DAWN.

CHAPTER VI.

It was some time before Philip could make up his mind whether or no he would attend his tryst with Hilda. In the first place, he felt that it was an unsafe proceeding generally, inasmuch as moonlight meetings with so lovely a person might, should they come to the knowledge of Miss Lee, be open to misconstruction; and particularly because, should she show the least tenderness toward him, he knew in his heart that he could not trust himself, however much he might be engaged in another direction. At twenty-one the affections cannot be outraged with impunity, but have an awkward way of asserting themselves, ties of honor notwithstanding.

But as a rule, when in our hearts we wish to do anything, that thing must be bad indeed if we cannot find a satisfactory excuse for doing it; and so it was with Philip. Now, thought he to himself, would be his opportunity to inform Hilda of his relations with Maria Lee, and to put an end to his flirtation with her; for ostensibly at any rate, it was nothing more than a very serious flirtation—that is to say, though there had been words of love, and even on her part a passionate avowal of affection, wrung in an unguarded moment from the depths of her proud heart, there had been no formal engagement. It was a thing that must be done, and now was the time to do it. And so he made up his mind to go.

But when, that night, he found himself sitting in the appointed place, and waiting for the coming of the woman he was about to discard, but whom he loved with all the intensity of his fierce nature, he began to view the matter in other lights, and to feel his resolution oozing from him. Whether it was the silence of the place that told upon his nerves, strained as they were with expectation—for silence, and more especially silence by night, is a great unveiler of realities—or the dread of bitter words, or the prescience of the sharp pang of parting—for he knew enough of Hilda to know that, what he had to say once said, she would trouble him no more—whether it was these things, or whatever it was that affected him, he grew most unaccountably anxious and depressed. Moreover, in this congenial condition of the atmosphere of his mind, all its darker and hidden characteristics sprung into a vigorous growth. Superstitions and presentiments crowded in upon him. He peopled his surroundings with the shades of intangible deeds that yet awaited doing, and grew afraid of his own thoughts. He would have fled from the spot, but he could not fly; he could only watch the flicker of the moonlight upon the peaceful pool beside him, and—wait.

At last she came with quick and anxious steps, and, though but a few minutes before he had dreaded her coming, he now welcomed it eagerly. For our feelings, of whatever sort, when directed toward each other, are so superficial as compared with the intensity of our fears when we are terrified by calamity, or the presence, real or fancied, of the unknown, that in any moment of emergency, more especially if it be of a mental kind, we are apt to welcome our worst enemy as a drowning man welcomes a spar.

"At last" he said, with a sigh of relief. "How late you are!"

"I could not get away. There were some people to dinner;" and then, in softened voice, "How pale you look! Are you ill?"

"No, only a little tired."

After this there was silence, and the pair stood facing one another, each occupied with their own thoughts, and each dreading to put them into words. Once Philip made a beginning of speech but his voice failed him; the beating of his heart seemed to choke his utterance.

At length she leaned, as though for support, against the trunk of a pine tree, in the bough of which the night-breeze was whispering, and spoke in a cold clear voice.

"You asked me to meet you here to-night. Have you anything to say to me? No, do not speak; perhaps I had better speak first. I have something to say to you, and what I have to say may influence whatever is in your mind. Listen; you remember what passed between us nearly a month ago, when I was so weak as to let you see how much I loved you?"

Philip bowed his head in assent.

"Very good. I have come here to-night, not to give you any lover's meeting, but to tell you that no such words must be spoken again, and that I am about to make it impossible that they should be spoken either by you or by me, I am going away from here, never, I hope, to return."

"Going away!" he gasped. "When?"

Here was the very thing he hoped for coming to pass, and yet the words that should have been so full of comfort fell upon him cold as ice, and struck him into misery.

"When! why, to-morrow morning. A relation of mine is ill in Germany, the only one I have. I never saw him and care nothing for him, but it will give me a pretext, and, once gone, I shall not return. I have told Maria that I must go. She cried about it, poor girl!"

At these words, all recollection of his purpose passed out of Philip's mind; all he realized was that unless he could alter her determination, he was about to lose the woman he so passionately adored, and whose haughty pride was to him in itself more charming than all poor Maria's gentle love.

"Hilda, do not go," he said, seizing her hand, which she immediately withdrew; "do not leave me. You know how I love you!"

"And why should I not leave you, even supposing it to be true that you do love me? To my cost I love you, and am I any longer to endure the daily humiliation of seeing myself, the poor German companion, who has nothing but her beauty, put aside in favor of another whom I also love? You say you love me, and bid me stay, now, tell me what is your purpose toward me? Do you intend to try to take advantage of my infatuation to make me your mistress? It is, I am told, a common thing for such proposals to be made to women in my position, whom it would be folly for wealthy gentlemen to marry. If so, abandon that idea, for I tell you, Philip, that I would rather die than so disgrace my ancient name to gratify myself. I know you money-loving English do not think very much of race unless the bearers of the name are rich; but we do; and, although you would think it a mesalliance to marry me, I, on the other hand, should not be proud of an alliance with you. Why, Philip, my ancesters, were princes of royal blood when yours still herded the swine in these woods. I can show more than paid a visit to a club to which he had will not be the first to put a bar sinister thirty quarterings upon my shield, each the mark of a noble house, and I ter across them. Now, I have spoken plainly, indelicately perhaps, and there is only one more word to be said between us, and that word is good-bye," and she held out her hand.

He did not seem to see it; indeed, he had scarcely heard the latter part of what she said. Presently he lifted his face, and it bore traces of a dreadful inward struggle. It was deadly pale, and great black rings had painted themselves beneath the troubled eyes.

"Hilda," he said, hoarsly, "dont go; I cannot bear to let you go. I will marry you."

"Think of what you are saying, Philip, and do not be rash. I do not wish to entrap you into marriage. You love money. Remember that Maria, with all her possessions, asks nothing better than to become your wife, and that I have absolutely nothing but my name and my good looks. Look at me," and she stepped out into a patch of moonlight that found its way between the trees, and, drawing the filmy shawl she wore from her head and bare neck and bosom, stood before him in all the brightness of her beauty, shaded as it was, and made more lovely by the shadows of the night.

"Examine me very carefully," she went on, with bitter sarcasm, "look into my features and study my form and carriage, or you may be disappointed with your bargain, and complain that you have not got your money's worth. Remember, too, that an accident, an illness, and at the best the passage of a few years, may quite spoil my value as a beautiful woman, and reflect, before I take you at your word."

Philip had sat or rather crouched himself down upon the log of a tree that lay outside the summer-house, and covered his face with his hand, as though her loveliness was more than he could bear to look upon. Now, however, he raised his eyes and let them dwell upon her scornful features.

"I had rather," he said, slowly—"I had rather lose my life than lose you; I love you so that I would buy you at the price even of my honor. When will you marry me?"

"What, have you made up your mind so quickly? Are you sure? Then"—and here she changed her whole tone and bearing, and passionately stretched out her arms toward him—"my dearest Philip, my life, my love, I will marry you when you will."

"To-morrow?"

"To-morrow, if you like!"

"You must promise me something first."

"What is it?"

"That you will keep the marriage a complete secret, and bear another name until my father's death. If you do not, he will most probably disinherit me."

"I do not like your terms, Philip. I do not like secret marriages; but you are giving up much to marry me, so I suppose I must give up something to marry you."

"You solemnly promise that nothing shall induce you to reveal that you are my wife until I give you permission to do so?"

"I promise, that is, provided you do not force me to in self-defence."

Philip laughed.

"You need not fear that," he said. "But how shall we arrange about getting married?"

"I can meet you [illegible]."

"Very well; I will go [illegible] morrow, and get a license. [illegible] on Wednesday I can meet you, and we can be married."

"As you will, Philip; where shall I meet you?"

He gave her an address which she carefully noted down.

"Now," she siad, "you must go, it is late. Yes, you may kiss me now. There, that will do, now go." In another minute he was gone.

"I have won the game," she mused; "poor Maria. I am sorry for her, but perhaps hers is the better part. She will get over it, but mine is a sad fate; I love passionately, madly, but I do not trust the man I love. Why should our marriage be so secret? He cannot be entangled with Maria, or she would have told me." And she stretched out her arms toward the path by which he had left her, and cried aloud, in the native tongue that sounded so soft upon her lips, "Oh, my heart's darling! if I could only trust you as well as I love you, it is a happy woman that I should be to-night."

CHAPTER VII.

Nothing occurred to interfere with the plan of action decided on by Hilda and Philip; no misadventure came to mock them, dashing the Tantalus cup of joy to earth before their eyes. On the contrary, within forty-eight hours of the conversation recorded in the last chapter, they were as completely and irrevocably man and wife, as a special license and the curate of a city church, assisted by the clerk and the pew-opener, could make them.

Then followed a brief period of such delirium as turned the London lodgings, dingy, and stuffy as they were in the height of the hot summer, into an earthly paradise, a garden of Eden, into which, alas! the serpent had no need to seek an entrance. But, as was natural, when the first glory of realized happiness was beginning to grow faint on their horizon, the young couple turned themselves to consider their position, and found in it, mutually and severally, many things that did not please them. For Philip, indeed, it was full of anxieties, for he had many complications to deal with. First there was his secret engagement to Maria Lee, of which, be it remembered, his wife was totally ignorant and which was in itself a sufficiently awkward affair for a married man to have upon his hands. Then there was the paramount need of keeping his marriage with Hilda as secret as the dead, to say nothing of the necessity of his living for the most part away from his wife. Indeed, his only consolation was that he had plenty of money on which to support her, inasmuch as his father had, from the date of his leaving Oxford, made him an allowance of one thousand a year.

Hilda had begun to discover that she was not without her troubles. For one thing her husband's fits of moodiness and fretful anxiety troubled her, and led her, possessed as she was with a more than ordinary share of womanly shrewdness, to suspect that he was hiding something from her. But what chiefly vexed her proud nature was the necessity of concealment, and all its attendant petty falsehoods and subterfuges. It was not pleasant for Hilda Caresfoot to have to pass as Mrs. Roberts, and to be careful not to show herself in public places in the daytime, where there was a possibility of her being seen by any one who might recognized in her striking figure the lady who had lived with Miss Lee in Marlshire. It was not pleasant to her to be obliged to reply to Maria Lee's affectionate letters, full as they were of entreaty for her return, by epistles that had to be forwarded to a country town in a remote district of Germany to be posted, and which were in themselves full of lies that, however white they might have seemed under all the circumstances, she felt in her conscience to be very black indeed. In short, there was in their union none of that sense of finality and of security that is, under ordinary circumstances, the distinguishing mark of marriage in this country; it partook rather of the nature of an illicit connection.

At the end of a fortnight of wedded bliss all these little things had begun to make themselves felt, and in truth they were but the commencement of evils. For one afternoon, Philip, for the first time since his wedding, tore himself away from his wife's side, and been recently elected. Here he found no less than three letters from his father, the first requesting his return, the second commanding it in exceptionally polite language, and the third—which, written in mingled anxiety and anger, had just arrived—coolly announcing his parent's intention, should he not hear of him by return, of setting detective officers to work to discover his whereabouts. From this letter, it appeared, indeed, that his cousin George had already been dispatched to London to look for him, and on reference to the hall-porter he discovered that a gentleman answering to his description had already inquired for him several times.

Cursing his own folly in not having kept up some communication with his father, he made the best of his way back to his lodgings to find Hilda waiting for him somewhat disconsolately.

"I am glad you have come back, love," she said drawing him toward her till his dark curls m[illegible] with her own fair locks, and ki[illegible]m upon the forehead. "I have [illegible]sed you, dreadfully. I don't understand how I can have lived all these years without you."

"I am afraid, dear, you will have to live without me for awhile now; listen;" and he read her the letters he had just received.

She listened attentively till he had finished.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, with some anxiety in her voice.

"Do? why, of course I must go home at once."

"And [illegible] I to do?"

"[illegible] know; I suppose that you must stop here."

"That will be pleasant for me, will it not?"

"No, dear, it will be pleasant for neither you nor me; but what can I do? You know the man my father is to deal with; if I stop here in defiance of his wishes, especially as he has been anxious about me, there is no knowing what might happen. Remember, Hilda, that we have to deal with George, whose whole life is devoted to secret endeavors to supplant me. If I were to give him such an opportunity as I should by stopping away now, I should deserve all I got, or rather all I did not get."

Hilda sighed and acquiesced; had she been a softer-minded woman she would have wept and relieved her feelings, but she was not soft-minded. And so, before the post went out, he wrote an affectionate letter to his father, expressing his sorrow at the latter's anxiety and at his own negligence at not having written to him, the fact of the matter being, he said, that he had been taken up with visiting some of his Oxford friends and had not till that afternoon been near his club to look for letters. He would, however, he added, return on the morrow, and make his apologies in person.

This letter he handed to his wife to read.

"Do you think that will do?" he asked, when she had finished.

"Oh, yes!" she replied with a touch of her old sarcasm, "it is a masterpiece of falsehood."

Philip looked very angry, and fumed and fretted, but he made no reply, and on the following morning he departed to Bratham Abbey.

"Ah, Philip, Philip!" said his father, under the mellow influence of his fourth glass of port, on the night of his arrival. "I know well enough what kept you up in town. Well, well, I don't complain; young men will be young men; but don't let these affairs interfere with the business of life. Remember Maria Lee, my boy; you have serious interests in that direction, interests that must not be trifled with, interests that I have a right to expect you will not trifle with."

His son made no reply, but sipped his wine in silence, aching at his heart for his absent bride, and wondering what his father would say, did he really know what had "kept him in town."

After this, matters went on smoothly enough for a month or more; since, fortunately for Philip, the great Maria Lee question, a question that the more he considered it the more thorny did it appear, was for the moment shelved by the absence of that young lady on a visit to her aunt in the Isle of Wight. Twice during the month, he managed, on different pretexts, to get up to London and visit his wife, whom he found as patient as was possible under the circumstances, but anything but happy. Indeed, on the second occasion, she urged on him strongly the ignominy of her position, and even begged him to make a clean breast of it to his father, offering to undertake the task herself. He refused equally warmly, and some sharp words ensued, to be, however, quickly followed by a reconciliation.

On his return from his second visit, Philip found a note signed, "affectionately yours, Maria Lee," waiting for him, which announced that young lady's return, and begged him to come over to lunch the following day.

He went—indeed, he had no alternative but to go, and again fortune favored him in the person of a diffident young lady who was stopping with Maria, and who never left her side all that afternoon, much to the disgust of the latter and the relief of Philip. One thing, however, he was not spared, and that was the perusal of Hilda's last letter to her friend, written apparently from Germany, and giving a lively description of the writer's daily life and the state of her uncle's health which, she said, precluded all possibility of her return. Alas! he already knew its every line too well; for, as Hilda refused to undertake the task, he had but a week before drafted it himself. But Philip was growing hardened in deception, and found it possible to read it from end to end, and speculate upon its contents with Maria without blush or hesitation.

But he could not always expect to find Miss Lee in the custody of such an obtuse friend; and needless to say, it became a matter of very serious importance to him to know how he should treat her. It occurred to him that the safest course might be to throw himself upon her generosity and make a clean breast of it; but when it came to the point he was too weak thus to expose his shameful conduct to the woman whose heart he had won, and to whom he was bound by every tie of honor that a gentleman holds sacred.

He thought of the scornful wonder with which she would listen to his tale, and preferred to take the risk of greater disaster in the future to the certainty of present shame. In the end, he contrived to establish a species of confidential intimacy with Maria, which whilst it somewhat mystified the poor girl, was not without its charm, inasmuch as it tended to transform the every-day Philip into a hero of romance.

But in the main Maria was ill-suited to play heroine to her wooer's hero. Herself as open as the daylight it was quite incomprehensible to her why their relationship should be kept such a dark and mysterious secret, or why, if her lover gave her a kiss, it should be done with as many precautions as though he were about to commit a murder.

(To be Continued.)

THE EL DORAD OMYTH.

How the Term Came to Be Applied to Sources of Uncommon Riches.

El Dorado is the term now heard on every side in connection with the placer mines of Alaska and the northwest territory of Canada. Its derivation is of interest. In the fifteenth century it was rumoured that there existed in the northern part of South America a city of great wealth called Manoa, whose King, El Dorado by name, was periodically smeared with oil or balsam and was then powdered with gold dust, until his whole body had a gilded appearance. It was said that on these occasions he threw gold, emeralds, and other precious metals and gems, into a sacred lake, in which he afterward bathed.

Beginning in 1532 the Spaniards sent many large expeditions to search for this phantom city, and most of them ended disastrously, hundreds of lives being lost. One explorer, Orellano, averred that he found El Dorado in his voyage down the Amazon in 1540. This was disproved, but the search was continued down to the eighteenth century Some of the results were the conquest and settlement of New Granada, the making known to the world of the mountain region of Venezuela, the discovery of the noble rivers, the Orinoco and the Amazon, and the exploration of the vast forests west of the Andes. About the end of the sixteenth century an English expedition either sent out by or under the personal leadership of Raleigh penetrated into Guiana, thereby obtaining a claim on that country which has resulted in the acquirement of the modern British colony of that name.

It has been supposed that the origin of this fable arose from the yearly celebration of a tribe of Indians near Bogota, whose chief was on these occasions gilded with gold dust, but this ceremony was never witnessed by the Spaniards, and the story may simply be another version of the El Dorado myth.

The name El Dorado was commonly used to describe the city or country which was the object of the search, but a later usage of the term has been its figurative application with regard to any region of more than common richness. El Dorado county, in California, was the scene of the famous gold finds of '49, and since then the expression has been used to describe many gold camps.

ONLY A BLUFF.

Tourist—What's the name of that noble mountain.

Hamiltonian—Dunno as it's got any. We call it th' mountain.

Tourist—No name. No name for that grand eminence.

Hamiltonian—Wot's the use of it's havin' a name? It's only a bluff.

HIGH EXPLOSIVE SHELL.

WILL DESTROY THE MIGHTIEST WAR-SHIP IN FIVE SECONDS.

It Penetrates Four-inch Armor Plate Before Exploding—The Inventor Tells of the Frightful Slaughter Which Would be Caused.

Hudson Maxim, of London, England, has made is possible for every vessel to carry around with it an equipment of sub-marine mines. He has put it in the power of every fort to be able to shoot these submarine mines at any vessel. His newest shell, if exploded upon the deck or within the interior of a big warship, would destroy the craft in five seconds.

These fearful weapons of war consist of shells which penetrate the sides of vessels before bursting, instead of bursting at the moment of contact as has generally been the case. The two explosives are known as Melinite and Maximite, and the dreadful havoc they may create has been told in a statement, which, in accordance with his ordinary custom of dealing with newspapers, Mr. Maxim dictated to a stenographer and then signed. It is in part as follows:

"There can be no doubt as to

THE FRIGHTFUL SLAUGHTER

That would be effected by melinite, for one shell bursting inside a cruiser would destroy the ship. But until chemists can invent a high explosive that will penetrate armor, we fear the navy will have to continue to use powder as an explosive; for, owing to its slow burning qualities, the shell gets inside the ship before it bursts. At the same time, if chemists can discover a high explosive, nonsensitive, and a safe explosive—which is a contradiction of terms—then we shall all be made happy.

"The chief difficulty in firing high explosives through armor has not been so much to get a sufficiently insensitive high explosive for the purpose, but to get a fuse which will carry a sufficient quantity of detonative compound to explode the insensitive high explosive without itself becoming exploded by the terrific shock of retardation of the shell in the act of piercing the armor. It would do no good to shoot through armor unless we have a fuse carrying a detonator which will live to get through the armor to explode the wet gun cotton or other insensitive high explosive after the same shall have passed through. The tremendous shock of retardation is sufficient to instantly detonate any fulminate or other detonative compound whatever.

"Now, there is only one way possible by which a sufficient quantity of detonative compound can be shot through armor without being exploded instantaneously upon striking the plate, and that is by relieving the detonative charge from the shock of retardation, by suspending the same within the projectile in such wise that it shall constitute a sort of plunger body, so that upon the striking of the shell upon the target the velocity of the body of detonative compound is not retarded, but passes freely forward in a tube within the shell without opposition, thus giving the projectile time to pass through the plate. Now, such a fuse has been invented by Prof. Philip Alger and myself jointly, and has been made and tested. It has already been shot through four-inch armor plate with satisfactory results.

"It should be borne in mind that there are two distinct spheres of usefulness for the high explosive or aerial torpedo, the one for the penetration of light armor and the other as a submarine mine. A practical system of throwing aerial torpedoes from ordnance may be justly termed a system of placing and springing submarine mines at the will of the operator standing at the gun. The aerial torpedo or high explosive shell should never be used against heavy armor, for high explosives, even in large quantities, exploded untamped against thick armor plate can do but little damage. The armor must be penetrated and the shell exploded inside the vessel, or it must be used as a submarine mine, or the shell must carry a sufficiently large quantity of explosive to destroy the ship by exploding over the deck on striking some of the superstructure.

"HUDSON MAXIM.

"Thurlow Lodge, 377 Norwood road, S. E."

A GOLD LEAF TEMPLE.

Not in America, not even in the Klondike, but in the far-off East, at Rangoon, the capital of Burmah, is situated the famous golden pagoda of a Buddhist temple, the whole of the exterior of which is one mass of simmering gold. This generous coating of the metal is the result of years and years of offerings to Buddha, for devotees from all parts of the world come to Rangoon and bring packets of gold leaf, which they place on the pagoda. During the last century the King of Burmah gave his, literal, weight in gold to the walls of the pagoda, an offering worth £9,000 sterling.

MICE FRIGHTEN ELEPHANTS.

It is a fact well known in all menageries that a mouse will frighten an elephant more than will a locomotive The trainers say that what the elephant fears is that the mouse will run up his trunk. There is a tradition that a mouse really did this in one instance while an elephant was sleeping and caused the animal such intense pain that he had to be killed.

ROME'S GREAT CEMETERY.

The most extensive cemetery in the world is that of Rome, in which over 6,000,000 human beings have been interred.