FORREST HOUSE.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

"Something told me I could not do Everard a worse turn than to tie him fast in matrimony. You were not his stamp; not the one to hold him long; he would repent the act sooner or later, while his father would make life a burden to him when he came to know it. So I was particular to leave nothing undone which would make the marriage valid, and when you were man and wife I felt perfectly happy, until—I began to get interested in you myself, and then I sometimes wished my tongue had been cut out, for I'll be hanged if I don't admire you more than any other woman I ever saw, notwithstanding that I know you like a book."

"Spare your compliments and keep to your story, and tell me why you have made no effort to see Rossie all these years," Josephine said, coldly; and he replied, "Reason enough. I was not particularly interested in her then, and did not think an acquaintance with her would pay; but later she has come before me in the character of an heiress, which makes her a very different creature; you see, don't you?"

"Yes, I see. Your sudden interest in her is wholly mercenary. Suppose I should betray you? Are you not afraid of it?" Josephine asked, and in her blue eyes there was a look which the doctor did not quite like; but he affected not to see it, and replied, "Afraid? No, because telling is a game two can play at as well as one. You cannot afford to quarrel with me, Joe."

The man's face was exceedingly insolent and disagreeable in its expression for a moment, while he glanced sideways at his companion, who made no sign that she heard him, but seemed wholly intent upon the game, which was now growing very exciting. But then the expression changed, and he continued in his most winning tone:

"No, we must stick to each other, and whatever good comes to me I'll share religiously with you;" she began faintly to comprehend him, and turning her eyes upon him, said:

"Well, to return to first principles, Rossie is interesting to you now because she has money; but she will not use it even for herself."

"No!"—and the doctor mused thoughtfully a moment; then he said: "I like the girl's appearance, upon my soul I do! She is a pretty little filly, and if I'd met her years ago she might have made a man of me, but it is too late now; I am sold to Satan, body and soul, and must do his bidding. How much is she worth, do you think?"

"The Forrest estate is variously estimated from two hundred to five hundred thousand. I should say, perhaps, two hundred and fifty," Josephine replied, and the doctor continued:

"And she will not touch the principal on account of some queer notions she has of giving it back to Forrest when she is twenty-one?"

"No, she will not touch the principal, nor more of the interest than is absolutely necessary," Josephine said, and for a few moments the doctor was silent and seemed to be intently thinking.

When he spoke he said:

"You say she is pious, or pretends to be, and if she does it is genuine; there is no deceit in that face. I'd trust it with my soul, if necessary. I tell you I like the girl. She is just the one to keep men from losing faith in everything good. I'll wager now that Forrest is in love with her, and that's one reason he does not take any more stock in you. Is he?" and the doctor looked steadily at Josephine, who turned very pale as he thus probed her so closely.

So far as affection was concerned she had none for her husband, but it hurt her pride cruelly to know that with all her beauty and grace she could not influence him one whit, or turn him from the girl she was sure he loved as he had never loved her. She generally told the truth to Dr. Matthewson, who had some subtle power to find it out if she did not, and now, though sorely against her will, she answered:

"Yes, he worships the ground she treads upon."

"Then, why in thunder doesn't he get a divorce from you and marry her? That surely would be an easy thing to do under the circumstances," was the doctor's next remark.

"That is more than I can guess, unless he is too proud to endure the notoriety of such a procedure. Certainly it is no consideration for me which deters him," Josephine said; adding suddenly, as she glanced up the street: "There she comes now. You'd better declare yourself at once."

But the doctor knew his own plans best with regard to Rosamond, who was coming towards the croquet grounds with two of her pupils, Clara and Eva Andrews. She did not see the doctor and Josephine until she was close upon them, and then simply bowing to them, she passed on, and was soon out of sight.

That night as she was about preparing for bed, a thick heavy envelope was brought to her room, directed in a hand she did not recognize. Breaking the seal and glancing at the signature, she read with a thrill of wonder and perplexity the name "John Matthewson, *nee* Hastings," while just above it were the words, "Your affectionate brother."

"My brother," she repeated, "what does it mean?" and for a moment she felt as if she were going to faint with the rush of emotions which swept suddenly over her.

Of her brother, personally, she remembered nothing. She only knew that she had one; that in some way he annoyed and worried her mother; that he was not highly esteemed by the Forrests, and that he was probably dead. Latterly, however, since she had gone out into the world alone to care for herself, she had often thought of him, and how delightful it would be to have a brother who was good, and kind, and true, and who would care for her as brothers sometimes care for their sisters. Occasionally, too, she had amused herself with fancying how he would look if he were alive, and how he would treat her. But she had never dreamed of any one as handsome and polished, and elegant as Dr. Matthewson, who signed himself her brother, and had filled three or four sheets of paper with what he had to say. Very eagerly she singled out the first sheet and began:

"DEAR SISTER ROSSIE,—You will pardon me for addressing you as Miss Hastings, or even Rosamond, when I tell you I am your brother, and have always thought of you as Rossie, the little girl who, I suppose, does not remember me, and who, perhaps, has not been taught to think of me very pleasantly. But, Rossie, I am a changed man, or I would not present myself to you, a pure, innocent girl, and ask for sympathy and love. I do not believe you care to hear all the events of my life in detail, and so I shall not relate them, but of a few things I must speak, in order that we may rightly understand each other. And first, your mother. I was a spoiled, wayward boy of sixteen when she came to us, and I was prejudiced against her by an aunt of mine, who, I think now, wanted my father herself. A stepmother was to me the worst of all evils, and I thought it was manly to tease and worry her, while I blush to say my father also treated her so shamefully that at last she fled from him, as you know, and took refuge at the Forrest House, where she finally died.

"I was there once to see her, and as you may not have heard the particulars of that visit, and I wish to keep back nothing you ought to know, I will tell you about it."

Then followed a pretty truthful account of the encounter with Everard, the cowhiding, and the vow of revenge, after which the doctor spoke of his subsequent career, his change of name, his sudden conversion at a camp meeting, his life as a clergyman in Clarence, his backsliding, and lapse into his former evil ways, his few months' study as a physician, his first trip to Europe, and at last his sojourn for the summer in Holburton where he met Everard Forrest again, and was asked by Josephine to take the part of priest in the play called "Mock Marriage."

"Then it was," he wrote, "that the devil entered into me, and whispered, 'Now is your hour for revenge on the striplING who dared lay his hand on you' From all I could learn of the Forrests, or rather, of the judge, I guessed that he would rebel hotly against a penniless bride in Miss Fleming's social position, and that nothing could be more disastrous for Everard than such a marriage; and yet I aided and abetted it, and took care that it should be altogether binding, and so gained my mean revenge, for which I have been sorry a thousand times,—yes, more than that; and if I could undo the work of that night I would do it gladly. But I cannot, and others suffer the consequences. You see I am not ignorant of the manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Forrest live, and I am sorry for them both, and am laying bare my heart to you that you may know exactly the kind of brother you have found; and that, however bad he may have been, he is a different man now, or he would never intrude himself upon you.

"On my first interview with Everard in Holburton, I managed to get him to speak of you, and I half resolved to seek you and claim you as my own. But a sense of unworthiness kept me back, I was not a fitting guardian for a girl like you, and so I still kept silence, and after a time went to Europe again, where I remained until quiet recently, and where, by a long and dangerous illness. I was brought to a realization of my sins, and resolved to lead a new life. Naturally, one of the first and strongest desires of my new life was to find you. Mrs. Forrest, who wrote to me occasionally, had told me that you had left the Forrest House, of which you were the lawful heir; and as my health required a warm climate, I came first to Florida, after my return to America, intending, in the spring, to spare no pains to find you. The rest you know.

"And now, Rossie, will you take me for a brother? If so, please leave a line at the office, telling me where I can see you and when, and in all the world there will be no one so happy as your affectionate brother,

"JOHN MATTHEWSON, *nee* HASTINGS."

Rossie was not as strong as when she was a child, and any over-fatigue or unusual excitement was sure to be followed by a nervous headache, which sometimes lasted two or three days; and as she read this letter she felt a cold, clammy sweat breaking out in the palms of her hands, while a cutting pain in her head warned her that her old enemy, neuralgia, was threatening an attack. That she believed every word of the letter need hardly be said, for hers was a nature to believe everything, and it made her very happy to know that the brother who heretofore had been to her only a myth, was found at last, and such a brother, too. Then the question arose as to how Everard would receive this man who had purposely done him so great a wrong. Would he forgive him for her sake, and believe in his repentance? She would write to him the next day and tell him all about it, and her heart throbbed with a new and keen delight at the thought of some one to care for her, some one to lean upon and vise her and help her with that dreadful Forrest estate. And then her busy little brain plunged into the future, and began to wonder where they should live and how, for that she should live with her brother she did not for a moment doubt. Her place was with him, and she should try so hard to make him happy, and keep him in the new way wherein he was beginning to walk. In this state of mind it was impossible to sleep, and when at last morning came, it found her wakeful and unrefreshed, with dark rings about her eyes, and so severe a pain in her temples and the back of her neck that to go down to breakfast was impossible. She had barely strength to dress herself and lie down upon the couch, where Mrs Andrews found her, after having waited some time for her appearance.

Very rapidly and briefly Rosamond told her the good news, which Mrs. Andrews accepted readily. She had heard before that Miss Hastings had a brother, if he were not dead, and having met the doctor the previous day and been much prepossessed with him, as strangers always were, she rejoiced with her young friend, but advised her to wait until her head was better before she risked the excitement of an interview. But this Rossie could not do. She should never be better till she had seen her brother, she said, and a message was accordingly sent him to the effect that Rossie would see him in her room whenever he chose to come.

The doctor did not wait a moment, and was soon at Rossie's side, bending over her, and telling her not to allow herself to be agitated in the least, but to lie quietly upon her pillow and let him do most of the talking.

In all the world there was hardly a more accomplished and fascinating hypocrite than Dr. Matthewson, and so well did he use his powers and art, that if Rossie had had any distrust of him or his sincerity it would have been entirely swept away during the half hour he spent with her, now talking of himself as he used to be with great regret, and of himself as he was now with great humility; now telling how glad he was to find his little sister, and then complimenting her in a way which could not fail to be gratifying to any woman. Then he spoke of her health, and was sorry to find her so frail and delicate, and asked her many questions about herself, while he held her hand and felt her pulse professionally. "Had she ever thought her heart affected, or that her lungs were affected?" he asked; adding, quickly, as he saw the sudden start she gave:

"Oh, don't be frightened, and conclude you have either consumption or heart disease. I only asked because some members of our family far back died with a heart difficulty, and if I remember right your mother had consumption. But we must not let you have either of them. You do not seem to have a great amount of vitality. Are you never stronger than now, and do these headaches occur very often?"

He had her hand in one of his, and with the other was stroking her head and hair, while she answered that nothing ailed her except the headache to which she had been subject all her life, and a predisposition to sore throat whenever she took cold.

"Ah, yes, I see," and the doctor looked very wise. "Bronchial trouble, no doubt, aggravated by our dreadful American climate. Excuse me, *ma nouve*, if I confess to being more than half a European. I have lived abroad so much that I greatly prefer being there, and know the climate is better for me. Some day not far distant we must go there together, you and I, and I'll take such care of you that people will hardly know you when you come back. I'll have some color in these white cheeks, though I don't believe I could improve the eyes."

It was the great desire of Rossie's life to go to Europe some day, and she assented to all her brother said, and wrote to Everard immediately after her interview with the doctor, and told him of her brother, and what a good noble man he had become.

Then, as carefully and gently as possible, she spoke of the wrong he had done to Everard, and of which he was so very sorry.

"I do not suppose you can ever like him as I do," she wrote; "but I hope you will try to be friends with him for my sake."

Accompanying this letter was one from the doctor himself, couched in the most conciliatory terms, full of regret for the past and strong in good intentions for the future.

"I shall be so glad to be friends with you for Rossie's sake, if for no other," he wrote in conclusion. "She holds you in higher esteem than any living being; so let her plead for me; and when we meet, as we sometimes must, or Rossie be very unhappy, let it be at least with the semblance of friendship."

Everard's first impulse on receiving these letters was to go to Florida at once and wrest Rossie from the fangs of the wolf, as he stigmatized the doctor, in whom he had no faith.

"I cannot forgive him," he said, "I will not, though he were ten times her brother; and I distrust him, too, notwithstanding his protestations of reform."

But he could not write this to Rossie. He said to her in his letter that if her brother was all she represented him to be, he was glad for her sake that she had found him, and that he hoped always to be friendly with her friends and those that were kind to her.

"But if he were the archangel himself," he added, "I should find it hard to forgive him for having removed from my grasp what I miss more and more every day of my life, and long for with an intensity which masters my reason and drives me almost to despair. But whatever I may feel towards him, Rossie, I shall treat him well for your sake, and if you can find any comfort in his society take it, and be as happy as you can."

To Dr. Matthewson he wrote in a different strain. He did not believe in the man, and though he made an effort to be civil he showed his distrust and aversion in every line. If the doctor had repented, he was glad of it, but wished the repentance had come in time to have saved him from a life-long trouble. A boy's cowhiding was a small matter for a man to avenge so terribly, he said, and then added:

It is no news to me that you are John Hastings, Rossie's half-brother. I knew that long ago, but kept it to myself, as I did not wish Rossie to know how much of my unhappiness I owed to her half-brother. Wholly truthful and innocent, she thinks others are the same, and if you tell her you are a saint she will believe it implicitly until some act of your own proves the contrary. She is very happy in your society, and I shall do nothing to make her less so, but don't ask me to endorse you cordially, as if nothing had ever happened. The thing is impossible. If we meet I shall treat you well for Rossie's sake, and shall not seek to injure you so long as you are kind and true to her, but if you harm a hair of Rossie's head, or bring her to any sorrow, as sure as there is a heaven above us, I'll pursue you to the ends of the earth to be even with you."

There was an amused smile on Dr. Matthewson's face as he read this letter, which showed him so plainly what Everard's opinion of him was. A meaning smile, too, it was, and one which his enemy would hardly have cared to see.

"So ho! the young man threatens me," he said to himself. "I am so glad he has shown his hand, though it was foolish in him to do so, and proves that he is not well up in fencing. I wonder what he wrote to Rossie; and if she will show me the letter."

Rossie could not show it to him, but when next they met in her room, she said to him:

"I have heard from Everard, and he says that he is glad I am so happy with you, and he will be friendly with you always, and I do so hope you will like each other. Have you, too, heard from him?"

The doctor laughed a low, musical laugh and drawing his sister to him, said:

"You cannot dissemble worth a cent. Don't you suppose I know that Everard's letter to you was not all you hoped it to be. He finds it hard to forgive me for having deprived him of something which his mature manhood tells him is sweeter, more precious, and far more to be desired than the object of his boyish passion. And I cannot blame him. I am as sorry as he, in a different way of course, and you ——"

He did not finish the sentence, for Rossie broke away from him, and burying her face in the cushions of the couch on which they were sitting, burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

"Don't," she said, as he made an effort to soothe her. "Don't speak to me, please. I must have it out now. I have kept it back so long. Oh I wish I had died when I was a little girl, and before I grew to be a woman, with a woman's love which I must fight for my life, and never knew a moment of absolute rest and quiet. Oh, why did you do it? Why did you separate me from my love? for he is mine and I am his. I was everything to him; he was everything to me. Oh, Everard, just this once I will say what I feel. I love you—I love you; and I cannot help it. I know it is wicked, and try to put it away. I bury it out of my sight; I trample on it; I stamp upon it; I think I have the mastery over it, and on the slightest provocation it springs into life more vigorous than ever, and I cannot conquer it."

She had said all she had to say, but she kept on sobbing piteously, like one in mortal pain; and hard-hearted, and utterly unprincipled, and selfish as he was, Dr. Matthewson could not be wholly indifferent to a grief such as he had never witnessed but once, and that was years ago; but she who wept before him then was a fair-haired German girl asking reparation for the ruin he had wrought. He had laughed at her, and, telling her she would make a splendid queen of tragedy, had bidden her go upon the stage and achieve her fortune, then come to him, and perhaps he would make terms with her. But Rossie was a different creature. She knew nothing of such girls as Yula Van Eisner. She was Rossie, heiress of the Forrest property—and he walked up and down the room several times, and blew his nose vigorously, and made a feint of wiping his eyes with a perfumed handkerchief, and then came and stood by her; and putting his hand on her bowed head, said to her:

"Don't Rossie, give way like this, or you will drive me mad, knowing, as I do, that I have in one sense caused your sorrow. If I could undo it, I would, but I cannot. There is, however, a way out of it. Have you ever thought how easily he might get a divorce, which would make him free?"

"He would not be free;" and, lifting up her head, Rossie flashed her bright, black eyes upon him indignantly. "The Bible would not recognize him as free, neither would I, and you must not speak of such a thing to me."

"Then I will not," he answered, still more soothingly; "but Rossie, it is folly to give way like this, though for this once I am glad you did. For now I understand better the cause of these pale cheeks and irregular pulse, and am sure you need entire change of air and scene, such as you can only find in Europe, where we are going in the spring. Think of a summer in Switzerland among the glorious Alps. I know every rock and chasm, and winding path there, and shall be so happy in seeing you enjoy them."

He was speaking very kindly to her now, and she gradually grew calm, and listened while he talked of Europe, and what they should see there, for he quite decided that they would go in the spring, and, as nothing in the way of travel could suit Rossie better, she told Mrs. Andrews the next day of the plan, and wrote of it to Everard, ignoring altogether his right as her guardian to be consulted. But Everard did not resent it, though for a time he felt half tempted to say that she should not go, for a strong presentiment of evil swept over him with such force as to keep him awake the entire night. But with the morning his nervous fears subsided, and he could see no reasonable objection to Rossie's going for the summer to Europe with her brother, whose perfect knowledge of the manners, and customs, and language of the different countries must make him a very pleasant travelling companion.

Rossie had written that she should go directly from Florida to New York, and so Everard wrote her his farewell letter, and sent her a draft for five hundred dollars, which he said she might need, as she would not care to be altogether dependant upon her brother. Rossie's first impulse was to return the draft, but Dr. Matthewson advised her to keep it and not wound Everard by returning it to him.

So Rossie kept it, or rather, gave it to her brother, and sent a letter of thanks to Everard, and another to Bee, telling her of her intended journey, and bidding her good-bye.

With that subtle and mysterious foresight with which women seem to be gifted, and for which there is no explanation, Beatrice anticipated danger at once, though in what form she could not define. She only knew that she wished Rossie was not going away alone with Dr. Matthewson, but she kept her fears from Everard, and wrote to Rossie that she should be in New York to see her off. And when Rossie stood at last on the deck of the Oceanic, Bee was there and Everard, too, taking his last look at the face which would haunt him in the years to come, as the faces of the dead haunt us when we feel that by some act of ours interposed in time, we might have saved the life dearer than our own. Beatrice had said to him:

"I am going to New York to see Rossie. Will you go with me?" and without a moment's reflection he went, and spent one blissful day with her, a day never to be forgotten, and when he drove with her in the Park, and watched the constantly changing expression of her sweet face, which had grown so pale and thin, that he was more than half reconciled to let her go, hoping much from the sea air and the new life she would lead. To the doctor he was polite and courteous, and an ordinary observer might have thought them the best of friends, so that Rossie was satisfied, and would have been quite happy if she could have forgotten the distance which would soon intervene between them.

On the whole, Beatrice was favorably impressed with Dr. Matthewson who was so kind to Rossie and so thoughtful for her that she dismissed her fears, and half wished she, too, were going with them. She said as much to Rossie when they stood upon the deck waiting for the order to be given for all visitors to leave.

"Oh, I'd give the world if you were," Rossie cried. "I should not feel as I do,—afraid, somehow, as if I was never, to return—never to see you again, or Everard."

She was holding his hand in both hers as she spoke, and in that moment of farewell she forgot everything except the presentiment that she was going from him forever; that their parting was final; and her tears fell like rain as she bent over and kissed his hand, and said:

"Good-bye, Everard, good-bye, and if it should be forever, you'll never forget me, will you?" These were her parting words, which, in the after time, he said over and over again, with a bitterer, heavier pain than that he felt when with Bee he stood upon the Jersey shore, and watched the Oceanic sailing down the bay.

And so Rossie passed from their sight, and the next they heard from her she had reached Liverpool, but was greatly fatigued with the voyage, during which she had been sick most of the time. It was only a few lines she wrote to Everard, to tell him she was safe.

"When I am stronger," she said, "I will send you and Beatrice a long letter, and tell you everything. Now I can only sit by my window and look out upon the busy streets of Liverpool and St. George's Hall right opposite, and occasionally there comes over me a feeling of something like home-sickness when I remember how far I am from America and the friends who never seemed half so dear to me as now, when I am so widely separated from them."

The next he heard from Rossie she was in London, and delightfully located in lodgings near Regent's Park, and playing keep house, while her brother was the best and kindest man in the world, and she was very happy. Then they went to Switzerland, and Rossie's letters were full of the enthusiastic delight she felt with everything around her. Of her health she seldom spoke, and when she did, it was not altogether satisfactory. Sometimes she was so tired that she had kept her room for two or three days, and again a headache, or sore throat, or cold, had confined her to the house for nearly a week; but she was very happy among the Alps, and wished that Beatrice and Everard were there with her to enjoy what she was enjoying. As the summer advanced, however, her letters were not so frequent, and the doctor sometimes wrote for her, saying she was not feeling well, and had made him her amanuensis. They were not to be alarmed, he said; it was only a slight heart difficulty, induced by the mountain air, which often affected tourists in that way. He should take her to Southern France early in the autumn, and then to Italy as the season advanced, and should not return to America till spring.

When Everard read this letter there came over him again a great horror of some impending evil threatening Rossie, and do what he might he could not shake it off. He thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night, and could he have found any good excuse for doing so, he would have started for Europe, and kept near the girl, who, it seemed to him, was in some imminent peril, though of what nature he could not guess.

Some time in November a letter came from Dr. Matthewson, dated at Nice, where he said they had been for two or three weeks, and where, as he expressed it, "I hope our dear invalid is improving. Switzerland was not the place for her, and she seemed to grow weaker every day she stay'd there, so I hastened back to Paris, and then came here, where she seems very happy, but is weak as an infant. She complains of nothing but weariness, and Miss Belknap will be needlessly distressed, for I assure you there is no immediate danger, and with proper care, such as she has now, she will, I think, be quite able to return to America in the spring. She is calling to me now from her chair by the window, and says, 'Tell them not to be troubled about me; that I walked too much in Switzerland and am not rested yet, but am so happy here in beautiful Nice, looking out upon the blue Mediterranean.'"

After this letter Rossie never wrote again, and though Everard and Beatrice wrote frequently to her, asking her to send them a line, if nothing more, Dr. Matthewson always replied, "She is forbidden to write even so much as her name;" and so the fair, bright winter crept on, and Rossie was first in Venice, then in Florence, and then in Rome. And then Dr. Matthewson wrote one day to Everard, saying that Rossie did not know of this letter, neither did he wish her to know, as it would only trouble her and retard her recovery, but to be brief, he found himself straitened for money just now, physicians charged so abominably in Europe, and on account of Rossie's illness their expenses were, of course, much heavier than they would otherwise have been, and if Everard would make an advance for Rossie of a few thousand dollars, he should be very glad. He was intending to leave Rome early in the spring, and go to Germany to a famous cure, where the price were very high.

Double the amount of money asked for was placed at the doctor's disposal, and when that night Everard went to Elm Park to call upon Beatrice, he said, in reply to her inquiries for news from Rossie:

"We shall never see her again."

CHAPTER XLII.

ALAS, POOR ROSSIE!

It had been a long, dreary winter to Everard, and when the anniversary came round of the day when Rossie sailed, it seemed to him that he had lived in that year more than a hundred lives. And yet, in a business point of view, he had been very prosperous, and money was beginning to be more plentiful with him than formerly, though he could not lay by much, for Josephine made heavy demands upon him. When she left Florida she did not return to Rothsay, where she knew she was looked upon with distrust by the better class. It was a dull, poky hole, she said, and she should enjoy her self better travelling, so she travelled from place to place during the summer and autumn, and in the winter went again to Florida—but early in the spring she came back to the Forrest House, where she lived very quietly, and seemed to shun rather than court society. She, too, knew of Rossie's failing health, for she heard often from the doctor, and she expressed so much anxiety for her to Beatrice and Everard, hinting that they did not know the worst, that their fears were increased, and suspense was growing intolerable, when, at last, one morning in May, the mail brought to Everard the *American Register* from Paris, directed in a hand he had never seen before.

Evidently it was sent from the office, and probably had in it the whereabouts of some of his friends who were travelling in Europe, and who occasionally forwarded him a paper when they left one place for another. Mr. Evarts was still abroad, and Everard ran his eye over the list of names registered in different places to see if his was there, for that the paper had anything to do with Rossie he never dreamed. Indeed, she was not in his mind, except as she was always there, in a general way, and so the shock was all the greater and more terrible when he came suddenly upon a little obituary notice, and read with wildly throbbing heart, and eyes which felt as if they were starting from their sockets, so great was the pressure of blood upon his brain:

"Died, on the evening of April 20th in Haelder-Strauchsen, Austria, of consumption and heart disease, Miss Rosamond Hastings, of Rothsay, Ohio, U. S. A., aged nineteen years and ten months. Seldom has death snatched any one more lovely in person and character than this fair young girl, who in a strange land, far away from home, passed peacefully and willingly to the home above, and whose last words to her weeping brother were: 'Don't cry for me, and tell them at home not to be sorry either. Heaven is as near me here in Austria as it would be in America, and I am so glad to go.'"

Everard could read no more, and throwing the paper from him he buried his face in his hands, and for a few moments gave way to such grief as men seldom feel, and never experience but once in a life time. He did not weep; his pain was too great for tears; neither did any word escape his livid lips; but his frame shook as with an ague spell, and occasionally a long-drawn, moaning sob told how much he suffered, while great drops of sweat gathered thickly upon his face, and in the palms of his hands. No other blow could have smitten him so heavily as he was smitten now. It is true he had felt a great dread lest Rossie should die, but underlying that was always the hope that she would come back again. But all that was end'd now, the little ray of sunlight on his horizon had set in gloom, and the night lay dark and heavy around him, with no rift in the black clouds, no light in the future. Rossie was dead, in all her freshness and youthful beauty; Rossie, who had been to him a constant source of pleasure and joy, since he first took her in his arms, a tiny little girl, and kissed her pretty mouth in spite of her remonstrance, "Big boys like oo mustn't tiss nittle dirls like me."

He had kissed her many times since as a sister, and twice with all the intensity of a lover's burning passion, and once she had kissed him back, and he knew just where her lips had touched him, and fancied he felt their pressure again, and the perfume of her breath upon his cheek. But, alas, she was dead, and the Austrian skies were bending above her grave in that far-off town with the strange-sounding German name, which he had not stopped to pronounce.

"What was the name?" he asked himself, speaking for the first time since he read the fatal news, and reaching mechanically for the paper lying open at his feet.

But his eyes were blood-shot and dim, and it took him some time to spell out, letter by letter, the name Haelder Strauchsen, and to wonder where and what manner of place it was where Rossie died, and if she were lying under the flowers and soft green turf she loved as much in life, and if he should ever see her grave.

"Yes, please Heaven!" he said, "I'll find it some day, and whisper to my darling sleeping there of the love it will be no sin to speak of then. I'll tell her how with her life my sun of hope went down, never to rise again."

Then, glancing once more at the paper, he read a second time "Died, April 20th," and tried to recall what he was doing on that day, the darkest and saddest which had ever dawned for him. Making allowance for the difference in time between Austria and Ohio, it was little past midday with him when it was evening over there where Rosamond was dying, and with a shudder he remembered how he was occupied then. Josephine had written him a note, asking him to come to Forrest House as soon after lunch as possible, as she wished particularly to see him. As he walked up the avenue to the house, he had looked around sadly and regretfully at the different objects which had once been so familiar to him, and all of which had been so intimately associated with Rossie. It was a lovely April day, and beds of hyacinths and crocuses were in full bloom, and the daffodils and double narcissuses were showing their heads on the borders near the door. These had been Rossie's special care, and he had seen her so often working among them, trowel in hand, with her high-necked long-sleeved apron on, that he found himself half-looking for her now.

But Rossie was not there; Rossie was dying far away over the sea; and only Josephine met him in the hall, civilly and laughtily, as had been her manner of late, and taking him into the reception-room where Rossie used to come to him and vex him so with her long dress and new airs of womanhood, told him that she had an invitation to visit a friend who lived in Indianapolis, and who had invited her to spend the entire summer with her, and she wished to know if he could furnish her with money for the necessary outfit, and should she shut up the house again and let Agnes go to Holburton, or should she keep it open and leave Agnes in charge.

He told her she could have the money, and said that if Agnes wished to go to Holburton they might as well shut up the house for the summer; and then he left her and walked rapidly down the avenue, thinking of the girl whose presence seemed to fill the place so completely, that once, when a bush near the carriage road rustled suddenly as a rabbit darted away, he stopped, half expecting to see a figure in white sun bonnet and high-necked apron spring out at him just as Rossie used sometimes to do when she was a little child and he a well-grown boy. And she was dying then, when he was thinking so much of her, and she seemed to be so near him. "Dying then and dead now," he said to himself, just as a step was heard outside, and Lawyer Russell came in, stopping short in alarm at the white haggard face which Everard lifted to him.

"What is it, my boy? Are you sick? What has happened? Tell me?" he asked; and motioning to the paper on the floor, Everard answered, sadly, "Rossie is dead."

"Rossie dead! No, no, Ned, it can't be true," Mr. Russell said, and picking up the paper he read the paragraph indicated by Everard, while a tear moistened his eyelids and rolled down his cheeks.

The old man had been very fond of Rossie, and for a few moments he walked up and down the little back office with his hands behind him, and his head bent down, then stopping suddenly he gave vent to the exclamation "By George! uttered in such a tone that Everard looked up quickly and enquiringly, and said:

"What is it? What's the matter?"

"Ned, my boy, look here. This may not be the time nor place to speak of such a thing, but hanged if I can help it," the lawyer replied, coming close to Everard, and continuing, "I take it that you considered Rosamond Hastings to have been the lawful devisee to your father's estate."

"I know she was," Everard said; and the lawyer went on in a choking voice:

"Poor little girl! She rebelled against it hotly, and would have deeded it to you if she had lived to come of age,—there's nothing surer than that. But you say she's dead, and she not twenty yet till June, and I don't you see, in spite of fate, the estate goes to her brother, who is her heir-at-law, and that's what I call hard on you. I know nothing of the man except what you have told me, but if the half of that is true, he is a scamp, and will run through the property in a quarter of the time it took to make it. Maybe, though, he has some kind of honor about him, and if Rossie knew she was going to die, you may be sure she put in a plea for you, and perhaps he will divide; that's the best you can hope for. So we won't despair till we hear from the brother. There's another mail from the north to-night. A letter may come by that. It ought to have been here with the paper. It's a bad business all round—very bad. Rossie dead; poor Rossie, the nicest girl and most sensible that ever was born, and the property gone to thunder!"

The old man was a good deal moved and began again to walk the floor, while Everard laid his head upon the table in a half-stupefied condition. Not that he then cared especially what became of his father's money, though the thought that it would go to the man he hated most cordially was a fresh shock to his nerves, but it was nothing to losing Rossie. That was a grief which it seemed to him he could not bear. Certainly he could not bear it alone. He must tell it to some one who would not, like Lawyer Russell, talk to him of money; and when it began to grow dark, so that no one could see how white and worn he was, he arose and walked slowly up to Elm Park, sure of finding a ready and hearty sympathy there.

"Oh, Everard, what is it?" Beatrice asked, when she first met him and saw his white, haggard face.

He answered her as he had answered Mr. Russell, "Rossie is dead," and then seated himself again in the chair from which he had arisen when she came in. Beatrice's tears were falling like rain, but Everard's eyes were as dry as if he had never thought to weep, and there was such a fearful expression of anguish on his face that Beatrice went up to him, and laying her hand on his head, said, pityingly:

"Oh, Everard, don't look like that. You frighten me. Cry, can't you, just as I do? Tears would do you good."

"Cry?" he repeated. "How can I cry with this band like red-hot iron around my heart, forcing it up to my throat I shall never cry again, or laugh—never. Bee, I know you think me foolish and wicked, too, perhaps; half the world would think it, and say I had no right to love Rossie as I do, and perhaps I have not; but the dearest, sweetest memory of my life is the memory of what she was to me. I knew she never could be mine. I gave that up long ago, and still the world was pleasanter to me because she was in it. Oh, Rossie, my darling, how can I live on and know that you are dead!"

Then Beatrice did not attempt to comfort him, for she knew she could not, but she sat by him in silence until he arose and went away, saying to her at parting, and as if he had not told her before, "Rossie is dead."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AFRAID TO MEET HIM.

Attempts to Bring About a Match Between Ryan and Dwyer.

(From the Troy Budget.)

Since the fight between Goss and Ryan ended in a grand victory for the Trojan, his friends are anxious to match him against any man in the world, and negotiations have been going on for the past few days between Ryan's friends and noted pugilists in different parts of the country, but thus far their attempts to bring about a match have been unsuccessful. Ryan is anxious to test his strength with some of the famed members of the fistic arena, and the amount of the stakes for the next fight must be $5,000 a side. Ryan's friends are confident of their ability to raise this amount to back their man, and the next fight—if ever one takes place—will be the greatest ever fought in this country.

When the match between Ryan and Goss was made, Johnny Dwyer, the Brooklyn "champion" ventured the assertion that Ryan would be defeated, as, in Dwyer's opinion, the Trojan was no match for Goss. Dwyer further remarked that should Ryan win the fight, he (Dwyer) would resign the position he now holds and fight Ryan. This remark was made in public, and it was thought that Dwyer would carry out his intention. Now that Ryan has been successful, his friends have notified Dwyer that they are ready for him, but as yet no answer has been received to their challenge. A well-known Brooklyn sporting man has interviewed Dwyer, and endeavored to bring about a match, but his efforts have failed, as Dwyer will not give an answer one way or the other. His silence is looked upon by Ryan's friends as sufficient to venture the assertion that the Brooklyn pugilist is afraid to meet Ryan. Paddy has thrown down the gauntlet, and Dwyer must pick it up or forever after keep silent on the subject.

Last week a challenge was cabled over to England to Tom Allen, with a request that a speedy answer be given. Allen replied for the present he could give no definite answer, as his business now occupied much of his time. Before the Ryan-Goss fight Allen was willing to sell out his business and fight the winner, but it will be seen from the above that he has now changed his mind. Now that Ryan has silenced both Dwyer and Allen, the Boston backers of Sullivan are unwilling to match him against Ryan. The latter possesses a clear title to the championship of the world.

Last week a messenger from Gov. Matthews of West Virginia appeared at the Governor's chamber at Albany and requested a requisition for Ryan, together with all the principals in the affair. Owing to an error in the papers, the messenger was sent back, and up to the present time has not appeared, the prosecution having probably given up the idea of punishing the pugilists.

—Icebergs are growing more bold as they increase in number. The latest story is that they chased a steamship. A race between an ocean steamer and an iceberg, the finish to be somewhere this side of the Narrows, would be highly edifying in view of the weather that is about due.—*New York Herald.*

—You always hear of the man who draws the big prize in a lottery, but you never meet him

ELOPING FROM CHICAGO.

Scandal Reeled off at the Tombs Court—How Frederick M. Dorrington Ran Away with His Friend's Wife—Arrested on Two Charges.

(New York Star.)

A trio of Western people—a wife, her paramour and an injured husband—were in the Tombs Court yesterday. The wife was Mrs. K. Holden of Central City, Dakota Territory, and the paramour was Frederick M. Dorrington, from the same place. The couple, who had eloped from Central City, were followed to this city by the outraged husband. He claims that his wife had stolen 160 bonds of the La Grange Iron and Steel Company, valued at $6,000.

Mrs. Holden is about middle age, was well dressed in a suit of black silk, a large hat lined on the inner rim with straw-colored spitred silk, and held a fan in an awkward manner, in imitation of a city belle. The husband had followed the pair to this city in order to institute civil proceedings in a case of crim. con. against the man Dorrington. Preliminary to these proceedings he caused the arrest of Dorrington on a charge of grand larceny, for having stolen $6,000 worth of bonds and jewelry. He found Dorrington and Mrs. Holden boarding at No. 5 West Twenty-second street. A warrant was issued by Justice Morgan to arrest Dorrington and to search his room. At 6 o'clock yesterday morning Sergt. James and Officer Hill, accompanied by Mr. Holden, called at the house of Mrs. Grames, No. 5 West Twenty-second street where it was learned that the runaway couple occupied the same room, and every indication pointed to an improper intimacy. Dorrington was taken by surprise, and was disrobed when he answered the knock at his door. He was put under arrest, and was afterwards taken to court. Dorrington demanded an examination, which was accorded to him, and he was paroled till the afternoon.

Thomas K. Holden married his wife, Emma A. Colwell, seven years ago. He was then the owner of an iron foundry in Chicago and a man of considerable wealth. Much attached to his wife, he spent his money lavishly upon her. They went to Europe on a wedding tour, visiting England and Germany, returning to their home only to set out on a more extended tour two years afterward. They visited Egypt, Palestine, India and China, making a circuit of the world. On their return to Chicago business grew dull, and in the general depression he has outlived his usefulness, and should be shelved without delay. A change has lately been made in the Chief Engineer in the Pacific Railway, and if the Government will only do the same thing with the canal staff, we are sure the country will have cause to rejoice. We have the words of the Government themselves that they are anxious to hasten the completion of the canal, but the actions of their departmental subordinates do not hold out much prospect of their wishes being carried out. We have good reason to believe that were an honest effort made and the work pushed with energy, there would be nothing to prevent the canal being ready for traffic during 1881 to nearly its full capacity, but if things are allowed to go on during the present season as they have for some time, its completion will require several years. At least this is the opinion of practical men thoroughly acquainted with the progress already made, and the amount still to be done. Now, this is not what has been promised, nor what the country wants, and the demand will soon be loud and general that a change shall take place in the mode of carrying on a work of such vital importance to the whole country.

THE COQUETTE WELL.

A Lover's Dream after he had been Jilted, and the Happy Results that Came of It.

PETROLEUM CENTRE, Pa., June 21.—One of the most famous of all oil farms that were developed in the early days of the petroleum excitement on Oil Creek was the Hyde & Egbert farm, near this place. Dr. Egbert, of Franklin, and his partner had between them $1,000, which they paid for the farm. This was considered an immense price for it, as it had not yielded enough under cultivation to pay taxes. In 1864 they struck oil on it. They had several