

MR. ESHOLT'S YOUNG WIFE.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wilmot saw that he was on the wrong tack, so he determined to try another. He stood confronting Agnes, his face towards the entrance to the path, so that he could see any one the moment they turned the corner. "No; it is not all that I have to say," he went on with well-simulated passion and vehemence. "When last I bade you farewell on that moonlight night which can never be forgotten by me, you told me that you loved me, and that you would be faithful to me, even though we might not be able to marry for years to come. I went, cherishing your image in my heart as that of my future wife. One or two letters I received from you; then came a long silence, which I was utterly at a loss to understand. When I returned to England, I found that your father was dead, and that you and your aunt had vanished no one knew whither. Everywhere I sought you, but in vain. Your concealment was very cleverly contrived, Mrs. Esholt; I give you credit for that much. At last, by accident, our paths crossed, and I find you—the wife of another! Now, I ask you, I demand of you, why you broke your faith with me? What had I done to be treated as you have treated me? Why did you not write to me and tell me that you wished our engagement broken off, instead of leading me on in a fool's chase after a shadow? These are questions, Mrs. Esholt, which I shall feel obliged by your answering."

He acted the part of a wronged and indignant lover to perfection, and now stood with folded arms, his cheeks slightly flushed, in his dark flashing eyes an expression half made up of just resentment and half of the love he could not forget. He certainly looked very handsome; on that point every one would have been agreed.

The attack was so unexpected that Agnes knew not what to reply. Women are credulous where their affections are concerned; his impassioned manner and the earnestness of his voice wholly imposed upon her. He turned and went slowly along the walk; no one was yet in sight. Mechanically, Agnes followed him.

"I wrote you three letters," she said in a voice half choked with emotion; "and as soon as my aunt and I were settled in Liverpool, I at once sent you our new address."

"I trust you will believe me," he said impressively, but with a certain sadness in his voice, "when I tell you that I never received any of the letters in question. But that perhaps was scarcely to be wondered at. We were trading up and down the coast, calling at various ports, but never stopping long at any one of them. The other fellows on board were no more fortunate than I was as regards their letters from home."

"They told Aunt Maria at the office that the letter she left there had been duly given into your hands, and if so—"

"Whoever told her so, lied!" broke in Wilmot vehemently. "I give you my word of honour that no such letter ever reached me."

"Even in that case, if you had written to Mr. Ludford, he would at once have furnished you with our address."

"Mr. Ludford! I had almost forgotten the existence of such a person. I never saw him but once, and then only for half an hour. I knew no more where to find him than the man in the moon."

There was not the slightest reason why Agnes should doubt the truth of what he had just told her. Never had she found him out in a lie or the semblance of one; why should she doubt him now? Her soul within her shivered as she listened to his words. Why, oh, why had she not waited a little longer? Why had her trust in him been so easily shattered? He had been true to her, while she—

Suddenly Wilmot spoke again in low tones, which seemed to quiver with the passion he would fain hide, but could not. "Agnes, I swear to you that at this moment I love you far more than ever I did, that you are infinitely dearer to me than on that night when we last parted! I know you are another's, that you can never be mine; but I must tell you this; I can keep silent no longer. I am willing to believe that circumstances were against us, that had you been easily led, you would have remained true to me. But be that as it may, I have remained true to you—or rather, to the memory of that Agnes Granby whom I knew of old, for you are not her—you are Mr. Esholt's wife!" There was a break in his voice as he spoke the last words; he turned away as if to hide his emotion.

It was a really clever bit of acting. In Mr. Wilmot Burrell there was evidently the making of an accomplished historian.

"O Wilmot, I cannot, I dare not listen to you," cried the heart-stricken young wife. "Let us return. Forget the past, and—"

"How easily come the words—"Forget the past!" We can no more forget it than we can alter it. But enough. You can never be mine; that I know to my sorrow. I ask but one thing—do not treat me so coldly, so like a stranger. Let me be at least your friend: more than that I dare not ask to be."

They heard the others talking, and turned on the instant. Miss Esholt had purposely dawdled by the way, so as to give Agnes and Wilmot time for whatever they might have to say to each other. She glanced sharply at both of them as they came up. What she read in their faces was best known to herself.

"Davy," she said that night to the faithful old servant, who was brushing her hair, "Mrs. Esholt is walking in a very pleasant meadow at present; but I see a precipice right in front of her."

"Then, mistress, why don't you grab her by the sleeve and pull her back?" asked Davy the literal.

"She is walking toward it of her own accord and with wide-open eyes; why should mine be the hand to pluck her back?"

Wilmot's confession left Agnes powerless for some time to think of anything else. Could what he had told her be true? she asked herself again and again, while feeling it impossible to doubt that it was so. In that case, what a destiny had she woven for herself! In the belief that he was unfaithful to her, his image had been gradually becoming fainter and fainter in her memory while her dawning love for her husband had been growing and expanding day by day. And now in a moment everything was changed. She acknowledged to herself, and

trembled while she did so, that the ashes of her first love, which she had flattered herself were utterly extinguished in her heart, had been suddenly rekindled by Wilmot's passionate avowal that she was still as dear to him as ever she had been. Why had not Fate kept them asunder for ever!

After this, matters to all seeming went on as usual at The Hollies. Wilmot came and went as heretofore. All he had asked of Agnes was that in time to come she should treat him not as a stranger, but as a friend. How it was possible for her to refuse such a request? Little by little her demeanour towards him thawed, day by day her manner became less frigid and more familiar—but it was a familiarity that drew a line which was never overpassed by a hairbreadth. Agnes was still as careful as heretofore to give Wilmot no opportunity for venturing on any further confidences or confessions. It was a great strain on the young wife to have to keep on day after day playing the part she was now playing—to appear to the little world in which she lived and moved as nothing more than the quiet, equable friend of the man whose heart she as fully believed, the pulse of whose still beat as passionately as of old, and still finding, alas! despite all her struggles to the contrary, a faint responsive echo in her own. But the profound respect she felt for her husband, her admiration for his noble qualities, and the recollection of the vows she had taken upon herself at the altar—but more than all, and beyond all else, a certain something of which she herself was only half conscious, a something that touched the very well-springs of her being—upheld her and sustained her throughout her trial.

This change in the demeanour of Agnes was set down by Wilmot to a cause far different from the real one, as was nearly sure to be the case with a man of his calibre. He forgot, or did not choose to remember, that it was he himself who had implored her to treat him in future as a friend—as one who had been the companion of her youth, and had lived for months at a time under her father's roof. His vanity whispered that the love which he still fondly imagined she felt for him was gradually obtaining the mastery over her will. Never had he been more mistaken in his life. The false inference thus drawn served but to confirm and strengthen him in a certain dark design which had been simmering in his brain for some time. He was of a sanguine disposition, and he secretly exulted in the certainty of its accomplishment; but he was far too wary, or, as he would have termed it, too "wide awake," to betray anything of that which was passing in his mind. To all appearance he was just the same as on the day he first set foot across the threshold of The Hollies: to Mr. Esholt, deferential, without the slightest trace of servility; to his wife, respectfully familiar, but still with a certain distance in his manner towards her, and not often addressing her individually; to Miss Esholt, amusing, chatty, and at all times evidently desirous of making himself as agreeable to her as possible.

But Miss Esholt flattered herself that she was not deceived by these outward manifestations either on one side or the other. She had half divined from the first that there had been a love episode between Agnes and Wilmot at some former period, and herein lay the secret of her tactics on the day of the excursion to Rushmere Grange. She had noticed from the first how studiously Agnes had avoided the possibility of any tete-a-tete with the young man; which only made her the more determined that the chance should be afforded him if she could anyway help in bringing it about. It had seemed to her scheming brain that such an interview might have results unforeseen and uncounted on. She was right in believing that Wilmot, all his studied indifference to the contrary, was still secretly in love with Agnes; but as regards the latter, she was, equally with Wilmot, in the wrong. Having no particulars of the interview between the two to guide her in arriving at a conclusion, she not unnaturally attached a wrong value to the change in Agnes's demeanour towards her former lover. "Step by step she is drawing nearer the precipice," she murmured to herself more than once. "Can it be that she is walking blindfold, and does not see whether the path she is treading will lead her? No—I cannot, I will not believe it."

Some two or three weeks passed thus, when one morning Mr. Esholt received a letter which necessitated his immediate departure from home on a business matter of much moment. He did not expect to be away longer than a week; but as the autumn was now well advanced, and as the fine weather seemed to have broken up, he suggested that during his absence the ladies should effect their removal back to Everton. Agnes, scarcely knew whether to be glad or sorry that her sojourn at the seaside was thus brought to an abrupt conclusion. She dreaded going back to a renewal of her former experiences in the gloomy old house, and to the daily, almost hourly companionship of Miss Esholt. But on the other hand, it was not well for her that this brief spell of sunlight should come to an end as quickly as possible? Since the day at Rushmere, her thoughts had gradually become tinted with a dangerous sweetness, to indulge in which, as in the case of certain insidious drugs, seemed to become more of a necessity day by day. Yes, all things considered, it was decidedly for the best that she should go back to Everton and that as speedily as possible.

One of Mr. Esholt's last requests before leaving home was that, in his absence, Wilmot Burrell should act as escort to the ladies on the occasion of their journey from New Brighton and Everton.

The news of their departure fell on Wilmot like a thunderclap. He had of course known that the sojourn at New Brighton must come to an end before long; but he had quite counted on its lasting three weeks or a month longer. Mr. Esholt's sudden determination seemed likely to interfere seriously with certain plans of his own. When once Agnes was back at Everton, she would be as good as lost to him. Mr. Esholt might perchance ask him to dinner once or twice a month, but that was as much as he could look forward to. Whatever he might have to say to Agnes in private must be said before she left The Hollies.

Chance seemed to favour his designs. On the evening before the day fixed for their departure, he called upon the ladies to ascertain whether all their arrangements were completed, or whether they had any

final instructions still to give him. He found both Miss Esholt and Miss Remington at The Hollies; but was told that Mrs. Esholt had gone as far as the library to take some books back; so, as it was now growing dusk, and there were a number of noisy excursionists about, he said he would go part of the way and meet her. He encountered her about half way as she was coming back. She was somewhat surprised to see him, but made no comment. They walked for a little while in silence; then Wilmot said: "How soft and still the evening is! But for those noisy revellers in the distance, one might fancy all the world asleep. Somehow, an evening like this always carries me back in memory to those happy hours, 'twixt the gloaming and the mirk,' which now seem so long ago, when we used to pace the vicarage garden together, or wander dreamily, hand in hand, by the side of the soft-flowing river. Old memories and old faces will start up before the most worldly of us at times, and transport us by their magic spell to the happy past. Are you, Agnes, never haunted by such visions of the days that were?" He ventured a glance at her face as he asked the question, but in the dusk he could read nothing.

It was the first time he had ventured to call her by her baptismal name since that day at Rushmere. Some fine instinct seemed to put her on her guard in a moment. "We are all of us, I hope, haunted by visions of the past at times," she said gently, but a little coldly. "We should be worse than we are were it not so. But why dwell

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short, to so far enlist her sympathies for his assumed sufferings that after her return to Everton his image should still be paramount in her thoughts. Unfortunately for his purpose, he had allowed his temper to carry him away, and almost before the words had passed his lips, he felt that they would have been better unsaid.

Agnes walked on for a few paces before she could steady her nerves sufficiently to reply. When she did speak, it was in cold, measured tones, in which there was an unmistakable touch of scorn. "Mr. Burrell," she said, "you and I have always been good friends; we might, perhaps, have been more than that had circumstances controlled our lives differently; but more than friends we can never be now, and less than that there is no desire on my part that we should be. If, therefore, you have any wish that the friendship between us should remain unbroken, I say to you—Beware. It will depend on yourself in future whether we meet as friends or as strangers."

They reached the garden gate as she ceased speaking. She passed through, thinking that Wilmot would follow her; but he came instead to a sudden halt and let her go forward into the house alone. He felt that in his present mood he could not face those "two other women," as he termed Miss Esholt and Miss Remington to himself. He turned on his heel moodily and took the road which led back to his lodgings. He was savage with himself, savage with Agnes, and, as a matter of course, savage with creation in general. "I'll bend or break you yet, my fine lady, despite your virtuous airs, which are all a sham, and merely put on to hide your cowardice," he muttered between his teeth. "You love me in your heart, and you can't help yourself; and you shall yet be mine in spite of everything!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Does Mot Influence Digestion.

The old theory that exercise assisted digestion seems now to have been proved without foundation, as will be seen from the following digest of a statement in a contemporary:

Dr. Sireng, in a lecture before the Medical Society of Giessen on the "Influence of Exercise on Digestion," states that he concludes from his own experiments that this influence is of a retarding nature. His experiments, however, suffer from the fact that he always injected 300 cubic centimeters of water before obtaining the contents of the stomach, so that the proportion between gastric juice and water continually varied.

The first experiments in the clinic at Giessen were made on two dogs. Twenty-five grammes of meat, suspended in 300 cubic centimeters of warm water, were twice injected into the fasting stomach, and after one feeding the dogs were compelled to remain for three hours in absolute bodily rest, while after the other feeding they were made to take active exercise.

After the hours the contents of the stomach were obtained and analyzed. The quantity did not essentially differ in the two cases; the experiments consequently tended to prove that exercise does not influence the time required for digestion. The chemical analysis also detected no difference. The same results were obtained by substituting the white of an egg for the meat. The experiments were then repeated twenty-five times on three men with healthy stomachs. They were fed each time with 200 grammes of minced meat, a bun, a plate of bouillon and three spoonfuls of mashed potatoes, and the contents of their stomachs were obtained four hours and a half afterward. The exercise after meals consisted partly in gymnastics, partly in walking; absolute rest was obtained in bed.

These experiments gave the same results as those on the dogs, the difference resulting from the chemical analysis being especially imperceptible. The author therefore concludes that the gastric function is in no way influenced either by muscular action or absolute rest.

A NEW LEPER ISLAND.

Five Chinese the Nucleus of a Colony in Western British America.

The *Victoria Colonist* says:—Five Chinese lepers were removed from the city yesterday to Darcy Island, where suitable quarters for them had been erected. All their personal effects and several tons of provisions were also taken to the islands which will from now on be used exclusively as a lazaretto, or leper colony. All cases of leprosy, as soon as discovered, will be promptly dealt with, and the patients removed to the island. All of them made strenuous objections to leaving the city although for the past month they had been anticipating the day of departure. To prevent any of them escaping a guard was placed over the house on Lisgard street where they had been living. They dreaded the fate in store for them, and tried hard to avert what they regarded as a fearful punishment. So filled were they with terror regarding their future that one of them, Ng Chung, just before the steamer left the dock, seized a large sharp carving knife and attempted to cut his throat. He was prevented from accomplishing self destruction by Sergeant Walker, who disarmed him after a struggle.

Darcy Island is situated about twenty miles from Victoria, and is one of the San Juan archipelago. It has an area of about 200 acres, and is a beautiful spot. This island was uninhabited, and was reserved by the provincial Government. It was selected by Mayor Grant and Alderman [name] as an appropriate location for a lazaretto. The building is a strong and substantial frame house, divided into six sized rooms, each of which opens on a covered porch. Each apartment has a cook-stove and table, an iron bedstead with mattress and plenty of bed-clothing.

Each of the lepers has a room to himself, and all are supplied with abundant rations for housekeeping. Rice, sugar, meat, bacon, potatoes, dried fish and any imaginable delicacy dear to the leper's appetite are piled up in the apartment utilized as a general store-room. Nothing has been overlooked; even opium was provided, and when the miserable wrecks of humanity found out that they would not be deprived of their soothing drug they laughed and chatted gleefully.

They told Ah Wing to tell the authorities their friends that they were very much used. Tools of every kind, fishing tackle, gun seeds, and a great quantity of clothing were left them. They were instructed to raise the flag in case of distress or if they require assistance. The flag is about sixty feet in height, and is set on a hill where it can be seen by any passing vessel. When everything had been put ashore, the poor unfortunates were bidden good-by and the boat steamed out for Victoria. The lepers, happy over their good luck in being so well provided for, stood on the beach and smilingly waved good-by to those on board. The city authorities will visit the lepers periodically and see that their wants are supplied.

Surf-Riding in Nihau.

A curious pastime which is somewhat in vogue among the natives of the Hawaiian Islands, and was more popular formerly than now, is surf-riding. In the opinion of a contributor to the *Journal of American Folk Lore*, the difficulty of the accomplishment has been exaggerated. He describes it thus: Six stalwart men assembled on the beach of a small cove, bearing with them their precious surf-boards. These boards—in Hawaiian, "wavesliding boards"—are made from the wood of the bread-fruit tree.

They are eight or nine feet long, fifteen or twenty inches wide, rather thin, rounded at each end, and carefully smoothed. They are sometimes stained black, are frequently rubbed with cocoanut oil, and are preserved with great care, sometimes wrapped in cloths. Children use smaller boards. Plunging through the nearer surf, the natives reached the outer line of breakers, and watching their opportunity they lay flat upon the board. The more expert among them knelt. Just as a high billow was about to break over them they pushed landward in front of the combers. The waves rushing in were apparently always on the point of submerging the rider; but unless some mishap occurred, they dove him forward with rapidity upon the beach, or into shallow water. In a high surf it is an exciting sport, and demands skill and experience.

A few days later I was initiated into the mysteries of surf-riding by my host, who is himself quite expert. I learned the principle, and believe that practice only is needed to gain a measure of skill. For persons accustomed to bathing in surf, the process is far less difficult than it is usually represented.

The Grip of a New Idea.

A silversmith in New York, who has a very original mind, has just perfected an idea that will be greeted joyfully by many hostesses. He has put upon the market what he calls the "souvenir" spoon. His first spoon has in relief on the handle a head of the late General Sherman. It is not difficult to prophesy what will happen. The literary woman will have a set of spoons on which will appear the heads of her favorite authors, while the artistic woman will preserve in her silver spoons the heads of her favorite artists, and the woman of affairs will have a collection of the heads of statesmen and warriors who have made the world's history; and now when we sit at the table we shall have beauty and utility combined as suggestions for conversation.

The above was written about a week, when the magazines of the month appeared. Spoons, spoons, spoons! on almost every advertising page of the magazines appeared cuts and text describing special spoons designed by special houses—historical, artistic, military events, epochs, persons, made immortal on the handle of a spoon!

Largest Statue in the World.

The five colossal statues which were discovered two or three years ago, near the small town of Bamian, in Afghanistan, at the foot of the Hindoo Koosh chain of mountains, and which are cut out of the solid rock, are the largest in the world. The tallest is no less than 173 feet. When it is remembered that Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty in New York harbour is but 137 feet high, the immense proportions of these remarkable works of antiquity will be better appreciated. The general appearance of these statues indicates that they were the work of Buddhist monks, and probably date from the commencement of the Christian era. The largest of the five is supposed to be a representation of Buddha.

SAYS HIS FATHER WAS EATEN.

A Former Missionary Tells Some Remarkable African Stories.

A man with a remarkable story turned up in Dallas Tex., the other day. His name is W. F. Yates, and he says he is the son of J. C. Yates, a missionary who went out from Jacksonville, Mass., in 1848, and was devoured by cannibals in 1875. He was reared in missionary camps, and as he grew up he took to the work himself, and has been engaged at it twelve years in Africa. He relates stories of personal adventure of thrilling interest.

In 1876 he went on an expedition to Lake Albert Nyanza, where he and two others were captured by cannibals. They were imprisoned in a hole in the ground and covered with logs. Here an attempt was made to fatten them for the feast day by throwing them human flesh and bread fruit. Eight days they were thus confined, when Henry M. Stanley came up with a posse, routed the natives, killed forty of them, and freed the captives. He then joined the Stanley party and went with them to Livingstone River, where he took charge of the Rooves Grove Baptist mission.

Here he remained until 1878, when the natives suddenly formed a dislike for him and confined him in a mud house to fatten. One day they took him out to exercise, and he began amusing the two guards by playing tricks. He snatched the club of one and brained them both, and again eluded the soup. Afterward he engaged in exploring and establishing missions on the Congo River. He speaks thirty-six of the languages of that country, and he claims to have had a personal acquaintance with David Livingstone. He was born in Tancatango, in the southern part of Congo, and was raised principally on Lake Morocco.

His story is credited, as there are people in Dallas, among whom are Dr. S. A. Hayden, editor of the *Texas Baptist and Herald*, who are acquainted with his Mississippi connections.

ROCKED BY A TORNADO.

A Thrilling Ride of Passengers on an Air-Line Train in Kentucky.

The passengers and crew of the east-bound Air Line train from Louisville had a thrilling experience the other day. They dashed through a tornado and all escaped without injury. When the train pulled out of St. Louis, Jack Spaulding was the conductor and Charles Chambers stood at the throttle. They were moving at a pretty good rate of speed, and, although the weather was threatening, everything was working perfectly.

Suddenly the atmosphere became very heavy and oppressive. Looking ahead, the engineer saw a huge balloon-shaped cloud bearing down upon him. It came with a rush and a crash that sounded high above the rumbling of the train. The engineer saw great trees torn up by the roots, fences swept away, and high banks levelled by the tapering tail of the tornado as it touched the ground. It was coming directly toward him and he realized that it could not be escaped. Without a moment's loss of time he called to his fireman to throw in coal, and then brace himself for a terrible shock. The brave engineer then pulled the throttle wide open and the ponderous engine fairly jumped along the rails as fast as the full force of forty pounds of steam would carry her.

On came the tornado. For an instant it hovered over the track and then the train dashed into it. The engine rocked and swayed, seemingly about to turn over every moment, and the occupants of the cab only saved themselves from being thrown out by lying down and clutching the hot steam pipes. In the cars the scenes were even more exciting. When the cars rose and fell from one side to the other the passengers were hurled hither and thither like ninepins. The air resounded with screams and prayers of men, women, and children. The lightning for that brief moment played through the train, and huge hailstones struck and broke the car windows. This state of affairs existed for but a short time, and then the train drew out of the tornado and the cars settled quietly back on the rails.

The tornado passed off then over the open Illinois country. None of the passengers were badly hurt, but many were bruised.

The Law of Heredity.

Much has been written on the law of heredity. Few subjects of more interest are occupying the minds of thoughtful men to-day. Live stock breeders are moulding the forms and shaping the purposes of our domestic animals as the potter shapes the clay. As fashion changes they change the color, the form, the size, the style of the horse, the cow, and sheep or the hog.

Protest as we may, and kick at the barbed points as we please, vice is hereditary. Original sin is a great fact that meets us everywhere, and always leaving out the theological meaning of the word, original sin is inherited tendencies to evil, to be modified by generations of Christian training and wise marriages, or to be aggravated and hundred fold by vicious lives, and these perpetuated by ill-advised and vicious marriages until the final outcome expiates the crimes of scores of ancestors in jails, penitentiaries or on the gallows, or falls a victim to vice, passion and lust. Cannot the young man understand when he leads to the altar a bride in whose veins flows blood tainted with hereditary disease, physical, mental or moral, that he is filling his future with sorrow? Cannot the bride understand that when she marries a young man who is a drunkard that she is contracting for a crop of anguish in the lives of her children. Does she not understand that the tendencies of drunkenness and all forms of vice and sensuality descend from father to son? Every human being owes it to posterity that the young life should start without the burden of inherited weakness or wickedness to drag it down and compel it to fight against crushing odds. These are plain words, but the subject is a grave one. The number of weak-minded physical wrecks among our young people of to-day is appalling. Every father and mother should carefully consider this law of nature, every young man and woman should think of the future before taking a step that will cause a life-time of suffering.

A German labor editor was fined recently for publishing the list of workmen killed in a mine disaster alongside of the amounts distributed as dividends among the owners of the mines.