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NOT LOVED,
YET WEDDED

"They believe you have come to see a lady who is desirous of obtaining your services as a companion," Lord Cecil interrupted, quickly. "The cause of my presence is to excuse her, to say she has been detained in the country and cannot be here today."

"My lord, I admit your facility for invention, such falsehoods, readily coined, mark a noble, praiseworthy nature," she retorted, with a smile of contempt. "It seems, then, that it is only I who am aware of the insult put upon me."

"Insult! It is no insult!" he cried, with imploring gesture. "Signora, you are cruel to persist in misreading me. What could I do? For two years I have been seeking you, secretly, but never finding—always hoping. My eyes, wherever I have gone, have been perpetually seeking, seeking greedily, for one face—yours. Yet all was fruitless until yesterday, when I discovered where you lived. Knowing that, I felt I must see you—for your sake as my own, my own, because I would clear my honor from the stain it bore in your eyes. But how could I do this? Had I called at Mrs. Manning's you would have refused to see me, for I divined well the reason of your mysterious flight; also a false representation might have been placed by strangers on my visit. I could not risk that; too much misconception had occurred already. In my desperation, my eager longing, I could recognize but one means. Without possibly, due consideration, I seized it. Blame me, if you will; but never believe I acted with any other feeling than the sincerest respect for you, signora—a respect such as I would have paid my mother. You find under a cruel error, to remove which I have sought you for two years; desirous to tell you that my love for you has ever been as honorable as now, when I beseech you to be my wife."

Yielding to a movement of hers some time before, he had released her hand; but, struck by his earnest, respectful manner, his penitential entreaty, she had stood where she was, making no effort to leave the room. Now, as he concluded, he knelt, and ventured again to take her hand.

She did not at once remove it. There was a pause, for Maria found it difficult to master her voice to reply. Did she not love him? Would she have paid alone, know. Never was task more painful than hers. Yet she must not give way, for her honor, her pride's sake. But she feared her power; the strongest women are but as the weakest in such moments. One thing she must be to imperative that she must use some argument which should speedily conclude the interview; she dared not trust herself to listen to her lover's pleading. The one she adopted was severe to herself and him.

"My lord," she said, so calmly as to surprise herself, while she drew away her hand, "I thank you much, very much, for the honor you have done me. Trust me, I appreciate it, and entreat you to pardon any severity my words may have worn while I labored, as you said truly, under an error. I repeat, I feel most flattered, most grateful. Still, my lord, in this proposal you have forgotten two things."

Lord Cecil's fair, handsome face had been raised to hers with an eager, hoping, questioning suspense, but as she had proceeded a gloom had shadowed it.

"And those two, signora?" he asked, in a husky, uncertain tone.

"First, my lord, you have surely forgotten my humble origin; also that I am but a superior servant—not fit wife for you, the future Marquis of Santyre."

"Signora Santyre!" he began, with fervor.

But Maria, trembling for her resolution did she let him plead, interposed hurriedly:

"My lord, before you seek to remove the first objection, would it not be best to hear the second?"

"As you please, signora," he rejoined, almost doggedly; "but I warn you, it shall not sway me. I will never marry any other woman than you."

"Hush, hush, my lord! Such a vow would truly be rash until you have learned the insurmountable reason

why you and I can never be anything to each other."

"Insurmountable!" he ejaculated, in despair. "Speak, signora, speak—but be merciful!"

Maria, pausing, had for a second to avert her face. The agony she then experienced was never again suffered, mentally or physically, in her future life. After with so violent an endeavor at composure that it resembled indifference, she replied:

"My lord, for a union to be happy, it is necessary for the affection to be mutual."

He rose up quickly, catching his breath as one who has experienced a severe shock. He gazed at her—a pain in his eyes which pierced her to the soul.

"And—and," he began, falteringly, "you do not—"

"My lord, I do not love you," she answered, but veiling her eyes with the silken lashes; "that is the insurmountable reason. Were I your equal, or were society to become generous and promise to receive me in all honor as Lady Carlford, I yet could not wed you. No worldly advantage should make me marry one I do not love!"

There was silence. Cecil was pale as death. How could he try as he would, mistake those cruel, calm, firm accents? His frame shook—his eyes were downcast; he leaned on the back of a chair for support.

His grief, his despair rent Maria's heart. Oh, why should they thus suffer? Why could she not cast herself at his feet, as he had at hers, and cry, "Cecil, do not sorrow, but smile—smile as I, for I love you?" Why might she not feel those strong arms around her? Why not feel heart beating responsive to heart? Why? For the sake of pride and self-respect—aye, and for his sake, too.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Finally Lord Cecil spoke. His voice was hoarse, low and eloquent of bitter anguish, yet cold:

"I am answered, signora. After what you have stated, there can be said. I must apologize for having given you all this trouble. May I lead you to the carriage?"

He extended his arm, but Maria drew back.

"Thanks, my lord," she answered, now very gently, sympathetically; "but considering the position I hold in the hotel people's eyes, I had better, I think, go alone."

"True—I had forgotten. Farewell!"

He stretched forth his hand, she took it, and for an instant retaining it, remarked with some emotion:

"My lord, I grieve bitterly that I was forced to say what I did. Can you forgive me?"

"I have already done so," he replied, lifting his sad, but frank, eyes to hers. "I suffer keenly—I must do so; but I honor, I esteem you more than ever, and thank you for saving me from the humiliation of being accepted from mercenary motives."

Stooping, he passionately kissed her hand; then, swinging round on his heel, walked to the window.

"I am grateful for your generous opinion, my lord, I shall never cease to remember it," she murmured, as the tears rushing to her eyes, she hastened to the door. She must go, for a wild, delirious feeling was creeping over her to approach him; to call upon his name—"Cecil, Cecil!" and in those words reveal the truth.

As her hand grasped the handle, he once more addressed her:

"Pardon my staying you, but may I inform my cousin of your address? I know it would delight her much to see you."

"I should regard it as an exceeding kindness if you would, my lord, I, on my part, long to see her—to explain. I fear she must consider me most ungrateful."

"That was my fault," he rejoined; "but the dream is over, signora. You need no longer keep yourself hidden from your friends."

He turned again to the window, and Maria, stifling a sob, quitted the apartment. In the corridor, however, she stopped and seemed on the point of going back.

"Should I not warn him against the man—the villain—he calls friend?" she reflected; adding, "No, the affair is not mine. I have no right to interfere. I act on my own responsibility. Besides, it might do harm. It was related to me in strictest confidence; and Caroline desires privacy, not publicity."

With that she descended the stairs, entered the brougham and was driven back to Chester Square.

Lord Carlford did not remain long at the hotel after Maria had quitted it. Certainly no better means could she have selected to effectually crush his hopes, not only this, but also to modify his despair, for her, to outward appearance, calm assertion that she did not love him, nor ever could, though she had been of good rank, had keenly stung his pride.

[To be Continued.]



"ASLEEP!"

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TALKS WITH
MR. GLADSTONEA Record Kept by a Near
Neighbor.The Great Man's Opinions on Many
Questions—Social Dangers Ahead.

Of the many books that are being published about Mr. Gladstone, one of the most valuable, from the personal point of view, is a small volume containing a number of easy conversations over the tea-cups between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lionel Tollemache.

Mr. Tollemache was a near neighbor of Mr. Gladstone's at Hawarden, and the two men became intimate friends some 50 years ago. Mr. Tollemache gives a general sketch of his intercourse with Mr. Gladstone from 1838 to 1870. It appears that they did not meet again until 1891, in Biarritz, France, where Mr. Gladstone was accustomed to go every year for a rest. Mr. Tollemache being a Conservative in politics, Mr. Gladstone, we are told, avoided almost entirely the discussion of English politics; but on all other subjects broached the great Englishman talked frankly and freely, and Mr. Tollemache, having an extraordinary memory, a great many of these talks, especially since 1891, are given verbatim.

Naturally enough, the conversations contain but fragmentary views, taking quick turns and coming to indecisive conclusions. We summarize here the most interesting fragments of these talks:

Mr. Gladstone spoke of English literature of the nineteenth century as "quite extraordinary." He thought this strange "because of the Elizabethan outburst." He said that there had been practical continuity, and that this was very rare, and was, in fact, a great fact. He said that the English literature of the nineteenth century was an excitement at all equal to that caused by Walter Scott's novels. The nearest approach was shown in Tennyson's last poems; but this was not at all equal to the last verses of Scott. Scott he considered the great delineator of character next to Homer and Shakespeare.

He thought there is a want of harmony in George Eliot's novels. "She makes such absurd and people marry one another. Why did Adam Bede marry Dinah?"

"After talking of American novels and contrasting them with Scott, Mr. Gladstone said that an American had declared that he did not suppose there were ten men in Boston equal to Shakespeare."

Mr. Gladstone regarded the editor of the Spectator, Mr. Hutton, as being, at least since Matthew Arnold's death, the first of English critics. He said his own policy had been each week to pick in the Spectator he had left off taking it. This, he added, was due to his great regard for the editor. "I found that reading those weekly attacks tended to use a vulgar term, to establish a law."

Mr. Gladstone was of the opinion that Prof. Bryce, in his social aspects of America, has not dwelt enough on the influence of wealth. He thought that the "era of wealth," i.e., of colossal fortunes, is setting in; and he regretted it. He spoke of the report that Mr. Astor has two and a half millions a year. "The Duke of Westminster is a pauper to him." Over the distribution of wealth he felt uneasy, and he thought the irresponsibility attaching to the conditions of holding wealth, now, especially in the United States, and the difficulty or impossibility of bringing home to men the responsibility of riches held under the present conditions, is the black spot of the future.

Mr. Gladstone's strong orthodoxy will be observed in the following observations:

"I asked him what he thought of Prof. Milver's article in the Nineteenth Century, called 'The Happiness in Hell.'"

"Gladstone—if a man begins by being tipsy sometimes and ends by being dead drunk daily—if he begins by beating his wife and ends by killing her, I see no reason to think that he will begin to improve as soon as he dies."

He was asked if he had observed the singular absence of the sense of sin in the works of American divines of all schools. "Oh," he said slowly, "the sense of sin—that is the great want in modern life; it is wanting in our sermons, wanting everywhere." That was said slowly and reflectively, almost like a monologue.

Speaking of the Jews: Gladstone—I used to think the Irish the most oppressed people on earth; but now I think that the Jews have been even more oppressed.

But he did not take the same high view that many take of the old Hebrew literature, regarded merely as literature. He agreed with Max Muller, that, with the exception of Isaiah, the Jewish intellect did not become great until it came into contact with the Aryan intellect. He contended that Moses was a real person; the Jewish intellect lacked the imagination to create him.

Mr. Tollemache tells us that Mr. Gladstone ranked Disraeli as the greatest master of parliamentary wit that ever lived; but Disraeli was never at his best after his old antagonist, Peel, died. Gladstone looked upon his character as a great mystery, and it pained him to feel that the mystery will never be solved.

In one of their talks, Mr. Tollemache asked Mr. Gladstone if he did not take a thoroughly sanguine view of the prospects of this very reforming age.

Gladstone—Not altogether. The future is to me a blank. I cannot at all guess what is coming.

Tollemache—Do you mean that you are afraid that democracy may bring everything to a dead level, or that science is too hastily moving the old theological landmarks?

Gladstone—I am not so much afraid either of democracy or of science, as of the love of money. This seems to me to be the growing evil. Also there is a danger from the growth of that dreadful military spirit.

He did not feel certain that the perfecting of war machines would make war more dreaded.

Tollemache—Is not the moral standard of public men higher than it used to be?

Gladstone—I should say that in England the change has been all the other way. About the continent I am not sure (after a pause), since the retirement of Bismarck, Cripplé would probably rank as the first of continental statesmen. I am no great admirer of the public career of either Castlereagh or Metternich. But, judging as a moralist, I should say that the careers of Castlereagh and of Metternich would compare favorably with those of Bismarck and Cripplé.

Being asked by another of the party what he thought of Bismarck, he replied: "He is a very big man, but very unscrupulous."

Mr. Gladstone was asked about the fall of Bismarck:

Gladstone—According to English notions, Bismarck was clearly wrong; he insisted on his subordinates not communicating with the emperor except through him.

Tollemache—Would it make much difference in England if this were done?

Gladstone—Immense; but I find it difficult to give the reason.

Mr. Tollemache goes on to say: "I remembered that Bourget fears, in his book, 'Ouvre Mer,' that perils may be in store for America from the exotic element—that is to say, from the great and increasing number of German and other immigrants who are not bound to America by any patriotic tie, and who in many instances are Socialists and anarchists; and Mr. Gladstone think that there is any risk of a disruption of the Union?"

Gladstone—I think none whatever. At the time of the American civil war the Union was subjected to a tremendous strain; there was a threat of an anarchy; there was the opposition between the interests of some individual states and that of the federation; between emancipation and slavery, and between free trade and protection. And over these three dangers, the Union triumphed; and I can see no dangers of equal magnitude to which it is now exposed.

He was then reminded of the Venezuelan dispute as an indication of the widespread animosity in America towards England.

Gladstone—I very much fear that is so. And unfortunately this is not all. We seem to be unpopular all over the world. The French dislike us. The Dutch hate us, and, naturally, and so do the Germans. I cannot help wondering, when England is so much disliked, if it may not be to a great extent her own fault. Have you remarked that England has several times of late years submitted an international dispute to arbitration, and that the decision has generally been against her?

This is to me a very unpleasant subject for reflection. The English are a very strange people. They have very great qualities; but they also have very great faults.

This reminded Mr. Tollemache of the case of the Alabama.

Gladstone—The case of the Alabama is a very difficult and complicated one. Tollemache—I suppose that you consider the award was extravagantly high?

Gladstone—It was enormous.

Mr. Tollemache calls the reader's attention more than once to the fact that, while Mr. Gladstone was very orthodox in religion, he thought the Greeks superior to the Hebrew moralists, and greatly admired their religion. This may be explained on the grounds of his passionate fondness for Homer.

Mr. Gladstone, in answer to an inquiry, replied that, he was in favor of opening the professions to women, but he thought they should be excluded from the franchise. If they were once given the franchise, it would be hard to prevent their having everything else. He said they would want to become judges and generals.

On being asked his opinion about mind-reading and clairvoyance, he said:

"I keep my judgment in suspense about mind-reading. I don't let myself be entangled in the belief in it; but I am not violently opposed to it. There seems to be very strong evidence for the stories of second-sight at the moment of death."

He then told of one instance when one of his old servants died, and he saw him standing at the breakfast table at the moment of his death. He said it might have been an ocular delusion.

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