DAWN

CHAPTER XLIII.

A week or so after the departure of Lord Minster, Mildred suggested that they should, on the following day, vary their amusements, by going up to the convent, a building perched on the hills some thousand feet above the town of Funchal, in palanquins, or rather hammocks swung upon long poles. Arthur, who had never yet traveled in these luxurious conveyances, jumped at the idea, and even Miss Terry, when she discovered that she was to be carried, made no objection. The party was completed by the addition of a newly-married couple of whom Mrs. Carr had known something at home, and who had come to Madeira to spend the honey-moon. Lady Florence also had been asked, but rather to Arthur's disappointment, she could not come.

When the long line of swinging hammocks, each with its two sturdy bearers, were marshaled, and the adventurous voyagers had settled themselves in them, they really formed quite an imposing procession, headed as it was by the extra-sized one that carried Miss Terry, who complained bitterly that "the thing wobbled and made her feel sick."

But to Arthur's mind there was something effiminate in allowing himself, a strong, active man, to be carried up hills as steep as the side of a house by two perspiring wretches; so hot as it was, he, to the immense amusement of his bearers, elected to get out and walk. The newly married man followed his example, and for awhile they went on together, till presently the latter gravitated toward his wife's palanquin, and overcome at so long a separation, squeezed her hand between the curtains.

Not wishing to intrude himself on their conjugal felicity, Arthur, in his turn gravitated to the side of Mrs. Carr, who was being lightly swung along in the second palanquin some twenty yards behind Miss Terry's. Shortly afterward they observed a signal of distress being flown by that lady, whose arm was to be seen violently agitating her green veil from between the curtains of her hammock, which immediately came to a dead stop.

"What is it?" cried Arthur and Mildred in a breath, as they arrived on the scene of supposed disaster.

"My dear Mildred, will you be so kind as to tell that man," pointing to her front bearer, a stout, flabby individual, "that he must not go on carrying me. I must have a cooler man. It makes me positively ill to see him puffing and blowing and dripping under my nose like a fresh basted joint."

Miss Terry's realistic description of her bearer's appearance, which was, to say the least of it, limp and moist, was no exaggeration. But then she herself, as Arthur well remembered, was no feather-weight,' especially when, as in the present case, she had to be carried up the side of a nearly perpendicular hill some miles long—a fact very well exemplified by the condition of the bearer.

"My dear Agatha," replied Mildred, laughing, "what is to be done? Of course the man is hot, you are not a feather-weight; but what is to be done?"

"I don't know, but I won't go on with him, it's simply disgusting; he might let himself out as a watering-cart."

"But we can't, get another here."

"Then he must cool himself; the others might come and fan him. I won't go on till he is cool, and that's flat."

"He will take hours to cool, and meanwhile we are broiling on this hot road. You really must come on, Agatha.'

"I have it," said Arthur. 'Miss Terry must turn herself round with her head toward the back of the hammock, and then she won't see him."

To this arrangement the aggrieved lady was, after some difficulty, persuaded to accede, and the procession started again

Their destination reached, they picnicked, as they had arranged, and then separated, the bride and bridegroom strolling off in one directoin, and Mildred and Arthur in another, whilst Miss Terry mounted guard over the plates and dishes."

Presently Arthur and Mildred came to a little English-looking grove of pine and oak that extended down a gentle slope and was bordered by a steep bank, at the foot of which great ferns and beautiful Madeira flowers twined themselves into a shelter from the heat. Here they sat down and gazed at the splendid and many-tinted view set in its background of emerald ocean.

"What a view it is," said Arthur, "Look Mildred, how dark the clumps of sugar-cane look against the green of the vines, and how pretty the red roofs of the town are peeping out of the groves of fruit trees. Do you see the great shadow thrown upon the sea by that cliff? how deep and cool the water looks within it, and how it sparkles where the sun strikes."

"Yes, it is beautiful, and the pines smell sweet."

"I wish Angela could see it," he said, half to himself. Mildred, who was lying back lazily among the ferns, her hat off, her eyes closed, so that the long dark lashes lay upon her cheek, and her head reasting on her arm, suddenly started up.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing, you woke me from a sort of dream, that's all."

"This spring I remember going with her to look at a view near the Abbey House, and saying—what I often think when I look at anything beautiful and full of life—that it depressed one to know that all this was so much food for death, and its beauty a thing that to-day is and to-morrow is not."

"And what did she say?"

"She said that to her it spoke of immortality, and that in everything around her she saw evidences of eternal life."

"She must be very fortunate. Shall I tell you of what it reminds me?"

"What?"

"Of neither death nor immortality, but of the full, happy pulsing existence of the hour, and of the beautiful world that pessimists like yourself and the mystics like your Angela think so poorly of, but which is really so glorious and so rich in joy. Why, this sunlight and those flowers and the wide sparkle of the sea, are each and all a happiness, and the health in our veins and the beauty in our eyes, deep pleasures that we never realize till we lose them. Death, indeed, comes to us all, but why add to its terrors by thinking of them while it is far off? And, as for life after death, it is a faint, vague thing, more likely to be horrible than happy. This world is our only reality, the only thing that we can grasp, here alone we know that we can enjoy, and yet how we waste our short opportunities for enjoyment! Soon youth will have slipped away, and we shall be too old for love. Roses fade fastest, Arthur, when the sun is bright; in the evening when they have fallen, and the ground is red with withering petals, do you not think we shall wish that we had gathered more?"

"Yours is a pleasant philosophy, Mildred," he said, struggling faintly in his own mind against her conclusions,

But at that moment, somehow, his fingers touched her own and were presently locked fast within her little palm, and for the first time in his life they sat hand in hand. But happily for him, he did not venture to look into her eyes, and, before many minutes had passed, Miss Terry's voice was heard calling him loudly.

"I suppose that you must go." said Mildred, with a shade of vexation in her voice, and a good many shades upon her face, "or she will be blundering down here. I will come, too; it is time for tea."

On arriving at the spot, whence the sounds proceeded, they found Miss Terry surrounded by a crowd of laughing and excited bearers, and pouring out a flood of the most vigorous English upon an unfortunate islander, who stood, a silver mug in each hand, bowing and shrugging his shoulders, and enunciating with every variety of movement, indicative of humiliation, these mystic words:

"Mee washeeuppee, signora, washeeuppee—e."

"What is the matter now, Agatha?"

"Matter! why I woke up and found this man stealing the cups; I charged him at once with my umbrella, but he dodged, and I fell down, and the umbrella has gone over the rock there. Take him up at once, Arthur—there's the stolen property on his person. Hand him over to justice."

"Good gracious, Agatha, what are you thinking about? The poor man only wants to wash the things out."

"Then I should like to know why he could not tell me so in plain English," said Miss Terry, retiring discomfited amidst shouts of laughter from the whole party, including the supposed thief.

After tea they all set out on a grand beetle-hunting expedition, and so intent were they upon this fascinating pursuit that they did not note the flight of time, till suddenly Mildred, pulling out her watch gave a pretty cry of alarm.

"Do you know what time it is, good people? Half-past six, and the Custances are to dine with us at a quarter-past seven. It will take us a good hour to get down; what shall we do?"

"I know," said Arthur; "there are two sledges just below; I saw them as we came up. They will take us down to Funchal in a quarter of an hour, and we can get to the Quinta by about seven."

"Arthur, you are invaluable; the very thing. Come on, all of you, quick."

Now these sledges are peculiar to Madeira, being made on the principle of the bullock car, with the difference that they travel down the smooth, stone-paved roadways by their own momentum, guided by two skilled conductors, each with one foot naked to prevent his slipping, who hold the ropes, and when the sledge begins to travel more swiftly than they can follow, mount upon the projecting ends of the runners and are carried with it. By means of the swift, and exhilarating rush of these sledges, the traveler traverses the distance, that it takes some hours to climb, in a very few minutes. Indeed, his journey up and down may be very well compared with that of the well-known British sailor who took five hours to get up Majuba mountain, but, according to his own forcibly told story, came down again with an almost incredible rapidity. It may therefore be imagined that sledge-traveling in Madeira is not very well suited to nervous voyagers.

Miss Terry had at times seen these wheelless vehicles shoot from the top of a mountain to the bottom like a balloon with the gas out, and had also heard of occasional accidents in connection with them. Stoutly she vowed that nothing should induce her to trust her neck to one of them.

"But you must, Agatha, or else be left behind. They are as safe as a church, and I can't leave the Custances to wait till half past eight for dinner. Come, get in. Arthur can go in front and hold you; I will sit behind."

Thus admonished Miss Terry entered, groaning, Arthur taking his seat beside her, and Mrs. Carr hers in a sort of dickey behind. The newly-married pair, who did not half like it, possessed themselves of the smaller sledge, determined to brave extinction in each other's arms. Then the conductors seized the ropes, and planting one naked foot firmly before them, awaited the signal to depart.

"Stop," said Miss Terry, lifting the recovered umbrella, "that man has forgotten to put on his shoe and stocking on his right leg. He will cut his foot, and, besides, it doesn't look respectable to be seen flying through a place with a one-legged ragamuffin—"

"Let her go," shouted Arthur, and they did, to some purpose, for in a minute they were passing down that hill like a flash of light. Woods and houses appeared and vanished like the visions of a dream, and the soft air went singing away on either side of them, as they clove it, flying downward at an angle of thirty degrees, and leaving nothing behind them but the sound of Miss Terry's lamentations. Soon they neared the bottom, but there was yet a dip—the deepest of them all, with a sharp turn at the end of it—to be traversed.

Away went the little connubial sledge in front like a pigeon down the wind; away they sped after it like an eagle in pursuit; crack went the little sledge into the corner, and out shot the happy pair, crash went the big sledge into it, and Arthur became conscious of a wild yell, of a green veil fluttering through the air, and of a fall as on to a feather-bed. Miss Terry's superior weight had brought her to her mother earth the first, and he, after a higher heavenward flight, had alighted upon the top of her. He picked her up and sat her down against a wall to recover her breath, and then fished Mildred, dirty and bruised, but as usual laughing, out of a gutter; the loving pair had already risen and in an agony of mutual anxiety were rubbing each other's shins. And then he started back with a cry, for there before him, surveying the disaster with an air of mingled amusement and benevolence, stood—Sir John and Lady Bellamy.

Had it been the Prince and Princess of Evil—if, as is probable, there is a princess—Arthur could scarcely have been more astounded. Somehow, he had always in his thoughts regarded Sir John and Lady Bellamy, when he thought about them at all, as possessing indeed individual characters and tendencies, but as completely "adscripti glebae" of the neighborhood of the Abbey House as that house itself. He would as soon have expected to see Caresfoot's Staff rerooted in the soil of Madeira, as to find them strolling about Funchal. He rubbed his eyes; perhaps, he thought, he had been knocked silly and was laboring under a hallucination. No, there was no doubt about it; there they were, just the same as he had seen them at Isleworth, excepting that if possible Sir John looked more like a ripe apple than usual, while the sun had browned his wife's Egyptian face and given her a last finish as a perfect type of Cleopatra. Nor was the recognition on his side only, for next second his hand was grasped first by Sir John and then by Lady Bellamy.

"When we last met, Mr. Heigham," said the gentleman, with a benevolent beam, "I think I expressed a wish that we might soon renew our acquaintance, but I little thought under what circumstances our next meeting would take place," and he pointed to the overturned sledges and the prostrate sledgers.

"You have had a merciful escape," chimed in Lady Bellamy, cordially; "with so many hard stones about, affairs might have ended differently."

"Now, then, Mr. Heigham, we had better set to and run, that is, if Agatha has got a run left in her, or we shall be late after all. Thank goodness nobody is hurt; but we must find a hammock for Agatha, for, to judge from her groans, she thinks she is. Is my nose— Oh, I beg your pardon," and Mrs. Carr stopped short, observing for the first time that he was talking to strangers.

"Do not let me detain you, if you are in a hurry. I am so thankful that nobody is hurt," said Lady Bellamy. I believe that we are stopping at the same hotel, Mr. Heigham, I saw your name in the book, so we shall have plenty of opportunities of meeting."

But Arthur felt that there was one question which he must ask before he went on, whether or not it exceeded the strict letter of his agreement, with Philip; so, calling to Mrs. Carr that he was coming, he said, with a blush:

"How was Miss Caresfoot when — when last you saw her, Lady Bellamy?"

"Perfectly well," she answered, smiling.

"And more lovely than ever," added her husband.

"Thank you for that news, it is the best I have heard for some time. Goodbye for the present, we shall meet tomorrow at breakfast," and he ran on after the others, happier than he had been for months, feeling that he had come again within call of Angela, and as though he had never sat hand in hand with Mildred Carr.

CHAPTER XLIV.

At breakfast, on the following morning, Arthur, as he had anticipated, met the Bellamys. Sir John came down first arrayed in true English fashion, in a tourist suit of gray, and presently Lady Bellamy followed. As she entered dressed in trailing white, and walked slowly up the long table, every eye was turned upon her, for she was one of those women who attract attention as surely and unconsciously as a magnet attracts iron.

Arthur looking with the rest, thought that he had never seen a stranger, and, at the same time, a more imposing-looking woman. Time had not yet touched her beauty or impaired her vigorous constitution, and at forty she was still at the zenith of her charms. The dark hair, that threw out glinting lights of copper when the sun struck it, still curled in its clustering ringlets and showed no line of gray, while the mysterious heavy-lidded eyes and the coral lips were as full of rich life and beauty as they had been when she and Hilda von Holtzhausen first met at Rewtham House.

On her face too, was the same expression of quiet power, of conscious superiority and calm command, that had always distinguished it. Arthur tried to think what it reminded him of, and remembered that the same look was to be seen upon the stone features of some of the Egyptian statues in Mildred's museum.

"How splendid Lady Bellamy looks!" he said, almost unconsciously, to his neighbor.

Sir John did not answer; and Arthur, glancing up to learn the reason, saw that he also was watching the approach of his wife, and that his face was contorted with a sudden spasm of intense malice and hatred; whilst his little pig-like eyes glittered threateningly. He had not even heard the remark. Arthur would have liked to whistle; he had surprised a secret.

"How do you do, Mr. Heigham? I hope that you are not bruised after your tumble yesterday. Good-morning John."

Arthur rose and shook hands.

"I never was more surprised in my life," he said, "than when I saw you and Sir John at the top of the street there. May I ask what brought you to Madeira?"

"Health, sir, health," answered the little man. "Cough, catarrh, influenza, and all that's damn—ah! infernal!"

"My husband, Mr. Heigham," struck in Lady Bellamy, in her full rich tones, "had a severe threatening of chest disease, and the doctor recommended a trip to some warmer climate. Unfortunately, however, his business arrangements will not permit of a long stay. We only stop here three weeks at most."

"I am sorry to hear that you are not well, Sir John."

"Oh! it is nothing very much," answered Lady Bellamy for him; "only he requires care. What a lovely garden this is—is it not? By the way, I forgot to inquire after the ladies who shared your trouble. I hope that they were none the worse. I was much struck with one of them, the very pretty person with the brown hair, whom you pulled out of the gutter."

"Oh, Mrs. Carr. Yes, she is pretty."

After breakfast Arthur volunteered to take Lady Bellamy round the garden, with the ulterior object of extracting some information about Angela. It must be remembered that he had no cause to mistrust that lady, nor had he any knowledge of the events which had recently happened in the neighborhood of the Abbey House. He was therefore perfectly frank with her.

"I suppose that you have heard of my engagement, Lady Bellamy?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Heigham; it is quite a subject of conversation in the Roxham neighborhood. Angela Caresfoot is a sweet and very beautiful girl, and I congratulate you much."

"You know, then, of its conditions?"

"Yes, I heard of them, and thought them ridiculous. Indeed I tried, at Angela's suggestion, to do you a good turn with Philip Caresfoot, and get him to modify them; but he would not. He is a curious man, Philip, and, when he once gets a thing into his head, it is beyond the power of most people to drive it out again. I suppose that you are spending your year of probation here?"

"Well, yes—I am trying to get through the time in that way; but it is slow work."

"I thought you seemed pretty happy yesterday," she answered, smiling.

Arthur blushed.

"Oh, yes, I may appear to be. But tell me all about Angela."

"I have really very little to tell. She seems to be living as usual and looks well. Her friend Mr. Fraser has come back. But I must be going in; I have promised to go out walking with Sir John. Au revoir, Mr. Heigham."

Left to himself, Arthur remembered, that he also had an appointment to keep—namely, to meet Mildred by the cathedral steps, and go with her to choose some Madeira jewelry, an undertaking which she did not feel competent to carry out without his assistance.

When he reached the cathedral, he found her rather cross at having been kept waiting for ten minutes.

"It is very rude of you," she said, "but I suppose that you were so taken up with the conversation of your friends that you forgot the time. By the way, who are they? Anybody you have told me about?"

In the pauses of selecting the jewelry, Arthur told her all he knew about the Bellamys and of their connection with the neighborhood of the Abbey House. The story caused Mildred to open her brown eyes and look thoughtful. Just as they came out of the shop, whom should they run into but the Bellamys themselves, chaffering for Madeira work with a woman in the street. Arthur stopped and spoke to them, and then introduced Mrs. Carr, who, after a little conversation, asked them up to lunch.

After this Mildred and Lady Bellamy met a good deal. The two women interested each other.

One night when the Bellamys had been about ten days in Madeira, the conversation took a personal turn. Sir John and Arthur were sitting over their wine, they were dining with Mrs. Carr, Agatha Terry was fast asleep on a sofa, so that Lady Bellamy and Mildred seated upon lounging-chairs, by a table with a light on it, placed by an open window, were practically alone.

"Oh, by the way, Lady Bellamy," said Mildred after a pause, "I believe that you are acquainted with the young lady to whom Mr. Heigham is engaged?" She had meant to say, "to be married," but the words stuck in her throat.

"Oh, yes, I know her well."

"I am so glad. I am quite curious to hear what she is like; one can never put much faith in lovers' raptures, you know."

"Do you mean in person, or in character?"

"Both."

"Well, Angela Caresfoot is as lovely a woman as ever I saw, with a noble figure, well-set head and magnificent eyes and hair.

Mildred turned a little pale and bit her lips.

To Be Continued.

Nurse Morris' Secret.

EXPLAINS HOW SHE SAVES MOTHERS' LIVES.

The Critical Time of Maternity and the Methods of a Famous Nurse to Restore the Mother's Strength.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

No woman is better fitted for nursing, or has had more years of practical experience in that work than Mrs. Moses Morris, of 340 Fourteenth street, Detroit, Mich. For twenty years she has been recognized as the best and most successful nurse in confinement cases, and over three hundred happy mothers can testify to her skillful nursing and care. Always engaged months ahead, she has had to decline hundreds of pressing and pleading applications for her services. She has made a specialty of confinement cases, and has made so high a reputation in this city that her engagement, in all cases, is taken as a sure sign of the mother's speedy recovery.

Mrs. Morris was a nurse in England before she came to America, and so was her mother and her mother's mother before her. When asked once by a leading physician the secret of her great success in treating mothers in confinement cases, she said she used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, in such cases, as they build up the mother more quickly and surely than any other medicine she had ever used.

Mrs. Morris was seen at her pretty little home on Fourteenth Street, and when asked regarding the use of these pills in her profession, she said: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People since they were put on the market. They built me up when I was all run down and so nervous I could not get any rest. After they had helped me I began to use them in restoring mothers in confinement cases. There is nothing that can be prescribed or given by a physician that will give health and strength to a mother so quickly as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is true that in some cases where the father or parents were prejudiced against the much advertised Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I gave them as "Tonic Pills," but they all came out of a Dr. Williams' Pink Pill box.

"I have given them in hundreds of cases of confinement to the mother, and it is wonderful how they build up the system. I have practically demonstrated their great worth many times and have recommended them to hundreds of mothers for their young daughters. Yes, I have been successful in confinement cases, but I must give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a great part of the credit for the speedy recovery of mothers. They certainly have no equal as a strength and health builder. You can say for me that I strongly advise that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People be kept and used in every house."

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained in a condensed form, in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental strain, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes, never in loose bulk, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

MOGGS' MONOLOGUE ON GRIP.

What He Said to His Wife While He Was Suffering From It.

Mr. Moggs, who had never been ill, succumbed last week to la grippe. His wife, fearing the worst, jotted down a few of the remarks he made in the first stage of his illness. It is hoped they will afford him cheerful reading when he is convalescing.

"There, there, Alice, don't be alarmed —I came home because the office was going round with me and it made me dizzy. Jones said I had a cold and told me to take a snifter—Jones doesn't know it all, anyway. Look in the right hand upper vest pocket of my overcoat and you'll find a recipe for curing a cold—something Jones' mother gave him—quinine, rock candy, honey, whisky and red pepper. Say, Alice, leave out the red pepper, Ouch! I'm going to have a chill. Open the window half an inch—no—close it an inch and a half —shut the transom a quarter of an inch. Ouch! There's something going up and down my spinal marrow. Hot water? Not much. Now, understand, Alice, if I've got to die I'm going to die like a soldier! I won't be mollycoddled to death. Where's that infernal draught coming from? Ouch! Can't you find my pulse. No, it isn't in my elbow, nor my collar-bone nor the bridge of my nose. A nice one you'd be in an emergency case. What are you laughing at? Why don't you do something? I suppose you think you'll be all right when my life insurance is paid? Ouch! I am either going to have a fit or a paralytic stroke—Oh, you did send for a doctor, did you? Then I must be pretty low. And a trained nurse. That's all right, Mrs. Moggs; now you can stay out of the room and keep up your strength. Say, darling, tell her I won't be a bit of trouble! Ouch! They do say any sickness is contagious, and I wouldn't have you exposed for the world. Yes, love, I'll be a model sick man. Don't let me get up too soon for fear of a relapse. Say, Alice, kiss me good-by—good night, good morning—any old thing; there's an angel in the room, and I know now my time has come. What! That the trained nurse? I'll be a sick man for the rest of my days. What do you say, dear—I mean Miss—Miss—Nurse? I am not to talk? All right, mum's the word."