

BETWEEN TWO LOVES

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The day and the hour arrived. Sir Basil was to go with them as far as Dover, and see them safely on board. They were all four to start by the mid-day train from Arley to London.

Leah had measured her strength that morning, and found it rapidly failing. "I could not live through two more days of it," she said. "Thank heaven, it is almost over."

She was passive, while her maid took all the pains she could to hide the shrinking of the graceful figure, the pallor of the beautiful face. She must keep up appearances while she was in England, among those who knew her; but, when she was across the sea, she could give way, she could droop and die as she would—but not here.

She bade farewell to the grand old home where she had been so utterly, but falsely happy. She stood for some time on the terrace where the passion flowers grew—the spot where she had seen her lover first, and where her heart had gone out to him. She kissed the bare brown branches. They would live again; they would be covered with green leaves and starry flowers when leaves and flowers should gladden her eyes no more. She stretched out her hands with a great cry when she took her last look round the room where she had spent such happy hours. All earth and air seemed burning fire. Oh, for rest, for change, for the coldness even of the grave!

Those who saw Miss Hatton's face when she left Brentwood never forgot it. It was a strange journey to Dover. Sir Arthur was the only one who talked. Hettie avoided either looking at or speaking to Sir Basil, and Leah could have laughed in bitter amusement at the scene. Sir Arthur spoke of his niece's return, of the marriage, of Glen, of Basil in Parliament, and saw nothing wrong. They stood together on deck at last, a blue sky above them, the sun shining on the white cliffs of Dover and on the sea, which was almost as smooth as a mirror.

Sir Arthur took Hettie to the other side of the vessel. "They will have so much to say to each other; lovers always have. We will leave them alone, Hettie."

So they stood side by side, the deathly pallor of Leah's face hidden by her veil. A terrible calm had fallen over her. She loved Sir Basil still with her whole heart; she could have knelt down there, and have covered his hands with burning kisses and burning tears. She held them for a moment in a close grasp, while she looked into his face for the last time. The solemn shadow of eternity lay over her.

Then there came a shout from the sailors. All was in readiness; those who were forshore must leave. The moments were numbered; her eyes never left him, her hand still held his.

"I must go," he said. "Good-by, Leah." He bent down and kissed her lips. He started to find them so cold. "Good-by," he repeated. "A pleasant, prosperous journey, Leah, and a happy return."

"Good-by, Basil; good-by, my love," she said; and the next moment she was looking over the waters alone.

He was gone. She felt that she would never see him again in this world. The sky, the sea, the white cliffs were whirling round her. She was glad to raise her veil and let the sea breeze play upon her face. She was free now; she need no longer keep up appearances. She had looked her last upon him. The long strain, the long tension was ended. The calm splash of the waves seemed to cool the fever that had laid waste her life; all earth and air were no longer burning fire.

The rest of the journey was like a dream to her, and she never woke from it until she stood in the salon of the villa at Mentone, and saw the duchess regarding her with tearful eyes.

"Great heaven," she cried, "this is not Leah; this is a shadow! I thought it was Hettie who had been ill!"

"So it was. I have not been ill," said a voice which the duchess scarcely recognized as Leah's. "I am well; but my journey has tired me."

"What can be the matter? What has gone wrong in the girl's life?" thought the kindly woman. "The only thing that she reminds me of is a flower broken by a tempest."

There was in Mentone a celebrated English physician, Dr. Evan Griffiths—a skilful, prosperous man, very popular among the invalids and the English at Mentone. He lived with his mother in a pretty little villa. Popular as he was, he had never married. It was said that he had no time for wooing.

One evening as Dr. Griffith sat alone in his study the servant announced a young lady. She had sent no card and had given no name, but looked very ill.

At first the doctor felt annoyed. He had no liking for mysterious patients, and felt it hard that he could not have one clear in peace.

"Show the lady in here," he said impatiently. But his impatience died away when a tall, closely veiled woman came in and stood silently before him.

She did not speak until the servant had closed the door; then she raised her veil so that he could see her face; and he was startled by its delicacy and wonderful beauty.

"I know that I am calling at an unusual time," she said. "I thank you much for seeing me. I have a question to ask you—a question of life or death. Will you answer it?"

"If I can," said the doctor. "Does it concern yourself?"

"Yes," she replied.

And then he felt that death, and not life, would be the answer, if he could judge from her face.

CHAPTER XIX.

Dr. Griffiths placed a chair for his beautiful young patient, and, standing by the table, waited until she spoke.

"Do people," she said, abruptly, "ever die of a broken heart?"

"I have never known a case," answered the doctor, "though I have heard and read of such a thing."

"Some months since," she said, looking at him with calm, grave eyes, "I was as strong as anyone could wish to be. I had splendid health and a perfect constitution. Now I have hardly strength to live, and everyone thinks I am in danger."

"There must be a reason for it," remarked the doctor, quietly.

"There is a reason, which I will tell you, and I want you to judge if it will kill me. I have had within the last two months a trouble—a terrible trouble—one that I have had to bury in the depths of my heart. I could not speak of it, or hint it, or place confidence in any living creature concerning it. I have shut my secret in my heart, and it has been preying upon it. It has eaten my heart away. The constant repression, the desperate efforts I have made to seem as usual, have been too much for me; and now I feel sure that I have some affection of the heart which will soon put an end to my life."

He began to understand something of the case.

"Do you want to live?" he asked briefly.

"No; I want to die," she answered. "Then came a string of questions, all of which she answered candidly enough. The doctor knit his brows, and was silent for some time; then he listened to the action of the heart and grew graver still."

"I think," he said, "that you have always had a great tendency to heart disease; and now, I am sorry to say, it is a confirmed case."

Her face brightened, and she murmured a few words to herself which he did not hear.

"Tell me, doctor," she asked, "how long do you think I have to live?"

"Not long," was the grave reply. "In a great measure it lies in your own hands. If you could get rid of this case, if you could prevent yourself from brooding over it; if you could rouse yourself, you might live a little longer."

"I could not," she said; "the restraint has been too great and too persistent. Will you tell me what the end will be like?"

"I wish you would not ask me," he answered, looking pitifully at the fair face.

"It will be the greatest service you can render me," she said. "It matters so little to me. If I have some months to live, I shall carry out an intention which I have formed; if not, I shall forego it. Tell me, doctor."

"You will not live for months," he said—"the greater the pity."

"The greater the joy!" she cried. "Will it be weeks?"

"Weeks in all probability," he replied. "And the end?" she asked again.

"The end will be sudden and peaceful," he answered. "It may be at any time. Any sudden sorrow or joy might prove fatal. Calmness, peace, resignation, are your greatest helps. Poor child," he said, in an outburst of sudden tender pity—"poor child! Life has been hard for you!"

"Very hard," she declared. "I wish," he said, "that you would follow my advice. I could not save your life, but I might prolong it."

"No," she replied. "I am staying here at Mentone; I shall die here, and, when I die they will be sure to send for you. You will not say that you have seen me?"

"I will not," he promised. There followed two quiet, peaceful and happy weeks, of which Hettie liked to think afterward. It struck her at times that Leah looked weak and ill, but she made no complaint. Letters and newspapers came every day from England, giving them all the news of Glen and of Brentwood—above all of the election. Hettie enjoyed talking about it with the duchess, but Leah never uttered a word.

She had made up her mind to the greatest sacrifice any woman could make—she would die and give no sign.

News came from England that Sir Basil had been returned member for the county. The Duke and Duchess were delighted. Hettie was pleased, and talked more about it than she talked about anything else. Leah said little, but she looked happier.

The next day came a letter to say that, the election being over, Sir Basil and the general hoped to run over to Mentone, even if they were able to remain only a week. When Leah read that letter, her face grew white.

Leah went to her room; the sun shone bright and warm, and the air was full of the perfume of flowers. She was tired with a peculiar feeling of longing for rest which was new to her, and the senses had been suddenly sharpened. She could see further; she could hear with almost painful distinctness. She had a letter to write, but the feeling of fatigue was so strong upon her that she was hardly inclined to commence her task. "I will do it at once, and then it will not trouble me," she said to herself.

She sat for some time with the pen in her hand. It was the one great temptation of her life. Should she tell him or not? When she came to die, should she feel any the happier that she had left him with this sting in his breast, this memory which would always be to him one of bitter pain? It would be ample vengeance. If he knew that her unhappiness had killed her, he could never be happy again. He was kind, honorable and sensitive; the chances were that if he knew the truth he would never marry Hettie. It was a great temptation. Her heart throbbed with it, her whole frame trembled; and then with a supreme effort she conquered it.

Swiftly, suddenly, as had been foretold, death came to her, without pain, without bitterness, without agony. The pen dropped from the white fingers; her head fell upon the paper. She died with a smile on her lips. There was not even a spasm of pain, no faint murmur or cry. The throbbing, laboring, broken heart had stopped at last. With the wind that chanted a requiem among the great trees her soul rose to heaven and the body left

behind grew cold and beautiful in the embrace of death.

CHAPTER XX.

So they found her, dead. The duchess was almost frantic. She refused to believe that Leah was dead. It was utterly impossible, she declared. She called for brandy, wine, hot water—every possible restorative. She would not let the mark of death on the beautiful face. She sent for doctors, and one of the first who came was Dr. Evan Griffiths.

He recognized her at once. This was the despairing girl who had come to him longing with her whole heart to die; and the longing had been granted. He was accustomed to many a sad sight, and scene, to every kind of sickness and distress; but he had seen nothing which touched him more than the dead face of this hapless girl. Tears came into his eyes.

The duchess would not allow anything to be touched in the room until the general and Sir Basil came. They had telegraphed at once for them. Fast as steam could take them, they went to Mentone and found the terrible news true that Leah was dead.

All the calm, imperial beauty of her youth came back to her as she lay sleeping after her long fever and pain. There was no pain on the beautiful face; the thick, dark eyelashes lay like fringe on the white cheeks; there was a strange beauty on the marble brow, and the proud curves of the perfect lips were set in a smile. The duchess had covered the couch on which she lay with lovely white blossoms; and so Sir Basil, who had parted from her on board the steamer, saw her again. He kissed the pale lips that had murmured so many loving words to him, weeping like a child and regretting that he had not loved her more.

Early the next morning he went out and procured some scarlet passion flowers. Sir Arthur liked him all the better because he cried like a child when he placed them in the dead white hands. One could have fancied that a smile passed over the dead face. Her secret was safe forever now, and no one knew why she had died. No suspicion of the truth came to any one of them.

So they mourned her, and no sting of bitter memories increased their pain. Hettie and the general learned to love each other in the midst of their trouble more than they would ever have done in prosperity. They mourned long and sincerely for Leah. The general for a long time was quite unlike himself—he seemed unable to recover from the blow; and there were times when everyone thought that Hettie must follow her sister.

There was a great outburst of sorrow in England when the papers told that Leah, the beloved niece of Gen. Sir Arthur Hatton, had died suddenly at Mentone, of heart disease.

English visitors go now to see her grave; none leave it without tears. They tell each other how soon she was to have been married to someone whom she loved dearly, and how she was writing to her lover when the summons came. Leah's grave is the most beautiful in the cemetery. A tall white marble cross bears her name, and masses of superb scarlet passion flowers creep up it and overhang the grave.

Five years have passed since Leah's death, but her memory lives bright and beautiful among those who loved her best. Sir Basil and Hettie have been three years married and they live entirely at Brentwood. Sir Arthur implored them to let it be so. He could not bear to live alone again. So they had consented to make Brentwood their home, leaving it at times to go to Glen, when the general always accompanied them. He loved Hettie, and, as the years rolled on, he looked to her for all the comfort and brightness of his life. But those who knew him best said that she had never occupied the same place in his heart which Leah had.

There is no fear that Leah will be forgotten at Brentwood. The beautiful picture of her shown at the Royal Academy and called "The Passion-Flower," hangs in the drawing room there. Every one who sees it stops and looks with wonder at the lovely face and dark eyes that seem to follow one.

Lady Carlton has a fine handsome boy, whom she has named Arthur, who inherits her blue eyes and golden hair. She thinks that there is no boy in England like him, and Sir Basil is of the same opinion, though, perhaps, in his heart he loves best the baby girl called Leah, whose dark eyes and lovely face bring so vividly back to him the one buried forever from the sight of men.

One morning Lady Carlton, at play with her baby girl, caught her in her arms and held her up in front of the picture of "The Passion-Flower."

"See, Basil," she cried, "little Leah will be the very image of her aunt."

Sir Basil crossed over to his wife. "She will resemble her," he said quietly, "but I hope baby's face will not have the shadow of melancholy that lies on this one."

"I hope not," returned Hettie. "Leah always had that look, even when her face was most radiant, it was there. Oh, Basil, how young and beautiful she was to die!"

"I often wonder," said Sir Basil, "what would have happened had she lived, Hettie. I never like to think that our happiness—and we are happy, sweet wife—comes from Leah's death."

Hettie looked at him thoughtfully. "It is not so, Basil," she said. "If Leah had lived, you would have married her, but she never would have been happy. I think she wanted something more than one finds in this world. Her nature was noble and lofty; I do not think any human love would have satisfied her. Do you remember the restless longing on her beautiful face? See—it is there, even in this picture. She would never have been happy."

"Perhaps not," allowed Sir Basil, "perhaps not, Hettie. I think you are right," he said, as they moved slowly away from the beautiful face.

That was how they judged her. "The heavy clouds may be raining, but with evening comes the light; through the dark are low winds complaining."

Yet the sunrise glids the height. And love has hidden treasure. For the patient and the pure; And Time gives his fullest measure To the workers who endure; And the Word that no love has shaken Has the future pledge supplied. For we know that when we 'awaken' We shall be 'satisfied.' (The end.)

Great Britain buys more than 20,000 horses in the United States every year.



FIRST IN AMERICAN HEARTS.

It is impossible at this day to add anything of a new character to the account of men and events of a hundred years and more ago, for the field of history, in so far as it relates to the American revolution and the men who were representative in its accomplishment, has been well explored and voluminously expounded by hundreds of men equal to the task. Nor is there a school child of 10 years in all this country, who has not written his essay on these same men and events, so that their history is burned in the minds of all Americans. Yet this is one of the hopeful signs of the disposition of a great people towards those who called their nation into existence. And of the leader of all these courageous men, the one who before all others carried to an astonishing and successful achievement the herculean labors of bringing victorious a band of ragged and untrained soldiers through the darkness of a struggle with one of the most powerful countries on earth, certainly nothing now needs to be said.

As a young man, Washington was probably no less flippant and worldly than hundreds of others in the colonies. His manners, which have been thought extraordinary in their courtliness, were probably not the slightest bit more so than those of the majority of his acquaintances. He was not free from the faults of men of his time. He was accustomed to methodical exactness from his experience on his mother's plantation and to her he no doubt owed many of the traits which afterwards stood him in such good stead. From his school teachers, William Hobby, who was also the church sexton, and Thomas Williams, he learned to read and to write as well as to understand the art of computation. The latter of the two also gave him the rudiments of surveying which served as much as any other one thing to develop him into the general of the American forces. For it was on account of his knowledge of this science that he spent three of his years of early manhood in the wilds of the forests, running lines, determining levels, fixing boundaries. His wages at this time were sufficient to enable him to purchase large pieces of that trackless wilderness bordering on streams, which were afterwards of great value, thus developing his insight and shrewdness as a business man. But the lessons that he learned from that rugged nature in the solitary hours, were priceless, and the constitution that was hardened by his life in the woods enabled him in after years to endure untold strains of exposure and suffering, to rescue Braddock after that general's defeat by the French, to conceive the crossing of the Delaware on that bleak and cheerless December night, to undergo Valley Forge and to emerge from them all, the modest, self-contained, reserved gentleman. It was because of his knowledge of the ways of the forest that he was sent on that seemingly needless errand to warn the French of English territory in the winter of 1753-54, on which he acquitted himself well and learned his first lessons in practical warfare. The next year he was chosen to go with Braddock on his ill-fated expedition against the French. Here it was that Washington learned for the first time, that Americans were of just as good stuff as Englishmen, that they could fight just as bravely as the seasoned veterans of the mother country. For it was through the efforts of the "bush-whacking" Virginians that Braddock's force escaped entire destruction. The colonists knew better than did Braddock that the evolutions of the parade ground were of no avail in the sort of warfare in which they were at that time engaged. The physical strain undergone by Washington at this time was extraordinary. From the ninth to the sixteenth of that July, he had little sleep, walking and riding, sometimes all night long through the forest, and succeeding in bringing up some support for Braddock's retreating army. He was then 25 years old. In the course of that one expedition he had seen enough to give him an unconquerable faith in the valor and abilities of his fellow colonists. This faith, it may be said, that so upheld him through the dark hours of defeat and intrigue, when his army well nigh perished from lack of food and clothing.

Washington had no idea, even when the colonies were being greatly roused over the injustice of their treatment by England, that the end would be war. He did not desire war. And it was only when there was no other way to decide the momentous question of principle that he set his heart on hostilities. The courage of the man in accepting the position of commander-in-chief which was offered to him by the assembly was sublime. The mother country could send hundreds of thousands of trained soldiers against the colonists; her ships ruled the seas. On the other hand, the colonists were a few thousands, undisciplined in any warfare except that against the Indians; their resources were comparatively insignificant. It seems as if there could have been but one outcome. But Washington modestly undertook the task, refusing first any money remuneration for the services he might render. And then his sagacity as a commander began to display itself. Quietly did he collect stores and

ammunition and prepare for the struggle. The retreats which he managed in the following years were almost as inspiring as the victories he planned. His must be a waiting game to a great extent, and how well he played it history tells. He compelled England to recognize the trouble as more than a mere insurrection and secured thus the rights of civilized warfare.

How great the odds were against Gen. Washington can never be rightly estimated. Time and again was his army on the point of dissolving away. There were many true hearts in the Congress; but there were many, also, who still leaned a little towards England, fearing that the new order of things would never be successful. There was only a half-hearted support for the commander-in-chief. Jealousy inspired officers to scheme against him. Money was often scarce and sometimes not to be had. His men were sometimes without food, barefooted, and half clothed. Through all these trying years Gen. Washington had to rely mainly on himself. His volume of correspondence was enormous. Thousands of letters did he write, urging Congress, the governors, the influential men of the colonies to take this or that step, to raise men or money, to help on the work. He was the revolution. Almost always he had perfect control of his temper, which was by no means mild, and over his passions and his positive, aggressive spirit. But sometimes the overwhelming injustice of his treatment by Congress must have been a sore temptation to him. And when he watched the intrepid Hamilton dash on to victory in the re-buffs at Yorktown he must have felt the weight of the heavy burden he was bearing rise from his great heart so that it beat the faster, for he knew that should Cornwallis surrender the war would probably result victoriously for the American arms.

The same quiet, firm, far-seeing charac-

than twenty-four hours put a period to his life."

The New York papers did not get the news of Washington's death until Dec. 19, and it was four days later when Boston papers published their first information. President Adams issued a proclamation advising all citizens to wear crape on the left arm for thirty days and setting apart Feb. 22, Washington's birthday, as a day when special services in honor of Washington should be held.

New York paid its tribute to the departed President on Dec. 31. No carts, carriages or horseback riders were allowed in the streets through which the funeral procession passed on the way to St. Paul's Church, where Gov. Morris delivered the funeral oration and Bishop Samuel Provost conducted the religious services.

Washington's Last Words. Although some statements have been made by early biographers of Washington to the effect that he was bled to death by his attending physician, Dr. Craik, there was never any foundation for the accusations.

Washington was only ill two days, having exposed himself to the inclemency of the weather on Thursday, Dec. 12. He became violently ill on the following day and expired between 10 and 11 o'clock Saturday night, his death being directly due to a cold in his throat and lungs. The room in which Washington died in his Mount Vernon home is one of the most interesting portions of the colonial residence of the first President.

Washington's last words spoken to Dr. Craik were: "I am just going. Have me decently buried and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead."

Change of Date. Washington lost eleven days of his life in 1752, when 30 years of age, but he liv-

GEORGE WASHINGTON.



ter led him through the years of his life after he had laid down his sword. When he stepped out of the position of commander-in-chief of the victorious army, asking no reward, and quietly returned to the privacy of his own home, he foreshadowed the character of the nation he had so largely helped to make. It should be a nation of itself, not dependent on England or any other country under the globe for its customs or its policy. It was to embody principles hitherto unheard of in the annals of history. It was even in the distant future to take upon itself the yoke of a burdened and oppressed people, to free them from their oppression and to give them back their country with no thought of price or advantage. And yet this was a man.

NEWS TRAVELED SLOWLY.

Washington Was in the Tomb Two Days Before New York Knew It.

Had George Washington lived and died at the close of the present century instead of the last his death would have been known at all four corners of the globe inside two or three hours, whereas it was not known that he had passed away for several days afterward. Even in Philadelphia, the old capital of the United States, where the Sixth Congress had just assembled, it was not known that Washington was dead until Dec. 16—two days afterward.

News traveled slowly in those days; cable, telegraph, telephone and postal facilities were an unknown quantity, and it took days and weeks to transmit information then, where seconds and minutes figure now in this rapid age of invention and improvement.

The Alexandria Times was the first newspaper to announce Washington's death, printing on Monday, Dec. 16, a single paragraph obituary, thus: "It is our painful duty first to announce to our country and to the world the death of Gen. George Washington. This mournful event occurred last Saturday evening about 11 o'clock. On the previous night he was attacked with a violent inflammation of his throat, which in less

ed a great deal in his time and probably made them up. The first celebration of his birthday anniversary of which there is record occurred in Richmond, Va., on Feb. 11, 1782, old style. It was a feast and soul-flow day there and elsewhere until 1793, when Feb. 22 was adopted, according to the new style.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

New Jersey House Made Famous by the Father of His Country.

Four miles from Princeton, N. J., stands one of the historic houses of the country. It is the Berrian farm house, made famous by the fact that it was occupied by Washington as his headquarters during a part of the revolution. He lived there during the time that Congress held its sessions at Princeton and here Mrs. Washington entertained the notables of the land. The house has recently been overhauled by patriotic women. It contains many mementos of the patriot and is visited annually by hundreds of persons.

France, with a population of 38,518,000, has a peace strength of 570,000; war strength, 4,660,000. Millions more could be called out if wanted, but, of course, they would be untrained.



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, ROCKY HILL, N. J.

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