

She Would Be a Lady

CHAPTER VIII.

Eva was not dead, she was not even injured beyond the effect of the shock, and the complete drenching which she had received from the furious down-pour of rain.

Mrs. Westbrook superintended all the efforts made for recovery, and she shut herself in the same room with the girl, and did not even go to speak to her own son when he sent to inquire into the condition of the fair patient.

All this was very kind, or it would have been so had the action been prompted by good will. In very truth, however, Mrs. Westbrook was afraid to lose sight of Eva for a single instant. If once Ernest proposed to the girl and was accepted, her own objections would go for nothing, and she sternly resolved that all she could do should be done to avert such a sequel to her own unwise conduct in holding out a helping hand to this poor girl. All through that night Mrs. Westbrook watched by poor Eva's side, while she slept heavily and dreamlessly, and when the first streaks of morning made their way into the chamber, and the sleeper opened her eyes, Mrs. Westbrook hardened her heart to the self-imposed task she had undertaken.

"Eva, are you awake?" she asked, gently.

"Yes, I think I am," was the drowsily uttered reply.

"I wish you would rouse yourself," was the next remark, "I want to talk seriously with you."

The girl raised herself on her pillows, passed her hands over her face, and then, feeling more thoroughly awake, she asked:

"Yes; what is it?"

"I have been kind to you, have I not, Eva?"

"Yes; very kind, indeed," was the grateful reply; "but for you I might have been helpless and ignorant. I owe all that I am, and all that I ever may be, to you, Mrs. Westbrook. If I never speak of gratitude it is not because I do not feel it; but because words are too weak to express my deep sense of what I owe to your kindness."

"And would you really do anything in your power, Eva, to prove your gratitude to me?" asked the lady gently.

"Try me," she answered; "put me to the test."

"I will put you to the test," replied the elder woman, slowly. "You have it in your power to make me very happy or intensely miserable; to make me love you or to make me curse the day on which I first saw your face."

"You frighten me," said Eva, while her face became pale with agitation. "What have I done? What can I do?"

"You can swear to me that if my son ever asks you to be his wife you will refuse him," was the coldly-deliberate reply.

"Your son Ernest?" and the girl seemed to shudder with emotion and surprise. "He never spoke to me; he—"

"All the more easy for you to give me the promise," interrupted the mother promptly; "if he has never spoken of love and you do not love him the assurance can cost you no pain, and can be no sacrifice."

But Eva's face had suddenly flushed hotly; she covered her burning cheeks with her hands, and she made no answer to the woman who looked down so coldly and so keenly upon her.

"Well?" asked Mrs. Westbrook after a time.

"I—I will go away; I will hide from him; I will try to forget him," sobbed the girl, painfully.

"And you will swear that you will never marry him without my consent?" asked Mrs. Westbrook, sternly.

For reply Eva flung herself upon her knees, moaning pitifully, as she pleaded:

"Don't make me swear that; have mercy upon me for—I love him."

She hid her face as though she had pleaded guilty to some dreadful crime and even Mrs. Westbrook's worldly heart was slightly touched by the poor maiden's deep humiliation.

But she had her end to gain, she had her son to save and she replied scornfully and bitterly:

"Everything but what I ask; I have been a fool for my pains. I have nurtured a serpent in my breast, and it takes the first opportunity of stinging me. Upon my word, you have played your cards well Eva Randolph; but I shall not condescend to reproach you if you have no more dignity of character, no more self-respect than to live for years upon my bounty and then try to entangle my son into a marriage that will be an outrage to me, and in every sense of the word, a wrong to him, then anything I can say against it would be in vain."

And Mrs. Westbrook rose to her feet with an air of injured virtue and dignity and moved a step or two toward the door.

Eva rose also. Her face was white as the nightgown she wore; her large dark eyes seemed bigger and more mournful than was there wont but there were no tears in them and she said resolutely but with strong emotion:

"I give you the promise you require; you have a right to exact it, for I owe all that I am to you. But I must go away; I must not see Ernest again till I have conquered myself and forgotten him."

"You swear to me that you will never marry my son without my consent?" asked Mrs. Westbrook, her eyes flashing with triumph.

"Yes; I will swear that never under any circumstances will I be his wife, if you like," was the passionate reply.

"You need not promise too much, my dear," was the smiling reply; "but you are a good girl, Eva, and I find I was not mistaken in you; and now you

had better go back to bed and sleep awhile."

"I cannot do that," was the dejected reply. "I must go and hide myself; I must start for London at once. I must never see Ernest again."

"You shall not see him, but you cannot go now. Get into bed; leave it all to me. I will send Ernest out of the way in the course of the morning, and you can start for town with Barbara, as arranged; then you will give rise to no curiosity; our compact must be a secret between us."

And so saying, Mrs. Westbrook, half by force, and half by persuasion, induced Eva to return to bed.

The scheming mother managed everything as she had said she would. Ernest went away to keep an appointment about the purchase of some land in the neighborhood, believing that Eva was still too unwell to leave her room. But as soon as he was out of the way the carriage was brought round, the two girls and their hostess entered it, and Mrs. Westbrook, when she returned to the Grange, had the satisfaction of feeling that she had removed a great temptation out of the way of her son.

When Ernest returned home he was surprised and annoyed to find that Eva had gone away without his seeing her; but he strongly suspected that it was his mother's work, and he smiled mischievously when he thought how soon he would outwit her.

With this object in view, he went up to London a few days after Eva had left the Grange, but when he called at the house in Gower street he was informed that Miss Randolph was gone to Rome.

In some agitation he asked to see Mrs. Longford or Barbara. Both ladies were at home, and both received him cordially. But neither of them could tell him much about the girl he sought.

She had suddenly announced her intention of going abroad with a married lady, who was likewise an artist, and Barbara declared herself hurt and indignant to think that Eva would not be in England to be present at her approaching marriage.

"I suppose she left you an address to which her letters are to be forwarded?" asked Ernest, as he rose to take his leave.

"No; but we are to write to the post-office at Rome as soon as we hear from her the probable date of her arrival there," was the reply; "and if you or your mother wish to write to her, and will send the letter here, we will forward it."

After this he took his leave. He felt hurt and perplexed; he saw his mother's hand in the girl's sudden flight, but how to thwart his parent and how to bring Eva back he did not know.

At one moment a wild notion of following here to the Eternal City and there pleading the love with which his heart was filled, occurred to him, but he soon dismissed that idea, and though he was not clever as a letter writer, and had but little faith in the success of an offer sent by post he was compelled to make his choice between waiting until Eva should return and appealing at once to her on paper.

So he decided upon the latter course and he wrote such a letter as only a true, generous-hearted man could write, and one that any pure woman might be proud to receive.

He told her that he loved her; that his love was not the sudden passion of an hour, but a feeling that had been growing for years. Her noble character had first compelled his esteem he wrote, and her sweet disposition and beauty had won his love, and now he asked her if she could return his affection and if she would be his wife.

He put his heart into the page, but he was dissatisfied with the letter when it was written. It seemed so cold and formal, and he felt that whole volumes of written words were less powerful to evoke responsive love than would be one touch of a hand, or one glance full of meaning into loved eyes that were able to read that meaning.

But the letter was sealed and posted, and after a long journey and much delay it reached Eva's hand. In the meanwhile Eva traveled with her companion, with whom it must be confessed she had little or no sympathy, from one Continental city to another, visiting all the museums and picture galleries and studios; but to her preoccupied mind they seemed very much alike, and she took far less pleasure in them than she had anticipated.

At length they arrived at Rome, and Eva went to the post-office to ask if there were any letters for her.

Yes, there was one, and it came from Barbara Longford. But in it was inclosed another missive, and a glance at the handwriting told Eva from whom it came.

How her heart beat, fast and painfully, and then seemed to stand quite still; how she became hot and cold by turns, and how her head swam, and she nearly fainted with emotion, I need not tell. But she recovered slightly, after a time. The letter was still unopened; it might contain some mere friendly message; it might even be reproachful, but in any case it was passing strange that he should write. And so she sat and pondered, afraid, and yet longing to break the seal.

She opens it at last, and reads the fervid words addressed to her, and then she feels like one whose heart is so full of love and thankfulness that now in the hour of her triumph she would like to die.

But death does not come. Instead of the sleep of oblivion that she longs for, comes the slow but cold awakening.

"He loves me!" was the glad cry of her heart. "He loves me. They can never take that assurance from me,



even though they take him. And I shall spend the rest of my days in peace and contentment with the knowledge that he loves me, and that he once thought me worthy to become his wife."

And, oddly enough, this conviction gave her peace and comfort.

To a man, such a sentiment would have been impossible, but a woman of Eva's temperament this state of feeling was by no means unnatural. Her pride and her heart were satisfied, and though the sweet end of love might never be hers, she thought with a sad smile that thousands of women as pure and as gifted as herself were compelled by fate to live their lives alone.

But the life of an old maid had no terrors for Eva Randolph; and one thing she knew beyond all shadow of doubt—she would certainly die unmarried if she could not be Ernest Westbrook's wife.

Some days elapsed before she felt strong enough to put the proffered cup of happiness definitely aside, before she could nerve herself to accomplish the sacrifice which she had sworn to make. When she did take up her pen, however, with her own hand to seal her own fate, her letter was as decisive as Mrs. Westbrook herself could have desired.

"I am very grateful for the high compliment you pay me," she wrote, "but I shall never marry; therefore, you will perceive that I must say 'No' to your question, though I hope always to regard you and your mother as my kindest and dearest friends."

This letter she posted herself, and then the days and weeks rolled on, and no second appeal came in answer to her rejection.

Ernest Westbrook evidently regarded her decision as final, and she told herself that it was so, and yet she could not rest. She worked hard, and she did all she could to drown thought and memory in labor, and she made pleasant acquaintances; but though she endeavored to reconcile herself to the idea of taking up her residence in Italy for a few years, she could not do so.

A feeling of home-sickness, which she struggled against, but which she could not overcome, took possession of her, and at length she yielded to it and turned her face homeward.

The Longfords were delighted to have her back with them, for they had almost learned to regard her as a member of their own family.

So once more we see her in her old rooms, glad to be with friends, and trying hard, and with some success, to treasure her love, and yet keep it from wounding her.

In all these years she has never heard from her stepmother, Mrs. Church, or received any help from her or from her husband. More than once it has occurred to Eva to make inquiries about the affairs of her late father, but various causes have made her defer doing so.

Suddenly, about a fortnight after her return to England, she remembers one morning that it is her birthday—her twenty-first birthday. She is of age! And as the thought occurs to her she laughs bitterly; for what can it matter to any one but herself how old she may be?

Succeeding these meditations comes the sudden resolve to employ a solicitor, to ascertain whether her father was possessed of any property when he died; and, if so, what had become of it.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, she dressed herself for walking, and was just about to leave the house when a letter was brought to her.

Something in the handwriting of the address seemed to be familiar to her she laughs bitterly; for what can it matter to any one but herself how old she may be? Succeeding these meditations comes the sudden resolve to employ a solicitor, to ascertain whether her father was possessed of any property when he died; and, if so, what had become of it.

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Over and over again Eva read this odd epistle; then she glanced at the lace. It was not a piece of rare old lace, and certainly could not have belonged to Eva's mother. What could be the meaning of it? What paper could they want her to sign, and why were they so anxious that she should

write to them? She could ask the questions, but she could not answer them, and, as the surest way out of her dilemma, she sent for a cab and drove to the office of a solicitor whom she had once met, and whom she knew well by reputation.

To him she stated her desire to know something about her father's circumstances at the time of his death, and then she produced the puzzling letter.

"Don't answer it, and don't sign anything," was Mr. Garrett's advice. "Leave the matter in our hands and we will soon unravel the mystery."

Eva acquiesced and returned home, but the surprises of the day were not yet over.

A letter from Mrs. Westbrook awaited her.

"My Dear Eva," it ran, "I know it is your birthday, and I want you to come and dine with us, and Ernest will take us to a theatre to-night. We have secured a box. You must come. The promise I once exacted I give you back, so consider yourself a free agent—but come."

"Your old friend,
"Celia Westbrook."

This letter utterly bewildered the girl. Did Mrs. Westbrook want her to marry Ernest? No; that could not be. Was he married? But again her reason answered "No," for there was no mention of anyone but themselves.

Should she accept the invitation was the next consideration. Pride said "No," but love said "Yes," and the conflict in the girl's breast was a long and trying one; so long, indeed, that evening came before she had decided whether she would go or not. She was still sitting in her own room debating the matter with herself, quite unconscious of the flight of time, when a second and far more earnest appeal arrived from Mrs. Westbrook and this turned the scale of victory in love's favor, and Pride spread his wings and fled vanquished from the field.

To be Continued.

DISHONORED GENERALS.

Those of France Are a Disgrace to the French Nation.

The French staff has thoroughly discredited militarism by its treachery and dishonor in the Dreyfus trial. The generals have completed the work begun by intriguers and forgers.

General Mercier has been, during recent years, the most powerful of the military martinetts who have overawed the French Legislature. Ministers have taken their orders from him; presidents have been jealous of his authority.

He has had the reputation of being a great, silent soldier, who knew all the details of the service and was competent to conduct a great war in the most scientific way. He had the self-conscious air of a man who knew a great deal more than anybody else, and had no leisure for idle talk. In reality he has been an ambitious politician, who aspired to the presidency and surrounded himself with flatterers and wire-pullers.

When he was Minister of War he considered it unnecessary to consult either the president or the premier on any question relating to the army. If he had been a dictator, his power could hardly have been more absolute over the military service.

Yet he testified in the Dreyfus trial that during his term of office France was not prepared to undertake a great war when a campaign seemed almost unavoidable. This was a confession that he had failed as an organizer, and did not deserve the great reputation cheaply won by his silence and pretentious air. The nation had provided money and men lavishly. He had full authority over military policy; yet he himself being the witness, France was not in condition for war.

The military chieftains who have pretended to be more important personages than ministers responsible for the government of France, have been neglecting their own work and playing a game of intrigue. They are not great soldiers, but political generals with secret ambitions. Their littleness has found them out.

Militarism under favoring conditions breeds intriguers. It exhausts the resources of nations without securing them against the evils and horrors of war, or adequately safeguarding their interests.

Words From the Heart

A NOVA SCOTIAN FARMER TELLS HOW HE REGAINED HEALTH.

He Suffered for Years From Kidney Trouble, Sick Headache and Rheumatism—Although Advanced in Life He Has Found a Cure.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N.S.

Solomon Meldrum, Esq., of Upper Branch, Lunenburg Co., N.S., is a gentleman of Scotch descent, and well known throughout the county. He is an agriculturist of repute and is prominent in the local affairs of the Baptist denomination. Referring to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he says:—"I consider them a most wonderful and beneficent revelation in the realm of medicine. Previous to using these pills some two years ago, I had suffered for years from kidney trouble and rheumatism. Many a time had I been so bad that I could do nothing but endure the pain and pray for physical deliverance. My advanced age, being nearly 70 years old, made a cure look almost impossible, humanly considered, in a case of such long standing. But thanks to the Lord and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am here to-day in excellent health with scarcely an ill feeling to remind me of past sufferings. Something over two years ago I read of the wonderful cures attending the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought if these testimonials are true it is possible the pills may benefit even me. I bought six boxes first, used them strictly as directed, and with the Lord's blessing they did me much good. But my ailments were chronic, deep seated, and I am an old man. The cure was not complete, and I got twelve boxes more with all faith in the result. I only had to use six boxes of the second lot when I found myself quite free from kidney troubles, rheumatism, and all other bodily ailments, except the disability incidental to persons of my advanced age, and even these were in a measure relieved. I may add that for a long time before I used the pills and when I began their use, I was the victim of the most distressing attacks of sick headache, the sensation of seasickness in extreme violence, being not a whit more distressing. These attacks came on once or twice a week. After taking the pills, the attacks became less frequent, and less troublesome and finally ceased almost entirely. My son who lived at a distance took the remaining six boxes and stated to me that they did him much good. This I do know, that he looked much fresher and appeared in better spirits after their use. Believing as I do that an over-ruling power suggests to mortals all the wise and beneficial thoughts and inventions which operate to improve our race, and allay and cure our suffering I say again that I thank the Lord and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my prolonged life and present good health.

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