

DAWN.

CHAPTER VI.

It was some time before Philip could make up his mind whether or no he would attend his tryst with Hilda. In the first place, he felt that it was an unsafe proceeding generally, inasmuch as moonlight meetings with so lovely a person might, should they come to the knowledge of Miss Lee, be open to misconstruction; and particularly because, should she show the least tenderness toward him, he knew in his heart that he could not trust himself. However much he might be engaged in another direction. At twenty-one the affections cannot be outraged with impunity, but have an awkward way of asserting themselves, ties of honor notwithstanding.

But as a rule, when in our hearts we wish to do anything, that thing must be had indeed if we cannot find a satisfactory excuse for doing it; and so it was with Philip. Now, thought he to himself, would be his opportunity to inform Hilda of his relations with Maria Lee, and to put an end to his flirtation with her; for ostensibly at any rate, it was nothing more than a very serious flirtation—that is to say, though there had been words of love, and even on her part a passionate avowal of affection, wrong in an unguarded moment from the depths of her proud heart, there had been no formal engagement. It was a thing that must be done, and now was the time to do it. And so he made up his mind to go.

But when, that night, he found himself sitting in the appointed place, and waiting for the coming of the woman he was about to discard, but whom he loved with all the intensity of his fierce nature, he began to view the matter in other lights, and to feel his resolution oozing from him. Whether it was the silence of the place that told upon his nerves, strained as they were with expectation—for silence, and more especially silence by night, is a great unveler of realities—or the dread of bitter words, or the presence of the sharp pang of parting—for he knew enough of Hilda to know that, what he had to say once said, she would trouble him no more—whether it was these things, or whatever it was that affected him, he grew most unaccountably anxious and depressed. Moreover, in this congenial condition of the atmosphere of his mind, all its darker and hidden characteristics sprung into a vigorous growth. Superstitions and presentiments crowded in upon him. He peopled his surroundings with the shades of intangible deeds that yet awaited doing, and grew afraid of his own thoughts. He would have fled from the spot, but he could not fly; he could only watch the flicker of the moonlight upon the peaceful pool beside him, and wait.

At last she came with quick and anxious steps, and though but a few minutes before he had dreaded her coming, he now welcomed it eagerly. For our feelings, of whatever sort, when directed toward each other, are so superficial as compared with the intensity of our fears when we are terrified by calamity, or the presence, real or fancied, of the unknown, that in any moment of emergency, more especially if it be of a mental kind, we are apt to welcome our worst enemy as a drowning man welcomes a spar.

"At last," he said, with a sigh of relief. "How late you are!"

"I could not get away. There were some people to dinner," and then, in softened voice, "How pale you look! Are you ill?"

"No, only a little tired."

After this there was silence, and the pair stood facing one another, each occupied with their own thoughts, and each dreading to put them into words. Once Philip made a beginning of speech but his voice failed him, the beating of his heart seemed to choke his utterance.

At length she leaned, as though for support, against the trunk of a pine tree, in the bough of which the night-breeze was whispering, and spoke in a cold clear voice.

"You asked me to meet you here to-night. Have you anything to say to me? No, do not speak; perhaps I had better speak first. I have something to say to you, and what I have to say may influence whatever is in your mind. Listen; you remember what passed between us nearly a month ago, when I was so weak as to let you see how much I loved you?"

Philip bowed his head in assent.

"Very good. I have come here to-night, not to give you any lover's meetings, but to tell you that no such marriage must be spoken again, and that I am about to make it impossible that they should be spoken either by you or by me. I am going away from here, never, I hope, to return."

"Going away?" he gasped. "When?"

There was the very thing he hoped for coming to pass, and yet the words felt upon him cold as ice, and struck him into misery.

"When? Why, to-morrow morning. A relation of mine is ill in Germany, the only one I have. I never saw him and care nothing for him, but it will give me a pretext, and, once gone, I shall not return. I have told Maria that I must go. She cried about it, poor girl!"

At these words, all recollection of his purpose passed out of Philip's mind; all he realized was that unless he could avert her determination, he was about to lose the woman he so passionately adored, and whose haughty pride was to him in itself more charming than all poor Maria's gentle love.

"Hilda, do not go," he said, seizing her hand, which she immediately withdrew; "do not leave me. You know how I love you!"

And why should I not leave you, even supposing it to be true that you do love me? To my cost I love you, and am I any longer to endure the daily humiliation of seeing myself, the poor German companion, who has nothing but her beauty, put aside in favor of another whom I also love? You say you love me, and bid me stay, now, tell me what is your purpose toward me? Do you intend to try to take advantage of my infatuation to make me your mistress? It is, I am told, a common thing for such proposals to be made to women in my position, whom it would be folly for wealthy gentlemen to marry. If so, abandon that idea for I tell you, Philip, that I would rather die than so disgrace my ancient name, to gratify myself. I know you money-loving English do not think very much of race unless the bearers of the name are rich; but we do; and, although you would think it a mesalliance to marry me, I, on the other hand, should not be proud of an alliance with you. Why, Philip, my when yours still herded the swine in these woods, I can show more than paid a visit to a club to which he had thirty quarters upon my shield, each the mark of a noble house, and later across them. Now, I have spoken plainly, indelicately perhaps, and there is only one more word to be said between us, and that word is good-bye, and she held out her hand.

He did not seem to see it; indeed, he had scarcely heard the latter part of what she said. Presently he lifted his face, and it bore traces of a dreadful inward struggle. It was deadly pale, and great black rings had painted themselves beneath the troubled eyes.

"Hilda," he said, hoarsely, "don't go; I cannot bear to let you go. I will marry you."

"Think of what you are saying, Philip, and do not be rash. I do not wish to entrap you into marriage. You love money. Remember that Maria, with all her possessions, asks nothing better than to become your wife, and that I have absolutely nothing but my name and my good looks. Look at me," and she stepped out into a patch of moonlight that found its way between the trees, and, drawing the filmy veil and bosom, stood before him in all the brightness of her beauty, shaded as it was, and made more lovely by the shadows of the night.

"Examine me very carefully," she went on, with bitter sarcasm, "look into my features and study my form and carriage, or you may be disappointed with your bargain, and complain that you have not got your money's worth. Remember, too, that an accident, an illness, and at the best the spoils of a few years, may quite and reflect, before I take you at your word."

Philip had sat or rather crouched himself down upon the log of a tree that lay outside the summer-house, and covered his face with his hand, though her loveliness was more than he could bear to look upon. Now, however, he raised his eyes and let them dwell upon her scornful features.

"I had rather," he said, slowly—"I had rather lose my life than lose you; I love you so that I would buy you at the price even of my honor. When will you marry me?"

"What, have you made up your mind so quickly? Are you sure? Then," and here she changed her whole tone out bearing, and passionately stretched out her arms toward him—"my dearest Philip, my life, my love, I will marry you when you will."

"To-morrow, if you like!"

"You must promise me something first."

"What is it?"

"That you will keep the marriage a complete secret, and bear another name until my father's death. If you do not, he will most probably disinherit me."

"I do not like your terms, Philip. I do not like secret marriages; but you are giving up much to marry me, so I suppose I must give up something to marry you."

"You solemnly promise that nothing shall induce you to reveal that you are my wife until I give you permission to do so?"

"I promise, that is, provided you do not force me to in self-defence."

Philip laughed.

"You need not fear that," he said. "But how shall we arrange about getting married?"

"I can meet you in London."

"Very well; I will go up early to-morrow, and get a license, and then on Wednesday I can meet you, and we can be married."

"As you will, Philip; where shall I meet you?"

He gave her an address which she carefully noted down.

"Now," she said, "you must go, it is late. Yes, you may kiss me now. There, minute he was gone."

"I have won the game," she mused; "poor Maria. I am sorry for her, but I will get over it, but mine is a sad fate; I love passionately, madly, but I do not marry the man I love. Why should our entanglement be so secret? He cannot be entangled with Maria, or she would have told me." And she stretched out her arms toward the path by which he had left her, and cried aloud, in the native tongue that sounded so soft upon her lips, "Oh, my heart's darling! If I could only trust you as well as I love you, it is a happy woman that I should be to-night."

Then followed a brief period of such desiring, as turned the London lodgings, dingy, and stuffy as they were in the height of the hot summer, into an earthly paradise, a garden of Eden, in which, alas! the serpent had no need to seek an entrance. But, as was natural, when the first glory of realized happiness was beginning to grow faint on their horizon, the young couple turned themselves to consider their position, and found in it, mutually and severally, many things that did not please them. For Philip, indeed, it was full of anxieties, for he had many complications to deal with. First there was his secret engagement to Maria Lee, of which, he it remembered, his wife was totally ignorant and which was in itself a sufficiently awkward affair for a married man to have upon his hands. Then there was the paramount need of keeping his marriage with Hilda as secret as the deed, to say nothing of the necessity of his living for the most part away from his wife. Indeed, his only consolation was that he had plenty of money on which to support her, inasmuch as his father had, from the date of setting up one Oxford, made him an allowance of one thousand a year.

Hilda had begun to discover that she was not without her troubles. For one thing her husband's fits of moodiness and fretful anxiety troubled her, and led her, possessed as she was with a more than ordinary share of womanly shrewdness, to suspect that he was hiding something from her. But what chiefly vexed her proud nature was the necessity of concealment, and all its attendant petty falsehoods and subterfuges. I do not need to say that Hilda cared not to be passed as Mrs. Roberts, and to be called not to show herself in public places in the daytime, where there was a possibility of her being seen by any one who might recognize in her striking figure the lady who had lived with Miss Lee in the shire. It was not pleasant to her to be obliged to reply to Maria Lee's affectionate letters, full as they were of entreaty for her return, by epistles that had to be forwarded to a country town in a remote district of Germany to be posted, and which were in themselves full of lies that, however white they might have seemed under all the circumstances, she felt in her conscience to be very black indeed. In short, there was in their union none of that sense of finality and of certainty that is, under ordinary circumstances, the distinguishing mark of marriage in this country; it partook rather of the nature of an illicit connection.

At the end of a fortnight of wedded bliss all these little things had begun to make themselves felt, and in truth they were but the commencement of a great evil. For one afternoon, Philip, for the first time since his wedding, tore himself away from his wife's side, and being newly elected, here he found no less than three letters from his father, the second requesting his return, the second commending it in exceptionally polite language, and the third—which, written in mingled anxiety and anger, had just arrived—officially announcing his parent's intention, should he not hear of him by return, to discover detective officers to work to find his whereabouts. From this letter, it appeared, indeed, that his cousin George had already been dispatched to London to look for him, and on reference to the hall-porter he discovered that a gentleman answering to his description had already inquired for him several times.

Cursing his own folly in not having kept up some communication with his father, he made the best of his way back to his lodgings to find Hilda waiting for him somewhat disconsolately.

"I am glad you have come back, love," she said drawing him toward her till his dark curls mingled with her own fair locks, and kissing him upon the forehead. "I have missed you dreadfully. I don't understand how I can have lived all these years without you."

"I am afraid, dear, you will have to live without me for awhile now; listen," and he read her the letters he had just received.

She listened attentively till he had finished.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, with some anxiety in her voice.

"Do you know of course I must go home at once."

"And what am I to do?"

"Well, I don't know; I suppose that you must stop here."

"That will be pleasant for me, will it not?"

"No, dear, it will be pleasant for neither you nor me; but what can I do? You know the man my father is to deal with; if I stop here in defiance of his wishes, especially as he has been anxious about me, there is no knowing what might happen. Remember, Hilda, that we have to deal with George, whose whole life is devoted to secret endeavors to supplant me. If I were to give him such an opportunity as I should by stopping away now, I should deserve all I got, or rather all I did not get."

Hilda sighed and acquiesced; had she been a softer-minded woman she would have wept and soothed her feelings, but she was not soft-minded. And so, before the post went out, he wrote an affectionate letter to his father, expressing his sorrow at the latter's anxiety and at his own negligence at not having written to him, the fact of the matter being, he said, that he had been taken up with visiting some of his Oxford friends and had not till that afternoon been near his club to look for letters. He would, however, he added, return on the morrow, and make his apologies in person.

This letter he handed to his wife to read.

"Do you think that will do?" he asked, when she had finished.

"Oh, yes," she replied with a touch of her old sarcasm, "it is a masterpiece of falsehood."

Philip looked very angry, and fumed and fretted, but he made no reply, and on the following morning he departed to Braitham Abbey.

"Ah, Philip, Philip!" said his father, under the mellow influence of his fourth glass of port, on the night of his arrival. "I know well enough what kept you up in town. Well, well, I don't complain; in young men will be young men; but don't let these affairs interfere with the business of life. Remember Maria Lee, my boy; you have serious interests in that direction, interests that must not be trifled with, you will not trifle with."

His son made no reply, but sipped his wine at his heart for

his absent bride, and wondering what his father would say, did he really know what had kept him so long.

After this, matters went smoothly enough for a month or more; since, fortunately for Philip, the great Maria Lee questioned a question that the more he considered it the more hasty did it appear, was for the moment shelved by the absence of that young lady on a visit to her aunt in the Isle of Wight. Twice during the month, he managed, on different pretexts, to get up to London and visit his wife, whom he found as patient as was possible under the circumstances, but anything but happy. Indeed, on the second occasion, she urged on him strongly the indignity of her position, and even begged him to make a clean breast of it to his father, offering to undertake the task herself. He refused equally warmly, and some sharp words ensued, to be, however, quickly followed by a reconciliation.

On his return from his second visit, Philip found a note signed, "affectionately yours, Maria Lee," waiting for him, which announced that young lady's return, and begged him to come over to lunch the following day.

He went, indeed, he had no alternative but to go, and again fortune favored him in the person of a diffident young lady who was stopping with Maria, and who never left her side all that afternoon, much to the disgust of the latter and the relief of Philip. One thing, however, he was not spared, and that was the perusal of Hilda's parental letter, written apparently from Germany, and giving a lively description of the writer's daily life and the state of her uncle's health which, she said, precluded all possibility of her return. As he already knew it every line too well; for, as Hilda refused to undertake the task, he had but a week before drafted it himself. But Philip was growing hard to read in deception, and found it possible to read it from end to end, and speculate upon its contents with Maria without blush or hesitation.

But he could not always expect to find Miss Lee in the custody of such an obtuse friend; and needless to say, it became a matter of very serious importance to him to know how he should treat her. It occurred to him that the safest course might be to throw himself upon her generosity and make a clean breast of it; but when it came to the point he was too weak thus to expose his shameful conduct to the woman whose honor he had won, and to whom it was bound by every tie of honor that a gentleman holds sacred. He thought of the scornful wonder with which she would listen to his tale, or disaster in the future to the certainty of present shame. In the end, he was content to establish a species of confidential intimacy with Maria, which whilst it somewhat mystified the poor girl, was not without its charm, inasmuch as it tended to transform the every-day Philip into a hero of romance.

But in the main Maria was ill-suited to play heroine to her wooer's hero. Her self as open as the daylight it was quite incomprehensible to her why their relationship should be kept why, if her lover gave her a kiss, it should be done with as many precautions as though he were about to commit a murder.

(To be Continued.)

FINANCE.

Harduppe—Isn't it a beastly thing to have a lot of debts you can't pay.

Gratgrind—I know of only one thing worse.

And what's that?

To have a lot of debts you can't make other people pay.

The Same... Old Sarsaparilla.

That's Ayer's. The same old sarsaparilla as it was made and sold by Dr. J. C. Ayer 50 years ago. In the laboratory it is different. There modern appliances lend speed to skill and experience. But the sarsaparilla is the same old sarsaparilla that made the record—50 years of cures. Why don't we better it? Well, we're much in the condition of the Bishop and the raspberry: "Doubtless," he said, "God might have made a better berry. But doubtless, also, He never did." Why don't we better the sarsaparilla? We can't. We are using the same old plant that cured the Indians and the Spaniards. It has not been bettered. And since we make sarsaparilla compound out of sarsaparilla plant, we see no way of improvement. Of course, if we were making some secret chemical compound we might... But we're not. We're making the same old sarsaparilla to cure the same old diseases. You can tell it's the same old sarsaparilla because it works the same old cures. It's the sovereign blood purifier, and—its Ayer's.

FALL FUN.

"You ought to go to Alaska, Mr. Staylate." "Why so?" "They have a night there two months long." He went.

Watts—"Honestly, now don't you have a sort of belief that Friday is an unlucky day?" Fotts—"I know it. That's the day my wife goes targa chasing."

Private Moriarty, the raw recruit—"Halt, will ye? Who goes there?" Capt. Bighad, indignantly—"Fool!" Private Moriarty, unabashed—"Advance, fool, an' giv' th' countersign."

Ere long the farmer gay will go with face all free from sorrow To make advances to the men From whom he used to borrow.

"I see a party of missionaries has started for Klondyke." "Yes, I suppose they intend to operate on the people who are homeward bound with tales of their rich finds."

For the Klondyke fever (The only cure—alack!— Is to drop a Klondyke Icicle down the back.

"Do you consider Meeker a self-made man?" "No; I think he was made to order." "Why so?" "Well, judging from the way his wife orders him around he must have been made for that purpose."

"I wonder," said the emotional girl, "why men do not fight for a woman's love as they did in the days of chivalry." "Because," said the disgustingly handsome young man, "it is easier for a fellow to go to a summer resort."

CHAPTER VII.

Nothing occurred to interfere with the plan of action decided on by Hilda and Philip; no misadventure came to mock them, dashing the Tantalus cup of joy to earth before their eyes. On the contrary, within forty-eight hours of the conversation recorded in the last chapter, they were as completely and irrevocably man and wife, as a special license and the curate of a city church, assisted by the clerk and

the new method treatment is the greatest discovery of the age for curing these diseases

WEAK, NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN

250,000 CURED IN 20 YEARS.

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY!

\$1000 IN GOLD FOR A CASE WE CANNOT CURE OF SELF-ABUSE, EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, CONCEALED DRAINS, STRICTURE GLEET, SYPHILIS, STUNTED PARTS, LOST MANHOOD, IMPOTENCY, NERVOUS DEBILITY, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, ETC.



A NERVOUS WRECK.

Thousands of young and middle aged men are annually swept to a premature grave by any of the following symptoms consult us before it is too late. Are you nervous, weak, back, kidneys irritable, specks before the eyes with dark circles under the eyes, constant and gloomy, palpitation of the heart, bashful, dreamy and expression, poor memory, listless, distrustful, lack energy and strength, tired, restless nights, changeable moods, weak manhood, stunted organs and premature decay, bone pains, hair loss, sore throat, etc.

YOU HAVE SEMINAL WEAKNESS!

OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT alone can cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purifier, the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear; energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all drains various organs become natural and manly. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be conditionally and free of charge. Don't let quicks and fakirs rob you of your hard earned dollars. We will cure you or we pay.

HAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED?

SYPHILIS is the most prevalent and most serious BLOOD disease. It saps the very life blood of the victim and unless entirely eradicated from the system will affect the offspring. Beware of Mercury. It suppresses the symptoms—our NEW METHOD positively cures it for ever.

YOUNG OR MIDDLE-AGED MAN—You've led a gay life or indulged in the follies of youth. Self-abuse or other excesses have broken down your system. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. Mentally, physically and sexually you are not the man you used to be or should be. Lustful practices reap rich harvests. Will you heed the **READER!** Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Don't! Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. Consultation Free. Changes reasonable. Books Free. The Golden Monitor (Illustrated) on Diseases of Men. No more used without WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No medical agent C.O.D. No names, dates or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of treatment, FREE.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 148 SHELBY ST. DETROIT, MICH.