



A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XXXII.
CHAPTER XXXIII.

In her intense anxiety on Carrie's account, Maida almost forgot that the man riding beside her was Robert Broseley, and that only a short time ago he had avowed his passionate love for her; and, indeed, if she had remembered it, she would not have been deterred from accompanying him; for it need not be said that Carrie was dearer to Maida than her own life or safety. She scarcely glanced at him, but looked forward, her brow knit with care, her lips set tightly.

But Robert glanced at her now and again, and, every time he did so, her beauty and grace fired his passion and hardened his resolution. For days he had been restraining himself, playing a part and pretending that he had given up all hope of winning her; and all that time his love-hunger had increased so that he was dominated by it as a man is dominated by some terrible and mastering emotion of the soul. As he covertly watched her now, it seemed to him that a new Maida had taken the place of the old listless and absorbed one; she sat erect, held her horse in hand with quiet self-possession—in fact, displayed that alertness and courage which nearly every woman shows when she is called to the help and rescue of those she loves. This phase of her character came as a revelation to Robert, and, of course, heightened the spell which she had all unconsciously and unwillingly cast over him.

Hitherto he had regarded her as just a thing of beauty, a frail and lovely flower, to be loved and cherished and protected; he would have been content to encircle her in luxury, to treat her as a "fine lady," to show her off, with a glowing pride, to his friends in Melbourne; he would

have asked no more of her than to be a splendid, dazzling ornament, a dainty conquest of his bow and spear. But this new Maida, with the new light in her eyes, the new expression of firmness and self-reliance in her set lips, opened up fresh vistas to him; she would be something more than a mere picture, a mere do-nothing fine lady; she would be a companion to him, a true mate; she would ride and drive beside him, share his life, not only in the luxuries of Melbourne—perhaps of England—but in the daily routine of his work.

His admiration for her increased at every glance he stole, and if, during the construction of his plot, any scruples had arisen, he thrust them from him now. He felt that she was necessary to his very existence, that he could not and would not live without her. He was outwardly calm, but the blood was surging hotly through his veins, and every now and then the strong hand that held his reins shook so that the horse, with its quick sympathy for its master's mood, pricked its ears and sometimes started nervously, as if it understood and shared something of the electric emotions which were agitating its rider.

They were passing through scenery of the most beautiful description, and, for the first time, perhaps, Robert was sensible of its loveliness; but he only felt it because Maida was riding by his side, because, by stretching out his hand he could touch her and feel that mystic, overwhelming thrill which the mere touching of her—her skirt or the sleeve of her blouse—always sent through him.

Maida was blind to the beauty around her; all her thoughts were fixed on Carrie; she pictured her lying in the hut, helpless and half-fainting with pain—and alone!

"How did it happen?" she asked, at last, and after they had ridden some miles in silence.

Robert started and looked at her blankly; he had been picturing her—his wife!—presiding at a big dinner to all the swells in Melbourne; picturing her the mistress of a great house, in England; for yes, he would take her there; he would be rich when his father died, would be able to afford to live in England, at any rate for some months in the year. He had been so rapt in his dream that he had actually forgotten all about Carrie's fictitious accident.

"How did it happen?" he said, vacantly. "Oh, I beg your pardon! She was gathering some flowers—she always does, you know—and her foot slipped. I carried her into the hut and made her as comfortable as I could. She wasn't in much pain, but she couldn't ride. She told me to tell you not to worry about her, that she would get on very well until you came. You are not worrying, are you?"

"No; at least, as little as I can help," said Maida. "I have brought some lint and some strapping plaster in my pocket. I know exactly what to do for a strain or a sprain. And I know how painful it is. If we were



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only there! It seems so strange to me, Carrie being ill. She has never been ill since I can remember; it has always been I who have been sick or sorry and Carrie has always nursed me. As she says, she smiled faintly, "she has always been a mother to me. I realise that now. I feel now that it is I who ought to have taken the place of a mother to her; for I am the elder. But my work has absorbed me. And sorrow makes some of us selfish, I am afraid."

As she sighed, he looked at her sharply. Everything connected with her past was of absorbing interest to him.

"What sorrow have you had?" he asked.

"My father—" said Maida, blushing guiltily as she thought that her father's death was not the only sorrow which had been in her mind when she had spoken.

"Oh, ah, yes," he said, with a breath of relief. "I had forgotten that. There hasn't been any other?"

The colour faded from Maida's face for a moment and she turned her face away.

"We all have our sorrows," she said, sadly; and in the tone of coldness and reserve which checks further questioning.

"You are right," he said, with a touch of bitterness. "And we don't think of others. For instance, you don't think of mine, you don't care."

Maida looked at him with a rather startled glance, and fearing that he had alarmed her, he went on, quickly:

"Oh, I haven't many sorrows; I'm no worse off than most men; in fact, I'm a deuced sight better off than most. My father's a rich man; and of course I shall have it all, or nearly all, when he dies. Oh, I don't want him to die; but I'm only stating the case. I shall be something of a big man then. I can buy a place in England, be of some importance there; and my wife, if I ever have one, can swagger around with the best. Here, I'm only Robert Broseley of Milda Wolda and Melbourne; over there I could be a big-wig if I liked. I suppose I could go into your House of Commons; perhaps I could buy a baronetcy—they tell me they are bought and sold like everything else—anyway, my wife would be a regular swell."

Maida coloured faintly; but she

did not apply his words to herself.

"Why do you not go to England?" she said. "Yes; a man can do so much there. I have always thought at least ever since I saw something of society, that a man has a better chance of rising in England than anywhere else; for though it is a monarchy and people are supposed to be so exclusive and conservative, a man of genius or talent—especially if he be a rich man—can reach any height. The House of Lords is three parts of it composed of men who were either working men themselves or whose fathers were of quite humble origin. You should go to England, Mr. Robert, and follow your career there."

"Perhaps I will," he said; "but I should feel lonely. I should want someone—a wife to help me."

"You would find plenty to choose from there," said Maida, a trifle nervously. "I suppose Carrie has everything she wants at the hut?"

"Oh, yes," he said, biting his lip. "The hut is well provisioned. She could stay there a week, a month, and be fairly comfortable."

They rode on in silence for some time. Robert was drawing a beautiful picture for himself; he saw himself the master of a great house, a big estate in England; a member of Parliament; perhaps a baronet, with Maida by his side as Lady Broseley. The picture warmed him to the heart's core; not that it needed such an ambitious dream to form his happiness; he would be content to remain plain Robert Broseley, content to remain at Milda Wolda for the rest of his life, if only he could have Maida for his wife. And she would be his wife; he had got her in a toil from which she could not escape. She might at first resent the trick he had played upon her, might overwhelm him with indignant reproaches, but she, who was so quick, so acute, would see that there was only one course open for her to follow, and she would yield.

As the sun's heat began to diminish the way became more rugged, they were forced to go slowly.

(To be continued)

Sashes swathe the hips and waist line in half-loose fashion. The majority of the afternoon dresses have long sleeves. Light colored cloth is often used for suits of dark blue serge. Lace, velour and fur will be combined in early autumn models.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates

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War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A. M.

GERMAN ARTILLERY BOMBARD BRITISH FRONT.

LONDON, Aug. 8.

German artillery last night began an active bombardment of the British front in Belgium to the east and north of Ypres. The British troops in the course of the night raided the German trenches near Lombartzelle, and returned with some prisoners and machine guns. German artillery was particularly active in the neighborhood of Westhoek and the Forest-Staden railway.

TROOPS OF CROWN PRINCE LAUNCH ATTACK.

PARIS, Aug. 8.

Troops of the German Crown Prince last night launched attacks on the French positions east of Auxenilles and west of the Champagne Plateau, in the Alsace region. The official statement issued to-day by the French War Office says that the attacks were repulsed. German raids north of St. Mihiel in the Vosges sector and in Upper Alsace were checked by the French fire. On the greater part of the Alsace front, the statement adds, there was a heavy mutual artillery fire.

TALK WITH GEN. KORNHOFF.

LONDON, Aug. 8.

The correspondent of the Times at the headquarters of the Seventh Army talked with General Kornhoff on the eve of his departure to take over the supreme command. General Kornhoff said: "The first stage of the war is over; the second phase begins to-day." The correspondent says the Russian Commander repudiates the possibility of the Russians surrendering. He holds that if Russia concludes a dishonourable peace, to which traitors have been driving her, she will become a German colony forever; the Germans would serve her foodstuffs, enroll her army, and treat her as a conquered country. There could be no choice between the evil of war and the evil of surrender. The new Government must realize the necessity of inviting its Allies to help in reorganising the railway ser-

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