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CHARTER SMITH, DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

The Chronicle is the most widely read newspaper published in the County of Grey.

Happiness does away with ugliness and even makes the beauty of beauty. --Amiel.

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XXI.

The houses in Victoria street are all of one class, large, respectable, and airy. Many of them are let in apartments, and the lodgers are most of them professional men—artists whose studios are in other localities, musicians who find the central situation most useful, authors and editors, whose ambition is perhaps higher than their means of gratifying it, surgeons of good professional standing. It is a quiet, respectable street, neither lively nor dull, but where people take a quiet interest in each other, and the occasional disappearance of an apparently well-to-do resident filled the rest with concern.

Lady St. Just had never been in the street before. She looked anxiously for the number which Gerald Dorman had given, and when the cab stopped, she looked even more anxiously at the house. It was a large house, with green balconies and a small garden in front—the very ideal of respectability. A few sad-looking flowers grew in the little garden; the windows all had green venetians and white curtains. "Shall I go in with you, my lady?" asked Joan, as the cab stopped. "No," said Lady St. Just. "And no matter how long I am, remain here till I return."

In answer to the summons at the door a servant-maid appeared, and she looked wonderingly at Lady St. Just. Vivien had dressed herself as plainly as possible, but she could not hide the magnificence of her figure or the grand, noble beauty of her face. The girl stared at the unusual vision, and Lady St. Just asked if she could see Mr. Dorman. "I don't know. They say he is dying," replied the girl. Lady St. Just recoiled at the words. Poor Gerald, to lie dying there! "Shall I fetch my mistress or the nurse?" asked the girl. "The nurse," replied Vivien; and in a few minutes the maid returned with her, a kindly, clever-looking woman, who courtesied profoundly. "You are the lady, I think," she said, "whom Mr. Dorman wishes to see?"

"Yes," answered Vivien; "I will go to him at once, if you please. Is he any better?" "No," replied the nurse; "I am sorry to say Mr. Dorman will never be any better in this world, madam. I do not think he has many hours to live; but he told me this morning that he could not die until he had seen you." Again the words struck her with all the force of a blow. What did they mean?

"Will you follow me, madam?" asked the nurse, who, like the servant, was struck by the wonderful grace and magnificent beauty of the visitor. She followed the nurse up the stairs into a large, well lighted, well-furnished room. A bedstead with crimson hangings occupied the middle; on it lay Gerald.

She saw the white face, wan, haggard, with a gray shade on it; she saw two large, wistful, almost despairing eyes, gazed and terrible, that fastened on her face with a hungry look; she saw the white hands, so thin and trembling, stretched out to greet her, and she knelt down by his bedside unable to resist her tears. "Vivien," he whispered—and in all her life Lady St. Just had never heard anything so terrible as that voice—"have you come at last—at last?" and the dying eyes seemed to drink in every feature of her beautiful face. "At last—at last! and I have waited such long hours—dark, dreary hours; and death—see, death stands here by my side, but he would not lay his hand upon me until you had been—my queen, my darling, my only love!" She raised her head with a warning gesture.

"Yes, I know," he said, "you are another man's wife, but none the less my darling, none the less my love, none the less my idol, though you have never loved me!"

dearly; and I saw that you would be wretched all your life away from that one." "Not half so wretched as I am now," she returned. "It was cruel of you, Gerald." "I did not mean it to be so," he said, faintly. "I saw that you were unhappy, and that you would never marry while this secret lay between you and the man you loved. You know Vivien, that I would have died for you. When I saw you so miserable, I asked myself what I could do to make you happy; and I knew from what you had said that you could never be happy while the boy lived." He lay quite still for some moments, and then he continued—"May Heaven pardon me, Vivien, but I loved you so well that I could almost have destroyed him to render you happy. Another idea came to me—to make you believe he was dead. It was for that I went to America. I could not see any other way. I was very kind to the boy; he loved me very much—he loves me now. I took him away from my brother—he traveled with me; and then I deceived my brother as much as you, for I made him believe the boy was dead."

"How could you? How could you?" she sobbed. "All her strength, all her courage, had given way at last, and she was weeping like a child. "It was easy to deceive my brother. He is a bookworm, a scholar; a good man; but he takes no interest in the world or what goes on in it. Nothing ever surprises him; he is never sorry, never glad. Years ago, when I took the boy to him, he said, 'Is he your son, Gerald?' and when I bade him ask no questions, he asked none. He is unlike every one else. It was easy to deceive him. I told him that his charge was ended, that the boy was dead, and that he could return home. He asked no question, he made no comment—he returned, and I remained. Vivien, I meant to bring the boy up as my own, and never to tell you; but I found that I could not live. I worked hard to keep him and myself. I spent all my annuity on him. I brought him back to England when I found that I could not live, and he is here; but, Vivien, listen."

She ceased her passionate weeping and looked at him. "Listen, beloved," he said. "He has changed so completely; he is not the boy he was—cunning, false, undisciplined; our training has done him some good. He is not perfect—far from it—but he is a better boy than he was."

"Where is he?" she asked. "I placed him in the best school I could find—Dr. Lester's, of Hammer-smith. He is there as Henry Dorman. He has wanted for nothing, Vivien—you believe that?" "Yes," she replied, "I am sure of it. But it was a cruel deception—a cruel kindness—a cruel deed. I would rather have died yesterday than have heard this to-day."

"Still you have been happy, my beloved?" "Yes, but all my happiness is over now," she replied, with a bitter cry—"all over. I can never be happy again."

"I did it because I loved you, and could not endure to see you suffer. I meant only kindness—only love. I knew that if you believed the boy dead and buried your last scruple would be removed, and you would be happy. I knew that while you believed him living you would never know one moment's peace. Oh, pardon me, my beloved!"

He held out his white, worn hands. "See how I have suffered," he said, sadly, "I was a strong man once, and a good man. See to what my love for you has led me. I have stained my soul by sin, and my strength has left me. I have loved you so that I am dying for you. Now I know what it is to waste one's heart—to garner the whole strength of a soul, and lavish it in vain. Now I say to myself, with contrite tears, that I ought to

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Heaven as I have thought of you." "My poor Gerald," she said, "that is a terrible love." "I know it—it has killed me. I have never had any hope in it. You were proud, stately, beautiful—I was only a poor dependent. I never dreamed of any return; but just as a flower gives its perfume to the sun, gives its all, gives it freely, asking no return, so I was willing to live and to die for you. I wanted no return. I laid my honor, my truth, my honesty, my very manhood, under your feet. I would have sinned even more deeply to make you happy. I loved you better than myself."

"But, Gerald," she said, gently, "why have you told me your secret? I was so happy in my ignorance. Why have you not kept your secret to the end?" The sad dying eyes seemed to fill with a sudden light. "Because I could not die with it untold. I have lingered on in the agony of death and could not die. You cannot see what I see, beloved. Here by my side stands the grim king, sword in hand. It would not fall until I had told you—until justice was done. I could live in sin—I dared not die in it."

"Still, I cannot see why you should have told me," she murmured, "I was so happy, Gerald." "Listen, beloved," he said again. "Justice must be done; the boy must go back to Lancaster." "Never," she cried hastily—"never! All our sin and suffering shall not have been in vain."

"But I say it must be done, Vivien. You must do justice; you must restore the inheritance to the boy." A sharp spasm of pain passed over his livid face. Lady St. Just laid his head down on the pillow, she smoothed back his hair from his brow; his face grew more calm again. "Vivien," he whispered, faintly, "once, long ago, when I was going away from you, you kissed me, and the memory of that moment has never left me. Beloved, kiss me again, for I am dying for you."

She laid her fresh warm lips on his, already growing cold and chill. She saw a strange change come over his face, and she rose hastily and called the nurse. "I am afraid Mr. Dorman is worse," she said. The nurse looked at him. "He is dying, madam," she told her. He opened his eyes, which were filled with a strange, deep shadow, and fixed them on Vivien's face. She saw his lips move, and bent over him. "The boy must go back to Lancaster," he said, with labored breath. "Promise me."

She made no answer. "Promise me," he repeated, and before her answer came Gerald Dorman was dead.

To Be Continued.

SUMMER SMILES.

Hoax—I understand the doctor said yesterday that there was very little hope in your rich uncle's case. Joax—It's even worse to-day. He's very much better.

What do you suppose makes your baby sister cry? asked a visitor of small Johnny. I guess it must be 'cause she is hatchin' her teeth, replied the youthful observer.

What makes you think he is a man of little tact? He joined a Don't Worry Club the second day after he was married, and didn't know enough to keep it a secret.

Well, dad, cried the prodigal son flippantly, wouldn't you better go out and kill the fatted calf now? Yes, I guess I would, returned the old man slowly. One calf is enough to keep at a time.

Fuddy—they have a deal to say about the brotherhood of man, and yet wars and rumors of wars continue. Duddy—That's all right. There always has been more or less fighting in families.

My boy, said the first proud papa, has a bad habit of interrupting me when I'm talking. Your boy isn't old enough for that yet. No, replied the other, my boy contents himself with interrupting me when I'm sleeping.

Tess—So she's to marry the son of the wealthy Mr. Imillyuns. How on earth did she manage to land him, I wonder? Jess—She's musical, you know, and so it's no trouble at all for her to catch an heir.

THE SIZE OF GENERALS.

Most Famous Commanders Are Always Moderate Sized Men. "Little and wise." The above three words convey a fact that requires evidently some explanation. For it cannot be denied by any one well acquainted with history that by far the greater proportion of the most renowned leaders of armies, both ancient and modern, have been men whose stature was below rather than above the average. It might well be supposed that, in fighting, the man who had a gigantic and most striking person would, other things being equal, be the one most likely to leave the greatest impression as a soldier of note in his own day. But this has ever been far from the truth and just as much so in olden times, when the struggles were more hand to hand as now when war has become a science of tactics and five-mile guns.

All through the ages downward the men who have left their names to the world as the greatest Generals of various generations, have been, chief uniformly, little men. To-day our chief leaders in this country are

ROBERTS AND WOLSELEY. Both these celebrated Generals, are men whose height, reckoned in inches, is well below the ordinary man, and much below what is considered a fine soldierly height. But this, which some people would consider a great disadvantage, has not proved so in their cases. It is difficult, on looking at the wiry frame of Lord Roberts, to believe that that quiet-looking, thin, little gentleman in morning dress is the same man who has done such fine work upon fields of battle in so many countries. And when one stands by Lord Wolseley, and notices that he, too, is far from being of the regulation army height, one again sees that it is not "greatness" measured by inches that makes the General. French too, who has been the most consistently successful of all leaders, in the present war, below the two chiefs, is only 5 feet 6 inches in height.

Harking further back in the history of our land, we cannot forget, though it is a fact not so well known, that the finest soldier this country, and probably any other, has ever seen, the Duke of Wellington—the Great Duke—was a man whose height, considered by ordinary measurement, was almost insignificant. Arthur, Duke of Wellington, was a man who, as far as tallness went, would never have been noticed in any everyday assembly. And had he been thus noticed, it is certain that one regarding him would have set him down as of little account viewed from the point of view of what a soldier should be. But the "mind's the standard of the man," and his small stature did not interfere with the wonderful military qualities of the

VICTOR OF WATERLOO. Here we may notice also that his great rival, Napoleon himself, was a man very far below the average height, and was, indeed, universally known among his officers for many years as "Le Petit Caporal," being thus nicknamed owing to his lack of inches. Napoleon may justly claim to own a place among the six greatest soldiers this world has ever seen; at least such is the verdict of authorities. Yet this great leader of fighting men

could not lay claim to any greater height than some 5 feet 5 inches or so. It has long been a disputed point whether the Duke of Wellington or the "great" Duke of Marlborough of Blenheim fame, should stand at the head of English Generals of all time. Some have thought that the military genius of Marlborough was superior to that of his rival in fame. But in any case it is worth noting for the purposes of this article that Marlborough was also a man whose height was somewhat under that of the average soldier of his time. The conqueror of Blenheim, of Malplaquet, of Oudenarde, of Ramillies was a soldier of most engaging presence, of a fine exterior, but he was just a little wanting in stateliness that comes from the possession of a tallness rather over what is usually found.

AN IRISHMAN'S WEIGHT. An Irishman, on weighing his pig, exclaimed, it does not weigh so much as I expected, and I never thought it would. Proud Parent—If you call in the evening you probably will hear my daughter singing. Artless Friend—Oh, I shan't mind that. You ought to hear the fellow down our way practicing on the cornet. It is simply awful.

Towne—There's one thing I've noticed about Downe; he has a habit of jumping at conclusions. Haven't you noticed it? Brown—Well, I've observed that he always wakes with a start just as the minister is finishing his sermon.

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