

## AT WAR WITH HERSELF.

The Story of a Woman's Atonement,  
by Charlotte M. Braeme.

### CHAPTER XXXIV—Continued.

She rose at last and bent over him. "Bertram," she said, "will you forgive me?"

She never forgot the face raised to hers.

"Yes," he replied, "I will forgive you as heaven forgives those who ask for forgiveness. I will forgive the most cruel treachery ever practiced on mortal man. I will not leave you in enemy, for I shall never look upon your face again, Lady Charnleigh—never again."

"You will not go away?" she pleaded, wistfully. "You will remain here, and in the years to come, be my friend."

"How cruel—how selfish you beautiful women are!" he cried. "No, I shall not remain here, Lady Charnleigh; I shall go far away into the outer world, where your face will not haunt me."

She clung to him, pleading, trembling.

"Do not leave me, Bertram—do not go. How shall I live—dear heaven—how shall I live without you?"

"You should have thought of that before," he replied. "Why should I remain near you? Rather let me go and forget that one so fair and false ever loved my heart from me. I shall bid you farewell forever, Lady Charnleigh."

She was weeping so bitterly that in sheer pity he unclasped the hands that held his arms so tightly, placed her on the moss-covered garden path.

"I will say good-by forever. Let me look once more at the eyes I thought all truth, at the lips I thought all sweetness, at the face I thought all beauty, at the woman whom I believed to be as noble as she is beautiful, but whom I find false. Farewell, sweet face! You will haunt me until I die. Farewell, my love—my fair false love! Farewell forever!"

He turned away abruptly; one word more and the strength of his mind would have given away. He walked on with hurried steps, never pausing to look behind him, his face white and rigid, his lips set, all his quiet ease and carelessness gone from him—like a desperate man, whose heart was broken, and whose strength had left him—like an unconscious that the woman for whom he would have given his life lay senseless among the hellebore, white, cold, and motionless, as though she were dead.

There was but one course for him, and that was to go abroad—to plunge at once into the midst of activity, confusion and excitement. His brain reeled, his head burned, his heart beat with great irregular throbs; he dared not stop to look at the sorrow in the face. She was fast to him—she had turned him on, yet had never intended to marry him. That one palpable fact darkened the face of the summer heavens for him—threw a funeral pall over the fair, smiling earth—gave him a loathing for life, for love, for words.

She, so fair, with the sunny, radiant face and light heart—she whom he had thought half goddess, half woman, wholly charming—had proved herself as false as the lightest of her fair, false sex. Henceforth there could be no woman's love for him—no smiles, no soft words, no pretty, deceitful charms. He had done with it all. A woman's love had darkened his youth and blighted his life. He would have no more of it.

Steady, angry pride kept him from giving way to despair. He was indignant, with the wounded pride of a man who has trusted in vain. His resolve was taken even as he walked home from Crown Leighton. He would never see it more, never see the face of his mistress, but go far away, where his sorrow and his love would be hidden from the eyes of men.

He kept his resolve. When he reached Weildon, Captain Flemmyng made many inquiries as to his sudden determination; he received the most abrupt answers. Sir Bertram would say nothing but that he had received a sudden summons to go abroad, and could not delay. At first Captain Flemmyng was amazed, and then a glimmer of the truth dawned on him.

"Leonie has rejected him," he said, "and it is for his sake—to save him pain—that she wishes our engagement to be kept a secret."

That conviction made him very kind and considerate to Sir Bertram. He assisted him in his preparations, and drove him to the station—he begged of him to write.

"I cannot promise," replied Sir Bertram. "A great sorrow has come to me, and it has unannounced me. In a few days I will be in the world, and I will write to you. If you never hear from me again you will know that my sorrow can never die."

Long after he had gone these words haunted Paul.

"It seems very strange," he thought, "that love should cause so much misery. One love breaks many hearts."

He waited long weeks and months for news of his friend, but none came; and Captain Flemmyng knew then that he had not lived his sorrow down.

**CHAPTER XXXV.**

Life came back with a shock to the young girl who lay so helpless and despairing among the wild flowers, her lips parted with deep-drawn breath, her eyes opened to the light, and then they closed in weariness of spirit too great for words.

He was gone—he had hidden her farewell forever, nothing could pain her after that, nothing could please her. She rose and looked round her; the hellebore where she had fallen were crushed and broken. She raised one or two of them in her hands, and looked wistfully at the broken stems.

"I need not have crushed you," she said, "even if I was crushed myself. How much I must have suffered to fall senseless there. How dearly I must love Crown Leighton and all belonging to it, when I am willing to sin so deeply and suffer so terribly in order to keep it!"

Then she walked slowly home. It was all over; she had taken the irrevocable step; nothing could bring Bertram back to her again. Even should some sudden impulse of contrition seize her and urge her to confess, it would not bring him back; he had lost her. She had nothing to live for now save pleasure, brilliant gaiety, the queen of fashion. She had wilfully given up the higher and nobler duties of life; they were as nothing to her in comparison with her love of luxury and magnificence.

"I must not complain," said the girl, to herself; and yet though she loved her surroundings so dearly, they were as nothing in comparison with what she had lost. She had that which her soul loved best, but at present it brought her nothing save what was wearisome.

She faded that in a few days she would be happier when she had forgotten the recent terrible shock. The finding of the will, the losing of Sir Bertram—these two things had come so quickly one after the other that she had had no time to strengthen herself. She planned, to herself, as she went home, how she would give another fête, more brilliant, more magnificent, than the last; she tried to engage her

whole fancy in thinking what she should do to give the entertainment greater éclat; and yet beneath all the bright fancies rose the dark remembrance that he would not be there. What would a fête be worth that he did not share? Of what interest would all the display and her magnificence be if he were not to see it?

She wondered at the change that seemed to have fallen over everything; there seemed to be no more light in the sunshine—no more beauty in the flowers. She had loved the lilies and roses, and well that she had seldom passed them without a caressing touch; she passed them now with averted face—only they reminded her of that which now she must forever forget.

"Do let me find something amusing," she said, when a few hours later, she and her two friends were alone in the drawing-room. "I am getting tired of this quiet existence, and we must go to Paris, or Italy, or some other place where a little of what is called 'life' may be found."

"What fever of unrest is upon you, Lady Charnleigh?" asked Miss Dacre. "It is not many hours since you were queen of the most brilliant scene I ever witnessed, and now you complain of wanting something to amuse you?"

"I like continuing excitement, Ethel; I should like every moment of my day so fully occupied as not to leave one second for quiet or leisure. There is nothing so tiresome as 'feeling time hang heavy on one's hands'."

"That is not a very healthy frame of mind, Leonie," said Lady Farnshaw. "Continued excitement is like fever."

"It would suit me," she returned. "What could rest and leisure bring her? Nothing but time for reflection; and that is a pain at her heart so sharp, so keen, that it was with difficulty she could refrain from crying aloud in her anguish."

"You did not tell me that Sir Bertram was going," said Miss Dacre to Leonie on the first occasion that she found herself alone with her. "He might have trusted me so far. I can imagine why he has gone. Oh, Leonie, I thought you loved him!"

"Did you?" she returned carelessly. "I am not a fit being for loving, Ethel. My life is cold and hard as a nether-millstone. Sir Bertram is gone—he will never come back—I do not wish to hear his name mentioned any more. Will you bear that in mind? The greatest kindness you can show me is never to mention his name in my presence."

"Will you remember," said Miss Dacre, "that your face grew very pale. She understood. Lady Charnleigh had refused Sir Bertram, and did not care to be reminded of the pain it had cost her."

"I was so sure that she loved him," thought Ethel. "I cannot be mistaken. She has shown her preference for him in a hundred ways. It is quite possible that she likes Paul Flemmyng better."

She was soon to know the truth. They had agreed to keep the engagement a profound secret, but Paul betrayed it more, more than he saw. She saw the truth in the eyes of Sir Bertram, and he saw the truth in the eyes of Paul.

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me! I would give my life for him, but he will never love me."

When Leonie heard these words she laid down her pencils, and stole quietly out through the open window. Not for the world would she have listened to words never intended for mortal ears—she would not have intruded on sorrow that was sacred, and grief that was holy. She went out where the unshone brightly on the flowers, feeling more unhappy than she had been yet.

This, then, was the secret of Ethel's life—this was why she looked sad and wistful—why the expression of her beautiful spirituelle face recalled that of Elaine in the picture. She loved Paul Flemmyng with all the strength of her heart, and he knew nothing of it. "Sin spreads like a ripple on a clear pool," she said to herself; "where will the consequences of mine end? I married the life of the only man I can ever love; and now I stand between this girl and her happiness. Ah, me! I pay a bitter price for being called 'holy'!"

**CHAPTER XXXVI.**

Three months passed, and the engagement between the heiress of Crown Leighton and Captain Paul Flemmyng was made known. People had but one opinion. As for Lady Charnleigh herself was concerned, it was, of course, a very poor match, for she might have mated with the highest and wealthiest in the land; but, looking at it from a fair point of view, it was exactly right. It must have been a keen disappointment to Captain Flemmyng—so nearly heir, and yet not heir after all; now Crown Leighton would be his by marriage, that was next best to inheriting it. Many people said, too, that he would be sure to have the title as well—his father-in-law could be taken out, and he would be Sir Charnleigh after all. Public opinion said it was a very poor ending to what had been a most romantic case.

Captain Flemmyng was the only one who could hardly believe his happiness to be real—it seemed to him so great, it could scarcely be true. It was not for her wealth that he loved Lady Charnleigh. If she had been penniless he would have married her, and worked for her as man never worked before; he would have been content to be a poor man, but he might have shown the strength and purity of his love. The only drawback to him was that wealth must come to him from the hands of his wife. He would have loved her for her own sake, but he had looked up at her with weary eyes, and prayed him to let that question rest—not to mention marriage yet; she was happy and did not want to change her life so quickly. His handsome face clouded over so slightly; he seized her hand and held it tightly.

"Leonie," he cried, "do you know there are times when I almost doubt whether you love me? I look forward to my marriage with you as the crowning happiness of my life, and yet it is more to me an uncomfortable change; that does not look like love, Leonie."

Any reproach from Paul touched her keenly. Had she not already done him harm enough? Had she not wronged him more deeply than woman ever wronged man before? She was the given to caressing, but when she saw that wounded look on his face, she bent her head and kissed his hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**THE KAISER'S SALARY.**

It is a Big Sum, but His Expenses are Also Very Large.

Few Americans know the sums which royal persons receive from the countries over which they rule for their own maintenance. Such salaries are much larger than we pay our President, but on the other hand, the expense of keeping up a royal position is proportionately greater. The Emperor William of Germany receives yearly 1,929,986 marks, which is equal to about \$4,732,241, payable quarterly in advance. On the first of every quarter the Kaiser's private treasurer draws his master's allowance from the treasury sealed in various packets and its correctness sworn to. Three times the money is counted and then put in a strong box, and under a guard it is taken to the royal palace. With much ceremony it is there unloaded and placed in the vaults, after which the treasurer signs a document giving it over to his Majesty's hands.

But of the sum thus received the Kaiser allows his wife \$250,000 annually on which she must support her household, pay her attendants, etc., as well as settle all her own personal expenditures.

The Kaiser must pay the wages of all his dependents from his salary. This list is tremendous. He feeds and clothes 1,500 lackeys all the year round, and there are also about 350 female servants to be looked after. Besides these he has a private pension list which costs him \$50,000 annually, for every servant of 250 marks a year, is entitled to a pension after twenty years of service. The Kaiser also pays his mother a pension of 2,000,000 marks, and for the support of the Royal Theater and Opera House he pays out 1,650,000 marks a year.

From this list it can easily be seen that his Majesty must sometimes feel as poor as common mortals when his bills are paid, and his need of ready money is sometimes great.

**New York's Overflowing Tenements.**

Nowhere in the world is there a denser population to the square mile than in the tenement house district of New York. In six wards there is an average population of 250,000 to the square mile, and in the Tenth Ward the ratio is 357,888 to the square mile. This congested district embraces scarcely one-twenty-fifth of the whole city's area, but it furnishes "homes" for nearly one-third of the city's population, and incidentally provides 10,000 yearly of the 40,000 deaths and 80 per cent. of the criminals. Instances of the crowding of from seven to twelve persons in two small rooms are not unusual discoveries, and all the conventionalities of civilization and the very instincts of common decency are necessarily wiped out. Morality and cleanliness, under such circumstances, are of course impossible. The most thickly populated district of Old London is credited with only 618 to the square mile, and none of the continental cities approach the terrifying congestion of New York's "Teeming Tenth."

**Goat Raising a Growing Industry.**

Goat raising is an important and growing industry in Oregon and some of the northwestern States. One rancher in Benton county, Ore., has a fine herd of 450 goats, which includes a number of thoroughbred Angora bucks. Twenty-two cents a pound is the lowest this man has received for fleeces in a dozen years, while frequently he has received 30 to 35 cents a pound. The average yield from a goat is about four pounds, but eight to ten pounds is frequently obtained from high grade goats. The goats are not only valuable for their fleeces, but in clearing land, as they subsist largely on brush.

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**THE GRIP.**  
A Description of the Disease by One Who Has Suffered.

Ever had the grip? asks the Winona Herald. I will give you a few points. You will imagine you have a bad cold and can wear it out, but you need not try it. The grip has fastened his fangs on you and you will not let go. You have got to give up, go home and go to bed. In a short time you will feel like that Chicago drummer who took the Keely cure at Dwight, Ill. You will feel like an anarchist and want to bomb. You will realize Beecher's dream of hell. You will think your head has been removed and an old beehive, with the empty comb, left in its place. Your mouth will taste like a pail of sour kraut. You have the grip.

The doctor comes, looks you over, puts his thermometer in your mouth, finds your temperature 104 in the shade, your pulse going at the rate of two miles and three laps to the second. He orders you to stay in bed and gives you medicine that is so strong and sour that simply setting the bottle on the clock shelf stopped the clock. He will tell your wife that she may give you warm drinks and try to get you to sweat, and take his leave. Now all wives are family doctors by right of their position in the house, and as you have gone to sleep, delirious and exhausted, she begins her treatment by putting a belladonna plaster across your lunas, a mustard poultice on one side and a mustard poultice on the other, a hot flatiron and a jug of hot water on your feet, and a sack of boiled corn in the ear, piping hot, to your back. You sleep and dream of being away to the far North in search of the north pole, or out in the center of some beautiful sheet of water like Lake Superior, or the lawn tennis skating-rink, helpless and alone, with the ice breaking all around you, and you slowly sinking. You finally awake, burnt, blistered, and baked. The doctor calls, finds your temperature about eighty degrees at the north side of the house and your pulse normal, not needing a pace-maker. He pronounces you better, convalescing. Orders beef tea, chicken soup, gruel and toast as a diet. You take the big rocking-chair, exhausted, tired, discouraged and ugly; you feel like licking your wife, kicking the dog, and breaking up the furniture, but you won't do anything but sit there, day after day, weak, helpless and tired.

**ONLY A TRAMP.**

This Incident Was Actually Witnessed by the Writer.

He was a veritable tramp. His trousers were spattered with mud, and both they and his coat were that nondescript color which only long exposure to the weather can give. The spattered hat he wore, pulled well down over his eyes, concealed the half discouraged, half defiant expression of his face. As he slouched along in aimless fashion his clumsy, broken shoes clattered on the pavement.

Years ago he had recklessly left home and since then he had only heard news from the old place once. That was a few days past, when he had read of his mother's death in the papers. He was ashamed to go back then, though he longed to see her face once more.

He did not mean to be gone so long. But he had started out to seek his fortune, and he had found it. Only it was not good fortune. All his worldly possessions now consisted of a nickel, lying in the pocket of his vest. Just sufficient to buy a "free lunch," and he was hungry enough to spend it. He looked up as he neared the corner, searching for a favorable place to invade the city's charity.

Coming down the avenue toward him was an old beggar woman. She hobbled along slowly, leaning on a cane for the support which her trembling limbs could not give. Her weak eyes peered anxiously into the faces of passers-by in vain appeal for help, and her wrinkled hand shook as she held it out for alms. As she reached the corner a cold wind blowing through the street made her shiver and pull her thin shawl more closely about her shoulders.

This motion attracted the tramp's attention, and he glanced at her as she passed, though she did not look at him.

"Poor old soul," he muttered; "that's hard lines." He paused in his walk, looked at the slowly retreating figure, hesitated and turned back. The woman stared in astonishment as he touched her on her shoulder. Fumbling in the pocket of his tattered vest he pulled out a coin. This he placed in her hand without a word, and not even waiting for the fervent "God bless you!" he shuffled away and was lost to view in the crowd.—New York Press.

**Cost of British Defenses.**

The British empire spends as a rule upon defense from \$250,000,000 to \$250,000,000 a year, of which the military expenditure of India, with the indirect expenditure for the sake of India on mobile land forces at home, forms the largest item. Almost the whole of this vast sum is expended out of British loans or taxes under the control of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and out of Indian taxes under the direct control of the House of Commons through the Secretary of State, who is a member of the government of the day. This expenditure, although vast, although open to the reproach that it does not do more than maintain a fleet slightly superior to that of France, and an army of very small numbers, is flexible as compared (in its effect) upon the wealth of the nation with the military expenditure of Italy, or, in a less degree, with other continental powers. The evidences of the overpressure of taxation in India itself, many as they are, are slight in comparison with those which are present in the case of Italy, and it may be assumed, therefore, that while the taxpayers of the United Kingdom and of India may make their voices heard in insisting upon better value for their money, the expenditure will not in itself be brought to an end by bankruptcy.

**Von Moltke's Serenade.**

Von Moltke once went to Lindau, as he thought, incognito. He ordered a room on the ground floor in the "Bayerische Hof" and went to bed.

early, but forgot to draw his blinds down. When he was just going to sleep he heard music drawing near. He had been recognized, after all, and was going to be serenaded again. The difficulty was how to get dressed without being seen. He dared not strike a light. He presently the glare of torches lit up his room and the curious crowd stood close to the windows, their noses pressed against the panes. In spite of that he felt that he must rise, so he got up and dressed. But as he put on each piece of his apparel, the feat was greeted with loud and prolonged applause.

**YOUNG LAWYER'S STRATAGEM.**

It Might Have Worked but for an Unexpected Incident.

The following story is told of Timothy Coffin, who was for a long time Judge of the New Bedford District. When a very young man he was retained in a case of sufficient importance to bring out almost every resident of the town, so that the little New Bedford Court House was packed when court was opened that morning. Coffin had been secured as counsel by the defendant. Although it was his first attempt in open court, he had made little or no preparation, thinking that he could get through somehow or other when the time came. Thus, when the counsel for the defendant came into court that morning he was greatly surprised, and no less agitated, to see the big crowd and realize the wide public interest in the trial at hand. He saw that he looked upon the case too lightly. The prosecution was strong, and he had made not even a slight preparation. To lose the case meant the loss