

One Man's Evil

By EFFIE ROWLAND

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

The maid was back again almost directly. She told Lady Betty that Antonia was not in the drawing room; her eyes were full of pity for her mistress.

"I have told them to telephone for the doctor, my lady," she said. "Can I help you?"

Lady Betty had sunk on her knees by the bedside, and was clutching one of the cold hands. Her manner was full of agitation; she looked almost wildly at the maid.

"I cannot make him answer me," she said. "Oh! Emma, I am frightened."

The maid's eyes filled with tears. If ever she had witnessed a harsh feeling for her pretty mistress, that feeling died now as she saw Lady Betty's blonde head bowed in what seemed to be a very agony of grief.

It was not long before others joined them, the doctor and other servants, and then Lady Betty was lifted from her knees and led gently away into her own room.

When she spoke it was in faint, weak accents, and the doctor was sympathetically impressed by what he took to be signs of physical as well as mental suffering.

She repeated to him exactly what she had said to Antonia, and Dr. Anderson was silent for a moment or two.

"I think I shall prescribe entire rest for you, Lady Elizabeth," he said. "Rest and fresh air," he added, and he stood and glanced about him. "There is a strange atmosphere in this room; it almost seems to me as if some chloroform had been used."

For answer Lady Betty held forward toward him a small bottle with "chloroform" printed on the label.

"I have been nearly crazy with tooth-ache," she said. "I suppose it is a nervous attack, but the only thing that gave me ease was this. I don't think," she added, faintly, "I should have cared how much I had used to get rid of the pain. I feel lost, Dr. Anderson," she said, half-wildly. "I cannot realize that he—he has gone. He was so good, so tender, such a noble man. What can have caused his death?"

"I am afraid I cannot answer that question just yet, Lady Elizabeth," Dr. Anderson said, gravely. "I shall have to go into this matter."

The heart of the woman stood still. "Do you mean that there will have to be a post mortem examination, an—an inquest?"

"You will leave things to my hands, Lady Elizabeth," he said, kindly. "I presume that Lord Marchmont will come here, and we will settle every detail together."

The doctor closed the door, and Lady Betty was alone. She stood and looked about her in an agonized way. With a choking cry the woman covered her face with her hands, that ashen face, from which, for the moment, all prettiness had fled.

It was no longer Antonia she had to fear. She must think swiftly; she must work her brain subtly. . . . means that would prevent . . . of justice.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Eagerly George Stanton hailed a cab and gave orders to be driven to that little house on the borders of Regent's Park. He dismissed the cab at some little distance from the house, and walked toward it slowly.

"Will you ask Miss Castella if she will speak to me?" he said to the maid.

"Miss Castella went away this afternoon, sir. She left soon after lunch."

"And she left no word—no message?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I beg your pardon," the maid said, quickly. "I forgot for the moment; she left a note for you, and a packet. She said she thought it very probable that you would call some time today."

The maid tripped up the path to the house. She was back again directly with the note and the packet, and as she gave them to him Stanton felt as if the earth had opened at his feet.

He had no need to tear aside the covering of that flat packet, for he knew what lay within. It was the pile of bank notes that he had carried to her the night he claimed his promise.

He put it into the breast pocket of his coat mechanically and took her letter and went away. A little way from the house he tore open the letter.

"By chance," Sylvia wrote, "I have learned to-day something that throws light upon what was so mysterious. I understand now the source from which you obtained so much money, and I fear I understand also the reason why this money was paid. I asked you to swear to me that you got this money honestly, and you perjured yourself—at least, that is what I believe. So I take back my promise, and I return you this money; but if you can come to me, and you can tell me that you have not had a hand in helping Gerald Tenby to step into his cousin's shoes, if you can tell me that you have had no share in bringing about Hubert Tenby's disappearance, I will marry you, whether you are rich or poor, not because I love you, but because I gave you my promise, and I like to keep my word."

Stanton stood and read those words,

not once, but a dozen times. Their meaning ran like living fire through his veins.

He had to lean against the wall, and draw his breath with difficulty. He could not bring himself to realize that this was the end, that he had lost Sylvia just when he had gained her.

By what means had the truth come to her? By what danger was he not surrounded? He would go out of England. This money that Sylvia had returned would keep him like a king in other countries. Let him turn his back on all; let him snap his fingers at failure; let him show this woman that her repudiation of him left him untouched. He would not even return to Gerald Tenby's rooms; he would go as he was, go he cared not where, so long as he put distance between himself and all for which he had worked.

So he turned with a mocking laugh on his lips, but an aching wound in his heart, and before night time came he was well away from London.

Antonia met Gerald Tenby on the doorstep of Lady Charlotte Singleton's house. The girl would have passed in without even speaking to him, but he stopped her.

"Forgive me," he said; "I heard your uncle was very ill. I came to offer my sympathy."

"My uncle is dead," said Antonia. She did not look at him; he fancied he saw the old aversion in her face.

"He was a good man. I am sorry," the girl tried to conquer her feelings, but words would not come; indeed, in this moment the old loathing for this man was uppermost. Not even for the sake of what was to be gained could she continue the part she had set herself to play.

She bent her head and passed into the house, and Gerald Tenby turned away and knew that she wished him to be gone.

Long after Gerald Tenby had risen and passed away, Sylvia and Ben Coop sat on talking.

The woman hardly recognized herself in this hour. She felt as if she had been touched by some magician's wand. All the cultivated hardness and worldliness that had grown into her nature these many years dropped from her and left her what she once had been. It was like a dream to sit listening to Ben's slow, north-country voice.

"I must go now," she said; "but I shall not say goodbye to you, Ben; you will come to me, won't you?"

"To the end of the world," Ben said, simply; "and when I have found the lad I'll be more free to serve you, Liz."

"I pray that you may find the lad," she said. "I hope I may have been the means, perhaps, of putting you on the right path. I should like to feel that I had had some share in giving joy to that beautiful girl who loves him. We met and spoke, Ben, the other day; I felt better after that."

Then Sylvia had swept away and had gone out to her carriage, heedless of the curious eyes that watched her, and Ben had left the picture gallery, and had gone out into the streets alone, feeling his heart a maze of sorrow and joy, feeling also a thrill of excitement.

He went slowly back to his hotel, where his sad face and bowed head spoke eloquently of trouble and suspense.

Sylvia mingled in with his thought. It seemed so natural, and yet so strange, that Liz still lived, and that she had need of him.

Stephens, the discharged valet, had arranged to come to him before evening; so Ben remained in the hotel, waiting for this man. The hours crept by, and Stephens did not come, but finally a note was brought. It was written in pencil, and signed by Stephens.

"Stanton is leaving London for the continent; I am going to follow him. Will communicate with you at the earliest opportunity. I think this is my best plan. There is work for you to do. I enclose you herewith the address of a house to which I understand Stanton has been in the habit of going. I don't know whether there will be anything in this, but everything is worth trying, especially when we have to deal with such a scoundrel. I shall give you an account of the money you advanced to me when we meet again."

The advent of this letter acted like magic on Ben. He threaded his way up to Tottenham Court Road slowly.

The house to which he was going lay very far out, and more than one person advised him to reach it by train.

Feeling the wisdom of keeping his strength as much as possible, Ben resolved to take this advice, and it was while he was threading his way to the station that he suddenly saw a man's face looking out at him from a hansom upon which was piled some luggage. The man was Gerald Tenby. Though his eyes rested upon Ben for an instant, there was nothing to tell the rich man that this humble looking individual was one who was working for justice. Gerald Tenby was going to Mill Cross Court.

When the door had closed upon Antonia that afternoon he had stood a moment hesitatingly. The girl's manner had chilled him, and her news had startled him.

He determined all at once that he would leave London. Stanton had gone. Their secret was safe; he preferred not to risk a meeting with Lady Betty.

It was a . . . summer night when he alighted from the train at Mill Cross, and he gave a sigh of relief. At least for a few hours, he said to himself, he would be free from questioning eyes and from those imaginations of suspicion that made life in London so impossible.

But as he walked down the platform he found his brows contracted with a frown, and he felt his heart leap with a new fear, for a woman's figure was standing close by, and as he passed her he felt that she turned and looked at him steadily.

Certainly Sylvia Castella was the very last woman in the world whom he would have expected to see in such a place, and instantly all his suspicions and fears were loosened again.

What had brought her to Mill Cross? He knew now that she was associated not only with Stanton, but with this man whose friendship to Hubert Tenby signified so much.

Why should such a woman as this turn her back upon her life in town and travel to Mill Cross, unless she was there for the purpose of following him, and of helping forward the work of retribution?

CHAPTER XXIV.

It had been a sudden whim that had carried Sylvia Castella back to that little north-country village where she had lived the happiest part of her life.

"I will go to Mill Cross again, and it will be almost as if Ben were with me all the time," and it was this impulse that had put her into the north express and had landed her at the little wayside station at which Gerald Tenby had alighted also.

Gerald would have followed her—he hardly knew why, save that fear was pressing in upon him from all sides—only it was impossible for him to expose himself to too much comment. He had to go on to the Court, to that big old house that once had seemed to him the only place in the world that was desirable, but which to-night had no beauty in his eyes.

The butler looked at him with well-concealed surprise. He wondered what could be the matter with Sir Gerald. The young man looked almost odd; certainly this gray-faced, nervous man was very much apart from the smart, clever, wealthy Gerald that had been wont to pay visits to Mill Cross while Sir Maurice was alive; but good servants have their share of wit—the man did not let his master realize that he noticed anything was amiss.

He spoke to him about matters that had occurred since Sir Gerald had been in London, and he handed him some letters, and with these letters the packet of papers which Stanton's faithful old friend, Sarah, had journeyed from London to deliver.

"This packet was left with me to be delivered to you personally when you should arrive, sir," he said; "it was brought by an old woman."

"By an old woman?" repeated Gerald, hurriedly; then his memory returned. He almost dropped the packet; it had a hideous significance to him, not that anything was contained in it, but that its very presence conjured up all that he desired to hide forever.

The servant closed the door and he was left alone, left to stare down at that small square packet, which had been the excuse for getting Sarah out of the road while work was being done in the old tumble-down house which was her care, her joy and her sorrow.

London was provided with a great sensation the morning following Gerald Tenby's departure to the North. Scarcely had the news of Edward Marchmont's death been made public than the world was informed of a new disaster that had befallen the lot of the widow.

A most extraordinary thing occurred, something terrible and bizarre, something that shocked people even while it struck them as being unusual and alarming.

This was no less than a great fire that had consumed the greater portion of the house where Lady Betty had lived and fluttered away the many years of her butterfly existence; a fire so large in its proportions that, though help was forthcoming in a very short time, the fury of the flames was so great that it was almost impossible for the firemen to approach.

And life was lost also. Lady Betty herself was rescued in a half-fainting condition, and a greater portion of the household fortunately escaped; but one or two of the inmates, caged at the top of the house, perished in the flames that had sprung to life, no one knew how, and with those two living creatures the body of Edward Marchmont had been consumed also.

The news reached Antonia by means of one of the maids in Lady Charlotte's house.

She fell on her knees, as soon as she was alone, and cried to pray, but the horror that had come over her as she remembered Betty Marchmont paralyzed her brain; not even a prayer could come coherently; in fact, the girl was verging on an illness. She had made enormous demands upon her courage and her physical strength, and this prostration was only the natural outcome of such exertions. As she sat there a message came to her from Lady Charlotte, asking if she would go to her at once.

Antonia found the delicate woman in a state of great agitation. Lady Charlotte was sitting, propped up by her cushions, gazing at a letter that she held in her hand. Antonia went across the room to her and sat down beside her.

"Oh, Antonia!" she said, "what can I say to you? What wrong I have done! Child, your faith should have taught me a lesson; your love tried to lead me to this, and I would not be led."

Something Doing.

Meeker—We had a house-warming last night.

Bleeker—Why, have you moved?

Meeker—No; but when I reached home from the lodge at midnight I found my wife's mother there.

A SHAKY FOUNDATION.

Mrs. Compton looked tired. She had evidently been indulging in tears on her way home. She gave furtive glances at her eyes with a damp handkerchief as she asked Mr. Compton if he had been at home long.

"I've had such a disappointing time, Henry," she said, hardly waiting to hear her husband's answer. "I always felt that I could rely on the North Trust Company, but my faith is shaken."

"What in the world have they done?" asked Mr. Compton. "I hadn't heard of anything wrong."

"No," said his wife, tearfully, "probably you won't. I'm only a small depositor and so I'm of little consequence, but I think I shall remove all my money as soon as you tell me just how to do it, and then you can keep it for me in your safe, and when I want it I can have it any time."

"The trouble has all come from that twenty-dollar gold piece mother gave me on my birthday. I deposited it day before yesterday, because I hadn't thought of anything I wanted to buy."

"This morning I decided on one of these handiwork necklaces, and so I went right to my young man at the window, who's always been so obliging, and told him I'd make out a check for twenty dollars for him, and I'd like mother's gold piece back—and he didn't know where it was!"

"I told him the date of it and everything, but it wasn't there, Henry! As I said to him, 'If your Trust Company is so hard up for money for investments that it has to take my twenty-dollar gold piece the very minute I put it in, it's not very reassuring!' Those were my words, and I think he felt them. At any rate, he turned red and bit his lip. But he couldn't produce mother's twenty-dollar gold piece, Henry, however he looked, so I didn't get the necklace."

"I shall go over to mother's to-morrow and tell her just how it happened, and that the money has slipped away."

"You needn't smile, Henry. I presume you have one of those explanations of yours all ready to soothe me, but nothing would surprise me less now than to open the paper any morning and see that the North Trust Company had embezzled."—Youth's Companion.

Reclassification of Sinners.

Professor Ross pleads in the Atlantic for a new method of grading sinners. The system commonly employed does not strike at the points where wrongdoing is most potent for harm. The highwayman or the hall thief, villain whose offenses do not touch the person or the pocket of one man in a hundred, are ranked at the bottom of the scale, while the dishonest financial magnate, who may contribute towards the impoverishment of multitudes, maintain an almost perfect rating if he is shrewd enough not to transgress the more obvious rules of personal morality. We come down severely upon the individual offender, but fail to reach the boss who holds up the building of a filtration plant for a great city, with the remote result that hundreds whom he may never have known or seen perish of typhoid fever. Sinners of a certain type keep a position near the top of the scale by our counting specific good deeds as a set-off against their offenses. What we most need to hear down upon is the crime that must be detected by knitting the brows, not that which is to be found out by such easy processes as merely opening eyes or ears.—New York Post.

Stang.

"Yes," said the smart young woman, "they say young Mrs. Drum is a quiet, homeloving woman, but I happen to know that she enjoys herself most when her husband goes away on a business trip."

"Ah!" cried the gossip, eagerly. "I always did suspect that there was something wrong there."

"Well, you're mistaken. She goes away with him, that's all."—Philadelphia Press.

Our Ancestors.

"What a lot of folks in America would be shy of ancestors if there'd been a first-class immigrant inspector on Plymouth Rock when that Mayflower unshipped her load some years ago," remarked the cynical gentleman.

"And if they could have seen photographs of some of the people that claim to be their descendants, they'd wish there had been some restrictions," concluded the wise guy.—Toledo Blade.

Letting Him Down.

"So you won't be all the world to me?"

"No, Augustus, I can't," replied the summer girl. "But I'll tell you what I will be."

"What?"

"I'll be the State of Rhode Island to you."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

A Scranton Woman Tells How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Made Her Well and Strong.

Nervous debility is the common name for what the doctors term neurasthenia. It is characterized by mental depression, fits of the "blues," or melancholy, loss of energy and spirits. The patient's eyes become dull, the pink fades from the cheeks, the memory becomes defective so that it is difficult to recall dates and names at will. Some of these symptoms only may be present or all of them. The remedy lies in toning up the nervous system and there is no medicine better adapted for this purpose than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Jane J. Davies, of No. 314 Warren street, Scranton, Pa., says: "Some years ago I became greatly reduced in health and strength and my nervous system became so debilitated that I felt wretched. I could not rest or sleep well at night and woke up as weary and languid in the morning as I was when I went to bed. My head ached in the morning and often there was a pain in my right side which was worse when I sat down. My nerves were on edge all the time, every little noise bothered me and I was generally miserable. Then I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as my husband had taken them with good results, and they did wonders for me. Now I have no more pain in my side, no more headaches, I sleep well and feel strong and able to do my work."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. Davies and they can do just as much for other weak, pale, ailing men or women who are slipping into a hopeless decline. They strike straight at the root of all common diseases caused by poor and impoverished blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y.

A good corn remedy consists of equal parts of sweet oil and iodine shaken together. Apply at nights until relieved.

Gouty persons should avoid eating sweet food, but the practice of eating a dozen walnuts a day is recommended by physicians.

Nose bleeding has frequently been alleviated by holding the hands over the head and putting ice to the nose and back of the head.

A child's bed should be placed out of a direct draught and where the morning sun will not shine into its eye and awaken it before the proper time.

When caring for the sick the nurse should, as far as she is able, decide all questions as to their comfort and treatment for them, and avoid any arguments.

Congressman Shartel of Missouri is said to have the finest library in the state.

The smallest church in England, if not in the world, is Lullington church, near Eastbourne. It seats eight persons.

If the appetite is poor there is undoubtedly some cause for it, and if it is not known a reliable physician should be consulted and his instructions carried out.

The busy mother should have her time of rest and quiet during the day as well as the little ones, and it might be well to plan to take it when they are having theirs.

Staring at the windows of their adored ones is the way Mexican lovers woo. If the young woman is agreeable, she will appear at the window after several days and they thus become acquainted.

LOOSE TEETH

Made Sound by Eating Grape-Nuts.

Proper food nourishes every part of the body, because Nature selects the different materials from the food we eat to build bone, nerve, brain, muscle, teeth etc.

All we need is to eat the right kind of food slowly, chewing it well—our digestive organs take it up into the blood and the blood carries it all through the body, to every little nook and corner.

If some one would ask you, "Is Grape-Nuts good for loose teeth?" you'd probably say, "No, I don't see how it could be." But a woman in Ontario writes:

"For the past two years I have used Grape-Nuts Food with most excellent results. It seems to take the place of medicine in many ways, builds up the nerves and restores the health generally."

"A little Grape-Nuts taken before retiring soothes my nerves and gives sound sleep." (Because it relieves irritability of the stomach nerves, being a predigested food.)

"Before I used Grape-Nuts my teeth were loose in the gums. They were so bad I was afraid they would some day all fall out. Since I have used Grape-Nuts I have not been bothered any more with loose teeth."

"All desire for pastry has disappeared and I have gained in health, weight and happiness since I began to use Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Got the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkg. "There's a reason."