

THE MAN SHE LOVED

By EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS.

CHAPTER XVII.

Continued.

"Tell me his exact words again," she said.

Enid obeyed. "Seven o'clock!" Dorothy said next. She moved across and looked at a jeweled watch that lay on her table; "it is nearly that now. I have no time to waste." She stood still for an instant, then said suddenly, "You must help me to meet this—this hound, so that I am not seen or discovered."

Enid turned a shade paler. She had not thought of this, and her heart smote her with a new and great pain as a vision of Gervais floated before her eyes.

"What can I do?" she asked slowly. Dorothy mused. Her brow was knit into a disfiguring and determined frown, her small hands well clinched together.

"You must go down into the conservatories, the kitchens, the gardens, everywhere, until you have found Virginia, and then you must keep her away from the house till the tower clock chimes a quarter past seven; you understand?"

While she spoke, Dorothy picked up a long cloak that was thrown on a couch, and hastily tied a scarlet handkerchief over her head as she had seen her maid do many times, when sent suddenly out into the cold, damp air; the end of the handkerchief flapped over Dorothy's face and almost hid it.

"If I am seen," she said, quietly, "it is Virginia sent into the garden by my orders."

Enid could not repress a sensation of astonishment and repugnance at the cool, matter of fact way with which Dorothy met this affair; there was an air of preparation, of knowledge, that told its own tale, and the girl saw that her beautiful cousin was well versed in little acts of deception and double dealing.

"Now understand me," Dorothy said, quietly, "you are to keep Virginia away from me till you hear the clock chime a quarter past the hour. What, are you afraid?" she asked, scornfully, catching a glimpse of Enid's white, troubled face. "Pooh! it is very easy; say that you want a walk, and that I told you she was to accompany you."

She walked deliberately across to the inner door unlocked it and gassed out.

CHAPTER XVIII.

George Laxon Again.

George Laxon had never left England; his name was on the passenger list, as also that of the child, but neither had gone. All this Dorothy had gleaned from the wretched man who had come down from London, thinking to get hush money from the countess by simply breathing George Laxon's name.

He had heard Laxon, in a drunken bout, speak of her in a jeering, slighting manner, just enough to know that there was some secret, but not gaining even a hint of what the secret was.

Dorothy had soon discovered this, and she did not spare him; in fact, on the other hand, she rejoiced, if such a term can be used, to think that he had given her a hint as to Laxon's movement, and put her on her guard.

After dinner, when the ladies were in the drawing room, there was a great commotion in the hall, and Dorothy, asking sharply what it meant, was told that Virginia had caught a man stealing into Lord Derriman's writing room, which opened on to the side colonnade, and had captured him as a burglar. With a sharp exclamation, Dorothy put down her cup of coffee and swept to the door.

"Gervais!" she cried, standing before the crowd of excited domestics and the gentlemen, who were all talking at once round the unfortunate man, held stoutly by two footmen. "What does this mean?"

"Virginia says this man was found in my writing room," Gervais said, looking troubled.

The culprit threw a glance at Dorothy. She understood it. He did not know how much, but he could make things horribly unpleasant for her. If George Laxon's name were mentioned and any weight thrown upon it, she shivered to think of the questions Gervais would ask.

"Absurd! Nonsense!" she declared, sharply. "Virginia is much too clever. I know this man. He is not a thief!"

The earl's face cleared like magic; he hated the thought of pain and harm to any man.

"Let him go, Stevens," he said to one of the footmen. "Her ladyship has spared us much unpleasantness. Come here, my man, don't be afraid."

With that he held out a five-pound note, offering it to the grimy creature whom Dorothy knew in her heart had fully intended robbing him of all he could conveniently lay hands on.

With a dazzling smile Dorothy swept over to the man, who stood blinking and gazing at her sparkling diamonds with sullen and covetous admiration. When she was close to him he shivered at her angry glance.

"Be off!" she whispered in a faint voice; "be off, at once. The next time you will not be spared from prison so easily. Go! Do you hear me?" Then, lifting her voice, she said, so that the others might hear: "Yes, sleep at the village to-night and then go home. I shall not forget all you have told me."

Overcome with surprise, and not a little fear at his detection, the man slunk away; and as he vanished through the wide open door Dorothy turned to look at Gervais with a smile.

"Now, let us have some music," she

cried, brightly. "Enid! Enid! Come and sing!"

But Enid had crept away; she could not bear to stay and see the comedy played out. Her head ached from nervousness, and her heart from pain and dread, and when she reached her room she flung herself on her bed, and burying her face on the pillow, she burst into a flood of passionate, sorrowful tears.

Two days passed. The episode of the thief and his prompt capture had disappeared as quickly as it came to all but Virginia and Enid.

On the morning of the third day, while Dare Broughton was in the picture gallery finishing one or two little odds and ends, Enid came in with a telegram in her hand.

"I met Parsons with this, Mr. Broughton. She was asking for you, so, as I was coming up here, I brought it."

Dare opened the buff envelope, and as he read the telegram his brow contracted.

"My sister is ill. I must be off at once," he said, hurriedly.

Enid looked round, her eyes full of sympathy.

"Oh, I am sorry!"

Dare gazed at her eagerly, but his eagerness died as he read her face, for he saw nothing to give him the hope he longed for so earnestly.

"You will come back soon, Mr. Broughton? We shall miss you very much."

He came up to her and took her hand.

"And I shall miss you more than I can say," he answered, with a grave, tender smile, that robbed the words of the meaning he put on them. "I am honored and delighted to think I may call myself your friend, Miss Leslie, and I want you to promise me one thing; will you?"

"Tell me first what it is," she said.

"That you will write or call upon me at any time if ever you should be in trouble or need a friend. It is not much to promise, is it?"

"On my side, no; but on yours, how much?" and Enid's eyes grew lustrous with the gratitude she felt for this man. "But, if it pleases you, Mr. Broughton, I will promise."

He bent and touched her hand with his lips, and then, making an excuse about seeing the earl at once, left her.

She was still gazing out of a window, the smile gone from her face and the look of pain creeping round her mouth again, when a servant came into the gallery.

"Her ladyship desires to speak to you, miss," he said; "she is in her boudoir."

Enid went at once, not without a slight fluttering at her heart, and found Dorothy in a loose gown of pale gray, seated at her writing table.

"Oh," she said, looking round, "Gervais wants me to drive Mr. Broughton to the station; it is the sessions, or something of the kind, at Loxton, so of course Gervais has to be there. I don't feel quite well this morning. Will you go instead?"

"Certainly."

Enid waited. She seemed to think Dorothy had a commission for her to do. But Lady Derriman did not make any further remark, and after a moment's pause Enid went away, and was seated behind the ponies when Gervais and Dare Broughton appeared.

"Dorothy does not feel equal to the drive, but Miss Leslie will make a most delightful jénu," the earl said, as he clasped his friend's hand.

"Come back soon, Broughton; you know how welcome you are, old fellow, and I am anxious to see my wife's picture."

He stood and watched the carriage bowl swiftly away, then with a little sigh, given he hardly knew wherefore or why, Gervais got into the dog-cart waiting and drove in the opposite direction to Loxton.

Half way between Knebwell and Loxton there was a small inn, and at a word from the groom the earl pulled up and let the man have a look at one of the mare's shoes.

"There's nothing wrong, is there, March?" he called out, after a moment's pause, during which he had chery, kind word for the landlord.

"A trifle loose, my lord; but I think she'll stay till we get to Loxton."

"I hope so."

Gervais looked round at the animal a little anxiously; then his eye caught some one looking at him, and he frowned half unconsciously.

This some one proved to be a man dressed in showy, sporting-like fashion, with a huge cigar between his lips.

"If his lordship would like the use of my cart, he's very welcome," this man said, swinging forward, and pointing with a stick to a smart horse and trap close by.

Gervais smiled, and his frown vanished.

"Many thanks. I think I shall be able to manage—I am much obliged to you, all the same. Good-day, Watson. Come along, March; we must hurry."

The stranger pulled on his gloves. "Poor devil!" he thought to himself. "Pity ain't worth much, but I pitiless him all the same. He's made a mistake what many a man's done afore; but somehow I think when he finds out his mistake he'll go to the wall as clean as possible."

He paid his bill, mounted his cart and drove away in the direction of Groombridge.

CHAPTER XIX.

More Money.

On three thousand a year George Laxon found it easy to live in comfort, not to say luxury, and he did not stint himself.

At Groombridge he drove up to the principal hotel, or inn, as it proudly

called itself, and ordered some food for himself and horse.

There was a well to do air about him, and he was waited on obsequiously.

"I'll go and stroll about a bit till my chop is done," he observed, lighting another cigar and swaggering out with his hands in his pockets, highly delighted with his own importance and the smartness of his attire.

At the doorway of the inn, however, he came to a standstill, and his swaggar took another shape.

His eye rested on a grimy, dirty figure just lurching out of the public bar, and he recognized it with an oath.

It was the man who three days previously had been caught by the French maid at Bromley Manor as a thief.

Laxon went up to him and struck his hand heavily on the other's shoulder.

"What are you doing here, Jim Coates?" he asked, in a short, angry way.

Jim Coates had taken just enough beer to be pugnacious.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Mister Laxon? Well, and what's it to do with you yer I'm here?"

"That ain't a plain answer. You know me, Coates; I ain't one to be fooled. Speak out; what are yer doin' here, eh?"

The other looked at him with a drunken grin.

"Suppose I'm here on the same errand as you is, Mister George Laxon?" he said in a mysterious fashion.

Laxon's grip closed on his shoulder.

"Now out with it, you old snake; confound you! If you don't speak, I'll break every bone in your body!"

"Do it! Do it! I don't care! The countess up at the big house 'ull save me!"

Laxon suddenly dragged him out of the hearing of the various men scattered about, and when they were alone, he shook him like a dog.

The action roused Coates, and he looked at his adversary with not a little fear in his dirty face; he knew what Laxon's temper was; he had seen exhibitions of it before, and he shrank from the angry glitter of those handsome blue eyes as from some deadly weapon.

"Now speak out! Tell me the truth, dy'e 'ear? I ain't goin' to listen to no lies!"

With that grip on his shoulder, Jim Coates felt in no mood for telling lies, and in a few seconds Laxon knew the reason of his presence in Groombridge town, so close to the home of the Earl and the Countess of Derriman.

Laxon listened carefully.

"I know you ain't no fool, Jim," he said, planting his hand deep in the pockets of his loud looking coat and clinching them to keep them from striking at the dirty wretch before him; "and that's what makes a chap wonder why you stay on here with the chance of somebody sayin' 'some-thin' nasty about thev'in' an' so on. A country place ain't like a town, yer gets a bad name in a minnit. Now, if I was you, I'd make a cut for the borough; you're safe enough there."

He pried the man with drink, and so eager was he to get, what seemed to him, the half-witted creature, back to his old haunts, that he went with him up to the station, and saw him safely into the London train, having first bought his ticket and given him a sovereign into the bargain.

After her return from Groombridge station, Enid went up to the gallery and sat down to her painting, and as she sat a sense of desolation crept over her.

Most of the party had gone to a meet of the hounds not very far away, but Dorothy, urged by Gervais, had promised to remain at home for this day at least.

To Enid's surprise, however, she found Captain Leicester one of the luncheon party, and her surprise was not altogether touched with pleasure, for she did not like the young man, and resented the familiar air with which he appropriated her, as it were, arranging himself as a cavalier at every turn.

She went quickly to her room, put on a hat and cloak, and determined to make her way to the grounds.

Her feet moved unconsciously on the path Gervais had led her in that first momentous riding lesson, and she was already a good distance, having quickened her steps from the chilly nature of the air, when to her extreme vexation she heard some one following her, and was overtaken by Captain Leicester.

To be Continued.

Not Pierre Loti.

Those who aspire to literary fame or who are in anywise puffed up with pride and vainglory because it has come to them may be surprised to find it is not a thing which is envied and coveted by all men, for in a certain French journal there appeared recently the following announcement inserted by a rat-trap maker of Lyons: "To All Whom It May Concern: M. Pierre Loti, of Lyons, sole inventor of the automatic rat trap, begs to state that he is not the same person and that he has nothing in common with one Pierre Loti, a writer of romances." We should have liked to have seen the face of "one Pierre Loti" when he read this notice, and hope that any tendency which he may have shown toward sinful pride may since it appeared have been chastened to a becoming humility.—The Tatler.

Handshaking.

In the barbarous days of old, when every man had to watch carefully over his own safety, when two persons met they offered each to the other the right hand, the hand that wields the club, sword, knife or other weapon of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and that, therefore, no trouble need be feared. The handshake was the treaty of peace—in a word, the way they had of showing each other that they meant to be friendly.—The American.

While the Chinese do not care for alcoholic drinks, but are addicted to opium, the Koreans like strong drink and do not care for opium.

THE PULPIT.

A BRILLIANT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. HOWARD C. IVES.

Theme: Faith of God in Man.

New York City.—The Rev. Howard C. Ives, pastor of All Souls' Unitarian-Universalist Church, of New London, Conn., preached Sunday morning in All Souls' Unitarian Church, Fourth avenue and Twentieth street, the Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Slicer being the preacher at Cornell University. Mr. Ives' subject was "The Faith of God in Man."

"The Faith of God in Man" had text was in these words: "God hath given man dominion over the earth and over every living thing that moveth upon it." In the course of his sermon Mr. Ives said:

We cannot too often remind ourselves that man's idea or ideal of God has constantly, though so slowly as to be almost imperceptible, changed as the ages have rolled around. From a faith in God as that of the savage who trusts Him to protect him from plague, fight for him in battle and guide him in his hunting, through many upward steps man has come to have faith in a God of love and Fatherhood. When to-day the leaders of scientific and religious thought speak of a faith in God, they do not mean any acceptance of His attributes and functions, nor any description of His powers or dwelling place. Both science and religion accept the universe as the developing work of a rational power. Every intelligent man to-day regards the universe as an unfolding, living organism. Every scientist approaches the study of life with an awe and wonder exactly proportioned to the depth and sincerity of his character; and every thoughtful mind sees in it all the working out of an immutable plan, the expression of an indwelling God, the unfolding of a life which is material or spiritual only as it is viewed from different sides and by different grades of intelligence. It is only by tracing these slow developments of spiritual life, of an appreciation of the worthfulness of purity, honor and truth; of the constantly developing ideal of God, that we are able to see that to worship an arbitrary Being, enthroned at the centre of the universe, to whom prayers for selfish gratification may be addressed, is just as truly idolatry as if we were to set up a brazen image and pray to that. The only faith which a finite being can possibly have in an infinite God, without being intellectually ridiculous, is to accept the highest ideal of the age in which he lives as the God worthy of worship.

Now, is it not plain that all this burden of progress of development, of faith in himself, of faith in God, has been thrown upon man's shoulders? This infinite God, this power that works for righteousness, this eternal energy from which all things proceed, has literally said to men through all history, "Go forth and have dominion over the earth and over every moving thing which moveth upon it. Flow into the ocean with your ships; girdle the world with the electric spark; trace the mighty sweep of worlds and suns; tunnel mountains, water arid plains, traverse the air like the bird, swim the ocean deeps like the fish, separate in your laboratories the elements from which I have composed the earth and the world. Do all this and a thousandfold reward will be yours. Go forth and be ye as I am with you to guide and uphold." And men have done it simply because God has trusted them with the edged tools of the world.

But He has trusted us with still greater power. How did we ever come to replace the idol of a writhing, venal God with the spirit of a noble God? How did we have made? Well, though God's faith in us as His spiritual children. In the fullness of time a great soul—the first of those true sons of God for whom the creation had been in travail through the ages, enunciated the simple, tremendous truth that all this galaxy of earth and sky; all the meaning of history; all the lesson of nature and of the hearts of men, converge toward the proof that God's plans involve nothing but the ultimate happiness and goodness of His children; that He is not pleased with the death of the wicked; that He sorrows over the prodigal and that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. This is the word of God is completely, scientifically described in the words, "God is Love."

But this tremendous truth had always been in the world. God did not suddenly become a God of love. Men had been slowly learning the lesson through the sufferings consequent upon ignoring it, and they learned it by experience, simply because God trusted them to learn it and had faith in them. This after it was first momentous riding lesson, and she was already a good distance, having quickened her steps from the chilly nature of the air, when to her extreme vexation she heard some one following her, and was overtaken by Captain Leicester.

Most of the party had gone to a meet of the hounds not very far away, but Dorothy, urged by Gervais, had promised to remain at home for this day at least.

To Enid's surprise, however, she found Captain Leicester one of the luncheon party, and her surprise was not altogether touched with pleasure, for she did not like the young man, and resented the familiar air with which he appropriated her, as it were, arranging himself as a cavalier at every turn.

She went quickly to her room, put on a hat and cloak, and determined to make her way to the grounds.

Her feet moved unconsciously on the path Gervais had led her in that first momentous riding lesson, and she was already a good distance, having quickened her steps from the chilly nature of the air, when to her extreme vexation she heard some one following her, and was overtaken by Captain Leicester.

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RELIGIOUS TRUTHS

From the Writings of Great Preachers.

REST FROM THE BURDEN.

For Thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat.—Isa. 25:4.

God sends sometimes a stillness in our life—

The bivouac, the sleep, When the silent, battle-fied strife Is hushed in slumber deep. When wearied hearts exhausted sink to rest, Remembering not the struggle nor the quest.

We know such hours, when the dim, dewy night, Bids day's hot turmoil cease; When star by star steals noiselessly in sight.

With silent smiles of peace; When we lay down our load, and half forgot, The morrow comes and we must bear it yet.

We know such hours, when after days of pain, And nights when sleep was not, God gives us ease, and peace and calm again.

'Till, all the past forgot, We say, in rest and thankfulness most deep, 'E'en so "He giveth His beloved sleep."

When some strong chain that bound us, By God's strength Is loosed or torn apart; Or when, beloved and longed for, come at length.

Some friend makes glad our heart; We know the calm that follows on such bliss, That looks no farther, satisfied with this.

God does not always loose the chain, nor give The loved ones back to us; Sometimes 'Mid strife and tumult we must live.

Learning His silence thus: There is a rest for those who bear His will, A peacefulness, than freedom sweeter still.

He giveth rest, his perfect, pure and true. While we His burden bear; It springeth not from parted pain, but through

The accepted blessing there; The lesson pondered o'er with tearful eyes, The faith that sees in all a meaning wise.

Deep in the heart of pain God's hand hath set. A hidden rest and bliss; Take as His gift the pain, the gift brings yet.

A truer happiness; God's voice speaks, through it all, the high belief, That bids His people enter into rest.