



## A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XXII.

All eyes went to Heroncourt—even Maida's; hers rested on his face with an expression not to be described. He was very white and his brows were drawn. He put out his hand and took hers and held it firmly, his eyes full of love and tenderness, of admiration, even of worship. He had never loved her better than at that moment, she seemed almost divine to him; and his unworthiness to claim so noble a creature as his own, weighed upon his heart.

"Miss Carrington is quite right," he said. "I agree with every word she has said. The money must be restored. You have appealed to me—that is my response."

Mr. Coburn glared, and, for the first time in his professional life, found himself for the moment incapable of speech; then he burst forth with angry indignation:

"Do you know what you are saying, my lord? You advise, you aid and abet, this young lady, this poor girl, half mad with grief, to make over her and her sister's fortune to—this man?"

"I do," said Heroncourt.

A faint cry like a long-drawn breath rose from the listeners.

"Oh, you do! I suppose you would like me to sit down, my partner and I, and draw up a deed of gift this very moment?"

Heroncourt inclined his head.

"I should," he said.

"Yes!" broke from Maida's white lips.

"Oh, you would!" exclaimed Mr. Coburn. "Then permit me to tell you, my lord, that you are talking rank nonsense; and that I decline to have any hand in such an insane proceeding. In the whole course of my professional career—"

Heroncourt went to him and laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Don't you see, don't you understand?" he said, in a low voice. "If you do not do it, if you refuse to stand by her to carry out her wishes, she will get someone else?"

"Then let her!" retorted Mr. Coburn. "It's sheer madness. Where is the man? He was here just now."

He swept the room with his pince-nez for the insignificant cause of all this trouble, but the shrinking little figure was not to be seen.

"He has gone. I must see him. I must take counsel's opinion. I tell you frankly, Lord Heroncourt, that I shall do everything in my power to stop this insane idea of my client; for, remember, she is my client!"

Maida uttered a faint cry; the color stole to her face and her eyes glowed. Drawing Carrie with her, she went to the table, and, while they all watched her in amazement, she wrote something on a sheet of foolscap lying there.

"Sign!" she whispered to Carrie.

Carrie put her signature—a shaky but legible signature—and Mr. Co-

burn strode forward as she had finished it.

"What is this?" he demanded, taking up the paper. "Why—why, are you aware that by this you have given up the whole of your fortune to this man?"

He was almost purple with rage and indignation, and he was about to tear the paper across; but Maida took it gently but swiftly from him, and held it out to Heroncourt.

His hand closed over it, and he looked at the lawyer calmly.

"The thing is done, sir," he said.

A cry arose—it was almost a scream from Lady Glassbury—Maida swayed unsteadily and sought a chair for support, and Heroncourt drew her arm within his, and, supporting her, took her from the room.

"Maida! Dearest! What can I say to you? How can I tell you how I admire, love, revere you?"

She drew her arm from his, covered her eyes with her hands; then her arms fell to her sides, and she looked at him.

"Good-bye!" broke from her quivering lips.

"Good-bye?" he echoed, started, and yet with a sharp pang of foreboding. "Why good-bye, dearest?"

She held out her hands to him, then drew them back, drew them from his swift grasp.

"Because—because it must be 'Good-bye,'" she faltered, striving to drive back the sobs, the tears that blinded her. "It is good-bye forever, is it not?—for we must part!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

"We must part!"

Heroncourt looked at her with tender pity in his eyes. The excitement of the scene was still strong upon them; naturally he felt confused; and he did not fully take in the meaning of her words. He may have thought that she was half hysterical with the stress and strain of the ordeal she had just gone through.

"Part, dearest," he said, with something almost like a smile. "Do you mean that I must go now?"

"Yes—and forever!" she responded, with a catch in her voice, her hand going up to her lips as if to steady them. "Ah, don't you see, don't you understand? I have seen, I have known it ever since I knew the truth. I knew that all must be over between us."

His face paled, his brows came down as was their wont when he was angry or much moved.

"Can you know what you are saying?" he said, in a low voice. "Do you realize—? We will not say any more now, dearest. You shall go and rest. Try and get some sleep. You want to be alone; I will not worry you; no one shall worry you again to-night. To-morrow I will come and take you for a drive."

"Not to-morrow, not ever again," she said, again calmly, but with definite sadness. "I know what I am saying, Byrnie; I have been saying it to myself so often. It is so strange to me that you do not understand, do not see. But, no; you are too noble, too unselfish—"

"Never mind my nobility and unselfishness, dearest," he said, with a smile that was meant to soothe and calm her. "Just tell me exactly what you mean, what is it that is troubling you, that sweet heart of yours, that dear little head—I haven't told you yet how nobly you have behaved, how grandly. Such a self-sacrifice as you—and Carrie, God bless her!—have made, is one of those things that make one think better of poor humanity. I love and revere you for it, my queen!"

"Yes; it has cost a great deal," she

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said. "Once or twice I was tempted—when I thought of the cost, of all that it meant to me—I was tempted—But I could not have done otherwise: you know that. Now I am going to pay the cost. I have got to say good-bye, got to part with you."

Her hands rested on his shoulders for a moment, but she drew them away swiftly ere he could take them. He did not interrupt her, but stood looking down into her eyes with a dreadful foreboding.

"Don't you see, Byrnie, that now we have lost the money, now I am poor again, we—we can't be married?"

He started and bit his lip; but still he said nothing; he knew it was better to let her speak from the fullness of her heart.

"You cannot marry anyone who is—poor," she went on, her eyes meeting his with a piteous kind of gravity, her hands clasped tightly. "You yourself are poor; you want the money, you must have it. Oh, I understand it all so well! How often have I heard it. And I know it is true. Why, even I see that it is impossible that you should marry anyone unless she were rich, very rich. And I am poor now, and I must give you up—Ah, do not look at me so! You know what it costs me, you know that I love you, that I shall love you until I die—but I can never marry you."

His heart grew cold as ice. Her very confession of love for him was evidence of her resolution, of that determination, that power of will, which characterized her. He began to shiver a little, for his love was as great as hers, and, being a man, more passionate and less capable of reasoning.

"This is madness, Maida!" broke from him at last, almost sternly.

"Ah, no! it is not madness," she said, with a sigh. "It is sanity, the sanity of this workaday world. I should be mad if I did not say what I say, if I were to falter for one moment with the truth, with the awful fact—for it is awful to me—and yet I have to face it!"

"And I?" he said. "You speak for yourself only."

"Ah, no, no!" she broke in with piteous entreaty in her voice and her eyes. "I am thinking of you, and only of you. I am speaking for both of us. I know that you would not have done so—"

"And you are quite right," he said, passionately. "Nothing shall induce me to give you up. I would rather discard the title, change my name, leave England, or stay and work here on the estate as a laborer, than resign you!"

The warm blood rushed to her face, she gripped the bosom of her black dress to keep her hands from going round his neck.

"Ah, it is you who are mad!" she said. "But you have not had time to think yet, to face the truth. It has not come so suddenly to me. I have known it since—since the night my father died. I have had time to think, to gain courage, to brace myself to face the inevitable. You must help me to do so. Ah! you will help me? I want help so badly," she sighed, piteously.

"I will not help you," he said. "I will never give you up. Let all else go—"

"All!" she said. "Oh, don't you realize what all that 'all' means? To give up your place in the world—so high a one—all its privileges, all its duties and responsibilities. To leave your people, to desert them—oh, it

would be like a soldier deserting before the enemy! You could not do it! Do you think I would let you, or that I should be happy if I could bring myself to let you? Every moment of the day my happiness would be turned to gall by the thought that I had ruined your life, that I had permitted you to sacrifice it for—a woman."

"The woman I love!" he broke out, almost fiercely. "The woman who loves me!"

"Yes, too well to wreck your life. But I cannot talk more." She drew her hand across her brow. "I am so tired—so tired!"

"To-morrow?" he pleaded, almost commanded.

She shook her head.

"No, not again, not to-morrow, nor ever. I could not bear it—do you not see what it costs me to part with you once? Could I go on parting with you? I love you, but I pray that we may never meet again."

He uttered an inarticulate cry, and tried to take her hand; she drew it away from him at first, then placed it, with a gesture of renunciation, in his.

"Our paths separate from now. We shall both suffer; you only for a time—I hope and pray: it shall be my constant prayer. You must try and forget me—"

"Forget you! My God!" broke from him.

"Try and think of me as if I had died," she said. "Help me to bear the heavy cross which is laid on me. I ask you to do this, knowing that you love me. Look in my eyes, Byrnie, and realize that my resolution is unbreakable. My love for you will keep me firm. Your future happiness is dearer to me than life itself, and nothing, nothing even you can say, will tempt me to wreck it. Go now. I—I cannot bear any more. Ah, go!"

"You ask too much," he said, hoarsely. "But I will go now—this must be torture for you: it is for me, and I judge you by myself. Go and rest; but understand that I do not yield to you; that I will not give you up."

"I know," she said. "It is I who give you up—because I must. This must be our last meeting—I could not bear to go over it all again—nothing would make me swerve from my resolution. Good-bye! Ah, you will go now!"

With something between a groan and a moan he drew her towards him—and crushed her against his breast.

She suffered the passionate caress—suffered it because she knew that it was the last—and her head sank on his shoulder and her lips formed a kiss against the insentient cloth, while his kisses fell on her face. At last she gently, but firmly, withdrew from his arms, and, catching at the balustrade as she went, ascended the stairs.

(To be Continued.)

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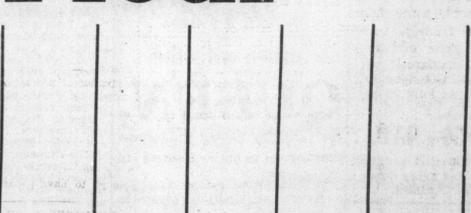
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## War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A. M.

### ARRANGEMENTS MADE FOR TRANSFER OF PASSENGERS.

NEW YORK, July 16. Arrangements have been made to transfer the passengers of the Kristianstad to the Swedish-American liner Stockholm, which will take them on board at St. John's and carry them to their destination, it was announced by the officials of the Swedish-American Line. The Stockholm left here last February for Sweden, but was detained at Halifax by the British authorities and has been there ever since. It was said that arrangements had been made with the British Government by which she can complete the Kristianstad's voyage.

### FRENCH WIN POSITIONS.

Grand Headquarters of the French Army in France, July 16 (Associated Press).—A double victory was won by the French last night among the clump of hills known as the Moronvillers Massif, to the west of Rheims, as a result of well-conceived plans and brilliantly executed tactics. The German prisoners taken numbered several hundred, the exact total being computed when the correspondent left the battlefield. Great significance is attached to the ground captured, which, although small in extent, possesses immense importance, as the Germans, by having it snatched from them, lost the only remaining observatories in this region, and will thus be greatly hindered in future operations. The hill group consists of five heights, Carnillet, Mont Blond, Mont Haute, the Casque, and the Teton. Before to-night's fight the French held all the crests, but the saddles between Mont Blond and Mont Haute and the Casque and the Teton were occupied by the Germans, who were able to watch French movements from these points of vantage. The correspondent observed the artillery preparation and the actual battle from a point whence the entire clump could be observed, and the progress of the troops could be viewed. Unceasingly, hour after hour, the guns belched forth shells, but little noise could be heard on the French side in consequence of the direction of the wind. All around the ground was peppered, and the immense clouds of various colored smoke and crashing of explosives told of the heaviness of the bombardment. The French knew that fronting them lay strong German forces, for three divisions had been recognized, the 19th Hanoverian, the 7th Prussian and the 23rd. The French infantry attacks at the extremities of the Moronvillers clump on the two saddles began at

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