# DAWN.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

One Saturday morning, when May was three parts gone, Philip announced his intention of going up to London till the Monday on business. He was a man who had long since become callous to appearances, and though Arthur, fearful less spiteful things should be said of Angela, almost hinted that it would look odd, his host merely laughed and said that he had little doubt but that his daughter was quite able to look after herself, even when such a fascinating young gentleman as himself was concerned. As a matter of fact, his object was to get rid of Angela by marrying her to this young Heigham, who had so opportunely tumbled down from the skies, and whom he rather liked than otherwise. This being the case, he rightly concluded that, the more the two were left together, the greater probability there was of his object being attained. Accordingly he left them together as much as possible.

It was on the evening of this Saturday that Arthur gathered up his courage and asked Angela to come and walk through the ruins with him. Angela hesitated a little; the shadow of something about to happen had fallen on her mind; but the extraordinary beauty of the evening, to say nothing of the prospect of his company, turned the scale in Arthur's favor.

It was one of those nights of which, if we are lucky, we get some five or six in the course of an English summer. The moon was at her full, and, the twilight ended, she filled the heavens with her light. Every twig and blade of grass showed out as clearly as in the day, but looked like frosted silver. The silence was intense, and so still was the air that the sharp shadows of the trees were motionless upon the grass, only growing with the growing hours. It was one of those nights that fill us with an indescribable emotion, bringing us into closer companionship with the unseen than ever does the garish, busy day. In such an hour, we can sometimes feel, or think that we can feel, other presences around us, and involuntarily we listen for the whisper of the wings and the half-forgotten voices of our beloved.

On this particular evening some such feeling was stirring in Angela's heart as with slow steps she led the way into the little village churchyard, a similar spot to that which is to be found in many a country parish, except that, the population being very small, there were but few recent graves. Most of the mounds had no head-stones to recall the names of the neglected dead, but here and there were dotted discolored slabs, some sunk a foot or two into the soil, a few lying prone upon it, and the remainder thrown by the gradual subsidence of their supports into every variety of angle, as though they had been suddenly halted in the maddest whirl of a grotesque dance at death.

Picking her way through these, Angela stopped under an ancient yew, and, pointing to one of two shadowed mounds to which the moonlight scarcely struggled, said in a low voice:

"That is my mother's grave."

It was a modest tenement, enough, a little heap of close green turf, surrounded by a railing, and planted with sweet-williams and forget-me-nots. At its head was placed a white marble cross, on which Arthur could just distinguish the words "Hilda Caresfoot," and the date of death.

He was about to speak, but she stopped him with a gentle movement, and then, stepping forward to the head of the railing, she buried her face in her hands, and remained motionless. Arthur watched her with curiosity. What, he wondered, was passing in the mind of this strange and beautiful woman, who had grown up so sweet and pure amidst moral desolation, like a white lily blooming alone on the black African plains in winter? Suddenly she raised her head, and saw the inquiring look he bent upon her. She came toward him, and, in that sweet half-pleading voice which was one of her greatest charms, she said,

"I fear you think me very foolish?"

"Why should I think you foolish?"

"Because I have come here at night to stand before a half-forgotten grave."

"I do not think you foolish, indeed, I was only wondering what was passing in your mind."

Angela hung her head and made no answer, and the clock above them boomed out the hour, raising its sullen note in insolent defiance of the silence. What is it that is so solemn about the striking of the belfry-clock when one stands in a churchyard at night? Is it that the hour softens our natures, and makes them more amenable to semi-superstitious influences? Or is it that the thousand evidences of departed mortality which surrounds us, appeal with dumb force to natural fears, throw open for a space the gates of our world-sealed imagination, to tenant its vast halls with prophetic echoes of our end? Perhaps it is useless to inquire. The result remains the same; few of us can hear those tones at night without a qualm, and, did we put our thoughts into words, they would run something thus:

"That sound once broke upon the living ears of those who sleep around us. We hear it now. In a little while, hour after hour, it will echo against the tombstones of our graves, and new generations, coming out of the silent future, will stand where we stand, and hearken; and muse, as we mused, over the old problems that we have gone to solve; whilst we—shall we not be deaf to hear and dumb to utter?"

Such, at any rate, were the unspoken thoughts that crept into the hearts of Arthur and Angela as the full sound from the belfry thinned itself away into silence. She grew a little pale, and glanced at him, and he gave an involuntary shiver, while even the dog Aleck sniffed and whined uncomfortably.

"It feels cold," he said. "Shall we go?"

They turned and walked toward the gate, and by the time they reached it, all superstitious thoughts had vanished—at any rate, from Arthur's mind, for he recollected that he had set himself a task to do, and that now would be the time to do it. Absorbed in this reflection, he forgot his politeness and passed first through the turnstile. On the further side he paused, and looked earnestly into his beloved's face. Their eyes met, and there was that in his that caused her to swiftly drop her own. A silence ensued as they stood by the gate. He broke it.

"It is a lovely night. Let us walk through the ruins."

"I shall wet my feet; the dew must be falling."

"There is no dew falling to-night. Won't you come?"

"Let us go to-morrow; it is later than I generally go in. Pigott will wonder what has become of me."

"Never mind Pigott. The night is too fine to waste asleep; besides you know, one should always look at ruins by moonlight. Please come."

She looked at him doubtfully, hesitated and came.

"What do you want to see?" she said, presently, with as near an approach to irritation as he had ever heard her indulge in. "That is the famous window that Mr. Fraser always goes into raptures about."

"It is beautiful. Shall we sit down here and look at it?"

They sat down on a low mass of fallen masonry some fifteen paces from the window. Around them lay a delicate tracery of shadows, whilst they themselves were seated in the eye of the moonlight, and remained for awhile as silent and as still as though they had been the shades of the painted figures that had once filled the stony frame above them.

"Angela," he said, at length—"Angela, listen, and I will tell you something. My mother, a woman to whom sorrow had become almost an inspiration, when she was dying, spoke to me something thus: 'There is,' she said, 'but one thing that I know of that has the power to make life happy as God meant it to be, and as the folly and weakness of men and women render it nearly impossible for it to be, and that is—love. Love has been the consolation of my own existence, in the midst of many troubles; first, the great devotion I bore your father, and then that which I entertain for yourself. Without these two ties life would indeed have been a desert. And yet, though it is a grief to me to leave you and though I shrink from the dark passage that lies before me, so far does that first great love outweigh the love I bear you, that in my calmer moments I am glad to go, because I know I am awaited by your father. And from this I wish you to learn a lesson; look for your happiness in life from the love of your life, for there only will you find it. Do not fritter away your heart, but seek out some woman, some one good and pure and true, and in giving her your devotion you will reap a full reward, for her happiness will reflect your own, and, if your choice is right, you will however stormy your life may be, lay up for yourself, as I feel that I have done, an everlasting joy.'"

She listened to him in silence.

"Angela," he went on, boldly enough, now that the ice was broken, "I have often thought about what my mother said, but until now I have never quite understood her meaning. I do understand it now. Angela do you understand me?"

There was no answer; she sat there upon the fallen masonry, gazing at the ruins round her, motionless and white as a marble goddess, forgotten in her desecrated fane.

"Oh, Angela, listen to me—listen to me! I have found the woman of whom my mother spoke, who must be so 'good and pure and true.' You are she. I love you, Angela, I love you with my whole life and soul; I love you for this world and the next. Oh! do not reject me; though I am so little worthy of you. I will try to grow so. Dearest can you love me?"

Still there was silence, but he thought that he saw her breast heave gently. Then he placed his hand, all trembling with the fierce emotion that throbbed along his veins, upon the palm that hung listless by her side and gazed into her eyes. Still she neither spoke nor shrunk, and, in the imperfect light, her face looked very pale, while her lovely eyes were dark and meaningless as those of one entranced.

Then slowly he gathered up his courage for an effort, and, raising his face to the level of her own, he kissed her full upon her lips. She stirred, she sighed. He had broken the spell; the sweet face that had withdrawn itself drew nearer to him; for a second the awakened eyes looked into his own, and filled them with reflected splendor, and then he became aware of a warm arm thrown about his neck, and next the stars grew dim and sense and life itself seemed to shake upon their thrones for a joy almost too great for mortal man to bear took possession of his heart as she laid her willing lips upon his own. And then, before he knew her purpose, she slid down upon her knees beside him, and placed her head upon his breast.

"Dearest," he said, "don't kneel so; look at me."

Slowly she raised her face, wreathed and lovely with many blushes, and looked upon him with tearful eyes. He tried to raise her.

"Let me be," she said, speaking very low. "I am best so; it is the attitude of adoration, and I have found—my divinity."

"But I cannot bear to see you kneel to me."

"Oh! Arthur you do not understand, a minute since I did not understand that a woman is very humble when she really loves."

"Do you—really love me, Angela?"

"I do."

"Have you known that long?"

"I only knew it when—when you kissed me. Before then there was something in my heart but I did not know what it was. Listen, dear," she went on. "For one minute to me first and I will get up," for he was again attempting to raise her. "What I have to say is best said upon my knees, for I want to thank God who sent you to me and to thank you too for your goodness. It is so wonderful that you should love a simple girl like me and I am so thankful to you. Oh! I have never lived till now, and," rising to her full stature, "I feel as though I had been crowned a queen of happy things. Dethrone me, desert me, and I will still be grateful to you for this hour of imperial happiness. But if you, after awhile, when you know all my faults and imperfections better, can still care for me, I know that there is something in me that will enable me to repay you for what you have given me, by making your whole life happy. Dear, I do not know if I speak as other women do, but, believe me, it is out of the fullness of my heart. Take care, Arthur, oh! take care, lest your fate should be that of the magician you spoke of the other day, who evoked the spirit, and then fell down before it in terror. You have also called up a spirit, and I pray that it was not done in sport, lest it should trouble you hereafter."

"Angela do not speak so to me; it is I who should have knelt to you. You were right when you called yourself 'a queen of happy things.' You are a queen——"

"Hush! Don't overrate me; your disillusion will be the more painful. Come, Arthur, let us go home."

He rose and went with her in a dream of joy that for a moment precluded speech. At the door she bade him good-night, and oh! happiness, gave him her lips to kiss. Then they parted, their hearts too full for words. One thing he asked her, however,

"What was it that took you to your mother's grave to-night?"

She looked at him with a curiously mixed expression of shy love and conviction on her face and answered:

"Her spirit, who led me to your heart."

(To be Continued.)

## TO WALK ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

**Captain William C. Oldrieve Plans a Perilous Transoceanic Trip to be Started Next July.**

Captain William C. Oldrieve of Boston has planned to walk across the Atlantic Ocean. He will begin his journey July 4, and will be accompanied by Captain William A. Andrews of New York, famous by reason of his voyage across the Atlantic in a small boat.

It is nothing new for Captain Oldrieve to promenade the waves. That has been his pleasure and profit these ten years. Captain Andrews, who is to be the companion of the water pedestrian will journey in a brand new 14-foot sailboat, and in this merely repeats a feat performed in 1878 and again in 1892.

Captain Andrews is really the man who has brought about the whole affair. Here is his own statement:

"Incredible as it may seem next year we are really going to walk and sail down Boston harbor, out onto the ocean and over to Havre, France, through the great bore of the River Seine and on up to Paris, to be there to attend the exposition of 1900 in our new sea-going shoes and smallest fastest and best boat that ever crossed the Atlantic Ocean, the Phantom Ship. Every vessel we speak on the ocean will report one of us walking and sometimes towing the boat in calm weather."

The sea-going shoes of Mr. Oldrieve are the most wonderful part of the whole affair. At first thought they seem as fabulous as the six-league boots of fairy lore. Yet they are simple enough when understood. They are really a pair of cedar boxes, 5 feet long, with fins on the bottom and sides. They are very light and capable of sustaining 140 pounds, but, as Oldrieve weighs only 130, they are as good to him as a steamer's deck.

## EMERGENCY DOCTORS IN PARIS.

In Paris a list of doctors ready to attend in case of emergencies occurring in the night is published for the convenience of the public. Originally, we learn, a fee of ten francs was the standard payment, but more recently a pool has been instituted, and the result divided quarterly among the doctors. This system has alienated the better-class practitioner, and now the employment of the whole class has become endangered by the death of a patient treated by one of the members who lives on £15 per annum, with a stock of instruments as scanty as his income.

## AFRICAN FIREFLIES.

In some parts of Central and South Africa a single firefly gives so much light that it illuminates a whole room. The British residents catch them in order to find the matchbox or lamp.

## DISINFECTING DIPHTHERIA.

A little town in Maine has an original method of disinfecting districts in which diphtheria has appeared. A dog with a camphor bag tied to his neck is allowed to roam through the district.

# CURIOUS SCOTTISH OMENS.

## SOME QUEER BELIEFS IN THE DISTRICT OF GALLOWAY.

**Birth, Marriage and Death have each their Own Customs—Many Don'ts as Regards the Second.**

As might be expected in such a district as Galloway, which, till a late period was so remote from external influences, and which had such a marked individuality, the list of its local customs and beliefs is a long one. Let us take, first of all, those relating to times and seasons. We find at the outset, a statement about February weather: "If Feberweer be fair an' clear, there'll be two winters in the year." This further south is limited to Candlemas Day. The belief in the potency of dew collected on May Day morning, especially as a cosmetic, exists in Galloway as it did in London in the days of Pepys. On Sunday it was unlucky to cut "hair or horn;" and as everywhere, great care must be taken in the disposal of the "clippings," on Saturday a piece of work should never be begun.

### ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

On New Year's Eve, which bears the widespread name Hogmanay, the fire was banked up with special care, for ill luck came to the house when it went out, and to those who gave a turf next morning to light it again. Lucifer matches, at any rate, have been a safeguard to neighbors. In fact, on New Year's Day you must neither sell, nor lend, nor give, outside the house, which, obviously, is not the sentiment of our neighbours across the channel; but inside its head formally presented some food and drink to all its inmates early in the morning, and even gave a little grain to his horses and cattle. There was a general rule that on New Year's morning something should be brought into the house before anything was taken out of it, and neither ashes nor "slops" were to be carried. Much depended on the "first foot," that is, the first visitor. Some persons were harbingers of ill luck—women were always among these, particularly if they were walking barefoot. Even on meeting them outside, some people would turn back and give up an expedition. Candlemas was an important day in the schools. The boys and girls brought presents to the master, generally money; then, he appointed one of each as king and queen, and treated the children to cakes and weak "toddy." On Hallowe'en they performed a mumming play.

### BELIEFS IN THE MOON.

The moon was a centre of a number of fancies. A hen should be set when it is waxing; the new moon, when seen for the first time, can help a girl to the name of her future husband; it will bring a wish to pass if you turn the money thrice in your pocket; but ill luck comes if you look at it through a window. All these beliefs are widespread. That a man should not build a house for himself was believed in Galloway, as elsewhere, and those who quitted a house showed their good will by not cleaning it up, for this "took away the luck." Newcomers protected themselves by throwing a cat or a hen, or some other animal, inside, before they entered themselves for this became the victim if a curse had been left on the building. It was the rule in Galloway, as in most other places, that the beginner "paid his footing," and new work of most kinds was consecrated by a libation, poured not on the ground, but down the throat.

### AS TO THE CLERGY.

The clergy are held in honour, or at least in fear, and evil must not be spoken against them, for, as a proverb goes, "It's unlucky t' meddle wi' craws and ministers." "Holed" stones were potent amulets for cattle, but the virtues of these are known to other parts of Britain. After a cow had calved its back was sprinkled with salt or oatmeal. The first milk it gave afterward went by the name of beesnan (in the English midlands beestings), and was used for various special purposes. Never, if it can be avoided, let a mare "foal" under a roof, and mind that a dark-eyed person is the first to look at a young pig. A horseshoe brings luck—that is universal—and so does a live hedgehog; but a dead one, a black cat and a hare are signs pof bad fortune—nay, some think even a wild rabbit ill to meet.

Crowing hens were deemed as objectionable as whistling lassies, and even a cock might not utter his natural notes at untimely hours, for ill would come of it—a belief often verified when fowls are kept in towns. But if a cock reaches the age of seven years he becomes a dangerous fowl, for then he lays an egg and from this is hatched a cockatrice. That, too, is a very widespread notion. A cock is said to have been solemnly tried and condemned at Basle in the middle ages for this heinous crime. Wild birds take their part in auguries. Ill fortune comes from injuring swallows, wrens, robins, rooks or cuckoos, but the last may bring good or bad luck according to circumstances. A single magpie is lucky, and if three approach a house a funeral will soon leave.

### SNAKE STONES AND FORTUNE.

Snake stones can be found and bring good fortune, and a spell can be laid on the adder. If you try to kill one and it escapes the respite is brief, for you can make a "tryst" to meet it next day at a fixed hour and place, and it is bound to keep the appointment. In one place they believe that wasps do not sting in September. The saying, "Many haws, many snaws," expresses what is generally believed further south, and other trees have their significance, especially the elder and the rowan, the last being a potent specific against witchcraft. In that, of course, everybody believed, that there are many stories about spells and counter-charms.

Birth, marriage and death have each their own customs and superstitions. As regards the second, there are many don'ts—though not to the extent of the well-known advice—don't meet a funeral or have the bridecake chipped, or meet after the banns have been proclaimed, or hear your own banns read, or enter the house after the wedding till the minister has gone in, or let him shake hands with either till the knot is tied. The bride, also, should not try on her wedding dress, when once it is finished, nor should the mother witness the ceremony.

Portents of death are much the same in Galloway as in other places, and so also are many of the customs, such as the opening doors and windows, putting salt on the breast of the corpse, offering refreshments at the funeral, together with a host of superstitions about suicides, drowned folk and the like.

## WINTER WRINKLES.

"Now, Charles, let us make a list of your debts." "One moment, dear uncle, till I have filled up your inkstand."

"A fine dog, that, of yours. What's his name?" "Has none, nor needs one; he doesn't obey anyway."

"I find $12 a high price for this parrot. I suppose he speaks a good deal?" "No, not at all, but he understands everything."

Natural Solicitude—Maiden Aunt—"Come, now, Gertie! run off and take your beauty-sleep." Gertie—"Oh, Auntie! hadn't you better come too?"

Young Softleigh—"Do you know, Miss Cutting, that I actually believe I am losing my mind?" Miss Cutting—"Indeed! Why, how can you tell?"

Real Heroism—"Mrs. Jenks is the most courageous woman I know." "Why?" "She goes over and uses Dr. Blank's telephone to call up another doctor."

Its Value—The Artist, complacently—"This picture with the frame is worth $325." His Friend—"Come, old man! you never gave $300 for that frame?"

"One of the leading Czechs rejoices in the name of Czwrezek." "Say, I recognize that. It's the machine the dentist bores out the cavity with."

Hicks—"Crochet, you know, has a musical mind." Wicks—"There, that accounts for it! I always have wondered why it was so easy for people to play upon him."

"'Tain' allus puttin' on style dat counts," said Uncle Eben. "People would not think a bit mo' o' Santy Claus if he wore patent leather shoes an' shaved twice a day."

His Blunder—"Ah, I see I have conveyed a wrong impression!" said the young man who had mistakenly kissed the young woman's maiden aunt in the darkened hallway as he came in.

"Of course," observed Xerxes, the King, "my will is law." "Doubtless," answered the wise man of the court, after consulting a few authorities. "That is to say, if your Majesty doesn't leave too large an estate."

"Speaking of the vogue of the wheel," remarked the observer of men and things, "a good healthy constitution and the canned beef industry doubtless go far to keep the horse from being eaten up by envy."

"I wonder how the English came to adopt red as a color for uniforms?" asked the boarder, whose specialty is useless questions. "Perhaps 'twas done," said the Cheerful Idiot, "in defiance of the papal bull."

Art—"I have heard," said the young woman who is improving her mind, "that sometimes it requires a great deal of art to succeed in not doing things." "It does," replied Senator Sorghum; "unquestionably; especially if you are being paid for them."

A Klondike Heiress—First Klondike Miner—"I hear that our neighbor, Spudkins, has married rich!" Second Klondike Miner, enviously—"Yes; they say his bride has an independent fortune of fifty cans of boneless ham and twenty-five cans of condensed milk."

"The parcel postman has just called at the Twickenhams', next door, and left a football, a bicycle, two cricket-bats, a package of sweaters, a pair of spoon oars, and a bundle of golf-sticks." "Then their daughter must be home from college and her education finished."

She Knew Him.—Tom—"Did you give Miss Gortrox a Christmas present?" Jack—"I tried to. Offered her myself you know." Tom—"And she refused you?" Jack—"I suppose that's what it amounts to. She said she didn't believe it was right for a girl to accept very costly gifts."

Young Hicks—"You needn't laugh at my moustache, Maud; your mother said it was becoming, didn't you, madame?" Mrs. Bailey—"Oh, no, Harry! You misunderstood me. I said it was coming." Young Hicks—"Now, Mrs. Bailey, don't cut a moustache when it is down."

The Brass of Critics—"I often marvel," said Pennington the author, "at these critics, who in an hour's time blast a work over which we authors have spent a year." "Yes," replied Cawstik, who had read Pennington's latest, "when a minute would suffice them to say all that is necessary."