

Shadow and Sunlight

CHAPTER XXI.

Yes, it is the same face, but after the first start of surprise Madge looks down at it without terror or dread.

Hitherto death has been associated in her mind with all that is awful and ghastly; but now she realizes that the Grim King can assume a different guise. Death means rest sometimes, thank heaven, sweet, peaceful rest, of which the world knows nothing.

There is rest and a soul-subduing peace on the pale face lying on the scanty white pillow, which soothes all Madge's fears.

With moistened eyes she turns to the woman who stands beside her.

"Has she been ill long?" she asks, in a subdued voice of infinite pity and gentleness.

The woman hesitates. "I can't say, my lady," she replies. Madge looks at her inquiringly. "Is she not your daughter?"

The woman shakes her head. "No, my lady, she is no kin of mine. She is almost a stranger to me. She came a week ago—no, five days ago—and asked for shelter. She looked ill then—pale and thin-like—and I was for sending her to the infirmary, but my good man he said she should stay, and she stayed."

"She is—poor, then?" says Madge, pitifully. "It was very good of you," says the woman, "and she is now, I think, much better. She has been ill long, but she is now, I think, much better. She has been ill long, but she is now, I think, much better."

"And do you not know anything more about her?" asks Madge.

The woman shakes her head. "Nothing, my lady," she replies, simply; "nothing more than her name—Mary Lisle is the name she gave."

Madge looks down on the beautiful white face with infinite pity. "Has she no friends, besides yourself?" she asks.

The woman shakes her head. "She is a stranger in these parts," she says. "I never heard her mention anyone she knew."

"She has been like this long?"

"Oh, and on, my lady, she has been stronger. You wouldn't think it to look at her, but she was out and about last night."

"Last night?" echoes Madge.

The woman nods. "Yes, my lady, last night she got up and said more words, my master argued with her, and tried to persuade her to stop in-doors, but she seemed restless and bent on going—some-where, and what could me do my lady? It isn't as if she belonged to us. I wish the doctor would come."

"How far is he from here?" Madge asks.

"A mile, nearly, my lady. I sent a boy, but he's a poor simple natural, and he may have forgotten it. If—perhaps—"

"Well," says Madge, still speaking in the low, softened tone which had been used by them both. "If your ladyship doesn't mind being left—"

"I do not in the least," says Madge earnestly. "Pray go," and she takes off her hat and puts it down with her whip. "I will stay here, and—"

"There is nothing I can do," says the woman, shaking her head.

"I am afraid there's nothing anyone can do, my lady. I don't like leaving your ladyship," and she looks dubiously at the pale, beautiful face.

"You must go! I can't mind! I am very glad I came! Go at once, please!"

The woman obeys the tone of command—for command it is, however, gently spoken—and taking a shawl from a nail, throws it over her head. "I shan't be gone long, my lady, perhaps I shall meet the doctor."

And with a glance at the motionless figure she passed out noiselessly.

Madge looks after a moment, then summoning all her courage, she seats herself beside the bed and watches and waits.

A clock ticks with monotonous regularity in the next room; the candle burns guttering in the common cleft candlestick. The minutes seem growing into hours, and as she looks down on the peaceful face, Madge is conscious of a haunting sense of having seen it before this and last night. It is not a common face; white and worn as it is, it bears traces of a vanished beauty; it has still a girlish look.

In the dead silence, Madge, the countess, waits beside the cottage bed.

Suddenly, so suddenly, that Madge almost starts to her feet with a thrill, the lips move, and some sound floats weakly from the bed.

She bends down, and in doing so she meets in the gaze of the dark eyes an expression of sense and meaning.

She does not know it, but it is the last rally of Nature against the dread foe.

The dying woman turns her eyes upon her and sighs; there is a moment's intense silence, and then, in a faint, broken, yet clear voice, she says:

"Not now—not now."

Madge glides over the chair and kneels beside the bed, listening attentively.

Something, some gleam of awakening consciousness, comes back to the benumbed brain, and the girl speaks again.

"Not now—not now."

The dark eyes look up at her with a strange expression that is difficult to comprehend. The shadow of death is fast falling over her. As Madge looks down, her own eyes fill with tears.

"So young—so young," she murmurs pitifully. "She cannot be much older than I am; and there she lies helpless

and dying, while I—"

And an infinite humility and gratefulness fills her heart.

Presently there comes into the dark eyes, still fixed on Madge's pitying ones, an expression which is so clear and intelligent, that Madge starts gently and kneels down again.

"Do you want anything?" she whispers softly. "Is there anything I can do?"

Then she stops, for the lips open and the girl speaks.

"I am dying, am I not?" she asks, slowly, and in a voice so faint that Madge has to bend down very close to catch the words.

"Oh, indeed—indeed, I hope not," she replies fervently, but with a rush of tears. "Perhaps not—there is always hope. If the doctor would but come!"

Something that is the ghost of a smile moves slowly over the peaceful, white face.

"It is of no use," she says; "I feel that I am dying. I am very glad— heaven has remembered me at last."

Madge shivers.

"Have you been so ill?" she murmurs, pityingly.

"Oh, yes," comes the faint voice, "and unhappy; no one more unhappy than I have been."

"You have been very good to me; you might have sent me from your doors three days ago, and left me to die alone in the streets. You have been very good. It is always the poor who are so good and grateful—the rich have no pity—no mercy."

Madge bends her head humbly; she knows that she is mistaken for the woman of the cottage.

"Only one—only one."

The eyes close again for a moment, and when they open the girl sees that the expression has changed. The girl has relapsed into that dreamy delirium which precedes death.

"Not now—not now," she murmurs, "I have turned aside. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' That is Scripture. He will never see my face again, will never be reminded of the girl he swore to love and cherish. Oh, heaven! so little while ago—so little! Listen—"

And her eyes close for a moment. "I can see him—I can hear him now. It is false—it is false! He did love me—he loved me dearly till—"

ah, heaven! he tried; and he tried so soon—so soon! No, they have no mercy—such as he have no pity. He left me in a strange land; he knew that I should not touch his money. He knew it, or else what you say is true, and he never really loved me. He left me to die, but I will not die—I will not! I will follow him! Where am I? I don't know!"

Madge starts, and her hand closes on the pillow. In the flash of a second the word Rome has solved the problem which has been haunting her. Before her rises the long, quiet street, with the flood of light pouring from the great palace—the dome of St. Peter's looming against the sky—the pale, shivering girl clinging to her arm, and begging for money to buy bread, to return to England. That girl and she who lies here are one and the same! She is sure, certain, at once; but if she had any doubt, the next faintly breathed words would dispel it.

"It is very cold—cold! I am hungry—starving. I shall not live to get back—"

—I shall die here in Rome, and never see England again. Oh, heaven, it is hard—hard! I don't know where I am in the shadow and wait, someone—some one of them will come out—and oh, heaven, it is hard—hard! I must beg!"

A pause. Madge's eyes swim; her heart beats. The voice takes up the story again, working it out painfully, dreamily, all unconsciously of its listener, the dying soul communing with itself, and lingering on its sad, sad history.

"They are not all hard and pitiless; she was very beautiful—English, too—"

—she was that way. It is gold and full of stones—she took it off her arm! Heaven bless her, and keep her from such sorrow as mine!"

Madge's lips part and form a silent "Amen!"

"Hush! What is this? It is England now. There is a ball here to-night, too. They dance in England as in Italy. This is his house—his great castle; he is dancing here, while I might well be dying there—or dead; he would not have found you, Guy! Guy!"

What is it? What is that name! Is she mad—dreaming?—with a throb of her heart, which as suddenly stood still. Madge shrinks back from the bed, stares with stony eyes at the wan, white face.

"Guy! Guy!" comes faintly, pitifully, from her white lips. "I have come back. I am not dead! I am your wife—your wife, Guy! You cannot hide from me any longer. I know your name now. I—I am faithful and I have found you—Guy. Oh, heaven, I cannot speak—I cannot say the words! He would not hear; would not listen if I did; he would thrust me out as an impostor—thrust me out to die! No, he shall not! I am his wife! I am his wife!"

Let me get near the house—let me—"

What is that they are saying?—Lady Lashwood! I am Lady Lashwood! I am his wife; there can be no other! Or—or am I dead—dead and buried in Rome, and is this my ghost come back to earth to follow him? No, I am not dead! And yet he has said another word! Hush! Here amongst the flowers I can wait and watch! Perhaps he will come. Oh, heaven! He is here!

"It is he! Guy! Guy! My husband. Oh, Guy, you loved me once—once. It is such a little while ago. No! I cannot speak to him—I cannot move. Oh, God, be thou my Judge and my avenger! I am his wife before all the world, and he shall own it—now—here before thee!"

It is dark—dark! And, ah, who is this?—this? Oh, who is it? Not she—not the beautiful girl who saved me that night in Rome! Not she! Yes—yes. See! He takes her in his arms—he knows her! He—oh, merciful heaven—she is his wife!"

The voice ceases. Silence falls on the room.

White as the dying face itself, Madge stares wildly before her. To say that she realizes the truth would be to say that she could grasp the meaning of the infinite in a moment. Upon her whole being hangs a dead weight, crushing her heart and brain, and rendering thought impossible; she is sensible alone that something dreadful, something vague and indefinite, but never to be removed or got rid of, has happened to her; that she had been chosen from among women to bear a great, an overwhelming sorrow and shame, and that sorrow and shame will drive her mad before she can quite realize what has caused them.

[To be Continued.]

THE COMING ANGLO-GERMAN CONFLICT

One of Kaiser's Officers Tells All About It.

OUR NAVY NOT STRONG ENOUGH

Attempts to Crush the Fleets of the Fatherland Will Fail and Combatants Call a Draw.

Berlin, Feb. 12.—Another book describing an imaginary war between Great Britain and Germany will be published here within a few days, says the Berlin correspondent of the London Standard. Its author is a high naval officer, who conceals his identity under the pseudonym "Beowulf." He traces the beginning of the Anglo-German war in a general rebellion of the natives in British South Africa.

During the campaign between the British troops and the rebel blacks, Bechuana and Matabele chiefs take flight across the frontier into German Southwest Africa, whereupon the British Government demands that the Germans shall extradite them for punishment. The British Government claims that the chiefs shall be regarded as criminals guilty of high treason. Germany persists in regarding them as combatants and refuses extradition. Britain regards this action as a casus belli and begins operations without a formal declaration of war, which follows two days after the British fleet has initiated the campaign.

Meanwhile this fleet attempts two bold strokes against Germany. A squadron of cruisers makes a dash for Heligoland, lands blue-jackets and marines under cover of darkness, and attempts to take possession of the island. This plan is frustrated by the vigilance of the garrison. A second stroke is made against Germany. During the same night a British merchant steamship, loaded with cement, and manned by officers and seamen of the navy, steams toward the western mouth of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, which connects the North Sea with the Baltic. The British plan is to sink the steamship at the mouth of the canal, thereby blocking the passage.

This move likewise fails, owing to the vigilance of the garrisons of the forts erected to defend the canal. The failure of these two preliminary strokes prove disastrous to Great Britain. Heligoland proves to be a most valuable basis for the German fleet, and the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal is extremely useful for the speedy passage of the German warships from the North Sea to the Baltic, and vice versa, according to the necessities of naval warfare.

After a formal declaration of war, Great Britain begins a blockade of the German North Sea coast with a fleet consisting of twenty battleships and a corresponding number of cruisers, and a smaller craft. The Germans carefully avoid open engagements with the blockading fleet and confine themselves to harrying the British fleet with torpedo boats. In this work submarines play an important part. After suffering the loss of numerous torpedo boats the Germans succeed one night in sinking one British battleship, and damaging three others so severely that they are compelled to return home for repairs.

The British admiral hereupon withdraws his battleships to a considerable distance from the coast, and continues to blockade with his cruisers, which are, however, unable to perform the service required of them. The Germans now begin to harry the blockaders with more success. Their torpedo boats dash further out to sea and inflict more losses on the British fleet. Finally the latter retires so far from the coast that the blockade ceases to be effective, and is abandoned as a hopeless enterprise. The British fleet returns home. Battleships play a small part in the actual warfare.

During the remainder of the campaign the British fleet remains on the east coast of England, awaiting the movements of the German fleet. The latter likewise remains on the coast of its own coast, awaiting a renewal of offensive tactics by the British. Meanwhile the cruisers on both sides wage a destructive warfare on the respective mercantile marines. The German cruisers lay hands of submarine mines at the mouth of the Thames, Humber and Firth of Forth, and numerous British merchant ships are captured, blown up or sent as prizes to Germany.

On the other hand, the German merchant ships are absolutely disappearing from the high seas. Hamburg and Bremen; all German industries depending on the export trade are likewise ruined, and hundreds of thousands of unemployed workmen.

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suffer great distress. The disturbances of international trade affects England similarly, so that a grave financial and industrial crisis produces a disastrous effect on Britain's prosperity.

Great Britain seizes all the German colonies except Kiauchow, but she derives few advantages from them, since the loss of the colonies prevents the commercial development of these new markets. The United States seizes the favorable opportunity in securing a lion's share of the trade of the captured German colonies. Britain continues the war with splendid determination, but without decisive results. A number of German cruisers are captured or destroyed, but the effects of the war continue to exercise a disastrous influence on British commerce.

Finally, after Britain gains a slight naval success, the two countries agree to terminate a useless war, and conclude peace on the terms of the restoration of the status quo ante. The German colonies, which represent Great Britain's sole tangible gain, are returned to Germany. Both countries suffer immense losses without any compensating profit. Meanwhile America has succeeded in securing the greater part of the export trade formerly possessed by England and Germany.

The author thus claims that the German navy is already so strong that in the event of a naval war Germany would be far superior, and the British fleet would be unable to gain a decisive victory. His account of this imaginary war is expressed with elaborate arguments and strong appeals for a more rapid increase of the German fleet, which shall render an Anglo-German war still more hopeless for Britain.

AGING OLD WINE

Electricity Flakes It Equal to the Rarest Old Vintages.

London, Feb. 11.—If the latest invention from Chicago is correct, that is claimed for it, port wine equal in quality to the famous vintages of the sixties should soon be one of the cheapest beverages obtainable.

It is yet another instance of the machine which electricity can be put to work. An electrical appliance which a German inventor has just perfected, the newest wine, it is said, can be aged so skillfully that the palate of the connoisseur is unable to distinguish, say, the vintage of '95 from the choicest port of the past half-century.

The process, which hitherto alone has wrought, is artificially accelerated, and a mature wine obtained in a few weeks from the date of gathering the grapes. Claret has in the past been aged in somewhat similar experiments, but the latest process is said to eclipse any previous method of treatment.

Electricity as an aging agent is not altogether new. Doctors have for some time known that a current has this effect upon and invigorates the system.

Fusel oil is the great factor to be contended with in all new alcoholic liquors, and age hitherto has been the only means of reducing this highly dangerous, though necessary, property.

MITCHELL NEVER WON A STRIKE

Down Out With Warm Criticism of the Great Labor Leader.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 11.—President Patrick Dolan, of the local district United Mine Workers of America, whose resignation was demanded last week at the convention of delegates from the local union in the district because he voted with the operators at Indianapolis to maintain the present wage scale, tonight issued a statement in which, after stating the reasons he already has given for his action, he said:

"I was alone in my vote, but I was not alone in my opinion. At the convention of American Federation of Labor in St. Louis in November, I consulted President Mitchell and W. D. Ryan and they both told me they would be satisfied with a renewal of the present agreement, but that we ought to demand an advance as a matter of policy."

"Late I consulted President Haskins of the Ohio Miners, who told me the same thing. After Haskins had been defeated for re-election, and was relieved of all responsibility, he advocated a demand of 10 per cent increase in wages in his report to the convention of Ohio miners referred to in his resignation. Is this fact not significant?"

"Let us be honest about these things. Our wages have been increased more than 20 per cent in the last 10 hours since 1897. Is it right, under this Ryan resolution, to jeopardize all these things?"

"Let me tell you the mines of this country have never won a prominent soft coal strike under the direction of President Mitchell. Mark Hanna settled the first anthracite strike for us, and President Roosevelt settled the second. Nobody has settled our big soft coal strikes because we have lost them."

"The Pittsburg district has been criticized because it has not more than 18,000 members. President Mitchell is as much at fault as any living man. He refuses to help us. He came into the union Irwin district at the very height of his popularity, and he advertised two meetings. At one he had fifteen men and at the other we adjourned because there was not a body there. When Mitchell can't get a meeting what can a fellow like me do?"

"If he been in the trades union movement all these years in Scotland, America, I have sat at the feet of the greatest labor leaders the world has ever known, including the great Alexander McDonald. From boyhood I learned that it is a leader's duty to tell his people, not what they would like to hear, but what they would do."

RESERVE BRAIN CELLS

Professor Says They Are Many Awaiting Development.

London, Feb. 12.—Professor Symes Thompson who has just completed studies of the human brain told many things of interest at a lecture before Glasgow College. He said that in every man's brain there are many cells waiting to be developed, and as a matter of fact the normal person uses only one half the brain, the other one half being kept in reserve. Professor Thompson instanced the case of a man who lost his sight, and at once developed the sense of hearing. A blind

St. Louis, Feb. 11.—"Jack the Stabber" proved to be John Brady, 22 years old, a waiter, who was arrested early this morning, identified by three men, who captured him while he was running amuck, and then turned him loose, and later broke down and made a complete confession, several of his victims also identified him.

Brady's arrest was brought about by Louisa Gray, of 207 North Fourteenth street, to whom Brady confessed that he had stabbed fourteen women in the legs and hips in one evening.

Whoever strikes minerals on the limit will have to give a portion to the Government in some form beyond the nominal sum paid for mining leases and patents.

COBALT MINES AND TIMBER.

Toronto, Feb. 11.—The Provincial Government has practically decided on its policy in regard to the section of the Gilles timber limit, which lies within the Cobalt mineral belt.

Under an agreement entered into between the owners of the limit and the Empire Lumber Company, the latter are to remove by October, the timber on the mine-bearing portion.

Meanwhile prospectors will be kept off the limit.

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Black Luster will be in great demand this season, from..... 25c up to \$1.50 yd. Plain and fancy.

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