THE BETTER MAN

By Gilbert Dayle.

(From Town and Country, New York. Reprinted by Special Permission.)

IT WAS a perfect moonlight night, and two people were slowly pacing a secluded path in the grounds of the Darncombe Cliff hotel. The man was about 35 years of age, powerfully built, with a strong, good-looking face and a bronzed complexion. His companion was a young and radiantly-pretty girl, not more than 21.

They strolled for some moments in silence. The man, with his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his jacket, was thinking hard, thinking of the thing that had happened to him.

He was in love—in love with the girl who was walking so calmly by his side. And it could have no result! It was impossible!

They had come to a seat on the cliff, and the girl touched him lightly on the arm. He awoke from his reverie with a start.

"Shall we sit down for a moment?" she said. "You haven't told me half of what I want to know, yet!"

He dropped into the seat by her side. Below them was the sea, its rippling surface glittering under the light of the moon.

"You can't think," she continued, smiling at him frankly, "how dreadfully nervous I was when Cyril told me you were coming to England!"

Dalyell forced a smile.

"Had he drawn such a terrible picture of me, then?"

"Oh, no! He is very proud of you—proud of what you have done. But I thought that, perhaps—" she hesitated, and her eyes fell on her engagement ring, "that perhaps you would not approve of his choice."

A sudden cold feeling crept over him.

"Who could help loving him?" she cried, eagerly. "He is so good — so clever, so handsome!" She paused. "Weren't you pleased, after all these years, to find him as he is?"

Her face, sparkling with enthusiasm, was turned appealingly to him. He looked at her for a second, then pulled himself together and lied bravely.

"Yes; he is a brother any man would be glad to own!" he said, in a voice that seemed strange to him.

She did not notice it, however. Her cheeks were flushed, and she laughed softly.

"I didn't know the world held such happiness!" she said, in a low tone.

"As what?" He could not resist the question.

"The joy of being loved by Cyril, and the prospect of being his wife!" she said, proudly.

He turned his face away, that she might not see the bitter look that had crept to it. Years ago, when hardly more than a boy, he had gone abroad. He had worked hard, was clever, and, best of all, lucky. In a few years his means were considerable, and, his father dying, he had made an allowance of some hundreds a year to his aunt for the purpose of educating his younger brother. With these funds he was sent to college, but his career there was not particularly brilliant. Then it was discovered that he had a craving for art, and he was given the best opportunities. Dalyell, to whom money was now but a secondary object, good-naturedly continued the allowance. Occasionally Cyril wrote enthusiastic letters about his progress, but they always contained a request for more money, and Dalyell, sitting alone in his bungalow some thousands of miles away, would smile contemptuously and sign a check.

Immediately on landing, Cyril had insisted on dragging him down to Darncombe, where Madge Escott, to whom he had lately become engaged, and her aunt were staying. They had been together a day or two, then Cyril had gone to London to execute a commission for a portrait, leaving him behind, and for ten days he had practically been alone with her. She felt that Cyril had left him in her care, and had devoted all her time to him, and this had been the result—he had fallen madly in love with her!

"May I tell you a secret?"

He gave a slight start as her gentle voice fell on his ears. He turned his head, and saw a shy smile had crept over her pure young face.

"Do!" he said, with an effort.

"Cyril said last week," she went on, "that he is making so much money at his painting that he wants the marriage to be next month!"

He felt a slight shiver run through him. His brother was lying even to her. He knew very well that his earnings from his brush formed but the slightest part of his income. For the rest he was dependent upon him.

"You will, of course, be his best man," she cried, gayly. "And you'll have to come and stay with us—very, very often!"

Dalyell made up his mind.

"I am very sorry," he began, haltingly. "But—I'm afraid I shall not be able to stop for the marriage!"

Her eyes opened in amazement.

"Not stop for the marriage?" she repeated. "Why?"

He hesitated for a moment, then faced her resolutely.

"I find I shall have to go back to India," he said, between his teeth. "There are a lot of important things to be seen to, and—well, I have decided to leave next week!" he finished, abruptly.

He saw her face cloud with disappointment.

"I had been hoping you—" she began, then she broke off with a cry of surprise. "Why, here's Cyril!" she

She rose from her seat and ran along the path to meet him. Dalyell saw her link her arm affectionately within his, and together them came toward him.

"Hello, Dick, old chap!" he cried, boyishly. "I got through with the job earlier than I expected, and so ran down to-night. Has Madge been looking after you well?" he added, with a smile at the girl on his arm.

"She has been very kind!" answered Dalyell, quietly.

The younger man shot a keen glance at him.

"Oh, Cyril, what do you think?" cried Madge. "He says he must go back to India next week—not stop for our marriage!"

"Why, what's this, Dick?" he asked.

There was a curious light in the younger Dalyell's eyes as he glanced across at his brother.

Dalyell pulled a cigar out of his pocket.

"I'll tell you about it later," he said.

He left them and made his way out of the grounds and down to the beach. For a full hour he strode up and down, deep in thought. He had done right. It was better to leave England for good. Perhaps he had been unjust to Cyril. If he loved Madge, perhaps he would do his best to make her happy. At any rate, he, Dick Dalyell, would do his best. He would double Cyril's allowance.

At length he made his way back to the hotel. Presently he found himself again on the cliff, this time alone with Cyril.

The two paced the path in silence for a few moments. Cyril, who was smoking, now and again shot a glance at his brother from under his eyelids.

"Why are you going back to India?" he asked, suddenly.

Dalyell looked out to sea.

"Oh, there are a lot of things I must attend to," he said, rather lamely.

"It's a lie!" said Cyril, very quietly.

Dick Dalyell swung round on him in astonishment. "What do you mean?" he asked, sharply.

"Simply this," his brother answered, calmly. "That you are going back to India because you have fallen desperately in love with Madge!" Then his tone changed. "Did you think you could deceive me?" he cried, triumphantly. "I've seen it in every look you've given her—every word you've spoken. You're going back because you're afraid of yourself—it's right, isn't it?" He caught his brother's arm and peered into his face. "Quite right, eh?"

Dick Dalyell shook himself free of the grasp; there was a gleam in his eye.

"Yes, it's right," he cried, passionately. "I love her—love her as I thought no woman could be loved!" His voice dropped, and he continued: "But there is no harm done. She does not know—will never know—and in a week I shall be on my way back to India."

The younger man was looking searchingly at him.

"You need not—unless you particularly want to," he said, in a meaning tone.

"What!" cried Dick, looking at him quickly.

A look of infinite cunning crept over Cyril's face.

"I mean that if you'll agree to my terms, I'll retire, and leave the field clear for you," he said.

Dalyell looked at him stonily. His brother took it for encouragement.

"It was her face—her simplicity, that took my fancy!" he went on, frankly. "But I'm tired of her—I could never have really loved her. Now, there is another—the woman whose portrait I have been painting. She is rich. In love with me, ready to marry me and go abroad." He approached nearer to his brother. "Make it £3,000," he said.

Dalyell clenched his hands.

"My God—you blackguard!" he said, hoarsely.

Young Cyril Dalyell smiled.

"Yes," he admitted, impudently. "And utterly undeserving of Madge Escott. You are the reverse—so why not accept my offer, and remain on here. Give her a few months, and you will succeed."

A feeling of mad passion suddenly overcame Dick Dalyell. With a sudden movement he stepped forward and caught his brother by the throat.

"You think I would do this thing!" he said, thickly. They were standing at the corner of the path, in front of some bushes. There was a quick, rustling noise, and the next moment some one had a hand on Dick Dalyell's arm. He gave one glance, then suddenly let go his grip. Before them stood Madge Escott, white to the lips, her eyes wet with tears.

"I was coming to call you in," she said, tremblingly. "I had nearly reached you when some words caught my ears. I had to listen—I have heard all!"

Then she turned to the younger man, who stood cowering a few yards away. She drew herself up, and her eyes flashed.

"I can only thank Heaven that I have found you out in time," she said. "I shall never see you again!"

She turned her head and her eyes met Dick Dalyell's. He was gazing at her intently. For a second they remained thus. Then she took a step forward and held out her hand.

"Good-bye!" she said, with a sob in her voice. "I am sorry!" She turned and vanished down the path.

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NEWS OF THE WORLD.

HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST FEW DAYS FROM ALL QUARTERS.

Tammany Increases Personal Assessments in New York—Suicide of the "Cowboy Preacher"—Equal Suffrage in Colorado—Dowieites Mobbed.

Pierre Lorillard, the millionaire tobacco manufacturer, died in New York July 7. He was nearly 68 years of age.

Earl Russell will be tried before the British house of lords on July 18 on the charge of bigamy.

A message by wireless telegraph was received at Cape Ray, Newfoundland, from the steamer Lake Champlain, 200 miles out at sea, stating that the steamer would pass that point the next evening at 8 o'clock. There was quite a fog at the time, but this did not appear to affect the signals.

The steamer Bramerton arrived at Tacoma from the Orient and brings details of the loss of 300 lives by a landslide and flood at Langkeng, in China, in June. The landslide was caused by a tremendous earthquake which unsettled both land and sea.

A New York dispatch says that the Tammany original system of putting nearly every one on the tax rolls for personal estate for sums ranging from about $5,000 to several millions has resulted in increasing gross personal assessments by more than $64,000,000. Some of the larger assessments are the following: Frederick W. Vanderbilt, $2,000,000; George W. Vanderbilt, $2,000,000; William K. Vanderbilt, $1,000,000; J. D. Rockefeller, $1,000,000; Ottendorfer estate, $1,000,000; Andrew Carnegie, $1,000,000; Russell Sage, $600,000; A. C. Vanderbilt, $500,000; H. H. Rogers, $500,000; Joseph Pulitzer, $500,000; Marie Marshall, $380,000; Adrian Iselin, $100,000. Tammany has also increased the valuations on city real estate $153,863,075.

By a decision of Judge Palmer in the district court at Denver liquor may be sold on Sunday and saloon-keepers may sell liquor to women in wine rooms connected with their saloons. Judge Palmer is of the opinion that women have the same right as men to purchase liquor, and that the equal suffrage constitutional provision swept away the last vestige of inequality between man and woman under the laws of the state of Colorado.

Rev. L. G. Brooker of the Evangelical church, well known as the "Cowboy Preacher," committed suicide at his home in Kearney, Neb., by shooting himself with a revolver. Brooker stood charged with criminal relations with Hattie Longmate, who had been an intimate of the Brooker family during her residence at Grand Island.

Professor John Fiske of Cambridge, the famous lecturer and historian, died at the Hawthorne Inn, East Gloucester, Mass. The cause of death was excessive heat, of which he had complained for two days. Mr. Fiske was 59 years of age and was for many years connected with Harvard.

Allen G. Meyers has brought suit in the United States district court at Columbus, O., for $25,000 damages against the grand lodge of Elks. He says he was illegally expelled from the order; that his newspaper, The Elk, was destroyed, and his honor of the Elks rendered valueless, and the ritual of the order, which he was the author and proprietor, was appropriated and is now in use, for all of which he asks damages in the amount stated. Meyers was expelled five years ago and would have been barred from bringing suit by the statute of limitations in a few days.

The Chicago Tribune gives the number of casualties throughout the country due to celebrating the Fourth as follows: Dead, 21, against 1,812. Injured, 8128, 185. Those who were injured suffered from the following causes: Fireworks, 3,000; powder, 400; toy cannon, 544; firearms, 207; fireworks, 406; explosion, 206; injuries in runaways, 48. Total, 1,812.

About a score of the disciples of John Alexander Dowie visited Evanston, a suburb of Chicago, for the purpose of showing the people of Evanston the error of their ways. The parade the Dowieites made, early morning they were assailed with eggs, vegetables and other missiles, and despite the efforts of the entire police force of the place, a mob of 1,000 people drove them out of town.

The Pope has sent a letter to the archbishops and generals of the religious orders and institutions condemning the French legislation against congregations, and says that he who touches the person or monks touches the apple of his church's eyes.

Jessie Morrison, convicted of manslaughter in the second degree for the murder of Mrs. Clara Wiley Conklin on July 22, 1903, was sentenced at El Dorado, Kas., to five years in the penitentiary in close confinement at hard labor. Miss Morrison took the sentence calmly.

W. H. Stokes gave a dinner at the Union League club at New York to General Maximo Gomez and General Rosalio Palma. Mr. Stokes was formerly a member of the Cuban League of America, and was closely identified with the work of the junta, of which General Palma was the head. Cuba and the United States, said the generals, belong together. It is only a question of government when they will be one. For at present, after the great struggle in which thousands of lives were spent, Cuba and which cost hundreds of millions, she is left free to work in the reconstructed territory in which Weyler built roads, under the police of reconstructed, they feel that they must have time. It is enough for her, he said, that Cuba makes good along a level the United States has left Cuba stand on her own foundation.

CRIME AND ACCIDENT.

William Kinney of Tacoma, while hunting in the mountains of Mt. St. Helens, Wash., was accidentally shot in the leg by a companion and bled to death before he could be carried to a place of safety. Kinney is well known in Tacoma, where he has been a leader in the Elks and other fraternal societies.

Frank T. Lowry, a baloonist, was killed at Meridian, Miss., by falling a distance of 1,000 feet. Lowry, hailing from Meridian, Miss., had boasted that he would be killed in a balloon. He had made a number of ascensions in the city and had never met with an accident. While he was falling he was seen to jump from the balloon and attempt to land with the aid of a parachute, but he was killed before he could reach the ground.

At Lowell, N. Y., the school house, a large two-story building, was burned Friday night. The loss is about $15,000, with insurance of $5,000. The building was valued at $20,000. The school was to open next week. The building was the property of the Lowell Union Free school district. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Two boys, aged respectively 14 and 16 years, were found hanging in a barn near Ellsworth, Me., Friday morning. The boys were playmates, and, according to statements of neighbors, they had had a quarrel some days previously. Albert is the son of a well-known painter, and Koehler is the son of a minister of the gospel.

The four-horse team on the Tillamook and North Yamhill (Or.) stage run away on a down grade and the stage was overturned. There were two passengers, R. M. Strowbridge of Willamette valley had an arm broken, and D. S. Strowbridge of Fresno, a brother of R. M. Strowbridge, was instantly killed, his skull being fractured and his arms and legs broken. The brothers were on their way to Tillamook to visit relatives.

The stage between Baker City and Bridgeport, Or., was held up near Dooley mountain by a lone highwayman. There were no passengers on the stage. The robber went through the pockets of the driver, Dave Hudson, securing $45 in cash and his watch. The mails were not disturbed. It is supposed that the robber expected to get the Clark's creek placer mine clean-up, which he thought was on the stage.

A train wreck occurred at Black Butte Summit, a siding station eight miles north of Sisson, Cal., when the Shasta express collided with a north-bound troop train. On the latter were some regular soldiers returning to their eastern stations after serving in China and the Philippine Islands. One man who was riding on the blind baggage was instantly killed and several people were injured.

Miss Lulu Schaffer, one of the waitresses of the Sunnibel hotel at Yosemite, Cal., was drowned in the rapids of the Merced river, near El Capitan bridge, Sunday, July 7th. Miss Schaffer, Miss Sadie Young and John Van Campen went for a row on the river. When they reached the rapids Miss Young landed, the other two remaining in the boat. By the accidental boring of an engine boat became unmanageable in the rapids and upset, resulting in the drowning of Miss Schaffer.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

Hereafter all military operations among the troops in the Philippines and other island possessions will be reported to the war department by mail instead of by cable.

The United General Hospital was at the war department, and stated there he met General Miles for the first time. President McKinley gave a dinner at the White House in honor of General Gomez.

The department of agriculture has begun work at the national capital on a periodic apparatus three of 400 acres, with paintings, contents, stone gardens and gems fields of every kind. All fruits and vegetables of the United States and many valuable species of vegetables in this climate will be seen there. Systems of drainage and irrigation, model farming and the best models of storing grain, fruits and vegetables will be exhibited. There will be a stone plant of six acres, with lawns, strawberry and shade trees. Within five to seven years the farm will be complete.

President McKinley, when finally notified of the Porto Rican legislation's action in discussing free trade with the United States, will issue a proclamation directing that all imports from Porto Rico into the United States and all imports from the United States into Porto Rico shall be free of duty. Under the Foraker act, tariff duties could not upon the enactment and putting into operation a system of local taxation adequate to the necessities of the government of Porto Rico. As this provision has been complied with the Republican of Porto Rico has kept July 31 as the date for the establishment of free trade.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Professor Zuelzer, one of the vivisectors at the St. Louis hospital, Paris, has announced to the Academy of Medicine that he and Justin de Bois have discovered the microbe of syphilis.

Prince von Hohenlohe, formerly German imperial chancellor, died at Ragaz, Switzerland, July 6th. He was born March 31, 1819.

The Russian press is greatly elated at the success of complete silence of the newspapers in Japan. Russian newspapers are permitted to publish Japanese news and comment on it freely. This shows the Japan feels that Russian accounts were not believed, and that what Russia knew of Japan's success.

The great cattle, sheep and horse show of the Royal Agricultural society of England, which opens at Tewkesbury, June 19th, and the closing attraction will be held on Saturday, July 14th.

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