MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

Between Four Walls.

By CURTIS YORKE.

[CONTINUED.]

"What a dear little thing she is," said Carruthers, tenderly, as he came back to his seat again, after opening the door for her. "Don't you think so?"

"Yes," was the terse answer.

"What an iceberg you are, Darrell," went on Carruthers, with some impatience. "About women, I mean."

"Ah," said the other indifferently. "Just hand me my pipe, will you—and the matches. Thanks."

There was a somewhat lengthened silence; then Gilbert said suddenly:

"Look here, old man, I'm going to tell you something that will make you think me an out and out fool."

Darrell took his pipe more firmly between his strong white teeth. He knew what was coming. But he did not say anything, and Carruthers continued:

"Now, if you had told me last Sunday that in less than a week I should be more hopelessly hard hit than ever I was in my life, I should simply have called you an ass."

"Much obliged," said the other curtly.

"I should, really," went on Carruthers, absently taking up the poker and raking out bits of glowing coal from between the bars of the grate. "The fact is, old man, I'm as deeply in love as any schoolboy."

Darrell received this announcement in perfect silence.

"Hang it all, Lance, you might show a little interest!" burst out Gilbert in an aggrieved tone.

"My dear fellow, you must remember that, as yet, I have no peg to hang my interest on, so to speak," returned Darrell in rather a strained voice. "Am I to understand that you have—fallen in love with Miss Heath?"

He got out the last words sharply and almost roughly, as if they hurt him.

Gilbert paused in the act of lighting his pipe and nodded. "You've hit it," he said then, as he threw away the match. "The thing is—has she—would she think anything of me?"

"Well, I suppose you hardly intend ascertaining her views on the matter in the meantime?" observed Darrell, shortly.

"Do I intend being a howling cad?" was the indignant rejoinder. "Of course I shall wait till we get out of this confounded hole—if we ever do." Then, after a pause, he went on, almost boyishly, "I say, old fellow, do you think I'd have any chance?"

"I see no reason why you should not," was the answer, in an odd voice.

Carruthers leant his elbow on his knee and stared into the fire. Then he said:

"Upon my soul, as she sat there reading and singing to us to-night, with that babyish seriousness in her eyes—bless her!—I tell you, Darrell, I could have taken her in my arms and kissed her, the little darling!"

He stirred the fire into a rousing blaze as he spoke and smiled—a little caressing smile. Darrell altered his position slightly, but he did not speak, and the other proceeded:

"I've fancied once or twice, you know, from her manner and that—that perhaps I might have a chance. Eh? What do you think?"

"How the devil should I know?" returned Darrell suddenly and savagely. "The girl has not confided in me!"

"Well, you needn't flare up like that about it," observed Carruthers, after surveying his companion in undisguised amazement for perhaps a minute. "Dash it all, we've always been chums, and I naturally thought you—. But, of course, it's no matter." he broke off rather huffily.

Darrell laid aside his pipe—it had been out for some time—and rose to his feet. The firelight flashed full on his face, and Carruthers exclaimed hastily:

"I say, old chap, are you ill?" By Jove! you look uncommonly queer!"

"Ill—no," said the other, speaking seemingly with an effort. "I've felt rather done up all day, though, somehow. I think I'll go to bed."

Leslie noticed next morning that Darrell was unusually silent, even for him, and he was never a talkative fellow. She also noticed that his breakfast consisted of half a cup of coffee and nothing more. They breakfasted in the sitting room that morning, for the kitchen chimney had taken to smoking violently.

"I say, Lance," said Carruthers, when the meal was over, and Leslie had flitted away to the kitchen, "are you afraid of the provisions giving out altogether, that you took no breakfast? We've still enough for a day or two. Miss Heath found two more tins of tongue this morning."

"No, it isn't that," said Darrell, who was leaning back in his chair, looking wretchedly white and ill. "But I have a most infernally sore throat, and feel so completely done up I can scarcely move. Don't worry me, there's a good fellow. And don't say anything to Miss Heath."

But Miss Heath saw for herself that Darrell was looking very ill, and that as the day advanced he looked worse. His voice, too, grew hoarse and thick, and finally almost inaudible.

"You have got a shocking cold, have you not?" she said, looking down at him anxiously as he sat shivering over the fire in the winter dusk.

"Yes, I suppose I have," he answered, trying to smile. "I feel regularly floored."

Some hours later, when Leslie had left the room to see about supper, Darrell rose suddenly.

"I say, Gilbert," he said faintly, "I can't sit up any longer. I feel awfully ill, and I don't want any supper. Make my excuses to Miss Heath, will you?"

"Poor old chap! you do look bad," said Carruthers in a concerned voice. "Is it your throat?"

"Partly. Besides, I am horribly sick."

"Have some brandy," suggested the other.

"No, thanks. I can't swallow anything." And he went languidly out of the room.

So Gilbert and Leslie had a tete-a-tete dinner, and rather a silent one.

Darrell was very ill all night, and in the morning was quite unfit to leave his bed.

"I can't get him to take anything," said Carruthers to Leslie, after breakfast. "I tried to give him a teaspoonful of brandy—he's been so sick, you know; but I don't think he can swallow at all now. And he seems so awfully weak; he can hardly lift his head. I can't understand his losing strength so in the time."

"I hope it is not diphtheria," said Leslie, speaking almost in a whisper, and turning very pale. "It begins just in that way. And it is such a swift, insidious thing. I had a cousin who died of it; and she was only ill a few days."

"I don't know what it is," said Carruthers gloomily. "I don't like his looks, anyway. His throat has been bad for some days, he says, but he thought it would pass off."

* * * * * * *

"I say, old fellow," muttered Darrell late that night, when the other had been vainly persuading him to have a spoonful of tinned soup he had heated for him, "keep away from me as much as you can. I know what this is now. It's diphtheria, and it's horribly infectious."

"Oh, no, it isn't, old man; it's just a bad cold, you know," said Carruthers hastily. But he felt more alarmed at Darrell's looks than he would have cared to own; and, as a matter of fact, he was beginning to feel queer enough himself, for his own throat was just sufficiently painful to render swallowing a very disagreeable necessity, and his limbs felt as tired and heavy as though he had been walking for days.

"I wish there was anything I could do," he went on in a troubled voice.

The other smiled faintly.

"Leave me alone, there's a good old chap," he said, wearily and indistinctly. "It's no use. I don't think I shall see another night. This sort of thing loses no time, you know."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that, Darrell," remonstrated Carruthers. "Why, we'll have you as well as ever in a couple of days," he added, with a poor attempt at cheerfulness.

In the morning, however, Darrell could not speak above a whisper, and hardly that. He was not unconscious, but utterly prostrate and powerless. He shook his head when Carruthers brought him a cup of coffee, and altogether seemed so far through that the other went back to the sitting room with a terribly anxious look in his bonnie blue eyes and a curious, unwonted tightening at his heart. For they had been friends, indeed almost brothers, since their school days.

Leslie looked up quickly as he entered.

"How is he?" she asked in a voice that shook perceptibly.

"Very bad," was the brief answer.

"Is he worse, do you think?" she faltered.

"He's about as bad as he can be," he answered in a choked voice. He bit his lips nervously and then burst out: "Oh, I say, Miss Heath, I can't help thinking it's all up with the dear old fellow. You've no idea how ill he is. He says himself he'll not last through another night. Good God! it's awful to be shut up here—to see him die before our eyes"— He stopped and took a gulp of coffee.

While he was speaking Leslie had half risen from the chair, nervously grasping the table with both her hands.

"Do you mean—that he will—die?" she gasped.

Carruthers rose, too, with a gesture of alarm and dismay.

"Miss Heath—Leslie—good heavens! how white you look? You are not going to faint, are you? Let me get you some water or something."

"No—no," she whispered. "I—I am not ill. Dying—you say! Dying! Ah, no—no. It would be too cruel. Oh, surely you can get some help," she went on, wildly and passionately. "Surely you will not let him die without making an effort, at least, to save him! Why don't you? He will die—he will die! Oh, it is cruel!"

She threw herself into a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

Carruthers grew very white.

"What do you mean?" he said hoarsely. "What is it to you—his life or death?"

She made no answer; but he could see that she was trembling violently.

"Do you mean," he said, speaking very slowly, and with long pauses between the words, "that you—care for him—that you—love him?"

She looked up then, her eyes dry and tearless, but full of a maidenly indignation at the ruthless question.

"You have no right"— she began in a breathless whisper.

"Answer me," he interrupted her harshly.

Then all at once she broke into bitter weeping.

"I don't know—I don't know," she sobbed wildly. "But if he dies—oh, if he dies my heart will break!"

The next moment she was gone, and Carruthers was alone.

He stood quite still where she had left him. The room seemed to grow suddenly dark. He groped his way to a chair and sat down. "If he dies my heart will break!" The sweet, childish tones, vibrating with a new fierce note of woman's passion, rang in his ears still. He had half suspected for the last day or two that Darrell cared for Leslie, but never that she cared for him—never. He hid his face on his arm, feeling curiously tired and sick. He sat quite still for some time, and when he raised his head his blue eyes were a little misty, and his lips were trembling.

Now, if any one had had leisure to think of the weather this morning, they would have noticed that the wind had changed during the night, and that it was thawing rapidly. Carruthers' attention was drawn to this fact by a stray sunbeam shining on the opposite wall, and it strengthened his already half formed resolution.

"Poor little soul!" he muttered, as the girl's great despairing eyes seemed again to look into his. "Well—her heart shall not break if I can help it."

He rose, crossed the hall, and entered the sick man's room. Darrell was lying quite still, seeming to breath with painful difficulty. His eyes were closed, but he opened them as Carruthers came to the bedside. The latter bent over him, and moistened his lips with brandy. Darrell thanked him with a look. He was past speaking now. Carruthers replenished the fire, and went slowly out of the room; then he got on his boots, wrapped himself in his overcoat, and provided himself with a stout walking stick. As he passed the door of Leslie's room he paused, fancying he heard a sound of stifled sobbing. But as he moved away the door opened and the girl came out. Her eyes were swollen and she was very pale, but on seeing Carruthers she flushed up suddenly. He took her hands in his and drew her gently into the sitting room.

"I am going to Princetown to get a doctor," he said very quietly. "It is thawing rapidly, so I dare say I shall manage very well. Shall you be afraid to be left alone—until I return?"

"No—no," she answered with a little sob. "Oh, Mr. Carruthers, forgive me for my hasty words!—forget all I said—I did not"—

"My dear," he said unsteadily, "I have nothing to forgive."

"She hesitated a moment, then she said, with earnest, troubled eyes raised to his:

"May I—may I take care of him till you come back? He—he might die there, all alone. And," eagerly, "you need not be afraid of infection for me. I had diphtheria once long ago. And I was with my cousin when she died, and I never took it." There was a pathetic quivering of the tender little mouth that was almost too much for Carruthers. He passed his hand wearily over his forehead.

"It is an awful risk for you," he said in a harassed kind of voice. "But—I must go—it is the only chance for the dear old fellow; and, as you say, he ought not to be left alone. I hope I shall only be away a few hours at furthest; but if I should not get back before dark, will you light the little lantern and put it in the loft window? I don't know that there is much you can do for Darrell," he went on with a half break in his voice, "except give him a spoonful of brandy from time to time, if you can get him to take it. There isn't much, but I will bring some back with me. And—keep away from him as much as you can; there is no use running any needless risk." He tried to look and speak as usual, but he did not succeed very well.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WORRYING ENGLAND'S POSTMASTER.

Some American Letters That Surprise Wanamaker's Colleague.

From the Saturday Review.

Many curious complaints are poured into the sympathetic ear of the Postmaster General. One was from a gentleman who protested that he could not sleep at night in consequence of the electricity "thrown off" by the telegraph wires; he requests that they may be carried 100 yards from his house where they would "electrify nothing but fields." A farmer writes requesting a country postmaster to find him a customer for a thirty stone pig now quite ready for killing.

A correspondent from Tennessee also wishes to transact business through the English postal officials; he begins: "I want you to do me a kindes;" he wishes for an instrument "maid to find mettel—gold or silver—that are in the ground. If it will attack it. A instrument for that perpos." And in order not to place himself under too great an obligation, he concludes: "I send you a stamp.' Another American correspondent is vastly annoyed because an English postmaster has not complied with his request to be supplied with tobacco leaf. "The commonest person," he writes reproachfully, "in America (my country) can speak to Gen. Grant. There is nothing said wrong about it."

Another American correspondent (a lady) writes what some people might call "a nice chatty letter" full of autobiographical detail, to the Postmaster-General of England: after two or three pages she is good enough to say: "Well, as I have said as much as you will care to read I will stop," but she adds an expression of her willingness to correspond on topics of general interest.

CIVIL SERVICE.

President Harrison Bears in Mind the Promises.

NEW YORK, April 18th.—A Washington special to the Herald says: The President made a declaration yesterday which indicates that he has not forgotten the civil service reform plank in the Republican platform. A delegation consisting of several members of congress waited on him to ask a further postponement of the application of the civil service rules to the railway mail service.

The President replied that it could not be done. The first postponement, from March 1, he said, had been made because of the inability of the civil service commission to prepare eligible lists by that early date, but there was no excuse for any further postponement and none would be made.

"We should be disregarding the pledges made to the country," said the President, "if we did that."

The Belle of the New York Season.

[From the Epoch.]

Miss Sallie Hargous is a pronounced brunette, somewhat pallid of face, with large, lustrous eyes of a deep violet, shaded with sweeping, coal-black lashes and a wealth of soft, wavy hair. She belongs entirely to the Spanish order of beauty, wherein she differs from Miss Wright, who is purely Scandinavian. Miss Hargous is not tall, yet anything but short, not thin, yet anything but stout. Her shoulders are round and shapely as those of the Venus of Milo. Her figure in a word is perfection. She inherited $500,000 from her father who made his "pile" in Mexico, yet she is noted for the unpretentiousness of her manners and the simplicity of her frocks and if she dances a trifle slower than the rest she is none the less graceful. She is unquestionably the belle of the season, and will take place in 1890 when she has already refused some seven different offers of marriage. She is the sister of "Dolphy," and will have been two decades of life on her next birthday.

Patching a Nerve.

The London correspondent of the New York Times telegraphs that paper a story of an interesting surgical operation in the provinces, and the prospect is that if surgery continues advancing at the present rate, important organs of the body will by and by be manufactured to order. The patient in this case had a mall tumor in a large nerve in the arm. In removing it some of the nerve was itself unavoidably taken away, causing a loss of sensation in those portions of the skin to which the nerves led. The surgeon, nothing daunted, performed a second operation 48 hours after the first. He then took a piece of healthy nerve from a leg he had just amputated and patched up the injured nerve with it. In 36 hours sensation returned, and there is now every evidence of complete recovery.

A Finnish woman, wife of Andrew Bubero in New York, recently gave birth to six children. Three were born dead and the others are still living.

"After a varied experience with so many so called cathartic remedies, I am convinced that Ayer's Pills give the most satisfactory results. I rely exclusively on these Pills for the cure of liver and stomach complaints."—John B. Bell, Sr., Abilene, Texas.

Miss Sarah King who died at Belleville, on Saturday was probably the oldest resident of Yarmouth County. She had reached the age of 99 years and 12 days. She belonged to a family celebrated for longevity her mother dying at the age of 100 years and 6 months.

Scrofula is transmitted from parent to child, and thus becomes a family inheritance for generations. It is, therefore, the duty of every scrofulous person to cleanse his blood by a thorough and persistent course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Mr. W A Morehouse, of El Paso, Cal. a native of Annapolis Co. returned home last week. The El Paso Tribune says: "He has invested considerably in El Paso real estate very judiciously, and the Tribune wishes him and his elegant wife a safe and pleasant journey."

For Five Years.

For over five years we have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil in our family for coughs and colds, and burns and our experiences is so satisfactory that we would recommend the medicine to any person." Mrs F. Sanderson, Bosworth, Ont.

This morning quite a number of robins were noticed hopping from branch to branch of the trees adornidg the streets of the city.—Charlottetown Examiner.

The House of Commons.

Cannot pass a law that will prevent people having coughs colds asthma bronchitis and lung troubles, but Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam does away with the difficulty by promptly curing all affections of the throat and lungs. It is the pleasantest and safest cough remedy in use.

Gandrose Rosa, the letter carrier who stole a money letter at Montreal pleaded guilty, and was sentenced yesterday to five years in the penitentiary.

Our Vancouver Correspondent.

Erom Esquimanult, B. C. Mrs. A. B Cameron writes that being very much troubled with dyspepsia she tried two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, which gave great relief, and hopes that others may be induce to try it also and receive kef benefits.

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About 8 years ago my, feet and legs became poisoned, and came out in great sores as large as half a dollar which ate in almost to the bone. After the failure of other remedies the sores were completely healed by one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters." Joseph Ganyon, Tupperville, Ont.

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PUBLIC NOTICE.

ALL persons intending to make application for a Slaughter House License for the ensuing year are requested to do so, on or before SATURDAY, the 27th inst.

All new applicants to furnish plans and description of building to be used.

Persons conveying Meats from Slaughter Houses to Market or elsewhere, are requested to get their Vehicles in proper order, ready for inspection by the Commissioners, on SATURDAY, May 18th next, at 11 o'clock, a. m., at Haymarket Square, Wellington Ward.

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