# DAWN

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

"Ah! it is very well for you, whose life has been so pure and free from evil, but it is different for me, with all my consciousness of sins and imperfections. For me, and thousands like me, strive as we will, immortality has terrors as well as hopes. It is, and always will be, human to fear the future, for human nature never changes. You know the lines in 'Hamlet.' It is

"'that the dread of something after death—
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveler returns—puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of,
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.'

They are true, and, while men last, they will always be true."

"Oh, Arthur!" she answered, earnestly, and for the first time addressing him in conversation by his Christian name, "how limited your trust must be in the mercy of a Creator, whose mercy is as wide as the ocean, that you can talk like that! You speak of me, too, as better than yourself—how am I better? I have my bad thoughts, and do bad things as much as you, and though they may not be the same, I am sure they are quite as black as yours, since everybody must be responsible according to their characters and temptations. I try, however, to trust in God to cover my sins, and believe that, if I do my best, He will forgive me, that is all. But I have no business to preach to you, who are older and wiser than I am."

"If," he broke in, laying his hand involuntarily upon her own, "you knew—although I have never spoken of them to any one before, and could not speak of them to anybody but yourself— how these things weigh upon my mind, you would not say that, but would try to teach me your faith."

"How can I teach you, Arthur, when I have so much to learn myself?" she answered, simply, and from that moment, though she did not know it as yet, she loved him.

This conversation— a very curious one, Arthur, thought to himself afterward, for two young people on a spring morning—having come to an end, nothing more was said for some while, and they took their way down the hill, varying the route in order to pass through the little Hamlet of Bratham. Under a chestnut-tree that stood upon the village green Arthur noticed, not a village blacksmith, but a small crowd, mostly composed of children, gathered round somebody. On going to see who it was, he discovered a battered looking old man, with an intellectual face, and the remnants of a gentleman-like appearance, playing on the violin. A very few touches of his bow told Arthur, who knew something of music, that he was in the presence of a performer of no mean merit. Seeing the quality of his two auditors, and that they appreciated his performance, the player changed his music, and from a village jig, passed to one of the more difficult opera airs, which he executed in brilliant fashion.

"Bravo!" cried Arthur, as the last notes thrilled and died away; "I see you understand how to play the fiddle."

"Yes, sir, and so I should, for I have played first violin at Her Majesty's Opera before now. Name what you like, and I will play it you. Or, if you like it better, you shall hear the water running in a brook, the wind passing through the trees, or the waves falling on the beach. Only say the word."

Arthur thought for a moment.

"It is a beautiful day, let us have a contrast—give us the music of a storm."

The old man considered awhile.

"I understand, but you set a difficult subject even for me," and, taking up his bow made several attempts at beginning. "I can't do it," he said, "set something else."

"No, no, try again; that or nothing."

Again he started, and this time his genius took possession of him. The notes fell very softly at first, but with an ominous sound, then rose and wailed like the rising of the wind. Next the music came in gusts, the rain pattered, and the thunder roared, till at length the tempest seemed to spend its force, and passed slowly away into the distance.

"There, sir, what do you say to that— have I fulfilled your expectations?"

"Write it down, and it will be one of the finest pieces of violin music in the country."

"Write it down! The divine 'afflatus' is not to be caged, sir; it comes and goes. I could never write that music down."

Arthur felt in his pockets without answering, and found five shillings.'

"If you will accept this?" he said.

"Thank you, sir, very much. I am gladder of five shillings now than I once was of as many pounds;" and he rose to go.

"A man of your talent should not be wandering about like this."

"I must earn a living somehow, for all Talleyrand's witticisms to the contrary," was the curious reply.

"Have you no friends?"

"No, sir; this is my only friend, all the rest have deserted me," and he tapped his violin and was gone.

"Lord, sir," said a farmer, who was standing by, "he's gone to get drunk; he is the biggest old drunkard in the country-side, and yet they do say that he was a gentleman once, and the best fiddler in London; but he can't be depended on, so no one will hire him now."

"How sad!" said Angela, as they moved homeward.

"Yes, and what music that was; I never heard any with such imagination before. You have a turn that way, Angela; you should try to put it into words, it would make a poem."

"I complain, like the old man, that you set a difficult subject," she said; "but I will try, if you will promise not to laugh at the result."

"If you succeed on paper only half so well as he did on the violin, your verses will be worth listening to, and I certainly shall not laugh."

CHAPTER XXV.

On the day following the somewhat curious religious conversation between Arthur and Angela—a conversation which began on Arthur's part out of curiosity, and ended on both sides very much in earnest—the weather broke up and the grand old English climate reasserted its treacherous supremacy. From summer weather the inhabitants of the country of Marlshire suddenly found themselves plunged into a spell of cold that was by contrast, almost arctic. Storms of sleet drove against the window-panes, and there was even a very damaging night frost, while that dreadful scourge which nobody in his senses, except Kingsley, can ever have liked, the east wind, literally pervaded the whole place, and went whistling through the surrounding trees and ruins in a way calculated to make even a Laplander shiver.

Under these cheerless circumstances our pair of companions—for as yet they were, ostensibly at any rate, nothing more—gave up their outdoor excursions and took to rambling over the disused rooms in the old house, and hunting up many a record, some of them valuable and curious enough, of long-forgotten Caresfoots, and even of the old priors before them; a splendidly illuminated missal being among the latter prizes. When this amusement was exhausted, they sat together over the fire in the nursery, and Angela translated to him from her favorite classical authors, especially Homer, with a fluency of expression that, to Arthur, was little short of miraculous. Or, when they got tired of that, he read to her from standard writers, which, elaborate as her education had been, in certain respects, she had scarcely yet even opened, notably Shakespeare and Milton. Needless to say, herself imbued with a strong poetic feeling, these immortal writers were a source of intense delight to her.

"How is it that Mr. Fraser never gave you Shakespeare to read?" Arthur asked one day, as he shut up the volume, having come to the end of "Hamlet."

"He said that I should be better able to appreciate it, when my mind had been prepared to do so by the help of a classical and mathematical education, and that it would be 'a mistake to cloy my mental palate with sweets before I had learned to appreciate their flavors.'"

"There is some sense in that," remarked Arthur. "By the way, how are the verses you promised to write me getting on?" Have you done them yet?"

"I have done something," she answered modestly; "but I really do not think that they are worth producing. It is very tiresome of you to remember about them."

Arthur, however, by this time, knew enough of Angela's abilities to be sure that her "something" would be something more or less worth hearing, and mildly insisted on their production, and then, to her confusion, on her reading them aloud. They ran as follows, and whatever Angela's opinion of them may have been, the reader shall judge of them for himself.

A STORM ON THE STRINGS.

"The minstrel sat in his lonely room,
Its walls were bare, and the twilight gray
Fell and crept and gathered to gloom;
It came like the ghost of the dying day;
And the chords fell hushed and low.
Pianissimo!

"His arm was raised, and the violin
Quivered and shook with the strain it bore,
While the swelling forth of the sounds within,
Rose with a sweetness unknown before,
And the chords fell soft and low.
Piano!

. . . . . .

"The first cold flap of the tempest's wings,
Clashed with the silence before the storm,
The rain-drops pattered across the strings
As the gathering thunder-clouds took form—
Drip, drop, high and low.
Staccato!

"Heavily rolling, the thunder roared,
Sudden and jagged the lightning played,
Faster and faster the rain-drops poured,
Sobbing and surging the tree-crests swayed,
Cracking and crashing, above, below.
Crescendo!

"The wind tore howling across the wold,
And tangled his train in the groaning trees,
Wrapped the dense clouds in his mantle cold,
Then shivered and died in a wailing breeze,
Whistling and sweeping high and low.
Sostenuto!

"A pale sun broke from the driving cloud,
And flashed on the rain-drops serenely, cool:
At the touch of his finger the forest bowed,
As it shimmered and glanced in the ruffled pool,
While the rustling leaves soughed soft and low.
Gracioso!

"It was only a dream on the throbbing strings,
An echo of Nature in fantasy wrought,
A breath of her breath and a touch of her wings
From a kingdom outspread in the regions of thought.
Below rolled the sound of the city's din
And the fading day, as the night drew in,
Showed the quaint old face and the pointed chin,
And the arm that was raised o'er the violin,
As the old man whispered his hope's dead tale
To the friend who could comfort, though others might fail,
And the chords stole hushed and low.
Pianissimo!"

He stopped, and the sheet of paper fell from his hands.

"Well," she said, with all the eagerness of a new-born writer, "tell me, do you think them very bad?"

"Well, Angela, you know——"

"Ah! go on now; I am ready to be crushed. Pray don't spare my feeling."

I was about to say that, thanks be to Providence, I am not a critic; but I think——"

"Oh! yes, let me hear what you think. You are speaking so slowly, in order to get time to invent something extra cutting. Well, I deserve it."

"Don't interrupt; I was going to say that I think the piece above the average of second-class poetry, and that a few of the lines touch the first-class standard. You have caught something of the 'divine afflatus' that the drunken old fellow said he could not cage. But I do not think that you will ever be popular as a writer of verses if you keep to that style; I doubt if there is a magazine in the kingdom that would take those lines unless they were by a known writer. They would return them marked, 'Good, but too vague for the general public.' Magazine editors don't like lines from 'a kingdom outspread in the regions of thought,' for, as they say, such poems are apt to excite vagueness in the brains of that dim entity, the 'general public.' What they do like are commonplace ideas, put in pretty language, and sweetened with sentimentality or emotional religious feelings, such as the thinking powers of their subscribers are competent to absorb without mental strain, and without leaving their accustomed channels. To be popular it is necessary to be commonplace or at least to describe the commonplace to work in a well-worn groove and not to startle— requirements which, unfortunately, simple as they seem very few persons possess the art of acting up to. See what happens to the unfortunate novelist, for instance, who dares to break the unwritten law, and defraud his readers of the orthodox transformation scene of the reward of virtue and discomfiture of vice; or to make his creation finish up in a way that, however, well it may be suited to its tenor, or illustrate its more subtle meaning, is contrary to the 'general reader's' idea as to how it should end—badly, as it is called. He simply collapses to rise no more, if he is new at the trade, and, if he is a known man, that book won't sell."

"You talk quite feelingly," said Angela who was getting rather bored, and wanted, not unnaturally to hear more about her own lines.

"Yes," replied Arthur grimly; "I do. Once I was fool enough to write a book, but I must tell you that it is a painful subject with me. It never came out. Nobody would have it."

"Oh! Arthur, I am so sorry; I should like to read your book. But as regards the verses, I am glad that you like them, and I really don't care what a hypothetical general public would say; I wrote them to please you, not the general public."

"Well, my dear, I am sure I am much obliged to you; I shall value them doubly, once for the giver's sake and once for their own."

Angela blushed, but did nor reprove the term of endearment which had slipped unawares from his lips. Poetry is a dangerous subject between two young people who at heart adore one another; it is apt to excite the brain, and bring about startling revelations.

The day following the reading of Angela's piece of poetry was rendered remarkable by two events of which the first was that the weather suddenly turned a somersault, and became beautifully warm; and the second that news reached the Abbey House that, thanks chiefly to Lady Bellamy's devoted nursing—who, fearless of infection, had, to the great admiration of all her neighbors, volunteered her services when no nurse could be found to undertake the case—George was pronounced out of danger. This piece of news was peculiarly grateful to Philip for, had his cousin died, the estates must have passed away forever under the terms of his uncle's will, for he knew that George had made none. Angela, too, tried, like a good girl as she was, to lash herself into enthusiasm about it, though in her heart she went as near hating her cousin, since his attempted indignity toward herself, as her gentle nature would allow. Arthur alone was cynically indifferent; he hated George without any reservation whatsoever.

And after this there came for our pair of embryo lovers some ten or twelve such happy days, for there was no talk of Arthur's departure. Philip having on several occasions pointedly told him that the house was at his disposal for as long as he chose to remain in it. The sky was blue in those days, or only flecked with summer clouds, just as Arthur and Angela's perfect companionship was flecked and shaded with the deeper hues of dawning passion. Alas, the sky in this terrestrial clime is never quite blue!

But as yet nothing of love had passed between them, no kiss or word of endearment; only when hand touched hand a strange thrill had moved them both, and sent the warm blood to stain Angela's clear brow, like a wavering tint of sunlight thrown upon the marble features of some white Venus; only in each other's eyes they found a holy mystery. The spell was not yet fully at work, but the wand of earth's great enchanter had touched them, and they were changed. Angela is hardly the same girl she was when we met her a little more than a fortnight back. A nameless change has come over her face and manner; the merry smile, once so bright, has grown softer and more sweet, and the laughing light of her gray eyes has given place to a look of some such gratitude and wonder, as that with which the traveler in lonely deserts gazes on the oasis of his perfect rest.

Many times Arthur had almost blurted out the truth to the woman he passionately adored, and every day so added to the suppressed fire of his love that at length he felt that he could not keep his secret to himself much longer. And yet he feared to tell it; better, he thought, to live happy, if in doubt, than to risk all his fortune on a single throw, for before his eyes there lay the black dread of failure; and then what would life be worth? Here with Angela he lived in a Garden of Eden that no forebodings no anxieties, no fear of that partially scorched serpent George, could render wretched, so long as it was gladdened by the presence of her whom he hoped to make his Eve. But without, and around where she could not be, there was nothing but clods and thistles and a black desolation that, even in imagination, he dared not face.

And Angela, gazing on veiled mysteries with wondering eyes, was she happy during those spring-tide days? Almost; but still there was in her heart a consciousness of effort, a sense of transformation and knowlege of the growth of hidden things. The bud bursting into the glory of the rose must, if there be feeling in a rose, undergo some such effort before it can make its beauty known; the butterfly, but newly freed from the dull husk that hid its splendors at first must feel the imperfect wings it stretches in the sun to be irksome to its unaccustomed sense. And so it was with Angela; she spread her half-grown wings in the sun of her new existence, and found them strange, not knowing as yet that they were shaped to bear her to the flower-crowned heights of love.

Hers was one of those rare natures in which the passion that we know by the generic term of love approached as near perfection, as is possible in our human hearts. For there are many sorts and divisions of love ranging from the affection, pure, steady, and divine, that is showered upon us from above, to the degrading madness of such a one as George Caresfoot. It is surely one of the saddest evidences of our poor humanity that, even among the purest of us, there are none who can altogether rid the whiteness of the love they have to offer of its earthly stain. Indeed, if we could so far conquer the promptings of our nature as to love with perfect purity, we should become like angels. But, just as white flowers are sometimes to be found on the blackest peak, so there do bloom in the world spirits as pure as they are rare—so free from evil, so closely shadowed by the Almighty wing, that they can almost reach to this perfection. Then the love they have to give is too refined, too holy and strong, to be understood of the mass of men; often it is squandered on some unequal and unanswering nature; sometimes it is wisely offered up to Him from whom it came.

We gaze upon an ice-bound river, and there is nothing to tell us that beneath that white cloak its current rushes to the ocean. But presently the spring comes, the prisoned waters burst their fetters, and we see a glad torrent sparkling in the sunlight. And so it was with our heroine's heart; the breath of Arthur's passion and the light of Arthur's eyes had beat upon it, and almost freed the river of its love. Already the listener might hear the ice-sheets crack and start; soon they will be gone, and her deep devotion will set as strong toward him as the tide of the torrent towards its receiving sea.

"Fine writing!" perhaps the reader will say; but surely none too fine to describe the most beautiful thing in this strange world, the irrevocable gift of a good woman's love!

However that may be, it will have served its purpose if it makes it clear that a crisis is at hand in the affairs of the heart of two of the central actors on this mimic stage.

(To Be Continued.)

## THE OLDEST UNIVERSITY.

The oldest university in the world is at Pekin. It is called the "School For the Sons of the Empire." Its antiquity is very great, and a granite register consisting of stone columns, 320 in number, contains the names of 60,000 graduates.

## FERTILITY.

This is mighty good soil, said Farmer Green, see that tree?

Yes.

Wa-al, that wuz a hitchin'-post when 'twas set out.

## SOME CAUSES OF SUDDEN DEATH.

**About One-Half the Total Number of Cases Due to Heart Disease.**

Roughly speaking, about one-half of the total number of cases of sudden death from natural causes in adults is, more or less, due to heart disease, which has existed for some time, and in which no further change is in progress at the time of death—such as valvular disease, angina, fatty heart, and scleroisis of the cardiac muscle from chronic myocarditis. In many cases concurrent lung or kidney diseases complicates the statistics, such cases frequently being tabulated as death solely due to heart disease. Spontaneous rupture of the heart, mostly in men, may exceptionally occur; the left ventricle, often toward the front, is almost invariably the feat of the rupture. It is to be remembered that in traumic rupture of the heart the right side, usually the auricle, suffers more frequently than the left in the proportion of about as seventy to fifty-four. Apoplexy and other cognate brain lesions rank second as natural causes of sudden death. It is to be noted that miliary aneurisms of the vessels of the brain, although most common in persons past middle life, occasionally occur in young people, even in children, and by bursting cause death from apoplexy.

CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM,

a potent factor among the causes of sudden death, is frequently associated with rapidly terminating heart and brain disease.

Asphyxia, a not unfrequent cause, may be due to oedema of the glottis, membranous deposits in the trachea, pressure of a neoplasm on the trachea, spasm of the vocal chords, plumonary embolism, air embolism, rupture of a vessel or of an aneurism into the air passages, asthma, whooping cough, pneumonia and heamo thorax, pleuritic effusion and epilepsy. The rupture of a gastric or of an intestinal ulcer, of an aneurism, of a varicose vein, of the surroundings of an ectopic gestation, the formation of a peri-uterine haemotocele, may severely prove quickly fatal. Nephritis, uraemia and apoplexy, diabetes, exophthalmic goitre, and Addison's disease may also terminate with unexpected rapidity. Hemorrhage into the pancreas occasionally causes sudden death, apparently from the impression produced on the contiguous nerve centers. It is most common in males over 40 years of age who may up to the occurrence of the hemorrhage to all appearances be in perfect health. Obesity, the habitual use of alcohol, and the presence of heart disease appear in many of the cases to be predisposing cause. Koetschau, however, observed hemorrhage into the pancreas in a woman—an alcoholic—in her 24th year. Occasionally it occurs in spare people who are free from obvious disease and who are abstemious as regards alcohol. The sufferer may die within half an hour after the occurrence of the hemorrhage or he may survive for twenty-four or even thirty-six hours. Draper records five cases between the ages of 26 and 35 years, of which three were men and two women, Fitz tabulated sixteen cases, of which eleven were males between 31 and 70 years of age, and five were females between 26 and 47 years.

SUDDEN DEATH

has in instances followed spontaneous rupture of an enlarged spleen, the result of tropical malarial influences, the individual immediately before rupture being to all intents and purposes quite well. Pellereaux gives the history of thirteen cases of rupture of the enlarged spleen; in five the rupture was spontaneous, and in the remainder it was due to apparently inadequate causes, such as a simple fall in the street. It is to be borne in mind that when the spleen is thus enlarged a mere pat with the palm of the hand may determine rupture and consequent speedy death, which, in the absence of knowledge of the experience of others, might readily be assumed to be the result of criminal violence.

It is to be remembered that some of the above-named diseases may exist without giving rise to any symptoms until the final moment arrives; this applies with special force to diseases which have a prolonged course, during which, as a rule, symptoms indicative of disease declare themselves. Such a disease is gastric ulcer. I have seen more than one case in which, until the fatal rupture occurred absolutely no symptoms were experienced, not even such as might have been attributed to simple dyspepsia; in one such instance a second ulcer was present in the walls of the stomach in addition to the one that ruptured and caused death, and yet until perforation occurred the patient never felt any adnormal sensation whatever.

## MR. BILLTOPS LOSES AN UMBRELLA.

**But He Makes It Clear to Mrs. Billtops That He Hadn't Left It Anywhere.**

"I have been all these years," said Mr. Billtops, "and never had an umbrella turned inside out; but it happened to me last night, and just as I turned into my own block, right near home. I once saw a man in the same situation turn and let the wind blow his umbrella into shape again, and then go on as calmly as though nothing had happened. I tried that last night; but it isn't one time in a hundred that it can be done, and this was not one of the times. The wind only blew mine into a more outlandish shape."

"But I didn't throw it away, I carried it home. I am rather inclined to lose umbrellas, to leave 'em around here and there, and I thought I would make it clear that I had not left this one anywhere, and so I took it along, as the newspapers say, as a guarantee of good faith."