

TROY HERALD.

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Wed and Won.

BY BETT WINWOOD.

That "listeners never hear any good of themselves" is a proverb that Marcia Lynn unwittingly illustrated in her own experience.

She had escaped the inmates of a group of admirers clustered about the piano and stolen into one of the deep bay-windows for which Lake View House was especially remarkable, where the heavy damask curtains concealed her from view.

A tall, regal woman, superbly formed, and beautiful as a poet's ideal, with intense black eyes, blue-black hair, and cheeks stained with sumptuous carmine—a woman to marvel at, to admire, and to love with all your heart and soul when you had once penetrated the impalpable barrier of reserve she knew so well how to throw around her.

She sat in the window-embasure leaning forward with a listless, weary expression upon her face. Suddenly footsteps drew near, pacing down on the low veranda without, and voices became audible.

"Do you know Miss Lynn?"

"No," was the brief answer, delivered very significantly.

"I might have known. You have not been here long enough to make any new acquaintances?"

"Just two hours, Lawrence. That is long enough to renew old friendships."

"True, I will present you at dinner."

"Don't trouble yourself, I beg."

There was a slight exclamation; then the first musical voice that had spoken, said, in accents of unfeigned surprise:—

"What do you mean, Braddon? Don't you wish to make Miss Lynn's acquaintance?"

"No," curtly. "Her vanity has been fed sufficiently already, I judge. At any rate, her name has been in the mouth of every man with whom I have spoken as yet. She must ride rough shod over the lesser beauties of Lake View House."

"She does. She's a woman among ten thousand, Braddon."

"Humph! I have only seen her at a distance, and am certain not to like her. I always detested belles. Do talk of something or somebody else, Lawrence." And the two young men sauntered on again.

The color left Marcia Lynn's cheek for an instant. Her white teeth closed viciously upon her full under lip. Turning swiftly she came face to face with Love Weston, who had stolen unheard to her side.

"What a pity that women have ears in such a place as this," she said, with a forced, sickly smile.

"On that men have tongues," cried Love, half angrily.

"Oh, no!"

"It was too bad of Mr. Braddon to speak of you like that."

"I was sure you heard. But I do not mind it very much."

She did mind, though, in spite of her brave words. A dull ache told her how deep the wound had been when she found time to realize it. And there was cause why she should be so. Braddon's careless words to her.

But she kept her own counsel, and hid her much troubled face in the solitude of her own chamber.

Two hours later she came down stairs for her customary gallop over hills. A vivid scarlet burned in her cheeks again and her eyes were bright and burning. A groom met her on the terrace steps.

"Your mare has fallen lame of one foot, Miss Lynn," he said, with a troubled countenance. "She is not fit to be ridden."

Marcia bit her lip impatiently.

"There must be other horses in the stables. I do not wish to be deprived of my ride."

"There is only Thunderbolt. But no lady ever rides him."

"Then I will be the first to do so."

"But—" began the groom, in a scared voice.

She interrupted him by an imperi-

ous gesture.

"Saddle Thunderbolt this instant, if you please. I shall ride him."

That was enough. The groom came back after a brief absence, leading a powerful black charger, which was impatiently gnawing its bit. An instant later Marcia Lynn dashed down the road like mad.

Ralph Braddon chanced to be out for a walk at that very time. He had penetrated through numberless thickets that bordered the lake, and finally emerged into the high roads, a long distance from the hotel.

Of a sudden the thunderous thud of hoof-beats fell upon his ear. He looked down the road, and saw a solitary spot of black from which a pale set face shone star-like—a spot that shot toward him like a flash of lightning.

Braddon saw it was a runaway. He was no coward. Standing like a rock in the middle of the road, he awaited for the flying steed and its rider to reach him.

Fortunately the road was sandy at this point, and Thunderbolt's feet buried themselves at every bound. But he kept on in his mad career, no more mindful of the rein than as though it had been a single thread.

Braddon's nerves were of steel. He caught at the flying bridle. His face whitened a little as the murderous hoofs beat at his breast. He was dragged several yards in the sand, and then Thunderbolt came to a standstill, trembling and snorting, but conquered. Marcia slipped from the saddle.

"You are very brave, Mr. Braddon," she said, tottering toward him.

"I cannot thank you."

He turned and looked at her.

"And you are very foolishly, Miss Lynn," he returned, half angrily. "You should never have ridden that fiery beast."

"I beg your pardon. I risked nobody's life but my own."

"And mine."

The haughtiness died out of her face, and she extended her hand.

"True," she said, in a humble tone. "Thunderbolt was frightened by the near discharge of a gun. When I decided to ride him, I did not think of involving anybody else in my folly."

He took her hand in his, looked at it an instant, then uttered an exclamation.

"You are hurt, Miss Lynn?"

"I believe so—a little. It was trying to curb Thunderbolt."

The dainty glove was half filled with blood. Braddon tore it off, caressed the lacerated fingers pityingly a moment, then wound his handkerchief about them.

"I am very sorry," he faltered, with white lips.

"So am I. Please help me into the saddle again, and I will return to the hotel."

He did so. She held out her bandaged hand for the rein.

"You cannot have it," he said firmly. "I shall not trust Thunderbolt or you."

Her lip curled in haughty scorn.

"As you please, Mr. Braddon. I am not used to being treated like a child."

Then she sat still, and cold, and voiceless as a statue, while Braddon turned her horse's head, and walking by his side, prepared to lead him homeward. When they reached the terrace step he lifted her down, and said, quickly,—

"I shall send a surgeon to look at your hand."

"Don't trouble yourself, I pray. I have friends enough, without becoming indebted to you more than I am now."

Then she glided away, leaving him dumbfounded almost.

The girl was a puzzle. Why did her face haunt him so persistently, like the memory of a half-forgotten dream? Had he ever seen her before?

Then his thoughts went far back into the past, when he was a lad of eighteen, and had known a girl in pinafores who had a face that might have developed into such marvellous loveliness.

"Pshaw!" he muttered at last. "It can't be her! She is dead—long since! I am a fool for connecting the two."

He did not see Marcia again for two days. Then she made her appearance in the parlors, shining among the other beauties like a diamond dropped among the globules of worthless glass.

Some subtle magnetism drew him to her side. He could not resist it. Vain, heartless coquette or not, in a single hour she had woven a spell such as he could not shake off with all his strength of will.

Marcia's moods were exceedingly variable. For a few days she encouraged him. Then, of a sudden, without any apparent cause, she wrapped herself in a mantle of icy reserve, and lavished all her smiles upon Lawrence.

Braddon grew savage under such treatment. It brought his real purpose to the surface at once. His nature was not one that can brook trifling.

He met Marcia in one of the passages one morning. It was a rare thing now for him to have an opportunity to speak a word to her privately. He meant to take the advantage of this one chance she had thrown in his way.

He stopped her.

"Miss Lynn, I wish to speak a word with you."

A sudden wave of color swept over her face, leaving her very pale.

"I have no time to listen," she said coldly.

"You shall listen! I will know your intentions. Are you a heartless flirt, or do you intend to marry Geo. Lawrence?"

"I cannot tell you. Mr. Lawrence has never asked me to marry him."

The answer struck Braddon dumb. He leaned against the wall and stared at her. And while he stood and stared, Marcia slipped past him, thus making good her escape.

A few more days wore on, days of uncertainty and agony to Braddon, who found, when it was too late, that his whole heart was wrapped up in this queerly woman whom he had affected to scorn at first.

Finally an end came. He caught the flutter of her light drapery in the garden one day, and knowing she was there, alone, ran down to meet her.

She was sitting in a grape arbor, to which there was but one entrance. When Braddon's handsome figure filled this, and his shadow fell at her feet, she looked up with darkening eyes and parted lips.

"Now you shall hear me!" she cried impetuously. "I love you to madness, and you know it. It is cruel to trifle with me."

Marcia rose slowly and confronted him.

"Stop!" she cried, sternly. "Before you say another word, answer me one question. Are you not already a married man?"

His face flushed purple.

"I was married," he stammered, at last, "but my wife is dead. I am free to bestow my affections where I will."

"Are you sure?" her red lip curled.

"I thought I was. Let me tell you all about it, since you seem to know."

"Go on," she said, in her most icy manner.

"When a boy of eighteen I married a child of fifteen. You can guess the sort of match it must have been. There was property at the bottom of it. Our parents arranged the whole shameful affair, and we were puppets in their hands. There was not a particle of love on either side."

"Yes, yes."

"I have not seen my child bride since the wedding day. I went away to college, and since then have been a rover. But I was told that she died of fever three years ago."

"It was a lie!" said Marcia sternly.

"Your wife still lives."

Braddon staggered backward as if he had been struck.

"Good God!" he groaned, "I never suspected that! Oh, what a wretch I would have made of myself!"

"I have not told you all," she went on, in a cold, hard voice.

"My name is not Lynn; it is Lawrence, and I am the child you saw married."

"You!"

"Yes. I knew you were coming to this place. I came here on purpose to meet you. I have done so—I have won your love—and now I cast it off as something utterly worthless. I have made you suffer as you did me years ago, for you were mistaken in thinking that I did not care for you then. But now I hate and loathe you!"

He slunk groaning away. The measure of her revenge was complete, and so she felt as she went gliding over the lawn to the hotel.

Lou Weston met her two hours later.

"Mr. Braddon has gone," said Lou abruptly.

Marcia caught her breath sharply.

"Gone?" she echoed.

"Yes. They say he intends to leave for Europe by the first steamer. There must be some cause for his sudden resolution."

Then she shot Marcia a swift glance, but the composed face she saw told her nothing.

Some hours were on. Then George Lawrence came to her with a countenance white as that of the dead.

"There has been an accident," he said, briefly. "The train upon which Braddon took passage ran off the track. He lies at the farm house about twenty miles below, badly wounded. He has telegraphed for you."

Marcia uttered no moan. But on her way to the station, to which Lawrence drove her, she sat white and mute, and the one thought that filled her heart was this:

"If Ralph Braddon dies, I am his murderer."

A second train was just making up to go to the scene of the disaster. It seemed an age of agony until Marcia stood by Braddon's bedside in the house to which he had been carried.

"God forgive me!" she moaned, bending over him, with her whole heart in her face. "Live, Ralph, live for my sake! I cannot give you up! I love you better than I thought."

Braddon kissed her hand, and smiled a smile of ineffable peace.

He did live. How could it be otherwise, since love and happiness both awaited him this side of the grave.

Old Si on Hell.

[Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.]

While they were resting from work at noon yesterday, Amos said:

"I heah'd er white man readin' in de paper dis mornin' dat folks was 'batin' whudder dere wuz enny hell or not!"

"Shucks!" said old Si; "you'se got dat wrong end to 'em, sho!"

"No, sah; dat wuz what he red in de paper!"

"Whudder dere wuz enny hell?" repeated Si.

"Yas, sah; whudder, when er man give out up hyar he went ter hell, or jess dissolved ter dus' agin!"

"Lookie heah! I don't want no 'spite wid nobody, but ef enny man come foolin' round me wid dat sorter Skriptur, he's gwine to heah me git up yander inter shoutin' 'toves!'" said Si.

"Why is dat?"

"Kaise taint gwine ter do! Yee jess make er nigger blebe dar aint no 'sharter an' see what yer comes ter. Every secon' house'll be er court-house an' de houses twixt 'em'll be jale-houses. Hit's moughty hard ter keep 'em strate now wid de sherid an' hell bof afore dar eyes!"

"Den you'se on de side ob de flash an' brimstone?"

"You'se right honey! Ef you tink you'se gwine ter leebe dis wurd tur play snow-ball somewhar, you'se wrong. Dar's er warn place jess beyant heah fer de manglers ob de Freedman bank an' chiekin-litters ginrally, ees I'es gwine ter swap my blinbook ter er pack er kyards."

"No girl ever shot herself because she was in love with Mark Twain," N. Y. Herald. "Perhaps no girl ever set her cap for him. See the persuasion?"—Louisville Courier-Journal. Tube sure.

The Philadelphia Mirror describes Clara Morris as "the actress that promises a follow-up and his girl's nature—the actress that is a bunch."

Making Memories.

That view of life which makes this world an arena for money-making, and the other view which makes of heaven a mere bank of deposit for treasures which neither moth nor rust corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal, are alike ignoble. The highest heaven which we may hope to attain when we quit the life that now is, is not above the altitude of our own minds, and the lowest hell is not deeper than our own bosoms. What or where heaven may be we know not; but there is no warrant in revelation or in reason for believing that it exists for us apart from our characters and capacities. We must take heaven with us if we wish to find it. Imperishable treasures are not accumulated to our credit in a distant locality. To follow the figure, every man opens his account in the next life with the deposits he takes with him.

In this view of it, the business of making memories is about the most serious in life. Nobody yet knows enough of the laws and the nature of Mind to affirm with confidence that the memory is perishable—that man forgets. He may not remember—he can not say that he does not remember. A venerable man whom we knew, would repeat some story or line, and any, with his sad, sweet smile: "I have not thought of that before in sixty years." "The tablets of memory," he was wont to say, "are of brass, and the record is imperishable. We think we have forgotten, until some breath of circumstance, or some touch of incident, suddenly removes the dust of years, and the writing is plain."

He went upon one occasion, a patriarch of 70 years, to visit his mother, who was still living, past 90. She did not know the man, but she remembered her boy; and she would gaze steadfastly at him with her mildly beaming, far looking eyes, and then walk with feeble step to the wicker-gate where he had played more than three score years before, and call softly, in the true mother-tongue: "Enoch, lad, it's time to come in!" And then she would chide or praise children that had been dead for fifty years, and talk blithely with invisible guests, speaking names and making allusions to events that were all strange to two generations present, but which the old man recalled from the dim past of his own boyhood as those of their neighbors, and as relating to her daily life so long ago. The experience of seeing the dead past live again, as the white-haired mother bending under her century of years, talked to her gray-haired son, made upon his mind an impression of the deathlessness of Memory, that he sought to convey, as his wisest wisdom and choicest counsel, to the young and careless.

The season for memories—the holiday time of the year and of the heart—is approaching. Without being in the least morbid, or in any way too serious-minded, may we not profitably consider what sort of a record Memory is making for us? Will our pleasures stand the test of being lived over in the mind? Are our friendships noble and free from selfishness? Are we living too much to ourselves, and omitting from the conduct of our lives the divine rule of service for others? Are we doing good as well as being good? A joy-bringing memory is above the risk of loss, and beyond the reach of time. Our souls have traveled to us from afar. And what we have been makes us what we are.

Golden Rule.

There is nothing that will tend to make a man forget to ask a blessing at the breakfast table quicker than to sit on a plate of hot-baked eggs that the cook left on the chair when she tied her shoes.

Lincoln's life was saddened because the American people had such a universal passion to hold office. Having the highest office himself, he had the less control over his feelings.

General Toombs is recommended by Alexander H. Stephens and other Georgians, to represent their state as one of the honorary commissioners to the Paris exhibition.

A press of business.—The printing press.