A WOMAN'S LOVE

OR, A BROTHER'S PROMISE

CHAPTER I.

Hector Chisholm Grant, journalist and dreamer, stood at the door of Johnson's Coffee-House in the Strand and threw away the end of his cigarette. Eastward, the roadway was a watery mirror, reflecting the flares of Terry's Theatre, the hansom lamps clustering round the Gaiety, the hovering lights of a hundred omnibuses. Westward, the Tivoli blazed, a dim gleam of sheen came from the courtyard of the Cecil, and again more hansom and omnibus lights. It was a dreary night: all the more dreary because the month was August, when one looks for clear skies and pleasant breezes, stars, and a summer moon.

Grant gazed out on the dripping passers with a discontented frown. He shook his umbrella free from its ring.

"I don't know who he was," he muttered to himself, "but he was fair to middling wise, the man who said that 'Life is a habit—mostly a damn bad one.' Mine's one of the mostlies. Get up at eight, tub, shave, dress, breakfast, curse my laundress, read [illegible]rs, curse them. Office at [illegible] work till one. Lunch alone or with some one—Grover, perhaps. Hear from him how Red, White and Blue accepted a dozen articles a year ago—hasn't paid for them yet. Same enlivening old story. Same talk—eternal shop. Back to office. Leave at five. Go to Sloane Street, and fence till seven. Dinner at eight and chess till ten. And then, back to dull chambers, a dull dog, a dreary dog, to-night a damp dog! Same every day but Sunday—that's worse. Wah!"

He opened his umbrella with a jerk, and made to step on to the pavement. A voice at his elbow caused him to stop and turn round.

"You go towards Temple Bar, Mr. Grant?"

"Ah! Senor Bravo!" he cried, recognizing the wide sombrero and all-enveloping cloak of his late opponent at chess.

"I go your way. We might talk."

"I shall be glad of a chat. I feel miserable. I suppose it's the weather."

"Yes, indeed, your London weather depresses."

"I've just been cursing the monotony of my existence. It's getting on my nerves, this life that is the same, day in, and day out."

They walked slowly eastward. The rain had now ceased. Hector went on:

"I am a Scotsman, you know: a Highlander, rather. We are a race of adventurous dreamers. Fighting of some sort is the breath of our nostrils: we must be hacking and hewing. Otherwise—we sit still and let our bones melt into melancholy. As we say, it's a height or a howe with us. Here's my six-foot-one of fighting-stuff sliding down imperceptibly into the general slough of flabbiness, and pobbiness, and greasy content, we have round us everywhere here."

"Is not the newspaper life exciting?" asked Senor Bravo.

"Exciting enough," answered Hector; "but one gets used to it. We take the assassination of an Emperor, of the downfall of a Cabinet, or the burning of Chicago, or a cab accident in the Strand, all with the same complacency. They are so far away from one's stuffy office, and the tape machine and the flimsy are as impersonal as Fate or the County Council."

They had come to the corner of Wellington Street, and they stopped for a moment to let pass some cabs going northward from Waterloo.

"I have the desire to look upon the river," said the old man simply. "This is the hour of its best."

So they turned towards the bridge, and walked in silence until they came to the middle. They leaned on the parapet in one of the embrasures, and looked up stream. Hector, too, loved the river at night. Often and often, during his seven years in London, had he come here and stood for an hour at a time; gazing at the glassy darkness of the flood, the thousand broken lights, the slow monster shadows of barges, the swallow-like dart of a police launch; and listening to the lap-lap or the swish-swish of the water against the buttresses.

The great electric light in the tower of the House shone high above the night, telling the world that cared—how small that world is!—that the faithful Commons still sat, debating and discussing, planning and scheming, rough-hewing and french-polishing the destinies of the Empire, generally with a righteous British eye to their own immediate advantage.

Senor Bravo stretched a skinny hand towards the light.

"I did use to think that the men there were lovers of freedom, of liberty. They have the name of it yet. But I have made experience of them—of the greatest. There was one who had the golden tongue: I pleaded with him for my country. He was a friend to Greece to Bulgaria, to Armenia. I pleaded with him. He spoke, and his words warmed my heart. He wept, he made me to weep. His sympathy was rich and overflowing. He talked to me for an hour, and yet the stream was not dry. I was tossed high on the waves of his eloquence, so high that I saw Hope shining on the horizon."

He paused for a moment, and then resumed with a contemptuous shrug.

"He was a politician; he was a statesman when he could not help himself, and a lover of liberty and right when it suited him. He was one of the men you British love: the ten letters of the word 'expediency' were his Decalogue. I found myself at the end of the hour standing on that doorstep in Downing Street which politician-feet have worn down, that doorstep which pilgrims in thousands come to see, that doorstep which is not so hard as the politician-heart. I stood there stunned—with words. I had spent a whole year and much money, scheming for an interview with him. My year was gone, my money was gone; I had nothing but words to show for them. No, I like not much this side of the bridge. Let us go over."

Grant wondered greatly at the old man's vehemence. He knew, or rather he felt, that there was some mystery about this Senor Bravo, who came regularly every evening to Johnson's to play chess for shillings. The habitues of the chess-room laughed tolerantly at the "old Frenchman"—to them, all foreigners were French—for they did not appraise highly his skill as a player. But he was quiet and harmless, and interfered with nobody. Grant had played with him frequently, often when their game was finished, they had talked. The old man seemed to be greatly interested in foreign politics, and he generally managed to turn the conversation on that subject.

(To be Continued.)

SLEEPING SICKNESS.

Parasite Found and It Is Spread by Flies.

The investigations by the British governmental commission sent to Uganda have resulted in the discovery of the cause of the sleeping sickness, which has caused so many thousand deaths among the natives. Buvuma Island, which had a population of 22,000, has now but 8,000. The southern province of Busoga has been practically depopulated.

The first step in the discovery was the observation of trypanosomes in the cerebro-spinal fluid in five cases of the sleeping sickness. A further investigation showed the existence of this parasite in the cerebro-spinal fluid and in the circulating blood in all of the cases. As it is closely related to the disease of cattle caused by the tsetse fly, it was suspected that the sleeping sickness was caused in like manner by infection.

Along the lake shore numbers of species of the tsetse fly were found Experiment demonstrated the fact that these, when fed on sleeping sickness cases, conveyed the disease to healthy monkeys. It was also ascertained that freshly caught flies in the infected areas conveyed the disease without any preliminary artificial feeding. Further investigation proved that this fly, like the tsetse of South Africa, is confined to well defined areas which correspond absolutely with the distribution of the sleeping sickness.

The fly which conveys the fatal trypanosoma is the Glossin palpalis. The extinction of it, as of the mosquito in malaria areas, together with the discovery of a serum or trypanosomacide, is now looked for to eradicate the disease.

SENT TO PENAL SERVITUDE.

London Lawyer, Who Speculated With Clients' Money.

Sentence of seven years' penal servitude has recently been passed at the Old Bailey, on the solicitor William Henry Miles Booty, of Gray's Inn, London, for the misappropriating the money of his clients.

The story of his downfall is an instructive one. At the age of 18 he succeeded to his father's business, which has been in existence 100 years. Not long afterwards he engaged a clerk, whom he subsequently took into partnership.

The firm did a great business as trustees for family estates, but in a disastrous moment it embarked in speculations involving a quarter of a million sterling in land and building operations. Over these some £80,000 was lost.

After the clerk partner retired in 1900 Booty became bankrupt.

It was then discovered that there was a deficiency of £144,000, a large proportion of which represented money received by the solicitor from clients as trustees.

His counsel pleaded that Booty's mode of life was simple, that he had not been extravagant, and that after 38 years of hard work he found himself in the dock a victim of misfortune.

RICHES FROM SEA BOTTOM.

Turks Getting Fortune From a Sunken Treasure Ship.

Readers have heard of the search undertaken by Greek divers under the Turkish Government and the treasure discovered in the Russian Admiral's ship, sunk at Tcherman at the time of the naval battle of 1770, when the Turkish fleet was completely destroyed.

The search has continued with striking success. These fortunate divers have become rich but the Turkish Government also has obtained some large amounts, inasmuch as it has reserved for itself the lion's share.

The fact is that the Russian vessel, which sank in a depth of thirty fathoms, abounds in pieces of gold and silver. At first the divers paid attention to the former only, of which they found full sacks. These pieces are mostly single, double and quadruple ducats.

It has already been announced that on the first shipment to Constantinople the divers obtained for their part the sum of 276,000 francs. The daily work of the divers amounts to from 5,000 to 10,000 pieces of gold. A special boat of the admiralty, manned by officers of the Turkish Navy and by a Government inspector, is stationed continually at this point. Each sack drawn from the water is registered, the pieces counted and a receipt given to the divers.

It appears that the bottom of the sea is strewn with silver pieces, which have the dimensions and the weight of French crowns of five francs. Besides this money, the divers have drawn up various other precious objects, gold and silver crosses, jewel, images, swords, canes, especially an evangel, of which the binding of gold is ornamented with precious stones of great value.

This is not the first time such enterprises have been undertaken for the purpose of discovering riches buried in the sea, but they have seldom yielded the desired results. It would be difficult to give even a summary of the innumerable fortunes engulfed. Among others an English bark, which foundered in 1799 off the coast of Holland, had on board ingots of gold and silver valued at about thirty millions, of which a very small part was recovered. The Royal Charter went down near the Moelfram with a cargo worth two millions.

The greatest fortune engulfed was in the shipwreck of a French sailing vessel off the coast of Trafalgar. It carried a ton and a half of gold plates and five tons of silver plates, whose destination was the famous Cathedral of St. Jean de Malte. There were also a large number of precious stones, designed to embellish some relics contained in the cathedral, as well as to adorn various religious objects belonging to chevaliers of the order and kept by them in their chapel.

JAPAN'S GREAT ADMIRAL.

Commands the Squadron That Confronts the Russians.

The Japanese have reason to be proud of Vice-Admiral Togo, who has just succeeded Admiral Tsuboi in command of the standing squadron, the force which would probably be engaged first in case of war. He is a young officer, as flag officers go, in the prime of life, and he of all available admirals knows what naval war under modern conditions means.

In 1894, when the Japanese "wiped out" the Chinese fleet, Admiral Togo—he was only a Captain then—struck the first blow. He was in command of the second-class cruiser Naniwa, not an armored vessel in the usual sense of the term, but a good British-built ship of 3,650 tons with a protective deck from two inches to three inches thick and armored conning towers. For her size she was very heavily armed, carrying two 10.2-inch guns, six 5.9-inch and a couple of 9-pounders and ten Maxims for repelling torpedo craft. This little ship saw more fighting than any other vessel in the Japanese navy, and Capt. Togo won for himself then his title "The Fighting Admiral." He is one of the popular heroes of Japan.

The British steamer Kowshing and two others had been loaded up with soldiers and stores by the Chinese and had started for Corea. On July 25, when in sight of the islands of the Corean archipelago, a Japanese man-of-war—the Naniwa—came in sight of the Kowshing and fired blank shots as a signal to her to stop. The order was obeyed, and then Capt. Togo signalled: "Remain where you are or take the consequences."

The Kowshing was subsequently directed to follow the man-of-war, but the terrified Chinese would not let the British skipper carry out the order and threatened to murder him. Capt. Toga is what would be styled "an arbitrary gent," and when he was disobeyed he warned Europeans to leave the ship and then promptly discharged a torpedo and opened fire with the five guns which could be brought to bear.

The torpedo hit the vessel, and in the words of Herr von Hanneken, a Prussian officer in the Chinese service, who was on board, "The day became night; pieces of coal, splinters aad water filled the air; then I believe all of us leaped overboard and swam." Many of the crew reached land, though it is said the Captain of the man-of-war would give no aid in rescuing the Chinese, his idea of war did not go on these humanitarian lines. The Kowshing sank in half an hour.

STRONGER THAN DEATH....

CHAPTER XX—(Continued.)

Down a long pathway that led right into the heart of the woods, Vivian Ardel walked swiftly. The path, curving with the curves of a merry trout stream that ran beside it, was narrow and dark even in noonday, with walls and roof of dense foliage. Far off, seen now and again through the green gloom of the wood, a glimpse of white glanced before him, like a beckoning hope.

While yet a long way off, she turned, restlessly impatient of her own thoughts. Dimly he saw her figure moving swiftly toward him through the long vista of the shaded path, and knew that the supreme hour of his life was at hand, and nerved himself to meet it. But his heart beat fast and hard like one who pants in the close of a long struggle, fearing defeat.

As they met, her sad face softened to a pleasant smile, and, with nod and word of greeting, she would have passed. But he stood in the centre of the path, trembling, though she did not she him tremble, and held out a letter to her.

"For me?" she asked, surprised.

"For you, Lucy," he said, and the tone of his voice troubled her.

"How strangely you speak. Is it bad news?"

"I believe not. I most earnestly hope you will not think so. It's very short. Read it for yourself."

He watched her jealously while her eyes were on the letter. His whole face brightened when she looked up from the reading with a sigh of relief, but yet full of surprise.

"You knew what was in the letter?" she asked.

He nodded. For a moment he could not trust himself to speak.

"Why did he leave?"

"He had no choice."

"You asked him to go."

"I forced him to go."

"You!" Her surprise mastered her utterly.

"He was wholly unworthy of you, Lucy—unworthy of any good woman's love: a creature too bad and vile for your very thoughts to touch. I forced the confession of black guilt from his own lips. I hold it here, written by his own hand."

There was something in his voice that thrilled her, strange yet familiar.

"I feel I can trust you," she said softly; "but how did you know—how could you know that I—that his going or coming was anything to me?"

"Do you forget? You yourself told me you were pledged to marry this man."

"I! I told you! I never spoke to you about it. I couldn't. It only happened yesterday, and I told no one but Harry Trevor. I told him because—I hardly know why—but you most certainly I never told."

Yet even while she protested and denied, there came a curious doubt upon her that it was to this man and no other she had spoken.

"You told me with your own lips, Lucy. You told me too you did not love him. I knew him utterly unworthy of your love."

His words forced belief upon her in spite of her own memory and senses, amazement held her dumb.

They walked a little way in silence and the path led them out on the open pleasure ground close to the house.

"Lucy!" he said, with sudden change to humble entreaty, "will you turn and walk a little way with me alone?" and she turned without a word. They were back on the lonely pathway when he spoke again, his voice so low she could hardly catch his words: "I have a confession to make—a wild, strange, humiliating confession. I am sick with fear and shame, but I must speak."

"But why to me?"

"Because you must know me as I am for good or evil."

He walked close beside her in the walk, gathering courage for the strange confession, and there was no sound but the cool plash of the unseen water and the flutterings of birds in the close leaves. Of a sudden that strange feeling came upon Lucy, that weird feeling every one has known at some time of their lives. She seemed to move as in a dream, to re-live a portion of her life, even to the most minute detail. It was in that same soft twilight of a dim past she had walked before with Vivian Ardel, waiting for the story of his life.

And when at last he spoke, the weird story that he told, strange and wild as ever fell from man's lips seemed curiously familiar as a half remembered dream.

It did not need the quiet earnestness of his voice to enforce belief. She never doubted him from the first.

But she grew pale, and trembled in the intensity of her excitement, as one to whom a long-parted ghost had suddenly appeared.

"I am frightened," she whispered faintly. "Bring me out of the dark; bring me back into the sunlight."

She leant on his arm, faint, half conscious, and the temptation was strong in him to clasp her to his heart. But he put it sternly aside. Half leading, half supporting her to the wood's edge he found her a seat on a mossy mound between two arching roots of a wide-branching oak, and stood beside her, waiting with eyes averted from her face. Spread out before them the wide scene lay bathed in clear sunlight. The silver lake stretched smooth and bright as a vast mirror framed with the gorgeous colors of the autumnal woods.

"I have been sorely punished, Lucy," he said at last, "for my rebellion against God's wise decrees. Remorse and shame have poisoned my stolen youth. When Eva died, affronting death with such gentle confidence, the life I had so longed for, I had so sinned for, had grown almost unbearable. But he whom most of all I wronged has forgiven me. Can you forgive?"

"What have I to forgive?" she answered softly, as yet scarcely trusting her own voice, "I who owe everything to you.'

"Forgive my cowardice and my sin begotten of cowardice."

"But that haunting fear of which you told me—it has ceased to trouble?"

"Love that is perfect," he answered, "casteth out fear. I would no longer—if I could—evade the common fate of death; no longer forfeit the higher hope. I take my stand with my fellows. I desire to atone for the years my folly has wasted; to make the world better and happier for the life I haved lived in it. Will you help me, Lucy?"

"I will pray always for your happiness."

"I want more than prayers; I want your help—I want yourself. I love you, Lucy. I so love you that life itself, the life I thought so perfect, is misery to me without your love."

She turned her head away, resting her arm on the arched tree root, that he could no longer see her face, and was silent.

"Is there any hope for me?"

Still no answer.

Her silence frightened him. In that hour he felt he had thrown away the one supreme joy that life holds: the love of the beloved. He looked with passionate longing at the slight figure and averted face of her who for him was the personation of womanhood—beautiful, pure, and true.

But he nerved himself to bear his fate. "Forgive me, Lucy," he said, "that I have troubled your heart with my audacious hopes. I will no longer dream of what might have been were I more worthy; though without you life is misery, and death release."

But she rose as he spoke and turned to him. Her cheeks were flushed; her eyes bright with tears. Those brave true eyes looked straight in his, and in a moment he knew.

No other answer was needed. He caught her to his heart, and with love's shy joy she gave herself to his embrace.

"You love me, Lucy?" he whispered; "give me the joy of hearing it. I can scarcely yet credit my own happiness."

"I have loved you from the first, Vivian. Through all changes I loved you—only you."

"And now?"

"Now and always; to the hour of my death."

"For love there is no death!" he answered.

(The End).

NEW CAVALRY TRAINING

The Education of the British Horse Soldier at Aldershot.

Apparently as the result of the admirable experiments in cavalry training made by Lieut.-Col. de Lisle at Hounslow, the new system of instruction is to be introduced into the First Army Corps, writes an Aldershot correspondent of the London Daily Mail.

The innovation will do away with much of the useless routine work which in the past has occupied so much of the cavalryman's time. From the beginning of the training the aim will be to develop the cavalryman's power of initiative and resource and general intelligence in the field. One of his first lessons will be to catch his horse when turned loose, to train it, and ride it across country instead of around the riding school.

The care of horses is also to be taught. Men are to be instructed in the treatment of minor horse maladies, how to judge and treat lameness, and to tell good forage from bad.

Outpost and advance guard duties, reconnoissance duties and map reading are to be taught thoroughly. Parties of men are to be sent out to find their way to fixed points entirely by the map. The art of scouting will be instilled by the "flag stealing" game and practical trials of scouting, in which special stress is to be laid on intercepting moves of the enemy, learning his strength without being seen, despatch riding and making intelligible verbal and written reports.

More attention is to be paid to firing, the proper appreciation of cover, rapid shooting, natural rests, and the effects of wind.

Skill at arms is not to be forgotten, and mounted combats and competitions are to be instituted.

To render charging a little more scientific, an interesting game, somewhat after the idea indulged in by the German infantry, will be practised. A squadron of dummies in line will form the objective and the squadron bowling over the greatest number of the enemy will be declared the winner.

EXPOSED FOR
DARK AREAS