

SET IN A SILVER SEA!

FOR THE RECORD-UNION.

A ROMANCE BY B. L. FARJEON.

AUTHOR OF "BLADE OF GRASS," "BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "KING OF NOLAND," "THE BELLS OF PENNYN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII—CONTINUED.

Neither Harold nor Mauvain attempts to break the silence which ensues, and presently, Margaret resumes her story:

"We danced and sang for the pleasure of these gentlemen until, wearied and exhausted, my sister sank into my arms. I watched over her, kneeling by her side, and slept with her, the faithful guardian that I was. When I awoke in the morning I was alone; my sister was gone, lost to me forever from that fatal night. In reply to my anxious inquiries—my sister and I had never before been separated for an hour—my master told me a plausible tale of having sent her on in advance of us in the care of a friend; he swore to me that he spoke the truth, and bade me hasten to get ready to follow her. I asked him whether the gentlemen before whom we performed were in the hotel—for I had some vague idea of appealing to them for protection; and he informed me that they had taken their departure early in the morning. More than one suspicious circumstance indicated that he was deceiving me, but I hoped against hope, and I traveled forward in the direction taken, as he advised, by my sister. In the night we arrived at an inn where I expected to find her; she was not there, and the following morning we resumed our journey; and when, on the evening of that second day, we reached a village, and I learned that all traces of my dear one were lost, the bitter truth forced itself upon me that we had been basely betrayed. It will not help me now to recall the agony of my position. I was in a part of the country of which I was completely ignorant; and I was without money, and was utterly, utterly helpless. To have left my master would have been voluntarily to deprive myself of even the remotest chance of recovering my sister. My master was cunning; seeing that I suspected him he offered me my liberty, although, as I was legally bound to him, he could have compelled me to work for him until I was twenty-one years of age. With as much calmness and wisdom as I could bring to my aid I debated how I should act, and I could come to no other conclusion than that my only hope lay in remaining with my master, and keeping a watch over his movements. Months passed, and my hope died away. How torturing was my life, and with what self-tortures was I afflicted! So time passed until I made the acquaintance of Matthew Sylvester and his son. By what means the good man who afterwards became my father obtained my release from the power of a human monster he has never divulged, but it could have been only by purchase, for my master would have sold his soul for money. I traveled with them, sharing their life, and after a time Matthew broke the news to me of my darling sister's death; he had learned it from my master, and had mercifully withheld it from me. So, with that earthly tie severed, as I believed, for ever, I married Matthew Sylvester's son, and we came to the Silver Isle."

"And here ends your story," says Harold, who has followed Margaret's narrative with the closest attention.

"No, there is more to tell, which will enable you to understand the reason of my visit, if indeed you are still in ignorance of it. When my second child, Gabrielle, was born, a statue of Evangeline, a name loved and honored in the isle, was set up in the market-place. It was the work of a young sculptor in the old world, and there was great talk of its beauty. I gazed upon it in wonder and terror, for the face I saw was the face of my sister. The sculptor who modeled those marble features must have known Clarice."

"This is the first time Margaret has mentioned the name of her sister, and Harold says:

"Do you hear, Mauvain? Clarice!"

"I hear, Harold," replies Mauvain, calmly; "the woman had best finish her story."

"I allowed myself to be argued out of my fancy, but it was never entirely dispelled, and events have lately occurred which have fixed it in my mind as a certain conviction. Not only was I betrayed by being torn from her I loved so dearly, but I was deceived in the story of her death. At the time my master informed Matthew Sylvester that my sister was dead, she lived. Why was the wicked lie spoken? To what base end—for what base purpose?"

"Why do you question me?" asks Harold.

"Because you, perhaps, are the only person within this isle who can relieve my tortured heart. You are the sculptor of the image of Clarice."

"A surmise," says Harold.

"A certainty," retorts Margaret. "There is no name, it is true, to the image, but the letter H is cut in the marble. Your name is Harold."

"Consistently argued. What then?"

"What then?" echoes Margaret, advancing towards him with clasped hands and heaving bosom. "Is it not natural that I should come to you to ascertain the fate of my beloved sister? If you are the sculptor—and you have not denied it, being a gentleman, who, to screen himself, would scorn to hide behind a lie—you knew Clarice after I believed her to be dead? You are one of the two before whom we were dragged in the night at the will of our cruel master. When we first met here upon this isle you recognized me, and you saw that I recognized you. Answer me, if you have the feelings of a man. What has become of my sister Clarice?"

"Direct me, Mauvain," says Harold. "How am I to reply?"

Mauvain, in a careless tone, gives direction. "In any way you please, in what concerns yourself. If this matter is yours, satisfy the woman according to your whim. Invent, imagine, speak the truth or lie, in short say anything that occurs to your ingenious mind; but in so far as I am concerned, I forbid you to violate the confidence of friendship. My own affairs, I can settle without interference; and believe me, Harold, I will allow none."

Rising to leave the room, Mauvain is suddenly confronted by Margaret, who,

eternity if by word or deed I ever did her wrong! Do you believe me?"

"I do," says Margaret, carried away by his fervor and earnestness; "you compel me to believe you."

"By-and-by you may believe without compelling, and, of your own honest, unbiased will, may think of me with tenderness and pity. Voices whisper to me, as they have done to you. Fate and destiny are working to their allotted end, and the hand of man cannot arrest them. Now let me hear once more from your lips that the lives of your sister and your own, at the time I met you in the old land, were pure and stainless."

"Have you a sister?"

"Yes."

"A mother?"

"No; she died when I was a child. She is to me but a memory."

"A pure memory?"

"She has been to me the emblem of purity—its spirit, its incarnation. In my earlier days I used to look up to heaven, believing that she shone upon me in the light of a star. Not the brightest that I saw—the sweetest and most peaceful, speaking to me, with silent voice, of sacred hopes and aims which have long since died out of my life. You have revived that holy memory. To-night I shall see my mother's star in the heavens; and upon my knees, for the first time for God knows how many years, I shall breathe a prayer."

"Pure as the memory of your sainted mother," says Margaret, solemnly, "was my beloved sister Clarice when you first saw her in the old land." Involuntarily she holds out her hand to him, and he takes it and raised it to his lips. She is about to impulsively ask him now to divulge what he knows concerning Clarice, when, divining her intention, he begs her to say no more at present.

"Soon you shall know all," he says; "I go to take the seal from my lips."

And with these strange words he leaves her, and returns to Mauvain's house.

CHAPTER XXXIV.
HAROLD DEMANDS AN EXPLANATION OF MAUVAIN.

On his way, Harold paused two or three times to wipe his lips, which were dry, and his forehead, which was moist, and to contemplate the evidences of Mauvain's exquisite taste and culture. He paused, also, at the group which he had cut in marble of Rauf and Evangeline.

"It is a disgrace to an artist," he mused, "but it is not my property, and must stand as a record of my shame. Thus does an artist sell his soul, piecemeal, for wine and fine linen. But there is a better record in the market-place, which may compensate for this libel. I feel almost weak-minded enough to go and set my name upon it; not this hour, though; I have other work to do."

He walked straight to the room in which he had left Mauvain. His friend was not there. He went then to a smaller room which Mauvain had made into a study. He tried the door; it was locked. He knocked, and Mauvain answered:

"Who is there?"

"It is I—Harold."

"I am resting," said Mauvain from within; "and cannot be disturbed."

"I must see you at once."

"Must?" echoed Mauvain, haughtily. "It is imperative."

The door was unlocked, and Harold entered. The room was in disorder, and bore no signs of the rest which Mauvain said he was taking; every secret drawer in a large and handsome desk was open, and the table and desk itself was strewn with papers.

"You have been busy, I see," said Harold.

"I told you," rejoined Mauvain, with a lack of cordiality, "that I was at rest. I did not wish to be disturbed."

"And I told you it was imperative I should see you. I regret the necessity, but it is not the least a necessity."

In this brief dialogue the ordinary tone observed by these friends in their conversations had been lost sight of; this appeared to strike them simultaneously, and they at once relapsed into their usual manner. Mauvain pointed to a chair covered with papers, and Harold, without apology, scattered the papers to the floor, and took the seat.

"You must have something of the greatest interest to communicate," said Mauvain, with a purposeful drawl, "that you intrude upon me against my wish."

"You are partly right, Mauvain; I have something of the greatest interest to you—exactly to communicate, but to speak to you upon."

"I observed that you followed that woman out of the house."

"Yes, I followed her."

"And conversed with her?"

"Yes."

"Do you wish to relate to me what passed between you?"

"No, I have no such wish; but in what we have now to say, you may perhaps gather something of its import."

"You appear to be in a strange humor, Harold."

"Mauvain, I have seen a ghost."

"Of a woman?"

"Of a star."

"Come, this promises well."

"I almost hope it will not end as well, for if it does my hopes may disappear and my faith may be once more lost, never again to be restored."

"Interesting as ever, Harold; I scarcely regret you disturbed me."

"Mauvain, I must speak to you seriously."

"I hate seriousness, but if you insist upon it, I will not thwart you."

"Let us, then, travel back in memory to the eventful night so vividly recalled awhile since by Margaret Sylvester."

"I have had occasion, Harold, to warn you lately more than once; I trust you are not going to compel me to do so again."

"It is immaterial, Mauvain; no warnings, exhortations, threats, or appeals, can divert me from the goal upon which my mind is set. Spare, then, your breath, and let us converse freely, and, if we can, honestly."

"Have you come to pick a quarrel?"

"Heaven forbid; but if that contingency were to occur, we at least should know how to settle it. We stand on equal ground; we are both gentlemen. Mauvain, I have been your friend, your companion in many a daring and many a foolish adventure. I have never yet had occasion to question your courage or your honor. Not always in accord with you, and plying and plying me through all

stang sometimes by the airs of superiority

you have assumed—and in which to some extent you were fairly justified—I have followed your lead in idle mood, and have upheld you before your face and behind your back, as it is the duty of a friend who, although he cannot justly defend on the strict score of morality all that is done, still is content to share the pleasure and the consequences of acts in which he is a participant."

"I smiled you, Harold."

"I do not deny it; nor do I assume a virtue which I am conscious I have never possessed. But I have always understood—and on my honor I speak the truth—that those who were led by us to share our pleasure, or who of their own accord joined in them, were like ourselves rotaries of pleasure. I use the word in its ordinary acceptance. That some required to be wooed, coaxed, intrigued for—that some held off, and by so doing aided to the pursuit of a keener enjoyment—that some falsely professed and needed argument, persuasion, protestation, before they joined the hunt—led always to the same result. Judged by a moral standard—I ask a thousand pardons for dragging in such a figure of speech—we and they were invariably on an equality; of the earth earthy—with but one object in view—enjoyment of life."

"You have missed your vocation, Harold; you should have been a new-school preacher."

"I have missed much—of which I shall never obtain possession. What I have said has been not in justification but in explanation of myself. Mauvain, in all that I have joined in, all that I have participated, I have never once had reason to suppose that innocence was betrayed."

"Poor innocence! and simple, unsophisticated Harold! I see the dimmest glimmer of a light."

"It will become clearer with every word that follows. I come, then, once more, to the night so vividly recalled by Margaret Sylvester. I need not detail again the events of that night."

"For love's sake, no! It is as clear to me as it seems to be to you; although why it should have so much affected you passes my comprehension. But I shall be soon enlightened."

"I had arrived, without premeditation, in a town in which you were making a brief stay; I could stop but a few hours. There was but one hotel for gentlemen in the town, and there I put up. I was young at the time—"

"Very nearly as young, my dear Harold, as you are at the present time."

"I would it were so. We had met before, and had formed an agreeable acquaintance, almost, if not quite a friendship. You profess to be delighted to see me. 'Harold,' said you, 'I can give you a night of pleasure and delight. There is here a traveling manager with two of the loveliest creatures you have ever beheld. I have engaged them to sing and dance in a theater attached to this hotel, and only my private friends are to be admitted to witness the performance. The manager is a scoundrel, and the girls—well, what such girls usually are. Dine with me, and be my guest for the night.' I gladly consented—I was proud of your friendship, Mauvain, for your name stood high, as it has always stood, and to be accepted by you was a mark of distinction. Believe me it was not on those worldly grounds that you won me; I had no sordid object in view; but it was because I fancied I discerned in you a nature akin to my own." Harold's voice faltered as he recalled the youthful dreams, and his head drooped, and Mauvain, as he regarded the man who was young enough to be his son, was stirred by an unusual tenderness. He placed his hand upon Harold's hand, and for a moment Harold allowed it to rest there. Then he drew it softly away, and raising his head, gazed at Mauvain sadly, with tears in his eyes. Mauvain, scarcely knowing what he did, held out his arms, as though he would embrace his friend; but Harold held back, and Mauvain's arms fell to his side. In a constrained voice he said, "Your memory is perfect; proceed."

(To be continued.)

REPUBLICANS, REMEMBER.

True—Marching Through Georgia.

Republicans, remember how in eight or sixty-one, The fight for human liberty at Sumt' began, And the rebels thought the Union its race of.

He had run.

When stricken by the bloody hand of treason.

Harrah! harrah! the Union still remains; Harrah! harrah! the black man wears no chains; The will of loyal millions now the Government sustains.

Against the foul and bloody hand of treason.

We can and will forgive the wrong, where rebels do repent, When they will act like honest men, and show a pure intent; But Uncle Sam's necks will break, when they will not be bent.

But show the foul & bloody hand of treason. Cheers—Harrah! harrah, etc.

We see the men who drew the sword against the brave land, In Congress as a unit—still the foes of freedom stand; To rout the Confederates, brave Garfield takes command, And will paralyze the bloody hand of treason. Cheers—Harrah! harrah, etc.

THE RANKING DUKE OF ALL ENGLAND. The Duke of Norfolk is the ranking Duke of all England, excepting only royal Dukes, such as Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught. He is the Hereditary Earl Marshal of England, Chief Butler of England, an Earl of Arundel, the thirty-sixth in line, and as Duke of Norfolk the thirteenth in generation or succession. A recent visitor to Arundel, the seat of the Duke, writes as follows: "You can realize the remoteness of a man clearly descending through thirty-six bloods by remembering that if Columbus, the discoverer of America, had posterity now living they would be only in the eleventh or twelfth generation. Here is the thirty-sixth Earl of Arundel, and some of the walls standing here made shelter for Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings of England. This present man's ancestor, Roger Montgomery, a knight, came over from France with the freebooting army of William the Bastard, and was given Arundel earldom, with three lordships, ten hundreds, eighteen manors, twenty-five manors, etc., amounting to 58,000 acres. The heir of all this robbery is now a young fellow, 33 years old, named Henry Fitzalan Howard; his family name is Saxon. "You can realize the remoteness of a man clearly descending through thirty-six bloods by remembering that if Columbus, the discoverer of America, had posterity now living they would be only in the eleventh or twelfth generation. Here is the thirty-sixth Earl of Arundel, and some of the walls standing here made shelter for Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings of England. 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