

ADDENBROOKE.

'Til never do you wrong for your own sake.

Lydia could not help wondering why on earth Addenbrooke should be so anxious to marry her.

She was standing at the window, her eyes mechanically following the familiar, insignificant figure of the professor as he plodded down the gravel walk to the gate; and when he had passed from view she sat down in the nearest chair and continued her reflections. It was very strange. She had no love to give him, and had told him so, quite frankly; he must know, as every one knew, of that miserable affair with Lawrence Fleming; was he not Fleming's intimate friend, the last person who had seen him before he went to Africa?

Moreover, her glass had taken to reflecting a woman who was sad and pale and old before her time, surely not the woman with whom a man would be expected to wish to begin his life.

When we have become to ourselves a daily burden it is so hard to realize that our presence can be desired of others.

And yet she had been aware of Addenbrooke's devotion from the days of the good but obstinate little boy, with a taste for chemical experiments, to those of the modest young man, who lurked unobtrusively in doorways for the purpose of saying good night to her, and was always at hand to fill up vacancies. She had been aware of it, but had given it little heed; now, in her loneliness, her sorrow, the thought of that devotion moved her strangely.

She had seen herself drifting on to middle age, haggard, loveless, unloved, the sorriest of spectacles, the emotional woman whose emotions have wrecked her. Addenbrooke and Addenbrooke's love interposed themselves like a shield between her and her fate.

She had given him no answer, but she knew by now what her answer would be.

The door opened, and Mrs. Grey, her mother, came into the room.

She sat down in silence—a chill, comfortless presence—and regarded her daughter from the distance.

These two women lived together without profit or pleasure to either. Mrs. Grey was capable of making sacrifices, but she lacked the priceless gift of home making; while Lydia, on her part, chafed beneath the restrictions of a relationship in which neither affinity nor affection bore a part.

"So it was to be Johnny Addenbrooke after all," reflected Mrs. Grey; "a Gower street professor of no particular distinction. Well, Lydia was getting on, and, if a girl means to marry, she had better manage to do so before she is five-and-twenty. And there had been nothing, it seemed, in that affair with young Fleming." Mrs. Grey was disappointed. It is true that Fleming's father kept a glove shop in Regent street, whereas the Addenbrookes had been gentle folks for generations, but nobody minded that sort of thing in these days. Lawrence Fleming went everywhere, did everything; his new book from Africa had made him more of a lion than ever; hence he was more to be desired as a husband than poor Johnny, who went nowhere to speak of, and did nothing but his work.

Lydia rose slowly and went over to the writing table.

As she took up her pen the whimsical thought struck her that, when the other children had carried their pen to the sweet shop, Johnny had always preferred to invest his capital in mysterious compounds at the chemist's. A faint smile hovered about her lips as she wrote. When the letter was finished, she laid her head a moment on the desk and shut her eyes. The old dream, from which she was turning forever, had rushed with cruel vividness into her consciousness:

Ist dich Gott, es war zu schon gewesen: Ist dich Gott, es hat nicht sollen sein. She rose, stiff and cold, and went over to her mother.

Lydia was a graceful creature, tall, slight, faintly colored; some people thought her beautiful, others could see no beauty in her whatever.

"Mamma," she said in her strange, pathetic voice, "Professor Addenbrooke has asked me to marry him, and I have written to say 'yes.'"

Addenbrooke was spending the evening as usual with Lydia at St. John's Wood. They were alone together, Mrs. Grey having discreetly retired to her own room, and the talk between them flowed with the ease of intimacy and affection.

It was now three weeks since their engagement, and already something of Addenbrooke's calm happiness was beginning to be reflected in Lydia's face. She appreciated, what only women can appreciate, the consciousness of making another's happiness by the mere fact of her presence. That is, I think, a pleasure too subtle for the masculine palate. Now, as she laid her hand lightly on his, she enjoyed, as it were, a reflection of the delight which she knew herself to be conferring by the act.

"Johnny," she said, "will you let me tell you to-night what I have always meant to tell you? about myself and—that other person." She finished her phrase thus vaguely, not doubting but that Addenbrooke had mentally rounded it off with greater accuracy; somehow her lips refused to utter the name of Lawrence Fleming.

"My dear," he answered gently, "tell me nothing which distresses you. I don't want to know. I know you have been very unhappy; but one day, I assure you, you are going to be happier than ever."

She smiled half sadly. "Johnny, let me tell you, I think I ought. Perhaps, when you have heard, you will want to go away from me—from a woman who has been so cruelly humiliated."

"He laughed, drawing closer to her in the fire light.

"Since that's it, Lydia, perhaps you'd better tell me."

He saw that she would never rest till she had disabused her mind of the old, unhappy things, about which personally he had small desire to learn.

They were so infinitely touching, these poor women and their love stories; their anxious interpretation of looks and words and smiles, their pathetic, careful gathering up of crumbs so carelessly scattered.

So Lydia, with half averted face, began her story in the strange, uncertain voice which, from his boyhood upward, had had power to thrill John Addenbrooke to the inmost depths of his being.

"It is nearly a year ago," she began, "at the Meades' place in Warwickshire. I arrived on March 28, and stayed a week. It began from the beginning. When I walked into the drawing room, where he was standing by the tea table, it seemed that I had walked into a new and strange and wonderful world. I lived in that world for a week, and it was like a lifetime. Looking back, it astonishes me how every one else at once accepted the situation. Then I no more questioned it than I question the rising of the sun. The day came when I was to go, and he had said nothing definite to me. I, living in my fool's paradise, was neither surprised nor afraid. At last, an hour before I left, he took me in his arms, yes, Johnny, yes—he took me in his arms and kissed my lips, and told me that he would follow me the next day."

"That's enough," said Addenbrooke, in a low voice, "he was a brute. Let us hear no more about him."

"There is no more to hear," she answered with bitterness, "that is the end of my story. A week later I heard he had gone abroad."

Addenbrooke put his arm about Lydia and, drawing her head to his shoulder, stroked her hair backward and forward with his kind hand.

Her recital had pained him. He knew the perfidy of his sex, but this particular offender had gone beyond all recognized limits, limits which, in his own person, Johnny had always refused to recognize. The thought of the misery inflicted on his proud, sensitive, passionate Lydia made him sick with anger and speechless with sympathy. He rose at last and, buttoning up his coat, tried to speak in tones of reassuring cheerfulness.

"By the by, Lydia, Fleming has come back. You remember Lawrence Fleming? They are making quite a lion of him on account of his new book. He's just the sort of man to enjoy being lionized."

Lydia looked at him, speechless, and he went on:

"I expect that he will be turning up at my rooms in the course of a day or two. He left a portmanteau with my landlady before he sailed. Good night, my own dear girl." And he held out both his hands.

Lydia looked at him sharply and with rising vexation.

She had found out long ago that subtle hints were quite thrown away upon Johnny; but surely, surely he must know the truth.

Either he was the most consummate actor or the densest person living.

It was impossible to entertain seriously the idea of Addenbrooke as a consummate actor.

Addenbrooke had rooms in Gower street; a sitting room and a bedroom, divided by folding doors. The whole apartment had begun life as what house agents call a spacious double drawing room, and bore yet the marks of its former state of existence.

The mantelpiece, which now supported a host of bottles, variously shaped and filled, was of white marble, heavily carved—summoned up to the imaginative mind visions of gilt clocks and candlesticks under glass shades.

The walls, hung with white watered paper, were divided into panels by strips of gold beading, and from the ceiling a shrouded chandelier depended from a twelfth cake like decoration in white and gold plaster.

Addenbrooke had drawn his writing table, with the lamp on it, close to the fire, and had settled down to a long night's work. It was the evening following Lydia's confession, and he was too busy to get up to St. John's Wood. He sighed at the thought of this, then plunged into the pile of papers, which not only covered the table, but overflowed into several neighboring chairs.

He had not been long at work when the door was flung open, and a man entered the room.

"Still in those gilded halls, Johnny?" said a voice, which was not quite so drawing nor so full of quiet humor as the speaker seemed to intend.

"Fleming, by all that's wonderful!" cried Addenbrooke, rising with extended hand.

The new comer was a large, heavily built young man, with dark hair, and a complexion, originally florid, burnt crimson by the African sun.

He was distinctly handsome, though the lower part of the face was a trifle heavy, and there was a lack of finish about the ears and nostrils.

"Sit down," said Addenbrooke, clearing a chair, and resuming his own seat. "Examinations, ough!" Fleming flicked with his large finger at the papers on the desk. "If it's not your own exams, it's other people's, poor old Johnny!"

"Fleming had the greatest contempt for examinations, in which, indeed, he had conspicuously failed to distinguish himself; the less brilliant Addenbrooke having a commonplace knack of getting into the first class, which is often the way with your dull, plodding fellows."

These two men had been friends, after a fashion, since their first term at the university. In those days Fleming had been a raw, unhappy, self-conscious young man, subject to miserable, hideous fits of shyness and secretly ashamed of the paternal glove shop.

Now, perhaps, he was too fond of talking about the glove shop; of drawing jocular comparisons between himself and a well known glover's son of Stratford-on-Avon; and the only remaining mark of his shyness was a certain emphasis of self confidence. Addenbrooke's affection for him was rather a survival from earlier days than anything else, though Johnny it must be owned, was uncritical, and, like many persons, imposed a far less severe standard of conduct on his friends than on himself.

"Where do you hang out?" asked Addenbrooke, gathering together the despoiled examination papers.

"I have been down at Twickenham with my people. Can't stand much of that, you know. I am looking out for chambers somewhere Bond street way; and Mrs. Baxter is going to put me up here for a night or two."

"Oh, good. You know Mrs. Baxter has that portmanteau of yours?"

"Yes; she's fetching it now, I believe, from the lumber room. There are some papers in it I want to look at to-night."

Fleming leaned back in his chair, his eyelids drooping moodily, as they had a trick of doing; then he said contentedly:

"Haven't you got anything to tell a fellow? You London people are all the same. One goes away and lives what seems a lifetime—it's so cram full of experience—and when one gets back, not a soul remembers if it was last week or last year they met you at the Jenkinsons' dinner party."

"From what I hear, you've no cause to complain, Fleming."

"Oh, of course, one's pestered with invitations from a lot of silly women one never heard of!" grumbled the new lion; "but isn't there anything in the shape of news?"

"Well," said Addenbrooke, slowly, "there is one piece of news, but I don't know that it's interesting. I am thinking of getting married."

Addenbrooke had never been a shy man, he was only very modest, and he had not accustomed his friends to take an interest in his affairs.

Fleming opened his eyes full and stared his friend in the face. There was always something startling in his appearance under these circumstances: perhaps because his eyes were so rarely shown—perhaps because of some quality in the eyes themselves. They were curiously bright and very brown—not a black manqué, but a beautiful, unusual brown.

Looking at them, it was easier to realize the power, such as it was, which Lawrence Fleming possessed over his fellow creatures.

"Addenbrooke," he said, leaning forward and speaking with sudden intensity, "as you value your peace of mind, have nothing to do with women!"

He flung himself back, laughing a little, and letting fall his eyelids. In a few minutes he burst into a fierce tirade against the whole female sex, taking Addenbrooke's announcement merely as a text.

Even Johnny was disappointed at this lack of interest on the part of his friend, but remembered having heard that Lawrence had been hard hit before he went to Africa—that nothing less, indeed, than a broken heart had sent him forth to those distant shores.

Then, before Addenbrooke knew what was happening, Fleming plunged into the very heart of his own particular grievance.

"It was last year," he said, "at a country house. It began from the moment she came into the room. I don't pretend that she was the first, but it was different, somehow. I am not even sure that she was good looking, but there was something about her—if you cared at all well, you cared! She stayed a week, and at the end of the time I told her, more or less directly, that I loved her. I was to see her the next day in London. The next day, as it happened, I was prevented by my mother's serious illness. I wrote and told her this, begging her to fix a day for my visit. She made no reply, and four days later I called at the house to be told she was out of town. The next day I accepted the offer of The Waterloo Place Gazette, and went out to Africa. I'm sure I don't know why I cared. She wasn't worth it; she had given me every encouragement—had even allowed me to kiss her. I suppose there was a richer fellow on hand, or one whose father didn't happen to keep a shop!"

Fleming rose, shrugging his shoulders. Addenbrooke remained silent. The voice of Mrs. Baxter, announcing that the portmanteau was in Lawrence's room, came as a relief to both.

"By the by," said Johnny, in a low voice, as the other felt for his keys, "all this took place at the Meades' in Warwickshire, from March the 28th on wards!"

"Oh," answered Lawrence, with some vexation, pausing on his way to the door. "I suppose you know all about it like the rest of the world!" And he went from the room.

Addenbrooke remained behind, pacing the ridiculous, incongruous apartment, while an unwonted storm of emotion raged within him.

The parts of the puzzle lay, fitted together, in his hand; it only remained for him to step forward and proclaim the solution of a most commonplace enigma. An inefficient postman, a careless housemaid—on some such undignified trifle had the whole complication hung, like many another complication before it.

No doubt, sooner or later, the missing clew would come to light, when he himself had made its discovery of no importance whatever.

Had he been of a melodramatic turn of mind, Addenbrooke might have laughed aloud at the irony of the situation.

His own dream was shattered forever; but of that for the moment he scarcely thought.

What he saw most clearly was this: that by his own act, he must make Lydia over to the hands of a man unworthy of her—unlikely to make her happy; to think of whom in connection with her seemed contamination.

But the man whom Lydia loved withal!

There was the sting, the shock that for the moment took away his breath and made him pause, pale, motionless, in his walk.

Then suddenly, before the modest and uncritical mind of Addenbrooke flashed in vivid colors the image of two men of himself and his friend.

He saw Lawrence Fleming with his showy, unreliable cleverness, his moral coarseness, the man stood before him revealed in all his second rateness.

And he saw himself John Adden-

brooke, as he had always been, in the dignity of his irreproachable life—of his honest, patient labor.

He looked on this picture and on that, and knew each for what it was worth.

Then ensued in the peaceful breast of Addenbrooke a terrible war of thoughts and emotions.

Life, which had hitherto been a simple matter enough, a mere case of doing your duty and minding your own business, had assumed a complexion of cruel difficulty.

And yet he knew that the more obvious aspect of the matter was not a complicated one.

Lydia no more belonged to him than a dog who had followed him home and had been claimed by its master.

He was bound, in common honor, to reveal the facts of which he had accidentally become possessed.

Should he go to Lydia and say: "This man, whom you prefer so infinitely to myself, is far less worthy of you than I. He has not led a bad life, as men go, but he has not led a good one." Men of the world do not do such things, but then Addenbrooke was not a man of the world.

And if he had no other right over Lydia, had he not that of his own lifelong love and her three weeks' tolerance of it?

The door opened to admit Lawrence Fleming. He had changed his coat, and bore a bundle of papers and a pipe in his hand.

"Any tobacco?" he said, taking the empty seat at the writing table.

Addenbrooke nodded toward a jar on the mantelpiece, continuing his troubled promenade across the room.

It was dawning, painfully, but surely, on his mind that his hands were indeed tied; that it only remained for Lydia to choose between them.

"But it is I who would have made her happy!" thought poor, obstinate Johnny. "Any matches?" said Fleming, with his fingers in the tobacco jar.

Johnny made no answer, and the other fumbled in the pocket of his coat.

"By George!"

This time Addenbrooke was roused, and came over to the table. "What's up?" he said.

Fleming pointed in silence to a stamped and addressed envelope lying at his feet.

Johnny picked it up, with a dull sense of relief that matters had been more or less taken out of his hands. He knew, before he looked at it, that it was addressed to Miss Grey, and that it was Fleming's customary carelessness in the matter of posting his letters which had wrought the mischief.

Lawrence was much excited. "It had slipped behind the lining of the pocket! I have just taken the coat from my portmanteau. O, that poor girl! that poor girl! what must she have thought of me all this time?"

Addenbrooke faced him suddenly. "Do you intend," he said, in a low voice, "endeavoring to repair the mischief?"

It is possible that he had a low opinion of Fleming's constancy.

"I will go to her to-morrow!" cried Lawrence.

A sudden pang of personal anguish, an intolerable sense of bereavement, shot through Addenbrooke.

He thought: "After all, perhaps, I am nothing but a jealous devil who begrudges my girl her happiness."

Aloud, he said: "There may be difficulties at first. In fact, Miss Grey is engaged to be married."

Fleming rose, with an exclamation. The two men stood facing one another; Lawrence, flushed, excited, Johnny, pale, with tense eyes and nostrils.

"Lydia engaged! Lydia! The women are all alike. Could she have no patience, no trust, but she must needs throw herself away in a fit of pique on some fellow who is not worthy of her!"

"She is engaged to me!" cried Addenbrooke, with sudden passion. "And, by Heaven, I think it is I who am too good for her!"

The position of such men as Addenbrooke is a terrible thing.

Fleming quailed before it. He gathered up his papers in silence and went from the room.

Mrs. Grey swept up to Addenbrooke as he stood with his hand on the knob of the drawing room door.

"Oh, Professor Addenbrooke, I am so sorry," she cried.

"So am I," he answered, curtly. It was two days after the events of the last chapter. Lydia had made her choice, and now, at her own request, was to take farewell of Addenbrooke.

As she came forward, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, to meet him, it struck him that she resembled the picture of a Bacchante he had seen somewhere. A Bacchante in a tailor made gown, with the neatest of cuffs and collars—poor Johnny!

"I wished," she said, when their greeting was over, "to thank you with all my heart."

"And I," he said, "wish to tell you this. Do not think that I merely took advantage of you. I believed that I could make you happy—I believe it still."

She smiled sadly, and Addenbrooke broke into a sort of laugh.

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny!" she cried. He had no intention of being pitied, even by Lydia.

"Don't distress yourself about me, Lydia," he said. "I have had my chance. Perhaps I ought to tell you that I do not think you have chosen the better man."

They talked a little aimlessly; then Addenbrooke held out both his hands in farewell. It was Lydia, who, drawing him towards her, kissed his face for the last time.

The Growth of London.

We are too frequently disposed to think of the rapid growth of our American cities as merely incidental to the settlement of a new country, and to regard the European cities as old and stationary.

It is true that their nuclei are ancient, but so far as the greater part of their built up area is concerned they are almost or quite as new as the American cities. They, like our own population centers, have grown unprecedently in recent decades as the result of modern transportation and industrial systems.

Thus London today is five times as large as it was at the opening of the present century. From 900,000 at that time the population of London grew to 1,500,000 in 1830, and by 1855 it had increased to 2,500,000. Since 1855 it has more than doubled.

The present sovereign has witnessed a gain of 200 per cent, or more since she began to reign. There are three or four dwelling houses now for every one that was visible at the date of her coronation.

In the past forty years from 2,000 to 2,500 miles of new streets have been formed in London. Who, studying the growth of foreign cities, can doubt the continued growth of our own? London is not an exception. All the other great towns of England have grown up as if by magic within this century.

The same statement applies to those of the continent. Paris is five times as large as it was in the year 1800. Berlin has grown much more rapidly than Paris. Vienna has expanded marvelously since 1840. This is a digression, but I shall continue it enough further to remark that an examination of the causes which have built up these European centers easily justifies the judgment that none of our twenty leading American cities has begun to approach its maximum size.—Dr. Albert Shaw in Century.

A Remarkable Poem.

The following poem of three stanzas of four lines each has often been alluded to as one of the most unique of literary curiosities. Each stanza contains every letter in the alphabet except the letter "e," which all printers will tell you is one of the most indispensable of the letters, its relative proportion of use being 129 times to j, k, g, l, r and i, 40. The one coming next to "e" in number of times of use is "a," which is used 89 times while the letter in question is being used 129 times.

The poem which has caused the above digression is entitled:

THE FATE OF NASSAU. Bold Nassau quite his caravan, A heavy mountain got to scan; Climbs jaggy rocks to spy his way, Doth tax his sight, but far doth stray.

Not work of man nor sport of child Finds Nassau in that maze wild; Lax grows his joints, limbs lost in vain—Poor wight! Why didst thou quit that plain!

Vainly for succor Nassau calls, Knows Zillah that thy Nassau falls; But prowling wolf and fox may joy To quarry on thy Arab boy.

—St. Louis Republic.

A Statue for Washington Irving.

It is more than probable that Mr. George William Curtis' suggestion that a statue of Washington Irving be erected in Central park will soon be acted on in a very practical way. Two or three members of the chamber of commerce have interested themselves in the matter, and they have the means and the influence to make any enterprise that they may take hold of successful. It is probable that a committee will soon be organized to give the project definite form, and there is scarcely a doubt that a fund of \$30,000 or \$40,000 will be raised in short order among the members of the chamber of commerce. The great statue of Washington in front of the sub-treasury was paid for and erected by members of the chamber of commerce, who raised \$35,000 without an effort. In fact, one man—and he is now interested in the proposed Irving statue—wanted to pay the whole bill, but his fellow members would not allow him to do so.—New York Times.

The Yosemite Bill.

The proposed Yosemite national park has become a reality by the enactment of Gen. Vandever's bill. By this result not only an important addition is made to the area of wonderful scenery reserved for public use, but an end is put, within considerable limits, to the depredations of lumbermen and sheep herders. Another important gain, and one of great practical value, is the protection which this new reservation insures to the headwaters of the San Joaquin, Merced and Tuolumne rivers, thus not only insuring a larger and steadier flow of the cataracts and falls of these streams, but conserving the water supply of the foothills and valleys below. Not less important was the passage by the senate of the resolution directing the secretary of the interior to make a prompt and careful report in regard to the spoliation of the Yosemite.—Century.

He Doesn't Like to Be Interrupted.

While Moody, the evangelist, was thundering strong truths into the hearts of his hearers a few Sundays ago, an aged deacon who sat near him on the platform kept interjecting audible and fervent "Amen's" and "Goods." "A man with principle is a man to be admired above many others," roared out Mr. Moody. "That's true," mumbled the deacon in tones of rapture. The evangelist turned instant and shouted in his mellow voice: "True! of course it's true. What do you suppose I'm telling here to-night—lies?" The poor old deacon subsided.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Gunner in the Royal artillery has just died at Woolwich who, a few years ago, was left a legacy of £10,000. He was quite a young man, and spent the whole of his fortune in three years, at the end of which time he was absolutely penniless. As a last resort he enlisted in the army and was sworn into the Royal artillery.

In the debate on the navy estimates in the French chamber M. Raspail stated that France had fewer fighting ships than in 1871, although between then and now she had expended on the navy \$200,000,000 in excess of that spent by the powers of the triple alliance.

The bed of the Feather river in California, which is being laid bare, will yield from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 of gold if the ground proves as rich as that which has been worked.

A Question Settled.

When a citizen has come to believe he owns the earth it is well that he should either receive his dues for the same or discover that he was mistaken. The supreme court of Michigan has decided that no Detroit alderman ever owns the state. This is an awful bitter dose to take, but will result in good.—Detroit Free Press.