

LOVE'S LOGIC.

"Love Has No Wherefor." "My love must be a high-born lass." "She must be fair, with beauty rare, The love for whom I wait."

"LAL" RYDQUIST;

A Story of the Land and Sea.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

True Love and Woman's Devotion—Her Self-Sacrifice—The Happy Reward of Sorrow Borne Bravely—of Faith, Loyalty, Courage and Patient Trust.

[From All the Year Round.]

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

On another occasion during that happy and never-to-be-forgotten three weeks, Rex carried the girl across the river and showed her his own ship, lying in the East India Docks, which, she was fain to confess, are finer than the Commercial Docks. He took her all over the great and splendid vessel, showed her the saloon with its velvet couches, hanging lamps, gilt ornaments and long tables in the officers' quarters; and amidships, and the sailors' fore and aft; took her down to the engine-room by a steep ladder of polished iron bars, showed her the bridge, the steering tackle, and the Captain's cabin, in which he lowered his voice from reverence as one does in a church. When she had seen everything, he invited her to return to the saloon, where she found a noble repast spread, and the chief officer, the third mate, the purser and the doctor waiting to be introduced to her. They paid her so much attention and deference; they said so many kind things about her courage and presence of mind; they were so kind to her, that the girl was ashamed. She was so very ignorant, you see, of the power of beauty. Then a bottle of champagne, a drink which Lal had heard of but never seen, was produced, and they all drank to her health, bowing and smiling, first to her and then to Rex, who blushed and hung his head. Then it appeared that every man had something which he ardently desired her to accept, and when Lal came away Rex had his arms full of pretty Indian things, smelling of sandal-wood, presents to her from his brother officers. This, she thought, was very kind of them, especially as they had never seen her before. And then Dick, the officers' steward; the deaf and dumb Malay, whom she had helped to pull out of the water, came and kissed her hand humbly, in token of gratitude. A beautiful and wonderful day. Yet what did the doctor mean when they came away? For while the purser stood at one end of the gangway, and the chief officer at the other, and the third mate in the middle, all to see her safe across, the doctor, left behind on board, slapped Rex loudly on the shoulder and laughed, saying:

"Gad! Rex, you're a lucky fellow!" "How was he lucky?" she asked him in the boat, and said she should be glad to hear of good luck for him. But he only blushed and made no reply. One of the things which she brought home after this visit was a certain gray parrot. He had no particular value as a parrot. There were many more valuable parrots already about the house, alive or stuffed. But this bird had accomplishments, and among other things, he knew his master's name, and would cry, to everybody's admiration: "Poor Rex Armiger! Poor Rex Armiger!" When Lal graciously accepted this gift, the young man took it as a favorable sign. She has already, he knew, sent away a dozen Captains, at least, and he was only second man. Yes, still, when a girl takes such a present, she means—she surely means to make some difference. Then there was one day more—the last day but one before the ship sailed—the last opportunity that Rex could find before they sailed. He had leave for a whole day; the lading was completed, the passengers were sending on their boxes and trunks; the Purser and the stewards were taking in provisions

—mountains of provisions, with beating sheep, milk cows, cocks and hens—for the voyage.

All was bustle and stir at the Docks, but there was no work for the second officer. He presented himself at Seven Houses at ten o'clock in the morning, without any previous notice, and proposed, if you please, nothing short of a whole day out. A whole day, mind you, from that moment until ten o'clock at night. Never was proposal more revolutionary.

"All day long?" she cried, her great eyes full of surprise and joy. "All day," he said, "if you will trust yourself with me. Where shall we go?"

"Where?" she repeated. "I suppose that now and then some echoes reach Rotherhithe of the outer world and its amusements. Presumably there are natives who have seen the Crystal Palace and other places; here and there might be found one or two who have seen a theater. Most of them, however, know nothing of any place of amusement whatever. It is a city without any shows. Punch and Judy go not near it; Cheap Jack passes it by; the wandering feet of circus horses never pass that way; gypsies' tents have never been seen there; the boys of Rotherhithe do not even know the traveling caravan, with the fire-eater. To conjurers, men with entertainments, and lecturers it is an untrodden field. When Lal came, in a paper, upon the account of festive doings, she passed them over, and turned to the condition of the markets in South Africa or Quebec as being a subject more likely to interest the Captains. Out of England there were plenty of things to interest her. She knew something about the whole round world, or, at least, its harbors; but of London she was ignorant.

"Where?" she asked, gasping. "There's the Crystal Palace and Epping Forest; there's the National Gallery and Highgate Hill; there's the top of St. Paul's and the Aquarium; there's the Kew Gardens and the Tower; there's the South Kensington and Windsor Castle." Rex bracketed the place according to some obscure arrangement in his own mind—"lots of places. The only thing is where?" "I have seen none of them," she replied. "Will you choose for me?" "Oh!" he groaned. "Here is a house full of great hulking skippers, and she works herself to death for them, and not one among them all has ever had the grace to take her to go and see something!" "Don't call them names," she replied gently; "our people never go anywhere, except to Poplar and Limehouse. One of them went one evening to Woolwich Gardens, but he did not like it. He said the manners of the people were forward, and he was cheated out of half-a-crown."

"Then, Lal," he jumped up and made a great show of preparing for immediate departure with his cap; "then, Lal, let us waste no more time in talking, but be off at once." "Oh, I can't!" Her face fell, and the tears came into her eyes as she suddenly recollected a reason why she could not go.

"Why can't you?" "Because—oh, because of the pudding. I can trust her with the potatoes, and she will boil the greens to a turn. But the pudding I always make, and no one else can make it but me." The lady, referred to was not her mother, but the assistant—the "service."

"Can't they go without pudding for once?" Lal shook her head. "They always expect pudding, and they are very particular about the currants. You can't think what a quantity of currants they want in their pudding."

"Do you always give them plum-duff, then?" "Except when they have roly-poly or apple dumplings. Sometimes it is baked plum-duff, sometimes it is boiled, sometimes with sauce, and sometimes with brandy. But I think they would never forgive me if there was no pudding."

Rex nodded his head, but on his cap—this conversation took place in the kitchen—and marched resolutely straight into the Captains' room, where three of them were at that moment sitting in conversation. One was Captain Zachariassen.

"Gentlemen," he said, politely saluting, "Lal wants a whole holiday. But she says she can't take it unless you will kindly go without your pudding today."

They looked at each other. No one for a time spoke. The gravity of the proposal was such that no one liked to take the responsibility of accepting it. A dinner at Rydquist's without pudding was a thing hitherto unheard of.

"Why," asked Captain Zachariassen severely—"why, if you please, Mr. Armiger, does Lal want a holiday today? And why cannot she be content with a half-holiday? Do I ever take a whole day?" "Because she wants to go somewhere with me," replied Rex, stoutly; "and if she doesn't go to day, she won't go at all, because we sail the day after to-morrow."

"Under these circumstances, gentlemen," said Captain Zachariassen, softening, and feeling that he had said enough for the assertion of private rights, "seeing that Lal is, for the most part, an obliging girl, and does her duty with a willing spirit, I think—you are agreed with me, gentlemen?"

"The other two nodded their heads, but with some sadness. "Then, sir," said Captain Zachariassen, as if he were addressing his chief officer at high noon, "make it so."

"Now," said Rex, as they passed

Rotherhithe parish church, and draw near to Thames Tunnel Station. "I've made up my mind where to take you to. As for the British Museum, it's sticks and stones, and South Kensington is painted pots; the National Gallery is saints and signboards; the Crystal Palace is buns, and boards, and ginger-beer, with an organ; the Monument of London is no better than the cross-trees. Where we will go, Lal—where we will go for our day out is to Hampton Court, and we will have such a day as you shall remember."

There had been, as yet, no word of love; but he called her Lal, and she called him Rex, which is an excellent beginning.

They did have that day; they did go to Hampton Court. First they drove in a hansom—Lal thought nothing could be more delightful than this method of conveyance—to Waterloo Station, where they were so lucky as to catch a train going to start in three-quarters of an hour, and by that they went to Hampton Court.

It was in the early days of the month of June, which in England has two moods. One is the dejected, make-yourself-as-miserable-as-you-can mood, when the rain falls dripping all the day, and the leaves, which have hardly yet fully formed on the trees, begin to get rotten before their time, and think of falling off. That mood of June is far preferable, is that in which the month comes with a gracious smile, bearing in her hands lilac, roses, laburnum, her face all glorious with sunshine, soft airs, and warmth. Then the young year springs swiftly into vigorous manhood, with fragrance and sweet perfumes, and the country hedges are splendid with their wealth of a thousand wild flowers, and the birds sing above their nests. Men grow young again, lapped and wrapped in early summer; the blood of the oldest is warm; their fancies run riot; they begin to babble of holidays, to talk of walks in the country places, of rest on hill-sides, of wanderings, rod in hand, beside the streams, of shady woods, and the wavelets of a tranquil sea; they feel once more—one must feel it every year—again or die—the old simple love for earth, generous earth, mother, nurse, and fosterer—as well as grave; they enjoy the sunshine. Sad autumn is as yet far off, and seems much farther; they are not yet near unto the days when they shall say, one to the other:

"Lo! the evil days are come when we may say, 'I have no pleasure in them.'"

The train sped forth from the crowded houses, and presently passed into the fields and woods of Surrey. Rex and Lal were alone in a second-class carriage, and she looked out of the window while he looked at her. And so to Hampton, where the Mole joins the silver Thames, and the palace stands beside the river bank.

I have always thought that to possess Hampton Court is a rare and precious privilege which Londoners cannot regard with sufficient gratitude, for, with the exception of Fontainebleau, which is too big, there is nothing like it—except, perhaps, in Holland—anywhere. It is delightful to wander in the cool cloisters, about the bare chambers, hung with pictures, and in the great empty hall, where the Queen might dine every day, if she chose, her crown upon her head, with braying of trumpets, scraping of fiddles and pomp of scarlet retainers. But she does not please. Then one may walk over elastic turf, round beds of flowers, or down long avenues of shady trees, which make one think of William the Third; or one may even look over a wooden garden gate into what was the garden in the times before Cardinal Wolsey found out this old country grange and made it into a palace. Young people—especially young people in love—may also seek the windings of the maze.

This boy Rex, with the girl who seemed to him the most delightful creature ever formed by a benevolent Providence, enjoyed all these delights; the girl lost in what seemed to her a dream of wonder. Why had she never seen any of these beautiful places? For the first time in her life, Rotherhithe, and the docks and ships, became small to her. She had never before known the splendor of stately halls, pictures or great gardens. She felt humiliated by her strangeness, and to this day, though now she has seen a great many splendid places, she regards Hampton Court as the most wonderful and the most romantic of all buildings ever erected, and I do not think she is far wrong.

Then they had dinner together in a room whose windows looked right down the long avenue of Bushey, where the chestnuts were in all their glory; and after dinner Rex took her on the river. It was the same river as that of Rotherhithe. But who would have thought that twenty miles would make so great a change? No ships, no steamers, no docks, no noise, no shouting, no hammering; and what a difference in the boats! They drifted slowly down with the silent current. The warm sun of the summer afternoon lay lovingly on the meadows. It was not a Saturday. No one was on the river but themselves. The very swans sat sleepily on the water; there was a gentle swish and slow murmur of the current along the reeds and grasses of the bank; crimson and golden leaves hung over the river; the flowers of the lilies were lying open on the water.

Lal held the ropes and Rex the sculls; but he let them lie idle and looked at the fair face before him, while she gazed dreamily about, thinking how she should remember, and by what things, this wonderful day, this beautiful river, this palace, and this gentle rowing in the light skiff. As she looked, the smile faded out of her face and her eyes filled with tears.

"Why, Lal?" he asked. She made no reply for a minute or two, thinking what reason she might truthfully allege for her tears, which had risen unbidden at the touch of some secret chord. "I do not know," she said. "Except that everything is so new and strange, and I am quite happy and it is all so beautiful."

Rex reflected on the superior natures of women who can shed tears as a sign of happiness. "I am so happy," he said, "that I should like to dance and sing, except that I am afraid of capsizing the craft, even to Davy's locker we should go for want of your dingy, Lal."

But they could not stay on the river all the evening. The sun began to descend; clouds came up from the southwest; the wind freshened; a mist arose, and the river became sad and mysterious.

Then Rex turned the bows and rowed back. The girl shuddered as she stepped upon the shore. "I shall never forget it," she said, "never. And now it is all over."

"Will you remember, with this day, your companion of the day?" asked Rex. "Yes," she replied, with the frank and truthful gaze which went straight to the young man's heart; "I shall never forget the day or my companion. They went back to the palace, and while the shadows grew deeper, walked in the old-fashioned garden of King William, beneath its arch of branches, old now and knotty and gnarled.

Rex was to sail in two days' time. He would have no other chance. Yet he feared to break the charm. "We must go," he said. "Yes, it is all over." He heaved a mighty sigh. "What a day we have had. And now it is gone, it is growing dark, and we must go. And this is the last time I shall see you, Lal."

"Yes," she murmured, "the last time." Years afterward she remembered those words and the thought of ill omens and what they may mean. "The last time," she repeated. "I suppose you know, Lal, that I love you?" said Rex, quite simply. "You must know that. But, of course, everybody loves you."

"Oh!" she laid her hand upon his arm. "Are you sure, quite sure, that you love me? You might be mistaken, Rex."

"Sure, Lal?" "Can you really love me?" "My darling, have not other men told you the same thing? Have you not listened and sent them away? Do not send me away too, Lal."

"They said they—Oh, it was nonsense. They could not really have loved me, because I did not love them at all." "And—and—me?" asked Rex, with one disregard of grammar. "Oh, no, Rex. I do not want to send you away—not if you really love me; and—Rex, Rex, you have kissed me enough."

They could not go away quite then; they stayed there till they were found by the custodian of the vine, who ignominiously led them to the palace gates and dismissed them with severity. Then Rex must needs have supper, in order to keep his sweetheart with him a little longer. And it was not till the ten o'clock train that they returned to town, Lal quiet and a little tearful, her hand in her lover's; Rex full of hope, and faith, and charity, and as happy as if he were, indeed, rex orbis totius, the King of the whole world.

At half-past eleven he brought her home. It was very late for Rotherhithe; the Captains were mostly in bed by ten, and all the lights out, but to-night Mrs. Rydquist sat waiting for her daughter. "Mrs. Rydquist," said the young man, beaming like a sun-god between the pair of candles over which the good lady sat reading, "she has promised to be my wife—Lal is going to marry me. The day after to-morrow we drop down the river, but I shall be home again soon—home again. Come, Lal, my darling, my sweet, my queen," he took her in his arms and kissed her again—this shameless young sailor—and as soon as I get my ship—why, why—why— he kissed her once more, and yet once more.

"I wish you, young man," said Lal's mother, in funeral tones, "a better fate than has befallen all the men who fell in love with us. I have already given you my most solemn warning. You rush upon your fate, but I wish my hands off it. My mother's lost husband, and my husband, he dead at the bottom of the sea. Also two of my first cousins' husbands, and a second cousin's once-removed husband. We are an unlucky family; but, perhaps, my daughter's husband may be more fortunate."

"Oh, mother," cried poor Lal, "don't make us down-hearted!" "I said, my dear," she replied, folding her hands with a kind of resignation to the inevitable, "I said that I hope he may be more fortunate. I cannot say more; if I could say more I would say it. If I think he may not be more fortunate I will not say it; nor will I give you pain, Mr. Armiger, by prophesying that you will add to our list."

"Never mind," said Rex; "we sailors are mostly as safe at sea as the hand-lubbers on shore, only people won't think so. Heart up, Lal! heart up, my sweet! Come outside and say good-by."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Irish male hospital nurse when asked what case in his ward he deemed the most dangerous, pointed with a grin to the case of surgical instruments on the table, and said, "That, sur."

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—A Pittsfield (Mass.) manufactory is to furnish sleeping-car blankets for an Italian railroad.

—When Kansas school lands are sold the State will have an endowment fund of \$10,000,000.—Chicago Tribune.

—It is estimated that the State of Louisiana contains 80,000,000,000 feet of good lumber, more than twice as much as Michigan.

—The Long Branch property of ex-President U. S. Grant, near Elberon, has been transferred to his wife, Mrs. Julia Dent Grant. The consideration named was \$40,000.

—The city of Utica, N. Y., was fifty years old the other day, and of the 10,000 inhabitants who lived there when the city charter was obtained, only 175 remain in the present population of 34,000.

—During the past nineteen years Brooklyn has paid for the maintenance of her public schools nearly \$90,000,000. One half of this amount was paid to teachers. About \$200,000 were used in providing free books. The expenses of the educational board have increased from \$307,720 in 1864 to \$1,424,895 in 1882.

—The First Baptist Church of Boston, at Rutland street and Shawmut avenue, has purchased, for \$100,000, the edifice at Clarendon street and Commonwealth avenue, erected by the old Battle Square Church Society a few years ago at a cost of about \$300,000. It was sold at auction a year ago and was purchased by J. Montgomery Sears, who has sold it to the Baptists.

—Statistics show that the annual consumption of eggs in the United States is about 10,600,000 barrels. The poultry marketed or consumed is estimated at 680,000,000 pounds, at \$68,000,000, and yet there are some that say that chickens don't pay them anyhow. If this is so, some one must be losing money in disposing of the vast amount of chickens and eggs consumed in the United States.

—The packing business in Maine has reached immense proportions. There are sixty-one canning establishments, with an annual production of about 11,500,000 cans. The packing of fish is roughly estimated at 1,500,000 cans of lobster, 750,000 cans of mackerel, and 250,000 cans of clams annually. The sardine business, which had its origin four or five years ago in a small shop at Eastport, has attained vast proportions, there now being fifteen or more factories in operation at different points in the State, and others are projected. Several factories are also quite extensively engaged in the canning of meats, chiefly mutton. Others at present are canning apples, while immense quantities of blueberries and other small fruit are put up at the various establishments throughout the State during the summer season.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—A book with a loose leaf should be bound over to keep the piece.

—A Frenchman has invented a machine for "caressing" cats. It is formed a la boot de Jacques, and can be fired from any elevation.

—Scientific mammals are feeding their daughters on phosphorus, because it is a good thing for making matches.—Baltimore Every Saturday.

—It costs a Buffalo man \$10 to hit another on the head with a billiard cue. Thus one by one the beauties of the game are taken away.—Washington Express.

—A trial of a new fire escape in New York on Saturday, no one was killed. It is the first time an accident of this kind has occurred.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

—In the temple of fame, it is said, there is a niche for every honest man; but the truth compels us to add that in that same temple there are great many niches to let.—N. Y. Graphic.

—If it is right to say a train is "derailed," it should be right to say that the passengers are "de-derailed." Come to think, however, it is generally some official that is derided.—Philadelphia News.

—A man who left Syracuse thirty-one years ago without a word to anybody returned last month and tried to make folks think he'd only been fishing and was determined to stay until he got a bite.—Detroit Free Press.

—Hopkins, who believed a hearty laugh to be a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to, had a severe cold and went to hear a celebrated lecturer. When he returned he explained to his inquiring wife that he had been out to get some Gough medicine.

—No place, no company, no age, no person, is temptation free. Let no man boast that he was never tempted; let him be high-minded, but fear, for he may be surprised in that very instant, whoe'er he boasts that he was never tempted at all.—Home Treasure.

—A lecturer asking on a rainy day why one of the audience had paid the admission fee and come in and slept all the while: "I will tell you," said the old man, with a shrewd wink of his eye. "I was out in the rain, and as I had no umbrella to keep me from getting wet, and tickets are only twenty-five cents and umbrellas are seventy-five, I saved fifty cents by coming in."

—He pressed his lips to her shining hair and then suddenly withdrew them with a look of mingled surprise and disgust. She noticed it and said reproachfully: "Clarendon, you didn't use to act that way." "True," retorted Clarendon; "but when the sweet oil got too rancid for the table you didn't use to soak lemon-peel in it and clap it on your hair."—Chicago Tribune.