DAWN.

CHAPTER XXXII.—Continued.

Arthur now made his bow and departed, wondering how two women so dissimilar as Mrs. Carr and Miss Terry came to be living together. As it is a piece of curiosity that the reader may share, perhaps it had better be explained.

Miss Terry was a middle-aged relative of Mrs. Carr's late husband, who had by a series of misfortunes been left quite destitute. Her distress having come to the knowledge of Mildred Carr, she, with the kind-hearted promptitude that distinguished her, at once came to her aid, paid her debts, and brought her to her own house to stay, where she had remained ever since under the title of companion. These two women, living thus together, had nothing whatsoever in common, save that Miss Terry took some reflected interest in beetles. As for traveling, having been brought up and lived in the same house of the same county town until she reached the age of forty-five, it was, as may be imagined, altogether obnoxious to her. Indeed, it is more than doubtful if she retained any clear impression whatsoever of the places she visited. "A set of foreign holes!" as she would call them, contemptuously. Miss Terry was, in short, neither clever, nor strong-minded, but so long as she could be in the company of her beloved Mildred, whom she regarded with mingled reverence and affection, she was perfectly happy. Oddly enough, this affection was reciprocated, and there probably was nobody in the world for whom Mrs. Carr cared so much as her cousin by marriage, Agatha Terry. And yet it would be impossible to imagine two women more dissimilar.

Not long after they had left Dartmouth, the afternoon set in dull, and toward evening the sea freshened sufficiently to send most of the passengers below, leaving those who remained to be finally dispersed by the penetrating drizzle that is generally to be met with off the English coast. Arthur, left alone on the heaving deck, surveyed the scene and thought it very desolate. Around was a gray waste of tossing waters, illumined here and there by the setting rays of an angry sun, above, a wild and windy sky, with not even a sea-gull in all its space, and in the far distance a white and fading line, which was the shore of England.

Faint it grew, and fainter yet, and, as it disappeared, he thought of Angela, and yearning sorrow fell upon him. When, he wondered sadly, should he again look into her eyes and hold that proud beauty in his arms? what fate awaited them in the future that stretched before them, dim as the darkening ocean, and more uncertain? Alas! he could not tell, he only felt that it was very bitter to be parted thus from her to whom had been given his whole heart's love, to know that every fleeting moment widened a breach already far too wide, and not to know if it would again be narrowed, or if this farewell would be the last.

Then he thought, if it should be the last, if she should die or desert him, what would his life be worth to him? A consciousness within him answered, "Nothing." And, in a degree, his conclusion was right; for, although it is, fortunately, not often in the power of any single passion to render life altogether worthless, it is certain that, when it strikes in youth, there is no sickness so sore as that of the heart; no sorrow more keen, and no evil more lasting, than those connected with its disappointments and its griefs. For other sorrows, life has salves and consolations, but a noble and enduring passion is not all of this world, and to cure its sting we must look to something beyond this world's quackeries. Other griefs can find sympathy and expression, and become absorbed little by little in the variety of life's issues. But love, as it is, and should be understood—not the faint ghost that arrays itself in stolen robes, and says, "I am love," but love the strong and the immortal, the pass-key to the happy skies, the angel cipher we read, but cannot understand—such love as this, and there is none other true, can find no full solace here, not even in its earthly satisfaction.

For still it beats against its mortal bars and rends the heart that holds it; still strives like a meteor flaming to its central star, or a new-loosed spirit seeking the presence of its God, to pass hence with that kindred soul to the inner heaven whence it came, there to be wholly mingled with its other life and clothed with divine identity—there to satisfy the aspirations that now vainly throb within their fleshly walls, with the splendor and the peace and the full measure of the eternal joys it knows await its coming.

And it is not a first-fruit of this knowledge, that the thoughts of those who are plunged into the fires of a pure devotion fly upward as surely as the sparks? Nothing but the dross, the grosser earthly part, is purged away by their ever chastening sorrow, which is, in truth, a discipline for finer souls. For did there ever yet live the man or woman who, loving truly, has suffered, and the fires burned out, has not risen phoenix-like from their ashes, purer and better, and holding in the heart a bright, undying hope? Never; for these have walked barefooted upon the holy ground, it is the flames from the altar that have purged them and left their own light within! And surely this holds also good of those who have loved and lost, of those who have been scorned or betrayed; of the suffering army that cry aloud of the empty bitterness of life and dare not hope beyond. They do not understand that, having once loved truly, it is not possible that they should altogether lose; that there is to their pain and the dry-rot of their hopes, as to everything else in Nature, an end and object. Shall the soul be immortal, and its best essence but a thing of air? Shall the one thought by day and the one dream by night, the ethereal star which guides us across life's mirage, and which will still shine serene at the moment of our fall from the precipice of Time; shall this alone, amid all that makes us what we are, be chosen out to see corruption, to be cast off and forgotten in the grave? Never! There, by the workings of a Providence we cannot understand, that mighty germ awaits fruition. There, too, shall we know the wherefore of our sorrow at which, sad-eyed, we now so often wonder; there shall we kiss the rod that smote us, and learn the glorious uses and pluck the glowing fruits of an affliction that on earth filled us with such sick longing and such an aching pain.

Let the long-suffering reader forgive these pages of speculative writing for the subject is a tempting one, and full of interest for us mortals. Indeed, it may chance that, if he or she is more than five-and-twenty, these lines may even have been read without impatience, for there are many who have the memory of a lost Angela hidden away somewhere in the records of their past, and who are fain, in the breathing spaces of their lives, to dream that they will find her wandering in that wide eternity where "all human barriers fall, all human relations end, and love ceases to be a crime."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The morning after the vessel left Dartmouth brought with it weather, brisk and clear, with a fresh breeze that just topped the glittering swell with white. There was, however, a considerable roll on the ship, and those poor wretches, who for their sins are given to seasickness, were not yet happy. Presently Arthur observed the pretty, black-eyed girl—poor thing, she did not look very pretty now—creep on the deck and attempt to walk about, an effort which promptly resulted in a fall into the scuppers. He picked her up, and asked if she would not like to sit down, but she faintly declined, saying that she did not mind falling so long as she could walk a little—she did not feel so sick when she walked. Under these circumstances he could hardly do less than help her, which he did in the only way at all practicable with one so weak, namely, by walking her about on his arm.

In the midst of his interesting peregrinations he observed Mrs. Carr gazing out of her deck cabin window, looking, he thought, pale, but sweetly pretty and rather cross. When that lady saw that she was observed, she pulled the curtain with a jerk and vanished. Shortly after this Arthur's companion vanished too, circumstances over which she had no control compelling her, and Arthur himself sat down rather relieved.

But he was destined that day to play knight-errant to ladies in distress. Presently Mrs. Carr's cabin-door opened, and that lady herself emerged therefrom, holding on to the siderail. He had just begun to observe how charmingly she was dressed when some qualm seized her, and she turned to reenter the cabin. But the door had swung to with the roll of the vessel, and she could not open it. Impelled by an agony of doubt, she flew to the side, and, to his horror, sprung with a single bound on to the broad rail that surmounted the bulwark netting, and remained seated there, holding only to a little rope that hung down from the awning-chain.

The ship, which was at the moment rolling pretty heavily, had just reached the full angle of her windward roll, and was preparing for a heavy swing to leeward. Arthur, seeing that Mrs. Carr would in a few seconds certainly be flung out to sea, rushed promptly forward and lifted her from the rail. It was none too soon, for next moment down the great ship went with a lurch into a trough of the sea, hurling him, with her in his arms, up against the bulwarks, and, to say truth, hurting him considerably. But, if he expected any thanks for this exploit, he was destined to be disappointed, for no sooner had he set his lovely burden down, than she made use of her freedom to stamp upon the deck.

"How could you be so foolish?" said he. "In another moment you would have been flung out to sea!"

"And, pray, Mr. Heigham," she answered, in a cutting and sarcastic voice, "is that my business or your own? Surely it would have been time enough for you to take a liberty when I asked you to jump over after me."

Arthur drew himself up to his full height and looked dignified—he could look dignified when he liked.

"I do not quite understand you, Mrs. Carr," he said, with a little bow. "What I did, I did to save you from going overboard. Next time that such a little adventure comes in my way, I hope, for my own sake, that it may concern a lady possessed of less rudeness and more gratitude."

And then, glaring defiance at each other, they separated; she marching off with all the dignity of an offended queen to the "sweet seclusion that a cabin grants," while he withdrew to a bench, comforted, however, not a little by the thought that he had given Mrs. Carr a Roland for her Oliver.

Mrs. Carr's bound on to the bulwarks had been the last effort of that prince of demons, seasickness, rending her ere he left. When the occasion for remaining there had thus passed away, she soon tired of her cabin and of listening to the inarticulate moans of her beloved Agatha, who was a most faithful subject of the fiend, one who would never desert his banner so long as he could roll the tiniest wave, and, sallying forth took up her position in the little society of the ship.

But between Arthur and herself there was no attempt at reconciliation. Each felt their wrongs to be eternal as the rocks. At luncheon they looked unutterable things from different sides of the table; going to dinner, she cut him with the sweetest grace, and on the following morning they naturally removed to situations as remote from each other as the cubic area of a mail steamer would allow.

"Pretty, very much so, but ill-mannered; not quite a lady, I should say," reflected Arthur to himself, with a superior smile.

"I detest him," said Mrs. Carr to herself; "at least, I think I do; but how neatly he put me down! There is no doubt about his being a gentleman, though insufferably conceited."

These uncharitable thoughts rankled in their respective minds about 12 a.m. What then was Arthur's disgust, on descending a little late to luncheon that day to be informed by the resplendent chief-steward—who, for some undiscovered reason, always reminded him of Pharaoh's butler—that the captain had altered the places at table, and that this alteration involved his being placed next to none other than Mrs. Carr. Everybody was already seated, and it was too late to protest, at any rate for that meal; so he had to choose between submission and going without his luncheon. Being extremely hungry, he decided for the first alternative, and reluctantly brought himself to a halt next his avowed enemy.

But surprises, like sorrows, come in battalions, a fact that he very distinctly realized when, having helped himself to some chicken, he heard a clear voice at his side address him by name.

Mr. Heigham," said the voice, "I have not yet thanked you for your kindness to Miss Terry. I am commissioned to assure you that she is very grateful, since she is prevented by circumstances from doing so herself."

"I am much gratified," he replied, stiffly; "but really I did nothing to deserve thanks, and if I had," he added, with a touch of sarcasm, "I should not have expected any."

"Oh! what a cynic you must be," she answered with a rippling laugh, "as though women, helpless as they are, were not always thankful for the tiniest attention. Did not the pretty girl with the black eyes thank you for your attentions yesterday, for instance?"

"Did the lady with the brown eyes thank me for my attentions—my very necessary attentions—yesterday, for instance?" he answered, somewhat mollified, for the laugh and the voice would have thawed a human icicle, and, with all his faults, Arthur was not an icicle.

"No, she did not; she deferred doing so in order that she might do it better. It was very kind of you to help me, and I dare say that you saved my life, and I—I beg your pardon for being so cross, but being seasick always makes me cross even to those who are kindest to me. Do you forgive me? Please forgive me; I really am quite unhappy when I think of my behavior." And Mrs. Carr shot a glance at him that would have cleared the northwest passage for a man-of-war."

"Please don't apologize," he said humbly. "I really have nothing to forgive. I am aware that I took a liberty as you put it, but I thought that I was justified by the circumstances."

"It is not generous of you, Mr. Heigham, to throw my words into my teeth. I had forgotten all about them. But I will set your want of feeling against my want of gratitude, and we'll kiss and be friends."

"I can assure you, Mrs. Carr that there is nothing in the world I should like better. When shall the ceremony come off?"

"Now you are laughing at me, and actually interpreting what I say literally, as though the English language were not full of figures of speech. By that phrase," and she blushed a little—that is her cheek took a deeper shade of coral—"I meant that we would not cut each other after lunch."

"You bring me from the seventh heaven of expectation into a very prosaic world; but I accept your terms, whatever they are. I am conquered."

"For exactly half an hour. But let us talk sense. Are you going to stop at Madeira?"

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"I don't know; till I get tired of it, I suppose. Is it nice, Madeira?"

"Charming. I live there half the year."

"Ah, then I can well believe that it is charming!"

"Mr. Heigham you are paying compliments. I thought that you looked above that sort of thing."

"In the presence of misfortune and beauty"—here he bowed—"all men are reduced to the same level. Talk to me from behind a curtain, or let me turn my back upon you and you may expect to hear workaday prose—but face to face, I fear that you must put up with compliment."

"A neat way of saying that you have had enough of me. Your compliments are two-edged. Good-bye for the present." And she rose, leaving Arthur—well, rather amused."

After this they saw a good deal of each other—that is to say, they conversed together for at least thirty minutes out of every sixty during an average day of fourteen hours, and in the course of these conversations she learned nearly everything about him, except his engagement to Angela, and she shrewdly guessed at that, or, rather, at some kindred circumstances in his career. Arthur, on the other hand learned quite everything about her, for her life was open as the day, and would have borne reporting in the Times newspaper. But, nevertheless, he found it extremely interesting.

"You must be a busy woman," he said one morning, when he had been listening to one of her rattling accounts of her travels and gayeties, sprinkled over, as it was, with the shrewd remarks and illumined by the keen insight into character that made her talk so charming.

"Busy, no; one of the idlest in the world, and a very worthless one to boot," she answered, with a little sigh.

"Then why don't you change your life? it is in your own hands, if ever anybody's was."

"Do you think so? I doubt if anybody's life is in their own hands. We follow an appointed course; if we did not it would be impossible to understand why so many sensible clever people make such a complete mess of their existence. They can't do it from choice."

"At any rate you have not made a mess of yours and your appointed course seems a very pleasant one."

"Yes; and the sea beneath us is very smooth, but it has been rough before, and will be rough again—there is no stability in the sea. As to making a mess of my life, who knows what I may not accomplish in that way. Prosper-lief. Myself I am afraid of the future, it only throws it into darker relief. Myself, I am afraid of the ufture—it is unknown, and to me what is unknown, is not magnificent, but terrible. The present is enough for me. I do not like speculation, and I never loved the dark."

And, as they talked, Madeira, in all its summer glory, loomed up out of the ocean, for they had passed the Desertas and Porto Santo by night, and for awhile they were lost in the contemplation of one of the most lovely and verdant scenes that the world can show. Before they had well examined it, however, the vessel had dropped her anchor, and was surrounded by boats full of custom-house officials, boats full of diving boys, of vegetables, of wicker-chairs and tables, of parrots, fruit and "other articles too numerous to mention," as they say in the auctioneers' catalogues, and they knew that it was time to go ashore.

"Well, it has been a pleasant voyage," said Mrs. Carr. "I am glad you are not going on."

"So am I."

"You will come and see me to-morrow, will you not? Look, there is my house," and she pointed to a large, white house, opposite Leuw Rock, that had a background of glossy foliage, and commanded a view of the sea. "If you come, I will show you my beetles. And, if you care to come next day, I will show you my mummies."

"And if I come the next, what will you show me?"

"So often as you may come," she said with a little tremor in her voice, "I shall find something to show you."

Then they shook hands and took their respective ways, she— together with the unfortunate Miss Terry, who looked like a resuscitated corpse— on to the steam-launch that was waiting for her, and he in the boat belonging to Miles' Hotel.

(To be Continued.)

ODD NOTIONS.

The hen is not a good example for humanity; she sets when she wants to, but heaven and earth can't make her set when she doesn't want to.

Congeniality is what we discover in people who keep still and let us talk about ourselves.

The most meddlesome persons always have an idea that they have no curiosity whatever.

At an auction the near-sighted temperance lady always bids in the plaster cast of Bacchus.

Silent people are not popular because they are supposed to be engaged in criticising talkative people.

Among the few great joys of life is staying in bed fifteen minutes after we have been told to get up.

Plumbers naturally despise a woman who can thaw out frozen faucets with a handful of salt or a teakettle of hot water.

MUSTACHES AMONG WOMEN.

A learned German who has devoted himself to the study of physiology, anthropology and allied sciences, makes the rather startling assertion that mustaches are becoming commoner among women of the present day than in the past. He says that in Constantinople, among the unveiled women that are to be met with, one out of ten possesses an unmistakable covering of down on the upper lip. In the capital of Spain, again, the proportion of ladies with the masculine characteristic is said to be quite equal to that observable in the Golden Horn. An American medical man states that in Philadelphia fully 3 per cent. of the adult fair sex are similarly adorned, and probably the proportion would be still larger but that many women take the trouble to eradicate the unwelcome growth by the application of depilatory preparations.

WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS.

A girl doesn't love every man she is willing to go to a dollar-and-a-half show with.

After a woman marries a man she stops looking wistfully at him and says what she means.

When a girl has a photograph taken showing a good deal of her shoulders it is a sign that she thinks she is pretty.

The average girl may not be able to name the Postmaster-General, but she can tell what kind of marriage service is being used before the minister has read half a dozen lines.

A mother is never satisfied that she has washed her boy's face clean unless his kisses taste soapy.

A woman is no longer interesting to a man when she is no longer deceived when he tells things that are not true.

The enjoyment with which a woman listens to a young man reading out loud is recalled to him painfully after marriage when she begins to find fault with his pronunciation.

THE WAGES OF MURDER.

Crime Doesn't Pay, Even From the Evil Doer's Point of View.

The Parisian police department has just issued an instructive and possibly an effective document, showing from actual facts that, apart, from the fear of punishment crime does not pay.

The police enumerate 21 murders done by 27 "artists" as the assassins are rather humorously termed, and the average profit to each assassin for his share in the crime was $16.37. It is interesting to read of the very small returns the more or less famous murderers received for their work, and for which they sacrificed their lives on the scaffold.

Eyraud, who, with the help of Gabrielle Bompard, strangled Gouffe a few years ago, found $30 on his body, and then it cost him $600, escaping to Canada, the United States and elsewhere, to avoid arrest. It cost him his life and $570 cash to kill a man as a speculation.

Pranzini committed three murders by which he secured a diamond mounted watch, a pair of earrings a brooch and other articles of jewelry, but no cash. He then was forced to borrow money from his mistress, with which he paid his expenses to Marseilles until the trouble blew over. The jewelry was seen in his possession, he was arrested before he had an opportunity to dispose of it, and he was guillotined. The only profit he derived from his crimes was a trip to Marseilles on borrowed money.

Mecrant, who killed a watchman at a house he had decided to rob, found but four shillings in the house, and furniture he could not carry away. He was guillotined.

Prado murdered a woman living in the Rue Caumartin, and secured $4,000 in jewelry, but no money. Fearing to offer the jewelry for sale in Paris, he took it to Madrid, where he sold it for $240. His expenses to Madrid and return were $175. He cleared $65 and was guillotined.

Lageny, Ferrand, Keisgen and two others, who strangled Baroness de Valley, secured $40 from their victim, which they divided and they were guillotined before they had spent even that small sum.

Prevost committed two murders, by which he received $600, but was arrested before he had time to expend one penny of it.

Barre and Leblez overlooked $2,000 in the apartments of an old woman they murdered, and made away with precisely one halfpenny that was on her table.

But these were the fortunate criminals. The amounts they found were much greater than those falling to the lot of others. Georges, Voty and Franck murdered a man and earned sixpence halfpenny. Chottin, one murder, seven pence, Coche and Poulg, one murder, ten pence. Ollivier, one murder a brass watch, Schumaker, one murder $3. Dore Berlant and Mme. Berlant killed a woman and secured two silver spoons and $4. Uicidi Baillon, Soullet, Bernard, Servant, Canipi, Frey and Riviere, each committed a murder and found their victims penniless; they did not profit a brass farthing. Koenig, one murder, three sous.

In addition to the small amount realized, every one of the criminals were executed.

The document enumerates upwards of a hundred incidents in the criminal history of Paris, proving in each instance that crime fails to offer an adequate return for the actual work involved in carrying it out, aside from the element of danger that must always accompany it. It is to be hoped that evil-doers will see it in this light. —London Telegraph.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

The better part of valor is discretion. —Shakespeare.

Wisdom is to the mind what health is to the body.—Rochefoucauld.

Immodest words admit of no defense; for want of decency is want of sense. —Roscommon.

Villainy when detected never gives up, but boldly adds impudence to imposture.—Goldsmith.

The man who trusts men will make fewer mistakes than he who distrusts them.—Cavour.

Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of piety.—Luther.

We enjoy ourselves only in our work —in our doing; and our best doing is our best enjoyment.—Jacobi.

The saddest failures in life are those that come from not putting forth the power and will to succeed.—E. P. Whipple.

A perverse temper and a discontented fretful disposition, wherever they prevail, render any state of life unhappy.—Cicero.

If rich men would remember that shrouds have no pockets, they would while living, share their wealth with their children and give for the good of others, and so know, the highest pleasure wealth can give.—Tryon Edwards.

Try to make at least one person happy every day and then in ten years you may have made 3,650 persons happy, or brighten a small town by your contribution to the fund of general enjoyment.—Sydney Smith.

THE FIRST BANK NOTE.

The oldest bank note in the world was printed in China in 1368—32 years before Gutenberg the reputed inventor of printing was born. It was issued 300 years before bank notes were circulated in Europe.