DAWN.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Look at his face," whispered Mrs. Bellamy to her neihgbor, during the murmur of applause that followed this announcement. "Look quick."

Philip had put his hands down upon his chair as though to raise himself up, and an expression of such mingled rage and terror swept across his features, as once seen, could not easily be forgotten. But so quickly did it pass that perhaps Mrs. Bellamy who was watching was the only one in all the company to observe it. In another moment he was smiling and bowing his acknowledgments to whispered and telegraphed congratulations.

"You all know Miss Lee," went on the old squire, "as you knew her father and mother before her; she is a sound shoot from an honest stock, a girl after my own heart, a girl that I love, and that all who come under her influence will love, and this engagement is to me the most joyful news that I have heard for many a year. May God, ay, and man too, so deal with my son as he deals with Maria Lee!

"And now I have done; I have already kept you too long. With your consent we will have no more speeches, no returning of thanks; we will spare Philip his blushes. But before I sit down I will bid you all farewell, for I am in my eighty third year, and I fear that I shall never see very many of your faces again. I wish that I had been a better neighbor to you all, as there are many other things I wish, now that it is too late to fulfill them; but I still hope that some of you will now and again find a kind thought for the old man whom among yourselves you talk of as Devil Caresfoot. Believe me, my friends, there is truth in the old proverb: the devil is not always as black as he is painted. I give you may toast my son Philip and his affianced wife, Maria Lee."

The whole company rose, actuated by a common impulse, and drank the health standing; and such was the pathos of the old squire's speech, that there were eyes among those present that were not free from tears. Then the ladies retired, amongst them poor Maria, who was naturally upset at the unexpected, and, in some ways, unwelcome notoriety thus given to herself.

In the drawing room she was so overwhelmed with congratulations, that at last, feeling that she could not face a fresh addition from the male portion of the gathering, she ordered her carriage and quietly slipped away home to think over matters at her leisure.

Philip, too, came in for his share of honors down below, and acknowledged them as best he might, for he had not the moral courage to repudiate the position. He felt that his father had forced his hand completely, and that there was nothing to be done, and sunk into the outward calmness of despair. But if his companions could have seen the whirlpool of hatred, terror and fury that raged within his breast, as he sat and chatted, and sipped his great-grandfather's port, they would have been justifiably astonished.

At length the banquet, for it was nothing less came to an end, and, having bowed their farewell to the last departing guest, the old man and his son were left alone together in the deserted drawing-room. Philip was seated by a table, his face buried in his hand, whilst his father was standing by the dying fire, tapping his eyeglass nervously on the mantel piece. It was he who broke the somewhat ominous silence.

"Well, Philip, how did you like my speech?"

Thus addressed the son lifted his face from his hand, it was white as a sheet.

"By what authority," he asked in a harsh whisper, "did you announce me as engaged to Miss Lee?"

"By my own, Philip, I had it from both your lips that you were engaged. I did not choose that it should remain a secret any longer."

"You had no right to make that speech. I will not marry Miss Lee; understand once for all, I will not marry her."

In speaking thus, Philip had nerved himself to bear one of those dreadful outbursts of fury that had earned his father his title; but to his astonishment, none such came. The steely eyes glinted a little as he answered in his most polite manner, and that was all:

"Your position, Philip, then is that you are engaged, very publicly engaged to a girl whom you have no ointention of marrying—a very disgraceful position, mine is that I have, with every

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"Your position, Philip, then is that you ar eengaged, very publicly engaged, to a girl whom you have no intention of marrying—a cvery disgraceful position, mine is that I have, wit hevery

possible solemnity, announced a marriage that will not come off—a very ridiculous position. Very good my dear Philip, please yourself. I cannot force you into a distasteful marriage. But you must not suppose that you can thus thwart me with impunity. Allow me to show you the alternative. I see you are tired, but I shall not detain you long. Take that easy-chair. This house and the land around it also the plate, which is very valuable, but cannot be sold—by the way, see that it is safely locked up before you go to bed—are strictly entailed, and must, of course pass to you. The value of the entailed land is about £1,000 a year or a little less in bad times; of the unentailed, a clear £400 of my personal property, about £900. Should you persist in your refusal to marry Miss Lee, or should the marriage in any way fall through, except from circumstances entirely beyond your control, I must to use your own admirably emphatic language, ask you to 'understand once and for all,' that where your name appears in my will with reference to the unentailed and personal property, it will be erased, and that of your cousin George substituted. Please yourself, Philip, please yourself; it is a matter of entire indifference to me. I am very fond of George, and shall be glad to do him a good tirn if you force me to it, though it is a pity to split up the property. But probably you will like to take a week to consider whether you prefer to stick to the girl you have got hold of up in town there—oh, yes! I know there is some one—and abandon the property, or marry Miss Lee and retain the property—a very pretty problem for an amorous young man to consider. There, I won't keep you up any longer. Good-night, Philip, good-night. Just see to the plate, will you? Remember, you have a personal interest in that:: I can't leave it away."

Philip rose without a word and left the room, but when he was gone it was his father's turn to hide his face in his hands.

"Oh, God!" he groaned aloud, "to think that all my plans should come to such an end as this; to think that I am as powerless to prevent their collapse as a child is to support a falling tree; that the only power left me is the power of vengeance—vengeance on my own son. I have lived too long, and the dregs of life are bitter."

CHAPTER IX.

Poor Hilda found life in her London lodging anything but cheerful, and frequently begged Philip to allow her to settle somewhere in the country. This however, he refused to do on two grounds, in the first place, because few country villages would be so convenient for him to get at as London; and in the second, because he declared that the great city was the safest hiding-place in the world.

And so Hilda continued perforce to live her lonesome existence, that was only cheered by her husband's short and uncertain visits. Friends she had none, nor did she dare to make any. The only person whose conversation she could rely on to relieve the tedium of the long weeks was her landlady, Mrs. Jacobs, the widow of a cheesemonger, who had ruined a fine business by his drinking and other vicious propensities, and out of a good property had only left his wife the leasehold of a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which, fortunately for her, had been settled upon her at her marriage.

Like most people who have seen better days—not but what she was now very comfortably off—she delighted in talking of her misfortunes, and of the perfidiousness of man; and in Hilda, who had, poor girl, nothing else to listen to, she found a most attentive audience. As was only natural where such a charming person and such a good listener were concerned, honest Mrs. Jacobs soon grew fond of her interesting lodger, about whose husband's circumstances and history she soon wove many an imaginary tale; for needless to say, her most impertinent inquiries failed to extract much information from Hilda. One of her favorite fictions was that her lodger was the victim of her handsome husband, who had in some way beguiled her from her home beyond the seas, in order to keep her in solitary confinement and out of the reach of a hated rival. Another, that he kept her thus that he might have greater liberty for his own actions.

In course of time these ideas took such possession of her mind that she grew to believe in them, and when speaking of Hilda to any of her other lodgers, would shake her head and talk of her mysteriously as a lamb and a victim.

As for that lady herself, whilst far from suspecting her good landlady's gloomy surmises, she certainly fell more and more a prey to depression and anxieties and occasionally even to suspicion, to all of which evils she grew increasingly liable as she drew nearer to an event that was no longer very distant. She could not but notice a change in Philip's manner on the rare occasions when he was able to visit her, of which the most marked developments were fits of silence and irritability. A certain reticence also, that became more and more noticeable as time went on, led her to feel that there was an invisible something growing up between them—a something that the pride she possessed in such a striking degree forbade her to attempt to pierce, but which was none the less galling to her on that account. Very shortly before the events narrated in the last chapter she had taken the occasion of a visit from Philip to complain somewhat bitterly of her position begging him to tell her when there was any prospect of her being allowed to take her rightful place—a question her husband was quite unable to answer satisfactorily. Seeing that there was nothing to be got out of him with womanly tact she changed the subject and asked after Maria Lee (for whom she entertained a genuine affection)—when he last saw her, how she was looking if there was any prospect o fher getting married, and other questions of the same sort—the result of which was to evoke a most violent and to her inexplicable, fit of irritability on the part of her husband. Something of a scene ensued, which was finally terminated about five o'clock in the afternoon by Philip's abrupt departure to catch his train.

Shortly afterward, Mrs. Jacobs, coming up to bring some tea, found Hilda indulging in tears that she had been too proud to shed before her husband; and, having had an extended personal experience of such natters, rightly guessed that there had been a conjugal tiff the blame of which, needless to say, she fixed upon the departed Philip.

"Lor', Mrs. Roberts", as Hilda was called, she said, "don't take on like that; they're all brutes, that's what they are; if only you could have seen my Samuel, who's dead and gone these ten years and buried in a private grave at Kensal Cemetery—though he didn't leave anything to pay for it except three dozen and five of brandy—he was a beauty, poor dear, he was; your husband ain't nothing to him."

"My husband, let me tell you, Mrs. Jacobs, is not a brute at all," sobbed Hilda with dignity.

"Ah, Mrs. Roberts, that is just what I used to say of Samuel, but he was the biggest brute in the three kingdoms, for all that; but if you ask me, meaning no offense, I call a man a brute as only comes to see his lawful wife about twice a month, let alone making an angel cry."

"Mr. Roberts has his reasons, Mrs. Jacobs; you must not talk of him like that."

"Ah, so my Samuel used to say when he stopped away from home for three nights at a time, till I followed him and found out his 'Reason,' and a mighty pretty 'Reason' she was too, all paint and feathers, the hussy, and eyes as big as a teacup. They all have their reasons, but they never tell 'em. But come, and put on your things and go out a bit, there's a dear; it is a beautiful warm evening. You feel tired—oh, never mind that; it is necessary for people as is in an interested way to take exercise. I well remembers—"

Here Hilda, however, cut the subject short, and deprived herself of Mrs. Jacobs' reminiscences by going to put on her things.

It was a bright warm evening, and she found the air so pleasant, that, after strolling round Lincoln's Inn Fields, she thought she would extend her walk a little, and struck past Lincoln's Inn Hall Square, and then made her way to the archway opposite to where the New Law Courts now stand. Under this archway a legal bookseller had built his nest, and behind windows of broad plate glass were ranged specimens of his seductive wares, baits on which to catch students avaricious of legal knowledge as they pass on their way to chambers or hall. Now, at this window a young man was standing at the moment that Hilda entered the archway, his eyes were fixed on a pamphlet on the laws of succession. The young man was George Caresfoot, who was considering whether it would be worth his while to buy the pamphlet in order to see if he would be entitled to anything if his uncle should happen to die intestate, as he sometimes feared might be the case. He had come up to town on business connected with his firm, and was now waiting till it was time to begin an evening of what he understood as pleasure; for George was a very gay young man.

He was, however, also a very sharp one, so sharp that he even noticed shadows, especially when, as in this case, the shadow was clearly defined and hung life-sized on the dark background of the books before him. He watched it for a moment, and as its owner, with an absent air, slowly passed from the bright sunlight into the shade of the arch, it struck the astute George that there was something familiar about this particular and by no means unpleasing shadow. Waiting till it had vanished and the footsteps gone past him, he turned round and at a glance recognized Hilda von Holtzhausen, Miss Lee's beautiful companion, who was supposed to have departed into the more distant parts of Germany. George's eyes twinkled, and a whole host of ideas rushed into his really able mind.

"Caught at last, for a sovereign," he muttered.

Meanwhile Hilda walked slowly on into Chancery Lane, then turned to the left till she came into Holborn, and thence made her way round by another route back to Lincoln's Inn fields. Needless to say, George followed at a respectful distance. His first impulse had been to go up and speak to her, but he resisted the inclination.

On the doorstep of the house where Hilda lodged, stood her landlady giving a piece of her mind to a butcher boy both as regarded his master's meat and his personal qualities. She paused for breath as Hilda passed up the steps, and, turning, said something that made the latter laugh. The butcher-boy took the opportunity of beating a rapid retreat, leaving Mrs. Jacobs crowing after him from her own doorstep. As soon as Hilda had gone into the house, George saw his opportunity. Advancing politely toward Mrs. Jacobs, he asked her if she was the landlady of the house, and, when she had answered in the affirmative, he made inquiries about apartments.

"Thank you, sir," said Mrs. Jacobs, "but I do not let rooms to single gentlemen."

"You take too much for granted, ma'am. I am married."

She looked at him doubtfully. "I suppose, sir, you would have no objection to giving a reference."

"A dozen, if you like, ma'am, but shall we look at the rooms?"

Mrs. Jacobs assented, and they made their way upstairs, George keeping in front. On the first floor he saw a pair of lady's shoes on a mat outside the door, and guessed to whom they belonged.

"Are these the rooms?" he said, laying his hand upon the door-handle.

"No, sir, no, they are Mrs. Roberts'; next floor, please, sir."

"Mrs. Roberts!—I suppose the very handsome young lady I saw come into the house. No offense, ma'am, but a man's bound to be careful where he brings his wife. I suppose she's all right?"

"Lord, yes, poor dear," answered Mrs. Jacobs in indignation; "why, they came here straight from St. Jude's, Battersea, the day they were married; a runaway match, I fancy."

"That's all right; she looked charming. I hope her husband's worthy of her," remarked George, as he gazed round Mrs. Jacobs' rooms."

"Well, as to that, he's handsome enough, for them as likes those black men; but I don't like people as only comes to visit their lawful wives about twice a month. But," "suddenly checking herself, "it isn't any affair of mine,"

"No, indeed, very reprehensible; I am, as a married man, entirely of your mind. These are charming rooms, ma'am, charming. I shall certainly take them if my wife approves; I will let you know by to-morrow's post—Jacobs, yes, I have it down. Good evening, ma'am," and he was gone.

Instead of going out that evening as he had intended, George sat in the smoking-room of his hotel and thought. He also wrote a letter which he addressed to Mrs Bellamy. Next morning, taking a cab, he drove to St. Jude's, Battersea, and inspected the register;

Presently he asked for a certified copy of the following entry, "August 1, 1856, Philip Caresfoot, bachelor, gentleman, to Hilda von Holtzhausen, spinster, by license. Signed, J. Few, curate; as witness, Fred Natt, Eliza Chambers."

That evening Hilda received an anonymous letter, written in a round clerk's hand, that had been posted in the city. It was addressed to Mrs. Roberts, and its contents ran thus:

"A sincere friend warns Mrs. Philip Caresfoot that her husband is deceiving her, and has become entangled with a young lady of her acquaintance. Burn this; wait and watch."

The letter fell from her hands, as though it had stung her.

"Mrs. Jacobs was right," she said aloud, with a bitter laugh, "men always have a 'reason.' Oh, let him beware!" And she threw back her beautiful head and the great blue eyes sparkled like those of a snake about to strike. The sword of jealousy, that she had hitherto repelled with the shield of a woman's trust in the man she loves, had entered into her soul, and, could Philip have seen her under these new circumstances, he would have realized that he had indeed, good reason to "beware!" "No wonder," she went on, "no wonder that he finds her name irritating upon my lips; no doubt to him it is a desecration. Oh, oh!" And she flung herself on her face, and wept tears of jealous rage.

"Well," said George to Mrs. Bellamy, as they drove home together after the great dinner-party—do not be shocked, my reader, Bellamy was on the box—"well, how shall we strike? Shall I go to the old man to-morrow, and show him my certified copy. There is no time to lose. He might die any day."

"No; we must act through Mrs. Philip."

"Why?"

"It is more scientific, and it will be more amusing."

"Poor thing! it will be a blow to her. Don't you like her?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because she did not trust me, and because she eclipses me. Therefore I am glad of an opportunity of destroying her."

"You are a very ruthless woman."

"When I have an end in view I march straight to it; I do not vacillate—that is all. But never mind me; here we are near home. Go to town by the first train to-morrow morning and post another letter announcing what has happened here. Then come back and wait."

"Ay," reflected George, "that is a wonderful woman—a woman it is good to have some hold over."

• • • •

We left Hilda stretched on her face sobbing. But the fit did not last long. She rose, and flung open the window; she seemed stifled for want of air. Then she sat down to think what she should do. Vanish and leave no trace? No, not yet. Appear and claim her place? No, not yet. The time was not ripe for choice between these two extremes. Upbraid Philip with his faithlessness? No; not without proofs. What did that hateful letter say? "Wait and watch," yes, that was what she would do. But she could not wait here; she felt as though she must go somewhere, get some change of scene, or she would break down. She had heard Mrs. Jacobs speak of a village not more than two hours from London that a convalescent lodger of hers had visited and found charming. She would go there for a week and watch the spring cast her mantle over the earth; and listen to the laughter of the brooks and try to forget her burning love and jealousy, and just for that one week be happy as she was when, as a little girl, she roamed all day through the woods of her native Germany. Alas! she forgot that it is the heart and not the scene that makes happiness.

That evening she wrote a note to her husband, saying that she felt that change of air was necessary for her, and that she was going out of London for a few days, to some quiet place, from whence she would write to him. He must not, however, expect many letters, as she wanted complete rest.

On the following morning she went, and, if the sweet spring air did not bring peace to her mind, at any rate, it to a very great extent set her up in strength. She wrote but one letter during her absence, and that was to say that she should be back in London by midday on the first of May. This letter reached Philip on the morning of the great dinner-party, and was either accidentally or on purpose sent without the writer's address. On the morning of the first of May—that is, two days after the dinner party, which was given on the twenty-ninth of April—Hilda rose early, and commenced to pack her things with the assistance of a stout servant girl, who did all the odd jobs and a great deal of the work in the old fashioned farmhouse in which she was staying. Presently the cowboy came whistling up the little garden, bright with crocuses and tulips, that lay in front of the house, and knocked at the front door.

"Lawks!" said the stout girl, in accents of deep surprise, as she drew her head in from the open lattice, "Jim's got a letter."

"Perhaps it is for me," suggested Hilda, a little nervously; she had grown nervous about the post of late. "Will you go and see?"

The letter was for her, in the handwriting of Mrs. Jacobs. She opened it; it contained another addressed in a character the sight of which made her feel sick and faint. She could not trust herself to read it in the presence of the girl.

"Sally," she said, "I feel rather faint; I shall lie down a little. I will ring for you presently."

Sally retired, and she opened her letter.

Fifteen minutes after the girl received her summons. She found Hilda very pale, and with a curious look upon her face.

"I hope you're better, mum," she said," for she was a kind-hearted girl.

"Better—ah yes, Sally, thank you; I am cured; quite cured; but please be quick with the things, for I shall leave by the nine o'clock train."

(To Be Continued.)

TRAINS TO THE KLONDIKE.

AN INVENTOR SAYS HIS LOCOMOTIVE CAN HAUL THEM.

Is the Problem of Winter Transportation To Be Solved at Last—Description of the Machine—It is Said to Have Worked Well in the Pine Regions.

Winter difficulties in getting to the Klondike region can be overcome and the starving thousands in that section can be relieved. A snow locomotive drawing eight or ten cars filled with provisions and other freight is their solution of the problem. This locomotive, Geo. F. Glover, the inventor, claims, can go through the mountain passes, traverse gorges and canyons and work its way up the frozen river to Dawson City. It goes on runners, steam is applied to the traction wheel, the ice and snow are melted and become an aid to travel, and a speed of twelve to fifteen miles an hour is attained where heretofore all progress has been arrested for seven months of the year.

From Dyea to Dawson City, 700 to 800 miles, less than eight days will be required; or the route from Fort Wrangel to Dawson City may be traversed in less time.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF IT.

The Glover locomotive is very simple in construction and principle, consisting of a boiler, twin engines, driving wheel and other necessary appurtenances, supported in a steel frame. The frame rests upon runners, fore and aft, and the locomotive proper is hinged to the frame by steel beams. The great feature of the machine, however, is a huge traction wheel which is between the runners. There is a drum in the wheel. The latter is rotated by an engine with a horse power ranging from twenty to sixty, geared from five to nine to one. All the heat from the boiler furnace and from the exhaust steam is utilized in the drum, into which it is conveyed through the trunnions. By this means the wheel is kept hot all the time. About the wheel, V shaped teeth, three by twelve inches, are set "dodging." The action of the heat from the toothed cylinder prevents the snow from clogging it, and at the same time compresses, with the aid of its weight, the snow underneath into a solid mass, of snow ice, thereby giving sufficient resistance to enable the teeth to a pull a train burdened with a 200-ton weight.

The cost of each locomotive is about $4,000; the necessary cars attached would cost about $3,000; and the freight bill for the engine and cars from Seattle, where they would be built, to Fort Wrangel, would be about $1,000, or $8,000 in all. It will take possibly two months to build or put together a train, so that at the earliest it would be the first of December before this relief train could get to Dawson.

According to Mr. Glover's figures it will cost about $250,000 to form a company to equip and put trains in operation, this including the building of a permanent road in the rough parts between Fort Wrangel and Telegraph Creek, or on the other route between Dyea and Fort Selkirk. The shorter route is by way of Dyea, through the Chilkat or White pass, which is five miles north and east of Chilkoot pass. The highest grade, for about two miles, through the White pass is fifteen per cent. and this road is now being cut down and corduroyed. With such a road the snow train could ascend without difficulty, no matter how deep the snow.

TO HAVE A TRAIN A DAY.

"I calculate," said Mr. Glover, "that with two locomotives—double enders, to climb grades—we can make the first trip from Fort Wrangel to Dawson City in from 8 to 12 days, carrying eight cars with 50 to 100 tons of freight, and if we use one dozen trains, we can run double trains daily—that is, have a train to arrive at and another to despatch from the termini every day after the first four or five trips, when the road has been cut out. The time will be gradually reduced until the trip from Fort Wrangel to Dawson City, will be made in four days. It is very likely that trains will also be run over the Dalton trail route later. The opening of these lines will of course develop the interior country and increase traffic. For instance, there will be a hundred or more prospectors who want to locate claims upon rivers further north in the Klondike. The snow train will take them and their equipments and supplies to their destinations at reasonable rates, and run trains during the winter for their convenience. The rivers can be used as roads."

The locomotives to be built for the Klondike service will be of eight tons' weight, with a hauling capacity of from 75 to 100 tons, or from eight to ten cars. The engines will be housed, and two will be employed for the first train because of anticipated difficulties.

WOMAN'S CHARACTER.

Be careful how you speak of a woman's character. Think how many years she has been building it, of the toil and privations endured, of the wounds received, and let no suspicion follow her actions. Her purity is the salvation of the race and hopes of future greatness and the redemption of man. Wipe out her purity, and man sinks beneath the wave of despair with not a star to guide his life into the channels of safety. Think, then, before you speak, and remember that it is not difficult to root up the fairest flower that ever grew.