

Heiress and Wife.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—*Rex Lyon*, secretly married *Daisy Brooks*. They are separated by force of circumstances on their wedding day. *Daisy* thinks that *Rex* has cast her off. He is true but believes that she is dead. According to his mother's dying wish he engages himself to *Pluma Hurlhurst*, the daughter by the first marriage of the master of *Whitstone Hall*. Mr. Hurlhurst's second wife, whom he loved better than the first, died and her child is supposed to have died with her. After seventeen years' silence, his dying housekeeper confesses that his child did not die, but was stolen. He sets out to find her. *Pluma* was responsible for *Daisy's* removal. *Leater Stanwick*, her tool, threatens to expose her if she will not marry him. She defies him. *Daisy* after many vicissitudes determines to visit her Uncle *John*.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

If she could only see poor, old, faithful *John Brooks* again she would kneel at his feet just as she had done when she was a little child, lay her weary head down on his tall-haired hand, tell him how she had suffered, and ask him how she could die and end it all.

She longed so hungrily for some one to caress her, murmuring tender words over her. She could almost hear his voice saying, as she told him her pitiful story: "Come to my arms, my poor little trampled *Daisy*! You shall never want for some one to love you while poor old *Uncle John* lives. Bless your dear little heart!"

The longing was strongly upon her. No one would recognize her—she must go and see poor old *John*. She never thought what would become of her life after that.

At the station she asked for a ticket for *Allendale*. No one seemed to know of such a place. After a prolonged search on the map the agent discovered it to be a little inland station not far from *Baltimore*.

"We can sell you a ticket for *Baltimore*," he said, "and there you can purchase a ticket for the other road."

And once again poor little *Daisy* was whirling rapidly toward the scene of her first great sorrow.

Time seemed to slip by her unheeded during all that long, tedious journey of two nights and a day.

"Are you going to *Baltimore*?" asked a gentle-faced lady, who was strangely attracted to the beautiful, sorrowful young girl, in which all hope, life, and sunshine seemed dead.

"Yes, madame," she made answer, "I change cars there; I am going further."

The lady was struck by the peculiar mournful cadence of the young voice.

"I beg your pardon for my seeming rudeness," she said, looking long and earnestly at the fair young face; "but you remind me so strangely of a young school-mate of my youth; you are strangely like what she was then. We both attended *Madame Whitney's* seminary. Perhaps you have heard of the institution; it is a very old and justly famous school." She wondered at the beautiful flush that stole into the girl's flower-like face—like the soft, faint tinting of a sea-shell.

"She married a wealthy planter," pursued the lady, reflectively; "but she did not live long to enjoy her happy home. One short year after she married *Evilia Hurlhurst* died. The lady never forgot the strange glances that passed over the girl's face, or the wonderful light that seemed to break over it. "Why," exclaimed the lady, as if a sudden thought occurred to her, "when you bought your ticket I heard you mention *Allendale*. That was the home of the *Hurlhursts*. Is it possible you know them?"

"Mr. Hurlhurst is a widower—something of a recluse, and an invalid, I have heard; he has a daughter called *Pluma*."

"Yes, madam," *Daisy* made answer; "I have met *Miss Hurlhurst*, but not her father."

How bitterly this stranger's words seemed to mock her! Did she know *Pluma Hurlhurst*, the proud, haughty heiress who had stolen her young husband's love from her?—the dark, sparkling, willful beauty who had crossed her innocent young life so strangely—when she had seen bending over her husband in the plying moonlight almost caressing him? She thought she would cry out with the bitterness of the thought. How strange it was! The name, *Evilia Hurlhurst*, seemed to fall upon her ears like the softest, sweetest music. Perhaps she wished she was like that young wife, who had died so long ago, resting quietly beneath the white daisies that bore her name.

"That is *Madame Whitney's*," exclaimed the lady, leaning forward toward the window excitedly. "Dear me! I can almost imagine I am a young girl again. Why, what is the matter, my dear? You look as though you were about to faint."

"The train whirled swiftly past—the broad, glittering Chesapeake on one side, and the closely shaven lawn of the seminary on the other. It was evidently recess. Young girls were flitting here and there under the trees, as pretty a picture of happy school life as one would wish to see. It seemed to poor hapless *Daisy* long ages must have passed since that morning poor old *John Brooks* had brought her, a shy, blushing, shrinking country lassie, among those daintily attired, aristocratic maidens, who had laughed at her coy, timid mannerism, and at the clothes poor

John wore, and at his flaming red cotton neckerchief.

She had not much time for further contemplation. The train steamed into the *Baltimore* depot, and she felt herself carried along by the surging crowd that alighted from the train.

She did not go into the waiting-room; she had quite forgotten she was not at the end of her journey.

She followed the crowds along the bustling street, a solitary, desolate, heart-broken girl, with a weary white face whose beautiful, tender eyes looked in vain among the throngs that passed her by for one kindly face or a sympathetic look.

Scarcely pushed rudely by her, others looked into the beautiful face with an ugly smile. Handsomely got-up dandies, with fine clothes and no brains, nodded familiarly as *Daisy* passed them. Some laughed, and others scoffed and jeered; but not one—dear Heaven not one among the vast throng gave her a kindly glance or a word. Occasionally one, warmer-hearted than the others, would look sadly on that desolate, beautiful, childlike face.

A low moan she could scarcely repress broke from her lips. A handsomely dressed child, who was rolling a hoop in front of her, turned around suddenly and asked her if she was ill.

"Ill?" she repeated the word with a vague feeling of wonder. What was physical pain to the torture that was eating away her young life? Why, all the illness in the world put together could not cause the anguish she was suffering then—the sting of a broken heart.

She was not ill—only desolate and forsaken.

Poor *Daisy* answered in such a vague manner that she quite frightened the child, who hurried away as fast as she could with her hoop, leaving a hoop in front of her, turned around suddenly and asked her if she was ill.

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"When a woman will, she will, you may depend on't," she won't, and there's an end on't!"

He quoted, dryly. "I sincerely hope you will not rue it."

"Now, you would be surprised, my dear, to find out at some future time you had been entertaining an angel unawares."

"I should be extremely surprised; you have put it mildly, my dear—nay, I may say dumfounded—to find an angel dwelling down here below among us sinners. My experience has led me to believe the best place for angels is up above where they belong. I am glad that you have such pretty little notions, though, my dear. It is not best for women to know too much of the ways of the world."

"Harvey, you shock me!" cried the little lady, holding up her hands in horror at her liege lord's remarks.

Still she had her own way in the matter, and *Daisy* stayed.

Every day the detective grew more mystified as to who in the world she could be. One thing was certain, she had been some great trouble which had led her to deprecate her reason.

At times she would clasp his hands, calling him *Uncle John*, begging him pitiously to tell her how she could be. And she talked incoherently, too, of a dark, handsome woman's face, that had come between her and some lost treasure.

Then a grave look would come into the detective's face. He had seen many such cases, and they always ended badly, he said to himself. She had such an innocent face, so fair, so childish, he could not make up his mind whether she was sinned against or had been guilty of a hidden sin herself.

Love must have something to do with it, he thought, grimly. Whenever he saw such a hopeless, despairing look on a young and beautiful face he always set it down as a love case in his own mind, and in nine cases out of ten he was right.

"Ah! it is the old, old story," he muttered. "A pretty, romantic school-girl, and some handsome, reckless lover," and something very much like an imprecation broke from his lips, thorough man of the world, though he was, as he ruminated on the wickedness of men.

Two days before the marriage of *Rex* and *Pluma* was to be solemnized, poor little *Daisy* awoke to consciousness, her blue eyes resting on the joyous face of Mr. *Tudor*, who bent over her with bated breath, gazing into the upraised eyes, turning so wondrously upon her.

"You are to keep perfectly quiet, my dear," said Mrs. *Tudor*, pleasantly, laying her hands on *Daisy's* lips as she attempted to speak. "You must not try to talk or to think; turn your face from the light, and go quietly to sleep for a bit, then you shall say what you please."

Daisy wondered who the lady was, as she obeyed her like an obedient, tired child—the voice seemed so motherly, so kind, and so soothing, as she lay there, trying to realize how she came there. Slowly all her senses struggled into life, her memory came back, her mind and brain grew clear. Then she remembered walking into the cool, shady garden, and the dizziness which seemed to fall over her so suddenly. "I must have fainted last night," she thought. She also remembered *Pluma* bending so caressingly over her young husband in the moonlight, and that the night had almost driven her mad, and despite her efforts to suppress her emotion, she began to sob aloud.

Mrs. *Tudor* hurried quickly to the bedside. She saw at once the ice from the frozen fountain of memory had melted.

"If you have any great sorrow on your mind, my dear, and wish to see Mr. *Tudor*, I will call him at once. He is in the parlor."

"Please don't," sobbed *Daisy*. "I don't want to see anybody. I must go home to *Uncle John* at once. Have I been here all night?"

"Why, bless your dear little heart, you have been here many a night and many a week. We thought at one time you would surely die."

"I wish I had," moaned *Daisy*. In the bitterness of her sorely wounded heart she said to herself, "Providence had done everything for her without taking her life."

"We thought," pursued Mrs. *Tudor*, gently, "that perhaps you desired to see my husband—he is a detective—upon some matter. You fainted when you were just within the gate."

"Was it your garden?" asked *Daisy*, surprisedly. "I thought it was a park!"

"Then you were not in search of Mr. *Tudor*, my dear?" asked his wife, quite mystified.

"No," replied *Daisy*. "I wanted to get away from every one who knew me, or everyone I know, except *Uncle John*."

"I shall not question her concerning herself to-day," Mrs. *Tudor* thought. "I will wait a bit until she is stronger." She felt delicate about even asking her name. "She will seek my confidence soon," she thought. "I must wait."

Mrs. *Tudor* was a kind-hearted little soul. She tried every possible means of diverting *Daisy's* attention from the absorbing sorrow which seemed consuming her.

She read her choice, sparkling paragraphs from the papers, commenting upon them, in a pretty gossiping way.

Nothing seemed to interest the pretty little creature, or bring a smile to the quivering, childlike lips.

"Ah! here is something quite racy!" she cried, drawing her chair closer to the bedside. "A scandal in high life. This is sure to be entertaining."

Mrs. *Tudor* was a good little woman, but, like all women in general, she delighted in a spicy scandal.

A handsome stranger had married a beautiful heiress. For a time all went merry as a marriage-bell. Suddenly a second wife appeared on the scene, of which no one previously knew the existence. The husband had sincerely believed himself separated by law from wife number one, but through some technicality of the law, the separation was pronounced illegal, and the beautiful heiress bitterly realized to her cost that she was no wife.

It must be a terrible calamity to be placed in such a predicament, cried Mrs. *Tudor*, energetically. "I blame the husband for not finding out beyond a doubt that he was free from his first wife."

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To be Continued.

SHE DID NOT GO.

The following is an exact copy of a letter received by a young lady who wished to spend a holiday in a small country town, and advertised for a room:

"Dear Miss,—We think we kin suite you with room and board, if you prefer to be where there is music. I play the fiddle, my wife the organ, my dotter Jake the accordion, my dotter Mary the bango, my son Ben the guitar, my son Jim the ffoot and kornet, and my son Clem the base-drum, while all of us sings him, in which we would be glad to have you take part, both vocal or instrumental, if you play on anything. We play by ear, and when we all git started, there is real musiek in the air. Let us know if you want to come here to bord."

YARMOUTH'S HANDY MAN.

Yarmouth, England, guardians appointed a man at a salary of 25s. a week to discharge the following duties:—Superintendent pauper funerals, attend board and committee meetings, serve as general assistant to the staff, attend the guardians' office daily, act under the instructions of the clerk, temporarily do duty as deputy porter, take charge of the men's dining room at the workhouse, assist the relieving officers in removing the dead, take charge of the men's lunatics to the asylum, give the boys swimming lessons, and render help when necessary at the children's home.

THE FRIEND I HATE.

I bought a clock not long ago—A friend to give due warnings, That I must rise in time to go To business in the morning.

A rounded horror nicked bright 'I'd sooner take a licking, Than walk in the dead of night And hear the thing a-ticking.

I wrap it in a coverlet, And in my closet stow it; Then try my best to sleep, and yet It's ticking—and I know it.

Worn out at length, my eyelids close; Then, with a sudden clanging, It proves itself my worst of foes, A-whirring and a-banging.

The average depth of coal-mines is 750ft. to 850ft. The lowest paving workings are 2,500ft.

An ocean steamer carries on an average 21 times her own tonnage in the course of a year.

EMPEROR KWANG-SU.

The official explained the affectionate wording of the message. In private life the Emperor treats those relatives who are older than himself not only with affection but with respect, although in public they must make the profoundest obeisance to him. As a communication ordering his cousin to commit suicide would be a private character, and therefore couched in affectionate and intimate language.

A messenger of rank is appointed to take the imperial order to the doomed official. Upon receipt of it he bows, touches his forehead to the ground nine times. Then he summons his wife and the principal members of his family and announces the news to them in these terms: "It has pleased His Celestial Majesty to hasten my departure for Heaven. Let us honour and thank His Celestial Majesty and pray that his reign may be long and glorious."

All the family kowtow nine times on hearing this pleasing news.

A DIGNIFIED DEPARTURE.

The candidate for Heaven then consults all his lawyers, sets his worldly affairs in order and bids good-by to his family. All this is done with extreme dignity and a complete absence of emotion, but not without tenderness, for the Chinaman is almost invariably affectionate in his family relations. He prays at great length to his gods and to his ancestors, and then commits suicide by the method recommended to him by the Emperor.

As a rule he will kill himself within twenty-four hours of the receipt of the message. It is considered good form to be prompt in carrying out the Emperor's wishes. To delay suicide many days would be regarded as cowardice.

All Chinese who have been consulted agree that if the man failed to kill himself he would be executed, but such a step has never been necessary.

A SUBSTITUTE A DISGRACE.

It is important to know that a man ordered to commit suicide by the Emperor would be disgraced if he performed the act by substitute, whereas, if he were condemned to be executed, he would regard it as merely a sensible act to provide a vicarious victim. The powers are therefore more certain of vengeance through the suicide rescripts than if they depended on Chinese officials to execute the offenders.

When Prince *Chwang* commits suicide he will atone for whatever misdeeds he may have committed by a supreme act of piety and devotion to the Emperor. That is the official and religious Chinese view of the matter. Therefore he will receive a grand funeral, with complete religious rites, like one who has died full of years and honours. Fires will be kept burning on altars erected to his memory for a month. They will be lighted again at the same time every year

TOLD TO TAKE THEIR LIFE

A VERY STRANGE CUSTOM IN VOGUE IN CHINA.

Emperor Orders Many of His Leading Subjects to Commit Suicide—Tells Them Poisoned Wine as a Reward, Too.

It is an immemorial custom in the Chinese Empire that when a person of very high rank or birth has offended, to invite him to commit suicide. We have often heard of the custom in Japan under the name of "hari-kari," but it is much older and more highly developed in China. Chinese Emperors have left immortal examples of delicacy and courtesy in their letters inviting their friends and relatives to kill themselves.

Mr. *Chow-Tsz-Chi*, the Chinese Consul in New York, who speaks English admirably, explains the principal features of this singular custom.

"Only very great persons," said Mr. *Chow-Tsz-Chi*, "are invited by the Emperor to commit suicide. It is really an honor. When it becomes desirable on account of some offence or for some other good reason that one of these great men should leave the world, the Emperor sends him a courteous command to do so.

The reason for this method is plain. It avoids subjecting a man of great rank to the humiliation of a public execution, and also avoids the disgrace that it would bring upon his family. It is inconceivable that one of the Emperor's blood should be publicly executed. He who kills himself by imperial command dies in honor, surrounded by his family.

TO KILL HIMSELF.

It is usual, although not, I think, invariable, for the Emperor to send his correspondent something with which to kill himself. This may be a bottle of wine, a silken girdle or cord, or a sword. The wine is to poison him, the rope to hang him, and the sword to stab him.

"There have been many historical cases where great personages have been invited to kill themselves, and never to obey the command. Ordinarily it is a crime to commit suicide, but when the Emperor commands it becomes a duty and an honor. If the man were to refuse to obey the order I presume he would be executed. The mere fact that he disobeyed the Emperor would make him liable to the death penalty."

A prominent Chinese official, who would not allow his name to be quoted, wrote out in Chinese characters the form of imperial order which would be sent to Prince *Chwang*. In English this reads:

"My Dear Cousin:

"It is our pleasure that you depart as speedily as possible from this life for the glory of our throne and the peace of our subjects. To make easy your departure we send you a bottle of wine.

"Your dear Cousin,
"EMPEROR KWANG-SU."

A NOTE OF AFFECTION.

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by his pious descendants. He will be laid at rest in the splendid tomb of his family.

The Emperor is not the only man in China who invites people to suicide. It seems that many prominent Chinamen are in the habit of using this method to get rid of dependents of whom they are tired. This, of course, is contrary to law and religion.