

HIS OWN AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—CONTINUED.

Sometimes it has occurred to me that perhaps, if I had him all to myself, I might even yet bring him back to me—might reconcile him to my paucity of attractions, and persuade him of my honesty; but what chance have I, when every day, every hour of the day if he likes to put himself to such frequent pain, he may see and bitterly note the contrast between the woman of his choice and the woman of his fate—the woman from whom he is irrevocably parted, and the woman to whom he is as irrevocably joined? And I think that hardly a day passes that he does not give himself the opportunity of instituting the comparison.

Not that he is unkind to me; do not think that. It would be impossible for Roger to be unkind to anything, much more to any weakly woman that is quite in his own power. No, no! there is no fear of that. I have no need to be grizzled. I have no cross words, no petulances, no neglects even, to bear. But oh! in all his friendly words, in all his kindly, considerate actions, what a chill there is! It is as if some one who had been a day dead laid his hand on my heart!

How many, many miles farther apart we are now, than we were when I was here and he in Antigua; albeit then the noisy winds roared and sung, and the brown billows tumbled between us! If he would but kiss me, or box my ears, as Bobby has so often done—a good swinging, tingling box, that made one see stars, that incarnadined all one side of one's countenance—oh, how much, much less would it hurt than do the frosty chilliness of his smiles, the uncaring touch of his cool hands!

I have plenty of time to think these thoughts for I am a great deal alone now. Roger is out all day, hunting or with his agent, or on some of the manifold business that landed property entails, or that the settlement of Mr. Huntley's inextricably tangled affairs involves. Very often he does not come in till dressing-time. I never ask him where he has been—never! I think that I know.

Often in these after-days, pondering on those ill times, seeing their incidents in that due proportion that a standpoint at a little distance from them gives, it has occurred to me that sometimes I was wrong, that not seldom, while I was eating my heart out upstairs, with dumb jealousy picturing to myself my husband in the shaded fragrance, the dulcet gloom of the drawing-room at Laurel Cottage, he was in the house with me, as much alone as I, in the dull solitude of his own room, pacing up and down the carpet, or bending over an unread book.

I will tell you why I think so. One day—it is the end of March now, the year is no longer a swaddled baby, it is shooting up into a tall stripling—I have been straying about the garden, alone, of course. It is a year ago to-day since Bobby and I together strolled among the kitchen-stuff in the garden at home, since he served me that ill turn with the ladder. Everything reminds me of that day; these might be the same crocus-clumps, as those that last year frightened away winter with their purple and gold banners. I remember that, as I looked down their deep throats, I was humming *Tu Tou's* verb, "J'aime, I love; Tu aimes, Thou lovest; I aime, He loves."

I sigh. There was the same purple promise over the budding woods; the same sharpness in the bustling wind. Since then, Nature has gone through all her plodding processes, and now it is all to do over again. A sense of fatigue at the infinite repetitions of life comes over us. If Nature would but make a little variation! If the seasons would but change their places a little, and the flowers their order, so that there might be something of unexpectedness about them.

But no! they walk round and round forever in their monotonous leisure. I am stooping to pick a little posy of violets as these languid thoughts dawdle through my mind—blue mysteries of sweetness and color, born of the unscented, dull earth. As I pass Roger's door, having re-entered the house, the thought strikes me to set them on his writing-table. Most likely he will not notice them, but not aware of them, but even so they will be able humbly to speak to him the sweet things that he will not listen to from me. I open the door and listlessly enter. If I thought there was any chance of his being within, I should not have done so without knocking; indeed, I hardly think I should have done at all, but this seems to me most unlikely. Nevertheless he is.

As I enter, I catch a sudden sight of him. He is sitting in his arm chair, his elbows leaned on the table before him, his hand passed through his ruffled hair, and his gray eyes strayed abstractedly away from the neglected page before him. I see him before he sees me. I have time to take in all the dejection of his attitude, all his spiritual idleness. At the slight noise my skirts make he looks up. I stop on the threshold.

"I—I thought you were out," say I, hesitatingly, and reddening a little, as if I were being caught in the commission of some little private sin.

"No, I came in an hour ago."

"I beg your pardon," I say humbly; "I will not disturb you; I would have knocked if I had known."

He has risen and is coming toward me. "Knock! why, in Heaven's name, should you knock?" he says, with something of his old animation; then suddenly changing his tone to one of courteous, friendly coldness, "Why do you stand out there? Will you not come in?"

I comply with this invitation, and, entering sit down in another arm chair not far from Roger's, but now that I am here, I do not seem to have much to say.

"You have been in the garden?" he says, presently, glancing at my little nosegay, and speaking more to hinder total silence from reigning, than for any other reason.

"Yes," I reply, trying to be cheerful and chatty, "I have been picking these; the dear have not half their perfume, though they are three times their size! These small so good!"

As I speak, I timidly half-retreat out the little bunch to him, that he, too, may inhale their odor, but the gesture is so uncertain and faint that he does not perceive it—at least he takes no notice of it, and I am sure that if he had he would; but yet I am so discouraged by the failure of my little overture, that I have not resolution enough to tell him that I had gathered them for him. Instead, I unobtrusively and discomfitedly, put them in my own breast.

Presently I speak again.

"Do you remember," I say—"no, I dare say you do not, but yet it is so—it is a year to-day since you found me sitting on the top of the wall!—such a situation for a person of nineteen to be discovered in!"

At the recollection I laugh a little, and not bitterly, which is what I do not often do now. I can only see his profile, but it seems to me that a faint smile is dawning on his face too.

"It was a good jump was not it?" I go on, laughing again; "I still wonder that I did not knock you down."

He is certainly smiling now; his face has almost its old tender mirth.

"It will be a year to-morrow," continue I, emboldened by perceiving this, and beginning to count on my fingers, "since Toothless Jack and the curates came to dine, and you staid so long in the dining-room, that I fell asleep; the day after to-morrow, it will be a year since we walked by the river-side, and saw the goslings flowering out on the willows; the day after that it will be a year since—"

"Stop!" he cries, interrupting me, with a voice and face equally full of disquiet and pain; "do not go on, where is the use? I hate anniversaries."

I stop, quenched into silence; my poor little trickle of talk effectually dried. After a pause, he speaks.

"What has made you think of all these dead trivialities?" he asks in a voice more moved—or I think so—less positively steady, than his has been of late; "at your age it is more natural to look on than to look back."

"Is it?" say I, sadly, "I do not know; I seem to have a great deal of time for thinking now; this house is so extraordinarily silent! I did you ever notice it?—of course it is large, and we are only two people in it, but at home it never seems to me so deadly quiet, even when I was alone in the house."

"Were you ever alone?" he asks with a smile. He is thinking of the noisy multitude that are connected in his memory with my father's mansion, that, during all his experience of it, have filled its rooms and passages with the hubbub of their strong-lunged jollity.

"Yes, I have been," I reply; "not often, of course! but several times, when the boys were away, and father and mother and Barbara had gone out to dinner; of course it seemed still and dumb, but not"—(shuddering a little)—"not so aggressively, loudly silent as this does!"

He looks at me, with a sort of remorseful pain.

"It is very dull for you!" he says compassionately; "shut up in endless dusk, with a person treble your age. I ought to have thought of that; in a month or so we shall be going to London, that will amuse you, will not it? and till then, is there any one that you would like to have asked here?—any friend of your own?—any companion of your own age?"

"No," reply I, despondently, starting out of the window. "I have no friends."

"The boys, then?" speaking with a sudden assurance of tone, as one that has certainly hit upon a pleasant suggestion.

I shake my head.

"I could not have Bobby and the Brat, if I would, and I would not have Algy if I could," I reply with curt dejection.

"Barbara, then?"

Again I shake my head. Not even Barbara will I allow to witness the failure of my dreams, the downfall of my high castles, the sterility of my Promised Land.

"No, I will not have Barbara!" I answer; "last time that she was here—" but I cannot finish my sentence. I break away weeping.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I think you hardly know the tender rhyme Of 'Trust me not at all, or all in all.'"

There are some wounds, O my friends, that Time, by himself, with no clever physician to help him, will surely cure. You all know that, do not you? some wounds that he will lay his cool ointment on, and by and by they are well. Among such, are the departures hence of those we have strongly loved, and to whom we have always been, as much as in us lay, tender and good. But there are others that he only worsens—yawning gaps that he but widens; as if one were to put one's fingers in a great rent, and tear it asunder. And of these last is mine.

As the year grows apace, as the evenings draw themselves out, and the sun every day puts on fresh strength, we seem to grow ever more certainly apart. Our bodies, indeed, are nigh each other, but our souls are sundered. It never seems to strike any one, it is true, that we are not a happy couple; indeed, it would be very absurd if it did. We never wrangle—we never contradict each other—we have no tiffs; but we are two and not one. Whatever may be the cause, whether it be due to his shaken confidence in me, or (I myself assign this latter as its chief reason) to the constant neighborhood of the woman whom I know him to have loved and coveted years before he ever saw me; whatever may be the cause the fact remains; I no longer please him. It does not surprise me much. After all, the boys always told me that men would not care about me; that I was not the sort of woman to get on with them! Well, perhaps! It certainly seems so.

I meet Mrs. Huntley pretty often in society nowadys, at such staid and sober dinners as the neighborhood thinks fit to indulge in, in this Lenten season; and, whenever I do so, I cannot refrain from a stealthy and watchful observation of her.

She is ten—twelve years older than I. Between her and me lie the ten years best worth living of a woman's life; and yet how easily she distances me! With no straining, no hard-breathed effort, she canters lightly past me. So I think, as I intently and curiously watch her—watch her graceful, languid silence with women, her pretty, lady-like playfulness with men. And how successful she is with them! how how highly they relish her! While I, in the uselessness of my round, white youth, sit benched among the old women, dropping spiritless, pointless "yesses" and "noes" among the veteran worldliness of their talk, how they crowd about her like swarmed bees on some honeyed spring day! how they swool at each other and fessos as to who shall approach most nearly to her cloudy skirts!

Several times I have strained my ears to catch what are the utterances that make them laugh so much, make them look both so fattered and so smooched. Each time that I succeed, I am disappointed. There is

no touch of genius, no salt of wit in anything she says. Her utterances are hardly more brilliant than my own.

You will despise me, I think, when I tell you that, in these days, I made one or two pitiful little efforts to imitate her, to copy, distantly and humbly indeed, the fashion of her clothes, to learn the trick of her voice of her slow, soft gait, of her little surprised laugh. But I soon gave it up. If I tried till my death-day, I should never arrive at anything but a miserable travesty. Before—ere Roger's return—I used complacently to treasure up any little civil speeches, any small compliments that people paid me, thinking, "If such and such a one think me pleasing, why may not Roger?" But I have given this up, too.

I seem to myself to have grown very dull. I think my wits are not so bright as they used to be. At home I used to be reckoned one of the pleasantest of us; the boys used to laugh when I said things; but not even the most hysterically mirthful could find food for laughter in my talk now.

And so the days pass; and we go to London. Sometimes I have thought that it will be better when we get there. At least, she will not be there. How can she, with her husband gnashing his teeth in lonely discomfiture at his exasperated creditors, and receipts bills in sultry St. Thomas? But, somehow, she is. What good Samaritan takes out his twopenny and pays for her little apartment, for her stacks of cut flowers, for her brougham and her opera-boxes, is no concern of mine. But, somehow, there always are good Samaritans in those cases; and, let alone Samaritans, there are no priests or Levites stony-hearted enough to pass by these dear, little, lovely things, on the other side.

We go out a great deal, Roger and I, and everywhere he accompanies me. It bores him infinitely, though he does not say so. One night, we are at the play. It is the Prince of Wales's, the one theatre where one may enjoy a pleasant certainty of being rationally amused, or being free from the otherwise universal dominion of *Lamplight and Legs*. The little house is very full; it is always is. Some of the royalties are here laughing "a gorge deployee!" I have been laughing, too; laughing in my old fashion; not in Mrs. Zephina's little rippling way, but with the thorough-paced, unconventional violence with which I used to reward the homely sallies of Bobby and the Brat. I am laughing still, though the curtain has fallen between the acts, and the orchestra are fiddling gayly away, and the turned-up gas making everybody look pale. My opera-glasses are in my hand, and I am turning them slowly around the house, making out acquaintances in the stalls, prying into the stalls prying into the secrets of the boxes, examining the well-known features of my future king.

Suddenly my smile dies away, and the glasses drop from my trembling hands into my lap. Who is it that has just entered and is slipping across the intervening people in the stalls to his own seat, one of the few that have hitherto remained vacant beneath us? Can I help recognising the close-shorn, cameo-like beauty—to me no beauty; to me deformity and ugliness—of the dark face that for months I daily saw by my fireside? No, it is he! yes, he! though now there is on his features none of the baffled passion, none of the wrathful malignity, which they always wear in my memory, that they wore in the February dusk of Brindley Wood. Now, in their handsome serenity they wear only the look of subdued sadness that a male Briton always assumes when he takes pleasure. Do you remember what Goldsmith says? "When I see an Englishman laugh, I fancy I rather see him humping after joy than having caught it."

As soon as my eyes have fallen upon, and certainly recognised him, by a double impulse I draw back behind the curtain of the box, and look at Roger. He, too, has seen him; I can tell it in an instant by his face, and by the expression of his eyes, as they meet mine. I try to look back unflinchingly, indifferently at him. I would give ten years of my life for an unmovable complexion, but it is no use. Struggle as I will against it, I feel that rush, that torrent of vivid scarlet, that retiring, leaves me as white as my gown. Oh, it is hard, is not it, that the lying changefulness of a deceitful skin, should have power to work me so much hurt?

"Are you faint?" Roger asks, bending toward me, and speaking in a low and icy voice; "shall I get you a glass of water?"

"No, thank you," I reply, resolutely, and with no hesitation or stammer in my tone, "I am not at all faint."

But, alas! my words cannot undo what my false cheeks, with their meaningless red and their causeless white, have so fully done.

The season is over now; every one has trooped away from the sun-baked squares, and the sultry streets of the great empty town. I have never done a season before, and the heat and late hours have tired me woefully. Often, when I have gone to a ball, I have longed to go to bed instead. And now, when we are home again, it would seem to me very pleasant to sit in leisurely coolness by the pool, and to watch the birth and the prosperous short lives of the late roses, and the great bright gladioli in the garden borders. Yes, it would have seemed very pleasant to me—if (why is life so full of ifs?) "If's" and "But's," "If's" and "But's," it seems made up of them! Little ugly words! in heaven there will be none of you!—if—to back and support the outward good luck, there had been any inward content. But there is none! The trouble that I took with me to London, I have brought back thence whole and undiminished.

It is September now; so far has the year advanced! We are well into the partridges! Their St. Bartholomew has begun. Roger is away among the thick green turnip-ridges and the short white stubble all day. I wish to heaven that I could shoot, too, and hunt. It would not matter if I never killed anything—indeed, I think—of the two—I had rather not; I had rather have a course of empty bags and blank days than stuff out any poor, little happy lives; but the occupation that these amusements would entail would displace and hinder the minute mental torments I now daily, in my listless, luxurious idleness endure. I am thinking these thoughts one morning as I turn over my unopened letters, and try, with the misplaced ingenuity and labor one is so apt to employ in such a case, to make out from the general air of their exterior—from their

superscriptions, from their post-marks, whom they are from. About one there is no doubt. It is from Barbara. I have not heard from Barbara for a fortnight or three weeks. It will be the usual thing, I suppose. Father has got the gout in his right toe, or his left calf, or his wrist, or all his fingers, and is, consequently, fuller than usual of hatred and malice; mother's neuralgia is very bad, and she is sadly in want of change, but she cannot leave him. Algy has lost a lot of money at Goodwood, and they are afraid to tell father, etc., etc. Certainly life is rather uphill! I slowly tear the envelope open, and languidly throw my eyes along the lines. But, before I have read three words, my languor suddenly disappears. I sit upright in my chair, grasp the paper more firmly, bring it nearer my eyes, which began greedily to gallop through its contents. They are not very long, and in two minutes I have mastered them.

"MY DEAREST NANCY.—I have such a piece of news for you! I cannot help laughing as I picture to myself your face of delight; I would make you guess it, only I cannot bear to keep you in suspense. It has all come right! I am going to marry Frank after all! What have I done to deserve such luck! How can I ever thank God enough for it? Do you know that my very first thought, when he asked me, was, 'How pleased Nancy will be!' You dear little soul! I think when he went away that time from Tempest, that you took all the blame of it yourself! Oh, Nancy, do you think it is wrong to be so dreadfully happy? Sometimes I am afraid that I love him too much! It seems so hard to help it. I have no time for more now; he is waiting for me; how little I thought, a month ago, that I should be ending a letter to you for such a reason! When all is said and done, what a pleasant world it is! Do you think me quite mad. I know I sound as if I were! Yours, BARBARA."

My hand, and the letter with it, fall together into my lap; my head sinks back on the cushion of the chair; my eyes peruse the ceiling.

"Engaged to Musgrave! engaged to Musgrave! engaged to Musgrave!"

The words ring with a dull monotony of repetition through my brain. Poor Barbara! I think she would be surprised if she were to see my "face of delight!"

CHAPTER XL.

My eyes are fixed on the mouldings of the ceiling, while a jumble of thoughts mix and muddle themselves in my head. Was Brindley Wood a dream? or is this a dream? Surely one or the other must be, and, if this is not a dream, what is it? Is it reality, is it truth? How did he dare to approach her? How could he know that I had not told her? Is it possible that he cares for her really?—that he cared for her all along?—that he only went mad for one wicked moment? Is he sorry? how soon shall I have to meet him? On what terms shall we be? Will Roger be undecieved at last? Will he believe me? As my thoughts fall upon him he opens the door and enters.

"Well, I am off, Nancy," he says, speaking in his usual, friendly voice, to which I have grown so accustomed that sometimes I could almost persuade myself that I had never known any loving terms; and standing with the door-handle in his hand.

He rarely kisses me now; never upon any of these little temporary absences. We always part with polite, cold, verbal salutations. Then, with a sudden change of tone, approaching me, he speaks:

"Is anything the matter? have you had bad news?"

My eyes drop at length from the scroll and pomegranate flower border of the ceiling. I sit up, and with an involuntary movement, put my hand over the open letter that lies in my lap.

"I have had news," I answer dubiously. "If it is anything you had rather not tell me!" he says, hastily, observing my stupid and unintentional gesture, and, I suppose, afraid that I am about to drift into a second series of lies—"please do not. I would not for worlds thrust myself on your confidence!"

"It is no secret of mine," I answer coldly; "everybody will know it immediately, I suppose; it is that Barbara—" I stop, as usual, choked as I approach the abhorred theme. "Will you read the letter, please? that will be better—yes, I had rather that you did—it will not take you long; yes, all of it!" (seeing that he is holding the note in his hand and conscientiously looking away from it as if expecting limitation as to the amount he is to peruse.)

He complies. There is a silence—an expectant silence on my part. It is not of long duration. Before ten seconds have elapsed the note has fallen from his hand, and with an exclamation of the profoundest astonishment, he is looking with an expression of the most keenly questioning wonder at me.

"TO MUSGRAVE!"

I nod. I have judiciously placed myself with my back to the light, so that if that exasperating flood of crimson bathes my face—and bathes it surely will—no one is coming now?—do not let it creep hotly up?—it may be as little perceptive as possible.

"It must be a great, great surprise to you!" he says, interrogatively, and still with that sound of extreme and baffled wonder in his tone.

"Immense!" reply I.

I speak steadily, if low; and I look determinedly back in his face. Whatever color or my cheeks are—I believe they are of the devil's own painting—I feel that my eyes are honest. He has picked up the note, and is reading it again.

"She seems to have no doubt!" (with rising wonder in face and voice) "as to its greatly pleasing you."

"So it would have done at one time," I answer, still speaking (though no one could guess with what difficulty) with resolute equanimity.

"And does not it now?" (very quickly, and sending the searching scrutiny of his eyes through me.)

"I do not know," I answer hazily, putting up my hand to my forehead. "I cannot make up my mind, it all seems so sudden."

A pause. Roger has forgotten the partridges. He is sunk in reflection.

"Was there ever any talk of this before?" he says presently, with a hesitating and doubtful accent, and an altogether staggered look. "Had you any reason—any ground for thinking that he cared about her?"

"G eat ground," reply I, touching my cheeks with the tips of my fingers, and feel-

ing with a sense of self gratulation, that their temperature is gradually, if slowly, lowering, "every ground at one time."

"At what time?"

"In the autumn," say I slowly; my mind reluctantly straying back to the season of my urgent invitations, of my pressing friendlinesses, "and at Christmas, and after Christmas."

"Yes," (with a quick eagerness, as if expecting to hear more.)

"The boys," continue I, speaking without any ease or fluency, for the subject is always one irksome and difficult to me—"the boys took it quite for granted—looked upon it as a certain thing that he meant seriously until—"

"Until what?" (almost snatching the words out of my mouth.)

"Until—well!" (with a short, forced laugh), "Until they found that he did not."

"And—do you know—but of course you do—can you tell me how they discovered that?"

He is looking at me with that same greedy anxiety in his eyes which I remember in our last fatal conversation about Musgrave.

"He went away," reply I, unable any longer to keep watch and ward over my countenance and voice, rising and walking hastily to the window.

The moment I have done it, I repent. However I was, however confused I looked, it would have been better to have remained and faced him. For several minutes there is a silence. I look out at the stiff comeliness of the variously tinted asters, at the hoary-colored dew that is like a film along the morning grass. I do not know what he looks at, because I have my back to him, but I think he is looking at Barbara's note again. At least, I judge by what he says next—"Poor little soul!" (in an accent of the honestest, tenderest pity), "how happy she seems!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How a Panther Jumps over Fifty Feet.

While the African lion or tiger may be competitors in strength, in agility the panther has no rival living.

A gentleman of truth and candor said this to me: "I was in Canada some years since, beyond the St. Lawrence, in November. The family where I was stopping, had hung beef against a pile of boards or lumber to cool off, or freeze, as is customary. A catamount (the Indian name in New England) smelled the meat in the woods close by and crept out in the night to get a piece. In pulling down the quarter of beef he upset the whole pile of lumber, which came down with a fearful noise, and he made three tremendous leaps from the spot. I saw the tracks in the snow; there was not a mark between them; I did not measure the distance myself, but a man did, and I believe, correctly. The first jump was up hill, thirty feet, second, horizontal, to a large rock, fifty-four feet, the third, down hill, seventy-two feet."

A leap of thirty feet perpendicular to the branch of a tree, or a forty-foot plunge after a fatal shot, and falling dead almost at the hunter's feet, have been repeated until the veracity is not questioned, and after making all possible allowance we must acknowledge there is not a creature living whose leap compares with it.

The question then comes up, how is this superiority over other animals attained. The key to the above question we shall find in the coiled wire spring. This spring, pressed down on a base and liberated, leaps ahead further than any other form. The reason is very simple. Every movement of substance must start from a base unless moved by an outside force. The coiled wire spring, when pressed down, becomes a solid its entire length. When let loose, the first turn jumps from its base, which is the second; the second adds its force to the first, jumping from the third, and so in succession to the last, which adds its force after the whole coil is flying from the outside base of all. And this is precisely the case in the panther's leap. The forelegs and head are shot forward from the shoulders, the powerful muscles of the back straighten the curve of the spinal columns from the hips, while the great posterior muscles through the Achilles tendon and over the longest lever in the animal economy, add the last impetus to a body already shooting ahead like an arrow. The serpentine flexibility is beautifully illustrated in the menagerie when the keeper thrusts his stick across the cage and orders Felis to jump over it. The head and shoulders rise and gracefully curve over the stick, beginning to descend on the opposite side when the last impetus is given by the hind feet, and the body alights gently as it rose, seeming without weight, concussion or the disturbance of a leaf.

Mining Troubles.

The mining riots in the States are but the first preluding grumbles of coming confusion and possibly of not a little bloodshed. Rings have been encouraged and bonused by heavy protective duties and any number of undue advantages, and behold the end of it all. They have not shared with their human tools the enormous and unseemly profits they have wrung out of the general community by forms of law. On the contrary, the working men of the States, and especially the skilled operatives, are relatively worse off to-day than they were thirty years ago. In many cases, not only relatively, but absolutely so. Cheap labor from the old country has been poured into all the centres of industry, giving the employers always their choice of cheap labor while they ruled the markets in all the products of their establishments, and could almost name their price, buying up rivals or combining with them to keep up prices. What has been the result? Why, capital in the hands of a few claims to be king, and if labor says anything in the way of protest, then it must be put down. Of course it must, when it resorts to physical force and violence. But tens of thousands of eager brains and nimble intellects are asking how it comes to pass that wealth accumulates and men decay, and there will be plenty of trouble before the answer and solution are found. Monopolies die hard, but after all they must die, whether they take the shape of an irresponsible aristocracy, a protected plutocracy, a favored hierarchy, or of anything else which lives and grows by unjust privilege, and clings to its so-called vested rights till these become transparent and intolerable "vested wrongs."

There is not so much danger in a known foe as a suspected one.