A LEGAL SECRET.

CHAPTER IV.

One sunny afternoon, some days after the meeting between Rosa and Mr. Pilkington in the octagonal room, the two were seated side by side in the lawyer's carriage, and driving rapidly across the broad heath which led towards the gates of the senior partner's villa. Never had Rosa, pretty as she was, looked so pretty as she did to-day. She was leaning out at the open window in dreamy wonder. The expanse of blue sky over the great common was interspersed with fleecy clouds: their soft shadows floated over the heath, giving a changeful expression to the scene. Birds fled by with a flash from their swift wings; and frequently a lark would flutter upwards, and with its sprightly song bring tears of delight to the young girl's uplifted eyes. She longed to spring from the carriage, and run among the bushes of yellow gorse, and chase the white butterflies and gather wild flowers, as she had often done in childhood: for she felt as though she were again a child.

"Ah! there is my old home!" Rosa exclaimed, as she suddenly caught sight of the solemn sphinxes. "Are not those the gates?"—

"My dear,"—and Mr. Pilkington's voice seemed to remind her that she was no longer so very young—" you have not forgotten, I hope, what I told you?"

Rosa bent her head and pouted her pretty lips. "I am to ask no questions?" said she in a slight tone of rebellion.

"Precisely. We are to ask no questions;" and the old lawyer patted the young girl's hand approvingly. "There must be no manifestations of surprise. It is time that we began at our age to suppress our feelings. Are we not agreed on that point?"

Rosa gave him several rapid nods.

"We are apt to be impulsive, my dear, and consequently we must keep a guard upon ourselves. In good society—that is to say, among well-bred people—there never should be any undue display of sentiment. The impulse must be checked, for the great aim among cultivated people is to hide every sign of emotion."

The girl sank back in her seat. She could not utter a word, for there was a great lump in her throat that almost choked her. The situation was overpowering; with every turn of the carriage-wheels she realized more distinctly that her dream—the dream of her early girlhood—was coming true. Hide every sign of emotion? She felt crushed and broken in spirit, as if a heavy weight had been laid on her heart. This beautiful heath had been her playground; and beyond—where the great gates stood invitingly open—the rest of her dream lay, as it were, buried behind the green and massive foliage of shrubs and gigantic trees. The twelve years that had intervened, with all the wretched poverty and discontent that had arisen out of it—even Abel Norris, for whom she had so genuine an affection—had for the moment gone out of her life. Suddenly she looked up. They were driving in at the gateway. Through her tears she caught a glimpse of the grave sphinxes; and they seemed to be silently reiterating Mr. Pilkington's words: "It is time we began to suppress our feelings. Are we not agreed on that point?"

As they drove up the avenue, with its patches of sunlight shimmering through openings among the leaves—an avenue that seemed almost endless—Mr. Pilkington continued: "It is difficult"—and Rosa thought she recognized a touch of emotion in his voice—"I am ready to concede that—very difficult to suppress one's feelings—sometimes almost impossible. But you are a sensible girl. Had I not been convinced of that, my dear, should I not have acted differently?—You will not object," Mr. Pilkington added with a slight smile, "to remain in your own rooms until to-morrow? Remember! I do not insist; but I think, taking everything into consideration, that it would be advisable. Are we agreed on that point also?"

"It is what I would have asked: I long to be alone," said Rosa. "All that has happened—all that I now see around me—brings back to my memory that dear face——"

"Rosa! At our age? Remember!"

The girl was silent, but she clasped her hands tightly together and bit her lips to suppress a flood of tears.

"You will be pleased, I think, with your rooms," said the lawyer cheerfully after a moment's pause. "They look out upon a choice bit of scenery; and should you be disposed to take a stroll in the grounds, my dear, pray do not hesitate. My suggestion merely referred to the house. I would not wander about the house; we have a good many guests this evening. That is all I meant. And at dinner-time—as we have this company—you shall be served in your own little sitting room. Company is fatiguing—until one has learned to suppress one's feelings. Ah, well! all in good time.

The carriage now drew up at the entrance to the villa. A flight of broad steps led to the front door, with vases full of growing flowers, and marble pillars on each side, like a temple. A large conservatory stood on one side, and the doors being wide open, Rosa caught a glimpse of the most beautiful exotic plants. A cry of delight rose to her lips. But a glance from Mr. Pilkington, who seemed to be repeating, "My dear! At our age? Remember!" quickly recalled her.

But Rosa at last found herself alone in her own rooms, with no Mr. Pilkington to restrain her expressions of joy or sadness. They were prettier rooms than she had ever seen: a sitting-room with a bedroom adjoining. And her rapture increased when she found them tastefully decorated with flowers—doubtless gathered from that wonderful conservatory. Both rooms looked upon the park; and the girl stood for some minutes gazing out, lost in dreamy admiration at the scene. The windows gave upon a terrace with steps leading down into a garden, where all the brilliant colors of the rainbow seemed to be repeated in flower-beds of every size and shape. There was a paddock beyond, enclosed with iron railings; and beyond this paddock there were wooded valleys and hills that appeared all the more reposeful from the rapid change of sunlight and shadow that passed over them.

Rosa unclasped the window and stepped out upon the terrace. The summer breeze touched her cheeks; the color crept into them like a blush; and her lips, half parted, drank in the balmy air. There was a wildness in the flash of her dark eyes. Was not this her old home? She flung her hair back from her forehead, as she had often done in her dismal home in Took's Court when giving way to her natural emotion; and she stood glancing about her like a captive fawn that has not yet had time to realize that it has gained its freedom.

But presently she fled down the steps and across the flower-garden, and entered a pathway beside the paddock leading into a wood. On she ran into the deep shade. Snatches of half-remembered songs escaped her and found an echo overhead in the songs of birds. The lawyer's admonition was forgotten. Her one thought was to review the scenes of her early days; to refresh the fading recollection of this old home, which was no longer thought of as in a dream. She came at last upon a bench at the end of a long pathway. It was a very rustic seat, but a shadier spot could scarcely have been found. On the back of this bench, cut in the woodwork, Rosa discovered these initials: R.G.—S.T.; and underneath was inscribed the date. The carving had been executed thirteen years ago; and she remembered the boy who had done it. Had not this place been the favourite haunt of Rosamond Gage and Sidney Trench in bygone days? There was no need of this rough record to remind her of that. Few moments in her young life were more crowded with pleasant memories than those which had been passed in this silvan spot. In a book of goblin tales which Abel Norris had given her, it had been here that she had pictured the moonlight gambolings of airy sprites. And while she now sat drowsily pondering these things, with her eyes closed in a light sleep, the wood became once more a scene in fairyland. Laughing imps looked at her in crowds from behind the trunks of trees and among the leaves and branches overhead; and some of them, growing bolder, danced into thw pathway, and poised themselves on the bench behind her, and peeped over her shoulder, as if playfully welcoming her to this goblin home.

But where was the Prince, her devoted lover, who lived in this fairy wood? She listened. Was not that his footstep? Rosa started and opened her eyes. Had she been dreaming? The goblins had vanished; but the footstep was still in her ear. She glanced towards a patch of blue sky in the opening at the end of the path. It was like a mirror framed in green leaves and arching branches; for presently a figure was standing reflected there; and Rosa at once recognized the figure as Sidney's. She ran to meet him as she would have done in childhood; no sense of restraint entered into her thoughts. It had been different when they met in New Square; for it was all visionary then—a dream that she believed could never come true. Was not all this reality?

"Ah, Rosa, I thought I should find you here."

Rosa made no immediate reply. She walked at his side through the shady pathways, as if scarcely yet fully awakened. Her head was bent; but she knew that he was glancing down at her with deeper curiosity than when they had met in Lincoln's Inn. And the tone of his voice seemed changed: he was more like the old Sidney that she had known in bygone days, when they ran here together with the light and thoughtless step of childhood. She looked up at last.

"Do cultivated people," said she—"people who are taught to suppress their real sentiments—over come here?"

Sidney laughed. "The very place," he answered "that they would be the most likely to choose. I come here—frequently."

"Not to dream, do you?"

"To indulge the wildest dreams!" was the reply.

Rosa's face became thoughtful. Did he ever dream of her? Did he ever recall, as she recalled them now, their sunny hours here together? How she longed to take his hand, as she had often done, and speak of those moments which could no more have escaped his memory than hers.

"Did you think me such a prosy lawyer?" he continued. "Did you think that I never had one romance—an uncompleted one—in my life?"

"Yes," she replied with candour; "I thought you very matter-of-fact."

Sidney hastened to ask: "Why so?"

"Only because," she answered unhesitatingly, "Mr. Pilkington, is—or was—your guardian. He must have taught you, for years past, never to give way to sentiment, to suppress all emotion. He has not, or professes not to have, any feeling at all. At least," added the girl, "so I judge from what I have seen of him so far."

"Perhaps," said Sidney, "Mr. Pilkington has acted towards you so far as a man of business. We are very matter-of-fact in Lincoln's Inn during office hours."

"But he was the same," said the girl, "when crossing the heath. He has such a horror of tears."

"There may be a motive. Are you not our client?"

Rosa suppressed a sigh. "Ah, yes; I had forgotten."

They now reached the edge of the wood. She caught sight of her windows across the lawn. "Good-night," said Rosa, holding out her hand; "I shall not see you again to-day."

Sidney glanced inquiringly into her face.

"There is company this evening," said Rosa;, "so Mr. Pilkington tells me; "I have agreed not to appear. He is right, I suppose," she added peevishly. "One must learn to hide one's feelings. Is it very difficult—I mean in society?"

"No. The difficulty is—— But I'll tell you another time. Good-night."

Sidney stood watching the girl as she ran across the lawn. She waved her hand to him from the terrace, and then went in quickly, as if conscious of having done wrong. Would she ever subdue her impulse?

Since their tacit recognition of each other in Took's Court, on the first day of Sidney's visit, he had thought constantly of Rosa. Had not the little sweetheart of his boyhood grown up into a lovable woman, with all the old petulance and amiability that had characterised her as a child? He had found it no easy matter to remain silent on the subject of those early days, even when they met in Lincoln's Inn. How far greater the difficulty to-day, when they had met in the old wood, which had brought back to both of them a vivid recollection of the early affection for each other? Perhaps Mr. Pilkington's influence had something to do with the young lawyer's reticence as well as with Rosa's. Mr. Pilkington had been closeted a good deal of late with his junior partner; and Sidney had begun to show signs of greater earnestness and discretion. Could the time be far distant now when all the weight of responsibility, which Mr. Pilkington had been so silently accumulating, would fall upon his (Sidney's) shoulders? It was quite evident that some degree of caution—possibly bearing upon some legal secret—had been imposed upon him.

The dinner-party to-night at Mr. Pilkington's villa, given to distinguished clients, is quite superb in its way; though the noiseless manner in which the servants move backwards and forwards behind the chairs, and the mysterious style in which the butler removes the covers—as if there might be legal secrets under them—may express more than is intended. Not that any one exhibits the slightest sign that an anxious thought has a place in his mind. Every face is animated, Mrs. Pilkington's most of all. Even Mr. Pilkington indulges in pleasantries in his subdued way. He never awakens any recollection—never by look or word—of the oblong room with barred windows: his conversation is never suggestive of an octagonal room adjoining, where every one present has waited his turn more than once. There never was a better bred set of people—people who had accomplished the art of concealing emotion, to the complete satisfaction of Mr. Pilkington, and society at large.

It is only when all the guests are gone and the old lawyer has retired to the library, that Sidney notices a change in Mrs. Pilkington. He is watching her, unobserved, from the conservatory. His face has an altered look too. Presently—not without an expression of purpose in the action—he steps into the drawing-room. The glance with which Mrs. Pilkington greets him is full of affection; for Sidney has been like a son to her ever since she became Mr. Pilkington's wife. "Sidney," she says, indicating a place beside her, "I have been wishing to speak to you the whole evening."

He sits down and takes the hand that she holds out tenderly towards him. "I have read the wish in your face," he replies. "It is not about Mr. Pilkington?"

"Yes; for my dear husband tells me," says she, "that you are going to take his place; that he has decided to retire. It is a grave responsibility."

"More so," Sidney answers, "than I imagined. There are many secrets."

"Do they trouble you?"

"One of them does; it requires such delicate handling."

"Mr. Pilkington will advise you."

"He cannot, in this case. Among other secrets, distressful enough in their way, he has told me his own—the one that he hid from you."

Mrs. Pilkington glances at Sidney with surprise. "Has he told you that?" Her voice is scarcely audible. "Is it that which troubles you?"

Sidney's look confirms it.

There's a moment's pause. "It is the one, then—the secret contained in some correspondence in a packet of letters?"

"Yes; that is the one," is Sidney's reply.

"Those letters are destroyed," she answers hurriedly. "I burnt them, Sidney, in my dear husband's presence. Did he not tell you that?"

"Yes; and your goodness of heart—your boundless confidence in him was almost more than he could bear! If you had only suspected of whom those letters spoke—what secrets they contained—you would never have thrown them into the fire."

(To be continued.)

A JAPANESE VIEW OF ENGLAND.

What a Newspaper of That Country Says About England's Greatness.

The Yorodzu Choho, a Japanese journal published in Tokio, devotes a portion of its columns to discussions in English; this part of the paper has an article entitled "England's Greatness," which is as follows: "Thy greatness, O England, is not thy own making. Thou hast not stored for thyself coals in Lancashire and iron in Yorkshire. Thy commodious harbors of Liverpool, Bristol, Southampton, etc., were not digged by thee. The warm wind that comes from the west and the fruitful rains which it brings are brought to thy shores by a power that is not thine own. Thou wast placed in the centre of the land hemisphere, and the whole world turns toward thee. Thou art the world's mart and thy wealth is the world's. Then thy laws, literature and religion—they, too, are not all thy thinking. What were thy Hobbes, Austin and Blackstone, had there not been Caesar and Justinian for thee? What were thy Milton and Shakespeare, had there not been Aeschylus, Horace, and Virgil, who unwittingly wrought for thee? What were thy Wyclif, Knox, and Wesley, had there not been Isaiah, Daniel and Paul, who preached for thee? Rome, Greece, Judea, Phoenicia, all contributed their parts to make thee great. Thou art the product of ages of human labor, from Abraham and Homer downward. The world demands from thee a service which is thy due. Thy fleet ought to be employed not merely to protect thy interest, but to right the world's wrong. Thy pluck and skill ought to be freely given to help the helpless, to rescue the perishing."

QUEER CRAFT AND TRADE.

DUTCH EEL BOATS STAND AT BILLINGSGATE WHARF.

How Londoners Buy the Succulent, Wriggling Passengers—Rank Water Always Proves Fatal to Healthy Eels.

Those who have crossed London Bridge, or have journeyed by river between that point and the Tower Bridge, may have noticed, moored in the neighborhood of the Custom House wharf, a number of quaint Dutch craft.

These are the Dutch eel boats, whose duty it is to keep London supplied all th eyear round with fresh eels. With their bulging polished oak sides and decks heavy laden with quaint gear, they form, even on the dreariest days, a pleasing patch of warm color amid their sombre surroundings. It is a noticeable fact that these quaint vessels never remain unrepresented at their moorings, and that never less than three of them are anchored at their pier. This is explained by the fact that by a concession granted by Queen Elizabeth to the Dutch, their eel schuyts pay no tollage of any kind to the Port of London, free anchorage having been granted to three Dutch eel boats, the only condition attached to the privilege being that there must always be three vessels at anchor in front of Billingsgate Wharf. So that if their number fell to two the privilege would be lost. They also enjoy the privilege of free market, customers proceeding on board to purchase direct from the captains the succulent captives that are imprisoned in the tanks arranged in the hold. A waterman's skiff takes us to the lonely vessels.

As we climb the low bulwark of the schuyt Stad Vrokenn we are received by its captain, Auke Bylsma, who, with his crew of a man and a youth, has finished his business for the day, and is now taking the air and his ease on the broad deck of his bluff-bowed craft. The Stad Vrokenn is not often honored by visitors of any sort at this time of day, so we are received with open arms, and the functions of the strange tackle by which we are surrounded are at once explained to us. The long vase-shaped wicker baskets, with close-fitting lids, that are arranged along the bulwarks are, we are told, destined for the reception of the largest sized eels, which range from 3 lbs. to 4 lbs. in weight, while the boxes and scoop nets that are stacked on the forecastle and laid along the massive boom are used in the transhipment of the slippery passengers. Overside, half-submerged in the rushing tide, is towing

A COFFIN-SHAPED BARGE

which contains eels ready for the inspection of customers. In the center of the boat stand the scales, tall and heavy, with on one side the conical net bag for the eels, and on the other side the weights and pieces of stone that make up for the water that clings to the fish.

Throwing back the hatch, the skipper reveals the shallow hold into which—doubling our bodies to accommodate our persons to its four-foot pitch—we follow him on a tour of inspection of his eel tanks. These are arranged along the centre of the vessel, and are supplied with fresh water through the bottom of the schuyt, the copper sheathing of which is perforated with many holes. When at sea the mouths of these tanks are covered over with plank lids and battened down. Otherwise, as "Schipper" Bylsma informs us, "der schuyt will queekly descends to der bottoms of der sea." Down in the hold we are joined by "Schipper" Peter Hak, of the schuyt Twee Broeders, Two Brothers, which is moored alongside, who assists in enlightening us as to the methods of catching and transporting live eels. They are stocked in the neighborhood of Amsterdam, we are told, and are brought over by the schuyts all the year round, notwithstanding that during the winter months no eels are caught, since they retire into winter quarters in the mud at the bottom of the dykes. In the summer months the eels are taken out of the tanks at the anchorage in the mouth of the Thames at Oldhaven, where they are put into boxes and brought on by steamer to London, since no self-respecting eel possesses a constitution capable of withstanding the insidious influences of the Thames water that flows through the tanks at that period of the year. The schuyt then follows its cargo up the river, to take its turn at the anchorage off Billingsgate, in accordance with the stringent terms dictated by Good Queen Bess of glorious memory.

In 1828 the masters of the Dutch eel ships stated before a Parliamentary committee that, a few years before that date, they could bring their live eels in "wells" as far as Gallion's Reach, below Woolwich, but that year they were obliged to stop at Erith, and they had sustained

SERIOUS LOSSES

from the poisonous nature of the water which killed the fish. Mr. Butcher, an agent for Dutch fishermen, stated before the above mentioned committee that, in 1827, eight Dutch eel vessels arrived with full cargoes of healthy eels, about 14,000 lbs. each, and the average loss was 4,000 lbs. Twelve years previously, when the Thames was purer, the loss was only 30 lbs. of eels a night; and the witness deposed that an hour after high water he had had 3,000 lbs. of eels die in an hour.

"Der vater was good now," says "Schipper" Bylsma, plunging his hand into the tank, "der vater was good enof to trink now." Nevertheless he informs us that out of a cargo of 20,000 lbs. of eels he has lost on this voyage 2,000 lbs. These victims for the most part have been eels caught in the fresh water high up the dyke, and therefore unable to withstand the stronger water of the sea. Another item of loss is made up by the rolling and pitching of these keelless vessels, which bruise the captives against the wicker sides of the baskets in which they are confined. In summer it is usual to sell a full cargo of 20,000 lbs. of eels in a week, prices ranging from 6d. to 9d. a pound. In the winter months the prices are higher, averaging about 1s. a pound, and it takes a fortnight to sell out.

Notwithstanding their clumsy appearance, the Dutch eel schuyts are safe and fast sea boats. Out of a fleet of fifteen that are engaged in this trade, one only has been lost, and that was long ago, having taken place in a great gale that raged over the North Sea, at Christmastime, 1862.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Items About Some of the Great Folks of the World.

Gen. Cadorna, who commanded the Italian troops when they took possession of Rome, in 1870, died recently at the age of 82 years.

Dr. Jamieson, according to the Cape Town "Times," will return to South Africa to carry the Rhodes transcontinental wire to Lake Tanganyika.

The Duchess of York was married July 6, 1893. June 23, 1894; December 14, 1895, and April 25, 1897, are the dates of the births of her three children.

A movement is on foot to erect a monument to Henri Vieuxtemps, the famous Belgium violinist. The monument will be erected at Verviers, the birthplace of the musician.

When the Duke of Connaught's term as commander at Aldershot expires he will be made Quartermaster-General. His next step toward the Command-in-Chief will probably be the Adjutant-Generalship.

The retiring United States Ambassador, Thomas F. Bayard, takes back with him to the United States an enormous lot of English goods. His personal baggage consists of 208 pieces, with many more to follow as freight. He also has four dogs.

The German Emperor invariably carries with him wherever he goes a small revolver. His Majesty is a skillful shot and the chasseur who accompanies him everywhere has received orders to inspect this weapon every morning to assure the fact of its being in working order.

One of the most costly crowns in the world is that of the King of Portugal. The jewels which ornament it are valued at $8,500,000. Queen Victoria's crown is valued at $1,800,000. In his state clothes including the crown, the Sultan of Johore wears diamonds worth $12,000,000.

Fraulein Anna Siegmund, a grandniece of the great composer, Shubert, who is a student in the dramatic department of the Vienna Conservatory, recently appeared in that city as "Francisca" in Minna von Barnhelm, and "Viola" in As You Like It. It was her first public performance.

While Queen Victoria has been ruling Great Britain, Hannah Brewer, of Bitton, in Gloucestershire, has been delivering the village mail, tramping eleven miles a day for sixty years. She has just retired on a pension at the age of 72 years with a record of a quarter of a million miles trudged on foot. Her father was postmaster of the place for fifty-seven years.

Henry M. Stanley and his wife recently paid a visit to Buda-Pesth, where the explorer went to see Prof. Vambery, the famous orientalist. On their return northward they visited Brussels where Stanley was to have a conference with King Leopold, over the affairs of the Congo State.

Col. Vassos, the Greek commander in Crete, is said to be of Montenegrin origin. His grandfather offered his sword to Greece in the days of the war of independence and became one of the chief lieutenants of Karaiskaki, the great Greek leader. He then earned the surname of "the Tenacious." The recent events have proved that the old man's leading qualities have been fully inherited by his grandson.

The Princess Frederick Charles is exceedingly wealthy, and as such very independent of young Emperor William, whom she persists in treating as a mere boy, much to his disgust. She rarely comes to Berlin, and then when it suits her convenience, giving no heed to his endeavors to control the entire royal family as its chief. She spends most of her time in Italy, and is generally believed to have become quietly converted to Catholicism.

Next to Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania, Queen Olga of Greece is considered one of the most unconventional of reigning Queens. She walks about alone a great deal, and has climbed to the top of Mount Lycabettos without a companion. One of her most intimate friends is Mme. Bakmaetiff, wife of the first secretary of the Russian Legation, formerly Miss Beale, of Washington. For several years after Queen Olga's coronation she frequently appeared in Greek costume, and it is said that she has lately been considering the possibility of making the ancient Greek dress the court costume.

RING MADE OF DIAMONDS.

A ring recently exhibited at Antwerp was the admiration of diamond cutters and merchants, because it was the first successful attempt to cut a ring out of a single stone. There are a great many difficulties in this method of cutting diamonds, as the stones have a certain cleavage, and particular veins, all of which have to be carefully studied in order to prevent splitting just as success seems within reach. After several unsuccessful attempts and three years' labor the feat has been accomplished by the patience and skill of M. Antoine, one of the best-known lapidaries of Antwerp. The ring is about six-eighths of an inch in diameter. In the Marlborough Cabinet there is a ring cut out of one entire and perfect sapphire.