

One Man's Evil

By EFFIE ROWLAND

CHAPTER XX.

Ben Coop stood on the pavement outside the theater where Sylvia Castella reigned as queen. He had recognized her in an instant, though years had gone since last he had seen her.

He roused himself with a shiver and remembered where he was, and all that had happened. And then it came to him by slow degrees that this man, who was linked in some strange fashion to Gerald Tenby, was one who was not dear to the woman whom years before he had known as simple Liz.

Stanton sauntered along, lost in thought. Even the most casual observer would have remarked that he was not in the best of tempers or spirits. It surprised Ben Coop to realize how keen was this feeling of mistrust for this man, who but a few minutes before had been absolutely unknown to him.

Perhaps it had been something in the expression of Sylvia's face that had aroused that mistrust, or perhaps it was the knowledge given to him in that chance conversation that this man was so intimate with Gerald Tenby. Whatever the cause, the fact remained that Ben Coop seemed to gather almost unconsciously the truth of Stanton's nature and position.

"No honest man," Ben said to himself, slowly, as he followed doggedly in the other's footsteps, "would be a close friend of such a man as Gerald Tenby. Perhaps it has not been a case of man to man, but of two men against the lad."

Stanton walked on slowly until he reached Gerald Tenby's chambers. Ben hardly knew why he remained outside these chambers; there was nothing to be gained by it, unless, indeed, he mounted the stairs and asked boldly to see Gerald Tenby.

Finally he saw advancing toward him rapidly a man, tall, and in evening dress, and close beside this man, following him like a beggar who entreated alms, was another man.

Involuntarily Ben Coop drew back a step or two. Something in the movements of both men urged him to do so, not that he recognized Gerald Tenby, for he had never seen him since the old life, but because these last few days had sharpened his mind to an extraordinary extent. Now the mere fact that this man was approaching the chambers where Gerald Tenby lived served sufficiently to make Ben on the alert.

Before they reached the entrance he suddenly moved within and stood behind the open door, for he could see that it was in this direction that the first man was turning.

He held his breath as these two figures stood on the threshold, and his heart's beat seemed to buzz in his ears as he listened.

"If you dare to follow me like this again," Gerald Tenby said, hoarsely, "I will give you in charge."

"I mean to follow you, Sir Gerald Tenby," the other man answered, "till I have got some justice out of you. You think it is an easy matter, I suppose, to take a man's bread out of his mouth. That's what you have done for me. There's no one will take me on as a servant when they hear that I was turned off at a minute's notice. Look here, Sir Gerald, I may as well tell you that I have felt from the very beginning that there was something queer in the way you discharged me. You wanted to get rid of me because there was something you wanted to hide, something mixed up with that young man who asked to see you and would not be refused when I tried to send him away."

Ben started violently. By what chance had he been brought to this place? Was this the commencement of the working out of fate?

Sheltered as he was, Ben could see without being seen, and by the light of the lamp Sir Gerald's face was clearly discernible. He put aside Stephens' hand from his arm.

"You were dismissed from my service for impertinence. Let me tell you that you don't make matters much better by talking like this."

"I may make matters much more unpleasant than you think for, Sir Gerald," said the man, quietly. "Since I have left you, I have spent my days about this neighborhood, and shall I tell you, sir, what I have learned in those days? I let that young man into your rooms, sure enough, but I can find no trace of his having left those rooms."

"What next?" asked Gerald Tenby, with a kind of sneer on his lips. "Are you pretending that I spirited away this fellow? You have no right to follow me like this, or to say such things, and if you don't instantly cease this persecution, I shall take measures to stop you."

He pushed Stephens to one side and went swiftly up the stairs as he spoke. As Stephens turned on his heel and slouched out of the doorway, Ben followed him and touched him on the shoulder.

"Nay," he said, kindly, as the other man turned on him with a snarl, "I want nothing from you. I am here to ask you if there is anything I can do for you. Just now I overheard a conversation between you and Sir Gerald Tenby. I don't think that ever afore in all my life I did so mean a thing as to listen to what other people were saying to one another;

but I had to do it. When one can't get justice by straight dealings, then one must go crookedly to work."

"I don't know what you are driving at," said Stephens.

"Man," Ben said, suddenly, "I believe you have got the power to put me into possession of some knowledge which is just life or death to me—and some others. I heard you say just now things were pretty bad with you, and I am sorry for it; but if you will stand with me and help me, I'll promise you and your fortune shall mend."

The town man put his hands in his pockets and eyed Ben. He was very much inclined to be suspicious. The very simplicity and bluntness of this man who spoke to him armed instead of disarmed him.

"I am listening," he said. "Go on; say out what you've got to say."

"Just now," said Ben, "I heard you speak of a young man who lately called and demanded to see Sir Gerald Tenby. Maybe I am wrong to imagine that this young man has anything to do with the one I am looking for; still, when one's heart is full of doubt and trouble, one seizes on the smallest thing that looks like hope. I am looking for one of the best lads that was ever born into the world; for a young man who has been shamefully wronged, and who suffered in patience till others older than he, and perhaps wiser, urged him to fight to get back his own, to denounce his enemies. I am looking for the man in whose shoes Sir Gerald Tenby is now standing."

"I don't understand you," said Stephens; but it was evident that he was impressed. "Sir Gerald succeeded to old Sir Maurice Tenby, and he is dead sure enough."

"Ay, right enough, I forgot," said Ben, sadly, "you don't belong to the old part, and to most folk my lad has passed as dead; but he is not dead. And he is the man I am looking for—son of old Sir Maurice Tenby and rightful owner of the title and the money."

A whistle escaped from Stephens' lips. He reached out his hand and gripped Ben by the wrist.

"Will you swear that?" he said, eagerly. "You have given me the very clue I wanted. If you listened to what passed between us to-night, you must have heard me speak out pretty plain. I tell you, I had my doubt the very moment I saw Sir Gerald's face when that young man went into the room."

"Describe him to me, man!" said Ben, eagerly; and Stephens did so.

"That's my lad," said Ben, sadly. "He left me that morning to go out and start on the work he had set himself. From that morning to this night not a sign of him has been given to me. What have they done with him? Where is he?"

"If the man you are looking for is Hubert Tenby," said Stephens, "how is it he has never come forward before?"

"It's a long story," said Ben, quietly. "If we are working together, you have a right to know it. Come back with me to my hotel. It is late, but I fancy they will let you come in, especially if I tell them you are going to help me."

Stephens followed Ben into a cab and sat beside him in silence.

CHAPTER XXI.

When Antonia heard that Lady Betty had been a second time to the house she smiled. It was not until the following morning that she knew of her uncle's illness.

The news was given to her in a letter from Lady Betty, a cleverly worded epistle, suggestive of sadness and anxiety. Antonia went at once to the Marchmonts' house. Lady Betty led the way up to the sick room with a great parade of care.

"You will promise me not to talk too much, won't you, Antonia?" she said. "Dr. Anderson has given strict orders that he must be kept very, very quiet."

When she stood by her uncle's bedside and looked at him, Antonia had a great shock.

"I am going to leave Antonia with you, Edward, but you must promise me not to talk."

The instant she had closed the door and had seen that Antonia was safe for some hours, she went to her own room and walked to and fro restlessly, asking herself what would be the best means to get at Gerald.

She had certain monkey-like touches of cleverness. Had she been in a different sphere of life, possibly her imitation of other people's handwriting might have led to disastrous results. As it was, it never seemed to enter her mind that she was doing a dishonest thing when she took up her pen and carefully setting a letter of Antonia's in front of her, began to scribble a few hurried words in pencil.

"Dear Sir Gerald," she wrote. "I want to see you very much. Could you possibly come and meet me in the park in about an hour's time? My uncle is very ill, and I am with him at this very moment; but I shall go out for a little air about eleven o'clock. You will meet me by the fountain. Please come. Yours, "ANTONIA M."

This done, she put the note in an envelope, hurriedly donned her hat, took her sunshade and went swiftly down the staircase. She hailed a hansom, gave the man the note, paying him extravagantly,

and then she turned and went to wait till Gerald Tenby should come.

And all this time her note lay unopened on Sir Gerald Tenby's table. He had breakfasted early and gone out much before his usual time.

"Have my things ready to be packed," he said to his new valet. "It is just possible that I may go North this afternoon."

As he was passing out of the door his servant spoke to him respectfully.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Gerald," he said, "but does this belong to you? It was picked up at the lower end of the corridor yesterday by the woman who cleans these rooms. It seems to have been broken, and I don't think you have the fellow to match it among your things."

Gerald stood and looked down an instant on the little jewel that lay upon his servant's outstretched palm. It was a portion of a sieve-link, enameled in dark blue, with an initial set in the enamel in small brilliants.

How well he remembered this small link! Years ago, when Hubert had been a mere lad, he had been made so proud by this gift from his father.

He had always worn them, Gerald remembered—these small, dark-blue enameled discs—with the letter "H" set so neatly and so prettily in the center.

A cold sensation passed over him as he looked upon that familiar souvenir of the past. He could not bring himself to touch it, and it was difficult for him to frame his voice to seem natural as he answered his servant.

"It does not belong to me," he said. "It must have been dropped by some one else. Probably Mr. Stanton will know. You had better put it on one side. Did he tell you if he would be back to-day?"

"Mr. Stanton gave me no orders at all, sir. He went in a great hurry to catch his train. He left before I called you, sir."

"Mr. Stanton has gone into the country to look me up some horses," said Gerald.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but there has been a man here once or twice asking for you."

"What sort of man?" demanded Sir Gerald, abruptly. "Do you mean my discharged valet, Stephens?"

"No, sir, not him. I know him. This man's a sort of carman. He says he was not paid in full for carrying away some luggage from here. Of course, I could not say anything about it, sir, as it seems this luggage was removed the evening before I came to you."

"You had better refer this man to Mr. Stanton," Gerald said. "He manages all these things for me. I really don't know what was taken away. There were some things belonging to Mr. Stanton."

"The man's manner was rather offensive, sir," the valet said. "He talked in a strange manner. He said he ought to have had a sovereign more than he was given."

Sir Gerald forced a smile to his lips. He took out some gold from his waistcoat pocket.

"There is one penalty attached to inheriting a fortune, Bates," he said, with an attempt at lightness, "and that is that everybody imagines he or she must share it. Give him that if he comes, and if he should still grumble tell him to go about his business."

With that Gerald Tenby had passed out and made his way down the staircase, glancing about him furtively, fearful, he knew not of what. Ill and weary he made his way to his club.

"Heard the news, Tenby?" inquired one young man, carelessly, as he sauntered past. "They say old Marchmont is dying. Lady Betty will be inconsolable."

"Dying? Edward Marchmont? Why, I had no idea he was ill!"

"Taken suddenly ill yesterday," observed the youth who had spoken, in the same careless fashion. "Had a kind of fit, or something of that sort. Good old chap, too. It's a pity, but it's always the good ones that go."

Gerald wandered away from the club. He stood every now and then to look at something in the shop windows, seeing nothing, and he turned at last into an exhibition of pictures.

The room was half empty. He sat down on one of the seats, glad of the quietness, and yet afraid of it. The few persons who were gazing at the pictures on the wall moved past him, murmuring in whispers.

Vaguely Sir Gerald felt their presence and envied them. A sigh escaped him—a sigh so deep that it reached the ears of a woman who was standing only a few yards away.

She turned and knit her brows as she saw whence this sigh had come. She moved on a pace or two, but her interest in the pictures had gone. Far more interesting was it to her to glance at Gerald Tenby's motionless figure and pale, set face.

What could this man be thinking about? What kind of thought was it that could bring such an expression to his face?

Sylvia shivered, she hardly knew why, and then all at once she started, for some one had spoken a name in her ear, the name by which she had been known so many years ago; and, turning, she faced the lover she had deserted all those years ago, the man whom she had watched with Antonia in the park a few mornings before.

"Forgive me," said Ben Coop, and his voice was very gentle. "Maybe I ought not to come to you like this, Liz; but I saw you pass in from your carriage, just as I saw you come from the theater last night, and the temptation was too strong."

Sylvia found no words to answer him. She trembled beneath the gaze of those honest brown eyes; and yet, though the sight of him and the sound of his voice awoke a whirlwind of sorrow and remorse, there came to her also a sensation of indescribable comfort and pleasure.

(To be continued.)

Riches have wings, they say, but poverty isn't built that way.

Topics of the Times

Female characters were first played by women in 1662.

The Southport (England) police of all ranks have been forbidden to wear flogger rings while on duty.

The city of Berkeley, Cal., the seat of the University of California, now has more than 30,000 population.

Arthur Stringer, the author, is an enthusiastic farmer, and has a fine fruit farm at Cedar Springs, Ont., where he spends his summers.

Senator Benson, the successor of Senator Burton, of Kansas, was one of the three lawyers in the State Senate in 1881 who framed the first prohibition law the State ever had.

The largest Colored Young Men's Christian Association in the world is the colored branch of the New York City Association, which now has 500 members. It held a "500 jubilee" last month to celebrate the attainment of this number.

It is said that the Czar of Russia receives from his subjects through the post no fewer than 100 petitions every day of his life. The majority of these documents before reaching the monarch's hands are examined by a confidential secretary.

Acetylene lighting is quietly gaining favor, and the German Acetylene Association finds the gas is supplied the public by seventy-five places in Germany, 202 in the United States, sixteen in the United Kingdom and nineteen in the British colonies, while Germany alone has 75,000 private installations.

The discovery of anthracite coal in Canada was announced by the Minister of Mines in the Legislature of Ontario. The report is that extensive beds of anthracite exist on the Hudson Bay slope, in the neighborhood of Albany River, which forms the dividing line between Ontario and the Northwest Territory.

Says the London Times of May, 1896: "A decently dressed woman was last night brought out into Southfield for sale, but the brutal conduct of the bidders induced the man who was, or pretended to be, her husband, to refuse to sell her; on which a scene of riot and confusion highly disgraceful to our police took place."

Frank H. Hitchcock, First Assistant Postmaster General, is a tall, broad-shouldered chap who was the champion heavyweight boxer of Harvard all the time he was there. Many people have wished he would put on the gloves with President Roosevelt, but the President hasn't found it convenient to challenge him, as yet.

The prettiest hands in the world, it is said, belong to Mile. De Castellane, member of the famous French family of that name and one of the reigning beauties of Paris. The countess, who gets her title through the dethroned royal family, long ago dropped the family crest and went upon the stage, where she is known by another name.

The Rev. Dr. W. H. S. Demarest, the new president of Rutgers College, is a remarkable example of the transmission of hereditary habits. He is the fifth of his name who has been identified with the government of the college, his father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather and his great-great-grandfather all having been trustees of the institution.

As a ship was leaving the harbor of Athens a passenger approached the captain and, pointing to the distant hills covered with snow, asked: "What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?" "That is snow, madam," answered the captain. "Is it, really?" remarked the woman. "I thought so; but a gentleman has just told me that it was Greece!"

Secretary Taft, who was Governor of the Philippines before he went into the War Department, was talking at a dinner party, of the islands, their government and people. He spoke for half an hour and everybody listened with the greatest attention. As he finished, a lady leaned across the table and said: "Oh, Mr. Secretary, have you ever been to the Philippines?"

The reputation of the pineapple has suffered because it has been eaten in too large quantities at a time and the fibrous part has been swallowed with the juice. To obtain the full digestive value of the juice one quadrant of a dice half an inch thick is ample at one meal. It must not be cooked and should be just ripe. The preserved fruit has practically no digestive possibility.

PERILS OF INDOOR LIFE.

Sedentary Occupations the Source of Many Dangers.

The sedentary lives led by most of our people are declared dangerous, says the Philadelphia Ledger. First of all he asserts that the character of life in America has changed and is still changing, not only from the outdoor life of pioneering and settlement to the indoor life of commerce and manufac-

tures but also from the rough life of the manual agriculture to the less laborious methods of modern farming. This change in the mode of life of the people has been followed, he believes, by a corresponding change in the diseases to which they are subject. He says:

"The change in physical conditions resulting from the indoor life is of the utmost importance from the standpoint of national welfare. * * * Inasmuch as a nation's existence may depend any time upon the physical and moral strength of the man behind the gun it behooves us to make every effort to prevent the deterioration which inevitably follows congestion and overcrowding. In my opinion the problem is more sociological than medical, and there are many thinkers working on it in all countries.

"The establishment of parks and playgrounds and the extension of trolley lines into the country are doing considerable good in the way of giving the people access to places where there is fresh air, but in addition I hold that near every large inland city there should be a national park of large size reserved forever for the use of the people and containing attractions sufficient to draw the crowds away from the cities on Sundays and on holidays.

"The tendency of the people to live in the suburbs is to be commended, especially in families where there are young children; but as yet the number is relatively small and the problem of building up such suburbs for such a class is one of the most important which we have. It is probably, however, not too late in this country to take these things in time before the general physical condition of our large city populations is hopelessly deteriorated. It is imperative that those who work in factories and in offices should have a greater annual supply of fresh air than they now possess. Labor unions should, by combined effort, establish colonies of workers in the various near-by suburbs before the factories and railroad yards have entirely taken possession of them.

"The problem of supplying fresh air to those who are even too poor to take a trolley ride is indeed a serious one. It is said that there are persons in the Chicago Ghetto district who have never seen Lake Michigan. For such a class the establishment of small parks with swimming pools as near as possible to their district, and the municipal ownership of surface lines with reduced fares, would be a certain help. The latter would enable a considerable percentage of those not wholly submerged to live farther away from congested centers, while those who were still obliged to live in crowded portions of the city might at least occasionally have the benefit of a trip to the suburbs or country.

"The poor, however, are not the only ones that suffer from the indoor life. In these days the ability to succeed in business depends in many cases on the ability to stand protracted nervous strain quite as much as it does upon the possession of brains. Hence we find men in prominent positions who are obliged to make every minute count; who allow just so many hours for sleep, so many minutes for eating, and who practically work all the time. It is among such a class that we are likely to find neurasthenia, heart disease, diabetes mellitus and chronic Bright's disease. To such men we advise the following: Suburban residence and the habit of taking two vacations a year, one in the winter as well as one in the summer. But during the working season more sleep, less rich food, less alcohol, less sweets, a walk after dinner in the evening and observance of Sunday as a day of rest for the mind and suitable exercise for the body are desirable.

"An important measure with reference to the kidneys is the systematic drinking of water, cool to a degree sufficient to be refreshing, but not cold. In every factory, department store, bank and office there should be a supply of pure water, easily obtainable, of which not less than three pints should be drunk by every person able to tolerate it."

List Was Longer.

Teacher—Patrick, can you name the Presidents in their order?

Patrick—Sure, nim, an' I'm sorry to say that I can't.

"You are a very dull scholar, Patrick. When I was your age I could name them without an error."

"But that was such a long time ago, nim, that you hadn't more than half a dozen to learn."

And teacher tapped the bell to excuse the class.—Mexican Herald.

His Nat. Business.

"That one they call the hanging judge is an excellent writer."

"Naturally, he has had so much experience in the way of capital sentences."—Baltimore American.

Just a Reminder.

Jack—And after we are married, darling, the love lights will still linger in your eyes.

Eva—Yes, but the love lights won't stop the gas bill from coming every month, my dear.