Money Makes Money;

Or, A Strange Stipulation.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued).

She was sitting in a low chair by the fire with her baby in her arms, when Norah Powis came in.

"Oh, how cosy you are here. It is awfully cold out to-night; and Nell writes that it is very cold at the sea."

Enid greeted her with a smile.

"How good of you to come! Do forgive me if I don't get up. Baby has been rather difficult. He would not go to sleep to-night, so I have had to sing and rock him a little; all very bad, I know, but I simply had to get him asleep."

"What a darling he is," said Miss Powis, in a whisper, bending over and looking at the little tiny face half hidden in a soft shawl. "Enid, I envy you! There is nothing I have wanted all my life so much as a baby."

"I can't offer to share with you," said Enid, with a good attempt at gaiety.

She covered her baby over very carefully, and still rocked herself to and fro slightly.

"You are going away to-morrow, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yes; but not if you want me; then I won't go."

"Oh, my dear, what a suggestion! Lady Ellen would never forgive me; besides, I want you to go. I—you ought to have had a change a long time ago."

"Have you been troubled to-day?" Miss Powis asked, as she sat down on the other side of the fireplace.

Enid answered "Yes," quietly. "I am going to speak to you as frankly as I can," she said. "It has been proposed to me that I should bring an action for divorce against my husband."

"For what reason—desertion?" asked Miss Powis quietly.

Enid shook her head.

"No; I deserted him; but it seems that he cannot divorce me; and as he wants his freedom they have come to me."

"And are you going to consent?"

"Oh, yes. I could not refuse."

"My dear," said Norah Powis, leaning forward and speaking earnestly. "I don't think you quite understand. Whatever you did when you were alone is one matter; now you are not alone. You have this child. I am not asking you questions. I don't want you to tell me anything other than you can tell me, or care to tell me; but my common sense urges me to persuade you to do nothing in a hurry, nothing without due consideration, and without legal counsel."

"I hate lawyers," Enid said suddenly; "besides, my mind is made up. After all, what is the difference? We are apart; divorced or married, we should always remain apart. It seems to me it is my duty to give him this complete freedom."

"You are so young! What may seem a duty to you may possibly be the reverse to other people. I repeat what you did when you were merely a wife is one matter, but now you are a mother as well as a wife. You have to think of your child, of the future of the child. Enid, my dear, you must not do anything without the gravest consideration, make no promises, consent to nothing without advice for the moment."

"I have already promised. I have agreed to everything."

Miss Powis remained silent, and then she said—

"I am very sorry. Why did you not speak to me or, if you did not care to speak to me, why not have taken it to Dr. Hughes or to Colonel Dawney. What kind of man can this husband of yours be—who makes this suggestion to you?"

"Please," said Enid—and there were tears in her eyes—"please—please don't let us speak of him. He belongs to the past. I don't want him to help me. I only want to do what is best for him. That is why I left him. So do you suppose I am going to shirk now? He wants his complete freedom, and I, it seems, can give this to him. Well—I mean to give it, wise or foolish, I am decided on that." She paused a moment, and then said—"I can always take care of my boy."

Miss Powis sat in silence looking at her; she had such a young look; there was something so pretty, so pathetic, about her that the heart of the older woman yearned over her.

"Just now," she said, when she broke the silence, "I said that I was not going to ask any question; but I find that I want to know a few things. You have made a confession in your last speech: you said you left him because you wanted to do what was best for him. Did you leave your husband with his consent?"

Enid did not answer at once. She got up very softly and with careful hands she laid the baby in the white trim bassinette which stood beside her bed. She paused a moment, just rocking the bassinette gently, and then when she saw that the child was sound asleep, she came back and sat down again.

"If you had asked me that at the very beginning," she said, with lips that quivered, "I should have answered 'No.' I should have told you that I acted entirely on my own responsibility, and that my husband did not want me to go; but it would have been a mistake; and I know now—that, though I went apparently without his sanction, I took a great burden away from him when he realized I had gone!"

"How did this knowledge come to you?" asked Nora Powis. "Have you had any communication from your husband since you left him?"

"No"; Enid paused a moment, and then she said rather hardly, "It was not necessary for him to write. His actions were eloquent enough."

"Were you unhappy together? Did he treat you badly?"

"No—no! Once we were so happy—oh, so wonderfully happy, but then—when trouble came, and we had no money, all the happiness went."

"What was your husband doing? What was his work? Oh! forgive me, dear," Miss Powis said quickly, as she saw Enid cover her face with her hands. "If I did not care for you so much I—I wouldn't broach this matter; but something seems to tell me that you will not only do wrong to yourself and your boy, but that you are bringing wrong to the man you have married. Will you let him see me for you?"

Enid started to her feet; with a passionate gesture she brushed the tears from her eyes.

"I tell you I have promised to do what he wants. I—I am not going to break my promise; besides, I feel as he does. I want my freedom. This life is intolerable! I want to feel that I belong to myself, and only to myself!" She changed her tone, and she stretched out her hands to Miss Powis. "You must not be hurt with me. I see the goodness, the kindness, the wisdom of all you are trying to urge, but—it is too late to change things now. Let me tell you something else. You know—I have started practising. Mary is so good to me. She has given up her drawing-room for as many hours as I like, and I feel quite happy about baby, because Mary looks after him while I am working. Dr. Hughes is getting me some pupils, and if I go on working as well as I have done these last few days, I shall be able to give a recital in the summer. I know a man who will be only too glad to bring me forward. He wanted to do it a little while ago, and then I had to refuse."

She was talking nervously, and with an agitation which she tried hard to control, and Miss Powis took the hint and ceased to speak of the more serious matter.

"Well don't work too hard," she said. "Remember, you are still a little bit of an invalid, in my opinion"; and then she took Enid in her arms and kissed her "Good-night, dear child," she said; "and I'll see you when I come back from the sea. By the way I gave your message to Colonel Dawney to-day. He is very disappointed that you won't want his little cottage; but perhaps that will come in handy later on."

Enid's eyes were wet as she said "Good-bye," and after Miss Powis had gone, she crouched in the chair and let the tears come.

"Oh! Julian, Julian," she said to herself. "I want you—I want you! How am I going to live without you?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Mr. Tenderten had not lost sight of his scheme of tracing out Julian Bryant's wife.

He had accepted Julian's money; but the contemptuous way in which he had been treated, the knowledge that this other man loathed him, was an unpleasant recollection for one so vain as Mr. Tenderten.

He owed Julian a big grudge: the break in his friendship with Lady Ellen Crooper was a serious matter for Mr. Tenderten. All at once he found himself drifting back to his old position.

There were no more pleasant dinners or jaunts to the theatre, no more possibilities of meeting the Duchess of Wiltshire or any other of Lady Ellen's smart friends.

The part that hurt him almost more than any was that she should have so quickly taken her affairs out of his hands and placed them in his partner's; and for all this he had Julian Bryant to thank!

It can be well imagined that his feelings for Julian were not amiably disposed.

By mere chance he came in direct contact with the knowledge of Mrs. Bryant's whereabouts.

He was asked out to dinner one night to the house of Miss Manon Laurie's mother. A little while ago Mr. Tenderten would have refused this invitation; but now he was glad to go anywhere to escape being by himself; besides, he was by way of being an admirer of Manon Laurie. He knew that she was engaged to be married, but that made no difference.

There were one or two other guests, among them a young man of very smart appearance, whom Mr. Tenderten scanned carefully. He knew in a moment the sort of person whom it would pay him to cultivate; and Mr. Desmond Hammond was decidedly one of his type.

After dinner Miss Laurie sang several times, and then she made Mr. Hammond sing; and after she came and sat down beside Mr. Tenderten.

"Such a pity he has given up singing. He has such a good voice; but his people were too strong for him. He had to leave us and go into the city."

"Oh, has he sung professionally?" asked Mr. Tenderten.

"Yes; he was one of my little tour this last summer. It was awfully jolly, although we didn't make any money; still, we were very happy together, weren't we?" she added, and she addressed another of her mother's guests, who happened to be the baritone who had travelled with the little concert tour.

"Rather!" he answered, and then he put a question to her. "Do you see anything of Miss Sinclair?"

Manon Laurie's face hardened a little.

"No," she answered. "I think Enid behaved very queerly. I gave her work when she didn't know which way to turn, and she left me without saying good-bye or showing any consideration whatever."

Mr. Tenderten pricked up his ears. Sinclair! Enid!

The two names signified a good deal to him.

The baritone lowered his voice.

"Doesn't he know anything?" he asked, with a nod in Mr. Hammond's direction.

"I haven't asked him," said Miss Laurie. "To tell you the truth, I don't care very much. I feel so hurt with Enid. I think she ought to have treated me a little bit better."

"Well, I thought it was a case," said the baritone, in the same discreet tone. "Anyhow, he was awfully gone on her, wasn't he?"

"Yes; well, she is very pretty, you know," said Miss Laurie; then she added, with a little touch of loyalty, "I have often wondered if Enid disappeared in the way she did do because of him. You see, she really wasn't Miss Sinclair. There is a husband somewhere."

Mr. Tenderten felt quite excited.

The name of Julian Bryant's wife had been Sinclair. Enid Sinclair! Of course, the girl whom they were discussing was Mrs. Bryant, and no other.

He stayed a little behind the others, and when they were gone, had a few minutes' chat with Miss Laurie.

"I—I have a sort of idea," he said to her, "that I—I can be of great service to Miss Sinclair."

"You!" said Manon Laurie. What do you know about her?"

Mr. Tenderten smiled a non-committal smile.

"I repeat," he said, "that I can be of great service to her. Can you let me know where she is staying?"

"No; I can't," said Miss Laurie; "as you heard me say, I have had no news of her for a long time. She completely disappeared; sometimes she used to say she would go back to Canada; she came from there as a student to the Academy."

Mr. Tenderten shook hands and went away. He felt quite pleased with himself. It would not be very difficult now to trace out Julian Bryant's wife, and when he had found her—well, he flattered himself he knew a little bit about women, and that he would be able to handle her so that she could be used as a good weapon against the man he hated! He knew of more than one person who would for a little consideration track out the movements of anyone he wished to follow!

A few days hence he promised himself the pleasure of calling upon Mrs. Bryant or Mrs. Sinclair, whichever she called herself, and he registered a resolution to cultivate the friendship of Desmond Hammond on the first opportunity.

* * * *

Enid braced herself up to go about her daily life as calmly as possible; in fact, after she had recovered from that natural outburst of grief, she took herself sharply to task, telling herself that it was more than mere weakness; it was contemptible of her to break her heart for a man who now definitely and openly was letting her realize that he had no place in his life for her!

She met her husband's lawyers the following day, and agreed with them that she must be represented also by some legal adviser; as the matter seemel to be pressing she resolved to approach Colonel Dawney; so she sent him down a little note by hand asking him if he could recommend her to a good firm of solicitors. As she had told Miss Powis, she was meeting with a good deal of indignant remonstrance on the part of Mrs. Hughes.

Her old Academy friends had got the idea that Enid was being very badly treated. She had not the same amount of tact as Miss Powis. She did not realize that she was treading on very delicate ground; but she had been such a staunch friend; she and her husband had been so wonderfully good that Enid had to curb her feelings and listen to much which was almost maddening for her to hear at this juncture of affairs. So it was that, when Julian's lawyers informed her that their client had instructed them to say that a large sum of money would be settled upon her, that she absolutely refused to accept a penny.

She had merely told Dr. and Mrs. Hughes that she was about to bring an action of divorce against her husband; up to now she had managed to keep that husband's name a secret; but quite inadvertently she had let them know that she was the wife of a man who had money, and it was on this very point of money that she and Mrs. Hughes would never have agreed.

There was something more than pride prompting Enid to refuse all that the lawyers proposed. She had a fear that if she took Julian's money, he might have the right to take the child away from her, or, at any rate, to have some power over the child.

She had faced the inevitable; she, had realized that the man she loved was practically dead to her. The knowledge rendered her apathetic in a sense, but where the child was concerned, she was only too acutely alive, and she clung to this little creature as to the one thing in life which really was her very own!

Colonel Dawney answered her letter in person.

He was such a comfort to Enid. He took the matter very quietly, just as if it were the most ordinary occurrence, and he even thanked her for turning to him.

Quite naturally he suggested the name of Pleydell to her as a lawyer, and was surprised when he saw her draw back almost frightened at the suggestion.

"No—no!" said Enid. "I—I want someone—someone else. It would not be possible for me to go to Mr. Pleydell."

Colonel Dawney looked at her thoughtfully; then wrote down the name of another firm; and then he talked about the child to whom, at his own wish, he had stood godfather; and he talked about her future; and he found no fault with anything that she arranged; only he regretted that she had made up her mind to remain in London. Enid gave him rather a wan smile.

"Perhaps, after all, I shall change my mind again," she said. "I don't fancy that I shall be required, and I begin to hate London."

"Well, we must talk it out with Nora," and then Colonel Dawney startled Enid by introducing another subect. "Oddly enough," he said, "I received a letter this morning about you."

The color faded out of Enid's face.

"About me?" she said nervously.

"Yes. I suppose you know Mr. Hammond, Desmond Hammond?"

Enid's face cleared, and her heart beat a little more evenly.

"Oh! yes," she said. "Mr. Hammond was one of our concert tour. You remember. It was through him we met. Has he written to you?"

"Yes," said Colonel Dawney. "He seems very attached to you, Mrs. Sinclair, and very unhappy about you?"

"I'm sorry," Enid said; and now she colored hotly. "May I know what he said to you?"

Colonel Dawney laughed, paused an instant, and then said—

"Well, he seems to have got a very wrong idea into his mind. I don't know how it has come about, but he associates me with the trouble which you have borne so bravely."

"You!" exclaimed Enid. "Oh, how strange!"

"Well, I suppose he has been jumping to conclusions," Adrian Dawney said quietly. "But he evidently knows where you live and what is passing with you; and he has misunderstood the meaning of my appearances here from time to time. That is the penalty, my dear child, that you women pay when you take your own lives into your own hands. Now, I am not going to interfere or to preach a sermon, but I would like to point out to you that, young as you are, with all your natural attraction, you will have to contend with many misunderstandings of this nature when you have cut yourself adrift from your natural protector."

Enid's two hands were gripped tightly together.

"Oh! don't make things harder for me," she said; then with an effort she spoke of Desmond Hammond. "I think the best thing will be for me to see Mr. Hammond," she said. "I'll confess to you that he was the reason wh— I left the tour so hurriedly. I—I was afraid—I didn't want him to be unhappy."

"Well he is unhappy, that is pretty evident; but he is young, and he'll grow out of it, unless— Well," Colonel Dawney shrugged his shoulders—"in a little while you will be a free woman, and you ought to have a home and someone to take care of you."

A little cry broke from Enid's lips. Then she said: "Never—never! If—if the man I married doesn't want me, that doesn't make any real difference, because he will always be in my heart what he was. There never could be anybody else!"

Colonel Dawney held out his hands suddenly, and gripped hers.

"Leave me to deal with Mr. Hammond," he said. "I think you have quite enough to think about, and to try you. I shall be able to dismiss all foolish ideas that may have congregated in his mind. Good-bye for to-day, and let me do anything I can for you, won't you? Promise me that," and Enid whispered the words, "Yes, I promise."

(To be continued.)

From the Battlefield.

During the recent fighting along the banks of the Aisne a man was badly wounded. The ambulance corps tenderly placed him on a stretcher.

"Take him to the hospital," said the man in charge.

Slowly the wounded man opened his eyes and whisp red, faintly—

"What's the matter with the canteen?"

POLAND A NATION AGAIN.

Declares Count Ivan Tolstoy, Mayor of Petrograd.

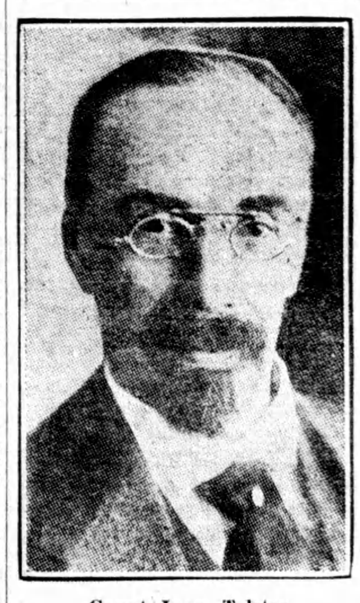
Count Ivan Tolstoy invited me to his home in Petrograd with all the courtesy of the true Russian aristocrat, writes Woclaw Czerniewski in London Graphic. I arrived at his house on the very day when posters bearing the words "Petrograd for Poland" were being displayed all over the City of Peter the Great. It was natural, therefore, that our conversation should turn chiefly upon Russia's new and great movement. Count Tolstoy spoke with the combined authority of a representative of the Russian nation, of a member of the oldest aristocracy, and of a Mayor of Russia's capital. His opinions were firm and clear.

"The manifesto of the commander-in-chief is of the greatest importance," said he. "It is a wise political step. It is my desire to impress British public opinion with the fact that the whole Russian nation heartily appreciate this measure. The promise given by the Grand Duke will be fulfilled, and of this there can be no possible doubt; such, also, is the desire of our nation and of our Tsar. When the Russian army wins, the divided parts of Poland will be reunited. Poland will comprise Galicia, Silesia, Posnania, West Prussia (with Dantzig), part of East Prussia, and the present Kingdom of Poland. Poles will enjoy full autonomy. Polish will again become the language of the schools, of public life, and of officialdom. The Poles must have at least one university entirely Polish.

"In my opinion, the officials of the future Polish Government ought to have a knowledge of the Russian language, as being the language of the Empire. The Poles must have their own Diet. The institution of Governor-General ought to be abolished. This places Poland on the same footing as the other parts of the Russian Empire."

The German Influence.

"Don't you consider," I asked the Count, "that the reactionaries, the 'German party,' can hinder the realization of those promises through their powerful influence?"



Count Ivan Tolstoy.

"No, it is impossible. It is true that the Russian bureaucracy was under German influence for many a long day. The Germans gained the highest Government positions, they are still very powerful at Court, and they created a party of their own. They oppose us Real Russians. I do not believe in their patriotism for one moment, but no doubt they are loyal to the dynasty and to the Tsar. The Tsar, for his part, considers himself as the first servant of the nation. Thus, the Tsar is faithful to the nation, and the German party is faithful to the Tsar. The feelings of Poles towards Russia are now fraternal and sincere, and the Russian people entirely reciprocate these sentiments."

"Do you think, Count, that Russia is suffering very much through the war? Is there any change in Petrograd?" I inquired.

"None whatever. Everyday life is not changed in the slightest. Prices are lower. Many products which were previously exported, for example, geese, eggs, caviar, etc., must be sold on the spot, and, therefore, are much cheaper. Shipping companies are the only sufferers; the people, as a whole, gain more than they lose. In our ordinary urban undertakings we had to suspend work on account of tasks more important in time of war. And that is all. Russia is too vast, too mighty to be devastated by any war.

"Her resources are immense, and she is able to continue war for an unlimited time. But I consider that the present contest cannot last long. The Germans cannot withstand our army. We shall drive them entirely out of our territory, and we shall carry on the war on German soil, where we shall soon manage to push them from East and West Prussia, from Posnania and Silesia. Then the Germans will be compelled to sue for peace.

Growing in Moral Power.

"Our spirit is at the highest level, and this is true not only of the army, but of the nation. It was generally said that drunkenness would ruin Russia. Meanwhile a Ukase forbidding the sale of alcohol met with universal approval. It is true that restaurants and public houses are the sufferers, but the nation is rapidly growing in moral power and wealth. The result of this new law, even after a few months of operation, is very striking. Our hospitals in Petrograd never used to have sufficient room for patients. At the present moment, in spite of the fact that many a wounded soldier is sent here to be tended, we have always plenty of room for our patients. Statistics show a wonderful decrease of illness amongst the population. And thus, even now, we can see advantages and good results which have been conferred on us by the present war. The only sufferers are those who are living in the immediate sphere of military operations, and these are actually Poles.

"The sympathetic Russian nation realizes this, and holds out help to the sufferers. The City of Petrograd sent 25,000 francs for Belgium, but 50,000 roubles for Poland, and at the present moment throughout the town money and clothes are being collected for the Polish victims of the war. This money will be distributed amongst the population of Poland without any discrimination as to race, creed or religion. Poles, Lithuanians, Ruthenians, as well as Jews, will be assisted according to their degree of destitution.

CRAWLED OUT OF BELGIUM.

How Two British Convent Girls Fled Past German Sentries.

How two English schoolgirls at a convent near Liege made fruitless efforts for four months to leave Belgium after the German occupation, and how finally they escaped over the Dutch frontier on a dark night, was told by Miss Florence Walter, a Balham girl, nineteen years of age, who, with her friend, have only just succeeded in reaching their anxious relatives and friends in England.

"There were a number of other English girls at the convent," said Miss Walter, "but whenever we applied to the German officers we were refused military permits to leave. Life under the Germans was unbearable, for we were exposed to all sorts of dangers—so we decided to escape. One night my friend and myself tramped for hours through a fir wood to Cheval Blanc, and then on to Verviers and Ensival. Fortunately we got two or three hours' sleep, but at four o'clock the next morning we had risen, and an hour later were sitting, together with nearly a dozen others, in a merchant's cart slowly wending its way to the Dutch frontier. After a weary journey of six hours, and shivering with fright—for we did not know how our venture would end—we arrived at the little frontier village of Moulin. We visited the only inn in the village, which was crowded. For hours we racked our brains for some plan to pass the frontier guards.

"Finally we started out along the muddy roads after dark, but found we were being followed by a sentinel, so we returned to the inn. Then a man, whom we and several refugees bribed, led us through a garden at the back of the inn. On our hands and knees we groped in the mud under some barbed wire entanglements, climbed several hedges, dodged a number of sentries, and finally crossed the frontier."

Not every powerful man has been able to sustain his reputation.

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