

# One Man's Evil

By EFFIE ROWLAND

## CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"We are knit together," said Antonia, "by a love that makes us equal—a love for one who needs such love. I believe Ben Coop has worked for his bread ever since he was a child. I know that he was a miner in the coal pits close to which was my home; but I call myself honored and pleased to have such a man for my friend."

Sylvia drew back as they reached the door, and Antonia turned and stretched out her hand.

"Good-by," she said. "I should like to meet you again some day."

She saw that for some reason of her own Sylvia preferred not to walk with her to the street; so, with her rare tact Antonia passed on by herself, and in a little while had turned in the direction of Lady Charlotte's house.

A few minutes later Sylvia walked to find a hansom. Yielding to a longing that was not curiosity, she told the man to keep Antonia in sight. She wished to know where this girl was to be found, for there stole upon her a strange kind of presentiment that Antonia and she would be brought together again before a very long time.

Late that night Ben Coop rang the bell at Lady Charlotte's house, and asked if he could see Antonia. The girl half expected him, and her heart beat almost to suffocation as she ran down the stairs to greet him.

One glance at his face was enough to tell her that his journey had been fruitless. As she saw Ben before her, haggard, tired and grave, Antonia felt the last gleam of hope die out of her heart.

"No, lass, there's no sign of him, and the grand gentleman who owns Mill Cross Court was not there neither. I went and asked for him; he had gone to London, they told me, and they did not know when he would be back North again. The house looked desolate. It seemed as if it mourned for the old master. No one had been nigh the place, so I was told, save for some little old woman who, it seemed had traveled from London with some important papers for Sir Gerald. This I learned quite casually, and I took it all in, Miss Antonia, because you see, when a man's got such a doubt as I have, anything and everything may be of use to him, and it struck me strange like," said Ben, "that an old woman should have traveled from London to carry papers to Sir Gerald Tenby. I got into conversation with the servant who told me about this, and without seeming curious, I tried to get out something more about this, but all I could find was that this woman seemed poor, and was in a mighty hurry to get back to London again. I am afraid there's not much in that that will help us."

"Ben," Antonia said, "you have been working very hard; now it is my turn. I want you to be prepared for strange things. If you see me walking with Gerald Tenby, smiling with him, seeming to be his friend, you must bear with it, no matter how much it may hurt."

"Don't think I am blaming you, miss; you see clearer than I do, and perhaps you are right. I'll stand by anyhow, and wait till you call to me for my help."

As Ben went Antonia called him back, took both his hands and pressed them to her heart, and then bent and kissed them.

"God bless you!" she said, and she watched him go through a blinding mist of tears.

Though sleep had not come to him save in snatches through all these four long, terrible days, Ben felt it impossible to go back and seek his bed.

He walked restlessly through the crowded streets. At one theater the crowd seemed greater than anywhere else. Carriages were standing in line, and it was evident that the audience was fashionable in the extreme.

Ben turned aside and stood awhile watching the people disperse. He asked a policeman who was near by what theater it was, and the man gave him the name, with a faint smile at the question.

"Surely you don't mean to say you don't know the King's Theater, where Sylvia Castella acts?"

"I'm a stranger," Ben answered simply. "I've never been in London before."

Several hansom men were waiting in the narrow street, and close to where he stood was a dainty victoria, with a pair of beautiful horses. Ben felt a touch of admiration for these animals, and he smoothed their satin skins with his big, strong hand.

While he was standing there some man came out through the doorway of the theater and approached the carriage.

"Miss Castella desires that you will go around to the front entrance," this man said in a low voice to the coachman; "she will be there in about five minutes."

Just as the coachman was trying to turn the horses—not a very easy task in such a narrow passage—a gentleman approached the carriage.

"Where are you going?" he asked, almost sharply, and there was an air of authority in his voice.

The coachman bent forward a little.

"Miss Castella has sent word to say she is coming out through the front entrance, sir; I suppose she wishes to avoid the crowd here."

George Stanton muttered something under his breath.

"Go on," he said, and he himself paused and watched the carriage as it rolled down the street.

He was a yard or so away from Ben, and his presence there was at once remarked.

Two young fellows of a genus hitherto unknown to Ben's simple manhood were smoking and chatting together, evidently waiting for some of the theatrical element to join them.

"See that chap," said one to the other, indicating Stanton; "that's the Castella's latest admirer. He just haunts her. You know the fellow I mean—Stanton, he's called, or something like that. Secretary to that awfully rich chap, Tenby. There he goes, following her carriage. Good looking fellow, too, isn't he?"

Ben stood a moment or two listening to a few more words, but the conversation had changed, and the name of Tenby was not mentioned again. He had heard enough, however, to make his heart beat wildly.

Acting on an impulse of the moment, he turned and followed George Stanton. He took careful scrutiny of the man in front of him, and once, as Stanton paused under the light of a lamp, Ben gazed eagerly at his face, as though hoping to gather some clue from this.

Ben watched Stanton go forward and stand a little in the background. There was an expression on the man's face which he did not quite understand; it had something of a desperate look upon it.

Suddenly the swing doors were held open, and a woman passed out into the street. She moved rapidly toward her carriage, but before she could enter it Stanton had touched her on the shoulder, and as she turned to look haughtily at him her face was fully disclosed to Ben.

He bent forward with a strange thrill at his heart to look at that face, and then he drew back and stood, feeling that kind of faintness that comes when one has had a great shock.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Gerald Tenby was sitting in his chambers at breakfast the next morning when a note was brought to him. He was waited upon by his new servant, the man who had replaced Stephens.

Sometimes there came across Gerald's mind a kind of dread when he remembered for what a light reason he had dismissed the other man, and he wondered vaguely where Stephens was, and what he was doing; but this morning, as he gazed at the writing on the note that was brought to him, he lost remembrance of all that troubled him, and let loose the flood of delight that only the thought of Antonia could bring.

It needed only the sound of Stanton's voice speaking in the passage to recall him from dreams to hideous reality. The two men met without a word, and Stanton sat down to the breakfast table and began to eat as though he were the master. Suddenly he leaned across the table and looked into Gerald Tenby's eyes.

"I am here now," he said roughly. "To tell you that the journey we discussed yesterday must be taken by you. I find it impossible to get away from town. I have my own life to live, you know, and imperative matters will keep me here for the next few days."

"I refuse. How dare you come to me like this? Do you suppose I would have let you rob me, as you have done, if I had not expected you to keep to our bargain?"

For answer Stanton pulled one of the newspapers lying on the table toward him, glanced at a certain column, then advanced to Tenby, and held the paper out.

The paragraph was headed "Missing," and went on to describe Hubert Tenby's appearance, giving details of his last known movements, with a substantial reward for any information that could be given that might lead to the discovery of his present whereabouts. The advertisement was signed by a firm of solicitors.

If it could have been possible for Gerald Tenby to have turned paler, he would have done so, but his face was already as white and nerveless as though he had just risen from a bed of sickness.

"Who—who can have done this?" he asked.

"What does it matter who has done this?" said Stanton, curtly. "It is enough for us that we stand now in active danger, and that if we would save ourselves we must not lose a moment. Tenby, you must start at once. You know every step you must take. The way has been made clear for you. With coolness you can work out the end on the lines I have laid down."

Great beads of perspiration stood out on Tenby's face; he trembled like a leaf.

"I can't do this," he said, hoarsely; "you know I can't do it," he repeated, wildly. "I am a changed man already with what has gone."

"Hush!" Stanton gripped his wrist like iron and silenced him as the door opened, and the new servant came in to clear the table. Obeying a sign from his confederate, Tenby turned and sat down at his desk again, pretending to be busy with letters, while Stanton picked up the newspaper, and seemed to be reading it carefully. He was watching the valet as he did so, and he saw enough curiosity in the man's face to warrant any amount of caution.

"Have you this month's railway guide?" he asked suddenly.

The servant went at once in search of it, and Stanton turned the pages till he found what he wanted.

"There is a good train this evening," he remarked to Tenby. "I think I shall go by that. Are you dining at the club?"

Gerald Tenby bent his head. "Then I can see you there for final instructions," observed Stanton. His manner was calm and practical. He suddenly addressed a question to the valet.

"By the way, Bates, has a man been calling here the last few days, asking to see Sir Gerald?"

The valet colored slightly.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "Sir Gerald's last servant has been here twice."

"Ah! full of grievances, I suppose? Well, let me know the next time he comes. Sir Gerald expects me to look after these sort of things for him. I promised Stephens a written character," Stanton said, now addressing Tenby, "and I must see to this."

When the door had closed upon the valet Stanton touched Sir Gerald on the shoulder significantly.

"The net is closing, you see," he said. Tenby shivered. Suddenly there had flashed back to his remembrance the vision of Antonia's pure, beautiful face; it stung him into a very torture of remorse, fear, self-hatred.

"I almost wish it would close; then there would be an end to this," he said, hoarsely.

"Bah!" The word fell like a knife thrust from Stanton's lips. "So once more it is I who must work. But after to-night be warned, Tenby—I do no more. I only go to-night because you are too much of a cur to see this through. Now, Tenby, listen; these are my orders: You are to be at your club all this afternoon and evening, so that I may send for you in case of necessity. You understand?"

Gerald Tenby rose and looked at Stanton, with a flush of rage coloring his face.

"I understand," he said, sullenly. Then Stanton bent his head and whispered a few sentences in the other man's ear, and the rage went from Tenby's face, and gave place again to fear.

Lady Betty Marchmont passed her time in a kind of fever till the moment came when Gerald Tenby should be announced, but as five o'clock came and went, and there was no sign of him she rang the bell for her maid, and ordered her to bring down a hat and a sunshade.

"I am going out," she said, sharply; "the house is suffocating."

On her doorstep she was met by her butler, whose face had a pained and sad expression. The news he had to give her was no news to Lady Betty.

The doctor was with her husband at that moment, she was told, so she waited in the hall to see the medical man as he passed down. When he came he wore a troubled, even perplexed look.

"I am afraid, Lady Elizabeth," he said, gravely, "that your husband has been overexerting himself. I find him in a very weak condition. The action of the heart is strangely feeble. It seems to me he is quite a changed man."

"I assure you, Dr. Anderson," she said, in her sweetest way, "I have wearied myself with trying to persuade Edward to put himself into your hand. I have noticed for some time past that he has not been at all strong. I fancy that the sudden death of his old friend, Sir Maurice Tenby, gave him a great shock. I hope you don't find him really ill?"

"To tell you the truth, Lady Betty, I don't quite understand his condition. He is in that state of health that matters might go very badly indeed with him were he to have a serious illness."

"We must be careful," Lady Betty said quickly, "to guard him against any illness of this sort. Thank you so much for coming, Dr. Anderson; it was very good of you."

Lady Betty passed on up to her room with a faint smile hovering on her lips. Outside her husband's door she hesitated for an instant, then, with a shrug of her shoulders, she turned the handle and passed into the room.

The rustle of her skirts caused Edward Marchmont to open his eyes. He was lying on a couch by the window, propped up by pillows, and he certainly did look astonishingly ill.

"I am so grieved that you should be troubled, dear," he said. "It is only a little weakness."

"Dr. Anderson tells me you have been doing far too much," Lady Betty said. "Now, Edward, I shall insist that you cease all work for a time, at least."

He entreated her not to worry about him, and when she suggested remaining to spend the evening in his room, he would not hear of it.

"You are always in such a demand, my darling," he said, "and to-night is surely, is it not, the night of the Duchess of Chester's great ball? What do you suppose all your friends would say of me were I to keep you here on such an occasion?"

"My friends would do very well without me," Lady Betty said, and there was a touch of bitterness in her voice. "Poor Antonia! I am so sorry for her. I must let her know that you are ill."

Her last few words had put a sudden idea into her mind. She must get Antonia back again. This illness was the very means of doing it; at least if she could not induce the girl to stay in the house, she would bring Antonia to it more frequently, and that would mean that she would at least be able to prevent too many meetings with Gerald.

(To be continued.)

## Not Comfortable.

Bess—So you visited Tom's new offices yesterday. Do you like them?

Tess—No. There are three doors leading to his private office, and people bob in there unannounced all the time!

—Detroit Free Press.

A penny saved is a penny earned, but in a fool's pocket 'tis a pocket burned.

## CANADA WHEAT CROP.

ALL REPORTS INDICATE A BIG YIELD.

Great Harvests in the Canadian Northwest Bring Unparalleled Prosperity to the Farmers of That Region.

Winnipeg correspondence:

For the past four or five weeks the result of the harvest in the Canadian West has been an absorbing topic, not only with the Canadian people, but with a large and interested number of Americans—millers, grain dealers and farmers particularly. To such an extent has this interest in the Canadian grain crop been manifested that when the Northwest Grain Dealers' Association left for their trip of inspection, they were accompanied by a number of American grain dealers who felt it necessary to have a personal knowledge of the subject.

Two or three weeks ago a public statement was made by Mr. Roblin, Premier of Manitoba, in effect that the wheat crop would reach 115,000,000, and that there would be fully 100,000,000 for export, and at that time there were many who believed that Mr. Roblin's estimate was well within the mark; but since then conditions have changed, and other estimates have been made. Every possible effort to get accurate knowledge of the crop has been put forth in many quarters.

The Winnipeg Free Press put a corps



HARVESTING WHEAT NEAR KILLARNEY, MANITOBA.

of correspondents in the wheat field for twenty consecutive days. In this way thousands of miles were traveled by train through the wheat district, over 1,400 miles were driven through growing wheat, and 93 pivotal points were visited and observations made. As a result of the work a straight announcement is made that the wheat acreage is 4,700,000; that the average yield is 19 bushels to the acre; and that the aggregate crop will reach 90,250,000.

Bank statements regarding crops are usually of a dependable character, and the figures furnished by the Canadian Bank of Commerce more than endorse those given by the Free Press. The bank estimate places the figures at: Wheat, 91,813,900; oats, 80,854,680; barley, 17,735,790. Wherever a good wheat section exists in Western Canada there is an elevator (or elevators) and a good shipping point; and where there is a good shipping point, a thriving bank (or banks) will be sure to be in the midst of it; and the local manager of the bank, who has the most accurate knowledge of the farming conditions and crop results, is the man who usually does the business. Hence the necessity for careful crop compilation.

Then, there are others who watch the growing crop with a careful eye—the grain dealers and shippers, for instance, Winnipeg has a Northwest Grain Dealers' Association which is so much interested in the crop return that this year, accompanied by the city bankers and a number of American grain dealers, they made a tour of inspection through the principal grain areas by special train. The

crop this year would have yielded a larger percentage of increase on the returns of 1905, but there are several causes that have contributed to keep down the average yield. The greater the number of new settlers the greater the chance of inexperienced and less profitable farming. It is the newer settler, as a rule, who, in his anxiety to break new land, has sown on this year's stubble, and a good average yield cannot be expected on this land. But, be that as it may, a crop of 90,000,000 bushels in the Canadian West is not to be looked at lightly. Allowing 20,000,000 bushels for home consumption and seeding purposes, 78,000,000 bushels will represent the export trade, and this quantity at a little better than 70 cents per bushel, will represent a distribution of nearly \$56,000,000 for wheat alone, between Winnipeg and the foothills; and this large amount of money is altogether independent of the cost of freighting this vast quantity of grain from the western elevators to tidewater.

The income of the Western Canadian farmers this year will be further augmented by the returns which they will receive from the excellent crop of oats and the good crop of barley which is their portion. Of oats alone over 75,000,000 bushels are claimed, and barley brings to market over 17,000,000 bushels. An additional \$25,000,000 from these crops added to the \$50,000,000 from wheat, and the proceeds from dairying and mixed farming, will contribute very materially to making agriculture in Western Canada a very dependable business.

A drawback to the more successful carrying on of farming operations in the Canadian West for some years back has

been the difficulty of obtaining needed help at harvest time. As each year an additional area has been put under crop this scarcity of help has been accentuated, and during the present harvest the cry all along the line has been "Harvesters Wanted." The work of preparation and seeding is spread over several months, but the ingathering of the harvest has to be done in a few weeks; hence the necessity for additional assistance at that particular time. The crop of 1905 required 18,000 harvesters from outside, and this year it has been estimated that from 22,000 to 25,000 will be required to supplement the work of the farmers in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The demand for harvest hands is not permanent, the work for which they come lasting only from early in August until the end of the threshing season. Many of those who come to work in the grain fields, however, remain and become grain growers themselves, creating additional demand for the same class of help, and thus the problem becomes more acute every succeeding year. The time was when a sufficient number of harvest hands could easily be obtained from Ontario, but in recent years the area taken in by the harvest excursions has been extended and in 1904 and 1905 it reached clear down to Nova Scotia in the call for men to work in the fertile fields of the West. This year the limit has been further extended, and a new movement of British farm laborers has been inaugurated, which will be of incalculable benefit to the prairie country, giving a stimulus to immigration, and disseminating among



THRESHING NEAR THORNHILL, MANITOBA.

bulletin of the association sizes up the situation as follows: Wheat, 87,203,000 bushels; oats, 75,725,600 bushels; barley, 16,731,325.

This is a lower estimate than either of the others, but we must consider that it is a railway-tour estimate, whilst the other, so to speak, and the circumstances somewhat favor the correspondent and the local bank manager, respectively, in his estimate. But there is one point upon which all agree, and that is that the wheat crop of 1906 is of excellent quality throughout, that it is characteristic of Western Canada's grain and will grade high all along the line. On this point American grain men such as J. F. Whalton of Minneapolis, Finlay Barral of Chicago, Sheriff Brainerd of Springfield, Ill., and others, are particularly explicit in their statements.

A careful examination of all the figures at present available would lead us to believe that the yield will probably be about 90,000,000 bushels. These figures may seem disappointing to many who believed that the increased acreage under

the agricultural classes in Britain a knowledge of the life, conditions and opportunities in the three prairie provinces that should greatly quicken the stream of settlement from the rural districts of Britain to Canada.

From the Western States, too, valuable assistance has been received in the work of harvesting the crop this year, and some of the finest fields in Saskatchewan and Alberta have been worked almost exclusively by Americans. So successful has been the settler from the Western States, usually, that he is invariably the forerunner of a colony from that portion of the State whence he came, and through the new provinces particularly, there is a very strong representation from North and South Dakota, Oregon, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Kansas, Iowa, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri and other States of the Union. These are amongst the most progressive settlers, as they come well provided with money, completely equipped with stock and machinery, and possessed of knowledge of western farming which cannot possibly be possessed at first hand by the settler from beyond the ocean.