

A THORN IN HER HEART

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

The maid thought it rather strange; but there is no accounting for lovers. She took the letter, and her mistress passed on. She went up the steps and found herself on the crowded deck. No one noticed her; each was intent on his or her own business. Looking forward she saw her husband at the end of the boat; her eyes rested on him for some minutes; then she turned away, her eyes full of hot, bitter tears. A man stood at the foot of the stairs.

"I want to go on shore," she said. "She slipped some money into his hand. In a few minutes she was walking rapidly down the pier, never stopping to look behind, never pausing for one moment. She went back to the railway station, where a train was just starting.

"Where is that train going to?" she asked. "To Liverpool," was the reply. Without loss of time she hastened to the ticket office, purchased a ticket, and in less than ten minutes after she had left the steamer she was on her road to Liverpool. Then she flung herself back in the carriage, and wept as only women weep once in life.

"I am safe," she said to herself, "safe and dead to him." Meanwhile the British Queen went gayly on her course. The sky was clear, the sea was calm. Lord Dunhaven's cigars were excellent, and he enjoyed them. He felt happier than he had been for some time. His splendid prospects were brilliant, and he believed it quite possible that in time he might like his young wife very much, even if he did not love her. She had piqued and perplexed him; she had far more character than he had imagined. He must try to understand her, for, unless he was mistaken, there was plenty of spirit as well as character.

He went to the cabin stairs, but did not see his wife; he went down, but she was not there. He blamed himself, believing that she was among the crowd on deck. He saw Annie was also looking about. "Annie," he said, "where is your mistress? Tell her she will be left behind." The pretty maid looked at him in distress. "Lady Dunhaven—I thought she was with you, my lord. I have not seen her." "I brought her to the cabin," he said, "before the boat started." "She left it again before the boat started," said the frightened girl, "she changed her hat and cloak, then went on deck again." "Then she is there now," he said, hastily, "we must look for her." "My lord, I beg your pardon. My lady asked me to give you this and I forgot." "This? What is this?" He holds out his hand. She gives him a letter. His handsome face grew pale as he read the first words; then he said: "I see—I understand it; it has all been a mistake; the lady went ashore; it will be as well to say nothing of this." He stood on French soil when he read her letter; it was not very long, but to the purpose: "Lord Dunhaven," it began, "when you receive this I shall be far away; I shall be for all time dead to you. Let me tell you that on Tuesday, when you were in the drawing room, talking at the open window with Lady Darel, I was sitting among the roses. Before I had other time to go away or to warn you, I heard you say—to your shame—it was the money you wanted, and not the girl. My lord, I repeat your own words, it was to your shame I heard you say also that I had nothing in me to win any man's love. My lord, I had learned to love you with all the strength and force of my heart. I tell you that because I shall never look upon your face again. You have what you want—the money; as for the girl, your eyes will never rest on her again. She is dead to you for all time. I am grateful to you for the kindness you once showed me. It is in return for this kindness that I leave you the money and set you free. I hope you will waste no time in looking for me; to you and yours, so cold, so hard, so cruel to me, I am dead for evermore. I would rather die by any torture than indicate my presence on you again. I hope the money will make you happy. Good-by forever and evermore."

Lord Dunhaven read the letter twice over, to be quite sure of its contents; then he went direct to the telegraph office and sent a telegram to Lady Darel. It said: "Join me at the Hotel d'Or, Calais, with the greatest possible speed. Say nothing." Lord Dunhaven was at the station to meet her. She did not know how great her suspense had been until she saw him there alive and well.

"My dearest Leonard," she said, "I have had a terrible fright." "My dearest mother," he answered, "I have been driven almost mad; but we will not talk here or in the streets—we may be overheard; we will not speak one word until we reach the Hotel d'Or." When they entered the pretty salon Lady Darel's first words were: "Where is Lady Hilda?" "And one look at her son's agitated face told her where the wrong lay." "Sit down, mother," he said, "that which I have to tell you will be a shock to you, as well as to me. Lady Hilda has left us forever. She did not come to France, and we shall never see her again."

He was right in thinking that it would be a shock to her; her face grew very pale and she trembled. "Oh, my dear Leonard, the disgrace, what shall we do? We shall be the laughing stock of all England. She ran away, you say? Why did you not prevent it?" "I could not. Read this letter, and then you will understand." As she read her eyes filled with tears. "Poor child," she cried, "Oh, Leonard, how she has suffered." Her first emotion was one of unutterable sorrow and regret, her next of anger at the girl who had brought this disgrace upon them. "I am sorry she overheard us, Leonard," she said; "it must have pained her very much; but she ought not to have left us in this manner."

she remembered how long it was since she had either food, wine or sleep. She went into a coffee house and asked for a room. She could hardly drag her weak, wearied limbs up the stairs; she could hardly keep her tired eyes open until the tea she ordered was brought up to her.

When she had drunk it she fell into the deep sleep of exhaustion. It was evening when she awoke; her ideas were much clearer, but there was a strange, terrible feeling in her head; a red mist seemed to float before her eyes and obscure everything; a sound like the rushing of waters filled her ears. She thought that perhaps the fresh air would do her good. She arose and went down stairs.

She walked down the high road, and then a lovely green lane charmed her. She went down, and found some grand clover meadows; she crossed those, wondering why the earth and sky seemed to meet—why the green world whirled round her. Then came a long, white, hard, high road; she went down it, little dreaming that she would never retrace it. The shadows of evening were beginning to fall, the golden light of the sun was fading.

She walked to the middle of the white, hard road; she heard the sound of carriage wheels, but it did not seem to her that she was in any danger; that she had better go out of the road; that if she remained where she was she would be run over; it was dark then, in the evening. Owing to a sharp corner, those driving did not see her. The next thing was a cloud of dust; the quick gallop of horses; a woman's scream; a low cry, and then a moment of unutterable anguish. Lady Hilda Dunhaven was lying under the horses' heels, with a gaping wound in her temple, and the gray look of coming death on her face; her hat was crushed, and the golden hair streamed on the ground.

A minute of horrified silence, then a girl's voice cried: "It is a woman. We have run over a woman! What shall we do?" There was great consternation; the coachman jumped down from his box, the footman from the back of the carriage; one held the horses' heads, while the other raised the prostrate figure. His face grew pale as he looked at her; the great, gaping wound and the gray hue of that young face startled him. "Is she hurt?" asked the lady, quickly. "Very much, indeed. I am afraid she is killed," was the answer. The lady, who seemed to be quick and decided in all her movements, came hastily from the carriage, and went up to Lady Hilda. "Killed," she repeated. "I hope not—I hope not. Lay her down on the grass, Smithson." The man laid her on the grass. The lady knelt by her side and laid her hand over her heart. "She is not dead," she said. "Her heart beats. I will tell you what we must do. She must be placed in the carriage, and we must take her home." "Home," said a sleepy, indolent voice. "You don't mean home, my dear." "Where should I mean? Do you suppose we can drive her to the moon, or leave her lying here? Nothing of the kind. Most certainly she goes home."

"Well, my dear, do just as you like. There is nothing in the world worth troubling about. Take things easy. They are sure to come right," quoth Sir Peter Pitcairn, who was one of the most indolent men of his time. "The poor creature would die, most probably, while you are taking things easy," replied Lady Pitcairn. "This comes of rapid driving, Smithson." "Indeed, my lady," said the coachman, "I was not driving quickly at all, but the young lady stood quite in the middle of the road, and did not stir." "It looked to me like suicide," said the footman, as he helped to place the silent figure in the carriage, and during the short drive home, Lady Pitcairn was busy in discussing the idea.

CHAPTER XII. Branksome Hall was one of the most important estates in Cheshire; the owner, Sir Peter Pitcairn, ought to have held the chief position in the county; as it was, he was too indolent for anything but the most ordinary and indispensable needs of life. He ate and drank industriously; he slept well; he enjoyed sitting in the easiest of easy chairs; but more useful occupations, he had none. Those who knew him best said it was a good thing he had married as he did. Lady Pitcairn was a woman of business—keen, shrewd, quick, capable of managing an estate—a woman of plain, practical common sense; active, industrious and energetic.

They had two daughters—two beautiful and accomplished girls—and every one wondered that such commonplace parents should have such beautiful, graceful children. The eldest, Annie, was a lovely, graceful blonde, fair as a lily, with hair that shone like threads of gold; the youngest, Ceelle, resembled her, save that her hair was of a darker brown, and her eyes of a hazel hue. They were the belles of the county, feted, admired, and eagerly sought after at every chair; but more composed of such opposite characters, that Lady Pitcairn, in her kind, impulsive activity, brought Lady Hilda Dunhaven. "Such an adventure, my dears," she said to her two daughters, "Smithson drove over a young lady on the Heringstone road; we have brought her home half dead. You must note one of you go to see her. Let her be taken to the blue room. I have sent for Doctor Borbicon." The doctor's decision was favorable; she had certainly injured her brain, but he did not fear for her. With great care and good nursing she would recover.

"Who can she be?" cried my lady. "Here is a purse with more than a hundred pounds in notes in it. Who can she be? And what can have brought a lady to the Heringstone road alone in the dusk of the evening? What does she say, Martha?" she added, quickly. She was standing with her lady's maid near the bedside, and suddenly the white lips had opened to murmur some half indistinct words. "What does she say?" my lady repeated, as the faint, feeble words came again. "I cannot hear distinctly," said the maid; "but it sounds like 'a thorn in my heart.'" "A thorn in her heart, poor child! What nonsense! She had more likely a wound in her head. She must be delirious." "It is a thorn in my heart, and I am dead to them for evermore. Oh, mother, ask God to take me home." The words were cried out in a tone of keener pain; a burst of passionate tears relieved the burning brain. They did not interrupt her; they stood by calm and still until the passion of grief had exhausted itself, then Lady Pitcairn went to her and said: "Try to keep yourself quiet; you have had a very serious accident."



"I would let him thinking. If the man pulled the lead. While the horse held the whip, he'd fix up the road. When he'd made the first trip.

A Good Roads Governor. Governor Hastings, of Pennsylvania, in his message to the Legislature, delivered Jan. 5th, said in part: "It appears that we have about 800,000 miles of public roads in the various townships of the Commonwealth, not including turnpike roads and those in the cities and boroughs, and, although almost four million dollars have been expended each year for their improvement, they are in a most unsatisfactory condition. This great sum, averaging about \$48.73 per mile, should, if laid out with intelligence and economy, during the past fifteen years have made every public thoroughfare equal to our best turnpike roads."

After stating that the road laws are too numerous and too local, and advocating one or two general laws, he adds: "Another defect is the short term for which supervisors are elected, in many cases but a single year, thus breaking up any plans that intelligent supervisors may endeavor to carry out and giving a sense of insecurity in the position."

The Governor advocates three supervisors to be elected for three years, one going out of office each year. Also that one-half the road tax be paid in money, and that every mile of the road system be under the care of individuals whose daily duty should be to see that the roads are in good condition and repairs made when needed. "If these suggestions were carried out, the way would be open for the State to grant such aid from time to time as might be necessary in relieving the burden now wholly borne by the rural people."

Roads and Road Making. The famous Appian Way, mentioned by almost every Roman writer, connected the Eternal City with all parts of South Italy. For many miles from Rome the space on each side was filled with sepulchres, many of them of persons distinguished in history. To have a sepulchre on the Appian Way was equivalent to being buried in Greenwood, in New York, or Pere la Chaise, in Paris.

At the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, in 1558, the roads in the neighborhood of London were so bad that the Queen's coach twice stuck in the mud on the way to Westminster and the Queen was compelled to alight while the vehicle was pried out of the ruts by the attendants. During the remainder of the royal procession, half a dozen laborers with poles formed a very particularly imposing but very necessary part of the cortege.

The Roman Empire had a system of paved roads, radiating from Rome in every direction, to the utmost limits of Roman territory. One great road led across the Alps into Gaul, to a point near Calais, and beginning again in Britain it ran directly north to the wall of Severus; another down the Valley of the Danube, and from Constantinople east, through Syria and Palestine, to the Euphrates. Still another ran west, along the seacoast into Spain, while Africa had its own system.

The Roman roads were built on the Telford plan, with a substratum of heavy blocks of the stone most abundant in the neighborhood, covered with a layer of smaller stones or gravel. They were highest in the middle, with a trench on each side to carry off the water, and no trees or shrubs were allowed to grow within 100 paces on either hand. The population of the districts through which these highways passed were required to keep them in order and to cut down weeds and shrubbery within the proscribed distance.

"Sweetness and Light." Prof. Skeat, who has written more than fifty books on etymology and kindred subjects, has acquired the habit of deriving after the roots, instead of enjoying the bloom and fruit of literature. In his latest book, "A Student's Pastime," he says of Dean Swift's famous phrase, "Sweetness and Light," that it "is a meaningless expression, unless we know the context." He then explains, what all readers know, that Swift referred to bees, and wrote that they fill their "hives with honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light." Whatever Swift may have meant by the phrase, it no longer, on the lips of any thinker, refers to the "sweetness of the honey in the honey-comb and to the 'light' of a taper. Swift shows that he meant more than this by using the words 'the two noblest of things.' But, the Dean aside, the phrase 'sweetness and light' now belongs to Matthew Arnold, who first used it to express the two greatest qualities of mind and soul.

It has been said that he who quotes it thought it next in merit to him who conceived it; but he who fashions a phrase is surely not so praiseworthy as he who embodies it by a higher use. "The Wealth of Paris 3,200 Millions. One of the French newspapers has recently given the following estimate (lately made by the public authorities) of the wealth in both real and personal property of the city of Paris. The total is about 3,200 million dollars. This, however, does not include the valuable property of the Government nor that of the prefecture of the Department of the Seine. The 82,800 private pieces of property are put in at 2,670 million dollars; the streets, avenues and boulevards at 600 millions; the property of the city, which includes most of the churches, at 230 millions; property in transit, 12 millions; personal property, 86 millions; the canals and shops of the gas monopoly (of which the city will get one-half in 1906), \$30,000,000; railroads and stations, 36 millions.—United States Investor.

The word sentence in which Francis I. told his mother that "everything is lost except honor and life, which are saved," has been made sublime by some thinker who compressed the thought into "all is lost save honor." Matthew Arnold, rising above the bees, either of Furness Fells or of Hybla, exalted Swift's words, and they now mean, wherever English is spoken or read, the noble sweetness of temper and the luminous and illuminating power of soul. We no longer quote Swift; we quote Arnold.

"Magna Charta" of England. The English nation has no written constitution. The Government of England is based upon certain charters, grants, royal edicts, concessions, and above all upon a mass of precedents, the theory being that what has once been done may be repeated and that its being done the first time must have been by authority. The foundation-stone of British liberty is the "Magna Charta," or Great Charter, which the Barons of England compelled King John to sign in 1215. The provisions of the Great Charter have been confirmed by over fifty acts of Parliament between 1215 and the present day, and thus this famous instrument is, in a certain sense, the law of the land now, as it has been for over 600 years. The fact that the English have no written constitution must not be understood to signify that they are not tenacious of their liberties, for, as a matter of fact, the unwritten precedent, handed down as it is by tradition from father to son, generation after generation, is quite as binding as though it had been drawn up in specific form and given the authority of a legal enactment. The "Magna Charta" defined the prerogatives of the King, stated definitely what the monarch might and might not demand of his subjects, fixed the position of the nobility and what duties they owed to the sovereign, and provided, with great particularity, for the protection of artisans, farmers and laborers, forbidding craftsmen's tools to be seized for debt, or a laborer's agricultural implements, furniture or clothing to be distrained. It was thus, in a very broad sense, a constitution, fixing the social, political and industrial status of all classes of subjects.

An English Dinner in 1840. Of society in 1840, let me speak only of the wealthiest city class—the people who lived in big houses in Bloomsbury or in the suburbs. They had "evenings" with a little music; they were very decorous; the young men stood round the wall or in the doorways; the little music included songs of the affection; there was a little refreshment handed about or set out in the dining room. It consisted of sandwiches, cake and negus. Some times there was a dinner party.

The company were invited for half-past 6; the dinner, always the same, or nearly the same, consisted of salmon cutlets, haunch of mutton, boiled fowl, and tongue, birds of some kind, and pudding of one or two kinds. The dishes were put on the table; everybody helped each other; nobody drank anything until the host had first taken wine with him; there was nothing to drink at dinner except sherry. After dinner the port went around once; the ladies retired; this was about half-past 7 or a quarter to 8; the men then closed up; fresh decanters were placed on the table and they drank port steadily till 10:30—i. e., for three long hours. Then they went upstairs to the drawing room; and, as if the port was not enough, they then had brandy and water, hot.—Sir Walter Besant in Self-Culture.

Tomato Gravy. Much is said, and none too much, of the dietic virtues of the apple. Next to it, perhaps, we may rate the tomato. It has one virtue that we have never seen mentioned; the property of emulsifying fats. To this may be added a singular faculty of assimilating itself to the flavor of meat gravy with which its juice may be cooked. Our house-keeping friends may try a fried steak, for once, by cooking a little tomato juice in the sizzling pan just after removing the meat. Any melted fat, or baked shreds and juice adhering to the iron, or butter applied to the meat, entirely disappear in an emulsion, making a rich, copious, reddish brown gravy, with the true meat flavor scarcely modified by a slight piquant acidity from the fruit. If the steak has been left in a vessel to save its drainings since it was cut, and this juice be put in with that of the tomato, the gravy will be by so much enriched and enlarged, as well as thickened, by the coagulation of the additional albumen. Cold-rendered tomato pulp, with this meat juice makes a thick sauce of like rich flavor, for roast or stew.—The Sanitary Era.

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An Eye to Business. Goldring's (the rich pawnbroker). No, mein young friend, I can't be your fader-in-law; but (sincerely) I will be an angle to you.—Judge.