

# AS FORTUNE SMILES.

A TALE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD

## CHAPTER III.

The two men saw George and Dave Maclane. Herbert saw them come down the incline, peering warily, and reloading their rifles as they went. He could hear the dull thuds of the wooden ramrods, and the clicks of the cocks of the weapons as the murderers brushed off the exploded caps. His rifle was lying about three paces from him and he tried to drag himself toward it, but the pain of his shoulder was intense, and he seemed powerless to move so far. With an effort of despair he raised himself on his uninjured arm, and at the same time pulled his double-barrelled pistol from his belt. He cocked the weapon and laid it down on the ground by his side, within reach of his hand. In the same manner he drew his knife from its sheath and placed it within easy distance, keeping his eyes upon the Maclanes all the while.

"Cowards!" he muttered between his teeth. "Cut-throats! I wish I had the use of my arm to defend myself."

The two Maclanes had reached the bottom, the taller, elder man, creeping along with bended knees and stooping shoulders, head foremost, stealthily, like an Arapahoe savage.

Herbert lay without moving, his eyes furiously devouring the two ruffians.

"I reckon I hit him square," George said. "He aint only jest skeared, that he aint. He wont want no more gold this side o' Jordan. Let's make no punks about it. Dead men tell no tales, and we'll jest make cock-sure of it."

Dick Ashland was lying some six or eight paces nearer to them than Chauncey. The two men strode up to the fallen yeoman, and George, dropping his rifle, knelt down, and, with both arms, turned the body on its back. The impulse of his movement made it roll a little further down the incline on which it lay, with a nearly grotesque motion, as if at each turn a new swing had been given to it. It rolled until its feet was stopped by a little boulder of rock, and then it lay with ghastly eyes turned skyward and with the hands clenched as if in agony.

Dave had pulled his big butcher's knife from its sheath, and in the greenish white light of the big moon, Herbert could see him drawing it, with a swift, downward motion, across Dick Ashland's throat. He could see the hot blood spurting all over the murderer's hands, face and breast, and, hardly knowing what he did, the nervously twitching fingers of his left hand gripped the pistol and, lying as he was, he directed his weapon and fired. A yell of pain answered the reverberation of the shot, and George Maclane, who had been standing an approving witness of his nephew's murderous act, with an avalanche of oaths and curses, drew out his pocket handkerchief and hastily pushed it underneath his hunting skirt.

"He's shot me!" he cried. "Kill the swine! Kill him!"

The younger man had risen and crept toward Chauncey, knife in hand. A second shot startled the midnight silence, and David Maclane's glittering weapon flew into a dozen fragments out of his grasp. One of the pieces, glancing against the young ruffian's wrist, made a deep cut, from which the blood flowed freely. With a savage whoop, more like a beast's than a human being's, the assassin threw himself upon the prostrate man and wrenched the pistol from his grasp. A blind fury seemed to possess him. He clutched Chauncey by the throat, digging his long, iron nails into his flesh, and rained blow after blow of the heavy weapon upon Chauncey's head. The young Englishman felt crash upon crash against his skull, he felt the grating of the injured bone as the blows rained more fiercely. The blood started to his eyes, and everything seemed to become black to him. In that awful moment just one flash, one thought of home, crossed his mind, and vanished, as the blows suddenly ceased, and he heard a bright female voice shouting "Stop! stop!" Then all was dead and dark.

"What the damnation brings you here?" yelled George Maclane. "This jest tops it all, I reckon."

Dave Maclane was on his feet again, and still holding the pistol by the barrel. His glances were as furious as those of his uncle, and he gnashed his teeth in a hot rage.

"Yew've killed him! Yew've killed him!" the girl cried. "What has he done to yew?"

"I ain't quite done it yet," replied Dave, grasping the knife, which his uncle held out to him; "but I mean to."

Lary drew herself up to her full height, with her head set back like a defied empress. She stretched out a warning hand.

"Dad!" she exclaimed. "Dave! if you touch him again I'll tell on yew."

The two men stood aghast, as if struck speechless by that threat.

"Yew'll tell on us?" George Maclane hissed between his teeth. "Yew'll tell on us? Don't you take no notice of her, Dave," he continued. "Give him one, two, between the ribs—that's what yew've got to do."

"Dad!" Lucy cried, as solemly as before, "as sure as there is a God above us, if yew touch him again I'll tell on yew."

A furious yell sounded in reply. The guilty father for a second stood abashed before his accusing and threatening child.

"What do yew mean?" he shouted at last.

"I mean what I've said, dad," Lucy answered, quietly, "an' I mean it true. If yew lay another finger on him I'll tell on yew both. I'll raise the plains again yew."

George Maclane gnashed his teeth, and his eyes flashed in silent fury. His face already disfigured by that deep scar, became demoniac.

"Yew'll tell on us?" he hissed. "Yew'll raise the plains agin us? Yew'll tell on yew'r father and yew'r cousin?"

His hands twitched convulsively and assumed the shape of a wild bird's claws. His head shrank down upon his shoulders, and his whole body seemed to quiver with fury. He made a panting-step toward his daughter.

"Yew'll raise the plains agin us, would yew? Yew'd have us lynched, would yew? Yew'd have us hanged, would yew? Waal, I aint so dernation strtin'—His rage stopped his speech; he seemed to foam at the mouth, and stretched out an arm as if in command to his nephew.

Lucy stood there, solemn and queenlike as before. Her face shone in the moonlight with a white and brilliant glory, and the younger ruffian bowed his head before her glance.

"I'll do all that, dad," she said. "I'll do it all. Yew daren't kill me as yew killed him."

George Maclane raised both his arms above his head and clenched his fists. He drew up his long, gaunt figure until he stood on tiptoe. Then he opened his hands and stretched out his bony fingers. In the meantime his face was alive with muscular distortions; his teeth were clenched hard, and his thin lips drawn out full. He made several convulsive efforts toward his daughter, his long arms waving wildly, until at last, with a cry which seemed to make the night horrible, he rushed upon the girl and caught her by the shoulder. A slight sound of pain escaped her, as her tender flesh was bruised by the brutal contact, but she stood still and looked him straight in the face, eye to eye.

The murderer shrank before that brave glance, and his wretched purpose trickled from him and left him a foaming coward, as he met his child's calm gaze. His fingers loosened slowly and his arm dropped by his side. With heaving breast, and clawing his head with his long nails, he retreated a step or two, and the pent-up savagery in his breast found an outlet in nearly hysterical sobs.

"I reckon yew know what yew're threatenin'," Dave said, quietly.

He was no less infuriated than his uncle, but he knew better how to suppress his rage. "If this man is 'lowed to live, the first thing he'll do on gettin' to the plains is to denounce us, and I don't see as it's much better to be told on by him than by yew."

Lucy stooped down and knelt by Chauncey's side. Her dainty fingers travelled over his wounded and blood-besmeared face, and gently brushed the gore-clotted hair from his battered forehead.

"It'll be weeks and weeks," she said, "afore he can move. Yew can get sacks of gold from heyar, an' be off away East long afore he can say a word agin yew. I'll stay behind and see it all out when yow're gone."

She rose and walked to the water's edge, and dipped her handkerchief in the cool, rushing stream, then she returned and began to moisten the sufferer's face.

The elder Maclane had stood by grim and voiceless.

"Let her have her way, George," Dave said, quietly. "I guess it'll be best to let her have her way."

The tall frontiersman cast one savage glance at his daughter, then turned on his heel and strode away.

## CHAPTER IV.

During the height of the season of the year 1860 London society was moved with pleasurable excitement by one of those occurrences which make real life more sensational than fiction.

The aged Earl of Cleve had died in the course of the previous year. His two elder sons had been killed in a terrible railway accident, and the old nobleman, thoroughly prostrated by the shock, was soon laid by their side in the family vault at Chauncey Towers. The Earl's youngest son, the Hon. Herbert Chauncey, had succeeded to the titles and estates of his forefathers, but the young man had gone abroad some years previously, and his family had been left without tidings from him for some time. It was only after a prolonged and difficult search that he was discovered leading a nomadic life on the North-western prairies. He was recognized beyond possibility of a doubt, but he had, in a murderous conflict of which he had no recollection, received some terrible wounds on the head, and had entirely lost the faculty of memory. The past was a blank to him. He had no remembrance when he came to the West, where he was wounded, by whom, or under what circumstances. He could not even compel his mind to unburden itself of some of the commonplace secrets of his earlier life. He had no remembrance of father, mother, brother, nor of his own boyhood.

With all that, so said report, he was a cheerful, blithe and pleasant young fellow, extremely intelligent and kindly, and as straight and handsome as an athlete of heroic times.

Eleven o'clock had already struck, one beautiful June morning, and Lady Evelyn Wynter, only daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Gwendale, was still tossing sleeplessly on her down pillows. The golden day was peering gaily through a little chink of the drawn curtains, and a bright streak of opal light fell upon the lady's face, as she turned and rolled, throwing off the blue satin quilted coverlet, which fell upon the Aubusson carpet, and left her in all the white glory of the rich lace that enveloped her rounded limbs. Yawning like mesner mortals, she stretched a pair of creamy, velvety arms, and locked her dainty fingers above her head, adding a second frame to the handsome face which was already surrounded by her wealth of glossy, brown, silken hair. One rosy foot was peeping shyly from beneath the clinging, half-transparent fabric, the big gray-blue, dreamy eyes were gazing into vacancy, and a sigh, barely audible, but still distinct and unmistakable, escaped from my lady's lips.

The fact was that Lady Evelyn was perplexed. Conflicting currents of thought agitated her ordinarily so calm and even mind. They had banished sleep from her couch, and had left her weary and nearly distressed.

Lady Evelyn Wynter, had for nearly a month already, been engaged to be married

to Mr. David Maclane, a young American gentleman, of reputed immense wealth. The young man was one of the lions of the season, and Lady Evelyn Wynter, whose twenty-six summers had warned her that it was time to look about for a husband, had taken a rather morbid pride in securing, as her prize, the sensational hero of the year. The daily papers, and the weeklies, too, for that, had described the young Westerner with a fervent eulogy and a graphic picturesqueness which would not have been out of place in telling the story of a god of mythology. He was the hero of a hundred fights, and as many hair-breath escapes, and like all heroes, he was as gentle as he was brave and strong. In these very words, that fashionable journal, "Albert Gate," had described young Maclane, and if the writers on "Albert Gate" were not in a position to know everything of everybody, who was?

On the night previous to the commencement of this second part of our history, Lady Evelyn had been to a ball, given by one of the leaders of fashion. Congratulations had been showered upon her, and she knew that she was the object of such envy and mild hatred as, even in the highest society, is the punishment of success. She had been at her happiest, and at her brightest when suddenly the news was whispered about the room that the young Earl of Cleve had not only been discovered in America, but that he was actually in England, perhaps even in London.

I will not go so far as to say that Lady Evelyn was a flirt, but there was no doubt that she had allowed a good many suitors to hope, and that she was extremely fond of playing with her numerous admirers. She had flitted from one foamy, airy infatuation to another with the grace and seriousness of a butterfly, and she had accepted the offer of Mr. David Maclane's hand and fortune, to spite all the other girls in town, to start with, and, secondly, because Lady Gwendale, with homely, motherly assiduity, was a very Cassandra in her admonitions, that it was time for her daughter to get married.

I am inclined to doubt that such a thing as a real serious attachment was at all in the nature of Lady Evelyn Wynter. But she had been very fond; in fact, fonder than she herself imagined she could have been, of Herbert Chauncey. He was barely two years her senior, and they had known each other since childhood.

Lady Evelyn had returned home from the ball with the broad summer day, and had not been able to banish Herbert's revived memory from her mind. She babbled about him while her maid undressed her; she found the subject more interesting while the girl brushed her hair; and when the young woman was dismissed, Lady Evelyn was left by herself to dream of fancies. Herbert Chauncey's picture would persistently intrude itself upon her not unwilling mental eye. During the first quarter of an hour or so she thought the freshly-called-up reminiscences very nice. Herbert had been a sweetheart—one of the many moths that had fluttered round her brilliant light. Now he was back, and she would see him again, and as he was an earl, and, doubtless unmarried, they would be able to speak freely together. It was then that Lady Evelyn remembered that she was engaged to Mr. David Maclane, and, for the first time, she considered that her engagement was rather a bore.

These self-communings protracted themselves through the early morning hours into the late morning hours, and gave rise to the unusual fact that 11 o'clock had struck without Lady Evelyn having rung for a cup of tea.

Lady Evelyn was yawning drowsily, moving one hand about the streak of golden sunlight that broke into the room, and playing with the scintillating atoms that danced in it, when the door of the chamber opened and Lady Gwendale appeared upon the threshold, followed by Evelyn's maid. She was a stately personage, whose iron-gray hair sat well against a kindly face.

"My child! my child!" she exclaimed. "Do you know that it is past 11 o'clock?"

"Well, ma," replied Lady Evelyn, languidly, "what of it?"

"What of it, my dear?" was Lady Gwendale's remonstrance. "What of it? How can you be so forgetful? The Duchess's garden party commences at 2, and you have arranged to sit to Delauria at 12. That portrait of yours will never be finished."

I will not go to Delauria's to-day," Lady Evelyn answered, poutingly, "and I'm not so sure that I shall go to the garden party."

The maid had in the meantime drawn the heavy curtains, and the bright sunlight, softened by the lace hangings within, streamed all over the room. Lady Evelyn closed her eyes again, while her mother held up her hands in amazement.

"Not go to the garden party!" she exclaimed, with a nonplussed air. "Not go to the garden party. Why, what has happened? You are not ill, I hope?"

Evelyn held out a pair of pleading arms, and the old lady approached her daughter, who drew her mother's face to her own and kissed it affectionately.

"No, ma, dear," she whispered. "I'm not ill, but I do not want to go out. I want to stay at home and think."

Lady Gwendale's temporary anxiety changed to amazement. That her volatile daughter should desire to think, no matter what the subject, was in itself an anomaly, but the tone in which the wish was expressed, the tender pleading of the voice for apparently so trivial a cause, told my lady—a shrewd, experienced woman of the world—that something was not altogether as it should have been with her child. A moment's reflection guided her on the right track for the solution of the problem.

"I know what troubles you, my dear," she said. "At least I think I do. Herbert has returned to England, and you have been thinking of him."

The young lady's eyes brightened; she took her mother's plump hand between her own soft fingers and stroked it caressingly. Her eyelids drooped dreamily for an instant, then she looked Lady Gwendale straight in the face, and with a smile dimpling her cheeks, nodded her head twice or thrice.

"I thought so," the old lady exclaimed, with a suppressed sigh. "Really, my dear Evelyn, you must become a little more settled in your intentions and decisions. You are now engaged to Mr. Maclane, and it can make very little difference to you whether young Cleve has returned or not."

Lady Evelyn pursed her lips. "But, ma," she whimpered, "it does

make a difference. Herbert and I were engaged to one another once, and—the young lady raised herself and threw both arms around her mother's neck—"You know he is now the Earl of Cleve."

"Herbert is certainly in a better position now than when he left England," Lady Gwendale admitted, gently disengaging herself from her daughter's embrace, "and I have no doubt that many ladies with marriageable daughters will consider him a desirable possible son-in-law. As to myself, I must decline forming an opinion on the subject till I have seen the young man."

"But you will form an opinion, won't you, ma, when you have seen him?" the young lady suggested, again drooping her eyes and stroking her mother's hand with her own, "and if that opinion is favorable?"—The little fingers wandered nervously over my lady's open palm, and the gray-blue eyes danced with a pretty glitter. "If that opinion is really favorable," Evelyn repeated, with a captivating emphasis, and the dainty fingers travelled forward and backward, while she sought in her mind an expression which did not readily present itself to her tongue, "don't you think Countess of Cleve a prettier name than Lady Evelyn Wynter?"

Lady Gwendale's reply was solemn and ceremonious:

"My child!" she exclaimed, "you can bear no better name than your own."

"I did not mean that, ma," pleaded Lady Evelyn. "I mean that if I married Mr. Maclane I should still be Lady Evelyn Wynter, but if I am married to Herbert I should be the Countess of Cleve."

"You really must not think of such a thing, my dear," Lady Gwendale remonstrated. "You are engaged to Mr. Maclane, and your father and I both consider it a desirable engagement. You are well aware we had sufficient reasons for closing our doors upon young Chauncey, and I have learned nothing which would induce me to alter my opinion or intentions on the subject. Come, now! brush the matter from your mind. Think no more about it."

It proved easier to Lady Gwendale to give that advice to her daughter than to Lady Evelyn to follow it. All through that morning and afterward Herbert Chauncey remained the absorbing object of her thoughts. The bright, handsome, boyish face, the tenderly flashing dark eyes, the youthful form full of stalwart promise, the frank and open hearty laughter—all these forced themselves upon Lady Evelyn's memory whether she desired it or nay, and compelled her to draw comparisons between her former boyish lover and her present affianced husband, which were not altogether to the latter's favor. There was something about Mr. Maclane which Lady Evelyn had never really liked. He was good-looking enough, as far as a sort of savage comeliness went, and the young lady of fashion thought his quaint Western dialect fresh and amusing; but now and then there came an expression into Mr. Maclane's face which harmonized but indifferently with his usual gentlemanly and kindly demeanor, and, which once very nearly frightened his affianced bride.

The result of the young lady's self-communings was that she dawdled about her toilet, that she took an unconscionable long time in dressing, that she hovered over her lunch, and persisted afterward in continuing an animated discussion with Lord Gwendale, who was pleased to find his daughter interested in a subject which interested him, and for which she had not shown any previous sympathy.

Lady Evelyn resorted, in fact, to a dozen little schemes, and as many of the recognized privileges of her sex, for the purpose of avoiding the duchess's garden party, where she knew she would meet Mr. Maclane. Not that she had taken a sudden dislike to the young man, or had resolved upon a breach of their engagement, but her volatile mind had discovered a novel and pleasant indecision which is the cream of excitement in the life of a young lady of fashion. It was nearly as enticing as the tasting of some forbidden fruit. Lady Evelyn knew that her duty bound her to Mr. Maclane, and that no image but his should obtrude itself on her waking thoughts. There was something spicy charming about feeling a kind of stolen affection for one man, while, in promise, bound to another, which pleased Lady Evelyn, and made her fingers tingle with nearly voluptuous sensation.

The marchioness was already waiting in the drawing-room, dressed for the garden party, when her daughter was still in the dining-room, conversing with her father about matters for which, at any other time, she would have evinced not the slightest interest, and the details and particulars of which she now seemed most anxious to acquire. Lady Gwendale was a patient lady, and well accustomed to her daughter's foibles. When she found that Lady Evelyn had made no preparations whatever for the function of the afternoon, she ordered her carriage and drove a way alone.

Evelyn was happy when she found that her strategy was successful. She skipped upstairs to her own room, and threw herself into an armchair, whence she could look out upon the lawn and the green trees beyond, and lose herself in a delightful reverie, while her maid brushed and kept on brushing her luxuriant hair. It seemed entrancing to her to abandon herself to this day-dream, and a full hour or more passed before the young lady was aware of the effluxion of time. Even then it was only a message from Lord Gwendale which brought her to a sense of the everyday commonplace. My lord, being for the once particularly pleased with his daughter, sent up to know if she would accompany him in a walk through the park. It had been so long since the marchioness and thus honored her that she accepted the invitation with alacrity, and the balmy summer afternoon saw the pair among the crowd of promenaders by the side of the Row.

Lord Gwendale had never been a very prominent personage, either in politics or the world of fashion. His inclinations were purely scientific, and his habits modest and retiring; therefore, he was not as well known as his rank might have warranted. Yet, many a hat was lifted in respectful ceremony, and many a courteous acknowledgment greeted my lord and his daughter as they passed along.

The shady park walk was not as full of its habitual aristocratic throng as it would have been had not the big garden party, and an equally attractive fancy fair, claimed the attention of many votaries of fashion. Unlike her father, Lady Evelyn boasted of a large circle of acquaintances, and, though she had hoped to find time during the walk to indulge in the musings which had proved so pleasant to her earlier

in the day, her attention was now fully occupied in saluting and returning salutes. She stopped to exchange a few words with my Lady This, or to ask a question or two of my Lady That, or again to talk banalities with the young Lord So-and-So, while a continuous smile played round her pretty lips. Under the influence of this airy occupation her previous purpose vanished into thin haze, and was momentarily forgotten, when, on a sudden, at the sight of a young gentleman who was leaning against the railings, Lady Evelyn's face turned pale, and her heart went pit-a-pat in an alarm, which—whether it was painful or pleasant—the young lady knew not.

It was a handsome face, bronzed by the sun, and two or three scars gave it a peculiar charm without disfiguring it. The bright, dark eyes flashed in animated conversation with a gentleman whom Lady Evelyn did not know, while the brown nervous hand twirled a small, dark mustache with unconscious dandyism.

Lady Evelyn looked the gentleman straight in the face, but he gave no signs of recognition, and continued an apparently agreeable converse. Lady Evelyn's fingers tightened, and her breath became tardy. She nervously gripped her father's arm.

"Look there," she whispered. "Surely that is Herbert Chauncey?"

My lord put up his double-eye-glasses and stared at the young man, who avoided the old nobleman's glance with well-bred ease. Lord Gwendale did not know what to make of it, for surely that was the young Earl of Cleve. It was true my lord had forbidden the young man his house, but why this absolute want of recognition?

"Really, my dear," stammered the marchioness. "I—I—I do not know what to make of it. This is Herbert Chauncey. I am sure it is Herbert Chauncey. He seems purposely to avoid us; let us walk on."

Lady Evelyn, however, was not to be thus easily frustrated. She walked right up to the young gentleman, and, with her face beaming with the sweetest smile, she said:

"Surely I cannot be mistaken. You are Lord Cleve?"

"That is my name," the gentleman replied, affably, but his manner showed that he believed he was speaking to a total stranger.

"But don't you know me?" Lady Evelyn continued, in amazement.

"I have not that pleasure," Lord Cleve replied, as pleasantly as before.

Evelyn felt a ball rising to her throat.

"You don't know me?" she exclaimed, in half-suffocated wonder. "You don't know Evelyn Wynter?"

"I am very sorry," the young man answered, in an even-tempered, commonplace manner, "but I do not."

Lady Evelyn stepped back and bowed stiffly. She looked the young man up and down, with a withering glance, which seemed to produce no impression but a faint and curious astonishment.

"Thank you, my lord," she exclaimed, and rejoined her father.

Yet, she could not help turning her head.

Lord Cleve's face had assumed an expression of puzzled anxiety, and her quickened ear caught the words—barely whispered as they were, to the young man's companion:

"Evelyn Wynter! Evelyn Wynter! Ought I to know her? Do I know her?"

"Let us go home, pa, dear," she whispered, when she was again leaning on Lord Gwendale's arm. "Let us go home. I do want to cry."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## No Cause for Alarm.



Land dy—Oh, dear! oh, dear! He's killed, sure.



New boarder—Hic—never min' me. Alush come down stairsh thash way.

## Medals for Teutonic's Life Savers.

The crew of the White Star steamship Teutonic was mustered on the saloon deck the other morning by Capt. Cameron, and six of them received from their commander medals for their gallantry in rescuing the skipper and crew of the little fishing schooner Josie Keeves, off the Long Island coast, in a hurricane, on Feb. 8. Capt. Cameron made a little speech complementing the men, who are: Fourth Officer Orton, who had charge of the lifeboat; William E. Fitzpatrick, John Sead, William McLaughlin, David Jones, and Alfred Hawley. Mr. Orton received a gold medal and the others silver medals, presented by the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York.