THE REST OF THE STORY.

By A. J. DAWSON.

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Men at my club say Carew was a beast, and that is how they dismiss the Morton-Carew business. They don't know anything about it. And what they think absolutely the most impossible sort of thing Carew ever did may—I don't say it will—scrape him through where some of us may be told to stand down when the last reckoning comes.

I suppose his people and the Mortons decided before Daisy Morton could walk that she should marry Henry Carew, and so unite the Hampshire properties. Harry left a very fair record behind him at Eton, having followed the line of least resistance there, and thus avoided lectures and punishment. He meandered through his time at Oxford. Then he dawdled about the continent for six months, and returned home in time for Daisy's "coming-out" ball on her nineteenth birthday.

There were very few men in England then who loved color and beauty more than did Harry Carew. Daisy was beautiful. A trifle spoiled by her people, perhaps, but a dainty, charming, winsome little queen. And none of those concerned had been quite foolish enough to let her suspect anything of the deputy-destiny business.

The lights were brilliant, the decorations beautiful and the occasion inspiring. The surroundings suggested sentiment. The suggestions of environment were always first cause and law absolute to Harry Carew. In a dimly-lighted, flower-scented conservatory winsome Daisy grew tender with her old playmate. The situation demanded its curtain. The line of least resistance was the man's only course. He threw back his head to the pleasing intoxication of it all, told Daisy he loved her, and won her promise to be his wife.

"Well, she's a dear little girl, anyhow!" said Harry to himself as he stood at his bedroom window watching the sun rise over the New Forest.

Within the next few days the very unnecessary formality of asking for consent had been gone through. For various reasons it was decided that the marriage should not take place till after Daisy's 20th birthday, and to this arrangement neither of the contracting parties had any objection.

Just a month after the engagement news reached old Mr. Carew in Hampshire of certain complications connected with some of his extensive station property in New South Wales. An absconding manager and a serious bush fire were among the difficulties, and Mr. Carew's Sydney solicitors strongly advised a visit to the south, and in the personal setting to rights of things. The delicate state of his wife's health and his own duties as a member of parliament made leaving England at that time impossible for Mr. Carew.

In discussing the matter with his father Harry Carew, without for a moment thinking of his engagement, expressed his readiness to go to New South Wales, just as he might have offered to run up to London. The old gentleman very gladly accepted his son's offer. So Harry explained the situation to his fiancee and prepared to leave England for Brindisi at once, promising that his trip should not occupy more than three or four months at the most.

Then it was that Daisy Morton discovered that she really loved the easy-going man she had promised to marry. When she had given her promise she had been merely "fond" of Harry. Now she loved him, and experienced a feeling of dread in parting from him. So there were tears in her pretty eyes as she said "Good-by." But the time had passed for any alteration of plans, and after all, she told herself, the separation would only last a few months.

Harry Carew stayed only three days in Sydney. Then, with the breath of things English still fresh in his nostrils, he started for the north, where his father's stations lay. What he saw from the box of the "Cobb's Royal Mail" between Tibberena and Meryula was his first glimpse of the bush—the great gray wilderness.

Carew looked, and saw, a little; and was interested. It takes a goodish time to see comprehendingly, but there does come a period at which one has a desire, on reaching the bush from an outpost of civilization, to bare one's head before its naked, solitary grandeur. Carew had, of course, not reached this period when he dismounted from Cobb's Mail outside the Meryula store.

At the little iron and weatherboard shanty which in Meryula is called "The Royal Hotel," he hired a wiry little broken-in brumby at about half the cost of the outright purchase of a horse in the same locality and said he would ride out to the Cootra homestead alone.

He rode out quite a considerable distance in the direction indicated by Larry Foley of the hotel as the road to Cootra. And then he gradually realized that he had lost his way, and himself.

Though he did not realize the fact, his losing the track was, up till that time, the catastrophe par excellence of his life. In the Meryula country old hands have died, mad and starved, bushed within five miles of a township.

The sun was setting. Later on came a little moonlight; not much, but enough to make that weird Meryula country many times more weird and bewildering than it had been in the evening sunlight. Carew spent the night in realizing his position. And before daylight came he was very weary and gray, and a little hysterical.

In the very early morning sunlight Carew lifted up his tired eyes and thanked his Maker for the sound of a human voice. It was a rich, untrained contralto, and the trifling, joyous words that reached the man's wondering ears were, "Up in the morning"—and then a break. Perhaps there was a stumble and a change of stride in some hollow—

Riding through wet grass, the bushman's on his way;
The bullock bells they ring along the hillside there,
And—

And then Carew pushed his brumby hurriedly to one side to make way for a horse flying at full gallop down the side of the little ridge, at the foot of which he, Carew, had been waiting and listening.

"Hullo! Who's there?"

In three or four times its own length the galloping horse was reined on to its haunches, with a "Darkey! Wa! Steady—steady!" And Carew saw that the singer was a girl, whose long, glossy hair streamed behind her, dew-spangled, and whose face had a warm, moist bloom upon it.

This was Aileen, the 18-year-old daughter of James O'Malley, the missing and absconding manager of the Cootra. A new manager was installed now, with his wife, at Cootra homestead. Aileen kept her own room still, however. And in the meantime she had her horse, Darkey, wild and untamed as herself; and the Bush—the Bush they both loved. So she had stayed on at the homestead, waiting with unquestioning faith for her father's return.

Now, in the course of her customary morning's gallop she found Harry Carew, lost in the bush, just three and a half miles from the home paddock slip-rails of his father's principal station.

Aileen interested Carew, because she was beautiful, and because she seemed so entirely part of the strange, great wilderness in which she had found him.

"It does seem funny to think of your losing your way, but I believe strangers do find Meryula country difficult. And I suppose there's no bush in England?"

"No," said Carew, as he rode by her side. "There's no bush in England." Then he added to himself, "And, by gad, there are no bush girls in England."

Late that evening the Englishman rose from a hammock chair on the veranda at Cootra, after a long talk over affairs of the station with Grantham, the new manager.

"By the way," said Grantham. "Regarding the girl—Miss O'Malley. Of course, if you think, Mr. Carew, that she ought not to remain here, I will arrange at once for——"

"Well, I don't know," broke in Carew, slowly. "She seems attached to the place, and is evidently absolutely trusting and innocent as far as her father is concerned. I think, if you can manage it, you had better let me pay Mrs. Grantham some allowance, and——"

"I see! Very well, Mr. Carew. Of course we shall have no objection in the world to her staying as long as she pleases."

Then the two men parted for the night, and for a long time while Harry Carew sat at his open bedroom window, looking out across the wide back veranda of Cootra, over the moist, sweet-smelling grass, to where the Wydah hills loomed, dark and billowy, against a fleecy sky, sepia-splashed by the moonlight, the fascinating loveliness of it all, filtered into his mind slowly.

"It's very like that child. By Jove! Its very like Aileen," he muttered, as at last he turned away from the little square frame through which he had seen this picture.

Carew woke very early next morning, when the sky over the Wydah hills was a misty rift of purple and gray. The homestead was still and silent and asleep when he looked out from his door down the wide, shadowy hall. So he closed the door again and stepped out through his bedroom window onto the veranda.

Just then the Englishman noticed a horse standing, saddled and bridled, at the door of one of the homestead's half dozen outhouses. The animal looked round as he approached, and at that moment Aileen appeared at the outhouse door holding a quince switch in her hand.

"Oh, good morning, Miss O'Malley," said Carew.

The girl smiled brightly as she passed one slim arm through Darkey's bridle.

"Good morning!" she replied. "You shouldn't call me 'Miss O'Malley,' though. No one ever does that."

"I beg your pardon. Aileen is so infinitely prettier, that I—I suppose I should have known, but for my English ignorance. I wish I could follow your example in the matter of the morning ride, but my first experience makes me rather shy of venturing out alone."

"Well, why don't you catch Golddust, there, and come with me? You could take Mr. Grantham's saddle. He won't mind."

Under the circumstances, Carew thought he might risk Mr. Grantham's displeasure. Five minutes later he was cantering along by Darkey's side toward the lower slopes of the Wydah hills.

That ride by the side of this strange, beautiful child of the bush, was the first, and perhaps to Carew, the pleasantest of a long series of morning and evening wanderings about Cootra. To the girl it was the beginning of all things. And as the beginning it was beautiful. The Englishman's companionship and attentions, she accepted with perfectly unaffected enjoyment, as a new and splendid gift from the great Father of her belief, who gave her access to the bush; and to all the glorious exhilaration of bush riding.

Carew in his inconsequent way had left no instructions in Sydney for poste restante letters to be forwarded to him. And so it happened that week after week slipped by in the uneventful Cootra life, without any communication from the outside world coming to remind the Englishman that he had ties and responsibilities in a place where no bush was.

Then, one hazy summer's evening, when Carew was preparing for a ride with Aileen, came a station hand from Medyula with a batch of Hampshire and other letters, forwarded from Sydney by the Cootra solicitors. Carew postponed his evening ride, and sat down with a dawning of seriousness in his eyes, to open and read his letters. He read them—his father's and his fiancee's—and at every line his face grew a little more serious, and a little more foreign to the phase of nature worship, and lotus-eating in the bush, through which he had been passing.

As he laid aside the last letter of the batch, he decided to return to Sydney at the end of that week.

Meantime, Aileen. A new world had begun from that morning when she found Carew in the bush. And he was in her new world, sun, moon and stars, land, sea and atmosphere. And now he had to go away—for a time.

He found himself absolutely incapable of hurting her feelings, or producing a light of pain in her big eyes, by telling her that he would not return; that their parting was to be as final as their meeting had been accidental. The line of least resistance was embodied in the words, "Auf wiedersehn." In any case, he told himself he had provided for her living always at the homestead, where she would be taken care of.

Aileen rode with him to Meryula, and two bright tears trickled down from her black eyes when she said "Good-by" before Carew mounted the coach.

"Good-by, little girl! That is—au revoir, you know. And—No! I shan't forget. Be as happy as you can till I come again."

And then the coach lumbered off down the dusty road and Aileen stood at Darkey's head shading her eyes with one little brown hand and gazing after her new world, till the coach became only a distant cloud of dust. That last look of hers was not easy to forget.

She had lost her new world for a time, and the old world was forever cut off. So, for a little while she must sit in the grayness—the no man's land—between the two, till her lover came back, bringing the world she loved.

No doubt Carew did all that it was necessary for him to do in Sydney. But he did not spend more time over it than he could help, and as soon as was conveniently possible he set sail in the old Carthage for England, and the world he had left some five or six months before.

He landed at Plymouth and went straight to Hampshire instead of going round by London. Everyone knows what happened then. That is the part of the story known to the men at my club; and on the strength of which, regarding it as the whole story, they dismissed the affair by calling Carew a beast.

There is no need for me to tell how Harry Carew pressed for an early date for his wedding. Queenly little Daisy was very glad to have her lover back again, and lost all her capriciousness in undisguised happiness and in the enjoyment of her life. Carew had managed to arrange his father's Australian affairs very satisfactorily; and the two Hampshire households were as happy as any in England when the week of Daisy's wedding arrived.

On the afternoon before the event the bridegroom was in London, making certain final arrangements for his honeymoon tour through southern Europe. I think his feelings must have been a little mixed that day, or he would have gone home by an early train. I met him on the steps of Venci's restaurant at 7 o'clock and asked if he meant to stay in town for dinner. He looked a good deal worried, and left me rather hurriedly. He said he would not dine in town, but had one or two appointments to keep, and was just going to have some tea with a friend. I smiled, because one hardly goes to Venci's and at 7 o'clock for tea. So I left him, and I remembered thinking how curiously a man was affected by being in love.

It does not matter how I know the rest of it. I do know it, and this is what happened. At 10 o'clock that evening Carew was strolling through Soho, making, I fancy, for his club. As he turned a corner near Regent street, a girl, quite young and prettily dressed, stepped forward in front of him and laid her hand on his arm. She was very pale and looked ill, but the man was thinking of other things. He murmured something commonplace and tried to push past the girl. Then she caught hold of his sleeve.

"God, have you no pity? I am starving!"

It startled Carew. He apologized, and his hand moved toward his pocket. Noticing the movement the girl gave a little moan. But whether Carew was a beast or not, he was a gentleman. He raised his hand instead and offered the girl his arm. Then he took her to a restaurant—everyone knows the place—and ordered dinner, or supper; a meal anyhow, for two.

The girl was simply fainting for want of food. There was no possibility of mistake about that. Carew had ordered the meal out of consideration for the girl in a private room. The man's most chivalrous part was uppermost in him. She ate ravenously until her hunger was appeased. They then began to talk.

The girl's appearance gave the chapter headings of her life's story. A sad, bad story, old, and containing no light to relieve its pathos, of a man's betrayal of a woman's trust, and afterward of a dreary mist of weakness in the land where one side sows and the other reaps—wild oats. But she spoke as a woman speaks whose early days have been good and sweet; too good and sweet for the memory of them to have faded.

Carew sat listening, fitting parts of the story to his own life as most men might fit it to theirs. He shivered once or twice when the girl's weakness made her lean back in her chair and pause for a minute in the telling of her story.

At last the story was told and the girl sighed, exhausted, and full of gratitude to Carew. It rather stung him, the gratitude. Then he began to talk. He had ascertained that the girl's mother was a widow, and lived near Liverpool.

There is a train which leaves Euston at 12 o'clock every night for Liverpool. Harry Carew helped the girl into a first class carriage. There was an "engaged" label on the window, and though the girl had no luggage, there was in her seat a soft rug, a bundle of illustrated papers and a little basket from the refreshment room.

"Goodby!" said Carew, as the train began to move. He was standing on the footboard and holding the girl's hand in his. "You'll tell your mother what I told you?"

"Yes, yes! May God in heaven bless—oh! Goodby!"

Everyone knows that Daisy Morton insisted on driving to the church at the appointed time next morning. Although two hours before Carew had not arrived at his people's place, yet Queen Daisy said he would be at the church. Everybody was there, except the bridegroom and the bridegroom's father.

The bridegroom did not come at all, and when the bridegroom's father came he carried in his hand a telegram, the wording of which filled two tissue sheets. Then little Daisy gave way, and old Dr. Gordon stayed all night at the Mortons' place and a good part of the next day.

The telegram, though it did occupy two sheets, said only that Harry Carew was sorry, and then again that he was sorry—very sorry. He would never be seen in Hampshire again; and once more he was sorry. It was then the men at my club pronounced him a beast.

I know that shortly after noon on the day fixed for his wedding Carew landed in Plymouth by the express from Waterloo. In the luggage van were a couple of new, regulation tin trunks, and their labels were addressed thus:

"H. R. Carew, R. M. S. Massilia, Plymouth." Underneath was written "Passenger to Sydney."

I also know that two months after leaving England Carew married Aileen O'Malley in the little tin church of Tibberma. He has been living with her somewhere under the Southern Cross ever since.

I do not say that the men at my club are not right in what they say about him, but they might as well know the whole story.

HARRIMAN AND KEENE ROW

Why the Rumpus in the Southern Pacific Camp is Carried on in Kentucky.

The contest between the Keene and the Harriman interests over the control of the Southern Pacific railroad and the filing by the former on March 12, at Louisville, Ky., of the bill of complaint and application for an injunction, brings into prominence the fact that though not owning a foot of property in Kentucky, the Southern Pacific company still has its legal home in the state which gave it corporate existence.

Out to the south of Louisville near Jacob park lies the little suburb of Beechmont, a place of some 200 inhabitants, and there, in the residence of J. B. Weaver, assistant secretary of the Southern Pacific company, is the headquarters of one of the greatest railroad corporations in the country.

Mr. Weaver's house is a pleasant and substantial frame structure, surrounded with trees, and located near the line of the Louisville Railway company, which runs a car every half hour to Beechmont. One would hardly think to see the place that behind it was a background of finance and business which means $200,000,000 of capital, steamship lines on both oceans, 9,016 miles of track with 1,300 locomotives, 1,900 passenger cars and 36,000 freight cars.

Yet the pleasant, quiet Weaver home in Beechmont is the head and front of every legal transaction or fight in which the great corporation engages and stands for more money, in law, than any other building in the state of Kentucky.

When the Southern Pacific railroad obtained its charter in Kentucky it established nominal offices in Louisville.

The assistant secretary of those days was Mr. D. S. Krebs, at that time auditor of the Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern. His offices were at Seventh street and the river, and there hung an ostentatious Southern Pacific sign. After the Illinois Central road purchased the Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern road, about five years ago, J. B. Weaver, treasurer of the latter road, became the assistant secretary of the Southern Pacific and at once transferred the headquarters to Beechmont, his place of residence. Mr. Weaver is an attorney of Louisville, but keeps the business of the Southern Pacific entirely separated in location from his practice of law. Whether or no' his railroad business at times seems to his neighbors to be of a nominal type, he is a necessity, and no better demonstration of this fact can be had than the events of the past month, when the great railroad came home to have its wrongs righted.

Kentucky became the headquarters of the Southern Pacific railroad in 1884. The legislature granted a charter on March 14 of that year. The late C. P. Huntington was the practical owner of all the roads, which, combined, formed the Southern Pacific system.

At that time, says the Courier-Journal, great corporations of all kinds came to Kentucky for their charters, just as they now go to New Jersey or to Delaware. Kentucky legislatures had gained the reputation of giving the corporations everything that was asked for. Huntington at that time owned the Chesapeake & Ohio and the old Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern, and was a power in the politics of not only Kentucky, but other states. Therefore when his representatives asked for a charter for a great railroad system, not one mile of which ran through the state, the request was freely granted.

It took less than one month's work on the part of the late Henry McHenry of Hartford to engineer the charter through the legislature. Mr. McHenry was assisted in the work of securing the charter by Colonel Thomas Bullitt of Louisville. According to Colonel Bullitt, the task of securing the charter was not a difficult one, for, he says, "Huntington got anything he wanted from the legislature in those days."

At the time the charter was granted it was given out that it was desired to unify a number of smaller systems between New Orleans and Portland, Ore. To his friends Huntington said that it was the first step toward the completion of a vast transcontinental railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Chesapeake and Ohio was to be used from Newport News to Louisville; the Chesapeake and Ohio Southwestern and smaller lines controlled by Huntington were to run the line to New Orleans. From there on the Southern Pacific system was to be used to the western coast. The death of Huntington prevented the carrying out of this plan, and the system which he had labored all his life to bring together fell apart in a few months.

FINE STABLES OF THE WEALTHY

Every Convenience and Comfort Provided for the Horses of New York's Aristocracy.

A glimpse into the interior of one of the many handsome buildings in New York set apart for lodging and feeding horses would delight all lovers of the intelligent equine. The total cost of stables which embody up-to-date scientific fittings, sanitary flooring, perfect ventilation, and correct style, varies from $50,000 to $150,000. Instead of wooden flooring or earth, which is very injurious to the animals' feet, small bricks are now used, making a standing place that is easily cleaned, and insures perfect sanitation. The stalls are massive and handsome, the sides being of teakwood with a two-inch dado; the wood extends upward about four feet, or as high as a horse might be expected to kick under ordinary circumstance. The oat and water mangers are on opposite sides which is an advantage, as the animal does not slop his dry food; the hay is put in a division of the manger with a wire screen over it, so that it can be got at easily, while undue waste does not result, as in the days when it was placed in a rack over the horse's head, where it could be pulled down and trodden under foot.

The doors of the stall are fitted with ingenious devices which necessitate the insertion of the finger and thumb to open, and the tricky horse is thus debarred from opening the door and going for a stroll without as much as "by your leave." There is a profusion of racks, with burnished brass fittings, for interchangeable name-letters, brooms, shovels and forks, and telescopic suspensory racks to hold harness at any desirable height for cleaning purposes. There are also adjustable harness-cleaning tables with drawers to hold polish, chamois, and everything needed to keep things bright and shining.

The New York millionaire takes as much pride in his stable as in any of the principal rooms in his own dwelling house. When any new specialty is put on the market whereby the stable can be improved or made more ornate he hastens to test its adequacy. He is as particular about hiring a stable groom as he would be in engaging a secretary, and the men he picks out to care for his animals must be diligent, untiring, progressive, and intelligent.

There are at least fifty stables between West Fifty-eigth and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street which are marvels of comfort and convenience. On entering any of these the visitor is struck by the neatness, order and even elegance which pervade the place. Plenty of light, fresh air with no trace of the fumes usually associated with stables, lofty ceilings, and animals whose coats shine with satiny lustre are found in profusion.

In a magnificent stable on West Fifty-eight street the equipment and modern accessories are almost bewildering in their variety. The brick floor is as clean and sweet as water and brush could make it, and one can readily believe that the groom who says he could eat his breakfast off it is not exaggerating. Polished brass, marble, and carved wood make it beautiful, and its lofty, spacious appearance moved a little boy visitor who lives in a Harlem flat to say wistfully: "I wish I was a horse, 'cause then I could stay here always."—New York Times.

Soldier Deserts to Wed.

Except in novels and in comic operas an enlisted man of any military service seldom wins the captain's daughter, or, for that matter, ever aspires to her hand.

Robert Green is one of the exceptions. He deserted from the army to become the husband of Miss Bertha Garvey, daughter of the late Captain W. S. Garvey of the First United States cavalry, and is now serving a two-years's sentence at the military prison, Alcatraz Island, California.

The romance of Green and Miss Garvey is told in a petition from him addressed to the president of the United States now under consideration at the War department. The woman is now seeking her husband's pardon.