



BETWEEN TWO LOVES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEDE.

CHAPTER VI.

It was drawing near noon. Some of the men had sought the coolness of the billiard room; some of the ladies had retired to the shade of the great cedar tree, with books and work. Leah had gone to her favorite spot, the terrace, where the passion flowers grew in such profusion.

She smiled as she gathered some of the flowers, remembering the name "passion-flower" had been given to herself.

Then her thoughts went to Hetty, who had loved the sweet white lilies best. How different life would be if that beloved sister were here, how doubly precious this grand domain if Hetty shared it! In the gleaming light on the river, in the fire of the scarlet passion-flower, in the flowers of the gay parterre, she saw the sweet, fair face with its aureole of golden hair. Would they ever meet again? Abruptly she saw Sir Arthur standing close to her, a stranger by his side.

"Leah," said the general, "our neighbor, Sir Basil Carlton, has been kind enough to waive ceremony and call upon us first. Sir Basil, my adopted daughter and dear niece, Miss Hatton."

A great hush, a great calm came over her. She saw a noble face, full of fire and impetuosity; she saw dark eyes and straight brows, a firm mouth, dark clusters of hair, and a dark mustache. Yet beauty was not the chief charm of the stranger's face; courage and dauntless truth shone there. Most people, when they first met Sir Basil Carlton, were struck by his handsome features and manly bearing, but they were attracted even more when the eyes took a tender light and the mouth a smile as sweet as any woman's.

"I like England better than Italy," said Sir Basil, suddenly, after a few remarks. "You cannot think what a picture you made, Miss Hatton, standing against this background of foliage and flowers."

"You have been in Italy for many years?" she said, quietly.

He drew just a little nearer to her. A great, trailing spray of passion-flowers lay between them; he raised it, and she thought to herself how strange a coincidence it was that she should see him with her favorite blossoms in his hand.

"I was a boy of eleven when I went away," he said, "and now I am twenty-five. Coming home is a very melancholy event for me, as you perhaps know."

"Yes; we have heard the cause of your mother's departure from England—and a very painful one it was, Sir Basil," said the general.

Leah looked up at him; all her soul shone in her eyes.

"Let us help you to forget the shadow which has fallen over your house and your life," she said; and his face brightened.

"I shall be only too happy, Miss Hatton. I dreaded my return. I remembered the Glen as one of the loveliest of homes. I have longed to be here. Yet the memory of that night will never leave me." His whole face changed. "My mother lived fifteen years after the accident happened; but the shock her system had received killed her at last."

Leah's dark eyes, full of interest and sympathy, filled with tears; and, as he saw them, his heart warmed to her. How long it was since any one had shed tears for this old sorrow of his!

"It must have been a terrible shock for you both," said Leah.

"Yes; I was only a boy, but I worshipped my sister. You cannot tell how deeply attached I was to her. I think the love of a sister is one of the greatest joys on earth."

Why did the fair face near him grow so pale? Why did the graceful figure shrink and tremble, the hand that held the scarlet flowers suddenly fall nerveless and helpless? Was it another coincidence that he should value so highly a sister's love?

"If I were in your place, Basil," said the general, "I would have plenty of friends about me. Stay with us to-day, and to-morrow we will drive over and see your gardens and conservatories. We have a pleasant party, and I think you will enjoy yourself."

He looked at Leah.

"I shall be delighted," she said, simply, a faint flush dyeing her face.

"So shall I," replied Sir Basil.

And that was how the first day of Leah Hatton's earthly paradise began.

As the days passed on, the intimacy between Leah and the baronet increased. The general grew warmly attached to Sir Basil. He said—what was a great thing for him to say—that, if heaven had blessed him with a son, he should have liked him to resemble Sir Basil. All the visitors—and they were many—admired and liked him; he was a general favorite, and he spent far more of his time at Brentwood than at Glen.

It happens so often that a great love is lavished in vain. Sir Basil saw nothing of Leah's. He admired her exceedingly, but he never dreamed of loving her.

The duchess who had said to herself that she would not interfere, did just this one thing—she told Sir Basil of the splendid triumphs that Leah had achieved, and how she had passed through three such seasons as few even of the most brilliant beauties had ever experienced. She told him of the offers of marriage made to her, and how she had refused them all.

"Why did she refuse them?" he asked.

The duchess meant to do a kindly action when she answered:

"She has ideas that are peculiar for the nineteenth century; they are, I may say, obsolete."

He looked anxiously at her, she thought.

"What ideas?" he asked—"if my question may be answered?"

"I am sure I may answer it," said the duchess. "Miss Hatton has romantic ideas that are quite out of date. Marriage in these days is an arrangement. She might have been Duchess of Barrymore if she had liked; but she is romantic, and will never marry until she can marry for love."

"That seems to me right," said Sir Basil.

"I am glad you think so," returned the duchess, dryly. "But Miss Hatton has another theory. It is this—that for every person in this world there are one love and one lover—half souls, she calls them, if you can understand the term. She believes that she will recognize her half soul, or lover, whenever she sees him."

"It is a very pretty theory," said Sir Basil. "I do not see why any one should object to it." He looked at her somewhat eagerly as he asked: "And has she met this ideal yet?"

"That is a question she alone can answer. You must ask her yourself," laughed the duchess; and she smiled to herself as she thought she had given him a very plain hint.

The young baronet was far too modest to take it; that such a peerless beauty, such a wealthy heiress, should fall in love and find her ideal in him never occurred to him. If she had rejected many noble and great men, she was doubtless looking for some one higher. Yet what he had heard increased his affection and respect for her. He liked the idea of a girl who could make to herself an ideal, and wait patiently until she met with it. How many would have yielded to the temptation of rank and wealth, and have forgotten the belief and aspirations of every girlhood!

CHAPTER VII.

The Duke and Duchess of Rosedene, with their visitors, were at Dene Abbey, within sight and sound of the ever-murmuring sea. Miss Hatton had the whole day to herself; she had no great household to manage as at Brentwood, she had no care about the entertainment of visitors; the long, bright hours were hers, to spend as she would.

Lady Maude Trevor had gladly accepted the duchess' invitation; but pretty May Luson had promised to pay a visit elsewhere, and could not break her engagement. The military element had dispersed. Sir Basil Carlton had been delighted with her grace's proposal to join the party at the Abbey. He liked the duchess; her kindly manner pleased him; he was touched by her kindness to himself, although he did not know the cause. He did not go with the party from Brentwood, but he followed them in a few days. It was a wonderful change from the green, sweet woodlands of Warwickshire to the country bordering on a sunnier sea.

Leah was more shy and timid with Basil than she had been at Brentwood. She avoided him a little, but loved him just as much. She would have gone through fire and water for him; she would have made any sacrifice for him. The marvel was that the young baronet never dreamed of the conquest he had made. As for Leah, she had not yet begun to doubt; she felt certain that his love would be hers in the fullness of time.

Sir Arthur Hatton was a stranger to all fair love-dreams and sweet fancies. That he should understand a nature or a love like Leah's was not to be expected; but he was one day the unwilling witness of a little scene that opened his eyes.

In the library stood a large Japanese screen, and Sir Arthur enjoyed nothing more than placing this round one of the great bay windows and intrenching himself therein with his newspaper. One morning there was some Indian news in the Times which interested him greatly—letters written by fellow officers whose opinions he valued highly. He wished to be undisturbed; so he betook himself to his favorite retreat. He found the library cool and empty; the sun blinds were all drawn, the light was dim and pleasant. He placed the screen around his favorite window. "Thank goodness," he said to himself, "that I shall now be able to read in peace!"

Fate was against him this morning. The door opened. It was Leah who appeared. She was in her favorite colors of amber and white, with creamy roses at her throat. She did not observe the screen, much less wonder if anyone were behind it.

For ten minutes there was almost complete silence. Sir Arthur could hear the sound of Leah's pen. She was writing rapidly. Then, suddenly, the door opened, and Sir Arthur's smothered groan was lost in the voice of the speaker.

"Shall I disturb you, Miss Hatton?" It was Sir Basil who put the question. "I am in trouble, from which a lady alone can release me."

"I am glad you sought me," she said. "What can I do for you?"

"There is an old proverb which says that 'a stitch in time saves nine.' Will you make that first stitch now, and save the nine hereafter, Miss Hatton?"

"Of course I will," she replied. "Where is the stitch needed?"

"In this driving glove," he replied; "the flower is nearly off. Would you be so good as to fasten it?"

Leah laughed blithely.

"Certainly," she said, as she took the thick yellow driving glove that he held to her. "Will you excuse me one minute while I find needle and thread?" she added.

She went away, leaving Sir Basil looking over an open volume that lay upon the table.

"I hope," thought the general to himself, "that this good fellow will not find me out, and begin to air his ideas on Indian politics to me."

But Sir Basil was in happy ignorance of the general's proximity. He read a few lines in the open volume, hummed a favorite air to himself, and then Leah returned.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting," she said. "I will release you now in a few minutes."

The slender fingers soon accomplished their task. She held out the glove to him, and as she did so her eyes fell on the spray of stephanotis that he wore on his coat.

"Your flower is faded," she said; "let me give you another. I have a super-

that it is unlucky to wear faded flowers."

"By all means replace it, if you will be good enough," he responded.

She took the spray of stephanotis from him and laid it upon the table. From one of the vases she chose a beautiful moss-rose bud, fresh as the dawn, and fastened it to his coat for him.

He thanked her briefly, stood talking to her for some few minutes, and then went away.

Sir Arthur, looking over the screen, was about to thank heaven that he was gone; but no word came from his lips—he was stricken dumb.

What was she doing—his proud, beautiful niece—whose love no man had been able to win, whose smiles had been sought as a priceless boon? She had never seemed to care for love or admiration, for lovers or marriage. She had moved through the brilliant world like an icemaiden. What was she doing?

She had taken the withered flower in her hands, and was kneeling down by the table and covering the faded spray with kisses and tears.

"Oh, my love," she sighed, "my love, if you only loved me! But I am less to you than the withered flower you have thrown away."

The general would have spoken and have let Leah know that he had overheard her, but surprise and wonder kept him silent. He saw her kiss the open volume where Sir Basil's hand had rested.

"I shall die," she sobbed, "just as this flower has died, and just as far from his heart! Oh, cruel world! I have asked but for one thing, and it has been denied me. I wish I had never been born. Oh, my love, why can you not love me? I am fair enough for others, why not yours? I can win other hearts, why not yours? I would give my life for your love!"

The low, smothered sound of her bitter sobbing mingled with the song of the birds and the whisper of the wind; it smote the heart of the old soldier with unutterable pain. He had rescued her from what he thought a shameful life, adopted her and given her his love and protection; he had made her heiress of his vast fortune; and this was all that had come of it, this was the end of all his hopes for her. She was wearing her heart and her life away for a love that could never be hers, or at least that was not hers. From the sight of the kneeling figure, the clasped hands, the proud head so despairingly bent, the general turned with tears in his eyes.

"If I could but die," she said to herself, "and be at rest; if I could but sleep and never wake; if I could but hide my love and sorrow and pain!"

He was tempted to go to her, to take her in his arms and try to comfort her; but a sense of delicacy forbade him. She was so proud and sensitive, what would she think or feel if she knew that he had possession of her secret? Yet the bitter, long-drawn sobs fell on his ear and tortured him. He could not help her. He would not for the world let her know that he had overheard her; so he laid down his newspaper and passed noiselessly out through the open window on to the lawn, and not until he had walked some little distance did he feel at ease.

"I would not have her guess that I have been a witness of that scene for treble my fortune, poor child!" he murmured.

(To be continued.)

WANTED HIS GIRL.

She Had Promised to Marry Him, and He Called for Her.

A black-eyed young man came panting into the large office the other day, says the New York Commercial Advertiser.

"Is this the place where they keep the immigrant girls?" he asked in English so broken that even to the interpreters of the establishment it seemed to be made up of rolling r's and b's.

Receiving an affirmative nod the man turned about and beckoned in the direction of the open door. Four other men, all as black-eyed as the first, made their appearance.

"These are my witnesses," the leader of the party said, by way of introduction of two of the newcomers, and then in turn he added: "And this one is the clerk, and this gentleman is the priest. So give me my girl and I'll marry her at once, so that you need not be afraid there is any humbug about it."

The interpreters' sense of humor is drawn upon too heavily for them to laugh at a scene of this sort. They got angry instead, and asked him what he was talking about. He essayed an explanation, but all that he succeeded in making plain was that he was an Armenian, and that his English consisted in rattling r's and booming b's.

"Why don't you tell your story in Armenian?" said one of the interpreters in the young man's native tongue.

The would-be bridegroom took offense. He had been three years in America, and he spoke English better than Armenian, he said. Finally Mr. Cucklen, the "mother of immigrants," came up and shed light on the matter.

The man's name was Vahli Kriborian. He was 24 years old and made a comfortable living. At home he had a pretty girl, who now came to join him. Her name was Toshkowli Gobedian. She was four years younger than he was, and very bashful—so bashful that when she spoke of her love for Vahli and his promise to marry her, her olive cheeks glowed and her black eyes gazed at the leg of the matron's chair.

"Have you got any money?" the clerk had asked her.

"No, sir. I have a sweetheart."

"But how do you know he'll marry you?"

"Because God would strangle him if he went back on me."

When the two were brought together Vahli offered to kiss the girl, but she blushingly held back.

"Don't you want me?" he asked in despair.

"Yes, but there are so many princes around. I am ashamed."

The wedding took place outside of the large office, a clerk of the immigrant station being present to see that the ceremony was really performed, and then the girl was declared Vahli's wife and free to "go out into America."

"Your flower is faded," she said; "let me give you another. I have a super-

Mexico has seven glass factories.

BLUNDER OF THE BRITISH.

Blame for Ladysmith Defeat Divided Between White and Carleton.

English military experts are agreed that the defeat near Ladysmith was due to bad blunders. Gen. White is blamed for not having provided means of keeping in touch with Col. Carleton's column and for not having made any effort to extricate the command from its untenable position. Col. Carleton is blamed for not having retired to Ladysmith immediately after the loss of his artillery and ammunition through the stampede of his mules. In some quarters it is suggested that the Cape boys who were driving the mules and whose loyalty has been under suspicion, caused the stampede in order to help the Boer cause.

Gen. White, in giving details of the capture of his left wing, says: "The lost detachment under Col. Carleton started Sunday night to seize Nicholson Nek, thus turning the enemy's right. Carleton got within two miles of Nicholson unopposed, when suddenly boulders were rolled from the hill and a few rifle shots were fired. This stampeded the mules drawing the ammunition and they disappeared in the direction of the enemy with practically all the gun equipment. Carleton then entrenched his forces on a neighboring hill. At 9:30 a.m. Monday, the Boers attacked the British in heavy force. Their fire was searching and two companies of the Gloucester regiment were obliged to retire from their advanced position. The enemy then pressed in at close range and our losses were numerous. At 3 p.m. our ammunition was practically exhausted. When the Boers stormed our position our survivors were captured. The failure of the column is due to stampeding of the mules."

MILITARY BALLOONS.

These and Wireless Telegraphy Are in Use in South Africa.

The announcement that Gens. White and Hunter spent part of a day in a captive balloon at Ladysmith reconnoitering the position of the Boers, and that they got back to the ground in safety, is in contrast with the news which came

JEFFRIES WINS THE FIGHT.

Wins Over Sharkey in the Twenty-fifth Round on Points.

James J. Jeffries retained his title of heavyweight champion of the world Friday night at Coney Island, after one of the hardest battles ever fought by big men in this country. Had the fight ended with the twenty-first round Sharkey would have been given the decision. With the ending of the twenty-third round Siler would have