

One Man's Evil

By EFFIE ROWLAND

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"I am not going just yet," Stanton said, with a smile. "I was looking for another room in which to sit and wait for Sir Gerald. He won't be long."

"Will you sit in here, sir?" said the valet, opening the door of another room. Stanton nodded his head and passed in. There was a door which led to the room from which he had just come, and when he found himself alone he crept toward it and strained his ears to listen to what was passing within.

Some one was speaking out loudly, yet clearly and firmly. It was Hubert's voice. By dint of great difficulty Stanton caught some of his words:

"I trusted you. I thought you my only friend. When the worst came, you, and you alone, stood by me. You know what I said to you. But now—now, Gerald, I know the truth. I know who it was that forged my father's name! I know who it was that robbed Lady Charlotte of her jewels. I have suffered for these two crimes. Now I mean to have justice!"

There came from the inner rooms sounds which told Stanton that Gerald Tenby was answering Hubert, but not in words.

Swift as lightning he pushed open the door, and was in the room. With one strong hand he swept the two men apart. "Fool!" he hissed between his teeth to Gerald.

He had used his strength so well that Hubert Tenby had staggered and fallen to the ground, striking his head sharply as he fell.

Stanton took no notice of the other man, who leaned, panting with passion, against the table. He knelt down by Hubert.

"You have stunned him," he said, in a whisper. "I wish I had killed him!" came from Gerald Tenby's lips. "You had best take him away from me, Stanton! He is not safe!"

Stanton made no reply to this. He was looking into Hubert's face.

It had a strange, set expression. The hand he lifted from the floor fell nerveless from his grasp.

CHAPTER XI.

Stanton turned and looked at Gerald Tenby.

"I am not so sure that you have not got your wish," he said. "There was a curious sound in his voice. 'This seems to me a strange claim!'"

There was so much force in his voice that he roused Gerald Tenby from that wild frenzy of rage and fear. He drew a deep breath, and then the color came back to his lips, and he was himself again.

"What do you propose?" he asked, in a swift, low voice. "Do you intend that I should hide him here? That seems full of risk. How do we know that he has not some one waiting for him outside? How do we know—"

"Bah!" said Stanton. "When a rat is in a corner he turns and fights! We are in a corner, Tenby, and we must fight with what weapons we have. I tell you that Hubert Tenby must not leave here—at least, until we see our way a little more clearly than we do at present. Get rid of Stephens for half an hour. You have at least a couple of spare rooms here. We must put him into one of these rooms, and, if it is necessary to give an explanation at all to your man, we can easily say that you let Hubert out of the chambers yourself. I don't suppose Stephens ever puts his nose into those unused rooms; but that we must risk also. Come, rouse yourself, man! You don't seem to see how near the dock you stand."

Gerald Tenby trembled as if he had been stunned. He was, in fact, utterly unnerved. His hands were trembling. He felt cold in every limb.

The task of lifting Hubert's unconscious body down the passage and into one of the rooms which Stanton had spoken of was accomplished without any great difficulty, for Hubert's misery the last two years had told on his physique. Where he had once been a fine, young athlete, he was now spare, almost wasted.

The room into which he was carried was practically unfurnished; at least, it was all in disorder. The blinds were closed, and the furniture pushed together and covered with dust sheets.

They drew out a couch and laid their burden on it. So still and white was this same burden that a new fear gripped Gerald Tenby's heart.

"What if he should be really dead?" he whispered. But Stanton shook his head. "He is not dead," he said. "You had best leave this to me, Tenby. As I tell you, he will not come to his senses yet awhile. I shall install myself here to be near him when he does. We shall have to get rid of Stephens at once."

Having been well prompted by Stanton, Sir Gerald adopted a hard tone to his servant.

"What do you mean," he said, "by letting anybody and everybody push their way in here? I thought I was never going to get rid of that fellow. You must be careful, Stephens."

The valet looked sullen. "He said he had a right to come in, sir, and it seemed to me from his manner that he spoke the truth."

"That is enough," said Sir Gerald, quietly. "You can put your things together and leave my service immediately. No, I will listen to no words. You go, and go at once, within the hour."

The servant attempted to make a further protest; but Gerald's manner immediately suppressed this.

"You will give me a character?" said Stephens. "I have served you well. I don't deserve to be turned off like this, at a moment's notice."

"I allow no one to be insolent to me. If you can find others who will put up with your impudence you will be lucky."

"It's ruin to turn me away like this, sir," said Stephens, and there was a break in his voice, but Sir Gerald made no answer, and, seeing that his case was hopeless, Stephens picked up his portmanteau and passed out of the chambers.

Antonia went out early. She was too restless to remain in the house. That short interview with Lady Betty had left her with a pleasant sensation. It was the first time she had really felt that it would be possible for her to have a grain of sympathy for her uncle's wife.

Hubert had given her a full description of Ben Coop, and as she saw a burly man, wearing a sun-burned look, and having an air of travel upon him, approach her uncle's house, her instinct at once told her that this man was Hubert's one friend. She spoke to him almost before she was aware of it.

"You are Ben Coop?" she said. "You have come to find me?"

Ben looked down into her beautiful eyes, and his heart went out instantly to this girl whose love for Hubert was written so eloquently in every line of her expressive face.

"Ay, miss," he said. "I am Ben Coop. Mr. Hubert sent me to you with this letter. I was just wondering whether to ring the bell at that big door, when I saw you coming, and I knew the first time, miss, that you were the one I wanted."

"Come back with me to the park," she said; "we can talk more freely under the trees, and, oh! I have so much to say, so much to ask. It was good of Hubert to send you to me."

"He would have come himself," said Ben; "but you know what keeps him back."

Ben was walking slowly beside Antonia. He seemed to her that Hubert's declaration that she was more an angel than a human being had actual truth in it.

Out in the park Antonia led him to her favorite tree, and there they sat and talked, heedless of time, and the happiness of the girl's heart was deepened and made certain, now that she assured herself that Hubert would not fight alone.

"It ought to be so easy," she said to Ben, when they had discussed everything; "and yet we must be prepared for difficulties. Gerald Tenby will not give up what he holds without a great struggle."

"Mr. Hubert will win, miss," Ben said stoutly; "but now I'm thinking I must leave you. Maybe the lad will be back at the hotel waiting for me."

As he was crossing the road Lady Betty's very smart carriage rolled swiftly by. Antonia did not notice it; but Lady Betty leaned forward and looked keenly at Antonia and at the girl's strange companion.

To Lady Betty, of course, Ben had a rough and common air. A frown contracted the pretty, babyish face.

"What must be Hubert Tenby's friend," Betty Marchmont said to herself. "She has met him already. He looks as if he could fight. Gerald must see me. I shall go to his rooms this afternoon. He will have got my telegram early this morning, and will in all probability have left by the first train he could catch; that would bring him to his chambers about five. At any rate, I will risk it. If I go quickly on foot no one will recognize me, and he will think me when he sees me, for there is not a moment to be lost."

But the best plans are apt to go awry sometimes, and Lady Betty's plans received an unexpected check when she reached her house, for her husband was waiting for her return.

"I have just had this telegram from Marchmont, my dear," he said. "He is in town, and is coming here this afternoon. I thought I had better tell you, as he will expect to see you."

Lady Betty's face had a pinched look. "Lord Marchmont does not come to see me," she said. "He comes because Antonia is here. I cannot possibly be at home."

Then Edward Marchmont demonstrated for the first time in his married life the fact that he had a will of his own.

"Whether my brother comes to see his daughter or not, I expect you to be here to receive him," he said, coldly, and with that he went away.

Lady Betty stood and watched him go. A strange kind of chill crept into her veins, and yet she seemed to be in a fever. She mounted the stairs slowly.

It was a strange thing that her husband should have chosen this moment out of all their married life to let her feel that the freedom he had allowed her was not real—a strange coincidence, and one designed to carry a very dark meaning to the man Lady Betty had married.

CHAPTER XII.

Antonia received the news of her father's approaching visit with a sensation of surprise.

"I don't know anything about your father," Lady Betty complained, "but I believe your uncle is not so considerate. He has practically commanded me to be here when Lord Marchmont arrives. Oh! you look astonished, but I can assure you it is a fact."

"I expect," said Antonia softly, eager to make things right, "that Uncle Edward is thoroughly upset by the news that my father is coming to London. By this time you must know as well as we do that it is a very unusual proceeding on his part."

"I know one thing," she said, irritably, "and that is that you Marchmonts are a very queer lot. One never knows what to expect from any one of you."

After that she and Lady Betty separated—the girl to go to her own room, to sit down once again, and to tell over to herself the wonderful story that had happened, and Lady Betty to go also to her room to make her plans for the afternoon.

"I must see Gerald," she said, between her teeth; "it makes me sick to see that look on Antonia's face. She is so confident. Gerald must act quickly. If I go now I dare say he will not have arrived; but I am sure he will come. My telegram must bring him. If he has not come, then I shall have to return later on, although my dear husband has commanded me to be here. I must go out now, at any rate." Lady Betty mused on, restlessly; "I feel I shall go mad if I stay in this house. Even though I may not find Gerald, I will go to his rooms. If I meet Edward, I shall snap my fingers at him. He has dared to speak to me to-night as no one has ever dared to speak to me before; but he shall be punished for it. I shall wait and find my opportunity."

The carriage had scarcely left the door and was rolling swiftly down the street, when Mr. Marchmont came out of his study.

"Can you tell me where her ladyship is?" he asked of the butler, and the servant answered that Lady Elizabeth had just gone out.

There was a curious look on Edward Marchmont's thoughtful face as he turned and entered his study.

His wife called him dull, stupid; she treated him as she would have treated a doorman, quite forgetting that there had been days when this man of books and culture had laid his very heart at her feet.

The words he had spoken to her to-day had been a revelation to her; but she would have been far more surprised could she have looked into the man's heart now, and realized the trouble that had gathered here. For, blind, and dull, and unworldly as he was, Edward Marchmont was still a man to whom honor would always be dear; a man to whom pride and dignity had their fullest meaning; and to this man there had come all at once a great awakening.

Two days before an anonymous letter had found its way to Edward Marchmont's table. He had opened it and read it before he realized the purport of such a missive. His first impulse had been to tear it into a thousand pieces, and this he did, but the sting still remained.

Till now he had never doubted his wife. He had regarded her as a butterfly—a beautiful, useless, and he was obliged to add, heartless little creature who played about his life just as a butterfly hovers about a garden.

He had never supposed that she cared for him; but he never supposed that it would be possible for her to care for any other; but this poisonous letter had opened his eyes.

Ignorant of what was passing in her husband's mind, Lady Betty Marchmont ordered her carriage to set her down at one of the largest shops in the West End.

It was a shop through which she could pass, leaving her servants at one door ignorant of her departure at another. And she sped swiftly through this shop, and passed out at the other side, when she immediately hailed a hansom and was driven to Gerald Tenby's chambers.

Just as she reached Gerald's door it was opened and a man passed out. He looked both confused and annoyed to see Lady Betty standing there, and she in her turn was confused and annoyed to be found there.

She instantly recognized him as the man who had interrupted her interview with Gerald at Mill Cross Court.

"I have brought a message from my husband to Sir Gerald," she said, as coldly as she could.

George Stanton answered her without any hesitation.

"Can I be the bearer of your message, Lady Betty?" he asked. "I expect Sir Gerald to arrive this evening, although I fancy he will not come here, but will probably go to a hotel."

"Not till this evening!" Lady Betty repeated. "Dear me! This is very annoying. I hate this man," she said to herself, "and he's got such a funny look about him. He looks so white, and his eyes shine so brightly. What can have induced Gerald to have taken him for a secretary? There is something about this man I don't understand."

Immediately she was in the street she started walking swiftly away from him, which was exactly what George Stanton wanted. He asked for nothing better. The moment he was by himself his smile went, and a hunted, worried look spread over his face.

"What brought her here?" he said, between his teeth, "and at such a moment, too! Had she remained she might have heard more. I must be quick. I don't trust Gerald. He's a coward at heart, even though there is so much at stake."

He hailed a hansom, gave an address hurriedly to the driver, and rattled out of the street, passing Lady Betty's elegant, black-robed figure as he went.

(To be continued.)

Everybody criticises the man who spends his money freely, but everybody is willing to get busy and help him spend it.

Topics of the Times

A Queen Anne farthing bearing the date 1713 was sold for \$200 in London recently.

Recently the postage on domestic letters in France was reduced from 3 cents to 2. Postal cards, however, will cost 2 cents.

Dr. Isadore Dyer, the noted New Orleans specialist in leprosy, says there are hundreds of people afflicted with that disease at large in America.

Queen Alexandra possesses a tea service of sixty pieces, each piece being decorated with a different photograph, which she took herself in Scotland.

At Maysville, N. Y., a monument has been dedicated to Judge Albion W. Tourgee, famed as author of numerous novels of the Ku-Klux period. Mrs. Tourgee was present.

A London firm has organized a system of seeing London in six days for \$10.50, including a midday meal every day. The tourist will have an opportunity to inspect everything, "whether of picturesque or historic interest," in the capital and its suburbs.

Speaking in Tokio recently, the Rev. Dr. Welldon, an English school principal, said that in England corporal punishment was coming to be a privilege of aristocracy. The governing class of England, he said, felt that the humiliation was really only in the wrongdoing, not in the flogging.

At Mount Bayou, Miss, recently, a large-sized Jaybird attracted attention and excited commotion in a henyard by pecking up one of the young chickens, which he proceeded to make a meal of. A day or two later the same Jay was observed to be feasting off the body of an English sparrow. If this story is true a possible solution of the sparrow nuisance presents itself.

Mexico has a cactus which grows toothpicks; another, ribbed and thickly set with toothpick spines, which furnishes the natives with combs; there is another cactus, the long curved spines of which resemble fish hooks; there is another which is an almost perfect imitation of the sea urchin; still another resembles a porcupine; there is another covered with long red hair which is nicknamed the "red-headed cactus."

The great glacier on Mt. Blanc is being used for other purposes than furnishing an occupation to guides and an attraction for tourists. An ice trust has gone into the business on an extensive scale of quarrying the clear, hard ice, at an altitude of 4,000 feet. The ice is blown out in great blocks by means of dynamite, after which it is sawed into regular sizes and sent down the mountain sides on a narrow gauge railway.

Probably one of the largest benevolent bequests recorded in any country in modern times has fallen to the lot of Hungary by the will of the late Count A. Karolyi. The count was seventy-five years old, and he left no direct descendants. He had also been one of the most enterprising supporters of modern methods of scientific agriculture in Hungary. By his will he bequeathed a sum of \$5,000,000 for philanthropic objects.

There has been a curious sequel to the arrest of a penniless anarchist named Cruny, in Paris. News of his apprehension was published in the provinces and met the eye of a lawyer, who for weeks had been seeking his whereabouts, to tell him that a fortune had been bequeathed him. Now that Cruny has means he is to be released from prison. He says that his views of economic questions have already undergone a radical change.

The effect of sunshine on sugar growing is said by the New Orleans Picayune to make the crop more productive. Thus Spain has become as successful with beet-sugar growing as with her established cane-sugar industry, notwithstanding an arid climate. On the other hand, the storms and fogs that envelop the British islands are said to have prevented the development of the beet-sugar industry there. England's annual average hours of sunshine are only 1,400, while Spain has 3,000 hours.

Jethou Island is by far the smallest of the channel islands, and boasts the distinction of being the smallest inhabited island in Europe, having, indeed, only one dwelling house upon it. It has a population of seven souls. It has no road or pathway or post. At the last census more than half the population of the island was absent, having gone into Guernsey market with the butter and cream from the Jethou cows. The weather being bad, the visitors had to stay at Guernsey during the census time.

SOME WEIRD WINNERS.

Strange Stories of the Racetrack—Dead Horse Captured Race.

A horse that falls asleep during an important race must surely have few equals of its kind, says Answers. Yet this is what Happy Bird did when running at Gatwick a year or so ago. She

was ridden by Birch, the jockey, and belonged to Mr. Pritchard. She competed in a two-mile race, was left well behind, and was walking slowly toward the paddock when a bystander called her rider's attention to the fact that the horse was fast asleep!

Happy Bird did not win the race, but there is on record a still more extraordinary case of where a dead horse actually did win a race. This absolutely unique event occurred so far back as 1772, and was in a race from Wood's Gate, four miles beyond Tottenham, to Kent street, in the borough and back, a total length of some eighty miles. It was arranged that there was to be no "biting" during the contest, and that, as the great struggle might well be expected to kill the winner at the end, the "first horse in dead or alive," should be declared the winner.

One of the two horses fell down and died, owing to the exertion, after having gone only fifteen miles, and the other was thoroughly "pumped," too, by that time. The backers of the dead animal therefore obtained an old flat cart, placed the deceased horse on it, with the jockey on its back, and soon outdistanced the rival steed, which was scarcely even able to walk. The latter's supporters then tried to get a flat cart for their steed; and so the dead horse came in easily first at Wood's Gate, and was awarded the stakes of 150 guineas. And that is, almost certainly, the only time on record when a dead horse really won an important race.

It is not generally known that the rules of the National Hunt provide that when a jockey is thrown in a steeplechase any bystander may mount the riderless horse, if possible, and may win the race on it if he can. This has caused quite a dramatic scene on a great race course before to-day and much astonishment among people who did not know the curious rule. For only a few years ago, at Kempton Park, a horse, running in a steeplechase, by accident threw his rider, who was unable to mount again. On this, the horse's trainer, Escott, who by good luck chanced to be near the scene of the accident, at once jumped on the horse's back, and riding him strongly, actually won the race.

Has a winning horse ever died as it passed the post? There is no record of such, or it would almost have excelled the noted Wood's Gate to Borough event as a curiosity. But there is a case where a racer did die on passing the post, though it was not a winner. This was when Counterpane, a descendant of Hermit, ran for the Stockbridge cup in 1886 and fell down just as it reached the judge's box. It never rose again and was taken away dead to be buried at Danbury.

A most unusual thing, too, it must be to find a race horse drowned during the running of a great race. Yet this is what happened to Ballyshannon at Totnes four or five years back. The horse was engaged in the Totnes handicap hurdle race and the River Dart runs close by the side of the track. From some cause, which was never quite clear, Ballyshannon went to pieces during the race, collapsed badly and rolling over, fell into the river, where it was drowned before it could be rescued.

There has, within the past few years, been more than one case where two horses have run a dead heat a second time, after having done so in their original race. But we have to go to a very long way back to find this unusual thing happening a third time. In fact, perhaps, the only recorded instance was in 1829, when Handel and Tarragon, at the races at Newcastle-under-Lyme, tried three times to decide which was the better horse and each time ran a dead heat. What excitement there must have been on that course!

Ibsen's Inspirations.

Henrik Ibsen, the great Norwegian dramatist, is said to have been unable to write unless he had on the table in front of him a tray containing a number of grotesque figures—a wooden bear, a tiny image of Mephistopheles, two or three cats (one playing the fiddle), and some rabbits.—London Mail.

Discretion.

"You never joined in any of the criticism that was directed against the railroads while Congress was in session."

"No. You see, I'm a conductor and knew better than to talk back, no matter what a railroad does to me."—Washington Star.

Above Suspicion.

"Will you please explain to this committee how you could acquire stock worth some hundred thousands without its costing you anything?"

"It was by perfectly legitimate means. It was a philopena forfeit."—Baltimore American.

One Kind of Reform.

Stern retribution I decree
For others' faults. So be it known
I think I'm privileged to be
A little lenient with my own.
—Washington Star.

Foregoing the Issue.

He (bashfully)—I'm—er—going to kiss you when I go.
She—Well, here's your hat—but what's your hurry?