

# One Man's Evil

By EFFIE ROWLAND

## CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"Three days later I had a rather pleasant surprise—this being the unexpected arrival of a letter from my father containing a check for a large amount of money. Only a few words accompanied the check. These were to the effect that, having heard of my indiscretion, my father desired to put an end to the matter at once. It was a very kind letter, and it took a weight off my heart. I lost no time in cashing this check and taking the money to my creditors. There was sufficient to meet all I owed. I wondered, as I did this, if I had wronged Gerald by quarreling with him. It seemed to me as if this gift from my father must have been brought about by his doing. I was touched when this became a conviction in my mind, and at the same time that I wrote to Sir Maurice, thanking him in the best words I could, for his great generosity, I wrote also to my cousin, telling him what had happened, and asking him if I ought not to express gratitude to him also. That was the last day, Ben," Hubert Tenby said, "that I knew what the word happiness meant! That same evening I received a hurriedly written letter from Lady Charlotte Singleton, desiring me to go and see her the following day. She mentioned in her letter that she was very much upset. I was very little prepared for what awaited me when I reached her on the following day. I found her indeed in great trouble. All her jewels had been stolen, and it was evident to me before I had gone very far into the matter that this robbery could have been done by no outside person, but only by one who, like myself, was well acquainted with the way in which they were kept. Can you guess the end of my story now?"

Ben Coop looked into the other man's face.

"Surely, they never tried to say you took these jewels, sir?"

"They not only said it, they proved it, Ben." The young man started to his feet. "When I look back I seem to have been hemmed in on every side. Everything was against me; even I, myself, saw how hard it was to disbelieve the evidence put forward. I had been the last person to whom Lady Charlotte had explained the working of the safe in which her jewels were kept. My need for money was well known. I am afraid I had given lots of people the right to regard me as rather a harebrained fellow. In any case, the whole world was against me, especially when, in addition to this blow, my father wrote, declaring that he had never sent the money I acknowledged, and denouncing the check I had cashed as a forgery! I cannot give you line for line and word for word all that happened. I must let you try and fill in the picture for yourself. I was made an outcast from my home. There was nothing for me to do but to leave the country as quickly as I possibly could. In this sore plight it seemed to me that the only friend I had in the world was my cousin Gerald. He not only professed to be amazed and bewildered at all that had happened, but declared himself to be shocked and grieved that any one knowing me should believe me guilty of such dishonorable conduct! It was he who went with me that wretched day that I sailed from England! I am not one who doubts easily; but the truth of Gerald's treachery was revealed most surely a little later on. Not content with driving me in shame from my father's home, not content with having blackened my career, taking everything from me in the old country, he worked his vengeance out still further. I had not been a month away before his vengeance began to reach me. I felt into the hands of men whom I know now must have been Gerald's accomplices. Friendless and almost penniless, I was an easy dupe to these men, and almost before I realized what I was doing I found myself arrested as an accomplice of a gang of well-known burglars, convicted, and given a heavy sentence! And I should be now in the prison had it not been for that day's work in your little station yonder! I little expected to find gratitude from one of my warders, yet it is always the unexpected that comes in life; and when that poor fellow was recovered, he left no effort untried to give me my freedom. The fact that I had been a good-conduct man," Hubert said, with a bitterness that was most painful, "went, of course, in my favor. I also, it seems, had a friend at court, although I knew nothing of this till afterward. The Governor of the jail had taken a sharp interest in me, and he and the warden together managed to give me my freedom. That is why you see me here to-night."

Ben Coop's hands came down firmly, yet tenderly, on the young man's shoulder.

"Ay, but it makes my blood boil to hear what you have been telling me. It's so like what Robert Tenby would have been. There's work for you to do. I am not a man to preach revenge, but I am a man to urge any other to stand up for his honor, no matter at what a cost; and you must stand up for yours, my dear lad. What are your plans? You will surely have something in your mind?"

Hubert Tenby stood and stretched himself his full height.

"I am free!" he said, in low, vibrant tones. "That is the first thing I am trying

ing to realize, and after that comes the memory of my lost honor. I have nothing to go upon, you know, only this hideous belief that Gerald has been my enemy all through. It does not seem as if I could die, or let my father go, till we have looked into each other's eyes again. I want to hear him say that I am his son—no mean, skulking thief who would fall back upon such wretched dishonesty as that that led to my charge. I want, too, to see my sister."

He paused, and Ben Coop seemed to understand that pause. He had loved himself once; he knew what was passing in Hubert Tenby's heart.

"It is not only the old home, and the father and the sister," Ben said to himself; "there is some one else—some one even dearer than these!"

## CHAPTER IV.

Lady Betty Marchmont was in a very bad temper. The coming of her husband's niece had been a signal for an entire change in her existence. For the first time in her life she found herself compelled to play a secondary role. It was most mortifying and equally incomprehensible that the world—her world—should suddenly have determined to regard Antonia as a beauty.

The girl seemed to find great pleasure in being with her uncle, in looking after that much-neglected man, and in trying by every little thoughtful act to show him affection and attention. She went out very rarely with Lady Betty; but she had been out quite enough to attract attention.

Another thing that annoyed Lady Betty was the apparent indifference with which Antonia regarded her social success. Antonia took all that came in the calmest possible manner. She was not impressed with any of the smart people with whom she was brought in contact. She was not in the least an ordinary girl.

Her clothes were simplicity itself; yet even Lady Betty was obliged to confess that the style in which the girl dressed herself was one that enhanced her charms threefold.

It was such a contrast, too, to her own costly and fashionable raiment, and yet everything that Antonia wore came from the hands of one of the most celebrated dressmakers in London. That was what surprised Lady Betty so much, that this girl, who came, as she phrased it, "from the wilds of nowhere," should have had not only a marked individuality but a certain knowledge of the world.

The gowns that Antonia wore made her open her eyes, for, despite their simplicity, they were cut and shaped by the hand of a genius.

It was the same thing with the big picturesque hats and the small, Quaker-like bonnets which Antonia wore alternately. All this was gall to Lady Betty.

"If she had been one of the cleverest women in the world, she could not have hit upon a more splendid idea," the little lady said to herself more than once as Antonia's beauty was revealed, perhaps, in some new light. "What the world likes is change. All we other women seem cut out in the same pattern. She stands alone. What will Gerald think of her, I wonder?"

She began to be quite eager for Antonia and Mr. Tenby to meet. She spoke of him frequently. It was soon evident to the girl that this particular map occupied much of Lady Betty's thoughts. His photograph was given the place of honor in every room which Lady Betty occupied, and Antonia was quite familiar with the fact that great things were expected of Gerald Tenby.

Antonia listened to all this quite calmly, but as the days went by and Tenby never made his appearance, the girl had a sense of bitter satisfaction.

"Coward!" she would say to herself between her teeth. "He can face the whole world, but he dare not face me. Well, I can wait—wait all my life, if needs be; and though I may never know happiness, though I may never see Hubert again, I will not go to my grave till I have punished this enemy."

This thought was in her mind more prominently than ever one night as she sat in Lady Betty's box at the opera, listening with dull ears to the voice of a celebrated singer.

People came and went in Lady Betty's box—but Antonia never moved until the door opened to admit another arrival, and the sound of Gerald Tenby's voice fell on her ear. Then a flood of color spread over her face, her little hands clinched themselves round the fan she held. It seemed as if, when she drew her breath, she were going to take some plunge. The next moment she had looked around with a radiant smile and was holding out her hand.

"You did not expect to see me in London," she said, as she noted that Gerald Tenby drew back and hardly knew how to approach her.

Lady Betty looked from one to the other half impatiently.

"You never told me that you knew Gerald," she said.

Antonia smiled again.

"I never realized that your Gerald and mine were one and the same."

Tenby fixed his eyes upon her eagerly. Those casual words of hers sent a kind of flame to his heart. Her beauty struck him as being greater than ever.

He looked at her eyes. They met his

fearlessly, and yet half shyly, as if they confessed that she desired forgetfulness for that last time they had been together, pardon for all those bitter words she had hurled against him.

Gerald Tenby's heart beat wildly. It seemed to him like some wonderful dream to sit there and look at Antonia in her soft white gown and to hear her voice speaking to him gently. The rest of the evening passed like magic.

When Lady Betty rose to flutter away to half a dozen balls, Gerald escorted her and her companion to their carriage. Fresh wonderment and delight filled his heart as Antonia put her slender hand in his and smiled again into his eyes.

It had needed but this to complete his triumph. He had never realized till this moment how much he had loved her.

The night was warm, and he determined to walk from the opera house. As he passed along his eye was suddenly caught by the placard of an evening newspaper, and he came to a standstill.

For an instant his brain reeled. He could hardly decipher the big words clearly, then the mist rolled away, and he stood facing the fact that his triumph had indeed come, for this placard set forth to the world the news of the death of the great north-country millionaire, Sir Maurice Tenby—a death which had occurred suddenly a few hours before.

It was difficult for Gerald Tenby to draw his breath easily in this moment. It was the moment for which he had stained his soul with sin, the moment for which he had schemed and prayed. Now that it was come, he hardly dared grasp it.

His limbs trembled under him. He turned and hailed a cab. Just as he was stepping into it, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice spoke in his ear:

"Good evening, Sir Gerald Tenby!"

There was a strange sneer in the voice. Tenby's foot was on the step of the hansom, his hand was gripping the rail. So he stood for the space of a long silence.

An instant before, his brain had been reeling with delight; now darkness had fallen upon him, utter, stifling darkness—the darkness of a fear that was almost despair.

Antonia Marchmont did a strange thing that same night when she found herself alone in her room. She looked about her in a wild, hunted sort of way, then she tore from her right hand the delicate glove that had covered it, and lighting a candle, she held the glove in the flame till the skin caught fire and smoldered to ashes.

"I feel," she said to herself, between her teeth, "as if I were as great a traitor as he! Shall I be able to carry this through? To-night, when he came near me, I almost shuddered! Oh! Antonia cried, throwing out her arms, and walking to and fro restlessly, "how is it possible that a man can be so base, so cruel? How can he sleep at night? Does not Hubert's white, miserable face come to haunt him?"

As long as she lived, Antonia would never forget the awful moment when news was given to her of Hubert's disgrace. It was her father who had spoken that sad story, and for the first time in his life he had looked upon Antonia in a different light.

"At least," he had said, speaking aloud his thoughts, "though you are a girl, you spare me dishonor."

"Hubert Tenby is incapable of dishonor! Though all the world should be against him in this, I would stake my life on his honor!" she had said, passionately.

Lord Marchmont had looked at her with a dry smile.

"You are right to be loyal, Antonia," he said, in his calm way; "but your loyalty lacks discrimination. Even faith such as yours must be shaken when put face to face with proofs."

"I do not believe in these proofs, father," she had said. "There is something in all this that will be made clear some day; but whether this happens, or does not happen, nothing will change me. I knew Hubert; and, knowing him, I must believe in him!"

Lord Marchmont had only shrugged his shoulders, and then had gone back to his study. To-night she was going once again over the situation.

"Gerald Tenby always hated Hubert," she was saying to herself. "How many times have I seen him looking at Hubert with that strange hatred in his eyes! Though he put a curb on his lips, he could not utterly hide his feelings. If it had never come to me before, I should have seen his hate that one day when we met on the road to the Court, and I said such plain words to him. I took him by surprise, and for one instant I saw his heart, and I knew that he hated Hubert with a hate that not even death could crush out."

She rose with a sigh as she put away some photographs and locked the box which held them.

(To be continued.)

## Married People Outlive Unmarried.

Marriage is an institution highly conducive to the health of both husband and wife, says American Medicine. Statistics prove that among married men over 20 years of age and women over 40 the mortality rate is far less than among those who remain single. Among the widowed and divorced the mortality is exceptionally great. Suicide among the unmarried are much more numerous than among the married. The matrimonial state promotes temperance in every form. Furthermore, the probable duration of life of a married man of 30 exceeds that of his unmarried brother by five years, and the wife may expect to live one year longer than a single woman of the same age.

## Probably.

"Do you suppose these life-insurance directors ever pray?"

"Yes. They say: 'Give us this day our daily graft.'"—Pack.

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

### A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

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

Now that he is condemned to death, it is apparent that General Nebagotoff's name should be Nevergetoff.

According to a Chicago physician, strawberries cause insanity. We have observed the craze for them.

H. G. Wells, the English writer, says that America will produce a Shakespeare. The eyes of the world are on you, Indiana.

A volcano has become active in New Mexico. This will make Arizona still more reluctant about being tied up with such a Territory.

A woman can never understand how a man who lacks the patience to thread a needle can sit on the river bank all day waiting for a bite.

H. C. Frick denies that he is afraid of Anarchist Berkman. It isn't likely, however, that Frick has any desire to engage Berkman as a roommate.

Boston is stirred to its depths to determine whether Chevalier de St. Saviour died as a martyr or was killed in a brawl. The event occurred in 1788.

There is some advantage, after all, in being an ex-President. Grover Cleveland says no manuscript of his has ever been returned by a magazine editor.

The woman who invented the modern corset is dead at the age of 93, and the rest of the women are now busy pointing out the length of time she stayed.

Secretary Shaw says he would go 1,000 miles to see the grave of a government employe who died from overwork. But why should he want such a man to die?

A Louisville girl laughed herself to death recently after hearing a funny story. Chauncey Depew will regard her case as a vindication of his kind of funny stories.

A Cleveland man who admitted that he had four wives was fined \$50 and sent to prison for thirty days. Cleveland simply will not tolerate bigamy and will go to any length to discourage the practice.

The author of "She" and other romances of wonder proposes that the British parcel post be extended so that the small farmer may put a stamp on a cow and mail it to market. Verily, these be days of Reform.

Secretary Shaw says the government service offers no hope to a young man with ideas. This being the case, we may be sure that there will always be a large supply of young men available for the service referred to.

It is said that the most healthful trade in the world is the making of dye from coal tar, the average life of the workers being 86 years. It is a little singular that men who spend their time fixing for others to dye should live so long themselves.

The hygienist has kindly discovered there are millions of microbes in a handshake. What patience and exactitude he must possess! But let us be brave and go on exchanging them. If it pleases science to count microbes the lay world can do no less than give science permission to proceed with the stunt. However, recollect there are good microbes as well as bad ones.

There is much intemperate rant against what the ranters call "the overshadowing power obtained by the judiciary in the government of the nation." There is an implication in the word "obtained" which is a falsehood. The courts have no power nor have they sought to exercise any save such as was deliberately and designedly conferred upon them by the constitution, which was itself "the will of the people," voluntarily applying to themselves and their posterity that measure of self-restraint and soberness without which all history proved civic existence impossible.

Travelers from Africa are urging the governments of Europe to take steps to preserve the elephants in their respective colonies and spheres of influence. In India the government controls the forests and the laws are strict. When elephants become dangerous, permits are issued for hunting the "vaghonds" or bad elephants, and when they are killed all permits are revoked. In Siam all elephants belong to the crown, and are never killed. Every five years there is a government inspection of them, all white elephants are sent to the prince royal, and the domestic stock is increased by careful selection from the general herd. The elephant there is appreciated as a laborer and

a domestic servant; but in Africa thousands are killed every year for their ivory, which is whiter, harder and more esteemed than that of the Asiatic elephant.

Proverbial wisdom may have been slightly mistaken when it taught men that there are as good fish, and as many of them, in the sea as ever were caught, and formerly men of science, including Huxley, believed that man was not industrious enough to depopulate the sea of fish. Yet it is now known that favorite fishing-grounds do become exhausted. Whales abound at present only because kerosene displaced whale-oil and rendered whaling unprofitable. For a long time the whale has been allowed to spout with relative immunity. The North Sea fishery is failing, and the Permanent International Council officially recognizes that it no longer yields large fish. Man cannot go on taking from fishing grounds, any more than he can from hunting grounds, and expect always to find plenty. The French have found new fishing grounds off the west coast of Africa, the Arguin Banks. The French colonial government is considering measures to promote the fishing industry on these unexhausted grounds.

Contemporary developments in the United States show that the most urgent need of this country is a new morality. There is no need of new principles. The precepts of the Christian religion, which most of the worst sinners profess to believe in, cannot be improved upon. But morality is a condition of heart and mode of life, not a profession. Measured by this standard many American business men have been and are being proved to be ruthless savages. Sympathy, according to the accepted philosophical theory, is one of the main roots from which the moral sense of civilized man has grown. The moral sense began to be developed when the untutored cave dweller was first kept from injuring others by a keen consciousness of the pain which a similar injury would cause himself. Certain American "captains of industry" and "high financiers" would seem to lack even a rudimentary moral sense, for no thought of the mental anguish and physical suffering they were inflicting on thousands has restrained them from crushing competitors by the most lawless and cruel methods or from pitilessly robbing the poor and widows and orphans of funds placed in their hands in trust. Another of the chief roots from which the moral sense is considered to have grown is the fear of our cave dwelling ancestors that if they injured others they would be visited with the stern disapprobation of their fellow tribesmen. They learned to consider wrong what they knew others would treat as wrong. The public opinion which so powerfully influenced the savage may seem to have been partially inoperative in the United States. But the public as well as the high financiers has been at fault. There has been more worship of material success than is consistent with good morals. Attending rather to the size of men's fortunes than to the way they were acquired and used the people have encouraged rather than restrained the growth of the belief that might makes right in high finance, whatever may be the correct principle in low finance. President McKinley of Yale some time ago proposed social ostracism as a remedy for the evils of trusts. His suggestion has not been treated with deserved seriousness. Ostracism in the widest sense—ostracism which would not only send the possessors of stolen wealth to prison but would make of all ill-gotten wealth a social gibbet instead of pedestal—would produce a great moral awakening among the exponents of high finance. But the moral awakening must start with the public. When public opinion as strongly and consistently condemns brigandage by a captain of industry as by members of the so-called "lower classes" of society, it will speedily cease to be widely prevalent.

## Uncle Consolated Him.

A young Irishman in want of \$25 wrote his uncle as follows: "Dear Uncle: If you could see how I blush for shame as I write, you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for a few dollars, and do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die. I send you this messenger, who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew."

"P. S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger to take the letter from him, but I cannot catch him. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that this letter may get lost."

This uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows:

"My Dear Jack: Console yourself and blush no more. Providence has heard your prayers. The messenger lost your letter."

"Your affectionate uncle."

It is a rare man who talks about his wife's first husband or lover. But he thinks about them a good deal, poor devil.