DAWN.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

Mrs. Carr had a beautiful house in Grosvenor Square, a place in Leicestershire, where she hunted a little, a place in the Isle of Wight tnat she rarely visited, and lastly a place at Madeira where she lived for nearly half the year. There never had been a breath of scandal against her name, nor had she given cause for any. "As for loving," she would say, "the only things she loved were beetles and mummies," for she was a clever naturalist, and a faithful student of the lore of the ancient Egyptians. The beetles, she would explain, had been the connecting link between the two sciences, since beetles had led her to scrabaei, and scarabaei to the human husks with which they are to be found; but this statement, though amusing, was not strictly accurate, as she had in reality contracted the taste from her late husband, who had left her a large collection of Egyptian antiquities.

"I do adore a mummy," she would say, "I am small enough in mind and body already, but it makes me feel inches smaller, and I like to measure my own diminutiveness.

She was not much of a reader; life was, she declared, too short to waste in study; but, when she did take up a book, it was generally of a nature that most women of her class would have called stiff, and then she could read it without going to sleep.

In addition to these occupations, Mrs. Carr had had various crazes at different stages of her widowhood, which had now endured for some five years. She had traveled, she had "gone in for art;" once she had speculated a little, but finding that for a woman, it was a losing game, she was too shrewd to continue this last pastime. But she always came back to her beetles and her mummies.

Still, with all her money, her places, her offers of marriage, and her self-made occupations, Mildred Carr was essentially "a weary woman, sunk deep in ease and sated with her life." Within that little frame of hers, there beat a great active heart, ever urging her onward toward an unknown end. She would describe herself as an ill-regulated woman," and the description was not without justice, for she did not possess that placid, even mind which is so necessary to the comfort of English ladies, and which enables many of them to bury a husband or a lover as composedly as they take him. She would have given worlds to be able to fall in love with some one, to fill up the daily emptiness of her existence with another's joys and griefs, but she could not. Men passed before her in endless procession, all sorts and conditions of them, and for the most part were anxious to marry her, but they might as well have been a string of wax dolls for aught she could care about them. To her eyes, they were nothing more than a succession of frock-coats and tall hats, full of shine and emptiness, signifying nothing. For their opinion too, and that of the society which they helped to form, she had a most complete and wrong-headed contempt. She cared nothing for the ordinary laws of social life, and was prepared to break through them on emergency, as a wasp breaks through a spider's web. Perhaps she guessed that a good deal of breaking would be forgiven to the owner of such a lovely face, and more than twenty thousand a year. With all this, she was extremely observant, and possessed, unknown to herself, great powers of mind, and great though dormant, capacities for passion. In short, this little woman, with the baby face, smiling and serene as the blue sky that hides the gathering hurricane, was rather odder than the majority of her sex, which is perhaps saying a great deal.

One day, about a week before Arthur departed from the Abbey House, Agatha Terry was sitting in the blue drawing-room in the house in Grosvenor Square, when Mrs. Carr came in, almost at a run, slammed the door behind her and plumped herself down in a chair with a sigh of relief.

"Agatha, give orders to pack up. We will go to Madeira by the next boat."

'Goodness gracious, Mildred! across that dreadful bay again; and just think how hot it will be, and the beginning of the season, too."

"Now, Agatha, I'm going, and there's an end of it, so it is no use arguing. You can stay here and give a series of ball and dinners, if you like."

"Nonsense, dear; me give parties indeed, and you at Madeira! Why, it's just as though you asked Ruth to entertain the reapers without Naomi. I'll go and give the orders; but I do hope that it will be calm. Why do you want to go now?"

"I'll tell you. Lord Minister has been proposing to me again, and announces his intention of going on doing so till I accept him. You know he has just got into the cabinet, so he has celebrated the event by asking me to marry him, for the third time."

"Poor fellow! Perhaps he is very fond of you."

"Not a bit of it. He is fond of my good looks and my money. I will tell you the substance of his speech this morning. He stood like this, with his hands in his pockets, and said, "I am now a cabinet minister. It is a good thing that a cabinet minister should have somebody presentable to sit at the head of his table. You are presentable. I appreciate beauty, when I have time to think about it. I observe that you are beautiful. I am not very well-off for my position. You, on the other hand, are immensely rich. With your money, I can in time, become prime minister. It is, consequently, evidently to my advantage that you should marry me, and I have sacrificed a very important appointment in order to come and settle it.'"

Agatha laughed.

"And how did you answer him?"

"In his own style. 'Lord Minister,' I said, 'I am, for the third time, honored by your flattering proposal, but I have no wish to ornament your table, no desire to expose my beauty to your perpetual admiration, and no ambition to advance your political career. I do not love you, and I had rather become the wife of a crossing-sweeper that I loved, than that of a member of the government for whom I have every respect, but no affection.'

"'As the wife of a crossing-sweeper, it is probable,' he answered, 'that you would be miserable. As my wife, you would certainly be admired and powerful, and consequently happy.'

"'Lord Minister,' I said, 'you have studied human nature but very superficially, if you have not learned that it is better for a woman to be miserable with the man she loves than "admired, powerful and consequently happy," with one who has no attraction for her.'

"'Your remark is interesting,' he replied; 'but I think that there is something paradoxical about it. I must be going now, as I have only five minutes to go to Westminster; but I will think it over, and answer it when we renew our conversation, which I propose to do very shortly, and he was gone before I could get in another word."

"But why should that make you go to Madeira?"

"Because, my dear, if I don't so sure as I am a living woman, that man will tire me out and marry me and I dislike him, and don't want to marry him. I have a strong will, but his is of iron."

And so it came to pass that the names of Mrs. Carr, Miss Terry and three servants appeared upon the passenger list of Messrs. Donald Currie & Co.'s royal mail steamship Warwick Castle, due to sail for Madeira and the Cape ports on the 14th of June.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Arthur arrived in town in a melancholy condition. His was a temperament peculiarly liable to suffer from attacks of depression, and he had, with some excuse, a sufficiently severe one on him now. Do what he would, he could not for a single hour free his mind from the sick longing to see or hear from Angela, that in addition to the mental distress it occasioned him, amounted almost to a physical pain. After two or three days of lounging about his club—for he was in no mood for going out—he began to feel that this sort of thing was intolerable, and that it was absolutely necessary for him to go somewhere or do something.

It so happened that, just after he had come to this decision, he overheard two men, who were sitting at the next table to him in the club dining room, talking of the island of Madeira, and speaking of it as a charming place. He accepted this as an omen, and determined that to Madeira he should go. And, the place would suit him as well as any other to get through a portion of his year of probation in, and, whilst affording a complete change of scene, would not be too far from England.

And so it came to pass that on the morrow Arthur found himself in the office of Messrs. Currie & Co., for the purpose of booking his berth in the vessel that was due to sail on the 14th. There he was informed by the very affable clerk, who assisted him to choose his cabin, that the vessel was unusually empty, and that up to the present time, berths had been taken for only five ladies, and two of them Jewesses.

"However," the clerk added, by way of consolation, "this one, pointing to Mrs. Carr's name on the list, "is as good as a cargo," and he whistled, expressively.

"What do you mean?" asked Arthur, his curiosity slightly excited.

"I mean—my word, here she comes."

At that moment the swing doors of the office were pushed open, and there came through them one of the sweetest, daintiest little women Arthur had ever seen. She was no longer quite young. She might be eight-and-twenty or thirty; but, on the other hand, maturity had but added to the charms of youth. She had big, brown eyes that Arthur thought could probably look languishing, if they chose, and that even in repose were full of expression, a face soft and blooming as a peach, and round as a baby's, surmounted by a quantity of nut-brown hair, the very sweetest mouth, the lips rather full, and just showing a line of pearl, and lastly, what looked rather odd on such an infantile countenance, a firm, square, and very determined, if very diminutive, chin. For the rest, it was difficult to say which was the most perfect, her figure or her dress.

All of which, of course, had little interest for Arthur; but what did rather startle him was her voice, when she spoke. From such a woman one would naturally have expected a voice of a corresponding nature, namely, one of the soft and murmering order; but hers, on the contrary, though sweet, was decided and clear as a bell, and with a peculiar ring in it that he would have recognized amongst a thousand others.

On her entrance Arthur stepped on one side.

"I have come to say," she said, with a slight bow of recognition to the clerk, "that I have changed my mind about my berth; instead of the starboard deck cabin I should like to have the port. I think that it will be cooler at this time of year, and also will you please make arrangements for three horses."

"I am excessively sorry, Mrs. Carr," the clerk answered; "but the port cabin is engaged; in fact, this gentleman has just taken it."

"Oh, in that case"—with a little blush—"there is an end of the question."

"By no means," interrupted Arthur. "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me where I go. I beg that you will take it."

"Oh, thank you. You are very good, but I could not think of robbing you of your cabin."

"I must implore you to do so. Rather than there should be any difficulty, I will go below." And then, addressing the clerk: "Be so kind as to change the cabins."

"I owe you many thanks for your courtesy," said Mrs. Carr, with a little courtesy.

Arthur took off his hat.

"Then we will consider that settled. Good morning, or perhaps I should say au revoir;" and, bowing again, he left the office.

"What is that gentleman's name?" Mrs. Carr asked, when he was gone.

"Here it is, madame, on the list. 'Arthur Preston Heigham, passenger to Madeira.'"

"Arthur Preston Heigham!" Mrs. Carr said to herself, as she made her way down to her carriage in Fenchurch Street. "Arthur is pretty, and Preston is pretty, but I don't much like Heigham. At any rate, there is no doubt about his being a gentleman. I wonder what he is going to Madeira for? He has an interesting face. I think I am glad we are going to be fellow-passengers."

The two days that remained to him in town, Arthur spent in making his preparations for departure; getting money, buying after the manner of young Englishmen starting on a voyage to foreign parts, a large and fearfully sharp bunting-knife, as though Madeira were the home of wild beasts, and laying in a stock of various other articles of a useless description, such as impenetrable sun-helmets and leather coats.

The boat was to sail at noon on Friday, and on Thursday evening he left Paddington by the mail that reaches Dartmouth about midnight. On the pier he and one or two other fellow-passengers found a boat waiting to take them to the great vessel, that, painted a dull gray, lay still and solemn in the harbor as they were rowed up to her, very different from the active, living thing that she was destined to become within the next twenty-four hours. The tide ebbing past her iron sides, the fresh, strong smell of the sea, the tall masts pointing skyward like gigantic fingers, the chime of the bell upon the bridge, the sleepy steward, and the stuffy cabin were all a pleasant variation from the every-day monotony of existence, and contributed toward the conclusion that life was partially worth living, even when it could not be lived with Angela. Indeed, so much are we the creatures of circumstance, and so liable to be influenced by surroundings, that Arthur, who, a few hours before, had been plunged into the depths of depression, turned into his narrow berth after a tremendous struggle with the sheets—which stewards arrange on a principle incomprehensible to land-lubbers, and probably only partially understood by themselves—with considerable satisfaction and a pleasurable sense of excitement.

The next morning, or rather the earlier part of it, he devoted, when he was not thinking about Angela, to arranging his goods and chattels in his small domain, to examining the lovely scenery of Dartmouth harbor—the sight of which is enough to make any outward-bound individual bitterly regret his determination to quit his native land—and to inspecting the outward man of his fellow-passengers with that icy stolidity which characterizes the true born Briton. But the great event of the morning was the arrival of the mail-train, bringing the bags destined for various American ports, loose letters for the passengers, and a motley contingent of the passengers themselves. Amongst these latter, he had no difficulty in recognizing the two Jewesses, of whom the clerk in the office, had spoken, who were accompanied by indivduals presumably their husbands, and very remarkable for the splendor of their diamond studs, and the dirtiness of their nails. The only other specimen of saloon-passenger womankind that he could see was a pretty, black-eyed girl of about eighteen, who was, as he afterward discovered, going out under the captain's care to be a governess at the Cape, and who, to judge from the intense melancholy of her countenance, did not particularly enjoy the prospect. But, with the exception of some heavy baggage that was being worked up from a cargo-boat, by the donkey-engine, and a luxurious cane-chair on the deck that bore her name, no signs were there of Mrs. Carr.

Presently the purser sent round the head-steward, a gentleman whom Arthur mistook for the first mate, so smart was his uniform, to collect the letters, and it wrung him not a little to think that he alone could send none. The bell sounded to warn all not sailing to hurry to their boats, but still there was nothing to be seen of his acquaintance of the office; and, to speak the truth, he was just a little disappointed, for what he had seen of her piqued his curiosity and made him anxious to see more.

"I can't wait any longer," he heard the captain say; "she must come on by the Kinfauns."

It was full twelve o'clock and the last rope was being loosed from the moorings. "Ting-ting" went the engine-room bell. "Thud-thud" started the great screw that would not stop again for so many restless hours. The huge vessel shuddered throughout her frame like an awakening sleeper, and growing quick with life forged an inch or two ahead. Next, a quarter-master came with two men to hoist up the gangway, when suddenly a boat shot alongside and hooked on, among the occupants of which Arthur had no difficulty in recognizing Mrs. Carr, who sat laughing, like Pleasure, at the helm. The other occupants of the boat, who were not laughing, he guessed to be her servants and the lady who figured on the passenger list as Miss Terry, a stout, solemn looking person in spectacles.

"Now, then, Agatha," called Mrs. Carr, from the stern sheets, "be quick and jump up."

"My dear Mildred, I can't go up there; I can't indeed. Why, the thing's moving."

"But you must go up, or else be pulled up with a rope. Here, I will show the way," and, moving down the boat, she sprung boldly, as it rose with the swell, in the stalwart arms of the sailor who was waiting on the gangway landing-stage, and thence ran up the steps to the deck.

"Very well, I am going to Madeira. I don't know what you are going to do; but you must make up your mind quick."

"Can't hold on much longer, mum." said the boatman, "she's getting way on now."

"Come on, mum, I won't let you in," said the man of the ladder, seductively.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, what shall I do?" groaned Miss Terry, wringing the hand that was not employed in holding on."

"John," called Mrs. Carr, to a servant who was behind Miss Terry, and looking considerably alarmed, "don't stand there like a fool; put Miss Terry on to that ladder."

Mrs. Carr was evidently accustomed to being obeyed, for, thus admonished, John seized the struggling and shrieking Miss Terry, and bore her to the edge of the boat, where she was caught by two sailors, and amid the cheers of excited passengers, fairly dragged on the deck.

"Oh! Mrs. Carr," said the chief officer, reproachfully, when Miss Terry had been satisfactorily deposited on a bench, "you are late again; you were late last voyage."

"Not at all, Mr. Thompson. I hate spending longer than is necessary aboard ship, so, when the train got in, I took a boat and went for a row in the harbor. I knew that you would not go without me."

"Oh, yes, we should have, Mrs. Carr; the skipper heard about it because he waited for you before."

"Well, here I am, and I promise that I won't do it again."

Mr. Thompson laughed and passed on. At this moment Mrs. Carr perceived Arthur, and, bowing to him, they fell into conversation about the scenery through which the boat was passing on her way to the open sea. Before very long, indeed, as soon as the vessel began to rise and fall upon the swell, this talk was interrupted by a voice from the seat where Miss Terry had been placed.

"Mildred," it said; "I do wish you would not come to sea; I am beginning to feel ill."

"And no wonder, if you will insist upon coming up ladders head downward. Where's John? He will help you to your cabin; the deck one, next to mine."

But John had vanished with a parcel.

"Mildred, send some one quick, I beg of you," remarked Miss Terry, in the solemn tones of one who feels that a crisis is approaching.

"I can't see anybody except a very dirty sailor."

"Permit me," said Arthur, stepping to the rescue.

"You are very kind; but she can't walk. I know her ways; she has got to the stage when she must be carried. Can you manage her?"

"I think so," replied Arthur, "if you don't mind holding her legs, and provided that the vessel does not roll," and, with an effort, he hoisted Miss Terry baby-fashion into his arms, and staggered off with her toward the indicated cabin. Mrs. Carr, as suggested, holding the lower limbs of the prostrate lady. Presently she began to laugh.

"If you only knew how absurd we look," she said.

"Don't make me laugh," answered Arthur, puffing; for Miss Terry was by no means light, "or I shall drop her."

"If you do, young man," ejaculated his apparently unconscious burden with wonderful energy, "I will never forgive you."

A remark, the suddenness of which so startled him that he very nearly did.

"Thank you. Now lay quite flat, please. She won't get up again till we drop anchor at Madeira."

"If I live so long," murmured the invalid.

To Be Continued.

SYMPATHY IN VIBRATION.

If we place two clocks on the same shelf and adjust their pendulums to swing in exact unison and set one of them to running, in the course of time the other will start up in sympathy. Each sound impulse caused by the vibration of the pendulum of the clock that is running is communicated to the other pendulum. Each successive impulse adds to the swing of the sympathetic pendulum, which began in an exceedingly small way at the very first stroke of the other pendulum, and this goes on till the sympathetic pendulum is making its full stroke. So with the sympathetic tuning forks. Each air wave that is sent out by the initial fork strikes the other fork and causes at first a slight vibration which accumulates, because each successive air wave strikes the sympathetic fork just at the end of its swing and works in harmony with the natural tendency of the fork to vibrate. The result is a co-operation. Each helps the other. How much better it would be for the world if men would take pattern after this law of physics.

ONE WAY TO FIX IT.

Bridget, you've broken as much china this morning as your wages amount to. Now, how can we prevent this occurring again?

Oi don't know, mum, unless yez raises me wages.'

What Victoria Reads.

Now that the Queen of England, like her grandfather, George III., suffers from failing eyesight, two persons in her household have come to possess more and more importance. These are the "lectrices," or readers, employed by the nation to save what remains of her Majesty's vision. The late Lord Beaconsfield once humorously described the two lectrices as "the Queen's pair of spectacles." For many years Fraulein Bauer and Mlle. Norele have held these places, the Queen only needing their services for German and French, as her English is read to her by her ladies in waiting or maids of honor.

Through the courtesy of the Queen's private secretary, a chat was recently obtained by the London Queen with both these ladies regarding the tastes of their mistress in literature. Mlle. Norele, a sprightly and charming Frenchwoman, was easily enough induced to speak.

"Her Majesty," she declared, "reads very little of the lighter side of our literature, unless, indeed, one excepts the various periodicals which are sent marked for perusal from the secretary's office. She is especially fond of the older authors' works, Xavier de Maistre's, Victor Hugo's, and portions of Balzac's, for instance. I think that the story she likes best in all French literature is De Maistre's touching 'Lepreux de la Gite d'Aoste.' I have read it to her times without number, the beautiful pathos of the tale appearing to soothe her in a remarkable manner.

"Of all the moderns, I really believe that her Majesty holds M. Alphonse Daudet alone admirable. She thinks his satire too mordant, though, and prefers the delicious 'Letters from My Mill in Province' and 'Trente Ans de Paris' to the better known books. You will be, perhaps, astonished to learn that the Queen likes Henri Murger; and many a time have we laughed together over the graceless scamps of the 'Vie de Boheme.' Last year we read Fenelon's 'Telemaque' from cover to cover. Her Majesty declared that the work brought back her life's happiest periods—her own childhood's days in Kensington Palace, and the days in which she taught her children their French.

"A very important branch of my work consists in reading the many letters received daily by the Queen from members of her family and intimate friends. Nearly all of these are either in German or French. Many of the Queen's juvenile descendants are accustomed to send her long weekly accounts—perfect diaries in fact—of their doings and opinions."

Fraulein Bauer was less communicative than her colleague. She comes of a family which has served the Queen's German ancestors in many capacities for generations back.

"The Queen," she says, "reads considerably in modern German literature. She is even fond of the humorous journals, and subscribes to all the principal magazines. Her German secretary, Herr Maurice Muther, carefully watches for all newspaper articles which may interest her, and sends them marked for reading. I think that Schiller is her Majesty's favorite German poet, but she is also very fond of Goethe. Heine she dislikes intensely. I have heard her quote the Prince Consort to the effect that Heine's genius had the phosphorescent light of decay.'

"She likes historical novels, particularly Laube's 'Der Deutsche Krieg,' and Scheffel's 'Ekkehard.' This taste for historical fiction, I believe, follows the Queen into other languages. She admires Walter Scott. Felix Dahn and Freytag are two more favorites.

"Reading her Majesty's voluminous Greman correspondence forms a very large portion of my duty."

The Hon. Emily McNeill, who, in her capacity of maid of honor to the Queen, has read extensively to her Majesty in English, was kind enough to add a few words to those of the lectrices. "The Queen's taste in English literature," she said, "are catholic. She reads almost every new book which is described to her as possessing real merit. For years the Queen took Lord Beaconsfield's opinion largely on the subject, but since the great Premier's death her advisers are many.

"The Queen is never tired of re-reading Shakespeare, Scott and Dickens. Recently she has shown a sympathetic feeling for Milton, and has been perusing the blind poet's works. Lord Tennyson is, however, her favorite. There is an utterly erroneous opinion abroad that she greatly dislikes Swinburne. On the contrary, she has a remarkable liking for 'Atalanta in Calydon' and others of Swinburne's poems. Of late she has been reading Mr. Kipling and expresses admiration for his vigor and keen insight into human nature. She told a friend that Kipling had shown her empire to her in the most realistic manner.

"With her fondness for historical fiction, she evinces much interest in the new school of historical fiction. The Celtic Renascence also attracts her, for she sympathizes with the Gael to a remarkable extent, and is prouder, I verily believe, of her kinship to the Stuarts than of her descent from the Guelphs.

BOISTEROUS.

They say Jibway's new suit is tremendously loud.

Loud! why, it would disturb the nap of a silk hat!