

VOICES OF THE SEA.

Wakeful I lay at night and heard
The pulsings of the restless sea;

Awaking with the morning light,
Again I listened to the sea;

At noon I sauntered forth to view
The throbbing of that living sea;

At closing day once more I stood,
Gazing across that mighty sea;

It is the mind, and not the place,
Our moods, and not a varying voice,

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

By B. L. Farjeon, Author of "Bread, Cheese and Kisses."

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"I am sorry Miss Arden should have
ever learned them, if they have given
her pain," said the young man, quietly.

Ellinor looked up in his face and saw
that the blue eyes, looking down into
hers, had a peculiar earnestness all
their own.

"He is not so bad, after all," she
thought. "I have been foolish in ridicul-
ing him; but I can never love him."

"Miss Arden," he continued, dropp-
ing into a chair by the sofa on which
she was seated, while Horace Margrave
leaned against the opposite side of the
fire-place—"Miss Arden, we meet under
such peculiar circumstances, that it is
best for the happiness of both that we
should at once understand each other.

Your late uncle was the dearest friend I
ever had; no father could have been
dearer to the most affectionate of sons
than he was to me. Any wish, then, of
his must be forever sacred. But I have
been brought up to rely upon myself
alone, and I am proud in saying I have
no better wish than to make my own
career, unaided by interest or fortune.

The loss, then, of this money will be no
loss to me. If it be your will to refuse
my hand, and to retain the fortune, to
which you alone have a claim, do so.
You shall never be disturbed in the pos-
session of that to which you of all others
have the best right. Mr. Margrave,
your solicitor, and executor to your
uncle's will, shall to-morrow execute a
deed, abnegating, on my part, all claim
to this fortune; and I will, at one word
from you, bid you adieu this night; be-
fore," he added slowly, with an earnest
glance at her beautiful face, "before my
heart is too far involved to allow of my
being even just."

"Mr. Dalton," said Horace Marg-
rave, lazily watching the two from
under the shadows of his eye-lashes,
"you bring Roman virtue into May
Fair. You will purify the atmosphere."

"Shall I go or stay, Miss Arden?"
asked the young man.

"Stay, Mr. Dalton!" She rose as she
spoke, and laid her hand, as if for sup-
port, upon the back of a chair that was
standing near her. "Stay, Mr. Dalton.
If your happiness can be made by the
union, which was my late uncle's wish,
let it be so. I cannot hold this fortune
which is not mine; but I may share it.
I will confess to you, and I know your
generous nature will esteem me better
for the confession, that I have dared to
cherish a dream in which the image of
another had a part. I have been fool-
ish, mistaken, absurd; as school-girls
often are. The dream is broken. If
you can accept my uncle's fortune and
my own esteem; one is yours by right,
the other has been nobly won by your
conduct of this evening."

She held out her hand to him, he
pressed it gently, and, raising it to his
lips, led her back to the sofa, and re-
seated himself in the chair, close beside
her.

Horace Margrave closed his eyes, as
if the long expected blow had fallen.

The rest of the evening passed slow-
ly. Mr. Margrave talked, and talked
brilliantly; but he had a very dull audi-
ence. Ellinor was distrustful, Henry Dal-
ton thoughtful, and Mrs. Morrison em-
phatically stupid. The lawyer repressed
two or three yawns, which he concealed
behind an embroidered fire-screen, and
when the clock, on which an ormolu
Pan reclined amidst a forest of bronze
rushes, announced half-past ten, he
rose to depart, and Ellinor was left to
ponder over the solemn engagement into
which she had entered on the impulse of
the moment.

"I had better take a cab to the Tem-
ple," said young Dalton, as they left the
house. "I'll wish you good-night, Mr.
Margrave."

"No, Mr. Dalton, I have something
to say to you that must be said, and
which, I think, I'd rather say by night
than in the day. If you are not afraid
of late hours, come home with me to
my chambers, and smoke a cigar. Be-
fore you see Ellinor Arden again, I
must have an hour's conversation with
you. Shall it be to-night? I ask it as
a favor; let it be to-night."

Henry Dalton looked considerably as-
tonished by the earnestness of the law-

yer's words, but he merely bowed, and
said:

"With great pleasure. I am entirely
at your service; if I returned to my
chambers, I should read for two or three
hours, so do not be afraid of keeping me
up."

Henry Dalton and Horace Margrave
sat talking for nearly three hours in the
chambers of the latter; but no cigars
were smoked by either of them, and
though a bottle of Madeira stood on the
table, it was entirely untouched. It was
to be observed, however, that a cellaret
had been opened, and a decanter of
brandy taken out; the stopper lay be-
side it, and one glass, which had been
drained to the dregs.

The clocks were striking two as Hor-
ace Margrave himself opened the outer
door for his late visitor. On the
threshold he paused, and laying his
hand, with a strong grasp, on Dalton's
arm, he said, in a whisper:

"I am safe, then! Your oath is sac-
red!"

Henry Dalton turned and looked full
in the face—looked full at the pale
face and downcast eyes, completely
shrouded by the white lids and shadowy
black eyelashes.

"The Daltons, of Lincolnshire, are
not an old family, Mr. Margrave, or a
rich family; but they keep their word.
Good-night."

He did not hold out his hand at part-
ing; but merely lifted his hat, and bowed
gravely.

Horace Margrave sighed as he locked
the doors, and returned to his warm
study.

"At least," he said, "I am safe! But
then I might have been happy. Have I
been wise to-night? have I been wise, I
wonder?" he muttered, as his eyes
wandered to a space over the mantel-
piece, on which were arranged a couple
of pairs of magnificently mounted pist-
ols, and a small dagger, in a chased
silver scabbard. "Perhaps, after all,
it was scarcely worth the trouble of this
explanation; perhaps, after all, the ob-
ject is not worth the trouble!"

CHAPTER III.
AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

Three months had elapsed since the
midnight interview in Horace Marg-
rave's chambers—three months, and
the Opera House was opened for the
season, and three new tenors, and two
sopranos, and a basso-baritone had ap-
peared under the classic proscenium of
Her Majesty's Theater; the novel of the
season had been circulated by Mudie;
Rotten Row was gay with amazonian
equestrians and *blase* life-guardsmen,
with long amber whiskers, as yet un-
trammelled by red tape; moss roses were
selling on the dusty pavements of the
West End streets; and Covent Garden
was all a-bloom with artistically ar-
ranged bouquets of rich tropical flowers,
gorgeous in color and delicious in per-
fume; London, in short, was in the full
flood-tide of the season, when Mr. and
Mrs. Henry Dalton returned from their
honeymoon visit to the Cumberland lake
district, and took up their abode in the
small house in Hertford street, fur-
nished by Ellinor before her marriage.

Hers has been a short courtship; all
the sweet uncertainties, the doubts, the
dreams, the fears, the hope, which
make up the poetical prologue to a love-
match, have been wanting in this mar-
riage, ordained by the will of her late
uncle—this marriage, which is founded
on esteem and not on affection; this
marriage, into which she had entered
on the generous impulse of an impetu-
ous nature that has never learned to re-
press emotion.

Is she happy? Can this cold esteem,
this calm respect which she feels for the
man chosen for her by another, satisfy
the ardent heart of the romantic girl?

She has been already married six
weeks, and she has not seen Horace
Margrave, the only friend she has in
England, except, of course, her hus-
band, since her wedding-day. Not
since that sunny May morning on which
he took her icy hand in his and gave
her, as her guardian and the representa-
tive of her dead father, into her hus-
band's arms. She remembered that on
that day when his hand touched hers, it
was cold and powerless as her own, and
that his listless face was even paler than
usual under the spring sunshine stream-
ing in at the church windows; but, in
spite of this, he had done the honors
of the breakfast table, toasted the bride
and bridegroom, complimented the
bridesmaids, and fascinated everybody,
with all the finished grace and marvel-
ous ease of the all-accomplished Horace
Margrave. And if Ellinor had ever
thought that she had a right, for auld
lang syne, for her dear father's sake,
for her own lovely face, to be anything
more or dearer to Mr. Margrave than
the most indifferent of his clients; that
thought was dispelled by the gentle-
manly sang froid of his adieu, as the
four pawing bays started off on the first
stage to Windermere.

It is the end of June, and she is seated
in the small drawing-room, awaiting
the advent of morning visitors. They
have been a week in town, and Horace
Margrave has not yet called upon them.
She has a weary air this morning, and
she seems to seek in vain for something
to occupy her. Now she strolls to the
open piano, and plays a few chords, or
a brilliant run, or softly touches the
notes of some pensive air, and sings
some Italian words; now she takes up
an uncut novel from the table, and reads
a page or two here and there, wherever
the book opens; she walks to an em-
broidery frame, and takes a great deal
of trouble in selecting and comparing
wools, and threading needles, but when
this is accomplished, she does not do
three stitches; then she loiters listlessly
about the room, looking at the pic-
tures, chiefly valuable engravings, which
adorn the pale silver-gray walls; but at
last she is so utterly weary, that she
flings herself into a deep easy-chair

close to the open window, and
sits idly looking down, across a
lilliputian forest of heliotropes and ger-
aniums, into the hot, sunny street.

She is looking very lovely; but she is
not looking at all happy. The rich
masses of her dark brown hair are
swept away from her broad, low brow,
and secured in a coil of superb plaits at
the back of her head; her simple white
morning dress is only ornamented by
large knots of broad violet ribbon, and
she wears no jewelry whatever, except
a tiny, slender gold chain, which she
twists perpetually in and out of her white
fingers.

She sits for about half an hour, always
looking down across the plants in the
balcony at the pavement opposite, when
she suddenly starts, and wrenches the
thin chain off her fingers in her agitation.

She has seen the person for whom she
has been waiting. A gentleman, who
lounges lazily along the other side of
the street, crosses the road beneath the
window, and knocks at the door.

"At last!" she says; "now, perhaps,
this mystery will be explained."

A servant announces: "Mr. Mar-
grave."

"At last!" she says again rising, as
he enters the room. "O, Mr. Mar-
grave, I have been so anxious to see
you!"

He looks about on the crowded table
to find, amongst its fashionable litter, a
place for his hat, fails in doing so, and
puts it down on a chair, and only then
looks listlessly up at her and says:

"Anxious to see me, my dear Ellinor;
why anxious?"

"Because there are two or three
questions which I must ask—which you
must answer."

That peculiar expression in Horace
Margrave's eyes, which was as it were
a shiver of the eyelids, passed over them
now; but it was too brief to be perceived
by Ellinor Dalton. He sank lazily into a
chair; near her own, but not opposite to
it. He paused to place this chair with
its back to the light, and then said:

"My dear Ellinor, my dear Mrs.
Dalton, what questions can you have to
ask me, but questions of a purely busi-
ness character; and even those, I im-
agine, your husband, who is quite as
practical a man as myself, could answer
as well as I?"

"Mr. Dalton is the very last person
to whom I can apply for an answer to
the questions which I have to ask!"

"And why the last person?"

"Because those questions relate to
himself!"

"O, I see! My dear Mrs. Dalton, is
not this rather a bad beginning? You
appeal from your husband to your
solicitor."

"No, Mr. Margrave. I appeal to my
guardian!"

"Pardon me, my dear Ellinor, there
is no such person. He is defunct; he is
extinct. From the moment I placed
your hand in that of your husband on
the altar steps of St. George's, Hanover
Square, my duties, my right to advise
you, and your right to consult me, ex-
pired. Henceforth you have but one
guardian, one adviser, one friend, and
his name is Henry Dalton."

A sad shade fell over Ellinor Dalton's
handsome face, and her eyes half filled
with tears as she said:

"Mr. Margrave, Heaven forbid that I
should say a word which could be con-
strued into a reproach to you. Your
duties of guardianship, undertaken at
the prayer of my dying father, have
been as truly and conscientiously dis-
charged as such duties should be dis-
charged by a man of your high position
and unblemished character; but I will
own that sometimes, with a woman's
folly, I have wished that, for the mem-
ory of my dead father, who loved and
trusted you, for the memory of the de-
parted childhood, in which we were
companions and friends, some feeling a
little warmer, a little kinder, a little
more affectionate, something of the ten-
derness of an elder brother, might have
mingled with your punctilious fulfill-
ment of the duties of guardian. I would
not for the world reproach you—still
less reproach you for an act for which I
only am responsible—yet I cannot but
remember that, if it had been so, this
marriage might never have taken
place."

"It is not a happy marriage then?"

"It is a most unhappy one."

Horace Margrave is silent for a few
moments, and then says, gravely, al-
most sadly:

"My dear Mrs. Henry Dalton," he is
especially scrupulous in calling her Mrs.
Dalton, as if he were anxious to remind
her every moment how much their rela-
tions have changed—"when you accuse
me of a want of tenderness in my con-
duct toward yourself, of an absence of
warm regard for the memory of your
dead father, my kind and excellent
friend, you accuse me of that for which
I am no more responsible than for the
color of my hair, or the outline of my
face. You accuse me of that which is,
perhaps, the curse of my existence; a
heart incapable of cherishing a strong
affection, or a sincere friendship for any
living being. Behold me, at five-and-
thirty years of age, unloved and unloving,
without one tie which I cannot as
easily break as I can pay my hotel bill
or pack my portmanteau. My life, at
its brightest, is a dreary one. A dreary
present, which can neither look back to
a fairer past, nor forward to a happier
future!"

His deep, musical voice falls into a
sadder cadence as he says these last
words, and he looks down gloomily at
the point of the cane he carries, with
which he absently traces a pattern upon
the carpet. After a short silence he
looks up and says:

"But you wished to make some in-
quiries of me?"

"I did. I do. When I married Mr.
Dalton, what settlements were made?
You told me nothing at the time; and I,

so utterly unused to business matters,
asked you no questions. Besides, I had
then reason to think him the most hon-
orable of men."

"What settlements were made?" He
repeats her question, as if it were the
last of all others which he expected to
hear.

"Yes, my fortune! How much of it
was settled on myself?"

"Not one penny!" She gives a start
of surprise, which he answers in his
most nonchalant manner. "Not one
penny of it! There was no mention
whatever of anything like a settlement
in your uncle's will. He left his money
to you; but he left it to you only on
condition that you shared it with his adopted
and beloved son, Henry Dalton. This
implies not only a strong affection for,
but an implicit faith in, the young man.
To tie up your money, or to settle it on
yourself, would be to nullify your uncle's
will. The man that could be trusted by
him, could be trusted by you. This is
why I never suggested a settlement. I
may have, perhaps, acted in rather an
unlawyer-like manner; but I do believe,
my dear Ellinor, that I acted in the only
manner consonant with your late uncle's
affectionate provisions for the two per-
sons nearest and dearest to him?"

"Then Henry Dalton is sole master
of my—of the fortune?"

"As your husband, decidedly yes."

"And he may, if he pleases, sell the
Arden Estate?"

"The Arden Estate is not entailed.
Certainly he may sell it, if he wishes."

"Then, Mr. Margrave, I must inform
you that he does wish to sell it; that he
does intend to sell it."

"To sell Arden Hall?"

"Yes!"

An angry flush lights up her face, as
she looks eagerly into the lawyer's eyes
for one flash of surprise or indignation.
She looks in vain.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Dalton, in my
opinion he shows himself a very sensible
fellow, by determining on such a
proceeding. Arden is one of the dreari-
est, coldest and most tumbled-down old
piles of building in all England. It
possesses all the leading features of a
country mansion; magnificent oak panel-
ing, contemptible servants' offices;
three secret staircases, and not one
register stove; six tapestried chambers,
and no bath-room; a dozen Leonardo
da Vinci's, and not one door that does
not let in assassination, in the shape of
a northeast wind; a deer park, and no
deer; three game-keepers' lodges, and
not game enough to tempt the most
fatigued of poachers! Sell Arden Hall!
Nothing could be more desirable; but,
alas! my dear Ellinor, your husband is
not the man I took him for, if he calcu-
lates on finding a purchaser!"

She looks at him with not a little con-
tempt, as she says:

"But the want of feeling; the out-
rage upon the memory of my poor
uncle?"

"Your poor uncle will not be remem-
bered a day longer through your retain-
ing possession of a draughty and un-
comfortable house. When did Dalton
tell you that he meant to sell Arden?"

"On our return from our tour. I
suggested that we should live there—
that is, of course, out of the season."

"And he?"

"Replied that it was out of the ques-
tion our ever residing there, as the place
must be sold."

"You asked him his reasons?"

"I did. He told me that he was un-
able to reveal those reasons to me, and
might never be able to reveal them.
He said, that if I loved him, I could
trust him, and believe in him, and be-
lieve that the course he took, however
strange it might appear to me, was, in
reality, the best and wisest course he
could take."

"But, in spite of this, you doubt
him?" he asks, earnestly.

"How can I do otherwise? Of the
fortune which I have brought to him, he
refuses to allow me a penny. He, the
husband of a rich woman, enjoins econ-
omy—economy even in the smallest
details. I dare not order a jewel, a
picture, an elegant piece of furniture, a
stand of hot-house flowers; for, if I do
so, I am told that the expenditure is be-
yond his present means, and that I must
wait till we have more money at our
command. Then again, his profession
is a thousand times dearer to him than
I. No briefless, penniless barrister,
with a mother and a sister to support,
ever worked harder than he works, ever
devoted himself more religiously than
he devotes himself to the drudging rou-
tine of the bar."

"Ellinor Dalton, your husband is as
high-minded and conscientious a man as
ever drew the breath of human life. I
seldom take the trouble of making a ve-
hement assertion; so believe me if you
can, now that I do! Believe me, even
if you cannot believe him!"

"You, too, against me," she said,
mournfully. "O, believe me, it is not
the money for which I wish! It is not
the possession of the money which I grudge
him; it is only that my heart sinks at
the thought of being united to a man I
cannot respect or esteem. I did not ask
to love him," she added, half to her-
self; "but I did pray that I might be
able at least to esteem him."

"I can only say, Ellinor, that you are
mistaken in him."

At this very moment they hear a
quick, firm step on the stairs, and Hen-
ry Dalton himself enters the room. His
face is bright and cheerful, and he ad-
vances to his wife eagerly; but, at the
sight of Horace Margrave, falls back,
with a frown.

"Mr. Margrave, I thought it was part
of our agreement that—"

The lawyer interrupted him—

"That I should never darken this
threshold. Yes."

Ellinor looks from one to the other,
with a pale, frightened face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACTS AND FIGURES.

—The paroxysms of those suffering
from lock jaw are always more frequent
and violent by day than by night.

—Last year 27,073 books were taken
out of the library of the Toronto Me-
chanics' Institute, and 21,462 of them
were novels.

—About 120,000 miles of barbed-wire
fence were manufactured last year, on
which the royalty, at 75 cents per 100
pounds, amounted to \$900,000.—N. Y.
Post.

—It is estimated that 2,000 chin-
ch-bugs on a farm, in spring, if undisturbed,
will increase in one year to 2,000,000,000.
What a pity they aren't good for
something!

—It is said that the Australian colo-
nies are the richest, per capita, in the
world. Among their possessions are
80,000,000 sheep to a population of only
3,000,000 souls.

—The consumption of tobacco in Mex-
ico, where everybody smokes, is im-
mense. In the principal factory of Ori-
zaba more than 11,000,000 packages,
containing thirty cigarettes each, were
manufactured last year.

—When the Pennsylvania Railroad
shops in Altoona are in full operation
they employ 3,500 men and the pay-roll
reaches \$170,000 per month. The esti-
mated value of the Pennsylvania shops
at that point is \$30,000,000.

—A correspondent of the New York
Times says that in the safe of the late
Moses Taylor were 25,000 railroad
bonds of \$1,000 each (\$25,000,000),
piled up open, sheet upon sheet, in
great stacks. The safe formed but one
item of Mr. Taylor's wealth.

—The area of the peninsula forming
the eastern shore of Virginia is 780
square miles; population, 33,560; num-
ber of farms, 2,925; public schools, 76;
increase of population since 1870, 5,145.
It is composed of two counties, Accomac
and Northampton, and lies between
the Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic
Ocean.—N. Y. Sun.

—Privy Councillor D'Alinge, the di-
rector of a large reformatory institution
in Germany, estimates that there are
200,000 professional tramps and beggars
in that country, and that their main-
tenance consumes over 200,000,000 marks
(\$50,000,000) annually, all cost and no
return. The proportion of Jews in this
army of the idle is small.

—There has been left in Umatilla
County, Oregon, this spring, between
\$400,000 and \$500,000 by the different
buyers of cattle, sheep and horses. It
is estimated that 100,000 sheep have
been driven out of the county. The
prices paid for these sheep were from
\$1.50 to \$2.25 each. It is thought 5,000
head of horses have been sold at an
average price of \$12.50 per head. From
20,000 to 30,000 cattle have been sold
at \$20 to \$30 per animal.—Chicago
Times.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Many a man thinks himself a light
in his society world, when in fact he is
only a light weight.

—S. J. K. Hubbard, Texas: "Where
can I obtain the Life of Jesse James?"
We do not know. The Ford boys took
it.—Texas Siftings.

—California has discovered spider
webs so stout that they can be used to
tie up grain bags. The web of Fate
would stand a poor show out that way.
—Detroit Free Press.

—There are in North America 880
different species of birds, and yet you
have probably seen a boy waste two
hours of valuable time in trying to put
a head on one little chickadee.

—Little Willie has been summarily
corrected by his mother for repeated
acts of naughtiness. The punishment
being over: "Papa," he sobs, in tones
of anguish, "how could you marry
such an ill-tempered woman as mamma?"

—"Ma, are you going out?" "Yes,
dear; why do you ask?" "Don't you
want to stay and see the fun?" "Why,
Willie; what do you mean?" "Why, I
heard pa tell Maggie that when you
went away they would have a regular
picnic."

—If those who have large families to
board, with provisions at present prices,
would stop to think that many men in
this city board locomotives and railway
trains every day, they would be more
content and murmur less.—Waterbury
American.

—Cautions: "When you were last
here," said the magistrate to the pris-
oner, "you promised me that if I re-
leased you you would go to work. Why
haven't you kept your word?" "Judge,"
returned the victim, meekly, "I didn't
want to be breeding any disturbance,
and I was afraid if I went to work that
I would get on a strike."—Chicago
Times.

—When a man's hair begins to grow
thin on top it is a sign that he shouldn't
think quite so much.—York Dispatch.

—"Think" rhymes with something else
which he should not do so much.—Phil-
adelphia News. Think, blink, wi— ah,
yes, we see; but we shouldn't think ex-
cessive winking would affect a man's
hair—unless the winks are given in the
presence of the man who draws the soda
water.—Norristown Herald.

—"What do you do for a living?"
asked an Austin Justice of a huge, burly
negro, who had been arrested for
vagrancy. "My wife takes in washin',
and works out by de day." "I asked
you what your trade was?" "I done
tole yee. A man and his wife am one,
and ef we am one, what do we want
two trades for? My trade am de washin'
my wife takes in." The Justice
sighed and said: "Poor fellow. You
are overworked. You need rest."—
Texas Siftings.