



CHAPTER XLII.—(Continued.)

Mrs. Dene said nothing to Jane of what had passed. She kissed her affectionately on both cheeks, and repeated her invitation.

"You may change your mind at the last moment. I shall hope you will," she said.

Then the train steamed out of the station, and Jane, as with fearful eyes she waved her hand in farewell, felt as though the last link to that brighter life were sundered. She turned away and walked quickly home.

As she went, she saw Valentine Greene sauntering along with Miss Knollys in the direction of the public gardens. His head was lowered, and he was talking with evident earnestness, while she listened with an evident attention. Presently they discovered Jane, and looking round waved their tennis-bats in friendly invitation. But Jane shook her head in refusal. The realities of life were beginning, and she must shirk her responsibilities no longer. How she envied Diana, with love and no care to spoil it. Her blushing face, so altered since first it had been seen at Alpbore, had told its own tale, and the Adjutant, for a rejected suitor, looked wonderfully content. The girl hurried on. Now that she was actually on her way home she felt a strange longing to be there to help or comfort, at any rate to get over the dreadful meeting with her father.

As she entered the house, she saw him come out of the sitting-room, and go toward the dining-room.

"Father," she cried, in a low, strained voice.

How changed he was—so old and bowed, and with a dazed expression on his face that Jane could compare to nothing but the look of a hunted animal whose last chance of escape had been cut off. She did not know how nearly she had guessed the truth. Turning, she entered the sitting-room. Mrs. Knox was sitting there with a handkerchief to her eyes, and a big blue envelope lying in her lap.

"Oh, that is your child, is it?" she said, presenting her cheek for a caress. "Well, I'm glad enough you've come. It was getting about as much as I could bear. Your father's that queer and put out about trifles that I begin to think he's losing his wits altogether. He's ill, I know, but illness won't account for everything."

"What is it, mother?"

"Well, my dear, it's about our going home. He sent in an application for leave, as I told you, and this paper came when he was out. I opened it—perhaps it was that which made him angry—and you have no idea how he went on when I told him."

"What was it, mother?" asked Jane, a little impatiently; she knew of old how difficult it was to compass a fact when her mother was excited.

"They say they are compelled to refuse his application for the present. He'll get it all right in the end, I've no doubt; but, if not, why, it can't be helped. It's no use making such a fuss. Though I must say," warming up, and getting indignant, as she talked, "I think they might have shown a little more consideration, especially in a case of sickness. I can't guess what they mean by it, I'm sure."

But Jane could. She remembered how the Deputy Commissioner had assured her that he knew who the murderer of Jacob Lynn was, how he had told her too that every presentation would be taken that he should not leave the station. Now he had proved his words.

She sunk into a chair, looking as dazed and alarmed as the Quartermaster had looked a few moments before.

The blow had fallen at last. Oh, heaven help them all.

CHAPTER XLIII.

She was powerless. Mr. Knollys had never liked her, she knew, and was most unlikely to be turned from his purpose by any appeal that she might make. The only weapon she possessed was useless; she might as well direct a sword-thrust against a rock as hope that her beauty or distress would touch his world-hardened heart.

She felt that only one could help her—the Colonel. But would it be safe to trust him with such a secret? Might it not be his duty to act contrary to their interests? She must do nothing without consulting her father, and to do this, she must confess the knowledge she had gained.

On her second meeting with her father, later on the day of her return, when he had had time to recover a little from the shock of his refused leave, he had greeted her affectionately, if somewhat absent, and since then he had never seemed content when she was away. His manner, even to his wife was often querulous, even violent at times, to his daughter was always gentle. At an invitation from Jane he would, unwilling as he always appeared to leave the house, go out at once; his food, which otherwise would have remained neglected until cold, or perhaps altogether, at her request would be partaken of with pitiful docility. He was as unlike the bluff, handsome sergeant major of a year ago as it was possible to be, and in nothing more changed than in his demeanor to his wife. Then he had been as proud of her as is only possible for a man to be of some possession that might be supposed to be beyond his attainments or deserts. Now, he could not patiently endure her presence. So it happened that it was Jane who was generally alone with him, and therefore she had no difficulty in finding an opportunity to speak to him, as she had determined.

"Tell me of your visit, Jenny. You have never told me about it. Did you have a pleasant time?" he said to her.

"Very pleasant, father."

"Your mother told me that there was some talk of your marrying the Hon. Barry Larron, but, perhaps—it was on the tip of his tongue to add, she lied to me; but consideration for his daughter (not his wife) prompted him to substitute 'she was mistaken.'"

"There was some talk of it, father," confessed Jane, quietly; "but it will never be."

"I am sorry for that. I had hoped—hoped—I should like to see you settled before—"

"I know what you would say, father. I have known it all for some time, and I want to help to conceal it, if I can."

He peered at her through the gloom with dilated eyes, afraid of mistaking her meaning, through his guilty conscience always dwelling on the one dreadful subject, yet her awe-struck tones might have removed all doubt.

"Yes. One day at Mrs. Dene's, you said something about an inquiry that the Commissioner was instituting, and begged me to go away. I know nothing then of your suspicions of myself. The only reason I could imagine for your warning was that your father was guilty, and you feared that my evidence might tell against him. To allay your fears, unfounded as they were, I was prepared to go, and had made all the arrangements to do so, when you explained to me what you had really thought. Then of course it was unnecessary I should leave. Now tell me how I can help you best."

"I want you to tell me."

"Then let me hear the whole story, as it occurred, or at least so much as you can bear to speak of."

She told him all she knew, with dry lips and a faltering voice.

"Why, it is not murder at all—scarcely manslaughter," he exclaimed, at its conclusion.

"Then you do not blame him—not altogether, at least?"

"Blame him? Why, what else could he have done? Any one would have struck the miscreant who dare to malign you—some would have done more."

"I don't see how they could do more than kill him," said Jane, with a little matter-of-fact air, becoming more like herself now that she saw how lightly the Colonel seemed to take the revelation which to her had been terrible beyond words.

He even gave a half smile, which was reflected in her face. Light seemed to be coming at last, and a sense of safety now that he knew all, overcame her former dread.

"You say," continued Colonel Prinsep, thoughtfully, after awhile, "that Mr. Knollys thinks that it was I who caused Lynn's death?"

"He did think so once; but whether he does so now I am not sure. This refusing to grant my father's leave—"

"All leave in the regiment is stopped, you must remember."

"Ah! true. But then even if he had not suspected him before he might now, if he looked upon his application for leave as an attempt to escape," suggested Jane, shrewdly.

Colonel Prinsep reflected for a moment before he replied.

"I think our friend has too overweighed an idea of his own perspicacity to be easily turned from his first opinion. However, that remains to be seen. I am going now to find out how the land lies, and think what is best to be done. You shall hear from me again to-day. Good-by, Jenny—keep up a good heart."

He clasped her hand firmly and smiled encouragingly into her eyes. Then, as she took the path leading to her own compound, he went in the opposite direction, not toward the Cutchery—as Jane, looking over her shoulder, could not fail to see—but toward the officers' mess.

(To be continued.)

A PASSING.

You passed with that first sudden flush Of springtide, and the eternal hush Fell on your lips, and on your eyes The mystery of mysteries.

We saw the starry primrose break To golden purpose for your sake; The heavy hyacinth became A herald to proclaim your name.

Beneath the shadow of the firs Bells chimed for fairy revellers, And where the white narcissus blew It scattered all its sweets for you.

We saw, alas! but you, as one For whom all seasons had outrun, Saw not, nor heard the thrushes sing In tranquil shades at evening.

Your hands are folded on your breast Like lilies joined in endless rest; Your feet have climbed the hidden road That bounds the quiet land of God.—Budget.

MISS DARRINGTON.

It had rained steadily all day, and now, at the approach of evening, though the down-pour was lessening, the clouds were still black, and there seemed not the least promise of clearing weather.

"This is intolerable," and Eleanor threw up the window with a force which made Mrs. Alton start.

"Oh, you mean the rain. It is provoking—our last day here, too! How cold that air is! I believe I was almost asleep. I wonder what time it is!"

Eleanor made no reply, but remained gazing moodily out at the sea. The dashing of the waves on the beach sounded mournfully; the water shone darkly in the fast-falling night. Lights were beginning to twinkle along the little harbor. Eleanor's face wore a strangely pathetic expression in the dim light. Her companion regarded her curiously. Was she regretting leaving South Shore?

"No moonlight sail to-night. But, of course, Mr. Langham will come over to see good-by," observed Mrs. Alton, tentatively. There was no reply from the figure at the window.

"It must be almost time to dress for dinner. I will light the gas," and Mrs. Alton moved briskly about the room.

Eleanor left the window as a knock was heard at the door, followed by the entrance of a servant bearing a bunch of fragrant red roses, and an envelope—"For Miss Darrington."

Eleanor buried her face in the flowers, and then opened the note and read:

"South Shore, August.—My Dear Miss Darrington: My disappointment is very great that the weather prevents our sail. I know that your are fond of dark roses. Will you deem these worthy to be worn by you this evening? I shall give myself the sad pleasure of a parting call. Very sincerely yours,

"ROYAL LANGHAM."

She handed it to Mrs. Alton, who read it very deliberately.

"Well," she paused, "I thought he would come, but what will you do with him, Eleanor?"

"I think I do not understand you."

"I mean this. He loves you and means to marry you, and—"

"Means to marry me!" interrupted Miss Darrington, haughtily. "Have I given him reason to suppose that I am to be had for the asking?"

"Oh, come, don't crush me. We are close enough friends, certainly, to discuss this frankly. You must know that he—well—wants to marry you, then. Do you intend to marry him?"

"I have told you before that so far marriage has had no part in my plans of life."

"Do you mean to say that you care nothing for Royal Langham?"

"No."

"You do care for him, then?"

Eleanor raised the roses to her face, and looking calmly at Mrs. Alton, answered: "Yes."

Her companion smiled. "I thought so. Then you will marry him, of course?"

"I shall not marry him." She was silent a moment, and then, throwing the flowers on the table, said: "I shall tell it all to you, as I have made such an admission. Oh, I care for him—I, who have said that no man should influence my life! I have met other men as handsome, as attractive; they did not move me. Why is it that in the course of ten short weeks he has become the center of all to me? But it is a folly, a madness. I will not submit to it. I will crush it out. It is a humiliation."

STORY OF ANDREW JACKSON.

An Incident Illustrating the Sympathetic Nature of the Man.

An incident in the life of President Andrew Jackson is recalled by the recent death in Jackson, O., of his private secretary, Samuel Baker, at the ripe age of 85. Mr. Baker was very enthusiastic in sounding the praises of President Jackson and continually insisted that he had one of the most sympathetic natures that ever graced the White House chair. As a case in point he tells the following incident during the first term of Mr. Jackson:

A young man in the army had been sentenced to be shot for desertion, and his wife had prayed for a hearing with the President before the execution and had been granted it. Baker used to dwell upon the nervousness of President Jackson before the interview. He was disquiet, restless and he seemed overcome with dread. At the appointed hour the woman was ushered in his presence. With her were her two small children. These three had scarcely entered the room when the woman fell upon her knees at the feet of the President, and the children knelt on either side and the three prayed to God.

"Such prayers and praying," Baker used to say, "I never saw nor heard of in my life."

Jackson sat through it all with tears streaming down his face, and his entire body convulsed with sobs; it seemed as if his very determination had forsaken him, and he seemed incapable of moving or uttering a sound. The woman had finished; and with the children clinging to him on either side the President arose. With a voice full of tenderness and pity he told the woman that what she asked could not be granted. He told her the safety of the army demanded that there should be no interference with justice in such cases; and then, his courage forsaking him, he fled into an inner office.

"There it was," said Baker, "that I found him on a lounge, completely prostrated. He did not arouse for some time, and when he did it was with the feebleness of a man who had just recovered from a long illness. Slowly he rose, and with a look of despair that I can never forget, he turned to me and uttered these words: 'I would to God that I was not President.'"

JOKE ON THE BISHOP.

Good story at his own expense. He was recently on a train, and near him sat two drunken men. Presently one of the men, with a forcible expletive, remarked to the other that some one had robbed him of a \$20 bill. His friend remarked: "Oh, I guess not; you must have it about you somewhere." But the other insisted he hadn't, and that he had the bill when he came aboard the train. Some one had robbed him, and he proposed to find it if he had to search the whole crowd. "As it happened," says Bishop Paret, "I had a \$20 bill, and that was all, and as I was the nearest man to them, and the first likely to be approached, I felt a little uncomfortable. Then it occurred to me to pretend to be asleep. Sure enough, in a minute more I was accosted with, 'I say, neighbor! but I made no answer. Then the men grabbed my arm and shook me, but to no use, as I didn't wake up. He kept on shaking, however, and always a little more forcible, until at last his friend interposed with: 'I say, Bill, let him alone, will you; he's drunker'n you are!'"

soft, diaphanous material. Two of the roses were in her bosom and another in her hair.

Royal Langham appeared later in the evening. Mrs. Alton observed the flash in his dark eyes as they rested on the flowers in Miss Darrington's dress. On the plea of letters to be written she made her adieux and left him alone with Eleanor. But, if anything momentous took place between them, nothing in Miss Darrington's manner after his departure indicated it, and Mrs. Alton did not venture to question her. The next morning they left for New York.

"The marriage of Roy Langham and Miss Cecilia Dalton is to be one of the fashionable events of the coming month."

Miss Darrington dropped the paper. So he was going to be married? Well—why, what was the matter with her? She felt faint and such a curious little thrill had passed over her.

Of course she had known that he would. Had she not told him that she was sure that he, as well as she, would soon forget those ten weeks at South Shore? But he had vowed—of course, he had; all men do so. How long ago was it? Why, it was nearly three years. How those last months in Europe dragged! How good it had seemed that morning to wake up in New York! But, what was the matter with her? She felt so languid; it must be the effects of her voyage. Yet she had felt so well this morning. She would go out for a brisk walk. Yes, that was what she needed. She wished that the Altons were not away. She wondered if Clara knew this Cecilia Dalton. As she put on her wrap she wondered if she was beautiful. Who was she? Her name was not familiar. How dull it seemed! Was the weather changing? As she walked along Eleanor wondered where the glory of the day had gone. The morning had seemed so bright.

A gentleman coming hastily around a corner brushed up against her. His quickly spoken "Beg pardon" changed into a surprise, "Why—Eleanor?" She looked up; it was her cousin, Jack Alton.

"I thought you were in Washington," she remarked, as she shook hands with him.

"We got back this morning. Business was pressing, and they wired me. But you do not look well. Too much Europe?"

"How is Clara?"

"She is blooming; gone driving with the Lanes. She was not expecting you till next dinner. She will be delighted. Come to dinner with us this evening; we will go to the opera. I must rush now—man waiting for me. We shall expect you, mind."

Eleanor walked on. How rude of Jack to tell her that she was not looking well! She must take a long walk, and get up a color for the evening. But who was this Cecilia Dalton? Yet what difference did it make? Of course, he could marry whom he pleased. She had said that she would get over that folly of South Shore. Of course, she was over it. But she was disappointed. She had looked forward to meeting him and being friends; that would have been delightful. She did enjoy talking to him. He was so companionable—so—so—but that, of course, was all over, now. How tired she was! Perhaps it would be better to go home. She must not be tired in the evening.

When she reached home, she looked critically at her reflection in the mirror. Yes, she did look fagged out.

Was this Cecilia Dalton young? she wondered. But what did anything matter? Life seemed so bare! And, throwing herself on the bed, she burst into a passion of tears. She wept first because like a flash it came to her why life seemed suddenly so bare, and then she wept for rage that, after all, that folly of South Shore was not crushed. On the contrary, it was stronger than ever.

At last she fell asleep. When she awoke, it was almost dark. She was wretched. How could she endure it. She must get away from herself, the opera was the thing.

She rang for lights, and was soon engaged in the preparation of an elaborate toilet. She would wear one of her most beautiful gowns. Jack should not again have a chance to say that she did not look well. And then, supposing that Clara should suspect? Horror! This last thought brought a spot of color to either cheek, and a feeling of strength. She would look her best; her parting glance into her mirror assured her that she did.

Mrs. Alton's remarks on her appearance were satisfactory. Jack assured her that she was stunning. On their way to the opera house Jack remarked: "I see that Roy Langham's marriage is announced for next month."

"Who is Miss Dalton?" inquired Eleanor, carelessly.

"She is a Philadelphia girl," returned Mrs. Alton. "She is very young and extremely pretty. I met her last winter."

Eleanor felt a pang. "Young and lovely," and she was old—29 nearly.

"Langham is dreadfully gone," laughed Jack. "He runs down to Philadelphia three or four times a week."

Another pang, and he had vowed to her not three years ago! Oh, the shame of it! He had forgotten, and she—she, the strong-minded, self-poised Eleanor Darrington, who had laughed at love, was still remembering. She would not think of him; and she launched into such a brilliant flow of talk that Mrs. Alton wondered how Jack could have thought of her as seeming dull.

The opera house was filled with a gay audience, and the overture was just beginning when they took their seats. Mrs. Darrington's glance wandered slowly around, smilingly acknowledged several recognitions and then settled on the orchestra. The music was sparkling and gay, and Eleanor's spirits rose; something of her old serenity was returning. How foolish she had been to be so miserable! Of course that non-

sense would pass away. Perhaps, if she had noticed an occupant of a seat to the left, just back of her, she might not have felt so confident. Royal Langham was seated there, in company with his cousin, Royden Langham. He had seen Eleanor's entrance, and his heart had given a great bound, as he saw that she was more beautiful than ever. All the old madness came rushing over him. His gaze never wandered from her face. He was in a tumult of delight at being so near her. Perhaps, perhaps, if he braved her coldness and almost scorn of his love, he might have won; he had been too easily discouraged. Why had he let all this time pass by? Why had he not followed her? She had cared for him; she had not dared to deny it, but she had laughed at it as a folly.

He scarcely heard the music, but sat in a whirl of thought until the curtain fell at the close of the first act. The movement of the audience aroused him. His cousin left him to speak to some friends. Eleanor was laughing and talking with the Altons. How happy she seemed! Presently she looked around, and her gaze met Langham's. He bowed; she returned his salute—in a somewhat surprised manner, he thought—and then gave her attention to the stage where the curtain was rising on the second act. Eleanor was in a rage. To think that she should see him! Of all things it was the one to upset her. What was that look in his eyes? Oh, was the misery of the afternoon coming back? But that look in his eyes! How dared he, when he was going to marry another woman? She wished the opera was over; she felt tired again, and the music was not as bright as before. The soprano was wailing over an unhappy love. How tiresome it all was! Would the curtain never fall?

But it came to an end at last, and Jack proposed that they join the promenaders. After a few turns they came upon Langham and his cousin. The latter shook hands with the Altons, while Langham greeted Miss Darrington. Eleanor answered—she scarcely knew how. She could not meet his glance, for there was that look in his eyes again. Her self-possession had utterly deserted her. The crush of the promenaders had utterly separated her from the Altons and Langham's cousin. Eleanor vaguely wondered who the latter was. She and Langham were practically alone in an angle near the stairway.

"Ah!" he murmured, "we meet again after all these years."

Eleanor felt faint.

"I cannot, will not believe, Eleanor, that we have met once more only that I should be again repulsed. Give me some hope. There has not been an hour all this dreary time that I have not longed for you."

Eleanor found it impossible to utter a word. She could not raise her eyes. How dared he?

"You told me that I would get over what you called a madness; but I love you more than ever. You did care a little then. Do you now?"

Her indignation now dominated every other feeling and found voice. She drew herself up laughingly; her eyes flashed scorn.

"Sir, how dare you! You are about to marry another woman. Have you no honor?"

Here Jack's voice was heard: "Let me present Royden Langham, Eleanor."

As the Altons came up, Miss Darrington saw that the corridor was nearly empty; the promenaders were returning to their seats.

"I have heard a good deal of you, Miss Darrington," said Royden Langham, as he bowed low over her hand. "Mrs. Alton has been very impatient for your return to New York."

Eleanor looked bewildered.

"He is Mr. Langham's cousin," explained Mrs. Alton.

A sudden light burst upon Eleanor. She glanced quickly at Royal Langham; he looked amused. The meaning of Eleanor's last words had dawned upon him. He turned to Royden: "My dear fellow, we have gotten mixed up. Miss Darrington has just been congratulating me upon your approaching marriage"—then to Eleanor—"you see, we are both called Roy, though my cousin is Royden and I Royal."

The Altons laughed.

"Why, Eleanor, did you really think it was Mr. Langham?" asked Mrs. Alton.

Royden said whimsically: "Don't you think it is hard on me, Miss Darrington, that my cousin is always Mr. Langham and I am only Roy? But it is too much that he should receive congratulations due me. It is I who am to marry the sweetest girl in Philadelphia."

Eleanor observed that he was light and fair and much younger than his cousin.

"We must go to our seats now," said Mrs. Alton.

"You will both join us at supper after the opera," ordered Jack.

If Mrs. Ashton had any curiosity in regard to the meeting of Eleanor and Langham she made no sign.

Eleanor was in a whirl. She could not think. She dared not. Royal Langham had no further opportunity that evening of speaking to her, but the next day he went to her and demanded an answer.

"These years have proved, Eleanor, that my feeling for you is not the 'fancy' you called it. If you can tell me that you have 'crushed out' your feeling for me, I will go away and leave you. Can you?"

But Eleanor could not.—New York Home Journal.

Served Him Right.

Columbus, Ga., has broken the record. A man was convicted and fined the other day before the Record for not returning an umbrella.

You bet if a young husband fails to kiss his wife when he comes home, the girls notice it.