

ONE PAGE CLASSICS

DAMRETT

By GEORGE ELIOT

1819 1880

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George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans Cross) was a writer whose chief strength lay in a wonderful power of analyzing character.

However simple the story which George Eliot tells, however commonplace the plot, it appeals at once to the intellect; and it is among the intellectual the most successful in the history of literature.

That well-preserved, middle-aged bachelor, the Rev. Adolphus Irwin, rector of Broxton, vicar of Hayslope and vicar of Blythe, sat at breakfast when Joshua Rann, merchant of the Willow Brook, was ushered in.

The new arrival was Captain Arthur Donnithorne, "the young squire," the people called him. He was a clear-complexioned young fellow, well-washed, high-bred, white-handed, and yet looking as if he could deliver well from the shoulder and floor his man.

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ADAM STOPPED AS IF FROZEN SUDDENLY IN HIS TRACKS

usual remedy in such cases—made a set of brand-new good resolutions and thought that would be his remedy.

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"Can you tell me how I can find this house?" asked the weary girl, handing the landlord the slip of paper on which Arthur had written his name and address.

"Why," said the landlord, "that house has been closed this two weeks. The officers who lived there are gone off with their regiment to Ireland."

When Hetty regained consciousness she was lying in bed, too ill and weary to think clearly of her condition. Later in the day, by a great effort, she gathered herself together, dressed and went down to the landlady.

As she walked along the country roads she thought of Arthur and cursed him, wildly and despairingly, and hoping that her curses would bear fruit.

When a fortnight had passed and Hetty had not returned there was some anxiety at the Hall Farm, and it was agreed that Adam should go to Snowfield and fetch her.

His love for Hetty suffered no abatement, but mingled with great sorrow was a hatred of Arthur, strong and fierce. As Adam told his tale to Mr. Irwin that gentleman strove hard to collect himself, and finally said:

"You are a heavy burden upon me, but you shall not be so long as I can help it. You can bear sorrow manfully as well as any man I have known."

When Hetty's trial came on the evening of the 21st, she was again going through a field near Stoniton had discovered a newly born child buried under some sods and chips and quite dead.

From the time of her arrest Hetty had maintained a stubborn silence. Now in court she stood voiceless, white and cold as marble—until the sentence of death was pronounced upon her, when she fell with a shriek to the floor.

Adam had taken rooms in Stoniton while awaiting the trial, but Hetty had refused to see him. Dinah Morris had come to her, but had been unable to move her out of her stony apathy.

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appearance of a horseman cleaving the crowd at full gallop. He has something in his hand—he is holding it up as if it were a signal. The sheriff knows him; it is Arthur Donnithorne, carrying in his hand Hetty's hard-earned release from death.

Shortly before Hetty's trial, Arthur, returning from Ireland, had been met at Liverpool by the news of the sudden death of his grandfather and had hastened to Donnithorne Abbey. Mr. Irwin, knowing of his expected arrival, had upon going to Stoniton, left a letter for the young man telling him that Arthur, who had ridden home filled with rosy dreams of his future life as a country gentleman, thus was suddenly confronted with the news that he had been wrong.

Within the hour he had ridden away from the Abbey again, resolved to make the only amends now permitted him. Bringing every influence to bear of which he was capable, he had succeeded in having Hetty's sentence commuted to transportation for life and, by the exertion of almost superhuman energy, managed to deliver the commutation to the sheriff at the very foot of the gallows.

The Bedes and the Poyzers resolved to leave Hayslope forever and seek a living in some distant place where their shame and their sorrows would not be known. No longer could they live as tenants of the man who had so cruelly wronged them. As Adam took his farewell walk in the Chase and something drew him toward the spot where first he had seen Hetty and Arthur together under the great beech:

Standing there he came upon Arthur, pale, worn and sad. Adam saw he was suffering and felt no impulse to help him. He turned away, but he could not help but gaze at each other sadly as lost spirits might gaze at each other on the shores of Styx.

Arthur was the first to speak. He poured out his heart in words of remorse, begging Adam that he would not go away from the place—that he would induce the Poyzers not to go. He had done enough harm already to both of them—he did not wish to be the cause of their leaving the homes to which they were attached. As for himself, he was going away, perhaps for years—perhaps forever. He was going to Spain with the army, and might expiate his crime by a soldier's death.

At last Adam consented to remain on the estate, and the next morning Arthur Donnithorne left the home of his ancestors, which he was not to see again until he returned to it broken in health and worn with wars, many years later.

Dinah was much at Hayslope now, either with the Bedes or with the Poyzers, she would go to either place, and which she craved, during the next year, in helping them to take up the frayed ends of their lives again.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly, she and Adam drew together. Dinah was the first to discover how dear they were to each other and announced that she must go back to Snowfield. When Adam, startled by this sudden change of her feelings toward her, avowed his love, she replied that the Lord had called her to other things than marriage—and so departed.

But after a while Adam also had what Dinah used to call "a direction of the spirit," and he went to Snowfield, where he called upon her suddenly and took her in his arms.

"Oh, Adam!" she said, "it is the Divine will, my soul is here with yours, and I shall be with you until death parts us," replied Adam. "Then we will never part any more until death parts us," replied Adam. "Then we will never part any more until death parts us," replied Adam.

Next Sunday's one-page classic will be "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë.

ANOTHER CANCER CURE

Remarkable Success From Using Germ of Erysipelas.

New York Dispatch. Remarkable effects upon a malignant cancer in a woman have been achieved at the General Memorial Hospital in this city by hypodermic injections of the mixed toxin of erysipelas and bacillus prodigiosus. The patient, the wife of a Lieutenant in the United States Army, was hurried to New York from the Philippines that she might see her parents before she died.

Dr. William B. Coley gave her 4 injections of the mixed toxins in combination with the X-ray, after which the cancerous growth was removed surgically and the patient apparently entirely recovered. Examination of the growth showed it had degenerated very much under the toxin treatment and it is said if the woman had been stronger the entire growth might have been absorbed without recourse to surgery. The use of the mixed toxins with erysipelas. Now science goes a step further, and inoculates the toxin or poison principle of the erysipelas germ.

The "Fam's" Paradise. L. S. W. in New York Sun. The Baseball Field just on his bed. His life was nearly ended. While with his knees, with bended head. The minister descended. "Now," quoth the Fiend, "ask not for me a seat 'midst sainted creatures; Above, as here, content I'll be To sit among the blackbirds."