

HOW IT ENDED.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

So it is all over, then—in that quarter, at all events. Eyre, having bowed himself out of his host's presence, after forcing himself, as in duty bound, to make courteous acknowledgment of hospitality received, which acknowledgment has been as courteously accepted, has sent a message to the village for a trap to take him and his belongings to the inn down there as soon as may be. He is raging with indignation and disgust. That old Goth! He will give his daughter to a man she hates just because in a foolish moment the poor girl has been coerced into an engagement with him. Never had the spirit of Don Quixote been so strongly reproduced in Mr. Eyre's heart at this moment. He will come to her aid, father or no father! What! would any man stand still and see a girl wantonly, deliberately sacrificed and not put out a hand to help—to save? If so, his name is not Lucien Eyre!

To see Dulcinea is, however, necessary. She must be made cognizant of the plot laid against her happiness. Up to this, poor child, she has regarded her engagement as a usual thing, if hateful; but she must now learn that force will be employed if she refuses to go calmly to the altar with that abominable Sir Ralph.

He has just stepped into the corridor when he comes face to face with her.

"Well, I've seen your father," says he.

"What! Oh, no!" says she.

"Yes, I have and a bigger old—I beg your pardon. But—"

"He says I must hold to my engagement with Sir Ralph."

"He says that, and that only. If you were a slave he could not have made it more distinct that you were without power in the matter."

"Surely"—growing very pale—"you exaggerate a little. A slave! Whose slave?"

"Sir Ralph's presently, if you don't take swift measures to free yourself. Dulcinea, you trust me, don't you? Come away with me. Come this evening. There is a train at half-past six; meet me there, and—"

"And what?"

"I'll take you up to town to my sister's and we can be married to-morrow morning."

"Married to-morrow morning! And—"

—and he—

"He!" meaning her father; she, however, had not meant her father; "why, he deserves all he will get—no more."

"True, true!" says she, as if trying to work herself up to the necessary point of valor. "A slave, you said. But still—"

"Dulcinea! Dulcinea!" roars some one in the distance.

It is the voice of the "Goth."

"He's calling me; I must go!" says she, taking her hand away from Eyre in a little frightened fashion.

"Remember," whispers he, holding her by her sleeve—"remember, the train; the station is only a mile from this; 6.30—keep it in mind. I shall be there. It is nothing of a walk, and—"

"But my clothes!"

"Oh, nonsense! My sister will—"

"Dulcinea!"

It is a very angry roar this time.

Dulcinea, with a wistful, undecided glance at Eyre, rushes down the passage that leads to her father's sanctum, and disappears.

"You called me, father?" says she, nervously.

"Called you! I should think so? Half a dozen times at least. What were you doing? Philandering with that thundering idiot upstairs, eh? I should think, considering his birth—and he comes of decent people enough, though they are English—that to make love to a girl in her father's house without her father's consent was a most damnable low sort of thing to do."

"You wrong Mr. Eyre when you talk of him like that," says Dulcinea, loyally.

Eyre had meant to befriend her. A ray of the fire that blazes within her father's eyes shines in her own at this moment.

"Look here!" says the McDermot, furiously; "you can fancy yourself in love with whom you like, but you shall marry Anketell all the same. You've given your word to him, and I'll see that you keep it!"

"I shall not marry him unless I wish it," says his daughter, with distinct defiance; whereupon the McDermot breaks out in a terrible way, and says all sorts of bitter, unpardonable things, until the girl, who is in a white heat of rage in her own way, flings wide the door and rushes into the garden, to find rest and peace and room for thought.

She finds, however, only her cousin.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Is it not time, then, to be wise?—Or now, or never?"

Perhaps to her it has seemed that "rest" and "peace" may be found in him. Fond hope!

"Andy!" calls she; "Andy!" He is at the other end of the garden, and at first does not hear her. "Andy!" however, raises him to a proper frame of mind.

"Hi!" says he, from the middle of a bed of cabbage.

"Come here! come, at once! It is something very important."

This brings him to her at the rate of forty knots an hour.

"Well, what's the matter now?" says he.

"Everything!" says Miss McDermot with commendable brevity.

"That generally means nothing with a girl," says her cousin, contemptuously. "However, to do you justice, you look like business this time. What is it, eh?"

"If I could be sure of you, Andy," says she, forlornly; "but you will be as likely as not to take his side."

"Whose side?"

"Well, you see!"—hesitating—"It's this way—"

Dead pause.

"Oh! go on, for goodness' sake. If you have anything on what you are pleased to call your mind, get it off! You look—with all the delightful sympathy that, as a rule, distinguishes the male members of one's family—like a sick chicken. Anything fresh? or is it the same old game—our well-beloved uncle on the rampage again?"

"Yes! And this time with a vengeance!" says Dulcinea wrathfully. "He insists on my keeping my engagement with Sir Ralph, in spite of the fact that I decline to go on with it!"

"You!" Andy pauses and twists her round so as to get a good view of her. "What's up now?" says he. "You decline to go on with your engagement! Why? What's the matter with Sir Ralph?"

"That isn't the question!" says she, vehemently. "I refuse to discuss Sir Ralph with you or anybody. What has to be considered is, whether I am to be sold—yes, sold—against my will to anybody!"

"Keep your hair on," says her cousin, blandly. "There's something behind this slave market business, isn't there? I never heard a word of it until that young friend of yours fell in to the bog and was dragged out by some inconsiderate person by the hair of his head, and brought home to be nursed by you."

"I don't know of any one who fell into a bog, and was pulled out by his hair," says she, coldly.

"Look here, Dulcinea," putting her down on a moldering rustic seat, let's give a name to it. Eyre is the bogged one's name. And I expect he has been making love to you—eh?"

"At all events he isn't like some people!" exclaims she, with a little frown. "He doesn't lecture and scold and trample on me from morning till night!"

"We shall now proceed to give a name to the trampler," says Mr. McDermot. "Anketell! And so you want to throw over Anketell and marry Eyre? Is that what it comes to?"

"N-o. Not exactly."

"Then you want to throw over Anketell and not marry Eyre. Is that it?"

"No—not quite."

"Then, my good girl, what is it? If you could throw just one ray of light upon the mystery, I might be able to see you home."

"Well—it's this, then!" says she, with a sudden touch of passion. "I won't submit to be ordered to marry any one and certainly not a tyrant like Sir Ralph! Why, if you could have heard him yesterday! But never mind that. The fact is, Andy, that Mr. Eyre—asked me to marry him; and—I didn't say yes—because—Well—never mind that, either. But he went to father, and father, it appeared, was distinctly rude, and told him—Well—sighing—"never mind that, either."

"Is there," asks Mr. McDermot, mildly, "anything I may mind?"

"Yes—this," says she, her anger growing. "He then sent for me."

"He? Eyre? Just like his impudence."

"He is not impudent, and it is father who sent for me."

"To give you a good scolding, I hope."

"If you hope that—trying to rise—"

"There is no use in my going on with this explanation."

"Yes, there is—every use. I'm sure to come in handy sooner or later, and therefore it is necessary the plot should be laid bare to me. Come, go on, do! We can have our little war later. What did the governor say to you?"

"That I should marry Sir Ralph whether I liked it or not—that nothing should prevent my keeping my engagement with him. He—"

"gave me to understand that if I loathed Sir Ralph I should still marry him."

"But you don't loathe him."

"I'm not sure. I—passionately—I am actually certain that he has backed up father in this matter, and if only to punish me for being a little—"

"You're a little—"

"Well, to punish me for that he, too, is in the plot to compel me to marry him."

"What rot!" says her cousin, forbiddingly. "Inlegantly. That isn't a bit like Anketell! You must be out of your mind to talk of him like that!"

"You don't know him as I do. You think he is fond of me. Now, I—"

raising her head and gazing at her cousin with glowing eyes—"I know that he detests me!"

"Come in and have your head shaved! Come quickly. Typhoid, I should say, to look at you."

"Nonsense! There—don't go on like a lunatic! I mean every word I say. The very last interview I had with him, he was rude and cutting, and indifferent, and cruel, and—"

"He must have forgotten to pay a compliment or two," says her cousin, thoughtfully.

"You can jest if you like," says Dulcinea, rising now with determination. "I did think, Andy," casting a reproachful glance at him, "that I might have hoped for sympathy and help from you!"

"I don't think I understand it," says Andy, carefully. "You want to marry Eyre, and you don't want to marry Anketell; is that it?"

to marry either of them."

"Not Eyre," doubtfully.

"Certainly not. All I want is—to be free. To let Sir—"

To let father see that I am not to be commanded to marry any one. Andy," coaxingly, "help me. Speak to—father—do! Help me to break off this odious engagement."

"And so let you free to marry that whipper-snapper upstairs, with his black, black eye! No, I won't!" says Andy, with decision; "Sir Ralph is worth a dozen of him. Do you think I don't see through you? You have fallen in love with that Italian, who looks quite absurd without the monkey and the organ, and you want to pretend that all you desire is freedom."

"You refuse to help me, then?" asks Dulcinea, looking suddenly very tall and very white and very earnest.

"To your hurt—yes."

"Very well, then. Since you have all forsaken me I shall act for myself. I shall let you and father and Sir Ralph see what I can do—unaided."

She turns and walks down the path toward the gate.

"Look here, Dulcinea. Come back! let's talk it over," says he, hurrying after her, impressed in spite of himself by her manner.

But she waves him to one side with an imperious gesture, and is soon lost to sight.

"It's going to be a fine evening for fireworks," says Mr. McDermot, contemplating the sky with a thoughtful air. "Great display! unlimited variety! magnificent effect! And smoke!—much smoke!"

CHAPTER IX.

"Thou didst delight my eyes, yet who art I? Nor first, nor last, nor best, that durst once dream of thee for prize, nor this the only time, thou shalt set love to rhyme."

How dark it is walking along this silent road! Dark, though only six o'clock.

How quickly the day dies when it is December! Such a moon as this is hardly worth talking about; and yet without it, obscured as it is, how much more dismal would the night be! Was there ever before so silent a night? Are all the dogs in the farmhouses dead? There is no sound at all anywhere, save the stir of sea, in the starlight, far, far below, down there, where all things seem to sink into one.

Bridget!—what is Bridget thinking now? Has she found out she is gone? No; not yet. It is early really, though it looks so late. Oddly enough, it is to the servant the girl's mind first turns, as in her mad angry folly she runs along the road that leads to the little wayside station of which Eyre had spoken to her. Her hint to Andy that she would let lover and father and cousin see what she could do is now in process of full completion. When Eyre had suggested to her to run away with him and be married by special license, she had certainly at the moment, though seeming to dally with the idea, no real intention of following it up. But Sir Ralph's unfortunate coldness of the day before, her father's stern command, and finally her cousin's mocking determination not to help her to her folly, had been all too much for her childish pride. She had revolted, once for all; she would show them!

Eyre's last words about the 6.30 train his earnest, really honest expression as he spoke, had lingered in her memory and waiting, locked up in her own room, she had, when night grew, dressed herself in her warmest clothing, and slipping out at the side door, began her journey to Denygra station.

Was there ever so long a mile? or a road so deserted? At first she had prayed that no one might see or meet her on her way to the station; but now she would have given a good deal to hear the sound of cartwheels, or the joggrot of a farmer's horse. But there is no fair anywhere to-day in the neighborhood, and so the road remains empty and quiet.

The moon, coming out at last from behind a bank of dark gray clouds, serves only to heighten rather than to lessen her sense of loneliness. Now each hillock an tree and bunch of furze takes shape and action, and threaten to attack her on every side. The terrors of the night are great to those who know nothing of it, safe within carefully-closed doors of house or carriage. To Dulcinea, running along through the dull darkness, a sense of despair mingled with active fear is uppermost!

"Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!"

Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds."

In vain she tells herself that it is not really night, that it is only six o'clock; that a few months ago, this very hour and time and dreadful darkness would still be called day. It is with a sigh that grows into a sob of passionate relief, that at last she sees the lamps shining in the little station before her, with, over there a quarter of a mile to the left, the glimmering lights—of the small town that has given its name to the station.

Hurriedly she enters it, and, reaching the dim platform, that seems enveloped in a cloudy mist, stands irresolute. Only for a moment, however, Eyre has come to her, has seized her hand, is drawing her into the full-er lights beyond.

"Let us stay here," says she, in a choking tone. "No one can see us here. And—oh! a little wildly, "it was a long walk. How far—how far am I from home!"

"You are nervous," says he, sensibly—too sensibly; "and it is my fault. I forgot, when I suggested to you that the walk here was only a mile, that it would be undertaken in midwinter. It never occurred to me that six o'clock would mean night at this time of year. You must try to forgive me that. What is that you have? Your bag? Give it to me."

The station is such a minor one that, at this hour, it is given to absolute solitude—almost. In the far distance a sturdy farmer is trudging to and fro, puffing and blowing, and seek-

ing to the station house, and just here, warmth in his body, and just here, where Dulcinea stands, a laborer goes by on his homeward way, and there—over there, where the gloom is thickest—stands, by all the worst luck in the world, Ralph Anketell.

He had been lurching in this part of the neighbourhood during the afternoon, and expecting a parcel by this train, had decided to wait and take it home with him. He had seen Eyre's arrival, and wondered at his punctuality, the train not being due for a quarter of an hour or so; had felt a sense of satisfaction in the thought that he was really leaving—a thought justified by the amount of luggage lying on the platform; had designedly withdrawn so far into the shade that he should be unseen by the man he suspects to be his rival, and had seen Dulcinea's nervous entrance and Eyre's eager greeting of her.

To for one instant imagine their meeting involuntary would be to know himself a fool, and when he sees Eyre possess himself of the small bag that Dulcinea carries he knows the truth as surely as though all the world were crying it within his ears.

Numbed—stupefied—chilled to the heart's core he stands watching the girl to whom he has given every thought and desire of his life, wilfully making havoc of them.

"Nervous!" says Dulcinea, vaguely, staring at Eyre as if hardly understanding him. It has come home to her that certainly he does not understand her. Nervous! Is that the word for this awful pain that is tugging at her heart? Oh, what madness had brought her here?

A sense of fear—distinct, clutching, is shaking her. It grows too dreadful to be borne. Eyre is talking to her. She is conscious of that; but no word he utters is clear to her. To go back, to go back!—that one thought, and that only, is beating like a hammer in her brain, but behind it, and through it, comes another—the oddest one, surely—that if she goes she will never see Anketell again!

Presently the mists of her brain clear a little, and she can wonder within herself. Eyre is still talking—kindly, no doubt, and soothingly; but it doesn't seem of any consequence at all what he is saying. Ralph! What will he think? When he hears she is gone—gone; what will he think then? She becomes for the first time conscious that she is cold—so cold! It must be the night air that is making her shiver like this.

She must go back. She will. Even the dull lights in the station are beginning to add to her terror. Surely—surely every one is looking at her, wondering about her, gossiping about her!

Yes, the one person who in reality is looking at her with an anguish which is the one person unsuspected by her.

She sighs heavily as one might whose mind is made up after a long conflict. She throws up her head. Eyre is still speaking.

"We shall not have long to wait now," he is saying; "the train is just due. Come, we had better move a little this way."

"I can't!" she pauses and looks straight at her companion, a terrible misery in her eyes. It seems as if speech has deserted her. "I won't go any farther," she gasps, at last painfully.

"You mean?" questions Eyre, as if not able to grasp the truth that lies so plainly in her white face and gleaming eyes.

As he pauses for an answer the shrill whistling of the approaching train cleaves the sharp, crisp air.

"Forgive me!" says the girl, trembling in every limb. "I—I thought I could do it, but I can't. I'm frightened—"

"I told you you were nervous," says he. "And I know it is a wrench, but surely, darling, it is best for you; you have so often told me how unhappy you were—"

"I must have lied to you," says she, solemnly. "Lied. Not meaning it—not intentionally; but because I didn't know. I know now. I must go home; I must."

"As you will, of course!" says Eyre, very stiffly. Has all his chivalry come to this that she will none of him, of his aid, or sympathy, or affection. Surely he is as modern a Don Quixote as one may hope to find! "You really wish to return?"

"I do—I do, indeed!" says the poor child, clasping her hands imploringly.

Mr. Eyre makes but one answer to this impassioned and distinctly unflattering appeal—he returns her her bag. To the man in the dusk beyond, watching them with a livid face, this act seems unprecedented.

"Has it occurred to you how you are to get back?" asks Eyre, in a tone calculated to freeze a salamander.

"I shall be able to manage that!"—feverishly. "I shall indeed! Ah!—there is your train!" as that snorting machine dashes into the station. "Go!—go!"

"I shall 'go' certainly, sooner or later," says he, sullenly. "Though considerably later than will please you, to judge by your manner. But before I oblige you, I shall see you safe into your home."

"If you do you will miss your train. Do—do think of that!" says she, in a small agony. "See—they are shutting the doors, an— Oh! breaking off with a little gasp of hope that ends almost in a cry, "there is Andy! Andy!" calling out loud. "There! Don't you see him? Just running into the station! I'd know his legs anywhere! Andy! Andy!"

A HANDSOME DOWRY.

The Many Curious Places in Which Instances Have Been Found.

A few days ago an Afridi's baby had a peculiar experience on the battle-field. On an Afridi being shot it was discovered that he had been carrying a baby, and the British troops could not leave this on the ground with the dead man. Of course, no provision had been made for such an emergency, but still the soldiers were quite equal to the occasion, and carried the little stranger with them, on the march. Later on, when returning, they left it near the spot, where they originally found it, and this was done in full view of many of the enemy in the hope that it would be soon handed over to its mother. This little creature has thus had an experience which will often be referred to in after life.

A somewhat similar thing happened during the Russo-Turkish war. While the soldiers of a Russian regiment were marching from Plevna upon Constantinople they fell in with a female infant that had been deserted. The men took charge of the little lonely child, and she grew up as the daughter of the regiment. The most romantic part of the story, however, remains to be told, for this Turkish foundling was married two or three years ago to an officer in Russia, where her military foster-parents provided her with

A HANDSOME DOWRY.

Last year a man died at Birmingham who had, through life, the satisfaction of knowing that his birthplace was of a unique character, inasmuch as he was born on the battlefield of Waterloo. He was the descendant of a family of soldiers, and his father, who was with the 97th Cameron Highlanders, was killed in the memorable engagement at Hougoumont. She had followed her husband out, and thus it happened that the little stranger made its appearance amid the din and roar of battle. Although torn under such circumstances, he did not develop into a soldier, but, becoming a railway guard, frequently had the honor of acting in that capacity to the Queen's train.

Another romantic story is told in connection with the American Civil War. After one of the battles a baby, clothed in fine apparel, was found among the dead and wounded, and as no one came forward to claim it, the opinion was formed that its parents had perished in the strife. Of course it was impossible to say whether it belonged to the Northern or Southern side; but ultimately a Southern soldier and his wife took the child, and cared for her as if she had been their own. She grew into a handsome and cultured young lady, and in course of time married Thomas E. Watson, farmer and lawyer.

ANOTHER INCIDENT.

Of a baby on the battlefield is also furnished by America. It was at the time of the Revolution, during the invasion of Charleston, when the country north of Cooper's River was ravaged by Col. Tarleton and the British. Some of the men reached the plantation of Mr. Gibbs at night, and after killing the cattle and shooting down the negroes, proceeded to shell the house. Mr. Gibbs was unfortunately a helpless cripple, but his eldest daughter, a girl of thirteen, with the help of the servants, carried him and a younger sister to a place of safety.

After doing this she discovered that the baby, a boy two years of age, had been left behind. By this time, however, the house was in flames, shells were falling thick around it, and the field was full of soldiers. Still she determined to save the baby, and ran toward the house, but she was caught by a soldier. "Where are you going?" he demanded, and when she replied, "For our baby," the soldiers stopped firing.

When she entered the house, its destruction was so far completed that the walls began to crumble, and the flames shot up through the roof. It is said that, when she reappeared a moment later with a white bundle in her arms, the soldiers cheered her loudly as she ran to the spot where her father had been placed. The heroic girl was badly burned, but she recovered, while the baby whose life she had thus saved afterwards became the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Penwick.

HER IDEA OF TEMPERANCE.

A little school girl in the rural districts of Georgia was told to write a composition on "Temperance." She turned out the following: "Temperance is more better than whisky. Whisky is ten cents a drink, and lots of it. My pa drinks whisky. He has been full 113 times. One night he came home late and ma went out and cut some hickories and walloped him good. Then she ducked his head in a tub of soap-suds and locked him up in the barn. And the next morning my pa said he reckoned he'd swear off."

RICHEST GOLD MINE.

The richest gold mine in the world is located under the thriving town of Ballarat, Victoria, Australia. It yields but half an ounce of standard gold to the ton, and yet the Bagd. Barton and Albion mines had yielded more than \$500,000,000 of gold since it was opened 30 years ago.

ALL HE REQUIRES.

A Russian nobleman, Count Rambunsky, has written to Mayor Warwick, of Philadelphia, saying that he has a good-looking son, 24 years of age, who wants to make a Philadelphia woman his wife and a Countess. All he requires is beauty and a dot of \$3,000,000.

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