

Wayward But Winning

"No, not heartless," he says, "not heartless, Carrie; thoughtless, perhaps, a little; but with the thoughtlessness of a girl who has known nothing of the world and the feelings which live and grow in a man's heart! There is nothing to forgive, Carrie, Good-bye!" and with trust, gentle chivalry, he hands his head, kisses the soft, white hand, and goes out.

In the morning sunshine he stands for a moment, with his hat still in his hand, and as he thus stands—gazing before him and seeing not the green meadows and the blue sky, but the beautiful face he has just left—he hears not the lowing of the cows and the singing of the birds, but the low, sweet-toned voice of the girl he has loved so well, and lost—Lord Cecil comes through the window of his room and lays his hand on his shoulder.

Willie starts slightly, then takes Lord Cecil's proffered hand, and for a moment the two men look at each other.

"Willie is the first to speak. 'I have just been saying Good-bye,' he says quietly.

"You are going away?" says Lord Cecil, gently.

"Yes, for a time, Lord Cecil, I think you should know that I have just left Carrie—Miss Carrie—Hartington—and that I have asked her to be my wife. Why? I have told me that she cannot, and why?"

Lord Cecil does not speak for a moment, and Willie, with a sudden flush, goes on:

"I will not say that I do not envy you, Lord Cecil, because I do, with all my heart and soul. I will tell you that I would have done as easily as you. There is the first, the only touch of bitterness in his voice. 'But though I envy you I wish you nothing but good. I hope that you will be happy! I can't see how you can be otherwise, having her love,'

Lord Cecil holds out his hand, his dark eyes fixed on the now pale and haggard face.

"Fairfield," he says in his grave, sweet voice, "I am sorry—very, very sorry. What can I say more? It is not strange that you should have loved her. There is no man worthy of the name of man, who could have known her as you have known her, and not loved her! I am sorry that you should suffer. I hope you will believe that I will say no more; that if I stood where you stand now, I should have changed places. I should have wished you the same as you have wished me, and though there would have been envy in my heart, there would have been no hatred nor malice! Fairfield, we shall be friends! In time you will forget—no, not forget—but the wound will have healed."

"It may be so," says Willie with a sad smile, "but I do not feel like it now. But I will let you know if I will let it be so. Here, I must of necessity be! I have just told her, Lord Cecil, I have told her that if ever she should need a friend I pray that I may be at hand to help her. I trust she may never be in such straits or trouble, but if she is, I shall be there. I shall be there, Lord Cecil, I shall be there."

"Heaven grant your wish, which I do, Fairfield," he says, "But I take your promise."

"Thank you," says Willie, in a low voice. "While I am here, I will have at least one friend in the world who will never let anything, be what it may, overshadow this friendship. Good-bye," and he goes.

Lord Cecil stands looking after him for a moment, then he goes into the park, and sits on the bench.

Carrie is sitting on the sofa, with her head drooping, her hands clasped in her lap. He goes up to her and puts his arm around her, and she raises her head.

"Cecil—I must tell you," she says, the tears still in her eyes, and shining through her smile.

"No need, darling," he says, kissing her, "he has told me himself. He is a noble fellow, Carrie, and—well, his lips quivered as Willie's had done—if the truth must be told, more worthy of you than I am."

"With a little sharp breath she puts her arm around his neck and lays her head on his breast.

"Ah, no, not there is only one in the world for me, Cecil—only one!"

And she takes his hand and presses it to her lips lovingly, meekly almost humbly.

CHAPTER XVI.

On this same morning the sun, which shines upon Lord Cecil's happiness and Willie's disappointment, is pouring its rays into a luxurious apartment in the Hotel Albion, Wiesbaden. Everybody knows the Hotel Albion, and everybody, who is at the same time anybody, when he goes to Wiesbaden, puts up at it. At this moment at the Hotel Albion there are a prince, a grand duke and a galaxy of noble people within its hospitable walls, but the person who occupies its best room is no other than Zenobia de Norvan.

On a couch drawn up to the open window, she is reclining, her feet on a footstool, her hands on her knees, and her eyes are fixed on the garden. She is almost faultless grace and beauty. Anything, she is more lovely than when, a few weeks ago, she had the heart out of Lord Cecil Neville, and left him, more dead than alive, stricken down by the knowledge of her treachery.

With her lustrous eyes fixed dreamily upon the glittering fountains, and her white, smooth arms clasped in the lap of her soft, silk morning robe, with a faint smile of contentment and serenity upon her features, she looks as if never a cloud of sorrow had dimmed the bright sky out of her life—as if no heart had ached high to breaking for her sake—as if the heart that beat so gently and regularly within her bosom were as innocent of the world and its ways as that of —

Not even the proverbial close observer—that wonderful individual, whose sharp eyes detect what other persons never notice—would have discovered any trace of restlessness or impatience in her face or her attitude; and yet she was waiting, and there was a keen restlessness burning in the brain, behind the calm, lustrous eyes.

The hand—the daily hand—plays with perfect tune and harmony, in the garden below; the promenaders pace to and fro, and stop to exchange greetings with that sweep of the hat for which the foreigner is so famous; the clock in the palace chimes in silvery tones the quarters; and still she waits.

And at last, as the hour of twelve strikes by the carved clock on the mantelpiece, the door opens and the person she has been waiting for enters.

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TRAMP BATHES IN MARBLE BATH

A Chesterfieldian Weary Willy Invades Home of a New York Millionaire.

New York, Nov. 30.—Once there was a tramp who gained fame by sleeping in the Astor bed. His feat has been eclipsed by Willie Miller, likewise a tramp, who has bathed in the marble bath of Irving Brookway, lawyer and club man, at No. 9 East Seventy-ninth street.

Because he took that bath and could offer no other explanation than the desire for it, young Miller (which he admits is not his real name) was putting up at the Harlem court prison last night. He will tell more about his experience in court today.

The Brookway residence is being renovated in the absence of the owner. The night watchman, Willie Miller, saw late on Monday evening a mysterious light in the bathroom on the second floor. He called Policeman Ziegler, and both hurried up to the bathroom. They found Miller in the tub, up to his neck in hot water and enjoying himself immensely.

"I'll have you arrested for the cool assurance of the intruder," he exclaimed.

Miller, embarrassed for a second over the unconventional situation, found tongue to inquire politely, "See if you can't guess."

"I'll hazard a surmise," replied the watchman politely, "on what your next move will be just as soon as you get into your clothes."

"Well, don't back that prophecy for more than you can afford to lose," responded the bathman, with an exasperating little laugh, "I'm full of surprises."

The policeman, who had been a silent but interested listener to the animated conversation between the night watchman and the man in the tub, now put himself on record.

"Get into your clothes and beat it, hasty. Catch my meaning, understand, or to put it in plain English—save!"

"I comprehend you perfectly, Archibald," replied the young man, thoroughly composed, and if you and your interesting companion will withdraw for a few moments to the outer hall, I will dress myself and do your bidding gladly."

"My name isn't Archibald, and we won't budge from this spot until you are ready to come along, too," responded the policeman, whose face by this time had taken on an exaggerated tint of the healthy pink which the hot water had imparted to most of the exterior of the young man in the tub.

"It seems to be my fate," said the stranger with quiet dignity, and then he climbed sadly from the marble and entered his apparel.

Miller was taken before Magistrate Crane in the Harlem court, but to all questions as to why he had entered an unoccupied bathroom to take a bath, he refused to make reply.

"You can charge me with murder, burglary or robbery. I'll take my medicine," he said, "but you can't take back that bath."

The prisoner later ingeniously explained to an attaché of the prison: "If I committed a crime by taking a bath, I have been a lawbreaker all my life. I needed that bath more than many a hungry man needs food."

When asked by one of the curious attendants in the prison whether he had found the bath in the marble tub much pleasanter than others he had taken in the common boarding-houses, constructed of wood, tin, celluloid or glue, Miller answered in the negative.

In the Harlem court this morning Miller will be called on to explain his presence in Mr. Brookway's bath. If he can conclusively prove that his ultimate motive in invading the bath was an innate desire for cleanliness, he will probably be released with a warning henceforth to seek the river or the home of a friend.

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[To be Continued.]

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Rear-Admiral G. W. Baird, after 43 years' service in the United States navy, during which time he has had but four months off duty, now asks to be relieved as superintendent of the state, war and navy department building in Washington.

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