A Dark Shadow;

Or, A Coming Vengeance

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued).

They were approaching the river; he knew that by the character of the shops and the occasional sight of a sailor and longshoreman.

The night had grown dark and wet, and the faint and murky lights from the street lamps and the wretched houses partially revealed the squalor of the neighborhood; there was a smell of tar and of bilge water in the thick atmosphere; and, late as it was, Clive could hear the clang of hammers proceeding from some of the blockmakers' shops where the men were working overtime.

Presently he heard the dull lapping of water against the slips which led down to the river; and as he leant over the apron of the cab and looked about him, the misery of the narrow streets and alleys, the noisomeness of the whole place, smote him with a nameless dread.

The cabman pulled up, and Clive leapt out, and looked round. They had stopped in a place close by the river, almost devoid of houses, and so badly lighted that it was almost pitch dark. The cabman nodded towards a low, half-ruined shed, which looked as if it had been deserted by some bankrupt blockmaker or mastbuilder.

"They went in there," he said gruffly, "Queer kind o' place, ain't it, guv'nor? The young lady, she didn't seem to fancy it, an' she drew back like; but the gentleman that came out to meet her, he says something to her—I didn't catch what it was—and they went in together. He come out again, an' gave me a drink—two or three drinks it was, for the matter o' that—an' I drove away. An' that's wot I'm going to do now. Don't catch me mixing meself up with anything queer. Good-night, guv'nor."

"I'll give you another five-pound note to remain," said Clive hurriedly.

But the cabman winked and shook his head. "One fiver in the 'and is worth two in the bush, sir," he said; "especially when there might be a beak and quod at the end of 'em," he added over his shoulder as he drove off.

Clive went to the ruined shed, and found a door. It seemed to be the only means of entrance; for he examined the side of the building that ran down to the water; and he went back to the door, and knocked. The silence was so profound that it seemed impossible that any living thing could be within it; but he knocked again, and his heart leapt as he heard footsteps approaching the door. A voice from behind it muttered cautiously:

"Ish that you?"

CHAPTE XXXII.

Clive knew the voice: it was Koshki's. Almost by an inspiration Clive thought of Sara, and, imitating her voice, replied, "Yes, quick!" The door was opened, and Clive sprang in, thrust it to with his foot, and seized Koshki. There was a dim light burning somewhere in the shattered building; and Clive caught the gleam of a revolver in Koshki's hand. He struck him a blow on the arm, and then gripped him by the throat; but he was not quick enough to prevent Koshki calling out.

There came a response from several voices and the hurrying of footsteps; and Clive knew that he would have to fight against odds. His grip on the scoundrel's throat tightened. Koshki, nearly choking, staggered; with a twist of the leg Clive hurled him to the ground. Koshki's head must have fallen on stones; for he gasped, and became unconscious. Clive sprang to his feet, and saw two figures coming towards him from the opening of the passage; a portion of the rough boarding that lined it had fallen away, and Clive pressed himself into the space thus made, and waited.

One of the men held aloft a ship's lantern, and Clive saw that the two approaching assailants were foreigners; they looked like Poles or half-bred Russians, and scoundrels of even a lower class than Koshki. One of them had caught up an iron bar, and he held this ready to strike as he rushed forward. They had passed Clive before they caught sight of Koshki lying by the door; and as they stopped, Clive sprang on to the man with the bar, struck him between the eyes, and tore the bar from his hand.

Startled by his sudden onslaught, both men drew back, and Clive, seizing the moment of hesitation, felled one of the men with his own weapon. The other looked from right to left like a rat at bay; and Clive, with the bar raised, said thickly:

"Stand back! Let me pass! There is a lady here—take me to her, and I'll give you money, more money than you've got for this job."

The man hesitated a moment, then he said in broken English, and almost unintelligibly:

"I no understand. Are you zee per-leece? We working men—no lady here."

"Mina!" shouted Clive.

There was a moment or two of silence; then he heard a faint cry, a cry that tore his heart in twain. It stopped suddenly, abruptly. Half mad with dread and fury, he struck the man down, caught up the lantern, and rushed along the passage. It opened into a blockmaker's shop sloping to the water's edge, a shop long since deserted and empty save for a few rotting pieces of timber, broken spars, and ends of rope; and there, lying in a corner, with her arms bound to her sides, was Mina.

Mingling with the odor of rotting wood and bilge water was a faint, heavy scent, which clung to the thick, dank atmosphere. Clive knew it at once; it was chloroform. With her name on his lips he sprang to her side and knelt over her.

"Mina, Mina!" he called to her, trying to keep the horror from his voice. "It is I—Clive! You are safe, quite safe!"

He knew that she was unconscious. He searched for his knife to cut the rope that bound her; and he had actually got the edge of the knife against the rope when he felt a sharp pain in his side, followed by a heavy blow on the back of his head.

He managed to rise, and swung round upon Koshki, who gripped him, and flung him heavily to the ground.

When Clive came to it was with a consciousness of something cold at his feet. He opened his eyes heavily, and looked about him, and memory returned with all its anguish. The dim light was still burning, and by it he saw the motionless form of Mina lying, bound as he had last seen her, and only a few yards away from him. With a hoarse cry, he tried to move to go to her; but he, too, was bound at arms and feet, and he could only move his head.

She was lying almost parallel with him; and the water that was lapping at his feet was lapping at hers; and in a flash he understood the significance of their joint position; the tide was rising slowly but surely, it would rise to the ledge just above their heads; then, receding, would suck them out to the dark and filthy river, which would bear them on its mysterious bosom to the sea or wash them up upon some muddy bank into which they would sink, and be lost for ever.

He and Mina were alone in that awful place: and yet not alone; for Death was hovering between them, waiting to strike. It was evident that Koshki had thought Clive already dead, or he would not have left him ungagged; but there was no hope in this; for Clive knew that his voice, weakened by exhaustion and loss of blood, could not carry many yards. And even if he could have made himself heard, there was little chance of assistance coming to him in that place of ill repute. Cries for help, even women's screams, were too frequent in this locality to attract attention, much less bring aid.

For himself—ah, well, he could have met death, if not with indifference, with calmness and composure. But Mina, Mina! The sweat broke out on his forehead, and he writhed in his bonds until the ropes cut into his flesh. He was not able even to writhe long; for his wounds were bleeding, and he was almost too weak to stir. He lay still, trying to summon all his fortitude—not for himself, but for Mina. He could almost hope that she was already dead; for if so she would be spared the unspeakable agony of watching and waiting for the death that was slowly approaching.

He began to grow delirious, and he fought against the mist that was creeping over him; but he thought that he had fought in vain, that he was really delirious, when he heard something that sounded like a sigh. He waited a moment or two; the sound came again, and, as calmly as he could, he said:

"Mina!"

The response he had scarcely dared hope for came back. It was only a breath, a quavering breath, but it made him thrill through all his aching veins. It was one word, breathed with infinite love and despair:

"Clive!"

He could not speak for a moment. The anguish of knowing that she was lying bound so near him and that yet he was powerless to help her, to set her free, to save her life, choked the words back; but presently he managed to control himself.

"Dearest!" he said. "Are you in pain? Have those scoundrels hurt you?"

"No," she replied faintly. "I can scarcely feel; I am drowsy, in a kind of stupor. Ah, but what does it matter about me? It is you—you, Clive, of whom I think! It was all my folly, my senseless credulity, which has brought you, lured into their hands. It was Koshki who sent the false message. It was he who sprang on me and bound me when one of the other men brought me into this place. I knew that they had snared me to spite you; and I was terrified; but I was glad, glad, Clive, that I did not leave word where I was going; the thought that I had not done so and that you could not follow me helped me to fight my fear.—And now you are here, in their hands!" She paused for breath. "How did you come here? Was it through some—some folly of mine that you traced me?"

"I found the cab, Mina," he said. "There was no folly on your part; it is I who have been wickedly, criminally foolish—for I did not leave word where I was following you; and no help can come to us. I tell you this, Mina, because I know you: I know that brave heart and soul of yours, and that you would turn with scorn from any affectation of encouragement, of delusive hope."

"Yes," she said, with a touch of loving pride in her voice. "I would not have you tell me anything but the truth. It would make it harder. And, indeed, it would not be hard to die here so near you, almost close by your side, if I could die alone, for life is not so precious to me."

A dry sob burst from Clive, and he writhed in his bonds.

"There might yet be a chance for us, Mina," he said. "If I could make myself heard—the Thames police might be passing—"

"No, dearest," she said, and she spoke the sweet word unhesitatingly; for with death so near there was no longer any need to conceal their love; and heart to heart could speak freely. "The police boat has passed up the river; I heard the two men with Koshki say so; and if you called out loud enough to be heard the men might come back. I think they have left us because they thought we were dead or in too deep a swoon to call for help. Oh, it is bitter to lie here, and to know you are losing your life for my sake! And such a life! So great, so good, of such value to the whole country, people."

Clive laughed, almost mockingly, almost deliriously. "Put that thought away from you, Mina," he said; "don't harbor it for a moment. My life! It is I who have fooled it away, I who have juggled with my happiness, and yours, yours! Lying here, like a helpless idiot, I see what a fool, what an imbecile I've been. But no more of that; self-reproach is useless. I can only ask you to forgive me, Mina, to tell you that I love you, have never ceased to love you since love sprang up in my bosom for you. I had all unwittingly compromised Lady Edith, thinking you did not care for me. I was in honor bound to ask her to be my wife; and then when the truth of her birth broke upon me, the chains which I would have sundered were wound more closely round me."

"I know, I know, Clive!" she said. "Do not let us think of her, of anything but our love. Are you in pain, dearest? I fear, I fear they have treated you cruelly!"

He heard the sobs she tried to stifle, and he answered earnestly:

"I am in no pain whatever. If they got at me I gave them as good as they gave. Why didn't I kill them when I had the chance? Fool again!"

"No; you would not do that, Clive," she said. "You could not." There was a pause; then she said, "Will it—will it be long?"

He answered her in the spirit worthy of her. "Not long, darling. It is a spring tide, and rises quickly."

"Yes, I can feel it rising," she said very quietly. "We shall float out to the river, I suppose. Perhaps we shall be near each other, quite close."

"Oh, Mina, Mina!" broke from his parched lips.

"Ah, don't!" she breathed. "Don't give way, Clive. I can bear anything but that. Let us face it together as you would face it if you were alone, and were not grieving about me."

"There is no woman in the world like you, Mina," he said. "So brave, so noble, and yet so loving. Yes; you set me an example; and I'll try to follow it, dear. If I could only kiss you, if I could only touch your hand!"

She sighed deeply. "That would make death sweet, dearest," she said. "Hush! some one is coming!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Clive listened; but the heavy throbbing of his heart for a time prevented his hearing the sound; then he said: "Mina—be calm! I can hear it. It is a woman's step. Mina, we are saved!" He heard her gasp, then a sigh of disappointment, despair, followed.

"It is the woman—the Hindoo woman! Lady Edith's servant—she came to me—oh, I wish I had told you!—she threatened me, and you. It is she who has planned this with Koshki, and helped him. She is coming to finish the work."

Clive ground his teeth. "Keep quite still; let her think you are dead, still in a faint," he whispered.

He himself closed his eyes by an almost superhuman effort, and kept his limbs motionless. It was Sara. She came slowly, walking something like a cat or a leopard over the rotting timber and the slimy stones.

She lifted the lantern, which, in their haste, the scoundrels had left behind them, and approaching Mina, bent and examined her. Clive watched her with a turmoil of emotions which my poor pen cannot set down. He saw her take an Indian knife from under the folds of her long cloak, and raise it; and an actual physical sickness assailed him.

The knife was poised for a moment or two; then, as if satisfied that her victim was dead, and, probably reflecting that the stab would not be only unnecessary but risky, she replaced the knife in her girdle, and went over to Clive. His pulse was so faint, his appearance so like that of death, that it was little wonder she was deceived. "To Clive's unspeakable relief—not on his own account, but on Mina's—for he knew that she now was watching, and that she would not have been able to see the knife uplifted over him without crying out—Sara did not take out the knife. She seated herself on a balk beside him, and, folding her arms, looked down at him with glittering eyes in which shone the vindictive malice, the cruel gloating triumph which one might picture in the eyes of a fiend from the nethermost pit.

"Lie there, my pretty fool-pig," she crooned. "Sara has come to see you, to see that you sleep soundly, to sing you a little lullaby, the little song we Hindoo women sing to the budmash—the thief, the traitor, when the man with the big sword is waiting for him. Yes; you are a thief: you stole my mistress's heart, the heart of my sun-queen, my lily-flower; and you betrayed her for that trash there. Poor little fool! Sara warned her; but she would not hearken, would not take heed. And so she lies there like dead carrion on the banks of the sacred Ganges. And in a little time the river will wash her away with all the other dirt. And you, too will go with her, my pretty sahib.—I wish you weren't dead!"

She kicked him with her foot, and laughed with an evil regret.

"I'd like you to hear, to see, how Sara has avenged the child of her bosom. The pige have done their work too well; they should have kept just enough life in you to give Sara the joy of seeing you die! Never mind, fool-man; she can watch you—watch you go drifting away down the dark river. And she will not have to wait long," she added, as she drew her robe away from the rising tide, and shifted higher up the piece of wood.

Clive kept his teeth clenched, drove back the cry that threatened to burst from him; for he knew that Mina heard every word the woman uttered in her mad and savage hate, and the knowledge added to his anguish. If he could be free for only one moment—so save Mina first, and then to deal out the justice of an outraged heaven to this pitiless fiend in human form.

Sara was silent for a time—it seemed years to the two victims—the water rose higher, rapidly now. Presently Sara, whose eyes had been wandering from the dark river to the two bound figures, began to laugh, mockingly, triumphantly.

"It comes, it comes!" she crooned. "It comes to do Sara's bidding, to complete her vengeance. Welcome, good river! Sara will help you!"

She picked her way to Mina, and placing her skinny hand on the girl's shoulder, pushed her into the tide She would have heard the deep sob that broke from Mina's lips, but as her victim floated Sara uttered a shrill laugh. Then she went back to Clive. He would have spoken then, would have essayed prayers, entreaties—for Mina's life, but the counterfeit of a swoon had passed into reality, and he was unconscious.

* * * * *

Five minutes—less—after Clive had dashed off, Tibby realized the mistake he had made, the awful mistake, in not giving her the address of the place to which he had gone. With a cry, she rushed out of the room, and down the stairs. But Clive had started, and the boys who still hung about could give her no information, and only jeered at her distress. She ran out into the street in search of a policeman; then, not finding one, and scarcely knowing what she was doing, she ran back to the house. She had scarcely reached the room when she heard some one coming up the stairs two at a time, the door was flung open, and Quilton entered.

Though he had come so hurriedly, he was outwardly quite calm, and he spoke even more slowly and impassively than usual.

"Am I in time, Tibby? Ah, apparently not!" as Tibby flung herself upon him crying.

"She's gone! Mina is lost—carried away! And he has followed her. And I don't know where they are. I'm worse than a wretched idiot—I let 'im go without askin' 'im! Oh, they'll be murdered!"

He took her by the shoulders, and shook her none too gently; it was the best thing he could have done; for soothing words and phrases would have been lost on Tibby in her frantic condition.

(To be continued.)

None are so blind as those who are looking for trouble.

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DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Looked Upon by London's Poor as a Genuine Friend.

She has passed into the English language: "as slender as the Duchess of Marlborough's neck" serves for a degree of comparison in one order of creation no less than "as bulky as 'G.K.C.'" serves in another, so says a writer on the London Sketch. But it is not, with her, a case of neck or nothing; her Grace has a rare faculty for forgetting her own graces. For months her whole attention has been given to the figures, not of fashion-books or Tango, but of sweated labor.

She has come to grips with a subject that is too painful for most

The Duchess of Marlborough.

people to think about even at a safe distance. Her statement of the facts is concise, convincing, terrible. Her friends would far rather she thought and talked of the things of her own world. "Let them fight it out themselves; we can never understand them," is the sort of advice she is always getting. "But you don't let them fight it out themselves," she answers; "every time you go shopping injudiciously your money is given to the bad cause of the employers. Every time you are careless and buy the products of sweating, you subsidize the evil system."

She rattles out her statistics as easily, and charmingly, as another duchess rattles out Epsom prices. Though with less American accent than an average Englishwoman acquires in a fortnight in California, she has, nevertheless, an American's sense of headlines. She puts her case with extraordinary brevity and effect. If you want to know the facts about the east end do not go to the east end, but go to Sunderland House, Mayfair, when the duchess is telling, in her young, steadfast, and convincing voice, the things she has learned during years of constant study. "There are thousands of women and girls who are suffering actual hunger, want, and destitution though they are working every available hour all the year round"—that is the gravamen of her charge against the existing order.

The Duchess of Marlborough's philanthropy has not been spasmodic. During several years she has spent more time at East Ham than at Blenheim, though in no sense has she left the world in which she finds she and her campaign carry most weight. She does not relinquish her houses, nor her parties, nor her pearls. Her fascination does not wane nor her youth turn to greyness because she has things to do and things to say, and a set of very cruel and depressing observations always on her mind and in her heart. By station, by habit, by the very finish of her features and the elegance of her build, she belongs to a world of trivialities and luxury; her manner, minus a certain seriousness that will not be wholly hidden even by the mask and domino of fashion, is the manner of Vanderbilt-cum-Marlborough, of Fifth-Avenue-cum-Blenheim, of a perfect worldliness of the most attractive sort. But it is made more charming than the most complete worldliness can ever be by the softening influence of her large sympathies.

The duchess remains, in a fuller sense than Curzon Street is apt to think, an American. While she is absorbed by life in England, and is there for good, she holds to her faith in the States and her natural passion for her country. She believes in the women of America, in the college-bred girl. She is critical of the Englishman's rooted objection to the higher female education. He must, she thinks, have a secret fear that the wife he finds so hard to understand even when she is unlearned, simple woman, will be absolutely incomprehensible when she is highly educated. All questions are to her the Women's Question. Her study has been the woman worker; the hostels she opened not long ago were hostels (the first of their kind) for the sex that Lord Rowton left out in the cold. But if her guest in Yorkshire not long ago was Mrs. Pankhurst, it does not follow that the duchess has given her support to militancy. On many points these two were in agreement; on many others they were in opposition. In America her Grace could, like her mother, be an out-and-out suffragette, because in America out-and-out suffragism wins the vote without recourse to extreme measures. All the duchess's chief problems have been encountered in reconciling of English and American habits of mind. And East Ham believes she is solving many of them with something very like genius.

A MEMORY OF JENNY LIND.

One Who Met Her Tells About the Great Singer.

In 1834, writes a friend of the Companion, my father moved from New Hampshire to a little Canadian settlement on the stage road halfway between Waterloo and Montreal. There he set up an inn for the convenience of the traveling public, who wished to break the tiresome journey by stage. There had been a distillery on the place, but, true to his principles, father promptly destroyed it, and had his sign painted "The Temperance Inn," so that no one might mistake the character of the place.

Our nearest neighbors were French people, who had no children; but there were six of us, so we did not get lonesome. The daily arrival of the stage never ceased to be exciting. Then there were other travelers in chaise and on horseback, and once a year a caravan of animals passed through. Think of six children having a whole menagerie to themselves. We enjoyed the elephants especially. There was a lake a little way from our house where the men took them to bathe. It was great sport to watch the big animals squirt water over one another with the'r trunks.

Our house would look very bare in these days of palatial hotels. There were no carpets on the floors, but Irish Norah, the maid, kept them immaculately clean by daily scrubbings. On extra occasions our mother would sand over the floor of the public reception room in intricate patterns, and then woe betide the youngster who ventured in to disturb the work of art.

One day there was the stir of preparation that always preceded the arrival of a special guest, whose coming had been previously announced. We asked no questions, for in those days children did not inquire into the doings of their elders, but we stationed ourselves where we could command a good view of the passengers as they left the stage. Imagine our disappointment when only two or three men and a plainly dressed woman got out of the stage. The woman wore a veil, so we could not see her face; but her clothing looked rather shabby, so we ran into the kitchen to tell Norah that no one of any account had come. Norah was not in sight, but presently she bustled in, very much excited.

"If you childer want to see the greatest singer in the world," she said, "jist pape in the dining room at the end of the table be your faather."

We "paped," and there sat our plainly dressed traveler. She had a sweet face, but we could not understand why "the greatest singer in the world" should wear an old black dress with patches at the elbow (I saw them myself). As we pushed and scuffled in our eagerness to see her, the door swung wide open to our great confusion. My father shook his head at us, but the lady laughed. As we beat a hasty retreat, I saw that she was speaking to him.

We felt we were great offenders, and when father came out into the kitchen a few minutes later, we expected a reprimand. But he only said, "You children may go into the parlor for awhile. Miss Lind wants to see you."

It was a very bashful company that filed into the room. The great singer sat in a low rocking-chair by the fireplace, and as we entered, beckoned us to come to her. I was the smallest of the group, so she lifted me up to her lap, and then she began to sing to us. I wish that I could remember what she sang, but we knew nothing about songs or music, and could only feel the beauty of the tender voice and the charm of the woman herself. I am sure Jenny Lind never sang to a more appreciative audience, or left a sweeter memory behind her.

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