



MRS. FORRESTER

CHAPTER XVII.

This is what happened to Dallas. In the afternoon, as he was sitting in his own room, a letter to the beloved of his heart, the door opened suddenly and a veiled lady entered with some little noise. There was no need for her to remove her veil to make Dallas aware that his visitor was Lady Dangerfield.

"What is the matter?" he cried, springing to his feet.

"His lordship knows all. I have left home forever, and I have come to you."

Dallas grew white under the bronze with which the sun had dyed him. He went through a moment long and comprehensive as that of the drowning man. His love lost forever, himself saddled with a virago whom he had certainly never loved and whom he abhorred to-day, his position ruined, his life done for—this was the tax on the pleasant and fashionable amusement of making love to one's neighbor's wife.

He stood staring at her; his face, always expressive of the emotion of the moment, wore a horror-struck expression, which could scarcely be flattering to her ladyship under the circumstances. She flew at him with bitter reproaches. That was the way with a man! a woman sacrificed everything for him, and then, the moment things went wrong, he wanted to cry off.

Dallas leaned against the chimney piece, gnawing his under lip, and incapable, in this desperate situation, of saying anything. He only felt an unutterable horror, a sickening sense of a lost life, of ruin, misery, wretchedness.

"What does he know? How does he know?" he gasped at length.

"I gave that wretch Amelie warning last night, and she went to him after luncheon to-day, and he came straight to me and made the most violent scene. It seems she found one of your letters and kept it—the fiend!"

Dallas racked his brain to remember what he could ever have written to her ladyship. He did not believe himself fool enough to have sent her a really compromising letter.

"What was in the letter?" he asked.

"I don't know. He would not let me see it; but he threatened me, and I told him I should leave him, and I have."

"But you can't stay here!" cried Dallas, with more energy than he had yet displayed. "Any moment some one may come in and see you."

"What do I care?" cried her ladyship, violently, bursting into a passion of sobs. "You have got me into this, and you must get me out of it."

Dallas felt himself a brute. He ought to soothe the grief of this distracted lady; the circumstances required expressions of tenderness on his part, and he felt nothing but anger, impatience and general despair. He must move heaven and earth to get her away from his rooms—to prevail on her, if possible, to go back home; but it was hopeless, knowing her moods as well as he did, to say a word until she had calmed down a little. And, perhaps, after all, the worst would happen, and he would have to take and keep her forever. What in the world had he even seen in her? And then he thought agonizingly of the girl he loved, whom he looked upon as an angel, and who would now perhaps be lost to him forever. The door opened again—very quietly this time; Dallas had not heard the slight preliminary tap—and Mrs. Trevanion came in. She was well in the room before she saw Lady Dangerfield crouched in a low chair, sobbing violently. Then she paused, looked at Dallas' pale, distracted face, and grasped, in part at least, the situation. She prepared to retreat, and made a beckoning sign to him, which he obeyed.

"What on earth does this mean?" she asked, looking at him with frightened eyes. "My dear boy, how can you be so imprudent?"

"Imprudent!" he gasped. "I expect I am about ruined!"

He leaned against the framework of the door, looking the picture of despair.

"She has left Dangerfield and come to me—says he knows everything; and what in the name of heaven am I going to do with her?"

"That is nonsense!" said Mrs. Trevanion, sharply. "She must be mad. She cannot stay with you. Does she want to ruin you?"

"I suppose so," uttered Dallas, despairingly.

"We must get her away from here somehow," said Mrs. Trevanion, who was as anxious about Dallas as she would have been had her own son been placed in a similar predicament.

"I don't know how," he answered.

"When she is in one of her tempers, I won't listen to reason."

"I shall go and talk to her," said Mrs. Trevanion, with determination.

"Impossible!" cried Dallas, in a smothered voice. "She would never forgive me. Besides, awful as this business is, I can't shirk it."

"You must go away and leave her to me."

Dallas was so much in the habit of doing what his friend told him, that, in spite of dreadful misgivings, he obeyed her, and when the street door closed upon him Mrs. Trevanion went to interview Lady Dangerfield, feeling about as uncomfortable as she had ever done in her life.

Mrs. Trevanion's manner is so quiet, and her tone so cool that they have a mesmerizing effect on Lady Dangerfield; and every word is so true that it goes home. She stands with her face averted from the speaker, and a new light begins to dawn upon her. After all, she has committed this escapade in a fit of passion; his lordship has been very angry, but he said nothing about leaving her or turning her out of the house; she left it in an access of passion; he is not to know where she has been, unless Mrs. Trevanion betrays her, and that (with a pang of rage) she is not likely to do, for Dallas' sake. But her head is not cool enough to reason, so she simply does what the impulse of temper prompts.

"I have not the least intention of sacrificing anything for Mr. Broke," she said, contemptuously, behaving, figuratively speaking, like the ostrich, who puts its head in the sand. "I came to say something to him, and he ran away like a cur, so I can't say it. But I suppose," with sarcasm, "if you can come and see him there is no reason why I should not do the same."

Mrs. Trevanion smiled.

"You flatter me very much," she said. "But what a woman of my age can do is not what is permitted to a young woman like you."

Lady Dangerfield curls her lip superciliously, as though to say:

"You need not think you take me in by that."

"Well," she remarked, "we may as well go out together, and I will get into a hansom."

Mrs. Trevanion turned to her with a sudden movement.

"Just this once," she said, "make a friend of me and trust me. Let me drive you home; it will be better for you. And," looking Lady Dangerfield straight in the eyes, "think what you will of me, but when I give my word it is sacred; no one shall ever know a syllable of this."

"I don't care whether they do or not," said her ladyship, recklessly. "And I would not trust any woman in the world on her most sacred oath. But I think it quite possible, for the sake of your dear Dallas," scornfully, "that you will hold your tongue. All right; you can drive me home if you like, and then come back to be thanked and blessed by him."

The following morning Dallas received a letter from Lady Dangerfield, which was a choice specimen of invectives, malice, and sarcasm, but it was dated from her husband's house, and contained no hint of spending the future or any part of it in the society of Mr. Broke. Indeed, she went so far as to caution him against presuming to call at her door or approaching her in public. With a deep sigh of relief, Dallas tore the letter into fifty pieces; she was his enemy for life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

June was delighted to return home. As for Tom, his joy at recovering her was exuberant; he could hardly take his eyes off his darling, and returned for the nonce to the lover-like demonstrations of the first part of their married life, which June in later days had so sorely missed.

Madge came up to the Hall every day, and the cousins talked with much interest of the incidents of their stay in town, and looked forward exceedingly to the advent of some of their London friends at the end of the month. Mrs. Trevanion was coming; Dallas was to spend a week with them, and also a Mr. Carslake, in whom Madge took a certain amount of interest, and who had evinced a decided partiality for her society. In her mind June had already arranged a marriage between the pair, as Mr. Carslake was in every way desirable, with the exception of being perhaps rather too old. It would have seemed strange that so very grave and quiet a man should attract and be attracted by a madcap like Madge, did not the very smallest experience teach one that opposite and not similar qualities most frequently draw the sexes together.

A week later Mr. Carslake and Dallas arrived. Mrs. Trevanion was to have come on the same day, but her son had caught a severe chill and had to be nursed at home.

Three days went by—three pleasant summer days, with blue skies, and a hot sun tempered by delicious breezes. Mr. Carslake, Dallas, June and Madge made a very happy quartet. They rode and drove, played lawn tennis, strolled in the gardens, sat under big trees, went on the lakelet—always together, and yet sufficiently apart to be able to carry on their conversations out of each other's immediate hearing. Tom was tremendously busy with various bucolic operations, and no smallest thought crossed his mind of there being any danger of leaving two such handsome young women as

his wife and Dallas. June was his; to his way of thinking, the marriage ceremony locked the doors of a woman's heart and gave the key over to her husband's keeping. There were only two sorts of women—the right sort and the wrong sort. June was the right sort; therefore, for her, there only existed one man in the world, and there was no earthly occasion for him to watch that no one else had designs on his property.

So far his confidence was perfectly justified. June loved her husband, and was not likely to have a thought about any other man, except, perhaps, that he was good to look at and good company, and Dallas was full of his unfortunate passion, and, although never unappreciative of a pretty woman, had no thought or wish that might endanger his host's and cousin's peace of mind.

Dinner was over. June was about to rise from the table.

"Let us go with you; may we?" said Dallas, in a low voice. "We don't want to drink any more, and this night is too heavenly to be spent indoors."

Tom and Agnes remained sitting; the other four had risen.

"I will stay with you, Tom," said Agnes. "May I, June, I have several things to say to him, and then we can go and look at darling boy."

June was sensible of that irritation which her cousin invariably produced in her. She had remarked how Agnes had been straining every nerve to amuse and interest Tom during dinner. The embryo saint had even herself little coquettish airs, and Tom had laughed and talked more than usual, and seemed in the best of tempers and spirits.

"By all means stay and talk to Tom," returned June, with a perceptible change of tone from that in which she had just been speaking. "But please," with decision, "do not go up to the nursery. I particularly dislike having Tom disturbed in his sleep."

"Why, June," cried her husband, "you go up every night of your life yourself, and the boy sleeps like a top; nothing ever wakes him."

June would have reiterated her prohibition, but, not wanting to be made to look unamiable before her other guests, she turned and went out of the door, which Dallas was holding open.

"Let us go in the boat; shall we?" he suggested. She acquiesced readily. The moon was coming out, and both thought, as Dallas pulled lazily at the oars, of the last time they were there together.

"What a night!" she said. "I wonder," smiling, "what has become of those young lovers?"

"It is going to be a match, is it not?" asked Dallas. "Well, he is a thorough good chap; but I should have fancied him a little bit too old and serious for Miss Madge. But one can see that she does not think so."

"How I wish," said June, drawing her slim fingers through the water, "that Lady Jane was here! Then you would be happy, too."

"I am very happy," he answered, with a long sigh which a little belied his words. "I wonder," pausing to rest on his oars, and looking very earnestly at June, "if it will ever come right?"

"I hope so," June uttered, kindly.

Dallas bent still nearer June, and gazed at her even more intently.

"Do you really think," he said, "that marriage is a good thing?"

"A very good thing," she answered, smiling.

"But," said Dallas, "what is one to do? Most likely a man can't marry the first woman he falls in love with—very lucky too for him, generally—and is he to go on being faithful to her memory? And then," a little smile curling his lip under his fair mustache, "there are so many charming ladies going about the world, one would have to be made of marble not to fall in love with them. Do you remember," resting on his oars and looking at June, "this time three years ago? I was most awfully in love with you. I was miserable for a long time afterward."

June smiled; the time is past and gone when the memory of Dallas' short love-making and sudden flight could wound her amour-propre; she has even got over the dreadful humiliation of having been kissed by him.

"Were you awfully in love?" she asked, archly. "Yet you went away and made no sign. By the way, as if stimulated by sudden curiosity, 'why did you not wish me good-by or send me a message before you left? It was not at all civil of you.'"

"Don't you know?" said Dallas, with some eagerness. "Did Tom not tell you? It was he who sent me off and made me promise not to see or speak to you again. And"—here Dallas was about to reveal how Mrs. Trevanion had dissuaded him from writing to her, when it occurred to him that Lady Nevil, however much she liked the other lady, would not care to have been discussed by her and himself, and paused abruptly. "It was rather a shame of you," he went on, changing his sentence, "to let me think you did not care for Tom."

June leaned back against the cushions and looked up at the dark-blue sky.

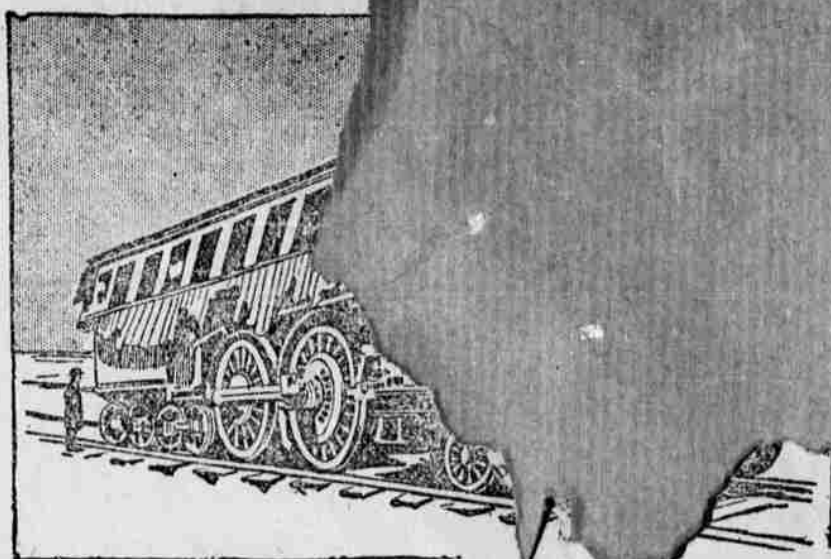
"It was quite true," she said, thoughtfully. "I did not love him then; I felt quite sure I never should; and yet," bringing her eyes slowly down again to the water, "a year later I adored him, and have gone on adoring him ever since. I suppose," smiling a little, and letting her eyes meet Dallas', "a woman's heart is a very curious and complicated thing."

(To be continued.)

Keeping large quantities of dynamite and gun-powder in a wooden store in a thickly settled portion of an incorporated town, in close proximity to many buildings and persons, is held, in Rudder vs. Koopman (Ala.) 37 L. R. A. 489, to constitute a nuisance which will render the proprietor liable for damages caused to other persons in case of an explosion, even if this is due to a fire which originated without his fault on the premises of a third person.

Do not read while lying down.

COACH TELESCOPE



REMARKABLE RESULT OF A WRECK IN CALIFORNIA.

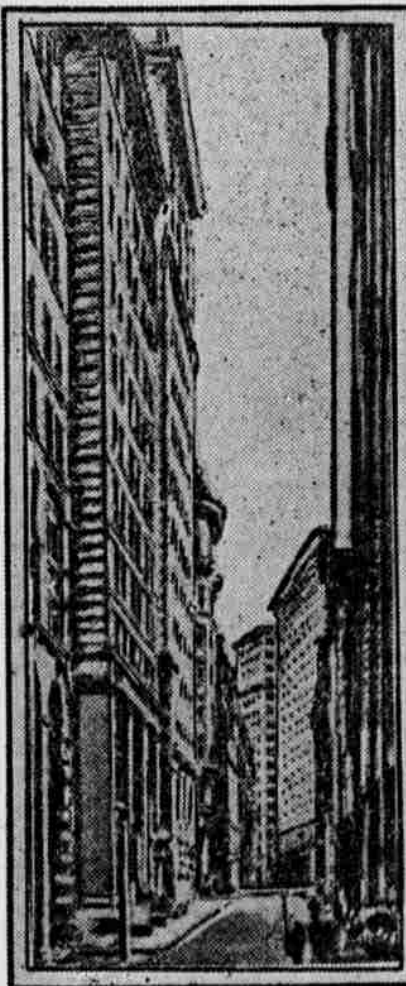
THE accident at Byron station, Cal., that caused the loss of twenty-three lives, apparently because the brakes refused to work, produced remarkable conditions. The Stockton flyer crashed into the "Owl" train, and when the big engine struck the day coach on the rear of the "Owl" its speed was so great that it dashed the trucks from beneath it. The engine plunged clear through the day coach, moving it but a few inches horizontally, and was stopped by the heavy dining car next. Neither train left the track, although both were late and the flyer was running at from sixty to sixty-five miles an hour.

TOWERS OF BUSINESS

MAKE VERITABLE CANYONS OF NEW YORK STREETS.

Each One of the Many Huge Office Buildings is a Community in Itself, in Touch with Distant Parts of the Earth.

Among the multitude of interesting features of New York City, prominent place must be given the towering office buildings, which are more numerous in the lower end of that city than anywhere else in the world. Coming in on a ferry at the Battery or at the south end of West street, there rise up before you monsters of brick, stone and mortar within the walls of any one of which is carried on inside of twenty-four hours a greater volume of business, measured in dollars and



AN OFFICE-BUILDING CANYON.

cents, than most small cities can show in a month. In the winding, narrow streets which run from Broadway toward the rivers they stand so closely side by side that a gloomy, canyon-like appearance is given the streets and the man who gazes upward toward the fourteenth, eighteenth, twentieth or twenty-second story is made to feel his insignificance.

But it is within that the greatest interest lies. The population of from 1,000 to 1,500 persons is as varied as that of a town. Banking houses handle, behind handsome marble desks, their hundreds of thousands, which go out to mingle with the country's prosperity and develop new projects of industry and ingenuity. Insurance companies pledge their enormous capital to the lives of men in California and Florida, and to the safety of ships rounding the Cape. The tickers in many brokers' offices, over which noisy stock speculators and sober investors touch elbows, click out the news concerning the great mass of world wealth for bits of which thousands daily match their wits and their energies. Lawyers make plans in these rooms that will free the innocent and punish the guilty; and promoters sell South American mines and West African land rights. The offices of a great Western railway system bind the East and West with bands of steel and commerce, and exporters send goods from New Hampshire mills to the Orient. An energetic man with

military carriage, after an hour's conference, is just completing the sale of an important block of land to the proprietors of a great department store, while directly above him an insignificant looking little man, wheeling nervously in his chair, is outlining to confederate capitalists a scheme that will give them control of a big street railway system. At his left, in turn, separated by a thin partition, an engineer is solving the problem of building a fifteen-story building on a narrow triangular plot of quicksand in such a way that no disturbances of the soil shall shake the foundations of adjoining structures. Typewriters, rapid fire guns of industry, rattle away in every corner of the floors. Bells, each ringing for a purpose, sound in unmusical confusion on every side. Every landing is an eddy in its swirling crowds that hurry up and down, in and out, throughout the long days.

From the time these men enter their offices in the morning until they go at night, many of them need not leave the building. Messenger boys rush in and out with messages. By telegraph, cable and telephone they can talk with London, San Francisco, or 50th street, as they wish. Supplies are there, their restaurant is there, their barber, their newspaper, their bank, their insurance company, their own police and detective service, their own fire department, their broker, their lawyer. It is a complete community in itself.

At night the thousands drift away. The engines are quieted, the outer gates are closed, a single elevator runs irregularly. Outside there is the death-like stillness of a deserted town, and the tread of the policeman on the pavement echoes bleakly down the cavernous streets. Within only the caretaker and a few helpers remain. But the great machine has scarcely time to rest before it is again throbbing away with its entire strength, straining to handle smoothly the masses of hurrying people that crush in upon it. Every day the force it unconsciously, mechanically manufactures reaches further into recesses of unknown lands and increases its grip on world-important affairs. The army of stalwart buildings which is growing up from every corner of the island forms the rampart of American industrial defense, the vanguard of American commercial supremacy. In years to come they may pass one by one and be replaced by others greater than they, but the forces they make to-day are a part of history.

Told by a Clerk.

Not long ago rubber bands were used only in government buildings, lawyers' offices and by druggists, but now you find them serving in all sorts of shops. Indeed, they are an important adjunct to even the grocery dealer. They answer every purpose as cord and are very much easier to handle. Besides, they make a more symmetrical parcel, and that is the salesman's pride. Take the interesting box of candy, for instance, the pink cord and blue cord which for so long a time marked the bonbon box as its own, has given way to dainty ribbons, and the outside wrapper is bound with rubber bands, sometimes of the narrow thread-like variety, and sometimes of the wider kind. Yes, I think the rubber band has come to stay. I don't know how much the twine and cord industry have been affected by its use, but, as far as I can observe, it must be to a considerable extent.

Stuck on His Books.

Penman—You say you like my books?

Wright—Well, I'm stuck on two of them.

"Which two?"

"The two I bought."—Yonkers State man.

It doesn't cost a cent to be a fool, but it may cost you your life to be a fool.