



CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

All the next day my meals were brought to me by a servant I did not know; and so on the day following. At last, on the morning of the sixth day, the door of my prison opened, and Esperance came in with red eyes, but the suspicion of a smile hovering on her lips.

"Come here, Miss Olga, dear," she said, in gentle tones. "I am to tell you some news which should make you very, very thankful."

"It was Sunday morning. As she spoke the bells from the little church in the valley began to chime. Their sound was wafted in through the open window like a jubilant strain of applause after long, long pain."

"Esperance, tell me." "They are quite certain now that the squire will live."

"Will live! He is not dead!" I whispered between white lips.

"No; he was terribly weak. For three days and nights his life hung in the balance; but he is given back to us."

The room seemed to swim. The clashing bells rushed in on the August breeze. I tried to sneeze, to laugh, to move, then came blackness, dense and sodden, and I lay in an inanimate weight on Esperance's arm.

"My poor, dear little child," she spoke, nursing me tenderly; "they—Madame and Monsieur Remy—do not know you as I do. They believe you cruel and malicious; they have not seen as I have the misery of your poor little heart."

"Oh, I am forgetting, there is one special thing you are to promise—a rather hard promise; but, I think, a very wise one. Your mother knows nothing of this, and she is never to know it. Do you think you can live without telling her?"

"It was hard, very hard, to leave Burnside; it was still harder to have alienated my darling Uncle Re; but it was all mitigated by the blessed knowledge that I had not the life of a fellow-creature on my soul."

"On the morning of my departure I was allowed to go out round the garden. I roamed around, bidding a tearful farewell to all my favorite spots; and returned with my hands laden with flowers. Esperance entered the room at that minute, a strange expression on her face."

"Miss Olga," she said, taking my face between her hands, "Mr. Burnside wants to say good-by to you."

"You need companionship, Olga. Your little mind has grown narrow and morbid; you are quite unlike a child. You must go and mix with other children of your own age. I exact from you one promise as a punishment; and if you give me that promise I am certain it will be kept. I require you to promise solemnly never to mention to one single soul any particular relating to this sad mistake of yours. Let it be dead and buried between you and me. Shall it be so, child?"

"I promise you faithfully," I sobbed. "No one shall ever hear a word from me."

"I am satisfied," he answered. "You will not break your word, though you can have no idea how much of your future life depends on your keeping that promise. Now, good-by, Olga, my child; may every blessing be yours."

"Oh, how good you are! I have never been anything but rude and naughty to you!" I seized his hand and laid my cheek on it.

"Kiss me, then," he answered, smiling, "to show that we are quite friends now."

I held up my mouth to his. He took my face between his two hands, and gazed at me long and steadily. He was about to say something, but stopped suddenly, kissed me gravely on the forehead and lips and released me. Without a word I slipped my flowers into his hand and fled from the room, half-blinded by my tears.

CHAPTER VII.

It is a warm October day. I have been for a long walk, and am returning by way of Hanley covers. I am a good walker, and delight in rapid motion, so I think nothing of the eight miles I have traversed. However, the autumn sunshine is hot, and I am hot and mortal after all; so, as I leave the road, I clamber up the side of a hill and sit me down thereon. I am thinking of nothing in particular as I take off my hat and shake back my hair—only of the joy and sweetness of living on such a day as this; but something brings suddenly back to my mind with vividness the events of seven years ago. It is never out of my thoughts for many days together, but it seldom returns with such force as it does to-day. It is the dark background to my otherwise happy, uneventful life—this secret which lies between mother and me, and of which sweet mother does not even suspect the existence.

My school life was a happy one. When I had been there a few weeks I began to understand what my grandmother meant about my morbid tendencies—I was certainly different from other girls. At first my efforts at self-conquest were all made with one object—that of showing myself improved to Mr. Burnside when I next saw him. I could not realize that, my sentence of exile was final—that I was never to see any of my relations again; but as time rolled on I began to know that this was the case. Twice a year my grandmother wrote to mother, inclosing a check for my school expenses; frequently this letter came from abroad. Mr. Burnside's health, she wrote, had been greatly impaired; and in consequence they wintered in France or the Riviera. Ah! I knew what had caused that ill-health.

One day about three years after my unlucky visit to the South, I saw the following announcement in the paper: "On the 15th instant, at St. Michael's, Burnside, by the Reverend John Smith, M. A., vicar, Sir George Lascelles Hervey, Bart., of Combe Hervey, to Alicia, only daughter of J. Lyndon, Esq., of the Brooklands, Burnside."

So Miss Lyndon was married! And not to Uncle Remy! I recalled my feelings at the time—my adoration of Miss Lyndon, my pity and sympathy for the two lovers. And now it had all ended in this! The cause for which I had struck that awful blow was frustrated by Miss Lyndon's own deliberate act. I began to realize for the first time the practical significance of the old proverb, "Never do evil that good may come."

Now the second volume of my life is closed and done with. The next step is to find work. My grandmother wrote to say that she would make me an allowance every year, to enable me to live at home with mother, but both of us—mother and I—agree that it is better I should work. So I have written myself to say that I intend to earn my own living—to get a situation as governess.

I sit with my arm round the smooth bark of a birch tree, my foot swinging, my hat off, my lap full of poppies. Suddenly a sound breaks on the stillness—the exciting sound of a pack of hounds in full cry. Close to me is a crooked little old crabtree; its branches fork delightfully. In an instant I am up in the fork, sitting supremely happy and secure. In a few minutes the whole hunt sweeps by through a gap.

Some ladies are in the field; then I watch with a special pang of envy. Over they go, how light, how graceful! On they sweep, away down the field, the hounds still giving tongue. Here come one or two stragglers; they also leap and follow; one turns back; and here, riding in a great hurry, comes an old gentleman in pink, who takes the hedge at a difficult place. I feel sure the horse will never do it; I half rise in my seat as they take the leap. No! There is a splash, a flounder, and in another instant the horse is flying down the field, and his rider is struggling in the muddy water. I heartily pity him as I come scrambling down my crab-tree and advance toward him. He is sitting on the grass as I come up, a hale old man, with gray hair and a handsome face.

"Hallo! Where do you come from?" is his greeting. "I come from the wood. I saw your horse come to grief, and thought I'd come and see if I could help you."

"I am a very stupid one to be talking nonsense when you are wet through," I answer. "I came to tell you that the nearest cottage is just behind that clump of spruce firs. You can't see it because of the trees, but it's quite close; and I know they would let you dry your things."

"You're most kind," he answers, still staring at me with his hard, gray eyes; "but that confounded mare has wrenched my ankle for me, so I can't get there."

"I'm very sorry," I answer. "Couldn't you lean on me? I'm—I'm a good deal stronger than I look."

"Thanks; but you don't know what it would be to have sixteen stone hanging on you. All the same, it was a kind offer. Who are you?"

"I am Olga Danien. I live with my mother in the High street of Shipley-le-Marsh."

"Ho!" he answers, scanning me narrowly. "Why, you must be old Carewe's granddaughter, then?"

"No, I am not," I answer, calmly. "Oh, you're not? I thought Mrs. Danien was the old man's daughter."

"So she was; but her father disowned her. Do you think I would own a man for a grandfather who disowned my mother?"

"Highly-tighty! You're an independent young lady! So old Carewe has cast you off, eh?"

"Yes; He has nothing to do with me. I'm thankful to say," I answer, coolly. "Shall I run to the cottage and see if they could send a carriage for you?"

"No, wait a minute—confound this pain," he answers, wincing. "I should imagine you think rather small beer of this grandfather of yours, eh?"

"When I think about him at all," I reply, "but I don't much. It is rather he has sinned against, not me." Here I come suddenly to an utter pause. I stand stock still and feel the blood mounting to my cheeks in waves. Something in the silent, amused gaze of the strange gentleman has come upon me like a revelation! I am the veriest blackhead in creation not to have seen it long ago!

"You are my grandfather," I say, with angry pride. "You have taken advantage of me; but I have said nothing to be ashamed of."

"Your remarks were, however, impolite," he says the least of it; there is one thing you have to learn, Miss Olga Danien, and that is worldly wisdom. He says, with a malicious grin. "And here comes my man to look for me, so I can dispense with your services. Permit me to offer you my sincerest thanks for your original and entertaining conversation."

"Permit me also to offer you my sincerest congratulations on your affectionate and chivalrous treatment of your granddaughter," I retorted, with a low courtesy.

"As I turn to go I stop short. What have I done? For the second time in my life I have deliberately flung away a chance. But one thing I determine. I will make a clean breast of it to mother. I will not have a second half secret between her and me. Whatever it costs me, I will tell her, though I know the result will be tears and lamenting."

CHAPTER VIII.

I had anticipated many tears and sighs from mother, but the result outran my anticipations. When I mentioned whom I had met, her agitation was almost uncontrollable; and when I detailed the unkindly words of the meeting, her sorrow was beyond description. Morning brought no comfort. Mrs. Burnside had not replied to mother's letter. A grim feeling of disappointment stole over me as I saw the postman pass our door without stopping.

Mother was subdued and melancholy. I melancholy and subdued. It was not a cheerful position. At lunch hour mother could eat nothing, and shivered with cold. A sound of wheels stopping at the door drew her to the window.

"Good gracious, Olga! Here is the Gray Ashted carriage!"

"Oh, is it Aunt Rosalie? I tell you what, mother," I suddenly announced, rising from the hearth with flushed cheeks and a forehead ornamented with streaks of soot—"I tell you what, I don't mean to stand any impertinent messages from Mr. Carewe! I shall just snap my fingers—"

"There is no one in the carriage at all," broke in mother. "The groom is handing a letter. Oh, Olga! Olga!"

At this juncture the errand boy from the shop knocked at our door with the note. I brought it to mother. It was from Aunt Rosalie, and simply contained these words:

"Gray Ashted, Wednesday. "Get into the carriage and come here at once. Bring Olga with you. Bring night-clothes. I may not say more; but be sure Olga comes. Come as quickly as you can, and excuse the incoherency of this. In a tremendous hurry, yours as ever, ROSE."

Mother grew white to the lips. I snatched the letter from her hands and read it.

"Olga, he is dying," she whispered. "I felt it must be so. An excited desire to cry surged up in my throat. I knew that it would be right to obey that summons, but I own I was frightened."

lance shooting-out and felt hat sauntered up to the window and stepped in. There was a tubous—he gazing fixedly on me, and I trying to realize that this must be my cousin, Rayvenham Carewe.

At this moment Aunt Rosalie suddenly burst into the room with hands outstretched in welcome, and I could not look into her face, so filled with emotion, without knowing somehow that notice and I were come to Gray Ashted never to leave it again. As I stood, I heard the door open once more and beheld my grandfather, hale and sound, with a mixture of satisfaction and malice in his keen eyes as he gazed on me.

"Oh, father, father!" sobbed mother, disengaging herself from Aunt Rosalie and stretching out her arms to him. He took both her hands and said:

"How do you do, my dear?" with a quiet, sober manner, as if he had seen her last week and all had been the same between them. "So Miss Olga has, after all, condescended to honor my humble roof with her presence. I would have had ten pounds to a shilling that you wouldn't have come first time of sending for."

"When Wealth Came. The sudden elevation from poverty to riches is frequently accompanied by sometimes startling and generally amusing manifestations. Nice out of town, when they find the gaudy wolf of hunger and inconvenience forever banished from their door, first think of the style in which they should live in order to conform to the magnificence of their suddenly acquired fortune, and they invest forthwith in as costly a house and grounds as they can afford."

Some, again, take extreme delight in parading the fruits of their new wealth before those of their neighbors whose opulence is of more mature age, and who have perhaps offered many a frugal snuff.

A case in point is that of a lawyer's clerk, who a short time ago was fortunate enough to come into property of the value of several thousands of dollars, which enabled him to embark on a policy of revenge which he had long cherished in his mind.

The employer, a man of obscure origin and most offensive manners, had been in the habit of treating him with the utmost disdain, and, not unreasonably, the clerk trusted for a chance of paying him back in his own coin.

The opportunity came with the advent of his great riches, and he took the fullest advantage of every occasion to excite the envy of his quondam employer, and to belittle him in the eyes of his friends.

He made a practice of driving in state past the lawyer's office two or three times a day, his "turn-out" in the morning being a smart and dashing tandem, and in the afternoon an elegant carriage and pair.

If the lawyer attended the theater or any public meeting his once despised clerk was sometimes there occupying a better position than himself.

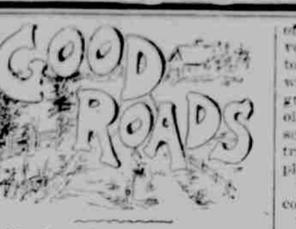
Finally, happening to hear of a debt of \$2,500 owing by the lawyer, he bought it at a premium, sued for and recovered it, and administered the coup de grace by making his enemy a bankrupt.

"Icebergs Ahead!" The most formidable things that ocean pilots have to deal with are the icebergs coming down from Greenland and Polar regions.

The approach of a sailing vessel is heralded by the tooting of the foghorn, the steamer by the blowing of her whistles. But the iceberg comes without foghorn or whistle. It is silent as death, and as colorless as the atmosphere.

To guard against them all ocean steamships now go with a searchlight in their bows. At night it is shining brilliantly and is manned by the sharpest look-out of the crew; and in foggy days it is just as carefully attended.

It is only in the very clearest hours at noon-day, when the day is warmest, that the searchlight is put out for a time.



The Good Roads Enthusiasm. While business depression or revival is a matter of the utmost interest to all business people of all classes, the subject of good roads, which involves the getting to and from business, is something that is of great importance to every man, woman or child who travels, whether on foot, wheel or by vehicle on any part of the public highway.

Bad roads, mud, ruts and irregularities are expensive things. An old farmer used to say that ruts and freezing and thawing cost him a new wagon every five years. Very few people realize what rough roads cost them. Of course, it is only a bolt to lay, a tire to-morrow, a wheel sprung next week, or an axle warped out of shape at some other time; but these things come, sometimes overlapping like shingles on a roof. They are put down to wear and tear, and in a way accepted as the inevitable, simply because roads have always been bad and one scarcely has a right to expect anything else. But the difference in the lasting qualities of a wagon on a thoroughly good road and an extremely bad one would surprise the owner of such a vehicle, were he able to keep track of the exact figures in the two conditions.

The Good Roads Commission will make a gallant effort during the coming spring and summer to interest the people in the good work. It would really take but little to put the roads on a good condition if every man would give special attention to that portion of it immediately adjacent to his own dwelling. Of course, he must do this under the superintendence of proper authority, but if he would donate time or money, a little of either would go a great way.

Cycle paths are being built in many parts of the country, and the hopeful wheelman looks forward to the time when he can ride entirely across the country on a well-built road, controlled and kept in order by the United States Government.

It is not too much to expect this, because there is nothing in which the government, the State and the individual have such a general and especial right and interest as the thoroughfare that connects one part of the country with another. The king's highway belongs to everybody, and when it is well planned and well cared for, it is a pleasure to all who pass over it; but bad roads are a handicap to pleasure, a positive hindrance to business, and it is scarcely too much to say are a disgrace to any community in which they are found.—New York Ledger.

Farms and Markets. A highly important feature of the highways question is the effect good or bad roads have upon the local markets and their sources of supply. In all the cities and large towns of the State there is a demand for farm products and for the bulkier and heavier products such as hay and straw and grain. In many cases the surrounding country is quite capable of supplying that demand; in all cases it should do so as far as possible; in most cases it does not. Instead, supplies are brought in by rail or canal from far away, perhaps from other States; while at the same time, within a few miles of the market thus supplied, are farms that have been abandoned as not worth working, and others whose owners are in chronic discontent and despair at the apparent impossibility of getting profitable prices for their crops. The big farms of the West, they say, monopolize the markets, and so farming here no longer pays.

Now, one prime secret of the trouble lies in the bad roads, which keep the producer and the consumer apart, by making it difficult, if not impossible, for the farmers to get their produce to market. The farmer a thousand miles away can get his crops to market by rail or canal more easily and more cheaply than the farmer only ten miles away can haul his in over roads that are so hilly and rough and dirty that half a ton is a heavy load for a horse to draw at a slow footpace. It is not that farms in the East are no longer productive, nor that the Eastern market no longer offers fair prices. It is that the roads between the farms and the markets are so bad as to make shipment unprofitable. Good roads throughout the farming region adjacent to the cities and towns would do more than anything else to restore prosperity to the farmers, enabling them to get their goods to the best possible market easily, promptly and cheaply. Good roads would mean good farms, good markets, good prices and good times for all concerned.

To set the inmates of the State prisons at work building such roads would be a particularly appropriate proceeding. The criminal is an enemy of the community and of the general welfare, and he would thus be made to minister to one of the chief needs of the community and to promote the general welfare in the most effectual manner. He would be getting the reputation he needs for his own health, he would be much more than paying the cost of his trial and confinement, and he would be contributing a permanent and incalculably great benefit upon all classes of honest people in the State.—New York Tribune.

Water from a Planted Reed. "When people are suffering from thirst they will resort to all kinds of means to get water," remarked a gentleman who was at one time a member

of the United States geological and surveying expedition in the Indian Territory. "For some time we had been without water and were suffering greatly. Among our number was an old trapper, who was as keen on the scent for water as is a hound on the trail of a deer. Finally, he paused at a place and stopped."

"I think there's water here, if we could dig a well," he observed. "But we can't," I replied. "No, but we can do something else," he said.

"With that he cut a reed, tying some moss to the end of it. Then he dug into the earth, placed his reed in the hole and packed the earth around the reed. He waited for a few moments.

"Do you mean to say that you can suck water out of that thing? I asked. "Yes, there's water near the surface."

"He drew at it with much satisfaction. "Good," he remarked, "would you try it?"

"With little confidence in the result I sucked at the reed, with the surprising result of getting plenty of clear, pure water. To my parched tongue it seemed the very nectar of the gods.

"It's as clear as the water of a spring," I said. "Yes, the moss is our filter," he replied.

"We pursued our journey much refreshed, and I never forgot the old trapper's device."—Detroit Free Press.

A Poet's Sympathy. The following amusing anecdote is told of Whittier the poet. A little girl, who was staying at the same house with him, and of whom he was very fond, asked him to commemorate in verse the death of her favorite kitten, Bathsheba by name.

Without a moment's hesitation the poet recited solemnly: "Bathsheba, to whom none ever said 'Scent!—No whittier cat Ever sat on a mat Or caught a rat. Rejoice!'"

The same little girl had a pony who broke his leg, and again the poet was called upon to comfort the child with some poetic sentiment.

"I have written some lines myself," she said, "but I can't think how to finish the verse."

"What did you write?" asked Mr. Whittier. "My pony kicked to the right, he kicked to the left, the stable post he struck in. He broke his leg short off—"

"And then," added Mr. Whittier, "he kicked the bucket."

During the war a Quaker friend, who was a shipbuilder, asked Whittier's advice as to building warships. At first Whittier did not commit himself, but as the shipbuilder was leaving, he remarked: "Thomas, if these builds ships, I advise thee to use the best timber, and build them strong."

Queer Things Down East. The Nantucket jail stories which have been current court room topics for the last century have been entirely eclipsed by recent stories concerning the convicts of the Barnstable Jail. Mr. E. C. Knapp, who is supposed to be serving a five years' sentence for stealing national bank funds, was recently seen in the streets in prison garb, giving the wife of the jailer, Mrs. G. H. Cash, bicycle lessons. Mrs. Cash is 38 years old, and has a daughter aged 18, and the convict is said to occupy a place of congenial companionship in the jailer's family. Another convict named Lewis Rogers was recently allowed to take a cow to Yarmouth and back while the sun was bright and the air invigorating for a pleasant walk. There is another prisoner, a Portuguese, named "Joe," who is there on a complaint of a Portuguese girl named Rosa, and her story is that Joe promised to marry her while he was serving out a previous sentence in the jail, and that she often met Joe outside the jail. It is a pitiful story, because when Joe got out of jail he married another girl, after borrowing \$30 from Rosa. And all this in Barnstable town, where the jail is. The stories of Nantucket's easy-going jail pale into insignificance in comparison with out continental neighbor.—Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror.

Light in the Ocean Highways. The best lighted bit of ocean highway is that known as "The Downs," where lights are much needed to warn ships away from the Goodwin sands, which stretch from Dover to Ramsgate, at a distance of about five miles from the mainland. There are four lightships for the protection and lighting of that short bit of ocean highway. The Suez canal has now been so brilliantly illuminated at night by electric lights that the time required for passing through it has consequently been reduced from forty-eight hours in the year 1883 to twenty-seven hours by the year 1889, and since then to twenty-four hours. There are lighthouses in the proportion of one to fourteen miles in England, one to thirty-four in Ireland, and one to thirty-nine in Scotland. Throughout the world there are about 6,000; England having 817, the United States 892, Canada and Newfoundland 494, France, 444; around the European coasts there are 3,477.

A Little Sport. In "Famous British Warships," Walter Wood tells a story of Admiral Codrington, who commanded the British fleet in the action of Navarino, in 1827, when the Turkish fleet was destroyed by the allied powers. "When the Admiral returned from the Mediterranean he met in town a country acquaintance of the class whose souls are wrapped up in their lands and turnips.

"Hullo, Codrington," he exclaimed, in blind ignorance of all contemporary history, "I haven't seen you for some time. Had any good shooting lately?" "Why, yes," replied the Admiral, "I've had some remarkable shooting. "And with this he went his way."