

# THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT.

## CHAPTER II.

The two ensuing days were full of excitement—pleasurable excitement—to Mrs. Saville.

Her keen eyes shone with a hard glitter as she thought that her son was probably saved from committing some dangerous folly, and launched afresh on a career which promised honor and promotion. In truth, Mrs. Saville's hopes and ambitions were centred on her second son. Her eldest was an apathetic, well-bred, briefless barrister, of dilettante tastes, given to writing elegantly-expressed papers in the more exalted periodicals on obscure passages in Shakespeare, and latterly in Browning, on the derivation of obsolete words, and other such topics, in which ordinary mortals took not the slightest interest.

Mrs. Saville was the only child and sole heiress of an exceedingly wealthy Sheffield manufacturer. She had married (not in her teens) the accomplished, amiable, distinguished, younger brother of the Earl of Everton, an impecunious peer whose sole means of existence was derived from the rent of the family mansion and domains. Mrs. Saville was an extremely ambitious woman; she had a keen desire for personal distinction, and in her own mind had resolved that as her eldest son must in the order of things succeed his uncle and become Earl of Everton, so Hugh must marry a woman of rank and fortune (whom she had already in her own mind selected for him), and thus she would be free to give the bulk of her belongings to support the title which would devolve upon her eldest son. He was a steady, irreproachable young man, but her heart, her pride, centred in her Benjamin.

Mrs. Saville's love was a somewhat onerous obligation; she had a very tough, inexorable will, and a profound belief that she could manage every one's affairs considerably better than they could themselves,—a doctrine in which her younger son rarely agreed. His mother's greed for power was greatly developed by her early widowhood, though the deceased Honorable her husband was a peace-loving soul who rarely contradicted her. Such was the condition of things at the beginning of this narrative.

Receiving no reply to her telegram, Mrs. Saville sat up late on the following Wednesday, hoping her son might arrive, and retired to rest weary with unfulfilled expectation.

When her maid brought her early cup of tea, the following morning, she announced that "Mr. Hugh arrived about half an hour ago, 'm, and has gone to his room."

Whereupon Mrs. Saville ordered her breakfast to be brought to her in her own apartment, that she might not delay her son's refreshment, and prepared herself leisurely to meet him in her morning-room.

She was already there to greet him when he came upstairs.

"Well, my dear Hugh! I am glad to see you. My best congratulations. Have you read the Secretary's letter? I told Atkins to give it to you."

"Yes, he did," said Hugh, shortly; then he kissed his mother's brow and stood looking at her with a troubled expression.

He was a fair, sun burnt man of perhaps six or seven-and-twenty, rather above middle height, broad-shouldered, and seeming shorter than he really was. His features were good, and a pair of large handsome brown eyes lighted up his face, which was square and strong; his hair and thick mustaches were light brown, with a reddish tinge.

"Why, Hugh, you are looking ill and worn. Have you been ill?"

"No, not in the least; never was better."

"What is the matter, then? You do not seem like yourself. Why did you not arrive last night?"

"I came as quickly as I could; the trains at this season are inconvenient," he returned still in an absent tone. He had a pleasant, deep-voiced voice, and though he had never given much time to its cultivation, could sing a good second.

"If you had started on Monday night after you had my telegram, you might have been here yesterday."

"I could not, mother." And he began to pace the room in quarter-deck style.

"Why?" persisted Mrs. Saville, with vague uneasiness.

"Because I had a rather particular engagement on Tuesday morning."

"What do you mean?"

"I had arranged to be married on Tuesday morning, and I could not disappoint the parson and the consul, to say nothing of my fiancée," he returned, with a grim smile, and pausing in his walk opposite his mother.

"Married!" she repeated, growing white and grasping the arms of her chair. "Hugh, this is a stupid, vulgar jest."

"It is not, mother. I am married as fast as church and state can bind me. If I look haggard and seedy you need not wonder, for it isn't pleasant to leave your bride almost at the church door, I can tell you."

"Madman!" she hissed through her set teeth, while her keen black eyes flashed with fury. "To what adventures have you fallen a victim?"

"Hush," he said, with some dignity; "you must not speak disrespectfully of my wife. To-morrow or next day you will see full particulars in the Times."

"What!" she almost screamed, "are you in such haste to blazon your disgrace to the world?"

"I may as well let you know at once," he continued, not heeding her interruption. "My wife was Miss Hilton, daughter of the late Captain Hilton, an old cavalryman, of good family, I believe; but that I don't care a rap about."

"I expected this," said Mrs. Saville, in a low, concentrated tone, and rising in her wrath. "Some inner voice told me evil would come of your long, unaccountable stay in that vile place. Now leave me. Never let me set eyes upon you again. You have blasted my hopes, you have destroyed my affection for you, you cease to be my son."

"Stop!" cried Hugh, in such a tone of command that his mother obeyed. "You must and shall hear me. Pray sit down. I have a good deal to say." He resumed his walk for a moment, while he strove to collect himself. Mrs. Saville was silent, watching him with cruel, glittering eyes.

"You have a right to be angry," Hugh began, throwing himself into a chair near his mother's. "You have been a good mother to me, and you deserve that I should have consulted you,—no, not exactly consulted, for a man has no more unquestionable right than of choosing a wife, but that I should have told you in time of my intentions. Knowing that you would do your best to forbid or prevent the marriage, even to the length of writing cruelly to Kate, I determined to say nothing till the deed was accomplished. Now hear me. I first met the Hiltons in Naples nearly two years ago, when I was with the Mediterranean squadron. My uncle Everton was there, and I had leave now and again while we lay off Sicily. You know I never bothered about women, mother; but before I knew Kate Hilton a week, I was fathoms deep. I don't know whether other people think her beautiful or not, to me she is the best and loveliest—"

Mrs. Saville made a motion of the hands expressive of disgust and repulsion, while a contemptuous smile curled her thin lips. "There, I will not trouble you with details," continued Hugh, grimly. "She sang—well, like a prima donna, and she used to let me sing with her, but the more I showed her—well, the feelings I could not repress, the colder and the more distant she grew. She drove me half mad. Then I was ashore as you know, and went off wandering abroad, hoping to meet her, as I did. Still she kept me at arms-length but something told me that she wasn't as indifferent as she seemed."

"No doubt!" ejaculated Mrs. Saville. "About six weeks ago, I went back to Nice, and found old Hilton very ill—so bad that I could scarce get speech of Kate. They were lodging in the outskirts of the town. Then he died very suddenly at the last, and Kate, unnerved with watching and grief for the old man, who, by no means a good father, was never actively unkind, broke down and clung to me. She was friendless, penniless, helpless. I took the command and insisted on her marrying me."

"Have you done yet?" asked his mother harshly.

"Nearly. Have a little patience. As a woman I ask you what opinion you would have of a man who could have deserted the girl he loved with all his heart and soul in such desolation? Could I have helped her, given her money, protection, anything, save as her husband? She was not her usual proud self, or she would have seen through the thin excuses with which I veiled my silence. Now, mother, be tender, womanly,—ay, and reasonable. Make up your mind to the inevitable Kate is my wife. See her before you condemn me, before you banish me. Give her the protection I cannot stay to give. I have left her with the kind old Frenchwoman in whose house her father died. I dared not endanger my career, my reputation, by losing an hour; so, for her sake as well as my own, I tore myself away. I don't think I ever asked you a favor: now I pray you, if you ever loved me, take my wife to your heart; let her live near you; give her a chance of winning your good opinion, your—"

A scornful laugh interrupted him. "Do you imagine I am as weak a fool as my son? such an abject weakling? No, I shall have nothing to do with you or your wife. Go; I shall not see you again. You have never asked me a favor! Have I not paid your debts?"

"Yes, at old Rawson's request, not mine, nor should I have incurred them had my allowance been measured by the needs and habits with which I had been brought up. My God! did you ever love my father, that you are so hardened against the first love of your son's life?"

"I had a proper affection for my husband, but I should have not forgotten myself for any man. I repeat it, you cease to be my son from this hour. You shall have the quarter's allowance now due to you, but after this not a penny more. See how you will get on with the beggarly pittance you derive from your father. To-morrow I shall see Rawson about altering my will. What wife will compensate you for a life of poverty and obscurity?"

"Poor we may be, but obscure, if I live, we shall not be," said Hugh, rising, and looking steadily at his mother, while he spoke very calmly. "I may deserve some censure for not informing you of my plans, but this treatment I do not deserve. And yet I believe you have a heart, though so calked and coated with worldliness that its natural impulses are hopelessly deadened, your natural good sense blinded to the relative value of things. What would the wealth of a kingdom be to me, if I knew the woman I loved was groping her way painfully, with a bruised spirit and bleeding feet, through the rugged ways of life without a hand to help her? No, mother, your son is man enough to risk everything rather than that. I will obey you and go. Good-bye. God be with you. I will never see your face again, until you ask me and my wife to visit you."

"Then it is farewell forever," said Mrs. Saville, sternly. "Take my thanks for this repayment of all the care and thought and affection I have lavished on you."

Hugh stood half a minute gazing at her, then, turning sharply, left the room without another word.

Mrs. Saville had risen to utter her last sentence, and now walked to the fireplace to ring sharply.

"Tell one of the men to be ready in ten minutes. I want to send a note to Mr. Rawson. It requires an answer," she said to the butler. "And, Atkins, I shall not

want you any more to-day: you had better assist Mr. Hugh. He is pressed for time. I wish everything belonging to him in this house to be packed and removed by to-morrow evening at furthest."

"Yes, 'm," said the man, with a bewildered look, knowing that Mr. Hugh was the favorite with his mother, as well as with the whole household.

"You understand me," said his mistress, sternly; "everything must be removed. And, Atkins, telegraph to Mr. Saville. I think he has returned to his chambers: he was to be away only a week. Say I want him to come here to luncheon." The man, still looking stupefied, quitted the presence of his imperious mistress, who sat down to write with a steady hand and a curious, scornful smile on her lips.

Mrs. Saville's son did not come to luncheon, and Mr. Rawson's partner wrote his regrets that the head of the firm had left the office before Mrs. Saville's note had arrived, and they did not know when he would return, but that the writer would wait on Mrs. Saville at once if she wished, and would telegraph.

So the obdurate mother's intention of destroying her will at once was for the moment frustrated. She therefore ordered the carriage, and, after paying a round of visits, took a long drive, reaching home just in time to see Atkins inspecting a pile of luggage being placed on a cab. He hustled the men who were assisting out of his lady's way, saying officiously, as he did so, "We have nearly cleared away everything, 'm. Just one or two boxes are left for to-morrow. I did not like to take them so late into a private house, and it's a goodish step to Porchester Terrace."

"Do what you like," said Mrs. Saville, coldly. "do not trouble me." And she passed through the hall, thinking, angrily, "So that weak-minded man Rawson is giving that miserable, ungrateful dupe, my son, shelter and encouragement! I will call him to account for this."

It was a wretched evening. Mrs. Saville was to dine with a distinguished dowager, and, with Spartan courage, arrayed herself in her best and went forth to smile and utter bland nothings about her dear boy's haste to get off in good time, about his good fortune in being appointed to the flag-ship, and many more things about her mingled regret and satisfaction,—polite inventions with which she vainly hoped to throw dust in the world's shrewd eyes.

Next day detection took the wings of the morning and came flying (if anything so solid could fly) in the shape of Lady Olivia Lumley, Times in hand, breathless, excited, she arrived before midday, a mark of unauthorized familiarity.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Saville, my dear Elizabeth, have you seen what is in the Times? I came off at once. I could not bear that any one should break it to you but myself." And she held out the paper doubled down at the fatal announcement among the marriages.

"No, I have not," cried Mrs. Saville, savagely, snatching the paper, crushing it, and throwing it down, "but I heard all about everything yesterday morning. I have disowned and banished my son. I will never see him again. But if you have come here to gloat over my rage and distress, you will be disappointed. I have merely cut off an offending member. He is not worth regretting. If you ever dare to mention the subject again, I shall decline to hold any communication with you or to give a reason for cutting you. The world can fill up the blanks."

## CHAPTER III.

Mr. Rawson found even a warmer reception than he had anticipated awaiting him when he presented himself the following day in Stafford Square.

Bitter reproaches were showered upon him for his disloyal encouragement of an ungrateful son, a weak, contemptible dupe. But Mr. Rawson defended himself bravely. No one could do so much with Mrs. Saville as the family solicitor. First, he was a shrewd, far-seeing man, of great experience and undoubted integrity, in whose judgment she had the greatest confidence. Then, too, he was a rich man and perfectly independent, both in position and in character. So high was her opinion of him that she deemed to call periodically on his daughters, and some years before, when she was in the habit of giving a large ball every season, sent them invitations, which were generally declined. Hugh Saville had been at school with the solicitor's only son, who was also in the navy, and, when the young fellow evinced a tendency to drink, stood by him and helped him at the turning-point where, but for friendly help, he might have taken the downward road.

Mrs. Saville, though decidedly a parvenue, was too clever a woman to be a snob, though her love of power and distinction made her overvalue the effect of rank and title upon her fellow-creatures. She was quite willing that her sons should be on familiar terms with Mr. Rawson's family; they were perfectly safe in the society of his quiet, unpretending daughters; while the sincere regard entertained by Mr. Rawson for the family of his distinguished client, whose debts, difficulties, and involvements made many steps in the ladder by which his father and himself had climbed to fortune, lent something of a feudal character to the tie existing between them.

To Mrs. Saville the greatest power on earth was money; to it she felt she owed everything; but she was no miser. She could be lavishly generous at times, especially to any one who had served or gratified her own precious self. She could throw alms, too, to the needy, as you would a bone to starving curs; but to her the poor were not exactly men or brothers. Yet, as her son said, she was not without heart, only lifelong undisputed command and unchecked prosperity had hardened it; no one could do much for her, or give her anything she had not already, and amid the splendid sunshine of her existence one small cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," cast a deep shadow against which her inner heart rebelled. She was conscious that no one loved her, except, indeed her son Hugh. This it was that made her so hard; she did not realize that her manner, her haughty aspect, repelled such sweet free-will offerings as love and tenderness.

Hugh Saville was fond of his mother, in spite of many quarrels; he had inherited much of her pride and strength, and a certain degree of sympathy existed between them. When, therefore, he had, as it seemed, thrown her over for a mere clever

adventress, without a moment's hesitation, the one tender chord in her heart snapped, and a tigerish fury raged within her.

"My dear madam," said Mr. Rawson when she paused in her reproaches. "I can quite understand your displeasure, but suffer me to suggest that I have a right to receive whom I like in my own house. I do not defend your son's imprudence; but, though you renounce him, surely you would not wish to deprive the poor young fellow of friends as well as kindred? You may be right in renouncing him, as an act of justice; to persecute him is revenge, and to that I will be no party."

"I do not understand these nice distinctions," cried Mrs. Saville, "but I think your giving shelter to—that disobedient boy is inconsistent with loyalty to me."

"Not in my opinion. Your son is not the first young man who has left father and mother to cleave unto his wife. He has been singularly imprudent; still—"

"Imprudent! A dupe! a fool! an ungrateful idiot! Can't you see the game of the adventures all through?"

"I must say, such a construction might be put on the disastrous story. If you are right, however," continued Mr. Rawson, with an air of profound consideration, "your son is more sinned against than sinning, and our aim should be to cut the fatal knot if possible."

"Possible! Why, it is not possible. The marriage is strictly legal."

"Nevertheless, if Mr. Hugh Saville's wife is the sort of a woman you imagine,—and it may be so,—she will hardly live for a year and more away from her husband (the Vortigern will not be out of commission for fourteen months at least)—she will hardly live for all these months alone, and within reach of the crew with which her father used to associate, without getting into a scrape of some kind. I propose to have her carefully watched. If she gives us just reason for action, let her be punished and your son saved from her clutches. If she proves a good woman and true, why you must relax something of your severity."

"I can safely promise what you will, if she proves good and true. How do you propose to find out?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HOLLAND'S GIRL QUEEN.

Wilhelmina Arrives in London on a Visit—Gossip Says She is to be Betrothed to Prince Alfred.

The young Queen of Holland, with her mother, the Queen Regent, arrived in London the other day on a fortnight's visit. They were met at the Victoria Station by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the latter's son, Prince Alfred, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The royal visitors were cordially received and welcomed by the Princess. Prince Alfred had



QUEEN WILHELMINA.

(Holland's youthful sovereign in national costume.)

a long conversation with the young Queen at the station. This has revived the rumor that it is proposed to betroth Prince Alfred to Queen Wilhelmina.

Little Queen Wilhelmina will be fifteen years old on the last day of next August. She has been sovereign of the Netherlands in name since the death of her father, William III., between four and five years ago, but her mother, Queen Dowager Emma, does what governing is necessary. The Queen is a nervous, delicate girl. Her health has been a cause of constant anxiety to her mother. At one time it was found prudent to take her to Switzerland, because it was feared that she was going into consumption.

It has been expected that an early marriage would be arranged for her, not merely because court physicians recommended it, but for dynastic reasons, as she is the last of her race. There is no one now living to inherit the crown. There have been rumors for some time that she would be betrothed either to Prince Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, although his health leaves much to be desired, or to one of the sons of her cousin, Prince Adalbert of Prussia, the Regent of Brunswick. Prince Alfred is the only son and heir of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, better known as the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Victoria's second son. Alfred is in his twenty-first year.

## Tourists' Gold in Italy.

At the British Embassy to the King of Italy a calculation was made some time ago of the amount of gold brought by travelers into Italy every year. By far the largest number of these travelers come from England and the United States. The calculations made it evident that no less than £20,000,000 or \$100,000,000 are brought into Italy and left there by these travelers. In the scantiest years that sum has not been less than £14,000,000, while on other occasions it has risen to £22,000,000. Mr. Stamer, a writer on Italy, relates that an old woman in Sorrento once told him that the people in England had no sun, because the English had told her, time and again, that it was not for society they had come to Italy, but to see the sun. Besides, all the English were fair and ruddy. If they had had a sun, why were they not all sunburnt? If they do get sunshine in Italy, as they do, they pay very sweetly for it.

The banks of the United States during the year 1894 lost over \$25,000,000 by theft.

## WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered from His Daily Record.

American sheep last year grew wool to the extent of 307,100,000 lbs.

There are 13,000 medical students in the United States, according to latest estimates.

It is estimated that the Gulf Stream takes about two years to flow from Florida to Norway.

It is claimed that Lake Erie produces more fish to the square mile than any other body of water in the world.

Grover Leepage, 10 years old, hanged himself in O'Neill, Neb., to prove to his companions that hanging was a painless death.

The litigation over the famous Emma mine has been settled, and the heirs of W. J. Wood are to come into property valued at \$10,000,000.

Senators who believe in free silver are talking of buying a newspaper in New York for the purpose of educating the East on the money question.

The Rev. Father McKenna, a Catholic priest, was excused from taking an oath in court in San Francisco. He gave his testimony under affirmation.

The Dietrich Natural Gas syndicate, of New York has got control of the pipe line system in all but three of the cities in the natural gas field in Indiana.

The Rev. G. W. Winn, a Methodist minister for fifty years and one of Gen. Morgan's favorite scouts during the war, died at Nashville, Tenn., aged 76 years.

A Georgia farmer killed 1,500 rabbits during the recent snow and made enough out of them to settle with the men who picked cotton for him in the fall.

The test of one of the big 5,000 horse power dynamos recently placed in position in the power house of the Niagara Falls Power Company, proved satisfactory.

A New York hatter who "keeps his finger on the hat pulse of the world," says that the men of the United States spend \$300,000,000 a year for headgear.

Miss Helen Gould recently distinguished herself in an examination on the subjects treated in law lectures for non-matriculants of the University of New York.

At the annual conference of the Latter Day Saints in Independence, Mo., it was decided that no man who used tobacco could be elected to any office in the church.

Five hundred "society girls" of Oakland, Cal., are members of a bicycle club, and they all wear bloomers. During the season they intend to visit fashionable resorts in a body.

If the lava and ashes vomited from Vesuvius since A. D. 79 could be moulded into bricks there would be a sufficient number to make a city as large as New York and London combined.

A jury at Philadelphia, Pa., gave Mrs. Katherine A. Smith a verdict against the Mutual Accident Insurance Association of New York for \$10,165, on an accident policy held by her husband.

A Georgia justice has a sign in front of his shop with the following inscribed upon it: "We will marry you in this shop for a load of wood, a string of fish, a mess of pork or a bale of cotton."

A large flock of ducks dashed at night against the glass lens of a search-light on the steamer Nutmeg State in Long Island Sound, and more than a score were killed by the collision.

There are forty-seven Chinese temples in the United States, valued at \$62,000, claiming 100,000 worshippers. Forty of these temples are in California, four in New York, two in Idaho and one in Oregon.

Edward W. Tingle, United States consul at Brunswick, Germany, suggests that American meat packers turn their attention to horse meat, as the demand for it in Germany is very large, and is constantly growing.

Governor Atgeld of Illinois has replied to Chauncey M. Depew's remarks upon the Pullman strike by attacking the reputation of Mr. Depew. He says that the railroad president does not know on which end of a steer the horns belong.

The widow of Gen. Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, treasures as a relic in her Washington home the flag at which the first shot of the besieging confederates was fired. The flag was draped about the coffin of Gen. Anderson at his funeral.

T. F. Johnston, son of H. V. Johnston, who was Governor of Georgia and United States Senator before the war, and Vice-Presidential candidate on the ticket with Stephen A. Douglas in 1860, is looked upon as the probable leader of the new Republican party in Georgia.

Mrs. James T. Field, of Boston, who is the treasurer of the fund, has announced that the American friends of the poet Tennyson will send \$2,000 as a contribution to the memorial fund now being subscribed in England and to fittingly honor the memory of the dead author.

Mayor Calhoun, managing editor of the Standard, the new Boston daily, is the author of "Marching Through Georgia." He was an officer in Sherman's army, and lost a leg in battle. He was captured by the rebels, and suffered for some time the horrors of prison life South.

The new fish hatchery built on one of the inlands in the Sault Rapids in Michigan, will be the finest in the world when completed. It will have a capacity of 45,000,000 whitefish and 5,000,000 trout. Pounds will be built around it, and the facilities for propagating fish can not be excelled any where.

The Allegheny Presbytery has placed itself on record as opposed to the theory that dancing is a sin. Miss Mary Ewalt, of Bakerstown Presbytery Church, was dismissed because she danced and would not promise to refrain in the future. She appealed her case to the Presbytery, and was upheld, the decision being that dancing is a question of conscience.