miserably ill from the time we left Marseilles, came on deck only when the landing boat was waiting alongside. He was the color of an old parrot, and had not a word to say. But his spirits revived when he stood once more on firm ground.

"Where is the *Cours Grandval*?" he asked of a Commissioner.

"There," replied the man, pointing up the avenue of palms and orange trees; "past the square and the barracks, beyond the fountain of the four lions."

"We must keep clear of that," said Beeton, turning off to the right. "The major lives up there. If he catches sight of me he'll whisk your wife out of the way if she is here, or stop her on the road if she has not arrived. That will entail a great deal of inconvenience and delay."

Knowing what had happened in the past, I thought there might be another reason for his wishing to escape the major's observation.

"You'll have to keep out of the way while I make inquiries," he said, at breakfast. "There are three or four ways by which your wife may come here—by boat from Marseilles, train from Boccagnano, or by diligence or private carriage from Calvi. Probably she will choose the latter, and in that case may arrive at any time. You can't watch all the roads; so you will have to adopt the course I suggested; meet me in public, and—"

He coughed expressively.

"So that we don't have to wait long," said I, sullenly, my eyes fixed on the blade of a knife that lay on the table. A ray of light, striking the stopper of a decanter, threw an iridescent gleam upon it; in one part it seemed stained with a spot of living blood!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"His Intentions Were Amicable."

When H. F. Forny, the painter of Indians, was traveling in Montana a few years ago, he met the most familiar waiter in the world. He was sitting at the breakfast table in a mountain hotel, waiting for some one to come and take his order. He felt a jar, and then a heavy weight resting upon his shoulders. He looked around and found leaning upon and over him a huge, bearded man, in a broad-brimmed hat, and with two revolvers sticking in his belt.

"Well, old hoss, what'll ye have?" said the man in a friendly voice.

"Who are you?" said Forny.

"Me?" said the man. "I'm the waiter."

OLD MONTREAL.

The Burning of the Parliament Buildings—Interesting Reminiscences.

"Who burned the old Parliament Buildings, in Montreal in '49?"

"Well, I would not like to say, but I know how it was done."

Mr. James Brown, of 32 Crescent street, Montreal, said this laughingly the other morning in the course of conversation about old memories.

As age takes the place of youth, the events of the past stand out with ever-increasing vividness. They bulk large, and acquire a pregnancy and meaning which it hardly seemed worth while to apply to them when the events were fresh, and the life was young, and the days and hours were unregarded.

Mr. Brown has seen a good deal of life in the course of seventy years. He has crossed the ocean fifty times. He remembers Quebec when it was full of life and movement, and animation. The harbor that is now deserted, was then filled with shipping. Innumerable white sails then rose from the waters which are now rarely cleft by a fugitive keel. Streets that are now desolate he remembers to have seen thronged with people, who had interests and business and activities in life. To-day, the old city is about as good as dead. It lives no longer; it dreams.

Mr. Brown did not see the old Parliament Buildings burned, but he was in Montreal next day, and he stood close to Lord Elgin, and saw the attack upon him, and his quick flight to Monklands, and upon his own person, which he opposed to the violence of the mob; he received his share of the rotten eggs, which formed the bulk of the ammunition then employed.

In 1849 the spring fleet was a great sight in the harbor of Quebec. Sometimes there were as many as sixty sail. The vessels had a hard time to break through the ice. They had to tack, and shoot in and out, and dodge, and lay to, in their approach to Quebec. Mr. Brown left the "Albion" in '49 in a small boat with two men, and attempted to get to Quebec with a letter from the captain to the master of the "John Munn" steamer to come to the relief of the fleet which could not break through the ice. It was a perilous undertaking. The ice gripped the boat like a vice. They were threatened with death between the great white masses through which they had to make their cautious way.

That letter could not easily be delivered to the "John Munn." It was given, however, to a party who promised to deliver it, and right glad was Mr. Brown to see the "John Munn" coming puffing to Grosse Isle, to which place the little party had come with their boat, after passing through many dangers from the ice.

Mr. Brown was taken on board the "John Munn," and the "John Munn" brought the Albion to Quebec, and Mr. Brown was the first man to land that spring—the night before the old Parliament buildings were burned.

In fact it was a telegram from Mr. Brown to Montreal friends that gave the information which inflamed the spirit of those who burned the buildings.

"Under pretense of signing the new bill which increased the customs' duties," said Mr. Brown, "Lord Elgin came down to Quebec to give his assent to the *Indemnity Rebellion Bill*. He could not conceal, nor could the official conceal, that the bill had actually been signed. The greatest excitement prevailed. The English had remained loyal to the Crown. They had defended it with their lives in many instances. That those who caused the rebellion should be indemnified for losses which their own acts had occasioned, was more than the English could stand. When the word got to Montreal the first act of passion was to burn the Parliament buildings. Whoever the fire fiend was he had at least the loyalty to save the picture of the Queen. That was about all that was saved. No effort was made to prosecute anybody."

It was in Montreal next day. A big crowd had gathered about the old Court House. Lord Elgin, it was known, would drive past. Anger against him was very great. I accustomed to law and order in the Old Country, was shocked at the demonstration. Lord Elgin drove past in a carriage drawn by two horses. His staff rode alongside, and I remember Col. Bruce was there at His Excellency's side. Immediately upon his appearing there was a wild flinging of missiles and rotten eggs. Of the latter I received more than my share, for I, shocked and angry at what I saw, had the desire to defend him, and pushed forward. I do not know what street he took, but I know the Governor-General drove lustily down a side street to Craig street, then on to Monklands. Instantly there was a rush for cabs, and an attempt was made to cut him off, but His Excellency's horses were swift, and he out-distanced his pursuers. But only by a very little distance. Indeed, he just reached Monklands in the nick of time. There is no doubt if he had been overtaken it would have gone hard with him. I was one of those who undertook to form a guard round Monklands at night to protect the Governor-General from attack.

Mr. McSwat Buys a Mackintosh.

"Here it is, Lobelia!" exclaimed Mr. McSwat, opening out and holding at arm's length a long, black, rich-looking garment that had just been brought to his house by the delivery boy. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"Yes, it looks very fine," replied Mrs. McSwat. "What do you call it, Billiger?"

"It's a mackintosh," he replied, "and the very best I could find in the city. Cost me \$35. When you're buying anything, Lobelia," he continued, putting it on and buttoning it around him, "it always pays to buy the best; that is, of course, if you use judgment in buying. A person has got to have judgment. I know a good mackintosh when I see it, and they don't make any better ones than this."

"I don't know much about them," said Mrs. McSwat, feeling the texture of the garment with her fingers, "but it seems very firm. I wouldn't think, though, that it had much warmth about it."

"A mackintosh, Lobelia," said Mr. McSwat, putting on his broad-brimmed hat and turning up his trousers, "isn't necessarily built for warmth, but it's warm enough."

"Where are you going, Billiger?"

"I'm going down town, of course. This is all I was waiting for."

"You're not going to wear it, are you?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Why, Billiger," said Mrs. McSwat, with a smile of tender pity at his uncouth simplicity, "you'll ruin it. It's a fine

THE SENIOR

Among the most respected Texo-Mexican citizens, raids was one Senor Don Ranch was tucked away Rio Grande, about Brownsville and Laredo, cozy enough place where sang through its peach mesquite grass grew red and the bluejays and and sang in the sunshine indeed, it seemed, for of less daughter, the hat A strange, new phase millo's talk of war to garita whose only con the bold raid of the rath thief, a fence cutter or listened to the grave tal the padre, as she gro or sat in the sunshine pools of chile into searle Spanish heart thrilled at high-sounding words as "adventure" and "bo wished that she were a swell the rank of the As it was, she would y tell Philippe about it. P a young sheep herder, w empty purse and lowly thought not a worth daughter's hand.

Philippe Ouceden was first class of men in the educated, his mind wa very best kind of know edge which comes of edence of thought and h his sheep on the still creatures dumb only as communicating with the stars, reading of the gr arrived at conclusions at which could not be fals mind at their base.

Having been drilled in the foundation of lab abled to appreciate book them not in superabun treasures not to be ligh he lived on simply and tried when he was youn clerking in a dry goods himself of "society" Texas town, but he coul was during this attempt that he had met Marg little maid attending same town, spending Sundays at the house boarding.

The two untamed leaped wader to each other gone back gladly to the freedom and beauty Camillo's disapprobat the one wrinkled leaf in happy Margarita's life, eager, loving little tru She could scarcely away long sunny spring day bring her lover. But a She helped old Margo to the morning in order to strolled off, languid of heart, toward the ri was out of sight of the ming along the trail by whereshewas in the habi Soon she heard the sou keeping time to his voi "La Golandrina," the Mexicans is the same as Home" to us:

Adondra la veloz y La golandrina que d O si en el aire gema Buscando amigo y m

She hid behind a tree was just behind her: ward, caught his bridle in mook bravado: "Qui "Margarita!" exclai mounting and taking he "No, senior," she w ing to free herself fron Margarita, but a friend word of your life!"

"That and that!" sa her on each cheek. "You know about Garza "Everything," she a "even that on this reva Garza's favor you, m P the less honorable but to favor of my father."

"Why, what a little exclaimed Philippe, k "Where and when has these State secrets?"

"At home from my fa They talk Garza and la and night, Philippe, I "now shall my Philip what a brave and noble shall he join the revolut by gallant deeds rich colonel, general, comma knows—till my fathe take his hand and say: Margarita, Don Philippe if she be good enough fo the dear padre will ble one."

Philippe looked proud her eyes. Then folding heart said "No!"

"No, what, dearest?" up at him.

He sighed and answer little one." Then went d as they walked side by s around her waist, and through the pony's brid about Garza's revolt, s heart and soul with him concerning you. I fear service will take me enti We do not know how lo what it may bring fort ment, death perhaps. T the truth? I fear Si M loves you, and hates m father favours his suit."

"But myself, Philippe the padre either force m whom I hate—especially er?"

"No, darling, but they of my absence—or death worry you?"—He broke bitterly: "I wish to go father would look at th sonable light and let u I could then take you interior, where you wo could plunge heart and lution."