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A LIFE'S DEVOTION

BY

FRANK H. SHAW.

Author of "A Daughter of the Storm," "First at the Pole," etc.

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Her love for him lifted her above mere artificial social codes. She knew that her set would lift holy hands of horror when the truth was told, but at the moment she was feeling somewhat bitter against her own set. She owed them nothing; this big, patient man, who seemed to know her every need, wanted her, thought only of her. Why hesitate, then?

"Do you really want me so much?" she asked softly. He lifted her face and looked into her brimming eyes.

"More than all the world," he said. "So much that if you think you cannot come I will even give you your freedom. I want you, but I want your happiness more. And I feel so sure that I can make you happy, dearest, and teach you to forget."

"Then I will marry you as soon as you like," she said firmly.

"I knew that," he said with a little laugh of content that even the presence in the house could not suppress. "That's what made me so ready to give you your freedom. I knew you would not accept it."

"But if I had?" she queried half-jestingly.

"I'd have picked you up and carried you off to somewhere where we could have been married at once," he assured her; and she sighed contentedly. What a refuge he was!

Then he lifted the ring of diamonds from the table where she had laid it down, and slipped it on to its appointed finger. He kissed both finger and ring, and said: "A simple ring next time, dear heart. And may the day soon come when it rests there—on my wife's hand."

Then they talked about things too sacred to be mentioned here; and when the time came for parting Marion felt a new strength grown up within her.

"I've more than half a mind to carry you home—to your new home, sweetheart, at once," he said, as he bade her good-bye. "My mother is aching to comfort you, and I'm aching to see you at my fireside, as you sat that other day. What day! I saw a new heaven and a new earth, then. But I'll hold myself down, you dear woman. Good-bye."

Scroggs did not attend the funeral, neither was he present at the reading of the will. The new earl was there, a quiet man, who looked as if he had had a long struggle against poverty and care. His son was with him, too—a shy lad, who stammered out some boyish phrases of sympathy as he took Marion's hand, and who confided to his father afterwards that "Cousin Marion was an awfully decent sort. She seemed to understand I wasn't able to tell her what I felt." There were very many people there; known to Marion and unknown; even royalty was represented, as was becoming in the case of the burial of one of England's men of weight. And then the sound of muffled feet, the creaking of the stairs under their burden for the last time, a breath of frosty air, a distant ringing of dismal bells. As in a dream Marion entered a carriage beside her aunt, and faced the new heir and his son; as in a dream she alighted at the church door, and as in a dream she heard the vicar's solemn voice reciting the burial service. Still in a dream she watched the coffin lowered to its last resting place, and heard the sullen thud of falling earth and the clergyman's termulous words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Then it was all over, and she was back at the Priory again, aware of a change, aware that the wintry light streamed boldly in at the uncurtained windows; aware that something had gone from her life.

"Lord Greatheart's will was made ten years ago," said the voice of Mr. Munster. "There are, of course, various codicils, but none of really vital importance. The title and estates pass to the direct line of succession—there has been no attempt to break the entail. Real and personal estate, not entailed, is divided as follows: To Lady Marion Seymour, the testator's daughter, the income of fifty thousand pounds for life, unconditionally. At her death such sum to pass to her eldest son, if married, or failing male issue to such charities as are hereinafter enumerated." And so on, bequest after bequest was read out in the dry voice of the law.

Marion wakened at last, when Mr. Munster folded up the will and spoke his final words.

"My late client," he said, glancing around, "left his affairs in a very promising condition. There are some people, I believe, who have expressed doubts as to the exact amount of his possessions, who have said that this estate, entailed as it is, was mortgaged heavily. I am in a position to disprove all that. A little while ago Lord Greatheart's affairs underwent a sudden change—a sudden change. Now everything is as it was—at its best, and I am in a position to congratulate the new earl on a capital inheritance."

"Wasn't there some question of a biggish trust fund?" asked the new earl anxiously. "I was always told that my late cousin had a considerable sum of money under his control, which was left in his charge for a long period. Some sort of a bequest to remote relations on the part of an old friend of his. Wasn't that what it was?"

"There was, and is, such a trust fund," said Munster suavely. "I am glad to say that such fund has been administer with every reasonable care, and that those concerned in its disposal have been informed of the late earl's death. We await their instructions, but I can assure you that Lord Greatheart honorably fulfilled his trust."

CHAPTER XIX.

"The Member for Beddington."

It was early summer, and the rose garden of Merrythought Hall was rich with promise of radiant life. The tall rose trees seemed to swell with pride in that, ere another week was past, their fragrant offerings to the day would be strewn lavishly in the sight of all men. The rich greenery above the dull-red south wall was alive with fluttering, chirping birds, who sang such praises to the fullness of the year as made hot tears—tears of purest, most perfect happiness—start to the eyes of Lady Marion Scroggs.

"Oh, but God's been good to me," she said passionately. "God, I thank Thee for Thy goodness." She gazed over the perfect scene under her eyes, past the clustered climbers and the soldier-like standard roses, down marvellous vistas of flower and foliage, to the clipped yews of the terrace, and the shaven, velvet-smooth lawns before the facade of the noble hall. Wherever she looked she saw signs of comfortable wealth, of infallible good taste. A flock of pigeons swirled and fluttered overhead and came to rest almost at her very feet. A light breeze filtered through fringing leaves and brought a rich smell of almonds to her nostrils. Over the south wall lay golden gorse in full bloom; twelve-foot hedges were rich with pink and white may.

She turned her eyes inwards, and took a calm review of herself as she had been these many months. There was nothing else to do; it was a purely lazy time; the evening would presently lower gently upon her infinite peace, but meanwhile the golden splendor of the day held full sway, and so it was good to lie here awhile in a long cane lounge and think, think, of those days gone by, days that had had their black shadows, and by contrast with which the present shone in such refulgent harmony. Yes, there had been black days, and even now some of the darkness was barely lifted. Was she the same girl who had, less than six months before, seen hope lying dead and fear reigning paramount in her heart? It seemed impossible; the changes had been so great. But it was true—her memory of those shadowed days told her that.

"Let me think of it—now," she mused closing her eyes gratefully. "Let me review the past coolly, and see what it has held for me. Marion, you ought to be grateful for the love of this great, good man. He has showered you with gifts, and the greatest of them all is his love. Can you look your God fairly in the face and say that you have repaid him for his goodness" She thought on that for a little while, and then: "Yes, I can," she exclaimed vehemently: "I've given him all my love ungrudgingly, every power of loving within me has been exerted to the uttermost, and I've not failed—I've not failed."

She thought of that quiet service in the village church three short months before—was it only three months ago that she had plighted her troth before God's altar? It seemed as if she and Ebenezer had lived heart to heart for incalculable ages—when the county had shown its opinion of the matter by remaining conspicuously aloof from the ceremony, and giving only meagre gifts, as if under sufferance. What of that? Did she care for their hardly veiled scorn? Not one smallest whit. Her husband had wrapped her about in his love as in a garment, and there was no room for fear or chagrin when that comforting love abode near her.

And then the delirious delights of the honeymoon—she traced them one by one. A rapid motor run to Dover, a run that was to her the height of enjoyment; for the cool, crisp wind had dashed away the lingering sadness of parting from her old home; a dart across the channel, once more the motor, a race towards the warmer sun, a long rest on the gemmed shores of the Mediterranean; up and away once more, for Egypt this time, there to revel in antiquities and marvels, with her husband never far from her side, learning day by glorious day what manner of man that husband was. She had seen him hitherto amongst her own people, and unconsciously, perhaps, she had pitied him, in so far as he was not one of them. But here, near to more primitive nature than that of Smoothshire, he had proved himself a different man indeed. His broad shoulders were always intervening to guard her from the hot desert wind; his strong arm was always near to lift her when her steps flagged, ay, and often to carry her bodily when the way was long and the sun was hot. The Arabs gave him punctilious deference, recognizing in him a master-mind; and more than once she had seen him preserve an unmoved front before a swarm of raging villagers, who flung bricks and potsherds at the white-faced man with almost deadly aim. He had staved off their attack until assistance arrived, and had then apologized to her for allowing his love of the curious to drag her into such undesirable situations; but inwardly she blessed the chance, for it had shown her that he was a very man, not the mere street brawler that she had once imagined him to be.

(To be continued).

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STEAD ON MONARCHIES

Interesting View Expressed by Noted London Editor.

London, April 18.—Some time ago Mr. W. T. Stead was asked by an editor of an American magazine to write an article explaining why monarchies still existed in Europe. He replied by writing an article in which he tried to explain what seemed to him a still greater mystery, namely, why no monarchy had yet been established in the new world. The editor refused to print the article, saying it would be too much of a shock to his readers to publish an article which set forth that the monarchy was normal and the republic abnormal in political society. An extract from this article was as follows:

I realized, as I had never done before, the enormous advantage of having the national unity and our imperial greatness embodied in a person who is carefully trained for that position from the cradle, and who, in attaining it, is not compelled to make intense political enemies of one-half of the nation. To have created a centre of equilibrium in the midst of all forces which surge and sway hither and thither in the turmoil and strain of modern life, to have made this central point the advance of all honor and the symbol of all dominion, and to have secured it at once from the strife of tongues and the conflict of parties without at the same time endangering the liberties of the subject or the supremacy of law—this indeed I have learned to regard as one of the most signal achievements of our race.—"From Republicanism to Monarchy."

The words "To have created a centre of equilibrium in the midst of all the forces which surge and sway hither and thither in the turmoil and strain of modern life," is a peculiarly apt way of expressing the true significance of the British monarchial principle. Mr. Stead has another excellent way of describing the sovereign in certain studies that he made of the late Queen Victoria.

CARTER RELEASED

Poetical Genius in Minnesota Prison Secures His Freedom.

St. Paul, April 17.—The young Englishman known as "John Carter," who has served half of a ten-year sentence for burglary, and whose case has attracted wide attention because of his poetic genius, was freed by the state pardon board on Saturday. He will be released from the Stillwater penitentiary as soon as the papers are made out, which will be Monday morning. April 18, which is his 24th birthday. Carter was not pardoned, for technical reasons, but the board ordered a commutation of sentence.

Pleas for Carter's freedom were made by Judge J. W. Willis and the Rev. L. R. S. Ferguson, of St. Paul. Telegrams and letters were read before the board from magazine editors.

Harry Phillips, director of music at McAlester College, who had become interested in Carter through his playing at the services in the prison chapel, and the managing editor of a Minneapolis journal, also sent letters. Judge Wilson read a letter from a man in England, who knew of Carter as a boy, and who told of the condition of his father, the refinement of the family, and the reasons the boy had been sent to Canada.

RUN DOWN BY A CAR.

New York, April 17.—Disaster overtook the members of a happy family party of four just as they were about to sail for their home in Russia on the steamer Vaderland today, death invading the group as it became entangled in the confusion of traffic near the pier, and three of its members were run down by a trolley car.

Anne Morazik, 4-year-old daughter of the family of John Morazik, was run over and killed, and his wife, Mrs. Bessie Morazik, was knocked down, and both she and her 18-months-old child, which she was carrying, were badly injured. The husband and father of the family was the only one to escape unscathed.

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STOLE FROM FACTORY

Man and Wife Carried Off a Large Quantity of Sweaters and Underwear.

[G. N. W. Dispatch.]

Toronto, April 16.—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Harper, 146 Sherbourne street, pleaded guilty this morning before Magistrate Kingsford to the theft of a large quantity of sweaters and underwear, the property of the Simpson Knitting Company.

The husband was sent to jail for 60 days with hard labor, and the woman was remanded till called for sentence. The man and his wife were employed in the factory.

ALBERTAN INQUIRY

Effort Being Made to Produce a Man's Wife to Prove Deal.

Edmonton, Alta., April 17.—An effort is to be made, it is understood, by R. B. Bennett, counsel for the insurgents in the Great Waterways investigation, to prove that following the consummation of the deal between Clarke and the Provincial Government, there were negotiations between J. K. Cornwall and A. D. Bone, the man who secured the option for Clarke looking to the purchase of Bone's share in the Great Waterways enterprise.

To this end Bennett is preparing to bring as a witness Mrs. A. D. Bone, who, it is alleged, was present at an interview between Bone and Cornwall in San Francisco during Cornwall's wedding trip in December of 1908, in which it is further alleged that Cornwall made an offer to purchase all Bone's interest. Mrs. Bone is now in Calgary, and it is understood that she has already been subpoenaed as a witness.

FATAL EXPLOSION

Eleven Men Killed by Explosion of an Old Locomotive.

Monterey, Mexico, April 17.—An antiquated locomotive exploded in the yards of the National Railway of Mexico here early yesterday, instantly killing eleven employees of the road. Two others were horribly injured, but it is expected they will recover. The dead are all Mexicans, except the engineer, G. S. Monaghan.

The screwing down of the safety valve in the engine after it had been run out of the roundhouse caused the explosion. Engineer Monaghan noted that his steam gauge was not working properly after he left the roundhouse, and a mechanic climbed to the boiler deck to examine the safety valve. An instant later fragments of human bodies and twisted bits of engine were hurled high in the air. The front end of the boiler was blown more than 100 feet down the track, leaving death in its wake.

ATTITUDE OF PROVINCE TO BE CONSIDERED

Before International Waterways Commission Take Action.

Toronto, April 17.—The international waterways commission has granted the request of the Provincial Government for a stay of proceedings in the granting of permission to any private corporation to dam the St. Lawrence at the foot of the Long Sault Rapids, until the Provincial representatives had the opportunity of considering the plans of the promoters. Mr. George S. Lynch-Staunton, who represented the province at the meeting of the commission held yesterday afternoon in the King Edward Hotel, asked that the plans submitted by the St. Lawrence Power Company to the commission be laid before the Government so that they might offer their criticism of them before action should be taken.

The members of the commission in attendance were Brig.-Gen. A. H. Ernst, Washington; Mr. Geo. H. Clinton, Buffalo; Prof. Haskell, Detroit; Mr. Geo. B. Wilson, Buffalo, of the American section; and Messrs. Geo. C. Gibbons, K. C., London, and Eugene Coste, of Ottawa, the Canadian members.

Mr. Staunton, in presenting his arguments, said that he recognized the paramount right of the Dominion Government to deal with the matter, but the Ontario Government having a proprietary interest in all the water within their territory, had a duty to look carefully into any such project as this and, therefore, asked for the opportunity of criticizing the material before the commission.

Mr. D. L. McCarthy, K. C., on behalf of the parties interested in the charter, asked that if the request of the Ontario Government be granted, the hearing be deferred until his clients could be represented by Mr. Leighton McCarthy, who is now in England.

Mr. Geo. C. Gibbons, chairman of the commission, assured Mr. Staunton that opportunity would be given the Ontario Government to be heard before the commission before action was taken.

AN INDUSTRIAL WAR

German Firms and Employees Lived Up For Bitter Struggle.

Berlin, April 17. — The building trades lock-out, which has made a quarter of a million workmen idle, appears to be the beginning of a long struggle, affecting many divisions of the national industry. The employers have locked out the men in an effort to put an end, once and for all, to what they regard as the intolerable demands of the latter.

The employers declare that the workmen have been pursuing for several years a policy of forcing higher wages and shorter hours by bringing about local strikes in various cities, thus securing occasional advantages, which they would be unable to obtain through concerted action. They also say that the time has come when employers must stand together to hold their position against their employees. The General Employees' Organization, which includes representatives of every German industry, is firmly supporting the lockout, and already has voted several million marks for the aid of the master builders. The organization apparently proposes to supply the sinews of war so long as the lock-out continues.

The labor unions, too, had been making preparations for the lock-out, and planned to support their idle members. The general members of the Socialist organizations, which comprise by far the larger part of the organized builders, have decided to attempt no assistance for the first two weeks. Owing to the huge proportions of the lock-out it will be an extremely difficult problem for the labor unions to secure sufficient contributions to maintain their members and their families through a prolonged period of idleness.

FIND BODY ON LAKE

F. J. Phillips, Toronto, Merchant, Believed Accidentally Drowned.

Battle Creek, Mich., April 17. — After a search of one week the body of F. J. Phillips, the Toronto merchant who disappeared from the sanatorium, was found floating on surface of Lake Gougac on Sunday afternoon. Phillips, who was a guest at the sanatorium, was last seen alive rowing on the lake last Monday. The body will be sent to Toronto. It is believed that his boat capsized in a squall.

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DESIGNS ON ROOSEVELT.

Geneva, April 16.—It was announced here today that an anarchist, identified as a member of the American Black Hand, was arrested on Wednesday at Chissao, Switzerland, near the Italian frontier, on the suspicion that he had designs upon the life of Mr. Roosevelt.

The police think that the suspect, who had in his possession several cipher telegrams from the United States, was en route for Venice, where he expected to find the former president.

Coolies in Borneo are indentured at $ to $36 a year, with board and clothing.

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