

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT.

A week later Mrs. Saville was able to leave her bed and receive her confidential adviser.

Worn and emaciated though she looked, her aspect was younger than it had been, so greatly was the expression of mouth and eyes softened.

"I am truly rejoiced to see you once more," said Mr. Rawson, with a kindly twinkle in his eyes.

"You thought you never should, I suppose," murmured Mrs. Saville, giving him her hand.

"Indeed, I feared the worst."

"I was very nearly gone. What seemed to kill me most was the doubt whether anybody cared if I lived or died. The last thing I remember distinctly was Miss Desmond's sad, anxious face. It seemed to say that there was one human being who would regret me. The first experience of returning life was her tears of joy at the chance of my recovery. I shall not soon forget that."

"I think she nursed you very devotedly."

"She did. She has saved my life. She has made herself almost a necessity. I have been a hard woman, Mr. Rawson, though not unjust, but somehow this girl, who might well be my daughter, suggests to me that there is something beyond justice, and that is equity."

Then they talked as long as Mr. Rawson would stay; but he was careful not to exhaust the convalescent.

Mrs. Saville had gained so much strength in the next few days that her son and Mr. Rawson decided that they might leave for London, as with Miss Desmond and her maid the invalid could travel safely as the doctor gave his consent.

"She is very eager to return," said Hope to Mr. Rawson as they slowly paced the bench in front of the hotel while waiting for the carriage which was to convey him and his travelling-companion to the railway-station.

"Yes. Do you know why?" She confessed to me last night. The fortnight will be at Plymouth and paid off in about four or five weeks, and I believe she yearns to see and be reconciled to her son; for she said, 'God has been merciful and spared me to correct some great mistakes, and I dare not myself be unforgiving.'"

"Did she say that?" exclaimed Hope. "Oh, I pray God her mood may not change! Do you know I feel so strangely weak and anxious, it seems impossible I can live through another month of anxiety?"

"You have done splendidly so far; you must not break down at the last," said Mr. Rawson. "When you return to London you must come to us for a week's complete rest."

"Thank you. You have been a true, good friend. While I am with you, I feel that matters will arrange themselves as we wish; but when I am alone, all my courage seems to evaporate. I trust we may be in London within the next three weeks."

"I hope you may, and I believe you will. Here is the carriage. Let us go in. I suppose Mr. Saville is ready. Nothing proved to me his mother's complete restoration so much as her speech about him. 'Let him go away with you, Mr. Rawson, she said: if he travels with us he will only be an additional responsibility to Miss Desmond. Richard is incapable of taking care of himself.' She is marvellously toned down by suffering and sympathy; but we cannot expect the Ethiopian to change his skin, nor the leopard his spots, altogether, though one may become a shade lighter and the other have fewer marks."

It was with a thankful heart that Hope Desmond found herself and her charge safely housed in the Stafford Square mansion. Mrs. Saville bore the journey well, indeed better than her companion, whose pale cheeks and heavy eyes bespoke mental and physical exhaustion.

Mrs. Saville's usual medical attendant, or rather the medical attendant of the household for the wiry woman scarcely knew what indisposition meant, awaited her arrival and noticed Miss Desmond's looks.

"If I might offer advice unasked, I would recommend a tonic and some days' complete repose to this young lady," said the polite practitioner. "It seems to me that her nervous system is somewhat overstrained."

"She shall do as you direct," returned Mrs. Saville, with her usual decision. "I will look to her myself. She has braved horrible infection for me, and has a large share in saving my life; therefore I value her beyond everyone's except of course my son's. Yes, you look frightfully ill, Hope, I cannot have this."

"Perhaps if I went to Miss Rawson for a few days," said Hope, with hesitation, "I might gather strength sooner. Here I shall always want to be up and about."

"You shall be nursed in no other house than this; so, doctor send in your prescription soon. As for me, I want nothing but good food and occupation."

"You are indeed marvellously well and strong, considering what an illness you have gone through. We have now every reason to hope that you will be spared to your family and friends for many years."

"Much my family and friends care about that special mercy," returned Mrs. Saville, with one of her ironical smiles. "Good-morning, doctor." And the doctor bowed himself out.

"Thank God, he is gone! I am dying to read my letters," cried Mrs. Saville.

"Here is a thick one from Mr. Rawson." She opened it, and then, growing rather white, exclaimed, "Why, it encloses one from Hugh!" This she read eagerly, and then re-perused it.

"Ah, if I could believe he cares for me!" she said at length. "The letter is like himself, tender yet obstinate. He will be

here nearly as soon as this," she went on, her small, white fingers closing tightly on the paper. "He implores me to let him see his mother's face once more,—the mother he has been so near losing. Rawson has evidently told him of my illness. He confesses I had a right to be angry, but reiterates his conviction that he has done well and wisely in securing the sweetest wife man could have."

"You will see him, dear Mrs. Saville," cried Hope, with white, parched lips. "You are so good as to think I was of use to you; if you would simply repay me, see your son,—let him plead for his wife. They are married, you cannot separate them, and if she is a true woman it will break her heart to know she has parted mother and son. It is in your power to confer much happiness."

"I will receive my son. As to his wife, I cannot say what I should do. I gave Rawson directions to have her watched; it was a shabby thing to do, but I did it. He has had her closely shadowed, but she has been absolutely well conducted. Still, if it is in my power to confer much happiness, it is in her to create much misery, and she did it! Why Hope what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Hope fell back in her chair so deadly white and motionless, that Mrs. Saville was terror-struck. She rang violently, and rushing to the fainting girl, began to rub her cold hands.

"Bring water, wife! send Jessop to call back the doctor!" she cried in great agitation, to the astonished butler, who had never before seen his imperious mistress so moved.

"The doctor has just driven off," said Mrs. Saville.

Soon the lady's-maid, the butler, and the house-keeper were trying to bring Miss Desmond back to life. When she did open her eyes they sought Mrs. Saville's; she smiled and feebly put out her hand.

"Now she must go to bed," said Mrs. Saville, holding the offered hand in both her own. "She had better be carried upstairs."

"I can walk quite well; at least in a few minutes," murmured Hope, "if Jessop will help me."

Thus Hope was relegated to her own room, where Mrs. Saville insisted she must remain all the next day. Wonderful to relate, that lady spent most of it at her bedside, reading or knitting. Neither spoke much, yet they had a certain comfort in the companionship. Miss Rawson called, and was admitted during Mrs. Saville's absence, when she went for a short airing, which she considered essential for her own health.

To her Hope explained that she must for the present refuse her hospitable invitation. Then they talked long and confidentially, and Miss Rawson took charge of a couple of letters when she bade her young friend good-bye.

It was now established that Miss Desmond was not to appear till luncheon-time, Mrs. Saville being content to read the papers herself. The doctor was not quite satisfied; his young patient did not recover strength or tone; she was depressed and nervous, averse from food, sleepless. Some complete change to a bracing place might be necessary. Mrs. Saville, who was deeply concerned, went eagerly into the question of localities, but Hope implored, almost piteously, not to be sent away.

It was the end of September, and London was at its emptiest; Mrs. Saville was therefore spared the visits and kind inquiries of her kinsfolk and acquaintance. She was ill at ease from anxiety concerning Hope. All that was kindly and grateful in her strong nature had been drawn forth by the desolate orphan girl who had the spirit to withstand her hitherto unresisted tyranny, and the perception to appeal to the better self which lay beneath it.

So Mrs. Saville sat by herself, thinking deeply of her past, her present, and the possible future, one warm, rainy morning. "Horrid weather for Hope," she thought; "impossible for nerves to get right under such skyey influence." Yes, she must get Hope out of town. How desolate her life would be without that girl! and she would need comfort and support in coming years. Even if she brought herself to accept Hugh's wife, she would probably turn out a thorn in their side and keep her and her son apart.

Here the old butler, with a beaming face announced, "Mr. Hugh, ma'am," and her son entered. How well, how distinguished, he looked! his strong face deeply embrowned, his fine eyes looking eager yet soft.

"Hugh!" cried Mrs. Saville, rising, and trembling from head to foot.

"My dear mother!" he returned, tenderly, with the slight hoarseness of warm emotion, and he clasped her in his arms, kissing her affectionately. "Are you indeed safe and well?"

"My son! you have nearly broken my heart!" Her tones told him he was already half forgiven.

"Rawson told me this morning, just now, that I might venture to call. You must forgive me mother. I know I deserved your anger, and this I regret. I only want you to let me come and see you sometimes, and I will trouble you no more. I can fight for my own hand; but you must accept my innocent wife too."

"It will be a hard task, Hugh. I am a prejudiced woman, and my prejudices are strong against her."

"I think they will melt when you see her, mother."

"I doubt it," Mrs. Saville was beginning, when the door opened and Hope Desmond walked slowly into the room. She seemed very pale and fragile in her simple black dress. No sooner had she caught sight of Hugh than her cheeks flushed, her great brown eyes lit up with a look half joy, half terror, and her lips parted with a slight cry.

Hugh Saville sprang forward, exclaiming, "My own love! my own darling wife!" and folded her in a rapturous embrace, kissing her hair, her eyes, her lips, forgetful of everything else.

Mrs. Saville again rose from her chair, and stood petrified. At last Hope disentangled herself from her husband's arms, and, crossing to where her mother-in-law stood, said brokenly, "Can you forgive me the deceit I have practised? Can you have patience to hear my explanation?"

"I am bewildered," cried Mrs. Saville, looking from one to the other. "Is Hope Desmond your wife, Hugh?"

"She is! Can you not forgive me now?" said Hugh advancing to support Hope's

trembling form by passing his arm around her.

"It is incredible! How did you come to impose upon me in this way?"

"I will tell you all," Hope began, when she was interrupted by a message which the butler brought from Mr. Rawson requesting to be admitted.

"Show him up; he is a party to the fraud," said Mrs. Saville, sternly.

Hugh drew his wife closer to him as Mr. Rawson entered looking radiant.

"I trust you do not consider me an intruder," he said.

"You come just when you are wanted. I feel my brain turning," returned Mrs. Saville.

"If you will listen," urged Hope with clasped hands.

"Yes pray here Mrs. Hugh Saville," said Mr. Rawson.

Mrs. Saville turned a startled look upon him, and Hope went on: "When I came to this good friend who offered me the shelter of his house as soon as he found that I was the niece of his old rector I was in despair. I began to realize the mistake, the disobedience, that Hugh had been guilty of; I had yielded too readily to the temptation of spending my life with him. I felt that I was the cause of his troubles, and I was overwhelmed. I wished that I could die; anything to be no longer a burden and an obstacle. Then I heard Mr. Rawson speak of finding a companion for Mrs. Saville, and the thought came to me of being that companion, and perhaps winning her affection for myself and restoration for Hugh." A sudden sob interrupted her; she with an effort, she went on: "Mr. Rawson was startled at the idea, but his daughter at once took it up, and after some discussion, it was agreed that I should make the desperate attempt. I was therefore introduced to you by two of my names—Hope Desmond."

I was called Katherine Hope Desmond after my mother, who was Uncle Desmond's only sister. How I had courage to brave such an experiment I cannot now understand, for my heart—she pressed her hands against her bosom, and, disengaging herself, made a step nearer her mother-in-law—"seems to flutter and fail me. But the desire to retrieve the wrong I had wrought sustained me. I did not tell Hugh what I had undertaken until I had been some weeks with you. He was much alarmed, and begged me not to risk too much,—to leave as soon as I could, if the strain was too great; but he did not forbid me to stay. So I stayed. How dreadful the beginning was! Yet, though you were cold and stern, I could bear it, for you are too strong to be suspicious or petty, or narrow, and I dared not let myself fear you; and then—I grew to know you had a heart. That is what makes this moment so terrible: I fear your disapproval more than your displeasure. Now, can you, will you forgive me?"

Mrs. Saville was silent; her brows were knit, her eyes downward; yet Hope dared to take the fine small hand which lay on the arm of the chair. Mrs. Saville did not draw it away. The looker-on held their breath. Then she drew Hope's to her, and gently stroked it. "I think," she said, slowly, "that you are the only creature that ever understood me. You are the first that has ever given me what gold cannot buy."

"Mother," cried Hugh Saville, in a tone of wounded feeling, "I always loved you as much as you would let me."

"Perhaps you did, I believe you did," said his mother.

Hope had sunk on her knees, and kissed the hands which held hers, then her head fell forward and Hugh sprang forward to lift her.

"She is quite over done," he exclaimed, almost indignantly. "She is but a ghost of her former self." And he placed her in an easy-chair, where she lay with closed eyes.

"Happiness will be a rapid restorative," said Mrs. Saville, kindly. "Now, what punishment is to be dealt out to you, traitor, that you are?" she continued, turning to Mr. Rawson. "To enter into a conspiracy against your trusting client! Shall I degrade you from the high office of my chief adviser? I must hold a council, and the council-board shall be my dinner-table. Bring your daughter to dinner this evening, and we shall settle many matters! And, Hope, if you feel equal to the task, write to Richard, inviting him to meet his new sister-in-law."

"Very few fellows have so good a right to be proud of a wife as I have," cried Hugh, exultingly. "Our old naval stories of desperate cutting-out exploits are poor compared to the enduring courage that upheld Kate, as I always call her, through the long strain of her bold undertaking."

"She has enlightened me, at all events," said Mrs. Saville. "Now go away to the drawing-room and have your talk out. The doctor insists that a complete change is necessary for Hope's recovery; so take your wife away to-morrow for your long-delayed honeymoon. But, remember, whenever you are pursuing your profession on the high seas, I claim the companionship of Mr. Rawson's pleasant protégée."

"Dear Mrs. Saville, I will be your loving daughter so long as you care to have me near you," cried Hope; and, no longer hesitating, she folded her formidable mother-in-law in her warm embrace.

[THE END.]

A Remarkable Journey.

Casper W. Whitney, an employe of Harper Brothers & Co., who started from New York last December to traverse British America through the Hudson Bay Company's territory, returned to New York on Wednesday. Leaving the Canadian Pacific Railroad at Edmonton, the most northerly point reached by the line, he traveled northward to the Arctic Sea and back, a distance of 2,700 miles, over 1,900 of which was done on snow shoes. The most remarkable part of his journey was through the Barren Land, a desert of ice and snow, north of Great Slave Lake, which has never been crossed by a white man. Mr. Whitney made that journey accompanied by seven Indians. He endured many hardships and covered the ground in fifty-two days.

A Moist Fog.

House-keeper—Your milk is as thin as water to-day.
Milkman—Well, mam, it was very foggy this morning when we milked.

A DEFIANT BEAUTY.

CHAPTER I.

"Where should this music be—in the air or on the earth?"

The last soft, sweet note of the singer had died away upon the air—a delicate, well-bred burst of applause follows it—and then—a sense of well being among the fashionable throng, a knowledge that for the next five minutes their own voices may be heard in dainty ditties against their mutual friends. It is so close to the end of the season that many regard this musical evening at Lady Swansdown's as really their last in town, and are already dreaming of flight upon the morrow. A flight from fogs and smoke, and acquaintances, to the calm, cool depths of the country. It is a tremendous crush, and the heat is almost intolerable; so is the perfume of the dying flowers, but everybody, past and present, and future, in an artistic sense is present so that not to be here would mean unhappiness.

The coveted five minutes has already drawn to a close, and now as Lady Swansdown moves toward a corner where a crowd of young men makes the spot dense, everybody glances after her, with a calm sense of expectation.

The crowd parts as she draws near, and permits her to lay her hand upon the shoulder of a girl who had been lost amidst its depths.

"Your turn, dearest. You will play, won't you? Everyone is so anxious, so on the very tiptoe of hope. Come—come now."

She speaks nervously, as if a little afraid of a capricious refusal at the last moment; but the girl, giving her a quiet smile though no word, waves aside the gilded youths who have surrounded her, and steps into the open space outside—her violin in her hand.

Quite calmly, with scarce a touch of consciousness, she moves to the position that has been arranged for her—full into the glare of the many lights, and the many eyes beyond. Yet she is very conscious all the while, and her heart beats cruelly, as she lifts the violin to her shoulder, and slowly raises the bow.

Such a small, slender thing! Clad in a clinging gown of amber Indian silk, low and rounded at the neck as a child's frock might be, and with soft puffed sleeves at the shoulders, that leaves the white arms bare. Arms destitute of adornment of any sort; without so much as one small bangle, and fingers without a ring. In truth, ornaments would have been superfluous things where those perfect arms, and wrists, and hands were concerned.

Moving lightly forward, with a little swaying movement peculiar to her, and suggestive of the grace of winged creatures, she comes at last to a standstill and poises herself very steadily, but with one small foot in its amber satin shoe, just showing beneath her gown. Her dark, brilliant eyes are radiant, a delicate fleck of color has come into her cheek, her hair curling over her white brow has fallen a little forward. It is cut quite short this pretty hair, and covers her head in rippling waves, that are so deeply auburn as to be almost red, but yet are not, she has been mercifully saved from that!

The whole face is eager, passionate and not without a touch of temper. The chin, a little pointed, is a feature in itself. There is determination in it, and willfulness, but on the whole it suits the mischievous face, and adds a piquancy to its beauty. With the bright eyes, and close cut auburn curls, this pretty, half-frightened child looks more like a boy than a girl as she stands with her violin pressed against her beating heart.

And now the magic of her touch makes itself known; swelling, throbbing through the room, her music rushes, thrilling the appreciative, and rendering even the indifferent dumb. What power! What genius! And as she plays, the first subdued yet felt nervousness vanishes; the girl fades, the artist alone remains. A smile that is almost seraphic, and that is quite unconscious, curves her lovely lips. That she lives in this moment a life beyond all that the mere material world can give is beyond doubt.

The exquisitely modelled hand and arm gleam, against the amber of her gown. Now and again, as if impatient with them, she flings back the auburn curls from her brow; and still she plays, with a verve, a passion, that only those who have the divine spark can know. Wagner is her study to-night, and she interprets him with a wild belief in him that almost makes her copartner in his triumphs.

When the last eager sweetness of the notes had died away, she lets her arms fall to her sides, violin in one hand, bow in the other, and barely acknowledging the thunderous applause that greets her, turns aside, and enters an alcove in an ante-room adjoining that in which she had been distinguishing herself, to find her cousin there awaiting her.

"A triumph, indeed," says Colonel Dalrymple, taking the hand with the bow in it, and leading her to a seat.

She is a little too breathless, too disturbed by her success, to be able to speak just at first, but if her mouth is dumb, her eyes are not; in those great dark, gloomy orbs that now she raises to his, distrust and anger, and distinct unfriendliness are written. Reading all this, Colonel Dalrymple gives her a full-grown glance in return, in which if the unfriendliness and the other things are left out, a good deal of amusement takes their place. He is still holding her hand,

and now, as if in defiance of her expression he presses it warmly—whereupon he instantly loses possession of it.

"Yes, I was charmed," says he, taking no notice of her angry withdrawal of her hand. "With the eyes of every one upon you, you still achieved a success that is hardly to be rivalled in this generation. Even I myself!"

"Pouf!" says she, interrupting him unceremoniously, a little frown darkening all her face. "Do you think I am a fool? Compliments to whom compliments are due. Good enough! But none from you, thank you! Don't I know you?"

"Well, you should," says he, mildly.

"Well, I do. And I know that you regard with contempt the woman who could stand up before her world, however small, and let herself be publicly admired. By herself," hastily, "I mean her talent. Come now, say the truth for once; confess you think me forward, brazen, vain and all the rest of it!"

"You are so evidently anxious that I should confess myself, that I really hardly like to refuse you," says he coldly. "But as you are also desirous of hearing me speak the truth, if only for once in my life, I feel bound to say that you are wrong in your surmise; I have not up to this regarded you as vain, brazen or forward."

"So says your tongue, but your eyes say something else," returns she, with a petulant but charming uplifting of the shoulder near him.

"My eye offends me then—shall I pluck it out?" asks Dalrymple, a slightly mocking expression in the feature in question. "Why should I say one thing and mean another? Be sensible, my little cousin. Am I so afraid of you that I should lie to you?"

"I'm tired," says the "little cousin," tilting up her chin, and looking over his shoulder with an exaggerated air of one desirous of escape: "I should like to go home if grandpapa—Ah! Dicky—you!"

She grows suddenly radiant, and transferring the bow to the small hand that already finds the violin too much for it, gives the free little fingers to the new comer—a middle sized youth of a distinctly ugly, if delightful, countenance.

"Buried alive; genius for once in the shade. I've been commissioned to dig you out," says he, his face all one brilliant grin. "Lady Swansdown said you were here, but that as Dalrymple was your companion, she—" He pauses, struck by a stony glance from the slender maiden before him.

"Please go on," says she, in a terrible voice. "Noel and I are quite longing to hear the end of that remarkable beginning of yours. Why should Lady Swansdown imagine that, because Noel was with me I— Here she pauses, and with hot cheeks turns angrily toward Dalrymple, as if hardly knowing how to go on.

"It is a conundrum! Never guessed one in my life. Give it up," says he promptly, gravely, but with that suppressed amusement in voice and face that always enrages her.

"It is not a conundrum. It is an impertinence," says she steadily. She turns to Dicky—Mr. Sylvester—the brother of her dearest friend, and lays her hand upon his arm.

"I should like some champagne—and grandpapa," says she, mentioning him with a little vivacious pressure toward the moving crowd beyond.

"Grandpapa will be sufficient in himself—he is a perfect tonic," says Dalrymple unmoved, addressing himself to the back of her departing head. She hears him, however, and unable to refuse herself the joy of battle turns once more.

"I require it," says she quickly, "considering I have been with you for five minutes."

"Oh! I say, come on, do. I never saw such a girl as you are to fight," says Mr. Sylvester, giving her a little pull.

"Well, it is only when I am with Noel!" declares she, with a whimsical twist of her charming head, at last permitting herself to be drawn into the outer room.

Dalrymple left alone, smiles again! This time a little bitterly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Big Fire in San Francisco

A despatch from San Francisco says:—At six o'clock Thursday night fire broke out in the San Francisco box factory, at Fifth and Bryant street, and spread quickly through the wood-working factory district. At 9.50 o'clock, when it was under control, the damage was estimated at \$3,000,000. A hundred families are homeless. A young woman named Gilroy, while trying to save clothing was covered with blazing oil and burned to death. There were no other fatalities.

The French and English Soldier.

One French soldier, looking over the parapet, said to his comrade, "Alphonse estez vous pret?" "Oui, mon ami, toujours pret!" "Et bien! allons airez la guerre!" they both jumped up and fled, away through the loopholes at the Russians. * * * An English soldier coming on duty was heard to say to his comrade, "Well, Jim, what's the orders at this post?" "Jim replied, "Why, the orders is you're never to leave it till you're killed, and if you see any other man leaving it, you're to kill him."

A Terrible Weapon.

The newest development of the Maxim gun is a portable weapon weighing only forty-five pounds, the muzzle of which can be turned about by the user of it in any direction, and it will fire 600 bullets a minute, sending them through forty inches of oak. It is estimated that an army of 10,000 men equipped with this death-dealing terror would be equal to an army of 1,000,000 men with the present weapons.