IN SEARCH OF HIM

BY ROBIN GREY

CHAPTER XIII.

Marguerite judged it best to tell Mrs. Acland all the story of her long period of mental forgetfulness, and received in return several interesting details concerning the courtship of this hateful unknown Arthur Phillips, who, it appeared, used to bring her flowers, and take her out for walks, and for whom she used to watch with intense eagerness day after day.

"I seen you more'n once holding him round the neck, and crying fit to break your heart; and he always seemed fond of you, too—that he did, and gentle with you as a woman would be."

"Mrs. Acland," almost whispered Marguerite, her cheeks burning with shame, "what was he like? Do you remember?"

"Oh, my dear, I ain't no hand at describing the quality. I couldn't tell you. Not right-down handsome, but looked a real gentleman."

"A real gentleman? Yes, I should think so!" she answered in a tone of bitter contempt. "Mrs. Acland, this is very horrible for me to hear, but it is necessary. Tell me—this man used to come and see me every day?"

"Whenever your uncle weren't there, my dear; and when it got to be dusk, he'd take you out for a walk along the shore, and you'd be as pleased as pleased could be. You'd come a-running to me, your pretty face all aglow, and your hands stretched out, with—'Oh, dear Mrs. Acland, do please let Sarah dress me—he's a-going to take me walkin'.' We had no bright days nor running nor jumping when your uncle was about. No, indeed! We was as mum as a mouse then; and Sarah, she used to say, 'See how frightened the poor thing is of him.' We was both fond of you, that we was; an' he, too—this fine Mr. Phillips. 'Mind you take care of her, Mrs. Acland,' he'd say, 'an' I'll make it worth your while!'

"MIND YOU TAKE CARE OF HER, MRS. ACLAND," HE'D SAY.

—which, to say truth, he did, though I've always regretted I listened to him ever since, an' it's laid heavy on my conscience, my dear."

Marguerite wrung her hands. Oh, to be a man—a man, that she might be revenged on the base wretch who took advantage of her helpless innocence!

"You must be able to give me some idea of what he looked like," she cried—"something more definite than your opinion that he was a gentleman!"

"Well, I'll tell you this much—he was a tall man, slender and not much color."

"Was he dark or fair?"

'Fair"—promptly.

"Tall and fair and blackhearted!" murmured Marguerite. "Oh, how I hate him! Do you say he used to bring me flowers, Mrs. Ackland?"

"My dear, the most beautiful! You was so fond of flowers. I remember now the sorts he used to bring you—always red and yellow roses and heaps of fern."

Marguerite's eyes instinctively wandered to the table, where her sumptuous morning's instalment of flowers was ranged in a large bowl. Red and yellow roses! A strange coincidence. For a moment the wild idea crossed her mind that the unknown sender of these flowers might be her husband. Red and yellow roses at once lost their charm. She turned away from them with a gesture of disgust.

"Oh, Mrs. Acland," she exclaimed, "you don't know how dreadfully miserable I am! I don't know what to do. Was any one ever in such a dreadful position—neither married nor single!"

"Ay, and with a sweetheart of your own, to—I'll be bound," said Mrs. Acland sympathetically.

The sudden flush upon the girl's face answered her.

"Dear, dear, I do feel sorry for you, poor child!" said the woman, whose pity exasperated Marguerite.

"Mrs. Acland," she asked abruptly, "should you know this—this Phillips again if you saw him?"

"That I should, my dear, unless he's altered strangely," was the encouraging reply.

"That's right. I will just write down your description of him to tell my lawyer. Where did you lay that marriage certificate? I shall want to show him that, too."

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Acland, "here's what I can't help thinking'll be likely of more use to you than that marriage certificate; and I took and copied that off a letter Mr. Phillips wrote. He wrote it and left it by accident on the table while he took you out walking; and when he came in, I saw he was in a fine taking at the thought of my having seen it." She laid a piece of paper before Marguerite's eyes. "D. Brandon, Esq., High Lees, Great Woodenham, Hunts."

Marguerite looked steadfastly at the address.

"You are right, Mrs. Acland," she said, with repressed excitement in her tones—"this is the very thing I have wanted." And even as she gazed at the paper her resolution was taken. She was all alone; there was no one to hinder her, no one to object. She would take the train and go and visit these scenes of her childhood.

"I believe," she murmured, "if once I stood there and saw the place before me, I should remember all about it."

CHAPTER XIV.

It was a beautiful autumn day. The Virginia creeper on the little wayside station of Great Woodenham, a mass of scarlet and gold, rustled every now and then in the light breeze. The distances melted in blue mist; the dew still lay in heavy beads on the long grass of the banks and ditches, as Marguerite stepped from the London train and looked about her with wondering, observant eyes.

She formed a very fair picture as she stood there, in a neat, well-fitting gray morning dress, and white straw sailor-hat trimmed with a knot of white ribbons. Even the solitary porter forgot himself in admiration of her pretty face and charming figure. Marguerite did not see him; she was gazing at the board on which the name of the station was painted in large black letlets.

"Great Woodenham—for High Lees and Clarisdale." She had not grasped the fact that she was coming so near to Clarisdale. Why, she was within a few miles of Bernard, and of her legal adviser, Mr. Martineau! Suppose she were to meet them! Her cheeks burned at the thought. Turning, she beckoned to the admiring porter.

"In which direction is Clarisdale from here?" she asked.

"About five miles west o' this, miss; but there ain't no village to speak of—only Lord Umfraville's place."

"Oh—and which is the way to High Lees?"

"Right out the other way, miss—rather better 'n three mile, miss."

"Does Mr. Brandon still live there?"

"Yes, miss; but his house is two mile good beyond the village. It's a long tramp, miss."

"Oh, I am a good walker! I suppose, when I get to the village, any one would direct me to Mr. Brandon's?"

"Oh, yes, miss."

"Then will you tell me the nearest way to the village?"

He gave the necessary direction, and with a bright "Thank you," she started off.

Marguerite walked on in a state of mind strangely divided between exhilaration and fear. The fresh, pure air, the blue sky, the waving trees, and, above all, the sense of enterprise and daring, were delightful to her. But presently, to her astonishment, she found that the old habitual terror of her uncle was creeping over her. She began to realize that it was scarcely prudent to trust herself alone to the tender mercies of the man who had already adopted such measures to be rid of her. She began to think that she was foolhardy; but, being thus far on the journey, nothing would have induced her to turn back. She walked on briskly, secure in the thought that every step was taking her farther from Clarisdale, and that there really was no chance of her being seen. As to Mr. Brandon, she did not want to see him; she wanted to see Cathie; and her remembrance of the back entrance to the house was so vivid that she felt certain that she could accomplish her object. Anyhow, she was in for it—the issue must be left to fate.

She felt the longing for certainty greater than ever. Come what might, she must ascertain who and what was Arthur Phillips, and whether he was living or dead. A letter from Bernard lay in her pocket—a letter full of Lady Mildred.

"This is such an ideal house," he wrote. "Mine shall be managed just the same. You should know Lady Mildred—in fact, you must know her. She could teach you so much, especially as regards dress—she understands the art to perfection; and, when you see her, you must take hints; though of course your style and hers are very different," etc.

The letter hurt Marguerite's feelings, though of course she owned bitterly to herself that it was true. She was absolutely ignorant of everything which Bernard Selwyn's wife should know. She paused against a stile leading into a cornfield, and sat down a minute to rest, for she had walked a couple of miles at a very rapid rate. As she sat, she heard the galloping of horses behind her on the road, and the sound of laughter and voices. Urged by an impulse she hardly understood, she climbed over the stile, and paused on the other side, hidden by the hedge, to see the riders go by. Just as they reached that part of the road they slackened to a foot-pave, and she could both see and hear distinctly. There were three young men and two girls, all well mounted and in high spirits. They were all looking behind them.

"No sign of them!" cried one of the ladies.

"My dear Miss Talbot, you won't see them again this morning; they are off as usual. Perhaps Lady Mildred is showing him the short cut to the Home Farm again!" There was evidently a joke here. They all burst out laughing.

"Selwyn is awfully hard hit, isn't he?" said one of the men.

"It will be a fine thing for the Umfraville estates," remarked another, and then the voices became indistinct as the party passed on down the lane.

Marguerite stood still. Of course she had known it all before, but it seemed notwithstanding to come upon her with a sudden shock. She bowed her head on the stile, and gave way to her trouble for a time. She did not know how long she stood there; she only knew that what roused her was the sound of more horses' feet. She started and shivered, but it was too late to move. Holding on by the rough wood for support, she saw them ride slowly past—saw Lady Mildred's pale, proud face, noted the downward curve of her expressive mouth, saw Bernard riding close—ah, so close!—but could not catch the low words that he was speaking. So they passed, and it seemed to Marguerite as if the life and gladness of the sunny day passed with them. She waited till the last echo of horses' feet had died away in the distance, and then climbed resolutely back into the lane and continued her journey. She did not care for twenty Daniel Brandons now. Nothing, she thought, could ever stir her emotions again—love and fear were dead together.

"I have lived and loved," she said to herself, "and now it is all over. Others have had harder things to bear. I can bear this."

To be continued.

TAKES A ROOM

On the Top Floor of a Hotel to Avoid the Noise at Home.

A sad-faced man with iron gray hair and a tired manner walked into a hotel, bowed to the clerk who greeted him, by name, and took the key held out to him. "High?" he asked. "Top," answered the clerk with a smile. The man wrote his name in the register and followed it with that of a popular summer town near New York. As he walked to the elevator, the clerk turned to a man leaning on the counter. "So long as the Fourth of July continues to be celebrated and that man lives," he said, "this hotel will never be without one guest on the national holiday. While everybody else is hurrying out of town, he is making his way for this hotel from his country place. He lives near a small town which has lately become the center of a fashionable country house district. He is the father of several children and a man of wealth. But he suffers from nerves. The Fourth of July is too much for them. He says that the fireworks get into working order twenty-four hours ahead of time in the country and he cannot stand the nervous wear and tear. Nor does he want to interfere with the pleasure of people who like to hear noise and smell powder. So he has come here on this day every summer for the past four years, taken a room on the top floor where he can hear nothing and passed the night and day as quietly as if it were not the day his family, friends and neighbors are celebrating."—New York Sun.

WOMEN'S CLUB

And the Reason for Their Rapid Growth of Late Years.

It was at a woman's club, after the meeting, and when the hum and buzz of feminine voices were intermingled with the clatter of spoons and temporarily hushed by the mouthfuls of ice cream, that the following conversation took place between two women, one of whom was an ardent club woman, as could easily be seen by the string of medals and insignia which ornamented the front of her bodice, while the other was just the ordinary everyday woman. "My dear," said the club woman, grabbing her companion's hand, I must be going. I am due at a meeting of the daughters of Lafayette Post, and then I must drop in for a moment and see Mrs. Blank about our next meeting and the topic for discussion." "How do you find time for all these clubs and what does your husband say to all this running about?" "Ten years ago it was I who sat at home and waited till between 5 and 6 for him to come home. 'Mais nous avons change tout sela,' he sits home and waits for me now. I have been out since 9 this morning and I am just looking lige a tramp now. Well, he does not seem to mind it; he is just as good and dear as he can be. We board you know, and I never had any children. But good bye; I shall see you again at the 'Justicia,' shall I not?" Is this the solution of the abnormal growth of woman's clubs, "We board, you know, and I never had any children." Is it the lack of motherhood which has driven her into the clubs?

Luck.

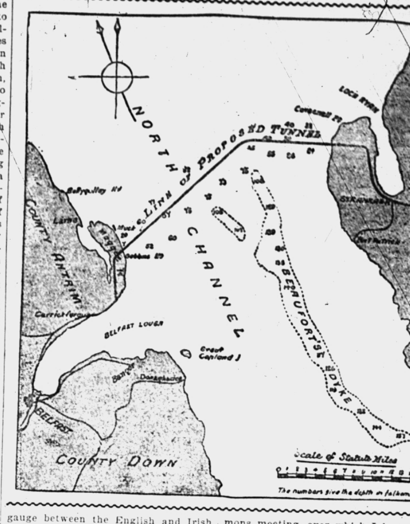
"How would you define luck?" was asked of the man who has made more money than he knows what to do with. "It is the product of a reasonable amount of ability, backed by tenacity."—Detroit Free Press.

Cradle Blankets.

Nothing is nicer for blankets for the cradle than swansdown flannel. It comes in two widths, 27 and 36 inches. The wide width is less expensive and more satisfactory.

Plans for a Big Tunnel Under the Irish Sea Which Will Connect Ireland and Scotland

Money is ready and plans are laid for a tunnel that will make all tunnels dug hitherto seem rather insignificant, and that incidentally will bring the United States and Europe several hours nearer. It is believed that it will begin a new era for Ireland and will advance Belfast many steps in the scale of importance. It is proposed to perform all of these wonders by drilling a $50,000,000 hole thirty-five miles through the rock under the northern part of the Irish sea, through which passengers could be whisked by train, and could thus travel from London to Galway or Queenstown without changing cars. All that the plan waits for now is a guarantee from the British government of 3 per cent on the capital invested from the time that the tunnel is in working order. A big meeting was held the other day in a committee room of the house of commons, presided over by the Marquis of Londonderry, former lord lieutenant of Ireland, in which the enterprise was boomed vigorously by Lord Rosebery and the Earl of Spencer and many other important personages. A deputation was sent to the first lord of the treasury to talk persuasively to him about the 3 per cent part of the business, and the government is considering the question. If the government guarantees the interest the preliminary work will begin at once, and it is expected that the tunnel will be completed in about ten years from the time the first sod is turned. When the time comes to turn that sod the man to do it really ought to be Lord Londonderry, whose powerful influence has been exerted for it ever since it appeared that the plan was practicable. To him, therefore, I applied for information on the subject, although lords of high degree are not much given to granting interviews in England.



Lord Londonderry's great town house in aristocratic Park lane in London is as grim and forbidding outside as it is spacious and luxurious within. The marquis was in his library, seated at a flat-topped desk, which one must suppose to be the grandfather of all desks, for it was big enough to make three or four ordinary writing tables. Young couples have started housekeeping before now in a house whose floor surface appeared no greater than the top of that desk. It was covered with newspapers and maps, in which the marquis was evidently much interested.

"I believe," he said, "that the proposed tunnel would bring a great change to Ireland, and although, of course, it is an undertaking that would have appalled the engineer of a generation ago, I am told that there is no mechanical difficulty today that stands in the way of it. The total length of the tunnel under the sea would be twenty-five miles and the approaches on either side would be about five miles each, making thirty-five miles in all. Of course that is about three times as long as any tunnel yet built. The Simplon is about thirteen miles, isn't it? And the St. Gothard tunnel is something like nine miles long. But it is astonishing what progress the engineers have made, and it is likely that in the course of ten years it would take to build the tunnel still further progress would be made, so that the second half might be done in less time than the first half would take.

"However, that is a matter for the experts to talk about. What I am most sure about is that the tunnel will be a great saving of time. It takes six hours to get from London to Carlisle. By means of the tunnel it would be possible to go from Carlisle to Belfast in from two to three hours. With the improvements that are to be expected in ten years it should be possible to get from Belfast to Galway in three hours. That makes eleven or twelve hours from London to Galway."

"But why do you mention Galway? That isn't especially noted as a seaport, is it?"

"It is likely to be if the tunnel is built. It is the most convenient port to New York, and it is in the most central part of Ireland. It is the natural stopping place of the transatlantic steamers, and may become a port of great importance. It would cut several hours off the time of passage if the steamers were to stop there, instead of going to Queenstown."

"But that program is rather disastrous for Queenstown, isn't it?"

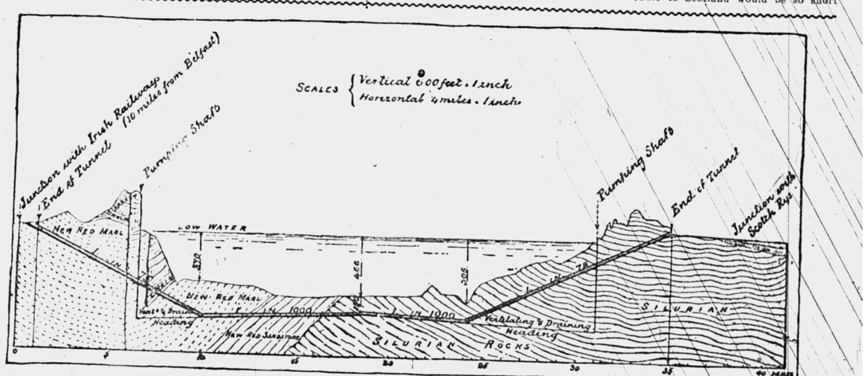
"Yes, rather."

"And Queenstown is going to be heard from on the subject isn't she?"

"No doubt, but it is the voice of Belfast that will carry weight, for that is the city most directly interested in the tunnel. It is the chief city of Ireland, and does much the larger part of her business. Belfast would probably be the railroad terminal of the tunnel, and doubtless the trains would run to Belfast from the English side without stopping. To go from Belfast to Galway without changing cars would require an entire new line of railroad, owing to the present difference in the gauge between the English and Irish roads, but that would come in time.

"I believe the passenger traffic alone would go a long way toward making the line pay, for it is a long disagreeable trip by boat across the channel. But perhaps I am prejudiced. They say I am in favor of the tunnel because I am such a notoriously bad sailor."

"If the government refuses to guarantee the 3 per cent interest will the plan fall through for the present?"



"I can't say, but it seems hardly likely that the government will refuse. This case isn't parallel to that of Mr. Rhodes' railroad. Africa is unknown, and the receipts from the road were problematical, but with this tunnel the receipts can be estimated almost scientifically, and besides the tunnel would have an important effect upon the development of Ireland. It is an affair of national importance. The money, I understand, can be had as soon as the government guarantees the interest but the stockholders will not ask the government to step in until the work is entirely done and the plant is ready for operation. I know little about the plans or the financial part of the work, but I have no doubt American capital would be largely interested.

"But one thing is certain, the effort to interest the government is entirely non-political. At the house of commons meeting, over which I had the honor to preside, one of the strongest supporters of the plan was my opponent at the polls, and Lord Rosebery wrote me that he had long believed there were few more pressing objects of policy, not only from the Irish point of view, but also from the British and imperial viewpoints. He said he believed that £10,000,000 was cheap, considering the advantages to be gained."

LONDONDERRY, LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

This tunnel is not new. Fifteen years ago it was seriously discussed, and later the Belfast chamber of commerce took it up, and asked for government assistance in getting preliminary soundings, and also for a guarantee of interest on the capital invested. But the enterprise looked bigger than it does now, and £10,000,000 sounded like more money then than it does now, and the government was afraid to go into it.

About the only danger now, from an engineering viewpoint, is the possibility of fissures in the rock. The various strata that would be crossed are known to be individually waterproof, but a fissure where two stratas are joined might spoil the whole plan, and make it necessary to find some other place of crossing than that now selected, connecting Stranraer on the Scotch side with Magee island, twenty miles northeast of Belfast on the Irish side. This is not the narrowest point in the channel, but it is the most feasible. Even here the tunnel would have to make a detour of two or three miles under water, to avoid an especially deep depression running along parallel with the Scotch coast. With the route as at present laid out, it is estimated that the tunnel at its deepest point would be 500 feet under the surface of the sea, and that the steepest gradient will be one in seventy-five, which is nothing extraordinary.

Any American engineer would consider the estimate of ten years' time required for this job to be rather liberal, for great progress has been made in the speed of tunnel digging in the last twenty-five years. When St. Gothard tunnel was begun in 1872 the highest rate of progress was two and a half yards a day. Eleven years later the average rate of progress in the Arlberg tunnel was twelve yards a day. Since then the increase has been rapid, and if a chance is given to American contractors to bid on the tunnel, the British public will be rather likely to discover that it wouldn't take ten years to tie England and Ireland together with steel.

Not a little doubt has been expressed about the financial feasibility of this extraordinary undertaking. Would the government have to go down into its pocket to find the 3 per cent? It is said in reply that a large part of Ireland's growing commerce would reach England through the tunnel, which would expect to compete with the channel steamers in price, and, of course, far outrun them in speed. It is said, furthermore, that the Green Isle has vast possibilities as yet undeveloped, and only waiting for something to come along and stir them up. Owing to the efforts of Irish capitalists, tourists are beginning to take a greater interest in the island than they ever took before, and if it were not such a difficult place to reach, they could be expected to go there in shoals. As the route to Scotland would be so short and quick, it is expected that Irish produce would find a new and profitable market in the manufacturing towns of Scotland and the north of England. And, perhaps, most important of all, it is rather expected that a tunnel would induce some of the Atlantic transport lines to make Ireland their terminus—Galway being the place in mind.

I asked a representative of the White Star line what he had to say about that plan. He answered that it seemed feasible, and that it would especially be worth considering when the day came that Atlantic liners would be built to carry only passengers. He seemed to think that that day might come pretty soon.

CURTIS BROWN.

German Street Railways.

An instance of the minuteness of the German municipal regulations in regard to street railways is shown by a recent ruling of the police department that it is dangerous for a conductor to pass along the steps of open horse cars which have transverse seats. The railway company has, therefore, been obliged to cut a passage through the seats and end partitions of some cars that it has been operating. As the width of the cars in Germany is restricted to two meters (6 feet 6¾ inches) outside, this ruling reduces the carrying capacity 25 per cent, so that a six-bench car will seat but eighteen people. Standing inside is prohibited on all German roads, but a limited number may stand on the platforms; this limit, however, which is plainly posted, is strictly enforced.

In a Single Night.

"Mushrooms are queer vegetables," said the professor. "At night there will be no trace of them, and in the morning they will be found sturdy and full grown." "Yes," answered the man who lives in a town where all wires are supposed to be underground, "mushrooms are queer that way. And I've noticed the same thing about telegraph and telephone poles."—Washington Star.

Washing Cut Glass.

To make cut glass clear and shining you should use a soft brush when washing it, and, after drying with a linen towel, finish with tissue paper.

Much doing is not so important as well doing.