

# THE TRANSLATION OF A SAVAGE.

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER VIII. (Continued.)

He said nothing, but assented with a motion of the hand, and she left him when he was. He traced himself for the interview. Assuredly a man loses something of natural courage and self-confidence when he has done a thing of which he should be ashamed.

It seemed a long time that it was really but a couple of minutes—before the door opened again, and Marion said, "Frank, your wife!" and then retreated. The door closed, leaving a stately figure standing just inside it. The figure did not move forward, but stood there, full of life and the excitement, but very still also.

Frank Armour was confounded. He came forward slowly, looking hard. Was this distinguished, handsome, respectable woman his wife, the Indian girl whom he had married in a fit of pique and brandy? He could hardly believe his eyes. And yet her eyes looked out at him with something that he remembered, too, together with something which he did not remember, making him uneasy. Clearly his great mistake had turned from ashes into fruit. "Lali, my wife!" he said, and held out his hand.

She reached out her hands, but her fingers gave him no response. "We have many things to say to each other," she said, "but they cannot be said now. I shall be missed from the ballroom." "Missed from the ballroom?" He almost laughed to think how strange this sounded in his ears. As if interpreting

the door closed, leaving a stately figure standing just inside it. His thought, she said: "You see, it is our last affair of the season, and we are all anxious to do our duty perfectly. Will you go down with me? We can talk afterward."

Her continued self-possession utterly confounded him. She had not only come to Marion also when told that her husband was in the house. She had had presentiments, and besides she had been schooling herself for this hour for a long time. She turned toward the door. "But," he asked like a suppliant, "our child? I want to see our child."

She lifted her eyebrows. Then, seeing the photograph of the baby on the table, understood how he knew. "Come with me, then," she said, with a little more feeling. She led the way through the hall and paused at her door. "Remember that we have to appear among the guests discreetly," she said, as though to warn him against any demonstration. Then they entered. She went over to the cot and drew back the figure curtain from over the sleeping boy's head. His fingers hung round to take his child to his arms. "He is magnificent, magnificent!" he said, with a great pride. "Why did you never let me know of it?"

"How could I tell what you would do?" she calmly replied. "You married me wickedly and used me wickedly afterward, and I loved the child." "You loved the child?" he repeated after her. "Lali," he said, "I don't deserve it, but forgive me, if you can—for the child's sake."

"We had better go below," she calmly replied. "We have both duties to do. You will of course appear with me—before them?"

four years he had refused to do his duty as a man toward an innocent woman, a woman, though in part a savage, now transformed into a gentle, noble creature of delight and goodness. How had he deserved it? He had sown the storm; it was but just that he should reap the whirlwind! He had scattered thistles; could he expect to gather grapes? He knew that the sympathy of all his father's house was not with him, but with the woman he had wronged. He was glad to see so

Looking back now, it seemed so poor and paltry a thing that he, a man, should stoop to revenge himself upon those who had given him birth as a kind of insult to the woman who had lightly set him aside and should use for that purpose a helpless confiding girl. To revenge one's self for wrong to one's self is but a common passion, which has little dignity; to avenge some one whom one has wronged is a noble thing, and before all, woman has some touch of nobility, is redeemed by loyalty. For his act there was not one word of defense to be made, and he was not prepared to make it.

The cigars were beside him, but he did not touch them. He seemed very far away from the ordinary details of his life. He knew he had been him hard travel, and he was not content of the end. He could not tell how long he had stood against the ticking of the clock seemed painfully loud to him. Now and again he heard a cab rattling through the square, and the foolish song of some drunken loafer in the night caused him to start painfully. Everything jarred on him. Once he got up, went to the window and looked out. The moon was shining full on the square. He wondered if it would be well for him to go out and find some quiet to his nerves in the morning. So, out in the square he looked up to his wife's window. It was lighted. Long time he walked up and down, his eyes on the window. It held him like a charm. Once he leaned against the railings of the garden and looked up, not moving for a time. Presently he saw the curtain of the window raised, and against the dim light of the room was outlined the figure of his wife. He knew it. She stood for a moment looking out into the night. She could not see him, nor could he see her features at all plainly, but he knew that she, like him, was alone with the catastrophe which his wickedness had sent upon her. Soon the curtain was drawn down again, and then he went once more to the house and took his old seat beside the table. He fell to brooding and at last, exhausted, dropped into a troubled sleep.

He woke with a start. Some one was in the room. He heard a step behind him. He came to his feet quickly, a wild light in his eyes. He faced his brother Richard. Late in the afternoon Marion had telegraphed to Richard that Frank was coming. He had been away visiting some poor and sick people, and when he came back to Greyhoke it was too late to catch the train. But the horses were harnessed straightway, and he was driven into town—three hours' drive. He had left the horses at the stables, and having a latchkey had come in quietly. He had seen the light in the study and guessed who was there. He entered and saw his brother asleep. He watched him for a moment and studied him. Then he moved away to take off his hat, and as he did so stumbled slightly. Then it was Frank who, for the first time in five years they looked each other in the face. They both stood for a moment, and then Richard caught Frank's hand in both of his and said: "God bless you, my boy; God bless you! I am glad you are back!"

"Dick," Dick said the reply, and Frank's other hand clung Richard's shoulder in his strong emotion. They stood silent for a moment longer, and then Richard recovered himself. He waved his hand to the chair. The strain of the situation was a little painful for them both. Men are shy with each other where their emotions are in play. "Why, my boy," he said, waving a hand to the wine and liquor, "pull bottles and unopened boxes? Tut, tut! Here's a pretty how d'ye do. Is this the way you toast the home quarters? You're a fine soldier for an old man!"

So saying, he poured out some whiskey and unopened boxes? Tut, tut! Here's a pretty how d'ye do. Is this the way you toast the home quarters? You're a fine soldier for an old man!"

"Well, Frank," said his brother, "you've what have you got for me now? Why didn't you come long ago? You've played the adventurer for five years, and what have you to show for it?"

Against the dim light of the room was outlined the figure of his wife. "Have you a fortune?" Frank shook his head and twisted a shoulder. "What have you done that is worth the doing?"

"Nothing that I intended to do, Dick," was the grave reply. "Yes, I imagined that. You have seen them, have you, Frank?" he added in a softer voice. "For the amount of the judgment of publication, and defunct this action in the court of the State of Washington, and in case of your failure to do, judgment will be rendered for the amount of delinquency, taxes, interest, penalty and costs, and for the amount of said judgment." "My boy, did you ever think of that—the temptation to a woman neglected by her husband? The temptation to meet her? Yes, you have had a lot of luck. There isn't one woman out of 10,000 that would have stood the test as your wife has stood it. Injured at the start, constant neglect, temptation"—he paused. "My boy, did you ever think of that—the temptation to a woman neglected by her husband? The temptation to meet her? Yes, you have had a lot of luck. There isn't one woman out of 10,000 that would have stood the test as your wife has stood it. Injured at the start, constant neglect, temptation"—he paused.

There came home to him at that moment, with a force indescribable, the shamelessness of the act he committed four years ago. He had thought to come back to miserable humiliation. For

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