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"ECHOES of the Past;

OR,

The Recompense of Love!"

CHAPTER IV.

Clive was not troubled with dreams for he belonged to that healthy and fortunate and extremely limited class of young men who fall asleep very soon after their heads touch the pillow, and are only awakened by a prolonged bombardment on the door by a long-suffering servant.

If he had been inclined to forget the closing incident of last night, he was reminded of it, while shaving, by the slight but perceptible scar on his cheek; and naturally enough he thought pityingly of the more serious blow which had fallen on the young girl. He wondered whether she had been badly hurt; and it seemed to him that in common humanity he ought to go and ascertain, notwithstanding the rebuff which he had received from the odd-looking creature whom the hunchback had addressed as Tibby; but he knew how keenly the poor resented anything like intrusion, and he put the desire from him.

He was due on a committee at eleven o'clock, and, after he had made a good breakfast, he lit his cigar and walked toward the House. As he was passing Wellington Barracks an open carriage overtook him; there was some luggage on the box, and inside the carriage was seated a thin and peevish-looking young man, wrapped in a fur coat, and with an eye-glass.

He was Clive's eldest brother, Adolphus, Lord Sharing. Clive stopped, and the coachman, touching his hat, pulled up. Adolphus looked as if he were rather inclined to cut his brother; but Clive went up to the carriage and nodded.

"Morning, Dolf," he said. "Going somewhere?"

Sharing's wizened face flushed an unhealthy pink, and he surveyed the tall, erect figure and handsome, healthy face of his younger brother with an unfriendly stare.

"Yes, I am going to Rafterborough," he said querulously. "I am very unwell. The doctor says I must get away from London, get away for perfect quiet and rest."

"Sorry," said Clive. "How is the gov'nor?"

"He has a bad attack of the gout," said Sharing, eyeing Clive accusingly. "He's very much upset; and no wonder. He read that abominable speech of yours in the paper this morning, and it drove him half-mad. 'Pon my soul, I can't think how you could have said the things you did. Deuced bad form, I call it. Seems to me you've gone off your head, and not only forgotten what's due to yourself

as a—a gentleman, but what's due to the family."

"Sorry you didn't like the speech, Dolf," said Clive good-temperedly. "More sorry that the gov'nor's bad. I suppose he wouldn't like me to call, wouldn't he see if I did?"

"He certainly would not," replied Sharing, with a sniff. "And I don't see how you could expect him to. In fact, I don't see how you could expect any of us to stand the infernal nonsense—the way you're carrying on. I shall lose the train if I don't look out. Drive on, Wilson."

Clive walked on thoughtfully and somewhat sadly. As he reached the square, he came within sight of the newspaper man's stand, and there, in large letters on the contents' bills, was "Harvey's Speech on Housing of Poor." "The Friend of the People on the Dens of London." Clive was not a vain man, and he averted his eyes quickly. With the embarrassment which a modest man feels when he sees his name displayed in public; but it must be confessed that his pulse quickened and that he was conscious of a sense of gratification. At any rate, he had done something last night to deserve in some slight measure the title bestowed upon him.

He sat on his committee—over a dreary business, which any man with the intelligence of a lop-eared rabbit could have settled by himself in ten minutes—then, with a sigh of relief, made his way out of the stifling room into the fresh air. As he did so, Big Ben chimed the half-hour after twelve; it was too soon for lunch, and he turned towards St. James' Park for a stroll, during which he could think over some points on the subject of the Blue Book he had been studying last night; then, suddenly, he thought of the little street singer, and resolved to face the probability of another rebuff and inquire after her.

He made his way to Benson's Rents, found the door which had been shut so unceremoniously in his face last night now open. He knocked two or three times without getting any response; but suddenly he heard a voice inquire impatiently:

"Well, what is it?"

Looking down in the direction of the voice, he saw a woman's smutty face peering at him indignantly from between the bannisters of the basement stairs.

"I am inquiring for a person called Elisha," he began.

"Second floor, back," said the slavey, and the face instantly disappeared, though Clive could hear murmurs of reproach and complaint until they were drowned by the slamming of a door in the basement. After a moment or two of hesitation, he went up the rickety stairs and knocked at a door on the second floor. It was a moment or two before he received any answer; then a low voice said, "Come in," and he entered.

In a low chair, beside a handful of fire, sat the girl he had rescued from the hooligans. She was leaning back, with her shawl wrapped round her,

as if she were cold; her face was very pale, and her large dark eyes met his with a startled questioning; she rose, gripping the arm of the chair, and continued to gaze at him with a surprise and an expression that would have been one of fear, but for a touch of something that looked like a shy pleasure. The color rose to the clear olive of her face, and accentuated its girlish beauty; her lips opened as if she would speak; but she said nothing, and only continued to gaze at him.

"I hope I have not startled you," said Clive. "I came to ask after you, and was told to walk up. I hope you are not ill from last night's adventure, that you were not seriously hurt by that young ruffian."

The tone, the manner in which he addressed her were just those in which he would have spoken to a girl of his own class; they had none of that fatal and foolish condescension with which some persons consider it proper to assume when they are speaking to their inferiors. And the girl seemed to respond to his inborn courtesy, to rise to the occasion, as it were; the color still struggled in her cheeks, and her girlish bosom still fluttered; but she said quite calmly, and with a self-possession and grace that were not lost upon Clive:

"Thank you; it is very kind of you, sir. Won't you sit down?"

Clive drew forward a chair, and waited for her to resume her seat again, just as he would have done if she had been a girl of his own class.

"You haven't answered my question," he said, with a smile.

She smiled in response. "Oh, no, I am not ill; it was rather a nasty cut; but Tibby saw to it—it was not bad enough for a doctor." She paused; then went on: "I am quite ashamed when I think of—of last night. It was foolish of me to be so frightened and to faint; but I am always nervous when I am singing in the streets." Her eyes were cast down, and her clasped hands closed over each other tightly; then she looked up at him with a quick glance. "I am not obliged to go; don't think that; it is my own wish, my own free will. Elisha would rather I didn't; indeed, he has been all against it from the first; but—" She looked at him again, almost appealingly, as if she were eager that he should understand. "But I felt that I ought to do something, that I ought to help earn some money. Elisha is not—not strong. You saw. And sometimes he is not able to play. And I do help them, him and Tibby. People give me money; more money than they give him, Elisha says, when he's alone. But not often as much as you gave me last night. It was—too much. I wanted to thank you for it, and for all your kindness to us; but"—she looked at him again appealingly with a faint, apologetic smile—"there was not time."

"No," said Clive, with an answering smile. "But it wasn't necessary to thank me. Your song was worth more than that trifling sum. Is Elisha your father—brother?"

"No," she replied; "he's no relation."

Clive was not surprised at the information. Accustomed as he was to the apparent inconsistencies which were always presenting themselves to him in the lives of the poor people with whom he came in contact, he was struck by the girl's manner, her mode of speech, and her voice; they were distinctly superior to those of the class to which she belonged; they were as free from vulgarity and as strangely inconsistent with her surroundings as her graceful figure and the refined beauty of her face.

"And Tibby?" he asked.

"Tibby is Elisha's daughter," she said, her dark-gray eyes growing soft with sympathy and affection.

"She calls me her sister, but I am not. I wish I was, for we love each other like sisters; and she is good, oh, very good to me! So is 'Lisha." She

dropped the "E" in her earnestness, and Clive liked her all the better for doing so. "I am an orphan. 'Lisha found me under the archway one night when I was a baby; and he has taken care of me ever since; adopted me, don't you call it? He taught me to sing. He is a great musician; you heard him play? But he doesn't play so well in the streets as he does at home here. Ah, then it is beautiful—when we are alone, and it is quite quiet. He is nervous in the streets, too; though you wouldn't think it."

"Yes, he is a very fine musician," said Clive. "I knew that while I was listening to him last night." Her eyes glowed with pleasure, and she leaned forward slightly and nodded eagerly. "Are you fond of singing?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, with a long breath. "It is"—she looked round, as if for a word—"beautiful; especially when I am by myself, and there is no one listening, looking on. I forget everything then, and nothing—nothing seems to matter."

"I can see that you, too, are a musician," said Clive.

"Oh, no," she hastened to say simply. "I can't play anything. Elisha tried to save money enough to buy a piano—he said that it would be so much better for me, that presently I might get some engagements, if I could play my own accompaniments; but he got ill. He is very delicate—and we had to have a doctor, and so the money went; the savings, I mean; and we didn't have the piano. Elisha fretted about it; and he is trying to save again. I wish he wouldn't."

Clive was touched, but not surprised, by her naive recital. He had long since discovered that self-denial is more apt to flourish in the slums than in Mayfair.

"And what does Tibby do?" he asked. "Is she also a musician?"

The girl laughed; and Clive thought it a good laugh to hear; it was so soft, so innocent, so girlish.

"Oh, no; Tibby does not know one note from another, and always mixes up 'Killarney' with 'The Minstrel Boy' if she doesn't hear the words. But she is very clever," she added, as if she were afraid he should think she was disparaging Tibby. "She makes flowers. She works at a factory where they make the artificial ones—for hats and bonnets, you know. She is so quick with her fingers, oh, wonderfully! and has such taste. You should see some of the beautiful things she makes, wreaths and sprays; they look so natural that you feel inclined to smell them—to see if there is any scent," she explained.

"But they do not pay her much," she sighed; "not nearly so much as they ought to do. Sometimes we see the flowers that Tibby has made in the shops, and they are marked up ever so much; and poor Tibby only gets eighteen pence a day. Don't you think it is wicked to pay people such a little and get so much for their work?"

"It is very wicked," said Clive, wishing that some of his political friends who called him a visionary and agitator, and a Don Quixote, could see and listen to this girl. "It is one of the things some of us are trying to reform."

(To be Continued.)

THE FIGHT OF ENDURANCE.

Westminster Gazette.—Merely to stand firm and to prove that all ideas of dividing the Allies and driving one of them to a separate peace are illusion to gain a great advantage against an enemy who is fighting against time. But the fight of endurance, the fight for time, requires careful division of labor between the Allies with a cool eye to the separate requirements of army, navy, munitions, supplies, and the credit which makes supplies possible. We, carrying the great naval burden, cannot regard the problem as solely that of putting so many men into the fighting-line. It would be a disaster to our Allies if, for lack of labor, we were unable to fulfill the obligations which we have undertaken to them; and they are well aware that these obligations place a limit on our purely military effort. We will do our utmost in that respect, but we have reached the point at which we must be cautious about turning producers into consumers by making them soldiers unless we are quite certain that they will be of more use to the Allied cause in that capacity.

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