Weekly Colonist

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14TH, 1888.

HENRY GEORGE.

Henry George appears to be more popular just now in England than he is in America. His theories created a sensation on this side of the Atlantic for a time but the more they were examined the less they were liked. His converts in the United States and Canada are comparatively few and it would seem that they are becoming less zealous as well as diminishing in numbers. There are by far too many land owners in America and they value their possessions too highly readily to accept a system of political economy, the fundamental principle of which is that it is prejudicial to the general good that anyone should own land. The man who has expended his savings in buying a hundred acres of land or a lot on which to build a house feels that he has as good a right to that farm or that lot as a merchant has to his goods or a capitalist to his balance in the bank. No political economist can talk him out of this conviction, and this is why Henry George's scheme for abolishing poverty is becoming less popular on this continent, the more it is known and the better it is understood. It is different on the other side of the Atlantic. There the land is in comparatively few hands. The dweller in a house in the city, or the tiller of the land in the country does not, as a general thing, own a single foot of land. We all know how easy it is to be generous with other people's property. The men who not only do not own land, but are compelled to pay a very high rent for the use of land, are more ready to listen to a scheme which makes the state the universal landowner, than a nation almost wholly composed of men who own land, or who hope in the near future to be landowners. To the inhabitant of the British Islands the adoption of George's system would mean little more than a change of landlords. He might readily conclude that the state would prove to him a better landlord than the private proprietor to whom he now pays rent. Under George's system he would have, in his capacity as an elector, a voice in the disposition of the public domain, which would then be every inch of land in the whole country. He, and his fellow-electors, would take good care that the terms on which the use of land could be obtained would not be too hard. As the land is not his the iniquity of taking it from its present proprietor, without compensation, would not appear in so strong a light as it would if he were himself the party to be dispossessed by the state. Taking land from the landlords will appear to many of the landless classes in Great Britain like spoiling the Egyptians—a process which is not only not morally wrong but absolutely right and equitable. Of course there are in England a large number who do not own land but who are sturdily honest—men who call robbery robbery, no matter by what name the economists of the George school may call it, and who would never give their adhesion to any scheme of wholesale spoliation. These men are too clear-headed not to see through the sophistry of the Georgeites and they are too honest to entertain his scheme for a moment after they discern its true nature. But as we have already stated there are very many who are prepared to accept this or any other form of socialism that promises to better their condition at the expense of others. With this class and with a few enthusiasts and visionaries of other classes, Henry George is popular in Great Britain; and it is likely that he will remain popular until some system is adopted by the British Legislature which will enable the industrious and provident working man to obtain an interest in the soil which he cultivates or the land on which he lives.

TOAD MOUNTAIN MINES.

Progress of the Work on Toad Mountain and at the Hot Springs Creek.

A correspondent of Donald *Truth* writes as follows from the Toad Mountain mines:

Nelson, the new camp in the Toad Mountain country, is about 185 miles from Revelstoke, which is its natural supply point. There is little doubt that the district will turn out to be one of the richest ever discovered on the Pacific coast. Hall brothers are working 16 men, and have expended about $6,000 in erecting boarding and ore houses and in laying in a stock of provisions for the winter. Their ore runs from $200 to $2,400 a ton in silver. J. E. Dolen and Landry Morrow are working a day and night shift on their claims. LeBeau & Co. have four men at work running a tunnel on their claim on Cottonwood Smith creek. King and Snider have bonded four claims, on the same creek, to an English company, who evidently mean business, as they have written to the secretary-treasurer of the Columbia River Transportation Company for tenders for transporting twelve tons of machinery from the C. P. R. at Revelstoke to the claims, which are situated about five miles south of Nelson. But as there is no road from Sproat's Landing to Nelson, the machinery will have to go round by way of Bonner's Ferry. Neil & McDougall have their claim on Eagle creek bonded to an American syndicate, who would have had the necessary machinery in this fall had there been a wagon road from Sproat's Landing to Nelson, their claim being six miles west of the latter place. Kelly & Fox's Dandy claim is closed down for the winter.

T. M. Ward, at the Kootenay ferry crossing, has several good claims, and is building a large hotel this winter for the accommodation of travelers and pleasure seekers. Tom. has the only beautiful spot in British Columbia, and has some of the best trout fishing in this or any other country.

At the Hot Springs camp, 30 miles north of Nelson, G. B. Wright has 20 men at work on his No. 1 mine. An assay from an average sample of the ore taken from the full width of the face of the ledge gave $500 to the ton. Mr. Wright will run a 300-foot tunnel this winter. He is also building a 150 ton steamer to ply between his claims and Bonner's Ferry. Mr. Davenport has made a 30-ton shipment from his Little Donald claim, and is now working 10 men. W. Wheeler has 10 to 12 men at work on his great carbonate ledge. The Hendryx company are working 20 men; and there are a number of other claims, in both the new and old camps, working from 2 to 4 men each.

About 150 men will winter in the district, they having contracted with Ned Bray to pack their mail in once a month (to both camps). The Canadian postal authorities will probably furnish mail facilities to that section in the year 1900.

From THE DAILY COLONIST, Dec. 12.

LOCAL AND PROVINCIAL.

City Licensing Court.

The regular quarterly meeting of the city board of licensing magistrates will be held at the city hall on Saturday next at 12 noon. There will be several applications for new licences.

Vancouver's Municipal Finances.

Ald. Alexander, chairman of the finance committee of the city of Vancouver, furnishes a report by which it is shown that the gross receipts of the year are $72,037.24, and the gross expenditure $71,980.89, leaving a balance in the hands of the city treasurer of $1,056.35.

Larceny.

On Monday a man named Harry Corliffe was arrested at the C.P.R. depot at Vancouver on a warrant from Winnipeg, charging him with larceny. Corliffe had been in Vancouver for some time, and he went to the train to meet his wife and children, when he was pounced upon by the detectives.

Shade Trees at the Schools.

Shade trees have been planted thirty feet apart on the school reserve, in accordance with the suggestions of one of the members of the board at a recent meeting. The trees are mostly English ash and will make the grounds very much more attractive and pleasant for the scholars. The work of planting was performed by the chain gang.

An Epidemic of Matrimony.

An epidemic of matrimony is said to have made its appearance among the teachers of the public schools. Four applications for positions on the teaching staff were received by the school board last evening and the chairman announced, unofficially, that this was supposed to be owing to the approaching marriage of several teachers. The disease is supposed to be on the increase and further developments are anxiously looked for.

Obituary.

Mrs. Hennesey, wife of Mr. D. S. Hennesey of Westminster, died in that city on Monday. The deceased lady was only 31 years of age, and, in addition to a sorrowing husband, she leaves several young children and many friends who keenly mourn her loss. The funeral took place yesterday morning from St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, the remains being interred in the Odd Fellow's cemetery. The cause of death is reported to have been cancer.

Vancouver Mud.

Sir John Ross and Prince Dhuleep Singh left for the east on Sunday taking with them a not very pleasant experience of Vancouver. The day previous to their departure, Sir John and the Prince were driving around the city, and when on Granville street, their carriage stuck in the mud, one wheel of the vehicle coming off and upsetting the party. The occupants escaped without injury, but the Vancouver papers say the consequences might have been serious.

Rich Ore.

As an indication of the richness of the ore found in the district tributary to Donald, the following assays, made by Bredemeyer of Vancouver, are given. The ore was a picked sample of grey copper:—Sample No. 1 carried $169.41 in silver and $48.23 in gold to the ton and 46 per cent. copper. Sample No. 2 gave a return of $146.99 in silver and $48.25 in gold to the ton and 41 per cent. copper. The owner of the claim, of course, holds it at a high figure. Well, $300 rock is not to be sneezed at.—*Truth.*

A Disappointment for the Lily.

Mr. Langtry, who was in New York a few days ago, informed a press representative that he would never accede to a divorce from his wife, simply because she appeared to be so anxious for the decree dissolving the marriage. Moreover, he said he had never received one dollar of his wife's earnings, and had never asked her for a cent. He thought she was far too anxious to get a divorce, but she would be doomed to disappointment in that respect.

Waylaid and Robbed.

A Chinaman who acts as collector and paymaster for Wing Chung, a merchant on Fisgard street, was found lying near the track of the E. & N. railway about three miles from the summit, on Monday morning, by a section foreman. The Chinaman was in an insensible condition and had a severe wound in his head. He was brought to the city, and when restored to consciousness he stated that he had been attacked by an Indian, who beat and robbed him. He is in a precarious condition, and his friends believe he is possessed of an evil spirit.

New Placer Ground.

Advices believed to be reliable come from Rogers' Pass that rich placer ground has been worked on the quiet over near the headwaters of the Beaver for the last two years. It is known that nuggets ranging from $5 to $20 in value have been taken out. It is claimed that the ground is on a creek whose source is an immense hot spring, and that sluicing can be carried on the year round. *Truth's* mining sharp was shown several of the nuggets, and they bore indications of having travelled some distance. Boys, is the new find to be a rival of Porcupine Creek?—*Truth.*

A Mean Thief.

"Boodlerism," says the Vancouver *World*, "appears at present to be an epidemic extending from the Pacific to the Atlantic on both sides of the line. Banking corporations can afford to lose a little, but when it comes to a young man, claiming respectability, stealing the earnings of a woman who began to save money when twelve years of age by hard and incessant toil, he is the meanest and most despicable of all thieves. Such an one left this city on the Premier, and is now a vagabond and a scoundrel on the face of the earth. His crime will follow him for he is being traced wherever he goes."

She Smoked Too Many Cigarettes.

When Mrs. Sarah Walter, of Chicago, began, a couple of years ago, to smoke cigarettes, she was a fine, handsome woman of twenty-six, with a voluptuous figure and a fresh complexion that were the envy of her society friends. Last week the unhappy lady was declared incurably insane, and was committed to an insane asylum. She is a mere wreck of her former self, and this terrible change is owing to the excessive use of the seductive little rolls of drugged tobacco and rice paper. The unfortunate woman's fresh and attractive complexion had been altered to the hideous sallow usually observed in the opium eater; her eyes were wild, with the pupils unusually dilated; her shrunken hands twitched nervously, and with her long finger-nails she had scratched raw spots in the flesh of her chin and right cheek.

Roger's grain elevator at Clearwater, N. W. T., has been burned, with 7,000 bushels of grain.

The police of Toronto are arranging to prevent a public demonstration on the arrival of R. G. T. Barnett, the alleged wrecker of the Central Bank.

FROM THE COD BANKS.

Arrival of the Mary Ellen with a Large Catch —Fish Plentiful and Weather Boisterous.

The schooner Mary Ellen, Capt. Alex. McLean, arrived in the harbor at an early hour yesterday morning from the Queen Charlotte black cod banks with about 25,000 pounds of fish, preserved in wet salt. The schooner left here on the 8th October last with a crew of fishermen from the Atlantic coast. Fishing commenced immediately after arrival at the banks, but owing to the stormy state of the weather during the great portion of the time, only a couple of days could be spent in fishing. The latter was done by means of trawls, and the fish were found in great abundance in 150 to 300 fathoms and about three miles from shore. Had better weather prevailed, the schooner could have been over-loaded with black cod in a few days. Hand-lining was also tried and about four barrels of fish were secured by one boat in one day.

The Messrs. McLean are old hands at the business of fishing, having formerly lived in Cape Breton. They express themselves as delighted with the success met with, and have made preparations to engage permanently in the industry. A suitable place for wharf and buildings were located, and four men remain behind with three boats and material to fish during the winter in order to learn the possibility of winter fishing. The schooner will return to the cod banks after the holidays. The staunch little craft sustained considerable damage during a severe gale, but will be immediately repaired.

The schooner Theressa left shortly after the Mary Ellen, and is due to arrive here at any moment.

TOWN TOPICS TERSELY TOLD.

Local and General Happenings Gathered Up and Presented in Readable Shape.

Three more cases of smallpox were reported in Seattle on Monday last.

Mr. E. C. Brooks has opened a photographic gallery at 164 Johnson street.

Broughton street is at present torn up by workmen engaged in laying gas pipes.

The Pacific Express was detained two hours on Monday by a rock slide at Bird Bluff, near Ruby Creek.

The steward of the Royal Hospital wishes to thank Mrs. Geo. Haynes for a parcel of clothes and linen.

The two local courts of the Foresters will give a dance in the assembly rooms, Fort street, on the 28th inst.

Tenders for supplies and services for "C" Battery, R. C. A., for 1889 are invited by the militia department.

The managers of the Anthracite coal mines at Anthracite, B.C., announce that the mines will be opened immediately.

St. Andrew's Young People's Association met last evening, and enjoyed an informal debate on the question of Woman's Rights.

The members of the Victoria Athletic Club are making arrangements for their annual club dinner, to be given at the Clarence in about two weeks.

In the provincial police court, yesterday, Indian Joe was fined $50 for being in possession of an intoxicant. The presiding justices were Robert Ward and A. J. Langley, Js. P.

An overcoat belonging to Willie Reid, an employee of the Driard, was stolen from his room several days ago. The police have a clue to the identity of the thief.

Black Cod and halibut fishing are reported by the *Columbian* to be very good in Plumper's Pass at present, and the fishermen are making excellent wages.

The victim of the jewelry robbery at at Seattle, on Friday, was in the city yesterday, trying to trace the missing property. It is believed that the thieves are in Victoria.

Public School Trustee Erskine made his first appearance at the meeting of the board held last evening. He was warmly welcomed by the chairman before taking his seat.

Mr. M. Humber and Mr. Richard Hall are mentioned as probable candidates for Johnson street ward in the approaching civic elections. Ald. J. Coughlan will be a candidate for re-election.

"Backward, flow backward, oh time in your flight," is the wish of many of the old folks when they get a peep into Daley's toy shop with its Santa Claus plethoric sack.

Messrs. Brealy, Weston and Watts entertained their friends at dinner at the Driard last evening. The spread was all that could be desired, the full band of "C" battery was present to provide delightful music, and everyone enjoyed the best of good times.

A small jewelery store in Seattle was burglarized in broad daylight on Friday last, and plunder in cash and watches valued at $1,000 taken. The building was built on piles, the front being on the level of the street, and the burglars succeeded in cutting their way upward through the floor without attracting attention.

MARINE.

Steamer Maude arrived from Vancouver yesterday.

Tug Pilot arrived down from Nanaimo yesterday.

Tug Pilot will tow the Argyleshire to sea to-day.

Bark Don Nicholas is loading coal at Departure Bay.

Steamer Cariboo Fly leaves for the north on Saturday.

Steamer Olympian will go on the dock at Esquimalt on Sunday.

Bark Harry Morse will complete loading Vancouver coal to-day.

Steamer Boscowitz left for Port Simpson and way ports yesterday.

Schooner Kate left for Esquimalt yesterday with the naval stores brought over by the Viola.

Steamship Costa Rica, with 2,600 tons of Vancouver coal, sailed for San Francisco yesterday from Nanaimo.

The tug Pilot towed the Robert Kerr from Vancouver to Nanaimo on Monday, to load coal for the C. P. R.

Steamer Pilot arrived from Departure Bay at 3 a.m., yesterday, with two scows in tow laden with Wellington coal.

Steamer Idaho left for Seattle yesterday morning, and will call at the outer wharf, on her way to Alaska, about the end of the week.

Ship Athelberht is ballasting with coal at Welch, Rithet & Co.'s dock, and will finish discharging and leave for Portland to load flour for Liverpool on Saturday or Monday.

POLICE COURT.

(Before Judge Richards.)

Ah Hing, a Chinese vagrant, was sent to jail for one month.

Ah Hop, charged with stealing a coat, was further remanded for one day.

The charge against a young man for stealing blankets, was not proven for want of evidence, and the case was dismissed.

John Thompson, charged with deserting from the ship Argyleshire, was remanded for one day.

At Guelph, yesterday morning, Wm. Willoughby was buried in a well 32 feet deep. He could be heard all day crying to those above to hurry and release him. Fortunately the crib work which fell with the earth, saved him from being crushed to death. He was liberated last night in an exhausted state.

BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of School Trustees was held last evening, at the usual hour, Present, Mr. Hayward, in the chair, Messrs. Wolfenden, Heisterman, Erskine, Morison and Harris.

COMMUNICATIONS

From Mr. Halliday, principal of the High school, asking that he be allowed two days' leave of absence. Granted.

From Miss Wolfenden, applying for leave of absence from her school duties from 17th December until the close of the school. On motion, the request was granted, Miss Wolfenden to provide a substitute during the four days of her absence.

From Miss Johnston, applying for a position on the teaching staff as soon as such should occur. Received and laid on the table.

From Miss Georgie Storey, Mr. D. B. Netherby and Miss Lawrence, to the same effect. Also tabled.

Mr. Harris enquired what reason could be assigned for the rush of applications.

The chairman could not give a definite reply, but remarked that there was a rumor current to the effect that several of the teaching staff intend entering into the state of matrimony.

From Mr. Halliday and Miss Armstrong, inviting the board to attend the closing exercises. Received and accepted.

From the chief engineer of the fire department, complaining of the danger in case of fire occurring at the school on Fort street, suggesting certain improvements and recommending that a fire drill be made a regular part of the school routine. The chief engineer also volunteered to give his assistance in the matter of drill if desired by the board.

Mr. Heisterman moved that the offer of the chief engineer to teach the fire drill be accepted, with thanks. He also endorsed the suggestions contained in the communication, and moved that the education department be asked to provide ladders and make other provisions to ensure against loss of life from fire.

The resolution was seconded by Mr. Erskine and carried.

REPORTS.

Accounts amounting in all to $208.05 were read and referred to the finance committee, to be paid if found correct.

The monthly report of attendance showed a total of 1,138 names on the register, an average daily attendance of 967.02, or an average of 46.04 to each teacher.

The secretary reported that the closing exercises would take place at the girls' school on Wednesday, at the boys' school on Thursday, at the high school on Friday; the ward schools during the forenoons of each of the three days.

In reply to a query of the chairman, the secretary stated that the prize fund was very low. It amounted to exactly $5.06. On motion the board adjourned.

SUPREME COURT.

The New Westminster Injunction Case.

(Before Hon. Mr. Justice Crease.)

Lundbom and Lord *vs.* The Corporation of New Westminster.—Messrs. Davis and Bole, Q. C's., yesterday moved to discharge and interim injunction granted by Hon. Mr. Justice Crease staying the city from handing over to trustees $150,000, the proceeds of certain debentures issued under bogus by-laws passed on the 13th August last, and ratified by a vote of the ratepayers. It is proposed to apply the money raised towards the construction of a steam ferry and workshops in connection with the New Westminster Southern Railway Co. After commenting upon the delay which the plaintiffs had allowed to elapse in moving for the injunction, and the irregular mode of applying for it *ex parte* and to a judge at Victoria, instead of going to a judge at New Westminster, on the spot, it was proposed, in order to save time, that the present motion should be formally dismissed, so that the whole matter might be heard before the Divisional Court on Thursday. This course was adopted accordingly, and his lordship made an order allowing the appeal to be brought on short notice.

Mr. Pooley, Q. C., appeared for the plaintiffs.

PERSONAL.

C. W. Jones of Tacoma is in the city.

G. H. Bell has returned from Ottawa.

J. S. Hume, of Revelstoke, is at the Clarence.

L. Smith and wife, North Arm, are at the Oriental.

S. A. Spencer left for Port Simpson last evening.

Captain Power returned to Moodyville this morning.

Col. McGregor left for Westminster this morning.

J. A. Robinson, ex-city clerk of Westminster, is in the city.

D. Chisholm, M. P., arrived down last night, and is at the Driard.

A. R. Johnston, Nanaimo, registered at the Oriental yesterday.

R. V. Bentley, of Westminster, arrived on the Yosemite last night.

Col. and Miss Thompson, English tourists, are at the Driard.

C. D. Rand and J. X. Martin, Vancouver, arrived down last night on the Yosemite.

A. C. Flummerfelt, of Ames, Holden & Co., left for Montreal this morning *via* the N. P.

Miss Packard has been appointed teacher of the Cadboro Bay school, *vice* Miss Williams resigned.

H. P. Simmington, of Detroit, Mich., is spending a few days in Victoria, a guest at the Clarence.

S. M. Robbins, superintendent of the Vancouver Coal Co., arrived from Nanaimo yesterday afternoon.

Major Peters, of "C" Battery, and H. Dumbleton, are on the mainland engaged in a shooting expedition.

James Johnson and F. T. O'Brien, of Winnipeg, are spending a few days in the city, guests at the Driard.

Capt. H. G. Lewis, who returned from San Francisco on the Islander, on Sunday night, leaves for the Sound to-morrow for two or three days.

S. Tingley, manager of the B. C. express company, and Mrs Tingley, arrived down on the Yosemite last night.

R. G. Farmer, of Chicago, who is at present collecting information for a new edition of the Encyclopedia Brittanica, is at the Clarence.

Rt. Rev. G. Tucker, Bishop of Bermuda, and C. R. Tucker are visiting Victoria. They are guests at the Driard.

A New York excursion party of seventeen people registered at the Oriental last night, having arrived over the C.P.R. Following are members of the party: D. Chart and family, S. F. Ticknor and wife, the Misses B. and Etta Ticknor, A. Ticknor, H. B. Fuller and wife, Emery, Merzra and Flora Fuller, and Ely Beckwith.

Sir Roderick Cameron of New York, a native Canadian, and Mr. G. H. N. Wainwright, of Winnipeg, arrived in the city last evening and are at the Driard. Sir Roderick has important business interests in Manitoba which required his personal attention, and he has extended his trip from Winnipeg to Victoria, in order to view the magnificent scenery, and study the country on the line of the C.P.R. With Mr. Wainwright he will remain in the city until to-morrow morning.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A GILDED SIN.

[A SERIAL STORY BY BERTHA M. CLAY.]

(Continued.)

"It was June then, when the days were at their longest, and the bright sweet hours were all filled with beauty—June, when Queen's Chace was a picture of loveliness, with its lilies and roses, its rich green foliage and wealth of flowers. Veronica was troubled as she looked at Sir Jasper, for she had grown to love him. She remembered afterward how he awoke from a feverel sleep and would have Katherine by Veronica's side. She remembered every detail of that his last day on earth. He would not go into the dinnig-room, and it was Veronica by her own special request, who took him some little dainties and coaxed him to eat them. She knelt by his side, holding in her fingers a ripe sunny peach.

"This is just like Katherine's cheek," she said, laughingly. And she looked so like her mother at that moment that he could have cried aloud in his longing love and pain.

"You have learned to love Katherine, Veronica?" he said, gently.

"Better than I love my life," she said, blushing to find that she no longer said, "Better than I love anyone else in the world."

He looked up at her suddenly.

"Have you learned to love me, Veronica?" he asked.

"Yes, just as dearly," she replied.

Then they were silent—he mute with emotion, she wondering that he should speak to her in this strain—he who had always been so distant and so reserved. Then he was restless all the day. When evening came, he asked Katherine to sing all her old songs to him—the songs he loved best; and Veronica fancied that his eyes filled with tears. Then, when it was growing later, he called Katherine to him. She knelt down by his side, and he drew her golden head down on to his breast.

"My child, my darling," he said, "have I been kind to you?"

"Always, papa," she replied.

"Have you had a happy life—Katie, tell me—a happy life?"

"Yes," she answered. "Papa, you know that I have never had one moment's care or trouble, one moment's sadness, ever since I was a child."

"Thank Heaven for that!" he said gently. "If I should die, Katie—die and leave you—would anyone ever make you think me unkind—ever make you love me less?"

"No, never, papa," she said, laughing at the notion—"never."

"Kiss me. Tell me you love me," he said. "Will you remember in the after years that I would have given my life at any time to save you from pain?"

"Yes," replied Katherine, and, obeying his wish, she clasped her tender arms round his neck. "I love you very dearly, papa," she said, "more than I can tell you, and I am longing for the day to come when you will be strong and well again."

Later still, when Katherine was going to her room, he called her to him, and taking the bright young face between his hands, he kissed it.

"Good-night, my darling," he said; "and may Heaven ever bless you!"

She wondered at the solemnity of the words, little dreaming that she had heard his voice for the last time.

"You are not quite so well to-night, Jasper," said Lady Brandon.

"No," he replied. "There is a strange fluttering at my heart—I feel faint—it will pass away. The day has been so very warm."

"I wish," said Lady Brandon, "that you would consult Sir William Fletcher; they say that he is the cleverest physician in England."

"I will see about it," replied Sir Jasper.

It was a lovely June night, one of those nights that never seem to grow dark; the air was rich and heavy with the odor of the sleeping flowers, the dew lay on the white lilies, on the roses, on the purple passion-flowers, the wind stirred ever so faintly the fresh green leaves. It was one of those nights when it seemed impossible to turn from the sweet face of nature. Veronica had stood for more than an hour at the open window of her room, when one of the servants came to say that she was wanted in Sir Jasper's room.

"Is Sir Jasper worse?" asked Veronica in alarm.

"The valet said he seemed very ill, miss," replied the girl; "but there was nothing said about his being worse."

Without loss of time Veronica left her room. She had not undressed. She still wore her evening dress of rich black lace with crimson flowers. She had taken the diamond stars from her hair, and the black shining waves fell in rich profusion over her shoulders. On her neck gleamed a cross of rubies and diamonds. She walked through the long corridors, where the moonlight lay in great silver floods, making everything else darker by contrast. Sir Jasper could not be worse, she thought; the servants were most of them in bed, and there was no confusion. She went to the door of his room—a room she had never entered. It was ajar, and Lady Brandon stood near it. She looked very pale and anxious. She had on a white dressing-gown, and was toying nervously with the blue ribbons.

"I do not understand it, Veronica," she whispered, "Sir Jasper has sent for you and for me—he wants us particularly. No one else is to come near. He looks so strange I am half frightened. Come in."

Veronica entered the statesman's chamber. It was a large and magnificently furnished apartment. She saw wonders of rosewood and buhl, Sevres china, statuettes, pictures, and books. On the bed with its silken hangings she saw Sir Jasper—Sir Jasper, with a grave look on his face and dark shadows round his eyes. She went up to him, and his eyes, looking into hers, told her that some strange, unrevealed secret was between them.

"Close the door," he said—"fasten it securely; no one must interrupt me. Marie, my wife, come here. It is you who will have to forgive me. I have sinned against you; but my sin always appeared to me in a better light than that in which I see it now. It is a gilded sin—a sin so shrouded with sentiment, reserve, poetry, sensitiveness, that I hardly know where the wrong begins or ends—a gilded sin, my poor Marie, and the punishment will fall on an innocent head. Veronica, come nearer to me. I have sent for you—I have a story to tell. Kneel here where I may see your face. Keep those eyes—dead Giulia's eyes—fixed on me to the last, that my strength and my courage may not fail me. Marie whom I have wronged, give me your hand—I have a story to tell you."

The night-lamp was partly shaded; its feeble rays fell on the grave face, on the dark wistful eyes, on the thin white hands—fell on the two kneeling figures, on Veronica's beautiful face and Lady Brandon's troubled features. The wind, when it stirred, sent a great spray of clematis beating against the glass; outside the beautiful, solemn summer night lay brooding over the fair, sleeping earth.

Sir Jasper told his story, clearly, plainly, distinctly, describing his motives, blaming his own fastidious, sensitive reserve, blaming his own shrinking from pain, blaming his own weakness and folly, which had led him so far wrong—led him into what he truly called "a gilded sin." Lady Marie listened with silent, bitter tears.

"So you were married before, Jasper, and never told me," she sobbed; "and I always thought that I was the only one you loved. How could you deceive me?"

"I am sorry, Marie, for the past. I can hardly expect you to understand—I can hardly understand myself; it is so difficult looking back. I loved her so well, and I lost her so soon. I could never speak of her, my dear dead Giulia. I could not utter her name—it tore my heart. I could not look men and women in the face while I talked of her, my dead love."

"Then," said Lady Brandon, "you have always loved her best, Jasper, living or dead—always the best."

"You have been a good, true, tender, faithful wife to me, Marie," he returned, "but she was my first love."

Veronica had listened like one in a dream. This was her history then; and the golden-haired sister whom Assunta had never ceased to mourn was her own mother! She was the daughter of the famous statesman Sir Jasper Brandon, who was looking with such wistful eyes into her face.

"You are my own child, Veronica," he said, while Lady Brandon wept as one who could not be comforted—"my own daughter—dead Giulia's child! I have longed so often to take you in my arms and tell you so. I did not love you when evil spirits whispered to me that you had cost your mother her life; but I have learned to love you since you have been here, my daughter. Kiss me, Veronica. Say 'Father!' to me just once."

She laid her fair face on his, half frightened at its deathly chill.

"My father—my dear father!" she said.

"You love me, Veronica—you forgive me?"

"I love you, and I have nothing to forgive. See, father, I kiss you again."

Then Sir Jasper took two packets from under his pillow.

"There is another thing yet to be told," he said; "and this, my poor Marie, I know you will feel. I feel it myself; but I cannot—I dare not die until I have done justice to Giulia's child. It is the law of our race—one that I have neither the power nor the right to change—that, failing a male heir, the eldest daughter shall succeed. You, Veronica Brandon, are my eldest daughter, so you are my heiress—the heiress of Queen's Chace and the domain of Hurstwood."

"That cannot be," cried Lady Brandon—"that is too cruel; it will kill Katherine."

"I hope not," he said faintly. "It is cruel—Heaven knows I feel it to be so; but it must be done."

Lady Brandon had drawn her hand from his feeble clasp; her face flushed hotly; her eyes were full of angry fire.

"My child shall not be robbed," she cried. "I will appeal to all England. It shall not be."

"All England could not prevent it, Marie," he said sadly. "My eldest daughter must be my heiress; after my death she becomes Baroness Brandon. I am quite powerless in the matter."

"It is wickedly unjust," she cried. "I wonder at you, Sir Jasper—you who all your life have passed for an honorable man. You must not, you shall not do my child this wrong."

"Hush, Marie!" he said, sadly. "Do not reproach me, my dear; I have suffered enough. Listen, Veronica. This is my will; in it you will find repeated the story of my first marriage—in it you will find that I have made you what you are—my heiress. I have made handsome provision for Katherine—handsome provision, Marie, for you."

"You have robbed us!" cried Lady Brandon. "What am I to say to my friends, when they hear of this?"

The baronet continued:

"This second parcel, Veronica, contains all the papers you will need to prove your identity—the certificate of your mother's birth, marriage, and death. There is the certificate of your birth also and every other paper which your Aunt Assunta thought necessary to prove your claim. Take them, Veronica. Kiss me, my daughter; my strength fails me. Promise me one thing in your mother's name—will you promise, Veronica?"

With her white lips on his, which were no less white, she whispered:

"I promise."

"Be kind to my wife and Katherine," he said. "Promise me."

"I will," she replied. Then she raised her head, for a long quivering sigh from him frightened her.

"Go and fetch Katherine," he said—"Kate—my own Kate."

"Are you worse, Jasper?" cried Lady Brandon, forgetting her anger in her fear.

A smile that Veronica never forget came over his face as he turned to her.

"No, not worse—better," he said. "I see it all now." And the next moment he was dead.

The two horrified spectators stood looking at each other, unable to move. Lady Brandon cried out:

"He is dead—he is dead; Veronica!" Then, going up to the bewildered girl she seized both her hands. "Veronica," she cried, "hide these papers. Promise me, swear to me, that you will not mention one word of all this until I have spoken to you again. Swear it."

"I promise," said Veronica.

And then Lady Brandon seized the bell-rope and rang a hasty peal.

CHAPTER VII.

By the noon of the following day peace and quietness reigned in the house of death; the passionate weeping and wailing, the first wild outbreak of sorrow, were over. The doctors who had been summoned in such hot haste had given their decision—Sir Jasper had died of disease of the heart. There was no need whatever for the formality of an inquiry—no need for examination.

They had laid the illustrious statesman—the man whose heart had been faithful to one passionate love—in state in his own chamber, with hangings of black velvet and wax tapers and the fairest June flowers about him whose hands should never more gather leaf or blossom, and then with lingering looks at the marble face, so grand in its sculptured beauty, they had left him to the silence that should never more be broken.

Veronica sat in her own room, a pretty room that opened on to the western terrace—a room where she had all her books, her easel, her piano—where she spent happy hours in study and reading. It was half parlor, half boudoir, as pretty as it could be made by taste, by art, and by affection. It was dark and gloomy now, with the blinds drawn and the flowers all dead. Veronica sat there silent, dazed, bewildered. She still wore her evening dress of black lace—she had never changed it; her dark hair hung over her shoulders, the beautiful face with its passionate sorrow, its untold story, was pale and worn, her eyes looked brighter and darker. What had she not suffered sitting there—what emotion, what bitter pain, what untold woe?

"His daughter!" She came back again and again—to these words—"His daughter." The proud, noble statesman whom all England revered was her father. Oh, if she could but have known it before! If she had but had time to pour out the passionate love of her heart to him! If there had but been time to tell him how proud and happy she was, and how she valued her birthright, how she rejoiced in the knowledge that he was her father! So many things were clear to her now. She had never understood his strange manner toward her, half love, half avoidance. One thing after another unveiled itself, so that she almost wondered at last that she had not guessed the secret. And she was Veronica Brandon, heiress of Queen's Chace. She repeated the name over and over again to herself—"Veronica Brandon"—and each time she liked it better. She was heiress of the grand mansion, of the fair domain, of the broad lands, of all the wonders of wealth she saw around her—she who had never known the luxury of having one shilling to spend! It was no great wonder if her heart beat and every nerve thrilled with the sudden sense of power and wealth. Henceforth she could do as she liked—she could make everyone happy, she could lavish wealth on the things she loved best, she could do untold good.

She was roused from her reverie by the entrance of Lady Brandon. Looking at her, Veronica realized what she had suffered—her face was quite white, with dark circles around the eyes. She had wept almost incessantly since her husband's death, but now she seemed calm with the calmness of despair. She closed the door, and, coming up to Veronica, took the girl's cold hands in her own and looked earnestly in her face.

"Veronica," she asked, "have you kept the secret?"

The young girl raised her head proudly.

"Did you think that I should betray it?" she asked. "I am not a traitor, Lady Brandon."

"I know, I know, forgive me for speaking hastily. Veronica, I am almost mad. You cannot realize what I have to suffer—you cannot understand my position. I would rather—these are not wild words, but true ones—I would rather kill myself than that the world should know how cruelly I have been deceived—that I had but the ashes of my husband's love, that he never cared for me, that his heart had been given to another before me. I could not bear it—I could not survive such a downfall to my pride, my affection, my standing and position in the world—I should not survive it."

"I am very sorry," said Veronica; "I cannot help it, Lady Brandon; it is not my fault, you know."

"Think, too, of Katherine, my beautiful child, brought up as her father's heiress. All her life she has deemed herself heiress of Queen's Chace—her future secure. Oh, Veronica, think what a blow it will prove for her! It will kill her!" And the poor lady's lips quivered again. "Then," she continued, "you do not know my people, the Valdoraines. They are the proudest people in England; they would—I dare not think what they will say or do when they hear that my child is disinherited. I shall never look them in the face again. I wish that I had died before this day came."

"I am very much grieved," said Veronica; "but I cannot help it."

"Poor Katherine—so happy in her future! They called her heiress of Queen's Chace when she lay in her cradle. My pretty child, it is not right, it is not just. I have done nothing to deserve it. All my life I was good and faithful to my husband. He has left me a legacy of sorrow and shame. Poor Katherine, how is she to bear it, Veronica? Will it make her hate him and dislike his memory?"

"No, she is too noble for that," said Veronica. "Have you forgotten what he said to her on the evening before his death?"

"No. Oh, Veronica, my dear, I cannot tell her, I cannot, indeed! She has been so light-hearted, so happy all her life. Until now she has never had any sorrow, any care. How can I, her own mother, go to her and tell her that she and I are to be driven out, away from that which we have always held to be her own? How can I go to her and say to her that she must lay down every hope, every brightness of her life, and suffer Heaven knows what?"

"You forget that she has loved Lord Wrenleigh," said Veronica bitterly.

"I do not. I foresee fresh trouble there. He loves her, I know, but his friends are proud; they would oppose his marriage to a disinherited girl. She would in all probability lose her love with her fortune. Oh, Veronica, I cannot bear it!" She drew nearer to her. "You love her, Veronica. I know you do. You have said so a hundred times. You said—see, I remember the words—you would give your life for her if she needed it, because she was the first to love you. You said that you would stand between her and every sorrow, that an arrow meant for her heart should first of all pierce yours. You said that, Veronica."

"Yes, and I meant it," she acknowledged.

Lady Brandon drew still nearer to her. It seemed to Veronica that the breadth came in hot gasps from her lips.

"She does not want your life, Veronica; to give it would not serve her. Will you serve her as you said you would? Will you let the arrow meant for her heart wound yours?"

"Yes," said Veronica; "you know I will."

"Will you save her youth, her love, her hope? Will you keep her life bright and unclouded? Will you keep her happy, as she has been? Will you serve her loyally, faithfully, as you have said?"

"Yes," she answered again; and then Lady Brandon drew the girl's face down to her own.

"You will do all this? Then, Veronica, burn the will—burn it, and keep the secret until you die."

Veronica drew back pale and trembling.

"Burn the will!" she repeated faintly. "You cannot mean that? How can I? I dare not." She was bewildered; no such idea had occurred to her. "Burn the will!" she said again. "Oh, Lady Brandon, how can I?"

"You can do it easily enough if you wish—if you will," declared Lady Brandon. "Who knows of it except you and me? No one. Who knows the secret save you and me? No one. Oh, Veronica, if you would be true to your promise, true to your word, burn the will and forget it!"

"But that would be to disobey the wishes of the dead," said Veronica. "It seems to me I am not my own mistress. My—my father's commands, his wishes surly I must obey them; surely I must carry out all his plans?"

Lady Brandon stood before her erect, her face eloquent with the passion of her words.

"Veronica, make no scrupules, raise no doubts. Are you capable of this great sacrifice for Katherine's sake, for her love's sake? It is much to ask, I know. Have you the generosity, the nobility, the grandeur of soul to make it? You said you would die for her, my fair-haired darling. Would you give life, yet withhold this?"

"I am bewildered," replied Veronica. "I do not know how to answer you."

"Come with me," said Lady Brandon. "Step lightly, Veronica, my darling is asleep. Come with me