

# One Man's Evil

By EFFIE ROWLAND

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)  
"That woman will give us trouble," he said to himself; and then the next instant he laughed recklessly. "But why should I be afraid of a woman? Bah! I am losing my nerve. This day's work is shaking me."

The road lay to the north of London, and when at last Stanton stopped the driver, the cab had pulled up in front of a shabby looking little house that stood in a garden and had a somewhat desolate air.

It was some time before there came an answer to his summons; then a brisk step sounded, and the door was opened and a small, squat woman's figure disclosed to view.

"Lawks, Master George!" she said, "fancy your coming like this! You didn't ought to have come to the back door. I'm sorry I kept you waiting, sir; I was busy putting the room to rights."

Stanton passed in through the narrow entrance, and followed the woman to the front part of the house.

"How is he, Sarah?" he asked.

"Just the same, sir; no better, no worse. He lies there, poor dear; so patient-like, and his eyes are so bright. It's strange to have to think there's no sight in them. Will you come and see him, sir? But stay; shan't I get you a cup of tea first?"

"I want nothing," Stanton answered. "I have come here, Sarah, because I want you to take a journey for me. I have to send some important papers to the north of England to-night, and the only person I can trust to do this is yourself. You need not be alarmed, however; I shall remain with my brother. If necessary, I will have in a trained nurse."

Tears gathered in Sarah's eyes. She was a plain little creature; but the look that was written on her homely features in this moment gave her almost a touch of beauty.

"Oh! don't take me away from Master Walter, sir!" she pleaded. "You don't know what it mean means to me. Do you suppose any other woman in the world will do more for him that I have done?"

Stanton laid his hand on the woman's shoulder. He was nervous and irritable beyond description; but he had to curb himself; he had to play his part, and there was so little time in which to play it.

"Dear old friend," he said, almost affectionately, "don't make yourself so unhappy. You will be back here in another twenty-four hours."

An hour later George Stanton had gripped Sarah's hand in farewell and had seen her sturdy figure walk swiftly down the garden to the road outside.

She carried, poor soul, safely hidden in the bosom of her dress, a small, square packet which she was to convey to Mill Cross Court.

Stanton had given her a note to the butler. In this he briefly said that the bearer was carrying some papers that were to be deposited in Sir Gerald's study, placed on his writing table, and given to him immediately he arrived.

Stanton prepared to return to Gerald's chambers. Before he went he stood in his brother's room and looked at the poor, helpless figure that lay there.

Sarah had left everything that her boy would need—he wanted so little. If she could only have imagined that the minute her back was turned Master George would leave that poor, helpless creature unattended and unwatched, how quickly would Sarah have flown back again, and refused the duty he had imposed upon her!

It was close on seven when Stanton stood once again in Gerald Tenby's chambers.

"Everything is prepared," he said. "Now, Tenby, you have got to have your wits about you to-night. One false step, my friend, will land us beyond all hope."

## CHAPTER XIII.

Lord Marchmont arrived punctually at four o'clock. He was received by his brother and by his daughter. Lady Betty was still out driving.

"My wife will be here directly," Mr. Marchmont said, as he greeted his brother; but Lord Marchmont evidently was not in the least eager to see Lady Betty.

"I have come to talk with you on a little business, Edward," he said, and Antonia felt that she was dismissed.

There had never been any great sympathy between the brothers; yet Edward Marchmont was always ready to respond to any call his brother made upon him.

"You want me to do something for you, Pierce?" he asked, as they found themselves alone.

"Yes, I want to ask your opinion. You know this Gerald Tenby, who has inherited Mill Cross Court?" Edward Marchmont frowned. What was coming? This was the last question he had expected to hear. He answered with some difficulty.

"Sir Gerald is an acquaintance of mine, not a friend."

"This is the position, Edward: The other day I received a letter from Gerald Tenby, asking my permission to approach Antonia with a view to marriage."

Edward Marchmont looked at his brother sharply.

"You approve of this, Pierce?" he asked.

"I have not set aside Gerald Tenby's

proposal," said Lord Marchmont, "because, although I should never consider him my daughter's equal in one sense, in another his present position gives him a certain right to approach her. I cannot, of course, forget that he is the son of Robert Tenby—whom I have no hesitation in classing as one of the most unmitigated scoundrels it was ever my lot to meet—and had this inheritance not passed to Gerald Tenby as it has done, I should not for an instant have given heed to such a suggested alliance. But as things are, I do not see that I have a right to object to this man as a husband for Antonia unless it is proved to me that he is not worthy of her."

"My dear Pierce, I am sorry I cannot be of any definite use to you. At the same time, I must tell you that this young man is regarded most favorably by everybody in society; a brilliant future was predicted for him when he was only his uncle's heir. I understand that he is exceedingly clever, and I should say that with such wealth as he now commands a brilliant future must inevitably be his. You will, however, approach Antonia yourself before he does?"

"Antonia will obey me," Lord Marchmont said, loftily. "If I give her my wish she should marry this man she will marry him."

At that very moment there came a tap at the door, and Antonia herself appeared. The girl was looking very pale; her eyes had a strained expression.

She carried a little note in her hand. It was evident, from the nervous way in which her fingers closed around the envelope, that this note had contained bad news.

"You want me, Antonia, my dear?" Edward Marchmont asked, hurriedly.

She had gone to her uncle, forgetting for the moment that her father was there, and the sight of him checked her eagerness to open her heart to her uncle.

"I hardly know how to begin," Antonia said, with a catch in her voice. "I hardly know what brought me to you, Uncle Edward, except that I feel I must have some sympathy."

Lord Marchmont looked at his daughter very coldly.

"Explain yourself, Antonia," he said. "You are speaking very strangely."

The girl turned to her uncle. It chilled her suddenly to realize that what she had to say would find but little tender treatment from her father.

"Last night," she said, "I was absent, Uncle Edward, for dinner. I fear you must have thought this very strange; but I explained all to Lady Betty when I came home. I met with an accident as I was driving back from Lady Charlotte Singleton's. You see, I cannot move this arm very easily. That was not what kept me so late, however; it was a strange and wonderful thing, uncle. You have heard me say that I believed that Hubert Tenby was not dead?"

Both the men who listened started, and Lord Marchmont's brows contracted sharply.

"Well, dear," Antonia went on, her voice gaining a little confidence, "last night my faith was proved to be true, for I met Hubert unexpectedly. He had come back to see his father, to claim his father's forgiveness, to prove his innocence. We talked for a long time. I had to tell him that his father was dead. It was a dreadful moment, yet when he would have faltered, and have gone back to his obscurity, I told him," Antonia went on, very quickly, "that for the love he bore his dear father he must remain to claim his title and his proper place; but even while I did this, I felt instinctively that I was urging him to face a terrible future, and, Uncle Edward, I was right. Oh! I was right!" There was a break in her voice. "I don't know what it was I feared, but I did fear for him. Something has told me all along that if Hubert came back there would be great difficulties to overcome; that the enemy or enemies that sent him to his ruin would never let him work unmolested."

"I can scarcely believe my ears," said Lord Marchmont, in a cold, hard tone. "Are you telling us the truth, Antonia? Are you speaking of facts? Is it possible that my daughter can have so far forgotten what was due to herself as to pass hours speaking with a man who is nothing more or less than a felon and an outcast? Is it possible that you, my child, are daring to link yourself even in sympathy, with one so degraded as Hubert Tenby has been proved to be?"

"And is it possible," she said, in a low, clear voice, "that you, my father, should be so miserably prejudiced and unjust as to condemn a man without knowing the truth, as to turn your back upon one whom you have known from childhood, and deny him those rights open to every man?"

"Silence! How dare you speak like this to me? I did, indeed, do a wrong thing when I let you come to this house. You shall not remain here an hour longer than is necessary. Get your things put together, and be ready for me when I return. I am horrified beyond measure that my daughter should have acted and spoken as you have done."

He walked to the door, despite the protests his brother made. He took no notice of Edward Marchmont's words; passed

out, and left the house instantly. Antonia smiled in a wan fashion.

"Let him go, Uncle Edward," she said. "Though he is called my father, you see for yourself what the bond is between us. Let him go, and give me your attention instead. Oh, Uncle Edward! I am very unhappy. An hour ago I thought life most beautiful; and now—now I hardly know what to think, what to fear most."

Edward Marchmont took her two trembling hands and drew her into his arms.

"Speak out, Antonia," he said, gently. "Let me help you if I can."

And she told in broken words all her story, till she came to the moment when this letter she held in her hand had been sent round from the hotel where Hubert was staying. It was from Ben Coop. Only a few words, yet they seemed weighted with a presentiment of evil.

"My dear child," said Edward Marchmont kindly, "I think both you and this good fellow are making a great mistake. What if Hubert has not returned from his visit to the lawyers? It is now early afternoon; he may have had to wait, or he may have been detained by a thousand and one things. There is really nothing to alarm yourself in this absence of Hubert's."

"I feel," said Antonia, "I know Ben is right. Something has happened. I feel that Hubert is lost to me just as I have found him," and she shivered as she spoke. It was as if some chilly hand had touched her, bringing her a message of woe.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Antonia never forgot the tenderness that was shown to her by her uncle in this hour. The sympathy between them deepened, and became a bond that nothing but death would touch; in fact, Edward Marchmont was more than moved by the girl's story.

It was true he had known nothing of Hubert in the past, and was unable to form a personal judgment of the young man, but he had by this time realized that Antonia's nature and character were by no means ordinary, and he could not fail but be struck by the girl's enthusiasm and faith; yet he sighed a little, for he saw that the future would be set with difficulties. Indeed, when Antonia firmly announced her decision of refusing to obey her father's will, Edward Marchmont felt that it was his duty to argue with her on this point.

"I am sorry," Antonia said, quietly, "but it is quite impossible for me to allow my father to control me in this, Uncle Edward. I could not go to Egremont just now. Perhaps if this news had not come, if poor Ben had not let me see that he feared something, I might have gone for a time. You speak of a separation," the girl added, sadly, a moment later, "but do you honestly think, Uncle Edward, that my father and I have ever been united? What could have brought him to London in this way I cannot understand; but he takes a late-born interest in me, and, as a matter of fact, it is not of me that he thinks at all—it is always of himself. But I shall not stay here, dear," Antonia added, quickly; "that would only make complications between you and him. I have decided on my plans. I shall ask Lady Charlotte Singleton to let me stay with her for a time. I will write also to my father, and remain here till his answer comes. He has told you what hotel he is staying at, I suppose?"

Edward Marchmont nodded his head. He gave her the address, Antonia was still waiting for her father's reply when Lady Betty returned to the house.

The girl avoided seeing her. She had told her uncle she would remain in her room for an hour or two. It was not long before Lady Charlotte sent an answer to her letter. A cab brought it, a few pencilled words full of delight, bidding the girl welcome whenever she chose to come. Thus the first step was made easy; but Antonia's heart was full of foreboding as she sat waiting for her father's last word.

It came finally in the form of her own letter torn in two. It was natural that for one moment Antonia Marchmont should feel a pang. Though there had never been any love between herself and her father, yet they had been together all her life, in one sense, and though he had never done anything to win her affection, she could not utterly forget that he was her father.

Lady Betty heard of Lord Marchmont's arrival and departure with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Where is your master?" she inquired, in her curtest way, and when she was told that Mr. Marchmont was in his study she went there, determined to be disagreeable.

"I am here, as you desired," she said, coldly. "I have sacrificed my afternoon at your decree, and I find that your brother has not even the courtesy to wait for my return. I have not been informed to what we owed the unusual honor of a visit from Lord Marchmont."

"Pierce came to see me to ask my opinion as to the merits of a man who has proposed for the hand of Antonia in marriage. Pierce understood that this man was a constant visitor at my house, and argued naturally from that that I should be able to assure him that this man was fitted to be the husband of such a girl as Antonia."

Lady Betty's heart was beating at fever heat.

"How ridiculous you are, Edward!" she said. "You will persist in putting Antonia on a pedestal, as if there were no other girl in the world as good as she! I hope you assured Lord Marchmont that this man, whose name you have not given me, was indeed worthy of your much-lauded Antonia?"

"I told my brother that, although Gerald Tenby was a constant visitor here, I was not—"

He got no further than that. Lady Betty had broken in on his speech.

(To be continued.)

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

### A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

#### Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Maybe they had Beef Trust exposures in the days of Nebuchadnezzar.

People seem to be using the only part of the hog that the packers couldn't utilize.

Oklahoma's most serious task now will be to decide on what to use for a State flower.

"Another stay for Patrick." There's a man who has had almost as many stays as a corset.

Perhaps the safest plan is to run when the girl admits that she was once with a "Florodora" company.

Yet the great fact that can neither be scared away nor howled down is that the people have got to have more.

Barons are quoted now at \$100,000, so distinct a cut that the quality of the goods naturally comes under suspicion.

There is a movement on in London to sock up all anarchists. The English are in some respects a very practical people.

Chinese sentenced to death are released when their prayers bring rain. Jupiter Pluvius can take a joke, apparently.

It is easy for the family physician to convince a man of ample means that a vacation will do him more good than medicine.

Only an intellectual woman can spread a stepladder so that it won't collapse and leave her clinging to the top shelf of a closet.

That old catch phrase about the leechman is clear back in the shade now. How would you like to be chief clerk to a high railroad official?

The latest fad is the conundrum supper. The conundrum, of course, is what are your really eating? Nobody is able to answer it, not even the cook.

Wizard Burbank might confer an incalculable boon on mankind by producing a canteloupe that will register its real quality on the outside of it.

According to English physicians, "silence will cure nervous women and delay the coming wrinkles." So will suicide. Why not suggest something practical?

Now the son of a Pittsburgh millionaire is under arrest for burglary. It will seem to the world to be impossible to get rich in Pittsburgh and at the same time raise a satisfactory family.

The Czar says the thing that hurts him most is the mutinous conduct of a regiment that he has often honored by wearing the uniform of its colonel. How could it have been so mean?

If a woman made as big a fool of herself over the way the men dress as some men make of themselves over the way the women dress, she would have a discouragingly small circle of masculine acquaintances.

Bialystok has taken its place on the map of Russia beside that of Kischeneff, and both emphasize the fact that in the matter of religious toleration the land of the Czar is still living in the age of the St. Bartholomew massacre.

Princeton folk, citizens of the town and alumni and officers of the university have urged Congress to appropriate money for a monument at Princeton, where Washington, on Jan. 3, 1777, won the second victory in the campaign which Frederick the Great pronounced the most brilliant in military history.

In a discussion of disarmament led by Lord Avebury there was no voice raised in the British House of Lords which really dissented from the proposition that the disarmament of Great Britain might be realized. Lord Fitzmaurice, speaking for the government, said that Great Britain might appeal to Europe for a reduction of armaments. To the more urgent champions of peace, "might" may seem lukewarm, even cold; but there is great significance in the fact that the possibility of decreasing warlike equipment was even considered in the House of Lords.

Americans are slowly awaking to the commercial value of preserving natural wonders and objects of historic interest. An important factor in the prosperity of Italy and other nations of the old world is the tourist trade. It has been estimated that the money spent by tourists in Italy constitutes a third income of that country. Entry of the United States into the galaxy of world powers has greatly increased its value from the standpoint of the tourists, and steam-

ship companies report a marked increase in the last few years in the number of foreign visitors to this country. Hitherto Americans have not been quick to realize the necessity of preserving and marking the points of interest in the various parts of the country which will attract visitors.

Most vacations which fall are unsuccessful because they are misfits. It is curious that in a matter where individual needs and personal preferences are so important, the final decision should so often be allowed to rest on other grounds. For the great majority of men and women who work, but who have a vacation, two weeks represent the limit of time which they can devote to rest and recreation. That is only one-twenty-sixth part of the year, and most persons need all of it, and need to use it in the wisest way. What is the wisest way? No one but the person himself can tell; and hence the folly of allowing oneself to be overinfluenced by the advice of others. One of the weekly magazines lately contained accounts of vacations in camp, in an automobile, on a bicycle, on foot, in a canoe, in hunting with a camera, in seeing 5th avenue, and in searching for wild flowers. Each of the articles is charming reading, chiefly because the writer had what he was after—rest, recreation and a good time. The reader may easily be misled into thinking that the charm belongs intrinsically to the particular kind of a vacation which is described. It does not. It belongs only to the exactness with which the vacation fits. The wisest thing one can do is to say to himself, "What is it that I should most like to do?" And if it fall within his means, and if he has only himself and his own pleasure to consider, do that, regardless of whether any one else would enjoy it, or whether any one else has ever done it. The hobby or diversion to which one gives his spare moments during the rest of the year is often a wise guide. It requires courage and common sense to disregard conventional conceptions and half-formed plans, and to follow the inclination of the moment; but the reward is nearly always a happy and restful vacation, and not infrequently at little cost.

Fashions rule in sports as in hats. The new crowds out the old and there are no mourners. Bicycle factories are changed to automobile factories to respond to the popular demand. That a sport falls into disfavor does not necessarily mean permanent abandonment. Croquet, after some years of desuetude, has had a revival of public interest. Baseball has never lost its hold, but styles of playing vary from year to year, and what is popular one season may be hopelessly out of fashion the next. The only sports that last almost without change or decay are children's games. Marbles, tops, jackstones, kites, and the other instruments of play are used by children in the same way year after year. The language of the games remains the same and the rules, fixed by some unknown authority ages ago, are as immutable as the decrees of the Medes and the Persians. The reason is that here the players change. Before a child has had time to tire of a game he has grown up to other amusements and a new race of children has succeeded to all the privileges and pleasures of what its elders have abandoned. The child, too, has a regular succession of games during the year, going through a cycle of sports with a period which, relative to the child's age, is perhaps as long as the period which brings round for older people croquet and the like. The most curious feature of fashions in games is the difficulty with which one nation can be induced to take an interest in the sports of another. Attempts have been made to introduce lacrosse, or curling, or pelota, or cricket, or other exotic sports in which other nations take great delight. But such attempts never win any large amount of sympathy from the general public. When a foreign game is adopted, as in the case of football, it is transformed by the national genius until it is almost unrecognizable to those who knew it in its native land. In some French schools the boys are compelled to play football and the period of the game is the saddest time of the week to the boys, while the British youth cannot be taught to appreciate baseball. Golf is the one conspicuous exception, and it is at present triumphant, but he would be a rash man who would predict for it centuries of favor here such as it has enjoyed in the land of its origin. The golf links may have to be transformed again some day to meet a change in popular interest.

Eating by Law.

An edict of Charles IX. of France, dated 1563, made it a civil offense to offer any guest more than three courses at a meal. If a fourth appeared, the provider of the feast was liable to a fine of 200 francs, while the guests who partook of it could be called upon to pay the authorities 40 francs each.

About the only thing positively known of medicine is that some of it will physic you.

When a woman entertains, the men her husband is owing money get busy.