

Love Finds the Way

CHAPTER I.

Down in the now unfashionable region of the East, there lies, a little apart from the swift, ever-running stream that rushes to and fro through the leading thoroughfare, a little hid-away nest of streets and squares called Spitalfields.

On either side of this oasis in the desert of drifting footpaths, the rattle and rumble of countless restless vehicles and the indescribable hum of still more restless voices.

From the city to the green fields that lie beyond crowded Shore-ditch and its suburbs on one side, and the great docks of the East End on the other, the living tide of human beings flows all day and nearly all night.

Between these rivers lie Spitalfields and Spital Square.

Years ago this was the fashionable spot in our modern Babylon.

The rich built themselves great houses and drove their heavy, much-beleated carriages through its streets.

The rich have gone to the west and taken their carriages with them, but their grand houses still remain, grand still and forever, though with a dingy, faded, antique grandeur, for the elaborate carvings are blurred and smoked by the ever-passing fingers of the old man, Time, and the elaborate gildings faded and dulled by his never-ceasing breath.

High, rambling places they are, with halls larger than most of the modern villas, with rooms big enough to hold many a present day fashionable cottage, with fireplaces that would swallow up a city clerk's income in coals, and passages through which a modern hansom cab could be driven with ease.

Mysterious old places some of them are, with queer and not altogether reputable legends attached to them, dark, crimson marks that would not be washed from their old oak floorings; high, iron-barred windows, suggestive of languishing prisoners, dark, bewildering cellars, with an odor of secrecy and crime, and huge cupboards, opening by elaborate springs, and leading to few know where.

Not only the houses but the streets in which they stand savor of the dead-and-gone past.

Some are narrow and solitary. Their old foot-worn stones have almost forgotten the touch of shoe leather, and yet despair have comforted themselves by allowing blades of rank grass to crop between their interstices.

The tide of fashion has swept over and past them. These are deserted and solitary; others, wider perhaps and nearer the great thoroughfare outside, are still cognizant of life and action, but the feet that press them are the weary ones of silk-weavers and their families, the relentless ones of the tax-gatherer, and the monotonous ones of the policeman.

In the outer ring are the vegetable market and the great steam factories, but in the centre of the old houses, the old streets are still and quiet as a grave-yard, and the place is nearly forgotten.

Take my hand, reader, and let us enter this old, red-bricked mansion.

It stands hidden away, shouldered back as it were, by the corner of a grass-grown square.

Its old, heavy oak door is cracked and blistered by time, and a hundred more, and the stone steps, five of them—some trodden into hollows at the middle, and flanked on either side by a rusty railing.

There is no area, but two blind circular windows, barred with thick iron, show that a cellar lies beneath.

There are two windows above—if windows they can be called—seeing that out of six panes five have been boarded up, and the sixth is rendered opaque by the thick layer of dust that might have been accumulating for centuries.

Passing outside, who would think of gazing at the ramshackle old place, or, if gazing, imagine that anything of life lies within it.

The hall is like its neighbors, a huge one, paneled with oak and walnut, polished perhaps at one time, but now dim and lack-lustre.

Facing the door rises a wide staircase; a pair of horses could drag a modern toy brougham up them without difficulty as far as space went.

Dust in the hall, just here on the stairs; dust in the front room—if the dim light could reveal it—dust in all the others, quaintly formed and more quaintly furnished; dust, everywhere.

The front room—a large, dreary apartment paneled like the hall, and as lack-lustre—shows some signs of life.

Three or four chairs, and a table are set upon a frayed but real Turkey carpet. An old, carved cabinet, with all the roses of the figures rubbed off and most of their arms, rears its faded majesty against the further wall. A few pictures, the subjects of which it is impossible to tell for dust and age, hang around three of the walls, the fringe being shrouded from view by a long, mysterious curtain that hangs from ceiling to floor in heavy folds, upon which the flickering of a small fire, burning in a huge and cavernous aperture, surmounts by a tall and wide mantelpiece, throws a sullen glow.

And now to the life.

Look carefully through the room and deary a lad sitting in an attitude of profound meditation, within the embrace of a monstrous, old-fashioned chair, whose back, carved with grotesque heads, seems to grin down upon his young head, whose fat, ponderous, misshapen arms seem to imprison his slender body.

The face, as much of it as can be seen by the fitful fire-glow, is clouded by a look almost painful in its intensity of thought.

It is the face of fifteen, but wears the expression belonging to one of thirty.

The eyes are dark, deep and penetrating—too much so; they are the eyes of a troubled spirit; a morbid inquiring mind, a puzzled, ever-questioning, never-satisfied heart, gleaming through the masses of dark, overhanging hair, sometimes, too, through the fingers of the small, unnaturally white hand raised to part the hair from the forehead, or shield the face from the heat of the fire.

Look now at the attitude, unnaturally pensive and languid for one so young, unpleasantly suggestive of age and unrest, yet in perfect harmony with the pale face and restless eyes that are bent now upon the fire with a thoughtful

rown, and now raised toward the door with a glance of expectancy.

The waning day grows quickly into night, and the firelight grows brighter by the disappearance of the dim gleam through the dust-obscured windows, and still the lad sits.

Presently his ear—rendered acute by the silence reigning around, and the still greater silence within him—catches the sound of approaching footsteps, and he stoops, not rises, and throws a fresh log upon the fire, resuming his old attitude and fixing his eyes upon the door.

The footsteps ascend the huge stairs, the door opens, and the companion of the lad's life enters.

He is a tall, handsome looking man, with no resemblance to the lad, save perhaps in the eyes, though, dark and piercing as the lad's, the man's are blacker and more piercing still.

As he enters, closing the door carefully after him, and shooting with a familiar action, a long bolt into its socket, the boy rises, and displaying a weird, yet not ungraceful gait, approaches to help him remove the long, dark cloak that is wrapped closely around the thin, lithe figure.

The man acknowledges the action, and nods with short laugh, that is more an exclamation of greeting than mirth.

"Well, Clie!" he says in a voice that is not unamiable. "Well, lad, all right. I am here. Cloak wet? Throw it across the chair! Heigho, I am tired—fagged—more the word—to death."

And with a lifting of his dark eyebrows and a pulsing of his full, expressive mouth, he sinks into the chair which the lad, still silently, drags—it is too heavy to lift—toward the fire.

"What a blaze! Art cold, Clie? Your young blood should scarce own to that though. I suppose you find it chilly to be doing nothing but thinking while I am hot—hot, lad—with work, and thinking, too, for the matter of that."

This, uttered in the tone of a soliloquy, with the black eyes fixed upon the fire, and a pair of long, slender hands fumbling about his head, does not require an answer, and still, as the man calls him, still dumb, stands beside his empty chair and waits.

The fumbling brings about a strange result, for with an impatient exclamation the man lifts what seems to be almost the upper part of his head—but which is in reality a wide and false forehead—and with his eyes still upon the fire he looks at the boy.

He takes it with the air of one accustomed to the task, and crossing the room to the old cabinet, deposits it within one of its cavernous drawers. Then he returns and, dumb still, proceeds to light a handsome but faded lamp, and spread a cloth upon the table.

The bright flame of the lamp awakens in the man—the glow of which is altered by the removal of his wig, having golden hair and a fair complexion that goes strangely with his dark eyes—for he rises and with a long drawn "Heigho!" helps the boy lay out the cold joints of meat, bread, butter, cheese and a bottle of wine that are to serve for supper.

Then, all the preparations complete, the strange two seat themselves at either end of the massive table.

"Old beer," remarks the man. "This is a luxury, Clie, luxury—you and I have fared worse, eh?"

And he nods, but without the smile that should accompany the congratulatory.

"Ay," replied the lad, speaking for the first time, and in a voice as peculiar as the man's, but a hundredfold more musical. "Ay," he continues, "and I suppose may do so again."

"You are right," returns the man, cutting a slice of the beef and handing it to him. "To-day lies in our hands, tomorrow is the gods'. That is a Roman proverb, Clie, but unlike some of the same family—true, to-day is ours, tomorrow is the gods'. You do not ask me how the day has gone?"

"I shrug his shoulders—a gesture peculiar to him, and so young—unnatural, but not ungraceful.

"I am not impatient, Melchior; no great fortune or thou wouldst have been more cheerful and have sighed less."

This speech was as shrewdly unnatural as the gesture, peculiar, too, by the introduction of the "them," which, it will be noted, both man and boy used at times and in an odd and irregular manner.

"True," replied Melchior; "no great things, Clie. But the seed is sown; let us hope, the seed is sown; you can't get the harvest without sowing, remember that, lad. Sow, harrow and watch and the harvest is sure—though may be long delayed."

The lad nods.

"And where hast thou been sowing to-day?"

"In the field of fools," replied Melchior, curtly; "a large tract of land to cover, and a fruitful one. And you, lad, what hast thou done?"

"All that you set me," said the youth, his face lit up with a momentary glow of interest.

"That's well; I'll look at it after supper—give me the corkscrew. To-day is ours, and if we use it well to-morrow may be plucked from the gods—eh, Clie?"

The lad nodded again to show that he understood.

The man uncorked the bottle and poured out a glass of the contents with great care.

"Rare Rundersheim, Clie. One of the last few bottles. Ah, old wine, you and I have seen some strange things. Here's thy death and burial!"

And with a gesture grotesque and weird he raised the glass high above his head, then set it to his lips and drained it.

"So the tasks are done, Clie!" he resumed, leaning back in his chair and wiping his lips. "The history and the geography, the French and the Italian, all done, eh?"

Clie nodded.

"That's well. Knowledge is power. Some say it is not, Clie; they are idiots. Knowledge—not learning, mark you!—is power, infinite, immeasurable. Know man and you rule him. Know him and he rules you. Man is divided—"

"Into two classes," said the boy, taking up the sentence in obedience to a fluctuating upraising of his master's eyebrows and speaking in a rapid, meditative, yet eager tone, and with dreamy eyes. "Into two classes—fools and knaves, slaves and owners, poor and rich."

The man filled his glass and nodded approvingly.

"Good! Go on, Clie, go on."

"The fools were created for the knaves, the slaves for their masters, the poor for the rich. Knowledge rules them all. Know man and rule him."

"Good! Well repeated, Clie. Gave that lesson on your heart, while you have one; when you are unfortunate enough to be able to live without it burn it into your mind, burn it in. Knaves, fools, rich and poor. Knowledge of man above them all, Heigho! Now, Clie, your glass of brave old Rundersheim and then to work."

The lad arose from the table and shook his head.

"No wine to-night, Melchior," he said, gathering together the remains of the meal.

The man nodded.

"Then we'll put the bottle by. Rundersheim is not to go begging, lad. Time, which teaches all things if men will but learn, will teach thee to accept all offers while fools live to make them."

Rising as he spoke, he carried the bottle to the cabinet and placed it tenderly within it.

Then he walked to the door, examined its fastenings, which were elaborate and seemingly unnecessarily massive, and stood by the fire waiting till the lad had finished clearing the table.

When Clie had folded the cloth he said: "I am ready, Melchior."

And taking up the lamp he proceeded to the end of the room shrouded by the curtain.

The man followed, and the two passed behind the massive door to the remaining portion of the room.

It was empty and unfurnished and seemed to serve as the storeroom for old packing cases and hampers, several of which were lying about the floor and resting against the wall.

Setting the lamp upon the ground, the lad removed one of these packing cases from the wall and commenced passing his fingers along the worm-eaten planks.

In a few moments his practised fingers found the cunningly hidden spring, and a slight grating noise was heard as the panel slid slowly into the wall.

Taking up the lamp the lad stood still and the man passed through, leaving the boy to fasten the door and follow him.

The rays of the lamp, held up above their heads, cast a light upon the wall, and on their way down a long flight of twisting, circular stone steps into a large cellar.

Here the atmosphere, instead of being damp and humid, as might have been expected, was dry and hot.

A turn of the passage revealed the cause, a small, compact furnace, which threw from its red-hot heart a fierce circle of heat.

The fire had been lighted some hours and the iron door was glowing and hot. By some contrivance the smoke was consumed or carried off by complicated funnels and cunningly contrived ventilations.

Besides the furnace the cellar contained a number of smelting pots, crucibles, testing glasses, bottles and jars of chemicals, dices, used by metal workers, and a beautifully contrived machine for stamping coin.

In one corner, concealed by a screen, lay a mass of metals—iron, lead, copper and zinc.

In another, a set of appliances for working and smelting hot, and manufacturing the fused metals.

With a methodical air the two strange beings proceeded to remove their coats and shirts, and encase themselves in masks and plates of iron to shield them from the fierce heat of the furnace.

Then the man, approaching the smelting pot, poured in the lumps of metal which the boy supplied him with, and so silent and untroubled they worked, ever feeding the hungry, hissing vessel and stirring the crimson glow of the fire flashing upon their hideous iron armor, and transforming them from human beings into the likeness of demons.

(To be Continued.)

ART COLLECTION

Left to the Louvre by Rich Parisian Merchant.

Paris, June 7.—The will of the late H. A. Chaudard, proprietor of the Magasin du Louvre, leaves his collection of paintings, bronzes, marbles, etc., comprising some of the most celebrated works of the Romantic school, to the Louvre Museum.

The collection is valued at \$4,000,000. To the employees of his store, M. Chaudard leaves \$600,000. He gives \$400,000 to the poor of Paris, and makes also numerous bequests to various philanthropic and charitable institutions.

The big individual legacies are \$1,000,000 to Geo. Leguay, the lawyer and man of letters, and the member of his family, and \$1,000,000 to Gaston Calmette, proprietor of the Figaro.

A scarcity of brick is delaying building operations in Toronto.

Surgeon's Opinion OF KNIFE FOR PILES

Operating Often a Fad—The Modern Way of Curing Piles is With DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Sir Henry C. Burdett, K. C. B., of London, Eng., in a recent address said: "What we want are surgeons, who with wisdom to be conservative have courage to profess against the growing tendency to put a knife into everybody on the smallest possible pretext."

Too many doctors have a desire to use the knife at every opportunity. The rewards to them are rich, but think of the suffering of body and mind, and the enormous expense and the risk of life itself. An operation should be the last resort for in spite of glowing promises the results are often very disappointing.

Many a sufferer from piles has been cured by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, after operations have failed. Hundreds of thousands have escaped operations by using this treatment first and thereby obtaining cure.

Mr. Arthur Lepine, school teacher, Garfield Hill, Muskoka, Ont., writes: "For two years I suffered from bleeding piles and lost each day about half a cup of blood. I went to the Ottawa General Hospital to be operated on, and was under the influence of chloroform for one hour. For about two months I was better, but my old trouble returned, and again I lost much blood. One of my doctors told me I would have to undergo another operation, but I would not consent."

"My father, proprietor of the Riche-lieu Hotel, Ottawa, advised me to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and two boxes cured me. I did not lose any blood after beginning this treatment, and believe the cure is a permanent one. I gratefully recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment as the best treatment in the world for bleeding piles." 60 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Books received at Main Library during week ending June 4th, 1909: The Merry Widow, Anon, 18446. Sebastian Danby, 18448. The Quest, For-man, 18449. Old Lady No. 31, Forsman, 18450. The Romance of a Plain Man, Glasgow, 18460. The Glory of the Conquered, Gaspelet, 18457. The Personality of the Lady in Black, Leroux, 18459. Our Village, Lincoln, 18455. Red Horse Hill, McCall, 18445. The Black Flag, MacVane, 18458. In the Wake of the Sea Banner, Metour, 18463. The Kingdom of the Earth, Partridge, 18454. The Letters That Kill, Stedman, 18451. Marriage a la Mode, Ward, 18447. Peter-Peter, Warren, 18454. Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know, Kipling, M2146. Pros and Cons, Askew, 304A. Highways and Byways in North Wales, Bradley, 91429B3. Highways and Byways in South Wales, Bradley, 91429B4. Letters From the Holy Land, Butler, 91569B. The Status of Women Under English Law, Chapman, R396C2. The Key of Truth, Conybeare, 239C. Abbotsford, Crockett, 9141C. Gentleman Errant, Cust, 914C. Viva Mexico, Plandrau, 9172F. Fifty Songs for Low Voice, Greig, 7848G. The Oldest English Epic, Gummere, 8209J1. Yorkshire Coast and Moorland Scenes, Howe, 914274H2. Mexican Trails, Kirkham, 9172K. Genetic Psychology, Kirkpatrick, 150K3. The Russian Army and the Japanese War, Kuratopnik, 947K2. We Two in West Africa, Moore, 9167M2. Piccadilly to Pau Mall, Nevill, 91421N. Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall, Norway, 914237N. Plays and Games for Indoor and Out, Parsons, 37174P. Builders of Spain, Perkins, 9140P. Explorations in Turkestan, Pumphrey, R193P. The Canadian Club, The Oldest English Epic, Gummere, 8209J1. Yorkshire Coast and Moorland Scenes, Howe, 914274H2. Mexican Trails, Kirkham, 9172K. Genetic Psychology, Kirkpatrick, 150K3. The Russian Army and the Japanese War, Kuratopnik, 947K2. We Two in West Africa, Moore, 9167M2. Piccadilly to Pau Mall, Nevill, 91421N. Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall, Norway, 914237N. 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