



UNITED AT LAST

BY
MISS M E BRADDOCK

CHAPTER XVI.

GRIEF FILLS THE ROOM UP OF MY ABSENT CHILD.

Sir Cyprian had told himself that, in coming to Marchbrook, nothing was further from his thoughts than the desire to see Constance Sinclair; yet, now that he was so near her, now that he was assured of her unhappiness, the yearning for one brief meeting, one look into the sweet eyes, one pressure of the gentle hand that used to lie so trustingly in his own, grew upon him hourly, until he felt that he could not leave Marchbrook without seeing her. No motive, no thought that could have shadowed the purity of Giltbert Sinclair's wife, had his son's desire been published to the world, blinded with this yearning of Sir Cyprian's. Deepest pity and compassion moved him. Such sorrow, such loneliness as Constance Sinclair was the uttermost loved and surrendered Constance Clancyard.

Sir Cyprian lingered at Marchbrook, and spent the greater part of his days in riding or walking over familiar grounds. He was too much out of spirits to join Lord Clancyard in the sports of hunting, birds, and was not a little bored by that frivolous old gentleman's society in the winter evenings by the fire in the comfortable bachelor smoking-room, the only really snug apartment in that great bare house. Every night Sir Cyprian made up his mind to depart next morning, yet when morning came he still lingered.

One bright, bleak day, when there were flying snowstorms and intervals of sun and blue sky, Sir Cyprian—having actually packed his portmanteau and made arrangements for being driven to the station to catch an afternoon train—took a final ramble in Marchbrook park. He had not once put his foot on the soil that had been his, but he could get a peep at the old place across the railings. There was a melancholy pleasure in looking at those wintry glades, the young firs, the scudding rabbits, the screaming pheasants, the withered broken.

The sun had been shining a few minutes ago. Down came the snow in a thick driving shower, almost blinding Sir Cyprian as he walked swiftly along the oak fence. Presently he found himself at the end of the Monks' avenue, and under the classic temple which was said to be built upon the very spot where the Benedictines once had their chapel.

Ten years ago that temple had been Cyprian Davenant's summer retreat. He had made it his smoking-room and study; had read Thucydides and the Greek dramatists there in the long vacation; had read those books of modern travel which had fired his mind with a longing for the adventures abroad and the scenes of the African explorer. Ten years ago it had been his mother's chosen resort. He had spent many a summer morning, many a pensive twilight there by his mother's side, watching her sketch or hearing her play. The old-fashioned square piano was there still, perhaps, and the old engravings on the walls.

"Poor old place," he thought; "I wonder if any one ever goes there now, or if it is quite given up to bats and owls, and the spirits of the dead?"

He stopped under the stone balcony which overhung Marchbrook, on a level with the eight-foot wall. In Gilbert Sinclair's or his architect's plan of improvements this classic summer-house, a relic of a departed taste, had been forgotten. Sir Cyprian was glad to find it unchanged, unchanged in any wise, save that it had a more forlorn and neglected air than of old.

The stonework of the balcony was grey and grey with mosses and lichens. The framework of the window had not been painted for a quarter of a century. The ivy had wandered as it listed over brick-work and stone, darting sharp-forked tongues of green into the crevices of the decaying mortar. Sir Cyprian looked up at the well-remembered window, full of thoughts of the past.

"Does she ever come here, I wonder?" he said to himself; "or do they use the old place for a tool-house or an apple shed?"

Hardly, for there fell upon his ears a few bars of plaintive symphony, played on a piano of ancient tone—the pensive Broadwood dear to his childhood—and then the voice, the pure and sweet contralto he knew too well, beamed Lord Houghton's pathetic ballad, "Strangers Yet."

He listens as if he lives but to hear. Oh, what pathos, what profound melancholy in that voice, pouring out its sweetest to the silent walls! Regret, remorse, some too great for common language to express, are breathed out that flood of melody. And when the song is done the singer's hands fall on the keys in a crashing chord, and a wild cry—the sudden utterance of uncontrollable despair—goes up to heaven.

She is there—so near him—alone in her anguish. She, the only woman he has ever truly loved, the woman for whom he would give his life as freely as he would spill a cup of water upon the ground, and with a little thought of the sacrifice.

The lower edge of the balcony is within reach of his hand. The century-old ivy would afford easy footing for a less skilled athlete. To climb the ascent is as simple as to mount the rigging of his yacht.

In a minute, before he had time to think, he was in the balcony, he had opened the French window, he was standing in the room.

Constance Sinclair sat by the piano, her arms folded on the shabby old mahogany lid; her drooping head resting on her arm, her face hidden. She was too deeply lost in that agony of hopeless grief to hear the rattling of the frail casement, the footstep on the turf below.

"Constance!"

She started up and confronted him, pale as ashes, with a smothered scream.

"My dearest, I heard your grief. I could not keep away. Only a few minutes, Constance, only a few words,

and I will leave you. Oh, my love, how changed, how changed!"

A flood of crimson rushed into the pale face, and as quickly faded. Then she gave her hand, with an innocent frankness that went to his heart, so like the Con-tance of old—the pure and perfect type of girlhood that knows not sin.

"I do not mind your hearing me in my sorrow," she said, sadly. "I come here because I feel myself away from the pale face, and as quickly faded. Then she gave her hand, with an innocent frankness that went to his heart, so like the Con-tance of old—the pure and perfect type of girlhood that knows not sin."

"But, dear Mrs. Sinclair, it is not good for you to aband'n yourself to such grief."

"How can I help it? Grief fills the room up of my absent child," with a sad smile. "You heard of my loss, did you not? The darling who made life so bright for me—snatched away in a moment—not an hour's warning. I woke that morning a proud and happy mother, and at night? No, one can imagine such a grief as that."

"I have heard the sad story. But be sure Heaven will send comfort—new hopes—"

"Don't talk to me like that. Oh, if you knew how I have had Heaven and the Bible thrown at my head—by people who talk by rule! I can read my Bible. I read of David and his great despair; how he turned his face to the wall, how he wept again for Absalom; and of the Shunamite woman who said: 'It is well,' but David had many children, and the Shunamite's child was given back to her. God will not give my darling back to me."

"He will—in heaven."

"But my heart is breaking for want of her here. She will be an angel before the throne of God—not my Christabel. I want my darling as she was on earth, with her soft, clinging arms—not always good—naughty sometimes—but always dearer than my life."

What could Sir Cyprian say to comfort this bereaved heart? He could only sit down quietly by Constance Sinclair's side, and win her to talk of her sorrow, far more freely and candidly than she had talked to her father; and this he felt was something gained. There was comfort in this free speech—comfort in pouring her sorrow into the ear of a friend who could verily sympathize.

"Dear Mrs. Sinclair," said Sir Cyprian, gravely, when he had allowed her to tell the story of her bereavement, "as a very old friend—one who has your welfare deep at heart—I must treat you to struggle against this absorbing grief. I have seen your old friend Doctor Webb, and he assures me that unless you make an effort to overcome this melancholy, your mind as well as your body will suffer. Yes, Constance, if you will not give way under the burden you impose upon it. Perhaps no one else would have the courage to speak to you so plainly, but I venture to speak as a brother—told to a fondly lost sister. This may be our last meeting, for I shall go back to Africa as soon as I can get my party together again. You will try, dear friend, will you not, for my sake, for the sake of your husband—"

"My husband!" she exclaimed, with a shudder. "He has billiards, and guns, and racehorses, and friends without number. What can it matter to him that I grieve for my child? Somebody had need be sorry. He does not care."

"Constance, it would matter very much to your father, to all who have ever loved you, to yourself most of all, if you should end your life in lunatic asylums."

"This startled her, and she looked up at him earnestly.

"Unreasonable grief sometimes leads to madness. Despair is rebellion against God. If the Shunamite in that dark day could say 'It shall be well,' shall a Christian who has been taught that those who mourn are blessed, and shall be comforted. Have faith in the divine promise, and all will be well."

"It will try," she answered gently. "It is very good of you to reason with me. No one else has spoken so frankly. They have only talked platitudes, and begged me to divert my mind. As if acted charades, or billiards, or boozing, could fill up the gap in my life. Are you really going to Africa very soon?"

"Early in the new year, perhaps; but I shall not go till I have heard from a reliable source that you are happy."

"You must not wait for that. I shall never know happiness again in this world. At most I can but try to bear my lot patiently and put on cheerful looks. I shall try to make those believe me. Your lessons shall not be wasted. And now, I suppose, we must say good-bye," looking at her watch; "it is time for me to go back to the house."

"I will not detain you; but before I go I must apologize for my burglarious entrance by that window. I hope I did not frighten you."

"I was only startled. It seemed almost a natural thing to see you here. I remember how fond you were of this summer-house when I was a child. I have so often seen you sitting in that window smoking and reading."

"Yes, I have spent many an hour here, puzzling over the choruses in 'Prometheus,' and I have looked up from my book to see you scamper by on your pony."

"Pepper, the gray one," cried Constance, absolutely smiling, "such a dear pony! We used to feed him with bread and apples every morning. Ah, what happy days those were!"

It touched him to the core of his heart to see the old girlie look come back in all its brightness. But it was only a transient gleam of the old light which left a deeper sadness when it faded.

"Good-bye, Constance," he said, taking both her hands. "I may call you for the last time."

"Yes, and when you are in Africa—another world, far from all the false pretenses and sham pleasures that make up life in this—think of me as Constance. The Constance you knew in the days that are gone—not as Gilbert Sinclair's wife."

He bent his head over the unresisting hands and kissed them.

"God bless you and comfort you, my Constance, and give you as much happiness as I lost when I made up my mind to live without you!"

He opened the window, and swung himself lightly down from the balcony to the turf below.

How It Was Done.

The flute took its name from the flute, an eel caught in Italian waters, which has seven spots like finger holes on its sides.

AURORA, Ill., was the first city in the world to illuminate its streets with electricity. The wires were placed in position in 1881.

Davenant. The race was an event of the most insignificant order—uncrowded in Ruff—but there was pleasure in the drive to and fro on Mr. Sinclair's drag through the keen frosty air, with an occasional diversion in the shape of a flying snow storm, which whitened the trees rough overcoats and hung on their boughs and limbs.

Just at the hour in which Sir Cyprian and Constance were bidding each other a long good-bye, Mr. Sinclair was driving his sorrel team back to Davenant at a slashing pace. He and his friends had enjoyed themselves very thoroughly at the homely farmers' meeting. The sharp north wind had given a keen edge to somewhat jaded appetites, and game pie, anchovy sandwiches, cold goose, and boar's head had been duly appreciated, with an ad libitum accompaniment of dry champagne, bitter beer, and Copenhagen kirschen wasser.

The gentlemen's spirits had been improved by the morning's sport, and the homeward drive was hilarious. It was now between three and four o'clock. There would be time for a quiet smoke, or a smoke at pyramids, and a fresh toast before tea. The tea, opened such of the gentlemen as still had by then almost exploded, was a treat to a taste for ladies' society. The more masculine spirits preferred to smoke their Trabucco or Infantas by the harness-room fire, with the chance of getting the "straight tip" out of somebody else's groom.

James Wyatt was the only member of the party whose spirits were not somewhat unduly elated, but then Mr. Wyatt was an outsider, only admitted on sufferance into that chosen band, as a fellow who might be useful on an emergency, and whom it was well to "square" by an occasional burst of civility. He was one of those dangerous men who are always sober, and find out everybody else's weak points without ever revealing his own. He was Sinclair's amanuensis, however, and one must put up with him.

Gilbert was driving, with Sir Thomas Houndslow, a gentleman of turf celebrity, and late captain of a cavalry regiment, next his son's driving furiously, while Mr. Wyatt sat behind the two, and joined freely in their conversation, which inclined to the boisterous. How calm that smooth, level voice of his sounded after the strident tones of his companions, thickened ever so slightly, by champagne and kirschen wasser!

The chief talk was of horses—the sorrels Gilbert was now driving—the horses they had seen that morning—with an inexhaustible series of anecdotes about horses that had been bought and sold, and bred, and exchanged, including the story of a rheumatic horse, which was a splendid goer in his intervals of good health, and was periodically sold by his owner, and taken back again at half price when the fit came on.

James Wyatt admired the landscape, an enthusiast with his companions looking down upon it from the terrace of Vandam street.

"There's a glaze," cried the solicitor, pointing to an opening in the undulating woodland, where the snow-wreathed trees were like a picture of fairy-land.

"Pretty tidy timber," assented Sir Thomas Houndslow; "but for my part, I could never see anything in these trees to go into raptures about, except when you've sold 'em to a timber merchant. Shouldn't like to see a cremation come into fashion, by the by. It would spoil the coffin trade and depreciate the value of my elms and oaks."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

"As a general thing," said a man, "it is an annoyance to have anybody sit on the angle of your back or back on you look down at the poor you're reading still, it makes a difference what I have seen a man who was reading a paper, or hold it carefully so that another person could read it. I saw a case of this sort the other day in a railroad car. A lady who had been sitting looking out of the window leaned forward suddenly to look at something in the newspaper which the gentleman in the seat in front of her was reading. He had just turned a page, and something on the fresh page caught her eye. It appeared to interest her greatly. It was a long article, and she could not have read more than if the gentleman had not moved the paper a little to one side, which he did apparently quite unconsciously, keeping on reading all the time himself and holding the paper very steady. At last the lady finished the article that she was reading. With a sigh she leaned back in her seat again and looked out of the window once more, all the time quite oblivious of the man. He didn't flop the paper over as though the end of an episode had come; he looked again at one or two articles on that page, and then turned to the next one, just as though nothing had happened."

TO THE TRUTH.

The great sugar trust, which monopolizes the entire sugar-refining business of the United States, was formed in 1887. So far as the production of

SUGAR TRUST'S HEAD

CONTROLS THE SUGAR OUTPUT FOR MILLIONS OF PEOPLE.

The Evolution of a Giant Monopoly from the Original Havemeyer "Bakery" in New York to a Trust Capitalized at \$85,000 and Making \$25,000,000 a Year.

The Sugar King.

Henry O. Havemeyer who is the First Vice President, manager and active front of the great Sugar Trust, and who late has been so conspicuously in the Washington anti-tariff campaign of the trust's method, politics and otherwise, is the grandson of Frederick C. Havemeyer, who, with his brother, William F. Havemeyer, came to this country in 1832 from Bremen, Schleswig-Holstein, Germany. These two original Havemeyers began the sugar-refining business as soon as they reached this country, and their refinery as well as their residence was in Vandam street, New York City. It was in this street that Henry O. Havemeyer's father, who was then Frederick C. Havemeyer, was born in 1807.

At the time Henry O. Havemeyer's father was old enough to begin to be interested in the mysteries of the sugar refining business, the establishment in

and had bribed a clerk to be a rogue. Letters were read wherein Mr. Wiman begged the forgiveness of Mr. Dun, and one addressed to Mrs. Dun asking for her intercession was produced. Mr. Wiman admitted, for the evidence was positive, the forging of Bullinger's name, but denied any intent to defraud.

Thus falls an idol who for years has been held up as an exemplar to American youth and who for twenty-eight years, during which he had been connected with R. G. Dun & Co., in New York, had been a power in the financial and social world.

CRADLE OF FINAL VICTORY.

Headquarters Washington at Dobbs Ferry.

The historic associations which cluster about the old house at Dobbs Ferry which Washington made his headquarters are such that the celebration, which was held last week by the New York Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, becomes of special interest. Dobbs Ferry is one of the prettiest and most interesting suburbs of New York. One hundred and fifteen years ago it was a place of much importance.

Washington was the general with his army of half clothed half-starved Continental soldiers, while along the Greenbush hills were the glittering uniforms of the French under Rochambeau.

It was a critical time in the war of independence. It was necessary to make a final strike for victory, which might result in defeat. Washington and Rochambeau met in the mansion of Van Brugh Livingston, and there planned the campaign that closed the war. The house is still standing, and has been in possession of only one owner between Van Brugh Livingston and the present proprietor, Dr. Joseph Hasbrouck. It has been called the "Cradle of Final Victory."

On flag day, or the anniversary of the adoption of the stars and stripes as the national standard of the United States, the society decided that this day should be commemorated by laying the base stone of a monument to mark the house in which the Yorktown campaign was planned in which the American and British commanders-in-chief arranged for the evacuation of American soil by the British, and opposite which the British sleep-of-war that brought Sir Guy Carleton to Dobbs Ferry fired a salute of seventeen guns in honor of Gen. Washington, the first salute by Great Britain to the United States of America.

The monument will be of a plain square cap design ten feet in height, and of granite. The citizens of Dobbs Ferry are planning to crown this monument with a statue of Rochambeau.

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