

...your neglected duties. A woman...



"Go straight to her. Till her I am here, free."

Without another word she left him. She took the key by the hand and went through the gates of Hazelwood House. Hervey watched her disappear, chuckled maliciously, and strode off in the direction of Blacktown.

In a mechanical way Mrs. Miller gave the boy his dinner. She ate nothing herself, but her lips moved as if framing words, and her heart offered up its fervent but incoherent and illogical prayers. Knowing that it was Beatrice's custom to visit the nursery soon after lunch and assure herself that her boy had dined well, Mrs. Miller did not go in search of her.

"It has come!" she whispered, and turning very pale. Mrs. Miller threw herself on her knees, and kissing Beatrice's hand, sobbed aloud. "Oh, my poor dear! My poor dear!" she sobbed. "It has come. Yes, it has come. The Lord has not thought fit to answer my prayers. Oh, my dear mistress, may He stretch forth His arm and lighten the sorrow which is before you?"

She kissed Beatrice's hand. She frowned upon her almost like a dog. Her mistress seemed scarcely to hear her words—scarcely to notice her actions. "It was bound to come," she said, dreamily. "I have been waiting for it for weeks. The sword was over my head. I knew it must fall. Where is he?" she added.

"He was here, close at hand," said Sarah. Then, noticing Beatrice's shudder: "He has gone away for awhile; but I saw him. He gave me a message. Oh, my dear, my dear! You must expect no more."

"I expect none. I will ask for none. Give me the message." Mrs. Miller gave it word for word and then handed her the paper with the address. "I must go," said Beatrice. "There is no help for it. The shame which I dare not face—the crash, I shrink like a coward from preparing for, has come. Well, if all must be known it will rid my life of the deceit which for years has made it a burden."

She turned away, entered the nursery and kissed the boy. Suddenly she gave the nurse a frightened look. "You saw him," she said; "did he see the boy?"

spread her arms, revilers of indiscriminate almsgiving may think little of her efforts. Perhaps they have no fruit save in one noteworthy instance.

Charity brought her in contact with a woman, who, from a variety of circumstances, had been reduced from the state of a superior domestic servant to abject poverty, and who was lying almost at death's door. Beatrice heard her history, relieved her wants, had her doctored and nursed, and by these acts made the woman her slave for life. She riveted the links forever, when, fancying she could do with a maid, she, in spite of a grumble from her great-aunt, took this woman, named Sarah Miller, into her service. This happened in the early days of her sojourn at Mrs. Erskine's.

The course of study progressed. For the most part Beatrice taught herself. After a while it struck her she should like to take up her drawing. Here, as her ambition rose higher than wishing to execute the usual schoolgirl masterpieces, she needed a master. A callow, an acquaintance of Mrs. Erskine's, gave her a name and address, which had been given to her by some one else. Beatrice wrote and asked the artist's terms. He replied. She wrote again, accepting the terms and begging him to call on a certain day. So Maurice Hervey came into her life.

When first she saw him the girl was surprised to find she had summoned to her aid a young man of about twenty-five. But the age of a drawing master appeared to Miss Clauson as a matter of secondary importance. So long as he knew his business what mattered if he was twenty-five or fifty-five. Mrs. Erskine troubled nothing about the affair. She knew that a master gave her niece lessons twice or thrice a week. The old lady never even acquired his name. To her he was the drawing master, no more and no less. There are many such old ladies as this.

In order that what happened may be read aright, two facts must be distinctly borne in mind. The first, that Beatrice Clauson was not then the stately and apparently emotionless young lady, whose calm and self-contained demeanor was such a subject of congratulation to her uncles, and such a puzzle to Frank Carruthers. She was but a girl of eighteen, proud, if you will, but romantic, impulsive, and notwithstanding the shattering of the paternal idol, trustful of man and woman alike. She was lonely; craved for sympathy; and in spite of her position in the world, her life so far as she could see it, looked void and colorless. A long stretch without a visible goal. Lastly, she believed, as most young people of eighteen believe, that her judgment as to what was best for herself was infallible.

The second fact to be borne in mind is that Maurice Hervey at twenty-five was not, in appearance, the scowling, crafty-looking fellow seen by Mrs. Miller in Portland prison; not even the malicious, mocking ruffian who confronted her on his release. The mask worn by the man when Beatrice first knew him fitted to perfection, and, until the wearer chose, showed no glimpse of the villainous, sordid nature it hid. He was decidedly good-looking, he was well dressed, and if he carried a touch of the Bohemian about him it was not more than was pleasant and compatible with the profession he followed. His hands, a matter upon which young girls set undue store, were white and well formed. He was attentive and respectful in the discharge of his duties—doubly so after the first few lessons!

For by that time he had found out much about his pupil—not all he wanted to know, but a good deal. He had learned that she was a baronet's daughter, and an heiress. He could not ascertain how much money she would come into or from whom it came. But, so far as it went, he believed his information to be trustworthy, and acted accordingly. He began by awakening the girl's sympathy for his unworthy self. He told her, or it might be said, conveyed to her, her pedigree, and his own hard lot; he dilated on the drudgery of less-giving to a man who believed he had genius. So cleverly did he talk that Beatrice was persuaded that she was under an obligation to him for the very act of teaching. His lies were masterpieces, because he did not, like many self-styled neglected geniuses, believe in his own talents. The man knew that such skill as he possessed could make him, at the outside, a first-rate artist, or, it might possibly be, a first-rate drawing-master.

some not live another month unless she were his wife. He revolved these assurances when Beatrice told him indirectly that when of age she came into a large income. No, let them be married at once. Her father's consent could be won so much better after the ceremony. His (Maurice's) darling must be guided by him. Beatrice hesitated. Hervey crossed, and at last, like other darlings of fortune, she consented to be guided by the man she loved.

He guided her to her first act of death. He informed Mrs. Erskine that she was going to Bournemouth for a fortnight to see an old school friend. She comforted herself by thinking it was but an equivocation. She was going to Bournemouth, and a friend of hers lived, or did live there—no doubt she would see her. Every one knows that equivocation is the inclined plane down which people slide to the right.

With respect to her father she comforted herself by thinking that, as he married to please himself, she had a right to do the same—a kind of reasoning by analogy not unknown to young people. Besides, he would know Maurice very soon, and, of course, learn to love him. So to Bournemouth she went, but before going was quietly married to Maurice Hervey, and the fortnight spent at Bournemouth was their honeymoon. The rays of the honeymoon glow sometimes far towards dispersing the glamour with which a bride surrounds her bridegroom. Some curious things happened to Beatrice.

In the first place, her husband even now objected to Sir Maining's being told of his daughter's happiness, and Beatrice, not wishing to cross him in these early days, consented as before for a limited period to be guided by his superior knowledge of the world.

In the second place the postman one morning brought a letter for Hervey. Beatrice watched him rather curiously as he opened it, and she saw it contained a document, the indorsement of which informed all who could read that it was a copy of the last will and testament of William Talbot, Esq. Hervey explained that he merely took an interest in his father's affairs, and thinking he ought to know something about them had written for the copy. This explanation sufficed, and Beatrice laughingly suggested that she should sit beside him and read the will with him. This was agreed to.

Hervey, with a smile of satisfaction, read how one-third of the residuary estate was bequeathed to Beatrice, or rather to Horace and Herbert in trust for Beatrice. This was followed later on by another clause which in the event of Beatrice's making, before she was of the age of twenty-one, an unsuitable match, or of even what appeared to her trustees an unsuitable match, Horace and Herbert were given what amounted to an unlimited power of dealing with her share, a power which fell little short of appropriation. Old Talbot had determined that until his granddaughter arrived at years of discretion her uncles should be able to do fortune hunters.

This clause, which was so clearly worded that even she could understand it, made Beatrice glance at her husband. His face was pale, his hands were shaking, and all of a sudden a string of fierce oaths dropped from his lips. A sharp pain ran through the girl's heart. Without a word she rose and left him.

He soon followed her, apologized and believed he had pacified her, but his conduct had planted in her heart the doubt—the most painful doubt which a young wife can feel—that her husband had married her for her money, not for herself.

The next day Hervey went to town, on important business, he said. Beatrice naturally resented the desertion, but not having been long enough married to know what a fraud that plea of business often is, made no complaint. Nevertheless, something told her that her husband's business was in some way connected with the will. So the doubt became all but certain. Curiously enough, or naturally enough, Beatrice had no longer the wish to appraise her father of what had happened. Duly she began to see the meaning of the step she had taken. It was settled she should return to Mrs. Erskine's, and as a slight misunderstanding is not sufficient to terminate the relationship between a husband and wife of a fortnight's standing, it was also arranged that Hervey should take lodgings in the neighborhood, to which lodgings his wife could come as a pupil to a drawing master. The fellow had by now resumed his mask, and seemed to be trying to efface the recollection of the will scene.

misses-letters, and without mentioning names had endeavored to negotiate a loan upon such security as Beatrice's fortune offered. Some of the uncles laughed in his face, but he soon found one whose business it was never to refuse to lend money on a forged bill or a false declaration provided the friends of the forger or the purveyor were of the stamp who would pay money to avoid criminal proceedings.

"I do not quite understand," said Beatrice. She would not understand. "It's a mere matter of form, my dear girl, it can do no harm. It is only to swear you are twenty-one. I'm sure no one would doubt it."

Beatrice covered her face with her hands, and the tears trickled through her fingers. Hervey attempted to soothe her. Sadly but firmly she pushed his arm away. "I cannot do it," she said. "His brow grew black. 'Damn it! you must!' he said."

She rose. "I will not," she said in accents which told him she meant what she said. "I will do this much: I have some jewelry; it shall be placed in your hands. The only favor I ask is that money may be raised on it in such a way that same day I can get it back. Part of it was my mother's."

Hervey knew that her jewelry would not help him. So he pressed her to make the false declaration. First, he commended, secondly he reasoned, thirdly he besought in an abject way. And with his groveling entreaties for money, every atom of love for him went out of the girl's heart. Love may survive ill-usage, faithfulness and wickedness—meanness kills it. She turned and left him before he could stop her.

She did as she had promised. That evening Mrs. Miller brought him the packet of jewelry. There were some valuable articles in it, as Sir Maining, who had great faith in his daughter's discretion, and who perhaps had feared that if not given at once, they would never be given, had intrusted her with some diamonds which had belonged to her late mother. So it was that Hervey was able to raise some two hundred pounds on the trinkets. To his credit be it said that he sent certain mysterious tickets to Beatrice which, upon inquiry, she found would enable her to redeem the things of which she had deprived herself.

Three days after this Sarah made a discovery, or rather completed her inquiry into Hervey's real nature. By pertinacity in tracking and watching; by questions asked in certain houses in a neighborhood to which she had followed him, she found the man had for some space of time, and was even now, pursuing a low intrigue with a girl. With flashing eyes Mrs. Miller went to Beatrice and told her this.

Beatrice heard her in silence. Then she spoke coldly and gravely. Events were fast making a woman of her. "Sarah," she said, "I will see Mr. Hervey, and if needful you will see him. Bear in mind that if your charges against him are false, you leave me at once."

She took Sarah with her, told her to wait in the street and then entered her husband's room. She told him coldly and without apparent emotion what she had learned. She gave the name of a street, and the number of a house. Hervey of course denied it. Beatrice then said she would fetch his libel, who should be properly dealt with. Hervey wavered, stammered, and then once for all dropped the mask. He brutally told his young wife to let him manage his own affairs of that sort in his own way. So Beatrice knew that Sarah had spoken the truth. And with this knowledge the love for this man which had already been driven out was replaced by a feeling of absolute hate and contempt.

Once more and only once she saw him. A few days later he wrote, bade her come to him, and threatened in case of refusal to come to her. She went. She scorned him too much to fear him. He renewed his request that she would sign the false declaration of age. "I will not," she said. "Will you telegraph to your father and say you must have a thousand pounds—tell him it means life or death?" "I will not; nor would he send it if I did."

had concealed her marriage, there was peace—peace for years. Sarah was told what she already guessed, and upon hearing her mistress wishes simply set about concealing them.

The child was born, and none save the mother and her maid knew the truth. Hard was the task, it was no harder to Beatrice than to others who, without the aid of faithful service at her command, have concealed what if revealed would have done her credit.

[To be Continued.]

Brief Sketches of the Faculty of the Industrial Institute and College for White Girls of Mississippi.

Columbus Index.

1—Miss M. J. S. CALLOWAY, of Macon, Mississippi, Mistress of Mathematics.

Miss Callaway is a native Mississippian, the daughter of the Rev. Elisha Callaway an honored and useful Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Miss Callaway enjoyed educational advantages of the highest order, and has always been a diligent student. She was endowed by nature with a strong mind with special aptitude for mathematics. She has taught in some of the most prominent Female colleges. She was at one time a teacher in the old Columbus Institute. Miss Callaway presented Testimonials of the highest order from the most competent sources. Dr. C. G. Andrews, President of the Southern University, Greensboro, Ala., says she is their finest lady mathematician he has ever known. She is prepared to teach all the branches of Mathematics, including Differential and Integral Calculus. Under Miss Callaway girls may pursue as extensive course in Mathematics as is offered by any of the best Male colleges.

2—Miss PAULINE V. ORR, Mistress of English Language, Literature and Education.

Miss Orr belongs to a South Carolina family that has been noted for three generations for intellectual ability and literary culture as well as for high moral and social bearing and distinguished public services. She was born and reared in Mississippi. She graduated at the Columbus Institute, there studied Latin and English for two years under Prof. Barrow. After this she spent two years in Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York; and two years in special schools of Literature and Education in New York city.

She was indorsed by the distinguished authoress, Mrs. Dickinson, by Madame Dishl the principal of the New York school of elocution, President Backus of Packer, Gen. A. P. Stewart chancellor of the University of Mississippi.

Gen. S. D. Lee president of the A. & M. College, Dr. J. S. Johnson, professor of English University of Mississippi and a score of other men and women prominent in the literary and educational world. Her experience has been very successful.

3—Miss ELLEN MARTIN, of Vicksburg, Miss., Mistress of History, Criticism, Mental and Moral Philosophy and Political Economy.

Miss Martin is known throughout the State as one of our foremost thinkers—one of the strongest friends of this movement for the higher education and the industrial training of women. She has had the finest training and large experience as a teacher. There is no woman in the South in our opinion who could fill this chair with more ability than Miss Martin and if the trustees of the university are not exceedingly careful in their selection we doubt if any institution in the State will offer higher advantages in this line.

4—Miss MARY BACON, of Winona, Mistress of Latin.

She is a daughter of Prof. Milton E. Bacon, whose life has been devoted to the education of girls. The daughter graduated in her father's school, taught several years with success in the same and two years ago entered the Nashville University and Peabody Normal school. Last year she made the highest record for scholarship in the Institute and this year she was the valedictorian of the graduating class. Chancellor Stearns recommended her strongly. She is thoroughly versed in the best Normal methods. She will bring to the discharge of the duties a thorough preparation and high inspiration.

5—Miss RUTH'S ROUDEBUSH, Mistress of Penmanship, Book-keeping, Presiding teacher in the Study Hall.

She is the daughter of Rev. Dr. Roudeshush, and has been educated under her father's personal supervision. She exhibited a beautifully kept set of books and writes with rapidity and beauty.

6—Miss LOUISE HARRIS, Book-keeper and Secretary.

Miss Louise Harris was born in Bolivar county, Miss. She graduated at the Columbia (Tenn.) Athenaeum with the first honor in her class. She is a rapid penman and an expert book-keeper. In disposition she is as cheerful and bright as a sunbeam and is universally recognized as a most admirable appointment.

7—Miss SALLIE McLAURIN, of Brandon, Miss., Mistress of Industrial and Decorative Art.

Miss McLaurin graduated about ten years ago at Brandon Female College, and has been engaged in teaching without interruption. At the time of her election she held an important position in Stuart's College, Shelbyville, Ky. She has gone on to New York to pursue her studies in Art.

8—Miss IDA RUST, of Nashville, Tenn., Mistress of Telegraphy, Photography and Typewriting.

She possesses a rare combination of vocal qualifications and is an elegant lady socially. She studied telegraphy under her brother who is chief of the night service in the city of Nashville. She studied phonography and type writing in the Howard Institute, Cincinnati, O. She is a fine vocalist, having a superior contralto voice. She will be an acquisition to the institution in many respects.

known to all people having charge of music in the Institute for Girls here. Miss Clay is a refined, intellectual young lady and a brilliant musician. She graduated at "The Jewish" and afterward pursued musical studies in Cincinnati, O. She was endorsed by many of our most prominent citizens and is highly connected.

10—Mrs. ADDIE TURNER OWEN, Mistress of Instrumental Music.

Mrs. Owen has been known to the people of Columbus from childhood. She is the most talented of a family of gifted musicians. She is an enthusiast in music. She plays admirably on the piano and organ and also gives lessons in singing. She has a large circle of friends, who earnestly desired her election both on her account and for the good of the institution.

The music department of the college under Miss Clay and Mrs. Owen will take rank from the first with the very best in the South.

Both the ladies teach thorough bass and harmony. The trustees and president are to be congratulated on these wise selections. The New Mississippian says that a better faculty could not have been chosen.

Such a faculty can not fail to do a great work for the education and industrial training of Mississippi girls. The prospect gladdens our hearts.

LAKE PROVIDENCE.

Flattering Crop Prospects—New Officials Take Charge of Their Offices.

Special to Commercial Herald.

LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA., July 3.—The corn and cotton crop in East Carroll promises an abundant yield, and the increased acreage is fully 10 per cent. more than last season. The recent rains, which have been general throughout the parish, have contributed to the growth of cotton, corn and cereals.

The Nimrod Gun club, recently organized, with Dr. F. K. Bernard as president and W. S. Brown as captain, is increasing in number and is practicing daily in pigeon shooting and from their continued improvement will be enabled to compete with any club in the State.

F. H. G. Taylor, the new postmaster assumed the duties of his office on the first and J. C. Bass, the newly appointed sheriff, will enter upon the discharge of his duties to-day.

The river at this point is still rising, but no apprehensions of an inundation are anticipated, and the dreaded army worms, recently reported in the lower portion of the parish, have evidently gone into water quarters.

The Carroll Banner, edited by Mrs. L. L. Garner, is increasing its circulation rapidly and is quite spicy in its editorials and communications, and promises to be the leading journal in North Louisiana.

The examinations of the white public school was concluded yesterday, and the exhibition and distribution of premiums will take place at the opera-house this evening.

A Much Needed Rain at Jackson. Special to Commercial Herald.

JACKSON, Miss., July 3.—A very fine rain fell here this afternoon, which was needed, and judging from appearances of the clouds, it must have been general. Reports of both corn and cotton were never more promising in this State than now, and farmers and merchants are looking forward to large harvests.

VALUABLE WAR RELIC.

Showing What Became of Money in the New Orleans Mint at the Outbreak of the War.

DETROIT, July 3.—James H. Stone, has in his collection of war relics the original ordinance adopted by a Confederate convention in Louisiana, which evidently accounts for a part of the funds reported unaccounted for in the New Orleans mint. Yesterday's dispatches said that the record of the mint, which closed January 31st, 1861 shows that \$1,355,216.50 had been coined, all of which probably went into the enemy's hands. Louisiana seceded January 16th, and transferred all the federal offices to the Confederacy on March 4th. The document referred to is an ordinance to transfer certain funds to the government of the Confederate States of America. In the first section it is ordained that \$3,892,267.46, now in the hands of A. J. Geizor, the State depository, and known as the bullion fund, be transferred to the Confederate government and the said depository of the secretary of the treasury of the Confederacy. The second section orders the payment to the secretary of the treasury of \$147,519.66 custom-house collections since January 31, 1861. The ordinance was adopted in New Orleans March 7, 1861, and is signed by A. Menton, president, and P. M. S. Wheat, secretary of the convention. It is attested by the seal of "the convention of the State of Louisiana." The "bullion fund" referred to is thought to be part of the coinage. The document was found in the archives of the Confederacy, when the Sixth Michigan was quartered in the mint after New Orleans was taken.

Death of Mrs. Fanny H. Davis. Special to the Commercial Herald.

CANTON, Miss., July 2.—Mrs. Fanny H. Davis, a niece by marriage of Hon. Jeff Davis, died at this place to-day, after a lingering illness, aged seventy years. She was a native of Virginia and married Gen. Joseph R. Davis, nephew of Jefferson Davis, but obtained a divorce from him some ten years ago. She was a woman greatly admired for her rare accomplishments and was beloved for her many Christian virtues.



—And vowed he loved her—



He would make her life a hell.