

DAWN:

A NOVEL BY RIDER HAGGARD, AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "SIR," "JOES," "THE WITNESS'S HEAD," ETC.

"I say, Arthur, that you are a very noble gentleman, and that, though from this day I must be a miserable woman, I shall always be proud to have loved you. Listen, my dear. When I read that letter, I felt that your Angela towered over me like the Alps, her snowy purity stained only by the reflected lights of heaven. I felt that I could not compete with such a woman as this, that I could never hope to hold you from one so calmly faithful, so dreadfully serene, and I knew that she had conquered, robbing me for Time, and, as I fear, leaving me beggared for Eternity. In the magnificence of her unyielding power, in the calm certainty of her command, she flings me your life as though it were nothing. Take it, she says, 'he will never love you—he is mine; but I can afford to wait. I shall claim him before the throne of God. But now, look you, Arthur, if you can behave like the generous-hearted gentleman you are, I will show you that I am not behind you in generosity. I will not marry you. I have done with you, or, to be more correct, you have done with me. Go back to Angela, the beautiful woman with inscrutable gray eyes, who waits for you, clothed in her eternal calm, like a mountain in its snows. I shall send her that tiara as a wedding-present; it will become her well. Go back, Arthur; but sometimes, when you are cloyed with unearthly virtue and perfection, remember that a woman quite a speech; you will always think of me in connection with fine words. Why don't you go?"

Arthur stood utterly confused. "And what will you do, Mildred?" "I?" she answered, with the same hard laugh. "Oh, don't trouble yourself about me. I shall be a happy woman yet. I mean to see life now—go in for pleasure, power, ritualism, whatever comes first. Perhaps, when we meet again, I shall be Lady Minister, or some other great lady, and shall be able to tell you that I am very, very happy. A woman always likes to tell her old lover that, you know, though she would not like him to believe it. Perhaps, too—and here her eyes grew soft, and her voice broke into a sob—"I shall have a consolation you know nothing of."

He did not know what she meant, indeed, he was half-distracted with grief and doubt. For a moment more they stood facing each other in silence, and then suddenly she flung her arms above her head, and, uttering a low cry of grief, turned, and ran swiftly down the stone passage into the museum. Arthur hesitated for a while, and then followed her.

A painful sight waited him in that silent chamber, for there—stretched on the ground before the statue of Osiris, like some hopeless slumberer before an inexorable justice, with her brown hair touched to gold by a ray of sunlight from the roof—lay Mildred, as still as though she was dead. He went to her and tried to raise her, but she, wrenched herself loose, and, in an abandonment of misery flung herself upon the ground again.

"I thought it was over," she said, "and that you were gone. Go, dear, or this will drive me mad. Perhaps sometimes you will write to me." He knelt beside her and kissed her, and then he rose and went.

But for many a year was he haunted by that scene of human misery enacted in the weird chamber of the dead. Never could he forget the sight of Mildred lying in the sunlight, with the marble face of mocking calm looking down on her, and the mortal frames of those who in their day had suffered as she suffered, and ages since had found the rest that she in time would reach, scattered all around—fit emblems of the fragile vanity of passions which suck their strength from earth alone.

CHAPTER-LVI.

When Arthur got out of the gates of the Quinta Carr, he hurried to the hotel, with the intention of reading the letters Mildred had given him, and, passing through the dining-room, seated himself upon the "stoop" which overlooked the garden in order to do so. At this time of the year it was generally speaking, a quiet place, and that contained upon its trembling finger, and repudiating the statement, marked "to be read first," on account of its business-like appearance—glanced at the first lines of Angela's own letter, when the sound of hurrying feet and many chattering voices reminded him that he could expect no peace anywhere in the neighborhood of the hotel. The second English mail was in, and all the crowd of passengers, who were at this time pouring out to the cape to escape the English winter, had come, rejoicing ashore, to eat, drink, be merry, and buy parrots and wicker chairs while the vessel coaled.

He groaned, and fled, in his hurry leaving the statement on the bench on which he was seated.

Some half mile away, to the left of the town, where the sea had encroached a little upon the shore of the island, there was a nook of peculiar loveliness. Here the giant hand of Nature had cleft a ravine in the mountains that make Madeira, down which a crystal streamlet trickled to the patch of yellow sand that edged the sea. Its banks sloped like a natural terrace, and were clothed with masses of maidenhair-fern interwoven with feathery grasses, while up above among the rocks grew aloe and every sort of flowering shrub.

Behind, clothed in forest, lay the mass of mountains, varied by the rich green of the vine-clad valleys, and in front heaved the endless ocean, broken only by one lonely rock that stood grimly out against the purpling glories of the evening sky. This spot Arthur had discovered in the course of his rambles with Mildred, and it was here that he bent his steps to be alone to read his letters. Scarcely had he reached the place, however, when he discovered, to his intense vexation, that he had left the enclosure in Angela's letter upon the veranda at the hotel. But, luckily, it chanced that, within a few yards of the spot where he had seated himself, there was a native boy cutting walking-sticks from the scrub. He called to him in Portuguese, of which he had learned a little, and, writing something on a card, told him to take it to the manager of the hotel, and to bring back what he would give him. Delighted at the chance of earning sixpence, the boy started at a run, and at last he was able to begin to read his letter.

Had Arthur not been in quite such a hurry to leave the hotel, he might have seen something which would have interested him, namely, a very lovely woman—so lovely, indeed, that everybody turned their heads to look at her as she passed, accompanied by another woman clad in a stiff black gown, not at all lovely, and rarer ancient, but, for all that, well-favored and pleasant to look on, being duly conveyed to their room in the hotel by his friend the manager.

"Well, thank my stars, here we be at last," said the elderly stout person, with a gasp, as the door of the room closed upon the pair, "and it's my opinion that here I shall stop till my dying day, for, as for getting on board one of those beastly ships again, I couldn't do it, and that's flat. Now look here, dearie, don't you sit there and look frightened, but just set to and clean yourself up a bit. I'm off downstairs to see if I can find out about things; everybody's sure to know everybody else's business in a place like this, because, you see, the people can't get out of a bit of an island; it must travel round till it owdaporties. I shall soon know if he is married or not, and if he is, why, what's done can't be undone, and it's no use crying over spilt milk, and we'll be off home, though I doubt I shan't live to get there, and if he isn't, why so much the better."

"Oh, nurse, do stop talking, and go quickly; can't you see that I am in an agony of suspense? I am in agony of suspense! I must get it over one way or the other."

"Hurry no man's cattle, my dear, or I shall make a mess of it. Now, Miss Angela, just you keep cool; it ain't no manner of use flying into a state. I'll be back presently."

But, as soon as she was gone, poor Angela flew into a considerable state; for, flinging herself upon her knees by the bed, she broke into hysterical prayers to her Maker that Arthur might not be taken from her. Poor girl! alternately racked by sick fears and wild hopes, hers was not a enviable position during the apparently endless ten minutes that followed.

Meanwhile Pigott had descended to the cool hall, round which were ranged rows of hammocks, and was looking out for some one with whom to enter into conversation. A Portuguese waiter approached her, but she majestically waved him away, under the impression that he could not speak English, though as a matter of fact his English was purer than her own.

"That's a pretty little woman leading a baby by the hand came up to her. "Pray, do you want anything? I am the wife of the manager."

"Yes, ma'm, I want a little information—at least, there's another that does. Did you ever happen to hear of a Mr. Heigham?"

"Mr. Heigham—indeed, yes, I know him well. He was here a few minutes since."

"Then perhaps, ma'm, you can tell me if he is married to a Mrs. Carr that lives on this island?"

"Not that I know of," she answered, with a little smile; "but there is a good deal of talk about them—people say that, though they are not married, they ought to be, you know."

"That is the best bit of news that I have heard for many a day. As for the talk, I don't pay no manner of heed to that. If he ain't married to her, he won't marry her now, I'll go bail. Thank you kindly, ma'm."

for a paper that he left. I found it on the veranda just now, and wondered what it was. Perhaps you would take it to him if you go. I don't like trusting this boy—as likely as not he will lose it."

"That will just suit. Just you tell the boy to wait while I fetch my young lady, and we will go with him. Is this the paper? And in her writing, too. Well, I never. There, I'll be back in no time."

Pigott went up stairs far too rapidly for a person of her size and years, with the result that when she reached their room, where Angela was waiting half dead with suspense, she could only gasp.

"Well," said Angela, "be quick and tell me."

"Oh, Lord, them stairs!" gasped Pigott. "For pity's sake, tell me the worst."

"Now, miss, do give a body time, and don't be a fool—begging pardon for—"

"Oh, Pigot, you are torturing me!" "Well," miss, you muddle me so; but I am coming to it. I went down them stairs, and there I saw a wonderful nice-looking party with a baby."

"For God's sake tell me—is Arthur married?"

"Why, no, dearie, of course not. I was just a-going to say—"

But whatever valuable remark Pigott was going to make was lost to the world for ever, as Angela flung her arms round her neck and began kissing her.

"Oh! oh! thank God—thank God! Oh! oh!"

Whereupon Pigott, being a very sensible person, took her by the shoulders and tried, to shake her, but it was no joke shaking a person of her height. Angela stood firm, and Pigott oscillated; that was the only visible result.

"Now, then, miss," she said, giving up the shaking as a bad job "no high strikes if you please. Just you put on your hat and come for a bit of a walk in this queer place with me. I haven't brought you up by hand this two and twenty year or thereabouts to see you off in high strikes like a housemaid as has seen a ghost."

Angela stopped, and did as she was bid.

CHAPTER LVII. Arthur read this letter, and his heart burned with passionate love of the true woman he had dared to doubt. Then he flung himself upon the grass and looked at the ocean that sparkled and heaved before him, and tried to think; but as yet he could not. The engines of his mind were reversed full speed, while his mind itself, with quick shudders and confusion, still forged ahead upon its former course. He rose, and cast upon the scene around him that long look we give to the place where a great happiness has found us.

The sun was sinking fast behind the mountains, turning their slanted sides and soaring pinnacles to giant shields and spears of fire. Beneath their mass shadows—fore-runners of the night—crept over the forests and the created rollers, while further from him the ocean heaved in a rosy glow. Above, the ever-changing vault of heaven was of a beauty that no brush could paint. On a groundwork of burning red were piled, height upon height, deep ridges of purple and of crimson. Near the horizon the colors brightened to a dazzling gold, till at length they narrowed to the white intensity of the half-hidden eye of the sun vanishing behind the mountains; while underlying the steady splendor of the upper skies flashed soft and melting shades of rose and lilac. Blue space above him was broken up by fantastic clouds that floated all on fire, and glowed like molten metal. The reflection, too, of all these massed and varied lights in the azure of the eastern skies was full of shaped contrasts and soft surprises, and a travelling eagle, sailing through space before them, seemed to gather all their tints upon his vivid wings, and, as he passed away, to leave a rainbow track of broken light.

The Dancer. Bella's Dark face is sweet, And her two fitting feet Are more attractive far than Circe's spells. What imagery too rich in commendation Of the seductive, rhythmic undulation Of the limbs figure that those feet sustain, With fall as soft as fall of summer rain? How she floats above the footlights, something beautiful in gaze, With brightness contradicting all of gravitation's laws. And a smile the while she hovers, surely something of the grace To those two feet appearing has crept upward to her face: In perspective over bald heads see her flutter to the floor. A Titania laughing over Beaming Bottoms by the score, Tantalus up their old affections in an all-encreeling net. Wearing meekness now about them with each instant's pirouette.

But front rows not alone the fairy captives. Those who have half-exhibit equal raptures; She's charmed the bald and all the rest. What simile shall suit her best, What neat comparison enhance, Praised for the Spirit of the Dance, Who, from the stage's side, Floats like a lily on a cooling tide? Each touch of foot is but a light caress; She steps on velvet like the leopardess; She has such art we may not know her arts. And drifts on tilted toes into our hearts! STANLEY WATERLOO.

The Rain. The rain! the rain! the rain! It gushes from the skies and streamed Like awful tears, and the sick man thought How pitiful it seemed. And he turned his face away And stared at the wall again, His hopes might dead and heart worn out. Oh, the rain! the rain! the rain!

The rain! the rain! the rain! And the broad stream brimmed the shores. And over the river crept over the reeds And the roots of the sycamores: A corpse swelled by the drift. Where the boat had snapt its chain— And a hoarse-voiced mother shrieked and raved. Oh, the rain! the rain! the rain!

The rain! the rain! the rain! And the new-made man and wife Stood at the window-pane Like two glad children kept from school. Oh, the rain! the rain! the rain!

Dangerously Acquired Bloom. (Boston Times.) John B. Stetson, the Philadelphia hat maker, who employs 800 men, women, and children, has a Sunday school of 1,600 scholars in connection with his factory. The chapel where it meets cost \$40,000 and in it lectures by distinguished men are given weekly. Adjoining it is a well-stocked library and reading room, and next to that is a dispensary, and adjoining is a beautiful prayer room, where at noon on each work day the employees meet for half an hour for prayer and praise. Mr. Stetson devotes one-tenth of his earnings to benevolence, and mentions his employees when they break down.

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