

One Man's Evil

By EFFIE ROWLAND

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Sometimes Gerald Tenby wondered if his uncle doubted him—if Sir Maurice shared with Antonia the suspicion that he had not been altogether blameless in the matter of Hubert's dishonor; but this thought only came at odd moments. As a general rule, he had too much faith in his uncle's faith in himself. Heir as he was to the Mill Cross property, had the old man at Mill Cross Court really imagined him capable of falling as Hubert had fallen, he never would have stretched out his hand and given his nephew welcome.

There was only one living creature who had dared to tell him to his face that the young man who had gone from his home so outcast had been sacrificed through him and by him. That person was Antonia Marchmont, the girl whom Gerald Tenby had loved ever since he had grown to manhood. And now Antonia was coming to London—coming into the house of the one woman whom he might call an intimate friend.

What would be the outcome of this? Had he been a stranger he might have laughed at the possibility of a girl doing him any harm; but Gerald Tenby never laughed when he thought of Antonia. Indeed, there were moments when he had a feeling of cold fear upon him, when his quick brain carried him into the future, and showed him a probable working out of vengeance—a time of unutterable confusion for himself, and triumph for the man who had been driven from his father's home as a thing too base to live with in its walls.

When such a vision came to Gerald Tenby he shivered, and it was some time before he drifted back to his customary self-control. Then when he had put his fears completely behind him he would laugh at himself.

"If this had been going to happen," he would say to himself, confidently, "it would have happened long ago. Why am I such a fool? Hubert is a dead man, as far as I am concerned, and my future is safe."

When she found herself alone in her room the night of her arrival in London, Antonia Marchmont knelt by the open window and looked across the tops of the houses to the clear sky studded with stars.

She had a strange sensation upon her as she knelt there. It seemed to her as if she had drawn a little nearer to the one she sought; as if, having made the effort and turned herself away from the tranquillity and sorrow of her home, she had advanced a distinct step on the road toward the fulfillment of that task which was the one motive of her life.

"Where are you, Hubert?" the girl whispered to herself. "Oh! if my eyes could only pierce through the world and see you now; if only I could let you know that there is one creature who believes in you, and loves you, and will never rest till you are restored to your own, perhaps that would give you happiness, even though you have lost your father's trust and love, and though your enemy has triumphed over you! Shall I ever see you again, Hubert? Shall I ever see you again?"

She dropped her face into her hands, and knelt in that position for some time; then slowly she drew herself away from the window, closed the blind, and prepared to go to rest.

CHAPTER III.

Ben Coop had never married. He might have taken a wife many times, but he had a strong prejudice against asking any woman to share his life in so wild a spot as that in which he lived; and perhaps if he had told the truth, his honest heart was true to an old romance that had been one of the reasons for his leaving the little Lancashire village and setting forth to make a fortune for himself.

The spring had advanced a few weeks after that day of wild excitement at the station, and Ben was almost beginning to think that, if he wanted to see that fellow countryman of his again, he would have to take a trip to the big city and go to the prison gates. Everything had worked out as he had imagined. A whole army of police agents had come down in search of the fugitives; but, with the exception of one of the convicts, their search had been in vain. From these men Ben had tried to find out something about that other man who had gone back with the warders, but he could obtain no information.

The more he thought about that episode the more he longed to come in contact again with one who had declared himself to be a Tenby.

"Ay, but it would give me rare joy to feel that I could do something for a Tenby!" he said to himself. But the days had gone by, and Ben knew absolutely nothing about the young man who lived so constantly in his thoughts.

One night, however, as he stood at his gate, conscious that he had some eight or ten hours' rest before him, Ben's quick ear caught the sound of some one walking over the rough path. The place was lonely. For days at a time no one passed his way.

"Some poor tramp," he said to himself. "Well, he's welcome to a share of all I've got."

There was no moon, but the night was clear, and as the form of this stranger

drew closer Ben's heart gave a great leap. He struck one brawny hand into the palm of the other.

"It's him!" he said to himself. "I'd swear to it."

And, acting on a sudden impulse, he strode over the rough ground to meet one whom he already called his guest; and Hubert Tenby's heart took a throb of new life as he saw that honest fellow standing before him with outstretched hands of welcome.

"I've been looking for you," Ben said. "I thought you would come, lad. I thought as they'd never keep you shut up after what you did that day! But you're fair done. You walk lame; lean on me. When you've had food you shall tell me all."

The other man covered his face with his hands for an instant. When he looked up there were tears in his eyes and an expression of deep suffering in them also. "Ah, friend," he said, unsteadily, "your words strike into my heart. There was not one of my blood to speak like this when my trouble came."

Ben Coop said nothing for a moment. He sat and looked at the man before him with an expression of deepest sympathy, affection, and yet of doubt mingled on his bronzed face. They strolled to and fro for a few moments in silence; then Hubert Tenby spoke:

"How long ago is it, Ben, since you came away from the old village?"

"Ay, but it's a long time. Going on for nigh twenty-six years, I was just twenty, earning a fine wage, too, sir, in the mines."

"What made you think of coming out to this part?"

"I just drifted," Ben answered. "When I left the village I did not care much, sir, which way my feet went. I loved the old place. Just a few months before, if any one had asked me, 'Ben, lad, come away and make a fortune,' I would have laughed in his face. See how life changes, sir. That was when I saw my future, as I thought, in the little village before I lost the girl I loved."

Hubert Tenby stretched out his hand and rested it for a moment on the shoulder of the other man.

"Death is sad," he said, slowly, "and yet it is not always the saddest thing, Ben."

"Ay, you're right there, sir, for it were no death that robbed me of my joy. It was such a simple story, I suppose, yet it weren't very simple to me. I had built the whole of my life's dream on my love for my lass. We had grown up together, sir, she was the bonniest little soul man's eyes could see. Fool that I was," Ben said, bitterly, "I never dreamed that others would look upon her as I looked, or that she would find it easy to turn from my love. Anyhow, sir, that's the story of why I left the old place and came out here."

Hubert Tenby said nothing, only his hand rested a little more closely on Ben's shoulder.

"I was a little lad then, just between seven and eight, happy as the day was long, playing about in that old garden; and I had many a friend, too, in the village, and child as I was, I had paid more than one visit down to the bottom of the mine where you worked in the old days. Life is full of changes, indeed! Who would have ever imagined that I should have come to what I am?"

"I don't listen to what the world says, sir," Ben answered. "Tell me yourself, just what happened. Put it in your own words, and I will believe you—for, as I told you the first day I met you, I know you to be an honest man."

"It is an ugly story," Hubert Tenby said, his voice growing hoarse. "I am not going to deny that I did run a bit wild at Oxford—it is rather hard, you know, Ben, not to do as others do—and then I was launched with the reputation of being my father's son—that is to say, a man with unlimited money at his disposal, and that is a bad thing to start on. I had plenty, but I had not as much as the others imagined, and what I had soon took wings to itself."

The young man paused and sighed. "How the money went I don't know, but go it certainly did; and then came disagreeables—for I was ashamed to ask my father to pay heavy bills when he made me such a fine allowance. My cousin in Gerald, who happened to be working in Oxford as a private tutor at the time I was there, used to tell me I was a fool. 'What is the use,' he would say to me, 'of having a father who is simply rolling in money, and worrying your brain as you do about finding a miserable few hundreds? I wish now, Ben, I had let his advice urge me to go to my father.'"

"He must be older than you, sir, by a considerable few years, this Mr. Gerald Tenby," said Ben. "I mind him perfectly. He used to come to Mill Cross Court and stay there. He was not liked in the village," Ben said, dryly. "The folk said he had a tight hand and a cunning eye. He took that from his father. Many a time I have heard the old people in the village marvel at the difference there was between the head branch of the family and the other side. Of course, the money was with your father; but no money could ever have put your father's nature into his cousin Robert. Of course, you remember him, sir?"

"No, not at all. The fact is that there

was a kind of quarrel between my father and Gerald's father; and yet when Gerald lost his father, no one was kinder to him than mine. The old house was open to him to come to whenever he liked; my father did everything in his power to give him a start in life. There was no money for Gerald to claim; but Sir Maurice never let him realize how poor he was. He stinted him in nothing, and Gerald always professed to love my father very deeply."

"Mayhap I wrong him," Ben Coop said, slowly; "but if he's his father's son there cannot be much that is good in his heart. I speak very frankly, you see, sir; but I remember lots of little things done to the village people by Mr. Robert Tenby, and I know what I am saying. They were not the real family, you see; that's why we found it hard to trust them. But I am interrupting you, sir."

"I don't feel eager to go on," Hubert Tenby said, "and yet I feel that I must. Instead of taking my cousin's advice I struggled on as best I could, and here Gerald helped me to meet my difficulties. He arranged a loan. I dare say you understand what followed."

"Ay," Ben Coop answered, quietly; "I am not a learned man, but I know what borrowing means."

"I managed to scrape along," Hubert said, "and pay the interest as it fell due; but I did not realize till nearly a year had gone that, instead of clearing the way for myself, I had only put fresh stumbling blocks in my path. Gerald was always coming to ask me either to settle the loan or to pay a heavier interest, and things got worse and worse, until I came to a kind of crisis and I had to find a sum four times the amount of what I had originally owed in a space of a few days. It was useless to ask Gerald to show me a way out of this difficulty, for he told me plainly he saw none, except that of putting the matter before my father and asking him to pay the debt. I would not hear what he urged. I made myself almost ill with worry; I felt like a madman. Just at this time my old aunt and godmother, Lady Charlotte Singleton, wrote and asked me to go and stay with her for a few days. She had a charming old country house not far from Oxford, and I was in the habit of going to see her constantly. In fact, she was kind to both Gerald and myself, although I believe that she, like my father, had had good reason to quarrel with Gerald's father. It was an open secret that Lady Charlotte intended to divide what she possessed between my sister and myself."

Hubert paused here with a little sigh; then he went on with his story.

"She was not rich, but she had a certain amount of property, and, among other things, she possessed a collection of beautiful jewels, of which she was very proud, and which were valued at a fairly large sum of money. I was sorely tempted to tell the dear old lady all that was troubling me while I was with her; and here again I see the working of a malignant fate, for if I had spoken then, Ben, I might have spared myself all that followed. Pride, however, and the nervous fear lest she should imagine I wanted her to help me, kept my lips sealed. When I got back to Oxford the first question Gerald asked me was if Lady Charlotte would be able to help me. I replied sharply that I had said nothing to my godmother of the matter. He looked at me in a strange way for a little while, and then turned on his heel and left me, saying as he went: 'You are about the biggest fool I have ever known, and you will realize it one day.' I was very angry with him."

They had ceased strolling up and down the little garden, and now they were sitting in the porch of the little cottage, and the light of the lamp within shone on his face. It was a sorrowful face for such a young man to wear, and Ben Coop's heart contracted as he looked upon it.

"Next day Gerald and I did not meet. I heard that he had gone away. I knew that he had been offered the post of traveling tutor to an invalid boy, and that this was something he was very keen to do. Generous as my father was to him, it was an old story for me to hear how hard life was for my cousin, and how much there was he wanted to do; and he had been particularly keen on taking this appointment, because it would give him the opportunity of traveling and seeing the world. I don't know that I was sorry that we did not meet—at any rate, not then. A little later it was a different matter."

There was another pause. When Hubert spoke again his voice was very hurried and strained.

(To be continued.)

A Chance for Reform.

If there is any truth in the statement of the small boy whose speech is reported in the Washington Star, the political situation in some parts of our country needs looking into. The history class in one of the public schools of the city had just concluded a recitation the other day, when the teacher took advantage of a few spare minutes to test the knowledge of her pupils concerning the form of the district government.

"In whom is the governing power of this city vested?" was her first question.

Silence reigned for a moment. Then little Tommy's hand went up, and to the teacher's "Well, Tommy?" the following answer was vouchsafed:

"The governors of the district are three missionaries, two taken from civilized life, and one from the Injun corpse."

His Private Opinion.

"Say, pa," queried little Tommy Toodles, "what does this paper mean by 'the powers that be'?"

"It probably has reference to your mother and grandmother, Tommy," replied Mr. Toodles, with a sigh long drawn out.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

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

A joke is not a joke when you have to listen to it instead of telling it.

There is more or less charity in the heart of every man—usually less than more.

Nothing is so disgusting to a politician as the talk of his opponent's money.

The Russian student whose bomb blew him up was certainly "caught with the goods on."

The proposed home for aged editors is an absurdity. Editors don't become aged. The good die young.

It is quite likely that many Russian people who cannot afford it are spending their money for bombs.

It is a sad commentary on our age that the more money a man has the more lies he tells to the tax assessor.

Mr. Rockefeller has the satisfaction of knowing that no amount of Standard Oil trouble can add any more gray hairs to his wig.

By the time Mr. Moody gets through with it, the drug trust may be tempted to try some of its own remedies for that tired feeling.

A Louisville woman laughed herself to death at a funny story. The story is not given out as a part of the details of the sad affair.

Sir Thomas Lipton is building another cup racer, for he's a j—y g—d f—w, and defeat only seems to increase his good nature.

The price of rhinoceroses has advanced to \$12,000 apiece, but very few persons care to have a rhinoceros around the house, anyway.

German manufacturers are now turning out combs made from milk. The guess that they are to be used in combing hairs out of butter is probably wrong.

Two men in West Pullman quarreled over a woman, and one slashed an ear of the other man. It will be hard now for the woman to decide which of the two to prefer.

"Our navy is our advertising medium in the Orient," says Congressman Weeks. Display advertisements of this kind are easily read by every nation, no matter what language it speaks.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., gives President Roosevelt credit for knowing what he is about. This, we believe, is the first concession that has been made by a close relative of the Standard Oil Company.

The Duluth News-Tribune wants Carnegie to get out a reform-spelling dictionary. The Duluth paper might put itself in line for one of the Scotchman's hero medals by using the book after it is printed.

Burial customs were once modest with our people. But complicated and costly living appears to have made simple dying impossible. We run to weak ostentation in the surroundings and trappings of mortality. It is necessary to obtain this, to purchase that; it is the only good form, nothing else will do. It is the consideration of the living that we think about, not the single respect due the dead. We forget that the costlier the earthly memorial we erect the shallower may be the record that we cut upon the tablets of our hearts.

Attention is being called to the entrance of many Japanese into this country. It is claimed that they are taking the place of other races of laborers and that this is particularly true as regards household servants. But it is not by working for smaller wages that the Japanese find employment in households. They demand and receive better rates of pay than are usually given white labor in the same positions. Japanese cooks and butlers, valets and other house servants are much sought after and the competition for their labor is so keen that they obtain more than is given on the average for this class of service. The Japanese are progressive enough to realize their value and to demand full compensation for it.

We are a restless people. Every fat woman longs to be fat. Every fat woman wants to grow thin. Every man longs for the time when he can retire to the quiet of the country and every farmer hopes to some day quit work and move to town, where he can take life easy. Country newspaper men would like to try their hand on a city daily. The fellows on the big cities dream of a time when they can

own a paper of their own. In youth we long for maturity, in age we yearn for the happy days of childhood. There is no excuse for it other than that we all seem to be built that way. The grass seems to be just a little bit greener and thriftier most any direction from the place you occupy right now. Contentment is as near to happiness as you can get in this world.

Time is a perennially interesting subject. Before the chronometer in the jeweler's window a procession is constantly passing. The banker pulls out his \$700 repeater, compares it with the chronometer, and moves on. The office boy with just as much dignity consults the dollar timepiece that bulges his little waistcoat. Both are equally under the spell of time. As most persons know, England supplies the world with that valuable but impalpable commodity, that purely arbitrary thing which we call time. The meridian of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich is the point from which the day of the civilized world is reckoned; but in America the United States Naval Observatory in Washington determines Greenwich time, and distributes it by telegraph. In the end, the watch of the man in the street is set by the stars. Out of the vast number in the heavens there are some six hundred visible either to the eye or the camera, which are known to be practically invariable. The astronomer selects one of them. Through the transit instrument—a telescope pointed at the meridian—he watches, telegraphic key in hand. On the lens of the telescope are eleven hair lines. The center one marks the meridian. As the star crosses each of these lines the operator presses his key, the wire of which connects with an automatic recording clock called a chronograph. This shows at what time the star crossed the meridian. Astronomical tables determine the time at which it should have crossed. Comparison of the standard clock with these tables shows whether or not the clock is right. The time is distributed at noon. Three minutes before 12 o'clock thousands of telegraph operators sit in silence, waiting for the click of the key which shall tell them that the "master clock" in Washington has begun to speak. At one minute before 12 it begins, beating every second until the fifty-fifth. Then, after the pause, comes a single beat, which marks exact noon; and for another day the world knows that it has the correct time to the fraction of a second.

Yes, perhaps it is true that you are not appreciated. You growl and kick and you think that story about fortune knocking once at every man's door is a lie, and that the world, which is always busy, has been foolish enough to stop its progress for the sole purpose to rest your development. Trouble is, you haven't half tried. You haven't merited success. Perhaps you do not know that the planet Uranus was once called Georgium Sidus, and there is a story of pluck in connection with the discovery and christening of the planet. Late in the 18th century William Herschel deserted from a band in the Hanoverian Guards, and escaped to England. His story doesn't tell whether he played solo alto or the bass drum. It does say that he had a hobby and worked for it. He got a job as church organist and sent for his sister Caroline, who was a good fellow. William taught music and became popular, but it did not affect his head. He simply absorbed mathematics and astronomy, and began star gazing. He needed a telescope and good telescopes cost money. So he made one. He whittled and carved and Caroline followed around with a dust pan and refused to get angry because she was sure that William would do things—just give him time. Lot of work on that telescope. You never went up against a proposition like it. He built and rebuilt. He refused to be discouraged. And, mind you, there was no pay envelope in the job. It was all going out and nothing coming in for the telescope. And one day the thing was completed and William turned it on the heavens. It worked. The brains behind it had not miscalculated, and on March 13, 1781, William discovered a blaze of light which he realized must be a planet. It was. And the young deserter was famous almost in a day. George III. sent for him, presented him with a royal pardon for jumping his contract with the Hanover Silver Comet Army band, and then provided him with an income that made the wolf forever desert the astronomer's door. The king even gave the young man apartments at Windsor castle, providing him with all material for making telescopes, and Caroline lived with him to the end, helping him become even more famous. Now, put away your grouches. It is no good to you, and no one else wants it. And build your telescope again. Keep on rebuilding it. You may never discover a planet, but you can discover the meaning of self-help, contentment, and reap the reward that surely comes to those who are proficient. Good moral in the Herschel story, if you will only apply it.

The woman who apologizes at the table the most, means it the least.