

# DAWN

## CHAPTER XXXV.

Had Arthur been a little less wrapped up in thoughts of Angela, and a little more alive to the fact that, being engaged or even married to one woman does not necessarily prevent complications arising with another, it might have occurred to him to doubt the prudence of the course of life that he was pursuing at Madeira. And, as it is, it is impossible to acquit him of showing a want of knowledge of the world amounting almost to folly, for he should have known upon general principles that, for a man in his position, a grizzly bear would have been a safer daily companion than a young and lovely widow, and the North Pole a more suitable place of residence than Madeira. But he simply did not think about the matter, and, as the ice has a treacherous way of not cracking till it suddenly breaks, so outward appearances gave him no indication of his danger.

And yet the facts were full of evil promises, for, as time went on, Mildred Carr fell headlong in love with him. There was no particular reason why she should have done so. She might have had scores of men, handsomer, cleverer, more distinguished, for the asking, or, rather, for the waiting to be asked. Beyond a certain ability of mind, a taking manner, and a sympathetic, thoughtful face, with that tinge of melancholy upon it which women sometimes find dangerously interesting, there was nothing so remarkable about Arthur that a woman possessing her manifold attractions and opportunities, should, unsought and without inquiry, lavish her affection upon him.

There is only one satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon, which, indeed, is a very common one, and that is, that he was her fate, the one man whom she was to love in the world, for no woman worth the name ever loves two, however many she may happen to marry. For this curious difference would appear to exist between the sexes. The man can attach himself, though in a varying degree, to several women in the course of a lifetime, whilst the woman, the true, pure-hearted woman, cannot so adapt her best affections. Once given, like the law of the Medes and Persians, it altereth not.

Mildred felt, when her eyes first met Arthur's in Donald Currie's office, that this man was for her different from all other men, though she did not put the thought in words even to herself. And from that hour till she embarked on board the boat he was continually in her mind, a fact which so irritated her that she nearly missed the steamer on purpose, only changing her mind at the last moment. And then, when she had helped him to carry Miss Terry to her cabin, their hands had accidentally met, and the contact had sent a thrill through her frame such as she had never felt before. The next development that she could trace was her jealousy of the black-eyed girl whom she saw him helping about the deck, and her consequent rudeness.

Up to her present age Mildred Carr had never known a single touch of love; she had not even felt particularly interested in her numerous admirers, but now this marble Galatea had by some freak of fate found a woman's heart, awkwardly enough, without the semblance of a supplication on the part of him whom she destined to play Pygmalion. And, when she examined herself by the light of the flame thus newly kindled, she shrank back dismayed, like one who peeps over the crater of a volcano commencing its fiery work. She had believed her heart to be callous to all affection of this nature, it had seemed as dead as the mummied hyacinth; and now it was a living, suffering thing, and all alight with love. She had tasted a new wine, and it burned her, and 'twas bitter-sweet, and yet she longed for more. And thus, by slow and sad degrees, she learned that her life, which had for thirty years flowed on its quiet way unshadowed by love's wing, must henceforth own his dominion, and be a slave to his sorrows and caprices. No wonder that she grew afraid!

But Mildred was a woman of keen insight into character, and it did not require that her powers of observation should be sharpened by the condition of her affection, to show her that, however deeply she might be in love with Arthur Heigham, he was not one little bit in love with her. Knowing the almost irresistible strength of her own beauty and attractions, she quickly came to the conclusion—and it was one that sent a cold chill through her—that there must be some other woman blocking the path to his heart. For some reason or other, Arthur had never spoken to her of Angela, either because a man very rarely volunteers information to a woman concerning his existing relationship with another of her sex, knowing that to do so would be to depreciate his value in her eyes, or from an instinctive knowledge that the subject would not be an agreeable one, or perhaps because the whole matter was too sacred to him. But she on her part, determined to probe his secret to the bottom. So one sleepy afternoon, when they were sitting on the museum veranda, about six weeks after the date of their arrival in the island, she took her opportunity.

Mildred was sitting, or rather half-lying, in a cane work chair, gazing out over the peaceful sea, and Arthur, looking at her, thought what a lovely little woman she was, and wondered what it was that made her face and eyes so much softer and more attractive of late. Miss Terry was also there, complaining of the heat, but presently she moved off after an imaginary beetle, and they were alone. "Oh, by the bye, Mr. Heigham," Mildred said, presently. "I was going to

ask you a question, if only I can remember what it is."

"Try to remember what it is about. Shoes, sealing-wax, cabbages, or kings. Does it come under any of these heads?"

"Ah, I remember now. If you had added 'queens,' you would not have been far out. What I wanted to ask you—"

"and she turned her large, brown eyes fell upon him, and yawned slightly. "Dear me, Agatha is right, it is hot!"

"Well, I am waiting to give you any information in my power."

"Oh! to be sure, the question, Well, it is a very simple one. Whom are you engaged to?"

Arthur nearly sprang off his chair with astonishment.

"What makes you think I am engaged?" he asked.

She broke into a merry peal of laughter. Ah! if he could have known what that laugh cost her.

"What makes me think that you are engaged?" she answered, in a tone of raillery. "Why, of course you would have been at my feet long ago, if it had not been so. Come, don't be reticent. I shall not laugh at you. What is she like?"

Generally a woman's first question about a rival. "Is she as good-looking—well, as I am, say—for, though you may not think it, I have been thought good-looking."

"She is quite different from you; she is very tall and fair, like an angel in a picture, you know."

"Oh! then there is a 'she,' and a 'she like an angel.' Very different indeed from me, I should think. How nicely I caught you out;" and she laughed again.

"Why did you want to catch me out?" said Arthur, on whose ear Mrs. Carr's tone jarred; he could not tell why.

"Feminine curiosity, and a natural anxiety to fathom the reason of your sighs, that is all. But never mind, Mr. Heigham, you and I shall not quarrel because you are engaged to be married. You shall tell me the story when you like, for I am sure there is a story—no, not this afternoon; the sun has given me a headache, and I am going to sleep it off. Other people's love-stories are very interesting to me, the more so because I have reached the respectable age of thirty without being the subject of one myself," and again she laughed this time at her own falsehood. But when he had gone, there was no laughter in her eyes, nothing but tears, bitter, burning tears.

"Agatha," said Mildred, that evening, "I am sick of this place. I want to go to the Isle of Wight. It must be quite nice there now. We will go by the next Currie boat."

"My dear Mildred," replied Miss Terry, aghast, "if you were going back so soon, why did you not leave me behind you? And just as we were getting so nicely settled here too, and I shall be so sorry to say good-bye to that young Heigham, he is such a nice young man! Why don't you marry him? I really thought you liked him. But perhaps he is coming to the Isle of Wight, too. Oh, that dreadful boy!"

Mildred winced at Miss Terry's allusions to Arthur, of whom that lady had grown extremely fond.

"I am very sorry, dear," she said hastily, "but I am bored to death, and it is such a bad insect year; so really you must begin to pack up."

Miss Terry began to pack up accordingly, but, when next she alluded to the subject of their departure, Mildred affected surprise, and asked her what she meant. The astonished Agatha referred to her own words, and was met by a laughing disclaimer.

"Why, you surely did not think that I was in earnest, did you? I was only a little cross."

"Well, really, Mildred, you've got so strange lately that I never know when you are in earnest and when you are not, though, for my part, I am very glad to stay in peace and quiet."

"Strange, grown strange, have I?" said Mrs. Carr, looking dreamily out of a window that commanded the carriage drive, with her hands crossed behind her. "Yes, I think that you are right. I think that I have lost the old Mildred somewhere or other, and picked up a new one whom I don't understand."

"Ah, indeed," remarked Miss Terry, in the most matter-of-fact way, without having the faintest idea of what her friend was driving at.

"How it rains! I suppose that he won't come to-day."

"He? Who's he?"

"Why, how stupid you are! Mr. Heigham, of course!"

"So you always mean him, when you say 'he!'"

"Yes, of course I do, if it isn't ungrammatical. It is miserable this afternoon. I feel wretched. Why actually, here he comes!" and she tore off like a school-girl into the hall, to meet him.

"Ah, indeed," again remarked Miss Terry, solemnly, to the empty walls. "I am not such a fool as I look. I suppose that Mr. Heigham wouldn't come to the Isle of Wight."

It is needless to say that Mrs. Carr had never been more in earnest in her life than when she announced her intention of departing to the Isle of Wight. The discovery that her suspicions about Arthur had but too sure a foundation had been a crushing blow to her hopes, and she had formed a wise resolution to see no more of him. Happy would it have been for her, if she could have found the moral courage to act up to it, and go away a wiser, if a sadder woman. But this was not to be. The more she contemplated it, she more did her passion—which was now both wild and deep—take hold upon her heart, eating into it like acid into steel, and graving one name there in ineffaceable letters. She could not bear the thought of parting from him, and felt, or thought she felt, that her happiness was already too deeply pledged to allow her to throw up the cards without an effort.

Fortune favors the brave. Perhaps, after all, it would declare itself for her. She was modest in her aspirations. She did not expect that he

would ever give her the love he bore this other woman; she only asked to live in the sunlight of his presence, and would be glad to take him at his own price, or indeed at any price. Man, she knew, is by nature as unstable as water, and will mostly melt beneath the eyes of more women than one, as readily as ice before a fire when the sun had hid his face. Yes, she would play the game out; she would not throw away her life's happiness without an effort. After all, matters have been worse; he might have been actually married.

But she knew that her hand was a difficult one to lead from, though she also knew that she held the great trump—unusual beauty, practically unlimited wealth, and considerable fascination of manner. Her part must be to attract without repelling, charm without alarming, fascinate by slow degrees, till at length he was involved in a net from which there was no escape, and, above all, never to allow him to suspect her motives till the ripe moment came. It was a hard task for a proud woman to set herself, and, in a manner, she was proud; but, alas, with the best of us, when love comes in at the door, pride, reason, and sometimes honor, fly out of the window.

And so Miss Terry heard no more talk of the Isle of Wight.

Thenceforward, under the frank and open guise of friendship, Mildred contrived to keep Arthur continually at her side. She did more. She drew from him all the history of his engagement to Angela, and listened, with words of sympathy on her lips, and with a bitter jealousy in her heart, to his enraptured descriptions of her rival's beauty and perfections. So benighted was he, indeed, that once he went so far as to suggest that he should when he and Angela were married, come to Madeira to spend their honeymoon, and dilate on the pleasant trips which they three might take together.

"Truly," thought Mildred to herself, "that would be delightful." Once, too, he even showed her a tress of Angela's hair, and, strange to say, she found that there still lingered in her bosom a sufficient measure of vulgar first principles to cause her to long to snatch it from him and throw it into the sea. But, as it was, she smiled faintly, and admired openly, and then went to the glass to look at her own nut-brown tresses. Never had she been so dissatisfied with them, and yet her hair was considered lovely, and an aesthetic hair-dresser had once called it a "poem."

"Blind fool!" she muttered, stamping her little foot upon the floor, "why does he torture me so?"

Mildred forgot that all love is blind, and that none was ever blinder or more headstrong than her own.

And so this second Calypso of a lovely isle set herself almost as unblushingly as her prototype to get our very unheroic Ulysses into her toils. And Penelope, poor Penelope, she sat at home and spun and defied her would-be lovers.

But as yet Ulysses—I mean Arthur—was conscious of none of those things. He was by nature an easy-going young gentleman, who took matters as he found them, and asked no questions. And he found them very pleasant at Madeira, or rather at the Quinta Carr, for he did everything except sleep there. Within its precincts he was everywhere surrounded with that atmosphere of subtle and refined flattery addressed chiefly to the intellect, that is one of the most effective weapons of a clever woman. Soon the drawing-room tables were loaded with his favorite books, and no songs but such as he approved were ordered from London.

He discovered one evening, for instance, that Mildred looked best at night in black and silver, and next morning Mr. Worth received a telegram requesting him to forward without delay a large consignment of dresses in which those colors predominated.

On another occasion he casually threw out a suggestion about the erection of a terrace in the garden, and shortly afterward was surprised to find a small army of Portuguese laborers engaged upon the work. He had made this suggestion in total ignorance of the science of garden engineering and its execution necessitated the removal of vast quantities of soil and the blasting of many tons of rock.

The contractor employed by Mrs. Carr pointed out how the terrace could be made equally well at a fifth of the expense, but it did not happen to take exactly the direction that Arthur had indicated, so she would have none of it. His word was law, and, because he had spoken, the whole place was for a month overrun with dirty laborers, whilst, to the great detriment of Miss Terry's remaining nerves, and even to the slight discomfort of his royal highness himself, the air resounded all day long with the terrific bangs of the blasting powder.

But, so long as he was pleased with the progress of the improvement, Mildred felt no discomfort, nor would she allow any one else to express any. It even aggravated her to see Miss Terry put her hands to her head and jump whenever a particularly large piece of ordnance was discharged, and she would vow that it must be affectation because she never even noticed it.

In short, Mildred Carr possessed to an extraordinary degree that faculty for blind, unreasoning adoration which is so characteristic of the sex, an adoration that is at once magnificent in the entirety of its own self-sacrifice and extremely selfish. When she thought that she could please Arthur, the state of Agatha's nerves, became a matter of supreme indifference to her, and in the same way, had she been an absolute monarch, she would have spent the lives of thousands and shaken empires till thrones came tumbling down like apples in a wind, if she believed that she could thereby advance herself in his affections.

But, as it never occurred to Arthur that Mrs. Carr might be in love with him he saw nothing abnormal about all this. Not that he was conceited, for nobody was ever less so, but it is wonderful what an amount of flattery and attention men will accept from women as their simple right. If the

other sex possesses the faculty of admiration, we in compensation are perfectly endowed with that of receiving it with careless ease, and when we fall in with some goddess, who is foolish enough to worship us, and to whom we should be on our knees, we merely label her "sympathetic," and say that she "understands us."

From all of which wise reflections the reader will gather that our friend Arthur was not a hundred miles off an awkward situation.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

One day, some three weeks after Arthur had gone, Angela strolled down the tunnel walk, now in the height of summer, almost dark with the shade of the lime-trees, and settled herself on one of the stone seats under Carselfoot's Staff.

She had a book in hand, but it soon became clear that she had come to this secluded spot to think rather than read, for it fell unopened from her hand, and her gray eyes were full of a far-off look as they gazed across the lake glittering in the sunlight, away toward the hazy purple outline of the distant hills. Her face was quite calm, but it was not that of a happy person; indeed, it gave a distinct idea of mental suffering.

All grief, however, acute, is subject to fixed graduations, and Angela was as yet in the second stage. First there is the acute stage, when the heart aches with a physical pain, and the mind, filled with a wild yearning, or tortured by an unceasing anxiety, well-nigh gives beneath the abnormal strain. This does not last long or it would kill or drive us to the mad-house. Then comes that long epoch of dull misery, enduring till at last kindly nature in pity rubs off the rough extremes of our calamity, and by slow but sure degrees softens agony into sorrow.

This was what she was now passing through, and—as all highly organized natures like her own are, especially in youth, very sensitive to those more exquisite vibrations of pain and happiness that leave minds of a coarser fiber comparatively unmoved—it may be taken for granted that she was suffering sufficiently acutely.

Perhaps she had never quite realized how necessary Arthur had become to her, how deep his love had sent its fibers into her heart and inner self, until he was violently wrenched away from her and she lost all sight and knowledge of him in the darkness of the outside world. Still she had made no show of her sorrow but once, when Pigott told her some pathetic story of the death of a little child in the village, she burst into a paroxysm of weeping. The pity for another's pain had loosed the flood-gates of her own, but it was a performance that she did not repeat.

But Angela had her anxieties as well as her griefs, and it was over these former that she was thinking as she sat on the great stone under the oak. Love is a wonderful quickener of the perceptions, and ignorant as she was of all the world's ways, the more she thought over the terms imposed by her father upon her engagement, the more distrustful did she grow. Lady Bellamy too, had been to see her twice, and on each occasion had inspired her with a lively sense of fear and repugnance. During the first of these visits she had shown a perfect acquaintance with the circumstances of her engagement, her "flirtation with Mr. Heigham," as she was pleased to call it. During the second call, too, she had been full of strange remarks about her cousin George, talking mysteriously of "a change" that had come over him since his illness, and of his being under a "new influence." Nor was this all; for, on the very next day when she was out walking with Pigott in the village, she had met George himself, and he had insisted upon entering into a long, rambling conversation with her, and on looking at her in a way that made her feel perfectly sick.

To Be Continued.

## COSTLY EXECUTIONS.

**Bills for Killing Criminals Formerly Paid in Holland.**

Edam, in Holland, where the Dutch cheese comes from, has just opened a museum of local antiquities, and among the not least interesting of the exhibits are the accounts of the municipal executioners during the eighteenth century. One of these functionaries, by name Vogel, presents a detailed bill, dated December 19, 1713, in which he sets forth a claim for 6 florins for one decapitation and 3 florins each for a sword and winding sheet, with 3 florins 14 cents for a coffin for the decapitated one. His charge for hanging a criminal was also 6 florins, with the further addition of 3 florins for "cutting down and impaling ditto." "Breaking a man on the wheel" was a costlier luxury and run to 9 florins, while for supplying "nine new lashes for scourge" the charge was 27 florins.

On the whole, however, Mr. Vogel was a moderate man in his charges or the value of human life went up a good deal in the next 50 years, for in the no less circumstantial accounts of Johannes Ka, presented August 1, 1764, we have a charge of 12 florins for "going on board the Hans and preparing instruments of torture," with a like charge for "torturing one person." But this must have been for the "lesser torture" only, as on August 30, the same Johannes sends in a bill for "torturing three persons at 75 florins a head"—total, 225 florins, while a few days later no less than 600 florins is charged for "hanging four persons at 150 florins each, and for 'flogging two persons and burning a third'" he exacts 150 florins. Clearly considerations of economy, if not of humanity, must have tended toward the reform of the original code in Holland.

## FORTUNES BY ACCIDENT

**How a Captain Made a Million by Losing One Passenger.**

If there is anything that makes a poor, toiling man happy it is to find about flukes that have made fortunes. For instance, there was a captain of a vessel plying between England and Australian points who made a fortune strike when convicts were taken New South Wales.

A "time-expired" man came to the mariner and begged to be taken on. The former convict had no money, but he would gladly give his plot of land for transportation.

The captain accepted the terms, and great is the joy of his descendants for that plot is now occupied by a wharf and it is valued at \$1,250,000.

A Limerick tobacco-merchant believed himself to be ruined by a fire that destroyed his shop. The next day he found tins of snuff that had been open the fire. Curiosity prompted him to open the canisters. He found that the action of the flames had materially proved the aroma and pungency of snuff. The discovery made him rich.

The discovery of the Mount St. Mine was purely a fluke, and the put of gold is the greatest of any in the world except in the Klondike district.

A bank clerk in London heard that there was a rich deposit of gold in certain place at the Cape of Good Hope. He set about forming a syndicate among his fellow-clerks, they raised about \$1,500 among themselves. A mining engineer was sent out. He made a thorough investigation but found no gold. He had been led to give up the search and was to leave for home, when he ran across a miner.

"Well, stranger," he said, "if you are on a hunt for the shingle, here, boss."

"Have you a claim here?" asked the engineer.

"Yes; and I want to make track the country. That's my claim on that camel's hump. You can have for \$100, and here's a sample of quartz. That claim ain't worth weight in gold, but it's worth a dollar I ask for it."

The engineer examined the specimen and decided that there was gold in it. He acted quickly.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, mate," said the miner, "I'll give you \$80 on the spot for losing it."

The bargain was struck and the carefully explored. An abundance of gold was found in the most valuable veins. To-day the shares, the face value of which is \$100, are worth \$300 each.

## THE WASTE OF YEARS.

"It is hard," she mused, "the waste of years that it takes to learn truth."

"We start in youth full of hope, with energy, and strong in belief, the nobility and grandeur of human nature by one our beliefs are broken, fancies fade, and hope and energy, trust and all the beautiful illusions of youth are one by one beaten and handed, our old faith shattered, old dreams gone. Behind us lies long, miserable stretch of years, we look upon with horror because has taught us these stern truths. Before us lies the remnant of a poor which must be lived out without faith and trust which once made beautiful."

"It is quite true," she said, "that of the wreck of this old broken of tence another life begins—a life of faith in God and in humanity. It is true that this new belief—golden cause true, and as far exceeding old as heaven exceeds earth—greater in the heart as our early life fades, until by-and-by we see clearly this glorious picture of a constructed manhood, born in God, daily growing more like Him."

"Ah yes, these things will be seen, Moses, we behold in the future dawn of the beautiful new day we will bring to earth at last the rest of all we once believed to be true. But, alas! like unto Moses, we do behold the wonderful vision, and alas for the long dreary years which brought us to this point—the long stretch of years when our gladness, all our work, all our living, was founded upon the lies we lived to be true."

"Because, you see," she said, "we have learned the truth the best life has gone—all human chance truer, better living is over."

"And it is useless to say," she cried, "that after we have learned the lesson we should be content to die. I must die to behold the truth, but die, and quickly. Let me be no more tormented with lies. But if it is possible while in this life to find the secret of true living, then it is possible this life to live it out; and if we are not permitted to do so, we are treated unjustly."

"Why should it not be so? What terrible power is it that blinds eyes, and only permits us to see what seeing has become useless? Why are our lives spoiled before we learn to live them?"

"I say it is needless cruelty," cried. "It must be unnecessary—horrible waste of years. If an experience of twenty or thirty years teach these things, the same teaching can be done in five years, or one, and all that time would have been saved in which to live up to the truth. What might we not have accomplished for God and for the higher humanity in twenty or thirty years?"

"And instead we have spent it—finding the long lost treasure after a lifetime spent in the search. And now we see as prisoners, bound in his place, while we see in the past and in the future the terrible waste of years go by—the long waste of years. It is not