A Dark Shadow;

Or, A Coming Vengeance

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(Continued).

Tibby stared at him with her head on one side—just as she was wont to stare at the joint of meat offered by the butcher for her approval—then she heaved a long sign of compassionate resignation, and said in a pitying tone:

"It's a shocking thing to think of a poor, helpless idiot wanderin' about the world alone, and getting into all sorts of trouble, without having anybody to stop him; so I suppose I must!"

. . . . . .

It was not a double wedding. Clive suggested one; but both Quilton and Tibby declined with thanks.

"I once knew a double wedding," she said, "where the parties got so mixed up that one of the bridegrooms went off with the wrong bride. Of course I shouldn't mind exchanging William Henry; in fact, I dessay I shall have to advertise him presently in one of those papers where people offer to exchange a clothes horse and a tea caddy for a sealskin jacket; but it's only fair to give him a little trial."

And Quilton had nodded complete approval of her sentiment, and said:

"Yes; Tibby and I are going for a walk one day, and I shall say, like the man in Dickens's book, 'Why, here's a church! Extraordinary coincidence! Let's go in and get married!'"

Both weddings, though not quite so casual, were very quiet ones. Mina was married first; Tibby was her bridesmaid. Elisha, of course, gave her away, and Quilton was Clive's best man. There were no guests. They were married in a quiet little country place in Devonshire, and they went back to the rustic inn to eat that now generally obsolete meal, the wedding breakfast. There were plenty of flowers, but no speeches, unless a few words which Quilton spoke a little while before the happy couple drove to the train can be counted as one. He and they happened to be alone for a few minutes, and he took out a morocco case from his pocket and handed it to Mina. She opened it, and, uttering an exclamation, looked from one to the other, for the case contained a magnificent spray of diamonds, so large, so brilliant, that she had never seen anything like it.

"It is from Lord Chesterleigh," said Quilton, in his expressionless voice.

The color faded from her face, and she glanced at Clive. He returned the glance, and pinned the spray upon her dress.

"There are some letters on it," he said in a low voice, "M.C.H."

"C!" she exclaimed unguardedly, then the blood rushed to her face. She knew that the C stood for Chesterleigh, and it was only natural that her heart should give one throb of pride—not for her own sake but for Clive's.

"You are content, dearest?" he whispered.

"More than content," she responded in as low a voice. "No one need know but ourselves, Clive; but—but I am glad to know."

The other marriage took place a month later, when Clive and Mina had returned from a honeymoon which had been one of such perfect happiness that in after years they stole away together to repeat it. Tibby made a charming and fairy-like bride, and Quilton, in his wedding finery looked so absurdly young that she declared, with well simulated indignation, that, after all, she had married an infant.

Clive had retired from office and from Parliament, and he and Mina spent a considerable time in somewhat extensive travelling. His strength came back to him, and Mina blossomed not only into a lovely woman, but into so strong a one that she was able to take her share in Clive's outdoor sports. She learnt to ride, to fish, to walk long distances—in fact, she became that precious gift to a husband—a companion.

They might have continued their wanderings for a still longer period but for an approaching event and some sudden news which made their immediate return to England imperative. Clive brought the news to her as she was sitting in a Florentine garden. He had an open letter in his hand, and, seeing by his face that he had received bad tidings, she rose quickly and went to him. He put his arm round her and said in a low voice:

"Mina, my brother Bertie is dead. He died in California—was thrown from his horse. We must go back at once."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Mina did not attempt to console Clive with words; but her arm stole round his neck, and she drew his head down to her. They went into the villa; and Clive gave her the letter to read.

"It has been delayed, following us about," he said, looking at the Post Office marks on the envelope.

She took it mechanically, and read the address; and as she did so, she started and uttered a faint cry, for the envelope was addressed to the Right Hon. the Earl of Rafborough. He smiled at her sadly.

"Yes, dearest; you see I succeed to the title, to Rafborough, by poor Bertie's death." They were silent for a moment or two, then he added in a whisper: "You have come into your own, Mina; Fate has, in a measure, restored that of which she robbed you. There have been times when my conscience has cried out against the sacrifice which you have made so willingly, so nobly; I have felt sometimes a poignant remorse that I had no right to let you keep the secret of your birth."

"No, no, Clive!" she urged quickly. "The decision rested with me. Nothing would have induced me to put forward a claim that I might never have been able to prove. Mr. Quilton told me so. I was quite content to know that you and he—and perhaps Lord Chesterleigh—knew it. And now, dearest, you need never be uneasy again. We will always keep the secret.—And you are an earl, Clive; and I am a countess!" She spoke with a certain sadness rather than elation, and Clive, who was swift to interpret her every look and tone, drew her closer, and kissed her.

"You are thinking of the future, Mina?"

She raised her eyes, frank as a child's, and smiled, but still a little wistfully.

"Yes, Clive; but I am not afraid of the future, not afraid of the big world while you are by my side."

That big world of which Mina had spoken, both political and social, had by no means ceased to take an interest in Clive Harvey. Of course, all sorts of rumors had flown around purporting to account for his sudden disappearance, not only from political life, but from social. It was generally known that he had almost secretly married a girl from the ranks of the people, the class for which he had done so much; but no one could give any accurate information about his bride, the cause of his withdrawal from the Parliamentary arena, or even his whereabouts; and when he returned to Rafborough as its master, the interest in him and his bride became intense, and Society was looking forward with an eager curiosity to their appearance in its midst.

And presently they appeared. The house in Eaton Square had, for the first time for a lengthy period, been put into thorough repair, redecorated and furnished; and on a certain evening, early in the season, Clive introduced his wife to Society at a large reception at Lady Dalrymple's. To say that Society was startled by the contrast which Mina in all her loveliness and youthful grace presented to the mental picture which Society had drawn—"I believe she was quite a common person, my dear; a factory girl, or one of those singing people"—is to describe the sensation inadequately.

She was at once received, not only into favor, but with a fervor of admiration which, as Clive laughingly declared, was calculated to increase the size of the beautiful little head which he loved so well. It need scarcely be said, however, that Mina bore the laurels of her social success with her native modesty; and it need scarcely be added that this same modesty confirmed the fervor of her admirers.

But if Mina's social success may be described as extraordinary, there is only one word by which to designate that of Tibby, when, yielding to Mina's insistence, she appeared at Mina's side; and that word is phenomenal. She leapt into popularity at one bound, and Quilton and Clive stood by and watched her, the one laughing with delight, the other with impassive calm, devoid of the slightest sign of surprise, as Tibby soared triumphantly through the celestial realms of what she called "the upper ten." No function of any importance was considered complete without the presence of the elf-like form and the pretty, shrewd face of the charming Mrs. Quilton.

The fashionable world petted and caressed her; they copied her walk, her gestures, her very accent; they quoted her sharp Cockney sayings, and were never tired of laughing at and applauding her witty comments and rejoinders. The Society papers presented her portrait in their supplements, and embalmed her epigrams in paragraphs; and through it all, strange to say, and yet not strange to say, Tibby kept that wonderful little head of hers perfectly level

"They are just like anybody else, William Henry," she informed Quilton after one occasion of particular triumph. "They are just like the people down at the Rents, only they've got the habit of washing their faces, and always eating with their forks instead of their knives. They're just as fond of a lark, and just as easy to get at; and you've only got to show that you consider yourself quite as good as they are, if not a little better, to get on with them all right. There's only one thing you mustn't do, you mustn't be afraid of them. They get the pull of you then. F'instance, last night when the Duchess of Milbury asked me if Mina was once a flower girl before she went on the stage—like her cheek, wasn't it?—I said yes; and that she made up the bouquet the Duchess carried on her wedding day. For, you see, I happened to know that the Duchess was on the 'halls,' and that she ran away with that softy the Duke, when he was Lord Poultry, and used to hang about the stage doors."

Quilton laughed with a quiet enjoyment; but Elisha—he was a great swell by this time, and was almost as much in request, on account of his musical gifts, as his brilliant daughter—Elisha looked rather aghast.

"What did she say, Tibby?" he asked.

"Oh, she's not a bad sort, the Duchess," replied Tibby, with a grin. "She looked me up and down for a minute; then she burst out laughing, a regular music-hall laugh, and said quite good-temperedly, 'What a sharp little dear you are; plucky too! I'm very fond of that sister of yours—though how she came to be your sister goodness only knows! She's coming to stay with me at Milbury, and you must come to. Mind, I'll take no refusal! You'll keep some of the cheeky ones in order. And I like you.'"

Of course, Clive was proud of Mina's success—he was almost as proud of Tibby's—but as the Season wore on and Lord Chesterleigh's and Lady Edith's return was announced, he had some grave and anxious moments; for he knew that the ordeal of meeting with them would have to be gone through. How should they meet? Lady Edith had formally terminated their engagement by a note of two lines, written at Talnymuir soon after her arrival. Clive knew, more by Quilton's manner than his words, that Lady Edith had half consented, probably without knowing the extent, or the murderous character of the plot, to Sara's attempt to avenge her mistress's supposed wrong. He acquitted her of a full knowledge of the diabolical plot, which Sara had so very nearly carried out with Koshki's assistance, but she had been so nearly concerned in it that he wondered how she would bear herself at their first meeting.

It was therefore, with some trepidation that he heard, one night when he and Mina, and, of course, Tibby—were at a reception at the French Embassy, the Chesterleigh's names announced.

He turned to Mina, who was at his side surrounded by the usual court of admirers, and, drawing her a little apart, said quietly:

"Lady Edith is here."

To his surprise—and yet he ought not to have been surprised—instead of displaying any embarrassment, Mina drew herself up, and smiled at him. And she looked so beautiful, so queenly, that Clive thrilled with pride, and felt reassured. A little later he met the Chesterleighs face to face. Lord Chesterleigh went pale; then, as he scanned Clive's face, the color came back to his countenance—it was sadly aged and worn—and he held out his hand, and grinned the one Clive quickly gave him.

The two men looked at each other with all their old affection glowing in their eyes; then Clive turned to Lady Edith. She, too, had changed; say, rather, that she had gone back to the Lady Edith, the proud and haughty Lady Edith of the days before she had met Clive Harvey. Her face was no paler than usual, but her lips were curved proudly, her lids haughtily half-lowered. She gave him the tips of her fingers, and, erect as an arrow, she met his half-sad, half-embarrassed gaze, quite steadily.

"How do you do, Lord Rafborough?" she said very slowly. "What a time it is since we have met. Is Lady Rafborough here?"

Clive could not speak; the mere man is always at a disadvantage on these occasions; and he is no match for the woman. He indicated Mina by a wave of the hand, and Lady Edith glided on. She had heard of Mina's social triumph; but, all the same, perhaps she was a little startled by the beauty, the grace, the absolute self-possession of Lady Rafborough, who turned to receive her as she approached.

Lady Edith surveyed her in silence for a moment, and both the women's eyes were like steel; then Lady Edith said:

"I am so glad to meet you, Lady Rafborough; your husband and I are old friends."

There was a slight but eloquent pause; then Mina—the gentle Mina!—returned the blow with a skill and spirit which even Tibby might have envied.

"Yes, I know," she said very quietly, her eyes meeting the haughty ones of Lady Edith unflinchingly. "He has told me—everything."

Lady Edith faced the dark grey eyes as unflinchingly for a moment; then with a forced smile she turned away.

Lord Chesterleigh had drawn Clive aside. The poor old man was trembling, there was something like tears in his eyes.

"What can I say to you, Clive?" he said brokenly. "What can I do? I know who your wife is—but—but you know how I love Edith? Can I punish her, wreck her life?" His voice broke, and he turned away to hide his emotion.

Clive laid his hand upon the old man's shoulder.

"I understand," he said; "we both understand. There is nothing to be done, there is no need to do anything, to say anything. Let me take you to her."

But Lord Chesterleigh shrank back. "Not now—not here, in this crowd. Some time when we can be alone, Clive. It must be soon, for I am a broken man, as you see—and the doctors tell me. Let me meet her alone when I can unburden my heart, when no other eyes but hers are looking on."

That meeting came at Lord Chesterleigh's bedside, when he was dying. But no record of it shall be set down here.

THE END.

BIGGEST INDIAN RESERVE.

W. J. Dilworth Has 1,200 Indians Under His Care at Slide Out.

W. J. Dilworth, the man appointed to control the largest Indian reserve in Canada, has entered upon his duties at the agency at Slide Out, Alberta. Mr. Dilworth will have some 1,200 Indians under his care, besides a dozen or more reserve officials who do the actual work of superintending the several activities of the band. The Bloods are a sub-band of the Blackfeet tribe, the last to be subdued and induced to take treaty and settle upon a reservation.

Mr. Dilworth is likely, in the early months of his superintendence to be called upon to deal

Mr. W. J. Dilworth.

with some very important questions. The matter of cutting the reserve up into small grazing leases is earnestly pressed now by the small ranches south and east of the tract. The actual sale of the southern portion of the tract is also a question which, undoubtedly, will be voted on.

The new agent was born at Ethel, Ontario, in 1877. He is of Irish parentage on his mother's side, and Scotch U. E. Loyalist on his father's. He is a graduate of Listowel, Ont., High School. Moving to North Dakota he completed three years of the four years Arts course in the University of North Dakota, teaching school at the same time. He then entered into the implement business at Fargo, North Dakota, as a salesman, continuing till 1904, when he became a farmer in Ward County of the same State. In the autumn of 1908, Mr. Dilworth came to Macleod, again entering the implement business, and continuing till his appointment as Indian Agent.

Mr. Dilworth has grown up with the West, has had practical experience in all Western conditions, and will no doubt make good in his new work with the red men.

DREAD OF NOGI'S MEN.

In the Russo-Japanese War the Russians Feared Them.

It often happens that the reputation of a successful general and his men has a great effect in winning other battles. Such was the case with Baron Nogi and the third Japanese army, which he commanded. This daring and relentless officer led the famous flanking movement on the Russian right at Mukden. Says Mr. Stanley Washburn in "Nogi":

To the privates of the Siberian steppes and the peasants drafted from the valleys of the Volga and the far-off Neva, this man Nogi was the incarnation of fury, the demon of war. His men were pictured by camp fires at night as devils of blood and fire, who would stop at nothing, who eagerly sought death in their efforts to reach a hand-to-hand encounter with their foes. Again and again the story of 203 Meter Hill, where the Japanese sacrificed 15,000 men in order to gain an observation station, was told in the Russian ranks. The soldiers told one another also how the Japanese infantry, in one assault, exhausted and with ammunition spent, refused to retreat, and remained and threw stones at their enemies until the last man was killed. The great dread in every division of the Russian army was that Nogi himself would be thrown against them.

When at last the attack came, there could be no doubt of where and how Nogi was striking. At the first point of contact, the veterans of Port Arthur, who thought fighting in the open was nothing after storming the grisly heights of the beleaguered fortress, appeared suddenly, without warning, on the Russian flank and well toward the rear. Their first assault crumpled up the Russian defense like paper. With characteristic Japanese subtilty their officers had taught them the battle cries in the Russian language, and they advanced, screaming between their banzais, "We are Nogi's men from Port Arthur!" The instant this fear-inspiring cry was heard on the Russian flank, the battle was lost. The spirit of despair spread like a prairie fire, and soon the whole great army was in retreat, not the retreat of sheer panic, but the stubborn withdrawal of men who knew that victory was impossible.

Shortness of Breath.

The words do not mean difficult breathing, which usually comes from some obstruction in the air passages, but a quickening of the respiratory movements, because the person who is affected feels the need of more air. There are many ways in which shortness of breath may arise. It is often one of the symptoms of illness; sometimes the illness affects the blood, so that it cannot carry oxygen enough for the needs of the body; sometimes the heart does not maintain a sufficiently rapid circulation of the blood; sometimes the lungs are so wasted that they have not enough surface left to receive the air that is breathed in. In some cases the chest is deformed or undeveloped, so that the lungs suffer from mechanical obstruction.

In considering the cases where the blood is at fault, remember that shortness of breath is always found in connection with anaemia, whether it be chronic or temporary in character, and whether it be caused by disease or by mere loss of blood. When the symptom arises in diabetes or uraemia, it is a sign of the serious blood changes that occur in those diseases.

When a person begins to complain of habitual shortness of breath, it is important to have a physical examination made without delay. One reason is that tuberculosis often begins with no other symptoms than shortness of breath and a slight cough. If these cases are seen and diagnosed very early, it is not hard to arrest them.

The symptom is, of course, present in such troubles as pneumonia, broncho-pneumonia, and pleurisy, which attack the organs of breath directly. Violent exercise naturally causes temporary shortness of breath. In the case of healthy people, it disappears quickly when the exercise ceases. If it does not do so, it is a good plan to have a careful examination, in order to find out what is wrong. Young people sometimes persist in a favorite form of exercise after they have begun to notice their shortening breath; in that they may do themselves lifelong injury.—Youth's Companion.

Wasted Energy.

A man who had never been duck hunting, shot at a duck in the air. The duck fell dead to the ground.

"Well, you got him!" exclaimed the amateur's friend.

"Yes," replied the amateur, "but I might as well have saved my ammunition—the fall would have killed him."

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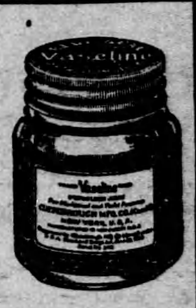

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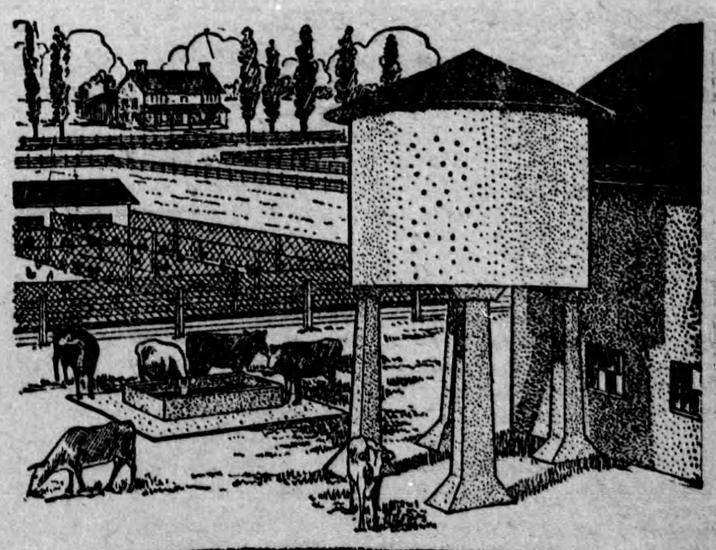

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