Money Makes Money;

Or, A Strange Stipulation.

CHAPTER IV.

When the lawyers employed by the late Mrs. Marnock, who were administrators of her estate, had informed Mr. Bryant of the extraordinary legacy left to him by their late client, they had further instructed him that he was to be allowed only a certain amount of time in which to come to a decision.

Messrs. Pleydell & Cousens showed Mr. Julian Bryant the greatest courtesy, and in a degree sympathy.

It appeared that Mr. Pleydell, the senior partner, had received direct instructions only a week or so before her death, from Mrs. Marnock herself, regarding the money which she desired to bequeath to Mr. Bryant. She had, it appeared, duly informed the lawyer that with this bequest a certain condition was attached; and Mr. Pleydell was the first to assure Mr. Bryant that had he been aware of the very peculiar nature of this condition, he should have done his best to have advised his late client to abandon it.

It was not, however, until after her death, when a sealed letter arrived and had been opened, that Mr. Pleydell had been informed of what had been in his late client's mind. He had no hesitation in declaring that he found the suggestion something more than peculiar.

"It is a downright incentive to immorality," he had said in his first interview with Mr. Bryant; and the young man had answered him bitterly—

"It is not immoral, it is inhuman. Mrs. Marnock was very angry with me because I married without informing her of my intentions to do so. She disapproved of early marriages, and, though they never met, she hated my wife. This is her way of hitting at me for having dared to be independent."

"Very curious," Mr. Pleydell had said, "but Mrs. Marnock was a very unusual woman, most unusual."

"I would rather a thousand times she had forgotten me," Julian Bryant said. He had the agonising conviction pressing on his heart that she had misread that last appeal, and that she had supposed him not merely beaten by fate but self-confessedly unhappy in his married life. The mere thought was so cruelly disloyal to Enid, he told himself, he would rather die than let her ever know of this strange legacy.

He had sat a long time talking matters over with Mr. Pleydell in that first interview, and finally had gone away in a most wretched condition. His attitude had been firmness itself.

"If the money had been six times what it is," he said, "I should refuse it."

Nevertheless, it was almost pitiful to note the way in which Bryant was drawn to go back again and again to the office just to talk over the legacy, to discover if by some means at least a little of this money could come to him.

"I hate myself for even giving it a thought," he said to Mr. Pleydell on one occasion; "but when a man's down as far as I am it is simply awful to be mocked by the knowledge that there is so much money waiting just out of reach."

Pleydell & Cousens sought counsel's opinion, but without any satisfactory result. Grotesque, immoral, inhuman, call it what they might, the terms attached to this legacy were binding. If he chose to remain with his wife, Julian Bryant would not inherit one penny.

He stopped going to the lawyers after the first fortnight, but every now and then he wrote, and always the same answers came back to him; and the time was growing shorter and shorter. The date on which he must give his decision was drawing very close.

The younger member of the firm of Pleydell and Cousens was a certain Mr. Tenderten. He was of a different calibre to Mr. Pleydell, who was an old-fashioned man; one who was just a little overweighted and flustered by the new element which Mrs. Marnock's will had brought into the firm.

Mr. Tenderten professed a little sympathy for Julian Bryant. He was not a married man himself, so perhaps that was one reason why he thought it was ridiculous of the other man to allow sentiment to stand in his way; but then Mr. Tenderten did not really believe that Julian Bryant would hold out to the last. He was prepared to take a bet on the subject. He rather annoyed his colleague by the assurance that no man living would sacrifice so much money for such a reason. "You'll see, he'll find a way!" he declared to his partner; but the days went by and nothing happened to prove Mr. Tenderten's conviction.

On the morning of the day before that on which Julian Bryant was bound to make his decision one way or the other, the young man appeared at the office of Pleydell and Cousens almost before the doors were opened.

One of the junior clerks informed him that nobody had arrived, and that Mr. Pleydell was not expected for nearly an hour. He asked Mr. Bryant to wait, but Julian refused. He said he would walk up and down outside. To sit in the dull lawyer's office would have been absolutely impossible.

Mr. Tenderten, alighting from a taxi, saw him in the distance, and was quickly enlightened by the man's look that something had developed.

Inside he was given the information by his clerk that Mr. Bryant had been waiting nearly an hour.

"Wouldn't come in, sir; seems upset about something. He is waiting for Mr. Pleydell."

"All right," said Mr. Tenderten.

He felt quite excited, and only regretted that he had not forced his partner to take on the bet he had offered.

Mr. Pleydell walked sedately to his office, and just as he reached the entrance he was accosted by a wild-looking man, whom at first he hardly recognized.

"You have broken your word to me," said Bryant, "you have done a dreadful thing!"

Instantly the lawyer grasped that he had to deal with a man who was hardly sane.

"Come inside," he said. "We can't discuss business here, Mr. Bryant."

The office was on the first floor. Mr. Pleydell noticed that Julian staggered, and had to hold on to the stair railing like a man who was not sure of himself, or his own strength. When he was in his office Mr. Pleydell pushed forward a big chair and the young man fell into it with a groan.

"Oh! my head!" he said, "the pain—the pain is torture."

In fact he was trembling like a man with ague.

"You are not fit to be out," said Mr. Pleydell. "You are very ill."

"I have been walking the streets all night," Julian Bryant answered, speaking hoarsely. "My wife has gone—gone—Oh, what shall I do?"

"Come, come," said Mr. Pleydell, going forward and putting his hand kindly on Julian's shoulder. "Pull yourself together, Bryant. Tell me what has happened."

"Enid has left me," the young man answered. "Somehow—somehow she has got to know of this cursed business, and that is why she has gone."

"She has heard nothing from me, Mr. Bryant," the other said quietly. "Your instructions have been obeyed to the letter."

Sitting forward with his aching head supported with his two shaking hands, Julian said doggedly:

"Well, then, she has got to know of it some other way. But that doesn't matter now, all that matters is—she has gone and it is going to kill me, Pleydell; that's what it's going to do."

"Let's talk this out, Mr. Bryant, possibly there may be some mistake. Tell me everything."

Julian sat back in the chair, and for an instant he could not speak. His brows were contracted with pain. In that broken, indistinct voice he said:

"You know I have been working at a garage lately, learning to drive a car. Yesterday I got my first trial. I had to go into the country, and I didn't get back till quite late. Enid wasn't there—I can't tell you what I felt like when I realized that. I couldn't find my wife anywhere. I roused the people in the house, and they told me she had gone away early in the afternoon, and that she had left a letter for me. Here it is."

The lawyer took the letter from his trembling, outstretched hand.

"Dearest husband," Enid had written. "I want you to forgive me, but I have grown tired of this life, so tired of being a useless weight on your shoulders. You say you will not let me work, and that you alone must support us; well, I don't agree with you, and so I am going to take up my share of the burden. I am going to work for myself. To live on as we are living now, don't you feel as I do, that the sweetness and the beauty of everything is lost? I shall always love you, but I must work, and if you are wise you will not try to bring me back again, at least not until things are better for both of us."

After her signature there were a few more words—

"Don't fret about me. I can take care of myself, and I will write to you when I have good news."

"She must be found!" said Julian Bryant, "she must be found!"

Mr. Pleydell folded up the letter and put it on the table.

"It is evident that your wife knows nothing," he said.

But Julian shook his head.

"She'd never have left me," he said. Then he stretched out both his hands to the lawyer.

"Pleydell," he said, "help me to find her. I have got nobody else to whom I can go, and if it costs money I'll work my fingers to the bone to give it back to you. I've got my chance at last; they've taken me on as a regular driver."

"I will do all I can," said Mr. Pleydell. "It won't be difficult. I am sure we shall have some news of her before another day has gone. From what you have told me yourself, your wife has no friends. She cannot, therefore, have been helped by anybody else, and people do not disappear so easily, you know, Mr. Bryant. Now, won't you promise me to go home and take care of yourself?"

Mr. Tenderten came into the office at that moment and looked enquiringly at his partner.

"Mr. Bryant is ill," Mr. Pleydell explained. "He has had a great shock. I am persuading him to go home."

"What sort of shock?" asked Mr. Tenderten.

For answer Mr. Pleydell picked up Enid's letter and gave it to his partner.

Mr. Tenderten read it through and then put it down with a slight smile.

"Well, this leaves the way clear, anyhow," he said. "This fulfils the conditions required by the testator."

The man in the chair opened his eyes and looked fiercely at the speaker. He struggled to his feet with difficulty.

"I won't touch the money," he said thickly, passionately. "Do you hear me? I won't touch the money! That's my last word. I had to give it to you sooner or later, and now you've got it!"

Just for an instant he looked into Mr. Pleydell's eyes.

"I trust you," he said. "You are going to find her; you swear it."

"Your wife shall be found, Mr. Bryant," the elder lawyer answered his quietly.

Julian Bryant closed his eyes and stood swaying uncertainly on his feet for a moment, then he moved like a drunken man to the door.

"Don't come with me," he said to Tenderten. "I can get along alone."

But as he spoke he caught at the door and his eyes closed again, and then suddenly he let go his hold, swayed to and fro helplessly for an instant, and then slipped rather than fell to the floor.

Mr. Pleydell was quite agitated.

"We must send for a doctor," he said. "Poor fellow! I knew he was not fit to be out."

He knelt down and tried to lift Julian, but Mr. Tenderten advised him to leave the man where he was.

"We must get him home," said Mr. Pleydell.

"What will he do when he gets home?" asked the other man. "There is no one to take care of him. The thing's gone dead out of his hands. You can see that, can't you? Whether this is straightforward, or whether they are acting in collusion, the fact remains that the conditions are fulfilled. This money belongs to Bryant now."

"I don't think we must go so far as that, Tenderten," said Mr. Pleydell. "Mr. Bryant was most emphatic. You heard him yourself. Possibly this illness may permit us to give him a little longer time, but we must not act without him."

Mr. Tenderten shrugged his shoulders, then went into the next room and called a clerk. He sent him for the nearest doctor, and when the medical man arrived it was Mr. Tenderten who interviewed him. As far as the doctor could diagnose the case he pronounced it a form of influenza, accelerated by emotion and fatigue and lack of food. He prescribed conditions which would have been practically impossible in the little place where Julian Bryant had been living.

Mr. Tenderten very gladly took upon himself all the burden of arranging to conduct the sick man to a nursing home.

"Mr. Bryant is a very valuable client of ours," he said. "He has come unexpectedly into a large fortune, and the whole thing has been too much for him."

Mr. Pleydell held himself aloof from the arrangements which his partner made and the younger man was perfectly well aware that his action was not by any means approved of by the other man. This, however, did not trouble Mr. Tenderten. He was essentially practical.

"He will be the first to thank me one of these days," he said to himself after he had seen Mr. Bryant comfortably housed in a large, airy room with everything necessary for his comfort surrounding him.

"We will be responsible for all expense," he had said to the doctor; and he went back to the office very well satisfied with the morning's work.

CHAPTER V.

Julian Bryant lay in the small, exquisitely neat bed and watched the sunlight filter through the lace curtains. The window was open and the blinds moved to and fro with a pleasant rythmical sound. He moved a little on his pillows and gave a sigh every now and then. It was so pleasant to lie still and wake up slowly. Pleasant, and yet there was that sense of doing something what ought not to be done, that this spell of luxurious ease would be followed by a need for extra haste and industry.

He had been dreaming so busily and he had worked so hard in his dreams that he felt he might permit himself just a few minutes more.

He had been driving for miles so it seemed to him, driving through the dust and the summer heat and then through the cool, splashing rain. He had got along first rate, doing far better in fact than he had expected to.

That was a brilliant idea of Derryman's, the suggestion of learning to drive a car. The work was so interesting, but it was very dirty. Still dreaming, Julian lifted his hands to the bed and looked at them. How had they managed to get so clean? The grease and the dirt had seemed to stain them beyond all redemption, and he had once been so vain of his hands; curious how the mind drifted back and back; he could see things quite clearly in the days when he had been a little boy. If he shut his eyes quite closely he was actually living in that time.

He turned once again on his pillows. The bed was certainly very enticing; but it must be more than time to get up. Then all at once he remembered that he had arranged to take a day off, a very sensible thing to do; he really was awfully tired. It was abominably lazy of him; but in a few minutes he would be asleep again. No: he must not sleep again, he must get up. He opened his eyes quite widely. The room was changed. It was larger, much prettier; there were flowers on the table. He looked about him with his brows contracted in a puzzled frown, and at that moment the door opened and a nurse came in.

"It is time for your medicine, Mr. Bryant," she said.

Julian lifted himself on his elbow and looked at her.

"Medicine," he said. "I want my breakfast."

The nurse laughed.

"You have had your breakfast a long time ago."

"I'm quite in a muddle," the young man said weakly, and he sank back on the pillows again. He swallowed the medicine, and the nurse moved away in her soft fashion. At the door she paused—

"Your servant Stephens is waiting to come in."

Julian Bryant made no answer, and the nurse passed out, her place being taken almost immediately by a trim-looking valet.

With half-closed eyes Bryant watched this man. He was arranging some clothes on a chair, putting out some smart socks and bed-room slippers; then he came and stood by the bed.

"Would you like to be shaved now, sir?" he asked.

"I always shave myself," the man in bed answered.

The valet made no remark, only observed—

"Very well, sir," and turned away; but as he was going Bryant called to him.

"I say, who are you? What are you doing here?"

"My name is Stephens, sir. I was engaged by your lawyers."

"How long have you been with me?"

"Going on for a month, sir," said Stephens.

"A month!" repeated Bryant; then he seemed to wake up completely. He dragged himself into a sitting position. "I don't remember anything," he said; and Stephens answered—

"No, sir; you haven't seemed to notice anything. I'm glad, sir, you have had a turn for the better. Would you like to get up, sir; the doctors, especially Sir Joseph, wish you to be roused. He thinks it would do you good to sit up for a while every day."

Bryant looked at him in a curious fashion; then he said—

"Yes, I'll get up."

But it was not an easy task; more than once he would have fallen if Stephens had not held him firmly; and when at last he was sitting in the chair by the window wrapped about in a silken dressing gown, he felt too weak to speak.

He was roused from another spell of vain thought by Stephens asking him a question.

"The car is here, sir, and the chauffeur wants to know if you have any orders?"

Bryant looked at him.

"A car? A car?"

"Your own car, sir. It comes every day about this time. Sir Joseph is very anxious that you should go out in the air. I have got a light overcoat waiting for you, sir; I took measurements from your other clothes."

"I don't want to go out," said Bryant.

The valet retired, and the sick man sat on thinking; but his thoughts troubled him. As Stephens came back he sat forward trembling a little and said—

"I want—I want Mr. Pleydell. Send and ask him to come, he must come."

"I'll ring through, sir, to the office."

In a very little while Stephens was back with the information that Mr. Pleydell was away, and would not be back in London for a fortnight or another three weeks.

"Mr. Tenderten is at your service, sir."

"No," said Bryant. "No; I don't want him to come and see me."

(To be continued.)

DENMARK'S ADVANCE.

Notes of Interest to Farmers, School Trustees and Teachers.

At the Rural Teachers' Conference at the O,A.C., Guelph, Mr. H. W. Foght, specialist in rural education from Washington, gave three lectures. The first was on "The Schools That Made Denmark Famous." He told how after losing nearly one-third of her country and people in the war with Austria and Germany, Denmark saw that she could not claim greatness of size. So the people determined to remake their country, and schools, until now the Danes are the most scientific farmers of the world. They drained the swamps and tied down the sand dunes with trees, and it is every farmer's aim to leave his farm better than he received it. They have rural elementary schools for the children from 7 to 14 years of age. These have beautiful grounds and experiment gardens. Nearly 85 per cent. of the teachers are men who remain for years in the same school and live in the teacher's residence near the school for seven days a week during twelve months in the year. All subjects are well taught and correlated with agriculture. Each school is provided with a gymnasium. Nearby are the church, the graveyard and the manse. From the ages of 15 to 18, as a rule, the boys work during the day on a rural model farm under a Government instructor and the girls in a model farm home; but the nights are spent at their own homes. Here they learn to do by doing, and they still get physical exercises that they may have strong bodies. They also have Danish folk high schools, which most of the young people attend. As a rule the young men go in winter and the women in summer. Here they get lectures on myths, history and literature of their own and other lands. They are willing to listen with interest to long speeches and eager to discuss them later, for they are trained to think rather than to be walking encyclopaedias. Also they have local rural schools of agriculture where the young man learns technical and practical agriculture, while the young woman is learning home economics in another. When through these schools the young folk are filled with a love for their country and its soil and join hands and build up new homes.

His second address was on "Danish Agricultural Co-operation." Co-operation seems to be the key-note of Danish business life and success. They have co-operative bacon factories, creameries and egg-circles, as well as a system of co-operative credit under which money may be borrowed at 3½ or 4 per cent. interest. The Danes raise white pigs and the desired weight is from 120 to 130 pounds. Before killing all hogs are scrubbed and taken to a bacon factory, where they are tested and stamped before and after killing. Only pure meat may be sold. The country boy is taught to manufacture his raw products and sell it in the world's market, thus eliminating middlemen's profits.

His third address was on "The New Farm School." Even during pioneer and home economy days, when the people were busy making homes and furniture, they generally had a log school where the three R's were taught by men who believed that "licking makes learning." After that came a time when going to the city seemed the best, but once again the cry seems to be, "Back to the land." But unless people are rural-minded, keep them in the city. In early days one church did the neighborhood, then followed many, until dead and abandoned churches became common; now the tendency is church union. Since early days we have got many public schools, often with a few pupils, high taxes and ill-paid (women) teachers. Now we seem to need consolidated schools, and the country, which produces the greater part of the nation's wealth, is surely worthy of schools where parents can educate their children without moving to town or sending the children from home. "What think ye of it?" Let the country folk organize socially, religiously and economically to overcome isolation in the country. Let them learn to know and love nature and nature's God. May they learn the truth of Wordsworth's words when he writes—

One day in the vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

A man was fixing his automobile. "Trouble?" asked a bystander. "Some," was the laconic answer. "What power car is it?" "Forty-horse," came the answer. "What seems to be the matter with it?" "Well, from the way she acts I should say that thirty-nine of the horses were dead."

An Irishman and a Frenchman were disputing over the nationality of a friend of theirs. "I say," said the Frenchman, "that he was born in France; therefore he is a Frenchman." "Not at all," said Pat. "Begorra, if a cat should have kittens in the oven, would you call them biscuits."

Princess Marie Jose, Pretty Daughter of the King of Belgium, at Present a Refugee in England.

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ROMANCE IN RAGS.

Diamonds and Wills Found in "Wastepaper."

The wastepaper trade is as full of surprises as a lucky-bag at a bazaar, says the London Standard.

A diamond ring was recently found at the paper-sorting depot at Whitecross Street, in which the Salvation Army employ many men. The man who made this discovery, though naturally poor, handed up the ring, and the owner was traced. At the same place, two £5 notes were found among some wastepaper. In this case they were also handed up.

But the most frequent source of piquant discoveries is discarded envelopes. In an East London store the back of an envelope was torn while the manager was handling it, and three postal orders for one pound each fell out. The name and address were still legible on the envelope, and by this means the postal orders were returned to the owner, who proved to be an aged woman. The money had been sent her by a son working in the north of England, who had refrained from mentioning his gift in his letter, and the mother, being nearly blind, had not noticed the orders when pulling out the letter.

A bundle of love letters, delicately scented and tied with blue ribbon, was discovered among a quantity of colored paper used for fancy decorations. They were human little epistles, starting in a bright, optimistic vein, gradually dwindling into a sad diminuendo, and telling the whole story of a courtship and a severance.

But it is in the rag trade that most discoveries are made. For every opportunity there is of losing things among wastepaper there is a dozen among old clothes. Romance in rags! People put a purse or a document in a pocket, and, discarding the garment, forget all about it. In this way a budding author recently lost a manuscript on which he had pinned high hopes. While revising it he was disturbed by a visitor, and placed the valuable document in an inside pocket of his old working coat. The next morning his housekeeper sold this shabby coat to an "old clo'" man with the manuscript still in the pocket. Fortunately the housekeeper knew the man to whom she had sold the coat, and the writer was able to recover his manusrript.

The finding of wills among rubbish is more easily understood. Many probate suits are caused by the action of eccentric old people secreting their wills, and several cases are recorded of these documents being picked out from among waste materials. Marriage certificates, too, have a habit of turning up in unexpected places.

The Swedish Parliament has rejected the woman-suffrage bill.

Lady — Your reference says, among other things, that you are accustomed to cooking course dinners. Miss Casey (indignantly) — Coarse dinners, is it! Sure, mum, then it do be a mistake. I cooks very foine dinners.