

FOR LOVE'S SAKE ONLY.

"He could not live under suspicion," says Rosamond. "Well, he may have been right. But I am afraid he will not find it easy to bring the guilt home. Rosamond, I am sure you must have taken me for an idiot all these months—and I assure you it is not paying me a compliment."

CHAPTER XXI.

The newspapers arrive at Lynn at three o'clock in the afternoon of the day of issue Mrs. Carlisle generally brings her paper up if she happens to be in the village—if not, Jerry Stamp carries it up, together with the letters and the milk, at about half-past four.

Rosamond generally has the benefit of it over her five-o'clock tea, and she always looks through its columns in the vague hope of seeing something in it about the discovery of Saxon Lynn's murderer—and always she looks in vain.

It is three months now since the April evening when Hugh and Frances Lynn came to an understanding; and yet the owner of Lynn Road has not come back. The grand old house is shut up; the garden are kept in the same exquisite order as ever, but no one sees them except strangers.

She has heard from him from time to time, but only that he has not yet found the object of his unceasing search for his letters are dated from many strange places, which he has gone to on perhaps futile journeys, led by some vague trace of the man he seeks, or some shadowy report or other. That he will eventually succeed in tracking this unknown perpetrator of so foul a deed he seems to have no doubt whatever.

Rosamond is going back to London. Lady Staines is pre-emptory in her command to her niece to return at once to her house. If this mad engagement she has entered into is ever to come to anything, the desirable event will be just as likely to take place in London as at Lynn.

The August weather is sultry and oppressive, the air is faint with the perfume of the clematis that hangs its foam-white drifts over the garden door and along the garden wall. Rosamond, standing in the window of little sitting-room, watches the same garden door with half-listless eyes.

Rosamond feels that he can get on very well without her now. His great need for companionship is over; he is no longer unhappy, no longer lonely, for Frances occupies all his thoughts, not now to the saddening thereof. This gives the sister a little pang, but at the same time she is glad to see Hugh happy once more. She must have left him in any case, and it is well that her going will not be a grief to him.

Rosamond is her last leaving in this little parsonage of which she has grown fond for associations sake. She likes to look out at the elms, to listen to the busy cawing of the rooks. The first time she ever saw Gyle Despard was under those old trees. How long ago it seems since then! And the old

weather-stained church-tower reminds her the day when he swung himself down by the rotten bell-rope, at the risk of his neck. How cruel she was to him—how cold and rude! Why should she have been angry with him for wishing to hear her play? Was she really angry? This question she leaves unanswered, even to herself.

Here is Jerry Stamp at last. Rosamond leaves the open window, and goes herself to take the newspaper from the boy's hand. "Thank you, Jerry," she says, looking down at the ragged little urchin. "I am going away to-morrow, so good-bye, and here is half a crown for you."

Jerry grins as the coin falls into his dirty little palms and bounds away with a whoop like the war-whoop of a red Indian, without even feigning a sorrow he cannot just at that moment feel.

Rosamond carries the newspaper upstairs. She does not expect to find anything in it about the subject so near her heart. She has been disappointed so often that she has ceased to hope. It is often just at this juncture that the longed-for thing arrives.

Almost the first words that meet her eyes are the following, though they are in small type, and not in a conspicuous part of the paper: "STRANGE DISCLOSURE: CONFESSION OF A DYING MAN.—We copy the following from an American paper of a late date, but cannot vouch for its accuracy. Time will show whether the startling disclosure here made has any foundation in fact. In the great south-western hospital, New York, there has just died a man calling himself Edward Lynn. Everyone will remember the shocking tragedy which took place last year at Lynn, Marlshire, England—we mean the murder of Mr. Saxon Lynn of Lynn Royal. The murderer could never be discovered, though every possible means was used for his apprehension. It appears that the above Edward Lynn was the perpetrator of the crime, and—what makes the affair still more horribly tragic—was the brother of the murdered man. The father of Saxon Lynn, before inheriting the property, had been of a rather wild and reckless disposition, and had gone to America, perhaps in search of adventure, perhaps to seek that which his father denied. He had not been heard of for more than a year, when his father's death made him the owner of Lynn Royal. He made his appearance quickly enough then in answer to advertisements in the American papers, and soon afterwards married Lady Katherine L'Estrange, by whom he had first a daughter and secondly a son—the late lamented owner of Lynn Royal.

But it appears that Edward Lynn had married, while in America, a person of extremely low origin, who had died soon after that marriage, leaving an infant son. On the news of his accession to his father's estate, he had deserted the infant, who had henceforward been adopted by its mother's family. These people, shrewd and patient, had kept their own counsel while the lad was a minor. But they had managed to find out what position his father held in England, had heard of his death, and of the younger son's accession to the property, though still without making any move. Edward Lynn Lynn, when he dug for gold in California, or did lumbering work with his mother's people, little guessed he was the owner of twelve thousand a year.

"But, when the boy came of age, the Yankee uncle told him who he was, and what was the future that opened out before him. And, as soon as he could gather together the necessary funds—which was a year or more, for they were poor people—the young man started for England, promising all kinds of remembrances to the friends who had been kind to him in their own way for so many years.

"And now comes the tragic part of the story. "It appears that Edward Lynn Lynn's story gained no credence in London. No lawyer whom he consulted would have anything to do with the case. His proofs—a copy of his mother's marriage certificate and of his own birth registration—were looked upon as forgeries, and he was almost penniless before he wrote to Saxon Lynn himself, as a last resource. He wrote, demanding an interview on particular business, and vaguely hinting at some secret he had to disclose. It is not known what he expected his brother to do, or why he fixed upon so late an hour as twelve o'clock for their interview; but he himself has confessed, when on his death-bed in the New York hospital, that he brought a revolver in his pocket, determined to threaten his brother into restoring his rights. He came down to the little village of Lynn by a night train, walked up to the house by a short cut pointed out to him by a pedlar he met on the road, and also directed by a letter he had received from his brother, who had evidently wished their interview to be as secret as possible, perhaps hoping to bribe him into returning to America without putting in any further claim. However that may be, at twelve o'clock at night, with the snow lying on the ground, he went up to Lynn Royal, and had the memorable interview with his step-brother which ended so fatally.

"It was a short and stormy one. Both were passionate. The elder was driven to desperation by repeated disappointments, and, goaded to fury by the scorn and utter incredulity of the younger brother, with the recklessness of a San Francisco bully, as it appears he was, took out his revolver and, in a sudden fit of fury, shot him dead. Then he made his escape as he came, and left the village, just as the dawn was breaking, without being observed.

"This was the story of the dying man, imparted to the chaplain of the hospital. It appears that he had worked his passage back to America, giving up all idea of ever again putting in his claim to the property—had been stricken with fever soon after his arrival, and had died confessing his crime, and apparently deeply penitent for the same. Surely 'truth is stranger than fiction,' and in this episode lies romance enough for a three-volume novel of the most sensational calibre.

So ended the account in the newspaper. Rosamond reads on, scarcely comprehending what she reads. Then, as the full significance of the recital forces itself upon her, she bursts into tears of intense thankfulness, and wonders whether Gyle Despard knows of this strange, unhopied-for proof of his innocence.

The rest of the evening she spends in visions of the future not shadowed by a cloud, except the small cloud of Despard's absence. But she feels sure that he will soon come back, that he too will have seen this wonderful confession, the truth of which he will no doubt take further steps to prove.

Hugh does not come back to dinner; he is busy in the village. She is sorry for this, as she wishes to tell him the good news, and make him participator in her joy. But she is too happy to feel lonely. She knows he will be back at eight, or nine at the latest; and at eight she goes out into the garden to watch there for his arrival.

It is a glorious moonlit night; the white radiance lies silently on pathway and flower-bed, the sleeping flowers stand up ghostly in the weird light. Ever leaf casts a distinct shadow, every white blossom shows out of the gloom. Everything looks so familiar, and yet so strange, that Rosamond can hardly believe that it is the garden she knows so well, though she has often seen it by this light before.

Wandering down the garden-walk, she thinks of what it will be to the owner of Lynn Royal. She pictures it as it lies under

the moonlight, fair and unreal-looking as a dream. How the light gleams along the long iron-arches, and through the tall arches round about the fountain! How it shivers in the dark water, and wavers through the trees overhead! How it brings out all the quaint carvings of oriel and buttress and tower, and throws long shadows of the silent statues across the terrace! How beautiful it is! And it will soon be hers and his—nay, it is his already, his own beautiful home!

Then she pictures him to herself; and the picture is so vivid that she does not hear the garden door open—does not see Hugh standing at it without entering—does not perceive Gyle Despard striding towards her with impatient outstretched arms. But, when the arms have taken her into their clasp, when he bends his head to whisper "my darling!" then she knows that her dream has become a reality, and that the reality is with her.

THE END.

WORLD WAIVES.

Russell Sage is all that his last name implies. Most fruit-growers in the south are orangeries. Garfield began at a canal and Grant is going to end there. Hagemann is the appropriate name of a Pennsylvania judge. Vennor is to become an American citizen. We have long feared this blow.—Detroit Free Press.

Funds were left by Miss Lisetta Reist that Tower street, London, might be perpetually sprinkled with sand, to keep horses from slipping. Sir Thomas Hesketh, who recently married the daughter of Senator Sharon, is, according to London Truth, a lineal descendant of the infamous Judge Jeffreys. Rosa Bonheur, Mlle. Doda and Madame Abicot, together with five sisters of charity, are the only women, it is said, entitled to wear the decoration of the legion of honor.

The Princess of Wales is said to be so deeply grieved by the death of the little Grecian princess, her niece, that the festivities at Sandringham will be much abridged. A service was recently announced at St. Matthews, Sydenham, London, "for children of the upper classes." Whereupon the following amendment to the well-known saying was promptly offered by a newspaper commentator: "Suffer little children of the upper classes to come unto me."

After the death of Adelaide Neilson, her former husband, Mr. Philip H. Lee, was remarried to his second wife. By the decree of the divorce which Miss Neilson obtained in New York, he was prohibited from re-marrying, and the marriage he had contracted was regarded as invalid. The second ceremony was performed recently in Boulogne, France.

Lady Martin, formerly Miss Helen Faucit, the actress, and now the wife of Sir Theodore Martin, author of the "Life of the Prince Consort," has written two letters on the characters of Ophelia and Portia, which have been printed for private circulation, in which she gives Modjeska precedence as an actress over Bernhardt.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton has written a letter to her countrywomen, urging them to write their own full names, affixed to documents, letters and college catalogues. Looking over the latter she has seen Susie, Katie, Lillie, instead of Susan, Katharine, Elizabeth, and she says a boy would be laughed to scorn who should allow himself to be called Jimmy, Johnny, or Dickey. There is a moral influence, says this reformer, in a dignified name, representing a lifelong individual character.

It is announced that Prince Philippe de Bourbon, who offered himself to Miss Ayer, of Lowell, Mass., and was refused, is engaged to her mother, and the wedding is shortly to take place in Paris. The Prince is older than the mother, and is far less attractive in person and purse. He is, however, related to the King of Spain, the King of Italy, the Queen of Portugal and the King of the Belgians. Mrs. Ayer, is the widow of the celebrated druggist, whose mixtures and pills made him one of the richest men in this country.

A Singular City. De Amieis, speaking of Constantinople, says: "We can light our cigars in Europe and drop the ashes in Asia. Rising in the morning, we can inquire, 'What part of the world shall I visit to-day?' There is a choice between two continents and two seas. * * * Will you hear an Arabic legend related by a professional story-teller, or will you go to the Greek theatre? hear an Imamu preach? see the sultan pass by? Ask and receive. All nationalities are at your service—the Armenian to shave you, the Jew to black your boots, the Turk to show you to your bath, the Greek to bring you your coffee, and every one of them, to cheat you. If you are thirsty as you walk about, you can refresh yourself with ices made from the snows of Olympus; you can drink the water of the Nile, like the Sultan; or, if you have a weak stomach, the water of the Euphrates; or, if you are nervous, the water of the Danube. You can drive like the Arab in the desert, or like the gourmand at the Maison Doree."

According to a Chicago doctor the consumption of opium in that city is alarming. He says that fifty druggists have 235 regular customers. At a restaurant—Gentleman to waiter passing—"Will you kindly tell me the hour?" Excuse me, I am not waiting upon you; please ask the waiter of your section," he replies, and seeing the same says: "Tell this gentleman, John, what time it is."

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