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"ECHOES of the Past; OR, The Recompense of Love!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

"And that charming melodramatic scoundrel, Koshki, do you feel any interest in him?" said Quilton, with a drawl and a face like a block of wood. "A man answering to his description, or, rather, I should say a body, was picked up in the river, down Sheerness way. He had been stabbed, no doubt in a row—probably caused by some act of treachery of his, for he appears to have been one of the gang of anarchists who find a safe and pleasant refuge in this land of liberty. One of those men, my dear Harvey, whose death, by any means, violent or peaceful, may be regarded as an unalloyed boon to any community. The police regard his taking off with complacency, which amounts to a serene satisfaction, and have not taken any particular trouble to discover the person or persons who has or have relieved the aforesaid inhabitants of this land of liberty of ours of one of its most distinguished aliens. Let me see, is there any other news? H'm—ah, yes! Do you happen to remember a Hindu woman who was servant to Lady Edith Chesterleigh? If so, did you ever notice anything peculiar in her manner? I ask you, because the poor woman has gone out of her mind. She is in a lunatic asylum, private lunatic asylum. I—er—happened to call at Lord Chesterleigh's on business, purely personal and private business, the morning after—er—your accident; and I found her raving about 'spies' and 'bodies floating on the river'; the kind of stuff we used to see in a blood-and-thunder play at the old Surrey theatres. Ah, you don't remember them perhaps? Being an old acquaintance, let us say friend of Lord Chesterleigh's, I took the liberty of having her at once placed under proper control; and I'm glad to say that Lord Chesterleigh, when he returned to town—he had been up to Scotland—quite approved of the steps I had taken."

The blood struggled to Clive's face and his eyes sought Quilton's anxiously; but Quilton still stared at the wall, as he said:

"Yes; I had a long talk with Lord Chesterleigh about—about various matters."

"He knows?" whispered Clive.

"He knows just as much as I choose to tell him," said Quilton coolly.

"And—and—she—Lady Edith?"

Quilton was silent while one could count twenty, then he said slowly and reflectively, as if they had been discussing a debatable point:

"I am one of those men, my dear Harvey, who consider, rightly or

wrongly, that a foreign secretary should not be content with sticking at home, here in England, and grubbing away at an office in Whitehall; but should go abroad and make himself acquainted with the foreign nations with which he has to do business. Lord Chesterleigh appears to be of my mind; for, things being a bit slack just now, he has started on a long political tour." He paused for a moment. "And Lady Edith accompanies him, of course. Lord Chesterleigh has made arrangements which will permit of quite a long tour, and will be away for many months. He came to see you when you were at your very worst, your very 'barmiest,' and was, naturally, much distressed by your condition; indeed, he would not leave England until you had taken a decided turn for the better. He left a message for you. You would like to have it? Do you think I'd better give it to you now? Are you strong enough?"

Clive looked at him steadily. "Tell me," he said in his feeble voice.

"This is what he said," said Quilton. "Tell him," he said, "to remember the love, the affection, that has sprung up between us, and, remembering that love and trust, to forgive me and mine." He gave me a letter for you from Lady Edith; here it is."

Clive read it and drew a long breath. "Have I been lying here long?" he asked.

"Well, it seems a deuce of a time to me," said Quilton evasively; "and I shall not be at all sorry when you can get up, and begin getting yourself into some further trouble. Now, I've said all I'm going to say; and your best way of spending the time will be by going to sleep."

"Tibby?" asked Clive, in his apology for a voice.

A curious change came over Quilton's face; its impassiveness seemed to break up for an instant and something like a shadow of a smile, as curious as the change in his countenance, a smile like some teas, much mixed, played about his lips.

"Tibby," he replied reflectively.

"Oh, Tibby is all right."

"Not hurt, not ill, by that—that night's work?" murmured Clive.

"Not at all," Quilton assured him, with just a suspicion of pride in his voice. "Nothing but an earthquake or a new 'Fire of London,' or the refusal of Elisha to do as she told him, would break Tibby's spirit. Some day when you are strong enough to bear it, Harvey, I should like to tell you what I think of Tibby. It will take some time in the telling; for Tibby is a study to which a man might reasonably devote a moderately long life—and then he'd die without knowing much about her. She has the wisdom of a female Solomon, the pluck of a Nubian lioness, and the tenderness of a mother with her first baby. I was going to add that she is one of Nature's noblewomen; but it would be an outrage to apply

such a hackneyed expression to so lady-hearted a girl as Tibby. When I think of her and talk of her—but I'm going to do neither now. I can hear the nurse on the stairs; and I'm going up to my room to earn a little money and to try and forget your troublesome existence."

He smoothed the bedclothes, and, in doing so, laid his hand gently on Clive's shoulder, gave it a gentle pressure and, with a nod, went out; Clive's eyes following him with mute gratitude and affection.

From that day Clive moved rapidly toward convalescence; but Quilton, who spent most of his time beside him, would not let him see any letters or even talk very much; visitors were, of course, out of the question. One day, the day Clive had regained sufficient strength to permit of his moving from the bed to a capacious chair, he said, after a long silence between the two men:

"I am going to resign the secretaryship and my seat, Quilton."

Quilton nodded. "Thought you would," he said. "My opinion isn't of any consequence; but I think you're right. You've got too much originality for a home secretary, and indulge in adventures which are quite unsuited to so grave and important an office. Yes; I should seek a change of occupation. How would it be if you fitted up a small vessel—a rakish craft—is, I believe, the accepted way of describing it—and started off to unknown seas in search of hidden treasure? Or you might go into training for the prize-ring; you'd make a splendid pugilist. There may, too, be an opening in the pirate business. I can quite easily picture you disciplining a blood-thirsty and unruly crew with a revolver. Seriously, you are right, Harvey. Anyhow, give Parliament and politics a rest, and let the People—with a capital P, please—find another friend to abuse and vilify."

Clive shook his head. "The people are all right, Quilton," he said; "it is I—How soon do you think I shall be able to go out? I want to go to her; I am starving for a sight of her. Day and night I picture her as she lay waiting for death."

Quilton laid his hand firmly on Clive's arm.

"That kind of talk is not allowed. That way madness lies. You shall go to her the moment I can drag you down to a cab. Until then, possess that hardened soul of yours in patience. I admit that she is worth worrying about, but it is my duty to point out to you that the more you worry, the longer you put off the happy hour when two hearts, etc."

"Did you give her my last message?" asked Clive, with suppressed eagerness.

"I did," replied Quilton; "and she said—nothing. I never knew any woman's silence so eloquent as Mina's. By the way, her voice has come back."

"Oh, thank God!" breathed Clive.

"Yes. It was the careful nursing after her illness; perhaps the relief, the joy of knowing that a certain Mr. Clive Harvey was progressing favorably. You can never account for these things, these sudden recoveries, especially in women. Who's that coming up the stairs? Why, its—"

He went to the door and opened it; Tibby was standing on the threshold.

Quilton and Clive, even in their joy at seeing her, were struck dumb by the change in her appearance. It was Tibby, right enough, but a new, transformed Tibby. She was dressed, not in the old nondescript garments, but in a tailor-made coat and skirt of blue serge; and in place of the extraordinary bonnet, she wore a neat and exceedingly becoming hat, properly disposed on an equally neat and becomingly arranged head of hair. She looked exceedingly, amazingly pretty, and, most marvelous of all the change, she had blossomed suddenly from her old child-girl period into a young woman of trim, though fairly-like proportions.

Quilton's eyes, which, for the moment, had become as saucers, were quickly hidden under their thick lids, and with his wonted impassiveness, he said, with a bow:

"Come in, Miss Tibby. The interesting invalid is now on view. Admission sixpence; free list entirely suspended."

As Tibby entered, he went out and softly closed the door behind him.

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Clive took her hand and held it; he could scarcely speak, and when he did so, he was only able at first to murmur:

"Tibby!"

She scanned him with her keen eyes and shook her head sharply.

"You've been very ill, I can see," she said.

He broke in upon her with:

"Mina! You've come from her, you've come to tell me about her? It's like you, Tibby! I can't express my sense of your goodness, your courage, Tibby! But you know all that, you know what I feel, Tibby, dear."

"Mina's all right," she said. And as she spoke Clive noticed a change in her tones which corresponded with that of her dress and appearance; it was more gentle, less aggressive and, in some indescribable way, a kind of faint echo of Mina's; as if she had cast off an affectation of roughness and commonness; but there was still enough of the old manner in her speech and voice to prevent the change from jarring.

"Mina's all right," she repeated.

"She's stronger than she looks, as I allus told you. Yes; I've come to tell you about her; and I've come for something else." She tried to look at him defiantly, but her voice quivered.

"I've come to beg your pardon, Mr. Harvey."

Clive laughed. "That sounds odd from you, Tibby!" he said affectionately. "What on earth have you got to beg my pardon for? Tell me about Mina."

To be continued.



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