

One Man's Evil

By EFFIE ROWLAND

CHAPTER V.

Lady Betty looked in vain for Gerald Tenby at the various smart functions to which she flattered after the opera. Her little ladyship became peevish as the night hours wore into the early morning.

She went restlessly from one house to the other, and her eyes went eagerly into every corner as she arrived; but not a glimpse of Gerald could she find. It was a new thing for her to be disappointed in this fashion, and she resented it sharply. "It is all that girl," she said to herself. "Ever since she came I have had bad luck."

She tried hard not to let the world see that she was not as happy as usual. For, all at once, she felt that she hated the man she had married—hated him because he stood a barrier in her path; and this bitter resentment broke into fiercer flame when the news was given to her of Sir Maurice Tenby's death, and she realized what this would mean to Gerald.

She wrapped herself in her costly mantle and drove home with sullen lips and a strange, hard look on her pretty, babyish face.

The news of this death seemed to her but to emphasize what she called her bad luck—for now Gerald would certainly drift away from her.

Such wealth would open out all sorts of new paths. However much he might like to be with her, it would hardly be possible for him to continue their old friendship under such changed circumstances; indeed, she saw more than this.

"He will marry," she said to herself. "There are a dozen women from whom he could choose a wife to-morrow."

The burst of jealousy that took possession of her heart was a startling and most unpleasant experience. In such a moment the whole of Lady Betty's nature went through a transformation.

A more impressive and yet a more simple funeral than that accorded to Sir Maurice Tenby could not be imagined. The mourners were numbered in hundreds, ranging from some of the highest in the land to the humblest of the pit workers.

There would come big changes, they said to one another, now that Robert Tenby's son reigned at the Court. Times of injustice and oppression loomed visibly before them.

Gerald Tenby, as he walked bareheaded after the coffin, and noted the crowds that gathered about his kinsman's grave, could not be insensible to this feeling of silent antagonism that pervaded the air.

There was one man who watched him from the crowds, and who gave him a passing tribute of admiration for his calmness.

"He's got more grit than I thought," this man muttered to himself. "I always took him to be a coward. Certainly he looks a bit different now to what he did that night when I spoke to him so suddenly. If ever a man had fear written in his face, that man was Gerald Tenby; but there's no fear to-day. After all," mused on this stranger, "he can afford to put aside fear. This is a proud moment, and I never realized the stake he was fighting for so clearly till now. It gives him a kind of right to hold himself as he does. A millionaire with a title as old as the hills, and a property that is known in value and name all over the world. It was worth doing, I must confess; though even bad lot as I am, I doubt if I should have done all the black things he has done."

Evidently some remembrance passed through this man's mind at this moment, for a scowl settled on his face.

"But he will pay me," was his next muttered thought. "I will have my reward—not all at once, but inch by inch. It's only fair. As I worked with him in the past, so I'll share with him now."

This stranger drifted away with the rest of the crowd when the funeral was over, and made his way back to the comfortable little inn in the village, where he had taken up his quarters.

Later in the day the stranger from the inn made his way up to Mill Cross Court. He gave his name to the butler, adding: "Sir Gerald will see me. I am here on business. He expects me."

The servant admitted him instantly, and led the way through the darkened hall to one of the rooms on the ground floor. As the door opened there was a rustle of silken garments, and the perfume on the air denoted instantly the presence of a feminine sympathizer.

"Mr. George Stanton to see you, sir!" the butler announced.

Sir Gerald started violently and turned livid; and Lady Betty, who was looking her very prettiest in the fashionable mourning she had donned, looked round at the newcomer with a slight frown on her face.

Gerald Tenby passed through a moment of hot rage, followed by a chilled sensation of abject fear, when his servant opened the door and Stanton appeared. He paused. At that moment he was at a loss to know exactly what to say; but Mr. Stanton was evidently prepared.

"I hope I am not misunderstanding you, Sir Gerald," he said, quite easily—and it was evident to see at a glance that he was by birth and education a gentleman—"but I believe you require me to commence my duties as your secretary to-

Gerald Tenby's face was turned from him. The expression upon it was not caught by Lady Betty, neither did she know with what a mighty effort Tenby conquered himself sufficiently to speak quietly.

"I—I did not expect you to-day, Mr. Stanton," he said; "but as you have come, doubtless we shall be able to discuss some matters. There is, of course, a great deal of writing to be done at this moment."

There was a hint in this—or Lady Betty imagined there was, and she prepared, in consequence, to take her departure.

At the door of his study Gerald Tenby paused; his hands gripped each other as though he had to fight down some uncontrollable feeling. His face was livid. He looked worn and many years older.

The man he had left glanced at him with half a smile curving his lips. He had been sauntering about the room, looking at the old prints on the walls, taking up a book, and otherwise amusing himself.

"Pleasant quarters, these, Sir Gerald," he said, affably.

Gerald Tenby advanced into the room and stood and looked at him.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, in a low, terse voice. "Is this how you keep your compact? When we parted the other night I gave you a large sum of money. It was—"

The other man put out his hand. "Oh! don't bother to go into details," he said. "You did, as you have just said, pay me a large sum of money—the first installment, Gerald, old chap, of the very large income I shall henceforward have the privilege of possessing; but I have not come to talk about that."

"What does this mean?"

"I mean simply this: that I sink or swim with you, Tenby. Does this surprise you so much?"

"You are a cur!" was the fierce retort. "I am your equal," Stanton answered, with a sneer—"quite as fit to live in this old place as you." Then he changed his tone. "Come," he said, roughly, "let us have no more nonsense. You know as well as I do that a man does not sink to such depths as we two have sunk without paying something for such transactions. I do not want to be paid for my silence as though I were a blackmailer. I desire to have the same ambitions as yourself; in fact, I intend to share your life. Call me your friend, your secretary, what you will, but don't get away from this fact, Gerald; wherever you go I go, whatever you have I have also. Now that the rightful owner of this property is dead—by the way, you had definite proof, I suppose, that Hubert did die?—there is nothing to stand between you and this inheritance. That being so, since I was very instrumental in helping you to your present position, you must not be surprised that I claim my right to share it with you."

"I defy you!" said Tenby, "and I laugh at you, too! You think to carry it all before you, but I am not the man you take me to be, Stanton! I am not to be cowed and threatened. I am the master here. You can go into the world and say what you like. There is not one who will not take my word before yours, not one who would believe you. Share with me! No, my friend, that you will not! This belongs to me alone; it passes to me by right of inheritance, and no one can dispute that right."

"No one? What about Hubert Tenby?"

"Hubert Tenby is dead. He died more than a year ago. Do dead men come from their graves so easily?"

"I don't know anything about dead men," was Stanton's answer; "but this much I do know; Hubert Tenby is not dead! He was alive a couple of months back, and if I know aught of human nature he will never rest till he has worked back on you all the evil you did to him. Now, what do you say to me? Shall we work together, or shall I work with the man you hate? It is quite immaterial to me which side I am on, so long as I get what I want."

CHAPTER VI.

The moment Antonia and Lady Betty met, after that brief visit to the North, the girl was conscious that some great change had been wrought in the nature of her uncle's wife.

Antonia found her eyes going from her uncle's bent form, and plain yet intellectual face, to the woman who was his wife. The contrast between them was thrilling.

"Surely, uncle," she said, in a low voice, "it is a strange thing that Gerald Tenby is permitted to take the title so easily."

"He is the next heir, my dear," he answered her, "as both Sir Maurice's sons are dead."

Antonia turned away. Her heart was beating so violently she could hardly control her voice. She spoke after a moment's pause.

"It has not been proved, uncle, that both sons are dead."

"Every one believes that this is the case, Antonia."

The girl turned round. For once she let her real feelings have away with her.

"point. You know, uncle, dear, I grow up, as it were, with Bertha and Hubert Tenby. I loved Bertha as if she had been my own sister."

"If Hubert Tenby still lives," said Edward Marchmont, gently, "then, indeed, he has a right to hold the title and to claim the estates. Time will show if he is still in the world."

"There is no one to seek for him, uncle. His father is dead, his sister at the other side of the world, his friends and relations have forgotten him, and you do not suppose, do you, that Gerald Tenby will do anything to bring him back?"

"My dear, Gerald Tenby, I am sure, is the soul of honor."

Antonia went away. When she reached her room an unexpected touch of pleasure awaited her. Some letters were lying on her table. She glanced at them listlessly enough, till she came to the last one, bearing an old-fashioned writing, and carrying with it the fragrance of some old-fashioned scent.

A light came into Antonia's eyes, and the color came to her cheeks as she tore open this letter.

"Dear Antonia Marchmont," it ran, "unless my old eyes played me false, I believe I caught sight of you driving the other day with Lady Elizabeth Marchmont. If so, and you are really staying in town, will you come and see me? I am an old and sick woman, and have very little entertainment to offer a young creature like yourself; but though I do not know you very well, I believe it will give you pleasure to spare an hour with me. In case you may have forgotten me, I will remind you that the last time I saw you was at Mill Cross Court. If you will let me know what afternoon you can come, I will send my maid to bring you here. We are terribly out of the fashion in this part of the world, and I should not like to bring Lady Elizabeth's horses so far. Believe me, Yours very sincerely, 'CHARLOTTE SINGLETON.'"

There was a quick beat in Antonia's heart as she read through this letter twice. She remembered so well those days when Hubert's goldmother had been wont to spend a short period at Mill Cross Court.

Hubert had loved Lady Charlotte almost as if she had been his mother, and certainly no mother could have seemed prouder or more devoted to a boy than Lady Charlotte had been.

Antonia did not walk all the way to Lady Charlotte's house; not that she was afraid of a distance twice the length, but because she was in such haste to reach her destination. As she alighted from the hansom and rang the bell her heart was beating almost wildly. She sent in her name in a low voice.

"Please ask Lady Charlotte not to treat me with any ceremony," she said. "If it is not convenient to see me I will come to-morrow or next day." But the maid admitted her instantly.

At the first glance at Lady Charlotte's well-remembered face, grown very thin and worn, a mist of tears passed over Antonia's eyes. A moment later she was sitting by a couch, her hand clasped in Lady Charlotte's.

"I came at once," she said, simply. "I wanted to come so much."

The eyes of the old woman rested on the girl's lovely face with tenderness, and yet with concern.

"How you are changed!" she said, involuntarily. "Of course you are two or three years older, and you have grown taller. I almost doubted when I saw you in the street the other day that you were the Antonia Marchmont I remembered, but this is not the only change."

"Time does not stand still with any of us," Antonia said, with a faint smile.

She drew her hand away from the old lady's and she trembled. For the first time in all this long, weary anguish she had endured she broke down. The tears pushed from her eyes and she buried her face in her hands.

The old woman paused a moment. Her own tears were running slowly down her cheeks. Then she leaned forward on her elbow, and she touched Antonia on the arm.

"Tell me, child," she said, "are you weeping for him—for my boy?"

"I love him, Lady Charlotte," she said, without hesitation. "I don't remember when I did not love Hubert, and I believe in him. Something tells me that he is not dead, and I am working to give him back his honor when he shall come to claim it once again."

The fire in her voice passed into the old woman's.

"God bless you for that, Antonia! You have dared to say in words what I have felt from the very beginning. Yes, I believe in him, even though they put the proof before me that branded him as a thief. I love him as I have loved him ever since he was born, and I have yearned over him. I have prayed that he might not be allowed to die until I had seen his name cleared, his honor restored. But I am nothing but an old worn-out creature. There has been no one to respond, no one to stand forward and work for me until now; and now—"

Antonia knelt down by the couch and buried her face.

"And now," she whispered, "I will work for you and for myself. If human brains and hands can give Hubert justice it shall be given him!"

(To be continued.)

Divided.

"Johnny," said his mother, severely, "some one has taken a big piece of ginger cake out of the pantry."

Johnny blushed guiltily.

"Oh, Johnny!" she exclaimed. "I didn't think it was in you."

"It ain't all," replied Johnny. "Part of it's in Elsie."—Philadelphia Press.

L'Infant Terrible Again.

Little Johnnie—You hain't never been buried, have you, Mr. DeSmith?

Mr. DeSmith—Goodness sakes, no! Why do you ask, Johnnie?

Johnnie—Cause I heard slier tell ma you were a dead one.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

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

What the world is waiting for is the lenient onion.

An Arkansas man has named his son Satan. Is there no S. P. C. C. in Arkansas?

It is not believed that the Czar would die of grief if the douma would go fishing and fall in.

John D. Rockefeller is said to dread the ocean. Perhaps he would like it better if he owned it.

Miss Krupp probably realizes that the great establishment of which she is the head needs a man behind its guns.

A Paris specialist prescribes tomatoes for a bad voice. Patrons of the show generally administer the tomatoes.

The clergyman who ordered his congregation to go home and take off their peek-a-boo waists only made matters worse.

Vollva, the new overseer of Zion, has a rather drowsy name, but it is Oowle who will be called upon to loop the loop.

The new Swedish minister of foreign affairs is named Trolley, and everything will move smoothly as long as the wires are in good order.

A Pennsylvania man killed himself because he was 61 years old and believed in the Osler theory. The Osler business is rapidly ceasing to be a joke.

Some Cobalt ore has gone as high as \$17,000 to the ton, but the boom is saddened somewhat by the fact that other tons have only gone as high as 17 cents.

There are several princesses now who are informing their friends that they wouldn't have married King Alfonso if he had been the last man in the world.

A Colorado man says if you rub a raw onion on your head every day it will keep your hair from falling out. It will also keep your friends from dropping in.

Consular reports show that the cost of living in Europe is rapidly increasing. It is pleasing to note that there is one thing in which they have reversed the form and are patterning after America.

It is rumored in Vienna that the Emperor Francis Joseph intends to abdicate. Whenever the Vienna rumor starters can't think of any other kind of a rumor to set afloat they get out that serviceable old standby.

Wu Ting-Fang has retired because discouraged in his efforts to introduce honest methods in public business. Some statesmen in this country have been conscious of similar discouragement, but none have been so desperate as to retire.

Mr. Pitcairn, of Pittsburg, is keeping as quiet as possible and probably hoping the public may speedily see or hear of something else that it will want more than it wants to know how it is possible for a man on a salary of \$5,000 a year to save \$20,000,000.

Consul Ravndal of Dawson says that the Upper Yukon River, which used to be "the graveyard of navigators," is now as safe as a canal. Canada has appropriated \$175,000 on its part of the river, and is now blasting out ledges in some of the tributary streams. Work on the American side of the line has not even started, yet Americans sometimes call the Canadians slow.

"The maneuvering mamma" is practically extinct. The modern daughter has an almost free hand in managing her love "transactions." The mere love marriage, which was so disturbing a thought to the mother of even twenty years ago, is seldom heard of in Mayfair in these altered circumstances. The new love-making is a subject which can not be dealt with except with the utmost discretion, for it might give some to have it hinted that the modern daughter is a better woman of business in such a situation than was even "the maneuvering mamma."

"I am hopeful that some day not far distant the Russians will have a constitutional government," says Andrew D. White, once our ambassador to Russia. "The douma," he adds, "which is of doubtful purpose and aim, will, I believe, be a stepping stone toward liberty in Russia." We may readily accept this view upon the theory that "revolutions never go backward." When a concession is made it can not easily be retracted. On the contrary, it is

pretty sure to necessitate another and another concession until the people secure all the power necessary in order to the protection of their rights.

The housewife who uses oil lamps has now had a chance to learn the tricks of the trade. The testimony at the Interstate Commerce Commission's hearing of the charges against the Standard Oil Company has revealed, among other things, how poor oil can be made to burn well and how good oil can be made to burn poorly by "fixing" the lamp. The tricks that the Standard Oil Company used to the injury of its competitors will be critically studied by the housewife, because they will give her information that she can use to profit in her own business.

The wick, to begin with, should hang straight down into the oil. Then the oil will pass up more freely to the flame, and a better light will be obtained. The wick should be cut with as thin an edge as possible. If it has a broad burning surface at the top the flame will be yellow instead of white. The chimney should fit tight to the brass burner, so as not to let air in where air is not wanted. The holes at the bottom of the burner should be kept open, so as to let plenty of air in where air is wanted. The wick should not be turned so high that it will char or smoke. An old chimney lets a better light through than a new one, and a shallow bowl lamp is better for poor grades of oil than a deep bowl lamp. The wise housewife will paste these facts on her oil can. This will keep them in her memory, and they will incidentally be a standing reproach to the oil man whenever he comes around.

"There is not a public abuse on the whole eastern coast which does not receive the enthusiastic approval of some Harvard graduate. Fifty years ago the schools were supposed to free us from crimes and unhappiness, but we do not indulge in those sanguine hopes to-day. Though education frees us from the more brutal forms of crime, it is true that education itself has put even meaner forms of crime in our way. The intellect is a servant of our passions and sometimes education only makes the person more adroit in carrying out these impulses." So says the world-famous psychologist, Prof. William James of Harvard University. When has a truer word than this been spoken? It is the frankly expressed opinion of a keen student who believes in education and scholarship. It is the conclusion of a man who represents in the fullest sense the educated men and women of the country. Education—school education—is essential. Social relations cannot be understood and properly adjusted without it. Ignorance is a breeder of crime. And crime and society are at war and must always be at war as long as crime exists. But knowledge alone will not save society. There is something else more fundamental than education. It is morality. It is character. Education without sound moral character is a much greater menace than ignorance with sound moral character. The educated lawbreaker is capable of doing almost infinitely more harm than the ignorant criminal. The educated man who constantly transgresses the moral law and ignores the ethics of his relations to his neighbor and the State is the worst enemy society has. His power to do harm is multiplied by his knowledge. It is not education alone, but education coupled with morality that will root out crime. And morality is more elemental than education.

Lost His Job.

A young man who had given an excellent account of himself while on trial as a conductor was very much surprised when told by the superintendent that he would not be satisfactory as a permanent employe.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Didn't I attend to business? Weren't my accounts straight?"

"Yes, you were all right that way," said the superintendent. "The trouble is, two of your fingers are gone. Unfortunately, there have been many complaints from passengers as to the maintained condition of your hand. Most people are sensitive in regard to an infirmity of that kind, and, although they do not wish to be unkind, they object to being thrown in contact with it. I have been obliged to turn down other estimable young fellows who were thus handicapped."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Literal Translation.

"What do you suppose a man means when he says that he hurls another's accusations in his teeth?"

"I suppose he means that he wants the other to eat his words."—Baltimore American.

Difference of Opinion.

"What is Penruke writing for the magazines?"

"Well, he says it's history, but the financiers he discusses say it is fiction."—Washington Star.

When a loafer walks into an ice cream parlor and occupies one of the chairs intended for customers the proprietor just naturally can't feel as good-natured as the loafer.