HE COMETH NOT.

The average number of persons annually run over and killed in the streets within the London police area is rather more than one hundred and twenty-seven, the total number for the eleven years ending with 1888 being 1,399. (Report of Commissioner of Police of Metropolis for 1888.)

She was very pale, but most delicately beautiful. She stood leaning back against the gate, dangling her broad-brimmed straw hat by the ribbon, just as he had asked her to stand, that evening when he left her, so that he might see her graceful figure outlined against the wheat as he turned to wave another good-bye from the bend of the road.

She was gazing along it now, and beyond it into a distance that no hedge could bound, her dark grey eyes rounded and wide open, and the little brows above them strained upward as if in surprise to keep the tears from brimming over. Her mouth was set firmly, its pretty curves all drawn into hard straight lines; but the corners of it were quivering with the effort, while every now and again the white apple rose and trembled in her throat as she strove to gulp down the sobs that would not be stifled in spite of all she could do. Her fingers were twitching nervously at the ribbon, smoothing out the little roll they had been making of the end of it, smoothing it out and rolling it up—only to smooth it out and roll it up again.

Behind her waved the wheat in the south-west wind, yellower for the fortnight which had taken all the color from her face, and below and beyond lay the sea calm and untroubled in the summer evening, with Lundy curtained in its violet shadows waiting like a floating cradle for the sun.

But her back was towards it all. What part had she in the evening's peace? So far from bringing her comfort it but made her trouble the greater by contrast and her isolation the more complete; nature's broad quiet smile seemed to imply an indifference to her suffering very like contempt. The breeze lifted a stray tress of her black-brown hair as if to ruffle it in reproach, and laid it down again tenderly, to fan the gnats from off her face before it passed; but she never heeded, nor heard its sigh of pity as it died away along the road.

Waiting, waiting—although she knew the hopelessness of waiting any longer. Had she not heard the old copper bugle proclaim the arrival of the one coach that passed through the little village in the day?—As she had heard it every evening for the last week. But that was an hour ago now.

To-morrow would be Sunday. There was no coach at all on Sundays. Yet she could almost regard that with relief; there would be nothing to expect and no fresh disappointment therefore; it would be something to be free from this weary strain of waiting at least for a day. She would go to the church in the morning and pray, or try to pray. The day, the place, and the temporary relief from the conflict of her hopes and fears all would combine to help her frame her prayer more humbly and devoutly; while here it seemed as if she could never pray for meekness and strength to endure, but only for that dreary "if it be possible" continually. Then the afternoon she would spend here again and think it all over quietly to herself; and—he must surely come on Monday.

He had promised not to be away for more than four days or five at the most; yet nearly a fortnight had passed, and he had never even written. He had business in London, so he said, to see a purchaser for his last pictures, that pretty set of water-color drawings of the Devonshire coast, which she had so much admired—she had sat and watched him at work upon some of them—to see a purchaser, and pay some money into a bank. That was all he had to do, and then he was coming back—so he said. The scene from where she stood had formed the subject of the last. In the foreground stood the gate she was leaning upon, dividing the shadows of the lane from the light that played over the wheat and sparkled from the sea, with the cliffs towards Hartland gradually melting into the soft folds of the summer haze beyond, and the cloudless glory of the summer sky above all. Beautiful enough indeed! It seemed to her, however, that she had never truly realized their beauty until he had pointed out what a wondrous picture of peace and promise they made, nor loved them rightly until she had learnt to love them for his sake.

For she had given him all her heart, from that first meeting a few weeks ago, when, as she was busy one morning picking flowers in the garden that stood between her mother's cottage and the road, she had heard his voice, and looking up had seen him at the gate, hat in hand, with the sunlight turning to flame upon his bare head, and a look upon his face that, in spite of all the dust of his long ride from Bideford, sent her fancy flying back to Galahad of her day-dreams, and held her spell-bound until he had twice repeated his modest request for some milk. She had sped back to the cottage without a word, only to find that there was no milk to be had, and that all she could offer him was a glass of water. But when she returned with the prettiest jug in the kitchen filled to the brim and a timid apology that she had nothing better to give, he had murmured something about its being none the less welcome, with such a giver, and she had dropped her eyes before the glance that rested with a grave wonder upon her beauty, and read her secret before she was even conscious of it herself.

Then, after refreshing himself and thanking her sedately, he had paused to admire the cottage, with its burden of creepers hanging from the porch, and the view that it commanded over the cliffs to the sea, and to express a quiet regret that he had been a stranger to the west country until then. He was an artist, he explained, and had come to Bideford Bay in search of coast scenery, upon some studies of which he was engaged. He had already made one or two—would she think him impertinent if he asked for a native's criticism upon them? Artists were always vain, he said, smiling. Perhaps, too, she could tell him of a few places in the neighborhood especially suitable for his purpose.

After all, it was very natural that she should have come upon him a day or two afterwards sketching from one of the points she had suggested and given him directions how to find; that she should have been pleased at the compliment to her judgment—yes, her judgment—his presence there implied; that she should have stopped to look at some of the drawings in the portfolio, and thought them more beautiful than she had ever seen before.

Her life had been very lonely away here in the west, with no one to care for or to care for her, except a mother rendered peevish and irritable with age and rheumatism and the trouble of a small Irish rent-roll that had dwindled to a mere pittance and ever grew smaller year by year; with nothing to look forward to but the life of a companion or nursery governess when that mother died. They had buried themselves here some years ago, soon after her father's death, to be as near to the west and Ireland as might be, considering their straightened means. Living was cheap, and the climate suited her mother besides. But they were too poor, or perhaps too proud, and the invalid was too ailing to care about making many new friends even in that kindly, open-hearted country. And she had been very lonely.

So that when he came, with his art and his words, his handsome eyes and gentle, considerate interest in herself, he had made an easy conquest, whether he would or no, and she had been too inexperienced and simple-minded to think him capable of abusing the confidence his deference and courteousness had inspired. If he had no real regard for herself, she thought, he would hardly have asked, as he had done more than once, to be allowed to call on her mother, or have seemed so concerned when she failed to take advantage of his request. For she had always put him off. She was afraid of her mother, whose tongue could cut so terribly sharp when anything arose to interfere with the paramount consideration of her own present comfort and future necessities. She was afraid that her mother would look upon such a call and the troublesome possibilities it would suggest as but a fresh proof of the fancied neglect and indifference towards herself that were the causes of such constant complaint; and so had pleaded the invalid's illness and weakness to him in excuse as she thanked him all the same.

There was no reason for troubling her mother so soon, or for taking precautions which the mere fact of his asking had rendered unnecessary. There was no advantage to be gained by immediate confession, and a great deal to be lost. She might very possibly be forbidden to see him again.

She had thought so then, but now she could not rid herself of the idea that, after all, she had but blinded herself to her own blindness, and by acting in a way her conscience had condemned, had forfeited the respect which was all that bound him in honor towards her. Not that she had ever intended to conceal the story of her attachment from her mother altogether, but she had put off the time for confession, hoping that redoubled care and unremitting attention might soften the harshness and querulous ingratitude that were the burdens of her daily life, and perhaps some day soon embolden her to crave some consideration for herself in return. She had quieted her conscience by this means, and steadily set herself to do everything in her power to alleviate the invalid's afflictions. Morning and evening she devoted herself to the double duties of nurse and housekeeper with an energy incapable of rebuff; but in the afternoon, when the invalid had dozed off, and there was nothing that demanded her attention for an hour or two, she would take up her hat and wander out through the fields and along the cliffs, her modesty half condemning her, though love guided her footsteps the while, until she found him sitting painting—where she had found him the day before. And then the feeling of helpless happiness which thrilled her heart to hear his words of greeting would dispel, as if by magic, all recollection of her daily round of thankless self-sacrifice; and no ingratitude, no neglect, no reproach would seem too heavy for her to bear.

Sometimes she would but linger a few minutes to note the advance in his picture, and exchange a few words with him; but oftener she would cast aside the reserve which she felt was after all mere hypocrisy, and would sit down to watch him and listen with parted lips and eyes growing large with wonder, while he spoke of the life of the fields and the sea in language she could only half comprehend, and praised "the fathomless universe" as only an artist can, pausing in his work every now and again to turn and smile at her beauty and admiration, until she could scarcely tell whether to smile too for pleasure and sympathy, or flush with shame for she hardly knew what. Sometimes, too, he would speak of London and the fogs and the smoke, and compare them with the light and glory of the scenes around them, or talk to her of books and men and the doings and discoveries of science, or try to draw forth her ideas about life and religion, or bring out a book for her to read, and explain or comment on the passages that pleased him. And sometimes, though rarely, he would speak of his ambition; and that pleased her best of all. But he never spoke of love, and she loved him the better for his silence as to that. She was lonely, and he knew it, and gave her what pleasure his companionship could bring. What need to break the spell by paying her compliments or making advances which would necessitate her acceptance or rejection, and in any case force her to betray herself openly? He was content to see her happy, and to know that he was the cause. Yet he was not more selfish or more regardless of the future than other men. Definition would come with time; there was no need for hurry.

So a month had passed, the happiest month of her life, the only happy one, now that she came to look back upon it; and she felt that she had gained more from his teaching in that short time than she would ever gather from all the books in the world. But it had suddenly come to an end. He had been called back to town on business, and left her to learn, by the bitter experience that admits of no miscalculation, how much she loved him. Business! How she loathed the word and all that it implied.

She had tried, however, to make light of his leaving her, and hide her grief at losing him even for a few days; and hidden it very badly after all. They had parted here by the gate, the gate which had been the silent witness of so much that had made her life sweet before, and which had grown strangely dear by mournful association with her daily deepening sorrow ever since. For though she listlessly wandered away from it sometimes to revisit the places where they had sat together, her feet always led her back to it at the close of the afternoon to listen for the horn that made her heart beat so fast for half an hour, till disappointment came again and hope departed till the morrow.

But even at parting he had breathed not a word of love, so her lips, too, were sealed. But she could not hide her tell-tale face or keep the hand she gave him from trembling as he held it; and then, suddenly, before she could withdraw it, before her lips could stammer out the little white lie that rose in explanation, he had kissed her, then held her at arm's length for a moment, then kissed her and kissed her again. "Stand just so," he cried, "that I may have the loveliest picture of all to keep before my eyes when I am gone; and wave me good-bye when I reach the corner."

Last Wednesday—yes, it was last Wednesday—it had first come upon her. What if she were to lose him, not for a few days, but forever! She could not even yet wholly realize what that could mean. It was too horrible to be possible; yet even as she tried to thrust the thought of it from her it had grown possible in the thinking. She had prayed that it should not be possible, but to pray was to admit what it was treason against her faith in his honor and goodness even to think of; and even while she doubted whether she ought to pray or not, the possible grew more probable every time the coach came and passed without him, and her prayer the wilder and more desperate every day; and she had admitted it all.

And now, to-morrow, she must add that other prayer, that prayer for strength and patience, the promise of which seemed to bring her no consolation at all. For the promise that whatsoever she asked, believing, she should receive, had not been fulfilled; and though she never doubted that its non-fulfilment could be accounted for by reason of her own unbelief or unworthiness of such like, what certainty had she that the fulfilment of any other might be independent of her own deserving? Besides, she was not certain that she cared to be enabled to suffer and endure. Nay, rather let her sorrow kill her as it had killed Elaine, and a thousand others. Was it wickedness to be true to her love and refuse to pray for this? She knew that it was, and that the conflict between her will and her conscience add He Cometh Not.
threatened to raise a barrier between God and herself. And yet, if God was merciful perhaps he would grant her that patience and humility for which she could not bring herself to pray, even though he would not heed her first pitiful supplication, which she still felt was the only one she could honestly utter: "O God, give him back to me!"

And ever as it rose to her lips came the question as unanswerable as her very prayer seemed to be. What was this one man that she had given him power to torture her so, or this love that she could have sacrificed even the little pleasure her life had given her to gain it? Mysterious, yet agonizingly real. And the profit? The knowledge that she could suffer; how she could suffer! Oh, if he could not come back why did he not write? And if he would not why did he not write likewise? Was he after all a liar, or capable of the common brutality and then the common cowardice she had read of in stories of his kind? And if he was could she ever grow to hate him? Or did he trust her faith too little or too much to tell her what detained him? But even if he did trust her he had not right to put her to such a test or give her cause for doubting him even for a moment; and if he did not, he must know that his silence was many times harder to explain than his excuses to believe. And yet, if he did trust her so much as to think excuse unnecessary, how had she treated his faith in her? Had she proved herself worthy of it, or had she on the very first trial but shown how suspicious, how exacting, how impatient, how weak and cowardly she could be?

He had left her no address; and she had asked for none; she had never imagined there would be any need for that; he was to come back so soon. Yet if he had never intended to come back he would also have left her none, and perhaps have laughed in his sleeve at her simplicity for not asking. Be that as it might, she could be glad now that she had given him that small proof of her confidence; and the remembrance of it and of the love that could be so easily outwitted from its very blindness would sting him till his dying day, unless he was utterly heartless; and that she would never believe.

Yesterday evening she had gone down with the courage of despair to the cottage where he had lodged to ask the woman there if he had left any message or even any of his belongings behind. But she had been met with a sour, suspicious glance and no news whatever; he had taken what few things belonged to him away with him and gone; no, he had said nothing to her about coming back; with an accent on the "her" so significant that the poor girl could have cursed her for its cruelty.

But for that too there was explanation; she remembered him saying that he did not like the woman or the lodgings and meant to try the inn or some other place when he returned. So she had gained nothing but the knowledge that she had openly shown her want of faith, and betrayed her secret to another.

What could she do but wait, come here and wait each miserable afternoon? And it was no use waiting any longer now. She must go back and see after her mother's supper and hide her grief as best she might, lest the invalid should notice it again as she had noticed it once already and petulantly asked for explanation. It was doubly hard to go through with her manifold and ill-appreciated duties now, and she knew that she could not hope to conceal the reason for very much longer. She would be brought to bay, and her mother's unmerciful reproaches would divide her from the one being on earth she had to live for and overwhelm her altogether.

And as she thought on the dreary outlook before her and her own utter loneliness and helplessness, she could keep back the tears no longer. She turned and clasped the bars of the gate and bowed her head upon them, to gasp her misery out in long, deep-drawn, heart-shaking sobs, monotonous in their rise and fall as the ceaseless murmur of the swell gently breaking upon the pebbles below; and through them, like the wail of the gulls out seaward, came the fitful cry of a prayer grown abject by repetition—"O God, give him back to me!"

But if she had known that in her home, concealed amongst the pile of papers which she carefully folded every day and packed away into a corner of the sitting-room, lay the answer to all her doubts and questionings she would have been spared the torment and suspense of the last week, and at least have had the consolation of knowing that her distrust of the man she loved was wholly groundless; even though the certainty of her loss and the sharpness of the shock might have been yet harder perhaps to bear. If she had read the paper which her mother took in regularly, though she could ill afford it, for the poor satisfaction of watching the gradual ruin of others in the same position as herself she might have noticed the following short paragraph which it had contained the Saturday before:—

"Yesterday Dr. —, the coroner for —, held an inquest at the hospital, King's Road, Chelsea, upon the body of Arnold Braithewaite, an artist, who was run over and killed on Wednesday last in George Street, by a van belonging to Messrs. Crauley & Co., of Pimlico, furniture dealers. The evidence went to show that the van was proceeding at a moderate pace along George Street when the deceased suddenly walked out of the jeweller's shop at the corner of the Surrey Road, and essayed to cross over the street. It appeared that he was so intent upon examining a ring which he had just purchased, that he disregarded the driver's warning shouts, and was knocked down before the latter could pull up his horses. Both wheels passed over his body, killing him instantly. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death, and absolved the driver from all blame in the matter."

But she never read the papers. How was she to know?

G. H. L.

A DRESS TRUNK.

Probably the most complete and luxurious dress trunk ever manufactured has just been completed, under the personal supervision of a southern bride, whose honeymoon will be spent in Europe. This trunk is a magnificent piece of mechanism throughout, and, in spite of the unusual elaboration of detail, is very light in weight—a great desideratum, when every pound of baggage carried on continental railways is worth good, honest money. The framework is of aluminum, and the outside covering of alligator skin, the front panel ingeniously arranged to slide back, showing a tier of long drawers, each luxuriously lined with fluted white satin. One of these drawers is destined to hold underlinen, another is for tailor-made and promenade gowns, while a third is guaranteed to carry the most elaborate of ball frocks without a single crush.

Above these drawers are racks containing hat and shoe boxes, and various other contrivances for gloves, ribbons, veils, and other feminine fripperies, while the top rack is arranged to hold a most compact, albeit complete, toilet apparatus of cut-glass, silver and tortoise-shell (which, for convenience, can be lifted out of the trunk and placed on the dressing table), a writing case, work materials and a miniature tea equipage, each of these fitting snugly into its own individual compartment, and so firmly fixed that even the most fiendish of railway porters will be powerless to effect any damage.

Hidden away behind the drawers, where a train or hotel robber would have much difficulty in locating it, is a jewel drawer, lined with royal blue velvet, and a tiny silver money safe, with a set of fairy account books, bound in blue morocco, while the lid of this veritable American ark (which after all is not so large as many of the mammoth trunks we meet when travelling), holds a large detachable mirror, and sundry straps for railway rugs, umbrellas, waterproofs, and other impedimenta. The prospective bride says her trunk will contain everything she will require during a year of travel; and her feminine friends, who appreciate the useful nature of all the contrivances, and the easy "getatableness" of everything in the trunk, are envying the fair possessor of wealth, which can so quickly convert an ingenious idea into practical reality.

A TEN YEAR INCREASE.

Twenty-five women architects against one.

Eleven thousand women writers against 159.

Two hundred and forty lawyers against five.

Three hundred and thirty-seven women dentists, against 24.

Eight hundred and eighty-five women journalists against 35.

Three thousand nine hundred and forty-nine actresses against 692.

Sixty-four thousand and forty-eight secretaries and clerks, against 8,016.

One thousand two hundred and thirty-five women preachers, against 67.

In 1890 there were in the United States 4,455 women doctors against 527 in 1870.

One hundred and eighty women land surveyors and engineers, against none at all in 1870.

Twenty-seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven women bookkeepers against none in 1870.

AN UNAPPRECIATED HINT.

How did you come to leave the stage? said his friend to Roscius Hamphatt.

I had a hint that I was not suited for it.

Did the little birds tell you?

They might have been birds if they were allowed to hatch, he answered, with a sigh.

DANGERS TO NAVIGATION.

A GREAT MANY ICEBERGS NOW IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

A Close Watch Has to Be Kept on All Vessels—Thousands of Icebergs Reported Vessels—One a Mile Long Encountered.

Many of the transatlantic steamships are now crossing Newfoundland waters with five instead of one lookout man, on account of the unprecedented number of dangers to navigation. They have watchers on the starboard and port bows, on the starboard and port ends of the bridge, and in the "crow's nest," at the foremast.

Three years ago the White Star steamer Naronic left Liverpool bound for New York. She is supposed to have collided with an iceberg and sunk in midocean with all on board. The other day a bottle was received at the London offices of the White Star line containing a brief message to the effect that the boat had struck an iceberg and was rapidly sinking.

During July the fog area of the Atlantic Ocean becomes dense and permanent and reaches from the coast 1,500 miles out to sea, and is 300 miles in width. Scattered through this impenetrable vapor are hundreds of icebergs, decidedly more numerous than at any time for years. Enveloped in the fog are also hundreds of New England and Canadian fishing vessels, in seven fleets, which begin the season's operations in July.

The routes of the passenger liners are straight through or along the edge of this danger-studded stretch of sea.

2,524 ICEBERGS REPORTED.

Official figures gathered show that 2,524 icebergs were seen of Newfoundland during May and June, drifting southward. Of course many of the bergs were reported more than once, as four and five steamers bound for America pass the big island daily.

In addition to this enormous number there were fifty-nine reports of vessels passing "several," "a group," "many" or "hundreds" of bergs without specifying numbers.

Before the July fog bank came down and the fishing fleet set out, the Norwegian bark Valborg struck an iceberg and was abandoned 150 miles from Newfoundland. The steamer Turret Crown had three bow plates stove in while caught in the ice, and the American bark Alice M. Claridge, from London, struck an iceberg, stove a hole in her bow and went down.

The British schooner Emrys struck a berg in the night and carried away bowsprit, cutwater, part of keel, bulwarks and rigging. She reached port in a sinking condition. The British steamer Alaska was caught in the ice at sea off St. John's and was carried 120 miles north out of her course to St. Michaels, Labrador.

A change of wind carried her to Crois Island, where she escaped from the ice, and put into St. John's with plates and frames broken.

ICEBERGS EVERYWHERE.

Not a steamer passed out Belle Isle strait, the narrow waters on the north of Newfoundland, between Nov. 20 and June 24. A lighthouse keeper in the strait reported, during March 300 bergs in sight, forty-nine of which were aground. During April he saw 500 bergs, 60 of which went aground. In May 30 to 50 bergs were in sight every clear day. The first steamer which passed out of the strait in June went past 300 bergs.

On the Atlantic side of Newfoundland the whole coast was blocked for days and steamships lay off and on the harbor of St. John's waiting two and three days to get in, and not a few had to give it up and go to Halifax, further down the coast. During May over 100 icebergs were daily in sight from Ferryland Head-light Station. The same number was visible from Cape Race. Twenty-five were seen daily from Denier, Cabot and Puffin Islands, which were surrounded.

The coast was dotted with bergs close inshore to the number of several hundred, and many were aground. The steamer Turret Cape was a week getting through the ice off the coast, and the steamer Durango, towing the disabled Coquet, gave it up after three days' effort and put into Halifax. On sight of land the steamer Bengroe Head passed a twenty-five-mile field of pack ice; the Marian, after passing eighty bergs, was caught in pack ice, which reached as far as the eye could see, a like blockade forced the steamer Guy Colin into port for shelter; the steamers Assyrian and Scotchman passed fields twenty miles long and five miles wide, packed solidly together; the steamer Nutfield was close to a fifty-mile field of ice, studded with large bergs, and the steamer Pomeranian got amidst a group of bergs during a fog at midnight.

The berg the furthest east from Newfoundland was 227 miles out at sea. Bergs were seen as far south as the parallel of New York by the steamers Trave, La Bretagne and Augusta Victoria, not to mention a half dozen others which do not carry passengers. All these frozen monsters travel south, and averaged 200 by 200 feet in size.

ONE BERG A MILE LONG.

The largest berg seen was a mile in length, as measured by a sextant, and 400 feet high. The largest number of bergs seen by one vessel numbered 301, passed by the steamer Assyrian. A half dozen steamers passed one hundred to two hundred bergs.

Two of the white monsters were seen to capsize, caused by the swash from passing vessels. One berg resembled a cathedral with two spires, and another looked like a half-sunken ship, having a sharp bow, rounded stern and sunken amidship section. One measuring 100 by 100 feet was as square as a loaf of sugar, and another had a tunnel through it.

While crossing the ice area the officers of the steamer Maryland saw a four-masted steamship inverted in a mirage above a similar vessel steaming along the horizon. The skipper of another vessel saw a mirage in which five icebergs and a village appeared in the sky.