

# One Man's Evil

By EFFIE KOWLAND

## CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"If I had not so much at stake," he mused to himself, as the hansom bore him once more in the direction of Regent's Park, "things might be different. I might ever see some way of changing sides. It would give me great pleasure to kick Gerald! But I don't stand alone; I must fight to win her. Money is the only thing that will give me Sylvia, and money I must have—not in little sums, but money such as has come to Gerald Tenby, and now it is in my hand! To-day, for the first time in my life, I have felt myself a rich man. Gerald dare not refuse me anything I ask—and must I see all this go from me? Never! never!"

His heart was beating wildly as the cab drew up at the door of a neat little villa, and his brain seemed on fire. He opened the garden gate and hurried up the path, carrying his flowers in his hand. The maid who admitted him looked at him with reproach.

"The dinner is all spoiled," she said. "Madame thought you were not coming."

He pushed aside some silken curtains and entered the small drawing room, heavy with scent. A woman was seated in a low chair by the open window.

In the dim light she might have passed for a mere girl, and yet there were those in the world who declared that Sylvia Castella was a woman who would never see the age of forty again.

She rose as Stanton appeared, and advanced into the room. The lamp light fell upon her, and revealed her in all her strange beauty.

The face was oval, and the features classical; the head, with its mass of red-gold hair, well poised on the shoulders. She was not very tall, yet she gave the impression of height. The lines of her figure were superb.

Looking at her as she stood there now, she would have seemed the very last woman in the world to have achieved notoriety on the burlesque stage; yet she was Sylvia Castella, the woman who reigned as queen in one of the smartest London theaters; a woman whose name was on every one's lips, whose pictures were scattered everywhere, and whose whole life was a subject of interest to the world at large.

Such was the woman that George Stanton worshipped with a love that was capable of beautifying even such a nature as his.

"Why do you come here?" she had asked him over and over again. "Why do you waste your time? Have I not told you that I want to have nothing to do with you?"

And George Stanton had always made her the same reply:

"I come because I cannot stay away. I come because I love you, as none of these other men you smile upon could love you. I know I am poor, a vagrant nuisance; but wait, Sylvia! Only give me time. I swear to you I shall be rich!"

"You are a fool!" she said to him, with a roughness that was new to her. "Do you suppose that I am worth such a love as this. You should be wiser, George. If money has come to you, as I must realize it has come. You should choose some other woman to become your wife. I may break your heart, you know."

Stanton rose and, crossing the room, threw himself beside her on his knees.

"Be my wife!" he said.

But she drew back with a laugh.

"When you can settle a hundred thousand pounds upon me," she said, "perhaps I will do what you ask."

Stanton rose to his feet. The words she said rang in his ears. He went back and sat in his chair like a man dazed. But little by little, out of the bewilderment of his brain, there framed one thought, one determination.

He knew now the price he must pay for his wife. Before another week had gone, he said to himself between his teeth, the money she had mentioned in jest should be hers in reality, though he stained his hands in blood to obtain it!

CHAPTER IX.

Before Antonia had left her room the next morning a little note was brought to her by Lady Betty's maid.

"Come and speak to me. I have something of importance to say to you," was penciled on the scrap of paper.

Antonia went word to say she would obey Lady Betty's summons. It was the first time she had ever been invited to enter the large, luxurious bedroom.

"I want you to give me a promise," she said; and Antonia had looked at her a little in surprise.

"What promise, Lady Betty?" she asked.

"It is a very simple one, yet a very wise and necessary one, dear Antonia, you are so young, and you are so much in love, that cold common sense and discretion do not even enter into your mind. I want you to promise me that you will say nothing about your friendship with Hubert Tenby for the moment. I ask this for your own sake entirely. I am not going to judge him one way or another. Since you who knew him so well declare him to be innocent, I am only glad to believe that he is innocent; but I am not all the world, and Hubert has a very hard task before him to clear his name. As your uncle's wife, Antonia, I have felt that it is my duty to urge you to say nothing about Hubert one way or another

till everything is arranged and your engagement can be made public."

"I give you this promise very easily," said Antonia in her earnest way. "I do not know that I should have spoken about Hubert even to you, had I not felt that I must give you an explanation of my absence last night. I had thought of telling Uncle Edward that Hubert has come back. I do not think there would be any harm in that."

"Dear Edward is the last person in the world that should be told anything so important. My dear Antonia, you cannot imagine what an absent-minded creature he is! I myself have more than once sharply regretted having spoken to your uncle on certain subjects. He does not mean to make muddles; he is so good—such a dear old thing! But he makes them. Well, I am glad that you see the necessity of silence, Antonia. It is only fair to Hubert that he should clear himself, and until he does so, dear as he is to you, you must not let yourself be publicly associated with him. I am quite sure," Lady Betty said, meekly, "that he himself would wish this."

"I thank you very much, Lady Betty. Hubert will clear himself. Of that I am quite sure. Whether the world knows of my engagement or not is a matter of complete indifference to me. But, as I am in your house, and you seem to think it wise that I should say nothing, I will do what you wish."

"Thank you, dear," Lady Betty said, affectionately.

Gerald Tenby was already in town. He had traveled up the night before, and when Lady Betty's little note was handed in by the footman at the door of his chambers he was pacing to and fro in his rooms. His thoughts were all of Stanton. A wild and impotent anger raged in his heart.

Old Sir Maurice was dead; Hubert lost, and perhaps dead also; and he—Gerald—reigned at Mill Cross Court. And yet the very moment of his triumph, the same hour that saw him transformed into one of England's greatest men, saw also the commencement of a bitterness that would eat to the very heart of that greatness.

Gerald felt sick as he conjured up what lay before him in the future. He had saddled himself with an enemy that would cost him very dear.

As this thought passed through his mind, the door opened and Stanton came in. The two men stood and looked at each other for an instant; then Stanton spoke:

"I thought I should find you here. I have something of importance to say to you."

Gerald's lips curled with a sneer.

"Another check, I suppose?"

"I have only just begun," Stanton said. "Before we separate to-day, Tenby, I shall lay before you a certain proposition by which you pass over to me a hundred thousand pounds. I am not joking, Tenby. This sum of money must be mine before the week is out, or—"

"Or what?" demanded Gerald Tenby. "What will you do, friend Stanton, if I refuse? You may be able to hurt me socially—yes I doubt it; for the world like you, loves money. I am Sir Gerald Tenby, and I have power."

"I think you will do this," said Stanton, and his voice was full of significance. "I have something to tell you, Gerald. Hubert Tenby is alive! Hubert Tenby is in England!"

There was silence in the room—a prolonged silence—in which the sound of a knock at the door broke almost sharply. Sir Gerald's man servant advanced into the room.

"This gentleman, sir," he said, "will take no denial. I told him you were engaged, but he refuses to wait."

He turned as he spoke toward a figure that had followed him through the doorway.

It was Hubert Tenby who stood there.

## CHAPTER X.

While Antonia and Hubert were brought together in so strange a manner, Ben Coop had been waiting for his "boy" at the hotel with a little anxiety at his heart.

It was a strange experience for the man who had lived so many years a wild, free life to find himself set up in a small room in a London house.

Ben Coop felt that he breathed with difficulty. Had it not been for Hubert he would have turned around instantly, and have gone back to that little cottage out in the beautiful country.

He felt ill at ease. It was the first time Hubert had left him since they had linked their lots together. Hubert had gone in search of clothes.

"We are such odd-looking people, you and I, Ben," he had said, with his smile that came so rarely, "I must make myself a little civilized."

"You will always look what you are," Ben Coop had answered to this. "I'll sit and read the paper awhile, and think out what best steps to take first."

Ben paced restlessly to and fro, and when at last Hubert came back he turned with something like a sob in his throat.

"Ay, but I was beginning to get main anxious about you, young master!" he said. "Something has happened?"

"Two things, Ben. One the greatest

joy, the other the greatest sorrow the human heart can experience. Ben, we meet with disaster before we start. My father is dead!"

"No, Mr. Hubert?" said Ben, involuntarily. "Don't tell me that!"

"It is true, Ben—most true. I had it from the lips of one who, though human, is as blessed as if she were an angel. Ben, I must sit down and tell you all. My heart weeps, and yet it sings. You, who have known love, will perhaps understand."

"Who is it, lad?" Ben asked gently.

"She is the only child of Lord Marchmont. You must remember him."

"Ay, that I do right well. I mind when his wife died. A sweet creature she was, Mr. Hubert, and his lordship just worshipped her. I did hear say he could not stand the sight of the child because it cost the mother her life, and because it was a girl."

"All this is right," said Hubert, "and it is Antonia I love. I have loved her ever since she has been a little child. I don't know that I realized this love before my ruin came; but my thoughts of her, my memories of her, made the only touch of light in the blackness of those two years. And to think that I should have seen her to-day, Ben, the first day I set foot in England. We met so naturally; and as my eyes went to hers I knew all that was in her heart. Does it not seem wonderful, Ben?"

When they met at breakfast next morning Ben put forward his scheme.

"Your father being dead," he said, "it is right and just to yourself, lad, that you should claim what belongs to you. The man who calls himself Sir Gerald Tenby is wearing your shoes. Mayhap he believes that you are dead; but he must be told the truth. There must be boldness. You've got innocence in your heart, and can look any man in the face. The more, I'll swear, than Sir Gerald Tenby can do. I read in the newspaper this morning that he is ill at Mill Cross Court."

"Do you suggest that we should go to Mill Cross?" Hubert asked. "I thought it would be good if I were to go to my father's lawyers."

"Ay," Ben agreed, "that would be very good."

"I am going to send you to Antonia. For myself, I don't remember exactly where these lawyers are to be found."

"Give me your note," Ben said, with a smile. "I'll be the postman. We will meet here in a couple of hours' time."

"They parted with a hand-clasp, and Hubert stood and watched Ben's great, big form pass down the street out of sight."

"What a heart of gold!" he said to himself.

A smile lingered on his lips; then he sighed and turned to his business of the day. Glancing through the directory, he found it difficult to fix on the locality in which he should find the lawyers who had worked for his father.

He knew that they had offices in a somewhat fashionable part, not in the usual legal neighborhood, and so he determined to walk and find these offices by inquiries.

It was while he was making these inquiries in a small but evidently old-established tobacco-shop that a name was spoken that sent his blood coursing like fire through his veins. One of the assistants in the shop was giving an order to a messenger.

"These cigars are to be taken to Sir Gerald Tenby's rooms at once."

"Can you tell me where I can find Sir Gerald Tenby?" asked Hubert, and as he uttered the name of the man who had ruined him his heart beat wildly.

The assistant gave him the address at once. With a word of thanks, Hubert turned and left the shop. All at once a sudden resolution seized him. He would go to Gerald, he would throw in this man's teeth the accusation of treachery. If he was no longer the foolish boy he had been two years before, it would be a case of man to man; and, as Gerald had not spared him, he would show no mercy.

He came to a pause only when he stood at the door of the luxurious suite of rooms that was Gerald Tenby's London home. The valet who opened the door looked at him curiously.

"Sir Gerald is engaged," he said. But Hubert swept him on one side.

"He will see me," he answered curtly; and the valet stood at once that this man belonged to the world of those whom he served. He opened the door, making the apology that has been already set down, and Hubert followed him into the room.

The three men within that room stood in silence till the servant had withdrawn. It was Gerald who found his voice first.

"What are you doing here?" he said hoarsely. "By what right do you come into my room like this?"

Stanton had quickly recovered himself. "My dear Gerald," he said hurriedly, "don't forget that this is your cousin."

He turned as he spoke, and stretched out his hand to Hubert.

"You must forgive us if we looked startled. You have been supposed to be dead for more than a year."

Hubert ignored the outstretched hand. "Would you kindly leave us?" he said to Stanton. "I have things to say to Gerald Tenby that I prefer to speak alone."

Stanton passed out of the room with a good assumption of unconcern; but when he was alone in the passage he stood and leaned against the wall.

Fate was harrising on the crisis! What did Hubert Tenby mean by coming at such a moment? This robbed him of his strongest weapon. With the threat of Hubert's coming to hold over Gerald he would have got all he wanted. Now—George Stanton looked about him nervously. Was it ruin?

He pulled himself together suddenly. A door at the end of the passage was opened, and the valet came toward him.

(To be continued.)

The most commonly met sins of parents are visited upon their children are poor teeth and thin hair.

# Topic Times

The London police estimate that the street beggars of that city collect every year \$1,500,000.

Flying fish of two distinct kinds are known to man—namely, the flying-gurnards and the flying-herrings.

About seventy specimens of the extinct great auk are now preserved in museums. A specimen recently sold in London brought \$2,000.

The moon is the sluggard of the solar system, its 2,273 miles an hour in its journey comparing badly with the earth's 66,579 miles an hour.

An old Italian brigand named Paolo Addati, who had been in prison for forty-one years, has just been released. When he was released the government gave him \$5, its estimate of his earnings during his incarceration.

A firm of London motor manufacturers supplies its customers with specially colored confetti, which the motorists sprinkle when running through a police trap. Drivers who follow at once read the sign and act accordingly.

Of Queen Victoria's twenty-one grand-daughters, only four now remain unmarried. These are Princess Victoria of England, Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg, Princess Patricia of Connaught and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

A betting agent in Birmingham the other day was arrested just as he was in the nefarious act of accepting a bet of 4 cents from a boy on Spearmint for the Derby. But had not the policeman come along at that inopportune moment the enterprising youngster would have won 24 cents.

The outdoor art section of the Civic League of Los Angeles, Cal., has begun an energetic campaign against the unsightly billboards. The effort will be to make advertisers realize that this is the very poorest form of advertising, let alone the public considerations which make so powerfully against it.

John Burns, president of the local government board, remarked the other day: "All who are responsible for the movement of London's 500,000 horses, its 20,000 public vehicles and the annual conveyance of its 7,000,000 of population each 200 times per annum, have a serious, responsible and pressing duty cast upon them."

The statue of the Angel of the Resurrection, one of the two statues for the chapel of Our Lady, in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, that caused the world-wide religious discussion last fall about the sex of angels, toppled from its niche recently and was smashed to pieces on the ground, fifty feet below.

Chief among gold nuggets, says the Strand Magazine, are the "Welcome" and the "Welcome Stranger." The first weighing 2.217 ounces, was found in Ballarat, Victoria, in 1858; the second, 2.268 ounces in weight, at Dunolly, Victoria, in 1869. In both cases the fortunate discoverer netted over \$40,000 by a blow of the pick.

An artist named H. Costa, known as "The Man with the Revolving Head," has been examined at a meeting of the German Medical Society at Prague. He turned his head round naturally as far as the shoulder, and then twisted it farther with his hands until he looked directly backward, with his chin above the line of the spine.

The largest flower in the world has been supposed to be that of rafflesia arnoldi, which forms the entire plant and grows to a diameter of three feet as a flat, circular parasite on trees in Java and Sumatra, but still larger—single specimens of which weigh as much as twenty-two pounds—have been reported to exist in Mindanao, one of the Philippines.

It was not long ago discovered that by means of a simple chemical treatment ordinary gelatin can be solidified, in this form it resembled celluloid, but it is not inflammable, and is, therefore, not dangerous to handle, as celluloid is. It can be colored, spotted or streaked as desired, so as to imitate tortoise shell, coral, mother of pearl and other natural products.

## BIG MARKET IN PERSIA.

### Goods of Exporters of United States Needed There.

Importers of the United States have been diligent in seeking for sale in this country the beautiful and costly carpets, rugs and shawls made in Persia, but exporters have neglected almost completely the cultivation of the Persian market in the sale of American-made goods, says the New York Tribune. Persia is now awakening to the influences of the outside world and breathing in some of the commercial atmosphere which has created the prosperity of nations.

Her people are traveling abroad and are acquiring desires for modern life comforts. It is just the time to enter the Persian field and introduce to the Persian people American manufactures,

of which Persia has hitherto been deprived.

American exporters are beginning to realize that the shah's dominion is one which offers inducements to the business man of energy and perseverance and a movement has already been started looking to the establishment of an international trade which promises to be beneficial to both countries.

Persia's area of 628,000 square miles contains 9,000,000 people, with needs many of which can be supplied satisfactorily only by the industrial world of the United States. Her principal cities are Teheran, Tabriz and Isfahan. The plains are studded with mulberry, sugar and cotton plantations, rice fields and orange orchards. Besides wheat, barley, rice, fruits and gums, silk is produced in large quantities. The opium industry is increasing, and tea plantations, which were started only a few years ago, are producing a fine grade of tea.

The staple manufactures which enter into the foreign trade consist chiefly of carpets, of which there are thirty different kinds, rugs, shawls, embroideries and silver and brass work. Machinery is not used in the production of the finer grades of textiles, all being handmade. The war in the far east and the prevalence of internal troubles in Russia have diminished both the imports and exports of Persia in the last two years, but the signs of a revival of trade interests are now apparent and the American exporter is giving evidence that they are not unnoticed by him.

There is an awakening interest manifested in American trade, and many American products are now retailed in Persia at the same rates, if not cheaper, than similar articles of European manufacture. Much of the primitive simplicity and severity of ancient times has given place to a modernized and luxurious taste. This has been fostered by the visits of Persia's rulers and wealthy people to Europe. Appreciating the refinements which they encountered, they have introduced them into their Persian homes, giving an example to their fellow citizens which has been speedily and widely imitated.

These innovations have brought the habits and customs of the people into closer relationship with the higher developments of foreign fashions and usages. Within the last few years Russia, on account of her proximity, her convenience of transportation, her infinite resources in petroleum, her extension of cotton-growing and her large supplies of wool, corn and grain, has become a formidable rival of all outsiders in the Persian trade. Russia heads the list of nations from which Persia buys, selling her during the year ended March 21, 1904, \$1,360,000 more than the united kingdom of Great Britain sold her.

A great hindrance to the development of trade and industries in Persia is the want of good roads and means of transportation. The trade is carried on mostly by caravans. The carrying capacity of the camel is 400 pounds, of the mule 300 pounds and of the horse 250 pounds.

The general lines of goods which stock the warehouses of the United States will find a ready market in Persia. All kinds of cotton goods, boots and shoes, nails, bicycles and accessories, canned fruits and meats, cigars and tobacco, kerosene, stoves, enameled ware, electric apparatus and machinery, cutlery, drugs, hardware, rubber hose and similar articles are in constant demand.

### Had Prospects.

Lord Curzon, when a young man, was traveling in Corea. He was forewarned not to admit that he was less than 40 years old, as a man of less years receives little respect in the Hermit kingdom. The president of the foreign office asked his age, and Mr. Curzon replied, "Forty."

"Dear me," replied the Corean official, "you look very young for that. How do you account for it?"

"By the fact," was the reply, "that I have been traveling for a month in the superb climate of his Majesty's dominions."

Finally the president said: "I presume you are a near relative of the Queen of England?"

"No," replied the traveler. "I am not." But, observing the look of disgust that passed over his countenance, Mr. Curzon added quietly, "I am, however, as yet an unmarried man."—New York Tribune.

### Red-Letter Day for Tommy.

Ma Twaddles—Why, Tommy, were you sent home from school to-day?

Tommy Twaddles—No, ma'am.

Ma Twaddles—But you were home at least an hour earlier than you were before.

Tommy Twaddles—Well, you see, I wasn't kept after school to-day.—Cleveland Leader.

### Action and Looks in Line.

"He doesn't look at all like an actor, does he?"

"Mercy, no—he doesn't even act like one!"—Cleveland Leader.

It sometimes happens that a shady character basks in the sunshine of popularity.