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**A Child of Sorrow.**

CHAPTER XXXV.  
"Don't speak of it," said Heroncourt. "We have done no more than Mr. Broseley himself would have done for us."

"Won't you sit down, Robert? Won't you eat something with the rest? You have been out all day," said Mrs. Broseley, timidly.

Robert waved his hand impatiently, but sank into a chair, and took a drink of whiskey. Heroncourt tried to talk to Mrs. Broseley, gently and soothingly; but, as the hasty meal progressed, he found it impossible to retain her attention; her eyes were continually wandering to Robert; she seemed to be suffering from an anxiety and endeavoring to conceal it. Presently some of the men rose and went out to see to the horses. David Jones was leaving the room with the others when he stopped, as if arrested by a sudden exclamation from Mrs. Broseley.

"Robert—Maida, and Carrie—they are not in the house—they have not been here for some hours! I am anxious, frightened about them. Where are they?"

Heroncourt had been filling his revolver with cartridges from his belt, but at the sound of the names—Maida and Carrie—he stopped suddenly and stared at Mrs. Broseley with a startled expression. It was only a coincidence, of course; but, merciful Heaven! how the names struck to his heart!

There was so much of questioning in his startled gaze that, mechanically and half-consciously, Mrs. Broseley responded to his mute interrogation.

"Two young ladies," she exclaimed in faltering accents. "Miss Carrington and her sister—they are staying with us; they came with me from London."

Heroncourt held his breath. He felt that he must be dreaming; yes, that was it. Of course, he was still lying under the tree, and the ride to Milda Wolda, the fight, this room, this furious, good-natured-looking woman—they were all a part of a dream. Maida—Carrie—there! impossible!

But Mrs. Broseley's anxious, almost fearful voice, went on:

"Carrie went out with you in the morning, Robert, and she has not come back. And Maida—they say that Maida's horse is not in the stable; they have neither of them come back. I was glad, when those wretches attacked the house, that the two girls were not here; but I am anxious about them now. Oh, Robert, do you know where they are—what has happened to them?"

Heroncourt's eyes withdrew themselves, like those of a man under a hypnotic spell, from Mrs. Broseley's commonplace face to Robert Brose-

ley's rugged one. Heroncourt's soul seemed to be waiting, hanging upon the man's response.

Robert leant back in his chair, thrust his hands in his pockets, and turned a big, black cigar in his thick lips. They say that the devil is never lacking in ideas; he presented Robert Broseley with one at this moment.

"They're all right," he drawled. "Do you think I should be sitting here like this if they weren't? They're on their way to Melbourne by this time."

"To Melbourne?" faltered Mrs. Broseley, while Heroncourt's lips mutely formed the word.

"Yes, to Melbourne," repeated Robert, with an air of defiance. "I meant to tell you, only this fuss put it out of my mind. Maida and Carrie have gone off there, and I should have been with them—on our wedding-trip."

"Wedding-trip!" echoed Mrs. Broseley, fearfully.

"Yes," he drawled. "Maida and I were married to-day—we meant it as a surprise."

Heroncourt had risen and was holding the edge of the table with both hands; his revolver rattled to the floor. His face was white as death, his brows drawn, his lips quivering. He looked as if he were about to have a fit. They all stared at him in an amazement that closely approached terror. For the sight of a strong man in the throes of a mental and spiritual agony must always be appalling. But before they could move or speak, a cry—a cry of pity and something akin to despair—rose from David Jones, who had remained near the door. He came forward and took Heroncourt's hand and led him out of the room. In the cold night air Heroncourt recovered from his terrible stupor.

"My God! my God!" he panted. "It isn't true! It isn't true!"

The little man's face was white as his own, and he, too, was trembling like a leaf.

"Come away, my lord—come away, sir!" he said, hoarsely. "For God's sake, come away!"

Heroncourt allowed himself to be led away towards the stable like a child.

CHAPTER XXXVI.  
David Jones led Heroncourt outside, as a man leads a child or one suddenly stricken blind, and guided him to a block of stone, on which Heroncourt sank, his face white as a ghost's, his eyes staring vacantly before him, his whole frame shaking like a man in an ague.

Now, there are several times in a man's life when he suffers badly. One is when he is told that he has inherited or acquired a fatal disease, and that his days are numbered; another when he learns that his beloved ones are in danger of starving; another when the person he loves best has been claimed by the Angel of Death. There are several others; but in none does the man suffer such acute and devastating agony as when he learns that the woman he loves with all his heart and soul, with every fibre of his body, is married to another man. He has not only lost a comrade, you see, but another has gained her, and has robbed him of the happiness and the joy which he had thought all his own. Such was Heroncourt's agony at this moment, an anguish so overwhelming that, strong man as he was, he could not conceal it.

David Jones stood by him, and the little man's face was as white as Heroncourt's, and working with emotion.

"Bear up, master," he said; and he

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had to speak twice before Heroncourt heard him.

Then he tried to hide his wound and its cause.

"I'm a little off color, Jones," he said, hoarsely. "Been doing a little too much or—eaten something that disagreed with me." He paused for a moment or two, then, with his head averted, said, almost inaudibly: "This—this marriage that the man spoke of—it's rather curious and—interesting. Go in and get the particulars."

David Jones was going reluctantly, but met Mrs. Broseley coming out to enquire after her guest, the man who had saved Milda Wolda, and, perhaps, their lives. Heroncourt rose at her approach, but sank down again; he felt as weak as a child.

"I'm afraid you are ill, Mr. Tudor," said Mrs. Broseley. "What was it, a sudden faintness? I'm afraid you are overdone; they tell me you've been fighting for hours and hours. I've brought you a little brandy; will you drink it?"

Heroncourt thanked her and took the glass in his shaking hand, and the brandy helped him to recover himself. "I am better—all right now," he said; but his voice sounded hollow and lifeless. "I am sorry I made a fuss, just—just as your son was telling us of his marriage."

He stooped down, as he spoke, on the pretence of fastening his gaiter, so as to hide his face from her.

Mrs. Broseley sighed and looked troubled.

"Yes," she said, doubtfully. "It was a surprise. I don't know what to think of it. I don't know why Robert should have done it; why Miss Carrington should have gone off secretly, when she might have known that we should all have been proud and happy to have had her for Robert's wife. But Robert's been strange lately, more gentle and kind; but I never guessed the reason. It's only natural that he should fall in love with Miss Carrington, for she is such a lovely girl and so sweet. What I can't understand, is her hiding it from us and going off in this way."

Every time she spoke Maida's name something like a knife went into Heroncourt's heart.

"You've known her—then—for some time?" he asked; not that there was any doubt in his mind as to Maida's identity, but that he should be fully convinced, though the question turned the knife in his wound.

"Well, not so very long either. I knew them in London. She used to recite, go about to houses, you know. She had some trouble, lost her father and got ill; and one day I saw her and persuaded her and her sister to come out with me. Sir Jeremiah said that it was the only thing that would save her. I've got as fond of her as if she were my own daughter—mine died, Mr. Tudor; and you'll understand a mother's feeling."

Heroncourt inclined his head; he could not speak. It was the same; there was not the possibility of a doubt. He arose and looked round; the place had suddenly become hateful to him; he could not look upon Robert Broseley again.

"I'm all right now," he said. "And I'll get back to my station."

Mrs. Broseley was quite shocked.

and implored him to stay and rest; but Heroncourt signed impatiently to David Jones who stood at a little distance and watched him anxiously.

"I will go back, thank you," he said; "but my men will be glad to stay. They will see that the rangers have gone clear away. Tell Baxter to remain," he said to David Jones; "he is an old soldier and will know what to do. Quick with my horse!" he added, as Robert's huge form was seen in the doorway, and his strident voice was heard giving some orders and swearing at the men.

David came up with Heroncourt's horse and his own.

"You can stay," said Heroncourt; but the little man shook his head.

"I'd rather go back with you, sir, if you don't mind," he said; and Heroncourt made a listless gesture of assent, bade Mrs. Broseley good-bye, and, scarcely waiting for her renewed expressions of gratitude, got on his horse and waving a general farewell to the house, rode off. David Jones stuck close by the side of his master—for Heroncourt swayed in the saddle and seemed in actual danger of falling—but the cool air and the motion revived him and presently he was able to stick his knees in and sit steady. But his brain was in a whirl.

That Maida should have ceased to love him, should so completely have forgotten their mutual love as to be able to marry another man so soon, seemed incredible and monstrous. He pictured her—Ah, well, there is no need to describe the visions that thronged about him in the darkness; every man, every woman, who has loved can imagine them quite easily for themselves. Once he pulled up and looked round him as if he were dazed, and laughed: a laugh that made David Jones shudder. As they neared Dartford Heroncourt began to sing in a harsh, cracked voice; and that was worse than the laugh, for there was even more madness in it.

When they rode into the lights of the station, David saw that his master's face was flushed, that his eyes were glowing with a strange fire. There was a restless, delirious smile on his white lips.

Dartford came out, surrounded by the barking dogs, and halted them.

"What! back already, old man?" he exclaimed. "How goes it—all safe?"

Heroncourt flung himself from his horse, and laughed.

(To be Continued.)

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**Dutch Papers**

Print in a Parallel Column. Pastor Letter Read in Protestant Church in Berlin With the Account of the Murder of the Crew of the Belg Prince.

Amsterdam, Aug. 9.—Dutch newspapers print in a parallel column an account of the murder of the crew of the British steamship Belg Prince a Berlin telegram giving the following extract from the pastor letter read in all the Protestant churches of Berlin last Sunday: "We will comfort ourselves Christians towards our enemies conduct the war in the future as the past, with humanity and charity."

The Pastoral letter was read a service which Emperor William the German Empress attended at Cathedral. It exhorts the people humanity, and recognizes the hand God in the protection of inva which the Fatherland has enjoyed.

The British steamship Belg Prince was sunk July 31 by a German submarine. According to survivors who reached a British port, the boat shelled the vessel, and the man commander then ordered crew to take to the boats and alongside the submarine.

The Germans, the survivors removed the life-belts and clothing of all the members of crew except eight, smashed the boats with axes and then re-entered the submarine and closed the hatch leaving the men on deck. The marine travelled on the surface about two miles and then submerged. Thirty-eight of the crew were drowned. Three others were rescued by patrol boat.

**Everyday Etiquette**

"I was at a dance the other night and Miss Roberts refused to dance with me, saying that she was too tired. I afterwards heard she said I should have sat the dance out with her had the dance with Ruth Shepp and I don't see why I should have it out with Miss Roberts," said Andrew.

"You did quite the proper thing," replied his uncle. "There is no reason why you should have sat with as she didn't care to dance when was invited to do so."

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