

CHAPTER XLV.—Continued.

"As to her character, I can hardly describe it. She lives in an atmosphere of her own, an atmosphere that I cannot reach, or, at any rate cannot breathe. But if you can imagine a woman whose mind is enriched with learning as profound as that of the first classical scholars of the day, and tinged with an originality all her own, a woman whose faith is as steady as that star and whose love is deep as the sea, and as definite as its tides; who lives to higher ends than those we strive for; whose whole life, indeed, gives one the idea that it is the shadow—imperfect, perhaps, but still the shadow—of an immortal light; then you will get some idea of Angela Caresfoot. She is a woman intellectually, physically and spiritually, immeasurably above the man on whom she has set her affections."

"That cannot be," said Mildred, softly "like draws to like; she must have found something in him, some better part, some affinity of which you know nothing."

After this she fell into silence. Presently Lady Bellamy raised her eyes, just now filled up with the great pupils, and fixed them on Mildred.

"You are thinking," she said, slowly, "that Angela Caresfoot is a formidable rival."

Mildred started. "How can you pretend to read my thoughts?"

She laughed a little.

"I am an adept at the art. Don't be down-hearted. I should not be surprised if, after all, the engagement between Mr. Heigham and Angela Caresfoot should come to nothing. Of course I speak in perfect confidence."

"Of course." "Well, the marriage is not altogether agreeable to the father, who would prefer another and more suitable match. But, unfortunately, there is no way of shaking the young lady's determination."

"Indeed." "But I think that, with assistance, a way might be found."

Their eyes met, and this time Mildred took up the parable.

"Should I be wrong, Lady Bellamy, if I supposed that you have not come to Madeira solely for pleasure?"

"A wise person always tries to combine business and pleasure."

"And in this case the business combined is in connection with Mr. Heigham's engagement?"

"Exactly." "And supposing that I were to tell him this?"

"Had I not known that you would on no account tell Mr. Heigham, I should not have told you."

"And how do you know that?"

"I will answer your question by another. Did you ever yet know a woman who loved a man, willingly help him to the arms of a rival, unless indeed she was forced to it?" she added, with something like a sigh.

Mildred Carr's snowy bosom heaved tumultuously, and the rose-leaf hue faded from her cheeks.

"You mean that I am in love with Arthur Heigham. On what do you base that belief?"

"On a base as broad as the pyramids of which you were talking at dinner. Public report, not nearly so misleading a guide as people think, your face, your voice, your eyes, all betray you. Why do you always try to get near him to touch him?—answer me that. I have seen you do it three times this evening. Once you handed him a book in order to touch his hand beneath it; but there is no need to enumerate what you doubtless very well remember. No nice woman, Mrs. Carr, ever likes to continually touch a man unless she loves him. You are always listening for his voice and step, you are listening for them now. Your eyes follow his face as a dog does his master's—when you speak to him, your voice is a caress in itself. Shall I go on?"

"I think that it is unnecessary. Whether you be right or not, I will give you the credit of being a close observer."

"To observe with me is at once a task and an amusement and the habit is one that leads me to accurate conclusions, as I think you will admit. The conclusion I have come to in your case is that you do not wish to see Arthur Heigham married to another woman. I spoke just now of assistance."

"I have none to give, I will give none. How could I look him in the face?"

"You are strangely scrupulous for a woman in your position."

"I have always tried to behave like an honorable woman, Lady Bellamy, and I do not feel inclined to do otherwise now."

"Perhaps you will think differently when it comes to the point. But in the meanwhile remember, that people who will not help themselves, cannot expect to be helped."

"Once and for all, Lady Bellamy understand me. I fight for my own hand with the weapons which nature and fortune has given me, and by myself I will stand or fall. I will join in no schemes to separate Arthur from this woman. If I cannot win him for myself by myself, I will at any rate lose him fairly. I will respect what you have told me, but I will do no more."

Lady Bellamy smiled as she answered:

"I really admire your courage. It is quite quixotic. Hush here come the gentlemen."

Next morning, when Arthur came down to breakfast, the Bellamy's had sailed. The mail had come in from the Cape at midnight, and left again at dawn, taking them with it.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Nothing occurred to mar the prosperity of the voyage of the Evening Star. That beautiful little vessel declined to simplify the course of this history by going to the bottom with Mildred and Arthur, as the imaginative reader may have, perhaps, expected. She did not even get into a terrific

storm, in order to give Arthur the opportunity of performing heroic feats, and the writer of this history the chance of displaying a profound knowledge of the names of ropes and spars. On the contrary, she glided on upon a sea so still that even Miss Terry was persuaded to arouse herself from her torpor, and come upon deck, till at last one morning, the giant peak of Teneriffe, soaring high above the circling clouds, broke upon the view of her passengers.

Here they stopped for a week or so enjoying themselves very much in their new surroundings, till at length Arthur grew tired of the islands, which was of course the signal for their departure. So they returned, reaching Madeira after an absence of close upon a month. As they dropped anchor in the little bay, Mildred came up to Arthur, and touching him with that gentle deference which she always showed toward him, asked if he was not glad to be home again.

"Home!" he said. "I have no home." "Oh, Arthur!" she answered, "why do you try to pain me? Is not my home yours also?"

So soon as they had landed he started off down to Miles' Hotel, to see if any letters had come for him during his absence, and returned looking very much put out.

"What is the matter, Arthur?" asked Miss Terry, once again happy at feeling her feet upon solid soil.

"Why, those idiots at the hotel have returned a letter sent to me by my lawyer. They thought that I had left Madeira for good, and the letter was marked, 'If left, return to Messrs. Borley & Son,' with the address. And the mail went out this afternoon into the bargain, so it will be a month before I can get it back again."

Had Arthur known that this letter contained clippings of the newspaper reports of the inquest on George Caresfoot, of whose death even he was in total ignorance, he would have had good reason to be put out.

"Never mind, Arthur," said Mildred's clear voice at his elbow—she was rarely much further from him than his shadow; "lawyers' letters are not, as a rule very interesting. I never yet had one that would not keep. Come and see if your pavilion—isn't that a grand name—is arranged to your liking, and then let us go to dinner, for Agatha here is dying of hunger—she has to make up for her abstinence at sea."

"I was always told," broke in that lady, "that yachting was charming, but I tell you frankly I have never been more miserable in my life than I was on board your Evening Star."

"Never mind, dear, you shall have a nice long rest before we start for the coast of Spain."

And so Arthur soon settled down again into the easy tenor of Madeira life. He now scarcely made a pretense of living at the hotel, since, during their cruise Mildred had had a pavilion which stood in the garden luxuriously fitted up for his occupation. Here he was happy enough in a dull, numb way, and, as the days went on, something of the old light came back to his eyes, and his footfall again grew quick and strong as when it used to fall in the corridor of the Abbey House. Of the past he never spoke, nor did Mildred ever allude to Angela after that conversation at sea which had ended so strangely. She contented herself with attempting to supplant her, and to a certain extent she was successful. No man could have for very long remained obdurate to such beauty and such patient devotion, and it is not wonderful that he grew in a way to love her.

But there was this peculiarity about the affair—namely, that the affection which he bore her was born more of her stronger will than of his own feelings, as was shown by the fact that, so long as he was actually with her and within the circle of her influence, her power over him was predominant; but the moment that he was out of her sight his thoughts would fall back into their original channels, and the old sores would begin to run. However much, too, he might be successful in getting the mastery of his troubles by day, at night they would assert themselves, and from the constant and tormenting dreams which they inspired he could find no means of escape.

Occasionally, too, he would fall into a fit of brooding melancholy that would last him for a day or two, and which Mildred would find it quite impossible to dispel. Indeed, when he got in that way, she soon discovered that the only thing to do was to leave him alone. He was suffering acutely, there was no doubt about that, and when any animal suffers, including man, it is best left in solitude. A sick or wounded beast always turns out of the herd to recover or die.

When Mildred saw him in this state of mental desolation, she would shake her head and sigh for it told her that she was as far as ever from the golden gate of her Eldorado. As has been said, hers was the strongest will, and, even if he had not willed it, she could have married him any day she wished; but, odd, as it may seem, she was too conscientious.

She had determined that she would not marry him unless she was sure that he loved her, and to this resolution, as yet, she firmly held. Whatever her faults may have been Mildred Carr had all the noble unselfishness that is so common in her sex. For herself and her own reputation she cared, comparatively speaking, nothing; whilst for Arthur's ultimate happiness she was very solicitous.

One evening—it was one of Arthur's black days, when he had got a fit of what Mildred called "Angela fever"—they were walking together in the garden. Arthur in silence with his hands in his pockets and his pipe in his mouth, and Mildred humming a little tune by way of amusing herself, when they came to the wall that edged the precipice. Arthur leaned over it and gazed at the depths below.

"Don't dear, you will tumble over," said Mildred, in some alarm.

"I think it would be a good thing if I did," he answered, moodily. "Are you then, so tired of the world—and me?"

"No, dear, I am not tired of you; forgive me, Mildred, but I am dreadfully miserable. I know that it is very ungracious and ungrateful of me, but it is the fact."

"You are thinking of her again, Arthur?"

"Yes, I have got a fit of it. I suppose that she has not been out of my mind for an hour altogether during the last forty-eight hours. Talk of being haunted by a dead person, it is infinitely worse being haunted by a living one."

"I am very sorry for you, dear." "Do you suppose, Mildred, that this will go on for all my life, that I shall always be at the mercy of these bitter memories and thoughts?"

"I don't know, Arthur. I hope not."

"I wish I were dead—I wish I were dead!" he broke out, passionately. "She has destroyed my life; all that was happy in me is dead, only my body lives on. I am sure I don't know, Mildred, how you can care for anything so worthless."

She kissed him, and answered: "Dearest, I had rather love you as you are than any other man alive. Time does wonders; perhaps in time you will get over it. Oh, Arthur! when I think of what she has made you, and what you might have been if you had never known her, I long to tell that woman all my mind. But you must be a man, dear; it is weak to give way to a mad passion, such as this is now. Try to think of something else; work at something."

"I have no heart for it, Mildred, I don't feel as though I could work; and if you cannot make me forget, I am sure I do not know what will."

Mildred sighed, and did not answer. Though she spoke hopefully about it to him, she had little faith in his getting over his passion for Angela now. Either, she must marry him as he was, or else let him go altogether; but which? The struggle between her affection and her idea of duty was very sore, and as yet she could come to no conclusion.

But, if Mildred still hesitated, Arthur did not. He was very anxious that they should be married; indeed, he almost insisted on it. The position was one that was far from being agreeable to him, for all such intimacies must, from their very nature, necessitate a certain amount of false swearing. They are throughout an acted lie; and when the lie is acted, it must sometimes be spoken.

CHAPTER XLVII.

As the autumn came on, a great south-west gale burst over Madeira, and went sweeping away up the Bay of Biscay. It blew for three days and nights, and was one of the heaviest on record. When it first began, the English mail was due; but when it passed there were still no signs of her, and prophets of evil were not wanting who went to and fro shaking their heads, and suggesting that she had probably foundered in the Bay.

Two more days went by, and there were still no signs of her, though the telegraph told them that she had left Southampton Docks at the appointed time and date. By this time, people in Madeira could talk of nothing else.

About three o'clock one afternoon Arthur returned to the Quinta, having lunched on board the Roman. He found Mildred sitting in her favorite place on the museum veranda. She was very pale, and if he had watched her, he would have seen that she was trembling all over, but he did not observe her particularly.

"Really, Mildred, you mystify me. I don't understand you. What can be the meaning of all this?"

She looked at him for a few seconds, and then answered in a quiet, matter-of-fact voice:

"I forgot, Arthur; here are your English letters." And she drew them from her bosom and gave them to him. "Perhaps they will explain things a little. Meanwhile, I will tell you something. Angela Caresfoot's husband is dead; indeed, she was never really married to him." And then she turned and slowly walked toward the entrance of the museum. In the boudoir, however, her strength seemed to fail her, and she sunk on a chair.

Arthur took the letter, written by the woman he loved, and warm from the breast of the woman he was about to leave, and stood speechless. His heart stopped for a moment, and then sent the blood bounding through his veins like a flood of joy. The shock was so great that for a second or two, he staggered and nearly fell. Presently, however, he recovered himself, and another and very different thought overtook him.

Putting the letters into his pocket, he followed Mildred into the boudoir. She was sitting, looking very faint, upon a chair, her hands hanging down helplessly by her side.

He knelt beside her and kissed her, and then he rose and went.

But for many a year was he haunted by that scene of human misery enacted in the weird chamber of the dead. Never could he forget the sight of Mildred lying in the sunlight, with the marble face of mocking calm looking down upon her, and the mortal frames of those who, in their day, had suffered as she suffered, and ages since had found the rest that she in time would reach, scattered all around—fit emblems of the fragile vanity of passions which suck their strength from earth alone.

Arthur read his letter, and his heart burned with passionate love of the true woman he had dared to doubt. Then he flung himself upon the grass, and looked at the ocean that sparkled and heaved before him, and tried to think; but as yet he could not. The engines of his mind were reversed full speed, while his mind itself, with quick shudders and confusion, still forged ahead upon its former course. He rose, and cast upon the scene around him that long look we give to the place where a great happiness has found us.

The sun was sinking fast behind the mountains, turning their slanted sides and soaring pinnacles to giant shields

and spears of fire. Beneath their mass shadows—fore-runners of the night—crept over the forests and the created rollers, while further from him the ocean heaved in a rosy glow. Above, the ever-changing vault of heaven was of a beauty that no brush could paint.

He gazed almost in awe, till the majestic sight stilled the tumult of his heart, and his thoughts went up in thanks to the Creator for the pure love he had found again, and which had not betrayed him. Then he looked up, and there, stately and radiant, standing out clear against the shadows her face illumined by that soft yet livid light, her trembling arms outstretched to clasp him—was his lost Angela.

He saw her questioning glances fall upon him, and the red blood waver on her cheek; he saw the love-lights gather in her eyes; and then he saw no more for she was in his arms, murmuring sweet, broken words.

Happy are those who thus shall find their Angela, whether it be here or—on the further shore of yonder solemn sea!

And Mildred! She lay there before the stone symbol of inexorable judgment, and sobbed till the darkness covered her, and her heart broke in the silence.

THE END

GYPSIES IN EUROPE

They Are Increasing, Not Disappearing, And They Are Not Always Wanderers.

It has been popularly supposed that the gypsies of Europe, like the Indians of North America, were becoming an extinct race, and the conditions of their existence are not such as would seem to assure longevity. But a recently published official report of the English Government shows that the number of gypsies in England, so far from declining, is actually on the increase, and the same is true of some other European countries from which figures are at hand.

By an authentic computation made recently there are 35,000 gypsies in Great Britain, 7,000 more than at the time of the last previous enumeration, though, perhaps, that may have been somewhat imperfect. There are in the whole of Europe nearly three-quarters of a million of gypsies, the figures being: Great Britain, 35,000; Spain, 40,000; Russia, 25,000; Germany 45,000, and Austria, Turkey and the Balkan countries 200,000 each. Gypsies who are known as Zingari in Italy, Gitanos in Spain, Ziguener in Germany, Cziganyok in Hungary, Tzigrani in Slavic countries, Tchinganch in Turkey, and Bohemians in France are considered to be of Asiatic origin, though the name "gypsies" is generally acknowledged to be a corruption of the word Egyptians, and in Scotland a gypsy is called an Egyptian, as readers of the "Little Minister" are aware. In the United States there are few gypsies, for the reason, perhaps, that they meet with great competition in the pursuits which in European countries furnish them with their chief revenue—fortune telling, divination and soothsaying. In Europe, though it is popularly supposed that they are mere wanderers, the Parks of civilization, driven from place to place as popular sentiment or resentment may dictate, the fact is that many of the gypsies are permanently located in towns of their own, maintaining stable administration and prospering to a considerable extent. This is especially true in the districts on or near the lower Danube and the gypsy population of Transylvania in Hungary, is not only large, but also quite influential. Hungarian gypsies have long been known everywhere, on account of their appreciation of music and gypsy bands have visited the United States from time to time and with usually good success. The aptitude of gypsies in acquiring knowledge of music has always been marked and Franz Liszt has borne testimony to this quality by saying:

"Indifferent to the minute and complicated passions by which educated mankind is swayed, callous to the paining, gasping effects of such microscopic and supercultured vices as vanity, ambition, intrigue and avarice, the gypsy only comprehends the simplest requirements of a primitive nature. Music, dancing, drinking and love diversified by a childish and humorous delight in petty thieving and cheating constitute his whole repertoire of passions, beyond whose limited horizon he does not care to look."

The gypsies of England are found chiefly in the northern counties.

POWER OF OBSERVATION.

I suppose you acquired a good deal of useful information while you were on a farm last summer.

Yes, I noticed that while black hens lay white eggs it never happens that white hens lay black eggs.

TIMELY INFORMATION.

How do you keep that big clock wound? asked the rural visitor as he passed the Government Building with a chance acquaintance.

They have a winding stairway in the tower.

COULDN'T OVERLOOK IT.

Harrison—Thought you were living with your sister, old man.

Mainbrace—So I was, but I came home one night and found my trunk out on the sidewalk and the lock changed on the front door. I could not stand that, you know, so I left.

EVIDENCE.

First Boy—My papa knows more than your papa does.

Second Boy—I bet he doesn't. Did you ever see my papa? His forehead reaches down to the back of his head.

From Pain to Health.

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF JOHN HENDERSON, OF DESERONTO JUNCTION.

Almost Helpless From Scientific Rheumatism, the Effects of Which Shattered His Constitution—He Thought Death Not Far Off When Friendly Aid Placed Within His Reach the Means of Recovery. From the Deseronto Tribune.

It will be remembered that during the past winter reference was several times made in the "Personal" column of the Tribune to the illness of John Henderson, a well known and respected farmer of the Gravel Road, township of Richmond, about half a mile from Deseronto Junction. It was said that very little hope was entertained by his recovery as he continued to steadily sink under the disease with which he was afflicted. Farmers coming in to Deseronto market, when asked how he was, shook their heads and stated that the worst might soon be expected. That he should have subsequently recovered was therefore a cause of joyful surprise to his many friends in this district. Hearing that his recovery was alleged to be due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Tribune set out to discover if this rumor could be authenticated. Having reached Mr. Henderson's residence the reporter found no one at home except the hired boy who informed him that Mr. Henderson had gone with a load of grain to the flour mill at Napanee. This was evidence in itself that Mr. Henderson must have greatly improved or he would not have undertaken such a long drive in the raw weather of early spring. The boy having said that his master would be back about two o'clock the reporter waited for a personal interview. In a short time the team was observed coming along the road. When it drew up at the house, Mr. Henderson being told the object of the reporter's mission stated that the rumour was correct, his recovery was undoubtedly due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said that about a year before he had been taken ill and the disease assumed a form of sciatic rheumatism of a most painful and distressing character. The physicians in attendance did their best and would for a time succeed in alleviating the pain and he would for a short time regain strength. But the disease would reassert itself and he was worse if possible than before. His whole system seemed to be permeated with the disease which sapped his vital energy. He tried ever so many remedies prescribed by doctors or suggested by friends and neighbors. All in vain—he grew weaker and weaker and at last despaired of life itself. He was completely worn out, found it very difficult to go as far as the barn and was only able to move about a little when not confined to his bed. At this juncture, Mr. Ravin, the station master at Deseronto Junction, who no doubt recalled the wonderful cure of Mr. Wager by the use of the famous medicine, as reported some time since in the Tribune, recommended Mr. Henderson to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and volunteered to send for a quantity if Mr. Henderson would permit him. The sick man consented and Mr. Ravin procured for him a half dozen boxes. He tried a box, but with little discernible effect. He, however, kept on using the pills, and after taking six boxes, found that he was much improved. He got another supply and continued to improve steadily, the pain disappeared, he regained strength and, as he expressed it, "I am now able to be about, feel quite strong, can attend to all departments of my work as well as ever, and I attribute it all to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." To the Tribune reporter Mr. Henderson appeared a strong, vigorous man, whom to see was sufficient proof of the story of his remarkable recovery.

HOW FOOLSCAP GOT ITS NAME.

It Was First Made by Order of the Rump Parliament.

"Nearly everybody knows what foolscap paper is, but there are probably few people who know just how it came to bear that name," said a wholesale stationer. "In order to increase his revenue Charles I. of England granted certain privileges amounting to monopolies, and among these was the manufacture of writing paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew wealthy and enriched the Government at the expense of those who were obliged to use such paper. At that time all English paper bore the royal coat of arms in water marks. But when the parliament under Cromwell, came into power it made sport of this law in every possible manner, and among other indignities to the memory of Charles it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper and that a fool's cap and balls should be used as a substitute. When the rump parliament was prorogued these were also removed, but paper of the size of the parliamentary journals, which is usually seventeen by fourteen inches, still bears the name of foolscap in England."

THE ARIZONA WAY.

Stranger—Do the officers of the law here attend strictly to their duties? Arizona Al—They haf to. Suspended the Sheriff for lettin' a boss thief escape.

Stranger—From office? Arizona Al—No—from a tree.

DISPLAY.

She—Some people display a want of manners by laughing in public.

He—And others display a want of teeth.